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NUMBER 37

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, Herrman 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."

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).

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SEEK BIG SEA PRIZE

Fortunes Spent to Recover Treasure on Sunken Craft.

Many Try to Secure £1,000,000 in Gold Ingots Which Went Down With British Warship Off Coast of Holland in 1799.

London.—The greatest prize of the sea, and one which has excited the mind of man for well over a century, is the British warship Lutine, which sank off the coast of Holland in 1799. In her strongroom were stored ingots and coin, estimated to be worth over £1,000,000. Just after she was wrecked the Dutch fishermen were said to be able to get to her at certain tides, and they recovered a portion of the precious cargo.

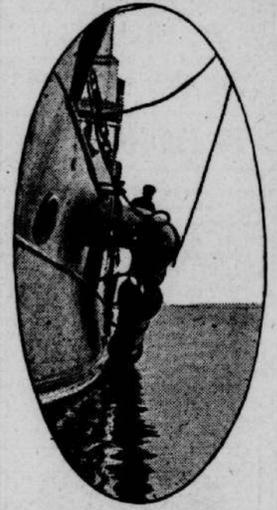
Then, however, the set of the current changed, and the Lutine was swallowed up. Since then several fortunes have been spent in efforts to recover the treasure. At one of these attempts the ship's bell was brought up, and it now hangs in Lloyd's, the underwriters, where it is tolled on very special occasions. Altogether, about £100,000 has been got out of her.

Some little while ago another attempt was made to retrieve the remainder of this huge fortune from the grasp of the ocean. All of the latest machinery of modern submarine engineering science was concentrated to this end.

Now, although the Lutine's position had been marked fairly accurately for upwards of a hundred years, a terrific gale blotted out the most important landmark—and where was the Lutine? The salvors did not know. Divers went down and searched on the spot where she was supposed to be, but they could not find her.

Then the leader of these modern treasure hunters decided on a plan for ascertaining her whereabouts.

Among the appliances of the expedition were powerful new sandpumps, one of which was capable of shifting 2,000 tons of sand an hour. Dropping the end of this giant pump over the side of the steamer, he set it going, and started to suck up the sea bed at a rapid rate, moving, of course, all the time. He knew more or less where the wreck should lie, and his idea was to cut a deep trench right across this area, and to keep on cutting and cross-cutting until he had found her. For



Sucking Up the Sea-Bed.

hours the dredging went on; sand poured ceaselessly from the pump; thousands of tons of it were removed. Then the Lutine was rediscovered, buried 30 feet deep in a sandbank.

In this manner the first difficulty was overcome. But many more had to be met, the chief being the strong tides which are continually altering the shape of the shoals, and the rough seas which seem to rage along that coast to an abnormal degree. Whenever the sea subsided and made it practicable for work to continue, the dredging went on. Erected over the stern of the salvage steamer was a queer-looking arrangement, something like a giant birdcage, and through this was poured all the sand sucked up. The contrivance was in reality a tremendous sieve, with a mesh so small that not even half a sovereign could escape through it. By the aid of this apparatus the salvors literally sifted the bed of the sea, and in the sifting many coins and other things came to light.

But the treasure was deemed not to be withdrawn from its deep-sea bank. A storm arose and effectually stopped operations, after the hunters had created a record by shifting one million tons of sand. That they were very near to the treasure is beyond all doubt, for one day a lump of rust was brought up containing an impression the exact shape of a gold bar, and when this rust was treated with acids it resulted in five grains of gold being recovered.

Dubbed Wife a Shrew.

New York.—Declaring that his wife was a shrew, William L. Lauscher, suing for separation, related how she pushed him out of bed, pulled chairs from under him and greeted him with a "wallop" at his homecoming each evening.

Two Expensive Shampoos.

New York.—Two boys charged with stealing a \$150 diamond brooch, told the police that they had traded the brooch to a barber for two shampoos.

