

## THINGS DONE FOR A CENT

**BUSINESS GOOD WITH THE PENNY-  
IN-THE-SLOT MACHINES.**

You Can be Weighed, or Have Your Fortune Told, or get Chewing Gum, or Try Your Strength for a Cent—Photographs for a Dime—Slot Machines Not Novel.

Penny-in-the-slot machines are doing a booming business. They always do at this season. They thrive and grow rich with the warm days, just like the summer resort man, and, as in this case, the hotter the weather the better the business. It is astonishing how many things these automatic machines belch forth immediately the direction, "Drop a penny in the slot," has been complied with.

Two young persons, who are going to see just how much fun they can have, and how cool and comfortable they can keep by staying in the city this summer, had what they called a penny-in-the-slot day recently. They first walked from Thirtieth street to Eighteenth street along Sixth avenue, trying every slot machine on the way, and the machines are numerous in the Tenderloin. Both were jolly girls, with big brown eyes, dark complexion, and muscular hands which looked as if they were capable of earning the pennies that they threw it to the slots so recklessly. At Eighteenth street the one with the pink shirt waist said:

"Let's get on the L and go to South Ferry. Jack was telling me last night that there were loads of machines there—very interesting ones. Why, he missed three boats on account of them the other night on his way to a club dinner at Bay Ridge, Jack says they are splendid."

"I suppose talking about these wonderful machines was what kept John saying good-by to you for such an age last night. He started to say good-by at a quarter of 11, and it was twenty after midnight when I heard him going lickety-split down those miserable uncarpeted apartment house stairs," said the girl in the yellow shirt waist.

"I never could take interest enough in anybody to keep tab on him; and he was talking about these machines the last hour he was there, as true as I live. You'll believe me when you see how many there are in the various ferry houses, confectionery and drug stores, and railroad stations, and, as for Coney Island, why, there are as many different slot machines to be found as brands of beer, and that's all one can say. Will you go?"

"Cert," came from the pretty lips of Miss Yellow-waist, and they mounted the steps and reached for a train bound for South Ferry.

"I told you so," said the one in the yellow shirt waist. "Jack was right. Just look at the machines. We ought to get loads of articles and experience many sensations for a few cents this afternoon. Which shall we try first?"

The Weighing machine, suggested Pink-waist. "I want to see if I really am getting fatter. I do wish my neck and arms would fill out a little."

"Oh, I say, let's try the wheel of fortune first," contended Yellow-waist. "I'm half crazy to try that."

Nearly all penny-in-the-slot machines look alike and work alike. The only difference is in the face and the product. One wheel of fortune has a queer looking wooden donkey in the centre of the face. The animal has on glasses, looks wiser than donkeys generally look, and sits bolt upright on its hind legs with great dignity. At the right of the animal is a space cut out about the size of a small-sized playing card. As soon as a cent is deposited in the slot the donkey solemnly raises one of its fore-legs and points to the open space. Simultaneously a card containing the depositor's fortune appears in the space. The machine which the two girls tackled first was like the one described in every point, except that a queer, uncanny-looking old woman presided over the fortunes.

After the little feminine ceremony of "You go first," "No, you go first," "Oh, don't be foolish, go on," the girl in the yellow waist dropped her penny in the slot. Her hand had trembled perceptibly as she let it go. The student of human nature who is always at large, could see that it really was a serious business with her, this particular machine was. The old woman's hand flew up and the fortune hove into full view of quite a little crowd of curious spectators who always collect when any one tries a slot machine.

"You'll lose your lover through a blonde woman," the little green card warned her.

"A blonde woman," repeated yellow waist thoughtfully. "Yes I know what it is. Now you try yours," she said, recovering herself suddenly.

"You have an enemy—a dark man. Beware!" was what her companion got.

"Humph, can't scare me," she said with a laugh when she had read it.

