

NEWSBOY IS HER PROTEGE

Winsome Young Office Girl Educates a Street Arab. TEACHES THE LAD TO READ AND WRITE

Miss Irene McCoy and Mike Barto Are the Principals in This Strange Friendship of the Streets.

Miss Irene McCoy, office girl in the employ of Dr. Victor H. Coffman at Fifteenth and Farnam streets, has a protegee in the person of a little newsboy named Mike Barto. Mike is 12 years old and his fair patron is 15. She is teaching him to read and write and he calls at the office every afternoon at 5 o'clock to recite his lesson.

This arrangement has been observed since early in December. One day as Miss McCoy was returning from luncheon a little boy, absurdly dirty and picturequely ragged, stepped up to her on the street and, holding a newspaper within her reach, cried:

"All about the Cuming street fire! Woman burned to death! Paper, lady!" Now, it happened that Miss McCoy has some acquaintances on Cuming street, so the lad's cry interested her.

"Show me the story about the fire, little boy," she said, "and I'll buy the paper." The "newsie" was obviously embarrassed, but he was not to be bluffed. He pointed at the front page, which chanced to be an account of the war in the Transvaal.

Then Miss McCoy knew that he was a lad who had never learned to read. He had taken his cue about the fire from "de older kids," who had invented it for commercial purposes.

That afternoon Miss McCoy conceived the idea of teaching Mike to read, write and spell. She had plenty of time, as her duties consisted mainly of guarding the office and answering questions over the phone, so the next time she met Mike on the street she arranged with him to deliver a newspaper at the office every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

This was but a work to secure his attendance. Then she cultivated his acquaintance. He was shy at first, but after the first two or three days he was willing to "hoat," as he called it, a few minutes after delivering the paper.

Finally, with admirable tact, Miss McCoy laid her proposition before him. She didn't tell him that a boy of his age ought to be ashamed not to know how to read or write. On the contrary, she led him to believe that for an office girl in a physician's parlor to constitute herself governess to a newsboy was the most ordinary of arrangements. How otherwise could a newsboy ever hope to learn anything? he was confirmed.

Mike proved to be a bright pupil, wonderfully versed in the "woodcraft" of the streets, and having a large fund of native humor. He learned rapidly. First it was his A, B, C's and then words of three letters.

One day Miss McCoy brought down a primer for him to read out of, but he would have none of it. Newspapers were the only text books he cared for. He made so Miss McCoy, to humor him, read news "stories" aloud, usually choosing some instructive subject, but his interest invariably flagged after the first paragraph, when he would very politely ask her to read a police story instead—something about a murder, a suicide or a fatal accident—these were the "stories" that sold the paper on the street, he said. And again she humored him.

But all has not been smooth sailing with Miss McCoy and her protegee. "Dis is not wise" to the arrangement and taunted poor little Mike unmercifully. Some even threatened him with ostracism.

When he would take a nickel in payment for a paper, explaining that he has no pennies, the big boy would cry: "Oh, Mike! What will de teacher say!" It's getting so lately he can't even smoke a cigarette in peace. The boys scoff at him and say they will "teel teacher."

He is brave, however, and, just to show his independence, he shouts every day: "All about the capture of the kidnapers!" though none know better than he that Pat Crowe is still at large.

Little is known about Mike Barto's antecedents, save that he was born in Omaha and that his parents still live here. He knows where and how they live he is discreetly silent on the point. He takes a little interest in them as they do in him. He sleeps every night in the hall of a down town building, close to a friendly radiator, and takes his meals in the alleys in the rear of the newspaper offices.

Forty years in the market, still booming with greater sales than ever. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE. There is a well-attended school for waiters in Vienna. The pupils are first instructed in the general principles of the art of serving at table, and when they have mastered the introductory course they are allowed to practice on two women and two gentlemen in evening dress who dine at one table. The "professor" watches the operation and sharply calls the waiter to account if he makes a mistake.

August Unterhahr sells bread of his own make in a town in Jersey. He made a sale on a Sabbath morning and was arrested. The justice before whom he was held fined him \$2. Then he went into a drug store kept by the justice, on the next Sabbath, and purchased a cigar. He intends to have the druggist arrested when he can find a court to which to take him. "Shall a man smoke on the Sabbath if he cannot eat?"

