

OMAHA PEOPLE GREATLY EXCITED

THE GREAT COOPER AS HE IS CALLED HAS STIRRED UP THAT CITY TO A REMARKABLE DEGREE.

Omaha, Nebraska, January 26.—This city is at present in the midst of an excitement beyond anything that it has experienced in recent years.

Old and young, rich and poor, all seem to have become beside themselves over an individual who was a stranger to Omaha up to two weeks ago.

The man who has created all this turmoil is L. T. Cooper, President of the Cooper Medicine Co., of Dayton, Ohio, who is at present introducing his preparations in this city for the first time.

Cooper is a man about thirty years of age and has acquired a fortune within the past two years by the sale of some preparations of which he is the owner.

Reports from eastern cities that preceded the young man here were of the most startling nature, many of the leading dailies going so far as to state that he had nightly cured in public places rheumatism of years' standing with one of his preparations. The physicians of the East contradicted this statement, claiming the thing to be impossible, but the facts seemed to bear out the statement that Cooper actually did so.

In consequence people flocked to him by thousands and his preparations sold like wildfire.

Many of these stories were regarded as untruthful in Omaha and until Cooper actually reached this city little attention was paid to them. Hardly had the young man arrived, however, when he began giving demonstrations, as he calls them, in public, and daily met people afflicted with rheumatism, and with a single application of one of his preparations actually made them walk without the aid of either canes or crutches.

In addition to this work Cooper advanced the theory that stomach trouble is the foundation of nine out of ten diseases and claimed to have a preparation that would restore the stomach to working order and thus get rid of such troubles as catarrh and affections of the kidneys and liver, in about two weeks' time.

This statement seems to have been borne out by the remarkable results obtained through the use of his preparation, and now all Omaha is apparently read over the young man.

How long the tremendous interest in Cooper will last is hard to estimate. At present there seems to be no sign of a let-up. Reputable physicians claim it to be a fad that will die out as soon as Cooper leaves.

In justice to him, however, it must be said that he seems to have accomplished a great deal for the sick of this city with his preparations.

Childish inference.

Little Julia was taking her afternoon walk with her mother. Her attention was attracted for the first time to a large church edifice on one of the street corners.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "whose nice big house is that?"

"That, Julia, is God's house," explained the mother.

"Some time later it happened that the child was again taken by the church, this time on Sunday evening when services were in progress. Julia, noticing the brilliantly lighted windows, drew her own conclusions.

"Oh, look, mother," she called out, "God must be having a party."

Why does Great Britain buy its oatmeal of us?

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland and yet, every year the Quaker Oats Company sends hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and Europe.

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch have for centuries eaten oatmeal in quantities and with a regularity that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture so that he might get that desirable foreign trade.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports of Quaker Oats. This brand is recognized as without a rival in cleanliness and delicious flavor. 51

WHERE IT WORKED.



"While we were on our honeymoon, I always spoke French to my husband, so that no one should understand us."

"So you went to France, did you?"

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the Itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

"I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill., June 29, 1909."

Whiskers.

A Roman poet told of the pride one of the late Caesars took in his great whiskers. On some of the wildwood Hill Billies I have seen beards some feet long, a switch of the loose ends hanging out from under the waistcoat. Others braided the growth and tied it around the neck, while still others braided it around the waist, tying it behind like apron strings. One told me he combed and plaited his every night, and put it away into a long linen bag or nightgown, so as to keep it from getting all tangled up with his wife and his feet.—New York Press.

Professional Conduct.

One of the best stories told about Mr. Birrell concerns a poor client, whose case he took up for nothing. When the case had been won, the client gratefully sent him the sum of 15s, which he accepted in order not to give offense. A colleague reproached him, however, for this "unprofessional conduct" in taking less than gold. "But I too kull the poor beggar had," said Mr. Birrell, "and I consider that is not unprofessional."—M. A. P.

How It Struck Him.

"Behold the wondrous beauties of you sunset sky," exclaimed the poet. "How prodigal nature is with its resplendent glories."

"Yes," answered the busy publisher, in an absent-minded tone, "it is going some to throw in a colored supplement every day."

Mock Chicken Pie.

Take pieces that are left from a stuffed roasted fresh shoulder, put in an agate dish, cover with water and boil slowly two or three hours, and when near time to put in oven put gravy and dressing all in with meat. If put in dish too soon it might burn on bottom. Add flour, to thicken a little. If you have enough left-over pie crust, moisten one teaspoon of baking powder and add to pie crust. If not, make biscuit dough with a heaping cooking spoon of lard. Roll it so that it will be a little larger than the top of the dish, so as to fill on sides. Put in hot oven.

Novel Baked Apples.

Peel some sound cooking apples of medium size, take out the core and roughen the outside of the fruit with a fork. Now roll the apples in coarse brown sugar, stand them in a large buttered pie dish, fill the hole in each apple with any red preserve, and bake slowly until tender. Taste the fruit while cooking with the juice that runs from it. When done allow the fruit to get cold before setting in a dish to serve. Very rich if served with cream.

