

STORIES from the BIG CITIES



"Gazipe," Latest Term for a Wood Pile Denizen



S. LOUIS, Mo.—Gazipe! There it is! Look out for it! It will get you if you don't. Let no guilty gazipe escape.

The gazipe made its debut at a special performance with the legislative committee of the city council for an audience. It was presented by a theatrical manager, Frank R. Tate. The appearance of the gazipe was unannounced and it created a sensation.

Discussing the pending bill which would require all St. Louis theaters to comply with the building and fire protection laws as amended in 1907, Manager Tate said:

"I can point out the gazipe in that bill."

The committeemen were astounded. The gazipe came like a bolt out of a clear sky.

Michael Feeney Got a Job for Sixteen Reasons

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—There were sixteen reasons why Michael Feeney, 3031 West Prospect, should receive the appointment of fireman at the county home from the county court, and the judges were unanimous on that exact number: so Mr. Feeney got the appointment.

The sixteen reasons were the sixteen children of Feeney. Neither of the three judges ever saw nor heard of Feeney before his name and his family record was brought before them and they didn't ask for any political endorsements.

The court was not alone in doing the graceful and proper thing. Barney Kelly, who also hailed from the Emerald Isle, received the appointment two days ago. He needed the job, he told the court.

But Mike Feeney, who has sixteen children, needs it worse, and if it is all right with your honors I will step aside and let him have the place," the very gracious Mr. Kelly informed the court by special messenger.

"It is more than agreeable with me to give the place to Mr. Feeney," Judge Gilbert announced.

Boarder Picks Up Pig, But It Is Denied a Home



PITTSBURGH, PA.—J. F. Retzlach of 1406 East Ohio street, Northside, has a pig which the owner can have by "proving property." He found the pig in front of his boarding house late the other night when he returned to that haven. The young porker was grunting hungrily at the foot of the high steps leading to the front door, and Retzlach captured it without much trouble.

What to do with the pig after he got it worried Retzlach. He had no pen in which to put it, and none of the neighbors was so provided. The pig is not very big, and he thought his landlady would perhaps allow him to keep it in the cellar or the chicken coop for the night. So he shouldered

With difficulty restraining his emotion, Councilman Leahy asked:

"What is—what is this—ah—hum—this, ah—?"

"Gazipe?" snapped Tate.

"Yes. What is a gazipe?"

"Well, I don't know that I can explain it to you clearly."

"How do you spell it?"

"You don't spell it. You look for it. I don't know that it has ever been spelled, but it has been pronounced a million times," said Tate.

"Well," said Leahy, "in order that it may be placed on the official records and in the files of the municipal library we will spell it g-a-z-i-p-e. Now what is it?"

"Well," said Tate. "I have heard theatrical people use it very often, but I don't think it is known outside of the profession. When an actor signs a contract with a manager he always reads it over several times to look for the gazipe, the little thing which, if left in there, will cause the actor to get the worst of it."

One of the committeemen suggested that gazipe was something like "a nigger in the woodpile."

"Very much like it," said Tate.

"Oh, I see," said Leahy. "It's a 'joker,' a 'stinger.'"

Turban That Will Surely Attract and Hold the Fancy of Fashion



From the genius held in highest regard this adorable turban for spring has been launched upon its triumphant way, nothing could be simpler, nothing more impossible to brain not gifted than its creators.

It is made of wide black and white satin ribbons in a soft heavy quality. Maline in several thicknesses is laid over these. The ribbons are then apparently wound about a soft cap (widened at the top) and tied in a broad bow across the back. A fine wire, invisibly placed, supports the bow.

GUEST BOOKS MADE COSTLY

Really Attractive Idea Likely to Be Source of Serious Inroads Upon the Average Purse.

A charming modern fancy is found in the guest book. Its adoption has arisen from the cost of entertaining, for in most country houses the week end is an institution. No doubt the motor had a good deal to do with the fashion, for in remote places where visitors used to be few and far between, friends are now cordially welcomed. Guests set their wits to work to find a few original words of greeting, for the old fashioned sentiments that were wont to decorate country hotel albums are not suited to the occasion.

Vellum is the latest binding to find favor, and this year some exquisite workmanship and designing have been lavished on these useful books. Tomes large and ponderous are displayed where entertaining is done on a big scale, and for the modest but charming cottage or quaint old hall there are moderately sized books bound in vellum richly illuminated with scarlet, blue and gold, and fastened with leather thongs. Some designers choose their inspirations from old missals; others select margined volumes of a couple of centuries ago, and there is also a leaning to the beauties of Italian renaissance workmanship. Tooled leather is often favored, some of the models offered being exceptional in their designs, as well as in the way in which the work is executed.

The old Eighth ward school building is located nearby, and so is the Croatian church. Retzlach tried to put the pig in the cellar of both these buildings, but every door and window was closed tighter than a miser's purse-strings. Then he thought of caves he had heard of in the steep bluff back of the house, but a long search failed to reveal a place to quarter his prize. Finally, in desperation, he carried the pig to the stockyards on Herrs Island, a mile away.

JEWEL FADS ARE NUMEROUS

Watch Bracelet Mounted on Narrow Black Ribbon—Seed Pearls to Ornament the Jabot.

The new watch bracelet is mounted on a narrow black moire ribbon, holding on the arm a very flat watch, either square, concave or oblong in shape, made in platinum and encircled with diamonds. Instead of the black velvet ribbon, a colored ribbon may be worn, or else a band made of very tiny seed pearls, says a Paris correspondent.