A TONIC THAT MAKES STRONG NERVES, CURES DYSPEPSIA, Stomach Troubles AND INSOMNIA

BLATZ MALT-VIVINE

ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prep. by Val Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee. OMAHA BRANCH, 1412 Douglas St. Tel. 1061.

asks Mr. Unterhahr, with some show of reason.

It is very hard form to wear a diamond stud in a negligee shirt, but that is not the reason John H. Dunning of Irvington, N. J., will refrain from so decorating himself in the future. A tramp came to his door the other day and asked for clothing. Mrs. Dunning gave him some things, including a summer shirt, overlooking the fact that her husband had neglected to remove his diamond stud from the garment. Perhaps the tramp observed the oversight. At any rate he has not been seen since.

"From the whirl of gossip in the financial center," says the Philadelphia Record, "comes a little story of the contents of the strong tin box belonging to William L. Elkins. Away down in the bottom of it, according to the story, there is a single certificate of stock of the Standard Oil company which has not been touched for years. The certificate calls for 10,000 shares which, at the present market figure, represents a face value of more than \$8,000,000. The head of one of the large trust companies practically admitted recently that the story was true. Twenty-five years ago the Belmont oil works, which belonged to Mr. Elkins, were absorbed by the Standard Oil company, and the 10,000-share certificate formed a part of the price paid."

There has been much talk about the reform of Paterson, N. J., ever since the recent murder of a young girl by four men, who are soon to be tried for the crime. But none of the reformers has shown a patriotic promptness equal to that of Father McNulty. He ended the morning mass on Sunday and then made a round of the saloons. When he put his head inside a place most of the occupants got out. In one he saw a parishoner named John Gibbons. He was a young man whom Father McNulty had baptized, whom he had watched over from boyhood and whom he dearly loved. The good man's eyes filled with tears. "Here is a case for delicate handling," he said to himself. "I think I know the medicine the boy needs." Then he grabbed John by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his trousers. He picked him up and landed him on the floor, he batted him against the center, he tripped him in the sidewalk. He cut his ears to the tune of good advice; he laid him across his knee and spanked him. Then he stood him up and talked to him, and John went away a humbled and sorer boy. There is nothing in the world like a little good advice, punctuated by a personal application in the right way," said the good man to himself as he trudged away toward another saloon.

To Cure a Cough stop coughing, as it irritates the lungs and gives them no chance to heal. Foley's Henny and Tar cures without causing a strain in throwing off the phlegm like common cough expectorants. For sale by Myers-Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; Dillon's drug store, South Omaha.

THE OLD-TIMERS.

Sir William Muir, at the age of 81, is about to leave his position at the head of Edinburgh university. During the Indian mutiny he performed his first public service, when he was in charge of the intelligence department at Agra.

Alton S. Sherman, who was Chicago's third mayor, is still living, at the age of 80 years. He was born in Vermont. His present home is in Waukegan, and he seldom visits a city other than the one in which he was born.

Prof. Giovanni Schiaparelli, director of the Brera observatory at Milan, has been retired after forty-two years of service. He is celebrated for his discovery of the canals in Mars. His observations on meteorites, on comets and on the planets Mercury and Venus are of the highest astronomical value.

Captain Jonathan Norton of Lee, Mass., expired December 12, aged 105 years. He died in the most quiet manner. A fortunate person will fathom the mystery and bring about the fruition of his life's struggle—mortal motor.

President McKinley informing him he was about to resign and offering the office of the machine to the government. He received a reply from the president to the effect "that if he resigned, a success he would interest himself in the matter."

TABLE AND KITCHEN.

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparation of it.

Menu. MONDAY. BREAKFAST. Creamed Toast. Sliced Bananas. Bacon and Eggs. Hashed Potatoes. Coffee.

LUNCH. Cream Broth. Sliced Cold Duck. Celery. Apple Sauce. Cereal. Coffee.

DINNER. Vegetable Soup. Broiled Steak. Hot Horseradish Sauce. Baked Bananas. Stewed Carrots. Cold Slaw. Baked Apples. Cream. Coffee.

TUESDAY. BREAKFAST. Cereal. Fruit. Cream. Salmon and Potato Cakes. Tomato Catsup. Coffee.

LUNCH. Creamed Mushrooms on Toast. Tomato Jelly and Celery. Mayonnaise. Cheese. Tea. Water.

