

# 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 Cafe Napoleon for one of Monsieur Duhamel's famous omelettes.

"Hellas, Monsieur, we cannot provide the original omelette Tartarin any more," he said. "Only Monsieur Alphonse, the chef, knew how to make them, 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 dark-eyed 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? Monsieur Alphonse was rejected, and he went to America. And Monsieur Napoleon—"

"Married her?" I asked. "Monsieur, monsieur. Mademoiselle Dubois is now Madame Napoleon. Only this is a secret, understand, because it would spoil business if it were known. But alas! 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 knowledge 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."



"Sacré! 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 accused 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 Monsieur Napoleon and the disappointed king, and I thought that to forego my own chances of tasting the omelette Tartarin at the St. Charles was an act of distinct self-denial. 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 yesterday. 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?" "Not!" I shouted. "I've eaten bad omelettes in most countries of the world, but for sheer unsavoryness 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 impressed by my manner, he summoned the chef, who presently made his appearance. He was a stout, black-bearded brigand, with a furtive look in his eye that I hardly liked.

"What's that 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 Hon has been smitten with the crase for turning out an inferior product. Come, out with your confession. What's the matter?" "Sacré, 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 return. 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 bachelorhood. Come, Alphonse, out with it!"

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

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

"Monsieur, 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 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 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 become hereditary. Alphonse cooks excellent planked steaks at the Hotel St. Charles.

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## 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 school happened also to be a lover of flowers. He had a beautiful, old-fashioned garden in front of his house, and one Sunday in 1834 he took a bouquet to church and placed it beside the Bible.

On seeing it one of the deacons went forward and removed the vase, 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 remained.

Other churches took the matter up and sermons were preached about it. 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.

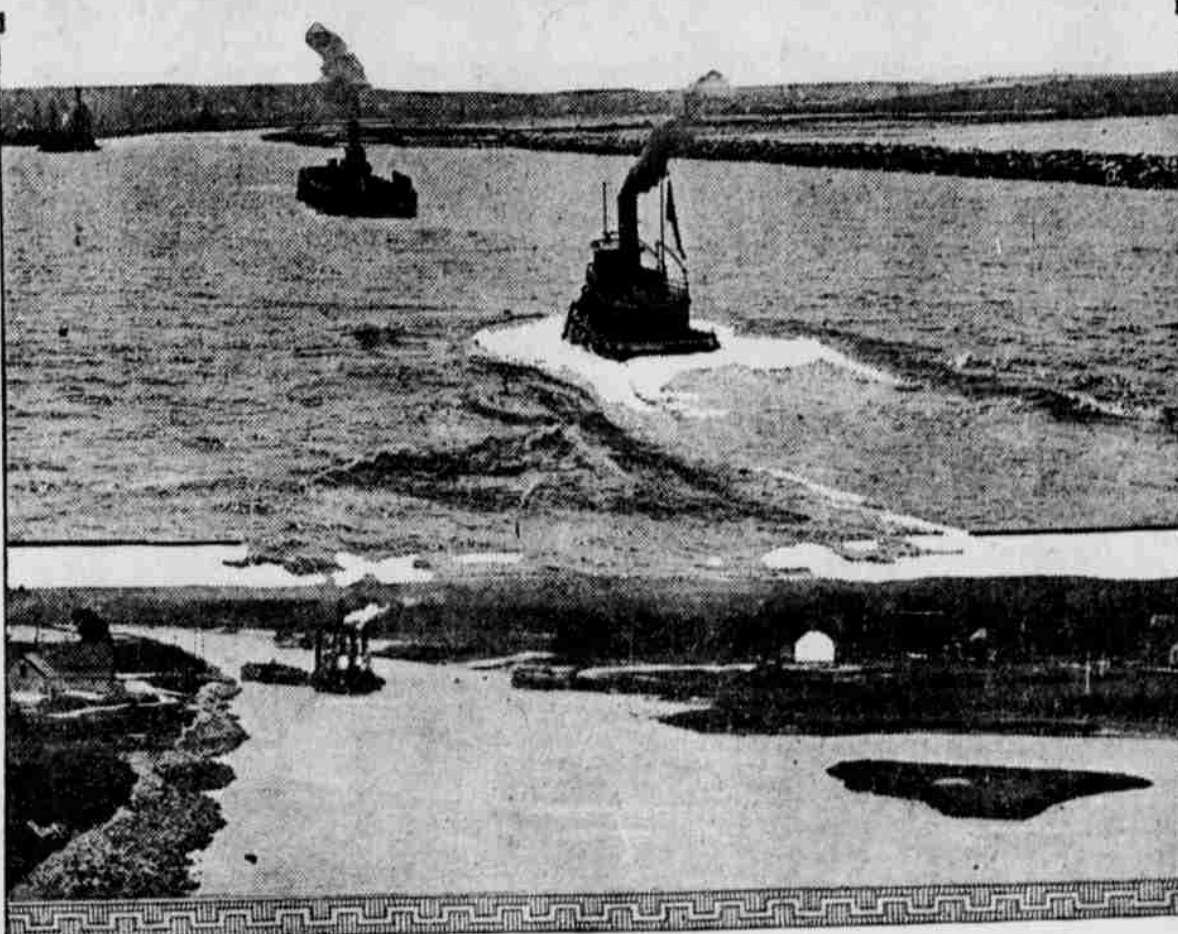
## Facts About the Heart.

