

WHAT HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Worked as Tailor by Day and Burglar by Night



CHICAGO—In the daytime Joe Graeber, thirty years old, under-sized and agile, sat cross-legged in his little tailor shop at Twenty-sixth street and Northwestern avenue, and stitched with industry. He worked hard and was acquiring the reputation of being an honest and thrifty tradesman.

But at night Joe Graeber, the tailor, became another man. The deft needle work was dropped and forgotten and instead and quite as skillfully, Joe wielded the "jimmy." In the daytime Joe's needle went in and out ceaselessly. Joe himself went "in and out" as industriously at night, the police say, and quite as silently. Graeber himself says tailoring paid about as well as burglar work and at neither could he pay his rent.

The sharp, frosty crack of something that might have been ice under foot, and again might have been glass

breaking, attracted the attention of Patrolmen Stevens and Muse, in North-western avenue, near Twenty-seventh street, about 2 o'clock in the morning. Just across from where they stood were two stores, and between them was a narrow passage. They watched silently in the shadow of a building, and did not have to watch long. The sound was repeated, and after a moment's silence a shadow that seemed a part of the wall of the building separated itself from the entrance of the dark passage.

"Here, you-up with your hands—I'll shoot," commanded Stevens. The shadow melted back into the passage and became a noise of running. A second sharper command brought Joe Graeber, the tailor, to a halt.

"You know me, boys, don't you, boys?" he said. "You scared me so I ran."

Stevens and Muse looked with surprise into Graeber's face. They both knew him and said so. But they couldn't understand why the honest tailor should be just where Graeber was. Under the circumstances, however, he was searched, and a very good "jimmy" and a patent glass cutter were found in his pockets.

Graeber confessed. He said he tried to pay rent tailoring and couldn't so he took to burglar work at night.

Clinging Gown Nearly Costs This Man His Life

ATLANTA, GA.—Form fitting feminine fashions—and you all know what they mean—a six cylinder automobile and a stranger in our midst from the country were the dramatic personae in a fall curtain opener that electrified pedestrians on the Whitehall viaduct at the luncheon hour. The play turned out humorously, and it is probably that all the cast are living happily ever afterward. Just the same, the gentleman from the country gazed for a moment over the brink of eternity.



It all happened at the crest of the noon halt in business. At the Alabama street end of the viaduct the throng was thick and busy.

There came along, with the grace of a Godiva and clad almost as snugly as one, a member of the feminine population of Atlanta adorned in the extreme fashion of today as it applies to the softer sex. You understand about those tight skirts, of course.

Well, the young woman had on a tight skirt, and then some. It was as though she were poured into it—above and below meridian, torso and all.

This vision was nearing Alabama street when across the viaduct strode a sturdy specimen of the best yeomanry that Georgia produces.

He had half way negotiated the streets, congested at best, when The Vision crossed his horizon. As though hit by the bug eye, he came to a dead stop in his tracks—something like a pointer comes to a full stop

and points game. He was enthralled. He gazed at The Vision, and was oblivious.

Swat! Swish! Crash!

He was plastered against one of the plate glass windows of a viaduct clothing store.

A six cylinder machine, going at really a moderate gait had lunged into him. The chauffeur conscientious to the last, had sounded his horn again and again. But what was a little old horn against the mesmeric influence that glued the victim's eyes to the latest specimen of Atlanta's fashions?

Bystanders who had witnessed the play dashed quickly to his assistance. He "beat them to it." Swiftly he scrambled to his feet. With one jump he recovered his hat, with a lightning stroke he pulled down his coat, which had covered his head in transit. He wasn't hurt, a bit. But scared! Before long, kindly help reached his side one long, continuous streak spoke of his disappearance down toward union station.

Ancient Egyptians Used Our Up-To-Date Styles



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Inspired probably by the recent highly successful fashion show of 1912, in which was displayed the very latest progress of sartorial art, from double decked coiffures to diamond heeled slippers, Professor A. L. Kroeber, curator of the Museum of Anthropology at the affiliated colleges, arranged an exhibition of fashion in retrospect, with considerable emphasis on what they were wearing in Egypt and such places in the fall of 1912 B. C.

