

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Whole Deal Struck This Clerk as Real Funny

CHICAGO.—Warrant Clerk John J. Gardner of the court of domestic relations has ministered to the troubles of thousands of married couples since he became an aid of Judge Uhlir, but none of the misunderstandings were as momentous as one which confronted the clerk the other day.

Gardner was dreaming about the opening baseball game when he was disturbed by the appearance of a woman who wanted a warrant for her husband's arrest.

"What's your name?" queried the clerk, mechanically.

"Mary Struck, and I live at 216 East Ontario street," answered the woman.

"What's the charge?" asked Gardner.

"He struck me," replied the woman, angrily.

"Who struck you?" demanded Gardner, who is used to hearing such complaints.

"John Struck," snapped the woman.

Gardner appeared peeved.

"Sure, John struck you," he said, "but there are a lot of Johns in this city. Who is he?"

"He's Struck," the woman attempted to explain.

"He's Struck," said Gardner. "Well, who struck him? What is this, a free-for-all fight?"

"Nobody struck him. He struck me, Mary Struck," explained the woman.

Patience Gardner repeated the statement aloud. He turned it inside out, walked all around it and tried to get a little light on the tangle.

"See here," he finally exploded, "is this some joke? You say that nobody struck him. John struck you, and Mary struck. Who did Mary strike?"

It was plain that the woman pitted Gardner because he couldn't understand such a simple proposition.

"Pay attention," she demanded. "My husband, John Struck—that's his name—struck me, Mary Struck—that's my name. Can't you understand English?"

A light burst upon Gardner, and he made out a warrant for Mary Struck, against her husband, John Struck, 1648 North Wood street, charging that he struck her.

It was very simple after an explanation.

Glove Counter Fussed Up When Actor Comes In

PITTSBURGH, PA.—He was an actor; if proof of identity were needed, the astrachan-collared topcoat and silver-headed walking stick (summer weight) were sufficient. As he breezed up to the ladies' glove counter in a downtown department store a blonde fairly sporting an aquiline nasal appendage recognized him.

Thud! Instantly business at the glove counter was at a standstill.

"Hey, girls," piped up the blonde with the noticeable nose; "pipe that guy that Maxie's waitin' on. He's a actor and plays in the stock company. Me'n Myrtle Harlin seen him play a swell part las' week. I guess he ain't workin' this week. Gee, ain't he a swell looker, though?"

"Say," came from the blonde again, "wonder who's the lucky dame that guy's a-buyn' them white gloves for?"

"Lordie, but I wish it was me," murmured a little thing with large blue eyes and a cerise waist.

All the time the several customers in the glove department were permitted to wait. One woman, who was being fitted for a pair of hand-leathers, believed she had a kick coming when one of the excited ones began sprinkling glove powder on her brand new black cloth coat.

Selecting a pair of lady's white kid gloves, the actor ordered them wrapped for mailing and then tendered a bill in payment.

Every eye in the department followed that bill. Every eye there saw it and saw that it was a one-spot.

White kid gloves for a lady—and to be mailed at that—only costing a case-note?

Fleece!

But this wasn't all. There was change forthcoming; and when the hero had departed, one of the stricken ones had courage to ask Maxie what priced gloves had been purchased.

"Oh, he ain't nothin' but a cheap skate. He got a pair of them 78-cent things and told me to take all the cost marks off."

Cupid's Tolls Remain Unpaid; Talker in a Cell

NEWARK, N. J.—Absence made fonder the heart of Douglas Whittaker shortly after midnight the other morning as he wrestled with sleeplessness in his room in the Holland house. Douglas, who is eighteen and lives, when at home, in Winthrop, Mass., was thinking of a fair person in his home town and decided that the only way he could overcome his restlessness would be to call her on the telephone.

He made the call from his room.

The clerk, whose eyes were on the white tab in the switchboard, at length grew weary and sent a bellboy up to ask Douglas if he expected to terminate the conversation before Washington's birthday.

"Tell him I'll be finished in a minute," said Douglas. In time he hung up the receiver and walked down to the hotel office. "How much?" he asked the clerk.

