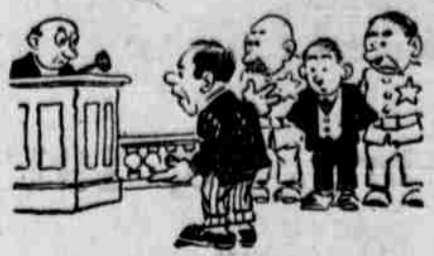


HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Thief's Victims Plead for Him Before the Judge



In the world," said Mrs. Felts, whose little son's bank had been broken open by Madison. "Yes, he stole the things, but his money was always any one's money," she added.

"Best fellow you ever saw," chimed in Howard Landwater, another roomer, robbed of a purse.

"He wouldn't do it if he hadn't been drinking some," said Charles Roberts, whose gold watch was stolen.

Robert Riney and Herschel Morris, others who were robbed, added their forgiveness, and Acting Judge Cavins stamped the burglary charge "dismissed."

It afterward developed that the roomers had collected the fee charged by a lawyer to defend Madison. Judge Cavins assessed a small fine on a petty larceny charge.

William Flory, who has served a term in the penitentiary for chicken stealing, was arrested again near Riverside park. Special Policeman Klingensmith found Flory in a buggy with seven live chickens and one dead fowl. He sent him to central police station, where it was found a charge of cruelty to animals is pending against him. Flory some time ago wrenched four shoes from a horse's hoofs in a cruel manner, according to the charges of Inspector Merrill, of the Humane Society. His case was continued, pending investigation concerning the chickens.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—If it had not been for the testimony of policemen Hanks and Washburn, the state's case against Carl Madison, charged with burglary and petty larceny, would have failed the other day in police court in spite of the pressure of five witnesses who had been robbed by Madison. All because Madison is a "good fellow," the sort that plays Santa Claus for every one in a rooming house, the persons whom he had robbed wanted him released and they said more things in his favor than against him in court.

Hanks and Washburn picked Madison up near the rooming house of Mrs. William Felts, 1534 Lee street. His pockets were filled with purses, money and valuables pilfered from fellow-roomers. He admitted robbing the rooming house preparatory to a trip to his home in Pennsylvania.

"For," said Madison, who is twenty years old, "I'm homesick."

"He's a free-hearted boy, the best

"Monkey Trot" Stirs Guests of a Chicago Hotel

CHICAGO.—Everybody did the "Monkey Trot" at a big downtown hotel the other day. Guests, including staid matrons, chorus girls, traveling men, and politicians, joined with chambermaids, bell boys, hallmen, and even the managers and proprietors in executing the latest trot novelty.

Leading the grand march was a sprightly specimen of the tiny tree folk—a typical simian. He had been mysteriously checked into the parcel room and left uncalled for. After three days of waiting for somebody to claim him he began to protest.

"Say, boss, there's something wrapped up in a paper here that is making an awful funny noise," said Paul Weinstein, the parcel boy, to Walter Payne, the superintendent of the hotel, a little before the noon hour.

A little crowd gathered around Weinstein when he cautiously removed the wrapper. There was a suit case inside. He sprang the latch. There was a flash of pink skin and dark brown fur. Several persons grabbed at a shadow that bounced off their shoulders.

The small monkey executed an undulating streak in a circuit of the lobby, by over the backs of the chairs and tables. Down the middle aisle he was followed. At a group of statuary he shinned up a satyr's thigh, hopped



through the air, and caught the arm of a marble nymph, sliding down the graceful figure to the floor and diving under a huge divan.

For a few minutes the orchestra stopped playing and people took the interval to discuss the latest "rag." The trot leader had retired into the upholstery of the divan. He was coaxed and threatened, but the only response was the repeated "Hitchhik-k-k-k-k."

The house detective was called. The divan was overturned and bottom ripped off. The monkey jumped out and the dance was resumed, proceeding immediately up the aisle and to the stairway.

Past the mezzanine floor to the first floor through the ballroom and into a corner suite the monkey led the trot. In room 119 the door was closed. There the simian sought refuge on an electrolator and was finally captured and returned to a grip.

Wandering Minstrel Is Saved From Snow by Dog



KANSAS CITY.—Sport isn't a mas-sive St. Bernard, looking for snow-harried wayfarers on the Swiss Alps with a cask of brandy slung about his hairy neck. Sport is just a pleasant, open-faced Scotch collie with something in his Scotch. And John Jones owes his life to Sport, and to that something in Sport's noodle.

