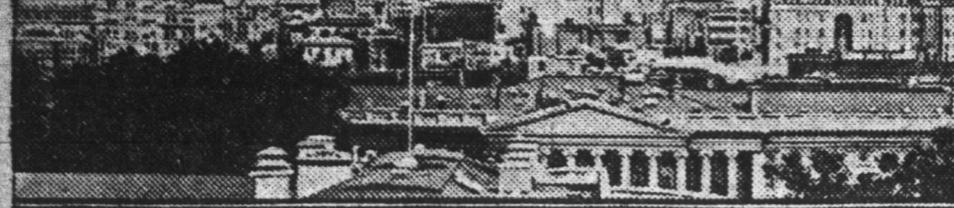


STORIES from the BIG CITIES



Disposition of Man's Ashes Causes a Commotion



NEW YORK.—A dying man's wish that his ashes be cast into the East river on his birthday caused wild commotion early the other day in the morgue and among the police of the East Twenty-second street station. The ashes were those of Alexander McConnell, who died in a New York hospital. He was a clerk for 30 years in a store in Duane street, and it was nearly three years ago that he made arrangements for the disposition of his remains with the undertaking establishment of Frank Campbell at 241 West Twenty-third street. The body was to be cremated and the ashes to be distributed on McConnell's birthday.

Keeper Thomas Connelly was standing in the doorway of the morgue at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street about midnight when a large black automobile drove up near the door and two fur-coated men in the machine conversed in low tones with each

other. Their caps were pulled down over their faces so he could not see them.

"Are you sure there are no police around?" Connelly was sure he heard one of them say.

"Everything is all right," the other said in a low tone.

Then they opened the door of the automobile and after considerable tugging, accompanied by loud grunts, as Connelly told the police, pulled out a large bundle. Dragging it to the end of the pier, they shoved it into the river.

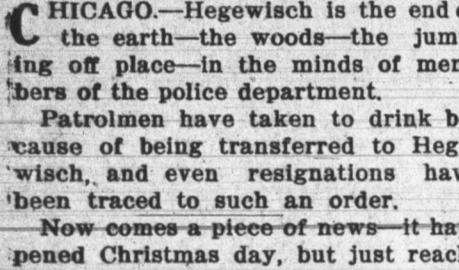
They stood there a moment, re-entered the machine and turned it around.

For the first time the men then noticed Connelly. They consulted in low tones again, and one called Connelly to come over to the machine. The weird performance in the moonlight had been too much for Connelly. He said he had no desire to risk being sent to join the mysterious bundle, so he hurried into the morgue and locked the door.

By the time the automobile was leaving he was yelling for Superintendent Armstrong. When he was able to talk coherently he told the superintendent what he had seen, and the police were notified.

The police got busy at once, and soon fathomed the mystery.

Policeman Buys an Automobile to Hold Fourteen



CHICAGO.—Hegewisch is the end of the earth—the woods—the jumping off place—in the minds of members of the police department.

Patrolmen have taken to drink because of being transferred to Hegewisch, and even resignations have been traced to such an order.

Now comes a piece of news—it happened Christmas day, but just reached the city hall from Hegewisch—which may change all this police antipathy for the suburban district. A patrolman who has traveled a beat out of the Hegewisch station made his family a Christmas gift of a seven passenger touring car.

Policeman Peter E. Johnson is the patrolman who made the gift to his wife and their 12 children, and he admits that he's going to have a hard time getting all the kids in the new automobile.

According to his Hegewisch neighbors the patrolman did not strain his pocketbook to buy the car, either, for they estimate his wealth at not less than \$50,000.

"Battling Nelson owns half the town of Hegewisch and Johnson owns the

other half," is the way a resident of the far southeast side expressed his idea of Johnson's worldly holdings.

Johnson, who recently was made patrolwagon driver of the station, said the other day he owes his wealth to his wife.

"We can afford that automobile," he said, "and it is only a part of what is due that wife of mine, for it was she who saved the money that bought it. I have done nothing but travel beat for 24 years until lately, but we have saved money every month I've been on the force.

"As fast as we saved money we bought property, and we have enough so that I am not worrying any about the future—even if I lose my job."

Arsenic Kill Chickens? Depends on Their Class



PITTSBURGH, Pa.—"How long will a chicken live after taking arsenic?"

"That depends on the chicken. A game chick might live eight hours and another might live but one."

