

Mr. Gates Was Particular

IT WILL be many days before the regulars of the Waldorf-Astoria cease telling the story of the calling-down John W. Gates gave to a gambler the other night.

The gambler has an international reputation. He affects a deep interest in art and he has wealth enough to be ranked among millionaires. He was sitting on one of the great lounges in the corridor with a friend from out of town, when Mr. Gates hove in sight, coming from Peacock alley toward the cafe.

"Know who that stout man is?" asked the gambler of his friend, not in the way of a question, but as a basis for giving information.

"No; who is he?" was the reply.

"Gates—the only John W.," said the gambler.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the man from out of town, much impressed. A minute later Mr. Gates broke away from the party about him.

As he was passing the gambler and the man from out of town the gambler said, "Hello, John."

Mr. Gates stopped glanced at the two men, knitted his brows as if perplexed, and then started off again.

He had not taken two steps when the gambler said, "What's your hurry?"

Mr. Gates turned and walked back.

"Were you speaking to me?" he inquired.

The gambler began to laugh. Turning to his friend, he said: "John must have his little joke. He is a gay dog." Then, addressing Mr. Gates, he continued: "John, let me introduce my friend, Henry Adkins."

Mr. Gates ignored the introduction, but, looking the gambler in the eye, he said to him: "Sir, you have been a gambler many years, but you seem to have failed to learn one thing that every gambler ought to know. That is, never speak to a gentleman unless the gentleman speaks to you. In the social grade gamblers are classed with fallen women. If I choose to visit an establishment conducted by you, that is my private affair, and you must not presume on it. If I elect to recognize you in any public place, all well and good. I have no desire to offend the person who is with you, but I can accept no introduction from you." With that Mr. Gates turned and resumed his trip to the cafe.—New York Press.

GARDENING IN ADRIAN.

IT WILL soon be time for congressmen to send seeds to their long-suffering constituents. Last winter "Mac" sent me a large dropical-looking package of cane seed, and he will probably do the same this winter, as I am powerless to prevent such action on his part. I shall plant the seeds on Brother Mansel's lot (if he will stand for it) in rows about two feet apart, mulching with a rich dressing of retired gum boots and tin cans. I shall then wait until the plants germinate and come to the surface, when I shall remove the boots and cans and rub the plants with a Turkish towel to promote a healthy circulation. Then next fall, when others are running up heavy bills for groceries, I shall go in my molasses orchard and pick a barrel of granulated sugar or squeeze out enough syrup for breakfast. That'll be nice, won't it, Mike?

But if "Mac" could send me something that would be more hardy, like the early Tweedish lemonsqueezer, or the mammoth custard pie plant, or the Northern Spy cucumber tree, my reports to the department would be more cheerful than they are. Where plants have to wear heavy underclothes all thru August, as they did last summer, they get discouraged and prefer to bloom in the sweet fields of Eden.

Last year I tried the hotbed process, but it was not a signal success. This summer I shall use the hotbed as an ice cream freezer. It wanted to act in that capacity last summer, but I had a freezer that did very well, so I foolishly used the hotbed to assist the plants several days in mid-summer when the cabbage plants had to get out of the hotbed and run up and down the garden walk to keep their feet from freezing.—Adrian, Minn., Democrat.

SOCIETY CHIT-CHAT.

TWO matrons met by chance, in the dining room, at a reception.

As they ate strawberries and drank champagne, they talked of their daughters, both this season's debutantes.

"Dear Helen is going everywhere," said the first matron, twirling her shoulders to keep up her ermine stole. "She is invited simply everywhere. She keeps me on the go."

She sipped her iced wine and added: "Your daughter doesn't go out at all, does she?"

"Oh, no," said the second matron. "You see, she got engaged at Christmas, and doesn't have to."

DAWN.

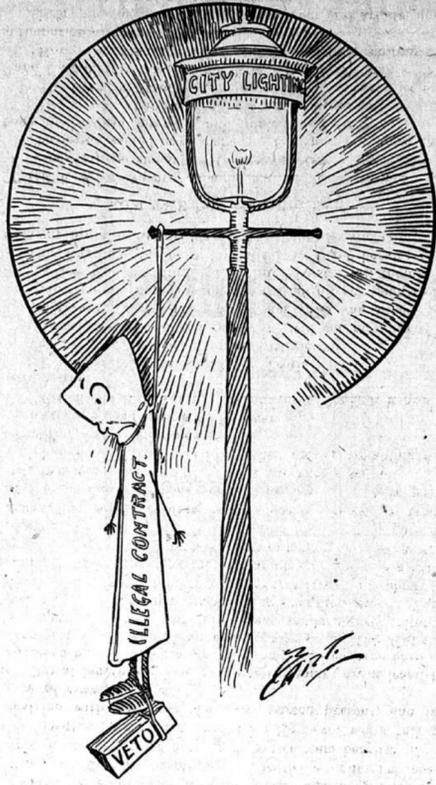
The shadows and the shrouding gloom have ceased; A golden sea of glory floods the East, With bars of crimson lined; Now Day has ris'n triumphant over Night; I know it is so by the streak of light Which filters thru my blind.