John Jones is a wandering minstrel, who uses a fiddle to beguile nickels from barroom patrons. Jones is fifty years old, and blind, and he will occasionally accept drinks instead of nickels. Sport trows his master around at the end of a string and is fed every once in a while for his services.

The other afternoon Sport and his master were "working" the West Bottoms. It was cold and Sport's master acquired rather more drinks than nickels. And about ten o'clock that night Sport's master, in a condition

that rendered him less perceptive than usual, wandered over to the Kansas side and laid him down to rest in a snow banked alley back of a packing plant.

The something began working in Sport's noodle. Sport was not particularly uncomfortable, being shaggy coated against the raw chill of Helland heights and moors. But something told Sport that if his master reposed very long in that downy bed it would be bad for him. Nobody knows if Sport had any idea how bad, of course. But Sport, after sundry nudges with a friendly nose, directed against an un-responsive and snoring visage, bounced right out of that alley and trotted about until he found A. W. Gerber, a patrolman. And before him Sport danced and whined and made eager starts toward the alley, until Gerber followed him.

Jones' hands were frozen when they got him to the James street police station and the surgeon impressed on him, while working busily, that he had had a very narrow squeak. So Sport probably was somewhat bewildered by the warmth of his welcome at the station, the abundance of food and the comfort of the warm little room he shared with his master the rest of the night.

This Woman Used Stocking as a Market Basket

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Whether the high cost of living or the fact that she did not want to be seen carrying bundles along the street caused Mrs. Anna Miller of the North side to place two pounds of bacon and three supposed fresh eggs in her silken hose is trying to be ascertained by detectives.

She was held a prisoner under a technical charge of being a suspicious person. She refused to tell the reason for making a market basket out of a well-filled pair of hose.

When the woman attempted to get on a Ferrisville avenue car she was unable to do so owing to the height of the steps and evident fear of breaking the eggs by too much of a strain. After the car had gone the woman walked around the corner of the market house and lifted her dress.



Policeman Schendal, who had quietly followed her, noted the big lump on her limb, and suspecting all was not right questioned her. When she haughtily refused to explain Schendal placed her under arrest. At the station house the foodstuffs were found by the matron who searched the prisoner. Officer Schendal later said that his reason for arresting the woman was because the lumps on her leg "didn't look natural."

Poisoning by Wholesales. Microbe poisoning has always been a fascinating pursuit in the east, and its introduction to America illustrates the old saying "Ex Oriente Lux." But they do it on a large scale in these older and greater civilizations. You take a cholera or plague victim and just throw him into the village well. If he is not already dead he soon will be. So will every one who drinks the water. We may eventually reach the larger vision here, but in the meantime it is almost as hard to get a complete cholera or plague patient as it is to get a cobra.

Reminder of Old Times. A curious link with the past is to be seen in St. Bartholomew's church, Great Grandden, Haunts, England. It takes the form of a huge grappling hook, which, in the days of primitive fire appliances, was used for pulling the entire thatch off the roof of a cottage in the event of a fire. The shape is that of a long bar with a turned-down fork at the end, the length being sufficient for men on the ground to reach the top of the roof, and the weight so great that the strength of several men was necessary in using it.

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

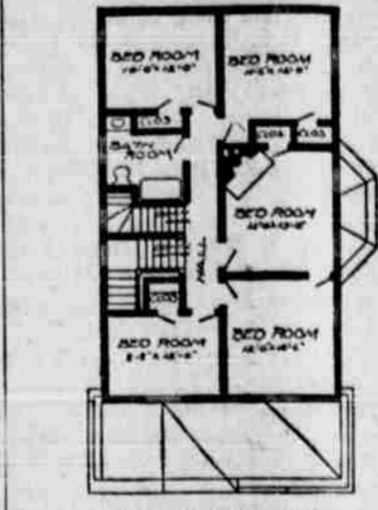
By WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Four rooms downstairs and five rooms upstairs are worked into the house design here shown, which has a width of 26 feet 6 inches and length of 41 feet 6 inches, exclusive of the porch. Some families require five bedrooms, something that is difficult to provide in a medium-sized house without squeezing them so small that you haven't room for a set of furniture or space enough for necessary ventilation.

In this plan there are two stairways, one going up from the front hall, and the other from the kitchen. Under the front stair is a good-sized closet to keep overcoats, rubbers and a good many other things that are not in use all the time—a great convenience, as every housekeeper will testify. A closet like this does away with the necessity for a hall hat-rack, a piece of furniture that should have been discarded years ago. It usually is unsightly because of the way it is generally cluttered up with an unnecessary assortment of wearing apparel. The rear stairway is a combination which reaches from the cellar to the upper bedrooms.

