

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Parrot Used as Collector of Bad Bill



NEW YORK—A credit man, upon the beginning of his connection with a large wholesale grocery house, found on the books an account of long standing, amounting to some \$700, against the proprietor of a general store in a western state. The merchant was a man financially able to pay the bill ten times over and never miss the money. On account of some grievance against the house—they were unable to straighten it out because he would never tell them what it was—the old man flatly refused to pay and told them to sue for their money.

The new credit man was a fellow who believed that every man—like Achilles of old and his heel—had a vulnerable spot somewhere, and he set himself to the task of discovering the weak spot in the makeup of the old merchant. He found it—it was parrots! The old man had a hankering for parrots. He loved parrots, owned a round half-dozen of them and could talk parrot from six o'clock in the morning until the tinkle of the supper bell and still know something else that he would like to say about them.

The credit man thought the matter over; then he went out and bought a parrot and, giving certain directions about its tutoring, let it with the bird-store man for 60 days.

Two months later the old merchant

received a handsome South American parrot with the compliments of the firm with which he was at outs—a beautiful bird, finely feathered and intelligent looking—a much better specimen than any of those which he already owned.

It took the parrot about a week to get used to the surroundings, then, one morning when the old man was playfully stroking the back of its head and admiring its beautiful plumage, it cocked one eye up at him knowingly and in guttural, croaking tones inquired:

"Why don't you pay Blank's bill?"

The old man nearly fell from his chair. At first he was furious, but little by little the funny side of the situation grew upon him, and it finally awakened even his dormant sense of humor. He smiled, then he grinned, he chuckled, then he actually laughed! The ice broken, he kept on laughing, until the tears rolled down his rugged cheeks and his shaking sides ached from their unaccustomed use; and the parrot, evidently appreciative, joined in with a gleeful cackle alternated at frequent intervals with the plaintive repetition of its one accomplishment in the conversational line:

"Why don't you pay Blank's bill?"

The next day the old merchant sat himself down and penned a letter to Blank & Co., whose credit man gave every evidence of excessive pleasure when he opened, for it read:

"Find inclosed check to balance my account. Send down your traveling man and we'll kiss and make up again. I guess, after all, that you're no bigger robbers than the rest of them. That parrot is a—bird!"

Thief's Arrest Reveals Honest "Cop"



CHICAGO—There is at least one policeman in Chicago who is absolutely honest on the square. In fact, he is so honest that an attempt to present him with part of the proceeds from a net job of "frisking" startled him, and he simply gasped for breath. The doctors say his heart may have been injured by the shock.

The policeman is "Honest Pat" Duggan of the Desplains street station. Duggan was standing at South Jefferson and West Madison street talking to Henry Habalt, an old friend of the honest cop.

Knute Gabrelson, a friend of Habalt, but evidently a stranger to Duggan, approached and joined in the conversation. Now, even if Pat is honest, his eyesight might be a little bad. At least he did not see Gabrelson extract \$50 from Habalt's pocket while directing the latter's attention to a

pretty girl in a window across the street.

As Habalt walked away Gabrelson approached Duggan with perfect confidence and flashed the \$50 before his eyes.

"Gee, but that was dead easy. Say, I feel like I had grabbed a baby's bottle. That guy is so green that he will lose his balance if he loafs around here long."

"And you ought to see the roll. I bet he's got 200 bears in his inside pocket, which won't worry him by night. Here, you take \$25 of this and when I get the roll I will split. Have a drink."

When Gabrelson began to talk the policeman smiled a wise smile and twirled his club as he assumed a pose. Of course the fellow was only fooling. He wouldn't dare tell a policeman anything like that.

Chicken Explodes, Butcher Is Sued



NEW YORK—It would disconcert anybody to have a roast chicken, nicely browned, explode with a loud noise just as the knife was inserted in it, and it would startle the most intrepid epicure if the explosion was followed by a gas that drove everybody from the room.

Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Elizabeth Jones of Brooklyn was much agitated when a chicken she had bought from Butcher David Kahn and which was bought, dressed and cooked under her personal supervision, should burst like a black hand bomb just at the instant she was about to carve it.

Mrs. Jones had invited company to dinner and got the chicken for the especial benefit of her guests. Mrs.

Jones jabbed the fork into one of the wings of the fowl to steady the bird, brandished the carving knife aloft, and in her most winning way asked:

"Mrs. Smith, will you have some of the white meat?"

Mrs. Smith smiled her acquiescence and Mrs. Jones plunged the point of the blade into the chicken just below the breast bone.

