

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Chicago "Owls" Blink at First Broadway Car



CHICAGO.—Chicago's first Broadway car ran through the loop district the other night, through the La Salle street tunnel, up Clark street, and out Broadway. It was the first evidence of the city's 567 varieties of new street names.

The car, with no sign save the unwelcome "Broadway" displayed, swung around the loop at the alcoholic hour of 11:30, just when the most people wanted a car.

"Say, now, where'd that come from?" demanded one night owl of another on the curb, as No. 219 trundled by. "Lived here all my life an' didn't know we had a Broadway, let alone a car line on it."

Nobody could tell him.

"Come on, Bill, here she is!" announced a self-confident man to his friend. He tried very hard to walk straight, and asked as he paid both fares:

"Broadway car, isn't it?"

"Sure," responded Conductor Reid. "Put us off at Herald square."

And he sat down perfectly satisfied. Down Randolph street rumbled the "Broadway" apparition, and drew up in front of the Lambs' cafe just as two chorus girls emerged.

"Ain't this luck, Lili!" exclaimed one as they peeled their hobbles just high enough to allow them to reach the step. "The way I remembered it we'd have to beat it two blocks to a car, an' here's one right at the door. Call

Retired? Not So That Anybody Could Notice It

CINCINNATI, O.—Not long ago an aged man presented himself at the "new account" window of a local bank and asked to have his semi-annual interest entered in his passbook. Recognizing him at once, the teller on duty asked: "Are you still retired?"

"I reckon I am, as far as ever I was," replied the depositor, smiling grimly.

The little joke dates back a year or two to the day when the account was opened. Accompanied by his wife on that occasion, the aged farmer from Ohio's onion belt tendered the teller a roll of banknotes counting up in the thousands.

"How old are you?" asked the clerk, pursuant to the bank's practice of keeping such bits of information on file.

"Eighty-six,"

"Occupation?"

"Farmer, retired," repeated the teller and began to write it so.

"Retired," nothing! protested the octogenarian. "If you call working 150 acres of land being retired, then I suppose I'm retired."

The teller made suitable apologies. As it was to be a joint account, the wife also was questioned as to her age.

"Do I have to tell?" she asked.



"No, not unless you wish."

"Well, ladies are a little bashful about telling their age after they pass thirty."

"Aw, tell the man how old you are, Hannah." The husband seemed disgusted with coyness.

"Well," the old lady made confession reluctantly, "I ain't so old as the old man is, but I'm eighty-four."

"And I suppose you are retired, too?" said the smiling teller.

"That may be your name for it, but what with the cooking and the housework and the milking and the buttering and all, I manage to keep kind of busy."

Both old people are a little nearer ninety now, but seem likely to go on drawing interest on their savings for years to come. It may be that there's something in Ohio's soil or air that strengthens and preserves her children, at least in the onion belt.

Cleveland Firemen and Police in Fly-Trap Race



CLEVELAND, O.—A desire to excel in the manufacture of fly-traps is responsible for "bad blood" between the police at the Eleventh precinct on East One Hundred and Fifth street, near Euclid, and the firemen at engine house No. 10, next door.

Sergeant Cregan, the Thomas Alva Edison of the force, wearied of "shooting" flies from his face, or pursuing them with a swatter, designed and built a gigantic fly-trap. This was placed near the front door, as the transformation of the stable into a garage had eliminated the busy fly from that region. The flies began to buzz around.

Charles Trump, the Marconi of the firemen, chanced to see the police trap and went back to the station with an idea. The fireman contributed to a fund to build the largest and most lethal fly-trap in existence. It was installed near the stable, wherein the

firemen had an immeasurable advantage over the police in the matter of flies.

Then, all confidence, Trump challenged Cregan to a fly-catching contest between their respective traps. Because the firemen had the advantage of the stable, Trump gave Cregan a handicap of 100 flies.

