

IN HIS TIME DAVE SHAVED 360,000

Now When Tired Rests, No Matter How Many Customers Are Waiting for Him

OLDEST BARBER MAKES COMMENTS

Men's Faces, He Says, Are Losing Strong Masculinity that Formerly Marked Them—Says barbering is not a Trade, is a Profession.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Right opposite the Cuyahoga Falls Hotel is Dave Berkheimer's barber shop, whose proprietor works when he feels like it and at no other time. An evening or so ago, at an hour when business usually gets brisk, he turned the lights low, carried a chair out to the sidewalk, and, seating himself, lighted a pipe and was puffing away contentedly when he had a call. It was Jake Borron, who came in from the farm with a bunch of hair on his face, the crop of a full week. In his buttonhole was a flower and he wore a pale blue necktie, for it was the night he always set apart for his girl:

"Guess I'll try one of your shaves, pop," he remarked, hesitating at the doorstep.

"Not this evening, you won't," observed Dave.

"What's the reason I won't? Ain't this a regular barber shop, and ain't you a regular barber, and ain't you gotta shave anybody that's got the price? And if that's all that's wrong of you, I kin show I've got that all right."

"My boy," said Dave, "I want to work when I want to and not when other people want me to. I'll tell you something. I started in this business when I was thirteen years old. I'm seventy-three now. That makes sixty years at the shop. I'm the oldest barber in the United States. And all this time I've been working, thinking I had to. Well, I've just decided that I don't have to and I ain't going to. Good night."

Has Dave retired?

Not a bit of it. That's merely his declaration of independence. Actually he's working harder than ever.

"But," he says, "I've saved a bit of money, and I'm beholden to no man. And from now on I'm going to work when I get tired, and when I get tired I'm going to lay off if the whole shop's full of people."

"Yes, you bet I've shaved some men in my day. I figure that I've shined on about 6,000 faces and heads a year on an average for sixty years. That makes it run upward 360,000 for my sixty years, don't it?"

"Has the human face undergone any changes? Well, I should say it has. And not for the better, either, it seems to me. You don't see any rugged, strong faces any more, like you used to."

"Men's faces used to be hard and big, and the hair on the top of the head was as thick as it was on the chin and jaws. Men are getting to be more like women. Their faces are big enough sometimes, but they're soft and kind of flabby—that old hardness isn't there any more. The hair's all on the face and not on the head."

"There has been a change in the cheek bones. Most young fellows nowadays seem to have kind of high cheek bones. They don't look no more like their granddads than a cat does like a tiger."

"I've figured that we can blame the hats for the bald heads. Men didn't used to be so careful about covering their heads up with air-tight straw and the like of that in the hot summer. They used to wear hats that let plenty of air in, and that's what their hair needs more'n anything else. Hair'll never come out if you keep it clean and give it plenty of air."

There's no unsteadiness about Dave for all his sixty years at the shop. One of his favorite jokes is to get a man that he can not hold a pin in his hand, arm stretched horizontally, for ten minutes. It sounds easy, but did you ever try it? Few men can do it. Dave can.

Dave smokes a good deal. Also he drinks—two beers a day.

"My own idea about this drink business," he says, "is that the more you say to a man that he mustn't take it, the harder he'll go after it. Now—I was going to say that I'd drink all my life, but never had been drunk—but I was once."

"Let's see—it was after Lincoln's second election—the time he was at Hudson. I went over there with a lot of other fellows to see Lincoln go through. And I recollect we took a bottle along. Yes, I was pretty well corned up that time. I had the bottle when Lincoln came in."

"How're ye, Abe," I yelled, waving both hands, one holding the bottle, too."

"He waved back, laughed and said something, I don't know what, though I've studied over it lots of times. I wish I'd heard it, for I bet you a cookie it was something good. He used to get off some pretty rich things."

"Barbering isn't a trade—it's a profession. I learned my trade in Germany, and I can do surgery. Why, I can bleed a man with the best of doctors. And I know all the diseases of the face and what's good for them. How many barbers do nowadays? But they ought to."

The Mexican National Exposition is to be held in Puebla in the spring of 1910.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Why He Mourned.

O'Flanagan came home one night with a deep band of crepe around his hat.

"Why Mike!" exclaimed his wife, "what are ye wearin' that mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it for your first husband," replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."

One Reason.

