

Tales of Gotham and Other Cities

Dr. H. Bolte of Sapulpa, Okla., Is Still Waiting.



CIRCH—THEY FEELERS SEEMED TO HAVE HONEST FACES.

NEW YORK.—Dr. H. Bolte of Sapulpa, Okla., may find some satisfaction in a notice sent to him the other day by Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty to the effect that Thomas Brown is under arrest here and will be held for Dr. Bolte's identification. Mr. Brown said his arrest was an outrage and that he never swindled a dentist or anybody else out of \$1,500 by a variation of the good old wire tapping game.

This was the tale of the dentist: He came from Oklahoma to New York to get to Europe. He had over \$500 in cash and a check for \$1,000. He met a nice fellow in a Broadway bar room who called himself Walter Sims and said he was a planter from Jackson, Miss. Sims introduced the doctor to J. W. Walsh, a "millionaire grain speculator of Buffalo." The two took Dr. Bolte to a "club" at 128 West Forty-fifth street, where one might bet on the races.

Millionaire Walsh pried a wallet from his pocket, unstrapped the same and produced \$20,000 in cash and a certified check for \$20,000. He bet

the whole \$40,000 on one race. Strange to say, he won \$30,000. Despite the warning and caution of Dr. Bolte he bet \$70,000 on another race and won again, at even money. Dr. Bolte's eyes almost bulged out of his head. Millionaire Walsh sauntered over to the cashier to collect his \$140,000.

"Sorry," said the cashier, "but we will have to investigate that \$20,000 check before we pay your bet."

Mr. Walsh was much put out. He took Dr. Bolte and the planter over in the corner and confided in them.

"That blamed check is not good," he informed them. "There is only \$6,000 back of it. I have got to get it back before they look it up. If you fellows can lend me enough to take it up I will pay you \$20,000 bonus apiece."

Planter Sims produced \$500 in cash and a check for \$12,000. Dr. Bolte, thinking of what he could do with that \$20,000 in gay Paree and in the concert halls of Vienna, could not contribute his \$500 and his check quick enough. Millionaire Walsh put in a check for \$6,000, representing his actual cash balance.

The dangerous overdrawn check was withdrawn.

"But," said the cashier, "of course, you must wait until we have heard from these checks. That will take a week."

Dr. Bolte is still waiting.

Woe Confronts Women Golfers With High Heels

CHICAGO.—The French heel, the military heel, the Cuban and all the other leather prongs of fashion have been discriminated against by the South Park commissioners in favor of the low-squat, broad, common-place heel—that is, on the Jackson Park golf course.

Hundreds of women are complaining of the new rule. But the neighboring cobbler regard it as a dispensation of Providence and are writing for catalogues of the 1913 model automobiles.

The park commissioners, who have no soul for art and no eyes for beautiful heels, are enforcing this rule only for the sake of their horrid old golf links, say the women.

Six hundred owners of fancy heels the other day were refused admission to the course, and almost every one of them went to the nearest cobbler to have the offending three inches or so of leather cut down to the regulation three-quarters of an inch.

There were many protests from women who hesitated between their love for the game and appearance.

"But I can't wear low heels," complained one. "You see, I have such a petriean instep, and those squat heels might cripple me."

"Is this too high," inquired another golf fan, exhibiting an inch of heel shaped on the general order of a toothpick. "I've had it cut down already,



and I simply won't wear them any lower."

The attendant took one hasty glance and explained that it was the small, dainty heel that did the most damage to the links, especially when the rain had softened the grounds.

The "common-sense" heel, as the attendants insisted on calling it, despite feminine protests and frowns and "I just don't care," is not liable to do any damage, while any other kind will cut up the turf.

So it was that many were angry when turned away from the grounds, but a glance at the sign convinced them that their only recourse was to the cobbler. The sign reads as follows:

Men and women may not use this golf course while wearing high-heeled shoes.

Only low and broad heels such as are commonly used in the practice of sports will be permitted.

