

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Iroquois Too Much for the Court Interpreter



NEW YORK.—Proceedings in the Jefferson Market police court were brought to a standstill the other day, and Interpreter Lichtenstein was forced to admit that he had met his Waterloo after many victories in untangling strange tongues when two women members of the Iroquois tribe of Indians appeared before Magistrate Herbert, one charging the other with felonious assault, the weapon being a can of tomatoes.

Mrs. Cecilia Hyde, 45 years old, of 626 Broome street, whose Indian name is Kaluwaion, charged Mrs. Ida Dominick, 30 years old, who is known to her tribe as Kalukwas, with assault after a dispute in the Broome street house in which they both live.

When the case was called and Police-man Carone of the Macdougall Street station house arraigned Kalukwas, and motioned Kaluwaion to approach the bench, it was learned that, although bearing English names, neither complainant nor defendant spoke English. Court Interpreter Lichtenstein was called, but after a short struggle with

the Iroquois gutturals begged to be excused.

"You are the interpreter of this court, are you not?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, your honor."

"Then interpret."

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because I am not an Indian," replied Interpreter Lichtenstein.

"Well, what are we going to do?" the magistrate said. "I must hear this case."

Chief Clerk George P. Richter, a Tammany brave, said that he would try to help out, since he had spent his vacations for the last ten years at Caughnawaga, and had picked up some of the Iroquois dialect. He was making slow but sure progress, having got the names of the complainant and defendant on the record, and was swearing in a witness, when the husband of the defendant, William Dominick, whose Indian name is Kalonho, entered court.

Magistrate Herbert talked with him for a few moments, and learned that he was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school, and that he had brought his family and other members of his tribe to the city to see the sights. Mrs. Hyde testified that Mrs. Dominick beat her over the head with a can of tomatoes, cutting open her forehead and splitting her scalp.

Mrs. Dominick admitted the charge, but said that she had just cause. The case was finally dismissed.

## He Was Not Crazy; He Did Not Go Home

HOUSTON, TEX.—"I had rather go to jail than to go home with my wife" were the words of a middle-aged man who in company with his wife called at the office of Night Chief of Police Heck a few nights ago. The man and woman faced the chief together and the man spoke first, his words bringing tears to the eyes of his better half.

"My wife has been hounding me around the street for the past two hours," said the husband, "and has been trying to get me to go home again. A night in jail would be pleasant compared with the misery of spending the night with my wife."

Chief Heck, in an effort to obtain the facts in the case, questioned the couple and although the man was obstinate and harsh toward his wife, she wept copiously and begged "Joe" to go home with her. Her pleading was in vain, for the husband seemed to be determined in his purpose to spend the night in jail.

Chief Heck told him there had been no crime committed and that there was no just cause to lock him up.

"We can't lock you up," said Chief Heck, "because you have done nothing



to be punished for. You are not crazy, are you?" he asked.

"No, I am not crazy," replied the husband. "If I was I would go on home with my wife."

The couple entered the office shortly after 9 o'clock and all efforts on the part of Chief Heck to pacify the husband proved unsuccessful. The hours slipped by and before either the man or woman realized it, midnight was near. Both were sleepy, the man was nodding in his chair.

Chief Heck was called away from his office on an urgent call and when he returned both sat in their chairs sound asleep. He roused them, gave them a warning to agree and be happy and the husband and wife walked away arm in arm.

## "Willie Buck" Stirs Up a Big Police Station



CHICAGO.—"Willie Buck, vagrancy," was the way it was written the other night on the arrest-book at the Maxwell street police station.

Two bondsmen interested themselves in the prisoner, and a restaurant-keeper brought him food, and all of them, after closer acquaintance, agreed that he did "buck."

"Willie Buck" is known to residents in the vicinity of Fourteenth street and Union avenue as the neighborhood goat. On this particular night he became unusually strenuous and was "arrested."

The goat was put in the patrol wagon and taken to the police station. Desk Sergeant Kellher entered in

the arrest-book the name "Willie Buck," and opposite that the charge "vagrancy."

Manny Abrams, a bondsman, went to interview "Willie Buck" after reading the name on the book. Meantime the jailer had unlocked the cell door, and when the goat caught sight of Abrams peering through the darkened cell there was a sudden rush, and the bondsman lay on the floor, gasping for breath.

William Brett, another bondsman, received the same treatment when he went to the cell to discuss a possible bond.

