THE PLANET

SATURDAY.....OCT. 20TH, 1906

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN HANDY WITH HER FISTS

Wife of Amateur Boxer Answers an Offensive Note with a Knock-out Blow.

New York.—In a certain office building in this city is a cigar stand in the lower hallway, presided over by a young woman. She to-day is telling the young and the old men of the building, occupants of the various offices and daily acquaintances, how a young woman, a pretty blonde and wife of an amateur champion boxer, knocked out a fresh young man known to them all, whose father is a broker in the building.

The knockout took place the other day just after the closing of the stock exchange. The fair cigar counter attendant and the amateur champion's wife, who is the actress Julia Morrison, were conversing over the counter. They are friends. The broker's son, tall, handsome, but presuming, stopped to purchase a perfecto. On a finger of his right hand sparkled a brilliant diamond in a rare setting. The blonde gazed at the ring and admired it, saying so to her friend, as the young man lighted his cigar and turned away.

He overheard the whispered utterance and smiled upon the blonde.

Back Went His Head Before Her Right Fist.

Presently he returned, purchased half a dozen cigars and then nodded familiarly to the blonde young woman. As he leaned upon the counter he pressed a note into her hand and hurried away. The language was couched in such a manner as to be particularly offensive, and just as the blonde finished reading the epistle the broker's son reappeared.

He smiled. The blonde young woman smiled falsely. Encouraged by the cordial response to his smile he walked close up to her and began to speak in a low tone, when back went his head and off came his hat as the right fist of the young woman shot full into his face. Another blow was planted on the knockout point of the jaw sent the young man sprawling, his head striking the edge of an iron cuspidor and out he went.

"I guess that will hold that fellow for awhile," she said. Several men and two women stenographers of the building stopped on their way out to compliment the young woman.

The young man Miss Morrison struck threatened to cause her arrest, but a few minutes later the father stepped to the cigar stand, grasped Miss Morrison's hand and said:

"You were quite right. My son, I am sorry to say, acted like a pup, and you gave him only a part of what he deserved. There will be no trouble for you, I assure you, and if you wish it I will make him come to you here and publicly apologize."

STRANGELY LED TO BABY'S BODY

Parents of Drowned Child Impelled by Mysterious Force.

Clinton, Ia.—Guided by some strange power, Mr. and Mrs. James Donohue, of this city, journeyed to a wild spot on the shore of the Mississippi river and there found the body of their baby daughter, for which parties of men had been dragging the river for several days. The child was knocked from the deck of their houseboat and drowned and all efforts to recover the body had been unsuccessful.

The mysterious force led the grief-stricken parents to arise at five o'clock in the morning, although they had made no plans to do so. Without saying a word to each other they got into a skiff and the man began rowing down the stream. In silence they continued for two miles until they reached Beaver island. On the upper side of the island stands a great cottonwood tree, whose branches rise high above the other foliage on the shore. Straight for the tree the skiff went, and when its bow touched the gnarled roots, which extend into the water, father and mother turned, to see the little dress of the baby caught on a jagged root. Just under the surface the body lay on the sand.

Another thing which has aroused the curiosity of students of the mysterious is the fact that the body was found on the third anniversary of the baby's birth.

TURNS BUTCHER INTO A MONKEY

YOUNG HYPNOTIST CREATES SENSATION IN NEW YORK.

MAKES THE VICTIM UNDRESS.

Unfortunate Man Then Ordered to Climb Pole, Where He Does Simian Stunts to Delight of Big Crowd.

New York.—While a butcher who had been led by an amateur hypnotist to believe that he was a monkey, climbed a 50-foot clothes pole in the rear of a Ludlow street tenement the other night, 5,000 men, women and children craned over house roofs and fire escape rails and peeped from windows at him. Everybody in the East side seemed trying to get into some of the houses whose rears afforded a view of the spectacle, and the uproar sounded so much like a first-class riot that the police turned out to suppress it.

But it was only amateur, correspondence school hypnotism. Louey was the hypnotist. He is 17 years old and works in a grocery store in Ludlow street. No one would tell his last name. Morris Resnick, 35 years old, a kosher butcher, was his subject. Louey has been studying hypnotism and found he could influence Resnick.

He met the butcher, and told him he was a dog. Resnick dropped on all fours, barked and snapped when ordered to "sic" one of Louey's friends. This attracted a big crowd. Then Louey threw a stick into a puddle, and made Resnick retrieve it. The butcher played Fido to the life, all but the wagging of his tail.

