

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Show Girls Dance "Bear" and "Tango" in Pulpit



MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—Two chorus girls danced a ragtime dance on the platform of the pulpit of the Rev. G. L. Morrill in Minneapolis the other day, illustrating his sermon on "Fraise Him With the Dance." The most amusing and bold dances were "put on the boards" by the two girls from a Minneapolis burlesque house and the audience fairly gasped at it.

The "Turkey Trot," the "Crab Crawl," the "Tortoise Tango," the "Jolly Wobble," the "Angie Worm Wriggle," the "Grisly" and all others known to these two girls of the stage were danced.

Then began the Rev. Mr. Morrill's sermon.

"Now you have witnessed just how fashionable society carries on when it gets started," said the Rev. Mr. Morrill. "I admit there is a decent dance, a dance helpful to the body, pleasant

to the mind and harmless to the soul, but these rag dances that you have witnessed, not at all exaggerated, will make the devil blush, and he would hesitate to introduce them into purgatory.

"There was a time when statues were made of graceful dancers, but today there is a crying demand for statues against dancing which is disgraceful. The dancing whirlpool of society has drawn into its drowning depths many of the best craft that ever sailed life's sea. The dance you have witnessed has degenerated from devotion and diversion into dissipation and debauchery. These rag dances are animal in name and nature and often as much more passionate than the oriental dance as Vesuvius is warmer than an iceberg.

"We seem almost ready for the naked dance proposed by Plato in his ideal republic. The animal world is libeled. Mr. Bear and Mrs. Turkey were never guilty of such antics and doubtless look with surprise and shame at the dances which bear their names."

As the two chorus girls performed these "rag" dances, now and then a coin would fly toward the pulpit, while the big organ of the church pealed forth rag-time music to accompany the dance.

## Stop Game of Cards to Get Marriage License

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—A suggestion from friends that they get married at once, made half in fun, it is said, caused John Patterson and Miss Emma Shepp to disturb a penthouse game in which John Rauch, county clerk, was playing. They sought Rauch in order to get a marriage license, and they aroused Mayor Shank from his slumbers shortly after midnight that the mayor might perform the ceremony.

It was not a full dress affair—far from it. The mayor was clad in a pair of trousers, his nightshirt and a Prince Albert coat, and also wore a pair of shoes, which were unlaced.

Patterson and Miss Shepp were out calling on friends, when some one suggested they get married at once. It was agreed it would be a "lark," and an automobile was called.

Rauch's home was visited, and he was induced to leave a penthouse game and go to the court house about 11:00 p. m. and issue a license.

"Let's get Mayor Shank," some one suggested.

"But the mayor is probably in bed," said another.

"That don't make any difference," replied the first. "No one but the mayor will do."



The couple, accompanied by three young women and a man, went to the mayor's home and with considerable difficulty aroused him. Rauch, William Brommer, a saloon keeper, and August Pohlman followed in an automobile, wishing to see the fun. Shortly after midnight the ceremony was performed and the couple said they would leave at once for a trip to Pittsburgh.

"John was feeling good and I thought we had better get married while he felt like it," the mayor said the bride explained.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride exclaimed:

"Now that I am married I am going to kiss a fat man," and she kissed a member of the party.

The mayor declined to accept a fee. Patterson is a printer. The bride's home is in Muncie.

## Woman Faints at Movies and Loses a \$25 Hat



ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Mrs. John O. Muckermann, wife of the first vice-president of the local ice company, will hereafter eschew moving-picture shows.

The last one Mrs. Muckermann attended cost, besides the price of admission, one new \$25 hat, black velvet, trimmed with small red roses.

The other night, after the Muckermann family had dinner at their home, at 6054 West Cabanne place, someone suggested a night of amusement at the "movies." The suggestion was adopted, and Mr. and Mrs. Muckermann, with a party of friends, adjourned to a theater.

The atmosphere of the place was bad. Mrs. Muckermann stood it as long as she could, and then fainted.

