

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Is Your Mind a Triangle or Circle?



NEW YORK.—Is your mind a triangle, a double triangle, a square, a circle, or a key to the infinite? If you don't know the answer, only Mrs. Adele Marie Rique can tell you, for the tall and stately person who answers to that very Gallic cognomen—pronounced in two syllables, like an American drink—is the counselor and speculator of the latest thing in cults or occults—the Temple of Universal Freedom.

If you are a triangle you think only of three things—food, clothing and shelter. If a double triangle you have aspirations for higher things, but they cross your more primitive instincts, instead of being harmonious with them, as in the case of human squares and circles.

The high priestess of the newest "ism" to attract public attention thinks a law of attraction and repulsion is merely one of smelling.

"So many women," she observed while expounding her novel theory, "are puzzled because, while they like certain men when they are around, they forget all about them when they are away. Others, on the other hand, will say, 'When I'm with him he exasperates me, but when I am away I care for him.' These are cases where mental and personal attraction are

not properly balanced. The real test of attraction," she added solemnly, "is smell."

"But clean people don't smell," objected the interviewer.

"Oh, yes, they do," affirmed the exponent of odorology. "Each individual has a personal odor which is strongest in moments of great happiness or great anger."

"I suppose you know," added Mrs. Rique carelessly, "that women's fashions, if you admire them properly, prophesy events. For instance when I saw the shop windows full of plaids in 1895 I said: 'Plaids mean war. This country is going to have a war.'"

"My friends laughed at me. 'The United States will never have another war,' they said."

"We shall see," I answered. "Roman plaids mean war, and from the amount of yellow in the plaids I should say our war would be with Spain."

"Then there was the woman's craze for purple. Purple means power and penance. It stood for the power of the monopolies and the penance Roosevelt would make them do."

"Well, what do the Chanticleer hats propose?" was asked.

"Aeroplanes, of course," exclaimed Mr. Rique, triumphantly. "The complete triumph of aeronautics."

"And the big hats women are wearing now mean burdens, mean drudgery, mean suffrage, self-support, all the things they are clamoring for. Oh, yes, all those things are coming. Whether or not we like them when we get them is another story."

Burglar Has Claws, Fur and Four Legs



NEW YORK.—When Ellis Hart, night watchman, heard an awful racket upstairs in the lead pipe storehouse at 451 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, just before daylight recently, he was scared badly. There was clashing of metal, thumping, scratching and hollowing, and, with great presence of mind, Hart realized that it would be silly to go up to the third floor all alone and try to make so many and such bold raffians go away.

Anyone who could heave heavy lengths of lead pipe around that way was a match for the regular police, man to man, Hart was sure, and besides he counted the distinct and separate footsteps of at least a dozen of the strapping fellows. Warily he tiptoed to the telephone in the office and stealthily he called up the nearest police station.

"Burglars!" he whispered to Lieutenant Miller. "Plenty of them. Send around the reserves and a wagon or two."

"What do they look like?" asked Lieutenant Miller, guardedly.

"Come around and see for yourself," insisted Hart.

Lieutenant Miller went into the reserve room and woke up everybody he could find. Leaving one policeman to guard the station house fixtures, everyone else sprinted up the street. There were 35 in the race. Lieutenant Miller sent some inside of the pipe storehouse and some over the roofs to shut off escape, and some around on Manhattan street to catch anything that might try to break out by the rear.

There was that terrible noise still going on on the third floor and the cordon of police closed in. One brave policeman listened at the very door. A howling and scuffling greeted his ears.

"Jump in, boys!" cried Lieutenant Miller. There was a concerted rush into the room, where evidently some spirited drama was being enacted. The police crowded in, then stopped, arrested by astonishment.

There were criminal and victim. The criminal, caught in the act, was a large black cat of ferocious appearance. The victim was a hysterical canary bird, which had screamed for help until it had a sore throat. The two were separated by the brass wires of a bird cage.

Trials of the Gotham Crossing "Cop"



NEW YORK.—"If it wasn't for the rougher sex," says Big Bill, the traffic cop at the corner, "me life'd be a dream, no less. Sure, I mean women. The feisty that named them the gentler sex, I guess, lived on a desert island. There couldn't ha' been none of 'em near."

