

A CONTRAST IN METHODS.

One of the Experiences Was in New York and the Other in Philadelphia and the Outcome Left the Honors With the Latter City.

"Recently I witnessed a couple of tipping incidents that, it occurred to me, illustrated a certain difference of spirit in two cities," observed a Washingtonian who gets about a good bit.

"One of the occurrences took place in New York and the other in Philadelphia.

"The New York incident reduced my collar almost to a starchily pulp merely to look at, although, of course, it was none of my business.

"An elderly, dignified, goateed man, who struck me as being a not very prosperous southerner marooned in an uncongenial environment, entered a big, brass band Harlem restaurant and took a table sandwich and a bottle of beer. As he addressed himself to the waiter and sandwich with no very manifest gusto, it seemed plain that he had entered the place chiefly for the purpose of listening to some of the band music and that he had given his modest order as a sort of method of paying for his enjoyment of the music.

The elderly man's bill was 30 cents. He placed a half dollar on the table. "The waiter picked the half up, giving vent at the same time to a sort of smothered snort, and pulling two dimes from his change pocket, tossed them in front of the elderly man and stood waiting, with a glare on his face.

The elderly man tucked one of the dimes into his pocket and gently pushed the other over to the edge of the table for the waiter to pick up. The snort which the waiter gave this time wasn't smothered at all, and then he deliberately flipped the ten cent piece off the table on to the floor.

"The elderly man flushed from where his white hair left off at his forehead to where his somewhat frayed but immaculately white collar began. Anybody could see that he felt the insult and the humiliation keenly. Just as he picked up his hat from the chair beside him to go out the pompous head waiter passed close to his table, and the elderly man summoned him.

"Sir," I heard him say in a low tone to the head waiter, who listened to him with stolid indifference, "one of your waiters has just subjected me to a gross and uncalled for indignity. Reluctantly and entirely against my will, but yielding to the custom which prevails in this city, I gave the waiter for his own use a sum of money amounting to just one-third the price of the food and drink of which I had partaken. Before my eyes he contemptuously threw that amount of money on the floor, where it still lies. I have summoned you to inquire if such gross disrespect toward a guest has the approval of the management of this establishment?"

"The lordly head waiter shrugged his shoulders with a sort of bored depression and without a word of reply turned his back upon the elderly man and strolled away. The elderly man arose and walked out, his face still crimson.

"The other tipping incident took place a few days later in a Chestnut street restaurant in Philadelphia. A man at the table next to mine had ordered a couple of deviled crabs and a bottle of ale. His bill was 55 cents. He gave the waiter a dollar bill. The waiter brought back a quarter and two dimes on a silver salver. The guest picked the quarter and one of the dimes from the salver. The waiter gave a grunt and chuckled the remaining dime off the salver on to the table, then walked away with a growl in his throat. The guest picked up the dime and stuffed it into his change pocket.

Then he summoned another passing waiter and told this waiter that he wanted to see the manager of the restaurant at once. The manager was at the table in less than a minute. The guest told him what he had to say in a few quiet words.

"Tell No. 19 to report here to me," said the manager to the first passing waiter.

"No. 19, the waiter who was so far above dimes as tips that he tossed them back at the givers, appeared in a jiffy.

"Go to the cashier and get your time," said the manager to the waiter.

"Then put on your hat and coat and come back here to me." "The waiter walked away and was back presently, with his coat on and his hat in his hand.

"You are suspended for a week," said the manager to the waiter, "but before you leave I want you to apologize to this gentleman for your conduct."

"Oh, there's other hash houses in Philie, I guess," said the waiter impatiently, turning to go.

"The manager, a medium sized but muscular man, had that waiter by the shoulders from behind in a good deal less time than it takes to tell it, and he booted that waiter, holding him that way by the shoulders from behind all the way to the entrance and then all the way across the sidewalk to the curb ditch, where the waiter was sent spinning like a top, only pulling up and getting his balance out in the middle of the street between the car tracks.

"I don't think the two incidents require any comment as to the difference between a town like New York and a town like Philadelphia."—Washington Star.

A COUNTRY VISITOR.

The New York Man Felt Above Him, but Changed His Opinion.

One of the most successful wholesale dry goods merchants New York City ever saw had the peculiar habit of regarding as his inferior any man who was engaged in a business less genteel, as he held, than his own. In his employ was a young Vermonter, who felt highly elated when one day a man from his native town who was visiting the city called on him. The man was somewhat crude in his manners, but he had piled up a fortune in the tinware business and in buying up at a discount in times of panic commercial paper which he believed was good.

The youth introduced the Vermonter to his employer.

"What business are you in?" asked the dry goods prince as the two shook hands.

"The tin-w-a-r business," drawled the Vermonter.

"Without a word the dry goods merchant turned on his heel and bolted into his private office. He didn't recognize tinware merchants as desirable acquaintances.