"Oh, I guess a dollar'll cover it," was the answer, "but I might as well ask central."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Whittaker.

It wasn't such a good idea—for Mr. Whittaker—as the operator announced that he had been talking for one hour and three minutes, the charge for which was \$34.40.

"Gee," Douglas whistled. "I haven't got over 51 cents. You'll have to take that."

"Who put that foolish idea into your head?" the clerk asked. He sent for a policeman, and Douglas was arrested. He was held pending the receipt of word from his parents.

In view of the recent decision in a similar case by Judge Hahn that a telephone call cannot be stolen because it is not tangible, the outcome of this case invites interest, particularly from the hotel people.

Part the Bronx Plays in Greater New York City

NEW YORK.—Greater New York consists of five boroughs. And if you should manage to squeeze into a Bronx express in the subway you probably would conclude that all of New York's millions live in the Borough of Bronx and only go to the other boroughs on business or for social purposes.

There are several ways of reaching the Bronx, but the most unpopular route is via the subway. Both local and express trains run to the Bronx. The local trains stop at every station on the way and take about an hour in transit. The express trains stop between stations and take about an hour and a half. But, as was stated, New Yorkers are natural born gamblers, and most everyone traveling to or from the Bronx tries to get into an express on the chance that it will make better time than a local. Sometimes the expresses do beat the locals by about two minutes.

People who reside in the Bronx sometimes move to Harlem. In the social climb, the route begins, for example, in a clothing store in the East side, where push-cart markets decorate the streets. From the lower East side the prosperous retail merchant moves to the Bronx. He has thus elevated his social status. When he becomes sufficiently wealthy for his daughters to resign their positions in the department stores where they sell ribbons, and for his sons to attend the City College of New York instead of continuing their study of the tailoring trade, he moves to Harlem, and the family craft is launched upon the social sea.

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

THE GERMAN CITY—ITS GOOD AND EVIL



Cologne, Germany.—The modern German city is, in a double sense, a factory product. It did not "just grow," as Topsy, but it has been manufactured. The reason for its manufacture has usually been the development of the local factory. This generalization must be modified by exceptions, of course. Transportation, commerce, music, art and education have contributed to the recent growth of some German cities. The majority, however, machine-made as other factory products, are the results of an industrialism which tends everywhere to urbanization. Examples of the old Germany may yet be seen in the ancient quarters of Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfurt and other towns, but for these one may look in vain along the boulevards and in the modern sections of cities which have grown to greatness in the present generation. These are the cities of the new Germany. Upon their stucco the paint is hardly dry.

Outwardly Attractive.

There are two sides to the German city—the outside and the inside. The outside is ordinarily beautiful and attractive. The boulevards are broad and airy; the open places are many and artistic; the streets are well paved and are clean—usually by women sweepers; the lighting, excellent; the sanitation, good; cathedrals are stately, and the older ones, at least, picturesque; the newer public buildings, though often coldly regular and

stiff in architectural design, are spacious and impressive.

People's Food Carefully Supervised.

The German lives much in the open air. We find the gardens in the modern cities, even in weather that seems unseasonable, thronged. There is much drinking of beer, but little intoxication, much festivity, but little boisterousness. The German is careful though comprehensive in his eating. The German city provides municipal slaughter houses, where meat is prepared for sale under strict regulation against taint; open air and covered market halls, where fresh vegetables, fish, poultry and other food products are sold; and has a ceaseless supervision of bakeries, dairies and breweries. In Berlin and some other cities the meat from the slaughter house is stamped, "unbedingt tadellos"—free of all possible taint. The city arranges for the sale of other meat, not thus free from taint, but which can be used for food without danger to health, at municipal establishments called the "Fred Banks," where it is bought at low prices and at certain fixed hours by the poor.

The German loves music and the theater and so the German city provides municipal opera houses where the best artists may be heard, often at prices within the reach of the poorest-paid laborer.

Cities Deal in Real Estate.

