

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

It is a matter of common experience that bright lights in a chamber, church or hall where numerous persons are gathered together have the effect of producing drowsiness among certain members of the congregation or audience, says the Philadelphia Press. This phenomenon is easily explained by the current knowledge of hypnosis. The drowsiness produced by the lights is a species of hypnosis. It has been suggested also that lack of proper ventilation causes a toxic quality in the atmosphere to which some people are especially susceptible, the result being an irresistible drowsiness. Sleeping in church has always been a ready subject for humor. It is related that on one occasion when a proposal was under discussion to have a series of sermons preached on topics of the day which were agitating the public minds, Rufus Choate, as a member of the congregation, protested vehemently, saying, "I seek my pew, as I seek my bed, for repose." There is also an anecdote of an old Scotchman who was asked if he knew a certain man in the same neighborhood. "Know him?" he replied with emphasis, "Why, I've slept in the same kirk w' him for forty year." But the majority of preachers have never been inclined to take a humorous view of the matter, any more than Dean Swift.

Champion Rifle Shot Lets Holdup Man Rob Him



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What would you do if you were the best rifle and revolver shot in the state and a hold-up man grabbed your "roll" out of your hands?
 Shoot him, of course.
 Well, that's just what the champion shot of Indiana didn't do the only time he ever had occasion to rely on his marksmanship to save his property.
 John E. Hafner, who won the state championship in the second annual tournament of the Indiana State Rifle association in the Indianapolis battalion armory, for several years has been one of the best shots in the country. When he won the state championship the other day, he scored 162 consecutive bull's eyes—a record for Indiana—and the secretary of the state association believes it is a national record. Hafner has numerous medals to show for his skill with the rifle and the revolver. But he never has shot at a human target.
 When he was robbed in his place

of business a few years ago, it wasn't because he had lost his skill or his nerve, but it was because he obeyed his mother. Hafner was in business on Washington street near Rural street when he was the victim of a "holdup." A customer in Hafner's poolroom gave him a \$10 bill in paying for his games, and Hafner took a wallet, containing \$175, out of his pocket to get two fives. Two strangers were standing near by and the larger one grabbed the wallet.
 At that moment Hafner's mother and one of his employes stepped in at the back door and as Hafner tried to detain the robbers the employe ran into a back room and got Hafner's revolver. He gave Hafner the revolver just as the robbers went out of the door, with Hafner in pursuit. As Hafner leveled the pistol his mother cried "John!" Hafner says he has heard that cry before, and he never in his life disobeyed his mother, so when she told him not to shoot he lowered the pistol and watched the robbers run away with his \$175.
 "I am not sorry I obeyed my mother," said Hafner when the incident was recalled. "The loss of a few dollars is nothing when compared with the life of a man, even a robber. I did not take up rifle and revolver shooting because of any desire to shed the blood of man or beast."

Mocking Smile of a Girl "Decoy" Is Fatal Lure

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—A winsome lass, flashing a smile as sunnily sweet as a day in June, has brought about the downfall of dozens of auto speeders on the Venice road, the "speed mania" road of Los Angeles county. She has caused their hearts to flutter so that their digestions are upset and their mental poise seriously disturbed, and incidentally has touched their pocketbooks to the end that the county treasury bulges with their dollars paid out in fines.
 On the rear seat of a motorcycle, with a sturdy county motorcycle "cop" steering, the young woman, claim the autoists, has been the pretty decoy that has led them into opening the mufflers of their engines and cutting down the road at a pace that soon landed them in trouble.
 Of course, the motorists do not for a moment think that the pretty young woman on the motorcycle is either the wife or sweetheart of one of their hereditary foes. Far from it. When the motorcycle puffs saucily behind an autoist and starts to pass, with the girl on the rear seat showing a row of pearls in a derisive smile, his pride is touched.
 No man with an auto that can cough along at a speed of more than



twenty-five miles an hour wants to see his machine passed. Furthermore, he has a sort of brainstorm caused by the tantalizing smile of the pretty young woman, and so he is led to his undoing.
 So far, it is estimated, about 100 autoists have fallen into the nicely-baited trap. The motorcycle policemen deny that they are carrying their girls or sweethearts along as "motor bait." Of course, they can't help it if their feminine companions stir the autoist to speeding.
 H. Drew of the district attorney's office, who has charge of the eight motorcycle policemen who hunt speeders for the county, said the other day that if the motorcycle policemen carried fascinating young women on the tandem seats of their machines, they were using the feminine decoys on their own initiative. He said that the women never appear in court.