The grade door at the side of the house makes a handy outside entrance to the cellar—a convenience that is very much appreciated, especially where a good garden supplies fruit and vegetables for the family. A grade entrance to the cellar saves a great deal of tramping through the kitchen, very often on wet days when considerable soil from the garden adheres to one's boots in spite of every precaution. A door like this should always be fitted with an outside fly-screen in summer and a storm door



Second Floor Plan.

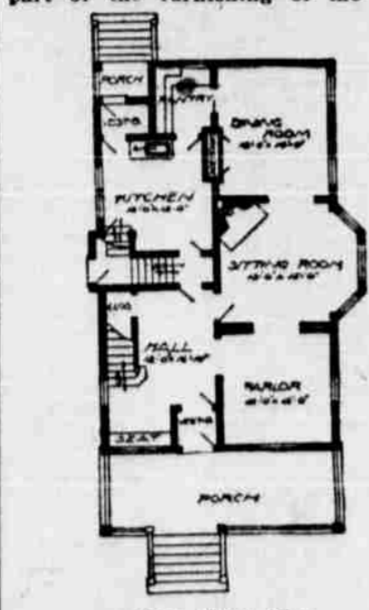
the children out if they want to, keeping the room in good order for state occasions. In such houses the sitting room becomes a democratic institution. It usually is well lighted, as in this case; and it is in the center of the house, where it is warm and comfortable in winter. This sitting room is 13 by 15 feet, which is big enough to accommodate a number of comfortable easy chairs, and a table for a reading lamp, with a shelf underneath to hold papers and magazines.



First Floor Plan.

Instead of the old-fashioned couch, the sitting room should be furnished with window seats upholstered to fit the place. There are all kinds of window seats. Some are broad and comfortable; while others are narrow and strinky; some are liberally supplied with thick, comfortable-looking pillows, while others have one or two skimpy little things that have been used by the children for playthings until clean covers would seem absolutely necessary. Such little details, however, fall to the housekeeper, and of these there are all kinds.

Some women will make a very common room attractive and pleasant, while others will spoil the best house you can put them in. Generally speaking, however, American women are quick to see the possibilities of fixing up a good house to make it comfortable and attractive. The first requisite is to select the proper plan, then to watch the building operations to see that all the details are properly worked up to make each room right when finished. A great deal of good building material has been wasted by not securing a good plan to start with, and also by leaving the details to men who have no personal interest in the house when finished.



First Floor Plan.

London Traffic Regulation. The control of London traffic by the police has been a matter of slow evolution, says the London Chronicle. A century ago, when George IV. dined with the lord mayor soon after his accession, it took his escort five hours to force a way through the crowd which filled the streets from his palace to the Guildhall. And it was not until about thirty years ago that the existing system of regulating traffic at crossings was instituted. At the beginning it required four policemen at every important junction to do with difficulty what two constables and sometimes one now effect by a motion of the hand. But the men in blue stuck to their task and hung on to horses' heads and summoned rebellious drivers till the reign of law and order was established.

Ingenious Opium Smugglers. The ingenuity of the Chinese opium smuggler is astonishing and as is well known this ingenuity manages to baffle the scent of even the most sleuth-like detectives and searchers, as it is common knowledge that opium is exported from Hong Kong in fairly large quantities despite all the precautions to prevent it. An example of the cleverness exercised in defeating the detectives is furnished by a revenue officer's recent discovery on the steamer Persia. He found that a steel mast of the ship had a piece cut out, a cavity made, and the cover screwed on. In the cavity were found 542 tins of prepared opium.

QUITE EQUAL TO EMERGENCY

How Resourceful Young School Teacher Procured Eggs When the Outlook Seemed Dark Indeed.

And men relate a tale of a brave and resourceful little schoolteacher in one of our suburbs who supports her mother and three young sisters on her by no means munificent salary. Last week her mother called her up by telephone. "Listen," wailed the old lady; "a whole bunch of relatives is coming to supper tomorrow evening. I'll have to make a cake, or something, and I haven't an egg in the house. And the grocer won't trust us any more, and there won't be any money until next week, and—"

"Never mind, mother—I'll fix it," answered the young teacher, cheerily. Then she turned again to her class.

