

STORIES From the BIG CITIES

Chicago Judge's Dead Pig Is His Bailiff's Jinx

CHICAGO.—Judge Adolor J. Petit of the circuit court directed his deputy bailiff, John Hickey, to take a dressed pig to the judge's home in Rogers Park. Hickey started to wrap up the pig. "Don't you know it's against the law to take a pig on the 'L'?" said one of Hickey's associates. "A friend of mine was arrested last winter by health officers because it is against the law to take dead animals among passengers in public conveyances."



"If they don't see the pig they won't know it," said Hickey. Before he could leave the county building other deputies told newsboys Hickey was going to carry out the body of a dead baby that had been used as an exhibit in a murder trial.

Several hundred "murder fans" were gathered in front of the building when Hickey emerged with the package under his arm. "Let's see the kid," said a dirty-faced urchin, tugging at the bailiff's arm. "It's no kid, I've got. 'Tis a pig, it is," said Hickey, elbowing his way through the crowd. Hickey boarded a train for Rogers Park.

A fellow deputy called up the Rogers Park police station. "This is Simpson, the commission merchant," he said. "I just fired one of my employees and when he left he stole a dressed pig weighing 49 pounds. He just got on an elevated train and we think he will get off at Birchwood avenue. Arrest him for us."

Heavy hands fell on Hickey's shoulders as he stepped to the platform at Birchwood avenue. Two detectives grabbed him. Hickey denied that he was a pig thief.

"What's this?" said one of the detectives, tearing the paper around the package under Hickey's arm. "Ah! ha! 'Tis a pig. You will lie to us, will you? C'm'long."

"I got a court order to deliver this pig to Judge Petit's house," said Hickey, "and I don't care whether you are detectives or not. I am going to do it."

Explanations followed at the judge's residence and Hickey was released.

Getting Cheering Information From a Hospital

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Medical men sometimes tell about the old, inefficient times in hospital management when, for six hours after a well-known man had died, a hospital telephone girl continued to tell his friends who inquired about him that he was "resting as well as a man in his situation could be expected to rest." Of course, such a thing could not happen nowadays, but—

Willie was in an Indianapolis hospital recently. The first morning after a slight operation his daddy telephoned to ask about him. "He had a good night, has had his bath and has eaten his breakfast," said the girl at the other end of the line. It was indeed reassuring. That afternoon the boy's mother called on him and he was, indeed, all right. The next morning the answer at the hospital was just the same. It was suspicious. When the same words, precisely, were used the third morning and the fourth, the father began to be disappointed with the answer, so he did a mighty mean thing the next morning, after the boy had been taken home the evening before. He called the hospital and asked about the boy. The answer, in clear, sweet tones, was: "He had a good night, has had his bath and has eaten his breakfast."

"That's just what you always say," insisted daddy. "Have you really had information about him this morning?"

"Why, certainly!" came the clear, sweet voice with an undoubted indication of an offended air about it.

He didn't tell the girl any better—what was the use?

Illiterate Man Dateless With Many Calendars

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—In investigating the room of Franz Hoberlik at No. 243 East First street the police found a trunk filled with contraband articles, such as no person of Mr. Hoberlik's station in life should have.



Among the articles was a great pile of calendars, art calendars, with no advertising on them, such as are sold in the stores.

The police took up their station at the entrance to the building, and when Hoberlik returned to his room, after the sentries had waited for more than five hours, they followed the man up the stairs. He added more to his store, just as the police looked through the door.

His actions were sufficiently suspicious to warrant arrest, and the man was ordered to open the door. He did so, but locked the trunk, and threw the key into a crevice in the wall. It took more than an hour to retrieve the key. Hoberlik said later that he could have done it much faster, had he wanted to, for he had a long hook with a wire handle, to turn the trick.

Much of the goods was packed up in packages available for carrying, and the two detectives and the suspect, each with full arms, came to the police station. Hoberlik was carrying 100 calendars.

The detective was writing. "What day is this?" he asked Hoberlik.

"Don't know," said Hoberlik.

"Sweet Essence of Ignorance," shouted the detective. "You have 100 calendars there; look 't up."

"Can't read," said Hoberlik.

And he couldn't. He thought it was still August.

Zoological Park Walrus a Victim of Gluttony

NEW YORK.—Ephraim, the huge walrus of the New York Zoological park, afflicted with a multitude of hookworms, died of sheer laziness, superinduced by the most voracious appetite ever possessed by any animal.