Game attendants are instructed to enforce this rule.

"Just about one-third of the would-be players have the right heel," said an attendant.

When Is a Lap Dog? Owner Solves the Question



LOS ANGELES, CAL.—When is a lap dog? Lap dogs are carried free of charge on Los Angeles street cars, and the rule defines the limits and boundaries of such a canine as "one which may be carried in the arms and kept in the lap in such a way that other passengers will not be annoyed," or words to that effect.

"She" came from somewhere out yonder when the Arcade station was clear of her ample bulk there was so much room left that the waiting room looked like a church on Tuesday afternoon.

She had a dog with her. A dog built upon good, old-fashioned substantial lines, long, low and rakish and a leg on each corner; a zoological specimen weighing perhaps 50 pounds. All know every dog has his day. The animal had a kindly, open countenance—it was open anyway—

and the glittering array of teeth would have been the pride of any dentist. Also, it was hot, and dogs are proverbially more careless of their teeth in hot weather than in the days of March, whatever they are.

"She" and the dog started to mount the cabin deck of a seagoing street car. The conductor obligingly threw out a life line to the struggling passenger, and then aimed a well-meaning kick at the dog which was blightily climbing aboard.

"How dare you do that!" she cried, reproaching the company. "Never heard of such a thing!"

"Come Romeo," this to the dog. Romeo "came," snapping babbly at the open work box on the street car man.

Then the "dog" rule was explained to "She." "Oh, very well," was the response with a Laura Jean Libby inflection. "I shall hold Romeo upon my lap," and hold Romeo she did, although the effort used up seats intended for four persons and gave the car such a list to starboard after the fashion of a ship which has shifted its cargo.

Which brings us back to the original proposition, "when is a lap dog?"

Preacher Aids Bashful to Meet Future Wives.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—"If any poor, bashful man in my audience has fallen in love with some worthy woman, and wants to meet her for a wife, I will see that he is introduced, has a place to court, will help him get his license, pay for it if necessary, marry him free of charge, and furnish him with a wedding certificate which he may hang over the motto, 'God Bless Our Home.'"

This is the offer made the other Sunday by Rev. G. L. Morrill, a prominent Minneapolis pastor, in his sermon on "The Masher Mashed."

Mr. Morrill termed a masher "a pided who roasts on the corner and by look, gesture and speech takes familiar advantages of women who pass by."

"And if the fellow seems to want a hot time, girls," the pastor advised, "wallop him with your bag and then throw red pepper in his eyes."

Regarding eugenics, Rev. Mr. Morrill said:

"Woman was made to marry, and not to be a religious recluse, old maid or stenographer, unless she possesses

some defect of mind or body which would result in degenerate offspring.

"The ogling ogre is sometimes mashed by the indignant victim or by some many looker on, who remembers his own dear ones, some gallant police man, or by the judge, who, instead of giving a light fine, gives a heavy sentence to the workhouse, where Mr. Masher may flirt with the mop, make goggle eyes at daisies in the field or mash rock in quarries."

Following the sermon Rev. Mr. Morrill was approached by several young men of his audience, who sought him to introduce them to women they thought "worthy." Unhesitatingly, their request was granted, and they were told to go ahead "with their courting and then come back for their marriage licenses."

Speaking by the Card. Mrs. Taylor—"What's that saying about the watched pot, Bob? A watched pot—"Mr. Taylor (absent)—"A watched pot is seldom shy."

Defined. "Pa, what does it mean when it says a man has arrived at years of discretion?" "It means, Johnnie, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun."—Judge

ROYAL CHILDREN OF ITALY AT PLAY



UMBERTO, the future king of Italy, is here seen playing in the park of the royal palace at Rocconigi, with his sisters, left to right the Princesses Jolanda, Mafalda and Giovanna.

HAS FLYING AUTOS

Motor Car With Wings Is Latest in French Capital.