Instantly there was an explosion like that of a big firecracker, and the interior decorations of the bird were scattered to the ceiling. Mrs. Jones and her guests pulled away from the table immediately and looked at the chicken with bulging eyes.

Mrs. Jones went out and got a policeman and told him to go into the dining-room and see for himself. He did so, and by an exhibition of unparalleled heroism got the fowl into a bag and took it to the station house.

Then Mrs. Jones got out a warrant for Butcher Kahn, and he was arraigned in the New Kersey avenue station. Magistrate Hylan held him in \$500 for explanation.

Night Watchman "Worked" by "Coeds"



CHICAGO—Even policemen are human, although they do not always show it. If anything can bring out their human qualities it seems that a lot of fair but sometimes recalcitrant "co-eds" would. This is why some one has advanced the theory—just theory, mind you—that some of the girls at Willard hall, the girls' dormitory at Northwestern university, have so placed themselves in the good graces of the night policeman stationed at the door that they may come in a little late and not be reported.

The theory came to the notice of Miss Mary Ross Potter, dean of women, and she lectured the girls collectively and some individually about the

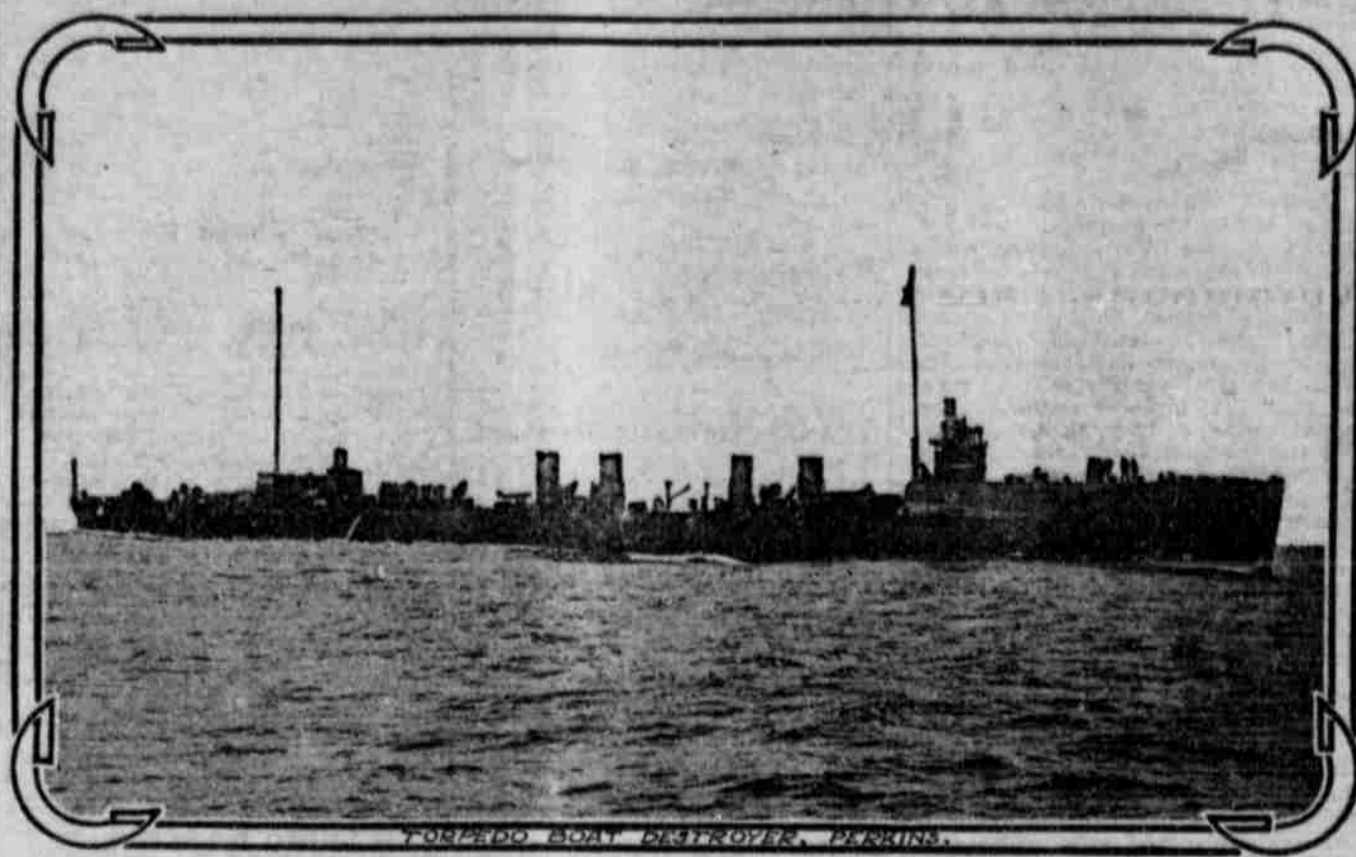
rule that they must be in by 10 p. m., unless having special permission otherwise. She also has enforced more strictly the rule governing young men callers.

