

# STORIES From the BIG CITIES



## Violet Massage, New and Luxurious Barber Treat



**ST. LOUIS, MO.**—If you should wander into your barber shop and spy your favorite tonorialist shaving large electric sparks about another customer's hair, using only his fingers to accomplish this result, don't turn and run.

And don't try to guess how he does it, for you would ruffle your brain and give up, believing that the man who had shaved your face for the last three or four years has been studying magic and neglected to let you in on his secret.

Just pretend you know all about it. Stroll leisurely to a chair and stay there until the familiar call of "next" is yours.

In the meanwhile watch closely and you will see your predecessor receive the latest electrode treatment. Yep, that's it—electrode.

Should the customer call for the entire list, here are a few of the things the barber will do for him: Darken his gray hairs, produce a

rosy color to his cheeks that will last from five to ten hours, cure that terrible headache of the "morning after," relieve backache, chase away warts, moles, corns or bunions, and end with the newest massage and shampoo.

If you notice the operation, you will see the barber holds a small glass tube that shoots violet streams of electricity. These sparks go up the victim's fingers, up the arm, around the shoulder, and jump out of the ends of the hair when the barber disturbs the locks with his fingers. The razor manipulators call the apparatus the barber's X-ray, and say it will perform a hundred feats never heard of. To bring a rosy tinge to the cheeks, the violet stream is directed to the desired spots and the reddish color soon looms up.

The stream of sparks is the entire secret, and whatever your ailment is, the barber can effect a cure by turning the violet ray on the location of the pain.

The only danger that may result is the setting fire to your hair, but this won't happen unless your locks have been washed with an alcoholic liquid.

Whether an inner conflagration will follow if several alcoholic drinks have been consumed is an experiment the barbers say has not been tried.

## He Is Four and She Three, So the Wedding Fails

**CHICAGO.**—He was a little boy four years old and she was only three, and so—

Sergeant Volt slowly unlimbered himself from his stool and craned his body halfway over the desk of the Oak Park police station. Thus ensconced he was able to look down the other afternoon upon the upturned faces of the station's two visitors.

"I wanta be married," Davis Enderson piped upward, "an' she wanta be married, too."

The tiny would-be bride hung her head in becoming modesty.

"High hat," she whispered at the floor, "please."

"She's Mill-dred Guterson," Davis explained, "an' if you'll hurry up 'cause we've got ten children an'—oh, yes, an' a piece of ginger cake an' a cup an' saucer."

Awed by such a remarkable preparation for wedded bliss, Sergeant Volt only could gasp out a single word: "Why?"

"Cause she ast me to," the would-be bridegroom said with candor, and the little girl admitted it unblushingly.

"An' we'll have a nice house all painted up pretty," the happy bridegroom-to-be confessed, "an' a baby that



goes 'squeak-squeak' when y' press 'is tummy."

Miss Mildred interrupted with: "An'—an' jes' lots of pretty mud pies."

The last bit of the planning was done by the would-be bridegroom. He fondly called the sergeant's attention to the fact that in his household there would be no face washing any more.

"Or not b'lin' th' ears, anyway," he was declaiming positively, when George Guterson, stern parent of the would-be bride, rushed into the station.

And thus the short honeymoon came to its waning. At the gate to her home, 944 North Park avenue, Miss Guterson raised her tiny lips and kissed her almost-husband a fond farewell.

## Priest Finds \$5,000 in the Church Poor Box



**NEW YORK.**—The deepest mystery surrounds the gift of five one thousand dollar bills which were placed recently in the poor box just inside the entrance of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the new Spanish Roman Catholic edifice in West 56th street, near Broadway.

The sexton said the donor was an elderly woman who was assisted into the church by a footman. As a result of the incident the church is being watched closely by the police.

