

**Omelette** Tartarin.

## [By George Cobb, Jr.]

"Here! What do you mean by bringing me this stuff when I asked for an omelette Tartarin?" I inquired of the waiter who served me in the Cafe Napoleon.

For whenever I visited Paris I went to the Napoleon for one of Monsieur Duhamel's famous omelettes.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "Helas, Monsieur, we cannot provide the original omelette Tartarin any more," he said. "Only Monsieur Alphonse, the chef, knew how to make heem, and he is gone to America. He works now in the Hotel St. Charles." This interested me, for the Hotel St.

Charles is round the corner of the downtown New York block in which I live. And I had never known that the omelette Tartarin was to be had there!

The waiter glanced toward the darkeyed Mademoiselle Dubois, at the cash counter.

"You see, Monsieur," he explained, "there was a quarrel between Monsieur Napoleon, the proprietor, and Monsieur Alphonse, the chef, over Mademoiselle Dubois, of the cash counter. Each wanted to marry her. Eh bein! Monsieur Alphonse was rejected, and he went to America. And Monsieur Napoleon-

"Married her?" I asked.

"Mais oui, monsieur. Mademoiselle Dubois is now Madame Napoleon. Only this is a secret, understand, beause it would spoil business if it were known. But helas; One can only obtain the omelette Tartarin in New York now at the Hotel St. Charles."

I spoke to stout little Monsieur Napoleon about the matter. I did not reveal to him my knowlege of the secret. however, though. I saw the pretty cashier look suspiciously'at me.

"Monsieur," said the proprietor, "verily, since Monsieur Alphonse left me my custom has fallen off sadly.



bearded brigand, with a furtive look in WHEN FLIES PLAY POSSUM his eye that I hardly liked. "What's this about my omelette?"

he began truculently. "Monsieur Alphonse," I said, "you are a fake and a fraud. Either you are

not the original Monsieur Alphonse, or else you have lost your mind, or else your skill has deserted you, or else the Great American Hen has been smitten with the craze for turning out an inferior product. Come, out with your confession. What's the matter?" "Sacre, monsieur, do you asperse my omelette?" he began.

"Your omelette is as degenerate as yourself," I answered. "It may deceive the gay millionaires of the Great White Way, but it doesn't go down-I mean this literally-with one who has enjoyed the correct article at the Cafe Napoleon. Now, listen, Alphonse! Monsieur Napoleon wants you to reurn. He is pining for you."

"Ah, mon Dieu, the scoundrel stole my sweetheart," said the chef. "Since then I have vowed never, never to cook the correct omelette Tartarin-" "Alphonse," I answered, "you are a

married man!" "Monsieur!" he gasped. "How do you know?"

"By the furtive look in your eye," I answered "By the come-home-early atmosphere that you are shedding around this former home of bright bachelordom. Come, Alphonse, out with it.'

"Monsieur, I am married three months," he answered. "I adore, 1 worship-"

"Never mind that! How about Mademoiselle Dubois, now Madame Napoleon?"

"Monsier, a passing infatuation, truly. I never cared for her. It was merely that-'

"Then you will take your wife to Paris and restore the Cafe Napoleon to its former splendor," I told him. "Come! They will embrace you. They will double your salary. They will

love you as the long-lost prodigal." "Alas, monsieur, it is impossible," he answered, sadly.

"Alphonse," I said, "there is some mystery about that omelette Tartarin-

"Monsieur, I will confess," he blurted out. "It was not I who made it. It was Mademoiselle Dubois." "What!" I exclaimed.

"Truly, monsieur. And I had to pretend to love her, that she should not betray me and lose me my position. But one day Monsieur Napoleon, who was already jealous, ordered her from the kitchen. Then I saw that discovery was imminent. I fled to America. I can never go back. But tell him the truth, monsieur; tell him that he has married the real creator of the omelette Tartarin. In his delight he will forgive the double deception. And now I must go home, for I was married three months ago and-'

"You may go, Alphonse," I answered sadly. For human nature is very frail, and the thought of the black-eyed

Explaining Why the Campaign for Thei: Extermination Should Begin at Once.

It is not only in the summer that the enemy of the fly should be busy, according to a bulletin issued by the committee on pollution and sewerage of the Merchants' Association of New York, but in the winter as well.

"Kill the winter flies," is the burden of the committee's appeal, and it declares that now is the time to begin next summer's campaign, says the New York Evening Post.

"Most of last season's flies, having completed their life cycle, are dead," the bulletin reads, "but those hatched late have left their eggs in a favorable place for incubation in the early spring, and these eggs will survive the winter unless disposed of. They will hatch out during the winter in an even temperature.

'These winter flies will become the progenitors of next summer's countless billions. At the first approach of cold weather the flies seek warmth and protection in houses and stables. From cellar to garret they hide in nooks and corners. Keep them out. If any succeed in getting in, kill them.