For days firemen and policemen watched their traps earnestly. Wagers were made on the result and interest grew to a fever heat. Each side accused the other of catching flies by hand and "stuffing" the traps. But, strangely enough, the police trap continued to attract more flies.

An approximate gave Cregan a lead of possibly 2,000 flies and the fire-fighters were in despair. A terrible disappointment awaited the police one morning. With the break of dawn Cregan went out to inspect his trap. He sent in a vocal riot call. The flies were gone and a nervous bat was alone in the cage.

The firemen laughed loudly and long, but the police may laugh last. Cregan took the bat, chloroformed it and performed an operation. Armed with rubber gloves, a nutpick and a reading glass he proceeded to salvage enough flies from the remains to enable the police to make up the lead the firemen are gaining every hour.

Whispered Tip to Cop Wakes Up City Employees

PITTSBURGH, PA.—These are strenuous days for the Coppere-Afrail-of-Their-Jobs. What with the city thieves active and the public claiming the city is overrun with robbers, pickpockets and other plundering rascals, and Director John H. Dalley after these same coppers until they dream of "shakeups" and dismissals, the life of a bluecoat or a plain-clothes man is not pleasant.

The other afternoon Lieutenant of Police Charles Faulkner and a couple of "subs" were polishing their buttons in Magistrate Fred Goettman, Jr.'s courtroom at the North Side police station, while the magistrate told funny stories and drew cartoons on a pad (the court not being then in session), a wild-eyed "taxpayer" rushed in and whispered to the sergeant in charge that "two suspicious negroes were skulking in an alley off Arch street, near the High School building."

The tip was given to Lieutenant Faulkner. Instantly he and the "subs" got busy in making a marathon dash for the scene of action. They found



the suspects sure enough. Both, however, were reclining on the sidewalk, comfortably resting against a brick house, fast asleep in the broiling sun. When yanked to their feet by the zealous limbs of the law, the darkeys rubbed their eyes and gazed in wonderment at the blue coats.

"Whaffah you arrest us, boss?" they asked of Faulkner. "We ain't bin doin' nothin' but waitin' yea for de gawbage wagon 't come 'long. We all's city 'plices, we is. We jess—"

"'Bout face!" shouted Lieutenant Faulkner to the "subs." "Forward, march—straight back to the cooler joint. We've been fooled again."

LIST' TO THE LAY OF THE OLD SALTS

Tell of Many Strange Happenings on Amazon River.

THROUGH SEA OF RED

Huge Alligator Attacks Ship; Mando in Music Lures Whistling Monkey on Deck; Big Turtles Halt Vessel and Men Fight Vampire Bats.

New York.—Pipe all hands on deck, mates, and listen to this gory tale of the sea. It is the tale of the little steamer Javary which recently arrived from a voyage of 2,500 miles down the Amazon river.

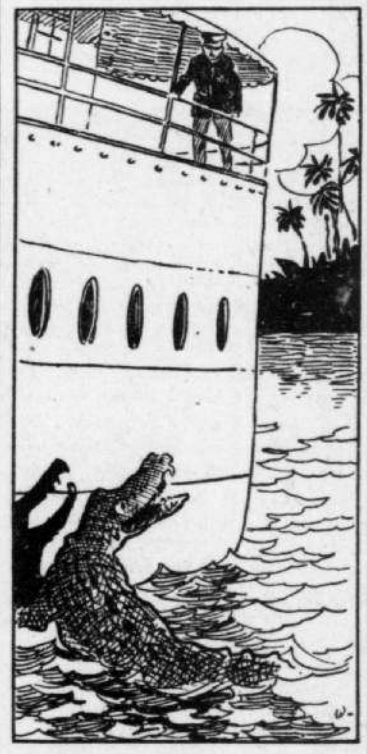
Captain Alexander Alexander is master of the Javary and many a trip he has made up and down the Amazon. The first mate is G. N. Duff, the second R. B. Furneaux, and the third, J. L. Williams. All are familiar with the waters of the Amazon, its mosquitoes, its alligators and its blood-sucking vampires.

