

STORIES from the BIG CITIES

"Shoe Breaker" Uses Alarm Clock in a Box Car

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—An alarm clock is just as much a necessity to a man who rooms in a box car as to a man who lives in a fine residence or hotel, according to Joseph Monahan, municipal court prisoner. Patrolman Kommers was startled by an alarm clock as he went through the Milwaukee yards at Sixth avenue S. He looked in a box car just as Monahan jumped to his feet, rubbed his eyes and shook a collection of excelsior and hay from his clothes. A little later Monahan and his alarm clock, ticking so it could be heard 40 feet away, were in court. Monahan was charged with vagrancy.

"What were you doing with the clock?" Judge W. W. Bardwell queried the owner of the timepiece.

"Well, you see, I'm a traveling man and I room right there in the cars," he said. "You see, judge, I stay up pretty late and I might oversleep, so that they would pull my room out to some other town. Then I would be a long way from my work. I always pick a car that will stay overnight, but I don't want to oversleep."

"What is your work?" continued the court.

"Why, judge, I'm a shoebreaker. I break in new shoes for the section men who have sore feet. I wear them around till they get nice and soft, and then break another pair. I get a quarter a pair."

"You're just the man we want at the workhouse," said Judge Bardwell. "We have plenty of heavy shoes there and someone will call you early every morning."

Monahan left his alarm clock with the police and went to Camden place to take a ten days' job.

Matrimony to Be Absolutely Free in New York

NEW YORK.—New York's three famous cupids have been removed from office for grafting while making the road to matrimony easy. In this city aldermen are not permitted to charge a fee for performing marriages and, so far as the outside public knew, matrimony was at least one thing that could be had in New York city free. As a matter of fact, weddings in the municipal building performed by aldermen netted the so-called wedding trust about \$18 a day. This was taken from those unfamiliar with the laws of the state.

After securing, free of charge, a license to wed, couples were piloted from the office of the city clerk to the marriage bureau, where an alderman could usually be found to legalize the union. For simply directing couples from one room to another the members of the wedding trust demanded and usually received fees for their services.

The commissioner of accounts, who conducted the investigation, reported the condition disclosed as intolerable and recommended the removal from the building of the three active agents of Cupid. The commissioner found that the fees were paid usually by those who believed payment was compulsory and that immigrants were principally the ones upon whom extortion was practiced.

It was not intimated that the marrying alderman profited from the grafting upon the unsuspecting bridegrooms, which was a surprising revelation to those who have met and known a New York city alderman. In future, matrimony, as well as salvation, is to be absolutely free in New York. All else must be paid for at current rates.

Kansas Girls Are Drilling for National Guard

WICHITA, KAN.—Kansas girls are trying to get into the state militia. They want to reform it and bring it up to a standard of which the state can be proud. During the last five years the Kansas National Guard has had a rough experience. Membership has slumped considerably and companies in many of the larger towns have disbanded from lack of interest.

Knowing these facts, twenty-four Walnut Grove girls, under the leadership of Miss Vera Snyder, have formed a cadet corps with the idea of later securing the O. K. of the United States war department, making them officially a part of the state militia. The company is the first of its kind in Kansas, but the interested young women declare it won't be the last. Walnut Grove girls declare they are going to start a state-wide campaign to have similar corps started in other towns.

At present the work of the company will be happy mixture of war and peace. Drilling and crocheting will alternate regularly. Darning and mending will be mixed with target practice and military drill. Along with handling a rifle the girls will be instructed in how to prepare a comfortable camp out of doors.

There will be uniforms. They will be khaki, cut out on the latest military lines. Trousers? The girls decline to say a word about them. All they admit is that there will be uniforms, but whether skirts will be included or not, remains a mystery. It is thought trousers similar to men's riding breeches will be the style chosen.

