

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

"Harem Skirt" Split Latest Drink



CLEVELAND, O.—J. L. Saunders, who claims to have a farm about three miles south of Uhrichsville, has some new ideas in the line of frapped drinks and frozen dainties which he is anxious to give to the world. Armed with a blank contract and about six months' growth of whiskers, he came to Cleveland, anxious to exploit some of his ideas. He wandered about the city until he bumped into a drug store on the public square.

"Are you the owner of this establishment?" asked the prospective purveyor of ideas, eyeing the white-coated soda clerk.

"I'm not exactly the owner," answered the spirit presiding over the bottles and glasses, "but if you want to make an offer for the place, I might listen to you."

"Well," said Saunders, "I've an idea for you fellows. I've been reading that the college boys and the society girls are in need of fancy drinks. I

ain't had much to do but my chores all winter and I have been staying up as late as nine o'clock figuring some high-sounding titles. Some of 'em would inspire the young with grand ideas."

"Now, take 'The White Man's Hope.' Wouldn't that sound fetchin' on a glass of ice cream soddy? You could add the whites of a couple of eggs and give a guaranty that if the college boys drank enough of 'em they could go out and lick Jack Johnson."

"That's a good idea," remarked the clerk.

"But," continued Saunders, "I got a better one. They's a lot of suffragists in town. Why not put a sign in the window, 'Vote for Women Frappe'? That'd bring 'em, I reckon. Reciprocity cocktail would be a good title to catch these pesky politicians when they leave the courthouse and the city hall."

"But, listen to what I been figuring out for the college boys and the society girls—'Rah-rah Fudge Served With Three Cheers and Harem Skirt Splits.'"

"That's enough," said the fat boy behind the counter. "If we used those ideas we'd have to build an addition to the store, and the square is too small as it is."

Boston Man "Roasts" Baked Beans

BOSTON.—The baked bean that has made Boston famous, the succulent oyster and beef extract, were branded as being injurious or of no food value by Dr. Franklin White, lecturing at the Harvard medical school on "Digestion." He claimed that people could live more successfully on half the quantity of food taken. Prof. John H. Woods of Cambridge also aimed a blow at the high cost of living by claiming that a 12 cent meal suffices for a day's work.

"It is a hard thing to say in Boston," Dr. White allowed, "but beans are notoriously hard to digest. They are an excellent diet for one leading an active outdoor life. While oysters eaten raw are digestible, they are practically of no food value, for they are mostly water."

"I always feel that it is pathetic to see people buying beef extracts for invalid foods, knowing as I do, that they cost so much and contain so little of any value."

"Twenty-five cents' worth of beef juice will yield only six parts of food value to the body, while 25 cents' worth of eggs will yield 700 parts, and 25 cents' worth of milk 1,600 parts of real food value to the human system."



"It takes from 15 to 30 glasses of beef juice to equal the food value to the body of one glass of good milk."

"Meat that is cooked rare is digested by the stomach in two hours, that which is half roasted takes three hours, and that which is wholly roasted requires four hours to digest."

"Dyspepsia is called the American disease. Surely it is not due to the fact that we have not good food, but is rather due to our bad habits."

A 12 cent breakfast is all the nourishment Prof. Woods of 23 Inman street, Cambridge, who is 66 years old, requires to do a day's work consisting of 12 hours reading and study and a 10 or 15 mile walk.

Prof. Woods sits down to his daily meal at 5:30 a. m. He is served with a cereal, a soup, four slices of wheat bread and four glasses of milk, one of which is hot.

The savings bank figures of the Comptroller of the Currency are impressive in their aggregate; they are less flattering to national thrift and prosperity when analyzed than is easily assumed from a casual glance at their totals, says the Philadelphia Review. On the other hand, the comptroller's figures relate only to the institutions that bear the name of savings banks, while there are several other classes of institutions that do the same sort of business, and the savings of the people are far greater than the deposits reported by the savings banks alone. The comptroller reports an increase in the past fiscal year of 311,000 in the number of depositors, and aggregate deposits of something over \$4,000,000,000, an increase of rather more than \$300,000,000 during the year. The average deposit per capita increased during the year from \$420 to \$445, but 3 per cent. interest on the sum due depositors a year ago would account for half of this gain; the small remainder is the excess of deposits over withdrawals. Roughly speaking, the depositors gain about 3 per cent. a year by interest and 3 per cent. by deposits in excess of the sums taken out. In 10 years the number of depositors has increased about 50 per cent., and the average deposit has increased but little more than 10 per cent., or 1 per cent. a year.

First Roof Garden for Shopgirls



NEW YORK.—The first roof garden in this country to be built expressly for the use of women employees of a department store was opened recently in this city by a firm employing nearly 2,000 women and girls. Any one curious to know how the roof garden and its reseda tinted rest room walled with glass are received by women employees should talk with one of the girls. Not that the women are any less enthusiastic, but their adjectives are not so picturesque.

