

The Racket Drug — Store at Beeno

Old Dr. Poppitz never had an assistant till about six months before he died. Then Harold Urdike, one of the "town boys," came back from the city a graduated, full-fledged pharmacist and Dr. Poppitz employed him in the drug store. "The Racket Drug Store, Beeno," that was the sign over the door, but on a little tin sign near the side entrance was the legend, "Herr Poppitz, Apotheke." The advent of Harold Urdike lent new glory to the drug store. He wore a pink shirt and silk garters to hold up his trousers. He parted his hair in the middle, and kept it drooping, mane-like, over his eyes. He was the envy of all young men in town, because he ruled the soda fountain, and every girl in town called him "Hal" and quit buying stamps at the postoffice. Meanwhile Dr. Poppitz, who, by the way, wasn't a doctor at all, was disabled almost entirely by accelerated diabetes, and Harold came pretty near "running things" in the store.

"Would you like a cooling beverage, Miss Sue?" asked Harold one evening, when pretty Miss Clayton, who had got into long dresses within the year, had bought a box of note paper and some stamps. "With me, you know. My treat."

And while she was nibbling daintily at it he eyed her admiringly and stammered: "Two years have made quite a change in you, Susie."

"They've changed you, too, Hal. We're all glad to see you back—there aren't enough boys 'round, you see, and you know Dan Atterbury—"

"Oh, that's so. I forgot about Dan! Where is he?"

"He hasn't come back from the army yet," she said, getting deeper into the confection, but blushing, too, "I—that is, we, have been expecting him. He said he'd be here soon, and I'm hoping—"

"Aha, Miss Susie," simpered Urdike, "so he's been writing to you, eh? He always was a little sweet—"

"He was schoolmate with us, with you too," she said frowning, with quite a serious attempt at severity, "and I think you ought to be glad to see him too, Hal. He's been wounded and sick, and suffered ever so many things over there."

But Urdike didn't care whether his old schoolmate ever came back, for he had some plans of his own with regard to Susie.

But Dan came back just the same, and the girls made quite a hero of him—for a few days. He had some presents too, principally for Susie. He brought a great carton of cigars for old Dr. Poppitz, and they lay open on the little table by his bed the night the good old apothecary died.

After the funeral was over and the good old doctor was forgotten Harold began to cut quite a figure in Beeno circles. The store owed money to the Hot Springs wholesaler, and Hal was acting manager for its creditor. Meanwhile he was paying the most ardent court to Miss Susie. She might have bathed in costly perfumes and feasted interminably on bonbons and ice cream soda without infringing an inch upon Urdike's grandiose hospitality. He sent her presents of every kind of note paper, fancy toilet articles, soaps, novelties, combs, brushes and the rest of drug store fancy goods.

Dan Atterbury's star, on the contrary, was on the descent. He had put aside his weather-stained campaign suit and was loafing. A soldier out of his regimentals and out of a job is not usually a heroic spectacle. Some of the good people of Beeno began to hint that "soldierin' allus did make fellers no 'count," and Atterbury was commencing to be aware of his questionable position in the community, when at her gate one night Susie, fixing a poppy in his buttonhole, said:

"Danny, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet, Sue," he hesitated; "I've got over two hundred saved up, I told you, and if I sell that loot I brought home I'd have a pretty good stake—perhaps eight hundred or a thousand. We could get married on less than that, Susie."

"No, we couldn't, Dan. Not unless you had a position, or some business or something ahead. It doesn't take long to spend a thousand dollars, Dan."

"Well, what would you do?" he asked, boylike, "I'm willing to do anything. Would you go to the city and study law, or medicine, or—"

"Pharmacy?" she laughed, helping him out, "no Dan, don't study pharmacy if it's going to make you like Hal. He's—"

"I don't think you ought to backbite him, Sue. You ought to send back his presents or at least tell him to stop."

"Oh, I don't know. He gives them to all the girls the same as to me."

"I know, Sue. But he's beginning to talk like he owned you. I don't like it."