Jersey Lad Prayed at Night and Robbed by Day



PATERSON, N. J.—Kneeling every night to repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it was "drummed" into him by his father, and committing burglary during the day, sixteen-year-old Albert Vreeland has discovered that he has been placed in the front rank of dual personalities. He pleaded guilty in court to seven of a wholesale list of robberies charged against him, and was sent to jail for a term not to be less than 9 or exceed 63 years.
 "The champion bad boy of New Jersey" is the title which young Vreeland earned, and every householder in this city who has been the victim of the young burglar and his band, believes he came by it honestly. Apparently he robbed for the pure love of the game, and when he entered a home he generally destroyed a great deal more than he took away with him. One other member of the gang has been captured, and he has confessed also.
 Mrs. Vreeland, the boy's mother, blames the father for a considerable part of the lad's trouble. "My husband," she said, "who has been helpless for the last 11 years because of illness, was entirely too strict with the boy. He is a rigid church member, and I think that Herbert's mischief has been mostly due to his father's attitude toward him. I also think that bad girls influence him."
 "He had won the hearts of several young girls, and gave one of them a diamond ring valued at \$350. When I told him that the police knew that he had given the girl a ring of that value, he pulled his hair and said: 'Great Scott! No wonder I got such a salty dose from the judge. I am going crazy when I do anything like that. I thought the ring was putty.'"
 After being sentenced young Vreeland said to his folks: "Well, I'll be 79 when I get out, and the first thing I will do will be to kill two detectives."
 The wanton recklessness that has characterized the movements of Herbert and his pals has fairly stunned the residents of Paterson.

Sings Her Favorite Ragtime Ditties at A. M.

CHICAGO.—It was 2 o'clock in the morning, yet the piano in the flat upstairs was still dispersing ragtime. "Come on along, come on along," it insisted, "to Alexander's Rag Time Band," for "everybody's doing it now."
 The piano was not the only sleep-destroyer, a human voice was its accomplice—the voice of Mrs. Rose Kilhane, 2951 South Union avenue.
 "Ye gods," soliloquized Mrs. Mary Lee, holding her hands to her ears, "how much longer will that music box stand it?"
 "O Moving Man, don't take my baby grand," came the voice of the singer.
 A fervent prayer escaped from the flat below, a prayer that the moving man would get busy right away. A score of residents in the block would gladly have paid the expenses of the trip when "I want to be, I want to be, I want to be down South in Dixie" floated through the open windows a few moments later.
 The singer heard neither the prayers nor the imprecations, but told her audience in pajamas "Gee, but I like music with my meals."



"O Mr. Dreamman, please let me dream some more," was the next selection, followed by a ragtime lullaby. "Hear her," almost sobbed Mrs. Lee. "Singing 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep,' and she won't let anybody else do it."
 She hastened out, and searching the streets and alleys finally found a policeman and had him accompany her to the flat.
 "Come, hero mine," sang the voice and the policeman entered. There was no more singing that night, and next day Mrs. Kilhane had a hearing before Municipal Judge Beiter at the South Clark street station. The judge fined her \$10 and costs.
 That's why the nights are so quiet now in the vicinity of 2951 South Union avenue.

NEW HANDKERCHIEF HAT



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A new creation copied after the Indian Rumchunda hat. The trimming of the handkerchief, which is of a plaited Indian silk, covers a Leghorn straw. A feather running on the side of the hat completes the trimming. It is good for summer outdoor wear and prevents sunburn.