MARRIAGES OF THE JAPANESE

Land Where Courtship is Totally Unknown—Parents Choose Partners for Children.

New York.—A marriage among the Japanese is quite a lengthy ordeal, says a writer in Wide World. Such a thing as courtship is practically unknown.

The parents choose partners for their children, although the latter are consulted and their consent obtained. The parents discuss among them-



On the Way to the Wedding.

selves the terms of the marriage, and then the girl's parents give a betrothal pledge to those of the bridegroom, who soon after offer the purchase price for the bride in silver, jewels, stuffs, food, and so on. Each of the girl's parents also receives some special personal gift.

On the day when the presents are delivered all the relatives and friends on both sides are invited to a series of festivities and banquets, which last several days, being furnished first by one side and then by the other. The eve of the actual wedding, which usually takes place a week later, is spent by the future husband and wife in a vigil, without which it is thought that great ill-fortune would follow.

Next day the happy couple, with their parents and friends, appear before the priest, who duly unites them. The procession then returns to the house of the bride, where another big feast is held. At the close of the day two old women conduct the bridegroom to the bridal-room, where, on a huge bedstead, amid a multitude of pillows, bolsters and coverlets, sits the bride. For three days and three nights the old women stay with them. The couple are hardly allowed to speak, and any advances the bridegroom make are, according to etiquette, left unnoticed by the coy bride.

After this somewhat trying ordeal the old women discreetly retire, and the happy pair are left alone to take up the threads of their new life.

CAN GET MEN TO FLOG WOMEN

London Agency Advertises Protection by Cat-o-Nine Tails to Those Who Fear Militants.

London.—Curiosity has been aroused among Londoners by this advertisement in the morning papers: "Protection against les petroleuses—Property owners and others provided with suitable guardians armed with cat-o-nine-tails and other effective weapons."

The advertisement was inserted by "The Emergency Service Department of the Liberty and Property Defence League," which, it says, employs 100 trained men who have been in the military, naval and police forces. Any land owner, fearing a suffragat raid, who desires may hire them.

Since the "wild women" pursued such careers as burning houses many people in the counties are said to be in absolute terror, and it seems, no doubt, that the advertisement may produce results, and that soon marauding militants who approach country mansions may be met by "suitable guardians" ready for action with cat-o-nine-tails. Of course, the organization is nothing more than an ordinary strike breaking employment agency, such as are well known throughout the United States.

DEATH SENTENCE FOR DOG

Trained Aid of Thieves to Be Chloroformed by Philadelphia Police.

Philadelphia.—Jerry, "The Thief," dog extraordinary, and trained aid of underworld characters, was arrested for larceny, and after a hearing before Magistrate Beaton, was sentenced to be chloroformed.

Jerry was arrested for stealing an orange from a fruit stand. It was only after a battle, during which the dog tried to bite several patrolmen, that it was got into a patrol wagon and taken to the station house.

Pawns Wooden Leg for \$10.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—As security for \$10 loan, Edwin Smalley put his wooden leg in pawn with Louis Petcho and went home on a crutch.

Two Expensive Shampoos.

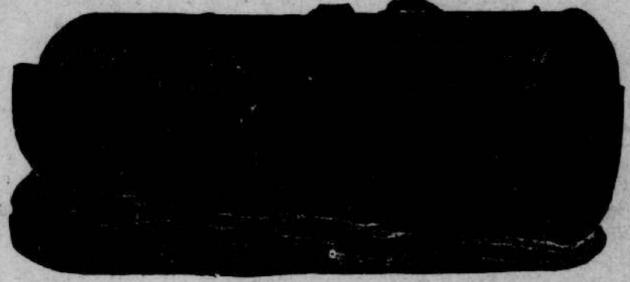
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WILLIAM McLEAN.

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Woman at Ball in Pantalets Causes Sensation

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BOSTON, MASS.—Boston society is gasping over the first appearance of pantalets in the Back Bay. They were worn by Mrs. Lintine 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

