Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Drives Machine Down Steps; Lands in Hospital

NEW YORK.—Peter Kelly, attendant in St. Luke's hospital, in a cot in the J. Hood Wright hospital the other day, was bragging through the mass of bandages that swathed his features that he is a better man than General Israel Putnam ever was. Early the day before Kelly, in the automobile of the superintendent of St. Luke's, drove the machine down several flights of stone steps in Central Park.

Kelly will not speak of the incident that led to his ride. Dr. Clover, the superintendent, will not say whether the attendant had his permission to use the machine, but a shadow crosses his face when he thinks of the occurrence.

Kelly first was noticed as he drove the car rapidly around the Circle, a circular road, about 200 feet in diameter, opposite 106th street, near Central Park West. There is only one entrance to the Circle. Patrolman Smith, of the Arsenal police station saw the machine.

"Hey!" shouted the patrolman, running up. "Quit that merry-go-round stuff. This park isn't Coney Island."

Suddenly the machine started along a narrow footpath. Kelly thought the path was the road leading out. He had reached the top of the long, winding stone stairway leading down to Central Park West before he realized his plight. He started to turn his machine aside, then decided he would take the stairs.

"I should worry!" shouted Kelly as the machine leaped out into the air. "This will beat old Izzy Putnam to a frazzle, and the papers will publish my face!"

Bang! Biff! Thud! The car took the landings like a greyhound. Then there came a turn in the stairs and the machine stopped with a disintegrating shiver. Kelly kept on.

Workers in the Aqueduct shaft at the bottom of the stairs rushed to the surface, thinking there was an underground explosion. They found Kelly lying doubled up several flights below what formerly was the machine. All he could mutter as they carted him to the J. Hood Wright hospital was:

"Well, I got half way down, anyway."

Kelly's nose and head bear testimony to his attempt to reach the bottom.

Aqueduct workers pried the remains of the once handsome touring car from the rocks that line the stairs.

Fluffy Headpiece Drops on Helmet of Bluecoat

CHICAGO.—This is the story of a hat and a void in the heart of a policeman. And it is a romance, too, but only the first chapter has been written.

Policeman Harry Bossen, he of the stern visage and once of the scornful eye, stood the other day on the corner of West Washington street and North Fifth avenue, blowing his whistle and scowling quite fiercely at the women who scurried past.

"Women were born to be in the way," he muttered to a brother policeman. "If it wasn't for them a policeman's life would be soft."

And then the hat entered the life of Bossen. From the elevated structure above came a woman's gasp. With it came the hat. Then a sudden fluttering of skirts and the owner of the head decoration hurried into her train.

It is not a part of the story that the came to a resting place, cocked rakishly on the helmet of the police officer. Neither is it material that he was blushing deeply when he started with the find for the Central detail station.

"Sergeant," he reported, pausing at the desk, "I—I found a hat. Maybe I better try to identify it before I turn it in."

Bossen was full of thought and sadness as he passed the desk on the way to his corner.

"Sergeant, her name ain't in it," he said dejectedly; and then he pleaded: "But, say, sergeant, she'll come for it, sure, won't she? And say, don't forgit to—to get her name and address and—and—sort of tell her it was me found it—just for—fun, you know. And say, sergeant, old man, do you know where a feller can buy furniture on the installment plan?"

But this is only the tale of a hat and a void in the heart of a policeman, and so—well, that's as far as the first chapter has been written.

Edict Against Babies Opens Row in Apartment

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—The liveliest kind of a rumpus has started over the appearance of a baby in Jersey City's most fashionable apartment house—the Fairmont—at Fairmont avenue and Hudson country boulevard. There are many dogs in the house, but the management has made an ironbound rule against children. Hence the whole affair will soon be aired in the courts.

Clinton B. Dow, a stock broker, who moved into the Fairmont with his bride a year ago, was politely told recently that he would have to move out as soon as the expected heir to the Dow family arrived.

"Well, this is the limit," said Mr. Dow. "Why the deuce didn't they put the ban on Red Mike? He's been here ever since we moved in, and not a word of complaint about him. Sure, a child's no worse than a dog."

