

A Cheeryble in Disguise

ONE of the fashionable hotels on the upper West Side lives on old gentleman, who, in spite of his advanced age, still "goes to business" every morning. His two sons are married, one of them living in the family residence. The father, a widower, prefers to live in the hotel instead of the big mansion. The two sons are the real managers of the old gentleman's gigantic business; but, having made his downtown trip for so many years, it has become a habit with him and he keeps it up with scrupulous regularity. As most old gentlemen of the old school are, he is a veritable model of punctuality, and arrives every morning at the foot of the "L" road stairs at the exact minute.

Until a few months ago an old woman who had a newsstand at the "L" road stairs could always tell when it was 9 o'clock by the arrival of the "old gent," who always got his paper from her. Every morning—excepting Sundays—he would appear at the stroke of 9, get his paper, hand over his penny and ascend the stairs. These two people did business for years, but never a word passed between them.

One morning recently the old gentleman came along, punctual as ever—and missed the newspaper woman. "Awfully annoying," he growled, and, thrown out of his routine, looked about him with almost helpless expression. "Poipers, sir, poipers?" shouted a boy, coming from the little booth and shoving a paper under the old gentleman's nose.

"Oh, I suppose—yes, well—you might give me a paper," grumbled the old man petulantly. The break in his routine so upset him that the ever-ready penny hid itself away in the corner of some pocket. Still grumbling, he drew forth a nickel.

"I'll get you the change in a minute," cried the boy, and raced back to a man who sat in front of the booth. "Beastly nuisance, this. Simply disgusting!" muttered the old gentleman, now thoroughly out of temper. He fumed as he watched the boy get change. "WHERE'S THE OLD WOMAN WHO SOLD PAPERS HERE?" he demanded from the man, who counted out the pennies in a peculiarly automatic manner.

"Where's the old woman who sold papers here?" he demanded from the boy, in the voice of one who has been subjected to a great injury. "She's me aunt, sir, but she's dead. Got run over by a car. Me dad, he's going to sell the papers here," continued the boy, adding, "He's blind. Here's your change, sir." "Hang the pennies. I hate 'em!" growled the old man, and, without taking his change, climbed the stairs. Next morning the old gentleman again offered a nickel. Then, declaring hotly that he couldn't wait all morning for his change, he ascended to the station without it. Then the boy got wise. Next morning he greeted the old gent with a smile and, while handing him the paper, also offered four pennies in change.

BIRDSKIN AND FISHSKIN CLOTHES.

A WHALER was talking about Walter Wellman's balloon dash to the pole. "Wellman made," he said, "an aluminum dash for the pole ten years ago. He had aluminum boat-sleds, drawn by dogs, that were boats in the water and sledges on the land. They failed, tho, to work well in the White North. "Wellman brought back with him a suit of Eskimo clothes. They were queer garments. There was an ahtee, a neteh, nanookies, and kamiks. "The ahtee is a shirt of birds' skins. Sometimes the feathers are left on the ahtee, and worn next the skin, but usually, Wellman says, they are removed. Sometimes the ahtee is made of fishskin. "Over the ahtee is drawn the neteh, a loose shirt of sealskin, worn with the fur side out. The neteh, like a football jacket, is cut short at the hips, and pointed back and front. A sealskin hood is fastened to it, the alchia. "The trousers, of sealskin, are short. They come to just below the knee. They are called nanookies. "Into boots of tanned sealskin, kamiks, the trousers are tucked. "Men and women alike wear this same simple, warm dress of ahtee, neteh, alchia, nanookies and kamiks."

THE FALLEN IDOL.

"TELL your master," he said, "that a friend wishes to see him." But the English butler looked doubtful. "A friend? My master?" he stammered. "You must have mistaken the house, sir. This is the residence of Senator Depot."

A LITTLE RELIEF.

