

# INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

## Youth Fails to Warble and Lands in Lockup

NEW YORK.—When James Smith, eighteen years old, of 19 Mechanic street, New Rochelle, was sentenced to 60 days in prison for petty larceny by Justices O'Keefe, Herriman and Salmon in special sessions he said he had been led to steal by going to church for the first time in his recollection. Recently his father, who is a postman, took him to task for not being a church attendant.

"Son," said the elder Smith, "you're going to the bad. Go to church instead. You'll never get ahead in this world until you do."

So on the last Sunday in March James joined the faithful who went into the mission at 35 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. Rev. Richard Bolden was holding forth on the beauty of a righteous life. Deeply touched, James knelt with the others in prayer.

While he was wiping away the moisture from his eyes his glance was caught by the minister's hat and coat in an ante-room.

Remembering his father's remark about getting along in this world by going to church, James tiptoed softly to the garments.

On his way out three overcoats found their way across his arm. James walked sanctimoniously away until he reached One Hundred and Thirty-first street and Madison avenue.

There he was stopped by Patrolman Hart, who noticed a sheaf of sacred music protruding from the coat that belonged to the minister.

"Stop!" said the policeman. "Where are you going?"

"To church," answered James. "I sing in the choir."

"But what are you doing with those coats?"

"Taking them to give away to the poor."

The policeman fingered them suspiciously and then he looked more closely at the music.

"This music is in Latin," he exclaimed. "Can you sing it?"

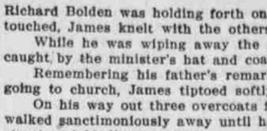
"Sure," replied James, who knew several Italian.

"Then sing it now," ordered the policeman.

James was reluctant, declaring he was not accustomed to singing Latin on street corners. At length he yielded to urgent prompting. The policeman listened as long as he could.

"That'll do," he said finally. "You'd better come along to the station-house and resign from the choir."

Perhaps they will ask him to sing at the prison chapel.



UM EST OOV-  
A cartoon illustration showing a man in a suit and hat, possibly a policeman or a man in a uniform, looking at a document or a sign.

Robbers Work a Clever Scheme. A few days ago a suburban friend received by post two tickets for a popular play. "You will never guess who sends you these," ran the anonymous note accompanying them, "but go and have a good time."

They obeyed, enjoyed themselves immensely, and returned home to find their house ransacked.—London Chronicle.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletchler** in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletchler's Castoria.

His Motive. "Jim gives his wife a lot for pin money."

"That's because he's so stuck on her."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

The average woman is eager to stand up for her rights until she finds herself in a crowded car.

A bully is a man who is always wanting to fight some other man half his size.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

Soap is one of the few things that should be handled without gloves.

Alfalfa seed \$5.00. Farms for sale on crop payments. J. Mulhall, 800 City, La.-Adv.

A druggist may be a social failure and yet a good mixer.

Most men who consider themselves big guns are only smooth bores.

## No More Fur on Upper Lips; Barber's Swan Song

CHICAGO.—"In the course of a few years," sighed C. Albert Bucks, Chicago's most veteran barber, the other day, "whiskers will be as extinct as the American buffalo. And so will barbers. Whiskers are disappearing, and they are very seldom to be met, even in a barber shop. I cut whiskers in the early '70s which a barber of today wouldn't understand."

Mr. Bucks has been cutting whiskers since the year 1869, and this is his official swan song.

"Look," said he, indicating the beardless face of a youthful customer in the chair beneath him. "Once the American youth was a fur-bearing animal, as luxurious on the face as the German, Spaniard or the Alaskan yak. He used to wear whiskers all over, and few faces in those happy days were complete without at least one set of trimmings."

"Have a shampoo?" inquired Barber Bucks, as his youthful customer straightened out in his chair. The shampoo being spurned, Mr. Bucks continued in a more melancholy strain:

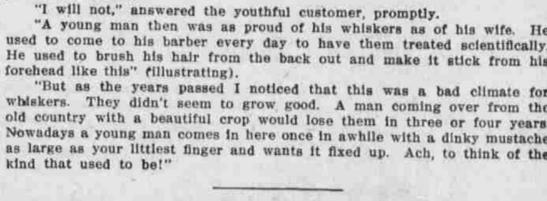
"In those happy days a barber had to be an artist. There were whiskers and whiskers; some grew sideways, some up and down and some on the bias. To cut whiskers then required such skill which few barbers own nowadays."

"Will you maybe have your hair singed?" inquired Barber Bucks of the youthful customer.

