

# Which Won?

By EDNA ELLIS

Miss Van Winkle was a very pretty girl with solid blue eyes, through which she saw very distinctly till an oculist ordered her to wear glasses. She was troubled with headaches, and the glasses were intended to correct her vision.

One day while walking on the street she met Bob Schofield, and at the moment of passing the light, striking on her glasses, got in the way of her eyesight, and she cut him dead. The next time they were together he asked her what he had done to offend her. She was very much surprised and wished to know what he meant, whereupon he told her that she had passed him on the street without speaking to him.

"That must have been when I began to wear glasses," she said. "I've got quite used to them now, and you will have no further cause for complaint on that score."

Nevertheless the next time Miss Van Winkle met Mr. Schofield she cut him again. Whether it was due to her glasses or preoccupation or what it was he did not know, but he was quite sure it was unintentional.

A few evenings after this second cut he called at the lady's house and was received graciously. He made no reference to her having ignored his presence a second time, but during his call asked her if she had got used to her glasses.

"Quite so," she replied. "I can see better than without them, and I now seldom have a headache."

"Do you think if you passed me on the street you would recognize me?"

"Of course I would."

"I doubt it."

"What do you mean? Do you know my eyes better than I?"

"I don't believe you can see a church in the middle of the street."

"Well, I never! My eyesight is as good as yours."

"I'll bet you the next time I meet you in the street you won't know me."

"I'd know you from your twin brother, if you had one."

Now, Mr. Schofield had no twin brother, but he had a cousin, Ernest Brown, for whom he had often been mistaken. When Miss Van Winkle spoke of a twin brother Bob thought of his cousin, Ernest Brown, and straightway began to lay for the young lady in a very mean, contemptible and dishonest manner.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You walk down Hilton avenue tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. I'll meet you with another fellow. I'll bet you a pound of candy you can't pick me out from him."

"I take the bet."

"I mean I'll bet you a pound of candy! I don't want any candy myself; you must cover my stake with something else."

"Cigars?"

"No, a kiss."

"What impudence!"

"Very well; I withdraw the offer."

The scamp knew very well that she would come to his terms in time and she did. It was not that she coveted the candy; she was all sensitive to any physical imperfection in ourselves, and he had ruffled her as to her eyesight. She agreed to his terms, and a condition was added that when about seven feet distant she should bow to the man she believed to be Bob, they walking far enough apart to prevent any doubt in the matter. The terms having been signed, sealed and delivered, they separated.

Mr. Schofield went straight to his cousin and told him of his bet and explained the terms, asking Brown to help him out. Brown agreed to do so, and the next morning they met at the talling establishment and bought a pair of suits. Then they went to a barber and had their hair and beards trimmed exactly alike. When they had finished their process of making themselves alike—hats, scarfs, suits, gloves and boots were exactly similar—Bob hoped that he had a chance of winning, though he feared the odds were against him.

At exactly 4 o'clock the two men started from one end of Hilton avenue, while Miss Van Winkle was emerging from her home near the other. She was very confident of being able to pick Bob from his friend, though she took every precaution, even cleaning her glasses with a compound of alcohol and ammonia. But she expected to see them each dressed in his own way and did not count on a similarity of apparel. She had gone but a few blocks, keeping her eyes fixed on every approaching figure, when she saw the two men coming. It did not occur to her that either of them was Bob until she came within the distance that she was to make the decision. Not being able to designate the true and only Bob, she passed them without bowing to either. Then each party turned.

"I don't care," pouted Miss Van Winkle; "that wasn't fair at all. You had no right to dress alike."

"My cousin, Mr. Brown, Miss Van Winkle," said Bob. His double lifted his hat deferentially and asked if the bet was to be paid there and then. At which Miss Van Winkle glared at him, and, leaving her with Bob, withdrew.

The bet was paid that same evening at Miss Van Winkle's home, and she tasted so good that Bob must have another and to get it he must make an out and out proposal, which he did. After all, the girl was

# LOVE ON THE CORNER

By M. QUAD

Having been informed that the shoe-string man at the corner of Broadway and White street had had a difficulty with the peanut woman at the corner of Broadway and Leonard and that they were no longer on speaking terms, I went over there the other day in hopes to bring about a reconciliation. I thought to see the woman first, but half a square away I met my old friend Ribs, the umbrella mender, and when he was informed of my errand he said:

"It's a great idea and one worthy of the twentieth century, but it is too late. The peanut woman says that the shoe-string man made up a face at her only an hour ago, and she is now utterly impossible."

I then changed the plan and saw the shoe-string man first. You, who know him only by sight, may take him for a humble and docile citizen, having neither spirit, pride nor ambition. But such is far from being the case.

"Yes, sir; it is true," he replied when I told him I had heard of the rupture. "For seven long years I have been the warm friend of the peanut woman, but now all is over between us. I shall always respect her as a lady, but we can never be friends again. The relations between us are not strained, but entirely severed."