He was doing his dervish dances in the middle of the street. On one side reared the big freight autos, loaded down with bales and barrels. The fast newspaper delivery machines shot by now and then with a scream that demanded a right of way.

Hard-headed horses fought with their drivers as to whether they should or should not turn at the corner. Big Bill, meanwhile, apparently missing death a dozen times over, "Taxicabs hooted, but mildly, for it is known of all chauffeurs that traffic po-

licemen hate the taxi-driving breed.

Big private autos charged at him top speed and stopped miraculously in half their length at the wave of his white-gloved hand. From four directions at once heavy-footed teams dragging enormous loads of freight lumber ponderously his way.

A mere incident of his job was the clanging of bells by frantic motorists, anxious to keep the double car line clear.

At the Broadway curb a dominating woman stood and gesticulated at him savagely. "Come on across," said Big Bill, through the roar. "I'll see you 'trot."

She shook her head angrily and crooked her forefinger at him with the effect of an archangel catching a seraph in the sugar barrel. Bill held up the traffic four ways with a wave of his hand. For a moment there was an oasis of sweet peace on Broadway.

Dobbin "Falls Off the Water Wagon"



CHICAGO.—It is very seldom that old Dobbin "falls off the wagon," but this is exactly what happened to a horse belonging to William Britten, on North Clark street. Written, an expressman, was delivering a cask of wine to the North Side Turner hall, 852 North Clark street, when it slipped from the truck and, striking against the curb, broke open on the sidewalk. Dobbin smelled of the enchatting liquid as it trickled into the gutter and his soul thirsted for great things. Leisurely he drank while Britten was inside the building "ex-

plaining," and having suddenly become endowed with agility in his old age, started on a journey down the street.

He leered at the passing vehicles with drunken disdain and virtually blocked all traffic as he "took in" the street from curb to curb. One ear remained erect, while the other drooped, and no circus horse ever was guilty of the fancy steps which Dobbin executed on Clark street.

Pedestrians stopped in amazement, and those who had seen the wine and knew the cause of Dobbin's hilarity gathered in a crowd to encourage and applaud. A policeman took Dobbin in tow and straightened him out as best he could until Britten was summoned. Dobbin could not be annoyed by any more work and Britten was compelled to lead his steed slowly and painfully home.

LITTLE GOLD MINE

SMALL BOY'S PECULIAR SOURCE OF WEALTH.

Sister Knows All About It, But It Is Not Probable She Will Tell, and the "Producer" Is Blissfully Ignorant.

This is one of those stories that the reader can believe or not. When one has gathered together a set of facts and set them down, carefully avoiding exaggeration, one can go home with a clear conscience, caring not one solitary continental whether anybody accepts the facts as such. There is the situation.

The story is this: A young man who may be referred to as Wilson, because that is unlike his real name as anything, makes a first-rate living selling neckties to "gents" in a medium-priced haberdashery. Gents is right. Because Wilson always refers to his customers right to their faces as gents. "What else gents?" he'll say. And as none of them has ever started a fight with him or otherwise showed resentment, they must be gents.

But that isn't telling the story. About twice a week, besides Sunday matinee and evening, Wilson calls on the daughter of an honest toiler living on the West side in a brick terrace, with a comfortable sitting room. The furnishings include a number of framed certificates of membership in various fraternal organizations and a large, black leather rocking chair that the "boys" gave father when he was made assistant superintendent at the "plant."

Young Wilson always sits in this chair when he calls. He slides down until he's resting comfortably on the small of his back and then discourses learnedly about literature and tells Dollface, as she sits toying with an aluminum paper knife, what a wonderful writer George B. McCutcheon is.

Several asterisks are supposed to have been inserted since the last paragraph, and we now find the girl's kid brother buying skates, candy, and other commodities and paying his way into skating rinks and picture shows, all with money that his family wist not of.

And right there's where the reader goes wrong. You have jumped to the conclusion that the kid brother had something "on" young Wilson, eh? Which is entirely contrary to the facts. No hush money whatever has been passed between Wilson and the youngster.

