

MANY KINDS OF BLUFFERS

Big Cities Fall of Four Fluffers Who Pretend to Know It All.

SOME BIG, SOME SMALL FELLOWS

Specimens Encountered in Every Trade and Profession—When Bluff Meets Bluff What Happens?

There is the story of the man from out-of-town, who came to New York and fell in among thieves, but bluffs...

But, they remonstrated, "those bluffs of the Pallades are 50 feet high!"

The story does not go on from there, but it ought to add, as if it were a moral, that man knew New York very well for a stranger.

The bluff is the small brother of the pretender. Abroad, it is an out-of-the-lands sort of a kingdom, principally, sandjak, or anything with hereditary pomp and circumstance that hasn't a pretender. He, and his heir and assign, have a perpetual job, generally, of course, in some foreign country, in which there is no extradition treaty covering pretenders.

Here, in a democratic country, there is the bluff. He is pretender to the eminent domain of authority in any or all of the special fields of human knowledge. You may meet him anywhere here in our great city, and talking about anything, and if it is food for the city's pride, New York may as well know that it holds the honor of sheltering the biggest of this order of humankind.

I know him a notorious liar. Yet these great evils all so fit on him that they take place, where virtue's steady bones.

Association of Bluffers. One might think that an association of these persons would have been formed in this place, where every other differentiated class has its society, association, bond, or whatnot.

Art a Great Field. And art is a wide field wherein they may roam. A connoisseurship in a rare and renowned branch is a favorite affectation for example, snuffboxes.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. Mr. W. R. Phillips Jr., 19 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I had a chronic and stomach trouble for more than five years, and I faithfully tried all the medicine I saw advertised, and found they all failed to cure me."

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

the newspaper, because of his deep, personal grief over the passing of so many good companions. The greater the space given, the greater his grief.

To mention the greatest instance of sublime bluff, it is not many months gone that the entire country was amazed by the story told before a congressional committee in Washington by a man who had "bluffed" Wall Street, and incidentally made a handsome living out of it for years.

The essence of this man's game was that he pretended to know people, inside secrets and so on. He pretended to have influence with the great, and sold his bluff at a good price.

Ab, g'wan," he said to the attendants who had him by the arm. "You tink I'm g'win' to take a fly through de window? An' dat guy said he was a friend of de Judge! W'y, he don't know himself well enough to speak to!"

But because this city is the gathering place of those whose lives are devoted to literature and art and music, and other tendencies toward Bohemianism, perhaps the bluffs in these several walks flourish best of all here.

Art a Great Field. And art is a wide field wherein they may roam. A connoisseurship in a rare and renowned branch is a favorite affectation for example, snuffboxes.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. Mr. W. R. Phillips Jr., 19 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I had a chronic and stomach trouble for more than five years, and I faithfully tried all the medicine I saw advertised, and found they all failed to cure me."

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

STELLA'S ROMEO A FAKIR

Sighed for Real Cowboy and Landed Long Island Jay.

BUT HE WAS PUSHED AWAY

Pleasant Anticipations of New York Girl Crazily Switched Into Tears—Filled Heartache.

Ho, all you cowboys a-riding the range 'way out yonder! Remember Stella? You ought to. About 3,700 of you, more or less, wrote letters to her two weeks ago.

Now listen to what happened, for here's a romance of New York and the far west touching hands, and it's true, every blessed word of it.

When the sheriff in Des Moines, Ia., sent forth the glad tidings that Stella wanted a husband, that she was just set and a real New York girl some of you scoffed. The east was having a job at the expense of the west.

That ain't no millinery, Bill, you old goat you! speaks up Cheyenne Jack, who's been to Omaha and knows what's what in fashion.

Art a Great Field. And art is a wide field wherein they may roam. A connoisseurship in a rare and renowned branch is a favorite affectation for example, snuffboxes.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. Mr. W. R. Phillips Jr., 19 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I had a chronic and stomach trouble for more than five years, and I faithfully tried all the medicine I saw advertised, and found they all failed to cure me."

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

he stood in the doorway twirling his hat—his nice, creamy, broad-brimmed cowboy hat—in his hands.

