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A CHICAGO MANUFACTURER IN NEED OF MONEY SELLS HIS ENTIRE  
SURPLUS STOCK OF NEW PIANOS TO

## Schmoller & Mueller FOR SPOT CASH 30 Cents on the Dollar

THIS IMMENSE PURCHASE CONSISTS OF THE FINEST AND HIGH-  
EST GRADE PIANOS KNOWN TO PIANO CONSTRUCTION.

DO NOT LET THIS OPPORTUNITY PASS—YOU CAN SECURE ONE  
OF THESE FINE HIGH GRADE PIANOS AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE  
COST

Come and Select the Piano You Want and Pay for  
it on Your Own Terms

**\$1.00 A WEEK WILL DO \$1.00**

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3200—Arlon .....	reduced to \$ 85	1475—Steger & Sons .....	reduced to \$280
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3275—Kimball .....	reduced to \$125	1500—Knabe .....	reduced to \$320
3300—Flüchter .....	reduced to \$135	1500—Emerson, Grand .....	reduced to \$340
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3375—Kimball .....	reduced to \$150	1500—Steinway .....	reduced to \$405
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3425—Yers & Pond .....	reduced to \$160	1500—Square Piano .....	reduced to \$450
3450—Emerson .....	reduced to \$280	Organs .....	\$5, \$10, \$25 upwards

In our regular stock you will find the largest selection of artistic Pianos shown  
under one roof, or in any Piano storehouse in this country, including STEINWAY,  
WEBER, STODER & SONS, EMERSON, HARDMAN, McPHAIL, MEHLIN, THE  
HAND MADE SCHMOLLER & MUELLER. Sold from factory to home, saving you  
the middleman's profit.

**\$1.00 a Week Buys a Piano Now \$1.00**

## Schmoller & Mueller

1311-1313 Farnam Street

Write for catalogue and complete price list. We will send it to you at once,  
free. Write today.

## What's in a Name

### REACHING FOR YOUR NERVE

Song Warbled by the Dentist, White  
White Bristly Boring into  
the Roots.

"You know human nature is a funny  
thing," remarked the dentist, as he care-  
fully selected a small drill to send mer-  
cifully on its way to a molar cavity. "and  
we dentists see about as much of it as  
any one."

"Now, you needn't be at all nervous;  
when I get down to the nerve you'll know  
it. A woman came into my office the  
other day flustered, her face  
was white as paper and she was  
trembling all over. Well, she sat down  
in the chair and showed me a cavity in  
her tooth. I said that of course she  
wanted the best gold filling. You should  
have seen her look at me. The long-  
don't get uneasy, must have thought  
the end of the nerve the least bit, but  
a little bit—almost over now. You know  
the long and the short of it was that I  
put in a cheap cement filling and she  
wrangled with me for half an hour when  
I wanted to charge her five cents. She said  
she would not pay over 25 cents; that was  
all she ever paid."

"A couple of days later—yes, it's pretty  
sensitive, but be patient—a woman shab-  
bily dressed, with a shawl around her  
head and shoes badly worn, came into the  
office, and it naturally asked her (if she  
didn't want work and materials that would  
cost her the least possible. Well, do you  
know, she turned on me and said:

"No, sir, I want the best bridge work  
you can give me."

"And, reaching down into her soiled wrap-  
per, she pulled out a row of bills. Handing  
it to me, she continued: 'Here's \$25 for a  
deposit. Is that enough?'

"Now, now, now, sit still a moment. This  
certainly will stop it in just a second.  
The nerve. Better, eh?'

"Yes, human nature is a funny thing.  
I have had lots of other experiences just  
like those I told you. Drop around about  
tomorrow some time before 5 o'clock. I  
think the nerve will be ready to take out  
then. Good-bye. Good-bye." Milwaukee  
Sentinel.

### DO COMETS AFFECT FISHING?

Member of the Brotherhood Exhib-  
its a Grinch to Astron-  
omers.

The fishing editor of this paper is not  
prepared to say whether or not they do,  
while keeping an eye peeled for comets.

A correspondent of Recreation, however,  
seems pretty well convinced that they do.  
His letter, published in the April number  
of that magazine, is as follows:

"A couple of years ago we heard a good  
deal about the effect the sun spots had  
upon the lake fishing. There was really  
more in this than some people thought—  
providing the star sharp knew what they  
were talking about. Nevertheless I got  
laughed at a few times for trying to ex-  
plain my non-success in bass fishing by  
reiterating the statement of the astron-  
omers that the continued unfavorable  
weather conditions were due to spots on  
the sun."