"I will not," answered the youthful customer, promptly.

"A young man then was as proud of his whiskers as of his wife. He used to come to his barber every day to have them treated scientifically. He used to brush his hair from the back out and make it stick from his forehead like this" (illustrating).

"But as the years passed I noticed that this was a bad climate for whiskers. They didn't seem to grow good. A man coming over from the old country with a beautiful crop would lose them in three or four years. Nowadays a young man comes in here once in awhile with a dinky mustache as large as your littlest finger and wants it fixed up. Ach, to think of the kind that used to be!"



## Peaceful Married Man Was Almost Shanghaied

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The papers had just been coming out with big evening headlines of reports of the taking of Vera Cruz. A certain citizen of the neighborhood of Seventeenth street and Susquehanna avenue was going home along Broad street from Columbia avenue about nine o'clock in the evening. He was full of war spirit.

As the enthusiastic citizen reached the south corner of the Second regiment armory, at Broad and Diamond, he noticed a crowd about the doorway in the middle of the building. He sped up to see what was the excitement.

As he shouldered his way through the crowd a husky lad in state blue grabbed the citizen by the arm.

"The regiment needs men!"

The enthusiastic citizen dragged back. "Men?" shouted he, in turn. "You're crazy. I got a wife and child."

"Well, that don't disqualify you," argued the guardsman. And then he coaxed: "Ah, come on in, sport. Your country needs you. Ain't you got no patriotism?"

The man from Seventeenth and Susquehanna took wild umbrage at this. "I can lick the man who says I ain't patriotic!" says he. "But I'm a married man! And I don't stand for no shanghaiing!"

The married man indignantly wended his way along Susquehanna avenue home. "Well, what do you know about that?" he growled, under his diminutive mustache. "Shanghaiing! On a respectable uptown street—respectable uptown people! Say, what do you know about that?"

## Woman at Ball in Pantalets Causes Sensation

BOSTON, MASS.—Boston society is gasping over the first appearance of pantalets in the Back Bay. They were worn by Mrs. Lintone Lovewell at the ball of the Massachusetts Federation of Progressive Women at the Copley-Plaza. Had she but known how much attention her new gown would attract, Mrs. Lovewell might not have worn it, she said.

Skirts with the pantalet effect have been seen in Boston, but it was the first time a garment of this kind had come into view here. Those present gazed at it almost continuously throughout the evening. Some women were simply dumfounded. Others said it was not so bad, and added that they may later adopt the style.

The men liked it. Among those most interested was ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald. The new gown, which Mrs. Lovewell brought here from New York, is really a beauty. The skirt is pink crepe with a liberal slit in front. On the skirt are brown maline flowers, which add much to its loveliness. The waist is ecru lace with morning glory trimmings. The Parisian pantalets are of pink crepe de chine down to the knees and ecru accordion plaited lace below, held in about the ankle with French rosebuds.

Mrs. Lovewell wore slippers of pink and white satin brocade, with hand-painted heels backed with rhinestones and the same kind of buckles. She also wore a dance cap of gold lace threaded topped with pink rosebuds. There was no petticoat.

"I see no reason why the pantalet gown should not come to be very generally worn at society events in Boston," said Mrs. Lovewell. "It is the most comfortable dress I ever have worn and I do not consider it too extreme. It cannot be said to be immodest."

"There is nothing like it for the tango or maxixe," she added.

## Laura Jean Libbey's Talks on Heart Topics

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CAN A YOUNG MAN LOVE TWO GIRLS SIMULTANEOUSLY?

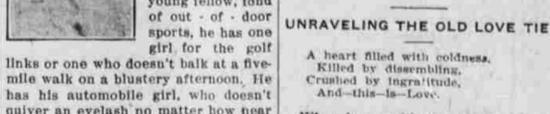
The brilliant black eye  
May in triumph let fly  
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;  
But the soft eye of blue  
Though it scatter wounds, too,  
Is much better pleased when it bores 'em.