"Now, you're a monkey. Come with me," said Louey, and Resnick followed, springing along and chattering. Louey led the butcher through the hall of a tenement house to the back yard and told him monkeys did not wear clothing. Resnick took off all his garments and began to prance around, making a noise like an ape and scratching himself.

Scores came out on the fire escapes and the windows were jammed. Hundreds pressed through to the yard and so filled it that the human monkey had no room to continue his performance.

"Climb that pole. Up to the top now," said Louey. The unfortunate butcher leaped on the tall clothes pole and began to shin up. Roars of delight greeted his struggles to reach the top. When he got there, 50 feet above the ground, he chattered some more and waited for further orders. Women, offended by Resnick's disrobed condition, sent for Policeman Moylan. When some one said "Here comes a cop!" Louey fled.

This left the butcher up in the air. "Come down." "You're all right." "Just slide," and other advice was hurled at Resnick. He chattered and scratched his sides. Policeman Moylan walked to the foot of the pole and commanded: "Come down out of that, if you don't want to be pinched."

Resnick chattered at him, danced around on top of the clothes pole and

Resnick Screamed and Chattered at the Police.

made motions like a monkey throwing cocoanuts at a Filipino. Moylan nearly burst his uniform hurling commands at Resnick. Resnick only screamed and chattered at him. Men nearly fell off their various perches laughing.

Then some one told Moylan about Louey and the hypnotism. Moylan sent word to Louey to come around and take the curse off Resnick or he would get a warming he would remember. Louey went to a window from which Resnick could see him, ordered him to climb down the pole, and when he was safely at the bottom made some mysterious passes, said "All right, now you're a butcher again," and fled. Resnick looked dazed, suddenly realized that he was bare, grabbed his clothing and put it on.

Moylan called for an ambulance and sent Resnick to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue.

Desert Air Beneficial.

A physician has discovered that the air of the Egyptian desert is about as free from bacterial life as the Polar regions or the high seas. He considers the desert would prove an excellent place for people suffering from rheumatism or consumption to take up their abode.

Didn't Learn her Age.

"To-day," remarked the pretty young widow, "is the fifth anniversary of my marriage."

"Indeed! And at what age were you married?" asked the bachelor, who thought to get next to the number of years she had sojourned on earth.

"At the parsonage,' answered the p. y. w. as she winked her other eye. —Chicago Daily News.

CHARMING AND EFFECTIVE.

For Autumn Wear in Carriage or Automobile.

To Save Space in a Flat.

Rules for Space Economy That Are Also Applicable to a Small House--Eliminate All Unnecessary Articles of Furniture.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Living in a flat in a big city is being packed like a sardine in a box with others packed equally as close and equally requiring to save space.

You know how it feels to stand beside a trunk that is wholly inadequate for the number of articles that must be forced within its limits. The careful packer folds and rolls and squeezes and takes advantage of every tiny vacancy until not an atom of room is left. When the trunk is full to repletion and the trays refuse to let the cover fall into place, there is rearrangement, perhaps more adjustment and finally somebody having coaxed the reluctant lid to approach the lock, jumps on it, stands on top, and, presto! the thing is done. "That trunk is packed," the owner cries, with a blissful relief, turning to the next thing to be done, with a comfortable assurance that it will be what the boys call a "cinch" compared with the task of the trunk.

"Why do you take so many dresses and encumber yourself with so much luggage?" remonstrates a practical aunt from the country, who cannot comprehend the necessity of carrying one's complete wardrobe away when one goes on a visit. "Why not carry two trunks?" asks the good-natured uncle who has plenty of money, and does not see the sense of being inconvenienced in the matter of boxes that may be handled by express and baggage men.

The trunk's owner cannot afford two trunks, and she does not wish to omit a single pretty costume. Therefore she endures the agony of packing without a murmur.

For the trunk substitute an ordinary six or eight-room flat in a tall apartment house. If the householder is so well-to-do that he can pay rent for two flats, one above the other, or one opposite the other, across the hall, his problem will solve itself; but city rents are a formidable item of expense. They are forever soaring upward and growing higher. They eat a frightful hole into the average income. To live anywhere near one's business and near one's friends one must be resigned to putting a generous monthly sum into the landlord's pocket. The landlord cannot help himself, for in his turn he pays tremendous taxes and has an ever-increasing outlay in the matter of repairs. Workmen, from plumbers to painters, from carpenters to roofers, charge what seem to those who foot the bills extortionate prices. It goes all around the circle. To live decently in any large town costs a lot of money. This being the case, housekeepers select the flat that offers the greatest inducements in light and air and proceed to settle their belongings as conveniently as they can.

