

GLIMPSES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Interesting Phases of Human Nature as Exhibited in Great Cities.

GALLANT BROKERS OF NEW YORK.

They Throw Kisses at Lady Spectators in the Gallery—The Elevator Affected Her Stomach—A Horse Trader's Conscience.

New York World: An old time broker of the stock exchange was indignant over his breakfast at Delmonico's the other morning about the abuse which has been showered upon some of the members of the board by the papers on account of their boisterous gallantry to a lady in the gallery. "If they threw her kisses," the elderly broker said, "and waved their hands, I did not see it, and I was on the floor at the time. Even if they did, I fail to see what there was of such an insulting nature about it all. The trading is lax and times are not particularly bright. If the boys can get a little fun out of life it should be allowed to pass as a holiday lark and not talked of as a tragedy. The whole spirit of the board has changed during the past fifteen years. The new order of brokers have adopted the quiet, businesslike and thoughtful manners of professional gamblers, and they go about their business in a cold-blooded and tranquil way that suggests the dealer at a faro table. There are a few good natured, well-to-do and jolly fellows left, and the best thing that the governors of the stock exchange can do is to encourage them. A little nonsense now and then can do no possible harm."

New York Times: The elevators in some of New York's tall buildings are run at a speed calculated to disquiet the nerves of people who are not accustomed to them. One of the cars in the Equitable building the other day was sent down, as the conductor expressed it, "for all she was worth." There were several ladies among the passengers, and one of them, a gentle-faced, silver-haired "gramma," was particularly disturbed. She had just feeling right herself and she placed a thin hand just below her heart, "exactly like I had the day your father died. Oh, John, John, it's brought it all back again."

"Then what makes you cry so?" asked the man. "I know it's foolish," she answered, "but when that thing went down so awful fast it gave me a feeling right here," and she placed a thin hand just below her heart, "exactly like I had the day your father died. Oh, John, John, it's brought it all back again."

Detroit Free Press: The owner of a boarding stable in the northern part of the city advertised a horse for sale. Early one morning a man appeared and asked to see the horse. "See here," quoth the owner as he squared off at him, "I like to have a fair understanding about things. Now then, is it for you or some one else?"

"Some one else?" "Do you know all about a horse or nothing at all?" "I know every crook and turn about a horse, sir."

"Oh, you do? All right. We now understand each other, and I'll show you the beast."

"In ten minutes a sale had been effected and the horse was being led away. "Why did you care whether he was green or potted?" inquired a man who had stood by. "Made a great deal of difference to me," replied the late owner. "The horse is pained, pigeon-toed and weak in the back. Had been an amateur I should have detected those things."

"But he knew all about the horse." "Exactly, and therefore knew nothing. Easiest sale I ever made to anyone."

New York Tribune: George Scribner had saved up \$20 with which he intended to buy a nice Christmas present for his wife and some toys and candies for the babies. He took the money from his writing desk the day before Christmas and started out to make his purchases. So engrossed was he with thoughts of what he intended to buy that he did not observe two "right-angled" gentlemen, one of whom jostled against him in the crowded street, while the other one neatly extracted his purse from his pocket with the \$20 which he had picked himself up on the way.

He went into one of the large stores in Twenty-third street, selected the goods he wanted and felt for the money to pay for them. The pocket-book, of course, was gone. He felt hurriedly in every pocket, but there was no trace of the wallet. Like a flash he remembered the man who had jostled against him and recalled how queerly he acted. His pocket had been picked. Visions flashed before him of the disappointed faces of his wife and two little girls when they got up in the morning to learn that Santa Claus had forgotten them entirely. He felt for his watch. Luckily the pickpocket had not secured that.

"Put those things on the shelf for a little while," he said, "and I will return for them. That wife and the little ones got their Christmas presents that year and a pawnbroker in Sixth avenue had this entry on his books: "George Scribner, gold watch, \$20."

New York Star: I have noticed recently that a great many more pipes are being smoked on the streets by well dressed men than used to be. While in an up-town tobacconist's store I asked what in his opinion had led to the marked increase in the number of pipe smokers.

"There are two reasons," he said. "In the first place the McKinley bill has so appreciably increased the cost of good cigars that a good many men, especially young ones, have taken to pipes as a matter of economy. In the second place, pipe-smoking is 'English, you know,' and the English craze has struck this town pretty heavily. New Yorkers who go to London find the public places crowded with men who smoke pipes and when they come home to it at once the easy-going Londoner."