But you remember that big, black leather chair that father got from the boys at the plant? And how Wilson invariably sits in that when he calls. Well, somehow or other, brother happened on the knowledge that when Wilson slid back in that chair and talked to sister about the McCutcheon brand of fiction, all the small change in his pocket would slip out of his side trousers pocket and bury itself in the folds of the leather. There it would remain until brother gets up bright and early next morning and reaps his harvest.

One might go on and tell how sister learns of brother's source of revenue and is going to tell and how he offers to divide with her if she'll only keep her mouth shut, as he expresses it; or how she beats the boy to the chair and uses the money to buy material to make Wilson a handsome sofa pillow for his room.

But none of this last has happened yet and this, being a true tale, must stop as soon as the facts are used up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Truth.
Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the noted novelist, does not approve of the modern magazine. At a luncheon in New York she said:

"The advertisements in the average magazine are more interesting than the fiction. The magazines' advertisements of themselves are very interesting, too—I often read them in the papers.

"But a certain magazine once took to advertising foolishly by means of personal letters. A critic got this letter:

"Dear Brown—Have you seen article in this month's Trash Magazine? Heavens, can it be true? X."
"But the critic, not to be fooled, sent to the editor of the Trash—in an unstamped envelope, so that double postage would be charged—this answer:
"Dear X.—I have seen one previous number of the Trash Magazine, and with heart and soul I hope never to see another. This is quite true."
—"BROWN"

Women as Motorists.

Unusual physique is not necessary for the woman motorist. Neither sex needs extraordinary muscular development in automobilism, and almost any woman not an invalid can master its mysteries quite as well as a man, provided she has the will and the patience to acquire the know-how. Certainly in the sphere of patience woman by nature is equipped to give man a long handicap. The woman motorist is not half so likely as man is to swear and call loudly for a tow when anything goes wrong with the car. She will more probably set to work to find the trouble and remedy it quite as thoroughly as if she were cleaning out the kitchen range. Remember, nevertheless, that, though sex and slight physique are in no sense disabilities to the woman who wants to do her own motoring, and though her feminine patience and intuition stand her in good stead, she must not expect to succeed by intuition alone.—Outing Magazine.

DREAD CASTLE DELL' UOVO

Gruesome Legends of the Green Fort That Still Guards the City of Naples.

The most picturesque object in Naples is the old Castel Dell' Uovo, near the beginning of a famous drive that encircles the bay and within view of the windows of the hotels mostly patronized by foreigners.

It is a small, craggy island, surmounted by hoary walls, which by age have been darkened to the color of the rock and is called "The Castle of the egg," because, according to the Neapolitan tradition, the poet Virgil, who was an enchanter, built the castle upon an egg, which he had turned into rock, and there it stands until this day, and shall stand until the egg is broken.

The sailors regard this castle with great horror, because in olden days a terrible dragon was kept underneath its walls, in a pool, separated from the sea by a grating. On stormy nights fishermen who live in the neighborhood can hear the dragon screech and howl, although the terrible creature has been dead for centuries.

The old castle has had a prominent place in history. Its walls have witnessed many tragedies, but during the present generation it has been used as a garrison for troops, and a battalion of heavy artillery occupies it now.

The interior is modernized, although the guns are antique, and visitors are allowed to enter if they bring a permit from the general commanding the city, but the prison and the dungeons are no longer shown. They are said to be packed with stores and ammunition.

But in the kitchen, which was formerly a chapel, you can see the word "Revenge" where it was written by Queen Helena, the young wife of Manfred, king of Sicily, who was slain by Charles of Anjou several hundred years ago.

When her husband was killed the young queen sought the protection of her father, who was emperor of the Greeks at Constantinople, so she started, but when she applied for shelter the castellan shut her up in the dungeons of Castle Dell' Uovo.

There she lived for many years, long after her existence was forgotten, and Charles of Anjou used to amuse himself by torturing this brave and beautiful woman. Finally, her noble spirit departed from her body.

But it will not rest, and walks the corridors of the castle on the eve of ascension every year, pacing slowly from her cell to the kitchen, which, as I said, was formerly the chapel, and writing upon the wall the word "Revenge," with her finger dipped in blood.

Colebridge's Stick.