And Urdike wondered that Susie quit buying trifles at the store and he became quite enraged when she asked him, kindly, to send her no more gifts.

"The drug store is for sale, Sue," Dan was saying one night a few

weeks later. "I heard the man from the city telling Hal to look out for a purchaser. Seems it hasn't been making money, or they don't want to be bothered with it. Too bad, isn't it. Hal will lose his job."

"Why don't you buy it, Danny?" It was a bold idea and they looked at each other silently in the moonlight. But he went to Hot Springs next day with all his money and a little that she had been saving since she could remember, and he bought the Racket drug store. But when he came back to Susie with his bill of sale and the list of notes that he had agreed to pay, he was worried.

"What'll I do with Hal, Sue?" "Let him run it for you. You can go to the city and study pharmacy on the profits. I'm sure he won't mind working for you, Dan."

It was quite a blow to Mr. Urdike, but he swallowed his chagrin and the matter was fixed. Dan went to the city and in a year, when he came back with his diploma, Hal greeted him with a stern smile and said:

"The jig is up, Dan. They're going to sell us out."

And so it was. Susie wept and Dan grieved, but neither of them knew what to say when Harold Urdike bought the place. Where did he get the money? His father, who kept the dairy was poor. Susie supposed it was all right, but why had he been so quiet, so sneaking about it.

"I'm going to ask him for a job," said Dan, sullenly, "I gave him one and he ought to do as well by me."

And Harold's small soul swelled with pride when he saw Dan behind the counter pounding away with a pestle, or slobbering among the sirups. His eyes gloated over the new sign "Harold Urdike, Pharmacist," which gleamed above the entrance. He bought a "stepper" and got "sporty." Sometimes he even cursed his clerk. He borrowed money from Tom Kelly, who kept the saloon, and the business went on.

For a while it seemed that the place was a small mint, but at last the salesmen quit coming. Duns became frequent, the bank grew "grouchy" and, finally, a small, fat man in a brown suit, came up again from Hot Springs, "to take charge."

"I don't see how it failed," growled Hal, as he and Dan sat in the disordered store at midnight after the inventory was made and the dreary work was done.

"I don't see how it failed when I owned it," said Dan.

They were quite silent for a minute.

"What are you going to do, Urdike?"

"What are you going to do?" "Oh, I'm going to buy the store back again," said Dan, laughing.

"You? Where did you get the money?"

"Susie's dad, Hal," answered Atterbury, "we're going to be married."

There was a tap at the window and a merry voice called, "Are you there yet, Danny." But Urdike laid his hand on Dan's arm as he started for the door and said, "Will you give me back my old job, Dan?"

"N—no, Urdike. Not this time. I think I'll run it myself."

And afterward, as he walked home with Susie and her father, he said, "Well, my conscience is easy, anyway. Turn about is fair play."

A KING OF MILLIONAIRES

HEIR TO THE ENORMOUS SUM OF \$350,000,000.

Sketch of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior—Proper Living Young Man.

"Launched upon his business career with the most colossal fortune the world has ever known at his back, and working as hard as a clerk on a salary of fifteen dollars a week," is the description given by an acquaintance of the youthful heir to a fortune compared with which the fabled wealth of Croesus was little more than poverty.

Just as there is an unending fascination in men who have amassed millions by their brains and industry, there must be a peculiar interest in the sons to whom these stupendous fortunes come, and especially in the heir to the almost incalculable fortune which Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, the king of millionaires, has accumulated. Happy is the father whose fortune can fall into such careful hands as those of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, junior, who will inherit so much wealth that he could throw away a twenty-five dollar note every minute of his life out of income alone, and still retain sufficient to live like a king and save a million a year.

The responsibility of such enormous riches is so great that it is difficult to avoid curiosity as to the character of the man who will inherit it.