New York Star: I was talking with a salesman whom I knew in one of the big Broadway clothing houses the other day, when a keen-eyed, smartly dressed young man with the general appearance of a New Yorker, entered. He was followed by fifteen heavily laden Spaniards, to whom he commenced showing various

suits. "There is a man who makes more money than any other salesman in the store," said my friend. "He only sells on commission—gets 10 per cent and draws up his own trade. He speaks Spanish and French fluently, and has an acquaintance with every purser of a Spanish-American or French ship that runs into New York. These he meets as they land, gets acquainted with the wants of as many of the passengers as he can reach, and steers them around to business houses with which he has made connection. These Spaniards whom he has in tow are not dressed suitably for the climate here, and nearly every one of them will want a new suit and an overcoat. Maybe they want shoes and underclothing and other articles. They speak little or no English and are very glad to secure his services, especially as he was recommended by the purser, with whom they had formed something of an acquaintance. He will also find them a hotel or rooms as they wish, introduce them into some good restaurant and put them into the way of enjoying themselves in comfort during their New Year visit. This looks like a wealthy lot of young men that he has in tow now, and I have no doubt that he will make fully \$50 to \$75 in commission from them today and to-morrow."

Chicago Tribune: "Bless me if I think Chicago has many pretty women," said S. Caripini, a merchant from Belgium, who has spent some time in London. "I walked along one of your principal thoroughfares today," he continued, "and although I saw many women out shopping I failed to see many who could claim beauty. The clear, white, delicate complexion was lacking. I saw lots of red noses, and some with pimples on them. Then again the majority of the women powder so elaborately that it is disgusting. They do not appear to understand how to apply cosmetics. Then again, the ladies wear diamonds when out shopping. Why, that is simply atrocious. I observed handsomely dressed woman step out of her carriage in front of one of your large retail dry goods shops the other day. Two big diamonds ear-ring, probably worth \$2,000 or \$3,000 each, hung from her ears, and her sealskin cloak was not tight at the throat. I also noticed a large diamond brooch. Another large diamond—probably a three-carat stone—surrounded her neck. I cannot understand why a woman of good breeding can make such a display of herself. In London and Madrid the women do their shopping in the most modest attire and never dream of wearing jewelry. I not only noticed this indecent display of diamonds in Chicago, but in New York. In Boston the majority of women I observed wore no jewels while on their shopping excursions. Take it altogether the women of Chicago may be as well as in London, but in New York, especially, who had ugly faces, wore scarlet hats, as if to attract attention to their ugliness."

New York World: In a show window on Twenty-second street a Singapore belle sits for several hours every day filling sample boxes with some kind of tea, and she is feeling right herself and she placed a thin hand just below her heart, "exactly like I had the day your father died. Oh, John, John, it's brought it all back again."

New York Times: A friendly little dog that lives in a comfortable home in Ninety-fifth street, west of Ninth avenue, has a master with a resourceful mind. The fact that the aforesaid master, when not too busy arranging investments for his clients, does a little newspaper work, perhaps accounts for the resourceful mind. Late the other forenoon this gentleman opened the front door of his residence prepared for his customary saunter to the elevated station. A snow drift from two or three feet deep completely covered his doorstep. His wife at his elbow suggested that he go down stairs and get the snow cleared, as it was a playful jest, contemplating the snowbank a few seconds, he whistled for his dog. An animated bundle of hair came tumbling into the hallway. "Olah!" spoke the master, "do you want to go for a walk?" With a quick bark of delight the little dog plunged out of the door and rolled down the steps to the sidewalk. Then, after a good deal of kicking and rolling about, the animal regained his feet, and obeying his master's call, scampered up the steps and back into the house. Again he was sent out and called back with the same snow-scenting result, and, as he seemed to enjoy it, the act was repeated for even a third time. Thus was an open path down the steps made for the man with the resourceful mind. Olah's "walk" was postponed until a pleasanter day.

Chicago Tribune: Your real, genuine, first class detective seldom opens his mouth to tell you his theory or opinion, for the reason that the genuine detective is seldom known as such except to the head of the concern. The writer was where he obtained the opinion of a genuine detective about "mysterious disappearances." "They may be mysterious for a while," he said, "but they nearly all come out alike: Woman, whiskey, cash—one of the three, sure as you live, it is the rarest thing in the world that a missing man never returns. Unless he is murdered and the body well secreted the missing man will either return to the place from which he disappeared or equal from his hiding place. Experience and observation with this class warrant me in this assertion."

