

Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Police Sergeant's Belt Breaks Strike



JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Using his belt as a "pants duster," Police Sergeant Wolfe brought an inglorious finish to a glorious idea of liberty, short hours and an immediate transfer to a fine new school house. The strike leaders were boasting that not a pupil would return to the classrooms in the old school house. Their principal grievance was that other pupils were being transferred to the new building and they feared their places would be taken. Hence the strike was called.

Just to make sure there would be no trouble Sergeant Wolfe was sent to the school house. All was quiet. The girls were coming in sedately and the primary boys were sneaking up the stairs with scared faces. Out in front stood the big, grim Sergeant Wolfe, father of six well-behaved boys, with his weather eye open for trouble.

Presently half a dozen boys came along, stopped on the corner and began talking excitedly. Sergeant Wolfe frowned and walked over to them. "Teacher's waitin'. Beat it!" said Wolfe.

"We're out on strike," retorted a bold leader. "So?" said Wolfe, fingering the buckle on his belt.

"Y-y-y-es," replied the bold leader. With a capable hand Wolfe reached for the juvenile agitator and lifted him about six inches from the pavement. The big, thick belt was dangling from the other hand, and while the strike leader kicked and struggled in the air, the belt came round with swish after swish until the dust came out in clouds.

"Oo-ee! Ouch!" wailed the youth, as the belt stung again and again. When Sergeant Wolfe finally dropped him the strike leader darted like a hare for the school house door. Nor did his bold companions linger long on his trail as the whistling belt reached for their nether garments.

Then came other groups of valiant strikers, who stopped to harangue one another on the glories of freedom and liberty, and toward each group Sergeant Wolfe sauntered with his belt concealed behind his back. By the time the nine o'clock bell rang Wolfe was able to report: "I've dusted 30 pairs of breeches and I guess the strike's over. The teachers will need to provide a few cushions, for this bit of leather has got a nip to it. If the teachers had used a ruler in the first place there wouldn't have been any strike. It wasn't my orders to give 'em a beating, but I guess they won't bring me up on charges."

Parsons and Squires in Wedding War



LOUISVILLE, KY.—A unique "marrying war" is now on at Jeffersonville, Ind., the city just across the Ohio river, where, it is said, more couples have wedded than any other town in the United States. For many years the magistrates have, with the help of runners or solicitors, performed the wedding ceremony for practically every eloping couple that has gone to the Gretna Green to dodge church weddings or the wrath of parents.

The cause of the marrying war was a resolution adopted by the squires a short time ago to the effect that the runners should be dispensed with. Heretofore the runners have met all couples at the trains and boats for the purposes of escorting them to some particular magistrate, who after trying the matrimonial knot, would divide the fee with the man who brought the couple.

Following the adoption of the resolution doing away with the runners, this body of hustlers held a meeting and decided that they would work for

the pastors of Jeffersonville instead of seeking other employment. As a result the pastors did a thriving business, while the magistrates waited patiently for couples that never came. The pastors divided fees and got the business.

Finding that without the runners business was at a standstill, the squires met and sent a committee to the pastors, stating that if the pastors did not stop dividing fees with runners each magistrate would again employ runners and take the "trade" from the clergymen. The pastors refused to heed the request and immediately the magistrates employed two runners each and the war was on.

The man who is regarded as the leader of the marrying justices is James S. Kelgin, recently elected to succeed his father-in-law, Benjamin Nixon, as justice of the peace. Kelgin's prestige is inherited, his father-in-law and father, Ephraim Kelgin, having held the office to which he succeeds for 25 years.

It is said that the two predecessors of Squire Kelgin have married 7,500 couples and now the sons and daughters of the former elopers are coming here and they ask for Kelgin's office when accosted by runners. It is of record that the Kelgins have received all sorts of fees, ranging from a hand of tobacco or a pocket knife to \$100 cash.

Children Who Have No Place to Play



YORK—Almost the first thing a York boy learns is to hate the city soon finds that if he is going to the absolutely safe side of the street, he won't be much left for him to twirl his thumbs and kick his heels.