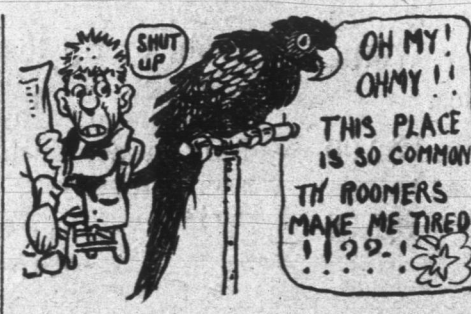
Max Goldman, proprietor of a restaurant near the police station, prepared a big steak and "trimmings" when informed by telephone that "Willie Buck" wanted something to eat.

Ten seconds after he entered the cell aisle Goldman was on the floor, the hot steak reposing on his neck, and broken dishes were scattered in several directions. The goat had successfully defended itself against interruption for the night and crawled into a corner and went to sleep.

## Unusual Vocabulary of an Indianapolis Parrot

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Polly is a beautifully marked King parrot, the property of Frank Hoffman, who conducts a downtown cafe, and among those who have heard the bird talk, it is easy to find some who will back her as the champion ornithological chatterbox of the city. Hoffman has rooms above his cafe which he rents to men and Polly has enriched her vocabulary as a result.

One of the roomers recently was employed by a local automobile factory as a test car driver and one of his characteristics was his proneness to sleep late every morning. Polly, one of his working companions, stopped at the cafe to wake him and Polly is frequently heard, early in the morning, going over the wakening conversation. She repeats the words of the caller and the sleepy responses of the belated one in bed, accompanied by the groans that only a sleepy man early in the morning can make, the gradually increasing clearness of the responses, and the final yawn and assurance that the sleeper has been fully awakened and is on his



feet. Newcomers to the rooms often believe they are listening to a real early morning tragedy.

Polly spent some of her years in a room where there was a telephone, and much of her vocabulary was picked up there. Often now she is heard repeating one end of complete telephone conversations. Mrs. Hoffman declares the bird's mimic of the voice in the rooms where the phone was stationed is perfect.

A few days ago a bath was given her and shortly after Hoffman entered the room where she was drying in the sun.

"Frank, come here," she called "Polly is all wet."

## BEAUTIFUL ALL-FEATHER HATS



Among the hats which women of any age, from twenty-five upward, may wear with equal propriety, the all-feather hat stands unrivaled. Next after it comes the turbans and small hats made of draped velvet and trimmed with featherbreasts, feather ornaments or wings, and in third place stand the draped turbans of velvet trimmed with other decorations than feathers. There is a strong demand for winter flowers now, so that one may choose between them and feathers.

The all-feather turban is made of small, highly lustrous feathers as a rule, although the guinea hen feathers are among other exceptions to the rule. Iridescent feathers like those from the peacock, pigeons and turkeys, as well as many wild birds, furnish great quantities of feathers in which nature shows a management of color that man never hopes to rival. These are chosen for the all-feather hats and for breasts, feather ornaments and bands.

Each feather must be sewed separately to the foundation which is to be covered, and sewed to stay. They are arranged as to form and color according to the fancy of the designer, who chooses them without reference to their origin. The skill and time required to make all-feather hats and fine feather trimmings, commands and should command a high price, therefore all-feather hats are expensive.

Costing less and just as effective, hats draped with plain, rich velvet and trimmed with feather ornaments should be considered by those who find the all-feather hat too high in price. There are greater numbers of these to choose from and they are likely to outnumber hats of any other variety for women past middle age. For inexpensiveness, the turban made of velvet, draped over a frame, and nicely finished off with a novelty braid or passamenterie or a pair of pretty wings, has much to recommend it besides its low price.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY

## FLUFFY APRON COMES BACK

Idea for the Girl Who Is Beforehand in Preparing Her Presents for Christmas.

The girl who starts her Christmas gifts at this time might make a fancy apron for the friend who embroiders. The English and French women have revived the practice of wearing fluffy little aprons when pouring afternoon tea.

The favorite style is heart-shaped, with the lobes at the bottom and the point cut across and fitted into a band. A pattern is easy to cut, a good proportion being 18 inches across the widest part and 18 inches long when finished.

Any soft, sheer material is liked; a fine Paris muslin is serviceable, though it looks like organdy; very elaborate ones are made of chiffon cloth.

