

JULES, EGG BOY OF ASTOR HOUSE

Story of Remarkable Rise of Young Frenchman in New York City.

Developed Great Business of Importing Delicacies From Europe and Retired a Millionaire Several Times Over.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

In the days when that squat, gray pfe known as the Astor house, in lower New York city, was more famous than it is now, there came to it from over the sea a tall, bright-eyed youth with a letter to the chef. As the big, fat and usually good-natured chef read the letter he scowled. It was the same story. Every one in France who knew him, and some who did not, seemed bent on recommending people to him for work. He was over-run with applications.

"I can do nothing for you, promise nothing for you," he exclaimed excitedly. "Cooks? Assistant cooks? Bah! We have more in America than we need. We shall have all there are in France if this thing keeps up. Every steamer brings a lot, and such cooks! Most of them cannot cook the egg."

"I can cook an egg," said the boy. "Proof!" said the chef. "You know not what you say. To cook the egg is a gift. Any fool can make the omelet, shir or boil or fry the egg, but to cook the egg exquisitely, so it ravishes the eye, stirs the feeble appetite to health and desire, brings joy to the stomach and makes man feel like a god—that—that is art!"

"I can cook an egg," the boy repeated.

The fat chef shrugged his shoulders. "There are 200 ways of cooking the egg," he declared. "No man can say truly he can cook the egg until he knows them all."

"I can cook an egg," said the boy for the third time.

The calm repetition of the statement was an irritation and a challenge to the chef.

"We shall see," he declared impulsively.

He took the youth to the kitchen and left him there for trial. That is how Jules became egg boy at the Astor.

Epicures Appreciated Jules.

There used to be a democracy about the old house that was delightful. Gay boys of finance, law and the trades gathered there to feast or to frolic. They had the tastes of epicures, but, sad to relate, ordinary or much abused digestive apparatuses. Soon after the arrival of Jules they discovered remarkable merit in omelets, shirred eggs and other things that came from his department. When the palate said "No" to other food it would appear grateful in its greeting of one of his delicacies.

"Tell Jules it is for me," would be the request of a railroad magnate, a judge, the head of a hardware concern. The egg boy seemed to learn the tastes and caprices of the regular patrons of the house with wonderful rapidity. Maybe it was not so much in catering to individual appetites as in the daintiness and delicacy, not only in the cooking, but in the serving of everything he prepared. He would not let a thing go from his hands unless it was perfect.

Jules had a soul above eggs. The chef discovered after a while that the youth knew as much about boiling, baking, grilling, frying, stewing and all the other ways of cooking meats, fish and fowl as he did about a soufflé that would appeal to the appetite in a way to make the worst dyspeptic believe there still was joy in living. He could make a soup that was nectar, and sauces as prepared by him put on a new dignity.

Henri, the chef, blessed the day the egg boy came to the Astor and never could be dissuaded from the belief that it was due to his own rare judgment that Jules was secured by the famous old hotel.

Did Not Work by Rule.

Jules worked by no rule. Why should he? Back in Alsace, for hundreds of years, his forbears had been cooks. He needed none of the latter-day aids to the lords and ladies of the kitchen. He scorned the oven thermometer. He knew when all was right. He loved to teach others, but somehow the others never could get the same results as Jules. He could take the simplest of foods and do wonders with them. He delighted in making stews, piebeian though they are considered. They came to think in the Astor that staving was an art unknown until Jules came to them. He was radical. The great secret in staving, he always declared, was in cooking the meat in its own juices.

Next to achieving miracles with the stew, he did marvels in the way of braising, which is a combination of stewing and baking. One of the peculiarities of Jules was that he rarely worked with a very hot fire. He believed that cooking at a high temperature was not only wasteful of fuel, but not good for the meats. He thought it was better and more economical to cook longer and at a lower temperature. Above all things, he was scrupulously neat. Cleanliness is desirable to a superlative degree in the handling of the things we eat.

Jules was a treasure. Every one about the Astor appreciated that fact.

It was a sad, sad day, then, when he announced to Henri that he was going to leave. The chef almost had a fit. It was unthinkable that Jules should go. The kitchen would be desolate without him. Henri would be desolated. What would the long-time patrons of the hotel, who had come to lean upon Jules, say and do? Was it money? Was Jules not content?

No, it was not money, and every one was kind and good to Jules. But his art called him elsewhere. He never would be the real master, never would know supreme satisfaction until he was in command of every branch of his glorious profession. He was going to take a post-graduate course in the pastry line. Everything else of the kitchen he was supreme in. A few years would round him out as a finished artist.

Became a Pastry Artist.