"Now children," she said, "tomorrow we will tell the beautiful story of Columbus, and how he made the egg stand on end. Each of you will please bring an egg to school tomorrow. The class is dismissed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHILD'S FACE ALL RED SPOTS

632 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind.—"My little nephew, a boy of four years, had a breaking out on his face. It was little red spots at first, then blisters would form, and wherever the water would run another would come until his face was covered with them. He would cry and fret. His mother got some medicine, but it did not do any good. He would scream and cry and say it hurt. We hardly knew him, his little face was all red spots and blisters. So I begged him to let me put some Cuticura Ointment on them. The next morning I made a strong soap suds with Cuticura Soap and washed his face in the warm suds. The little blisters burst by pressing the cloth on them. After I had his face washed, I put the Cuticura Ointment on and in a short time his little face was all red and dry. I kept using the Cuticura Soap and putting on the Cuticura Ointment and his face got so well and it did not leave a scar. He was entirely cured in about one week and a half." (Signed) Mrs. Arthur Haworth, Jan. 10, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Willie Discovered a New Game.

They had lived in a flat all of Willie's short life, so that the little boy's knowledge of fauna and flora was limited to canary birds and flower boxes; and when they went to board in the suburb where there was a large yard, Willie, very enthusiastically started to pursue a chicken, armed with a stick and other missiles.

When the hostess protested to his mother, she turned from the window and said, indulgently: "You have to forgive dear Willie—he doesn't know that's a chicken."

Similar Position.

Little Robert was much interested in the picture of a stork which he saw in a magazine. "Say, mamma," he asked, "what has become of the bird's other leg?" "It has raised it up among its feathers," replied the mother. "That's funny," the boy observed. "I thought it was trying to clean his shoe on its stocking like sister Ethel does."

Astonished the Bishop.

It was an English youngster who so thoroughly surprised the kindly bishop on whom he had been directed to address as "My lord."

"How old might you be, my child?" asked the stately, if smiling ecclesiastic. "My God, I'm seven!" the frightened child replied.

Journalistic Horror.

Old Subscriber—You and the editor of that paper down in Lovelovely indulge in a lot of cheap jokes on each other's town.

Editor (of Drearyhurst Argus)—Yes, sir; we're going to put a head on them and call them "Interrubanties."

No Doubt.

"Say, Billy," called the junior clerk, "how do you spell citizen?" "C-I-T-I."

"I know about the front end of it, but is it 'z-u-n or s-u-n?'"

FILES CURED IN 8 TO 14 DAYS

Your doctor will probably advise you to take a course of medicine, but it is better to cure any case of itching, blood, itching or protruding files in 8 to 14 days.

There is nothing a man will do with so little encouragement as fishing.

It never makes a sin any whiter to call it a mistake.

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when taken systematically and for any period of time. It is not a "cure-all," but has given uniform satisfaction for over forty years, being designed for the single purpose of curing woman's peculiar ailments.

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Write for book saving young chicks. Send us names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Haisell Remedy Co., Blackwell, Okla.

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In each 5¢ sack you get one and a half ounces of fine Virginia and North Carolina leaf, that is unsurpassed by any granulated tobacco you can buy.

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These coupons are good for hundreds of valuable presents. There are shaving sets, jewelry, cut glass, baseballs, tennis rackets, talking machines, furniture, cameras, and dozens of other articles suitable for every member of the family—each of them well worth saving the coupons for.

As a special offer, during March and April only, we will send our new illustrated catalogue of these presents FREE. Just send us your name and address on a postal.



Unpicked Grapes Go to the Poor. A curious old law, which dates from 1779, has been used to sentence the owner of a vineyard at Capestang, near Beziers, France, to a fine and costs for picking her own grapes. She was picking the grapes which had been left on the vines in the vineyard after the fall gathering, when the policeman told her that she was committing an offense against the law, as all grapes left on the vines after the harvest were the property of the poor. The court at Beziers confirmed the policeman's opinion, and the woman was convicted.

Why He Is Known.

The class in ancient history was reciting. "Now, Harry, can you tell me who Nebuchadnezzar was?" asked the teacher. "Nebuchadnezzar," answered the boy, right off the bat. "Was the greatest of the Babylonian kings, and for his connection with the Hebrews he got a write-up in the Bible."

Insufficient.

Knicker—Do you treat your cook as one of the family?

Bocker—Goodness, no; we treat her like three of the family.

Reprisal.

Jack—I give my seat only to pretty girls.

Bella—Then we'll only take them from handsome men.

Some people seem to lie unnecessarily in order to keep in practice.

BUY FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND
STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS
Contains No Opium - Is Safe For Children

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