

**Caught Milk Thief on Fishing Line.**  
After numerous bottles of milk had been stolen from his window on the first floor of No. 318 East One Hundredth street, Henry Cantrowitz rigged up 40 feet of line on a spool, hooked one end to a newly deposited bottle and with the spool in front of him watched for a "bite."

When the spool moved rapidly across the floor to the window sill he followed. And as it danced down the street pointed it out to a policeman. Harry Wolf, on the other end, was fined two dollars in the Harlem court.

**ROMANCE OF BURIED PICTURES.**  
Long-Hidden Works of Great Artists Strangely Brought to Light.

The romantic story of the picture purchased at a London auction, which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth \$40,000, is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovera and Hunterspergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovera, who, on close examination, found that the new ground scaled off and that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Replacing the scales, and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the earl of Bristol for \$7,500.

**Dread of Marble Portraits.**  
"One peculiarity of human nature that I am reminded of daily," said a sculptor, "is the disinclination of the average man to look upon himself reproduced in marble. The sight strikes him with positive dread. It makes him feel as if he were looking on his own lifeless body. For that reason it is difficult to persuade many persons worth modelling to sit for a sculptor. Frequently I am asked why most of my work is modeled after dead and gone subjects. The answer is that living people refuse to give me a commission. The art of the sculptor differs there from that of the painter. Everybody likes to be painted. The sight of one's face, one's figure, one's clothes in a picture evokes nothing but pleasurable emotions, if well done, but to see one's self carved out of marble produces such an overpowering sense of death that many sensitive persons put off immortalization at the hands of a sculptor until they are really dead."

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# "GLAD TO SEE YOU"

SAYING "HOW-DE-DO" IN MANY ODD WAYS AND IN MANY ODD CORNERS OF THE WORLD.  
BY E. S. MERRIAM



The extreme of formal courtesy is practiced by our Japanese cousins.



Hebrews in Jerusalem greet each other with a warm embrace.



Greetings of an expansive German for an embarrassed American officer.

"Talk about masculine superiority," said the globe-trotter, "you ought to see the way women greet a man guest in Japan. There's a nice fellow in Tokyo whom I used to know. He was in San Francisco a few years ago, but he went back to take up his father's business. Well, I was invited to his house in Tokyo. Say, you ought to have seen the way Mrs. Furugawa saluted me! She was a sweet little creature, not really pretty, but gentle and dainty and all that sort of thing. Well, sir, she went down on her knees and crossed her hands on the floor and bowed her head down to touch the matting. I felt like a grinning idiot. Furugawa ought to have told her not to, or else he ought to have given her warning so I might have gone down on my own knees; but as it was I'd no idea what she was going to do, so there I stood like a wooden image of a heathen god, and she thinking all the time what beastly manners Americans have. You've no idea what an idiot it made me feel. What I'm used to at home is having a sternly aggressive American woman deliberately glare at me in a street car till I give her my seat."

"It was hard on you," said the hostess, with a twinkle in her eye. "I remember you of old at dancing school, and how you used to hate even that mild ordeal."

"Boys always hate bowing and scraping. But girls seem to take to it like ducks to water."

"Alas, not all of us," put in a plump and jolly young matron; "while we were in London last year I was presented to Queen Alexandra. To tell the truth, I really had supposed I knew how to make a suitable courtesy, but my friend, Eileen Fanning, who gave me various points beforehand, made me practice over and over while she criticized. It all seemed too absurd for anything, but really I assure you those rehearsals were all that saved me from dying of mortification on the floor of Buckingham palace. If you fancy it's easy to make a very, very low, sweeping courtesy, almost to the very floor, again and again and again, gracefully retiring during the process and not getting tripped up by the longest train you ever had a chance to wear—well, just try it yourself!"

"At least, you did know what was expected of you, and had time to prepare for it," said the traveler. "It's when you run up against some unexpected kind of salutation that you're lost. I saw a funny sight once on the pier here just as I was landing from one of the Hamburg-American boats. There was a big, bearded Russian on board coming over to visit some relations or other, and when he walked down the gang-plank there were two young people waiting for him, a pretty girl, evidently Russian, and a young fellow who wasn't Russian at all but spoke English and looked as if he hailed from the state of Maine. Well, the one with the beard fell upon the pretty girl as if he'd never seen anything so good before—I guessed he was Uncle Niklovitch or something of that sort. And when he had kissed Olga on both pink cheeks, didn't he just grab the stiff, shy Yankee fellow and kiss him, too! Yes, sir, first on one cheek and then on the other, just as if he'd been a waiting sweetheart. That poor fellow from Aroostook county was crimson to his ears when Uncle Niklovitch gave him a parting bear-hug and set him free. I suppose he'd never in all his life seen Russian men kiss each other—but he'll see more if he marries the pretty girl as I guess he means to."