DINNER. Cream of Corn Soup. Broiled White Fish. Shrimp Sauce. Escalloped Potatoes. Cream Salad. Peach Bavarian Cream. Coffee.

WEDNESDAY. BREAKFAST. Cereal. Fruit. Cream. Sausage. Fried Apples. Syrup. Buckwheat Cakes. Coffee.

LUNCH. Stewed Nuts and Tomato. Apple Pie. Whipped Cream. Cereal. Coffee.

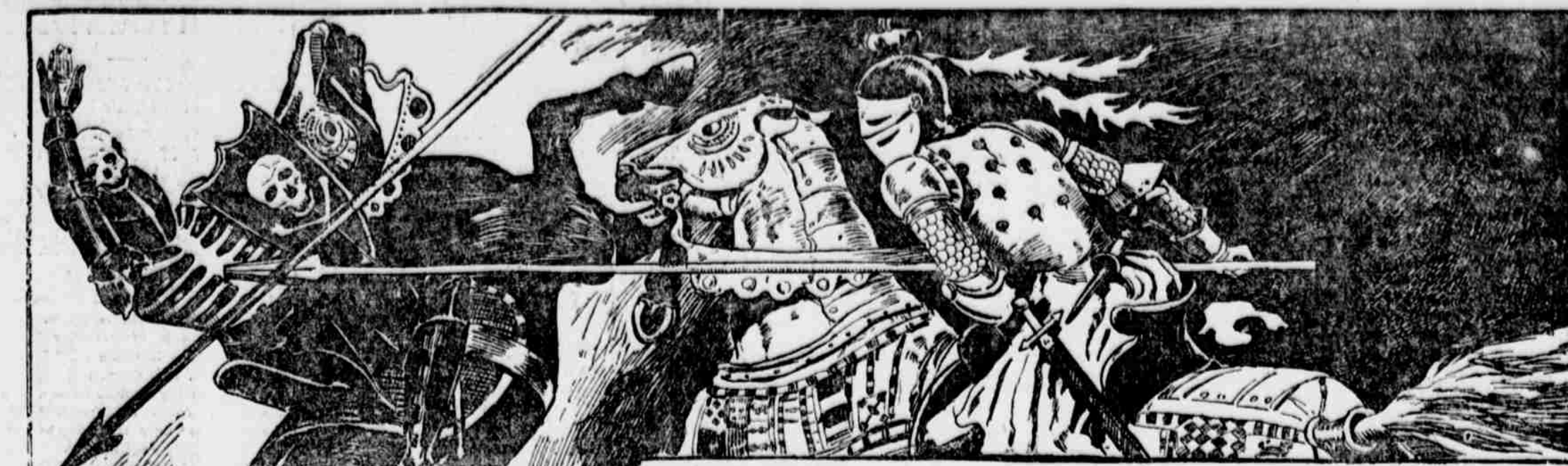
DINNER. Almond Purée. Pricaceous of Hare. Stewed Onions. Glazed Sweet Potatoes. Celery Salad. Cake. Orange Jelly. Coffee.

THE AFTERMATH.

Suggestions on the Disposition of the Surplus. "So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er."

The spirit of generosity, and too frequently of extravagance as well, seems to prevail in every heart during the holiday season, and it leads many a careful and prudent housewife into prodigalities, that at other times would meet her grave disapproval. In many homes, temperance in eating is regarded with the strictest conformity all through the year with this one notable exception. Holidays viands must be, by custom's approbation, as rich as the purse can afford, and while good judgment may govern the quantity of materials purchased for the feast, we often lose sight of the fact that a good thing may go a long way and a surplus of unaccounted riches is sure to bring retribution in the clogged appetite that has a fine distaste for that which it has feasted upon.

The consequence of overindulgence falls not alone upon the sinner whose "repentance is the weight of undigested meals ate yesterday." But the housemother finds the difficulties of her calling as purveyor increased a hundredfold, and she must exercise her ingenuity with redoubled vigor in order to tone up the flagging appetites and at the same time use up the familiar fragments of the feast—the various odds



A Masquerade of Death.