Red Mike is a large Irish setter, and heretofore he has been the pride of the Dow household. That is, he was the third member of the family until the Dow baby arrived. Dow argued with the management of the house, but in vain. So he moved to No. 84 Emery street before his lease had expired. Now the apartment house management has brought suit to recover $300 for rent from the broker.

"I'll never pay them a penny unless the court compels me," declared Dow the other day. "It's an outrage to think that a dog is considered better than a child in a fashionable apartment house."

Subpoenas have been issued for Mrs. Merritt Lane, Mrs. Howard Slater, Mrs. J. H. Subberly, Mrs. Marmaduke Tilden and other women who live in the Fairmont and own dogs to appear and testify at the trial.

Cupid Is Routed; Quarrel Over Gifts in Court

CLEVELAND, O.—Cupid ran to cover the other day when the case of Jacob Nemerovsky, twenty-five years old, against Pauline Williams of 2557 East Twenty-ninth street, was called in Justice Chapman's court.

"You see, it was something like this," said Constable Miller, who served the papers, "Nemerovsky was engaged to Miss Williams for more than two years. During the courtship he gave Miss Williams many presents. He wanted to get the presents back. With two policemen he went to her home. The policemen were unable to persuade the bride-that-might-have-been to deliver the presents, and Squire Chapman issued a writ of replevin, with which I secured a trunk containing the presents. They consisted of an umbrella stand, foot stool, sewing tray, folding card table, collar box, smoking jacket, and some other stuff. There was also a pair of shoes, which somebody threw at me as I was leaving the house, and they hit me on the back of the neck."

Miss Williams says that she and Nemerovsky were to have been married December 7. The invitations had been printed, but because they were unable to get postage stamps out a certain night, about two weeks previous, they waited till the next day to mail them. However, the invitations were never sent, because Nemerovsky didn't come around for three days.

"He made all kinds of excuses and finally I forgave him," Miss Williams said. "Everything was all right for a while till he started to act up again. Then I told him to leave. Monday he came with a constable and took away the presents he had given me, and some of my other things, too."

Patently Green.

Old Hand (to new ticket seller at state fair)—"Ever been on the wicket before in a crush?" New Hand—"Nope." Old Hand—"Thought not." New Hand—"Why not?" Old Hand—"You give change first, and tickets afterward." New Hand—"What is the difference?" Old Hand—"Hundreds of dollars, my boy. No one ever passes in and forgets his tickets."—Judge.

Immaterial.

It doesn't make much difference whether a man is inspired or not if his work is worth while.

Rapping on Wood.

It is a common thing to see people rap upon a chair or door after they have made some boastful remark, such as "I am never ill," or "My ventures always turn out well." This was originally done as an appeal to the efficacy of the wood of the true cross, and three raps were always in honor of the Blessed Trinity.

Superscience.

Modern science is that practical knowledge of truth that urges us to feel an oyster's pulse and look at its tongue before we eat it.

Mistresses of the White House

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON

NOT only has Woodrow Wilson been elected president of the United States, but, what is fully as important in the estimation of multitudes of Americans, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Jessie Wilson and Miss Eleanor Wilson will move into the White House next March.

The place of the ladies of the White House has been kept before the country almost as prominently through all these years as has that of the president himself. Eternally questions of precedence and etiquette have come forward. The public has wanted to know all about the daily life and the domestic doings of the presidential family, the housekeeping woes of the mistress of the mansion and her behavior at the official receptions; the tastes and habits of all the feminine members of the family, and withal there have been at times little tales of boudoir plots and parlor intrigues, although the history of the United States has very little of the backstairs kind of gossip that has played a large part in the histories of the nations of Europe.

Abigail Adams, First Mistress.

The wife of the first president did not live in the White House, of course. Abigail Adams of Quincy, Mass., was the first mistress of the mansion, although in her time it was a mansion in the making, and the finishing seemed to her very far away indeed. It was she who used the "great, unfinished audience room" as a place in which to dry the family wash.

Dolly Madison was almost as much mistress of the mansion in Jefferson's time as in that of his successor, her husband, and it was she who saved the one piece of the original furnishings which is this day in the presidential residence. When the British burned the house in 1814 the redoubtable Dolly managed to carry away the portrait of Washington which hangs now over the mantel in the Red room.

It has taken a long time for the mansion to approach completion, and no sooner was it finished than it was destroyed by the ruthless hands of the English soldiery.