On the second day out, with just a whiff of breeze to temper the heat, the Javary was coming along slowly, as all ships do in those waters at the start. Mr. Duff—they call all officers "Mr." on all well regulated ships—was on deck. A huge alligator showed his ugly head above the water near the river bank, then came with a rush on to the steamer.

With a bang he hit the side of the ship, and the force of the shock bounced him back.

Mr. Duff walked forward, looking over the side, and the alligator followed him in the water. When they got to the bow the attacking party renewed the attack. A kedge anchor hung over the bow, for in those waters they have to be ready always to drop a hook or throw it into the bank to warp around a bend. The kedge is let go by withdrawing a steel pin from its fastening. Mr. Duff waited until the alligator was rushing head on at the bow plates, then pulled the pin. With an awful bump the hook smashed down upon the head of the most surprised alligator ever seen in the Amazon.

Third Mate Williams plays the mandolin. One evening, shortly after the alligator episode he was on deck, the vessel being at anchor under the overhanging foliage of the bank. As he played he heard a whistling accompaniment to his playing. He stopped, puzzled, and the whistling stopped, too. He played again and the whistling was resumed. It was eerie. While he was trying to make up his



The Alligator Followed Him in the Water.

mind whether the sound was that of a mermaid or a banshee something fell or jumped from aloft and landed on his back.

He screamed in terror as a pair of hairy arms encircled his neck, and rose to grapple with the "whatever" it was. Sailors ran to his assistance and found him tied up with a gibbering, jabbering whistling monkey. It was a species of the whistling monkey of the Amazon, which had been often heard by those on board and never before seen.

It was only a few days after this occurrence that Second Officer Furneaux, who was on deck, noticed a most peculiar phenomenon in the water ahead. The river had suddenly turned black. The officer called the captain and, by and by, through the glass they made out an immense school of turtles. They were thick as logs in a jam in the northwest. The motor boat had to be lowered and the turtles shoved off with pikes, just as they handle a log jam, to make way for the steamer. The jam extended for nearly half a mile.

At Aquim, Hayti, the Javary took on a deck cargo of dye wood. The next day it rained and the dye ran out of wood, flooding the sea with a crimson hue, so that the ship appeared to sail with a sea of blood in her wake. The deck was stained with the dye. All was red, red, red.

Rounds Up 15,000,000 Bugs.

Carlinville, Ill.—Farmers in Macoupin county, Illinois, are making a profit out of a pest by taking advantage of a strange "bounty" offer. Macoupin county business men organized a committee, which offered \$2 a bushel for all cinch bugs sent in by farmers to the committee headquarters at Carlinville. Ike Sneadaker of Jerseyville was the first to claim the bounty. He shipped 32 quarts of bugs. Sneadaker estimates there were 15,000,000 bugs in the consignments.

ANGLER HOOKS MAN WHO IS DROWNING

Amateur Fisherman Had Narrow Escape From Death in Lake Pontchartrain.

New Orleans, La.—William Klein, an upholsterer, of No. 1514 Euterpe street, an amateur angler, experienced a narrow escape from death just as he had finished preparations for a day's sport in fishing off the northeastern bridge over Lake Pontchartrain, about 500 feet from North Shore.

The presence of mind of John Landry, a negro living at No. 119 North Liberty street, saved Mr. Klein from drowning. Landry cast a line and hooked Mr. Klein as the latter was sinking.

Mr. Klein, accompanied by his son, arrived at North Shore about 7 a. m. and began walking the "long bridge." When about 500 feet from the shore the crowd gathered on a small platform to permit an incoming local train to pass. Mr. Klein carried his fishing pole strapped across his shoulder.



The Hook Caught.

This was hit by the tender of the incoming train.

The upholsterer was thrown in the lake on the Mandeville side of the bridge, landing in the water somewhat dazed. A swift tide running at the time carried Mr. Klein under the bridge and out into the lake.