So much is said about a man's best girl that we cannot help wondering how many girls he is supposed to have. Does each awaken similar sentiments in his breast or is his liking carefully graded? It must be conceded that he pays each one a certain amount of attention or one flame or the other would die out for lack of sparking. If he is an athletic young fellow, fond of out-of-door sports, he has one girl for the golf links or one who doesn't balk at a five-mile walk on a blustery afternoon. He has his automobile girl, who doesn't quiver an eyelash no matter how near he reaches the danger mark in dashing along. She's the girl, too, he takes to the races. But she isn't the girl he takes to the theater, or to the restaurant afterward, ordering wine for her, exultant over the sensation she creates when she dances the tango with him the length of the spacious dining room. Then there's the pretty stenographer in his uncle's office. She is the girl he presents with books because she refuses bonbons. He waits for her on stormy evenings to take her to a car, and it is she of whom he asks advice on matters relating to her sex—whether a fellow was justified in refusing an invitation to some affair which he did not care to attend, although he half suspected it was arranged for his benefit. He considers the advisability of breaking with two or three of his pleasant companions ere they become sweethearts.

But it is so difficult that he fears he is equally in love with each and every one of them. When his dear old mother asks him to bring his best girl around for some little home gathering, he does a lot of thinking. The dear old soul would not understand the girl who doted on golf, but detested breadmaking and home duties. Nor would the girl mad over tango and cocktails appeal to her.

He concludes his automobile girl would not be looked upon with favor by his mother, who might think the lassie wouldn't bother her head to check him if he went too fast down pleasure's road. As for the stenographer, true, she had fancy clothes, but she had a very sensible head on her trim little body. She wasn't what might be called a beauty, but she had a smile and a winning way that was wonderfully taking. Her dignity would please. There was no frivolity about her. Her life was serious. Being the only supporter of a widowed invalid mother, not only the bread earner, but the bread making, devolved upon her. Last, but by no means least, many a time he warred of the other girls in turn, mentally vowing each call on this or that one should be his last.

He never wearied talking to the stenographer. Each time he talked with her he liked her the better. There was something about her which made her seem different from all the rest—a subtle charm which made her heart glow when he thought of her. He knew by "these signs and tokens" that she was the girl and the only one "in the bunch" whom he would care to take to his mother as his best girl.



Laura Jean Libbey's Talks on Heart Topics  
A heart filled with coldness,  
Killed by dissembling,  
Crushed by ingratitude,  
And—this is—Love.

## UNRAVELING THE OLD LOVE TIE

When love words have been spoken and pledged vows exchanged, the belief is that the silken ties thus woven is to last; that time will never change it. There are loves and loves. Some others are of so loose a warp that it soon frays out of its own volition.

In other words, the love which is born of a fleeting fancy soon filters out of the heart, as though it were an hour-glass.

There are men who cannot bind their affections unto any one woman for a length of time without the tie becoming irksome to them. These are the men who deliberately plan to break away. With some sweethearts this is not so easily done. There are women whom love has so blinded that they fail to realize their lover is losing affection for them.

If he disappoints her by not coming to take her out, she makes all sorts of excuses in her heart for him. The reason he offers is a lame one, but it passes with her. He makes up his mind to break with her, slowly, but slowly. He cannot make her jealous; his coldness and lack of attention to her have no effect. Even the little quarrels which he gets up she bridges over without ado.

He finds it the most difficult task of his life to unravel the old love tie; it will stretch, but never break. He wonders, as all men do, why a woman will persist in clinging to a love that has no warmth for her. Such men should have a heart-to-heart talk with a sweetheart as soon as they discover their change of attitude toward her.

It is cruel to allow her to feed her heart on hopes of marriage which he knows will never be realized. He must know the fault of the situation is entirely his own. He made love to the woman on the impulse of the moment, and proposed marriage before he was sure of himself. Unraveling a love knot is tedious work. Men who are changeable of heart usually marry at last; but the girl they wed will not stand for a long, drawn-out courtship.

They must speak quickly if they hope to win her hand. They know there's no loitering in love's path; the love in this instance is unravelling material. It centers in the marriage ring. A girl should beware of the lover who makes no effort to keep his hold on her affections.

## Expedition to Define Boundary

The Turco-Persian boundary has heretofore been one of the problematical features on the map of Asia. As far back as 1843, a mixed commission attempted to define this frontier with only partial success, and since that time repeated efforts have been made by the great powers, as well as the two countries immediately concerned, to complete the task, but the boundary has remained rather a zone of debatable territory than a definite line. Finally, in November of last year, a complete understanding on the subject was reached, and a protocol was signed in Constantinople in accordance with which a commission consisting of British, Russian, Turkish and Persian delegates will undertake a survey of the boundary. This is expected to require at least eighteen months, and will doubtless be productive of interesting geographical results.—Scientific American.