"Hard on a New England man," suggested a

listener. "Why, they're so stolid they passed a law once that a man shouldn't kiss his own wife on a Sunday. And one man who had just got home on Sunday from a long journey broke the ordinance and was hauled up in court for it. Fact. It was a good while ago, though."

"Frenchmen kiss each other—I've seen them. And Italians—why you'd think to see a couple of noble Palermitans fling themselves into each other's arms that you were witnessing the end of some soul-stirring drama, whereas it only means 'all right.' What in creation those mercurial people keep saved-up, to express their feelings in a great crisis, I simply can't imagine."

The plump matron giggled.

"They say King Edward has the true British dislike of sentimental poses, but when he goes over to Germany a-cousining among the royalties he remembers his own German ancestry and he and the mighty Kaiser Wilhelm embrace like a couple of gushing school-girls. It must be a sight."

"Speaking of kissing, didn't you suppose everybody knew that a kiss on the stage of a theater is just a hollow show, as little like the real thing as a painted tree? Some friends of ours a little way out of town got up a very clever play last winter and had a professional coach and all that. It was for a charity hospital. Well, Mrs. Smith and her husband were both in the cast, but Mrs. Smith's best scene was with the hero, her lover. The play was a great success, but poor Mrs. Smith found a queer chill in the air when the affair was talked over afterwards with some of the women on the board of directors at the hospital. It was only later still and in a roundabout way that she found they thought her beautiful kiss was far too real to be proper. And wasn't her husband mad when he heard of the gossip! Why—you know the stage effect is the emptiest show. As a matter of fact all that happened when his face bent so close over hers was her own frantic whisper, 'For heaven's sake let me straighten your wig; it's sliding over one ear.'"

"Did you ever see them rub noses in New Zealand? That's the limit. Of course you don't often have the chance, for it's only the aborigines—the Maoris—that do it, and now a good many of them are civilized out of all their native picturesque-ness, just as our American Indians, etc. But out in the mountain district where you go to see the geysers and hot springs there are a few that keep up a queer mixture of store clothes and primitive manners. There's a native girl there who acts as a guide through the geyser region—she's really quite well educated and up-to-date, but—don't you know how some coquettish French and German girls deliberately keep up a foreign accent when they speak English, because they know it's rather fetching? Well, this Maori girl will rub noses with you in the most demure fashion if you signify that you're interested in anthropology or sociology or whatever head covers the subject."

It is really curious when you come to think of it, how many ways the human creatures have of saying How d'ye do. The traditional cowboy fashion of firing a revolver into the air outside your door would seem to city dwellers as extraordinary as the Maori nose salute. But as a rule we Americans have reduced the custom of salutation to its barest and lowest terms, cutting out pretty much all the fanciful formalities of other lands and indeed of earlier times in our own land. We bolt into shops, tell the clerks what we want, with no pretense of greeting them like human beings, and then bolt out again in the same time-saving but mannerless style, which makes any well-bred Frenchman wonder and think things about us. At least, he wonders for a few days, then he catches the microbe. At first, when he enters an American elevator, he says to the boy, "Good morning. Will you be so kind as to take me to the eleventh floor."

"Thank you." But the next week he knows his lesson. He, too, bolts in, and merely grunts, "Leven." He is Americanized.

## Touching the Pocket Nerve

By Miss Diana Hirschler, LL. B.  
Expert Trainer in Salesmanship

Mr. and Mrs. Doubtful have decided to renovate their house and are deep in the discussion of wall paper, waxed floors, new dining room table, etc. Mrs. D.'s conversation is full of "Lucy recommends Blank's for so and so," "Mary says we ought to be very careful if we patronize Clark's, because they break their promises," "Jennie tells me her rug didn't wear well that she bought at The Orient," etc., etc.

In the midst of it Mr. Nearby comes in and catches the drift of the conversation. He breaks in with: "Say, Bob, if you want wall paper I'll tell you of a cracker-jack salesman to go to. I believe he fairly eats wall paper, he's so wide-awake about it. He knows what you want better than you do yourself."

Mr. Nearby interests Mr. and Mrs. Doubtful so that they call for this salesman at that particular store. He immediately enters into their plans with spirit and astonishes them with his extensive knowledge of patterns, their designs, their blending colors, the qualities of paper, the effects of light and shade and whether they would permit many pictures hung against them. In addition, he knew the history of wall paper and pointed out interesting changes in styles, in ceiling decorations, in friezes, etc.