Midnight Marketing Is Latest Fad in St. Louis

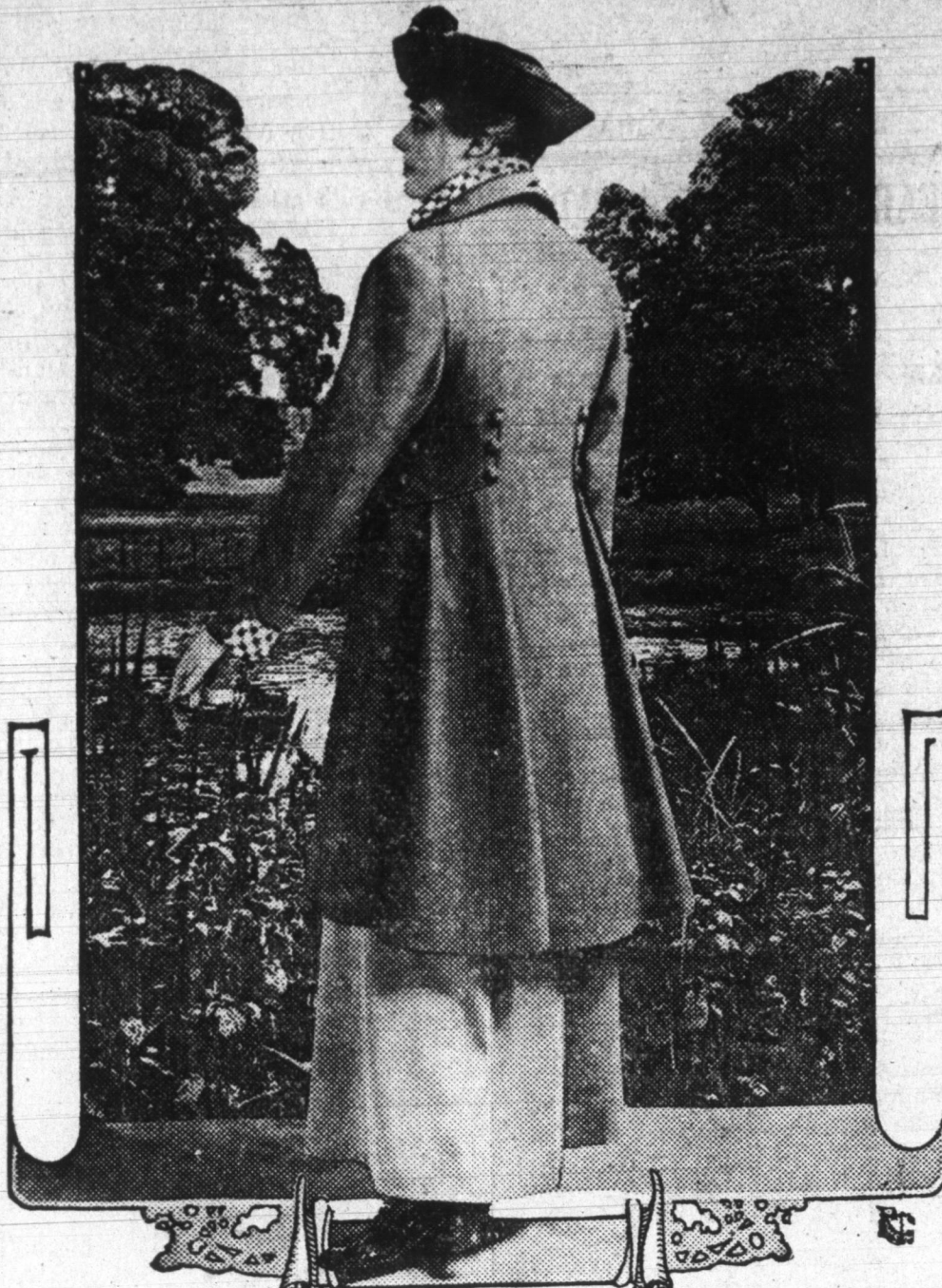
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Midnight marketing has come to be society's most profitable diversion, it has been learned from farmers who sell their garden truck and fruit at the new St. Louis Country Producers' market, Sarah street and Laclede avenue. It is no longer uncommon to see fashionably gowned women and men in evening dress stop at the market on their way home from the theater, dance or party, select the fruit for their breakfast tables and the vegetables for their dinners. They carry their purchases in market baskets to waiting automobiles and resume their journeys homeward.

The midnight shoppers, as they have been christened, do not always arrive at the market at midnight, the farmers say. Most of them come later—long after street cars are on the owl schedule. There is an advantage in getting to the market about 2 a. m., as most of the farmers begin stocking their stalls with fresh products after midnight.

Women who shop after midnight have the edge on those who wait until daylight. They have a wider choice and an opportunity to buy fresher fruit and vegetables.

Scientists, psychologists, professional men and mere husbands, who have intimated that feminism and kindred movements were transplanting women from the kitchen to public life, should visit the market. For at the new enterprise, one sees a healthy indication in the bargaining of modern men and women that human nature is the same as it has always been.

Distinctive Styles in Topcoats



What with topcoats variously named and classified with sports coats, motor coats, tourist coats, and simply overall coats, it takes a fine discrimination to pick out just the coat best suited to one's style and needs.

Sports and motor coats may be considered as one and the same thing. Those chosen for motor wear are likely to be a bit less vivid in color than the sports coats. Tan or blue or green are liked for them, while rose, canary, mustard color, hunter's green, French blue, beige and combinations including strong color contrasts mark the snappy style of coats for other sports.

