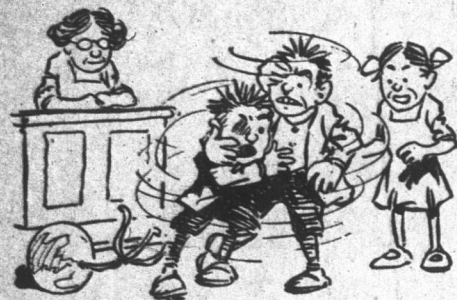


INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Pupils Box and Tango in This Modern School

NEW YORK.—What would you think of a school where children are allowed to do just as they please? Where a boy stealing jam is simply asked to consider whether he has not done wrong?



Where two pupils having a fist fight in the classroom are asked whether it would not show more regard for their teacher and the other boys and girls if they went into the play-yard to battle?

Where a girl dancing the tango in the middle of the recitation room and singing an accompaniment is admonished, but allowed to proceed if she pleases?

Where each boy or girl can do just what particular lesson seems

most to his or her liking, and can drop the study of geography to peer through a microscope at will?

Yet just exactly these and even more remarkable doings are on view in the school of anarchists' children in East One Hundred and Seventh street. "They will see their errors soon; it would be dangerous to their initiative and enterprise to prevent them from dancing or fighting. Children naturally dance and fight. It is not good to stop them," said their teacher.

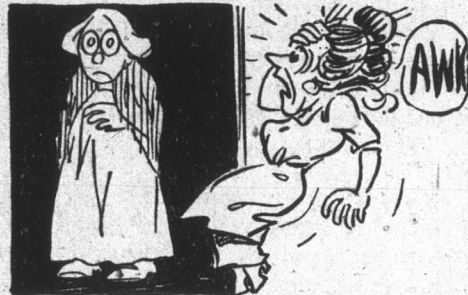
"But supposing a child said he was going to jump out of the window?" she was asked.

"Well, none of them ever did—but we would simply try to show them the reasons for not injuring themselves. They could jump if they decided to. The Modern school has no rules or regulations. It is not authoritarian like the public schools, which cramp the child's mind and body. It is libertarian.

"We believe in the freedom of the child. We discuss with them what is right and wrong, but we never forbid them things and never punish them." The Modern school has 40 pupils.

Ghost Brings Wagonload of Police to a House

PITTSBURGH, PA.—No character conceived in the fertile mind of A. Conan Doyle, no bandit of the time of the James brothers, no kidnaper of the type that purloined Charlie Ross, no bank burglar of the "good old days" when bank burglary was a safe and sane pastime, ever proved more elusive to the officers of the law than the creature who has terrorized a section of East Liberty and for whom a wagonload of police searched in vain. There are grave doubts in the minds of the authorities if the perpetrator of several scares in the Howe street-Denniston avenue section ever will be brought before the bar of justice.



In the stillness of the midnight hour there was a shriek that aroused slumberers in that usually quiet neighborhood. A telephone call to the Franktown avenue police station brought the patrol wagon and a detail of reserves. The officers found in a faint a young woman residing with her mother in a rooming house at Denniston and Howe. She had been enjoying the balmy zephyrs of midnight on the veranda of the house. As she entered, so she told the police, she saw a white figure, with a dark shawl over its shoulders, pass the hallway. That was all she remembered until she was resuscitated. Then, upon seeing a great, blue-coated officer standing near her, she shrieked and fainted again. The officers searched the house from cellar to roof and back again, but nary a trace could they find of the ghost.

There was a decidedly active breeze stirring throughout the East end that night. Lace curtains, in their ghostly whiteness, flaunted startlingly from windows that had been left open.

"We had a vague suspicion as to the identity of that ghost," remarked Police Captain Ford, "but we never can hope to get him behind the bars."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Old Man Boreas," replied the captain with a smile, "the most notorious and vigorous of all who perpetrate ghostly outrages."