The weight of the average person's heart is only 11 ounces, yet so powerful is it that it does enough work every day to lift 120 tons a foot high! Your heart is, in fact, one of the most wonderful power machines for its size in existence. It beats about 70 times a minute, and with every beat drives six ounces of blood through the body. In a year the heart beats 30,000,000 times, and drives over 5,000 tons of blood through the body! Three score years and ten is a man's lifetime, and during that time his heart has moved enough blood to outweigh half a dozen of the biggest ships in the world! Let us look at this in another way. A pint of blood weighs roughly a pound, so that a little over three gallons of blood are forced through the heart every minute, or over one million five hundred thousand gallons a year.

## Ancient Furnace Uncovered.

One of the most interesting discoveries by Egyptologists throws new light on the relative origin of copper and bronze in the Mediterranean countries. At Ortu Comidue, alongside some ancient copper mines of great prehistoric age a foundry has been uncovered with all the furnaces for smelting and molds for casting just as it was abandoned thousands of years ago in the transition periods between the ages of stone and bronze. The methods then obtaining in the Sardinian foundry industry as here demonstrated were most ingenious.

## NEW ENGLAND'S LITTLE PANAMA CANAL



The canal through Cape Cod, which represents an expenditure of \$12,000,000, is now ready for business. The canal will shorten the distance and provide a safer route for 25,000 sea craft which yearly travel between Boston, New York and other Atlantic seaports. The canal is eight miles long and its minimum depth is 25 feet. The upper picture shows the Massachusetts bay approach to the canal, and the lower is a view of the canal at Bourne, Mass.

## ANNUAL SWIMMING RACE OF NATIONAL WOMEN'S LIFESAVING LEAGUE



Miss Marta Hogstedt of Brooklyn (indicated by X) won the long, hard swim from Rockaway to Brighton beach. The twenty-year-old lassie defeated some of the best women swimmers in the country.

## CARRIED OFF A MILLION IN LOOT



Gen. Joaquin Maas and Maria Maas photographed on board the S. S. Espagayne on their departure from Puerto Mexico with the million dollars in gold stolen from the banks at Saltillo.

## NEW TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER LAUNCHED



The torpedo boat destroyer O'Brien was launched recently at the Cramps' shipyard, Camden, N. J. The sponsor of the craft (shown in the insert) was Miss Marcia Bradbury Campbell of Cherryfield, Mo., a great-granddaughter of Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien, for whom the boat is named. Captain O'Brien was the leader in the first naval engagement of the Revolution.

## Virtues of Parisiennes.

Mme. Marcel Tinayre, the author, in a causerie on La Parisienne recently corrected some of the notions prevalent in England and elsewhere regarding French women.