Each night when the young women leave the hall they are required to register their names in a book with the maid. When ten o'clock comes the maid writes in a smaller book the names of those not yet in and hands it to the policeman. He, Frank Krueger, is supposed to check off the tardy ones.

Nobody, so far as is known, has charged Officer Krueger with neglect of duty, but it is known that some of the girls have staid out late. Miss Potter admits this and says she knows more than the girls suspect.

"Of course," said one, "I can't recall the names of any girls who stay out after closing hours, but there are plenty of them that have a 'stand-in' with that policeman and they make good use of it, too."

NEWEST AMERICAN TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER



QUINCY, MASS.—Swift progress is being made in the completion of the United States torpedo boat destroyer Perkins, the latest of Uncle Sam's little war vessels to be launched. When the Perkins slid down the ways into the water recently, it was christened by Mrs. Lars Anderson, a leader of society in Washington. The boat will be one of the fastest and best equipped in the world.

IS "VISITING COOK"

Willing Woman Instructs Mothers in Preparation of Food.

Philanthropists Teach Housewives How to Buy Most Nourishing Foods, How to Cook and Serve Them—What to Avoid.

New York.—To the end that school children should not be sent off in the morning with a breakfast of green peppers and coffee, and go home in the middle of the day to feast on crullers and boiled tea, Miss Winifred Gibbs originated the "visiting cook" philanthropy.

She goes into the tenement houses and teaches the homemakers, whether they be the mothers or little mothers of 12 or 13 years, how to buy the most nourishing foods, how to cook and serve them, what to eat and what to avoid.

"I have been at the work three years now," she told a representative of the Evening Telegram, "and in all that time I have been repulsed in only one home. I consider that a remarkable record."

It is no wonder that Miss Gibbs is welcomed on every side. She is as cheery as can be, and has a warm personal feeling for the people for whom she is working. She has scores of friends in the sections where she has held classes, among mothers who have learned to feed their small babies after they have stopped nursing them and brides whom she has taught to make attractive homes.

"Before this movement was started," she explained, "charity breakfasts in the schools were tried and several other methods of getting proper food to school children. None of them, however, tended toward the final betterment of conditions. We decided that the best thing to do would be to teach the people in their own homes what should be done."

"I never teach anything that cannot be done when I am not there with the housewife, only practicable things that will always be useful to know and follow out. I always take the family income as my working basis and work out a dietary that can be followed with ease. I teach the homemakers how to buy what I have suggested and how to cook it."

"The average midday meal for school children in tenement districts all over the city," Miss Gibbs continued, "is bread and boiled tea. I asked a little Italian child the other day what he had had for breakfast. 'Oh, we had peppers and coffee,' he returned, 'and papa had peppers and beer.'"

\$200 Pearl for Few Cents

Hungry Sailor Luckily Spends Last of His Money for Oysters and is Rewarded.

New York.—"Here's the last quarter I've got in the world. Give me some oysters, and go as far as you like," was the combination of announcement and request with which John Olson, a sailor employed on the Scandinavian-American line, greeted William Gau, proprietor of a market in Hoboken, as he entered that establishment a few days ago.

Mr. Gau proceeded to open oysters. The sailor looked hungry, so he made haste.

As the third oyster was prised apart Mr. Gau uttered an exclamation. There was a big pearl. "Well, that's the best luck I've had in a long time," he observed. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Wait a minute," piped up Olson. "Didn't I buy the oysters and didn't you take the money? My oyster, my pearl. Hand 'er over."

The oysterman protested, but the sailor argued so convincingly that Mr. Gau finally acquiesced. They journeyed at once to a jeweler, who appraised the jewel at \$200 and threw in an exclamation of admiration upon its white color for good measure. It

"I frequently, where it is possible, give lessons to groups of several women of a tenement in the kitchen of one of them. When I do this, the children are likely to be playing on the floor nearby. One day recently I was going through the hall of a tenement after a lesson, when I ran into a number of little girls playing with their dolls. The doll children were seated at a table and one of the little mothers was laying down the law to the rest in a shrill voice, telling them what was good for the dolls to eat with a manner as nearly like mine as she could make it. So, you see, my work is absorbed in some degree even by the youngest children."