Her husband picked her up and started for home. A friend started for the Muckermann garage and got out the automobile. He met Muckermann about a block from the house, and the two lifted the unconscious woman into the car. In the exertion they knocked off Mrs. Muckermann's hat.

"Get her hat," said the friend.

"Oh, that'll be all right; get it later. Hurry up for the house," replied Muckermann, and they whirled off.

When Mrs. Muckermann revived she inquired for her hat. When told that it was lying in the gutter a block away she sent a searching party.

Muckermann and his friends dug up lanterns and electric torches and went after the hat. It was gone. A search until midnight failed to reveal the hat and the searchers were compelled to go home and break the news to Mrs. Muckermann.

But, determined to have that hat back, Mrs. Muckermann published an advertisement and will pay a liberal reward to the person who brings back the missing headgear.

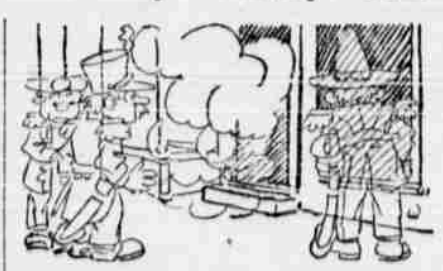
## Revolutionary Ghosts Stirred by Abbey Fire

NEW YORK.—Ghosts of a score of Central and South American revolutions were stirred from their lurking places in the arms-filled corners of Westminster Abbey's "what-not" store, No. 61 Front street, by a fire the other afternoon. Since 1830 it has been possible to get anything from a print of eighteenth century New York to a pound of "good mixed tea at 20 cents" in this store, but munitions of war have been its chief stock, and if seamen's gossip means anything filibusters have had good reason to know this for more than a generation.

Westminster Abbey—who got his strange name because his father, Jared Abbey, intended him for the church—watched the progress of the fire with tear-filled eyes.

"Every one's got a bug," he said, "and my bug is my business. I had things in there that you wouldn't take as a gift, but that I wouldn't have parted with for any price you could have offered."

Many of these things were ruined by smoke and water, but for the most part the damage was confined to flags and uniforms from half the



countries in the world; to tents and fishing tackle; to teas and coffees jumbled in with ship's paint; to prints and etchings, and to some ancient paintings of greater sentimental than artistic worth. Some \$50,000 worth of arms and ammunition escaped harm.

Perhaps the most valuable relics owned by Abbey come under this last category.

The building occupied by Abbey was said by the police to be the oldest along Front street. For three generations it has been known as "the shop with the little brass candlestick," from its trademark, a tiny gun that could hardly carry more than a buckshot, but which is of great age and value.

Opulent Bard.

"I can't understand what that poet's wife is able to dress so well. I thought there was no money in poetry." "I guess there isn't; but her husband has the job of writing all the advertising rhymes for one of the biggest breakfast food concerns in the country. Have you seen their new automobiles?"

From "Old Slivash."

"We are more frivolous in our college life than in our business," George Fitch said. "Still, college life has made business what it is. Fraternities are a clearinghouse for ability and ambition."—Kansas City Star

Uncovered Family Group.

An interesting discovery was recently made in Edinburgh in the course of the demolition of the old church buildings of a parish church in Roxburgh Place. A vault containing the remains of Lady Glenorchy, a member of the Breadalbane family, and the founder of the original church, was laid bare.

Had a Good "Take."

One of the latest novels says: "He stooped a little and printed a round dozen of swift kisses on her surprised lips." Evidently a job printer.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## CHINCHBUGS ROUTED

Fire as Pest Destroyer Advocated in Agricultural Fable.

Firebug in the Person of a Scientific Farmer Wrought Havoc With Pestiferous Family Who Had Moved into Winter Home.

Atchison, Kan.—Gen. Postiferous Chinch Bug, Jr., and family of Kansas have gone to their winter home in the bunch grass and blue stem. The Kansas Industrialist a few weeks ago said the news of their departure was brought to the agricultural college by J. W. McCulloch, a special field agent for the entomology department of the Kansas Agricultural college. So it's official and authoritative.