"Along in February, when the Paris food  
was at its height and the ice was going out  
of a good many of our trout streams up here  
in New York state, the astronomers said  
it was all on account of the comets. Whether  
or not the meteorological conditions  
had anything to do with the floods, I  
don't know. But the fact is that the trout  
in the trout fishing belt have not a bad  
crimp in 1910's fishing. To have the ice  
go out so early, and then have it do it all  
over again, is just as hard upon a trout  
stream as the worst kind of a log drive.  
Personally I feel very sure that several  
big brown trout that I have been on nod-  
ding terms with have left these parts—

In this case \$1.145 in prizes  
for those who send 15 good  
names to Schmoller & Mueller.  
You cannot win unless  
you send in your name. Do  
it now.

erally driven out into the larger streams  
by the ice. To my mind it is extremely  
doubtful if they will return very far up the  
streams before the fishing season has gone  
by, and, as everybody knows it is best to  
fish pretty well up stream nowadays, where  
the waters are cooler and the shadows are  
longer. I believe that anglers have pretty  
good grounds for a grudge if this comet  
business keeps up."

### NOW WE HAVE THE CAUSE Flowers, Lawns, Cuts and Canaries Responsible for High Liv- ing Cost.

Swung dizzily on the wave of gaudy per-  
sonal display and fanned to a druglike  
sleep by the odors of sweet-scented, but  
inedible blossoms, we, the people, have  
brought upon ourselves the curse of a  
noticeable cost of living. After much beat-  
ing about the bush wherein lurked the se-  
questered secret, the secretary of the Na-  
tional Retail Dealers' association has dived  
into the brambles of irritating truth and  
has dragged forth, gasping, the mystery,  
crying for help and exposing its claws,  
horns and other wage-stifling appurten-  
ances. This secretary, testifying before the  
committee of the house of representatives at Wash-  
ington, fairly says (he is so quoted) that  
flower gardens in the back yard and non-  
fruitful grass in the front (and perhaps  
a canary in the kitchen) are largely re-  
sponsible for the prevailing high prices of  
garden truck. Until recent years, he noted,  
it was customary for people to plant veg-  
etables in their yards. Year by year the  
tendency has grown to substitute flowers  
and lawns.

This drives the matter home, literally,  
and lines it up snugly beside the ultimate  
consumer. If the point can be proved ex-  
clusively, there is no need for the senate  
committee to seek further. With the evil  
of its deeds and lack thereof fastened on  
the wicked and hypocritical shoulders of  
the consumer there is nothing left to be in-  
vestigated. In his hypocrisy the consumer  
has presumed to sniff, literally and figuratively,  
at the results of the meat packers' la-  
bor. He has flitted from grocer to grocer  
and from butcher to butcher, casting  
aspersions upon all. And all the time he has  
been guilty, by refusing to raise cabbages,  
parsley, corn, beans and tomatoes in his  
back yard.

Where once the sweet flavored early  
rose potato bloomed and attracted gay-  
winged and high-spirited potato bugs,  
now lazily and uselessly blows the white  
rose of thorny stem, beset by beauty, and  
the plain, though serviceable, rose hulk.  
Where once the nimble hen scratched the  
gravel and potato parings of the house-  
holder and the grass of his neighbor, now  
for a cracker when there is no cracker at  
a fair price. Where once the hobnob on the  
kitchen window sill burst forth with early  
lettuce, only the soul-satisfying rubber  
plant spreads its foliage. It is an age of  
ornament and esthetic fervor, not one of  
practical action and honest industry. The  
garden rake into a weeder.—Boston Adver-  
tiser.

### The Key to the Situation—See Want Ads

**Joke of Being Serious.**  
Artemus Ward said that a comic paper  
was no worse for having a joke in it now  
and then, and life would be very dull if  
it were not for the comic papers. The great  
fun of life is the joke. "It is to  
laugh"—that's our creed in a sentence.  
practical action, and honest industry. The  
situation, endless word play, grotesque  
and action and character. These are the  
pictures equally funny, these are the  
things that make us laugh. We are quick  
to catch a jest, a sharp one, and we are  
the exaggeration of a caricature. But to  
smile at the mock-serious, to be amused  
by satire, is a refinement as yet beyond  
us.—New York Post.