"But what caused the rupture?"

"Well, I can't just say, though it's perhaps owing to Ribs, the umbrella man, more than anything else. There is a man, sir, you would do well to look out for. I don't say that he can't mend a broken umbrella as good as the next, or that he would overcharge you, but socially he's full of underhanded ways."

"Why, I thought Ribs such a nice man that I treated him to a milkshake down in Chambers street yesterday."

"Look out for him, sir. I am sure he made all the trouble between me and the peanut woman."

"Now, honest Injun, were you and the peanut woman a little sweet on each other before Ribs came into the field to make trouble?"

"You may call it that, sir. I called her Annie and she called me Charlie, and I expect she was a bit lonesome if I didn't show up three or four times a day. It was me who wheeled her cart across Broadway twice a day for her. I watched the papers to see if peanuts went up or down; I turned the roaster for her when my own trade was slack, and for the last five years her shoe-strings have not cost her a penny. I understand that she came out with button shoes yesterday to show that she could get along without me."

"How long ago did Ribs come into the affair?"

"About three months, sir. It wasn't a week after he put in three ribs in an umbrella for her without charging a cent that I began to observe a change in her. She no longer called me Charlie, she looked at me coldly. Indeed, sir, it struck me at once that she preferred an umbrella man."

"And has no one else appeared in the case?"

"Well, there was a fellow named Tom who hung about for awhile, but he was a harmless old chap. I don't think he'd speak ill of any one, though he might have put in a word for Ribs, hoping to be invited to the wedding."

"And have you asked for an explanation?"

"Not me, sir. I stand on my dignity. If the peanut woman prefers Ribs to me I'm not the man to fall down on my knees and ask for particulars. I see her drowned first. If she didn't see her drowned first, I wouldn't have a plan to bring about this very state of affairs why don't she send word to come down and have a talk and end their hair and beards trimmed when I'm in there why don't she say 'Charlie, I was just flirting a bit with old Ribs to make you jealous and see if you cared for me. Come back and turn the peanut roaster, and be as usual in the past. I wouldn't give one shoe-string man for a dozen umbrella menders.'"

"Well, it is a sad case, and I want to see it straightened out. I'm going down to have a talk with her and find out the true state of affairs."

"I wish you would, sir. To say nothing of our private feelings, it really interrupts business on Broadway and is against public interest. Go down and have a talk, sir, and don't be afraid to come and tell me the worst."

I went down to see the peanut woman and began by asking:

"Have you a heart?"

"Yes, and the shoe-string man has a yink," she replied with a toss of her head.

"Just what do you mean?"

"Oh, you're come about the quarrel and I want to tell you that I didn't start it. Five minutes after Charlie had told me the other day that I had the nicest figure of any woman walking Broadway I caught him winking at a janitress."

"And are you punishing him for it?"

"That's it, sir. Do you think he's suffering?"

"Terribly. He looks like a man thinking of suicide."

"Eh? I'm! I mustn't be too cruel. If you are going up that way you might hint that if he and I ate our luncheon together—"

I hinted, I'd am happy to say that the turtle doves are roosting on the same branch again, and that business on Broadway has resumed its normal swing.

### Gold Filled Wire.

Since the perfection of gold filled metal the number of spectacle and eyeglass frames and mountings made of this material has shown a very large yearly increase. Considering the importance of gold filled wire and the many uses to which it is put it seems surprising that so little is really known of this and how nearly equal to solid gold it is for many uses. The term gold filled is somewhat misleading. Merely reversing it almost thoroughly explains both the material and the process.

Filled gold, as it might well be called, consists of a gold shell filled with an alloy of base metal. The popularity of gold filled is demonstrated by the fact that nearly \$1,000,000 of the gold is used annually in one plant alone, and half of this is used in the manufacture of the gold filled wire from which spectacles and eyeglass frames and mountings are made.—American Machinist.

### Gladstone and Disraeli.

It was Disraeli at the Academy banquet who said that "the noble, distinctive trait of British art was its boundless fertility in imagination and fancy." In the reaction after the banquet, as he was going home with Mr. Goschen, he "descanted on English painters and deplored their total want of fancy and imagination." Being reminded by his companion that this was not exactly what he had led people to believe was his opinion in his speech at the banquet, "No," replied Disraeli, "but then, my friend, one must be pleasant after dinner."

Very characteristic was the comment next morning of Mr. Gladstone, who glared at the companion and roared out: "Do you mean to say that he carried his ghastly insincerity with in those walls? It's hellish!"—Independent.