Postmaster Thought Five Days Was the Limit

CHICAGO.—Chicago lost a championship the other day. The decision was made against Assistant Postmaster John M. Hubbard. He vigorously controverted a statement by Daniel Vaughan, publication clerk of the United States department of commerce, in Washington, who declared that the gold medal ignoramus resides in this city.

According to Mr. Vaughan, a Chicago man received from the department several days ago a copy of the publication of 1,400 pages, entitled "The Commerce and Navigation of the United States." On the left hand corner of the envelope was the usual legend, "Return in Five Days."

Mr. Vaughan received a letter from the Chicago man, who said he had been sitting up nights to read the publication, but had been unable to do so within the "five days." He asked permission to keep the book three days longer.

"If the ignoramus championship is to be awarded on such a faux pas, then the championship rightfully belongs to an Indiana village postmaster," said Mr. Hubbard.

"Not long ago a traveling salesman asked whether a letter had arrived for him. The drummer was keen to get the missive, as he expected it would contain a check to cover expenses, sent by his firm in New York. When the postmaster informed him that he had received such a letter, but had sent it back, the salesman was furious and demanded the reason.

"Wal, my friend," said the postmaster, "that letter said on the front, 'Return in Five Days,' now I calkerlated that the letter took two days to come from New York, and it would take two days goin' back. So you see, I could keep it here only one day."

Real Souls Are Scarce; One Found in Detroit

DETROIT, MICH.—Charlie Daniels called up to tell about a young robin that had fallen out of its nest. Charlie has been game wardening around Wayne county so long that he takes a fatherly interest in all young and unprotected things. He's got a sympathetic heart. His voice was tremulous with the emotion that possessed his soul, as he told of the peril that beset this particular birdie.

It appears the fledgling tumbled out of a tree in Mrs. Flannery's back yard at 59 Pacific avenue and she rescued it from a flock of avivorous cats that infest the neighborhood.

"She took that there robin and put it in a cage," said Charlie, "and she kept it in her barn, where the cats couldn't get at it. The mother bird and the father bird soon found out where the bird was and every once in a while they fetched it food—angle-worms, fish flies, caterpillars, grasshoppers and such like.

"It was there pretty near a week. She called me up and she wanted to know if she was doing the right thing by that there bird and I told her it was all right with me.

"I want to tell you there's a lot of hard-hearted people in this world and when you meet up with a woman that's got a real soul, like Mrs. Flannery has, there ought to be a place put in the paper about it.

"We decided the little bird ought to be able to fly today, so this afternoon we opened the cage and let him out. He flew right back to his nest with his father and mother."



Traveling Coat of Wool Ratine



AMONG the thoroughly practical fabrics used for traveling coats wool ratine has made a permanent place for itself. It is a becoming fabric, light in weight and unmovable. A coat made from it by Herbert, Paris, is pictured here and is an excellent model for traveling or general utility.

All traveling coats should be ample as to length and width and cut on straight-hanging lines. The adjustment at the shoulder and the management of the sleeves are items upon which they depend for style. Now that capes of all kinds are fashionable a number of coats have been produced by designers with a short cape attached. They are becoming to the slender figure, and in some cases amount to a separate garment, as they are detachable. This makes them especially attractive where the journey brings one into quick changes of temperature.

The coat portrayed here is finished with machine-stitching and lined with light-weight broadcloth. Sleeves are set in to a drop shoulder and finished with a broad turn-back cuff which may be brought down to the hand or turned back to about three-quarter length. The coat is belted in across the back by means of a short strap at each side, finished with a pointed end and a buttonhole. This buttons over large plain bone buttons and confines some of the fullness of the back.

A long and comfortable cape makes an outer garment for traveling which may be counted upon never to be wholly unfashionable. But it is not as convenient as the long, straight coat. A garment cut on lines similar to those shown in the picture here and made of staple fabrics will prove as stable in style as in material.