This information was given in criminal court the other day by Prof. F. T. Aschman, state chemist, and professor of chemistry in the University of Pittsburgh in the case of Harry Easterday of Clairton, who charged his landlady, Mrs. Margaret Burke, with malicious mischief.

Several of Harry's chickens died recently and near them he found a piece of bread—the last food they ever ate. Professor Aschman analyzed

ed this bread and found arsenic in it. When Assistant District Attorney John B. Douglas asked the question the drug shark hesitated.

"Well, it depends in the first place on where the chicken pecked this piece of bread. There—pointing to a spot—"is where the arsenic was dense. The chicken may have pecked in the middle of it or it may have pecked around the edges. Consequently it might have lived an hour or it might have lived eight hours, according to the amount of poison it took."

The witness also said that from biological, veterinary and therapeutical points of view his answer might be qualified, as there was some considerable difference between most chickens and the genus homo.

In response to the question of what symptoms the poisoned chicken would show, Professor Aschman again said it depended on the chicken.

Mrs. Burke was found not guilty of poisoning the chickens and the prosecutor was ordered to pay the costs.

Couple Licensed Twice, Believed They Were Wed



MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—Surprised to learn from Marriage License Clerk William Hughes that, although he possessed two valid marriage licenses to wed Miss Sigrid Anderson, 22 years old, for which he had paid the sum of \$4.50, he was nevertheless a single man, Edwald T. Miller, 22 years old, took immediate steps to have his matrimonial entanglements straightened. He led his bride to a minister of the gospel forthwith and had the "comedy of errors" revamped into "all's well that ends well."

Miller took out the first license some time ago from Clerk William Hughes. Miss Anderson, on being shown the license, suggested that they go to the court house and be married. Together they visited the office of the clerk of the district court the next day, expecting to have the ceremony performed there. "We want to be married," said Miller to Deputy Clerk Clarence J. Williams. Williams, not knowing of the previous paper, issued them another license, and

Luxurious French Wraps and Furs Are Seen in Profusion



Just how long a time will elapse before fur-bearing animals are wiped off the face of the earth is a pertinent question. For furs are becoming more and more luxurious, more and more extravagantly used, with the recurrence of winter. There seems no limit to the demand.

Great results are accomplished with moleskin, squirrel and above all mink. The prolific rabbit supplies many a pelt which is changed by the furrier that will make one look closely twice to be sure they are not the real thing. They are much worn by fashionable people and are made up as elaborately as real furs. When bought ready made they must be conceded to be expensive. They may be made at home with a modest expenditure of money and time.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

KIMONO SLEEVE STILL USED

Style Which Has Much to Recommend It Has Not by Any Means Lost Its Popularity.

The very newest evening gowns show the kimono sleeve more often than not. On heavier gowns there is usually an armhole, even though low cut, but for lace and chiffon and all the sheer materials the kimono cut is still considered most graceful. In the silk gowns the sleeve is set in sometimes with a tiny frill or with cord or a bit of insertion. The armhole may be large or small, round or oval, or square cornered. With these fancy arrangements of the armhole the shoulders is always long. Sometimes the sleeve comes from an inside guimpe and is not attached at all to the waist itself. There are many charming variations on this idea. Dinner gowns are made, in some instances, with square opening at the neck in front and high at the back. This sounds old-fashioned, but it is quite new, nevertheless. The cut of the neck is often square this year, and many models will be seen with the square back as well; but one must be assured of good shoulders first—for it is a trying shape. The trains are mostly pointed and trail after one in a negligent sort of fashion, as if not fully determine which direction to follow.

Then you remember how that careless Carrie, gesticulating as she always does when she tells a story, sent a blue flickering flame from the alcohol lamp almost close to a lace frill. These bottles receive the tea and water at the required temperature and keep them warm. I have learned to pour the contents out quite skillfully."

NARCISSUS.

Amber jewelry is in vogue this winter, owing to the fact that touches of amber shaded materials have appeared on many of the smart gowns.

Amber buckles, necklaces, bracelets and earrings are being sold at novelty shops and new uses are being devised for old amber ornaments. Odd beads can be converted into long earrings and the proverbial amber cross can be worn on a narrow black ribbon or at the end of a gold chain.

Amber combs, once popular, are among the novelties shown at one exclusive shop. The long strings of beads, if of the small variety, are suggested for lorgnettes. But no matter what the amber trinkets happen to be, they just can be put to good use and give just the smart note of color that fashion decrees must appear somewhere about the costume.