### How a Beetle Makes Love.

The deathwatch is always destructive. In its earlier stages of life it eats up books and furniture, and when it reaches maturity the damage it does is greater still, though not so costly in length about a quarter of an inch and of a gray color. It does not seem to be a very terrifying creature, but it has a facetious little habit of butting its armor plated head against any thing hard it may meet with, such as wood or plaster, thus giving rise to a ticking sound which might, by a good stretch of the imagination, be thought to sound like the ticking of a watch. The poor little beetle, when he causes the ticking, is only screwing his sweetheart! He can play no musical instrument to please her, and so, to prove his devotion, he butts his head against the wall—Family Doctor.

### Kept His Word.

An amusing tale is told in "Police Work From Within," by Hargrave L. Adams, of Charles Peace, the celebrated burglar. He once went into a chemist's shop smoking a choice cigar, which he had burgled in a recent "exploit."

"The chemist, noticing the aroma of the cigar remarked, 'That's a nice cigar you're smoking. Where did you get it?' Peace promptly replied, 'I stole it.' At this the chemist laughed and said, 'I wish you would steal some as good for me.' Again Peace promptly replied, 'I will. Shortly after he again secured some good cigars upon the occasion of one of his nocturnal jobs several of which he took to the chemist in question. As he handed them to him he remarked, 'There you are—I stole them for you.'"

### The Insulted Tiger.

In "Tigerland" C. E. Goudsberg, its author alludes to the belief, current among some of the natives of Bengal, "that their resent being discussed by human beings and should one overhear a man doing so will not rest till it has killed and eaten the offender." There fore, when a tiger was seen at hand the speak of it as a "Bengal tiger" for Jackal—and so hope to deceive it. When it was pointed out to an old native that to insult a tiger by calling it a jackal—the smallest and most insignificant beast in the forest—was scarcely the best way of propitiating it he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Kya Jane?" (who knows?), adding by way of explanation that "such was their custom (custom)."

### Pride in Their Country.

In Germany there is a national association called the Heimalsschutz Bund which was formed for protecting and preserving the natural beauty of the German fatherland, together with its historic and artistic buildings, cities, monuments, etc. also to unite the efforts being made by various local and state organizations.

### That Held Him.

"Your air's getting thin, sir. Let me sell you."

"That's all right. I put something on it every morning."

"May I ask what you put on it, sir?"

"My hat" (operation finished in London Opinion).

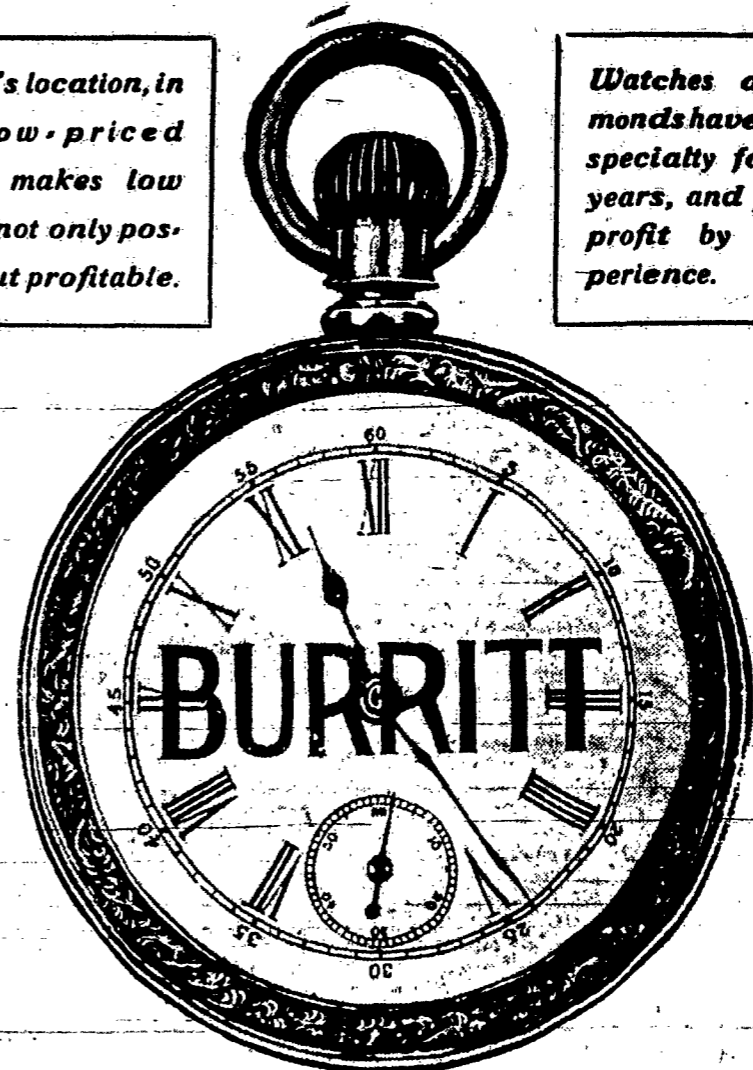
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