Novel Baked Apples.

A purse containing \$200 and a handsome diamond ring were lost in a New Jersey penitentiary, and found and restored by two prisoners. Such an astonishing amount of honesty ought not to be looked

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An Embarrassment of Riches

By MARY C. PADEN

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The student gazed with bewildered blue eyes at the lawyer. The lawyer repeated: "Eighteen hundred thousand dollars in your own, unlimited right. You lucky dog!"

The student seemed to be weighing the literary value of the phrase "lucky dog." Personal application of anything seemed out of his line, so the impatient lawyer began to think. The idea of a young man taking such an announcement in such a way!

"I should not know what to do with it," the student said slowly, with almost a frightened look, which mollified the lawyer.

"That wouldn't worry most young men; it wouldn't worry me."

"What would you do with it?"

"Why, I'd—oh, I'd have a good time." It really was not so easy to specify, at a breath's notice, what one would do with eighteen hundred thousand. He felt nearer to the dreary youth.

"But would that mean the same to any two people—having a good time?"

Really, the young man had a way of asking questions when he was awakened.

overturning of treasure-trove on book-counters, to order shallow, effusive, much beglit and crimsoned book-personalities.

He turned suddenly on poor Jones with a desperation that startled that good man:

"Find me a good, genuine use for this money within 30 days; or, after paying you for your trouble and setting aside barely enough to secure me bread and water, a quiet roof and decent disposal of my body, I swear I shall convert this pile into greenbacks, and, not in the vulgar idiom of the day, but actually—burn them, and sit down to peaceful study without this nightmare of responsibility!"

Then Lawyer Jones found it was not easy to place one million odd in just the right place. Lawyer Jones began to feel a vicarious irritation. He, too, wished to slash the Gordian knot. Mrs. Jones thought she saw the simplest end to pull, unraveling it all.

"If he would just marry!" she said oracularly.

One particular evening Kynett had enjoyed extraordinarily a dainty tea awaiting him, served as invisibly as a prisoner's when his back was turned or he was in another room; also, an extra handful of coals in the yawning grate.

"This won't do!" he said, suddenly, recalling himself. "I shall turn gourmet and sycarite. I caught myself several times to-day turning from my book and pen to wonder what dainty would be served me this night, and what delicate mending, as of a hand worthy to tool a delicate cover, I should find in my hitherto neglected clothes-basket."

"No-o," said the lawyer doubtfully.

"To old Booze over there, it would mean all the bad whisky he could pour in; to young Snob yonder, a card to the Millionaires' club, and London fashions; to Miss Mincing, sealskins, diamonds and her coach; to me, perhaps, after I had had a little ordinary fling and had let the good wife burn a few greenbacks, the professional honors I have missed; to you, I suppose," glancing from the general shabbiness of things to the few books that even he, a Philistine, could not but see were rare and precious of date, binding and authorship—"more books."

"O, Granny, what a wizard old Geoffrey is!" this with familiar love, not irreverence. "How he knows the spirit of spring that stirs the restless heart in all of us and makes us long to go and grow and be and do and enjoy!"

Was that what ailed him, too—the restless spring? asked Kynett. And had he needed a girlish voice to translate one of his Masters?

An older voice answered: "That is the way of youth, dearies. To us it brings memories."

"But it stirs you, too!" This impulsively. "I saw it in your eyes; it thrilled in your voice."

"You are restless to-night, dearies. What ails you?"

"Oh, I want—" She threw her fair arms over her head, the soft laces falling away from them.

What ethereal boon did this angelic soul crave? Something angels alone could grant, surely!

"I want—money!"

The hidden door creaked again behind the portiere.

"Fie! What to do with it?"

"Do? I'd never stop doing. I'd never stop to think what I'd do. I wouldn't trouble to plan; just start a river of good and keep it going. Do? Well, to start, I'd see that those hands of yours rested eight hours a day. I wouldn't slave in that bindery but spend—oh, all the time I could spare from doing good—in a book-shop. I'd see that poor Mr. Kynett had three good meals a day and a few pair of socks that were not pepperboxes for holes, and—other things. I'd even buy silly little Mimitte 100 yards of ribbon of all colors, since she loves ribbons. I'd—"

But Searle gaily slid the door into place and retired to his dull quarters.

One morning he remembered what it was Lawyer Jones had said women liked. He had thought it trivial at the time, but was delighted to recall now—sealskin, diamonds, a coach.

He went to the great furriers and selecting a small saleswoman, ordered the most magnificent coat they had, to fit one of her build, and ordered it sent, spite of the season. Where? He gravely dictated, amid the smiles of the saleswomen:

Dearie, care of Widow Gray.

There was amazement on the other side of the curio-house that night, since there was no clew to the sender of the magnificent gift.