He was caught near Etah, Greenland, by Paul Rainey, and was presented to the park four years ago. At that time he weighed 140 pounds, but he began eating his way to an early death on the day he arrived. Eating was a continuous performance with Ephraim, both awake and asleep, until he became so fat that it pained him to move.

He weighed 500 pounds on the day of his death. In the last four months his weight increased at the rate of half a pound a day. He was possibly the most expensive animal on exhibition at the park. He ate 40 pounds of clam meat and other items of expense were the labor of preparing the feed, the frequent cleaning of his tank and adding sea salt to the water, so that the cost of keeping Ephraim was equal to that of two large elephants.

Of late the walrus never attempted to move away from the pan of clam meat upon which he fed. Unless it was kept continually full he raised a howl, which sent all the other animals into throes of nervous excitement. He frequently went to sleep with his jaws in the feeding pan.



Designed for the Older Women



GOING on a theory that "a woman is as old as she looks, and as young as she feels," women past middle age, in these days, choose hats to suit their appearance. A careful choice of millinery subtracts some years from the wearer. But it is a mistake to expect too much of hats in the matter of lending youth to the face. Specialists in designing tax their ability to the utmost to achieve millinery which shall be rich and brilliant, as it should be for the woman of mature years.

When the mistake is made of choosing a hat which has been designed for a young face, the older woman defeats her purpose and looks ridiculous. By giving time and careful consideration to her selection she will be able to find something peculiarly adapted to herself.

The three hats illustrated here, although photographed on a youthful model, are intended for elderly women. They are moderately large and fit comfortably on the head. The examples shown are in black velvet, but will be equally attractive made up in the soft, rich colors of which the season provides a wonderful display.

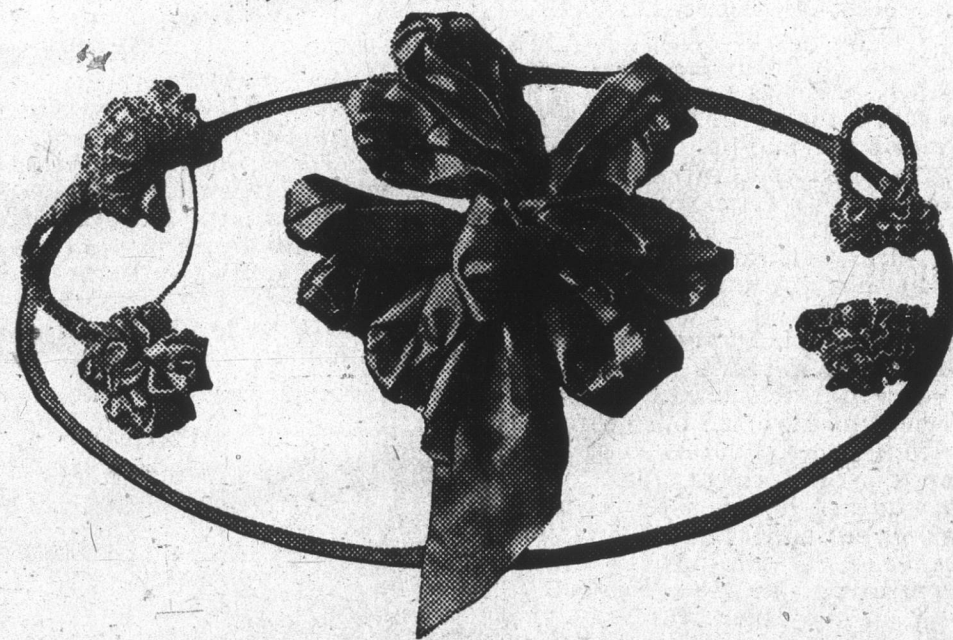
While on the subject of colors it

is worth while noting that black is far from being the best choice for the woman of middle life. The possessor of a fresh complexion and gray or white hair looks particularly well in black. For dark-skinned persons strong blues prove to be most successful. The only safe way to choose is to experiment with shades and tones of the different colors and select that which harmonizes best with the eyes, hair and complexion.

The face veil, which is better described as a complexion veil, is the best friend of the elderly woman, as a finishing touch to her millinery. The great liking for gold and silver cloth, jet and metallic effects in fashions which this season has developed make it easy for the milliner to produce brilliant hats. The richest of brocades and the handsomest of plumage belong to the oldest women. In the hands of the expert specialist they have been worked up into hats that are the envy of youth.