The exhibition was thrown open to the public, and the weary husband who thinks his wife looks queer in her new French togs that coat none but husbands know how much should go out that way. With Kipling, he likely will say:—

"We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes that ranged
India's prehistoric day."

Professor Kroeber and his assistant, E. W. Jifford who given the lecture, are of the opinion the change is less than slight, and they have proceeded with a delicate sense of irony to contrast some of the new styles with the old.

There is a plaster cast of an Egyptian lass wearing one of those gowns that begin to hobble right at the neck and never vary all the way down, except as nature asserts itself. This effect is popular, also, in 1912.

The women of Crete were wearing corsets about the same time—four thousand years ago. They have such a corset in the museum, and it looks like one of a pair of puttees worn by a stout cavalry officer. In the illustrated lecture it is declared that women wore corsets of link steel in Queen Elizabeth's time.

One whole glass case is labeled:—
"Secrets of Beauty, Past and Present."

Inside there is a quite modern "lay-out" of rouge, powder and mirror, and alongside be the implements with which some dusky Cleopatras touched herself up to win an Antony's praise and admiration.

In the treatment of hair all races have taken advantage of the opportunity to look beautiful, according to their lights. Down in New Guinea, among the Melanesians, where nature is sparing of blondes, peroxide is unknown and lime is used.

Chief of Police Carran, of Nyack, had had detectives working along the river shore for weeks, and a fortnight ago discovered a veritable pirates' cove back of the old Flatrock Company property at Nyack. In a machine shop and a rocky recess were stored various appliances and apparatuses from steamboats, yachts and sailing vessels amounting in value to several thousand dollars.

The arrest of "Doc" Lehman followed October 23, and three weeks later Joseph Romano, of No. 183 Washington avenue, and Edward Timberlain, of Long Island City were made prisoners on a charge of robbery. It being believed they could tell much about the pirate raids along the Hudson. Dadinic Curio, of No. 101 Washington avenue, and Robert Donati, of Sherman street and Washington avenue, Long Island City, were arrested, also charged with robbery.

"Doc" Lehman, according to the stories, was the brains of the crew. He had appeared on the shores of Long Island some weeks ago in a fine power yacht. He told rosy stories of a cruise to the southern seas, where he expected to find millions of dollars worth of pearls. He confided the theft of the yacht, and that he had renamed her the Serpent. Angelo Caffone and Joseph Caffone, Dominick Curio, Joseph Romano, Edward Timberlain and Robert Donati all fell into the lure of the sea and started up the Hudson with Lehman. The Caffone boys rebelled and were put ashore. At Troy Cuzio and Romano left.

But the pirates, embolden by past successes, now tried the brilliant feat that led to their downfall. The Lounger II was anchored off the Hammond estate at Nyack and was fully equipped for a deep sea voyage, with gasoline and provisions aboard. She had been left unguarded for a moment in the night when, it is charged, "Doc" Lehman and his trusty followers went aboard her. Lehman was a past master at gasoline engines and soon the motor was purring at a lively rate and the Lounger was slowly nosing out into the Hudson.

Suddenly there was a rude shaking and the vessel stopped, with her engines pumping ahead. She had caught on a great cable stretched across the little harbor to prevent just such an emergency and there she stuck. Unable to move her forward or back, the pirates took to the small boats and escaped.

Judge's New Domicile Keeps Things Sparkling

CLEVELAND, O.—Shocking! Perfectly shocking!

That's what is said of the home of George Baer, municipal judge, at 1728 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street. And the house is shocking—the judge admits it.

"Ecstatically speaking," Baer adds. When the judge's wife arose the other morning and started to ply a comb through her locks a crackling sound arrested her. She dropped the comb and felt of her sleeve connection. There had been no rip, but when she started to comb again the crackling resulted.

She touched the judge on the forehead to awaken him. A little spark jumped up more promptly than his honor.

"Here's your coffee, George," she said at breakfast, and as he reached to take it their fingers touched and another little spark jumped from the contact point of their digits.