He's a tenement youngster, he plays in the house. Chasing the dog around the stump would be a big life compared with the possibilities of play there. Anyway, when too big for his mother to step him with ease if not grace she sends him out.

First to the fire escape—his porch from which he is apt to take a short cut over the railing to the pavement below. There his broken and bruised little body is a witness, sometimes liv-

ing, sometimes dead, to the disadvantages of fire escapes as playgrounds. One family last summer lost two children that way.

Dozens of others every year die or are crippled by falling from the roofs and windows and fire escapes to which the Pied Piper, Love of Play, has lured them. Other dozens and scores, and even hundreds die in the streets while plucking perilously at pleasure. New York kills so many more children than dogs in its thoroughfares that it could get out a new version of an old phrase and talk of dying "like a child in the streets."

Even if the child succeeds in dodging death he has almost as hard work to keep out of the clutches of the law. The streets are his only playground and yet every inch of them and of the house walls flanking them is mortgaged for some other purpose. The roadway belongs to traffic; the sidewalk to pedestrians. Even the air must be treated gingerly, for if it is rent by the howls of gleeful youth somebody's ears may suffer.

Southwest Cities Suffer for Water



MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—We never miss the water until the mains run dry, but most of the towns in the southwest are missing it now. For many years there has not been such a drought as Oklahoma, Arkansas, north Texas and southern Kansas are now suffering. The drought began the latter part of August and has been in evidence since.

Muskogee and Tulsa are the only two cities in Oklahoma today that are not alarmed about their water supply. The former draws its water from the Grand river, which is fed by springs and in the driest season will furnish water for a half a million population. Tulsa draws its water from a series

of deep wells along the Arkansas river and this supply is supposed to be unlimited.

Oklahoma City, McAlester, Ardmore, Enid, Shawnee and practically every other town of importance in the state is now facing a practically exhausted water supply. The same is true of many cities in Arkansas and Texas.

While there has been considerable rainfall during the fall months, it has not been in quantities sufficient to increase a city water supply, either in a river or in an artificial lake. In one of the largest cities of the state the water supply is so low that it has become a menace to public health, the city water becoming unfit for drinking purposes, and the boards of health of half a dozen towns have issued warnings to that effect. In these towns residents buy the water they drink and it is shipped in in carload lots. Most of the cities are new, and they have never before faced so serious a question.

One From the Cashier.

The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration factor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump." Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, 'n' he laughed to see hisself." "Why did he laugh, Tillie?" "I dunno." "What did you tell him?" "Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said." "I banded de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident. "Ale Hall am a bond a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don't believe, sah, ah'd eggage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?" "Yes, sah, a powerful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot and with the optimists agree that trouble's soon forgot.

You'll be surprised to find, I guess, despite misfortune's darts, what constant springs of happiness lie hid in human hearts.

What sunny gleams and golden dreams the passing years unfold, How soft and warm the lovelight beams when you are growing old.

Acted Like the Genuine.

"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman." "Bogus, I'll bet." "Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.

Grouchily—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,190. Moxley—Is that so? Grouchily—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?

Thanks to Bourn Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-coming to the front fast!" whispered Innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$23,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "Eggs," the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecelie Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

How She Learned.

The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend. "John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as a can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation. "Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why her learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?" "Yes."

"What did they say?" "Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?" "No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?" "The mare. Spake low! Shure, O'm desavin th' crature. Evvry toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks w'o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested. "Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. "Please wait," the little boy said, "I want to see the man who was run over." "No; hurry," his nurse answered. "There will be plenty more to see further on."

A Retraction.

"You shouldn't have called that man a pig," said the conciliatory man. "That's right," replied the vindictive person. "There is no sense in implying that he's worth 40 cents a pound to anybody."

Blissful Ignorance.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!" "Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Our voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dress, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceeded to eat apples and hand round daguerotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurement the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about. Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, &c., &c., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Ptyalin, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.