

Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Many Baltimore Women Start Smoking



BALTIMORE, Md.—That there is a large and ever-increasing number of women smokers in Baltimore was the opinion expressed by several prominent physicians and women themselves.

Most of the physicians were unhesitating in their disapproval of the habit. Dr. William H. Pearce said:

"I consider it bad for anyone to smoke, but it is worse for women than for men. It lowers the moral tone eventually and has absolutely nothing to recommend it in any way."

When asked if many of his women patients were smokers he declared that he did not know.

"It's not the kind of habit to demand treatment," he said, "and as a matter of fact I know positively of only two of my women patients who make a practice of smoking."

The greater number of women smokers in Baltimore are to be found among the "fashionables"—the society set, and with them the cigarette habit is said to be general. At some entertainments given only for women the entire party will take cigarettes as naturally as their husbands and brothers would do. They have their own cigarette cases and match boxes, and their own favorite brands, and, while not flaunting the habit in the faces of a conservative public, "make no

bones" of the matter and readily admit that they smoke.

Another set about town among whom smoking is indulged in freely includes the artistic and musical coteries. Among them there is always a more or less foreign element and Continental ideas generally find favor.

Several well-known women physicians were asked about their observations on the subject and, with one accord, they replied that the habit was general among society women only.

"It is a conspicuous fact," said one, "that few women students of colleges or universities smoke. I have never known of a woman teacher who did."

Another woman physician said she did not consider it had ever been conclusively proved that smoking in moderation was harmful, but that she thought both men and women were none the better for it.

A well-known suffragist was asked whether a desire to vote on a woman's part went with the habit of cigarette smoking. She was indignant and declared "very few Baltimore suffragists smoke, and, anyhow, those who do did it before they became suffragists."

Among clubwomen it is almost unknown, and in explanation of this they say they have too much to do and think about, and it is only idle women who learn to smoke.

A well-known physician living on Charles street said that while smoking might not hurt the woman, he considered it a horrid habit and no woman was "kissable" who smoked. He was certain that he would not permit any of his family to indulge in it for a minute.

'Tis the Kellys Who Are Proud Now



CHICAGO.—Several hundred Chicago Kellys have received letters recently informing them that they are descendants of ancient Irish kings, and for the modest sum of one dollar they will be sent the famous Kelly coat of arms.

The letters are sent out by a Philadelphia concern that makes a business of looking up "family trees," and the Kellys all over the United States are receiving the glad news.

The "discovery" that Kelly was once a king of Ireland was made by a representative of the Philadelphia concern "after years of research in the libraries of Dublin, Cork and Belfast." The ancestral coat of arms is something that every Kelly should have—according to the letter—and as there are only a few thousand left, it behooves Kelly to remit his one dollar without delay.

The letter in part is as follows:
Mr. Kelly—Dear Sir: We have just received from our agent in Dublin a rare old engraving of the coat of arms

Chicagoan to Start an Electric Farm



CHICAGO.—The blades of Ben Franklin and the near shades of Thomas Edison are about to fall upon the fertile fields of Lake county. Thanks to the enterprise of Samuel Innull, who has several considerable vegetable patches in the county adjoining Cook, the garden fields are to have an electric treatment.

When not working on his turnip patch, Mr. Innull is president of the Commonwealth Edison company. He has also much to do with Lake county electrical enterprises. They have electricity to burn. This may have something to do with the experiment in gardening which the Innull friends, and they are legion, declare he is about to perpetrate on a county whose

Throws Vinegar in a Burglar's Eyes



NEW YORK.—Mrs. Nathan Jasper, wife of a contractor, saved her husband from possible death at the hands of a burglar recently by throwing a cup of vinegar into the burglar's eyes and blinding him.