McCulloch also gave out the information here that there is considerable uneasiness in the C. B. household on account of the many incendiary fires that destroyed blue stem and bunch grass winter homes. In fact, it was only after several days of arguing and promising that Mrs. C. Bug and the girls consented to leave the family's summer place on the old cornstalk. And they wouldn't have gone at all had not the general agreed, finally, to crawl to the top of the winter home twice a day and look for firebugs. It also was told here by a neighbor of the Chinch Bugs that Mrs. C. B. ordered fire extinguishers for the winter home before she left.

Trouble for the Chinch Bug family began when a firebug, thought to be Scientific Farmer, came to the blue stem and bunch grass home and burned it nearly to the ground. Young Postiferous, his bride and his brother were the only ones of a family of sixty-five that escaped. And that was the mortality among most of the other families, Mrs. Postiferous said.

And then that cold winter in only a makeshift for a home. It was too much for brother. He died. But the general and Mrs. Postiferous survived somehow and reared a large family on the cornstalk.

"I think we made a good move when we came to this side of the road," General Postiferous told his wife. "I understand that there have been no firebugs in this community for years. This is the place we should have lighted in instead of that farm

across the divide. Over there it seemed as if all the yeggs on that section combined forces against us. Every grove of blue stem and bunch grass in sight went up in smoke. And you know as well as I that if our grove had been burned a little closer to the ground we'd have perished with the rest of them."

"Yes, I know that only too well. Pest, but I'm worried about this smell of smoke in the air this morning. I wish you'd forget the past long enough to go on the roof and

## WAR'S TERRIBLE DEVASTATION



This photograph of one of the streets of Kirk Killiseh was taken just after the capture of that city by the Bulgarians, and shows the awful devastation wrought by the bombardment.

of his wedding journey. Cunningham took the joke good naturedly, but has sworn to get even with his tormentors later.

MAKE BRIDEGROOM CAPTIVE

Bound and Gagged, West Orange, N. J., Man Sees Tormentors Eat Wedding Feast.

West Orange, N. J.—Bound and gagged, Bernard Cunningham, a young business man of this town, was forced to sit a wretched witness at a feast which he was not permitted to share. The feast in question was the victim's wedding supper, and had been spread in the dining room of his new home, at 4 Main street. Mr. Cunningham was married to Miss Mary Brennan of this city, the ceremony being held at the home of the bride, 105 Alden street. A wedding breakfast was served, and it had been planned by the bridegroom to invite a few intimate friends to a supper in the evening before starting with his wife on their honeymoon journey.

During the afternoon a party of friends called with a carriage at the home of the bride and enticed the bridegroom to go for a short ride. Once in the carriage he was bound and gagged and was taken a prisoner to his new home, where his captors made short work of the good things prepared for the supper that night. After they had completed their repast they released Cunningham, but not until he had been detained long enough to necessitate a postponement

squint around a little. You haven't been up this morning. And you know what you promised."

The special field agent believes the fears of the Chinch Bugs are well grounded. The success with which the family of Gen. Postiferous, Sr., was routed has convinced Scientific Farmer that the winter house warming plan is the best yet for fighting his old enemy. His torch is ready and he's only waiting now till the last of the Chinch Bugs are in their winter homes.

LAYS FAILURE TO "MOVIES"

California Bandit Makes Strange Court Plea for Clemency—Autos His Specialty.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Moving picture shows caused his downfall, according to Cornelius Hadsaacker, who pleaded guilty to highway robbery, after which he made a pathetic appeal for probation.

The "movies," according to the prisoner, showed him "how easy it was done," and he deserted the ranch for the highway shore. He made a specialty of holding up automobiles.

LIONS ARE GIVEN TURKEY

Kings of New York Zoo Get First Taste of Our "National Bird," and Like It.

