

CHICAGO BOYS WHO SANG BEFORE THE POPE



Arousing welcome is planned for the members of the Paulist boys' choir and their leader, Father J. W. Finn, now returning to Chicago from abroad where they sang before the Pope Pius X. The Paulist choir carried off the first honors in competition at Philadelphia. As a result it was selected to represent this country at Paris. There in competition with 600 choirs that numbered the best talent of the kind in Europe, the victory in the United States was not only repeated, but the Chicago boys became the rage of musical Europe.

CROW SAVED LIFE

Rooster Is Instrumental in Averting Child's Death.

But for His Act Woman Would Not Have Observed Two Little Ones Running Toward Pond in Cleveland.

Cleveland.—A cantankerous rooster that crowed and complained whenever any one entered the yard that he considered his own saved the life of little Alex Galoskey, four, when he fell into the Cleveland-Akron Bag company's pond at the foot of East Thirty-seventh street.

Had it not been for the rooster Mrs. Louis Busser would not have seen the two little children who ran through her yard and down the hill to the bank of the pond early in the afternoon. Mrs. Busser looked out of the window when she heard the rooster expressing his displeasure and saw the Galoskey child, with six-year-old Johnny Zglenki, running through the yard.

She spoke to her husband, Louis, about them and he looked in their direction from time to time. He was sitting on the back porch putting his shoes on when he looked the last time and saw the elder of the boys running up the hill. The smaller one was nowhere in sight. Surprised, he looked again toward the pond and saw a tiny hand appear above the surface of the water.

He sent his son Frank, fifteen, on the run to call help from the mill, thinking that the men could get to the pond from the mill quicker than he could. An instant later the hand appeared again with another hand beside it.

Busser saw he must act instantly, so he ran shoeless down the hill, leaped over the fence that surrounded the pond and jumped into the water. A moment later he had the baby in his arms.

Busser and his wife laid the baby, unconscious and apparently dead, on a bench and rolled the water out of

him. After half an hour of work the child began to show signs of life and his rescuers put him to bed. They had no idea whose baby he was.

For the house and on the way met the Mrs. Minnie Spettigue of Croton avenue S. E. in whose charge the Galoskey boy had been left while the mother went out to work, heard he had been drowned and that the body was at the Busser home. She started boy's mother, who was returning from work.

When the two women arrived at the Busser home they found Alex sitting up in bed and blinking happily and devouring raw eggs.

FOOLED BY VOODOO DOCTOR

Woman at Atlantic City Claims He Made Her Believe She Was Horizontal.

Atlantic City, N. J.—One of the strangest cases ever brought to the attention of the police, involving a clever negro, who claims to be a voodoo doctor, was brought to light through the arrest of Timothy Minnot, a West Indian. Minnot was arrested on the charge of witchcraft and fraudulent practices, preferred by Rose Miner, from whom he is said to have obtained \$50, and the tale told by the woman was almost beyond belief.

Hearing of the curative powers of Minnot, she told the police that she visited the man at his offices, 1721 Arctic avenue, in an effort to bring about a cure of an ailment from which she had long suffered. She was told by Minnot that, because of a spell cast upon her by an enemy, she was traveling through life in a horizontal rather than a perpendicular position, and so great was the persuasive powers of the "healer" that he convinced the woman of the truth of his assertions.

He demanded \$50 for his treatment and this his victim borrowed from a relative. When she made the payment Minnot provided her with a pillow upon which she must sleep, gave

her powders with instructions to burn them at stated intervals and charms which he recommended she should wear, and repeated prayers which she was instructed to offer.

MUSIC IS AID TO THIEVES

Phonograph Drowns Noises Burglars Make in Pillaging Home in Minneapolis, Minn.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Strains of music from a talking machine early in the morning were taken advantage of by burglars to cover up the noise made by their entrance into the home of P. H. Ware, 2116 Nicollet avenue. Loot valued at nearly \$100 was taken while occupants of the premises, all unconscious of what was going on, sat and listened to the songs that emanated from the machine.

Members of the Ware family had been to a railway station to meet a midnight train. When they returned to their home they set the talking machine going. Mrs. Ware said that twice while the songs were being played she heard scratching noises in other parts of the house, but thought nothing of it. Soon the family retired.

Phillip Ware, four years old, who had been asleep in the bedroom while the music was being played, missed part of his clothing. The garments were found under a window, where the burglars had placed them as a mat to prevent the leaving of tracks. Then Mrs. Ware missed two pocketbooks of alligator and seal, one worth \$18 and the other \$10. In one pocketbook there were \$10 in cash, a gold chain, a locket made of a fraternity pin, a check book and a photograph of Mr. Ware, taken when he was four years old.

The burglars had entered through the window and taken the articles from a dresser in the room in which the little boy slept.

Ill Health Caused Pastor's Suicide. East Liberty, O.—Continual brooding over his own and his wife's ill health caused Rev. Alonzo Skidmore, a Christian minister, to commit suicide recently. He was found dead in his room, hanging to a bedpost, having made a rope of pieces of a shirt.