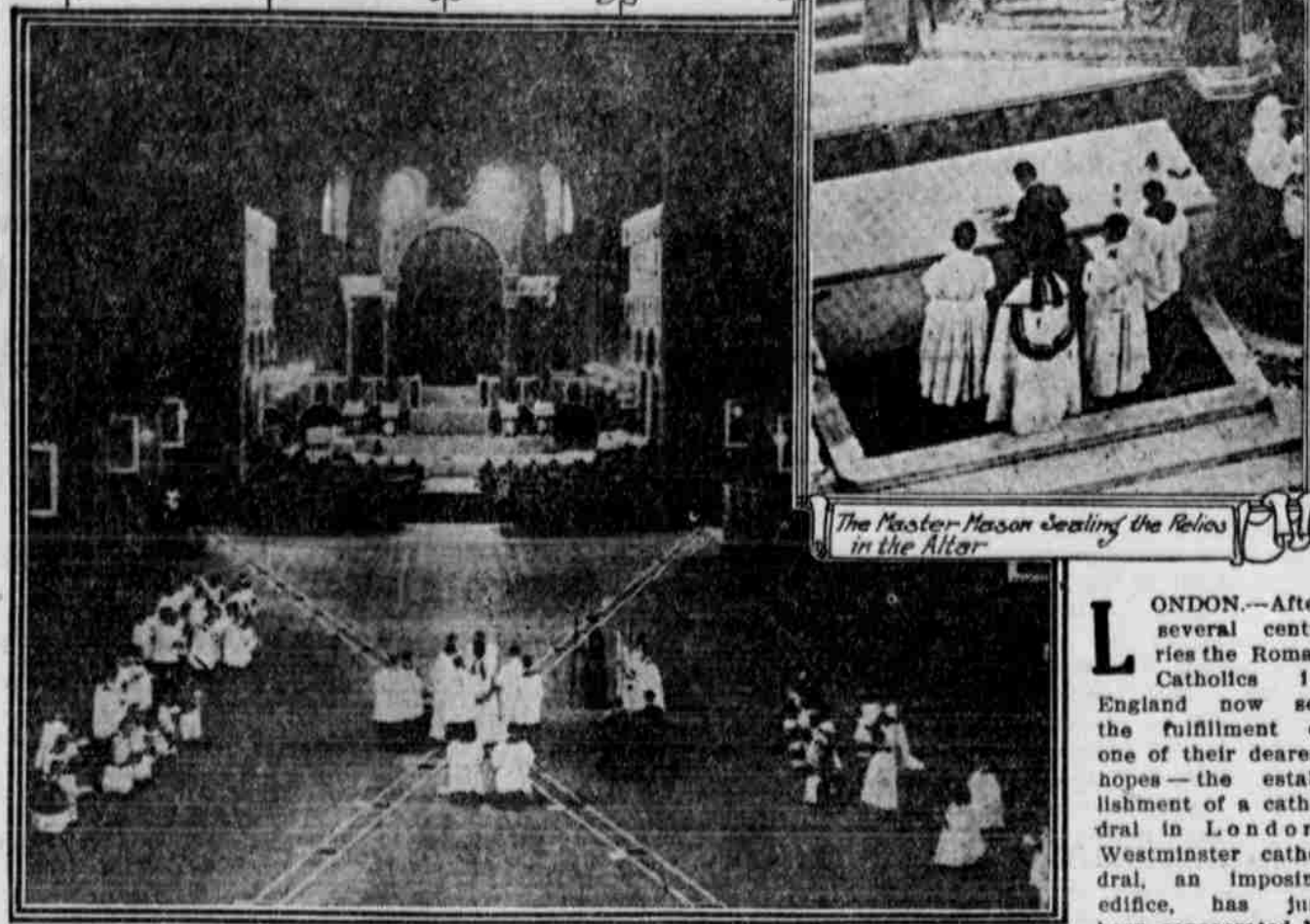
The man went to Jasper and told him he was starving. His appearance bore out his story. Jasper gave him money for food, and told him he would put him to work. When the Jaspers were getting ready for bed they found the man in a closet of their apart-

ment, unconscious. The closet had a spring lock on the outside and the man had been shut in. He was almost suffocated. Mrs. Jasper got some vinegar, which her husband used as a restorative, and succeeded in bringing the man to his senses.

As soon as the man became conscious he attacked Jasper. The contractor was no match for him, and was being choked into unconsciousness when Mrs. Jasper hurled the vinegar into the man's face. Howling with pain, he freed Jasper. Mrs. Jasper sprang at him, and she and her husband managed to hold him until a policeman came and took him to jail.

Jasper says the man he had befriended was a former employe whom he had discharged on account of his habits. He says the man stole his jewelry before hiding in the closet.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL IS CONSECRATED



The Ceremony of Consecration

The Mayor-Mason Sealing the Relics in the Altar

LONDON.—After several centuries the Roman Catholics in England now see the fulfillment of one of their dearest hopes—the establishment of a cathedral in London. Westminster cathedral, an imposing edifice, has just been consecrated by Archbishop Bourne.

BARN DOOR RECORDS

Health Department's New System of Milk Inspection.

Just How Well Dairymen Follow the Rules Will Be Posted by Means of Cloth Sign—Department Means Business.

Chicago.—"Never indulge in loud talking in the presence of the cow."