Of walking sticks there is no end. We have heard of Mr. Haldane's cordite one, and now we read of a stick in the Guest collection at Christie's which belonged to the very last Bond street watchman. For interesting sticks, however, the one which Colebridge was in the habit of losing during his tramping days must take first place. The philosopher was never happy till he had got it back. He sent the crier round. Here is the cry, as noted by Mr. Lucas in one of his essays: "Missing, a curious walking stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising suns, and the ears Turkish crescents; on the other side is the portrait of the owner in woodwork. Around the neck is a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in tin. All down it waves the line of beauty in very ugly carving."

And then came the appeal and warning note: "If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above described stick and secretly carried off the same he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion the continuance of which must prove fatal to his (or her) honesty. And if the said stick has slipped into such a gentleman's (or lady's) hand through inadvertence he (or she) is requested to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed. God save the king!" The stick came back!—London Chronicle.

Greatest Gold Country in World.

The largest gold producing country is the Transvaal, where the output increased from \$8,000,000 in 1889, to \$132,000,000 in 1907. The increase in the production of the Transvaal mines made during the year 1907 almost equaled the entire production of the gold fields in Alaska. In round figures, the world's production of gold from the discovery of America in 1492 to 1880 was about \$6,200,000,000. The entire world's supply of gold could not have been in excess of \$5,500,000,000. The last 20 years has doubled this supply, and if the present production is maintained for another generation, it will double again. As gold has long been the world-wide standard of value, these statistics certainly suggest that the increase in the production of this precious metal may indeed vitally affect prices. Our dollar can never have greater purchasing power than the exchangeable value of the gold that is in it. The statement that we see everywhere in the papers that all prices are going up is a truth that could as well be expressed in these words, "the exchangeable value of gold bullion is shrinking."—Joe Mitchell Chaplin, in "Affairs at Washington," National Magazine.

New Kinds of Teeth.

"And now, Jimmy Norton," asked a Bronx school teacher the other day, "how many kinds of teeth are there?"
"Two ma'am," replied Jimmy; "quintines and cuspidora."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Girl Asks Senators for Day's Income



WASHINGTON.—The millionaires of the senate have been pleadingly requested by a young country girl of Virginia to donate their aggregated income for 24 hours in order that she may be enabled to acquire such an education as will qualify her for the profession of teaching school. She feels that this would not in the least impoverish them, while it would enrich her beyond hope's desire.

The ambitious girl who has made this unusual appeal resides at Volney, Va. She describes herself as being fifteen years old and earnestly seeking to better her condition and provide some means by which she can become self-supporting. Her communication is entirely frank and fearless and the writer is apparently convinced that a favorable reply will come along at no distant date.

The little Virginia lass simply addressed her letter: "The Senate Messrs., and then branches right out with her request, merely prefacing it with the announcement that she understands the senate is chiefly composed of millionaires, who would never miss the trifling assistance she requires. And then comes the direct

statement that their income for 24 hours would never be needed, but would be amply sufficient for the additional education necessary to make her a teacher.

The hope was expressed that early attention will be given her letter and that there will be no objection to complying with her wishes.

But, alas, for the little daughter of the old commonwealth! No millionaire senator will ever see her neatly written, grammatically arranged and utterly frank letter. It was opened by a busy and unsentimental secretary, tossed into the "files of the senate," and only dust and darkness and disappointment will ever know its contents.

Every once in a while members of congress get mighty funny letters. Representative Grist of Pennsylvania got one the other day, which is unique in epistolary correspondence. His constituency has, for one branch of it, a lot of Mennonites, and they are practically against all demonstration of affection.

One sentence in the letter read, "For God's sake, fight this everlasting kissing. Put a stop to the dirty, filthy, sloppy habit," and the writer goes on to state that he thinks the habit of promiscuous kissing prevalent among both men and women should have an end put to it.

Representative Grist declares that the kissers need not fear him.

Champ Clark's Boyhood Dream Is True



WHEN Champ Clark was making the speech which "fired" Cannon, so that the speaker retorted with more or less ferocity, Clark gave his hearers a glimpse of his own boyhood.

"When I was a lad, hoeing corn in Kentucky, I made up my mind to be a lawyer and to come to this congress," he said. "I had never even seen a courthouse. I had no idea what congress was like. But I made good on both propositions. I like the place. If the salary were cut to \$5,000 a year I would still want to be here. If it were cut to \$3,000 a year I would still want to be here. If it were cut to nothing I would still want to be here, provided I had a sufficient bank account."