The greatest benefit that could possibly happen to a great many flat-dwellers would be to have a big bonfire near by in a vacant lot while some despoiler seized upon their goods and chattels and threw them in. Everybody who has kept house over five years owns more furniture and accumulates more articles than are absolutely essential to comfort and luxury. Nobody can bear to part with a single thing. This was a wedding present, that was bought the day when the baby had her first birthday; the other was brought by a visiting cousin from Australia. Somebody has said was it Emerson, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." They certainly are in the saddle, and ride mankind with a vengeance when the home is in a flat.

* * * * *

The first suggestion as to saving space is the practical one of eliminating sternly whatever can be spared. The storage warehouse should accommodate every superfluous stick of furniture until a time comes when wider quarters and ampler environment may be secured.

A city flat is a thing of make-shifts. Possibly in one or two rooms a bedstead with springs, mattresses and pillows, a bedstead that announces itself for what it is and stands in full view all day long will be tolerated. Ordinarily people who live in flats take to folding beds. These masquerade by day as bureaus, book-cases, sideboards and other contrivances. The folding bed that successfully deceives the elect has not yet been invented. It looks like a book-case on casual inspection, but the cloven feet peep out and a closer glance reveals the reality. Divans and lounges are less objectionable and more popular because a room with a divan looks like a living-room, a library or a drawing-room and does not shout at you the fact that at night this is a bed-room. Added to this, divans are often long chests and hollow in which all sorts of things are kept.

Everywhere in a city flat there are boxes and packages carefully concealed from sight. Behind portieres, under chairs, in the bathroom, in the niches that by courtesy are called closets, the goods, the wearing apparel and the usual possessions of a home, are thriftily disposed and sedulously concealed from observation. I have seen a very charming dressing table draped with spotless curtains of dimity and surmounted by an adjustable mirror. This at intervals was pulled apart and its foundation turned out to be the gas range on which tea was made or breakfast was cooked. Laundry tubs when the washing and ironing are done out of the house are a perfect God-send to the woman whose space is small, while her horde of things is large. The tubs may be made at once to screen from view and to accommodate articles of general utility. They are an admirable safe deposit for shirtwaists and other articles of feminine raiment, including picture hats and the like. Their top makes an excellent table for lamps, books and papers.

I remember a small flat reached by several flights of stairs and made alluring by a little stairway leading up to a great airy roof. This was the home one winter of what I may call a colony of girls. They were art students, journalists and newspaper women. Every inch of space in their flat was made available, and the bewilderment of the pretty southern matron mother of one sweet maiden, a woman who had come from an ample home in Kentucky to hover over this brood, with her motherly wings, was both amusing and pathetic. She had been used to a large house with wide verandas, high ceilings and a vast attic. Imagine her dismay when fitted in to a spot that covered its tenants as a very tight glove covers a plump hand. But she made the best of the situation and helped the girls to get fun out of it.

* * * * *

In order to save space in a city flat one must be clever, original and quick-witted. One must do without some conveniences. One must be contented to take a good deal of trouble. In the downtown tenements it is said that bathtubs are converted into coal bins. This is done by people who, having had the good fortune to rent a model tenement in some of the newer houses are not yet educated so far as to appreciate a daily bath.

Refined and fastidious people cannot save space by utilizing the bathtub for anything beyond its design. This, however, is almost their only restriction. Notwithstanding continual objections and prohibitions, few women resist the opportunities offered by the fire-escape and, in short, wherever there is a jutting edge or a convenient ledge or a peg or a shelf, something is found to stand on it and it serves a double purpose.

Notwithstanding so much planning and managing, the city flat makes the shell of many a very pleasant home. It does not lend itself well to a family of growing children. By the time baby No. 3 arrives mothers make up their minds that they must go farther uptown or emigrate to a suburb. For young married people, for wage-earning women keeping house on a cooperative basis, the city flat has its advantages.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Transparent.

"The bride and groom made perfect spectacles of themselves on their wedding trip."