Ropes were thrown to him, but he was helpless and was rapidly floating from the bridge.

John Landry, the negro fisherman, threw his fishing line in the direction of Mr. Klein, fortunately striking him on the leg. The hook caught and the almost lifeless body was brought up and held at the surface.

Several men who witnessed the sensational rescue climbed down posts and fastened a rope to the fisherman's body. He was held there until a small fishing craft was brought to Mr. Klein's side and later he was taken ashore.

It was not until some time after his son and several of the amateur fishermen worked on the prostrate form that the man was revived.

Mr. Klein suffered pain as a result of the fish hook which caught in his leg when Landry threw the lucky line. The hook was deeply imbedded in the fleshy part of the leg and had to be cut out.

BIG RATTLER CHARMS CHILD

Little Girl Wiggled and Squirmed Like Snake Until the Reptile Was Killed.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Charmed by a big rattlesnake three feet long with nine rattles, Helen, the three-year-old daughter of Andrew Lahey of Amenia, near here, who was snatched from the reptile by her mother the other day, has caused much astonishment to the residents of that section by her strange actions. The little child wriggled and squirmed about like a snake and it was not until the reptile was put to death by the father of the child that the little girl stopped squirming and returned to her normal condition. She was not bitten by the snake.

For several days the mother of the little girl noticed that the youngster played around a stone door step in front of the house and disliked being taken away from the spot. Finally the mother noticed the baby playing in the same place and talking to some one. Creeping up behind the baby Mrs. Lahey was astonished to find that her little girl was bent over talking to an object under the step. Securing an iron bar Mrs. Lahey lifted up the stone to ascertain the attraction of the baby and much to her horror she discovered a huge rattler coiled up under the step. Snatching the child and screaming for help Mrs. Lahey attracted the attention of her husband and he killed the snake. Immediately after the reptile was put to death the little girl recovered her normal condition.

ROMAN GRAVES ARE FOUND

Fine Examples of Ancient Pottery Excavated in England on Syn-dale Estate.

London.—An interesting discovery has been made this week on the Syn-dale estate, at Faversham, where, in the course of some excavations, two Roman graves have been found, containing some very fine examples of Roman pottery. The articles include two jars, intact, one of them of very graceful design; several pieces of pseudo Samian ware (two are three of these also being intact), and some fragments of a ear glass, a glass vase and a bronze ornament. A Roman camp was located near where the discovery was made, and it is probable that the graves were those of Roman soldiers. The Syn-dale estate belongs to the family of G. C. H. Wheeler, M. P. for Northeast Kent.

SERVING EGGS AND OMELETS

New and Effective Ways of Preparing Staples for the Breakfast or Luncheon.

Omelet, Trouville.—Beat the yolks of half a dozen eggs till they are almost white, then beat the whites for the same time and pour them over the yolks; add a dessertspoonful of chopped mushrooms, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley, a few drops of lemon juice, pepper and salt, six table-spoonfuls of milk and three table-spoonfuls of flour, and beat all well together for at least five minutes. Peel a small onion, slice and fry in butter. When the butter is boiling hot take out the onion and pour in the omelet. Hold the pan over the fire in rather a slanting position to keep the omelet from spreading. When fried a light brown fold over and serve very hot. A little grated tongue is sometimes added to this omelet.

Eggs in Cases.—Make some paper cases about three inches square, butter them well inside and half fill them with sifted breadcrumbs seasoned with chopped parsley and a small quantity of cayenne and salt. Stick small pieces of butter over the breadcrumbs, break an egg into each and add breadcrumbs prepared as before till the cases are full. Put them into an oven or on a gridiron over a clear fire for three minutes. Serve hot.

Eggs, Italiano.—Boil the eggs hard, cut them in halves, take out the yolks, weigh the latter and place them in a mortar and pound together with a little breadcrumbs soaked in cream, chopped parsley, one anchovy, a little chopped onion, grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Put the mixture into a saucepan and cook to a thick paste, adding a little cream or gravy. Fill the cavities of the whites with this and serve cold with a salad, or hot in sauce or on a puree of vegetables.