Successful Experiments Have Been Made With Machines That Combine the Principles of the Automobile and the Aeroplane.

Paris.—Paris is gossiping over the latest type of motor car—one with wings. M. Bertrand de Lesseps recently drove some distance from the capital in a machine thus equipped. M. Filippi is another searcher in the same field, who has been even more successful. Filippi based his trials on the principle of the bird's wing and aimed at producing a propeller which should realize the same effect as the beat of a bird's wings in the air. The propeller evolved is not a screw, but a blade of wood, broader and thicker in the center than at the extremities, one of which tapers off nearly to a point. The other is comparatively wide, looking like a wing, concave on one side and convex on the other. Furthermore, both ends are curved backward, forming an obtuse angle.

The whole is inclosed in a cage and measures only about 55 inches in diameter, not projecting beyond the gauge of the car in any direction. The maximum speed is 2,200 revolutions a minute. This air propelling system enables the constructor to dispense with the most delicate and complicated parts of the machinery at present employed—no more gear boxes are required, as a change in the number of rotations is substituted for a change of gear, while progress backward is obtained by reversing the movement of the wing. This backward rotation also serves as a powerful brake when going downhill, and does away with "differentials" and back bridges.

In traveling the friction is reduced to a minimum, and the car seems hardly to touch the ground, raising no appreciable dust, and consequently inflicting but slight wear and tear on the tires, while the comfort of the passengers is improved. In general appearance the car used recently resembled an ordinary torpedo type, but the rear part forms an extension, from which projects the axle carrying the wing. The 40-horse-power motor is in front, and connects with the wing by transmission chains. There is no other mechanism, and the wheels all run free like the front wheels of an

ordinary automobile. One lever only is used to start, and move forward or backward, by reversing the rotation of the wing, and there is one pedal by which extra brake power is put on.

The whole car weighs about 1,220 pounds, or, with its three passengers and the necessary equipment, about 2,000 pounds. A start was made about 4 o'clock in the morning, in the presence of several spectators, and after showing off its capabilities in various preliminary maneuvers the car went off on its journey of 300-odd miles amidst cheers. The travelers sent telegrams reporting progress from different points on the way, and arrived safely at Lyons. The future trade interests involved in this experience may prove of immense importance, and the new type of wing may turn out superior to the screws so commonly used in the aeroplane. In the trials made by M. Filippi with a view to finding the best shape for the wing the present model gave 70 per cent. of power, which is at least 10 per cent. more than has yet been produced by the best known screw propeller of the usual type.

HONOR TO BRITISH GENERAL

People of Brockville, Ont., Laud the Memory of Commander Who Won Detroit in War of 1812.

Brockville, Ont.—A monument in honor of the memory of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, who was in command of the Canadian forces against the Americans in the war of 1812, was unveiled in this city with interesting but modest ceremonies. The local chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, to whose efforts the erection of the monument is due, was in charge of the ceremonies. The principal address was delivered by Col. Samuel Hughes, the Canadian minister of militia and defense.

The date for the unveiling of the memorial was appropriately chosen, since it was just 100 years since the surrender of Detroit, with which event the name of General Brock is most closely associated in American history.

General Brock was born in the island of Guernsey in 1769 and had a brilliant military career in the British service before he was sent to Canada. He was made a knight of the Bath for his victory at Detroit, but he survived his honors less than two months.

GIRL AND BEAR SURF PALS

Dared by Companion, Young Woman Braves the Waves With Bruin at Venice, Cal.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Miss Anna Fredericks, a pretty beach girl, went swimming through the breakers at Venice accompanied by a half-grown cinnamon bear.

For a while it looked as if the great seal of California had come to life and had gone forth for a paddle in the ocean.

Miss Fredericks was one of the thousands of bathers along the ocean front. She was clad in an attractive silk bathing suit and was accompanied by several friends, when R. L. Pierce of Pasadena strolled by leading two half-grown cinnamon bears which he secured in northern California when the bears were only a few weeks old.