The Rev. Adrian Buisson, rector of the parish, is accustomed to take out donations placed in the poor box every week. The other day he opened

the box and grasped a bill and drew it out. The priest thought at first it was a dollar bill, as the collections from the poor box never amount to more than a few dollars. He looked at the currency and saw it had a yellow back. The bill was for \$1,000. The next time he placed his hand in the box he drew forth four bills. Two of those were yellow backed and were for an amount equal to that of the first. Father Buisson took the roll of currency and the pennies and silver from the box to his house. There he discovered that the greenbacks were for \$1,000 each.

Father Buisson told a reporter that the sexton of the church saw an elderly woman dressed in black, drive up to the church in a brougham. She offered a short prayer, walked to the poor box and placed the bills in it.

It was at first reported that the bills had been donated by Mr. Frederick Cortlandt Penfield of No. 787 Fifth avenue, an enthusiastic worker in the cause of religion. Mr. Penfield, however, denied any knowledge of the incident.

## "Laziest Man in Town" Goes Out for 60 Days

**MILWAUKEE, Wis.**—Described by Theodore Puls as being the laziest man in Milwaukee, Herman Braasch, a probationer for abandonment, was returned to the municipal court for alleged failure to work.

According to Mr. Puls, the department found a child of the man destitute upon a visit to his home. Because of illness it was necessary to remove Mrs. Braasch to the county hospital and she was not in court.

"We had to treat him like a special patient," said Mr. Puls. "We had to take him by the hand and send him to work, like taking a child to school. Whenever he had a payday, we had to collect his money and then go to his home the following day and escort him back to work."

According to Mr. Puls, the department became tired of such a tiresome



and the moment it permitted its vigilance to lax, Braasch did not go to work. He was arrested for violating his probation.

"All he does all day is sit and think," said Mr. Puls. "He said to me one day 'You don't think that I do a lot of thinking, do you?' I told him to wake up."

Braasch was sentenced for six months in the house of correction to cultivate the "habit of working."

## Ready for Emergencies.

When men make a point of having two pairs of trousers to each evening coat, and one pair of trousers is of heavy cloth. Trousers of this kind are probably of the same thickness as those worn in the day. They last longer than trousers of thin cloth and look better all the time, because they are not easily knocked out of shape with continuous hard wear every evening. Knowing this, some men make a point of having the trousers of their evening suit made of cloth a little thicker than that of the coat.—London Evening Standard.

## Barred Women From Funeral.

No women at his funeral was the dying wish of an old innkeeper, John Maxwell of Germantown, Pa., who died a few days ago. His last request was that no "female squatters" be allowed at his funeral. Maxwell was proprietor of the historic General Wayne hotel, and as a captain had distinguished himself in the Civil war. He was seventy-five years old, and had conducted the headquarters of General Washington as a hotel for almost half a century. Captain Maxwell was buried beside the graves of his parents.

# JEALOUSY ITS CAUSE AND CURE

**RITA REESE, in the New York Press**  
The cause of jealousy—and the cure for jealousy! Which is a most timely subject for discussion, coming along in a season when green things are budding.

Not that one would deliberately class jealousy with the tender, wholesome, healthy green things of the field. Jealousy is a green that arises from a totally different source, and it is related to the tonic green things of the forest only as a brackish stream heavily coated with miasmatic green scum is—it just happened there!

For jealousy is a green scum, and it is miasmatic and it arises from a mind diseased, an imagination disordered—but where—you are asking, does the love come in?

The love that is supposed to go arm in arm with the green-eyed monster, Jealousy?

We—oh, I'm not so sure that jealousy is related even by a step connection of marriage to True Love.

Maybe he is. There are many poets who claim that there can be no true love without its dread contemporary, Jealousy.

Do you believe that? I don't! And this is the reason I am incredulous.

I believe in instinctive things, in intuitions and deep feelings, forebodings, if you will—warnings—maybe.

And if you've ever noticed little blue-eyed True Love when Jealousy turns the corner you must have remarked on how the Cupid baby was frightened. Nay, more than frightened. Literally scared to death!