The building which succeeded the first residence was a faithful reproduction in forms and dimensions of the plans drawn by the original architect, Maj. Hoban. The very foundations and part of the outside walls are relics of the building which went in fire in 1814.

Mansion Is Now Complete.

Then in 1902 there was begun the White House improvements which have resulted in the mansion of today becoming almost precisely what the president's house was intended to be by those who made the original plans for it. It was necessary to relieve the residence of the necessity of being headquarters for the business of the executive. An office annex was built and thus the disfiguring additions to the mansion could be taken away.

The original plans were studied for the restoration of the residence itself, and the buildings of the University of Virginia, planned by Jefferson, were investigated. A dining room was provided in which 100 guests might be entertained. Space for the comfortable housing of such a family as that of Woodrow Wilson was secured. And finally, in 1912, the office building has been enlarged and reconstructed, so that the new president will have such family accommodations as many of his predecessors sighed for in vain.

The story of the successive White House families has much of picturesque variety. Not always has the mistress been the wife of the president. Buchanan was a bachelor; he had been disappointed in love as a young man. Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren and Arthur were widowers. Grover Cleveland alone of the line was married in the mansion. Tyler lost his wife while in office, and married again, but the ceremony took place in New York. Benjamin Harrison's wife died while he was in the presidential chair. Mrs. McKinley was an invalid, as was the first Mrs. Tyler.

Andrew Jackson had a battle that cost him more sleep probably than did the battle of New Orleans, a battle over the social recognition of a certain lady while he was living in the presidential home. The Pierces lost a son by a sad accident, and the calamity threw a shadow over most of their four years in the residence. And each of the two last presidents has had a daughter to take her place as the first young lady of the land, and now the new president has not only one, but three.

Detecting Invisible Finger-Prints.

Officers of the San Francisco bureau of identification have, it is said, perfected a process by which they develop invisible finger-prints. The discovery consists of a chemical solution that is kept secret. In a recent murder case, a former suitor of the murdered girl was suspected. He disappeared mysteriously after the crime, but the detective found a time table in the room where the young man had lived. The new solution was sprayed on the pages of the booklet. Gradually green marks began to develop, and they proved to be bloodstained finger-prints. This was three days after the murder. A streak made by a finger soon disappeared. At the end of it was a clearly defined finger-print. It pointed straight to a small village in Ohio, where the detectives journeyed and arrested their man.

Device to Frighten Baboons.

A novel method of trying to get rid of the baboon nuisance in the Graafreinet district, Cape Colony, was recently put into operation by a farmer. This man conceived the idea of getting rid of the nuisance by capturing a full-grown male baboon, dressing him in all the colors of the rainbow, putting a sheep-bell round his neck, and turning him loose to join the troop to which he belongs. The farmer believes that by so doing there will be no baboons seen in his neighborhood for a good many years.

A Proud Miss.

"Miss Prinkle, I understand, is going away to a finishing school in Boston."

"Thank you for the information. When I passed her on the street yesterday I was at a loss to account for the unusual elevation of her chin."

SEES HE TAKES HIS MEDICINE

No Chance for Man to Escape When a Woman is Responsible for Administering the Dose.

Ed Howe, the famous Kansas funny man and story-teller, has an article in the American Magazine in which he says:

"When a woman has charge of a sick man she feels as important as the marshal of the day at a country Fourth of July celebration, and, however amiable she may be at other times, she is very bossy when she has medicine to give a man, or lotions to put on him; if he wants a drink of water, she expresses the opinion that he is drinking too much, and remembers that her Aunt Harriet's husband once drank a great deal when he was sick, and had convulsions. If the sick man becomes impatient, and says the medicine is doing no good, she reminds him curtly that time is necessary; she has even been known to dip into the classics and say that Rome was not built in a day. The air of wisdom with which she examines the doctor books convinces the sick man that, however intelligent his medical adviser may have been, after his recovery he will be informed that he would have been sick much longer had she not used her homemade lotions. Whatever she does at night, the doctor will agree in the morning that it was very good.

"The sleepiest woman in the world will stay up all night cheerfully if she can get a chance to doctor somebody, and if a man has medicine to take at an unusual hour he will get it, if there is a woman around."

Was It Cause and Effect?

