

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest
to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim



NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and milk-fed clams and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his waistline assuming Poincaré proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra" and "dishes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole reams of antifat fiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precisely a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a musket, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-a-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another walnut."

"I'm done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Policemen McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to soak it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat."

"What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free



NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter



ST. LOUIS.—"Young woman," said a motherly individual, holding two small children in her weary arms, "will you play 'When the Roses Bloom Again' for me, please?"

The music counter young woman, perched on her stool, selected the piece mentioned among a heap of others and prepared to "reel" it off.

The shabby woman listened attentively until the last notes died out. She ogled the children in the meantime.

"Thank you very much," she said, and strolled slowly off.

"There," grumbled the girl behind the music counter, "that is only one of the things that we've got to put up with. There are a hundred others, and as soon as I can get in the ribbons I'm going to get out of the music, once and for all. The work is worth twice as

much as any other job in the store. People think that you are there to entertain the public instead of to sell goods. I feel safe in saying that fully 65 per cent. of the people who ask for a concert do not buy a single ten-cent song."

Whereat the music counter girl whirled on her stool, dashed off a few chords on the piano and looked around just in time to catch the eye of an old gentleman who was studying a list attentively. Hesitatingly, he asked:

"I want to get a list of songs—here they are," he began. Then there ensued a long search for them. The songs were old ones and they weren't on hand, so the old gentleman asked if the lady would play over a dozen or so in order that he might "match 'em" as near as possible.

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesman and saleswoman in this department average higher wages than at most any others in the whole store.

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase



CHICAGO.—Bruno, a black cub bear late of Montana, mascot of the Cubs baseball team, was tamed a few days ago.

Bruno escaped from his cage home in the basement of the Monroe club, West Monroe and Green streets, and ran amuck on the West side, creating a panic among pedestrians and children, snapping at cats, growling at chickens, and attacking stray dogs.

Two baseball "fans" were in the midst of a heated argument over the merits of the Sox and Cubs when Bruno, running at full speed and pursued by a score of club members, pedestrians, policemen and children, rudely upset the Sox fan.

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know."

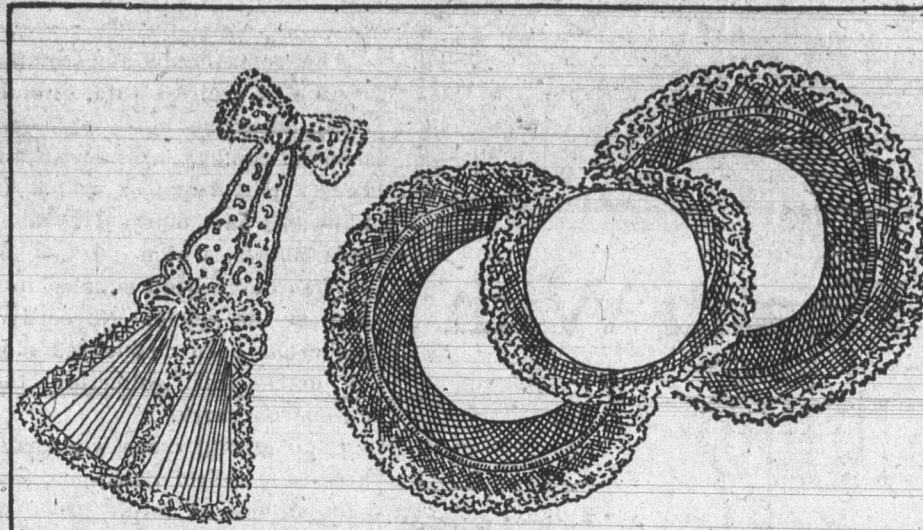
"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is going some, as fast as Bruno," added the Cub rooster.

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust.

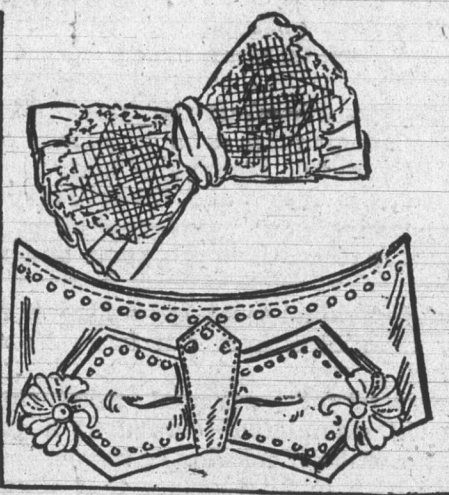
Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was penitent, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

For Pieces of Lace



WOMEN with clever fingers will find it worth their while to save all bits of lace, ribbon and embroidery that are in good condition, for they can utilize every scrap in making the jabots, bows and collars that are now so much worn. The construction of these trifles makes pleasant work for the summer vacation, and they are as useful for gifts as for personal use. The four designs given are not commonplace, yet they are easy to make. The jabot is made of mull Valenciennes lace, with embroidered butterfly tabs of linen. The large design hardly needs an explanation, as it is a working drawing for a collar to be worn with a collarless gown. The bow has ends of malines under squares of lace. Linen is the material used for the standing collar.