The edge may be finished by turning up the material on right side a quarter inch and buttonholing over it closely with white or colored silk or mercerized cotton. A rather scant frill of an inch and a half lace is also used, or the chiffon may have an inch-wide ruche of the same material.

Across the bottom and stretching upward on the right side embroider a spray of flowers in color. Forget-me-nots are attractive; so are apple blossoms. At the left side put a small heart-shaped pocket, embroidered with the monogram in color.

The apron has ribbon ties and band to match the embroidery, or white, as preferred. If a bib is wanted it is also heart-shaped and quite small, or the fluffy effect is lost. This is finished on the edge like the apron and is embroidered in a smaller spray of flowers.

## Winter Hats.

Winter hats will have a choice of blossoms for their adornment in a variety of material and color hitherto unknown in millinery circles. The hues will, of course, be of a more subdued character than the summer ones and the materials used in the make-up of the flowers will be specially made to suit the weather. Rain-proof roses will be seen and artificial flowers will be created in fabrics immune from the onslaught of fog or snow.

In order that the flowers shall have an appropriate setting there will be a change in the winter hat itself. During the coming autumn a large quantity of black chip hats are to be imported from Italy, and in one quarter it was stated that no fewer than 2,000,000 dozen of these hats will shortly come on the market.

## Wash Pillows at Home.

Instead of sending the feather pillows to be renovated try washing them at home. These days of hot sun are excellent to experiment.

Fill the wash boiler with cold water and good soap and let the pillows soak for several hours, then rub the ticking between the hands until soiled spots are gone.

Rinse in lukewarm water, then put on in cold water and plenty of soap jelly and boil for fifteen minutes. Rinse under running water until no soap remains and hang on the line to dry.

Use plenty of clothespins, for the pillow the pillow to be fluffy must be frequently beaten during the drying process. Occasionally reverse the pillow and pin by the opposite end.

## COLOR FOR THE FOOTGEAR

Of Much Importance Is the Proper Selection of the Shoes and Stockings.

As the keynote of our fashions today is variety, we must avoid repeating in our foot gear the color or our toilettes, especially if it be a stronger shade of red, violet or green. With a strong violet toilette, the stockings must not be of any shade of that color, though they may be gold, or soft crimson, or white, or black. The shoe of the moment is a thing of beauty, consequently costly. It may be of glass, varnished, or suede kid, but it must be strapped, or pierced, embroidered, buckled, jetted or otherwise trimmed.

With the popular black and white dresses there are lovely gold brocades for shoes, and a gold lace stocking would be in excellent harmony. With a black and violet toilette, the stockings might be of crimson lace and the shoes black—any one with an eye for color can think out charming contrasts to relieve the monotony of the dress and insure the success of the toilette.

## EFFECTIVE BLOUSE.



Wide side plaits break the back and the front of this blouse of dark blue crepe de chine and trim the lower two-thirds of its full length, medium sized sleeves, which have turned back cuffs of white satin matching the narrow waistcoat half concealed by the frills of the Robespierre color of white satin trimmed with tiny buttons covered with dark blue crepe de chine. This blouse, when worn with the skirt of white wool satin, repeats the color scheme of the white faille hat brim outlined with white ostrich banding and trimmed with a dark blue velvet ribbon aligrette.

## To Clean Feathers.

Where one person succeeds in cleaning feathers a dozen fail. Some people wash them with soap and water, and shake them over the fire until they resume their curl, but the process is tiring and needs patience. If your feathers are not very dirty, put a cupful of flour in a paper bag with three tablespoonfuls of borax and shake about till well mixed, and then put the feathers in the bag and shake up till they are thoroughly clean.

# GOOD JOKES

## TAKING NO CHANCES.

"Is Mrs. Tracey in?" the caller asked.

The hired girl looked her over with suspicion.

"Are you an agent for the rough-dry laundry?"

"No, indeed."

"You ain't introducing any foolish labor-saving patents for the kitchen, are you?"

"No."

"The reason I ask," the girl explained, "is that a lady I let in yesterday turned out to be selling electric wringers, and I heard her tell Mrs. Tracey that half the society women of the Oranges had bought her machines and let their help go. But if you're just a plain caller you can come in."

## Not Now.

"Who's the rummy you've just brought in?" inquired the police sergeant.

"He says he's a congressman," responded the patrolman.

"What district?"

"I asked 'im that, an' he said he was a congressman at large."

"Well, he isn't!" snapped the sergeant. "Lock him up!"