Then he blurted out all the truth—the mad, bad, glad, and true. He had loved her from the first day the story came out in the papers. He had seen her picture and, like the western boys, he had adored it.

He had done the outfit from King's and had gone after her. If she had only married him in Brooklyn everything would have been all right.

When the sheriff in Des Moines, Ia., sent forth the glad tidings that Stella wanted a husband, that she was just set and a real New York girl some of you scoffed.

That ain't no millinery, Bill, you old goat you! speaks up Cheyenne Jack, who's been to Omaha and knows what's what in fashion.

Art a Great Field. And art is a wide field wherein they may roam. A connoisseurship in a rare and renowned branch is a favorite affectation for example, snuffboxes.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. Mr. W. R. Phillips Jr., 19 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I had a chronic and stomach trouble for more than five years, and I faithfully tried all the medicine I saw advertised, and found they all failed to cure me."

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

himself. He told of his plans with the enthusiasm of a high school valedictorian. Here are some of his happiest thoughts:

"I'm going to give Dodunk grand opera for 19 cents! Wait till I fix my talking machine the way I want them! Then we'll have forty-foot screens with 200 or 300 people on the stage, and perfect reproduction of everything!"

"People these days eat too darned much. That's why they're always getting sick and worn out. Ten ounces of food a day is enough for anybody!"

When I sold some inventions for \$100,000 to the Western Union I knew I was a goner if I took all that money at once!"

Through the open door of his great playhouse there came a surging and rumbling of great dynamos. Fifty disc machines, under the hands of the testers, were talking or singing.

That's right," said Mr. Meadowcroft. "Mrs. Edison went away on a visit about a year and a half ago and what do you suppose this husband of hers and a few of his old cronies did? They worked and tinkered around his West Orange laboratories from 6.30 in the morning until 10.30 at night, after which he spent another hour reading text books, etc., before seeking his couch.

Art a Great Field. And art is a wide field wherein they may roam. A connoisseurship in a rare and renowned branch is a favorite affectation for example, snuffboxes.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. Mr. W. R. Phillips Jr., 19 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I had a chronic and stomach trouble for more than five years, and I faithfully tried all the medicine I saw advertised, and found they all failed to cure me."

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

and his latest wonder performed. First there was a little playlet—an old celloist discovering a lost granddaughter in a boarding house by means of a violin he had given to the child's mother.

"It isn't bad now, but it will be better when I get through with it," he said.—New York Commercial.

HOW TO BE A MEDICAL QUACK

"Bleed" Your Patient Often, Is the Advice of a St. Louis Medical Manual.

A manual for quack doctors, telling them how to get the greatest possible amount of money from the largest possible number of patients, was found by United States Postoffice inspectors in a rail on the office of a St. Louis medical company, whose proprietors were arrested on charges of using the mails to defraud.

Inspector Wayne, who has the cases in charge, said the manual tells how to hypnotize a patient and how to diagnose his physical and more particularly, his financial condition. The book will be used in the trial of the accused practitioners as evidence of their methods.

The instructions are devoted almost entirely to methods of getting money quickly and certainly. One of their most novel features is a cipher code for the practitioner to use in advising a cooperating druggist how much it is safe to charge for medicine.

The code is like a retail merchant's "cost mark" and has ten different letters, which stand, in their order, for the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. The mystic letters are "I love punch."

Much of the contents of the manual relating to diagnosis of the cases usually treated by concerns of this class is unprintable under the postal laws. Part of the instructions read:

"After the patient is seated, sit up in your chair and lean forward slightly toward the patient, so there will not be a wide gulf between you. Look the patient in the face and say in a low, sympathetic tone, 'What did you come to see me about?'"

"Ask him to tell you how he feels. If symptoms do not come to him readily,

suggest suitable ones to him and ask him, 'Do you feel—etc. Be sure to suggest symptoms that he is likely to have, so he will be impressed with the idea that you are on the right track. Ask whether he is married or single. If single, whether he intended to marry soon.'"

"The instructions then proceed to recommend that in certain cases the practitioner hold the patient's attention by making a sketch with a pencil.

"This," it is stated, "has a two-fold purpose. It first shows the patient that you understand his condition and where the trouble lies, but also fixes the attention of the patient, and you thereby get him under your control. Do not lift your pencil or make any upward gesture, or you lose control. This is a well known point in hypnotism."

