

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Balky Horse Blocks Cleveland Street



CLEVELAND.—An antiquated horse with a hang-dog, apologetic cast of countenance, a moth-eaten hide and the disposition of a Missouri mule, stopped on Cleveland's busiest street the other afternoon.

For twenty-five minutes the horse defied four of Chief Kohler's "finest," blocked traffic on the congested thoroughfare and kept a crowd of some 300 shippers, office boys, clerks, teamsters and chauffeurs in an uproar of merriment.

The horse was pulling a cart which to all appearances was as antiquated as himself. A little negro topped off the outfit. When the horse stopped the negro carefully laid away his stump of a whip, extracted "the mak'ins" from a place of concealment in a dilapidated coat and thoughtfully began to roll a cigarette.

Just fifty seconds from the moment the horse had decided to cease movement a mounted traffic regulator arrived.

"Get a move on that nag," he shouted to the negro.

"Do it yourself, sah," responded the erstwhile driver, complacently continuing to roll the "skag."

The spick and span officer vaulted from his mount, grabbed the bridle and gave it a jerk. Then he jerked again. Then he pulled. The horse regarded him with reproachful eyes, but it didn't move.

A bicycle patrolman, a cotton-gloved traffic cop, and then another, appeared within the next five minutes. Also a crowd gathered. The horse hung its head in a disinterested sort of way and the little negro puffed away in the same way.

The "finest" reddened under the jeers and shouted suggestions from the office boys and teamsters, and finally gave it up.

"Ah might unhitch that there boss and lead 'im away," suggested the little negro thoughtfully.

"It's 'gainst the rules to unhitch on a congested street," responded an officer curtly, "you've got to drive him."

"A'm powerfully sorry, boss, but Ah jus' naturally can't do that," said the little negro, and started to roll another cigarette.

Traffic had congested until it threatened to block Euclid avenue also. Then the officers admitted defeat. The little negro unhitched, the officers, aided by volunteers, backed the wagon into an alley, and the horse ambled dejectedly along.

City Schools to Be Social Centers

CHICAGO.—Thirteen public school buildings will be opened in Chicago soon as neighborhood social centers. For the first time in its history the Chicago board of education will offer to persons not of common school age some of the benefits that the presence of school buildings may bring to a neighborhood. This decision was reached at a recent meeting of the board's committee on social centers.

To help the people get their money's worth out of expensive equipment used only a few hours out of the day is the object of the innovation. At variance with persons who would have the use of school property and resources restricted entirely to educational purposes, the committee of the board intends to maintain places of evening recreation wherever the people of a neighborhood accept the opportunities offered to them.

"Our idea in opening these social centers," said Dean Sumner, in explaining the new policy, "is to learn if there is a demand for the use of schools by adults. If there is such a demand or if we can create it, we shall develop the centers into evening meeting places for parents' clubs, for



social organizations and for civic debating societies, all under the direction of the principal of the center, who is also the principal of the school.

"Last year we conducted ten school buildings as centers for children.

"Each of the centers for the children was provided with a principal and six teachers. Parents came in swarms with their children and so they really made use of the buildings as social centers for adults before the privileges were formally given to them.

"For the children we shall continue the privilege of recreation in the old schools and in those added this year. In the same buildings the older people will be urged to form social clubs, hear lectures, attend dramatics, join in advanced gymnasium work and hear and participate in debates."

Gets Rich Selling Candy on Streets



NEW YORK.—The wind-swept corner at Broadway and Fulton street is soon to lose one of its two old outdoor merchants. Phil Roman, the rubber stamp man, contemplates a future of solitude, and the sparrows in St. Paul's churchyard one of hunger, for Adam Schmalzer, friend and mentor to Phil and chief provider to the sparrows, is going to retire.

Profits accruing from the sales of a million penny sticks of candy have made Adam financially independent after thirty years, and he has realized it suddenly. Phil will tell you, with a look in his eyes that belies his words, that he is "glad old Adam has got some sense at last—oughter retired long ago."

Adam has not been "old Adam" to

Phil very long. When he came to the corner in 1881 the rubber stamp man called him the "kid," for Phil then had been doing business at the old stand for something like twelve years. Adam wasn't at the corner when a reporter went to see him the other day. Phil was standing guard over both stands.

"Yes," he admitted, "Adam, he's going to quit. Thirty years I've seen him come and go. Six o'clock in the morning I'd see him come across Broadway lugging his candy case from the basement where he kept it."

"Guess there's more money in candy than there is in rubber stamps. Now Adam's to go, I'd quit, too, if I could afford it."

"My dad was the first man to sell lemonade on the streets of New York City. My grandfather was a sidewalk merchant, and a good one, too. Maybe I've been a little luckier than they. I've been able to give my girl and boy good educations and they are married now," old Adam said.

In the thirty years at the church corner Adam has missed just five days.

Take Revenge by Clipping Girl's Hair

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla.—Barbara Weaver, the 15-year-old girl who was shorn of her locks as she lay asleep, lost her crown of glory because she was "stuck up." It is strongly suspected that the vandals who snipped off one of her silken braids were two boys, former playmates of hers, who resented what they regarded as her growing tendency toward aristocracy.