As to the lines of the newest models, they are flaring, with narrow shoulders and high convertible collars. For motor and sports pockets are ample and much in evidence, belts conspicuous by their absence.

Of coats for the tourist there is a wide variety in styles, some of them cut along the same general lines as those just described, but often pocketless. Others bear no resemblance to sports coats. Many of these topcoats are made of covert cloth, and very smart models are shown in tussor silk, prettily lined with flowered silk. They shed dust and are as practical as they are attractive.

A conservative and smart-looking coat of covert cloth is shown in the illustration. It is waterproof and in a greenish tan color. The collar and cuffs are inlaid with checkboard silk in black and white. If one is looking for a coat to be called upon for much service and to fit all the occasions likely to come up in the course of a journey this is a model worth considering.

Half Boots.

The queerest looking pair of boots seen in a long time are those which look exactly as if someone had taken a pair of scissors and cut away the uppers just a little above the ankle line. The half boots have a seam up the front and are laced at the side, three eyelets being sufficient for the height of the shoe. Black and biscuit-colored boots are most prominent on that score.

Organdie Bodices.

Taffeta will be worn even by those who are adopting the newest fashions, and over them an organdie Moyaen age bodice ending above the knee, or rather between the normal waist line and knee.

To Lend Beauty to Summer Fetes



Hats that are frivolous, along with hats that are dignified and picturesque, make place for themselves among hats that are merely sensible, for wear on the rounds of midsummer days and nights. But all must be chic and bespeak the part they are to play, leaving no room in the mind for doubt on that score.

Here are two that belong to the dignified and picturesque coterie, shown with examples of flowers that are liked on millinery of this kind. They bring to mind weddings and garden fetes and all sorts of charming, gay occasions to which they will lend their own beauty. Millinery holds the center of the stage where those who aspire to elegance in dress assemble and make a part of the occasion.

The wearer of either of these hats will be entitled to feel complacent as to her headwear no matter how much elegance may vie with her own. Honors may be divided, but she will not be outshone. The large light hat is of flesh-pink georgette crepe and malines with daisies and wheat in a wreath about the crown. The wheat is of white chiffon and silk fibers, and the daisies have petals of satin in white and in light blue and pink.

This hat has a double brim, the wider, lower brim of malines bound with it and these, with the old-fashioned lavender, can never be improved upon for perfuming bed linen.

bow at the back. The ends are brought over the brim and fastened on the under brim, hanging from there in long ties that are never tied.

The lovely black hat of malines and lace, braid is made on similar lines except that its brim is curving. The lace braid over-lay on the malines brim has the effect of a double brim. The wreath of white satin oats is brightened by a single rose that deepens to pink at its center and is mounted on the crown at the left side.

Narrow black ribbon finishes a bandeau at the left and falls in long ends at the back.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Scenting Linen.

A formula for a scent to place among her bed linen is usually liked by the dainty woman, and here is a most excellent one: One ounce powdered gum benzoin, one of powdered cloves and two of powdered cinnamon; add to these seven ounces powdered cedar wood and the same of dried lavender flowers; mix, sift and put into flat bags to lay between sheets and smaller ones for the slips; or, if pads are made to fit the shelves it will answer as well. Balsam, the air tree balsam, gives of its own fragrance from pads made and filled with it and these, with the old-fashioned lavender, can never be improved upon for perfuming bed linen.



BEST THING TO DO.

"I was awakened last night by a burglar in my room."
"What did you do?"
"I asked him what the devil he wanted."
"Did he tell you?"
"No. He shoved a pistol in my face and snarled, 'Stow the gab!'"
"Then what did you do?"
"I stowed the gab."

TROUBLES OF NEWLY RICH.



"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."
"Dear, dear; we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure!"

The Old, Old Story.

He pledged his heart; he pledged his love. He promised not to beat her; And then, to buy engagement ring. He pledged his gold repeater.

The Ideal.

"I wish I knew some way to make money go farther," sighed the Old Fogey.
"I don't," replied the Grouch. "It's too far off as it is."

Knew of One Advocate.

Gabbleton—Edison declares that four hours' sleep is enough for any man.
Kidder—By Jove! That is exactly what my baby thinks!—Judge.

War's Horrors.

"Do you believe in the stories of cruelty in the zone of war?"
"Well, the Scotch Highlanders have their bagpipes with them."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In the Nursery.

"Goodness gracious, children, where did you put little Willie?"
"Into the waste basket. We're playing robber barons and have put him into the dungeon."

On the Spot.

"On what grounds, sir, do you base your charge that I can't run a household?"
"Why, look at these coffee grounds."

Mean Man.