## Unlimited Mussels

The mussel will probably prove a valuable commercial bivalve of the Oregon coast in the near future. From Agate beach to Siletz bay and farther north there is apparently an unlimited quantity of mussels clinging to the rocks along the beach. S. G. Irvin of Agate Beach sent some samples to Prof. Hodge of the social biology department of the University of Oregon and received an enthusiastic letter in reply that Prof. Hodge was so impressed with the mussel that he had sent some of his samples to Prof. Irving A. Field of Clark university, Worcester, Mass., who, Prof. Hodge said, was responsible for making mussels a commercial staple.

## Toastie Flavour A Winner

Every day many are finding out that Post Toasties are different from other "ready to eat" foods. It's in the making. Toasties are carefully cooked bits of choicest Indian corn toasted to an appetizing, golden-brown crispness. Care and time in toasting and the delicate flavoring make this crisp corn-food delightful. Post Toasties—ready to eat direct from the sealed package, with cream and sugar to taste. —sold by Grocers.

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## Nervous Women

Are troubled with the "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feeling may or may not be accompanied by headache or backache or headache or bearing down. The local disorders and inflammation, if there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Little Blue Pills. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

**DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription**  
Take this in liquid or tablet form and be a well woman!

Mrs. Eva Tyler of So. Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y., says: "I have been in a run-down condition for several years. Suffered from nervousness and a great deal of pain at certain periods. Have taken several different medicines but found your 'Favorite Prescription' has given me the most relief of anything I have ever tried. Am very much indebted to you for this remedy as it has been in some time. I gladly recommend this remedy to any woman in need of a tonic." Write Dr. R. V. Pierce, Ithaca, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

In Girlhood Womanhood Motherhood

## NOT AN ABSOLUTE BLANK

Eye Retains Impression of Last-Seen Spectacle During the Duration of a Wink.

When a person winks his eyes he momentarily covers the entire eyeballs, and everything therefore should turn absolutely black and be in total darkness for the instant. As a matter of fact, he is unconscious of the darkness, but he is unconscious of the same. The reason he is unconscious is that the eye is incapable of removing a certain view from itself until an eighth of a second has elapsed. So the view seen just before the ball goes in to eclipse continues to be seen for an eighth of a second. But as the eye is not covered by the lid as long as this, a new view arrives to supplement the old view before the old one has vanished. Thus the darkness is not noticed, although there is no doubt that it exists.

This same peculiarity of the eye enables moving pictures to have their being. It also is the reason why a lighted torch whirled rapidly around shows a path instead of a sequence of torches. Also why a rapidly rotating wheel does not show its spokes. If a snapshot be taken of such a wheel it does show the spokes, however, and proves the above fact of persistence. Or of the wheel be viewed by a lightning flash it shows them.

## Napoleon at Elba

One hundred years ago Napoleon landed at Porto Ferraio, on the island of Elba, of which he had been made sovereign by the allies. He was received with shouts of joy by the Elban population, who were proud of the sovereign whom the chances of fortune had just thrown upon their shores. The former dictator of Europe proceeded to organize his little island realm with the same care and, as it proved, with the same purpose of aggrandisement he had bestowed on the empire he had forfeited. During the nine months that he remained the "Man of Elba" the world was watching him, and he was watching the world. The suspicion that Elba would yet develop a political volcano was general, and, as events proved, was well founded.

## Found No Bottom

When John Findlay, the actor, was revisiting the scenes of his parents' childhood and youth, Kerry county, Ireland, he was shown the famous Devil's Punch Bowl. "That there bowl is so deep, me boy, that nobody ever softened the bottom of it," said the old man. "Only one man ever attempted to penetrate its depths. He took off his clothes at the edge, and then dived down into the Devil's Punch Bowl. He never found the bottom. The next day we received a telegram from Canada which said, 'Ship over me clothes.'"

## Reversed Lever

Tompkins—What, back already from your trip around the world? You did not stay long.

Billkins—I did not go all the way around. I was so pressed for time that when I got half way around I was compelled to turn back.

Too Late Now.

"When you were married, did your wife's father give her away?"

"No. I only wish he had."

Just Slang.

Cholite—Do you believe there are microbes in kisses?

Mollie—You can search me!

## Sioux City Directory

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with "Guarantee Hogomulsion"

"THE GUARANTEE SYSTEM" includes every known precaution for the PREVENTION OF HOG DISEASES.

It also includes FREE SPECIAL MEDICINES for the CURE OF SICK HOGS.

We are prepared to VACCINATE YOUR HOGS, using only the BEST SERUM manufactured under Government Regulations. The most careful, scientific and sanitary methods will be used in administering vaccination.

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