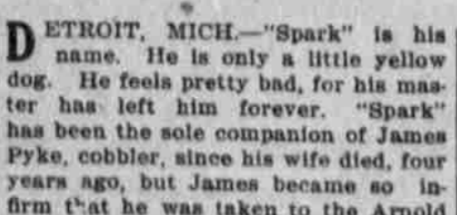
After the place was opened steps had to be taken to stop the girls from bolting their luncheon in order to spend 40 of the allotted 45 minutes lunch time on the roof. As a precaution against an epidemic of indigestion the manager of the luncheon room had to make a rule that a safe num-

ber of minutes should be spent on the consumption of sandwiches, cream cakes and other things usually included in girls' luncheons. One reason for the extra enthusiasm of the younger girls, whose duties keep them on the run most of the time, is that they have three chances at the roof garden to one chance enjoyed by older employees, each of them having 20 minutes rest time in the forenoon and again in the afternoon. Therefore at any time from 10 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 5 p. m. a relay of girls will be found in the roof garden and during the lunch hours, extending from 11 to 2:30, a relay is certain to be sharing the place with older women.

So far, except on stormy days, most of the girls and many of the women have gone from lunch directly to the open roof, stopping to get hats and coats from their lockers before going to the luncheon, and the rest periods are often spent in the same way.

"It is good," said a manager, "to see the pink tinge on the girls' cheeks when they come in. We allow them to play certain games and to dance all they want to on the roof."

Love of Books Starves Cobbler



DETROIT, MICH.—"Spark" is his name. He is only a little yellow dog. He feels pretty bad, for his master has left him forever. "Spark" has been the sole companion of James Pyke, cobbler, since his wife died, four years ago, but James became so infirm that he was taken to the Arnold home and "Spark" left behind.

When Mrs. Pyke was alive the couple lived in a cottage on Myrtle, near Twelfth street, and with the money Pyke earned mending old shoes and his pension, they had the home nearly paid for. Then Mrs. Pyke died.

It was Pyke's love for books that led to the loss of his home. Agents knew when his pension came, and would come up to the little shop in Twelfth street to display their goods. James could not resist, and bought—and bought. Payments lapsed, and at last the house was lost. For about three years Pyke lived in the shop and its one room, four by six feet, crowded with encyclopedias and "Sparks," his only companion. Pyke is 76 and grew too occupied in reading to do much work. All his pension money went to buy for books—a little literary revel.

He ate less and less. A bit of bread and a little milk sustained him for a day. Neighbors brought him things occasionally and tried to convince him his health was more important than books, but James is an Englishman, born in Kent.

Pyke became weaker, and finally was obliged to apply to O. M. Poe post, G. A. R., and the post decided to place him in the Arnold home and later to send him to the soldiers' home.

James said he wanted to remain where he was. "I can't leave 'Sparks' and my books," he said, patting the dog, his eyes roving over the cherished volumes; but the post officers persuaded and at last James consented.

After he had been taken away, the little dog sat mournfully on the doorstep, refusing to be coaxed away.

In Hat Trimming



By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

WITH a remarkable vogue in black and white in ribbons and straw shapes the liking for flowers to provide color, follows "as night the day." But flowers are everywhere used, whether the hat is quiet or gay. A group of three models shown here portray what may truthfully be termed the three leading ideal shapes and their popular and tasteful trimming.



In Fig. 1 a French sailor with a decided upward roll to the brim and a low dome crown, is pictured. The shape is in white chip, but any other white braid will give good effects. The bow across the back is of white satin ribbon having a border of black velvet ribbon stitched on one edge. The loops are wired. There are four of them making a wide double Alsatian bow, extending across the back of the hat, mounted against the crown.

Small, full blown garden roses are massed over the crown, concealing it, and a few glossy leaves peep out about the base, outlining the shape and making a good finish.

One of the hats on the helmet order is shown in Fig. 2, made of rough braid in tones of bronze and purple. A bronze velvet faces the brim and is laid in a flat plaited bow at the left. Here a spray of wild flowers in shaded colorings in which dark red, purple and green tints appear. This hat may be designed in almost any color. In amethyst shades, with deep purple facing, and cerise flowers, it is very handsome. It is a good model in all black.

Shapes which flare off the face have captivated many fancies and are apt to lead all others for summer wear. Fig. 3 shows a smooth straw in leg horn color, in which the brim droops about the head but lifts abruptly at the front with a sharp turn upward. Two bouquets of roses and moss joined by a band of black velvet ribbon, which extends about the crown, make this a hat which will harmonize with almost any costume.

This shape is to be had in many colors as well as black and white. It is pretty in black hemp or tagal, and in good black chip will prove serviceable. The color of the roses is a matter of taste, which the wearer may settle to suit herself.

DESIGNED FOR HOME WEAR HATBAG FOR THE TRAVELER

Mulberry-Colored Cashmere Would Make Up Well for This Pretty House Dress.