Characteristics of the South Remedy in Famous  
for its cure of coughs, colds and croup.

## TALES TOLD IN THE SMOKER

Most Humorous of the Latest Yarns of  
the American Drummer.

### REELED OFF ON THE RUN

Cheerful Travelers Open Up Samples  
of Their Experiences and De-  
liver the Goods on  
Orders.

The round merry face of J. L. Fisher  
pushed into the smoking compartment as  
the train pulled out from Rochester, going  
east, and found what it was looking for—  
good company. The smoker was already  
crowded, and the round, sleek figure of  
J. L. F. seemed to be pushing all the  
other occupants against the wall, but  
somehow, a seat was found for him. There  
was always a seat for him anywhere, for  
he has a story to tell.

By occupation, J. L. F. takes out a line  
of samples of what the Chicago miller  
think will go best in the way of trimmed  
and untrimmed hats, and sells them to  
and down the land; but by preference, he  
seeks out his brothers of the grip and re-  
gains them with the latest twist he has  
been able to see in something that just  
happened to him.

On this occasion he fell in with a good  
crowd, coming home off the road for the  
holidays and making the last jump into  
New York. Most of them had swung  
around the continent, hitting big towns,  
sleeping twenty-nine out of thirty nights  
on the move.

"Say, I got such a cold I can hardly  
talk," Fisher began, before he dropped his  
satchel, "but hear this from Buffalo. You  
know the way the street fakers get the  
gawls piling around them down by the  
Union station. One of them had a bunch  
of longhairs from the lake-front standing  
shivering in a zero saphyr last night, while he told them all about  
Fisher's medicated cough drops. He said  
it could wreathe a cold and get both shoulders  
to the mat in one throw, but his own  
voice was worse than mine is now. He  
was just whispering and tearing his throat  
all to pieces to reach the fringe of the crowd."

"It was his voice that got me. You know,  
I used to do a lot of that myself, and I  
watched to see his game."

**Cured His Own Throat.**  
"Makes no difference if you're as  
hoarse you can't hear yourself whisper,"  
he croaked, like a man with a hairlip  
trying to shout. "Just slip one down easy,  
and it'll clear your throat in ten seconds.  
It's the greatest remedy ever discovered  
for the cause of suffering."

"He couldn't get any further, and began  
to cough as if he were going to lose a  
lung."

"Say, some one called out, 'why don't  
you try it yourself?'

"Thanks, friend," he croaked back;  
"that's a good idea."

"Then, as the crowd stopped gazing and  
shivering, he took one of the cough drops,  
looked relieved, and began to talk in his  
natural voice."

"Funny, but here I am selling these  
priceless cough drops at a quarter a bottle,  
and I haven't got enough sense to try  
one myself."

"They all hit. Anything goes on a crowd.  
But I'm not the fellow to laugh at them.  
I thought I had something smooth myself  
once, but it turned out raw. There is a  
joke in what I just said—you may catch  
it by and by. I went broke in Scranton,  
and got on the tail end of a wagon with  
a gross of Little Beauty safety razors."

"The streets were full of miners, and  
all you had to do was to show them some-  
thing and they had their dollar ready  
before they knew it they wanted it."

"Come on up!" I called out. "I'll shave  
any man in the crowd, and I'll give a dol-  
lar to every one I cut!"

"They came up, trusting as calves, and  
before I got through with the first one  
they were packed around so thick that the  
driver didn't have to worry about his  
horse. So he came back and wanted to  
take a hand."

"He said he'd been in the army and  
knew all about shaving. I tried to keep  
him off, but he'd put up the money for  
the razors, and was feeling topknotty."

"Before he broke in I had shaved ten  
slick and clean, and they were pushing in  
closer, yearning to give up a dollar  
per."

"I was figuring on what I could do with  
the \$100 I could almost see in my hand,  
but I wanted to wait until some fellow in-  
terested in buying right away and then it  
would be a regular stampede. But all the  
time there was a little miner down in  
front, trying to get me to shave a chin  
covered thick with steel wires."

"I knew the Little Beauty couldn't stand  
up against it, and every time he tried to  
catch my eye I was busy picking out fel-  
lowables in the crowd."