"Don't trust the cold to kill them. Don't assume that they are dead when you find them lying on floors or window sills in unused rooms. They are 'playing possum' and will revive when the temperature rises.

"Clean up the house and give special attention to every out-of-the-way place where flies may lurk. Make sure there is nothing left which may harbor their eggs. One fly that survives the winter will become the parent of hundreds of millions next summer."

# FRAUDS FOLLOW THE WAR

Little Doubt That This Conflict Will Be Productive of the Usuai

The experience of a New York jeweler who was taken in by a brace of swindlers operating as war refugees and a block of tin masquerading as platinum is no doubt but the first of a long line of dupes. The ruined business man, the haughty aristocrat fallen on evil times, the impoverished widow and the demonetized heiress will become numerous as the birds of prey wake up to their opportunities. The impostors will have remnants of stocks of plausible jewelry, laces that look antique to untrained eyes, armor that might have been worn in old chivalric days, but wasn't, pictures with the dust of the Renaissance carefully rubbed into the wet paint and a thousand other priceless treasures of fakery. All will be going at bargain prices not exceeding fifty times their real value, and each object will be rendered more precious by the thrill-

Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the side of a spring of sparkling water. Thousands of thirsty people pass him, quench their thirst at the spring and go on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and know whether the water will quench his thirst or not. He never will know until he tries. But the fact that the other thousands have slaked theirs a tthe spring is evidence enorgh. There are people bearing the burdens of disease, who are offered healing in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has healed hundreds of thousands whose lungs were diseased, whose blood being impure bred Get the Best Meats. disease in other organs nourished by the blood. And yet these people have never yet made the trial of this great remedy. They are not sure it will cure them. It has relieved ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it. It always helps. It almost always cures. When there is constipated habit use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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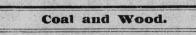
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# Medical. Not the Only One

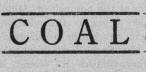
THERE ARE OTHER BELLEFONTE PEOPLE SIMILARLY SITUATED. Can there be any stronger proof offered than the evidence of Belle-fonte residents? After you have read the following, quietly answer the question.

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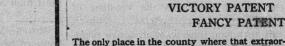
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BELLEFONTE, PA.

Crop of Fakes.

"Sacre! Monsieur, Do You Asperse My Omelette?"

He was the inventor of the famous omelette Tartarin. Kings have eaten at this little restaurant, because the omelette Tartarin is not to be obtained in royal courts. Now, alas, the omelette Tartarin is dead."

Suddenly he caught me by the lapels of my coat, and stood holding me thus, his head a little on one side, and a beseeching expression on his face.

"Monsieur," he said, "will you not be an ambassador of peace for me? Monsieur, you are of New York. You know the Hotel St. Charles, where that scoundrel Alphonse now cooks for a nation of unartists, who can never rise to the appreciation of the omelette Tartarin. When you return, will you not go to the accursed one and beg him to return?"

"And tell him we shall all be good friends again," continued Madame Napoleon, or, rather, Mademoiselle Dubois, as she must still continue to be known.

Well, I accepted the commission. I felt sorry for Monsier Napoleon and the disappointed kings, and I thought that to forego my own chances of tasting the omelette Tartarin at the St. Charles was an act of distinct self-abnegation. The first evening I had to spare after my arrival in New York I went to the St. Charles and ordered an omelette Tartarin.

It was no more the omelette Tartarin of the Cafe Napoleon than the present omelette of the Cafe Napoleon was like the wonderful creations of yesteryear. I could not understand it. "Is not Monsieur Alphonse your

chef?" I inquired of the headwaiter. "Yes, sir," he answered. "Fine chef, too, he's supposed to be. He's got a

gold medal from the late king of Belgium for his omelette Tartarin. Didn't you find it distinguished, sir?" "No!" I shouted. "I've eaten bad

omelettes in most countries of the world, but for sheer unsavoriness I've never tasted one as bad as the one I've had here tonight. Bring your chef to me at once.'

The waiter looked as if he was going to burst into tears, but apparently he thought better of it, and, being impearance. He was a stout, black- Cincinnati Enquirer.

mademoiselle's deception overcame me. However, I brought her to the confession point when I was last in Paris. The Cafe Napoleon has recovered its pristine splendor. The omelette Tartarin secret seems likely to be-

come hereditary. Alphonse cooks excellent planked steaks at the Hotel St. Charles. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

FIRST FLOWERS IN PULPIT

Parson Allen of Northboro, Mass., Led the Way in Braving the Old Prejudice.

Few church-goers who note the floral decorations of the pulpit on Sunday mornings know who it was that first brought flowers into a descendant of the New England church. Of course such a thing could not have been thought of in Puritan days any more than music, or stoves, or any other awe-reducing influence in the old

meeting house. That makes it all the more curious that the custom of pulpit decorations should have originated in Northboro, Mass.