Eggs, Sultana.—Put into a bowl the yolks of three eggs with a table-spoonful of chutney and a table-spoonful and a half olive oil and beat well. Break half a dozen eggs, one at a time, into a teacup, put them one by one on the sauce and set the dish into a moderate oven until the eggs are set, but not overdone. Serve on the same dish, very hot.

Spanish eggs.—Put into a saucepan a breakfast cupful of washed rice with a quart of boiling milk, add half a table-spoonful of salt and boil till done. Strain the rice, drain on a colander and put into a bowl. Add two ounces of butter, mix well and spread evenly on a dish. Cut into slices six hard boiled eggs, arrange on the rice and serve.

Beet Greens.—Wash with care, taking care that the skin is not broken. Cut off the leaves one inch above the beet. Cook the beets in boiling salted water until tender. If very young, this may take only 45 minutes. Twenty minutes before the beets are done, place the greens in boiling salted water and cook with the cover off. Remove the beets from the water, peel, dice, season with salt, pepper and butter and place in serving dish. Drain the greens, chop and season, and place around the beets.

Green Corn Puffs.

Beat two eggs until light, add one cup sweet milk, one pint grated corn seasoned with salt and a dash of red pepper. Butter well six custard cups. Fill them half full of the mixture, place the cups in the largest cooling utensil, which has been sufficiently filled with boiling water to keep the cups from floating. Fill the cups about level full with soft grated cheese. Heat radiator 15 minutes and leave in the fireless cooker one hour. Serve with tomato sauce.

Beef Loaf.—Beef loaf, served cold, is an inexpensive cold meat. Mix a pound of fresh, chopped beef with half a pound of fat salt pork chopped fine.

Bind them together with an egg and add salt, pepper, a little grated onion and then half a cupful each of milk and cracker crumbs. Roll into a loaf and bake for three-quarters of an hour, basting occasionally with hot water and melted butter.

Children's Luncheon.

A favorite luncheon for small children with dainty appetites is made from a box of animal crackers, one of saltines and a cup of pure maple syrup. Boil in the syrup until it forms a soft ball when dropped in ice water. Then put a little on each saltine and press an animal into this in a standing position. Cream cheese and marmalade with saltines is also a good combination.

Appierine Pudding.

Stew sliced apple until tender. Add two cups of sauce to three cups milk and about two cups of bread crumbs, broken in coarse pieces. Sweeten with one and one-half cups white sugar, season with lemon, cinnamon or nutmeg, one-half cup raisins cut in halves, pinch of salt, piece of butter size of walnut. Bake one hour. Serve hot or cold with or without sauce. Whipped cream is delicious.

To Keep Grapes.

Grapes may be kept for months. Select perfect bunches and see that the fruit is solid on the bunch. Remove all little spiders and their webs, but do not wash the fruit. Wrap each bunch carefully in dark blue tissue paper, twisting the ends tightly to exclude the air, then pack the grapes away in a closely covered box, and keep the box a cool, dark dry place.

Plain Cake.

Half a cup of molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sour milk (sweet will do), 1 teaspoon soda, small piece shortening, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves (scant), a little salt. Add flour the same as for ginger bread. Bake in a moderate oven.

Watermelon Punch.

The juice of a watermelon squeezed from the pulp makes an excellent foundation for a summer punch. Add sugar to taste, a bottle of ginger ale, juice of two lemons, a quart of sparkling Moselle and cracked ice. Serve as soon as made.