"People of the lowest class will not understand that it is better to buy two eggs for ten cents than a lot of cheap stuff. They can't comprehend why quantities of coffee and boiled tea are ruinous to their stomachs."

Miss Gibbs believes that the reason she is so welcome in the tenement homes is that she and the poor mothers have so much in common as she presents life to them. "They like me to take it for granted," she sagely commented, "that they are interested in the topics of the day. Not sociology or comets or anything so deep as that, but, for instance, this boycotting of meat all over the country. I got as much from them as they do from me, for we are all a part of the same problem and working for the same end—the betterment of the human race."

"Some day I hope the city will be divided into many sections, each under a capable teacher, so that there will

be no homes where the regular dinner, prepared by a twelve-year-old girl, is pancakes and tea, as I found conditions in a home recently. Interest in this visiting cook philanthropy is widespread. A similar movement is being started now in Providence and when I was in Baltimore a few days ago I found that the people with charitable inclinations there were planning work along the same lines as mine."

UNIQUE WAY OF KISSING GIRL

Philadelphia Man Arrested on Complaint of His Neighbor, Who Watches Servant.

Philadelphia.—That he might kiss the pretty servant girl next door through a hole in the party wall, John Kysel of Eleventh and Pine streets, Camden, mutilated the property, and was held in \$200 bail by Justice Budney.

The testimony tended to show that Kysel is not on good terms with the family of Felix Rudsin, his neighbor, whose servant he admired. As a result the servant was watched too closely for Kysel to meet her surreptitiously.

There seemed only one thing to do, and Kysel did it. He used a brace and bit in the wooden partition in the rear kitchen, and for doing this Rudsin had him arrested.

Kysel admitted he kissed the girl through the hole in the wall, and that almost every day they passed notes to each other.

Rudsin caught the girl with her lips to the hole. Not until she moved away and he saw the hole did he understand the situation. He then swore out the warrant.

How Error Makes Trouble

Transformation of Word "Farm" into "France" Leads to Lawsuit Over Small Boy.

Chicago.—Although habeas corpus proceedings instigated by Mrs. Thurnau to compel Mrs. William R. Radmore to relinquish possession of seven-year-old Kerlin Thurnau were dismissed in the circuit court, the litigation disclosed an interesting story.

Several years ago, Mrs. Radmore says, Mrs. Agnes Thurnau, accompanied by her son, who was ill, applied for rooms at her boarding house, 1514 West Adams street. The mother admitted to Mrs. Radmore that she was a circus and variety performer and said she was the wife of Edward D. Thurnau, a publisher. After nearly a year the mother went to the Pacific coast, leaving the child in Mrs. Radmore's care.

About two weeks ago, Mrs. Radmore says, she was preparing to move to the country for the summer when she received from Mrs. Thurnau a telegram asking that she send the child to Los Angeles at once. She replied that she could not get the child ready and wanted to take him to the farm for a month before sending him west.

In the telegram the word "farm" read "France" when received by Mrs. Thurnau, and when Mrs. Thurnau saw that she telegraphed to her Chicago attorneys to begin habeas corpus proceedings.

As soon as Mrs. Radmore's story was told the proceedings were dropped. The child will be sent to its mother as soon as the farm outing is over.

IMPROVE IN ELECTRIC AGE

Use of Steam Power Held Responsible for Industrial Life Evils in Italy.

Milan.—Prof. Enrico Ferri, Lombroso's most illustrious disciple in criminal anthropology, attributes the growth of child crime in Italy to steam.

Discussing modern industrialism in relation to the phenomenon of youthful crime, he expressed conviction that the breaking up of family life, degeneracy in male physique, engulfment of women and children in white slavery and other evils, were traceable to the use of steam power.

This appalling state of things, he said, was destined to disappear with the coming reign of electricity, which would be universal, when, as science foresaw it, man had discovered how to convert the heat of the sun by direct means into electrical energy. He stated that already in parts of the United States and Belgium sewing machine work in factories had been abolished, and women were able to work shorter hours in their own homes with machines driven by electricity.

Within a few years, he said, progressive government would be able to shorten the working time of those employed in industrial occupations and, what was still more imperative, from a criminological standpoint, to abolish night work.

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—Mrs. W. H. BURGER, 700 Cherry St., Jefferson, Iowa.

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—Mrs. C. W. DUNN, Greenwood, Iowa.

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