Chicago Tribune: Doctors do not like to be newspapers for several reasons. Doctors are custodians of the best stories in existence, and when a newspaper man worm one of these stories from such a source it is too good to keep. But of course the physician must be kept in the dark. Even when the physician does not like to talk, because he is afraid his name might come out. One of these specialists was talking in his reception room the other day, and he made the statement that "There is nothing new in the proposition that we are all mad. That's a story as old as the hills and is true. We call

the insanity that is at large latent insanity. If it doesn't come in contact with a shock or some disease it may remain latent until death stops the machinery. I know men in business who are likely to go to pieces, mentally, if the unexpected happens, and once known a man who was a cashier of a bank, and I had it from those who knew his work that no more competent and accurate man ever held a place. But I had been his physician and his father's before him and I knew that the man was mad. His insanity was only asleep. So well did I know him that I warned him to keep himself free from such excitement as would result from a certain disease. As I had feared, that disease finally made its appearance in the country, and the man blew out his brains as soon as he heard of it, although the case was 2,000 miles away."

New York World: There is a picture of perfect contentment furnished in the attitude of the "L" reporter and engineer as he looks back in his seat with his feet extended towards the front window of the cab, and apparently, without twisting a muscle of his body, but simply by the stretching forth of one hand, controls the speed and once known his iron horse. His ease and comfort are the rewards of the years he spent in gaining his experience and attaining his skill. The fireman is always busy with his fire-truck and hand of waste cotton or long-billed oil can, burnishing or lubricating the machinery, and it is only occasionally that he can find time to swing out of the locomotive cab and help the engineer to lift with the couettes in the second or third story windows. But the fireman will be an engineer himself some day, and then somebody else will be oiling and rubbing the machinery. The picture, visible a hundred feet away on the Third and Sixth avenue roads, exemplifies an evolutionary process that exists in every walk of modern life.

New York Tribune: "Say, boss, give me a few pennies to buy something to eat, will you?" said a ragged urchin to a man hurrying through Mall street at 6 o'clock Christmas eve. "Now the one appeared to had just been buying Christmas presents for a score of sisters, cousins and aunts, to say nothing about the numerous rattles, dolls, etc., which he had bought for the members of his own marionette family, and consequently he was feeling rather poor. "Can't do it, sonny," he said rather gruffly, as he hurried on.

The boy assumed a tone half sorrowful with a touch of indignation in it, and said to the retreating figure: "Boss, I hope you have a merry Christmas."

The man stopped, turned round, dug his hand into his pocket, and handed the urchin a quarter. Then he hurried on again. Ten minutes later the same urchin entered a half-way where half a dozen street arabs were assembled.

"Hi, Jimmy, how are you getting on in the world," said a well-dressed, comfortable looking man at the Griswold house to a Detroit Free Press man. "How was that?" asked one of the party. "I lived with my parents in a small town in Ohio. When about eighteen years old I became smitten with the pretty daughter of one of our neighbors. It was a desperate one, and I am willing to admit I had no right to do myself. I haunted her home like a ghost; I was there every day, barely going home long enough for my meals. After graduating from the high school my father secured for me business opportunities in Cleveland, Ohio, and I took my way away from the village in which I was charmer, and in less than a month I was back, worshipping at her shrine. "Matters ran along in this way for a year and a half, until one day she mounted to enough to earn the salt and pepper. I remember that Thanksgiving day of which I speak I spent the afternoon at my innamorata's home, and lingered in the evening until an unusual hour. "The clock had just struck 12 when the girl's father walked into the parlor with determination stamped on every feature of his countenance. Fortunately he had ceased to give me the hardest kick that ever a mortal man received. I have ridden bucking broncos and taken headers from bicycles since that day, but I have never experienced another sensation like it. "I left the place that night vowing vengeance. At first I thought I would burn the house, but the next day my feelings had modified and I started for Cleveland, where I worked in a wholesale house, and in a few months I was married and ten years later I went back and married the girl, receiving her father's blessing. I will always maintain that my father-in-law gave me my first lift."

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the blood and stomach ever manufactured.

Notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry's new steam heated palace Cleveland, with "electric lights in every berth," still leaves the Union depot, Omaha at 6:10 p. m. daily, arriving at Chicago at 9:30 a. m., in ample time to make all eastern connections. Ticket office, 401 Farnam street, Omaha. J. E. PRISTON, F. A. NASH, Gen. Agt.

Bad drainage causes much sickness, and bad food and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedies.

Books in Chains. In Europe, long before the days of printing, books were fastened to shelves or desks in libraries and churches to guard against their being stolen and also to prevent one student's gaining an unfair advantage over another by securing the loan of a book from a too amiable librarian, says the Globe-Democrat.