Sunrise! and men's sad hearts grow glad and gay To greet the golden promise of the day And all the good to be; Yet, I confess, this much-belauded dawn (Excuse me, while I just suppress a yawn) Hardly appeals to me.

I do not rush to greet the thing with zest, While Hope insurgent agitates my breast; I could not if I tried; But I remember with a boding fear At this especial season of the year 'Tis precious cold outside.

This is the painful hour when in my soul Comfort with Duty struggles for control To arbitrate my lot. Well, since yon streak of light proclaims the day, The question must be faced without delay,— Shall I get up, or not?

—Punch.



WILL HE STAY DEAD?

What the Market Affords

- LAMBS' kidneys, 25 cents a dozen. Calf's liver, 20 cents a pound. Dried lima beans, 10 cents a pound. Pancake flour, 10 cents a package. Coffee cake, 10 cents a loaf. Mangoe chutney, 45 cents a bottle. Grape fruit, 10, 12 1/2 and 15 cents each.

Some people like grape fruit marmalade better than they do the orange. To make it, take three lemons to six large grape fruit. Cut the fruit into quarters, and these into very thin slices, discarding the seeds and white core. Cover with four quarts of cold water, and let stand in a cool place over night. The next morning let cook about two hours in an uncovered kettle. Then add ten pounds and a half of granulated sugar, and cook until the mixture is thick enough to hold up the peel. Store in jars.

If you would make a kidney stew the way Richard le Gallienne does, take a round dozen of fresh lambs' kidneys, quarter them carefully, and place them on the stove to cook slowly for fully three-quarters of an hour. Put a bay leaf into the water with them, with one onion—if it is of good size—sliced into rather thin pieces. Watch the water as it stews, and from time to time carefully remove such "seum" as may rise to the surface. When the kidneys have been cooked sufficiently, season the stew with pepper and salt to taste, remove the bay leaf, and add a piece of butter about the size of an English walnut. At the last moment thicken the stew by adding a cupful of milk in which a tablespoonful of flour has been dissolved, and serve it piping hot, accompanied by baked potatoes.

HE SNATCHED THE MOMENT.

REV. HUGO TROTTER was a magnificent example of the commonplace. His principles, his ideals, his tastes, his pastimes—all were standardized. He was withal a harmless, pleasant creature with whom one could have made out very well on a desert island; a good man, in his way, kind and modest and unassuming, liked by his neighbors and adored by his children.

Altho he was voted "safe," it must not be thought that no watch was kept upon him by Johanna van Ingen. That thin, hawk-nosed old watchdog took no chances; and, when there were signs of his tucking himself away in a corner with the daughter of the house, a loud "yap" was sure to drive him into the open—to pass round the tea, which muffins, and breathe those agreeable inanities with which a conscientious man pays for his hospitality. The fierce light that beats upon a throne was as nothing to the calcium beneath which Mr. Trotter conducted his wooing. He never could talk to Katrina with less than one other person present, and the general average was six.

But at length Mr. Trotter's moment came; or, at least, he snatched it from the malign fates, with the courage born of desperation. It was at an evening party, as Miss Katrina was getting thru a very indifferent rendering of "Robin Adair." A young man was turning over her music. Suddenly his face wore the contorted expression of one about to sneeze. Mr. Trotter edged in, tense and breathless, like a little Indian from behind a thicket. His opportunity came as the paleface fell aside. Mr. Trotter seized his place, caught the music from an unresisting hand, squeezed himself in front of that sneeze, and discovered, to his joy, that there were still two more stanzas left of that enervating ballad.

"I love you!" he gasped, and then waited, trembling for something awful to happen.

Katrina's head sank a little lower. "R-R-Robin A-A-Adair," she quavered; "oh, R-R-Robin A-A-Adair!"

"Passionately!" ejaculated Mr. Trotter. The pretty girlish head sank a little lower.

"This is my only chance to say it—will you marry me?" "R-R-Robin A-A-Adair—yes," sang Miss van Ingen.

"Meet me at your gate tomorrow at 10 o'clock, and we'll fix it—license, everything, my darling—trust it all to me!"

