

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Chicago "Owls" Blink at First Broadway Car



us at One Hundred and Nineteenth street, conductor."

Serene in their belief that they were headed for home, they settled down for a talk.

"Will this car take me to Evanston avenue?" inquired a precise individual as he held back his nickel and eyed the conductor suspiciously.

"Yes, sir."

"But how can a car take me where I want to go when it runs on a street I never heard of? And I've lived on Evanston avenue many years."

All the way out the precise gentleman debated with himself where that car would land him.

But there were many voyagers who did not intrust themselves to the practical-looking craft flying such strange colors.

"Say! Where does that thing go?" asked one of these from the curb.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Evanston avenue."

"Come along—this car'll take you."

"Not me. Only got one nickel, an' no strange car don't git that."

And the cautious one sheered off until he could find a car with a familiar sign.

Many, thinking they recognized something familiar about the car or crew or both, came out into the street, looked doubtfully at the unfamiliar "Broadway," and, looking like victims of misplaced confidence, stepped back to the curb to wait for the genuine blown-in-the-bottle Evanston car.

"Ain't this luck, Lill!" exclaimed one as they peeled their hobbies just high enough to allow them to reach the step. "The way I remembered it we'd have to beat it two blocks to car, an' here's one right at the door. Call Nothing less would satisfy them.

## Retired? Not So That Anybody Could Notice It



CINCINNATI, O.—Not long ago an aged man presented himself at the "new account" window of a local bank and asked to have his semi-annual interest entered in his passbook. Recognizing him at once, the teller on duty asked: "Are you still retired?"

"I reckon I am, as far as ever I was," replied the depositor, smiling grimly.

The little joke dates back a year or two to the day when the account was opened. Accompanied by his wife on that occasion, the aged farmer from Ohio's onion belt tendered the teller a roll of banknotes counting up in the thousands.

"How old are you?" asked the clerk, pursuant to the bank's practice of keeping such bits of information on file.

"Eighty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

"Farmer, retired," repeated the teller and began to write it so.

"Retired, nothing!" protested the octogenarian. "If you call working 150 acres of land being retired, then I suppose I'm retired."

The teller made suitable apologies. As it was to be a joint account, the

## Cleveland Firemen and Police in Fly-Trap Race

CLEVELAND, O.—A desire to excel in the manufacture of fly-traps is responsible for "bad blood" between the police at the Eleventh precinct on East One Hundred and Fifth street, near Euclid, and the firemen at engine house No. 10, next door.

Sergeant Cregan, the Thomas Alva Edison of the force, wearied of "shooting flies from his face, or pursuing them with a swatter," designed and built a gigantic fly-trap. This was placed near the front door, as the transformation of the stable into a garage had eliminated the busy fly from that region. The flies began to buzz around.

Charles Trump, the Marconi of the firemen, chanced to see the police trap and went back to the station with an idea. The firemen contributed to a fund to build the largest and most lethal fly-trap in existence. It was installed near the stable, wherein the firemen had an immeasurable advantage over the police in the matter of flies.

Then, all confidence, Trump challenged Cregan to a fly-catching contest between their respective traps.

Because the firemen had the advantage of the stable, Trump gave Cregan a handicap of 100 flies.

For days firemen and policemen watched their traps earnestly. Wagers were made on the result and interest grew to a fever heat. Each side accused the other of catching flies by hand and "stuffing" the traps.

But, strangely enough, the police trap continued to attract more flies.

An approximate gave Cregan a lead of possibly 2,000 flies and the fire-fighters were in despair. A terrible disappointment awaited the police one morning. With the break of dawn Cregan went out to inspect his trap. He sent in a vocal riot call. The flies were gone and a nervous bat was alone in the cage.

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## Whispered Tip to Cop Wakes Up City Employees

PITTSBURGH, PA.—These are strenuous days for the Coppers-Afraid-of-Their-Jobs. What with the wily thieves active and the public claiming the city is overrun with robbers, pickpockets and other plundering rascals, and Director John H. Dailey after these same coppers until they dream of "shakeups" and dismissals, the life of a bluecoat or a plain-clothes man is not pleasant.

The other afternoon Lieutenant of Police Charles Faulkner and a couple of "subs" were polishing their buttons in Magistrate Fred Goettman, Jr.'s, courtroom at the North Side police station, while the magistrate told funny stories and drew cartoons on a pad (the court not being then in session), a wild-eyed "taxpayer" rushed in and whispered to the sergeant in charge that "two suspicious negroes were skulking in an alley off Arch street, near the High School building."