Jules went to a famous pastry cook's establishment. He went to learn and he remained to teach. Within a month he was creating things in the pastry line that the great pastry cooks perhaps had dreamed of, but never had been able to produce. There were some great pastry artists in the kitchen. They were men of Paris, Berne, Strasburg and Berlin. No city of the world produces greater and better cooks than Strasburg.

Jules came from Strasburg. There still was another branch of the culinary art for him to take the highest courses in. It was the shellfish. Just as a student sacrifices position and time, so he sacrificed his position again and went to Glen Island to work a few years in the cooking of crabs, oysters, clams and lobsters. Those were the golden days of the most beautiful island of Long Island sound.

Each year Jules broadened in view and broadened in knowledge. He was ambitious. He was frugal, as most Frenchmen are, but he longed to be wealthy. There is a good living in the kitchen, but not riches or ease. They did not pay cooks as much in



"I Can Cook an Egg."

those days as they do now, either. When an association of French cooks was formed to raise the standard in this country, and incidentally to make some profit out of the importation of the rarest and most delightful of French delicacies, Jules was asked to take charge of the agency that the association established. He jumped at the offer. He saw in it an opportunity to do good for his fellow cooks, and at the same time get business knowledge he otherwise could not obtain. The prospect seemed excellent to him for the association to do great good. He worked hard and faithfully, much harder and just as faithfully as he had labored as a cook.

His One Hard Year.

There is a difference between working for one boss and fifty. Every mother's son who was a member of that association had his own peculiar ideas as to how Jules should conduct the business, and each one of them gave orders to him. It did not matter how great the conflict in orders was, Jules was to blame. He put in the hardest year of his life trying to please all the members and wound up by pleasing none. Then the association decided to give up the importing business and confine its attention to social matters.

Jules was almost heart-broken, but the trouble in that association was the best thing that ever happened to him. He determined never to work for any boss except himself. He had \$2,000, a wife and child. Against the advice of his wife and friends, he risked that \$2,000 by buying a house in Thirty-fourth street near Seventh avenue.

The \$2,000 was only a small payment on the purchase price. There was a mortgage with interest enough to swamp him unless he made money fast. But he had courage. He took over the importing business of the association and devoted all his energy and fine spirit to pushing it. Various times he had to rake and scrape and borrow to meet the interest on the mortgage, to pay duties on the goods he imported, or to meet the drafts of

the shippers. He lived above the store—that is the way they do in the old country—and he scrimped and saved and tried to be cheerful. His friends advised him to move to cheaper quarters, but Jules was obstinate.

There were horsecars in Thirty-fourth street in those days, but before Jules had been there two years they were supplanted by electric cars. Simultaneously Thirty-fourth street was transformed. Property values jumped amazingly. Jules sold out his house at a profit of \$18,000 and moved to Forty-second street, close to Seventh avenue. With the \$18,000 and the profits that were beginning to come from his business he was able to buy to greater advantage, to carry a bigger stock and generally push his trade. He got the business of Delmonte, of Sherry, of Martin, of every big restaurant in New York. Incidentally he began to assume a new importance. Great hotel men and great restaurant men who wanted to open new establishments and to obtain the best of cooks went to him for counsel. He went abroad occasionally to look over the men of Strasburg, Berne, Zurich and Paris. When he called them to America they came.

Built a Great Warehouse.

One day Oscar Hammerstein came along and took a look at Jules' Forty-second street establishment. Mr. Hammerstein saw more than Jules' place. He saw a theater on its site. Jules sold the building at a profit of \$20,000 to the great theater builder and operatic impresario. Then he went into Fortieth street. The neighborhood was not good, but that did not matter. He put up a great warehouse of about ten stories. It is the greatest of its kind in America. From the cellar to the roof, with the exception of the offices and the living quarters of Jules and his family, it is filled with jellies and cheeses, caviar and pate de foie gras, cordials and remarkable pastes, confections such as only the rich can af-

ford, anchovies and pickled nuts, stuffed fruits and rare vegetables, smoked and dried meats and fish that cost enough to make a person gasp, bar le duc and olive oils, essences, and a thousand other things that many persons think are necessities, but which the world would be better if it did not use. Rare is the ship that comes across the sea that does not bring something to it. The money that has been made in that house is fabulous.

Jules has retired now. Only a few know him as the egg boy of the Astor. Today he stands as one of the most prominent Frenchmen of New York. He seems to have dropped into the place Henry Maillard once occupied in the French colony. Like Maillard he has been president of the Cercle Francaise Harmonie and head of the great French hospital. Wealth has poured in on him until he has become a millionaire several times over. He is vice-president of one of the uptown banks. The big dividends he gets each year from the company that now manages his business provides money enough to look after all his charities and let him do a little business on the side in real estate. He has made all his money between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, and he has the most supreme confidence in that strip of New York. He buys and he sells, buys and sells. He never has had a loss.