"You may search the United States through," the late Mr. Blair, himself a man of many millions, once said, "and you won't find a more modest, unaffected boy than Johnny Rockefeller," and those who know him will agree that this verdict is not exaggerated. It is, indeed, difficult to imagine that the shy, unassuming, quietly-dressed young man of six-and-twenty, with the short, athletic figure, the clear blue eyes, and frank, healthy face, will some day be owner of at least \$350,000,000—in fact, of a fortune so large that it is said his father does not know its value within a FEW MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

That young Mr. Rockefeller is the

simple, frank, manly young fellow he is largely due to the conscientious care his parents have exercised in training him. He has literally grown up under his father's eye, and no child could have a better model than the great American millionaire, whose zeal for all good works is his most marked characteristic, and whose chief delight has been in the class which he for so many years has taught in the Sunday School of the Eighth Avenue Baptist Church of New York.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, junior, was educated at the Brown University, to which his father wisely sent him instead of to the more fashionable Yale or Harvard, where the temptation to idleness and dissipation might have been so much greater. Here he won golden opinions from his fellow-students as a manly, unaffected youth, who could more than hold his own in every branch of sport from football to swimming; and from his masters by his quiet, studious habits, which enabled him to take an excellent degree.

From the University he went straight to a stool in his father's office, where for some years he performed the work and received the pay of a junior clerk on exactly the same footing as to discipline and attendance. Here he rapidly developed the business aptitude which he has inherited from his father; and in this connection it may be interesting to record a very early lesson he learnt in thrift and the value of money.

WHEN HE WAS A SMALL BOY, under a private tutor, his father once offered him a penny for every board he and a young friend would nail up in the fences on his estate at Forest Park, near Cleveland, Ohio. The money earned in this way the boy insisted on placing in his father's hands for investment, with the result that the few dollars of a dozen years ago are represented now by several hundreds of dollars.

When his business apprenticeship was completed his father appointed him a director of one of the many railways which he controls; and today he may be regarded as a fully-fledged partner of the king of millionaires.

He still, however, remains as unspoiled as when he was earning pennies by nailing boards in the Forest Park fences, and his daily life runs on the same simple lines as that of his father. He rises early every morning, and almost invariably has a canter in the park before breakfast. After breakfast he repairs to his desk on the fourteenth floor of the palatial Standard Oil Company's offices, where he is usually the first to arrive and the last to leave; returning to his father's house in West Fifty-Fourth street to dine and spend the evening.

Like his father he shuns society, and prefers a quiet evening at home to all the attractions of dances and theatres; and, also, following his father's example, he neither smokes nor drinks. He has, however, many hobbies which keep him fully and healthily occupied. He is passionately fond of music, and spends many hours playing the violin with his father; he is an expert swimmer and skater, and is a doughty player on the football field, while many of his happiest hours are spent on horseback.

He spends most of his limited allowance on books, of which he is a keen lover and student; but perhaps his most engrossing hobby is the Sunday School, in which, like his parents, he is a teacher, and the week-day class of young men, numbering about two hundred, to whom he is teaching the same doctrine of a healthy body and a pure mind which he so well exemplifies in his own life.

EXTERNAL USE OF OLIVE OIL.

One of the most wholesome and nutritious articles of diet is olive oil, and it is as beneficial for external as for internal use. It was the custom of the ancients, who were most luxurious in their bathing habits, to anoint the body with vegetable oils after the bath. Athletes and gladiators also anointed their bodies with oils. Roman athletes were in the habit of using the freshly expressed oil of the olive to give agility and suppleness to their limbs. Some of the greatest beauties of whom history tells have also been prone to the use of oil. Mme. Recamier was in the habit of partaking freely of olive oil with her food and using it also after the bath. Her beautiful skin and clear complexion were doubtless due to this rather than to powders or paints. Tradition says that both Cleopatra and Zenobia partook freely of olive oil and used oils after the bath. In the countries where the olive flourishes, such as Italy, medical practitioners use the oil very freely for a host of ailments. It is maintained in the Levantine countries that the external use of oil prevents rheumatism, gout and other kindred maladies which are aggravated by external chills, and that the internal use of the oil removes the toxic condition of the blood which leads to the generation of these maladies.