COMBINE BLACK AND VIOLET AVOID THE COLORED FROCK

Mixture of Colors That the Expert Dressmaker Uses to Much Advantage.

Average Woman Will Make No Mistake When She Pins Her Faith to White Material.

Dress is most alluring this season, and there is such variety in style that not only every taste but every individual figure can be suited. Black and violet as regards dress for reception and every afternoon wear is a fashionable alliance, and we note it principally in taffetas and satin costumes, while with the black cloth or sponge tailor-made a blouse of bright velvet charmeuse and gipure insertion veiled with black nixon de zole is a fitting accompaniment.
 The mauve foulard with black or mauve nixon overskirt is being exploited with success, as is the painter coat costume of black and deep purple Liberty satin.
 A charming model of this style has the coat gathered at the waist, with belt coming high in front and made of exquisite black, purple and ecru embroidery. This continues in band form on either side of the coat fronts, while the bodice portion is arranged in wide pleats, and the pearl-shaped sleeves reach only a little way below the elbow.

The woman of limited income should not be tempted by colored linen frocks. They are not a wise investment when gowns must necessarily be few in number. They are almost sure to fade, and even while they possess all their original glory they cannot be touched up and varied by colored cravat and belt, as the white outfit can. Such is the imperishable beauty of white that even the inexpensive material known as sailcloth, which can be bought for about 30 cents a yard, can be made to look smarter than the average colored linen. Those venturing upon costumes of sail-cloth should, however, to make assurance doubly sure, see that the material has been well shrunk before it is made up.

Now the "Jupe Pantalon."

The latest thing in tailormades is the "jupe pantalon." It has little in common with the "jupe culotte," or harem skirt, except that that gave us the bottom of the trousers, and the "jupe pantalon" gives us the top of the same garments. It is a skirt with a series of little close gatherings at the waist. These are confined by small buckles similar to the one used on a man's trousers. At each side of the skirt is a pocket, and in order to complete the resemblance to masculine wearing apparel, braces fastened by buttons back and front hold up the skirt. With this garment is worn a shirt of white percale, perfectly flat and plain, with long sleeves, wristlets and a high stiff collar, in fact a man's shirt in all its unadorned severity. The wearers of the "jupe pantalon" costume when sitting around their clubs, smoking cigarettes, look at first sight like men in their shirt sleeves.

Collarless Frocks.

The girl who realizes how extremely becoming the collarless frock has proved to be will be glad to learn of its continued popularity.
 For this reason the high-neck ruffles and ruches of tulle, chiffon and taffeta, with their small clusters of flowers set at intervals around the collar, will be worn when furs are discarded and it is necessary to have some protection.
 If one chooses to wear a collarband, it must be unusually high. In models from Paris the high collars are shaped to follow the outline of the hair back of the ears.
 The little pleated frill, so dear to the French woman, makes a soft becoming line around the face.

Push for Winter Hats.

Hatters' push is expected to be used on many of the new fall hats, and heavier cloth will doubtless be seen on the tailored hat. This cloth will probably be popular with the business women, as it wears so well, and a hat of heavier looks trim and neat to wear with a tailored suit. Dresden taffeta will be much used for trimmings, especially in the way of large bows.
 For the Small Boy.
 One of the prettiest novelties this season is the suit of brown linen for small boys. These are embroidered with silk to match. Sailcloth is a practical material; it launders well, holding its color. For warm weather these are made with knickerbockers and tunic tops caught about the waist with a belt. Dark blue sailcloth linen with collars and cuffs of white is another pretty combination.
 Ribbed Fabrics.
 It is said on good authority that corded weaves will be very popular in the autumn. These new ribbed fabrics will include materials so light in weight as to be suitable for dress draperies and heavier ones adapted for suits, outer wraps and trimmings.

IN OLD ROSE.