"No wonder everybody saw through them."—Cleveland Leader.

She Took Him.

George—Rather than remain single, would you marry the biggest fool on earth?

"Clara—Oh, George, this is so sudden!—Answers.

Limit.

"It's never too late to mend," argued the customer.

"Oh, yes it is," answered the journeyman tailor, "this is a union shop." —Puck.

His Future.

"He has a promising future."

"A promised future, I should say; he has borrowed more money on promises to pay than he can repay in ten years."—Houston Post.

FAR BE IT FROM HER.

Marjorie—Daddy, it's raining.

Daddy—Well, let it rain.

Marjorie—I was going to, daddy.—Philadelphia Record.

Anecdote of Julius Caesar.

Once more the senate pressed about Caesar, offering him the crown, and once more he thrust it away.

A voice—"All hail!" Everybody hailed, violently.

A voice—"Now, Julius, if we hail, you ought to be willing to reign."

This was some 44 years B. C., or about 713 from the foundation of the city, yet the joke was deemed too ancient, even then, to be spread upon the official minutes.—Puck.

Merely That

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Some time before evening," said the man who has been waiting 15 minutes. "I expect to eat another meal to-day."—Chicago Tribune.

Newspaper Doctoring.

Exchange Editor—I am very sorry, sir, but there is something the matter with the nerves or muscles of my face, so it nearly kills me to laugh, and I wish you would have some one else do the joke-clipping to-day.

Able Editor—Certainly. Give our humorist your shears, and you take his place and do the joke-writing until your face gets well.—N. Y. Weekly.

A SURPRISE COMING.

Mr. Monk, Jr.—Gee, but won't the old man be scared when he wakes up!—N. Y. Sun.

An Estimate.

"Mere words," he softly said, "cannot express
My love for you—not even if I tried
With dictionaries trillion."
"If words," Miss Coyne replied, "are powerless,
Suppose your love for me were signified
By figures, thus: 1,000,000?"
—Judge.

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It will positively remove Dandruff, Cure Scalp of all impurities, Restore Hair on Clean Temples or Bald Heads, where the roots are not dead.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND

N. B.—Following schedule figures published only as information, and are not guaranteed.

7:00 a. m.—Daily. Local for Charlotte.
12:30 p. m.—Daily. Limited. Buffet Pullman to Atlanta and Birmingham, New Orleans Memphis, Chattanooga and all the South. Through coach for Chase City, Oxford, Durham and Raleigh.
6:00p. m.—Ex. Sunday, Keysville Local.
11:30 p. m.—Daily. Limited; Pullman ready at 9:30 p. m., for all the South.

YORK RIVER LINE

4:30 p. m. Except Sunday, No. 16, Baltimore Limited
2:15 p. m. Except Sunday, No. 10, Local to West Point.
4:45 a. m. Except Sunday, No. 74, Local to West Point

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

6:58 a. m. and 7:50 p. m.—From all the South.
3:35 p. m. From Charlotte, Durham, Chase City, Raleigh and local stations.
8:40 a. m.—From Keysville and local stations.
9:15 a. m. No 15, From Baltimore and West Point.
10:45 a. m., No. 9, 5:15 p. m. No. 79, From West Point and local stations.
No. 15 and No 16 stop Quinton, Tunstalls White House and Lester Manor.

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WESTBOUND LOCAL TRAINS.

7:30 a. m. daily and 5:15 p. m. week days.

NEWPORT NEWS, NORFOLK AND OLD POINT.

9 a. m. and 4 p. m. daily.

Local For Newport News and OLD POINT.

7:35 a. m. and 5 p. m. week days.

JAMES RIVER LINE:

10:20 a. m. daily; 5:15 p. m. daily.

Arrive Main Line from West: *7:30 A. M. **8:30 A. M., *3:45 P. M. **7:45 P. M. From East: **10:05 A. M., *11:45 A. M., *7:00 P. M., **8:00 P. M. James River: **8:40 A. M., *5:55 P. M. (*Daily; **Ex. Sunday.)

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP CO.

NIGHT LINE FOR NORFOLK

Leave Richmond every evening (foot Ash Street) at 7 P. M., stopping at Newport News en route. Fare, $2.50 one way, $4.50 round trip, including stateroom berth, meals 50c. each. Street Cars to Steamer's Wharf

FOR NEW YORK.