"I dare you to take one of the bears in swimming," said a friend to Miss Fredericks.

The young woman took the dare. Her escort, after futile attempts at discussion, secured one of the bears. The little animal was quite tame and trot-

ted down to the surf line with Miss Fredericks.

Thousands of beach visitors thronged the water front to watch the novel performance. At first the little bear snorted and fussed as the spray splashed over his nose, but finally with a little grunt, he ducked into the breakers and followed the leash which Miss Fredericks carried.

GIVE MEN SOCKS TO WOMEN
Chinese Who Take Ship Passengers' Clothes Make Odd Mistakes in Returning Them.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Chinese are assimilating Caucasian customs fast, but their inability to differentiate between masculine and feminine garb or to understand why half hose are worn only by men caused sixty-two cabin passengers of the liner Manchuria much inconvenience at Shanghai three weeks ago.

The Manchuria, which arrived from the orient recently, was ordered into quarantine at Shanghai because of the death of a steerage passenger from a communicable disease, and all passengers were ordered ashore to take a plunge in a germ-killing solution. Each was assigned a bathroom and the clothing of each was taken away for fumigation. The Chinese neglected to mark the clothing. A sedate man of sixty received a corset in lieu of his waistcoat. Many of the women received men's socks, others no stockings at all, while many garments went astray, never to be restored to rightful owners.

Captain Dixon, veteran of many a storm, fled to his cabin when the women appealed to him.

FIND WHISKY IN HAY WAGON

Police Hold 500 Bottles for Bashful Claimant at Wilmington, North Carolina.

Wilmington, N. C.—Five hundred bottles of "Turkey Mountain" corn whisky, neatly packed away in gunny sacks, await an owner at the local police station. A wagon ostensibly loaded with hay broke down in the street and when the police, "seeing the trouble from afar," arrived on the scene the negro driver took to his heels, leaving the property without a claimant. Following a senatorial campaign against "blind tigers" here a week ago, no one has the temerity to claim the goods.

WROTE GIRL OF PLAN TO DIE

Young Woman Hurries to the Place and Hears Shot—Man Will Recover.

South Orange, N. J.—Writing a note to the girl he loved but could not marry because he has a wife living, and stating therein that he intended to kill himself, Julian Dillon, twenty-two years old, sent a bullet into his shoulder. The note, which was written to Miss Marie Blanchet, advised her of the place he had chosen to end his life, so she, with Miss Marie Donnelly, a companion, hurried to the place in order to prevent the act.

As the two young women approached, Dillon waved his hand from a distance and disappeared into the woods. Then they heard a shot. Charles Stasiaty of Vose avenue happened along, and discovered Dillon lying in the bushes. He sent for the police. The wounded man was taken to the Orange Memorial hospital, where the bullet was extracted with little trouble. He is expected to recover. He told the police it was an accident, but he will probably be placed under arrest on his recovery.

Dillon is the son of wealthy parents, both of whom are dead, but he never

shared in the estate because he married, a few years ago, a chorus girl. It is reported here that his wife deserted him when she found that he would not have wealth. He has been living at the Hotel Belmont, New York, making frequent trips to South Orange and paying attention to Miss Blanchet.

MRS. BELMONT IS MARKETER

Society Woman Does This as a Protest Against Petty Graft of Employees.

Newport, R. I.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is doing her own marketing this summer as a protest against a system of petty graft, which she says has become well-nigh universal in the households of the wealthy summer colonists here.

"This system of graft, by which employees profit at the expense of employers, is all wrong," says Mrs. Belmont. "We pay our aids good wages, for which they are expected to do a certain service. It is certainly unfair for them to expect to make a large sum of money on commissions that are bound to come out of the pockets of their employers."

TWINS KEEP UP TRADITION

Both Parents of New Colorado Arrivals Are Twins Themselves—Long Lineage Likewise.