New York.—The lions in the New York zoo has a taste of turkey recently for the first time in their lives. They have been brought up on dressed beef ever since they left a milk diet. Keeper Snyder bought a turkey for each of the ten. The animals were suspicious of the new food at first, but a few sniffs convinced them that it was all right, and when they were through not even a wishbone was left.

## MONTENEGRINS LONG VICTORS

They Are Reckless at Play and at Arms, but Honorable, Says a London Letter.

London.—It was Mr. Gladstone who once described Montenegro—the black mountain—as the shore where, after bloody Kosovo, the wreckage of old Serbia was washed by the oncoming Turkish tide, says a London letter. They who escaped into these fastnesses were families of caste, chieftains and nobles, who for five centuries and more have remained unconquered.

Their very vices show breeding, a recklessness at play and an extravagance in dress. Yet gamblers though they are and dandies, they are honest as cash, and if a purse of gold be dropped by accident upon the highway it will be discovered by its rightful possessor.

Prison life itself is ruled by honor, for convicts who may have pulled a trigger wander abroad, meet their friends, join in festivals, and are known only by the dull music of a clanking chain.

The Montenegrin is not devoid of education. He has his school in every hamlet, and there is an amazing story of the great Ivan, the prince who burned his capital Zabljak to save it from the Turk, sending up a printing press in Obod just twenty years after Carion had begun his enterprise at Westminster. The machine vanished amid the chaos, but it revealed an instinct.

It is an armed men that the Montenegrins now interest us. When they go marketing to the Austrian coast town of Cattaro they are required by the authorities to rob their belts of the mighty pistol, but at the frontier they resume it, and it is the symbol of their liberty.

Humble homage to the queen is rigidly exacted by King Nicholas, and in the palace of Cetinje, princesses, so far from being doted, are described, paternally, as "my country's most valuable export."

To behold one's enemy is the final joy of the Montenegrins, who, therefore, dislike long range artillery and the modern rifles which are received from Russia as Christmas presents for the reigning houses.

Will Sell Chinese Art

Imperial Family of New Republic Has Plan to Dispose of Palace Treasures.

New York.—Art connoisseurs from all parts of the world are looking forward to an auction sale which probably will be held in London next year, and which should prove the most wonderful disposal of art-treasures in history. The articles to be offered to bidders are nothing less than the treasures of the imperial palaces of China.

The collection, which includes the finest specimens of every form of Chinese porcelains and ceramics, is unique and its value is enormous. It is said that the disposal of the treasures practically has been decided upon by the imperial family.

TOY DOG SCARES ELEPHANT

Stamped by Black and Tan About the Size of Kitten, Beast Creates Havoc.

Paris, France.—Stamped by a toy black and tan about the size of a small kitten, one of the hugest elephants Paris has ever seen did \$1,000 worth of damage the other night in the traffic-thronged Boulevard Beaumarchais.

The elephant was shuffling along the boulevard for advertising purposes, attended by an ebony-skinned, white-turbaned mahout, armed with a long prod pole. Dashing from the crowd on the sidewalk, the dog opened the elephant's further passage, offering battle with a cackle of wild yapping.

Horried, the elephant wheeled and broke into a ponderous gallop, trampling shrilly. The dog pursued, snapping at his heels. The mahout tried to stop the runaway, but his charge was hysterical with terror.

## "BROADWAY BOB" IS HELD

Fashion-Plate Crook Picked Up in New York as He Is About to Dine in Restaurant.

New York.—Following complaints from Broadway restaurants and hotels that the pockets of patrons had been picked, Detective McGee came to the conclusion that clever enough for such work was Walter Henry, a crook of international reputation, a fashion plate and as agreeable a companion as one could find.

Henry also is known as Bob Hart, Walter Hogan, Big Bob, "the Doctor," "Big English Bob" and "Broadway Bob."

McGee was in Rector's when Henry strolled in.

"Where have you been?" asked McGee, as Henry tossed his coat and hat to a boy.

"I've had great trouble," replied Henry. "My father has just died in Brooklyn. That accounts for the mourning band on my hat."