"Finally, I had to move to the other end  
of the tailpiece to get away from him with-  
out attracting notice, and while I was  
giving a practical demonstration over there  
he got hold of my driver and financial  
backer, and first thing I knew they were  
at it."

"It was all off right then. His whiskers  
wouldn't cut and couldn't be nicked off.  
They had to be pulled out by the roots,  
and my partner did that all right. Every-  
where he went on that doormat he left  
blood."

"My demonstration wouldn't take at all.  
They were all watching that bleeding face.  
It was no use. I just had to leave. I had  
the piece and left the razors to the driver.  
They were his, anyway, and it was his  
fault."

"Wait till I get my drinking cup. I want  
to wet my throat."

The sheet was between us, though, and I  
could not make out how he was able to  
reach so high.

"Whose drinking cup?" I asked.

"Whose?" he asked.

"How can you reach so high?"

"Ah! his standing on mah toes!"

Fisher stopped to take the drink Lahn  
offered him, but he went right on as soon  
as he had gulped it down.

**A Bath and a Brush.**  
"You clean for me," he said. "I've been  
down in the Mississippi valley for a month  
and I'm not used to this bleached water.  
I like mine brunette. You know how dirty  
the water is down that way. The worst  
I've seen was in Nashville. They're proud  
of it there, you know. They say you need  
the grit in your crop, if you go so far as to  
drink it, but washing is where it shines  
out. Makes you clean without soap. Just  
rub the water on the skin and the sand  
taken off the dirt. They don't like to have  
you get funny about it in your remarks."

"While I was there Sol Maister, with a  
line of leather goods, came along and  
staked up for three-fifty a day. American  
plan, bath thrown in. Sol went upstairs  
to get all he could for his three-fifty."

"Twenty soon he telephoned down."

"That's a nice mud-bat! I got here; but  
I'll send you some clean water, so I'll  
wash-off when I'm through."

"George Youngman is chief clerk here  
now, and he got the call."

"That isn't the way we do it here, Mr.  
Metzger," he replied. "Ring me up when  
you're dry and I'll send a boy-boy up to  
brush you off."

"Nice people down south," commented  
And. Crothers, "but too pious mostly for  
my business. I handle feathers exclusively,  
and some of the churches object to them.  
There are whole sections where I can't sell  
even a robin's wing. About the only  
chance the women have to know off their  
clothes is at church, and every time a  
woman shows up with a feather in her hat  
the preacher begins to make remarks at  
her."

"There are a few towns, however, right  
in the middle of the religious section where  
the women want the longest and fluffiest  
feathers I carry. If it were not for them  
I'd have to cut out the whole section."

"One day I was in a pretty lively town  
in Kentucky, and the women go regu-  
larly to meet with flowers in their  
hats, and the other half don't go at all,  
and wear feathers. While I was talking to  
a customer in came one of the flower kind,  
and a new clerk, not knowing the differ-  
ence, began to show her some of the latest  
hats all fussed over the top with feathers."

"I used to do a lot of that myself, and I  
looked so she called the girl over and said,  
'Show her something cheap and virtu-  
ous.'"

**In Stopover Towns.**  
"I showed my samples in a queer place  
in a little Iowa town," broke in Emil Hol-  
den, who handles textiles. "I arrived late  
in the afternoon, and the hotel was full of  
traveling men. There wasn't a bed or a  
sample room to be had and the only place  
to show my line was in the street. But  
one of my customers came down to the  
depot and I opened a trunk for him in the  
baggage room."

"He asked for goods I had in another  
and in five minutes I had my samples all  
over the baggage room. I slipped the bag-  
gage man a couple of dollars and sent word  
upstairs that I could only keep my trunks  
open an hour; so they all came down and  
made the fellows in the hotel wait. After  
I had finished I packed up and ate supper  
in the next town."

"I can beat that," said George Harding,  
who goes on the road for half a dozen  
manufacturers of brass novelties. "I have  
a customer in a jerk-water town in Ken-  
tucky who isn't quite worth a stop-over,  
because there is only one train a day and  
there are more important towns on the  
road."

"On this last trip I wrote him to meet  
me at the station and ride on to the next  
town with me, but when we pulled in he  
wasn't there. I had five minutes and I  
used it to sprint a block and a half to his  
store. He said he was loaded up; but I  
told him that was no answer, and he prom-  
ised to be on hand two days later, on my  
return trip."