America's Debt to Jules.

No man has done more to raise the art of cookery in America. There scarcely has been a great hotel built anywhere in the United States within the last twenty years whose proprietor has not consulted him about the arrangement of the kitchen or the selection of the culinary staff. With all his prosperity, with all the dignity that money and position and age give to a man, Jules still loves to cook. He has all the enthusiasm and a far wider appreciation of his art than he had when he was the egg boy of the Astor.

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ADDS TO RESILIENCY

LATEST IDEA IN CONSTRUCTION OF AUTOMOBILE WHEELS.

Curved Spring Spokes, With Other Improvements, Claimed to Be of Distinct Advantage.

One of the latest of resilient automobile wheels has curved spring spokes with fellyes made in sections and arranged to move in and out radially to adjust the tire to irregularities in the road, and it is claimed that by using a solid tire with this wheel the same effect is produced as with a pneumatic tire on a rigid wheel. Two spring spokes are provided for each section of the felly and each spoke



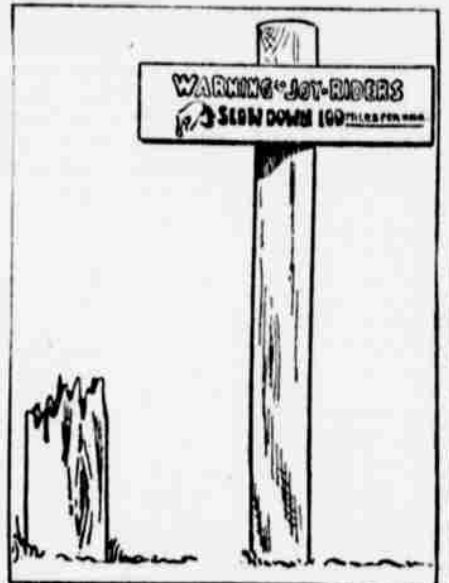
Automobile Wheel With Spring Spokes and Sectional Fellyes That Move In and Out to Adjust the Tire to Irregularities in the Road.

has roughly the form of an "S." The special feature about this wheel is the arrangement by which the sections of the felly are prevented from moving laterally while free to move toward or away from the hub. The ends of the sections are provided with metal brackets. One bracket has a tenon which fits into a slot in the bracket of the adjacent section. The slot is just the width of the tenon laterally, but is elongated sufficiently to permit the amount of play required for obtaining a resilient effect. Adjacent sections are held together by a nut placed on the threaded end of the tenon.—Popular Mechanics.

OBJECT LESSON AS WARNING

Combination That Should Impress Even the Most Thoughtless of Automobile Drivers.

The hand in the accompanying illustration does not point to the wording of the sign, as is usually the case, but indicates a broken stump of an electric power pole just below. Some time



Sign That Contains an Ironical Warning to Motorists—It is Proving Very Effective.

ago an automobile crashed into this pole and snapped it off, damaging the machine as well as injuring the occupants. The electric railway company left this stump of the pole in the ground as a warning to all speeders to slow down, and injected a bit of sarcasm into their sign in order to make it more effective.—Popular Electricity.

SOME HINTS FOR MOTORISTS

Attention to Detail Will Tend to Prevent Spoiling of What Should Have Been Pleasant Drive.

Leather boots are used on universal joints to protect the same from dirt. The boots should not be filled with grease. A little lubricant sufficient to cover the parts will serve better than a quantity. If too much is used it will force the boot open and be wasted.

When a car has been standing for some time it is advisable to drain float chamber of carburetor in order to get rid of any sediment or water. A small piece of dirt or a few drops of water in the carburetor will cause the motor to misfire badly.

The porcelain of the spark plug will sometimes crack and permit a short circuit within the plug. This is often hard to detect unless the porcelain is removed and carefully cleaned. The slightest indication of a fracture is sufficient to condemn the porcelain.

Ground cork, mixed with heavy grease, is very often used to advantage in rear wheel hub caps to reduce rattling of the axle shaft dog. Floating axles using driving dogs are noisy when worn. The cork in the grease will serve to reduce the noise.

When the roads are wet it is advisable to avoid driving fast over sharp stones and in car tracks. To cut rubber easily one usually wets the knife. The same principle applies to conditions surrounding the use of tires.

Cottages.