THE proprietor looked sympathetically at the pale, drawn features of his bookkeeper. "Baby cry as much as ever, Mr. Penn?" he asked. The young man blinked his red-rimmed, haggard eyes. "Not quite, sir," he answered cheerily. "These February nights are getting a little shorter now."

STRIKING.

"BY GAD," said young Tete de Veau, "a new idea, by gad!" "What is it, dear boy?" asked L'Oignon. "New idea in mourning," said Tete de Veau. "You know, my uncle's dead. I'll spring the idea tomorrow. Little band of crepe around my cigarettes."



Ramsey County—Ah, go on! You know that's only one of Paul's jokes.

What the Market Affords

CODFISH, 15 cents a package. Pickled herring, 25 cents a pound. Celery, California, 10 cents a stalk; small stalks, 18 cents a half-dozen. Strictly fresh eggs, 16 cents a dozen; storage eggs, 12 cents a dozen. Hominy, 5 cents a pound. Carrots, new, 10 cents a bunch; old, 15 cents a peck. Maple syrup, \$1.75 a gallon.

Codfish a la creole is a palatable luncheon dish, and either fresh or salt fish may be used. If salt fish is to be used, wash and soak over night. When ready to serve, cook one onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter slowly on the back of the stove until it is soft, not brown. Add one pound of boneless codfish and one-half cup of rice, which has been previously boiled for twenty minutes. Pour over this one-half can of strained tomatoes, cover the saucepan and cook slowly twenty minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Dish the codfish first, heaping the rice upon it and pouring over all the sauce. A bunch of celery has usually some pieces that are not quite tender enough for a relish, and they may be cooked in any number of ways. To scallop celery, use the outside pieces cut into one-inch lengths. Simmer gently for thirty minutes and drain off, saving the water. Make a drawn butter sauce, using the water in which the celery was boiled and seasoning it well with salt and pepper. Put the celery in a baking-dish, turn the sauce over it, and dredge plentifully with crumbs and bits of butter creamed. Bake and when done lay on diamonds of buttered toast.

A CHEERY SPIRIT.

THE late C. A. Bradenburgh of Philadelphia was well-known among showmen. The dime museum that he conducted was one of the largest and oldest in the country. Mr. Bradenburgh spent his summers at Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire. He had a large and costly cottage on an island, and his yacht, the Barbara B., was till 1904 the fastest on the lake. In the 1904 races the Barbara B. was beaten by a motorboat, and the championship pennant that she had carried for years was taken from her. Mr. Bradenburgh's remark, as he surrendered the pennant to the pulsating, thundering motor-boat with its engines taken from a powerful automobile, typified the man's hopeful and cheery nature. "It is a bad defeat," he said, "but it might be worse. "It reminds me of a young lady. "What a sad thing it must be," she said, "to be disappointed in love. "Yes," said a married woman, "but it must be infinitely worse to be disappointed in marriage."

DISLIKED HAGGLERS.

FRED STERRY of the Palm Beach Power Boat association was talking about the high prices that motor-boats and automobiles bring. "For my part," he said, "I don't object to these high prices. The workman is worthy of his hire. Fine things, rare things, would not be fine and rare if they were cheap. "I think the laborer is worthy of his hire, and I incline to sympathize with a grocer's clerk whom I once knew in the west. "This young man had a very unbusinesslike scorn for hagglers and bargainers. One day a woman entered the grocery and said: "What is the price of your cheapest butter?" "Eighteen cents a pound, ma'am," said the young man. "Oh, that's certainly too dear," said the woman. "Haven't you anything cheaper?" "Well," said the young man, "we have some soft soap at 6 cents a pound."

A QUIOKER WAY.

A. J. CASSATT, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad, said at his New Year's reception, anent an inexperienced workman: "That reminds me of a western lad. He got a place on a railroad, became a brakeman, then a fireman, and one day, in an emergency, he undertook to run a locomotive. "He ran the locomotive well enough, but he could not stop with the necessary precision, for this needs practice. "With one station in particular he had trouble. He ran some thirty yards beyond this station, and then, putting back, he ran as far the other way. He was preparing for a third attempt when the station agent put his head out of the window and shouted: "Stay where you are, Jim. We'll shift the station."