French knots in blue and Irish crochet lace motifs ornament it. The strap is fastened by three pearl buttons.

SOME PARISIAN COIFFURES

Tendency Now Shows a Less Close Mass of Hair Surmounted by an Aigrette.

We turn to Paris for the prevailing coiffure, and in turning we find slight but noticeable changes.

The present tendency is toward a less close mass of hair to which an aigrette or plume adds height. This decoration is here shown worn with a jeweled band of ribbon, which may be gold or silver or a color studded with brilliants or with iridescent gems, according to the gown.

Particularly appropriate for the young girl is the wreath of roses worn with a not-too-flat coiffure, but a simple one. Leaves are often substituted for the roses and to good effect.

With two winged ends of black velvet, altogether suitable for an older woman, is that broad band of black tulle wired along its edges and studded with jet.

And last we recommend for the more youthful one a simple fillet of gold or silver gauze, with at each end a large rose, made of cloth of gold or silver.

Time was when the young girl looked overdressed with her hair in a fillet unless it was a very simple affair, indeed; but fashions have become so much more elaborate that, with a little discrimination, it is quite possible to single out many simple enough hair ornaments for the youthful face.

Girls and Their Figures.

Stiff corsets are unknown in France. French corsets are always supple and bendable, and this accounts much for the ease of French figures, which are never tightened except at the waist, leaving the bust and hips quite free.

If the figure is tightened in too much at the bust and hips, it gives too straight a look to the figure and makes it stiff and uncomfortable, movement being rendered ungraceful by this stiffness. Let any girl try to lace her corset only at the waist and let her select it as soft and light as possible, and then see if her figure be not as graceful in shape as the French figure.

No tight, straight down, even lacing will ever make a pretty figure. If the corset cannot be made expressly to suit the figure, then let it only be laced in the middle of the waist. Even then no real corset should be worn by girls until they are well in their teens.

Uses of Cretonne.

The "cretonne girl" is trimming her hat to match her waistcoat, jumper, girdle, belt and collar and cuff sets. With whatever materials she has left she fashions a bag which is mounted on the gilt frame of a shopping purse that is out of commission because its handles are broken and its leather sides shabby. This does not matter, because she throws the leather away and substitutes cretonne bands for the broken or worn handles of leather. If the "cretonne girl" is unusually energetic she may contrive a parasol to match her other flowered accessories by carefully matching the cretonne figures upon the gores of an ancient parasol cover and then mounting it upon the original frame.

With Manicure Scissors.

The small curved scissors are an invaluable little implement in the hands of the all-round capable woman. It belongs to the work basket as well as a stencil cutter, and it will prove equally necessary for the cutting out of embroidery, whether machine or hand made, and for the cutting away of material under laces to make them transparent.

There are curved lines in sewing that will be more safely cut out and small spaces into which no other scissors will so successfully get as the manicure blade.

MANTLE USED IN MANY FORMS

Transparent Wrap Has Caught the Fancy of Fashion, and Is Surely Here to Stay.

Chiffon, marquisette, silk voile, or any other material that has not warmth, but a beautiful transparent color, is now used for outer wraps that may not be useful if the primary use of dress be considered, but they are decidedly beautiful, which is their own excuse for being.

Mantles of beautiful hues fall like clouds around the forms of their fortunate wearers. They are weighted with heavy fringe, silk or beaded, or they are adorned with marabon or heavy oriental embroidery.

The shapes are so varied that were any attempt made to describe these mantles there would be no end. Suffice it to say that all lengths, degrees of fullness, variations of the lower line and disposition of ends are allowable, the individuality of the designer coming into play as the deciding voice.

The effect of these transparent wraps over the filmy evening gowns of the season is indescribable. Mere man might ridicule and scorn the idea of a chiffon cloak, but flaunt one of these before the sensible creature, and if he have an appreciation of the beautiful he will uphold you in your choice of a lovely accessory.

LATEST HAT MODEL.



The latest hat, of white chip lined with black chip, the brim covered with valenciennes and a mass of white knotted feathers.

For Fashion's Sake.

Too many women wear things because they attract the eye, with too little consideration of the becomingness. Waiting for a car at one of the subway stations the other day was a young woman, rather unusually well dressed. But her face was horribly marked, especially about the cheeks and chin. More than one of the waiting crowd looked curiously, and no doubt pitied her misfortune. As she drew nearer the electric light, however, these markings resolved themselves into nothing more terrible than the pattern of her heavily embroidered veil! Seen in the light, the pattern—a design that might have been enlarged to some purpose on a pair of curtains—was not beautifying. Seen from a little distance, or in a dim light, the effect was as described.

Innovations in Rings.

The latest jewelry novelty originates in Germany, and is a special type of ring for the divorced and the widowed. It is claimed that these rings save the wearers, particularly the feminine sex, from embarrassing or painful explanations, and in a delicate way inform interested persons of their circumstances. What next?



A FALSE START.

The referee held up his hand. "Them last two rounds don't count," he hoarsely announced. "Th' fight will have to start all over again."

A low growl ran through the vast audience.

"What's th' trouble, Reddy?" shrieked a fiery faced man in the tenth row.