This is not a maxim copied from a textbook on polite behavior. It is, on the contrary, the import of just one of a set of exacting regulations which 13,000 milk producing farmers within 150 miles of Chicago are to be required to post on their barn doors by order of the Chicago health department.

The rules are printed on stout linen cloth calculated to defy wear and weather. Nailing them on the barn door is only the first requirement of the health department's order. Thereafter they are to be obeyed. Inspectors from Chicago will call around to see how the farmer is succeeding and on the bottom of the cloth poster there will be marked in indelible ink the "score" which the dairyman has reached.

Here the score will stand, where neighbors and customers may look at it, until the inspector calls again and adds another percentage mark that will boost or lower the farmer's standing in the community.

The import of all of which is that the Chicago health department means business, and farmers in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan who have dealings with the city are finding it out.

That 4,000 of the 5,000 dealers in Chicago are obeying the city ordinance which requires the safeguarding of milk against tuberculosis contamination either by pasteurization or through tuberculin tests was announced the other day by Health Commissioner W. A. Evans.

"That means that only 100 are not complying with the ordinance," said Dr. Evans. "Fifty of that 100 will be made to comply within a week. Twenty-five more will be brought in line within another week. By that time the number of law violators will be pretty small, and we shall exhaust the means of the department to make it a negligible quality."

Smart Set Lasso Prowlers

Coyotes and Wildcats Are Captured Alive by Californians and Domesticated.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Hunting wildcats, coyotes and coons with foxhounds has become the sport de rigueur of the smart set of Burlingame and Hillsborough, which has taken this means to rid the estate of the William H. Crocker of undesirable prowlers.

With Walter H. Hobart acting as the instructing nimrod, the women of Burlingame and Hillsborough have taken a lively interest in the sport and have invested it with novelty by making captives of the hunted animals instead of killing them.

Miss Jennie Crocker has trapped two wildcats that she is endeavoring to domesticate and tutor in deportment according to the accepted Hillsborough standards, and Mrs. Oscar Cooper and Mrs. Laurence Scott expect to bring about the social reformation of two plebeian coyotes and make them comme il faut in the most exclusive circles. The William H. Crocker number two coyotes and two wildcats as trophies of the chase, and the W. B. Bourns two wildcats. So far the coons have found no social sponsors.

Following an inspection trip made by Mayor Busse's milk commission, accompanied by Dr. Evans and departmental associates—a trip made by automobile and which included the visitation of many farms, large and small, between Evanston and Palatine—health officials told of the measures that have been adopted to raise the standard of the dairies supplying Chicago.

"How well one should be satisfied with what was seen the other day depends altogether upon the point of view," said Commissioner Evans. "In the first place the trip showed improvement over the past. Such improvement is going on constantly and it is encouraging. But to say that all that should be accomplished has been accomplished would be far from the fact."

Chicago has six inspectors, whose territory extends 150 miles from Chicago, and includes 13,000 dairies. We must have more inspectors, but in the meantime we are going what can be done with the six that we have.

"One fact that I thought of some significance was that when we stopped

at a dairy that appeared to be below the average in cleanliness, inquiry developed that the milk was not coming to Chicago. Some of it was going to Wilmette, some to other places it wasn't coming here."

The health department has adopted the government system of marking the score of dairy farmers, a system that is held exceedingly exacting. By this standard it is said that less than one per cent of the dairies as yet rank above 80 per cent in degree of excellence, while the largest number range from 40 to 60 per cent.

Two Cents Paid as Tax.

Salem, Ore.—The state treasury's office has just received the smallest remittance ever received under the gross earnings tax law—two cents.

The pennies came from O. Dieckhoff, general manager of the Valley & Coast Telephone company, who makes affidavit that the gross earnings of his company for the year ended December 31, 1909, were 90 cents.

The exact amount for the state was 1.8 cents. To collect this tax the state sent two notices to the company, and after the remittance arrived the receipt was mailed—a total of six cents for postage alone. The company expended the price of one two-cent stamp in addition to the cost of its stationery and affidavit.

"Tram King's" Novel Motto

Sir Clifford Robinson, Who Rose From Car Boy, Goes to Philippine Islands.

London.—Sir Clifford Robinson, the "tram king," has gone to the Philippines on a secret mission for the Speyer brothers, who financed the underground railways of London. To what extent British capitalists are planning to build trolley lines in Manila and elsewhere in Luzon has not been made public, but the belief in banking circles is that the Americans will have to hustle to get a trolley footing in their insular possessions, as Sir Clifford is a man of quick action, aggressive, of the Yerkes type, and widely known as a builder and an organizer.