When they left him Mrs. D. said impulsively: "Well, that man is an artist. I feel positively rested. He takes a load right off your shoulders, and now," she sighed resignedly, "I s'pose we have to go back to that stupid furniture department again." And it truly seemed more stupid than ever. The salesman was affable enough, but he seemed only to follow them about, state prices and tell them what was "the latest."

He did not know how to suggest what would harmonize with the rest of the room, nor how it might fit in any way into their particular needs. Neither did he educate them to an intelligent appreciation of his furniture as the other salesman had done with his wall paper.

The first salesman was a genuine comfort because he gave them the advice of a specialist. He knew that out of every dollar the customer paid for those goods four or five cents came to him for his service. So he did not merely touch his cap as a lackey does in the vestibule, but he



equipped himself with the knowledge of the man inside the office door—the man who gives advice and gets paid for it, not only in money but in appreciation, lifting the load of anxiety from those who seek him.

Don't be a butler even though you are a courteous flunkey.

Be a doctor and diagnose the case.

Be a lawyer and convert your jury.

Be an architect and construct a helpful argument.

Or be an artist and put in strokes that tell.

Introduce yourself to your own goods. Make them friends of yours—not the kind that stick, but the kind that chant "parting is such sweet sorrow" and are gladly swallowed up in wrapping paper and string.

How the race of shoppers flock to such an expert!

Mr. Provider is willing to shop with his wife when they are going to deal with Mr. Expert. Miss Proudfoot unbends to Miss Bright behind the counter who shows that she knows not only color but style and the appropriateness of each to the individuality of the wearer.

But the race of shoppers are out to get the full worth of their money and many a time they recognize their helplessness. If they only knew whence to turn for help! But the inept salesperson at their elbow merely tells them the price—which is plainly marked—and looks patiently resigned or indifferently apathetic while they flounder about and get what they don't want or what they ought not to have.

Come, come, rub your eyes, and put the microscope to your goods. It is the way to touch the pocket-nerve of your customer. He wants your goods and you want his money. That is, he wants your goods if you can prove it to him. And you want his money, not now, merely, but next week and next month and next year. Use your telescope on next year and bring it close to you. If you understand what you are talking about, and if you talk about what you understand, you can see his money coming to you a year hence.

You have surely tied a string to him. He is a willing captive—you have shown him how to convert his money into goods that satisfy.

(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

**Suggestive.**  
Towne—There was a spelling-bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?  
Browne—No; was it interesting?  
Towne—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary."—Stray Stories.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

**De Organ's Busted.**  
In a little church in Maryland, not far from Washington, the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arm of an industrious Irishman.

During a recent service there the choir got into trouble and, to cap the climax, during the confusion that ensued, the organ suddenly stopped.

The situation was not greatly relieved when there came floating out into the auditorium a hoarse whisper: "Sing, all youse! Sing like the devil! De organ's busted—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.



HE IS.  
She—Is your brother still the same level-headed, sensible fellow he used to be?  
He—Yes, he is still a bachelor.

**Wheels.**  
He was a great inventor.

"The thing I am working at now, he began, stroking his thin beard with a thinner hand, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the alarm clock trust out of business. The idea is simply specially prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to arise at five you take five tablets; if you want to get up at six take six tablets; and so on."

"But how will it affect the alarm clock trust?"  
"Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired—"  
But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded.—Harper's Weekly.

**MARK TWAIN ON MONEY.**  
Humorist Points Out What He Considers Some Wrong Conceptions.

Mark Twain said that the financial panic has caused a wrong idea of the use and value of money.

"The spendthrift says that money, being round, was made to roll. The miser says that, being flat, it was made to stack up. Both are wrong."

"Strangely wrong, too, in their ideas about money are the veteran Australian gold diggers. These simple old fellows, though worth perhaps a half million or more, live in the simple dug-outs and shanties of their lean early days.

"Once, lecturing, I landed at an Australian port. There was no porter in sight to carry my luggage. Seeing a rough-looking old fellow leaning against a post with his hands in his pockets, I beckoned to him and said: "See here, if you carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a crown."

"The man scowled at me. He took three or four gold sovereigns from his pocket, threw them into the sea, scowled at me again, and walked away without a word."

**FIT THE GROCER**  
Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee, and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves."

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast, and did not feel like attending to my store duties."

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared, and today I am all right. I would advise everyone afflicted in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pinks.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.