"Say to the patient, 'I have never failed in a single case like yours.' Say, 'I know I can cure you,' not 'I think I can.'"

"Tell him your system of treatment is the only one that will cure him, now get down to business while he is still impressed with your talk and examination. Then set your price. He may ask how this is to be paid, and if so, answer, 'In cash.'"

"If the patient says he hasn't enough money to pay your fee, ask him, 'How much have you with you? Get what he has and give him a receipt card. Then say, 'What bank do you do business with?'"

"If he says he has no bank account, look surprised and ask him how much money he has at home. If he has none, ask him how much he can borrow from his friends or raise in some way."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Persistent Advertising is the Sure Road to Business Success.

Rabbits Take Joy Rides. Joy riding on trolley cars by rabbits promises to be the rage in Glenville this winter, according to a story told by Patrick Powers, a motorman on the Tarrytown-White Plains trolley line.

Mr. Powers says that for a week, as he passed Mrs. Finley J. Shepard's wood, he has noticed a number of rabbits jump in front of the car and disappear. Yesterday morning he determined to find out where they went. He climbed stealthily around to the front of the car. Hugging the fenders, joy riding, were a mother rabbit and three little ones. When Mr. Powers applied the brakes to catch them the animals hopped off and fled.

Mr. Powers thinks that hunting rabbits with trolley cars will be good sport if the joy riding craze continues.—New York Tribune.

EDISON 67 YEARS YOUNG

Electric Wizard Perfecting His Latest, a Voice-Picture Machine.

Thomas Edison spent past his sixty-seventh milestone February 9 with all the freshness and vigor of a young Olympian. The remarkable inventor celebrated his three-score-years-and-seven by tinkering around his West Orange laboratories from 6.30 in the morning until 10.30 at night, after which he spent another hour reading text books, etc., before seeking his couch.

Apparently, the secret of longevity is hard work. Mr. Edison showed very little evidence of his 67 years to the friends, acquaintance, reporters and the like who journeyed out to West Orange to shake hands and chat with "The Wizard." He welcomed them all with a heartiness which indicated unlimited health and op-

portunities. He told of his plans with the enthusiasm of a high school valedictorian. Here are some of his happiest thoughts: "I'm going to give Dodunk grand opera for 19 cents! Wait till I fix my talking machine the way I want them! Then we'll have forty-foot screens with 200 or 300 people on the stage, and perfect reproduction of everything!"

Through the open door of his great playhouse there came a surging and rumbling of great dynamos. Fifty disc machines, under the hands of the testers, were talking or singing. Mr. Edison was lighted and trumpeted into the room by his many inventions.

That's right," said Mr. Meadowcroft. "Mrs. Edison went away on a visit about a year and a half ago and what do you suppose this husband of hers and a few of his old cronies did? They worked and tinkered around his West Orange laboratories from 6.30 in the morning until 10.30 at night, after which he spent another hour reading text books, etc., before seeking his couch.

