

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Lives as a Hermit in Fashionable Neighborhood

OMAHA, NEB.—Just across the alley north of Dodge street and east of Thirty-fifth street is a humble little cottage in which Theodore Hardenbecker lives alone. For one score years this venerable German has maintained a residence at this location and he is the last of a colony of squatters who settled on a tract of land which was owned by Dr. G. L. Miller. Surrounded on every hand by comfortable and commodious homes, he enjoys life in the three small rooms which he calls home, sweet home.

He is a striking example of the verity of the statement that happiness may be found in the most humble of places. Mr. Hardenbecker is eighty-five years of age and happy.

Some years ago the squatters were ordered from this tract, but this old man declined to move without first making an effort to stay. He had grown used to the little habitat which he fashioned with his own hands. Dr. G. L. Miller became interested in the man and arranged to allow him to stay as long as he lived. He pays no taxes and is sure of his home until the final summons shall come.

Mr. Hardenbecker makes picture frames for a living. He has built up a nice little business, enough to supply his few wants. He never worries and he takes a keen interest in affairs, considering his years.

He believes in the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." He says he is healthy and wise and even wealthy, because he has all he really needs. He retires at 9:30 o'clock and gets up at midnight for a soothing pipe of tobacco. After his midnight communion with Lady Nicotine he goes back to sleep and is up again at six o'clock. He seldom misses a morning walk. He does all of his own housework except the laundry, which he sends out. He has no kin in this country. His wife died a few years ago. He has a daughter in Germany and the other afternoon he said that this daughter has four sons in the European war. This same daughter has seven girls.

New York Has Youngest Police Force in World

NEW YORK.—There is a unique organization in the lower East side called the Junior Police. They are more than three hundred strong, and behind the organization is every uniformed man of the precinct, with the city government in all its power and majesty looming up in the background. Some authority, as will doubtless be conceded. It is the youngest police force in the world, individually speaking, this band of enthusiastic youngsters. And it's getting results. For instance, the regular police say that since the inauguration of the venture street bonfires have been reduced in the district 98 per cent, complaints of disorderly street gatherings have been cut to less than half, street cleaning has been lightened, garbage cans kept in order, juvenile cigarette smoking made unpopular and a juvenile millennium all but inaugurated. The boy "police-men" go on patrol duty on the beats assigned to them immediately after leaving school, and pound the pavements for "sessions" varying from one to two hours a day.

They keep a sharp lookout for obstructed fire escapes on the different buildings, inspect the garbage cans, make notes of the condition of the sidewalk, keep pushcart men in line, and, in fact, do pretty much the same things that a regular policeman is expected to do in the performance of his duty. Any infringement of the rules of the force, which are largely paraphrased from the most commonly violated ordinances of the city, are called to the attention of those responsible for them, and if remedial steps are not forthcoming the matter is reported to the regular police and a "regular" sent out to force compliance. The merchants and most of the other residents of the precinct have learned that a boy policeman is not to be trifled with on matters conflicting with the laws of the city, and a simple request is usually enough to bring about the desired change. As a result the precinct is cleaner now that it has been for years, lawlessness is on the wane, and the work of the regular police reduced to a minimum.

High Benches Develop "Swingitis," New Malady

DETROIT, MICH.—An innovation of a labor-saving device in the circuit court rooms has developed a new disease, "swingitis," and court attaches fear an epidemic of nervous prostration.

Then short-legged jurors and witnesses began to notice that they were "up in the air." When they sat squarely on the benches their feet Zeppelinized aimlessly back and forth in a vain attempt to reach terra firma. The sight of many bodies

swaying in unconscious rhythm and the scraping of soles on the marble floor soon proved distracting to his honor, the jury, and the occupant of the witness stand. The genial face of Judge Mandell acquired lines of care. The jury fidgeted. Clerk Jack Seeley frowned over his spectacles.

Here is a pursy fat man who "sits tight" as long as he can stand it, then he grunts and stands up against the wall in disgust. There you see a woman who swings a while, then looks around to see whom she may blame for her unrest of mind and feet.

From a quiet, peaceful court Judge Mandell's room has developed into a haunt for nervous, fidgety, and worried individuals. When jurors are called into this court during the empaneling of a jury there is an obvious tendency for the short men to hang back at the door or to make a rush for the few chairs in the room. It is the long-legged man's paradise, however.

Those who have experienced the first symptoms of "swingitis" in Judge Mandell's court are considering a strenuous protest to the auditors.

Makes a Long Prayer, Then Fights the Police

HADVERHILL, MASS.—Police officers armed with a warrant for his arrest stood over William Petrawicz at his home on Crown place the other day, waiting for him to finish his prayers. He prayed so long and fervently that the officers decided to find out what he was praying about and an interpreter told them that he was asking forgiveness for stabbing Mary Zaksarska at a birthday celebration the night before.

The interpreter listened to the long prayer and told the officers that Petrawicz was saying that he had not meant to stab the woman, but he had been clumsy and wanted to be forgiven for his clumsiness.

When Petrawicz was finally arrested he protested that he couldn't leave home because he had other prayers to offer, but he was told to make ready for a trip to the police station. Then he changed from the praying supplicant to the enraged fighter and gave battle to Inspector Hussey and Reserve Officer Murphy all the way to police headquarters.

The celebration, at which it is alleged the Zaksarska woman was slashed with Petrawicz' knife, was one in which the entire Crown place colony participated and was followed by a general affray.