Dress Accessories For Little Girls



ABOUT the newest dress accessory for little girls is the altogether practical sash, or loose belt, of black velvet ribbon finished with a perfectly flat bow, which is worn with any sort of dress for afternoon. One sees this girle of velvet on fine white lingerie frocks and on simpler white dresses, and it appears also as a part of sheer, sephyr gingham, dimities, organdies, and similar fabrics. It is worn loosely, supported by narrow straps of the fabric sewed to the little dress, and fastens with hook and eye or clasps under the bow. Its proper adjustment is very clearly shown in the picture given here.

Velvet ribbon, from three inches wide to the widest widths in which ribbons are woven, are strongly featured in dancing frocks for older girls. The widest ones make up a considerable part of the bodice, as they extend from a little below the waist to the bust line. This leaves only the matter of the sleeves to be taken care of. For little girls only the narrow widths

of the ribbon should be thus employed. A folded sash of ribbon, finished with a flat bow at the back, is shown in the second picture. This ribbon is often flowered and always of a light, soft texture that will not muss easily. Little girls delight in ribbons, and for that reason are indulged in sprightly hair bows, and when a ribbon sash is worn a band and bow for the hair to match is allowed the little maid.

Children's shoes are as simply made as possible, and those for daily wear follow the natural outline of the foot exactly. Nothing is in worse taste than a misfit in shoes on children, or anyone else.

In little dresses designed for school or play plain belts are made of the same material as the dress and are worn in the same manner as the velvet girle shown here. Nothing is allowed the little girl in the way of furbelows other than her sash and hair ribbon. Thus simply clad she remains until well into her teens.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



HIS IDEA OF MUSIC'S USE.

He was a lover of music who had just been to hear one of the great operas, and he was expatiating upon its beauties to an unresponsive friend, whom he observed to yawn. The music lover was hurt.

"Look here, John," he protested. "Don't you think music is of some practical benefit in life?"

"Oh, yes," said the unresponsive one. "Why, judging from the portraits I have seen of eminent musicians, especially pianists, I should say that music is great to keep the hair from falling out."—Kansas City Star.

Going Too Far.

"Jane, I don't mind buying you presents on your birthdays."

"I'm glad to hear you say that."

"And I'm willing to remember you on Christmas and Easter, and our own wedding anniversary."

"That's nice of you."

"But when you hint that I ought to remember also the anniversaries of your weddings to your two former husbands I think that's going too far."

Manual Labor.

First Financial Brigand (after a melon-cutting)—Don't fail to attend the directors' meeting this afternoon, Grafton. Very important business.

Second Financial Brigand—What's doing now?

First Financial Brigand—We're going to draw lots to see who'll burn the books!—Puck.

Dramatic Values.

City Nephew—But don't you want to see this show, uncle? It's the best in town, \$2.50 a ticket.

Uncle Eben (visiting in the city)—No-sire! We'd be sure to get stung. I tell ye it's a living impossibility for any gal to kick ten times as high as that 25-cent show we saw last night.—Puck.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.



"Won't you consider becoming a life partner of mine?"

"How much capital can you put in?"

The Rare Sort.

Some chaps are cheerful all the while, No matter what they're doing; And some there are will even smile When they know trouble's brewing.

Innuendo.

"Is dem you all's chickens?"

"Cohse dey's my all's chickens. Whose chickens did you s'pose dey was?"

"I wasn't s'poseden' nuffin' about 'em. But I will say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won't come a runnin' an' a waggin' its tail when its regular owner whistles, same as a dog."

An Added Study.

"Don't you think you could learn to like me?"

"I might," said the girl, "but don't expect too much progress from me at first. Just now I am also learning to like grand opera, the maxixe and caviar."

Those Dear Girls.

Patty—Jack and I have been engaged for two years, and I think it's time we were getting married.

Peggy—Oh, I don't know, dear. If you really love him be happy for a little while longer.

Great Relief to Him.

"The two-dish dinner seems destined to become popular."

"It's going to be extremely popular with the man who never knows which fork to use at a seven-course dinner."