She characterized as an absurd legend the opinion that the Parisienne is fickle and frivolous. Appearances, it was admitted, are often against her, for in a drawing room she sometimes looks like a doll, but in reality she is usually a strictly honest woman and an excellent mother, only

she does not make a parade of her virtues. She is rather inclined to conceal them.

The Parisienne is practical. She knows how to give herself the illusion of luxury on a modest revenue. Her ingenuity is marvelous. She can make the simplest room look refined and attractive. Many Parisiennes make their own clothes and hats and can cook an excellent dinner. They know the shops where they can get the best values for their money and the dates of the bargain sales. She

## SWIMS 15 MILES, SHACKLED



Buster Ellison, the New London youth who has more freak swimming records to his short career than any other long distance swimmer, endeavored recently to chalk up another record by swimming a distance of 33 miles on three tides with his hands and feet shackled. He made his start from pier A, North river, New York, and covered 15 miles, when he was forced to quit because of the strong wind that was blowing against him. He promises to make another attempt when conditions are more auspicious.

## Attractive's the Word.

Patience—This paper says that hollow heels for women's shoes to hold money and jewelry, the opening being inside the shoe, have been patented.

Patrice—Women are always trying something to make their feet more attractive.

Is a born coquette, but her apparent lightness is only a veneer.—London Mail.

## Disastrous Fishing Season.

Not since 1898 has the Newfoundland sealing fleet suffered such a disaster as befell it this spring. When seventy-seven vessels were lost. The crew of the sealing vessel Newfoundland was caught in a blizzard newfoundland on the ice floes three or four miles from the ship. The ship carried a crew of 189 men.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

## NOT ALL BEER ADVOCATES.

(From address by Miss Anna A. Gordon, president of the National W. C. T. U., before the senate judiciary subcommittee, May 1.)

One of the speakers at the hearing on April 25 stated that all Germans are drinkers. We are sorry our German friends do not know that many hundreds of German women in this country are members of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, and in Germany we have a splendid following of thousands of total abstainers, band of together in a national society of abstaining women of Germany affiliated with the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union. The white-ribbons of Germany have for their president the great-granddaughter of the gallant Gen. von Blucher, who led the allied forces with Wellington in the famous battle of Waterloo.

We are surprised that our German friends do not allude to the most conspicuous figure in the fatherland, Emperor Wilhelm, whose good advice to the naval cadets to let alcohol alone has everywhere been noted and commended. Evidently the kaiser believes as we do, that the naval defenders of a great country must be total abstainers if they are to reach the necessary degree of efficiency in service.

The gentleman also asserted that Von Moltke was a drinker. We know that he was a total abstainer. Von Moltke said, "Beer is far more dangerous to Germany than all the armies of France." Our German friends claimed that beer has great food value. Germany's famous chemist and scientist, Liebig, many years ago declared "There is more nourishment in the amount of flour that can be held on the blade of a knife than there is in a quart of the best Bavarian beer."

All Germans do not agree with the speaker that beer should not be classed with alcoholic liquors. "It is just this precious beer," writes Dr. Max Gruber, president of the Royal Institute of Hygiene at Munich, "which lowers the intellectual capacity and willpower of thousands and thousands of people and makes them old before their time, ruins stomach, liver, heart, and brain; brings them into the poorhouse and prison, hospital and asylum, and early puts them under the earth."

## BOGUS ARGUMENT.

From Noah down, men have used and abused intoxicants, but that signifies nothing whatever. From Noah down, men have done all sorts of foul things, and as to some of the things have gradually learned that they were foolish and so eschewed them. George Washington drank rum before breakfast. There is no more reason for sticking to George's rum than for cupping and bleeding patients for every illness. That normal human nature does not need alcohol we know from the millions of men and women who do without it—and female human nature has always been able to subsist without getting drunk. The historical argument is bogus. The moderate drinker need not be considered at all; for if a man is truly a moderate drinker, alcohol is of such slight account to him that its presence or absence can make no difference.—Saturday Evening Post.