"That house that you finished a few weeks ago is the biggest of the lot," said the real estate agent. "Perhaps that's why it's so hard to find a tenant."

"Yes," answered the builder, "it's last but not leased."

THE IRONY OF FATE.



"How is Bogg's new life preserver project progressing?"

"He has been unable to float it."

Potential.

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."

Why He Knew.

"Do you know," said a Sunday school teacher addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart, "I can feel it tick."

All Was Well.

He had lent her his stylographic pen and she commenced to write a letter.

She—Oh, it writes beautifully. I declare I'm in love with this pen.

He—I'm in love with the holder. She saw the point.

Drawing-Room Gossip.

Lady of House—Have you been listening to what we were saying, Anna?

Servant—You do me an injustice, madam. What you were telling I already knew a long time ago.

Infant Terrible.

Nephew (to aunt who has come on a visit)—You have a grip and two packages in each hand, auntie.

Aunt—Isn't that all right?

Nephew—Yes; but papa said you always came empty-handed.

Telling Bad Eggs.

"What's the best way to tell a bad egg?"

"I don't know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently."

Getting Him Classified.

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Biggins?"

"One of the kind who start in by saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off."

Not Political Talk.

She—You never hear of women speaking from the rear platform of a car.

He—Oh, I don't know! I've heard 'em saying things to the conductor, all right!"

YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT.



Mistress—I thought I told you not to let the clock run down.

Maid Servant—I didn't let it run down, Mum, I stopped it.

Everything in the Tobacco Line.

Joker—Do you keep smokeless tobacco?

Clerk—Sure we do.

Joker—What kind is it?

Clerk—Chewing tobacco, of course

TRAFFIC IN SACRED OFFERINGS

One of the World's Coarsest Vocations is that of Dealing in Second-hand Funeral Emblems.

One of the coarsest vocations is traffic in second-hand floral offerings to the memory of the dead, says the New York Press. The men who are engaged in the cold-blooded business drive from cemetery to cemetery and load into the trucks faded and rusty gates ajar, broken columns, lyres, wreaths, hearts and pillows. Hundreds and thousands of them are tossed into the trucks as carelessly and rudely as if they never had been bedewed with tears, embalmed with sighs and hallowed by sacred memories.

The foundation of all elaborate and expensive floral designs for funeral purposes is a wire frame. Enormous sums are spent annually by New Yorkers for such offerings to be placed upon the graves of relatives or friends. In special instances, where the designs are large and heavy, steel rods are used in their construction. Those frames cost good money when the florist buys them and after he has covered them with flowers and trailing vines he increases the price several fold, knowing that in time of grief mankind is not prone to haggle about the cost of flowers. Second-hand frames are infinitely cheaper than new ones. Cleared of the faded flowers and leaves, stripped of the fine wire and string which were used to bind the stems, and then dipped in green paint, the old frames are as good as new ones, and no one knows the difference.

Tip saw a wagon after it had made a tour of cemeteries out in Queens. It was a two-horse truck. From the top of its body standards ran up five or six feet. Within that large space hundreds of second-hand funeral offerings were packed. On top was an especially large frame. On its apex was a white dove, the wings flapping violently to every lurch of the truck as it rattled over the cobblestones.

Curly Hair Means Abstinancy.

The curly-haired man uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Strange," he said, "I have been drawn for juries time and again, but have never served. They always challenge me. I wonder why?"

"Is it your curly hair," said a lawyer. "A curly-headed man kills a jury. He always causes it to disagree."

"It is the Gospel truth," the lawyer persisted. "Curly-heads are as obstinate as mules. They think they know it all. They disagree with everybody."

"It is because," he hastened to add, "their curly hair makes them so good-looking. In childhood they are spoiled by their parents, and in maturity women spoil them, falling in love with them on every side. So they become conceited. They disagree with everybody. Lawyers the world over recognize that as jurymen they would never do."

From Gold to Copper.

There is no clearer example of the mining of the new day than these great copper camps set down in the heart of the old time gold country. Gold mining meant fortunes to the few; the Argonauts came and gathered their millions and left the land almost as wild and unconquered as they found it. Few permanent towns and cities mark their trail. But copper enlists an army in its service; it sets big buildings rocking with the roar of machinery where the gold hunter pitched his tent and builds its railroads where he packed his mule trains. Science steps down from a Pullman now where Romance tramped with blanket roll and rifle and gold pan, and telephone and telegraph wires follow the trails of the express riders.—Out West.