"A blonde woman," repeated Yellow-waist with a far-away look, and a stout woman who had been watching, with a child hanging to each arm and two to her skirt, said:

"Never mind, miss. It's a fake. I've tried it no less than forty times and it allers gloomy. 'Your husband will die before morning,' 'A letter will bring you bad news!' 'Enemies are seeking your ruin,' 'A sad fate will overtake you,' are some of the most precious fortunes I've got. Why,

I've spent \$2 on that one machine this summer."

"Is that so?" said Yellow-waist, apparently consoled.

"Here's one that gives an electric shock," called out the other girl from the other end of the ferry house. "Come, you need one to brace you up. I've taken one and it's fine. Put your penny in and grasp these handles. Quite a strong current, isn't it?"

"Yes, I feel better. Let's try this lifting machine. It's a cent, too. See how much you can lift. How much?"

"Eighty pounds answered Pink-waist.

"Can you beat that?"

"No, I didn't quite make eighty. Let's get weighed. I weigh more than you. I tip the beam at 120," she said, dropping in her cent.

"At one seven," gave out the other, yielding up hers. Then she added: "I don't like this machine. It doesn't give out anything, simply points to your weight. I'd rather put in a five-cent piece and get a card with my weight printed on it, and bear a little tune played. I think that's a better investment, don't you?"

"I don't know," replied Yellow-waist, making hastily for another machine. "I'll treat you," she said to her chum. "What will you have—chocolate or chewing gum?"

"Chocolate."

"Well, I'll try the chewing gum," decided Yellow-waist, and she did, and chewed it vigorously the rest of the afternoon.

"There's only one more machine here for us to try," she said regretfully, "and that's the cologne machine."

"What can you get? A bottle of cologne for a cent?" asked Pink-waist in surprise.

"Oh, no! Here it is. I'll show you what you do get. Here goes my cent. See. I get a squirt of cologne on the front of my pretty new waist. How do you like the odor?"

"Whew!" was the reply, accompanied by a grimace that expressed more than all the words in the English language could possibly have done. "Do you know what that smells like? Stump water. Don't you know how rain water smells after it has stood in a rotten stump for several days? You don't? Well, the spray of cologne that these machines treat one to is just as out as sweet and lasting, if this is a specimen. I'm sorry there are no more machines here. I told you it would take two afternoons to do them all. There are lots more. 'Drop a penny in the slot and get a cigarette,' catches many a man and boy. It takes five cents, however, to get a cigar, and I've been told by men who have tried them that the machines made an enormous profit on these smokes. Then, there is the punching-bag machine. That is a one-center, too, and it's fun to try how hard one can hit."

"I know of lots of others," interrupted Pink-waist. "There is a dice-throwing machine and also a jack-pot machine. The former is one cent a throw, while it costs five to get a chance at a jack pot. I know a boy who got \$38 from one not long ago, but when I invested with a view to depositing a few five cent pieces in the slot myself I found that he had spent \$41.75. It's an interesting, or I should say, fascinating, machine inasmuch as it is a gambling machine pure and simple, and every human being likes to get something for nothing. These gambling machines are not so much in evidence as they were several years ago when the craze for slot machines was at its height. One reason for the waning of their popularity was that many States passed a law prohibiting them. Nearly all of the gambling machines have music boxes in them, and that reminds me of the phonograph machine. Drop in a cent, put a tube to your ear, and you hear the coo-coo-coo-coo or some other such classical piece reproduced in great style. Of course the latest craze is to drop a dime in the slot and get your picture taken. What, you haven't tried that one? Well, we must by all means. The photograph you get will take any little vanity that you may have out of you. I never understood the expression 'pie face' until I saw some of the likenesses that these machines produce. The only consolation is that it doesn't say 'Look pleasant, row.' The test slot machine I ever heard of is an English invention. It is a gas machine and is much used in tenement houses. An inmate has one in his room, drops in an English penny and has gas light for one hour in his room. However, I saw the model of an electric slot machine here the other day that promises to outdo it. It is designed for parlor and sleeping cars. You drop in five cents and have a first class electric light to read by for a certain length of time, and it is said that the machines will also be used in cabs."