"Well, come to the station house with me," said McGee. "You are wanted for that little trick pulled off on Nov. 9th in the Kaiserkeller."

The affair referred to by the detective was the robbery of Albert M. Markler of 55 West 155th street, who is connected with a Wall street bank. On Saturday Markler got from Marsello Pitt & Co., 170 Broadway, a diamond cluster valued at \$800; a diamond ring set with rubies, \$500; a diamond bar ring, \$300; a la valliers,

\$500; a small diamond ring, \$10, and a gold cigarette case, \$100, making a total of \$2,040.

On his way home Markler stopped at the Kaiserkeller to have dinner. There he was joined by two more agreeable strangers, who insisted that he dine with them. He consented, and on starting for home noticed that the larger of the men brushed against him. Then, suddenly, he discovered his jewelry was gone, but the man was gone, too.

Markler identified Henry through his roguish gallery picture.

COURT DEFIED BY A CONVICT

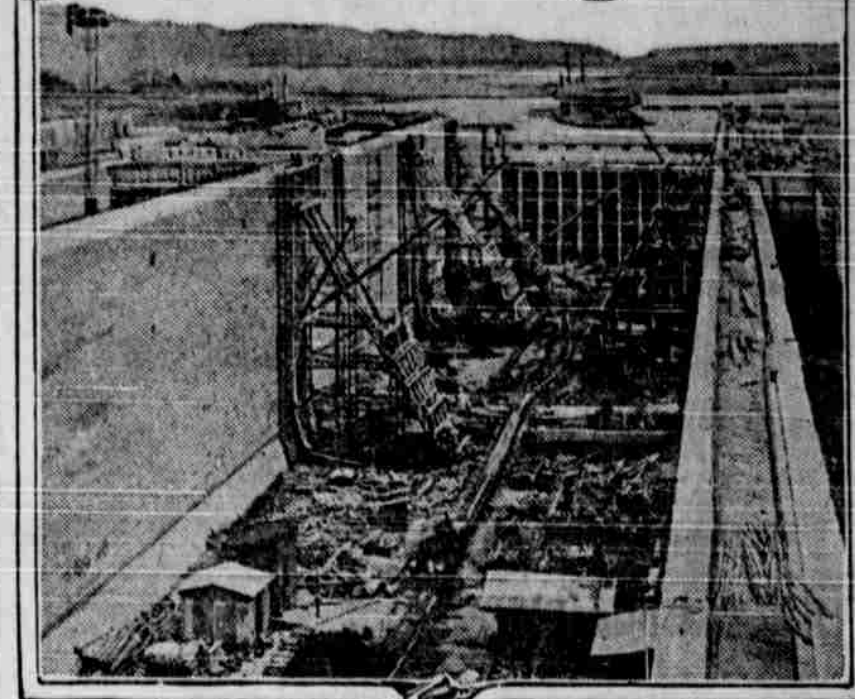
California Prisoner, in Contempt, Dares Judge to Punish Him—Sent Back to Jail.

Sacramento, Cal.—"You are in contempt of court," Superior Judge Hughes exclaimed to a witness named Jordan. "Suppose I am, what are you going to do about it?" coolly replied the witness, who was a convict brought from Folsom prison to testify regarding a stabbing affair within the prison.

"If you can add any to my twenty years, go to it," he added.

Although Jordan refused to testify against the prisoner on trial, even withholding his own given name and sneering at his examiners, the court was helpless, and in the end Jordan was allowed to go back to prison.

# SEEING THE PANAMA CANAL



LOWER GATUN LOCK NEARING COMPLETION

NOT less than 20,000 Americans, so the rough and ready estimates have it, will go south during the four winter months, beginning with the first of December, and extending to the end of March, to visit the Isthmus of Panama and see what they may of the result of the eight years' work which Col. George W. Goethals and his army of 35,000 men have brought almost to completion. The Panama canal is nearly done; only the part of another year remains before this \$100,000,000 waterway will join the Atlantic and the Pacific. Next September will mark the completion of the task. And flooding of the canal will mean that most of the work will be forever hidden from view.