Golden, Colo.—The birth of twin boys in the family of Prof. Charles D. Test of the department of mineralogy in the State School of Mines here proved no anomaly to an ancestral characteristic.

Professor Test himself is a twin,

Mrs. Test has a twin sister and Professor Test's father came into the world with a brother. Both Professor Test and Mrs. Test came from a lineage long noted for twins.

The couple was married a year ago.

Celebrates Her 104th Birthday. Troy, N. Y.—Mrs. Margaret Van Rensselaer has just celebrated her 104th birthday and is in good health.

TURTLE HUNTING IN FLORIDA



IT is only during very recent years that common turtles, or loggers, and the easily raised water terrapin have been fully appreciated as articles of food that may be commonly enjoyed, instead of relegated to form the choice dish of banquets. The northern former, with drainage streams forming an important feature of his land, and the owner of spring-fed ponds on suburban grounds, may learn much from the turtle industry of the south that will prove interesting as well as practical.

In the early days, when all that portion of the coast of Florida swept by the Gulf of Mexico, afforded abundant hunting ground for turtles, they were such a common article of food that they were little appreciated, but during recent years their commercial value has increased.

The most important commercially are the green turtle, the turkbucks, the hawkbills and the loggerheads. Though some of them weigh only a few pounds, there are some mammoth specimens captured, the claim being made on good authority, that the largest have been known to reach a weight of 1,200 pounds. The green turtle is also known as the Chelonia mydas, and is the variety most prized by the natives of Southern Florida.

Captured by Nets.

At the present day turtles are captured mainly by nets, and also from the land by probing into their hiding places along the banks of streams with a turtle-hook fastened to a long stout pole. What is known as "turtle-turning" is mainly followed as a sport by boys. But the old residents claim that in the early days turtle-turning was made the most important manner of capture, as well as sport. An early authority thus tells of the method used:

"Here (along the southern coast of Florida) one can follow the most sardonic of all sports—turtle-catching. You walk along the lovely beach at night, when the turtle has come up from the waters to deposit her hundreds of eggs. You see one. You advance, and coolly turn it over on its back—and that is all. You leave it leisurely and pursue your stroll; turn another on its back, leave it, and so on, until you are tired. When you come again on the morrow there they are. To walk up to a turtle in the morning, having treated him in this manner over night, and look steadily in the eye thereof without certain titillating sensations at once in your diaphragm (where you laugh), and in your conscience (where you do not laugh) requires more grim rigidity of the former and more supple elasticity of the latter than some people possess. Nor can there be anything in life, considered without reference to your own act in making it so, more preposterous than an upturned turtle lying, poor innocent, on its mildly convex back, with its mildly white eyes staring weakly at heaven, and its flippers wriggling in flabby helplessness toward the four quarters of the earth."

In these more practical days one questions why they should have been turned on their backs, thus to remain over night. Why there was not a possibility of some one else getting there first in the morning and reaping the fruits of the "turner's" labor. Why there was not considerable danger of the "wriggling flippers" giving the sudden twist that will send the average small turtle "right side up with care," after a few effective struggles, and why it would not be just as easy, and much more sensible, on going turtle-turning, to take along means of carrying home the prizes when first caught, instead of allowing them to lie on their backs until morning.

Only a few years ago, when the turtle industry first began to be appreciated from its commercial standpoint, the beef and turtle markets of Key West stood side by side, many preferring the latter as a regular meat supply, and it then began to be a profitable industry to ship turtles alive to the northern markets, not only from Key West, but from all

along the southern coast of Florida. The turtle eggs are also valued as food, and the pioneer settlers in the far south found them a very appreciable item in their provisioning, as the large varieties of turtles have been known to lay from 100 to 300 eggs in each nest. What is known as the Florida "gopher" is a species of tortoise of terrapin, that burrows in the sandy soil and furnishes very acceptable food. Gopher calypso is the most popular dish made from this small turtle.