And it is said that the bank account of the man who, as a boy, hoed Kentucky corn, is just about big enough to enable him to indulge in the luxury of sitting in an unsalaried congress.

According to one of the Washington

publications Senator and "Mrs. Theodore Burton" were among those invited to a recent social function at the capitol.

In the course of duty a reporter asked Senator Burton solicitously regarding the costume that Mrs. Burton was wearing at the function, intending that its description should be added to the others in the general list.

Senator Burton is fifty-nine years old, and during a varied political career has figured frequently in Washington dispatches as a congressman, as a senator and in other prominent roles.

"What did Mrs. Burton wear at the function?" asked the society reporter.

"Nothing."
"Eh-what?" stuttered the reporter. "I guess you do not gather me, senator. I mean, can you give me a description of the gown that Mrs. Senator Burton wore at the reception?"

"Nothing," again replied the senator from Ohio, and then before the reporter could again gasp his surprise, Mr. Burton continued his remarks. "Because there is no Mrs. Senator Burton, and according to the present feelings of Mr. Senator Burton of Ohio there is not liable to be any Mrs. Senator Burton."
"Mr. Senator Burton is a bachelor and intends to remain one."

Congressman Spits; Misses a Thriller



REPRESENTATIVE EZEKIEL SAMUEL CANDLER of Mississippi is one of the most retiring and unobtrusive members of the lower house of the national legislature. Representative Candler is more generally known as "Tombigbee" because once more than a year ago, he begged the house not to forget that majestic stream, the Tombigbee river of Mississippi in its river and harbor appropriation bill.

Mr. Candler, according to the congressional directory, was for nine years moderator of the Tishomingo Baptist association of Mississippi. Therefore, since his appearance in the halls of congress in 1901 Mr. Candler has eschewed the theater. That form of amusement was against the tenets of his faith. Mr. Candler, however, is an exponent of the under-canvas drama. He likes the circus.

Recently the death-defying, soul-

stirring, hair-raising demon of the air "Desperado" appeared with a circus in Washington.

"I must see that fellow," said Mr. Candler. "I want to have my soul stirred and my hair raised. I must behold that deed of daring. I will go if it costs me my job in the next meeting of the Tishomingo Baptist association."

Mr. Candler went to the circus. He went to see "Desperado" do his high dive and for no other purpose, but unfortunately he happened to have some tobacco with him.

"I am paying my money to see the high dive and nothing else," announced the Tombigbee hero.

After the show Representative Hughes of New Jersey met Mr. Candler in the lobby.

"How did you like the show?" he asked. "What did you think of 'Desperado'?"

"'Desperado' is all right," said Tombigbee. "He is the best that ever happened. I went there only to see him. I saw him climb to the top of the tent and then I turned around to spit and I heard a cheer and somebody near me said: 'Gracious heavens, he done it.' Then I came away."

Shelled Eggs Before Supreme Court



WITH summer at hand, the Supreme court of the United States was asked a few days ago to adjudicate a case involving 50 cans of eggs. Nearly five months ago the United States district court for the southern district of Illinois decided that the eggs were not just the thing for human consumption and directed its marshal "totally to destroy them." The Supreme court was asked to pass on jurisdictional questions, but the eggs themselves were not brought into court, as the marshal may have performed his duty.

These eggs came into existence probably some time in the early part of 1908—long enough ago to have per-

mitted their strutting around the barnyard by this time with chicks of their own at their sides.

They made their way to the Hippolyte Egg company of St. Louis, Mo. There the shells were stripped from them and Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns were as one in five-gallon cans. They were preserved in boric acid. When they were shipped to Thomas & Clarke, bakers, at Peoria, Ill., in the fall of 1909, the government obtained an order to seize them. The court held that the boric acid was a deleterious ingredient.

The egg company asked the Supreme court to dispose of the case at once. One of the reasons for this request is that this is the first case in the Supreme court which involves the question of the jurisdiction of a federal court under the national pure food law and the extent to which the law applies to an article of food "after it has been shipped into a state."