"People have an idea that automatic machines are something new," continued the little woman who turned out to be quite an authority on the subject. "The principle is as old as holy water. In fact the first slot machine ever brought to light—so far as any one knows—was used to dispense holy water. There was a kind of vase in ancient Rome into which the religiously inclined dropped a coin; the coin struck a lever and forced out holy water. Several similar machines were found in the ruins of Pompeii. The weighing machine as we know it was invented by Percival Everett, an Englishman, in 1884, and was introduced into this country in 1886. The patent was bought by a company which now has three-quarters of a million dollars invested. The Secretary of the company says that most people have an idea that a slot machine is a gold mine, and that they are very much mistaken. This company does not sell its machines, but has over ten thousand placed in three thousand towns throughout this country. All are operated from the central

office here and returns are sent in from each machine every month. After the man who sets up the machine receives his commission and the machine is kept in order it pays the company a very fair dividend, but you must remember," he emphasized, "the weighing machine gives nothing and takes everything."

"Other slot machines, as a rule, give out something, and they are furnished by companies who wish to increase their sales. For example, a chewing gum man manufactures a lot of machines and allows such persons to have them as will buy chewing gum from him with which to supply the machines. If the dealer quits buying chewing gum from him he must return the machine. I asked the Secretary if the weighing machines were accurate, for I've tried as many as seven in one day, and never weighed the same on any two. He was ready for the emergency, for he said:

"Yes, they are as accurate as any scales. It's astonishing how a person's weight varies even without a change in one's apparel. Sometimes you will weigh three or four pounds more or less from one day to another. We must try 'em all before we stop."

"You talk like an advertising pamphlet," said the other young woman. "But we must try them all, for it's fun. See what I have: a chocolate cream, a block of chocolate, a piece of chewing gum, a cigarette, a squirt of cologne, and I've been weighed and experienced an electric shock all for seven cents, and had my fortune told for another penny."—N. Y. Sun.

### PIERRE AND JEANNE.

A Story of Devoted Friendship Between a Cat and a Bird.

Some time ago, in a quiet little corner way down on Rue Royale, I chanced upon a queer little Creole creature, whom the neighbors call "Mam'zelle." If there was ever any name attached, it must have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little bake shop where Mam'zelle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, as I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'zelle's cosy shop a very comfortable resting place after a morning's tramp in quest of news. In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'zelle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne, were about the same age. Mam'zelle told me in her pretty patois how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidence of their kindly relationship. In a quiet corner of the little shop I have seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together, from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would be dezing in the sunshine, the bird would hop about him, or cuddle up snug and comfortable between his cut-stretched paws. When Mam'zelle was busy so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety she would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend. And woe betide the stray cat that wondered that way. Pierre was always on the alert for squalls, and if the cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne bustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street.

Just this very thing happened yesterday for the thousandth time, probably, but for the first time on record grief followed the move. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a big brindled stranger appeared on the banquet without. Straight as a die, Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre had gone in hot pursuit of the brindled. The chase was a hard one, and Mam'zelle says Pierre must have been gone a long time, but she was busy serving customers, and by and by noticed Jeanne hopping about the counter. Thinking, of course, that Pierre had returned she took no further notice of the bird. A little later, however, hearing a dreadful commotion on the banquet she ran out to witness the sad little tragedy, which I, too, arrived just in time to see, but too late to prevent. Taking advantage of Pierre's protracted absence an ugly tortoise-shell from the next block strolled up to the little shop in search of Jeanne. Finding her out hopping about and unprotected he began siege at once, no doubt. Mam'zelle and I arrived just in time to see the tortoise-shell pounce on poor Jeanne as she sat perched on the top of the swinging cage and bear her with him to the pavement. Before either of us could interpose the deed was done and then in a moment there came Pierre rushing round the corner, and as quick as a flash he had taken in the situation. With one fierce bound he sprang upon the tortoise-shell and swept poor Jeanne from his clutches. For a brief moment he sat guarding her, but that moment was long enough to tell him that he was too late.