True Love had a feeling that a rabbit or a vicious reptile was creeping over the grave that soon would be his. Love—that best kind of love, the real thing in love—doesn't hang around where Jealousy loafs. Not on your life. When green-eyed Jealousy comes in at the door—

Maybe you've heard it was Poverty—but, believe me, that isn't True Love. He never died free from lack of gold. But when green-eyed Jealousy stalks in at the door Cupid and True Love scuttle out of the window or up the chimney—anywhere—anywhere to get out of the reach of the vicious intruder.

Each Man Kills the Thing He Loves. Jealousy comes of the desire to fill the frame—the frame that holds the life of the beloved. You would like for her to see only you. You are her love and because you love her with such a surpassing devotion you resent every interest, no matter how trivial it may be and how harmless, that would distract one instant her attention from you!

And you call that love! I call it selfishness carried to the ninth degree, and I challenge anyone to prove it otherwise.

"Each man kills the thing he loves," the poet sings. And most of them murder it by jealousy.

Jealousy is a survival of the ages when our lovers were cave men and we were women who had to be taken by stealth and cunning and brute strength. True enough there are those of us now who adore these same traits in our lovers when they come a-wooing. But once we are won we come to see the horror of having to live with a creature dominated by these same qualities.

Jealousy is a sinister and evil power and once it takes possession of a man's brain it is deadly. It drives out his reason and enthrones a demon which is itself, and it knows no sober moments, neither does it understand nor strive to comprehend anything that is normal or unrelated to its own egotistical self-importance.

There!—you see jealousy unveiled! Not as love, but as the something furthest removed from true affection.

A something which the ones who know tremble before as the most insidious enemy true love meets in all the going to the heaven toward which all true lovers are journeying.

Since love, then, you are asking, is not related to jealousy, moreover, since jealousy is a menace to love, how shall you set about eliminating the dread monster from your life?

To be more specific, I will tell you about a man who has written to ask my advice. His case covers exactly the situation in many other cases.

He tells me that he married a girl who had been much admired and sought after. There were many rivals to him; several of these were richer and more prominent than he was. But he won out and married the girl and they were very happy for a while.

Then he grew suspicious. Not that there was really anything definite to base his suspicions on, but he knew that his wife had met some of her former admirers here and there, and he had observed that she was pleased with the meeting. That she seemed to enjoy seeing them.

Right here let me say the man gave himself away as a profoundly selfish person. Why shouldn't his wife enjoy meeting her old friends, whether they were men or women? Because she happened to be married to him, why should that kill all her interest in life outside of him?

Really Form of Insanity. That's the best word to use to describe Jealousy. It is evil and vicious and sinister—related as it is to darkness and distrust and ingrowing sus-

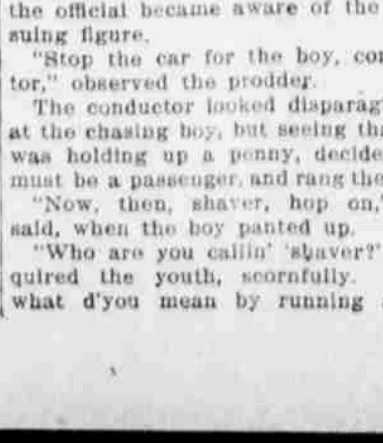
door had prodded him in the leg that the official became aware of the pursuing figure.

"Stop the car for the boy, conductor," observed the prodder.

The conductor looked disparagingly at the chasing boy, but seeing that he was holding up a penny, decided he must be a passenger, and rang the bell.

"Now, then, shaver, hep on," he said, when the boy panted up.

"Who are you callin' shaver?" inquired the youth, scornfully. "An' what d'you mean by running away



pleion. All Jealousy is born of suspicion, and suspicion is related to lying—and once you get a thing down that foundation there is no good left in it.

But Doubt—some one asks—isn't it human to doubt—to doubt everything—even Love.

Maybe it is, but the really big nature always in the end puts Doubt to rout.

Who never has suffered, he has lived but half.

Who never failed, he never strove or sought.

Who never wept is stranger to a laugh.

And he who never doubted never thought.