Among the visitors to the famous turtle grounds along the coast of Florida, inquiry is often made as to why the name tortoise is so seldom applied to the many varieties of marine chelonians found on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. It is true that tortoise is the correct name for all these various species—both the land and the marine species—as the name is derived from various French and Latin words meaning twisted, crooked or contorted, describing the crookedness of the curious feet and head protruding from the tortoise shell. How the tortoise of early days became known by the name of turtle is explained by the fact that certain species of sea turtles show such great affection for their meat, that the name of turtle (from: turtle-dove celebrated for the constancy of its affection) came to be applied to them. Later the name turtle was applied to many species of the marine tortoises, with turkey frequently used for the species found in the West Indies.

Green Turtle the Favorite.
Among the private turtle ponds owned and operated by progressive Florida farmers who possess many acres of submerged land bordering famous turtle streams, many interesting features await the study of the northern tourist. The green turtle is the favorite, not only because of its fame in regard to "green turtle soup," but also for the delicacy of its flesh for various articles of diet. The tortoise shell of commercial value is also most highly prized when secured from the green turtle, with its delicate coloring. Both the upper shell—the carapace, or carapax; and the lower shell—the plastron, are utilized for articles and ornaments of commercial value.

The most common method of preparing the shells for use is to soften them by means of boiling. They are then formed into various shapes, or are flattened by being passed through a press.

The Florida native entertains the visitor with many interesting legends and traditions concerning the numerous turtles commonly known in the early days as Chelonias. This name, applied to various river and sea tortoises, was derived, 'tis said, from the beautiful nymph Chelonia of mythological fame. According to the legend, she alone of all the nymphs, was not invited to the bridal of Zeus and Hera, because she had amused herself at the cost of the immortal couple. But Hera was not contented with this vengeance. She made Mercury throw the witty but unwise maiden into the sea with her house, and metamorphosing her into a tortoise, condemned her to carry it on her back in eternal silence. For this reason the ancients called the tortoise Chelonia.

Quite Likely.
"Here is a country newspaper which contains the account of a rural dance, but, strange to say, the editor does not refer to the crowd as 'tripping the light fantastic.'"
"Perhaps they don't."
"How is that?"
"Oh, rustic folk are much enlightened these days. Perhaps they did the 'turkey trot' and the 'grizzly bear.'"

The Resemblance.
"My easy chair always puts me in mind of a mountain gorge."
"How's that?"
"I suppose because a sleepy hollow naturally recalls a yawning chasm."

CHARACTER SEEN IN BACK

Rear View of Men and Women Often Reveals Their Personality to the Student.

Have you ever noticed that the back views of men and women are intensely characteristic of the persons?

Then look carefully at that very ordinary young man who has passed you. He has one hand in his pocket, and shoulders slightly stooped. From what you can see of him, his head is bent, and every now and again he gives an aimless little kick at some object in his path. What back view could be more eloquent of indecision of character?

Now glance at the receding back of the man who has passed you by. Why does it fill you with an instinctive sense of reliability? Because there is strength in it; not necessarily physical, but mental. The back is straight and alert. The head is held well back, the arms swing easily, and the walk is buoyant, confident, hopeful.

Now direct your gaze across the

street a moment. There goes a girl who, under a cursory scrutiny, looks like the personification of what wealth can do. Walk behind her a little way, and take good stock of the back view presented you. You soon discover that the end of a fringe net hangs down on to the coat collar. The collar of the blouse is done up with a large pin. The middle seam of the skirt is not in its place. There is a hole in the stocking just above the ankle, and the shoes, in spite of being expensive, need repairing. Evidently the wearer is an untidy, shiftless woman.

The Folly of Women.
"Women are the slaves of fashion," he grumbled.
"Yes, dear," his wife replied, "I know. We are an awfully silly lot. By the way, I found your last summer's straw hat yesterday, and it's just as good and as clean as new. Shall I get it for you?"

"What! Do you want me to make myself ridiculous by wearing that thing? It isn't the right shape for this season."