A Timid Traveler.

"Mrs. Twobble got hardly any sleep on her recent trip across the Atlantic."

"What was the matter?"

"She sat up every night for fear the ship would hit an iceberg."

Tired of War.

"Would George enlist?"

"No, I don't think he would."

"What's the reason? He comes of fighting stock."

"That's the reason. He's soured on fighting. His grandmother is a Colonial Dame, his aunt is a D. A. R., and his mother is a militant."

Most Fortunate.

"Washing dishes roughens the skin and sweeping fattens the fingers."

"Yes. Isn't it fortunate one's hands are not injured by playing bridge?"

THE USUAL COURSE.

"Decided on where you would go this summer?"

"Why, we got together last night and talked it over. I mentioned my preference, my son had his and my daughter hers. We wrangled over it quite briskly for an hour or more. Finally, when we were pretty much exhausted, my wife looked up in her quiet way and said she had decided on the place two months ago.

"Whereupon we adjourned without date."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ISSUES.



"What are the issues of the campaign?"

"Well, we haven't issued anything yet, but a loud call for money."

Objects of Sympathy.

When speeches do not make a hit Most folks may leave the hall. The poor stenographers must sit And listen to 'em all!

A Sense of Peril.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "dat's a mighty cross lookin' dog you've got."

"I know it."

"Well, I'm on me way. I was goin' to offer to do a little work. But I'll bet dat was once a nice, good-natured dog. I ain't goin' to take chances on hangin' around an' havin' me disposition spoiled."

Not Impatient.

"Did it ever occur to you that it would be a good idea for you to study Spanish?"

"No," replied the official; "I prefer to depend on the services of a translator. There's no use of increasing facilities for the communication of unpleasant news."

Unjust Reproof.

Mr. Jangle (irritably)—Apparently, you make no use whatever of the household hints I give you from day to day.

Mrs. Jangle—Wrong as usual, James! Why, the last batch I sent to the Efficient Home Monthly netted me \$3.50.—Puck.

A Reversal.

Apropos of the enormous fees—\$100,000 and more—that some lawyers charge nowadays, Senator Root said at a dinner in Washington:

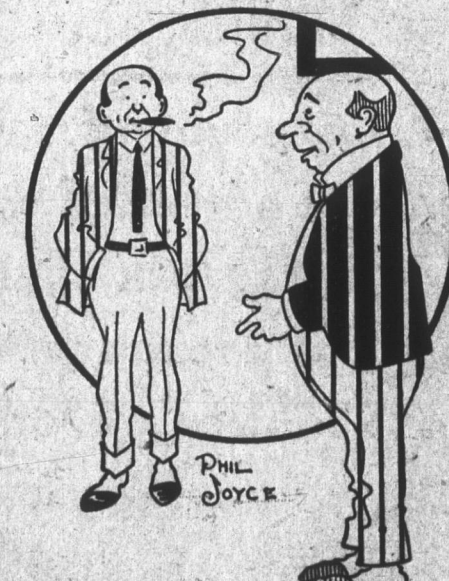
"We lawyers will soon have to reverse the proverb and make it read: 'Cases alter circumstances!'"

A Bit of a Hint.

Borleigh (at 11:15 p. m.)—When I was a boy I used to ring doorbells and run away.

The Girl (yawning)—And now you ring them and stay.—Boston Evening Transcript.

THESE HOT DAYS.



"It may be so, but I don't see how it can ever be."

"What is it?"

"My nephew says that the reason we feel so exhausted these hot days is because of the humor in the atmosphere."

The Gaffer.

He couldn't beat a carpet. He was feeble, was poor Jinks; And that is why you'll always see Him going on the links.

Compensation.

"No!" said papa, "don't disturb me. You can't have it."

"Oh! boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" wailed the small boy.

"Stop; stop!" cried papa, distracted. "Now, then, if I let you play your drum will you be quiet?"—Normal Instructor.