Here is a smart little dress made up in mulberry-colored cashmere. The under skirt is of lining, to which is attached a deep kiting; the tunic is wrapped over at left side and stitched, and is trimmed then with passementerie.

The material of bodice is tucked

Simple and Easy Method That Will Preserve the Much-Prized Headgear.

The season for traveling is once more nearly upon us, and our hats, if not broader, are higher than ever. Of course you may ask the porter for a paper bag to hold your hat on the train. But how often will it fit?

Try, instead, laying the hat on a sheet of stout brown paper, so as to get the correct size. Then make the paper into a large envelope by gathering the two sides in the middle and pasting them down. Slit up the sides about two inches and turn these down to form the closed ends; but before pasting them cut away the inner part of the turned-up ends and snip the corners to give a neat edge.

Do the same with the top of the big, but, of course, do not paste down the flap. Sew to each side of the bag cord or plaited twine handles by which to hold the bag. The whole may be folded and tucked in a corner of your suitcase.



Explosive Neckties.
 There are several processes of manufacturing artificial silk which are based on the use of ordinary cellulose, reduced to a plastic condition so that it may be drawn into threads. These are woven into various forms whose chief difference from real silk, to the eye, is that the material is glossier.

All but one of these processes yield a "silk" that is as safe as cotton. The other employs nitro-cellulose, or soluble gun cotton, from which the threads are drawn in ether or alcohol. After the thread has been drawn and is ready for weaving it is supposed to be denitrated. If it is, then it is entirely safe. Otherwise it may be exceedingly dangerous, for it then remains nothing less than gun cotton spun into a fabric.

Small Girl's Hobbie-Skirt.
 There is apparently considerable diversity of opinion as regards the correct position for the belt on the small girl's frock. Many of the smartest little French dresses show the sash in practically normal place, while on other frocks the belt is so far down as to hamper the tiny wearer in her walk almost as absurdly as does the hobbie-skirt of the moment inconvenience her elders. The abnormally long-waisted effect obtained by placing the belt almost at the hem of the frock is charmingly quaint on some children, but is not becoming to every type.—Harper's Bazar.

The Boy's Outfit.
 Severity must mark the outfit for a small boy. In the morning a Russian blouse suit of natural-colored linen worn with a wide patent-leather belt, is practical. To complete this dress should be brown boots and stockings. Low shoes and socks are fashionable for all children, leather leggings being worn out-of-doors until the weather is really warm. This fashion should not be kept up after the boy has grown big, any more than he should be forced to keep to his knickerbockers when he is tall enough to wear long trousers.—Harper's Bazar.

THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW

Many Women There Are Who Will Understand Just Why Long-Suffering "Worm" Turned.

Several years ago an Atchison couple were living happily together. The community was shocked one day when the wife applied for a divorce and got it. The story of the divorce has come out. It seems that the wife went into the kitchen and "slaved" all day. She made bread, pies, cake, cookies and pork and beans. She boiled a tongue, made a potato salad, stuffed eggs, made a custard and brown bread.

When her husband came home at six o'clock in the evening he found her dressed up. And on the table was cold tongue, pork and beans, fresh bread, cake, cookies, pie, potato salad, stuffed eggs, brown bread and custard. The wife thought her husband would say: "You poor darling, how you have worked today!" Instead, he said, in a surprised way: "COLD supper! Lord, but you have an easy time!" His wife did not answer him. She was speechless with rage, and he does not know to this day why she asked the court to be divorced from a BRUTE.—Atchison Globe.

IGNORANCE!

Old Gentleman—And what's your name, my boy?
 Kid—Sech is fame! He don't recognize de 45-pound champion of the Thioiteenth ward!

The Impossible.
 Andrew Carnegie, at a recent dinner in New York, said of a certain labor trouble:

"It is silly of employers to pretend in these troubles that they are always in the right. Employers are often in the wrong; often unreasonable. They often—like Mrs. Smith-Jones—ask impossible things:

"Mrs. Smith-Jones, taking a villa at Palm Beach, engaged for butler a stately old colored deacon.

"Now, Clay," she said to the old fellow, "there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience."

"Yes, madam," the venerable servant answered, "and when yo' bids me tell yo' guests yo's out when yo's in, which shall it be, madam?"



Better Days.
 He (with a little sigh)—This is the third winter that you have had this year.
 She—Well, but dearest, summer will soon be here now.
 Humor is a great solvent against snobbishness and vulgarity.—Seaman.

A Monopoly.
 Urbanite—What did you come to the city for?
 Country Boy—To earn an honest living.
 Urbanite—That's all right. You'll find no competition.

FOOD IN SERMONS
 Feed the Dominic Right and the Sermons Are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet."

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning."

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a trial. I made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts with cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal."

"My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table."

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet."

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength."

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."
 Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.