Long Aeroplane Flight

Three British Birdmen May Attempt to Make Record Trip of 4,500 Miles.

London.—From London to India by air is the daring scheme which it is proposed to carry out this year. An advisory council has been formed in London for the purpose of making the necessary preliminary arrangements, and Mr. Ernest Esdalle, a prominent Anglo-Indian, is acting as secretary. It is expected that at least three British aviators will participate in the attempt, which will be made about next September. "The feat," said Mr. Esdalle, "is not as impossible as it appears, and I say with confidence that the flight will be accomplished this year."

"We are already negotiating with several British aviators, and our plans are already well advanced. The route is fairly clear as far as Vienna, and after that the aviators will follow the course of the Danube, as far as Nikopol, and go over the Shinka Pass to Adrianople.

"From Constantinople the Abatolia railway will be followed to Bozanti, and the route afterward lies via Tarsus, Adana, Aleppo, Bagdad, the Euphrates and Tigris, to Bushire, along the coast of the Persian Gulf of Bunda Abbas, and thence along the Arabian sea of Karachi, which is the first point that can be touched in India. "The distance, roughly speaking, is about 4,500 miles, and some time before the flight takes place we shall have established posts and petrol stations. I am going over the route my-

self by motor car to make the necessary arrangements.

"I have approached a number of British aviators on the subject, and I have got quite as many as I require at the moment. We want the whole thing to be all British, the machines as well.

"It is impossible to say how long the flight may take, but a start will not be made until after the monsoon season is over at the end of September. We mean to leave nothing whatever to chance."

LARIAT SAVES MAN'S LIFE

Hands Only Above the Surface of the Water Are Roped and the Rest Is Easy.

Santa Monica, Cal.—The most peculiar rescue of a drowning man ever effected along the bay shore was that of Nicholas Cook. He is a workman on a pier and fell into the sea, together with a heavy iron wheelbarrow.

His feet became entangled in the barrow and it held him under, with only his hands protruding from the breakers. He waved frantically and attracted the attention of Arthur Wilkes, another workman, who was formerly a cowboy.

Wilkes snatched up a long rope, tied it in a noose and lassoed the hands. So accurate was his aim that at the first cast his noose slipped upon the wrists and tightened and Cook was drawn to safety.

The wheelbarrow came up with him.

WAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Tiny Shop Spikes Wheel of Commerce



CHICAGO.—The march of commerce from time to time has pursued divers courses to obviate a halt, or the semblance of a halt, but it has fallen to the lot of one of Chicago's large wholesale concerns to employ, probably for the first time, a course which is marching around, under and over the threatening obstacle.

The obstacle encountered by expanding commerce in this instance is the person of John F. Walsh and his little hardware store, located midway between North Canal street and the Chicago river, on the south side of West Lake street.

As a simon-pure adherent to stand-patism John Walsh has completely eclipsed the late originator of that term.

Now, John Walsh is not clinging to the policies of any particular political coterie, but is standing pat firmly in his little shop, which is a lone remaining section of a once fairly large building.

His legal or moral right to stand firm on the privileges of his five-year

lease of the 25x40 foot shop is disputed by no one, although a mammoth building now in the course of construction must have the few feet occupied by Walsh's shop if the northern face of the structure, when completed, is to present an unbroken front.

"Perhaps they thought I would take an afternoon off, tie my lease up with pretty pink ribbon and carry it over to them on a silver tray, decorated with American Beauty roses."

"Well, you see how badly they were mistaken. I'll have no truck with them. I'm here to stick. I've my lease and it runs for three years yet."

The entire area, bounded by West Randolph, North Canal and West Lake streets, and one of the present buildings of the concern, with the exception of Walsh's little store, was in readiness for the construction work to be begun. And Walsh steadfastly ignored all arguments.

As a last expedient, the unique plan of allowing the new structure to rear its steel girders over the very roof of the little store, excavating the basement, and erecting walls on three sides, was resorted to.

Now Walsh is being builded around on all sides, top and bottom, except the front, which will remain his very own, free and unchallenged, until the expiration of the lease, and "the march of commerce" goes on unhalting.

Poodle Cause of Death and Arrests

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—One little white French poodle attacked a Minneapolis policeman the other night. The policeman shot the poodle. The poodle's mistress attacked the policeman. A riot call was put in for the police.

When the din of battle subsided, the poodle's mistress and one man were made by their disorderly conduct, and the poodle lay dead in the street and the policeman was fleeing under cover of darkness to his home and a whole pair of trousers.

The poodle, cause of all the trouble, was "Snoozlums," pet of Mrs. Bertha Forslund. The policeman who was attacked and who shot "Snoozlums" was Police Driver David Melbourn, and the man whose championship of the poodle resulted in his own arrest gave the name of Robert Bronsman at central station.

Policeman Melbourn, who is driver at the South Side station, was riding home on a bicycle at 10 p. m. According to his story the poodle ran from the walk and seized him by the leg of the trousers.

It was at this stage of the conflict, according to Policeman Melbourn, when he was complete master of the field, that Mrs. Forslund appeared on the scene.