## A POINT IN FAVOR.



Pippins—Trolley cars are a great blessing.

Sippins—They be thet. They be th' only things around here thet an automobile is afraid of.

## Presence of Mind.

"Oh, John!" shrieked Mrs. Dorkins. "The baby has swallowed a silver quarter!"

Mr. Dorkins took a handful of change out of his pocket and looked it over.

"Calm yourself, Maria," he said. "It was that counterfeit quarter I've been trying to get rid of."

## The Postcard Habit.

"Well, Hiram, your summer boarders seem to have about everything they want."

"They're fairly content. I only overlooked one point. Forgot to provide any postcards of such points of interest as the henhouse and the pump."

## Another Blow at Tradition.

"I don't believe," said Mr. Growcher, "that nature intended the country to be used as a picnic ground."

"Why not?"

"If she had she would have arranged to grow sardines, hard-boiled eggs and lemonade as local products."

## Patriot Perils.

To private life, in this unresting land, How many public servants hold have gone!

It's difficult to get an office and Considerably more so to hold on.

## How to Nail Them.

Bill—When a Japanese maiden desires to show marked attention to her lover she uses the sharpened point of one of her finger nails in writing to him.

Jill—I suppose many a poor Jap has been "nailed" that way.

## Looks Suspicious.

Mrs. Nupler—Are the Bridelums happy with each other?

Mrs. Alters—I haven't heard them say; but I notice they never speak to Mrs. Lovitt any more—you know, she is the lady who introduced them.—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Making Him Useful.

"Ester, why do you encourage that city dude to call on you?"

"Father insists on it. He has the fly swatting habit, that city feller has. Yesterday afternoon he sat on the porch and killed 400 flies."

## Revived.

There was a man in our town Who laid him down one day to die, But got right up again when told Of a circus coming, by and by.

## Heartthrobs.

Patience—It is said that man has never constructed a piece of machinery with the efficiency of the human heart. It has a capacity of 4,622 gallons per day.

Patrice—I never knew before that they measured love by the gallon.

## Suspicious.

Editor—Have you submitted this poem anywhere else?

Jokesmith—No, sir. Editor—Then where did you get that black eye?—Satire.

## SURE THING.



The Major—Do you think balloons and airships will be useful in war? The General—They'd be fine things for deserters.

## Due Regard for Appearances.

Caller—I understand there are several vacancies in your working staff, and I should like a job as solicitor.

President of Life Insurance Company—Beggars your pardon for my seeming rudeness, young man, you are too skinny and cadaverous to be a good walking advertisement for an institution like ours. Good morning.

## If You Can't Get the Real Thing—

Says Ginx, "will do fully as well. With vinegar made from corn cobs And pepper from cocoanut shell."

## Motor Murder.

"What's your hard luck story, hobo?"

"I was a prosperous restaurant keeper in New York. But that last murder ruined me business."

"As to how?"

"After that, every time an automobile rolled up to me door me patrons all rushed out at the back."

## Founding a Career.

"That was a great speech you made," said the enthusiastic friend.

"Do you think it will help me?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"Unquestionably. It may not have much influence in public affairs, but it ought to get you an engagement with any lecture bureau."

## THE REASON.



Clara—Why did you break your engagement with Jack?

Vera—What good is a man to you with rheumatism in both arms?

## In the Printer's Office.

"That copy is damning proof of our charges. Where is it?"

"The damning copy? I guess the devil's got it."

## Was Short.

Barber—Hair cut, sir?

Customer—Yes, please.

Barger—Short?

Customer (feeling in his pockets)—Well, I am a little. Will it do if I pay you Saturday?—London Telegraph.

## What He Had Done.

"What have you ever done for me?" complained the young man whose father had chided him for his inability to get ahead.

"Well, I kept your mother from naming you Percy or Clarence."

## Precocity.

"Mamma, I think Henry is going to be a linguist."

"Why, dear?"

"I have just been listening to him, and in less than three minutes he used five different kinds of slang."

## Expert Knowledge.

She—Do you think bats can really do harm to your head?

He—They can make it feel like it's three times as big the next morning.

## Expectation.

"What do you want, ma'am? Do come here and buy!"

"Not today, but in a few days we shall inherit 3,000 marks, and I want to look at something now."—Meggen-dorfer Blaetter.

## A Wise Dad.

"I'm going to do something for this infant for which he will be grateful to me in after life."

"What is that?"

"I'm going to see that he is never photographed minus his clothes."