"Men do not understand women," said Mrs. Gabb.
"That's no joke," growled Mr. Gabb. "If they did women would have to do all the chasing."

Shylock.

"Can anyone in the audience lend me a ten-dollar gold piece?" asked the prestidigitator.
"On what?" queried the pawnbroker in the third row.

ALL IN THE NAME.



"How did you persuade your daughter to learn kitchen work?"
"By calling it domestic science."

The Exception.

Men may fret and men may fume And cry: "The trusts must go." But there's one trust they long for—The grocer's, when funds are low.

No Stickers for Him.

"If you find it impossible to keep open your line of retreat," said the military instructor, "what ought you to do?"
"Open up a line of advance," was the prompt reply.

Some Blower.

Redd—I see the whale's progress through the water is limited to ten or twelve miles an hour.
Greene—And yet it will blow more than a fellow who's fined \$10 for speeding.

All a Mistake.

"Our correspondent referred to the raison d'être of a certain measure before the state legislature."
"Some of those newspaper men use flossy language."
"True. The author of the measure called him down sharply, however. Said there was nothing like that in his bill."

Learned by Experience.

"You used to think you couldn't do enough for me," said Mrs. Gadders, poutingly.
"Now I know I can't," replied Mr. Gadders, with cruel promptness.

An Easy Way.

"I say, janitor, I want some more hot air in this office."
"All right, sir; there are a couple of book agents on the next floor. I'll send them in."

Useful Improvement.

"I see nothing unusual about the typewriter."
"Don't you notice the mirror attachment? You have no idea how much time it saves a girl."

Considerate.

"Oh, do not let the word be 'No.'"
The lover cried; and thinking it would somewhat ease the cruel blow, The maiden simply answered "Nit!"

The Object.

"Why do you write articles on how cheaply people can live if they try?"
"In the hope of getting enough money to avoid having to live that way."

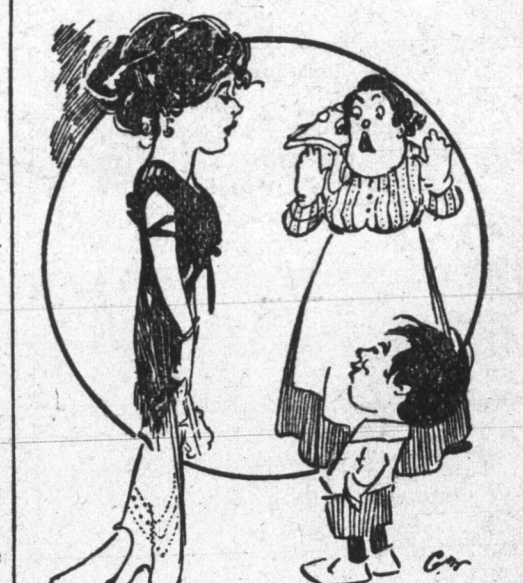
Another Luxury.

Payton—We hear a great deal about the high cost of living and loving.
Parker—Yes, and the high cost of loafing ought not to be sneezed at, either.—Life.

Played in Luck.

Askitt—Did you have any trouble in learning to play the cornet?
Blott—None worth mentioning. All the neighbors were poor shots.

GAVE SIS AWAY.



Maisie—Well, mother, I told Mr. Quicker that my face was all the fortune I possess.
Tommy—Yes, and when I sneaked into the parlor he was trying his best to get at Sis' fortune.

Cutting Loose.

She climbed the social ladder, At last she reached the top. Lord knows how many relatives The poor thing had to drop.

The Treating Habit.

"Did you ever treat a man for a big head, doctor?" asked the caller.
"Why, that's what everybody treats a man for," replied the pill man.

Amplified Designation.

"Biggins prides himself on calling a spade a spade."
"Yes. But he puts in a few adjectives when he gets out in the garden and tries to manage one."

Paw's Idea.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is a bachelor maid?
Paw—Really I don't know, son, unless it is a spinster with money.

Military Note.

The Captain—So your engagement with the colonel's daughter is off, eh?
The Lieutenant—Yes; I was mustered out last Sunday.

Contrariwise.

"Jabs has gone and married a girl, thinking her father a millionaire, and he's just failed and they're dead poor."
"Oh, what a rich joke!"

His Subject.

"I heard that congressman say he wanted to have a long-distance talk."
"Then I bet it's about his mileage."

Repaired.

"Married again? And you were so deeply pained when you lost your wife?"
"Yes, yes, I felt as if I had a tooth pulled. Well, I had another one put in."—L'illustration (Paris).

Hey, Rub!

"What was the row in the sideshow this morning, Bill?"
"The two-headed man quarreled with himself as to which head should get shaved first."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.