Then letting Mam'zelle take the little corpse from under his paw he swooped down upon the tortoise-shell. It was only for a little while, but when the battle was over both cats lay dead on the pavement. Pierre had laid down his life to avenge Jeanne's death, and the little Mam'zelle mourns both her pets.—Picaune.

### Glass for Bearings.

Should not something more be done than is being done, experimentally if not practically, in the use of glass for bearings? Some experts speak highly of it for wood-working machinery. It is said to require less care than other material, running with little oil and keeping cool. In methods of shaping and cutting glass such advances have been made that it should be now a comparatively simple matter to adapt it to general use. Glass sleeves could, of course, be easily furnished, perfectly true, both inside and out; and there are numerous places where such sleeves, bushes, thimbles, or whatever they might be called, could probably be employed with great satisfaction. Glass would probably be better adapted to high speeds than to heavy loads.—American Machinist.

### THEIR HONEYMOON.

It was Theirs and They Could Spend It as They Pleased.

They had just been married, and had sought the romantic shades and dells of the Zoo to while away the hour or two before their train should be ready to carry them back to their country home. She was arrayed in all her bridal vestments, including the long, flowing veil, that completely enveloped her figure—and then some was left over. He was a sturdy-looking chap, not much given to the study of theosophy, perhaps but it might have been safely gambled that behind the plow he would be perfectly at home. That they were spending their first post-nuptial hour in a manner highly shocking to the ethics that are generally prescribed for such occasions never occurred to them at all.

Down the shady walk they ambled, the leaning proudly, oh, so proudly, on his arm. They gazed with curiosity at the beautiful birds of paradise, and mentally calculated that a setting of those birds' eggs would cost a power of money. Then they went to see the elephants, the buffalo and the various other sights that the groom had quandered a half dollar to see. Finally they entered the monkey house. Better taste might have guided them in another direction, but, as has been intimated before, better taste was temporarily off duty.

The comical, human-like animals, that, according to Mr. Darwin, are the papas and mamas of the human race, looked with ill-concealed admiration at the bride, and chattered volubly, while the other spectators in the building, including two or three "old married couples," surreptitiously winked at each other and smiled.

Suddenly the bride became conscious of the attention she and her hubby were attracting, and blushed to the roots of her hair, all of which made her look prettier than ever.

"Oh, George," she said, "I think we have seen enough. Let's go."

"Why, deary," said George, "I wanted to see that big fellow that sits up there in the top of that cage, pointing across the room. What's your hurry. Why not see all of them?"

"Why, those people, George, don't you see, they are trying to make monkeys of us?"

George didn't stop to think that his bride was reversing the Darwin proposition but he grasped the significance of her bald English at once, and with an angry glance at the malicious old married couples (who didn't have any business poking around there anyway), he led his treasure from the building.

And the wise-looking old married monkey couple near the door munched their peanuts and chattered on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Repeated by a Brother Tramp, It Soothed his Last Moments.

The way train ahead of us had struck an open switch and had been ditched, and two passengers were killed outright and five or six others more or less injured, runs a story in the Detroit Free Press. The killed and injured were lying on the depot platform as our train came up, and among the latter was a professional tramp who had been stealing a ride. The doctor had looked him over. The vagabond, who had not lost consciousness for a moment, smiled faintly and asked:—

"Well, pard, what's the verdict of the jury?"

"You are badly hurt," was the reply. "I know that. I was right in the squeeze when the two cars came together. I'm as flat as a pancake. Will I ever tramp again?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Ar' my legs off?"

"No; you are fatally injured, however."

"That means I'm a goner?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I'd hev liked to get over this and had somethin' to talk about and over, but I ain't don't no kickin'! My pard was on the car ahead. Was he hurt?"

"No; here he is."

At that moment a ragged unkempt and typical vagabond came forward and bent over the victim and said:—

"Wall, Jim, they say you hev to go."