## PROSPERITY A-PLenty.

"No place for the calamity howler," says former Lieutenant Governor Newlands, speaking of temperance in North Carolina. "The state is enjoying the greatest prosperity in every line of business it has ever known. If Coxey's army ever crosses its borders it will get no further. Manufacturers and farmers in North Carolina need men to turn out their products and to help harvest their crops. There is no excuse for a single one being idle when every opportunity is presented and inducement held out to laborers, both skilled and unskilled. We are going to have bumper crops in the state this year, and the people are willing to pay good wages for help, because they have the money to do so."

## BRUBACKER'S OBJECTION.

"Jesus made wine." So he did—made it out of water—just water, nothing else. And when our big brewers make their beer out of the same ingredient—and nothing else—they may put my picture and my signature on every bottle. But as long as they put in cedar shavings and cannabina indica blossoms and acetic acid and sulphuric acid they can't use my picture. But my friend says 96 per cent of beer is water. That's true, and if the 96 per cent of water could be drawn off 96 men couldn't make you drink what's left.—Wm. A. Brubacker.

## A GOOD SHOWING.

The census figures for 1910 show that for the whole country the average number of prisoners committed to penal institutions was 552 per 100,000 population. The number committed in prohibition Kansas was 196 per 100,000, while in license Nebraska the number was 455 per 100,000. In the average commitments per 100,000 for every state in the Union, only two other states are lower than Kansas—North Carolina and North Dakota, both prohibition states.

## Was Looking for It, Too.

"I say, my friend," called the motorist to the farmer, as he drew up alongside of the field, "I'm looking for a decent road to take me into Squigglesville." "I'm durned glad to hear it," replied the farmer. "Ef ye happen to find it, stranger, send me a telegram, will ye?"

## Home.

This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division.—Ruskin.

## Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced water thin, hickory smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember. Vienna Sausage—just right for Red Hot, or to serve cold. Try them served like this: Cut one bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crusts. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, lay on bread. Place on top of the same a few thin slices of Libby's Midget Pickles. Cover with other slices of bread, press lightly together.



New railway 232 miles long is to connect Calgary, Alberta, and Cut bank, Mont.

Posted.  
"Is he a credit to his family?"  
"No; a debit."

Pleasant Time Anticipated.  
He—I am not myself tonight.  
She—How delightful! We should have a pleasant evening.

Father's Feelings.  
"What did father say, Algy, when you asked him for my hand?"  
"Oh, he said 'Yes.'"  
"Anything more?"  
"Er—yes; 'Good Lord!' I believe."

Important to Mothers.  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Menace to the Nation.  
Of the 75,000 deaths from cancer in the United States in 1913, about thirty thousand were deaths from cancer of the stomach and liver, 12,000 from cancer of the uterus and other organs of generation, 7,500 from cancer of the breast, and about 25,500 from cancer of other organs and parts.

Breaking It Gently.  
Said the little boy, who stood at the door of the spinster, "would you kindly let me get my arrow, madam? It has fallen in your garden."  
"Certainly, my little man. But do you know exactly where it fell?"  
"Yes—in the side of your cat."

For Tired Nerves.  
Plenty of sleep and plenty of fresh air will do all the necessary doctoring for the tired nerves. Old Mother Nature is very kind to her children at least they fly in her face. For discipline to her she metes out severe punishment, but to her obedient daughters she is the best of nurses. And sleep and oxygen will freshen up and rejuvenate the tired body.

Tuberculosis Legislation.  
Legislation dealing with tuberculosis has been enacted in 48 states and territories of the United States, according to a comprehensive bulletin on this subject published by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Only in the states of Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming and Alaska has the subject been given no legislative consideration.

A Chicagoan, No Doubt.  
"Tickets," said the collector as he opened the door of the car in which sat a man who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The man handed over the pastebare, which was duly inspected. Then, looking around, the collector said: "Is there another gentleman in the car?"

"No."  
"Is that other portmanteau yours, then, too?"  
"Other portmanteau?"  
"Yes; on the floor there by the other."

"Those," said the traveler with dignity, "are my feet."

## Delays Sometimes Expensive

Business or social engagement—just a few minutes for lunch—can't wait for service. What can be had quickly?

Order

## Post Toasties

with fresh berries or fruit and cream. They will be served immediately, they are nourishing and tasty mightily good, too.

Sold by Grocers everywhere!