The libraries of the English universities were chained until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when, on account of the inconvenience of using them, the chains were removed. It is recorded that at King's college a man was paid £175, in 1777, for nine days' labor in taking the fetters of the college books. According to the Antiquarian, there are, however, a few chained libraries still remaining in England. The largest of these is at the cathedral church of Hereford, and is the one genuine survivor of the monastic library. It consists of about two thousand volumes, of which 1,500 are chained. There are five book-cases, and the remains of two others.

The catalogue, which is also chained, classifies the books, many of which are in manuscript, in eight divisions. Each chain is from three to four feet long, according to its position, so that every volume can be placed on the shelves, and in the center of these chains are swivels, which are useful in preventing their entanglement.

Hereford possesses the latest, as well as the oldest collection of Bibles in the kingdom, the library of 285 volumes, which was bequeathed to All Saints' church as late as 171.

A Roman Monte Carlo Proprietary. A project has been submitted to the Italian government for establishing a casino on the Monte Carlo line at Frascati, which is within a drive of Rome, says London Truth. The tables would be open only to the members of a "club" which, of course, everybody with money to lose would obtain easy admission.

A CHAMPAGNE BOOMER.

He Invades the Sacred Precincts of a Club and is Taken in Hand.

One of those young men who serve as agents and touts for certain brands of champagne goes to the club, and uses their social connections to help them out. He has made himself so obnoxious at one of the best clubs up town, says the New York Evening Sun, that he has been called before the house committee, who threatened him with expulsion. The writers were called up at the same time as participants in the crime, and were told that they could remain only on probation. It seems that for some time past a number of the younger members, who have had very enough money with which to pay their club dues, have been giving a series of expensive dinners in the main dining room of the club, and have occupied the center table conspicuously and with a great deal of noise and laughter, and most objectionable advertisement of the fact that they had more champagne than was good for them.

It was their custom to offer a bottle of champagne to the members who came in, as though they wanted to show a friendly feeling and to have others share in their joy. But it was noticed that the champagne which they so generously handed out was always of one particular brand—the brand for which the club member was the agent. Not only was it offered freely in this way, but the members have been greatly annoyed by having it forced upon them by the waiters, whether they ordered that brand or not, and with a persistence that showed intention and not a mistake. The members finally began to complain and the house committee passed a resolution which regulated the matter, viz. to find that every waiter in the employ of the club had been tampered with and was receiving pay to serve and push and recommend the agent's brand of champagne. They were accordingly told that they would be discharged if they attempted to tout for the wine again, and the member himself had to beg for his membership, which he secured after a long and the impetuous youth got the chair and content themselves with reading the advertisements for champagne in the papers, and the wine agent drinks beer and says he likes it.

HER FATHER'S BOOT.

It Gave Him His First Lift in the World.

It was a Thanksgiving day about fifteen years ago, and I was in the world," said a well-dressed, comfortable looking man at the Griswold house to a Detroit Free Press man. "How was that?" asked one of the party.

"I lived with my parents in a small town in Ohio. When about eighteen years old I became smitten with the pretty daughter of one of our neighbors. It was a desperate one, and I am willing to admit I had no right to do myself. I haunted her home like a ghost; I was there every day, barely going home long enough for my meals. After graduating from the high school my father secured for me business opportunities in Cleveland, Ohio, and I took my way away from the village in which I was charmer, and in less than a month I was back, worshipping at her shrine. "Matters ran along in this way for a year and a half, until one day she mounted to enough to earn the salt and pepper. I remember that Thanksgiving day of which I speak I spent the afternoon at my innamorata's home, and lingered in the evening until an unusual hour. "The clock had just struck 12 when the girl's father walked into the parlor with determination stamped on every feature of his countenance. Fortunately he had ceased to give me the hardest kick that ever a mortal man received. I have ridden bucking broncos and taken headers from bicycles since that day, but I have never experienced another sensation like it. "I left the place that night vowing vengeance. At first I thought I would burn the house, but the next day my feelings had modified and I started for Cleveland, where I worked in a wholesale house, and in a few months I was married and ten years later I went back and married the girl, receiving her father's blessing. I will always maintain that my father-in-law gave me my first lift."

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Advertisement for Briggs Pianos, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the quality and features of the pianos.

Advertisement for Robinson & Gammor, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing dental services and other offerings.

Advertisement for Rubber Boots & Shoes, featuring text describing the quality and availability of the products.

Advertisement for Ice Tools, featuring text describing various types of ice tools and their uses.

Advertisement for Dr. Down's, featuring text describing the benefits of the medicine for various ailments.

Advertisement for Bile Beans, featuring text describing the benefits of the product for bile and general health.

Advertisement for Dr. McGrew, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the specialist's services.

Advertisement for Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, featuring text describing the specialized medical services.