The clergyman, Doctor Allen, although a true preacher of the old flowers. He had a beautiful, old fash- children. ioned garden in front of his house. and one Sunday in 1834 he took a bou-

quet to church and placed it beside the Bible. On seeing it one of the deacons

remarking: "Parson, I'll just take them weeds out of your way." The next Sunday Doctor Allen again placed a bunch of his garden flowers beside the Bible, and this time it re-

mained. Other churches took the matter up and sermons were preached about 1. It was blasphemous, and a wicked,

worldly show, it was declared. But the blossoms were there each Sunday, and are there to this day. It is the custom of this Northboro church to use garden flowers or wild

flowers or leaves when they are in season; but collections are taken up to buy flowers through the seasons

when these cannot be had. Even the churches whose preachers once denounced the custom and condemned the originators of it long ago succumbed to the gentle missionary

influence of the pulpit bouquet .-- New York Sun.

## Conceited.

"Why do you say Binks is conceited?" asked the girl.

"Because he always wants to talk about himself when you are trying pressed by my manner, he summoned, to get a chance to say something the chef, who presently made his ap- about yourself," replied the fellow .--

ing fable that will account for its e cape from the debacle of some Belgian or Polish or Gallic or Galician mart or manor house. Even the swaggering looter will turn up trying to realize on his booty and begging secrecy on the part of his victim. The swindlers will be of all nationalities, with infinite variety of temptation for gulls and ingenious yarns to meet all doubts. People with long purses, short knowledge and artistic aspirations, please take notice.

### Teaching Art to Children.

The Children's Hour held under the auspices of the department of fine arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, was inaugurated for the season of 1914-1915 a short time ago. J. Taylor, illustrator, member of the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, gave a chalk talk on illustrations of interest to children. He was assisted by Norman Kennedy and J. W. Thompson, both of Pittsburgh. Many interesting subjects have been selected for demonstration to the children during the year. There will be exhibitions of modeling, plaster casting, and vase craft, as well as talks, illustrated by lantern slides, on various periods of painting and architecture. The permanent collections and special exhibitions in the department of fine arts school happened also to be a lover of will be utilized for the benefit of the

#### Russian's Great Work.

A. A. Balakshin, a Russian, is at the head of the greatest farmers union in the world, a most remarkwent forward and removed the vase, able organization composed of the Russian peasantry covering a vast stretch of fertile land from the Ural mountains to the confines of Mongolia. The chief industry is butter making, and almost the entire output has found ready market England. M. Balakshin assumed the task of organizing the farmers some years ago, and has succeeded to an extent not dreamed of at the beginning. He is regarded with loving reverence by the 300,000 souls to whose well being he has devoted his life, and by whom he is affectionately spoken of as "the little grandfather."

#### Question.

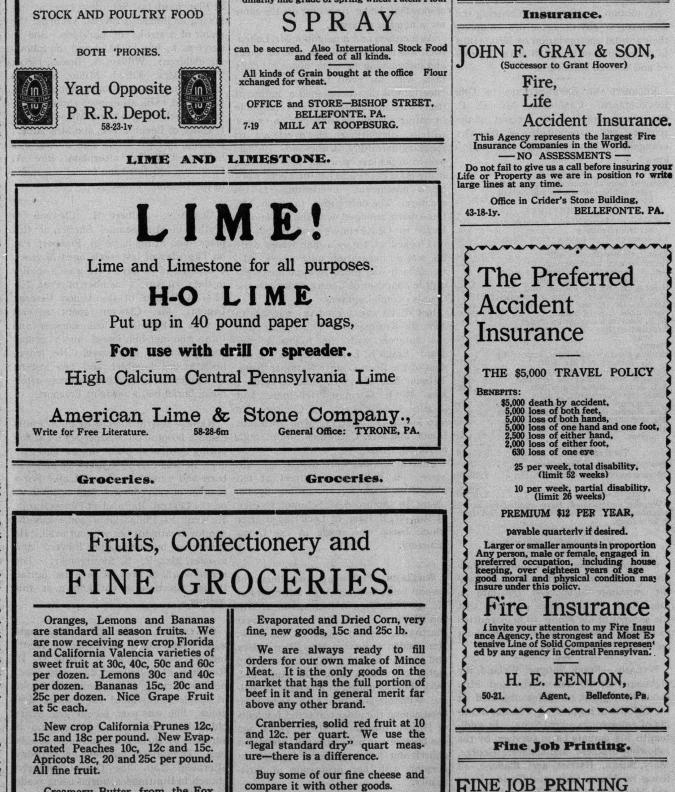
Several of the leading directors of the New Haven railroad retired at the moment when the investigation of the line became most sweeping. Commissioner Whitworth Riggs of the bureau of civics said apropos of

these retirements in Pittsburgh: "It's an occurrence, we are told, that has no significance. These direc-

tors are overworked. They want a rest. Hence they retire. "But I, for my part, studying this

episode, would ask: "'If appearances are deceitful, what

about disappearances?" - Chicago Herald.



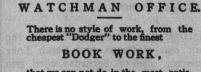
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