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FEAR THEIR OWN CHEFS.

Wealthy Folks Who Go to Restaurants to Enjoy Pies and Dishes.

In England they say the newly rich man lives in fear of his valet. In New York the family that has just "struck it rich" lives in fear of its chef. If you don't believe it, go into a tea room any day and see the wealthy matrons who drive up in motorcars and order corned beef hash. This statement was made by a successful tea room owner. She explained further: "When I first started my tea room I expected to cater to the women shoppers who like an inexpensive lunch. Consequently I planned a menu of cheap homemade dishes. Fancy my surprise when one noon in came a walking jewelry exhibit, who ordered corned beef hash. She became one of my regular patrons, and she frankly told me she was afraid to order the hash from her chef for fear he would think it a vulgar taste. Then I began to realize how many people were really tyrannized over by their chefs."

"A silver king now living on Fifth avenue comes in here frequently for luncheon. One day he told me his troubles."

"I come here to get some butter," he confessed. "That French cook of ours told mother it wasn't stylish, and we don't have it any more. At first she'd have some on the table when there wasn't any company. I used to say to her, 'Mother, if there ain't any visitors tonight give me some butter—a large hunk.' But as we're always having company now it's easier to come here."

"A wealthy piano manufacturer has a standing order for a boiled dinner every Friday, and his wife comes in and joins him in a 'rice pudding with bugs in it,' as they call it, for dessert."

"Two very grand ladies from Fifty-ninth street come sneaking down here in their motorcar on the mornings when we have fresh fried doughnuts. They came from Vermont originally, and they want their doughnuts for breakfast, and they are afraid to confess it to their cook."

"Finally, the other day, a big insurance man walked in and asked if we ever cooked dishes to order. I told him we did if they weren't too elaborate."

"He laughed at that. 'I saw your

sign and smelled some doughnuts frying, and I wondered if you could cook me up a dish of nice yellow turnip the way they used to have it years ago. I've been wanting some for the last five years. You can name your own price.'

"Altogether," concluded the tea room owner, "I have decided that plain folks ought to be mighty thankful they haven't a French chef to tyrannize over their meals."

—New York Times.

Ancient Horses.

It is a well known fact in human history that man used the horse as an article of food only for an enormous period of time, perhaps 100,000 years, before he discovered that he was far more serviceable as a means of transport. In fact, it is an open question whether the so called paleolithic men of Europe used the horse as a means of transport at all. It is certain that when Europe was invaded by the neolithic men they brought the domesticated horse with them and introduced cattle as the principal form of animal food.

THE ARTERIES.

When They Harden Prematurely It Is Wise to Get Busy.

There comes a time in the lives of many persons when, after a period of vague and perhaps very gradual loss of health and strength, the physician makes his examination and utters the word "arteriosclerosis" as expressing the condition he finds.

The physical state covered by this word is a hardening of the arteries. It may be considered physiologically inseparable from extreme age, but many persons are doomed to hear it far too soon. In the young it may be the result of muscular overexertion, whether that takes the form of too much hard work or too much hard play, or it may result from long continued grief or fretting. An unhappy love affair met without philosophy or prolonged homesickness has often cut the prime out of a lifetime and brought about such a condition of the sufferer's arterial system that youth and premature age met face to face, without any of the mercurial gradation that nature intended.

When this disease comes upon one in middle life, it is generally a tragedy born of foolishness, especially when the individual is one whose circumstances and grade of intelligence should furnish the ability to apply common sense to daily life. Such a one is often benefited by a good plain talk, in which hope and warning may be mixed in equal proportions.

The hopeful outlook should be vigorously insisted upon. There are good grounds for it, for if premature arteriosclerosis is attacked early enough and strenuously enough it can be held in check for years. But the note of warning also must be vigorous, for the patient must largely work out his own salvation.

Unfortunately the sufferer is often hard to manage. The very symptoms of his trouble make him irritable, intolerant of advice and stubborn about his own course. He is very averse to necessary exercise and absolutely certain that he is an abstemious eater. He will aver that he takes meat but once a day, stoutly refusing to allow that two eggs for breakfast and a "made dish" for luncheon should come under that head.

Such a case is hopeless unless a strict regimen is followed, at least until an improvement is noticed.

Then the gain in comfort, the renewed ability to sleep and the sense of well being are so appreciated by the patient that the new way of living becomes established.

Each case calls for its own treatment in many details, but a quiet life, a cutting down of meat and much time spent in the open air will be found indispensable for all cases.—Youth's Companion.

Not His Cue.

One of Atlantic City's life guards was discussing his profession.

"Funny things happen to the guards sometimes," said Mr. Shronk. "A funny thing happened to my friend Tim last week. A society belle from Spruce street went into the water wearing one of those fashionable transformations or wigs. A big wave went over her, and when she came up the transformation was floating out to sea. She turned and ran to Tim."

"Oh, save my hair!" she yelled.

"Save my hair!"

"Pardon me, lady," says Tim.

"I'm a life saver, not a hair restorer."

—New York Press.

The Theatrical Boarding House.

Comedian Boarder—I have named this coffee November, my dear madam.

Stern Landlady—Indeed, sir. And why?

Comedian Boarder—Because it is so cold and cloudy.

Stern Landlady—What a brilliant young man! I thought of naming it after you.

Comedian Boarder—And why?

Stern Landlady—Because it is so long before it settles.—Chicago News.

His Accomplishment.

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-conversation, y' know."

Answered.

An Irish medical examiner was questioning a class of students.

"How long could a man live on stirabout?" he asked of one.

"He'd live until he couldn't stir about," was the quick reply.—London Tit-Bits.

LAPIDARY

Having purchased the Whitten Lapidary we invite our friends to call and see us at the old stand. Mr. Whitten will remain with us for a time to have charge of the work.

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