"Yes."

"How are you feelin over it?"

"Sorter. No use to kick, Tom."

"That's right; you never was no kickin' nowler. Got any friends?"

"No."

"Kin I do anythin' fer ye?"

The dying man gazed at him for a moment in silence, and then whispered:—

"Tom, ye ar' the only pardner I ever had as knowed the Lord's prayer. Just say it over to me."

The old tramp pulled of his cap and knelt down, and as the score of us uncovered and bowed our heads he repeated the prayer word for word, and with such feeling as astonished everybody. When he had finished he rose and said:—

"That's it, Jim, an' kin I do anythin' more?"

"Nothing more for him," answered the doctor, as he looked down upon the pale face. "Your partner is dead."

### On the Bargain Counter.

"You say, then, that this material is the latest fashion?"

"The very latest, madam."

"But will it fade in the sun?"

"Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood!"—Boston Traveler.

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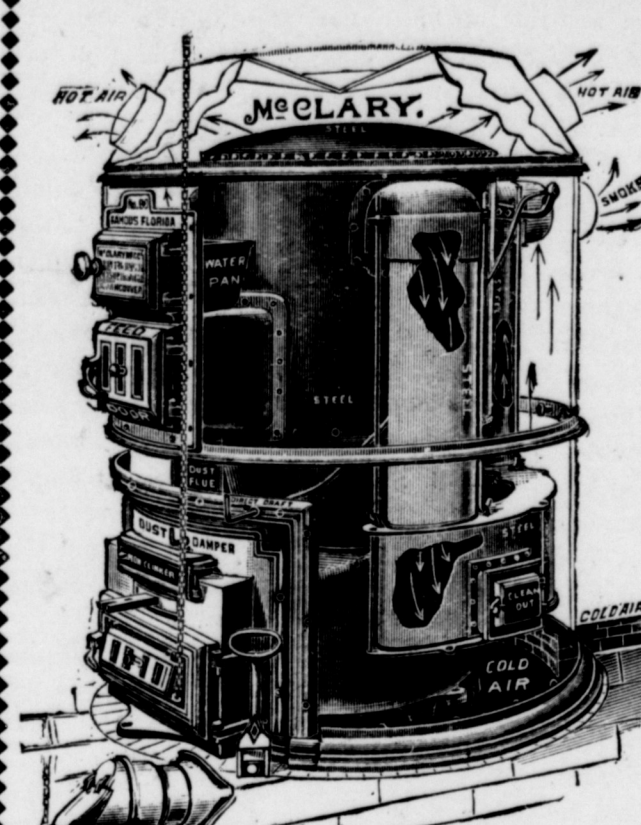
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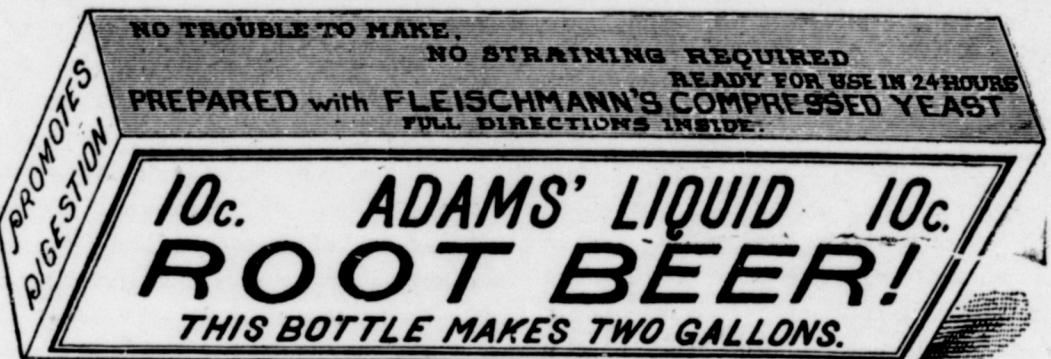
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