He has had an unusual history. When a boy of twelve he collected fares on one of the first English cars which George Francis Train, the American eccentric genius, introduced at Birkenhead as a novelty in 1860.

foxhounds down from Whipple canyon to keep the intruders off the estate, but when the Dianas of the smart set learned of the matter they converted the war on the hill dwellers into a social diversion. The coyotes that have been captured so far have been caught with the lasso, and the trick of throwing the lariat promises to develop into an accomplishment at Burlingame and Hillsborough of equal importance to leveling a lorgnette or gallanting a fan.

Grass Grows on Sheep.

Harrisburg, Ore.—A curiosity that most people won't believe unless they see it is a bunch of grass-bearing sheep, the property of John Cartwright. Several members of his flock have a luxuriant growth of tame grass growing on the back and well down the sides of their bodies, giving them the appearance of having a pretty green fleece.

It is accounted for from the fact that grass seed falling from the feed wagon and lodging in the wool, sprouted when being continuously moistened by Oregon's copious showers.

Raspberry Jam From Carrots.

London.—The tricks of the food-faker were exposed at the Royal Horticultural hall. A seven-pound jar of "red currant and raspberry jam" containing carrots, turnips, saccharin and glucose, was exhibited.

Since he took his first fare he has filled every position in the tramway service. He has been in turn boy, conductor, driver, manager, and finally chief organizer of tramways all over the world. No man has done more to revolutionize traffic here and in America and other countries than this cheery, military-looking person. His rules for success are:

- Have faith in yourself.
- Back yourself as other men back horses.
- Learn all you can.
- Cultivate a sense of humor.
- Work hard, live plainly, be thorough.

Never stand still.

"I would not be overpopular in New York," he said before leaving for the far east, "as I look with favor on straphanging. Two extra passengers a mile mean all the difference between the margin of profit and loss in a great tramway undertaking when 10,000,000 miles a year have to be covered. Besides, the present system kills chivalry. I know of an old man who gave up his seat to a woman in one of our trams. A moment later a policeman climbed aboard and took his name and address for overcrowing. Later he was summoned to the West London police court and fined ten shillings."

ELECTRIC NEEDLES AS CURE

English Physician Thinks He Has Discovered Remedy for Cancer—Called Ionic Surgery.

London.—Dr. G. Betton Massey of the Chicago Oncological hospital, the first surgeon who has performed an operation for cancer in England by what is known as the new ionic surgery, and so far as observations go at the present time the operation looks like being successful. It was a serious case, too, which had been baffling the staff of the London cancer hospital.

Very soon after the cancerous growth was pierced by the three needles coated with mercury the cancer became blanched and shriveled up under the electric current. The growth was eventually killed and a zone of reaction was formed round the seat of the disease. The entire absence of bleeding was a notable feature of the operation and Dr. Massey considers that recurrence is prevented.

Before Dr. Massey was permitted to operate he had to appear before the authorities at the hospital and explain to them fully the aim and scope of his work, which he has been studying for many years.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 2207 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.



The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation.

Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Signature



An Easy Fit.

A number of years ago there lived in northern New Hampshire a notorious woman-hater. It was before the day of ready-made clothing, and wanting a new suit, he was obliged to take the material to the village tailor. She took his measurements, and when she cut the coat, made a liberal allowance on each seam.

The man's dislike of women in general prevented his having a fitting. He took the finished garment without trying it on. It was much too large, and his disgust was apparent in the answer he made to the friendly loafer on his first visit to the post office, when he wore the despised article.

"Got a new coat, Obed?" said the loafer.

"No, I hain't!" said Obed. "I've got seven yards of cloth wrapped round me."—Youth's Companion.

Diagnosis.

"Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes, I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."—Tit-Bits.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of J. C. Watson.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Dreamer.

"You say your boy Josh is a dreamer?" said the literary lady. "Does he write poetry or romances?"

"Oh," replied Farmer Cortnessel, "he don't write anything. But he jest natcherally refuses to get up till 9 o'clock."

Plenty of Material.

"Son," said the press humorist, "you have inherited some of my humor."

"Not enough to make a living with, dad."

"Never mind. I'm going to leave you all of my jokes."

Enough Provocation.

Patience—Does she know any songs without words?

Patience—No, whenever she sings it's certain to bring on words.

Give yourself opportunity—get out of the old road, where the stink wagons go rushing by, and take the path across the fields of new thought.