And then—and here's the real reason for the investigation started by Baer—when the judge was about to leave for downtown he and his wife stood near the front door, "saluting," a large spark rose from the point where their fingers touched. "Was a shocking kiss."



That was the last straw.

"Not that the wife and I are not used to sparking," says Baer, telling of the incident, "but this is a new brand, and it isn't pleasant. I've gone to the telephone and electric light companies to see what the trouble is. The whole place seems to be charged with electricity."

"Only the other night Judge McGannon and his wife came out to the house and a spark rose when he and I shook hands. More sparks from the greeting of Mrs. McGannon and my wife. Shocking? Well, it sure is."

Success and Failure.

It is sometimes hard to find out just how the man who is successful has managed to succeed, but it is always easy to see why failure comes to those who fail.

OMISSION OF COMMA COSTLY

Fire Insurance Company Rejoices While Kansas City Man Is Much Depressed.

Kansas City, Mo.—The absence of a comma in an insurance contract cost a Kansas City man \$7,000. Had the comma been placed after the word in the contract, J. Sidney Smith would have received the money. The court decided it would have placed the sentence differently and, as a result, Smith is \$7,000 out and the fire insurance company just that much ahead.

The suit was to collect payment for the loss of grain destroyed on a side track near an elevator. The sentence in the contract which was at issue in the suit read:

"Grain in cars on side track within one hundred feet of the elevator."

Smith contended that the sentence should read:

"Grain in cars on side track, within one hundred feet of the elevator."

The court, however, held that it should read:

"Grain in cars, on side track within one hundred feet of the elevator."

The ordinary person would probably have some difficulty in grasping the difference, but the court's view of it was that the cars must be within 100 feet of the elevator, while the defendant held that so long as there were any cars on the side track, the loss should be paid.

GENEVIEVE CLARK AND HER CURL



MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK, daughter of Speaker Champ Clark, is the possessor of a natural curl which adorns her head just below the right ear. This has set a new style for the younger sets and is known as the "Genevieve curl."

"PIRATES" ARE TAKEN

Youths Come to Grief When They Board Yacht.

Arrests Follow the Looting of Many Vessels at Anchor Off Nyack, N. Y.—Leader Told of Huge Fortunes That Awaited Them.

New York—Like a black visaged tale of the days when Captain Kidd swept the sea, was the yarn unfolded in court in Nyack when four youths with the lure of the southern deep, strong in them, were arraigned on a charge of burglary following an attempt to steal the \$40,000 yacht of James B. Hammond.

Two months ago the gasoline yacht of H. R. Humphreys, a member of the Albany Yacht club, disappeared from her moorings off Tarrytown. Fine cruising and inland yachts were stripped of their binnacles, glasses, charts, canvas and various other equipment.

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But their elation had overstepped caution and they had sent postal cards to friends in Long Island City telling of the scheme and that they intended to load the vessel with all the booty stored in the cave. These postal cards fell into the hands of the police.

All four prisoners were charged with burglary, but Cuzio and Romano were discharged for lack of evidence. Timberlain and Donati were held for the action of the grand jury.

ORIGIN OF THE CRESCENT

Was Once Emblem of Byzantine Empire and Eastern Church—Now Regarded as Mohammedan.

London—Though now regarded as essentially Mohammedan, the crescent was Christian in its origin. A crescent moon was the emblem of the Byzantine empire and the eastern church, and the Turks adopted it as a badge of triumph after the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

With reference to the crescent the story of the origin of the crescent shaped Vienna roll is worth recalling. It arose in the sixteenth century when the Turks were besieging Vienna, and falling to carry it by assault began to drive mines under the walls. At that period the city's bakehouses were in the walls under the fortifications, and when the mines were almost through the sound of the work was heard in the underground bake houses and the alarm given. It was to celebrate this event that the bakers adopted the Turkish emblem as the shape in which to make their bread.

CURIOSITY BRINGS ODD RIDE

Man Peers into Barrel, Loses Balance and Rolls Down Street—Nails Cause Him to Howl.

Williamsburg, Pa.—An animated barrel rolling along Kent avenue, near South Tenth street, caused pedestrians to pause in open-mouthed wonder. From the headless end of the barrel protruded a pair of legs. From the general interior issued muffled howls for help.