"Hold on a minute, Mr. —!" shouted the Vermonter after the retreating figure. "Are these here things going to be paid when they fall due?"

"From his wallet the Vermonter drew several slips of paper, which he held up to the dry goods merchant's face. The merchant glanced at them and enthusiastically bade the Vermonter welcome to his private office. The papers were notes to the extent of \$50,000 uttered by the dry goods merchant and which, unknown to him, the Vermonter had bought up at a big discount.—Brooklyn Eagle.

OLD TIME CELEBRATIONS.

Happiness the Order of the Day, Tranquillity of the Night.

The files of old newspapers are a priceless record of the history and manners of their times. In the papers of 1790 the accounts of public rejoicings show that these were few in number and that the method of keeping them differed widely from our ideas of festivities. Washington's birthday was perhaps the greatest holiday.

"Industrious citizens," we are told, "appropriated the hour of noon for the congratulations of the day. Each family enriched the domestic meal with bountiful provisions, and gay spirits and temperate and undissembled joy pervaded all classes."

There were speeches and processions and illuminations for the less industrious who were willing to give something more than the hour of noon to the celebration, but the most memorable observance of the day was that of the Harvard students.

"Saying to each other that it would be disgraceful to pretend to honor Washington with riot and disorder, they retired to their chambers before 9 o'clock, and by the time the bells ceased ringing there was not a light to be seen in any of the buildings."

"This is equaled by the summing up of the celebrations of Fourth of July for the same year, a day observed with great rejoicings. No accidents are reported, and the editor concludes, "In short, in every place we heard from happiness was the order of the day, tranquillity of the night."—Youth's Companion.

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THROWING THINGS AWAY.

The Time When You Weary of Hoarded Incumbrances.

"I am beginning to throw away things," said Mr. Flittingby, according to the New York Sun—"going through my papers and things and throwing things away."

"I find among them newspaper clippings about things that I would never have thought of again but for this reminder and some things I have forgotten so completely that even the sight of the clippings does not recall to me why I cut them out and saved them, so unimportant really are many of the things about which we bother ourselves or which at some time we found of interest.

"There are letters from men long since dead, and old bills that recall forgotten periods of our life that now seem strange to us, we live so much in the present. And why keep these old receipts? The men that gave them are dead now or moved away, and these accounts will never be sent in again, and if they were they have long since been outlawed by the lapse of time. Throw them away.

"Here are old birthday cards, with pretty, with affectionate, with loving greetings, bringing most pleasant memories, though they do remind us of the years that have gone since first they came to us. And why should we preserve them longer? We can remember, we can cherish those who sent them without them to remind us, and they would only lie there with the old papers in the drawers. To the basket gently with them.

"And here, as I live, are some old valentines! Well, well! This does make us young again. But, dear, dear, that was long ago. Why should we keep them longer? To the basket gently. We have the valentine herself now.

"There are so many things that we put away to save, to treasure. Life seems to stretch away interminably before us when we are young and we have to keep these things always, and it takes us happily a long, long time to get where we can see the beginning of the end. Youth envelops us with a buoyancy and strength that make life seem a joy that is to go on forever, and in sturdy middle age, indeed, we take little account of the years, but then comes a time when we begin to realize that two and two make four and no more.

"Now, I have arrived at that time of life when I begin to know. Don't, for heaven's sake, think that I am taking a mournful view. Far from it. "Life never seemed to me so full of joy as now, and I'm good for a good long stretch of it; yet, with senses keen and understanding broadening, finding enjoyment in everything and taking this broader view of things, not occupied too much by detail, this stored up accumulation of long gathering truck

seems superfluous and useless, and so I'm just going through it and throwing things away.

"This lot that I've been going through today is just stuff that has accumulated in the cubbyholes in my desk, but I've got boxes and bundles of such stuff stored away, and I must get it out, a box or a bundle at a time, and go through it and throw it away, for of what use will it ever be to anybody? What becomes of this sort of stuff, anyway, when people—er—I mean why shouldn't I sort this stuff out now myself and not leave it to cumber things up for somebody else to throw away?

"There may be some things, to be sure, that I'll want to save, things that other people will want to keep, and these things I will save; but as to the bulk of this stuff, why, it's just so much hindering, useless baggage, and this I'll throw away and with the decks cleared start life anew."

It would be an interesting matter to trace, if possible, the relation of the prevalence of "stomach trouble." There is no doubt in many cases such a relation. One of the common results of disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, is a condition of mental depression and despondency. And one of the common verdicts in cases of suicide is "Killed himself in a fit of despondency." The home was happy, there was money in the bank, but the man threw his life away. Despondent people should begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By curing diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, it removes the depression resulting from these diseases. It purifies the blood and increases both its quality and richness. It makes health of body and promotes happiness of mind.

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Schedule to take effect Monday, May 29, 1903.

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