The Young Doctor—Congratulate me. Got another patient today. It's old man Stocks.

The Friend—That's great. They tell me the aged imbecile is a multimillionaire. How did they happen to call you in?"

The Young Doctor (modestly)—I suppose they had heard of me. It's a good thing, you know, for a young doctor to have a special line of practice. Probably you remember that I had the old man Bonds. He only lived a month after I took his case.

"BUY IT AT HOME"

Some Overtures.

Bacon—And has he approached you on the subject?

Egbert—Oh, yes.

"Well, has he made any overtures?"

"Overtures! Why, he's made overtures to beat the band!"

Luxuries, Too.

Willis—I see you have all the modern conveniences for women banking in this institution of yours?

Gillis—Yes. Two of the highest paid gossips in the city are always in attendance.—Life.

PREPARING FOR NEW SETTLERS

EXTENDING THE AGRICULTURAL AREA IN WESTERN CANADA.

For sometime past the Canadian government has had surveyors at work platting new areas for the accommodation of the largely increasing number of settlers coming in to occupy the agricultural districts of the three prairie provinces. There were those connected with the work of securing settlers for western Canada who last spring prophesied that there would be as many as 175,000 new settlers from the United States to Canada during the present year, and there were those who doubted that the previous year's figures of 132,000 could be increased. Recent computation made by the officials of the immigration branch at Ottawa show that the largest estimates made by officials will be beaten and that the 200,000 mark from the United States will be reached. As great an increase will be shown in the figures of those who will reach Canada from other countries this year. The results of the year's work in Canadian immigration will give upward of a total of 400,000 souls.

But this is not to be wondered at when it is realized what is offering in the three prairie provinces and also in the coast province of British Columbia, which is also bidding strongly and successfully, too, for a certain class of settler, the settler who wishes to go into mixed farming or fruit raising. When the central portion of this province is opened up by the railway now being constructed there will be large areas of splendid land available for the settler.

Reference has frequently been made of late by those interested in developing the American west to the large numbers who are going to Canada, high officials in some of the railways being amongst the number to give voice to the fact. The more these facts become known the more will people seek the reasons and these are best given when one reads what prominent people say of it. What the farmer thinks of it and what his friends say of it. James A. Flaherty, supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus, was in western Canada a short time ago. He says:

"If I were a young man I would sell out my interests in less than two months and come right to the Canadian Northwest, where so many opportunities abound."—Advertisement.

Eager for His Rights.

As little Freddie had reached the mature age of three, and was about to discard petticoats for manly raiment in the form of knickerbockers, his mother determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The Bristol Times tells what happened.

The breakfast table was laden with good fare as the newly-breeched infant was led into the room. "Ah!" cried the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

The fledgling was in ecstacies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged closer to his mother, and whispered: "Mummie, can I call pa Bill now?"—Youth's Companion.

Stole Ten Thousand Nickels.

After saving up nickels since 1883, Mrs Emily Kuhn of New York lost the entire bagful, 10,000 in all, to a burglar. A collection of German coins was not touched. Besides the nickels a quantity of valuable jewelry was taken.

In the Midst of Luxury.

"You have everything that wealth can buy, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But it don't seem fair that I should have worked so hard to get all these things while the butler and footman and maids enjoy them free."

Surprised.

"I am going to bring my son up so that like George Washington he can say: 'I can not tell a lie.'"

"Why, I thought you were going to bring him up to follow in your footsteps?"

Quite Natural.

"What was your experience when the train was telescoped?"

"I saw stars."

One-half of the women in the world want to get thin; the other half want to get fat.

STEADY HAND,

A Surgeon's Hand Should Be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day. (Tea is equally injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee).

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it.

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon.

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 60 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Adv.

Inherited.

"Was there ever an informer in your family?"

"What do you mean by such a question as that, sir?"

"I noticed that your baby is inclined to be a squealer."

Doubtful.

"Have you a good cook now?"

"I don't know. I haven't been home since breakfast!"—London Opinion.

Their Location.

"There are many breakers in the sea of domestic life."

"Yes, particularly in the kitchen."

ALFALFA $6. Timothy and Clover mixed, $4.50. Farms for sale and rent on crop payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia. Adv.

It takes a sharp man to make a tool of a dull one.

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