Checks and Plaids.

A very noticeable feature with all model coats direct from Paris is the smallness of the revers and in many instances their entire absence. Pleated skirts are generally in evidence, even when made of thick materials, and with robes for day or evening wear composed of soft voile and such-like fabrics we find the old accordion pleating very popular.

Large checks and plaids, somewhat startling in character, are now making their appearance, but these, when blended with plain colors, make decidedly distinguished looking costumes. They can, however, only be successfully worn by tall women possessing slender figures, otherwise the wearer will attract attention without commanding admiration.

Black Waists.

Black waists are sometimes worn with colored suits trimmed with black.

GOOD JOKES

CLOSE RUB.

The steamed was on the point of leaving and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclist in the far distance, and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cyclist's chance looked small, indeed. Then a sporting passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."

"No; he'll just do it."

"Come on!"

"He won't do it."

"Yes, he will. He's done it. Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist arrived, sprang off his machine and ran up the one gangway left.

Stripes and Bars.

The thin girl and the stout girl were admiring some handsome gowns displayed in the show window of a department store.

"I'd like that one," said the fat girl, indicating one of the prettiest.

"Huh," said the other, "I never wear stripes."

With a glance at the more than sylphlike figure of her companion the stout girl replied:

"Of course not. It would be utterly impossible. There wouldn't be room to put more than one stripe used lengthwise, and if you wore them horizontally they'd be bars."

Different Kind.

Mayor Gaynor of New York was once talking about the fondness of some men for taking official titles onto their names.

"I once met," he said, "a man who called himself Judge Green, and I ventured to ask him if he was a United States judge or a circuit court judge."

"I ain't neither," he told me; I'm a judge of horses!"

PROOF.

The young mistress of a kitchenette apartment is in the habit of giving a small weekly afternoon tea. Recently at one of them her friends exclaimed in surprise at the sight of the tea table. In place of the copper kettle and Japanese teapot there stood, solemn, but not ungainly, two decorative bottles wreathed in flowers.

"Yes," said the hostess, in answer to her guests' inquiring looks. "There is tea with tea leaves of course in one and hot boiling water in the other. It seemed to me that I always had to put in more alcohol in the lamp at the very moment when I was listening to the most interesting bit of gossip.

"Then you remember how that careless Carrie, gesticulating as she always does when she tells a story, sent a blue flickering flame from the alcohol lamp almost close to a lace frill. These bottles receive the tea and water at the required temperature and keep them warm. I have learned to pour the contents out quite skillfully."

NARCISSUS.

"What has become of the Flushing? They used to be the 'big noise' in this town."

"Oh, they've moved away to a real city now, where they make about as much noise as a jewsharp would in a brass band."

Their Sorry Plight.

"This weather is certainly rough on some people."

"The poor, I presume, you refer to?"

"No, the almost rich."

"I don't understand you."

"The fellows who own fur overcoats. It's too warm to wear them, and it's too cold to go without them."

Her Specialty.

"It is queer that the dressmaker you patronize is so popular."

"What is queer about it?"

"I understand she gives her customers particular fits."

Tact.

She—Here's a man says women are not honest.

He—Well, aren't they always robbing men of their peace of mind and their hearts?

Model of Politeness.

"Mrs. X. is as polite as an echo."

"As an echo! What do you mean by that?"

"She never fails to return one's call."

Not in Father's Footsteps.

"Johnny, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I dunno yet."

"Don't you think you will want to be what your father is?"

"Naw. He never has a chance to git no raise by refusin' to sign for next season."

Where Engagements Take Place.

"The canons of a church are found in the pulpits," observed the Observer of Events and Things, "but most of the fighting is done in the choir."

TRY IT YOURSELF SOMETIME.

"That's a swell umbrella you carry."

"Isn't it?"

"I haven't quite figured out. It started to rain the other day and I stepped into a doorway to wait till it stopped. Then I saw a young fellow coming along with a nice, large umbrella, and I thought if he was going as far as my house I would beg the shelter of umbrellas. So I stepped out and asked: 'Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?' and he dropped the umbrella and ran."

TRUE.



Miss Chance—Men like women with intelligence.

Miss Wise—Yes, provided they have enough of it to refrain from impressing the man with his ignorance.

Brute!

The June groom said he'd cherish her. Love her and never tire; And now he lies abed and lets Her rise and build the fire.

The Stranger.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days."

"Um," said the man, "and who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Uh," said the man, "you call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."

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