"Cottage accommodation," in the sense in which Mr. Runchiman's bill deals with it, is a phase that would hardly be understood in the United States. Professors Greenough and Kittredge of Harvard, in their book on the ways of English words, point out that "cottage," in the strict sense of a laborer's dwelling, has never been adopted into popular American use, because America has never really had the thing. The word over there has always had literary and sentimental associations, and finally has come to be used for the most magnificent summer residences. This has gone much farther than the use of the word in England to mean a villa. In America a "cottager" definitely signifies a person who is above staying at a boarding house or hotel and has his own summer home.—London Chronicle.

A Difference.

Stella—Do you believe in love at first sight?
Bella—Oh, yes; until you get your second sight.

Faith is what a woman thinks she believes because she believes it.

The thread of many a discourse is merely a yarn.

Keeps the Twist in the Tail

Whets the appetite and makes the hog an easy feeder. Enables it to get more good out of the feed. Hogs fatten faster and put on better finish when fed

Pratts Animal Regulator

Stock owners find it indispensable for fattening hogs and making cows give more milk. It is like green pasture for hogs. Try it for your stock on our unconditional money-back guarantee if you are not satisfied. Get it at your dealer. Big 25-lb. pail for \$3.00, also in smaller packages. Does for animals what

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WAS VERY MUCH IN EARNEST

Woman's Desire for Liberation From Wrecked Train Accompanied by Terrible Threat.

A fast "limited" was bowling over the sands of Arizona. Just how it happened was frequently explained, and never understood, but as the train sped along the side of a parched river it suddenly left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river bed.

Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunch boxes were thrown into a heap, and not an umbrella or a parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mass and sought for means of escape, while stanching various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was jammed tight. Just then, in the midst of the doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand: "Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out, I'll break a window."

HEAD IN WATERY PIMPLES

R. R. No. 1, Kyles, Ohio.—"My baby's head when about a year old began to break out with small watery pimples causing her head to itch. She would scratch her head till the blood came causing the top of her head to be in almost a solid eruption. The pimples at first were nearly as large as a pea and in patches which would inflame and fester and when they would come open would leave a kind of wet scales there for a few days. Then when it dried up it would leave scales on her head that caused her hair to fall out just in great bunches.

"One day I happened to see Cuticura Soap and also Cuticura Ointment advertised in a paper and I ordered a sample of each. They seemed to help her head so much that I purchased a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks' time her head was sound and well. Her hair had stopped falling out and was also free from dandruff." (Signed) Mrs. J. L. West, Feb. 20, '14. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Her Reason.

Tom—Why were you weeping in the picture show?
Jess—It was a moving picture.—Judge.

If you would be regarded as wise all you have to do is hand people the advice they want.

The mule that gets in the first kick usually wins the scrap.

Nervous Emotional Dizzy Depressed

Mrs. Addie Cartinger of Cedar St., Cairo, Ill., writes Dr. R. V. Pierce as follows: "I send 81 cents for your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser' for my daughter who has recently married and I know the book will be of much value to her. I have read and used for 25 years the valuable treatments contained in the 'Medical Adviser' and have taken many bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and have been restored to health each time I used it. It is a great remedy for women, a strength builder, fine for the nerves and general health."

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DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

New Conundrum.

Here is a conundrum which your great-grandfathers asked each other when they were little boys: "How many legs has a dog if you call his tail a leg?" "Five!" shouted the little great-granddad of Mr. A. "Wrong," corrected the diminutive great-granddad of Mr. B. "Because calling his tail a leg doesn't make it a leg." I am reminded of this venerable brain twister of youth by the following lines in the Clayton anti-business bill.

"The District of Columbia shall be deemed a state within the meaning of this law." So I shall modernize that ancient query by propounding the following: "How many states in the United States if you call the District of Columbia a state?" — Girard, in Philadelphia Ledger.

Liars All. "So you went fishing with Brown yesterday. What did you catch?" "Ask Brown. I forgot the number we agreed on."

Disappointed Wife. "Just my luck! Sez 'e can't go to the front because 'e's a married man." —London Opinion.

The Cause Laid Bare

Tea and coffee drinkers often notice backache, headache, rheumatic pain, dizziness, drowsy, tired feelings, disturbed urination, and other signs of kidney weakness. The constant use of narcotic or alcoholic drinks is very apt to irritate the kidneys, and weak kidneys need prompt help to avert all danger of dropsy, gravel or fatal Bright's disease. Avoid the use of stimulants, drink more water, get more rest, fresh air and exercise. To tone and strengthen the tired kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the most successful and highly recommended kidney remedy.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. F. Zahn, Pierce, Neb., says "Backache through my loins kept me in misery for quite awhile. I also had trouble with the action of my kidneys that broke my rest at night. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these ailments and I was pleased to recommend them to have been so free from kidney trouble ever since that I gladly confirm my former statement."

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