"Coming back, one of the Pullmans was  
empty. I tipped the porter a dollar, he  
brought in a few trays of my best stuff  
and I arranged it on the seats of the whole  
car. My customer was there, made his  
selections, bought a bunch of stuff, and  
the whole deal was closed in five minutes."

"Knew a man once that, but Mr. Good-  
kind had a story of two Irish high-graders  
from Goldfield who went down to San  
Francisco in the same sleeper with him.  
They had a section between them; and  
when it came time to go to bed the fellow  
who drew the upper merely slipped off his  
shoes and rolled in. The one in the lower  
section to be so constipated difficulties.  
Finally the one up above called down:

"What's the matter, Mike? Don't you  
like your bunk? Every time I fall asleep  
you give a bump and I wake up."

"It's this hammock. I have tried three  
times to get into it, and every time I fall  
out."

**Afraid It Would Go Stale.**  
"Say what you like about the pie," sighed  
Mort Goodkind, "but I wished they learned  
how to make good Yankee pie at the lunch  
counters along the western roads."

"There's a town in Colorado where the  
same pie stood on the lower shelf while I  
made two trips. It looked so unwholesome  
nobody could eat it, and I wish I had seen  
the fellow they tell about in Nebraska who  
gave the lunch counter a new start in life.  
He came through on a train that was  
stalled a few stations above Grand Island,  
and began looking around for entertain-  
ment. The only thing worth noticing was  
the lunch counter, so he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

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he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

he sized it up, and he sized it up, and

further he went the more interesting it  
became to him. There was one pile of  
sandwiches he eyed so long that the girl  
behind the counter said:

"Well, go 'bout to give your mouth a  
chance after a while."

"Gently now, little girl," he replied,  
"Mustn't speak up in the presence of your  
elders. I was just renewing the acquain-  
tance of some of these old friends I saw  
when I passed through here with the grad-  
ing screw of the Union Pacific."

"And I was considering something," he  
went on, while the girl was thinking of a  
sharp answer. "Gimme two or three cups  
of coffee right away, quick. Maybe I  
won't have time if you don't hurry."

"Then he began to stow away everything  
in sight, starting on one end of the shelf  
and eating each thing as he came to it as  
fast as he could wash it down."

"The girl stood there, fascinated, hardly  
able to keep count, while he went through  
slices, pickles, bread, eggs, charlotte-  
torte, one after the other."

"He kept the girl on the hotfoot after  
coffee. It got to be a pretty fierce con-  
test between him and what was left on the  
counter, but he put it all away."

"Nine dollars and eighty cents," the  
girl said.

"You needn't take so much satisfaction  
out of it," he remarked as he paid. "It  
was worth it to me. When I come along  
here in another thirty or forty years  
there'll be something fresh on the coun-  
ter."

**When Maude Spoke.**  
"I know a girl who would have had an  
answer for him, all right," said Fisher,  
getting back into the conversation. "Her  
name is Maude, and she is down in the  
hard coal section of Pennsylvania. Some-  
thing like a thousand times a year she  
throws a hot platter at a bunch of miners,  
and in fifteen minutes she has the table  
cleared and set for the next meal."

"No monkey business about the way  
these fellows eat, and she was used to  
their ways. But along came T. Arthur  
Channery. He used to be on the road  
with textiles before he got his bit from  
home, don't you know. He was one of  
these neat and careful fellows—always  
cheered his food well. He was held up in  
the town where Maude worked, and had to  
eat there. Maude served him."

"He took what was set down in front of  
him without saying anything, eating off  
the edges; but when she brought him a  
thick cup slopping over with coffee and  
milk, he said to her mildly:

"I say, don't you know, I like mine  
black, my fine girl, and hot, very hot, and  
have it made strong, quite strong."

"Maude listened to all of this, and then  
she sung out to the colored cook through  
the hole in the wall:

"Oh, Percy, make a fresh pot, and make  
it hot, blasted hot, and strong, blasted  
strong, for a blasted particular gent!"

Railroad Man's Magazine.

**New Hospital Gests.**  
"Why do so many sick people in hospital  
wards like to be put in a bed next to a  
patient from the country?" said the young  
nurse to the house doctor.

"Draft," said the doctor. "Most country  
or suburban patients come from homes  
where there are chickens and maybe a cow,

black, my fine girl, and hot, very hot, and  
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