Among other shapes than those shown here are some having flat brims. This gives an opportunity for colored facings. Colored facings are a point of vantage that the older woman must not lose sight of when she elects to choose a black hat.

Dainty Ribbons for Wee Wearers



REBORN departments are gay with every hue and tint and shade of color under the sun and with all sorts of dainty accessories for womankind, from babyhood to old age. There are things purely ornamental and there are things useful and ornamental. The latter two qualities combined are always successful, and experience shows that we cherish a love for the things which are ornamental, whether they are useful or not.

A lot of things have been designed for the little infant. These include armlets, that is, little garters for the sleeves, small rosettes, to be fastened with the tiniest of safety pins to baby's dress, and splendid blanket-bows with which the robe or blanket is decked out. Beside these furnishings for the little infant there are any number of dainty furbelows made for the tiny girl.

A blanket-bow is shown in the picture, made of pink satin ribbon four and one-half to five inches wide. It consists of nine loops, each one knotted at the top. Each loop is about seven inches deep, after the knot is tied. They are tacked together at the center, where the ends are tied with a single knot. One of the ends is cut half the length of the other and both are trimmed in a diagonal line.

The little armlets are made of a narrow satin ribbon in either light pink or blue. They make a very acceptable present for the mother of the newly-arrived baby. The sleeves, in the clothes for little infants, are cut longer than the child's arm in order to accommodate its rapid growth. These little armlets hold the sleeves up and add a charming little decoration to the baby's dress at the same time. They are made by shirring ribbon over flat elastic bands and are finished with full rosettes made of knotted loops of the ribbon. The loops are each an inch and a half deep.

When the baby girl has grown old enough to need something to hold her hair in place, a hair band like that shown in the picture marks the beginning of her use of hair ribbons. This is made, like the armlet, of a narrow satin ribbon. Ribbons an inch or a little less in width answer the purpose better than others.

For the hair band one must measure the little one's head and make a circlet of flat elastic, just long enough to hold the hair in place. Half of this

band, that is, that portion which is to go over the top of the head, is covered with ribbon shirred on. The remainder is left uncovered, as it goes under the back hair. At each side, just above the ears, full rosettes are made of the ribbon in the same way as described for the armlets, except that the loops are about two and a half inches deep.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

LATEST TIPS AS TO STYLE

New Things That Have Been Observed Recently and That Are of Real Importance.

The cartwheel hat is the very latest thing in millinery and offers an agreeable variety from the eternal small hat of the summer. The new cartwheel has a wide brim extending straight out from a rather low, conical crown, and both brim and crown are covered with velvet or silk. These hats, in black velvet, have huge white begonias posed against the crown in front.

Creased skirts are an odd whimsey of fashion this summer. The wide circular tunics of linen, worn over narrow, straight skirts, are ironed in creases from belt to hem, which gives the tunic a ribbed effect suggestive of plaiting. Pussy willow silk tunics also take to this creased idea admirably. Tunics of serge or mohair—which is very fashionable this season—are harder to crease satisfactorily.

Sheer blouses of white organdie are made novel and interesting by buttons of silver or gilt. Naturally such buttons do not launder successfully, and they must be rubbed up now and then to keep them bright and sparkling. They do not require so secure sewing on, however, as the button that is really used for a fastening, for the modern blouse or bodice is provided with concealed snap-fasteners, which are more easily and quickly manipulated than either buttons or hooks and eyes.

With the white tailleur worn for yachting, white buttoned boots of buckskin are considered more correct than pumps. On board the yacht the high-heeled buttoned shoes may be exchanged for rubber-soled deck shoes, but these are not correct for shore wear.

Harrisville, W. Va., is offering a cash bonus for every baby born there.

GATHERED SMILES

PLAYWRIGHT AND PRODUCER.

A good theatrical story was told by Jerome K. Jerome last night at the O. P. club dinner to dramatic authors. "I spoke to an eminent producer not long ago," he said, "about a play a young friend of mine had sent to him. He remembered it."

"Ah, yes," he said. "Not at all bad. There's an idea in it."

"Later on it was produced, and after the show I went behind."

"Well," said the eminent producer, "what did you think of it?"

"Oh, all right!" I said. "It seems all correct. But what about that idea?"

"He didn't seem to understand."

"The idea," I reminded him; "you said there was an idea in it."

"He remembered then. 'Ah, yes,' he said. 'Yes. We had to cut that out.'"

—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Investigator.

The young man in the bureau of information laid the railroad guide down and looked reproachfully at the woman who had turned in a volley of questions.