Next morning, a grave coachman stopped a fine pair of horses, with an irreproachable turnout, at the Gray door, and he and the footman reported to "Miss Dearie."

The widow questioned to some purpose, in the confusion following her announcement that there was no stable. She went to Mr. Kynett.

"Let one be built," he decreed, as Harour might.

Then the widow declared she must send for Lawyer Jones. The grave coachman suggested a commission of lunacy aside, but Dearie spoke up blushing:

"The poor fellow is only overworked and undernourished. We will take care of him and bring him through."

Searle submitted to this role until the two good souls thought they had effected a cure and Grannie consented to be mother to him, and Dearie to roam the fields of higher literature with him, when his socks did not need footing.

Then, alas! he had a relapse, and the diamonds came for Dearie. But the method in his madness was soon made clear to all, and, at the happy wedding, Mother Jones said:

"I told you it would all come right if he would only marry!"

"What would books be to me that I merely bought with my uncle's grudging money? Adopted children, dear perhaps for their merit; but the books I have are flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, blood of my blood!"

"But he didn't grudge it. Only for his last words, they would never have guessed your existence."

"What did he say?"

This was, at least, human curiosity; the lawyer grew confidential.

"He said: 'No, no, will, I've had the good of my money in my way; let my fool of a nephew, Searle Kynett, have it in his. He'll spend it patting a new way to bind books or in digging up Billy Shakespeare's rent receipts, perhaps; but if there is any blood in those watery veins of his, it is my own brother's. Let him have it!' Not very complimentary, but you probably knew his way. I mention it for the hint it gave his administrators of a relative. They traced you to this city, and the odd name and hint at your tastes did the rest, I having the honor of bringing the search to this—happy conclusion."

"Yes," the student mused. "I knew his way. He wanted to help me, but we could not agree. He sent for me to order his library. I would have given him one fit for Solomon, but what he wanted was binding to match the cases and furniture of a barbaric modern chamber of upholstered horrors, and he wished the 'popular' authors! 'Didn't care for freaks, in books or persons,' he said."

The lawyer sighed.

The student intuitively answered: "You find me a troublesome client. I realize that I am unlike other young men. I don't say that in a Pharisical manner," he hastened to add, "I'm not better, but I suppose I'm—queer." Then he, too, sighed.

After ten days of fruitless thought, the problem was but little nearer solution. The student cried despairingly: "I cannot simply invest that amount and have a preposterous income tumbling upon me in successive shocks, like Tarpeia's bracelets. I cannot have my solitude and study broken by specious pleaders with their worldly schemes, of which I have little understanding, even were they most practical. I shall be forced to leave even these obscure lodgings, since there is but one way of egress and no escape from these harpies."

The lawyer grinned. There was a chance for his assistance, after all. "Send them to me, my dear boy."

"Find me a place, a retired place yet safe, with many doors and windows; a place suitable for—books."

Jones found the place and reported to his client.

"But, do I understand that the woman sells me out, or—"

"She is a widow of 60 and over," said the lawyer deprecatingly. "She is attached to her home. You would be obliged to have a housekeeper. All she seeks is a little suite of rooms that you would not need, rent-free, and she will undertake to keep things clean, and, if you wish, to prepare your meals and do anything necessary. She understands that you require solitude and quiet, and will not obtrude. You have each an entrance and staircase, separated by the screen partition, and you need know nothing of her presence."

"Very good. Women are—are trying, you know," recalling a thin, shrill, scolding voice that had punctuated his childhood into unhappy periods. His only other experience of them was of a few ruffled and perfumed creatures who had brushed by him in his eager

The Ruling Passion.

An old Irishwoman, in describing a "gone but not forgotten," said: "Mike was the foine man entirely and he'd be living now if it wasn't for the drink. He had a dog and sure that baste would bring him home from the saloon when he was so blind wid liquor he couldn't see a shep before him. And when he died—'tis the truth in I'm shakin'—his ghost walked at eight, both back and forth, betune the saloon and his house—and bedad 'twas so dhrukk his dog knew him!"

A Modest Doctor.

While on his vacation, a city doctor attended the Sunday morning service at a little country church. When the congregation was dismissed several of the members shook hands with him, and one, wishing to learn if he were a professor, brother? "Are you a professor, brother?"

"Oh, no, indeed," answered the physician, modestly; "just an ordinary doctor."—Lippincott's.

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Uses of Oddity.

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformed man.

"Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."

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GENUINE must bear signature:

W. N. U.

Roosevelt Will Reach Home June 1. New York, N. Y.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt will sail for Naples, February 15, on the Hamburg on her way to upper Egypt. According to news received from east Africa recently ex-President Roosevelt will arrive at Khartoum March 15 and will be back in the United States June 1.

Telegraph Poles of Glass. Glass telegraph poles are being used in places where wooden poles are quickly destroyed by insects or by climate.

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