"You have killed my pet. You have killed my baby, 'Snoozlums,'" the woman is said to have shrieked as she stepped over the body of the fallen poodle and toward the policeman, who, busy with the trousers which had been torn, was somewhat at a disadvantage.

"I didn't want to hit the woman," said Policeman Melbourn, "so I just held her off."

About this time, according to Melbourn, Robert Bronsman took a hand in the fray. This made things easier for Melbourn for Bronsman was not a woman. The battle raged merrily.

In the meantime neighbors, hearing the barks of "Snoozlums," the shot, the screams of the woman, had turned in riot calls for the police.

Leaving "Snoozlums" where he lay in the street the police took the man and woman in the patrol wagon and to central station, where charges of disorderly conduct were placed against both.

Uncle Tom Bloodhounds Are Eaters



ST. LOUIS.—Four large hounds, possessed of appetites commensurate with their size, are perplexing William U. Halbert, of Belleville, public administrator of St. Clair county, Illinois. The dogs formerly belonged to an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show owned by E. C. Chunn, who died in East St. Louis several months ago, and Halbert says they rapidly are eating up all that is left of the estate.

The hounds, each one of which stands a few hands shorter than a small pony, came by their appetites honestly, it would seem. For years they chased the elusive Eliza across the papier mache ice, always just a trifle too far behind to sink their teeth in the persecuted young woman.

After the show was closed they cried for Eliza for a while, but later signified they would be satisfied with plain,

ordinary beef, or something better.

When Halbert first came into possession of the dogs the rest of the estate of the one-time owner of the show was intact, and he even could afford to buy porthouse for the animals if they insisted on having it. Halbert hadn't had charge of the estate long, however, when the dead owner's father, J. C. Chunn, filed a claim for the personal effects of his son. These personal effects consisted of a passenger coach and scenery and other paraphernalia necessary to the show.

Halbert fought the giving up of the passenger coach with the idea that if the worst came to the worst he could house the hounds in it and ship them from place to place that they might "board around" on their relatives. He lost the suit, however, and found himself the mortified possessor of the dogs, which, after the manner of their kind, lost no time in signifying they would be pleased to sit down to a good meal.

So far they have cost him more than \$100, and none of them has indicated he is ready to get old and die or quit eating just because the novelty has worn off.

Frisco Laborers Find a Wine Cellar

SAN FRANCISCO.—That men may drink champagne on a steam beer salary has received convincing proof. Around the ruins of the Grand Hotel at Stevenson and New Montgomery streets were a lot of \$2-a-day laborers the other day who were nursing assorted "heads," but who were very happy just the same.

During the work of clearing the ruins an old rock crusher that stood on the lot was toppled over under the instructions of the foreman. The foreman, the day being hot, then adjourned to a nearby buffet to quench his thirst. When he returned to the field he found that every man jack of his laborers had disappeared.

Their coats were still hanging around on fences and the foreman was puzzled, not having reason to believe there had been a walk-out, until the sound of popping corks, coming from the near distance, mingled with gusty laughter, attracted his attention to where the rock crusher had stood.



He hurried over there to discover his entire crew sitting around the floor of the wine cellar that had been exposed, drinking the cream of the choice stock of liquors that had made the old Grand hotel bar famous.

After the wreck of the hotel in 1906 no one gave a thought to the wine cellar and the stock of old wines, assuming that the stock had been ruined.

Colonel Kirkpatrick of the Palace, when advised of the find and asked what disposition he wanted made of the wines, said:

"Let the laborers dispose of it. The wine is theirs by right of discovery."



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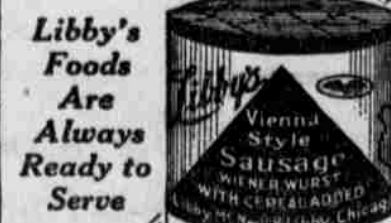
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WASN'T A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

Class One of Chess Fanatics Properly Objected to Garrulousness of His Opponent.

Two elderly chess fanatics were absorbed in a game at the Mechanics Institute in San Francisco recently. Both were experts and rigid followers of all the rules of the game, written and otherwise. For nearly five hours neither had spoken a word. Backward and forward, moving and countermoving, the game swung, with no perceptible advantage to either player. Finally one of the old fellows made a fatal break. Quick as a flash his opponent moved his knight into position and softly murmured, "Check!"

The other player, making no effort to conceal his displeasure, rose from the game.

"What's the matter?" demanded his friend. "Going to quit?"

"I certainly am. I'll be hanged if I can play chess with a darned old chatterbox!"—Saturday Evening Post.

At the End of the Spat.

Hubby—You know, dearest, that you are my star.

Wife—Do you mean a sky star or a stage star?

Hubby—Oh-er-why?

Wife—Because if you mean the latter, I want to tell you that your star doesn't handle as much money as an ordinary soubrette.

The man who has something to sell is always an optimist.

DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Say.

A Nich. woman tried Postum because coffee disagreed with her and her husband. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and it bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my housework—both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us, and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My child dreads love it, and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was usually half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done, she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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