The German city provides public baths and disinfecting establishments. It owns its own street cars. Berlin is a notable example, for in Berlin a heavy tax on the gross receipts of the street-car system is levied. It buys and holds tracts of land in and adjacent to the city for the construction of houses for business or residence purposes, sells or leases this land and thus controls the growth and development of the city itself. This last function of the German city is responsible for much of the best results of the municipal town planning and house planning in the empire. These are some features of the German city. Beyond fewer pots in the windows, let us glance at the German city on the inside.

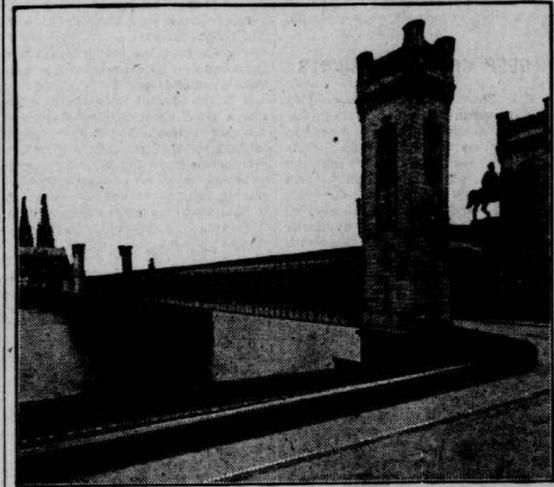
The German city does not govern itself—it is governed. True it elects its own town council, which, in turn, selects the burgomaster or mayor, and has general control of municipal affairs. The electors, however, are divided into voting groups, according to wealth, by which the man of average property has only a small part in the election. Somewhat different suffrage systems exist in the different German states. Indeed, it should be remembered in observations upon Ger-

many that not only is there an old and a new Germany, but a northern and a southern Germany, a Prussia, a Bavaria, a Saxony, a Baden, and in the differences between them, though the distances are equally as large as and in many ways larger than those between Pennsylvania and Texas, Massachusetts and California. Germany, however, with all its internal differences of social and administrative life, has been called, with much appropriateness, a magnified Prussia.

Voting Strength Gauged by Wealth.

The method of electing town councilors in the cities of Prussia may serve as an illustration of how the people of these cities do not govern themselves. In each voting district the total of the state tax paid is divided into three parts and the voters, all males of twenty-five years of age and upwards, are also divided into three classes, each class electing one-third of the council. The first class consists of the heaviest taxpayers, whose payments total one-third of the whole sum of the district; the second class consists of the next heaviest taxpayers, whose taxes also amount to a third of the total; while the third class consists of the smallest taxpayers. The first class sometimes has only one or two voters in it, the second only a few, while the third will have several hundred or even thousands. Each class has, however, the same voting strength. This gives, of course, to the heavy taxpayers many times the voting strength of the small taxpayer.

A Berlin newspaper, in pointing out some results of this three-class system, showed that in one voting district one taxpayer with an annual income of \$10,000 was the entire first class; in an adjoining and very poor district ten men, whose taxes were only \$25 each, constituted the first class, and added that if the Berliner with the \$10,000 income had voted in the rich Thiergarten quarter he



Bridge Over Rhine at Cologne.

"would have been in the third class, like the imperial chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg." Actually there are 200,000 voters in the first class, 900,000 in the second, and more than 6,000,000 in the third. If the suffrage system of Prussia prevailed in the United States, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and others would in their respective districts, constitute the entire first class.

Councilors High-Class Men.

Whatever criticism may be made of this electoral system from other viewpoints, it has resulted, generally, in electing to the position of town councilors high-class and public-spirited men. This evil has attached to it, however, that the men thus chosen have reflected too often and too exclusively the wishes and interests of their rich constituents. The new German city, as made or permitted by them—if anything is really officially permitted in Germany—is too largely an aristocratic municipality rather than a democratic community, for show to the few rather than for use by the many.

Public service, giving, as it does in Germany, a coveted social position, attracts many Germans of the highest character. The call to civic duty is one which no German refuses. The law which punishes with a fine any person declining to accept the office of councillor after election is said to have proved unnecessary. Germans accept these positions, without salary, and with no patronage, because of the prestige and, chiefly, from a high sense of civic patriotism.