Then again, there is a jabot made by a clever employment of seed pearls mounted so as to imitate the delicate tracery of lace. The gold bags are of a very fine supple mesh and fashioned with gold of different shades. The meshes are often placed in different ways so as to imitate the iridescence of silk and moire. The chain to which the bag is fastened may be replaced by a thick silk cord the same color as the gold, and on which are jeweled slides with stones to match those introduced in the mounting. One very pretty purse may be noted. It is in platinum, with black and white stripes alternating with bands of little seed pearls.

Punch Work Effective

Sheets and pillow cases with designs wrought out in satin stitch and punch work are extremely beautiful. A very simple design is effective if well done. Some bed linen of this sort seen recently has the punch work done in soft yellow for the linen is used in a "yellow room."

Spring gown of pink charmeuse and draped skirt, with black belt and small yoke of white chiffon.

SMILES

TRAGEDY OF A LOST LINE.

"This patient looks harmless."

"He is. That's the one we call the sonneteer."

"And did making sonnets drive him insane?"

"No. I am told his trouble originated in the fact that he wrote a peculiarly beautiful sonnet called 'On Visiting the Scenes of Happy Days,' and that the printer accidentally omitted a line. When the poet saw he had put his name to a thirteen-line 'sonnet' he went stark mad."

"Unhappy fellow. He has a kind face."

"Yes. But just tell him you are a printer—then jump back and hear him gnash his teeth!"

Attempt Useless.

Needing some ribbon one day, while in a very small southern town, we went to the one store there.

"Ribbons?" questioned the store-keeper. "Well, we'll just mislead our stock of ribbons, but if you'll come back later, I'll see if I can find them."

So back we went later. He had found them.

"What color did you-all want?"

"Blue," we replied.

"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust.

"We haven't got any blue. Blue is so popular we don't even try to keep it."

—Harper's Magazine.

SURE THING.



"What's the best cure for insomnia you know of?"

"Sleep."

Too Bad.

Alas, alas for pretty Fan, unhappy as can be; She's married to a legless man And can't sit on his knee.

Muffed Knock.

"It's too bad, old chap, that you didn't get an invitation to that affair; we forgot all about you."

"Say, Lil, you don't need to be ashamed of that dress. When a garment is well made, what's the difference how cheap the stuff is?"

"What I admire most particularly in your lectures, professor, is that they're always short."

"You take splendid care of your horses, anyhow, Throgson; by the way, do you ever hear from that runaway boy of yours?"

It Surely Was.

A German who had not been in the country very long walked into a drug store one day. The first thing that caught his attention was an electric fan buzzing busily on the soda counter. He watched it with great interest for some time, then, turning to the clerk, he said:

"By golly, dat's a lively squirrel vot you got in dare, ain't it?"—Everybody's.

As Usual.

"What's the news in Plunkville?"

"The authorities have decided that the old railroad bridge is dangerous."

"I always thought so. But what made them decide?"

"It collapsed last week and killed six people."

Slap's No Care.

"Jiggs used to rave about his wife's little hand before they were married, but he doesn't do that any more."

"Why not, I wonder?"

"Possibly because there is more power behind it now when her little hand is laid against his cheek."

And Who Wouldn't?

"Miss Bolde," said the shy student to the fair one on the other side of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss what would you say?"

"I'd say you're the laziest man I ever met."—Minne-Ha-Ha (Minn.)

A Green Buyer.

"Have you any lobsters?"

"Yes, ma'am; here's a fresh lot."

"Haven't you any that are riper? Those look so green."

Used to Being Run away With. "So Betty has eloped with Jack Haggard? Well, I really can't say I'm surprised."

"You're not?"

"No; she's let her imagination run away with her many a time."

Made No Difference.

"Before she was married she was constantly on the lookout for a husband."

"Well?"

"And since she got one she is still constantly on the lookout for him."

BOY'S DEFINITION.



Not so Easy.

In life you will
Find lots of men
Who can not fill
A fountain pen.

Looking Up His Record.
"There's no doubt about my getting in," said the newly arrived slave to St. Peter. "Here's a newspaper clipping of the eulogy the minister delivered at my funeral."

"Take this," returned St. Peter, handing the clipping to the recording angel, "and compare it with his past performances." — Lippincott's Magazine.

All in Sight.

He had been appointed a smoke inspector in Chicago. Day after day he was seen loafing around the downtown section.

"Why don't you travel around town and inspect the smoke?" demanded his chief one day.

"What's the use?" was the reply. "I can see it all from here."

Good Resolutions.

"The Williamses certainly have made queer New Year's resolutions!"

"What are they?"

"Well, she resolved not to smoke any more cigarettes, drink any more highballs or take any trips to woman's rights conventions."

"And he—"

"He resolved to make her allowance so small that she would be compelled to keep her resolution!"—Judge.

OBLIGING DAUGHTER.



"This thing has got to stop. You keep me putting my hand in my pocket all the time."

"All right, papa. I'll have the rest of my purchases charged."

No Change.

Although the Turk

Would vengeance wreak.

He still maintains

That losing streak.

Thought They Were Alive.

Patience—Your brother is a pigeon-shooter, isn't he?

Patrice—Yes, he shoots at clay pigeons.

"Well, he kills them, doesn't he?"

"No, he never killed a clay pigeon in his life."

"Oh, I didn't know he was such a bad shot as that."

Suspicious.

Miss Rocksey—What makes you think that papa has no idea of letting me marry you?

Young Scads—So far he's given me three wrong tips on the stock market.

We Hope Not.

"The train struck a man and injured him severely."

"Was the man on the track?"

"He was. No engineer,