"Madam," he said, "you can't possibly take all those trains you are asking about."

"I know it," she replied, serenely; "but as long as I didn't have anything else to do I thought I'd just see for myself how much you railroad men really know about your business."

Where the Soft Spot Was.

Gladys—Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me.

Muriel—How do you know?

Gladys—He says he is always thinking of me.

Muriel—Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head.—Judge.

EXPENSIVE.



First Chappy—That—aw—Miss Summers is a dear girl, doncher know.

Second Chappy—You must have been engaged to her, too!

Asking Too Much.

Vicar—You know, Thomas, you set the younger men of the parish a bad example by going into public houses on Sunday. Why don't you take your gallon of beer home on Saturday night?

Thomas—Ah, sir, A couldna gang 't sleep w' a gallon o' beer in the house.—London Tatler.

Followed Short Skirts.

Bacon—I see vacuum cleaners are coming into use in New York for cleaning sidewalks.

Egbert—Well, something had to be done to clean them after women discarded the skirt which swept the ground.

Willing to Do the Pressing.

"I called to say that my brother will be unable to keep his engagement to-night," said the young man, entering the parlor of the sweet young thing.

"I'm sorry," said the girl.

"I'm here to see if I can do anything for you," the man continued, as he walked over and turned down the light; "you see, I am his press agent."

Missionary Work.

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Douglas Jerrold, who was looking on, and said: "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman with that elderly lady?"

"One of the Humane society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

Obliging Disposition.

"Are there any bears in these woods?" asked the stranger.

"Not yet," replied the resident. "But we're going to do our best. The next time a circus comes through here we're going to take up a subscription and buy a bear or two just to satisfy the summer boarders."

Farming Literature.

"The agricultural department issues some interesting and helpful bulletins."

"Anything new about handling summer boarders?" inquired Farmer Whiffletree.

"Mine gimme a lot of trouble last year."

Somewhat Slow.

"Cobsworth never does anything without first thinking it over."

"That's true. I've known him to acquire a three days' growth of whiskers while meditating a shave."

POKER SHARKS.



First Shark—It was a great poker game. We cleaned out three lobsters and a crab.

Second Shark—Lobsters are always easy, but how did you ever get the crab?

First Shark—Why, you see, he was a soft crab.

How to Write a Letter.

The convict had dug a tunnel to freedom. Gazing lovingly at the cell he had occupied for 20 long years, he grew sad. He recalled the many kindnesses of the warden and felt qualms at leaving without some explanation. So he took a stub of pencil and wrote:

"Dear Warden: I crave your pardon for the liberty I am about to take—" but hearing footsteps of the guard, he ended abruptly and departed henceforth, soforth and etcetera.

Making Matters Worse.

"Twpsen wants to separate from his wife."

"On what grounds?"

"He says she deceived him before he married her by making him think she could win money playing bridge to pay for her clothes."

"She loses, eh?"

"Yes. She not only fails to win enough to pay for her own clothes, but she loses the money Twpsen needs to buy his clothes."

No Miracle.

"The Boston Globe tells of a calf with no tail having been born up in New Hampshire."

"Nothing wonderful about that. Now if a calf with no calf had been born that would have been something remarkable."

"That very thing happened right here in this town recently."

"You're crazy!"

"No I'm not; the calf had a puppy attached to it."

Showing the White Feather.

"Why didn't you come back last night when you were leaving? Didn't you hear me call you?" said the sweet young thing.

"Oh, yes, I heard you."

"Well, why didn't you come back? Papa wanted to see you."

"Yes, I know; I always think it unlucky to go back to a house after leaving."

Forcing a Sale.

Rough Customer (accosting gentleman on lonely road)—Excuse me, sir but would you like to buy a nice little dawg?

Mr. Slim—No thanks very much. He looks as though he would bite.

R. C.—"E won't bite yer if you buy 'im, guv'ner.—Punch.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.



Willie—Say, mamma, did any other man but pop ever ask you to be his wife?

Mamma—Yes, I had several proposals before your father came along.

Willie—Well, mamma, do you think you gained anything by waiting?

After Sinews of Vacation.

Bacon—Has Muggs sent his family away to the country for the summer yet?

Egbert—No, but I guess he's sending them today. I saw him going into the bank with a long face this morning.

Extremely Active.

"Mr. Blobson seems to be a prominent citizen."

"Yes, indeed. He's chairman of some committees that never meet than any other man I ever saw."