BIBLE AGAINST TATTOOING.

AT A MARINERS' bethe! a missionary attacked tattooing. "You sailors disgust me," he said, "with your ships and ladies and anchors and flags tattooed all over your arms and hands and breasts. It is not only silly to tattoo. It is positively wicked and impious." "Avast there, sky pilot," said an aged shellback. "Ye can't prove them words by the Log o' Grace." "But I can, tho," said the missionary, quick as a flash, and he read from Leviticus xix, 28: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

Curios and Oddities

WOMEN AND PAIN—A MAN'S THEORY.

THE man, when his tooth was pulled, yelled hoarsely. The next patient, a woman, bore the pain of three extractions with silent fortitude. "Yes," said the dentist, "women endure the pangs of tooth-pulling better than men, but they deserve no praise on this account. They feel the pain less. "Experiments have frequently been made," he went on, "to test the acuteness of the masculine and feminine senses. The last experiments were made in this town, and they were interesting and conclusive. "First, taste was tried. The male subjects could detect in water the presence of the sixtieth part of a grain of gall. The women couldn't distinguish the gall in a smaller quantity than the twentieth of a grain. The men's taste was three times keener than the women's. "Next, smell. The men smelt the presence of the hundredth part of a grain of prussic acid. The women were unconscious of the acid till a quantity five times greater was set before them. In smell the men were five times the women's superiors. "Men heard a watch ticking at a distance of ten yards; women could only hear it at a distance of two yards. The males, again, you see, were five times the better. "It was the same thing with sight and with touch. The men saw five times better. They felt five times more keenly and delicately. "These experiments explain away the apparent anomaly of woman's wondrous fortitude to pain. Woman's senses being less acute, she is less affected by pain than man."

STOLE RIVERS AND CEMETERIES.

THE theft of the ashes of Columbus was attempted in Chicago during the world's fair," said Lecoq, the detective. "Thanks to a friend of mine, the attempt failed. Stranger attempts have succeeded, tho. "The theft of a lighted stove constituted my first case. A man, having deserted his wife, returned home half-drunk, and in the good woman's absence put the stove on a pushcart and started off with it. He had set up, it seems, an establishment of his own further down the street. "Two villains once stole a Wisconsin cemetery. First they looted the graves, selling the skeletons to anatomists. Then they stole the tombstones, getting, naturally, a good price for the granite and marble. The place wasn't a cemetery by the time the theft was discovered. It was only a torn-up field. "Men have stolen rivers often. To irrigate their land, they change a stream's course. They dig a channel thru their own property, and the river, leaving its natural bed, follows this channel. It is stolen—a stolen river—and bitterly does such a theft enrage the man who suffers from it."

LUNG BATHS—TRY THEM.

OUR lungs, quite as well as our bodies, need baths," said a physician. "Especially do they need a bath after we have sat for three or four hours in the impure and stale air of a theater or a church. Then, if we could see them, our lungs would look as unsightly as the face of a coal-heaver looks after a hard day's work. "They need a bath, but not a water one. Air, pure air, is the cleanser of the lungs, and to bathe them the head should be thrown back, and thru the nostrils pure, fresh air should be inhaled till the lungs are distended to their utmost limit. About twenty-five of the deepest possible lungfuls of pure air should be slowly inhaled and exhaled. "Then the pure air rushes like a torrent thru all the dusty crannies and hidden, grimy corners of the lungs, and it carries out with it every impurity. "After a long sitting in a theater's stale air, try a lung bath. You will be amazed to find how it will cheer and strengthen you."