Here is quite an inexpensive dress of old rose casement cloth. The skirt has a seam up center front and is trimmed with a fold of black satin and a row of black buttons with simulated holes.
 The bodice, which is cut Magyar, is tucked each side front and back, also on the sleeves; it fastens in front, where it is trimmed like the skirt. The collar is of the material finely tucked, and a black bow finishes the neck.
 Hat of cream Tegel, trimmed with lace and roses.
 Materials required: Four yards 40 inches wide, one-half yard satin on the cross, about four dozen buttons.

The Corsage Bouquet.

The corsage bouquet is one of the prettiest fancies in dress ornamentation. On special occasions, when one wishes the austere tailor-built costume to take on a glorified and festive air, a modish flower arrangement pinned to the coat front will work a very pretty miracle. The most fashionable of these artificial posies is a combination of orchids with lilies of the valley, or, if the bouquet is of violets or roses, sprays of lily of the valley must be tucked in.

Unmanageable.
 She—Can you manage a typewriter?
 He—No, I married one.

CURES BURNS AND CUTS.
 Cole's Carbolic ointment cures the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists, 25 and 50c.

In a woman's eye the most attractive thing about a man is her ability to attract him.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

Its Rank.

"Do you think telephone operation can be classed as a profession?"
 "Well, it certainly is a calling."

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxline Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

Automatic Assertions.

"Are you a servant of the people?" asked the constituent.
 "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.
 "Only it should be observed that a really first-class servant may come pretty nearly being a boss."

Accounted For.

"How is it so many people seem able to get the money to buy automobiles with?"
 "If you only notice, they are the easiest things in the world with which to raise the dust."

His Reason.

He—Dearest—During the first dance I have with you be sure and say something to me.
 She—Why?
 He—Because you're so light, if you don't speak I will not know I have you in my arms.—Princeton Tiger.

Kind Man.

A local philanthropist ordered a fan for himself, a nice electric buzzer. He also took the key out of the door so that some of the air could go through the keyhole into the adjoining room, where there are eight perspiring clerks.

Mother's Lingual Attainment.

The mother of a little boy in Kansas City, Kan., recites negro dialect stories charmingly. Her small son is quite proud of her accomplishment and frequently boasts of it. One day recently, when some of his playmates were vaunting the achievements of their several mothers, the little boy braggingly remarked:
 "My mother is smarter than any of yours; she can talk two languages."
 "What are they?" demanded his companions.
 "White and colored."

Took Slot Machine at Its Word.

A Kansas City woman recently took her two small daughters to make their first visit to her husband's people, living in a small Kansas town. Naturally she was anxious to make as favorable an impression as possible. So the two little people, on going on an errand to the depot, were cautioned to be on their very best behavior. To the mother's surprise, they returned vigorously chewing gum. As they had no money, she asked them where they got it.
 "Oh," explained the older one, "it said on the slot machine, 'Ask the agent for pennies,' so we did."

Matter of Justice.

Where shall justice begin, with those who have power or with those who suffer wrong? If exact and ideal justice were done, the weak would make an effort to give to the strong all that is their due, and the strong would try to put their affairs in order so that no just cause of complaint should exist anywhere. The unhappy element in the relations of the strong and the weak is that both are thinking too much about exacting justice and not enough about doing that which is just and right. "Pay what thou owest" is the cry most often heard. "Give me that which is my due, then I will pay you what I owe."
 —The Christian Register.

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale."
 "I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes."

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results."
 "When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice."

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
 Read "The Road to Wellville," in pks. "There's a reason."
 Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Pennsylvania farmer has a brood of chickens which can run the musical scale. Evidently the nature faker is making hay while the sun shines and while the labor of organizing third parties has absorbed the attention of the arch enemy of nature faking in other fields.
 France has built a motor car road through Algeria for a stretch of 760 miles, and Great Britain has one 1,000 miles in length through the Malay peninsula. The United States, the home of the motor car, has not constructed a single great highway to connect her principal cities.
 It is announced that a New York girl who has a fortune of \$15,000,000 is going to become the bride of an American. She must be another young lady who wishes to attract attention by doing something eccentric.
 French clerks found to be slow with their duties had a queer cause discovered for their lack of speed. They had been taking time off to train snails.