Successful Hats, New and Beautiful



Far removed from simplicity and rejoicing in picturesque lines and materials are the fashion tendencies that predominate in millinery. Flowers and fruits, ostrich plumes and ribbons in every variety, are assembled and shown on hats large and small. The new millinery modes are charming and in variety they are fairly bewildering. But however much we are distracted by the great number of styles, of one thing we cannot fail to be assured. There is little room or place in them for plain, meagerly trimmed hats.

A hat of sand-colored hemp braid and satin is shown at the left, with bow and hanging ends of velvet ribbon at the back and a wreath of bright flowers and foliage about the crown. This is one of those shapes inspired by the poke bonnet.

The most noticeable thing in the displays for spring is, in fact, the number of models which appear to have come from designers who dare to be independent of each other. But they all seem to be fairly reveling in the wealth of materials at hand, and are making prodigal use of them.

Three beautiful hats are shown here that illustrate very clearly the vogue of picturesque millinery. At the center is a large hat of black horsehair

braid. The supporting wires, in the brim and crown are outlined with narrow velvet folds. A narrow velvet-covered bandeau rests on the hair with a small bow of black velvet ribbon nestling against it at the side. Little bouquets of pink roses and deep blue forget-me-nots are set about the crown.

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The third hat has a braid brim and a soft crown of crepe georgette in a pale green. The side crown is covered with a rich wreath made of grapes in green and soft red, with a silk rose, in the natural rose color, set in its foliage near the front. There is a pretty ribbon bow of the color of the darker grapes which is posed on the crown and brim at the left back.

Forecasting Fashionable Separate Coats



Now that fashion allows us to choose between the coat suit and the frock with separate coat, the separate coat is a matter that must be seriously considered. Hardly any wardrobe but must possess two separate coats of some kind. One of them will take the place of the suit coat, while the other, according to the needs of its owner, will be chosen for dress occasions for which the suit coat is not quite elaborate enough, or for hard wear where the suit coat does not fit in.

Among the smartest models in the separate coat are those of light-colored coat cloth with flaring skirts, trimmed with machine stitching and buttons covered with the cloth. These are worn with pretty frocks of broadcloth and soft blouses with convertible collars. A little furnishing up with flower-trimmed millinery and corsage bouquet brings a toilette, in

cluding the covert coat, up to the grade of a visiting or matinee toilette. To the busy woman who must start out in a day of varied demands with no time for changing gowns the separate coat is nothing short of an inspiration.

The coat of bronze moire pictured here will not answer all the purposes of the cloth coat, but it will be found immensely useful. With nice attention to other details of the toilette it may be used for the dressiest wear. As pictured with a walking skirt and tailored hat it adapts itself to the promenade perfectly.

Some of the separate coats are belted, others begin to flare from the level of the shoulders, and still others widen from the neck down. Nearly all of them are moderately long, and those in the quieter colors are often brilliantly lined.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



IN THE WAR ZONE.



First War Correspondent—I wish I was back in the United States.

Second War Correspondent—Why?

First War Correspondent—Then I could find out what this blamed war is all about.

True Gratitude.

God bless the simple citizen
Who isn't hard to please
And for a square meal now and then
Gives thanks upon his knees.

His Type.

The writer you introduced to me was very stooped and awkward. And he has such a poor carriage."

"Of course. He's nothing but a hack."

No Inferior Place.

"Did you select your son's college for its curriculum, Mrs. Comeup?"

"Of course, we did. The boy's always been accustomed to the best kind of a one at home."

It's a Hurry Call, Officer!
Boozywooz—Nature must have picked the camel for a sure winner.
Blinkywink—What's the reply?
Boozywooz—Because that is the only animal she backed up.

Mermaids Plentiful.

Bill—It has been estimated that every square mile of the ocean is inhabited by 120,000,000 living beings.

Jill—Then, of course, there must be a lot of mermaids in the bunch.

Dressy Collegians.

Patience—An automobile repair course has been added to the curriculum of an Iowa agricultural college.

Patrice—Now in speaking of college togs don't forget the overalls.

Legal Talk.

"That fellow must be a lawyer."
"Are you a reader of character?"

"No," said the waiter, "but when I asked him to repeat his order he said a ham sandwich as aforesaid."

Collectors.

"Of course we must have a watchdog of the treasury."

"Not yet. What we want is a few good shepherd dogs to chase the funds in."

Raising It.

"Why do you go so fast when you take that prospective customer out in your machine?"

"Because he wants speed, and I'm out for the dust."

Sure Proof.

"Mr. Smith, to whom you were talking so much, is a married man."

"Oh, I know that."

"How did you know it?"

"By the way he listened."

EXCELLENT LUCK.



The Hunter—I can't imagine what's the matter with me today. I haven't had a bit of luck.

The Old Settler—Yes, ye hev, young fellow, ye just missed me by about six feet a few minutes ago.

Taking No Chances.

Jack—The ring doesn't seem to fit very well, Alice. Didn't I better take it back and have it made smaller?

Alice—No, Jack; an engagement ring, even if I had to wear it around my neck.

Know Him?

Howell—What sort of a fellow is he?

Powell—He can make two lemons grow where only one grew before, and then hand them both to you when you are not looking.—Judge.

Not a Promising Menu.

Traveler (in southern hotel)—Can I get anything to eat here?

Sambo—Yes, sah.

Traveler—Such as what?

Sambo—Such as it is, sah.

A Case of Sex.

Mrs. Henpeck—Is there any difference, Theodore, do you know, between a fort and a fortress?

Mr. Henpeck—I should imagine a fortress, my love, would be harder to silence.

Modern Superciliousness.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox. "I understand the fare was quite low. But the boat must have been terribly over-crowded."