In some of the larger cities of Germany citizen deputes are appointed by the council to advise and aid it. In Berlin are about a hundred, serving without pay, drawn from all ranks, assisting in various important functions of government, particularly those having to do with city social and philanthropic work. This unusual feature of municipal government has brought to the service of the city many experts who have contributed much to the development on right lines of the modern German city.

Mayer a Business Director.

Distinguishing features of German city administrations are their permanency and the business method on which they are conducted. The town councilors are elected for six years, one-third every two years. The burgomaster or mayor is chosen for twelve years. In nearly every city are public officials who have been elected for twenty or more years. City administration has become a business in which the German does not wish amateurs. The mayor is chosen as

poration. It is not unusual to find in a German newspaper an advertisement for a mayor! Some German city, having lost its mayor, wishes the best to be had in the empire and advertises for one with experience as mayor. Frequently a man of a large city is chosen as mayor of a smaller city in consequence of his serving with conspicuous success as mayor in a smaller town. The German system secures a cautious policy of city administration and one in which business rather than politics rules. That the system is too often controlled by big business is a result of the electoral plan under which it is chosen rather than of the system itself. This electoral plan is sixteenth-century German feudalism brought down to date.

Mousing Conditions Bad.

The German city, despite the benevolent benevolence of its highly organized administration, has left much to be desired in actual municipal life. Upon looking within we find oppressive restrictions, high rents, crowded quarters, the slum and the German "barrack-house." The average German laborer, mechanic, clerk or small merchant, does not live on the boulevards or near the open places. His home is in small rooms, with outlook upon a dark courtyard where innumerable carpets are beaten twice a week. Flats, with congested quarters, take the place of the detached dwelling houses which are familiar in American cities. Clean streets but gloomy and dark interiors, lacking air but not lacking dust and noise, are the rule in the larger German cities. It may be questioned whether the bright boulevards and the red serenades in the balcony windows compensate to the city as a whole for the dullness, stuffiness and worse of the average citizen's actual living rooms. How far all this could be prevented by municipal effort, it is impossible to say.

When the outside of the German city is commended, however, and the admirable features of its municipal administration, the unsolved problem of the "barrack-flat" makes a considerable offset to the merited praise. In London six per cent. of the population live in "dwellings" or one room, in Berlin 41 per cent. The declining birth rate in the German cities—a few babies are more to be desired than many boulevards—in, to a degree, the result of the lamentable housing conditions.

Municipal Land Ownership.

A striking feature of the German city is its ownership of land. Within ten years Frankfurt has expended \$50,000,000 in buying real estate and now owns more than half of the land on which the city stands. Berlin owns 39,000 acres, Munich 15,000, and other cities own large tracts. It is urged in favor of municipal investment in land that it enables the municipality to carry out adequate plans for town building, keeping factories together, opening desirable streets and parks, providing better conditions and preventing the land speculation which deforms and disfigures so many towns, small as well as large. Another argument urged in its favor is that in this way the municipality, not private individuals, who usually have done little or nothing to bring it about, gets the benefit of the unearned increment which comes with the city's growth. This ownership of land with the financial profit therefrom has in many German cities reduced or eliminated taxation and made the municipalities rich.

Must Improve Living Conditions.

In any view of the German city today it will be found that the outside of the plaster has been made scrupulously clean, but within there are yet dead men's bones. The chief problem of the German city's justly praised business administration has now become that of making flowers to bloom and lights to shine and breathable air to come in the inside where the people live, to save the babies without losing the boulevards.

In these benevolent and business municipalities today, careful about many little things—handing the visitor a cab ticket—let me lose himself and numbering the very pigeons on their roofs lest too many pigeons are paid for pigeon food—the chief consideration tomorrow will be for the men and women, little as well as big, who are the town.

For even the German city is made for the residents thereof. The resident is not made for the German city. This fundamental fact is just now being realized in all its largeness by the dwellers in the German city.

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Humble Joker.

Humphrey Ward, the husband of the well-known novelist, likes to joke about his nonentity.

The speaker was a New York magazine editor.

"Humphrey Ward, they tell me," the editor went on, "once entered his wife's study while she was out, and glanced over the manuscript upon her writing desk."