HE wore the mask of Death. Thus the poet paints him: "High on a night-black horse in night-black arms, with white breast-bone and barren ribs of Death, and crowned with fleshless laughter." The terror of this dumb and deathly knight reigned everywhere. He was esteemed invulnerable and invincible. Yet Gareth, knight of the Round Table, in his first quest met and overthrew him. He split the skull upon the black knight's helm. He clove through crest and casque. Then, lo! To his astonished gaze there was disclosed, not the terror from which men shrink, but a beardless, boyish face. A weakling boy had terrorized the whole land by the power of external show. All his strength lay in the repulsive armor in which he played a masquerade of Death.

There are diseases which masquerade as death. They affright the world because those who have feared to fight them, or have fought them and been overthrown, declare them to be invulnerable and invincible. When disease attacks the lungs; when the tearing, strangling cough terminates in a spurt of red blood; then the local practitioner usually says: "There's no use in fighting. This disease cannot be overcome. It is only a question of time when Death triumphs."

Is that the final verdict? No. Time and again when the local physician has pronounced the condition as hopeless, this very form of disease has been vanquished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the "weak" lungs strong. It stops the hemorrhage, cures the stubborn cough and restores the emaciated frame to manly strength and vigor.

Nature has but one way of creating or sustaining physical strength, and that is through the assimilation of the nutriment provided by properly digested food. The very basis of the popular treatment for weak lungs rests on the fact that health and strength must come through food. Cod liver oil and its emulsions are foods solely and entirely. The very use of these foods recognizes the weakness of the stomach, the failure of the digestive powers, and the lack of adequate nutrition, because they are fed in an attempt to bring the food supply down to the level of the weak stomach. It is the attempt to strengthen weak organs without strengthening the weak stomach, and it generally fails. The great necessity in the treatment of weak lungs, is the recognition of the fact that you can't give permanent strength to the lungs by smuggling their nutrition past the weak stomach. The stomach itself must be strengthened so that Nature, by legitimate processes and with natural foods, may build up the wasted tissues of the emaciated and enfeebled body. That is exactly the work performed by "Golden Medical Discovery." It cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the assimilation of the nutrition derived from food on which alone the health and strength of the body depend. It increases the supply of blood, which is made from food when properly digested. So the weak organs are supplied with the blood which is their life—blood abundant in quantity and rich in the vitalizing red corpuscles of health.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it contains no opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic. Persons suffering from disease in chronic form are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential.

"I believe that if there is any medicine in the world that will cure Consumption, it is 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

"I have felt it my duty for a long time," writes Mrs. Mollie Jones, of Gap, Comanche Co., Texas, "to tell you of the wonderful cure effected by your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' in the case of our little boy, now nearly seven years old. When he was two months old he was taken with La Grippe, and it settled on his lungs and in his throat. His tonsils enlarged, and when he was two years old we had the doctor operate on them. They were lanced, but that did no good. He would nearly choke to death. At night I would have to turn him over and raise him up and work with him until I would be so near worn out that I would go to sleep. Then we had the doctor take his tonsils out and he made bad work of it. The child was just two years old, and the doctor had taken one out and part of the other one, and he breathed as bad as before, and had a cold and cough all the time. If he went in the wind he would be sick, and we tried everything we could hear of and consulted every physician we saw, but they did not know what to do. By this time he was five years old, and he got so he would go to bed well, apparently, and before morning would wake up and throw up and have a burning fever. When he was nearly six years old (in October, 1893), he was worse than ever, and I could not rest for being so uneasy about him. He was our fourth boy (the other three were dead), and it seemed to me that if he

died I just could not bear it. I would go to sleep crying and begging God to spare him. Well, I could see he was getting so much worse; he was just as poor as could be, and his kidneys had been troublesome all his life. I had read a book about Dr. Pierce's medicine, and I told my husband that if he would buy some of Dr. Pierce's medicine I felt almost sure it would help our boy. He sent and got some, and we commenced with the 'Golden Medical Discovery' on Friday night, and with the 'Pellets' the next morning. We gave him your medicine three times a day and by Sunday he was able to play, and in one month from the time he commenced taking it he had gained six pounds, and his cough was all gone. He has not coughed any since, and he don't take cold any more than the rest of us, and he breathes so much better. His tonsils is still large, but it don't get sore and choke him like it did. His kidneys are all right; they don't act in the night now at all, and some of the neighbors who had not seen him in a good while hardly knew him. He goes about like the rest of the children and plays in the cold and hot weather.