Within the barrel—but the fact did not appear at the moment—was a good deal of Thomas Roach, a machinist living at No. 30 Norton street, and some nails. The nails were extremely irritating to Roach and disastrous to his clothes, hence the howls.

Roach—and this also became evident after the man had been removed from the barrel and the nails from his anatomy—got into the barrel and a large amount of trouble through curiosity. Wishing to know what was within he peeped in, lost his balance and fell in.

Encountering the nails Roach rolled into the middle of the street in a vain effort to detach himself. But the further he rolled the more tenacious did the nails lay hold of his clothes and flesh and the greater was his agony. Roach waved his legs as an added plea for help, but none came.

Pedestrians seemed to think the man in the barrel might be paying a bet and as his antics were highly amusing, they set to and helped roll him until he had progressed a block. They were still rolling when Police-man Bender of the Clymer street station appeared. He tried to puff the

SUICIDE AT GRAVE

Mystery Widow Ends Life in Milford, Conn., Cemetery.

Kneeling in Prayer, Woman, Said to Be From New York, Shoots Herself in Graveyard—Leaves Note Explaining Act.

Milford, Conn.—"I am going to join my husband. Please bury me beside him."

With only the pencilled note to indicate her motive, Mrs. Alice Devine, the handsome widow of Horace Devine, knelt beside the grave of her husband in the cemetery here and killed herself, putting a bullet in her temple. Her body fell across the grave of the man from whom she could no longer remain separated, and the note was found there.

None of the employees of the cemetery had seen her enter, nor had any known that she had committed suicide, until her body was found. Only the earth stains on her skirt showed that she had been in the attitude of prayer.

To the dramatic manner in which Mrs. Devine took her life is added the mystery of her identity. Although her clothing indicates that she had been in comfortable circumstances, there was no jewelry, or any paper bearing an address. The note was addressed to an undertaker, E. L. Nettleton, who had buried her husband's body.

The only information Mr. Nettleton and John Ives, the medical examiner, who took charge of her body, could gather, was that Mr. Devine, who once lived in Milford, had told the few persons in this town who knew him, that he had married a woman residing in New York city. Her address there he did not tell, but he had said that she had lived at various hotels with relatives, and had no permanent home.

Soon after their marriage those who knew Mr. Devine said the couple moved to Ohio, where Mr. Devine died. His body was brought to Milford by the widow. So far as known there were no children.

Mrs. Devine, who was of medium height, with dark eyes and brown hair, apparently was about thirty-eight years old.

How long the couple had lived in Milford, whether Devine had any relatives here and who are Mrs. Devine's relatives in New York city are questions the medical examiner is trying to solve. As no one appears to claim Mrs. Devine's body Mr. Nettleton buried her at his own expense and granted her dying wish.

GOLD DROVE HER TO DEATH

Buried Treasure, Undiscovered, Is Cause of Woman's Suicide at Council Grove, Kan.

Council Grove, Kan.—Worry over her inability to find \$3,000 in gold which she knew to be buried in an iron pot on her farm is believed to have caused a fit of despondency which led to the suicide here of Mrs. Joseph Rutledge, who shot herself through the head.

The woman's husband had concealed his savings in his own way, promising to reveal the cache to his wife before he died. His death came suddenly last February, before he could reveal the hiding place.

BABY IS SHOT BEFORE BIRTH

Born With Bullet in Side, Little Fellow Will Live—Man to Be Charged With Attempted Murder.

Honolulu—To come into the world with a 33 caliber bullet in his side is what baby Cavalho did, and two hours after birth the little fellow was successfully operated upon by surgeons who now say that he will live.

Two days ago Mrs. Juan Cavalho, a Porto Rican woman, had a row with her brother-in-law and was shot in the abdomen. Within twenty hours the child was born and physicians found that the bullet had embedded itself in the little body.

The brother-in-law, whose name is Ricas, has been placed under arrest and will face a charge of attempted murder, though lawyers say this will be changed to murder in the first degree if the child should die. The doctors say, however, that as the mother is in good condition and the baby an unusually strong one neither of them is in immediate danger.