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

THE cheapest place in the world is Antioch," said a globe-trotter. "I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me, tho I leased a fine house and kept three servants, was \$4 a week. "Antioch is in Asia. It is on the Mediterranean. The climate is all right for winter—as good a winter climate as Monte Carlo, Palm Beach, or Los Angeles. "For my house I paid \$5 a month rent. My servants I paid 50 cents a week. Mutton cost 3 cents a pound. Eggs were 2 cents a dozen. Chickens were 5 cents apiece. Fish cost a fifth of a cent a pound. The finest of fresh fruits and vegetables—fresh fruits and vegetables in February—were so cheap that they were not sold in quantity. You got all you wanted for so much a week. All I wanted for my household cost me a quarter weekly. "An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on \$175 a year."

MOUNTAINEERING ON A BICYCLE.

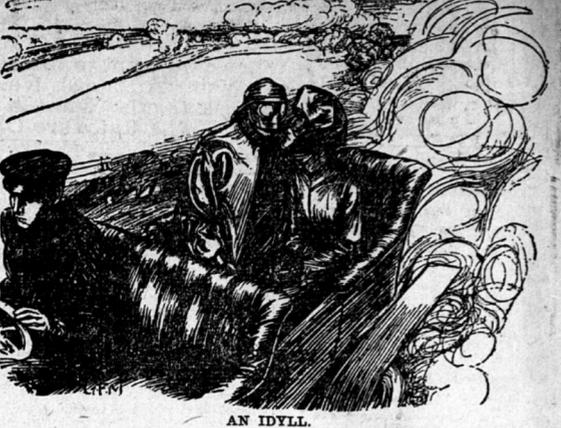
ONCE made a tour of Switzerland on my bicycle," said an artist. "It was a most interesting tour. "In one canton, if you frightened a horse, the driver could compel you not only to dismount, but to hide your machine as well. You would have to gather it up in your arms and run for the nearest bush or rock. "On some of the long ascents horses towed French and German wheelmen up. A rope 30 or 40 feet long would be attached to the horse's traces, and to this rope a half-dozen tourists would fasten their machines. The horse would set off, the men would mount, and up the hill the procession would move slowly. Sometimes the horse stopped suddenly; then everybody had to dismount. An odd sight."

WHISKY MADE FROM RAGS.

THIS whisky," said the chemist, "was made from rags. It was made from a bundle of old shirts and collars. Will you sample it?" "No, thank you." "I made the whisky as an experiment," the chemist explained. "Everybody knows that it is possible to convert linen rags into sugar and alcohol, but I doubt if anyone has ever actually done the trick before. "First I immersed the linen in strong sulphuric acid. This dissolved the cellulose, which, assimilating one molecule of water, resolved itself into glucose. I recovered the glucose by neutralizing the excess of acid with salt. Then, by means of the ordinary process of fermentation, alcohol appeared. The final result was this small flask of whisky. I assure you I have tasted worse."

AN INCREDIBLE FACT.

IN A FRENZY the astronomer ran his long, white fingers thru his gray hair. "How can I explain to you," he cried, "the immensity of the universe, and, by contrast, the littleness of the earth, the petty futility of man? "Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. The inhabitants of Sirius, if they are looking at us now thru their telescopes, are beholding the destruction of Jerusalem, which took place over 1,800 years ago. "So far away is Sirius that the light of the world, with what this light illuminates, traveling 186,000 miles an hour, takes nearly 2,000 years to reach Sirius."



Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again" (Childe Harold).—Punch.

Advertisement for Gamossé gloves and shoes, listing prices for various styles.

Advertisement for The Royal Inn, 40 S. Third St., offering quick service meals and lunch counter.

Advertisement for C. A. Hoffman, The Optician, offering bifocal lenses and eye examinations.

Advertisement for Crescent Creamery Butter, highlighting its purity and quality.

Advertisement for Crescent Creamery Butter, featuring an illustration of a woman and child.

Large advertisement for Barrington Hall The Steel Cut Coffee, describing its unique process and health benefits.

Advertisement for John D. Rockefeller, Thou Shopper—Consider His Ways!, offering business advice and promoting his products.