"Now, anybody that's got children can know how thankful I am. We have had four children and three are dead, and we feared that he would soon follow. We just gave him one bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one vial of the 'Pellets,' but they cured him. I believe if there is any medicine in the world that would cure consumption it is 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Mrs. Ella Taylor Dodge, Matron, Home for Missionaries' Children, of Morgan Park, Ills., writes: "Twenty-five years ago when I was thirteen years old I had what the doctor called consumption. He told my mother that nothing could be done for me excepting to make me as comfortable as possible. The pastor of the M. E. Church in the place where I lived heard of my condition, and although he was not acquainted with our family, he called, and during the call he asked my mother if she would allow me to take a medicine if he would send it to me. She thought that it could do no harm if it did no good, so he sent a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before the bottle was empty my friends saw a little improvement in my health, whereupon another bottle was bought. I can't say now just how much I took, but I improved steadily and to-day I am a well, strong woman, as you may imagine I must be to have the care of this Home. I now have a child under my care, who, when she takes cold it settles in the larynx. I at first used medicines which her mother suggested before leaving her, but nothing did the least good till I gave her 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have unbounded faith in it."

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

of the olden knight is the pen of the modern scientist. The sword slow. The pen heals. Never has pen been put to such healing purpose as when Dr. R. V. Pierce wrote the sequent chapters of his great work, the "Common Sense Medical Adviser." In the 1008 pages of this work are discussed the great issues of life. It "holds the mirror up to Nature," and the plain truth is told in plain English on questions vital to the health and happiness of men and women. The book is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book bound in durable cloth, or the book can be mailed in paper covers at an expense of only 21 stamps.

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and ends which bring dismay to many a housewife as she surveys the wreckage, may be turned to good account if, while the appetite of the family is in this state of protest, she manipulate them in such manner as will not suggest too plainly their late indigestion.

Too much turkey, too much pie, too much plum pudding, that's why, as the small man said when asked why he did not join the holiday games. Richauffe of Turkey—Heat in a double boiler one cupful of turkey gravy or stock. When hot, lay in the meat, cut into small pieces. While it is heating rub together to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, one-half a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne. Add enough of the hot gravy or stock to dilute this paste to thickness of cream, then add to the meat and rest of stock; stir and cook for five minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of sherry just before taking from the fire, if you use wine.

Chicken or Turkey Chateaufe—Chop fine any bits of fowl or turkey that cannot be used otherwise. If you have two cupfuls of the meat, boil a cup of rice, plain. Line a buttered mold with this, making a wall about half an inch thick, reserving enough to cover top when filled. Add to the meat one tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, one tablespoonful onion juice, salt and pepper to taste, two eggs slightly beaten and enough thick white sauce or cold stewed tomatoes to moisten. Put this mixture in center of the mold and cover it

with remainder of the rice. Cover the mold tightly and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with tomato or yellow sauce poured around base of mold. Curry of Vegetables—Any cold vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, peas, beans, turnips, carrots, cauliflower, onions and celery may be used together. Slice the larger vegetables with an apple and put all into a saucepan with a little butter or oil; sprinkle a little curry powder over them and fry a delicate brown. Then add enough milk or broth to just cover and simmer very gently until vegetables have absorbed the flavor of the curry and nearly all the liquid. A little curry may be stirred into the milk if you like it hot. Serve with plain boiled rice in separate dish.

Vegetable Cutlets—These can be made from cold, cooked vegetables, chopped rather fine, seasoned well with salt, pepper, parsley and onion juice, and mixed with mashed potatoes instead of white sauce. Celery and Chestnut Salad—Boil one-half pound of chestnuts. Remove skins and cut nuts in quarters. Mix with an equal portion of celery, cut the same size. Serve on lettuce leaves with Mayonnaise dressing.

Baboyan Sauce for Pudding—Beat together in a saucepan six egg yolks and one cup of powdered sugar. Add four tablespoonfuls of sherry or madeira. Just before serving place the saucepan over boiling water and beat until it begins to thicken.

Lobster Farce—Remove the lobster from the shell and reserve the shell and claws. Cut the lobster meat into coarse pieces.

Make a rich cream sauce, using one cup of milk to every pound of lobster. Season with salt, white pepper, cayenne, one tea-spoonful of English mustard and a little Worcestershire sauce. Heat the lobster in this sauce and pile it in the shell, arranging the claws like the ears to a head. Sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

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