This was how, the next day, Miss van Ingen became the runaway bride of Rev. Hugo Trotter.—Success Magazine.

FROM THE COURT CIRCULAR.

THE King of Anthropophagia was eating white meat, as they call missionary, with keen interest.

The jester, seated cross-legged in a corner, put down the bone he had been gnawing, and jingled his bells.

"Ho, knave, what now?" the king inquired.

"The Sherlock Holmes spirit is upon me," said the jester, "and I see plainly that this missionary was a wise man."

"How seest thou that?" asked the monarch, smiling in anticipation of the jest.

"From the sage, sire, that your chef, un vrai artiste, has appropriately mingled with the dressing."

A rain of hard crusts, knuckle-bones and drinking-horns greeted this sally; and the jester limped away with a hurt look.

Curios and Oddities

A TEN YEARS' COURSE.

THE chef, whose salary is \$8,000 a year, tipped the cabman handsomely, and entered his club.

"How one becomes a chef?" he said. "You want to know how one learns to be a chef, eh? Well, the answer is, by hard work—nine or ten years of hard work."

It was the hour of degustation. He poured some absinthe into a goblet, balanced across the goblet's rim a spoon containing a lump of sugar, and poured over the sugar, and thence into the liquor, cold water. Absinthe and water, mingling, became an opalescent green color, and gave off an odor like paregoric.

"The chef," he said, "begins as a boy, as apprentice to a master. For several years he works under the vegetable cook. He learns how to make mashed potatoes that look like white roses, how to cook and to arrange all the vegetables, from the truffle down, in a hundred fine and beautiful ways. He gets no salary. He only gets his board."

"Now for a year he studies raw meats. He learns how to select them and how to cut them up. He can tell at a glance, for instance, the genuine salt-meadow mutton from the false. John with this raw meat course goes also a study of fish and of game and of poultry—how to stuff, dress, lard, truss, and so on."

"Next for a year, at a small salary, he stands before the range, learning how to broil, fry, roast and bake."

"He now knows the foundation of his art, and is admitted into the presence of the chef himself—only assistants have taught him so far. The chef teaches him how to make soups, pastries, ices and the more complicated puddings and souffles. Three or four years is none too long a time to study here."

"Ten years of hard work should turn a quick apprentice into a good chef. Such a chef without difficulty earns from \$25 a week up to \$150. If he gave half as much time to the bar, the church, or medicine, he would earn thrice as much."

KILLING THE MOON.

THE moon appears to be the center of every untaught deaf-mute's cosmogony. With only one exception, that I have been able to find, untaught deaf-mutes all resent the moon's apparent supervisory attitude toward them.

"When I went to my bedroom the moon shined in and laughed at me. I didn't like it. I shook my fist at the moon."

"When I went to walk the moon chased me. I hated the moon. I made faces at the moon."

As a stimulant to undesirable emotions the moon must exert considerable influence upon the moral life of the uneducated deaf. One little boy obeyed the impulse it is human to feel when persistently nagged. He tried to kill the nagger.

"The moon went wherever I did. I hated the moon and I was afraid of it. My mother and I went to call on Mrs. Smith across the Potomac river. I was afraid of the moonbeams on the water. I said in signs that I was afraid to cross the bridge. My mother covered my eyes with her handkerchief so I could not see the moonbeams in the water. She held my hand tight. I asked Emma Smith to let me take John's gun. She put cap and powder on the gun. I shot at the moon. The gun made fire and smoke. The moon went behind clouds. I thought I had killed the wicked moon. I was very glad that the moon was dead."—Reader Magazine.

A WHISTLE LANGUAGE.

THEY have a whistle language on Gomera island, in the Canary archipelago. They can whistle there as articulately as a Bostonian can speak.

And since they can whistle very loud and shrill, the Gomerans can converse a long way off. A Gomera hunting a mile from home can ask his wife what there is for lunch, and, if the menu does not please him, he can scold her and order a change quite as well as tho he stood beside her.

The Gomerans talk in a sing-song, and their whistle language reproduces the spoken one's intonations. For instance: Children, all over America, have a taunting cry—

Hiss for shame, Hiss for shame, Everybody knows your name!

This cry is not sung. It is intoned. And so the Gomerans intone their guttural language.

It would be quite easy to whistle intelligibly the "Hiss for Shame" cry. So it is quite easy to whistle the Gomerans' sing-song language.

ICE AS A CIGAR LIGHTER.

THE skater's matches were all gone, but nevertheless he smiled.

"I'll light my cigar with a piece of ice," he said. "A piece of ice? Rubbish!"