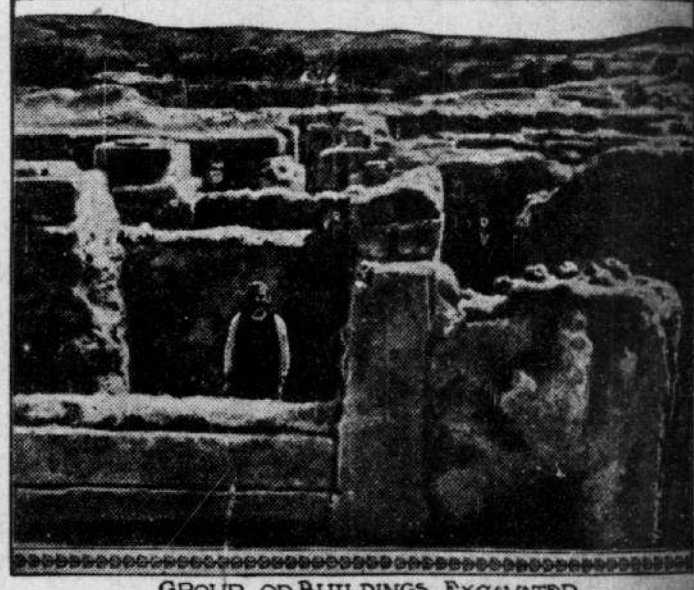
Excavation of Minoan Settlement

BELOW the Cretan kings, who held state in the great palaces of Knossos and Phaestos four thousand years ago, there ranked, as we know, vassal princes and noble families, each of whom lived on and by a smaller township or district, contributing, doubtless, in kind or in service to the royal treasuries, writes D. G. Hogarth in The Illustrated News. Such minor townships, dominated by miniature "palaces," were laid bare in eastern Crete, at Gournia and Palaikastro, by Mrs. Boyd Hawes and the British school at Athens; and perhaps the so-called "Royal Villa" at Hagia Triada, excavated by the Italian mission, must be regarded, not as a king's seat, but as a very splendid example of a territorial noble's residence, overlooking a rich fief at the head of the Bay of Messara.

Quite recently, by the enterprise and care of the Cretan Department of antiquities, directed by Dr. J. Hatzidakis, the chief ephor, another of these seigneurial settlements has been excavated at the village of Tylissos, near Candia. The place lies some seven miles west of Knossos in a fertile hill country which extends to the base of Mount Ida; and no doubt it was the center of a territorial fief held under the Minoan kings by some noble house.

Large Bronze Vessels.

Some years ago it came to the knowledge of the Ephorate that peasants of Tylissos were in the habit of resorting for building stone to a certain locality hard by the village, and that the stone procured there was ready squared. In the process of quarrying they had thrown out quantities of potsherds, and one peasant, more fortunate than the rest, had come on some large bronze vessels, much battered and crushed, but complete. These were impounded for the government, but for a long time supposed to be of Hellenic date. Since, however, systematic excavation has



GROUP OF BUILDINGS EXCAVATED

been prosecuted, the whole site has been found to be Minoan, and those cauldrons must be accounted rare and precious survivals of the metallurgy of the Later Palace Period at Knossos.

What has been laid bare at Tylissos is rather a group of large residential houses than any "palace," properly so called. They resemble in type certain houses found in 1900 in the town of Knossos at some distance from the palace building, but are larger and more richly decorated. The different residences, having had some architectural connection with one another, seem to have formed a sort of block, much as houses of the same age at Phylakopi, in Melos, were found to be linked one to the next, and probably they represent a family settlement.

Around them, but separated, are remains of a few poorer dwellings, forming a dependent village or hamlet, inhabited by villeins or retainers, as was the case at Hagia Triada. What buildings are now visible are of the Third Middle and First Late Minoan Periods—that is, the sixteenth century B. C., or thereabouts; but there were both seigneurial residences and also poor dwellings in a previous age, the Second Middle Minoan, and possibly a village existed before any noble house was built. This point, it is hoped, will be cleared up when the excavations in the area surrounding the main site have been carried deeper and wider next season.

Changed His Mind.