ROYALTY'S UNLUCKY DAY.

Saturday is considered an unlucky day for the British Royal Family. William III., Queen Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort, and Princess Alice died on Saturdays.

SHE LIKES HER CHILDREN

AND THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA DOESN'T SMOKE.

Hence the High Court Circles and Aristocrats Are Shocked.

Russian society of the highest type is not a little piqued over two inherently obstinate traits of character which the charming Czarina has been giving full sweep both in and out of the imperial palace. She has been frequently charged with cherishing a certain number of decidedly English ideas which were not strictly in accord with Russian precedent, and at least two of these have brought her into sharp disfavor among many of the stiff, unapproachable boyars.

In the first place, the Czarina has been courageous enough to admit that she is inordinately fond of her children, a confession that has created no mild stir among the female members of the royal set. This fact of itself was sufficient to incite adverse comment from the unbending women of Russian nobility, and when the Czarina supplemented her stand with reference to the nursery with another even more obnoxious her disfavor increased at a surprisingly rapid rate. The fact is the empress is doubly unpopular because she has put her royal foot down with unswerving emphasis and has declared positively that she will not smoke.

There is not a single qualifying clause in the Czarina's declaration on the use of tobacco. She has set herself up in absolute defiance of a custom that has long prevailed in Russia, and not only refuses to smoke herself, but does not countenance smoking by women in the imperial palace. The Czarina's ideas on the question of tobacco smoking are so decidedly positive that they can be well understood without lengthy consideration. She has been so outspoken and so bitter against the custom prevailing among Russian women that she has even incurred the ill will of a member of her own family.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS

scarcely deigns to speak to the Czarina, and it is generally conceded that the tobacco question has estranged them. Still, this has not altered the opinion of the Czarina in the least, and the edict that women callers at the palace are not to smoke continues to hold good.

The Dowager Empress is an inveterate smoker in her own apartments, and the Czarina has not been rash enough to attempt her reformation. But she has, on the other hand, let it be well understood that she will not countenance the use of the weed in her presence, and this has been sufficient cause for the Dowager Empress to make known her exceptions. A few of the younger women have taken issue with the Czarina on the question, and have resolutely decided that they will "swear off."

It has not been enough for the Czarina simply to declare that she is extremely fond of her children. If she had stopped with the mere declaration it is doubtful if the peers and peeresses of Russia would have given voice to their disapproval. But she has persisted in putting her nursery charges ahead of the most pompous affairs of court and society and in this way has brought herself into considerable disfavor. The Czarina insists in a good motherly way that her first duty is to her children, and with this in view she gives them every possible moment of her time. There is not a detail of their education that escapes her active mind, and she devotes considerable of her time to the study of questions of hygiene and other natural details which enter into the raising of a happy, healthy family of children.

The extreme simplicity of the Czarina's costumes is another cause for offense. On this point she has allowed herself to be treated with and has yielded somewhat to the arguments of the Czar, who entertains more respect for court prejudices. As a result of the Czar's entreaties the Czarina has modified her favorite costume of white or black velvet, modestly décolleté

WITHOUT JEWELRY.

Had she persisted in adhering to this rigid plainness the court ladies would have had no further use for their jewel caskets, and this would have been a particularly sad blow to those accustomed to almost barbaric display.

It is evident that the Russian court that the democratic tendencies of both the Czar and Czarina have given offense to a great many who have been accustomed to living in adherence to the most strictly drawn and conscientiously observed rules of caste. The young Czar and his consort appear to be playing tag with custom, and are showing marked attention to the men of yesterday. They seem to favor a gradual demolition of caste barriers, and the imperial leaven is beginning to work in lower social strata. Court barriers are more rigid in Russia than elsewhere in Europe, but the Czar has no love for this relic of orientalism, nor does he care for pomp like his cousin of Germany. He works hard at humanitarian schemes which he can never realize, and passes his time as much as possible with his wife and children.