"Th' trouble is," he explained, "that th' moving-picture man has struck a bad spot in his film an' th' pictures is no good. Are you ready up there, peffessor? All right. Shake hands, boys."

And the battle made a fresh start.

Too Much for Him.

The moon came out from behind a cloud and the old horse sleigh jogged along unguided.

"Darling," whispered the modern Romeo in the big bearskin, "love me and the world is mine."

But she was a practical girl. "No, Horace," she said, firmly. "I would be doing you harm. If the world was yours how would you ever raise the money to pay the taxes on it."

Appalled at the thought, Horace decided to remain a bachelor the rest of his days.

And the Cat Came Back.

Mr. Penn—They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked?

Mr. Hubb—They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around.

"That must be embarrassing!"

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river, a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"—Everybody's.

Time to Beat It.

The callow youth hugged the inviting radiator.

"Yes," he drawled, after a long silence, "the boys call me a sport and in this kind of weather I liked to be classed among the 'indoor' sports."

"Better be careful, Archibald," cautioned the pretty girl, with a yawn; "if pa comes in suddenly you are likely to be classed among the 'out-of-door' sports."

For even then an ominous step was heard on the stairway.

AN EXCEPTION.



Mrs. Grouty—Whenever a man gets himself into trouble he invariably drags a woman in after him.

Mr. Grouty—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah and the whale?

The Family.

A poodle and a rubber plant
The Newlyweds prefer;
That's why race suicide alarms
Are making such a stir.

Consistent Theory.

"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house, and should have the final say?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"

"Because my wife won't let me."

Justly Incensed.

"Why did she get angry at that man who was spending his vacation in their neighborhood?"

"She asked him if he had met her daughter, and he said yes, that he had seen all the sights of the neighborhood."

Practical Gift.

Papkins—I'll take this toy cornet.

Dealer—But it is out of order, sir. It won't blow at all. I'll have it repaired.

Papkins—No, I want it just as it is. It's a birthday present for my five-year-old son and heir.

Great Feat.

Joker—Hear how they captured that western train robber?

Poker—I thought he escaped.

Joker—No, he stole a pair of shoes and they pinched him.—Amherst Four-Leaf Clover.

The One Big Trouble.

"Dar's one big trouble wid you lazy sinners," said Brother Dickey.

"An' what is it?"

"You'll never find de nigger in de woodpile of you have ter cut de wood ter git ter him!"

The Ideal.

Madge—How is it you don't like traveling?

Marjorie—Those horrid trains won't wait a minute for you, even if your hat isn't on straight.—Judas.

CONSISTENT.

I well remember when the chill
Of bleak and cold November
Came on the world, and I shook through
That month and through December;
I pined for summer heat and pined
For days when I could swelter
Out in the sun and not catch cold
Each time I left my shelter.

And now that such days have arrived
And the asphalt has melted,
On all the streets and all the world
For full a month has sweltered,
'Twould be like human nature for
Me to rise up and hike it
For some cool place and cross the heat,
But not for me; I like it.

A HOT TIME.



Mike—Sure, an' yez ought to bin over to the house last night. We had a blowout.

Pat—Pwat was it? Yer weddin' anniversary?

Mike—No; the gasoline stove.

Can't Learn Too Often.

Another is teaching her how to swim. Holding her closely to calm her fear: Why am I kicking and looking glum? She is the maiden I taught last year.

A Slight Jolt.

Sapleigh—As I was going down the—aw—avenue this mornin', a woman came running aftah me, doncher know, and—

Miss Cutting (interrupting)—Pardon me, but what lunatic asylum had she escaped from?

Sapleigh—Why, how did you—aw—know she was a lunatic?

Miss Cutting—You said she was running after you, and I'm sure no woman in her right mind would do such a thing.

A Thoughtful Maid.

"Good-by forever!" said the young man, coldly, as he prepared to depart.

"I leave you now, never to return."

"Good-by," said the fair maid in the parlor scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger—and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."

Most Important of All.

The man who is always taking up new fads and cults accented the long-haired stranger on the street.

"My friend," he began, persuasively, "I am a fellower of Doctor Fletcher. Let me tell you how to chew your beefsteak."

"First tell me where to get the beefsteak," sighed the long-haired man as his face lengthened. "I am a poet."

Often the Way.

Defendant—Well, I'm sure I was on the right side of the road when the accident happened.

Lawyer—Who was in the automobile with you?

Defendant—My best girl.

Lawyer—I'm afraid the jury will decide against you. They will think you had no idea which side of the road you were on.—Judge.

THE RESEMBLANCE.



Miss Jackson—Youah singing brings tears to my eyes, Mr. Johnson. It reminds me of my poor dead father.

Mr. Johnson—Wuz he a singer?

Miss Jackson—No; he wuz a fish peddler.

No Chance.

The owl's a very wise old bird! So far his wisdom's carried. He never talks at all, but, then, Perhaps the owl is married.

A Lengthy Experience.

Joynee—I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of—

Singleton—How long have you been married?

Joynee—Just a month.

Long Engagements.

"Do you manage to keep a new cool long?"

"Oh, yes; we have kept one hours at a time."