"He read the sentence, 'She swept the room with bright, fresh glance,' and taking up a pencil, he wrote on the margin of the page, 'If she would only sweep the room with a bright, fresh broom!'"

"Reading on, he came to, 'She touched a button and a footman appeared.' His marginal note to this was, 'Alas, she will never touch a button!'"

"And now he came upon the sentence, 'She decided to mend her way.' And again he wrote, 'Hopeless. She'll never mend anything.'"

Napoleon's Home Saved.

The popular indignation that was shown in France when L'Illustration a few weeks ago gave detailed accounts of the neglect of Napoleon's prison home at St. Helena has had immediate effect.

Members of the chamber of deputies belonging to all factions have agreed that it is the nation's duty to care for the house where the emperor lived and died, and an addition of \$4,000 to the present appropriation—more than twice what is now given—will undoubtedly be made.

It would have been easy enough to raise money by popular subscription but by common agreement it was decided that it would be more dignified to have it the official act of the nation

HUNTING in the HIMALAYA

AWAY up in the northeast of India lies the British district of Garhwal, a land of lofty peaks, great glaciers and rugged ravines, the habitat of the Himalaya range, or "Abode of Snow," as the natives picturesquely term it, that stupendous natural barrier between Tibet and Hindustan. Garhwal contains within its limits some 20 peaks exceeding a height of 30,000 feet, including Nanda Devi (25,500 feet), Trigul (23,400 feet), and many others of almost equal magnitude. Apart from the people who inhabit these mountain fastnesses, the chief object of interest attaching to the region in question is the shikar there found, of which the burhel (Ovis nabhra) and the red bear (Ursus isabellinus) are the most prominent, writes P. T. Eberhart in County Life.

Connecting Link.

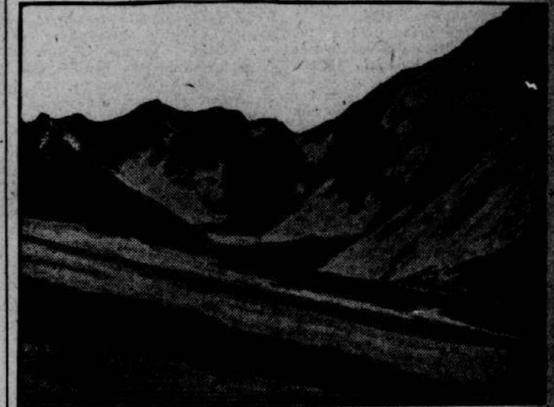
The burhel, or blue sheep, may be considered as a link between the sheep and the goat, inasmuch as it possesses the type of horn peculiar to the sheep, while its habitat is ground favored by the goat family, more particularly dangerous precipices which form so prominent a feature of the higher ground in the Himalaya. The burhel is remarkable for its climbing abilities, and in this respect it probably has no equal in the world, being able to negotiate ground on which no living thing could apparently maintain a footing. In color it is bluish grey on the upper portions of the body, with white below, the hair being brittle and closely set, which enables the animal to withstand the rigors of the Himalayan climate. The burhel is seldom found below an altitude of 12,000 feet, and more frequently at elevations of 17,000 feet and over. The herds vary in number from 15 or 20 to upwards of 50, and they prefer broken ground in the vicinity of high and inaccessible rocks to which they can take themselves on the approach of danger. The burhel is one of the hardest animals to locate on the mountain side, as its color assimilates

Once out on the slope on which the herd was feeding we became more or less exposed, while the rattle of loose shale might easily cause the quarry to seek safety in precipitate flight. Crawling along and taking advantage of slight folds in the terrain we finally reached a point from which any further advance was out of the question, for, by just rising above a lying prowl, one could see the burhel some 200 yards off. Evidently something had alarmed them, for they stood in a bunch gazing intently in our direction, so singling out the big head of the red bear, which was quietly pushed forward, and a shikar behind the shoulder sent him rolling and bumping down the slope, while the rest of the herd betook themselves to headlong flight. Far down the mountain side we found the fallen monarch, some rocks and boulders having arrested his descent. The tags gave the horns at 33 inches—a really fine head and a most happy opening day.

