

Folding Bed No Longer Deadly

"We still sell a great many folding beds," remarked a furniture dealer to a Courier representative the other day, "but they are all of one kind, the ones that have to be folded and shut up by force. The beds that fold in the middle are perfectly safe. There was a time, when one could really get some excitement out of a folding bed, but that time has gone by. The old fashioned kind used to have secret springs of emotion or cramps, and would shut up on the impulse of the moment. But those kind are as dead as the many people who were caught in them. They are no longer manufactured, and if there are any accidents now-a-days, it is because the families who use them would rather stand the price of a funeral than pay for a new bed. The beds that caused so much trouble in the old days were so exactly balanced, that if a person put his watch under his pillow, or even if his head was a trifle swelled, the bed would just naturally turn up his toes for him. People who insist in sleeping in this risky kind of a bed would be safe, and more apt to live long, if they would lie with their head at the foot of the bed. That is, at what seems like the foot, when the bed is down. Then if the bed should take a notion to shut up in the middle of the night, people would stand a fair show of escaping alive.

"It it wasn't for the women, we wouldn't be able to sell so many folding beds, but they like them, because they don't take up any room. Men don't want them, they would rather do themselves up in a neat zig-zag, and sleep on a sofa, than to go to the trouble of getting them ready."

"Humph!" says a girl bachelor, "they are just the thing. A little management is all that is necessary. The bed, of course, is a book-case or something equally discreet. The little iron washstand can be shut up in a closet. You can stuff your combs, brushes, and other toilet accessories into the bureau drawer, and presto! no one would dream that this room was a bed room."

A boarding house landlady says, on behalf of the folding bed: "They are a boon to mankind, the boarding house parlor carpet lasts twice as long as it used to. Our large rooms are all taken by married people. They have folding beds, and thus receive their visitors in their own rooms. Only in our hall bedrooms, which are occupied by young men, do we put open beds. We really wouldn't know what to do in a

TO STAR IN HALL CAINE'S PLAY



Viola Allen, the famous actress, will take the leading part in the dramatization of Hall Caine's "Eternal City." Miss Allen has just returned from Rome, where she went to study local color. The new play will be in many respects the most wonderful production ever seen on a New York stage.

boarding house if it wasn't for folding beds."

All the women interviewed on this subject said that if they lived, so to speak, in marble halls, they wouldn't have anything to do with folding beds, but as long as they had to live in hall

bedrooms they had to choose between evils. Said one of them:

"I've no use for the patent, pesky things. Did you ever hear about the invaluable patent arrangement, which could either be an ironing board or a settee, or a step ladder? It was an ornery sort of thing. At night when the cook and her young man were sitting upon it in its role of settee, it would have a convulsion at the most tender crisis, and turn into a step ladder. And when the maid would be doing shirt bosoms on it, in its capacity of ironing board, it would repeat the transformation into a step ladder to the exceeding detriment of the shirts. Likewise when it was a step ladder, and some one had mounted to the top, it would invariably turn into an ironing board."

People who want to economize space use them, but other people let them severely alone.

Anecdotes from Anywhere

The proprietor of a little shoe store on the East Side, says the Kansas City Star, was alone in his place recently when a short, stout young man walked in and asked to look at a pair of shoes. He had tried on a number of shoes when the shoe dealer looked at him and said:

"Ve always deal square mit people like you. I am acquainted with your mother. She always gets her shoes here, und dot is vhy you can have dot pair for \$2."

The man laced up the shoes and was about to tie the shoestrings when another young fellow came in.

"You stiff," he growled to the customer, "why did you insult my sister?"

"You go back to that place and I'll

punch you full of holes," replied the man who had the shoes on.

The next minute he received a punch on the cheek and the fellow who had done the punching ran out. The man with the new shoes ran after him, shouting. They disappeared around the corner.

The owner of the store waited half an hour and then called his wife from their apartments in the rear. "Becky," he said, "I tink mebe dot man is a swindler."

"Swindler," repeated Becky, "vhy, I heard you say his mother vere a customer."

"Ach, dot vere only a business lie, but it cost me \$2. Der next man vill only get one shoe to try on before he pays cash down. Dot's der new rule; understand?"

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