The SUITORS OF Mrs. MERRIWID



MELISSA WOULD LIKE TO BE A SAILOR'S BRIDE.

Mrs. Merriwid dropped into a comfortable chair with a sigh of relief and took a comfortable cup of tea from the tray that her maid had just brought in. She was attired in a white middie blouse trimmed with Oxford blue, from the collar of which a silver boatswain's whistle depended by a snowy lanyard. Her hat, skirt and shoes were also white, and her face and bare arms were burned a fine brick red.

"You are simply a sight, Melissa," said her maternal maiden aunt Jane. "A pleasing sight, I trust, dearie," her niece answered; "and believe me, this tea tray is not a revolving spectacle. It's certainly good to sit down and not have to trouble about adjusting one's center of gravity to a highly eccentric motion. Still, it might have been worse, and Captain Reefeer was just as lovely as he could be; and if I put on plenty of cold cream, I may not peel off so very badly. One thing, if I ever marry again, I'm going to marry a sailor."

"I'm glad you've made up your mind at last," said Aunt Jane, with mild sarcasm. "I suppose I ought to feel grateful that you don't insist on marrying a burglar. There's no accounting for anything you take into your head."

"Why, auntie!" remonstrated Mrs. Merriwid, "how cruelly unjust! But still, there may be something in that burglar idea. You always hear of burglars as perfect models of husbands and fathers in private life. The trouble



"THE LAST WAVE OF MY LILY WHITE HAND FROM THE QUAY."

is that you never know who they are until they're arrested or you catch one under your bed. No, the chances are pretty slim of getting a burglar. I think I'll be a sailor's bride, tra la."

"And have your husband away at sea all the time," suggested Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Merriwid beamed upon her. "That's the idea exactly, darling," she said. "The great trouble with married life, according to my observation, is that the husband and wife see each other nearly every day, and it takes the cold, relentless hand of death, or the stern decree of the divorce court, to part them longer than a couple of weeks at a time. Of course, dearie, your experience is somewhat limited, so you'll have to take it from me that it's a great strain on the average man to keep amiable around the house. When he's had a trying day in the office, it's a tremendous relief for him to come home and take it out of the partner of his joys and sorrows. He can throw off the galling trammels of common decency and relax and be himself. He can sit down to the table in his shirtsleeves and sop his bread in the gravy dish, and kick the cat, and use strong language without forfeiting the regard of anybody but his own family. He doesn't have to be polite or considerate unless there is company—and that's what makes so many home-loving, domestic men. But all the same, he ceases to become the object of romantic devotion on the part of little wives."

Little Girls in Persia.

The birth of a girl in Persia is received with pity, even by her mother. "Why should I not weep over my little girl, who will have to endure the same miseries as I have known?" she cries. "She is of so little value! Who knows whether her father will not one day throw her out of the window and so silence forever her wailing? And why should he be annoyed? He knows he may do such a thing with impunity. No one cares any more than if it was a cat which had to suffer for his wrath." From the hour of birth the social inequality between the sexes asserts itself. Infant mortality is very high owing to the ignorance and inexperience of the women. Since celibacy is considered a disgrace, girls are often married as young as 10 or 12. In order to reduce the rate of infant mortality some men have suggested that the mother should have a finger cut off every time she lost a child. This cruelty, however, has not been adopted. But that it should have entered into the minds of any Persian men is significant enough.

Mind Reading.

A skeptic on the subject of things psychic attempted to account for certain curious happenings by calling them a matter of mind reading. He said the facts were uppermost in the mind of one of the two persons involved and were transferred to the mind of the other, after which they were dressed up and made to appear in the light of mediatic communication. That's all right, but why is mind reading any less psychic, any less phenomenal than a message from the dead? As I look at it, once admit the power of thought to the extent of mind reading and you admit the power of thought irrespective of the body, and hence quite as much alive after so-called death as before. No, mind reading doesn't appeal to me as much of an explanation.—Exchange.

Can't Face Her.

"Thank you for the long-distance advice a great convenience!"

"Yes, a great convenience, when I have to be true with you!"