However many go to the Isthmus, it is safe to say not more than ten per cent of them will come away with more than a vague conception of what has really been accomplished by the engineers. The fault will not have been with the canal. That fairly matches all that has been said about it. The fault will have been with the visitor. For, notwithstanding all his careful guide-book preparations beforehand, he will not, after all, see more than the surface aspect of things down in the Canal Zone. In this manner he will resemble the majority of visitors who have already been to Panama.

one of every ten of these, perhaps, can boast that he descended to the bottom of the giant locks, there to grope his way through the concrete culverts or gaze up at the spans, like cathedral arches, of these great steel gates that next year will lock in the waters of the completed canal. One of every twenty, perhaps, can tell you that he climbed down into Culebra cut, to spend a day in the eternal bustle of the deep canyon which man has made through the hills, and which so soon will be the channel of great ships as they plow their way from sea to sea.

At the Bottom of the Cut.

If you go down to the Panama canal this winter, go down into Culebra cut. Try there to make yourself heard against the din of the steam hammers and drills; against the incessant dull thunder of the dynamite blasts; against the crunch and bite of the steam shovel; against the scream of the locomotives and the crazy clatter of the dirt cars. Dodge about the labyrinth of tracks to escape the tempestuous onslaught of the blustering engines, as they make their way toward the sea, hauling their strings of laden cars; get close beneath one of those long-armed steam shovels which swings its tons of rock and dirt in every direction with such seeming recklessness. As you lose yourself among the swarms of human ants who are shoveling away the soft dirt that has come down the long slope of Mount Culebra in one of the "slides" that one so often reads about.

After all this, if you are not fairly staggered at the immensity of the accomplishment of our engineers, then you are of stuff less impressive than the Isthmian rocks. For Culebra cut is the masterpiece of the \$400,000,000 canal job; its completion will represent the ultimate fulfillment of the work. The locks and gates at Gatun, Miraflores, and Pedro Miguel are wonderful in that they represent the highest of their kind in the world. So also is the Gatun dam, which has made possible the impounding of the dirty Chagres river water in the Gatun lake, and which has made out of an entire countryside an inland sea. But Culebra cut transcends them all. Here is not merely the largest thing of its kind. Here the Continental Divide, the rocky backbone of the Americas, has been carved through, after defying all the efforts of the French for twenty years. A mountain has been hewn away.

ing highly attractive in really smart circles—the circles of the gorgeous fools.—Los Angeles Times.

Girl and the Game.

A young man took a young woman friend to a ball game for the first time, and in his superior knowledge he asked her after the first inning was over if there was anything about the game she would like to have explained.

"Just one thing," said the sweet young thing. "I wish you would explain how that rheumatic bush-league relie in the box ever gets the ball over the plate without the aid of an express wagon."

And in the silence that followed all that could be heard was the faint chugging of the young man's Adam's apple working feverishly up and down.

No Need.

"Why doesn't that old millionaire timber up by taking gymnasium exercises?"

"He doesn't need them. He gets enough agile practice dodging his taxes."

LATEST THING IN PERFUMES

Idea That Originated in Paris Spreading Among the Ranks of the Foolish Rich.

The drug habit is being elevated to the level of an expensively fashionable craze. Of course you will want to know all about it, chere madame, so I will hasten to explain this newest and most fantastic form of vice. Morphine, caffeine and cocaine are hopelessly demode. Unless you would be a rank outsider, you must cut them out. But attar of roses, violet or cherry blossom may be injected under the skin with exactly the same results and an abiding perfume, which will at once proclaim you to the world as an unspokeable fool or a brilliant society dame—according to the taste of your Judge—will remain.

So far it has been taken up by the most prominent society and stage beauties of Paris—which means, of course, that all respectable femininity elsewhere that can afford that sort of lunacy will promptly indulge. We are assured that the experiment is prov-