Altitude of 17,000 Feet.

We spent some time in and around this camp getting another good head to add to the bag. Camp was then moved to a nullah further to the northwest in the direction of the Niti Lo, one of the passes connecting India with Tibet, at an altitude of 17,000 feet. Wild sheep of the Ovis ammon variety are said to be found in one or two nullahs near the Niti, and though, as far as one can ascertain, their identity still lacks determination, they are probably some herds which have come over from the Tibetan side of the Himalaya.

The red bear (Ursus isabellinus) is found in the valleys and along the higher ground of the Himalaya and the ranges approximate to those of the black bear, with the exception that it is met with only at high altitudes. The fur is of a reddish color, and in good condition, the skins form fine trophies. All the bear tribe possess wonderful powers of scent and are able to detect the presence of danger at considerable distances.



TYPICAL HIMALAYA SCENE

so well to the surrounding rocks and shale that it is frequently overlooked by the hunter, even when using binoculars.

It was early in July when we camped in a wild and rugged side ravine, an offshoot of the main valley, camp being pitched on a rich grass sward hard by the water's edge, while above us stretched the dark moraine, and then the snow-capped peaks of the Himalaya. Amid this prospect of surpassing grandeur the burhel has his home, but seldom disturbed by the crack of the hunter's rifle. During the day of our arrival in this picturesque spot we had seen burhel high up on the slopes within a mile of camp, which augured good prospects for the morrow. We started the next morning before dawn, heading up the ravine and on to the ridge, which we followed in the hope of getting above the burhel and working down against the wind, thus obviating the chance of their scenting us. It was a long and extremely hard climb, and near the snow-line became much more so from the huge nature of the rocks and boulders. But luck was in, for, arrived at the top, we sighted a herd of burhel out on an open path, bare and alarmingly precipitous, which descended in single sweep full 3,000 feet to the river bed below. The binoculars showed one of the heads to be particularly fine, with that graceful backward and outward sweep characteristic of the burhel.

A bear, when brought to bay, is an extremely dangerous antagonist, for size and formidable claws rendering a tussle with it often a life and death struggle. From the ground in the vicinity of the new camp signs were evident of red bear, and a day or two after arrival, when working along a rocky valley, one was sighted grazing on the eastern slopes and just above the forest level. The wind was right and the bear in a favorable position for a stalk, so we started off in hot pursuit. We were able to creep to within 300 yards and, from the cover of some rocks, had a preliminary glimpse of him. He was a fine-looking beast with a coat that looked rich and beautiful in the morning sun. It was a longish shikar, but further approach was impossible, so, pushing the rifle forward, we made off down into the forest, while he followed hard on his trail. It was comparatively easy to track him, along the ground and sundry leaves and bushes bore tell-tale marks of his progress which showed the shot had told. Further on we caught sight of him disappearing into a cavern among some rocks, and so halt was called the while, and discussed ways and means of bringing the quarry to bay. Finally it was decided that Bruta should be evicted from the cave—a proceeding not unlikely to be productive of much exciting incident, as proved to be the case.

WORTHY OF SHIP'S COMMAND

Highest Praise Accorded British Captain for Bringing His Vessel Through Great Danger.

But for the fine seamanship of Capt. R. G. Rennie the British steamer Earl of Douglas would in all probability have found a resting place on the reefs of the South American coast long before she was scheduled to complete her voyage from Buenos Ayres to Talca. Captain Rennie modestly refused to tell of his experience upon his arrival in port, but his officers were full of praise for the skillful navigator, who piloted his ship through storm and stress when the steamer was literally bumping her head off in the grip of a terrific westerly gale, after having been blown through the Straits of Magellan.

"He's a seaman from the tip of his toes up," enthusiastically declared the officers, from the first mate to the fourth, when, in a group, they were discussing the thrills of the voyage, on the bridge deck.

What They Said.

Vincent and Marian were playing "party," and as they sat down to "lunch" Marian suggested that they say grace.

Both bowed their heads silently for a moment.

"What did you say?" asked Vincent.

"I said 'Now I lay me,'"

"I said 'Everybody's doing it,'"