Little Miss Weaver is the daughter of Claude Weaver, an attorney, who is considered wealthy. Barbara Weaver had been on friendly terms with the children in the neighborhood of the family home, but is said to have gained the idea of late that her social standing did not permit of her continuing such relations. Two of her cast-off friends are believed to have adopted the "rape of the lock" idea to express their resentment of these high-flown notions.

This theory is strengthened by the fact that Cynthia Powell, a girl of Barbara's age, who attended school with her, received a "Black Hand" letter recently, threatening her with



dire things unless she continued to speak to two boys of the neighborhood who are under suspicion.

Miss Weaver's hair is a beautiful auburn and was long and silky. In preparing it for the night it was her practice to arrange it in two long braids. Miss Rosabell Teder sleeps in the same room with her, and discovered on awakening that one of the beautiful braids was missing. Hastily awakening her companion, they began a search and found the braid on the floor beside the bed. Miss Weaver's parents were aroused, and the police were notified. Later the other braid was cut off, so that Miss Weaver's hair now presents a Buster Brown effect.

REACHED LIMIT OF TORTURE

Real Reason Why Burglar Gave Evening Papers Chance to Use Effective Headline.

A burglar broke into a New York mansion early the other morning and found himself after wandering about the place in the music-room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen. From eight to nine the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From nine to ten the second daughter took a piano lesson. From 10 to 11 the eldest son got his instruction on the viola. From 11 to 12 the younger boy got a lesson on the flute and piccolo. Then at 12:15, the family got together and practiced music on all their instruments. They were fixing up for a concert. At 12:45 the porch-climber staggered from behind the screen. "For heaven's sake, send for the police!" he shrieked. "Torture me no longer!" And in the evening paper there was the headline: "Nervy Children Capture Desperate Burglar."

IN AGONY WITH ITCHING

"About four years ago I broke out with sores on my arms like boils. After two months they were all over my body, some coming, and some going away. In about six months the boils quit, but my arms, neck and body broke out with an itching, burning rash. It would burn and itch, and come out in pimples like grains of wheat. I was in a terrible condition; I could not sleep or rest. Parts of my flesh were raw, and I could scarcely bear my clothes on. I could not lie in bed in any position and rest. In about a year the sores extended down to my feet. Then I suffered agony with the burning, itching sores. I could hardly walk and for a long time I could not put on socks.

"All this time I was trying everything I could hear of, and had the skill of three doctors. They said it was eczema. I got no benefit from all this. I was nearly worn out, and had given up in despair of ever being cured when I was advised by a friend to try Cuticura Remedies. I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and used exactly as directed. I used the Cuticura Remedies constantly for four months, and nothing else, and was perfectly cured. It is now a year, and I have not had the least bit since. I am ready to praise the Cuticura Remedies at any time. (Signed) E. L. Cate, Exile, Ky., Nov. 10, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Why He Couldn't Sit Down.

Harry, aged six, is an orphan; but an indulgent grandmother and kind maiden aunt have taken care of him. The first pair of knickerbockers were secured recently, and it was a proud moment for the boy when his aunt put them on him on Sunday morning and he was permitted to go to church with his grandmother. Naturally maiden aunts know very little about the arrangement of knickerbockers, and there was a suspicious fullness in front and an equally mystifying tightness in the back to be observed, as the little chap trudged happily along. In church Harry sat down, but did not appear comfortable and stood up. "Harry, sit down," whispered his grandmother. He obediently climbed back on the seat, but soon slipped off again. "Harry, you must sit down." "Grandma, I can't. My pants is choking me." She looked more closely than her dim sight had before permitted, and discovered the new little knickerbockers were on hind side before. Harry stood up during the remainder of the service.

The Boy—The Girl.

He—Crime seems in a pretty low way. Only last week some woman kidnaped a baby—photographs of it in all the newspapers.

She—What did she take it for?

He—Nothing else to take, I suppose. I should have thought myself that anybody who kidnaped a baby would steal an earthquake or borrow an attack of Asiatic cholera.

She—Babies are not so bad as all that. The only thing I have really got against them is that if you leave them long enough they grow up into human beings.

Had to Put in Human Interest.

An old negro preacher, says the Atlanta Constitution, gave as his text: "De tree is known by its fruit, an' it's des impossible to shake de possum down."

After the benediction an old brother said to him:

"I never knowed befo' dat sich a text wuz in de bible."

"Well," admitted the preacher, "it ain't set down dat way. I throwed in de possum to hit de intelligence of my congregation!"

A Good Turn.

George Ade, with the gentle cynicism of the confirmed bachelor, was talking in New York about New Year resolutions.

"Every wife," he said, "loves to see her husband turn over for her sake a new leaf—in his check-book."

Ingredients of Life.

The ingredients of health and long life are great temperance, open air, easy labor and little care.—Philip Sidney.

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RECOGNIZED THE ACTION.



Little Nell—I didn't know that they played "I Spy" in church, mamma.

Mamma—What do you mean, my child?

Little Nell—Why, the preacher said "Let's Play," and everybody held their hands up to their faces.

Where the Fruit Grows.

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco, who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow-citizens. It was a labor meeting. "You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunks of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall, "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"—Saturday Evening Post.

A Fright.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hiccup an' I want to scare him."

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