Another Insomnia Cure.

For sleeplessness fill a hot water bottle and place it under the ankles; it works better there than at the soles of the feet. Put a rather small amount of very cold water in another rubber bottle and lay it on the head. The cold water is more comfortable than ice, which seems exciting, rather than soothing.

At first, says a woman who has tried this cure, I would get to sleep in about an hour and wake again as the water heated. The cold water would have to be changed four or five times during the night; then once changing was enough, and now if the brain begins to spin after I lie down for sleep I put on the cold water bottle and am asleep soon for the whole night.—Harper's Bazar.

Characteristics of Dutch Painters.

Perhaps this might be defined as a capacity for honest seeing and for honest doing, and certainly it was in this way that the moral character of the Dutch displayed itself. It was equally a notable distinction of the Dutch painters. As a school, they were unanimous in choosing for their subject life: the life about which they knew most and in which they were most interested—their own. They represented it with straightforwardness and sincerity. Thus, with few exceptions, their motive was simply and sincerely realistic, and at the same time their brushwork was extraordinarily skillful.—Charles H. Caffin's "The Story of Dutch Painting" in St. Nicholas.

Very Touching.

"I saw Mrs. Quiver this morning. She had received notice to select another abode on account of her children, and she was a picture of woe."

"Ah! A moving picture?"

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

MADE WITH CHEESE.

A Number of Good Dishes for Luncheon or Supper.

Cheese and Nut Sandwiches.—Chop pecan, hickory or English walnuts small; mix the nuts into an equal bulk of cream or neufchatel cheese, add a dash of paprika, and use in spreading bread prepared for sandwiches. A heart leaf of lettuce, clipped in French dressing, may be placed between the two pieces of bread.

Cheese Relish.—Cut one-quarter pound of cheese into slices; put into a frying pan, pour over it one large cup of milk into which has been mixed one-half teaspoonful of dry mustard and a pinch of salt; add a piece of butter size of a walnut; stir all the time; have ready some cracker crumbs; sprinkle them into the above mixture; when thoroughly mixed turn into a warm dish and serve. Nice for luncheon.

Cheese Patties.—One pound of cheese, one-half cup butter, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, beaten thoroughly; then add other ingredients. Roll out about as thick as pie crust; cut out and bake in a hot oven as you would bread pudding.

Scalloped Cheese.—Take four slices of bread, remove the crust, and butter each slice, and put in a buttered baking dish in layers, then chop one-quarter pound cheese and sprinkle over it some salt and pepper. Mix four well beaten eggs with three cups of milk, and pour over the bread and cheese. Bake in a hot oven as you would bread pudding.

Cheese Straws.—One cup of flour, two cups grated cheese, one teaspoonful butter, pinch of salt, one scant teaspoonful baking powder; mix with water and roll out like pie crust; cut in strips and bake a light brown. Nice with salad.

Cheese Fondue.—One cup of ground crackers, one cup milk, three-fourths cup cheese, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately light; stir all together and bake in a quick oven; serve immediately.

The "Oblong Woman."

The decision has been arrived at among certain makers of high-class ready-to-wear suits and dresses that "the oblong woman" is to continue, and hipless dress forms will be the feature of future wearing apparel of this class. Among individual makers,



however, practically nothing but the princess dress obtains, but it is so varied that each one seems to be in a class by itself.

Some are so severely simple that they really take the place of the tailored suit. Many are "oblong," but many, too, are fitted to the figure quite to the hip line.

She Learned Something.

The "Talk to Mothers" was over, and the earnest settlement worker was having an informal chat with the members of her audience over a cup of tea.

"I never come here but what I hear something real useful," said the mother of six small Doughertys.

"I'm glad to hear that," said the settlement worker, cordially. "Was there really anything to help you today? I felt so tired, and what I said seemed very stupid."

"Indeed, 'twas fine," Mrs. Dougherty assured her. "And when you spoke about the difference between children and the difference between plants, you said, 'You put your heliotropes and geraniums in the sun to grow, but the fuchsias needs the shade,' says you. And there I've got a lovely fuchsia in a present on my birthday, and I never knew what ailed it to be getting so poor-looking, and 'tis because I've had it right out in the sun! You'll never find me missing one of the 'Talk to Mothers' unless I'm sick in my bed!"—Youth's Companion.

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