The tip was given to Lieutenant Faulkner. Instantly he and the "subs" got busy in making a marathon dash for the scene of action. They found



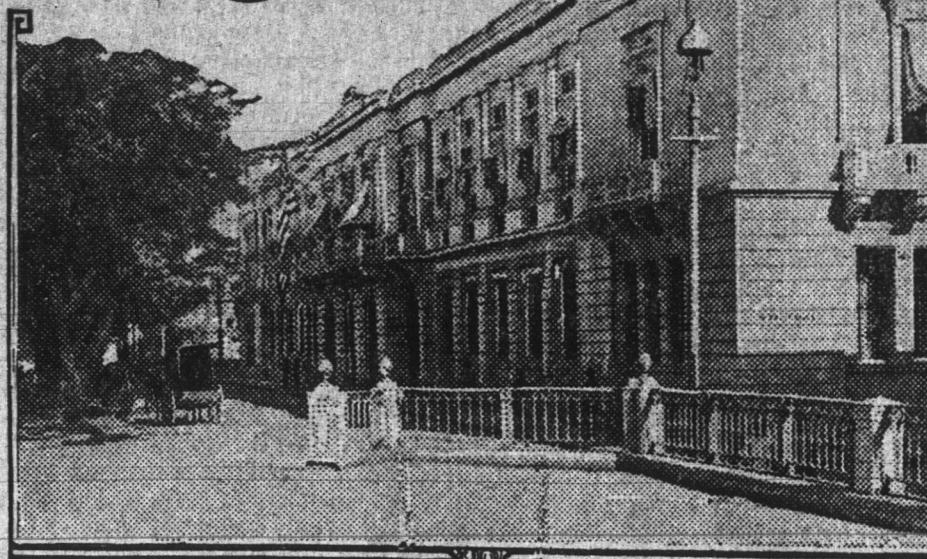
the suspects sure enough. Both, however, were reclining on the sidewalk comfortably resting against a brick house, fast asleep in the broiling sun. When yanked to their feet by the zealous limbs of the law, the darkies rubbed their eyes and gazed in wonderment at the blue coats.

"Whahahah you arrest us, boss?" they asked of Faulkner. "We ain' bin doin' nothin' but waitin' yeah for de gawbage wagon t' come long. We all's city 'ployees, we is. We jess—"

"Bout face!" shouted Lieutenant

Faulkner to the "subs." "Forward, march—straight back to the cooler joint. We've been fooled again."

# SCENES in the ORIENT



GOVERNOR'S PALACE

**A**mericans are solely responsible," said Edgar K. Frank, the globe trotter, the other day, "for the high cost of living encountered by tourists. Especially did we find this the case in Japan. When Germans and English composed the travelers every thing was cheap, and even yet, where tourists are from any other country, no attempt is made by landlords, shopkeepers, and the rest, to gouge in the matter of prices. But wherever goods are sold, Americans are asked more than anybody else, and they usually pay it. The hotel man, as soon as he discovers you are an American, will ask you \$10 a day for a room that is not worth more than \$5, and if you argue the matter to a finish you will get the room for \$5. Everything else the same way."

Baked Beans Surprise Britons.

"At Penang we became acquainted with the durian, a fruit. It is remarkable, because the more you eat of it the more you want. At a delicatessen here we bought American baked beans and gave the English officers on the vessel an American treat. They had never eaten any before."

"You may not know that Penang is known the world over for its tin deposits. Most of our tin comes from there. Both at Penang and at Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the district, are smelters for tin."

"Our next stop was Singapore, known as the Gateway of the East. It is one of the most important and interesting of the eastern cities. It is the distributing and collecting point, not only for the Malayan peninsula, but for Indo-China and Dutch Indies."

"It was at hotel here that we learned what 'bathroom attached' means in an advertisement. We read the advertisement, went to the hotel, and looked in vain for the bathroom.

To the Luneta in the early evening all Manila goes. With two bands playing, people of all ages and countries and garbs stroll under the brilliant electric lights. The most important item commercially is the manufacture of cigars. About 20,000 people actually live on the river. On the road to La Loma is the great Billibid penitentiary, supposed to shelter a large number of convicts than any other prison in the world. Fort William McKinley, seven miles from Manila on the Pasig river, is the largest post of the United States army."

"Manila is a city of churches, the

oldest having been built by the Order of St. Augustin in 1571. On the Plaza McKinley is the Ayuntamiento, which

contains the offices of our government.

To the Luneta in the early evening all Manila goes. With two bands playing,

people of all ages and countries and garbs stroll under the brilliant electric lights.

Today it is a city of contrasts. It is

a city of the east, yet the younger and more vigorous west has made great changes in the quietness and drowsiness of the old place. The Pasig river divides the city into the north and south sides. On the south bank are the old walled city districts and on the north are the Escolta, the main business artery. The junction of the Escolta and the Bridge of Spain is the actual center of the business section, and at this point cars may be taken for nearly every part of the city and suburbs.

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