But, still smiling, the young man carved a fragment of ice into a rude lens, and held beneath the lens his cigar. The rays of the sun concentrated on the cigar in a round, bright spot of gold. Soon this spot began to smoke. Another moment and the cigar was lighted.

"An ice lens," said the skater, puffing up, "concentrates the heat of the sun almost as well as a glass lens. I have seen a giant ice lens make water boil. Ice boiling water—almost improbable, eh?"

WHY PICKPOCKETS LIKE LETTER BOXES.

THE letter carrier took three empty purses from his pocket. "Just as sure," he said, "as I find valentines in letter boxes on the 14th, so I find occasional empty purses at all seasons of the year."

Lecoq, the detective, laughed easily. "And don't you know why that is, young man?" he said.

"No. Why is it?"

"Every pickpocket's first lesson," said Lecoq, "bids him deposit purses, as soon as he has emptied them, in letter boxes. A letter box affords the most convenient and the safest means of getting rid of a stolen purse. This fact every crook knows."

HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.

SHE entered the stationer's gaily. She was radiant in an ermine stole, her uncle's wedding gift.

"Have you any wax for floors?" she said to the clerk. He smiled indulgently.

"No'm," he answered. "We have only sealing-wax." She sneered.

"Oh, that won't do at all," she said. "You see, we are going to give a Valentine day dance, and I want to wax the floor, not the ceiling."

BOY LOST!

WHERE is my boy is a question that Mrs. Hubble is asking. She is 100 years and 6 months old and her absent son's age is 80 years. A daughter, aged 70, is also grieved at the continued absence of her brother. He came here last summer from Iowa when his mother gave her one hundredth birthday party. He was a good painter and concluded to stay near his mother and ply the brush, but the people who had painting to do thought he was too old and gave their jobs to younger men. Mr. Hubble was not the kind of man to be discouraged so he set out among the farmers, painting and varnishing furniture. Strange to say he has not been heard of since he started off as a journeyman painter. This is the first time that the absent son has allowed so long a time to elapse without writing home, and it is feared that something may have happened to him.—Miller, S. D., Sun.



Cleaning-up Sale Gamossi WARM GLOVES, MITTENS 25c to 50c Quality Wool Gloves, pair, 15c Boys' Fur Back Gloves, pair, 39c Men's Muleskin work-ing mittens, 19c Fur Lined Gloves and Mit-tens at less than cost. 610 Nicollet.

THERE ARE OTHER RESTAURANTS IN TOWN But There's Only One ROYAL INN And there's no other place where you can get such a satisfying QUICK LUNCH So comfortably served either at Counter or Chair-table, MEET ME THERE 40 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

ANY LAUNDRY can wash things clean; the art of fine laundering is in doing the rest as it is done at The White Laundry. A postal card or either phone will bring our auto for your package. 925 Washington Avenue South

Solid as a Rock is the Truitt Eye Glasses on the nose, and so easy you do not feel them. It also signifies a perfect fit as made only at Hoffman, The Optician, 624 Nicollet Av. Where you will find everything Optical and Kodaks

INSIST UPON CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER

A Coffee Fact Worth Knowing. Break open a kernel of roasted coffee and note that inside is a part of the parchment envelope in which the coffee grows. This yellow skin has none of the elements that give coffee its flavor in the cup—instant it has a bitter taste,—the tannin—which medical authorities claim is the basis for the objections of some people to coffee drinking. meets all the objections of people who feel that coffee-drinking does not agree with them. It is prepared by what is known as the steel-cut process, by which every particle of tannin-bearing parchment and dust are removed and a drink is produced which is mild, smooth and healthful. Thousands of those who had quit drinking coffee now use only Barrington Hall, because it is the only coffee they can drink with satisfaction and comfort. Roasted, steel-cut, packed by machinery in sealed tins, and guaranteed by Baker & Co., Importers, Minneapolis. For sale by the better class of grocers, at 35c per pound.

EIGHT DOLLARS Is a very low round-trip rate to Chicago—with a 10-day limit—but the "Burlington Route" announces such a rate. Why not take advantage of it and go to CHICAGO AND RETURN Tickets will be on sale Feb. 17th and 18th—good returning within 10 days. They will be good on the "Burlington Limited," and are first-class in every respect. They will be good on the "Butter Makers' Special"—leaving the evening of February 18th. SERVICE TIME COMFORT Tickets, Reservations, Information of J. F. McElroy, City Passenger Agent, or V. D. Jones, City Ticket Agent, corner Third, and Nicollet Ave. Phones—N. W. Main 860. T. C.—311, Minneapolis. Burlington Route