It is evident that the young empress, though she is something of a reformer, will not succeed in removing the Muscovite flavor from court

etiquette. Besides, the rigorous laws of caste extend far beyond court circles. The Russian social world is divided into no less than fourteen sharply distinguished classes, of which the Czar, his wife, and children form the first, and his brothers, sisters and uncles the second. At the theatre the first tier of boxes is occupied by the highest nobles and the great dignitaries of the court. It is not reserved for them by law, but no inferior member of the nobility would ever dream of intruding.

THE WIRE MATTRESS.

Under Control It is a Good Thing, But Otherwise—

Bronson had never taken a wire mattress to pieces, but he always thought he could. The mattress was too big to go up the stairway of the new house, except on the instalment plan, and it had to go up there, the thing being so ordered by Mrs. Bronson. Bronson examined the mattress and found that it was composed of four modified scantlings framed together by bolts and kept firm by the wire web. He diagnosed the case as one requiring a monkey-wrench, and after he had searched half or three quarters of an hour he found the wrench. He noticed that the nuts on the bolts turned hard, but said that they were rusty, and a little patience would conquer.

When the nuts finally came off the two end frames flew together like long-lost sisters and snout Bronson up in the folds of the web like a salmon in a gillnet. He got out after awhile, and when he had expressed himself succinctly carried the mattress upstairs where he set about putting it together again. To his great surprise he found that the web had shrunk about four sizes and that the frames refused to resume their former positions. He tugged and hauled for awhile, but the sticks had an irritating habit of wrenching themselves out of his grasp and joining forces, and he always happened to be in the trajectory of one of them.

At last he nailed two of the scantlings to the floor and began drawing the other two into their places. Mrs. Bronson here entered the struggle, but still further reinforcements were required, and the children came. The family lined up along one stick and pulled till Bronson strained his wrist, and let go. Then the web got in its work, and two children were thrown violently to the ceiling, while Mrs. Bronson, caught by the escaping frame, was knocked breathless.

Bronson said a few things, gathered up the children and renewed the attempt. But the esprit de corps was gone from the community efforts, and after a few further trials, in which the list of injured was like that of an excursion train accident, Bronson summoned a neighbor. The two men toiled all the afternoon then the neighbor let go of the scantling web at the wrong time. It was Bronson's jaw that suffered. Bronson thought he did it purposely, and the two fought earnestly and convincingly for half an hour, at the end of which time the neighbor's wife came and called him to supper.

"My dear," said Bronson, that evening, when the doctor left the house, "I think if the second-hand man will give you 25 cents for that mattress you had better take it. I always despised that second-hand man, and this will be a glorious opportunity to show my ill will toward him."

CAMERAS IN WAR TIME.

To France probably belongs the credit of using the camera for war purposes in a most satisfactory manner at a time when it was of the utmost importance. When Paris was besieged communication with the outside world was had only by means of balloons and carrier pigeons. The despatches sent by the carrier pigeons were photographed on small films, which could be attached to the feathers of the birds, and in this way a single bird could carry thousands of words. Likewise the aeronauts who hovered over Paris used the camera for photographing the different positions of the Prussians. These photographs were the first ever taken of an invading army from a balloon. Profiting by this experience, the French army and navy have increased their carrier-pigeon and balloon service. Several hundred officers in the French army are expert photographers and every engineering corps carries with it complete photographic

ADEQUATE PROVOCATION.

An old Scotswoman had imbibed so much of the doctrine that music in church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused to subscribe to the general sentiment in favor of choir singing, etc. She scowled one day in her own church when the congregation took up an anthem that was scored rather elaborately, and complained to her pew neighbor of the foothold the devil was getting even in the service of God, says the Philadelphia Times.

"But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!"

"Weel! weel!" commented the old woman. "I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw a javelin at David when the lad sang for him!"

There are 5,416 different parts in a modern locomotive.