Ah, but doubt isn't related to the petty jealousy that is supposed to be an attendant on love. Doubt is bigger than Jealousy, and it is more honest. Jealousy is a despicable thing, because it slinks and attacks one from the rear. Doubt walks up and lands one a blow straight out from his shoulder and between the eyes. That's all right, the square way to fight, while Jealousy with a keen-pointed blade creeps up and plants his venomous weapon deep in the back of the one he would lay low.

What is the cause of jealousy? Distrust, to be sure—and lack of faith and too little love—

Yes, I knew you'd interrupt me to tell me I am mistaken. You think you are jealous because your love is such a great love. I say you are jealous because your love is such a pusillanimous little love!

Perfect love casteth out fear—and fear—even you wouldn't dare deny that fear is all twined around and mixed up with jealousy.

Jealousy is three-fourths fear. Fear that you can't hold the love of your beloved.

Fear that she will see some one who will appeal to her as you have never appealed.

Fear that she will give some of the love, the interest she now feels in you—to some one else.

"Not necessarily a rival. No, indeed. I've seen a man get mad enough to murder every dog in Christendom because his wife happened to show her affection for a tiny toy dog."

You've seen manifestations of jealousy quite as petty and as ridiculous. And they call this love!

If we knew the real name of it I wonder if any of us would have the face to call it right up by its name. I rather think we wouldn't—and for this reason. It would show up too many members of the human race as being not far removed from the beasts of the field.

Jealousy Born of Suspicion. This was the beginning. He goes on. It would seem idiotic if the beginning of jealousy were not always as trivial as the beloved's meeting old friends "and seeming to enjoy meeting them." Time passed on, the flame was kindled. He began to watch his wife. To keep a surveillance over her. To keep a surveillance over her. To keep a surveillance over her.

And she discovered him on her trail and was properly indignant and insulted by his lack of faith, and this was the beginning.

"What stage it has reached now," he writes, "I tremble to tell you. I am consumed with a mighty flame of jealousy that is burning my brain out; that sears my heart; that holds my soul in fee."

Strong words, but doubtless true, and I would say well deserved, if it were not borne upon me that the innocent woman in this case, as in all cases, is the chief sufferer.

There was in his case, please bear this in mind, not one scrap of evidence—only the suspicion. Jealousy is always suspicion—and more suspicion—and more suspicion!

A jealous man can't see straight; he can't talk straight, and for loving straight—well, what he calls his loving is the crookedest thing about him. There's no mental health in him, for his heart and brain are raging with a fever and—and—he calls this the fever of love.

God help any poor wretch so deluded. Because I was sorry for the woman I tried to help him. He came to see me and we talked it over. I showed him, or thought I showed him, how groundless were his suspicions. Then he turned upon me and said jealousy was feeling, and knowing had nothing to do with it.

Then, I said, jealousy is a form of insanity and the sooner the law recognizes it as such, and any victim of it as a person too dangerous to be at large, the better for all concerned and for the general good of the community.

There is no reason one may use in reaching a jealous person. On the face of this is the truth that reason is the last thing he considers. Just as he refuses to consider evidence—all evidence except the crazy suspicions of his own inflated mind, as evidence.

What can one do with a jealous person to cure him of his jealousy? Let us consider the matter. What can one do to reduce the fever of a mind inflamed?

The cure of a jealous person must begin with himself. If he really wants to be cured, just as the dipomania holds in himself three-fourths of his own cure.

Only a little heart hatters jealousy. Bear that in mind. If you really love a man or a woman you trust that one any where, any time, with any one.

from yer customers? 'Ere, mother wants two 'apenals for this penny; she's gone to church.'—TH-Bits.

Not So Bad. "So you went out to the zoo?" "Yes."

(Facetiously) "Did you see anything out there that looked like me?" "Yes, I did."

"Want!" "Your little boy was out there with his nurse."



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Appropriate. "What did the railroad man get for his birthday present?" "Some new ties."

An Instance. "There is nothing in analogy. "Why not?" "Because if there was, if a colt is a little horse, wouldn't a Colt revolver be a little horse-pistol?"

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