When the old farmer entered the "bucket shop" he was angry all over. "I do not think I'll invest a cent with you," he ejaculated. "I just heard, by Hen, that you handle watered stocks."

The fake broker was nonplussed for the moment. Quickly recovering his composure, however, he slapped the old farmer on the back and said in his most lubricated tones:

"My dear sir, of course our stocks are watered. We water them through precaution."

"Precaution?"

"Yes; in these days of fierce germs and ferocious microbes we can't be too particular. That is why we put all of our stock through a hot-water process before putting it on the market."

And the old farmer was so tickled he put up another thousand dollars.

Analyzing a Volcano.

Members of the staff of the geophysical laboratory of the Carnegie institution are studying the physics and chemistry of active volcanoes at the crater of Kilauea in Hawaii. During

The two chief houses of the later period repeat several features of the Cretan and Phaestian palaces, notably pillared halls and store-rooms with great jars ranged round their walls. The larger living-rooms seem to have had finely frescoed walls. Many fragments of their decorations have been recovered and are now pieced together to show groups of Minoan ladies, warriors in procession, and fan-bearing slaves.

Of the furniture, besides the bronze vessels already alluded to, painted vases in great variety have been found, among which are very good examples of that use of natural vegetable forms for stylistic ornament which is characteristic of the early Late Minoan period; and some vases in stone also have been unearthed, of which one, a slender vase in black obsidian, of exquisite form and admirable symmetry, once more fills us with astonished envy of the capacities of Cretan craftsmanship. That such a material as this volcanic glass could be turned with truth by workmen who had no tools but of stone or soft bronze would never be believed, had we not this vase and some early vessels in Egypt to prove the fact. The process must have been almost as slow as a process of nature!

One remarkable statuette in bronze has rewarded the Ephor's labors. It shows a male figure, clad in belted lion-cloth with frontal flap, and standing in an attitude of salutation. He is probably an adorant of the Cretan goddess. Many similar figures in similar attitudes have been found elsewhere in the island, notably in the Psycho cave; but none so carefully and scientifically modelled as this. They all seem to have been deposited in shrines and holy places by men desirous to put a vicarious representation of themselves in constant relation with the deity.

If the excavators had found nothing but this statuette, it would have repaid their enterprises. But, in fact,

they have found much else, as we have seen, and before they leave Tylissos, should find yet more.

CAPTIVE IN MUSIC'S SPELL

Quail in No Uncertain Mood When He Heard the Call of the Notes.

"A baby quail was captured and brought to the house. The large cage provided for him stood upon a square of oilcloth, and this was little Bob White's ranch. Here were his foot, his basin of water, and the sandpit where he took his daily dust-bath. The door of his house was always open, but he seldom wandered beyond the limits of his own domain.

"One thing invariably tempted the little reclusive to venture forth: this was the sound of music. Like a small boy racing after the band, the moment the tones of the piano reached his quick ear, he started on a run, and the quick pat-patting of his feet announced his approach. He would circle about the piano and, with a fluff-fluff of his short wings, mount to the keyboard. The little square corner at its end was his opera chair, where he cuddled down contentedly as long as the music continued, at times expressing his appreciation by a contented, soft, purring sound."—Suburban Life.

the summer of 1912 these investigators descended into the crater and collected gases directly from the lava. These they sealed in glass tubes without letting the gases come in contact with the air at all. They went the tubes to Washington. Besides taking samples of liquid lava directly from the molten lake, the investigators studied the composition of the gaseous matter in the cloud of smoke above the volcano. Since some authorities have believed that there is no water in the material emitted by volcanoes, it is interesting to notice that the geophysical laboratory workers condensed no less than half a pint of water by cooling one of the gases that they had taken directly from the boiling lava.—Youth's Companion.

Take Away Unused Sugar.

People in France when they dine at restaurant frequently appropriate the sugar they don't happen to use. Sugar in France is dear, and what is saved by the purchaser as much as the coffee itself. So why not take a lump of two home to little Jeanne or Pierre?