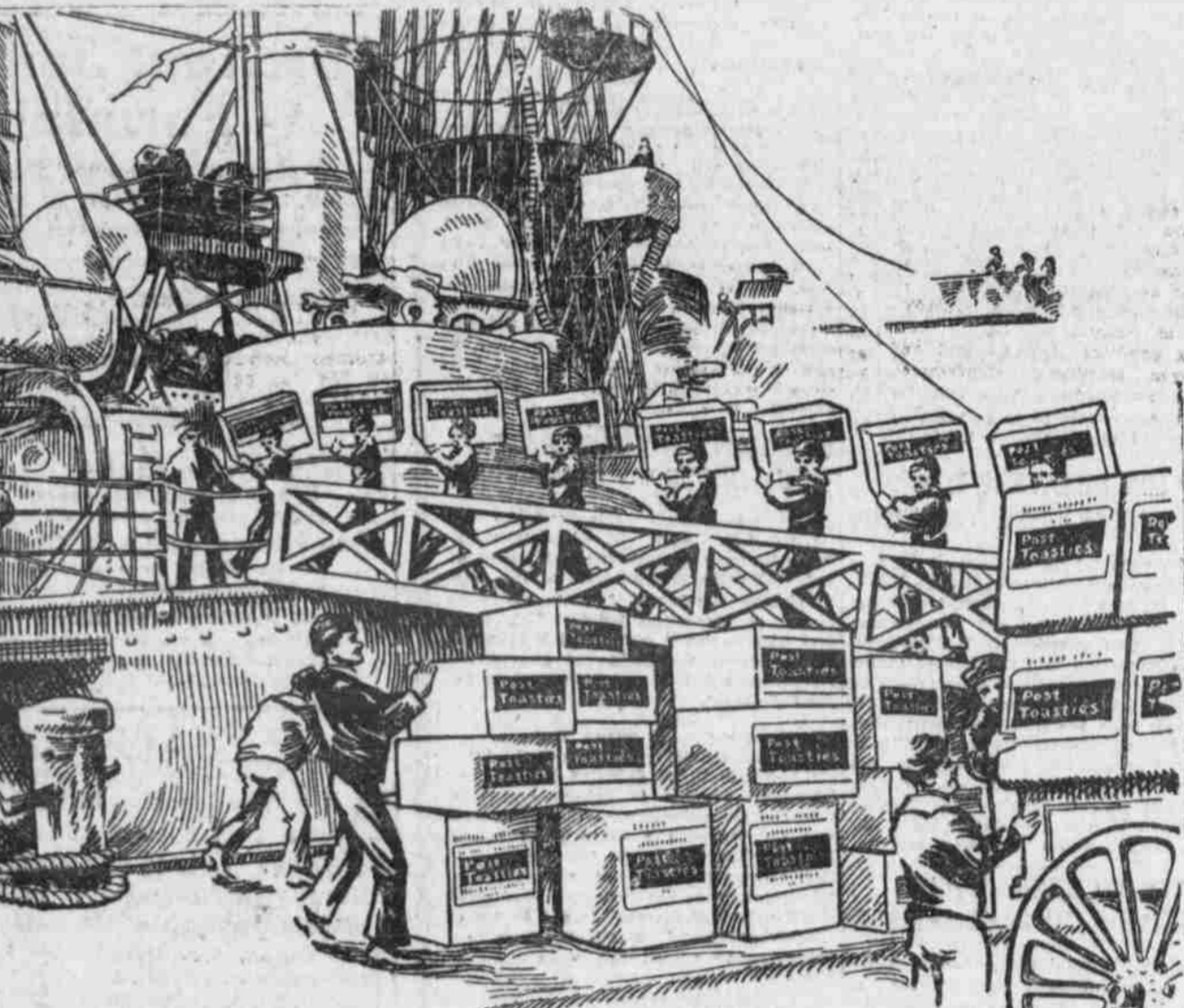
Art a Great Field. And art is a wide field wherein they may roam. A connoisseurship in a rare and renowned branch is a favorite affectation for example, snuffboxes.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. Mr. W. R. Phillips Jr., 19 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I had a chronic and stomach trouble for more than five years, and I faithfully tried all the medicine I saw advertised, and found they all failed to cure me."

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.

Mr. Phillips had Stomach Trouble for More than Five Years. I have never used tobacco in any form and I have always been a total abstainer from all kinds of intoxicants.



From actual photograph, April 17, 1914. Our Bluejackets loading Post Toasties on U. S. Flagship Virginia, Rear Admiral Beatty commanding, at Charlestown Navy Yard, preparatory to possible war with Mexico.

Fight or Frolic Here's a Food that, like our Navy, Is Always Ready Up and down our seacoast, Batt'eship, Transport and Destroyer have been waiting the President's word. At Portsmouth, Charlestown, Brooklyn, League Island, Washington, Norfolk, Pensacola and New Orleans; at Mare Island, Bremerton and other Naval Stations the Big Ships that carry the flag have been loading food for the guns, and food for the men. Post Toasties —ready-to-serve delicious bits of toasted white corn—a food that Uncle Sam and his men both like—has been a favorite aboard ship for many a year. Grocers sell them everywhere in tightly sealed packages that bring them to YOUR table factory fresh. If you like good things to eat and want to get into action, order a package of delicious POST TOASTIES from the Grocer— They're--Always Ready