Via Night Line Steamers (except Saturday) making connection in Norfolk with Main Line Ships, following day at 7 P. M., also Norfolk and Western Ry. at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M. making connection daily (except Sunday) at Norfolk with Main Line Ships sailing at 7 P. M. Tickets, 808 E. Main Street.

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Steamer Pocahontas leaves Monday Wednesday and Friday at 7 a. m. for Norfolk, Portsmouth, Old Point, Newport News, Richmond and James River landings, and connecting at Old Point for Washington, Baltimore and the North. State rooms reserved for the night at moderate prices. Electric cars direct to the wharf. Fare only $1.50 and Norfolk. Freight received for above named places and all points in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina. IRVIN WEISIGER, Gen'l Mgr.
E. A. Barber, Jr., Secretary.

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Schedule Effective, May 27, 1906

Short Line to the principal Cities of the South and Southwest, Florida, Cuba and Mexico.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND DAILY

9:30 a. m. Local for Norlina, Durham, Raleigh, Hamlet, Wilmington and Charlotte.
2:20 p. m. Fast train with through sleeper and coaches to Raleigh, Columbia, Jacksonville and Florida points, through sleeper to Atlanta, Birmingham, making fastest time to these points and the entire south-west.
10:00 p. m. Through Pullmans and coaches Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and Florida points, also to Atlanta, Birmingham and Memphis, in connection with the Prince System, making immediate connection for all south-western points.

Northbound Trains Arrive Richmond Daily, 6:10 A. M., 4:55 P. M., 5:30 P. M.

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Trains Leave Richmond—Northward.

5:20 a. m., daily, Byrd St. Through.
6:20 a. m. Daily, Main St. Through
7:30 a. m., week days, Elba, Ashland accommodation.
8:40 a. m., daily Byrd st. Through. Local stops.
12:05 noon, week days. Byrd st. Through
4:00 p. m., week days. Byrd st. Fredericksburg accommodation.
5:05 p. m. daily, Main st. Through.
6:30 p. m., week days. Elba. Ashland accommodation.
8:20 p. m., daily, Byrd st. Through.

Trains Arrive Richmond—Southward.

6:40 a. m., week days. Elba Ashland accommodation.
8:20 a. m., week days, Byrd St. Fredericksburg accommodation.
8:35 a. m., daily, Byrd st. Through.
11:50 a. m., week days, Byrd St. Through. Local stops.
1:23 p. m., daily Main st. Through.
5:40 p. m. week days. Elba Ashland accommodation.
7:15 p. m., daily, Byrd St. Through.
9:00 p. m., daily, Byrd St. Through. Local stops.
9:50 p. m. daily, Main St. Through

NOTE—Pullman Sleeping or Parlor Cars on all above trains except train arriving Richmond 11:50 a. m. week days and local accommodations.

Time of arrivals and departures and connections not guaranteed.

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9:00 A. M., CHICAGO EXPRESS Buffet Parlor Car Petersburg to Lynchburg and Roanoke Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus and Bluefield to Cincinnati, also Roanoke to Knoxville and Knoxville to Chattanooga and Memphis.

12:10 P. M Roanoke Express for Farmville Lynchburg and Roanoke.

3:00 P. M. Ocean Shore Limited Arrives Norfolk 5:20 P. M. Stops only at Petersburg Waverly and Suffolk. Connects with Steamer to Boston, Providence, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

6:20 P. M., for Norfolk and all stations east of Petersburg.

9:50 P. M. NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE. Pullman Sleeper Richmond to Lynchburg, Petersburg to Roanoke; Lynchburg to Chattanooga, Memphis and New Orleans. Cafe Dining Car.

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Trains leave Richmond daily;

For Florida and South, 9:05 A. M., 7:25 and 9:00 and 11:50 P. M.

For Norfolk, 9:00 A. M., 3:00 P. M. and 6:20 P. M.

For N. & W. Ry. West, 12:10 and 9:30 P. M.

For Petersburg 9:00 A. M., 12:10, 3:00, 6:20, 9:00 and 11:50 P. M.

For Goldsboro and Fayetteville, *3:58 P. M.

Trains arrive Richmond daily, 5:10, *8:38 **10:45 and 11:40 A. M., *1:00, 2:05, 6:30, 8:00 and 8:50 P. M.

* Except Sunday, ** Sunday only.

C. S. CAMPBELL, D. P. A.