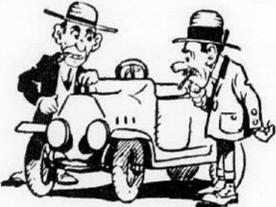


Look Out for Motor Car Gyps When in New York

NEW YORK.—When in New York look out for the gyms. Don't know what a gym is? Well, you don't have to fear them unless you attempt to purchase a second-hand automobile. Then watch your step. The gyms are the direct descendants of the old-time horse traders.



The motor car gyp can accomplish temporary miracles. Under his deft fingers worn down cylinders and pistons are suddenly brought together and compression seems nearly perfect. Gears that have shrieked and rattled begin to purr like a well-fed cat and the victim gets a "demonstration" that is highly satisfactory.

A gyp sees, for instance, a fairly good-looking touring car of the vintage of 1911 in the hands of a dealer. "How much?" he asks. "I'll sell for \$550," but after a good bit of dickering the dealer makes it \$500. "I think it'll just suit a friend of mine," says Mr. Gyp.

Looking over the classified newspaper ads the next day we see: "Private party compelled to sell his car (1914), cost \$4,000, for \$1,000; all equipment; just like new. See Gyp, Hotel Pluto." "Must be all right if he lives in that hotel," the bargain hunter argues. He finds the gyp in a low-priced hotel room. "Oh, yes," says the gyp. "I have to give up my car. I'm funny about such things—always wanting a new car. My chauffeur keeps them in perfect condition, but I have to get a new one every spring." And so on and so forth.

Gyps often hire private garages or stables in the districts inhabited by the wealthy. It is known that a gyp has gone as far as Plainfield, N. J., in hiring a private garage to give an air of genuineness to the claim of a private sale.

As to "doping" them, graphite mixed with cedar sawdust is used to tame the worn gears in a transmission or differential, while a very heavy lubricating oil or a mixture containing wax will fill the spaces between piston and cylinder and bring compression almost up to normal.

Ghost Invites New Orleans Girl to Dance Minuet

NEW ORLEANS.—Legends like the fragrance of lavender hang about the old buildings in Chartres street. Tenement houses now, in the old days they were the abodes of cavaliers and fair ladies. Even now when the lights are out and the neighborhood is dark swords and silks swirl in ghostly sarabands as the dwellers of other days come back and take possession for the night of their former abodes.



At least that is one of the legends, and the imaginative of the neighborhood will vouch for its authenticity.

They danced the olden dances on the vacant floors below.

Lately she had become imbued with the idea that one of the cavaliers nightly sought her for a partner in a minuet. The idea of the phantom follower grew and grew until the girl could stand it no longer, and she decided to kill herself and to seek release from the "ghost" which followed her so relentlessly.

Away from the city, in the swamps back of Port Chalmette, the girl poised on the railing of a bridge over a deep ravine. She was ready to hurl herself over when she was discovered by Sheriff Fred Hahn of St. Bernard. She jumped into the water as Hahn rushed to the rescue. Hahn followed. In the water there was a struggle, the girl fighting to die, but at last she was pulled to the bank.

Chicago Con Man Tried the Wrong Old Gentleman

CHICAGO.—An old man whose thick-lens spectacles framed a pair of faded, mild, benevolent blue eyes, walked slowly down North Clark street. At Austin avenue a young man, whose predominant points were razor-creased trousers, cloth-topped shoes, and gleaming finger nails, stopped him.



"Uncle John!" he cried. "Gee, I'm glad to see you!" The old man looked puzzled. "Nope; not Uncle John," he corrected, gently. "Uncle Bob. Guess mebbe you made a mistake, sonny."

"If you ain't my Uncle John Wilkins from Indiana I certainly did make a mistake. I just got off a train from the West and found someone had picked my pocket. Wife's coming to town tomorrow and I haven't even got enough money left to get my trunks. There's \$19.75 charges against 'em, and if I had \$20 I'd be all right. You let me take that \$20 and I'll let you keep my \$300 stickpin."

"Did ye ever hear of a feller called Long John Wentworth?" the old man asked, irrelevantly. "He was mayor of Chicago in Civil war days. Don't suppose you know who John Turtle was? Turtle was John Wentworth's chief of police. Robert Kenney was John Turtle's chief of detectives. Getting old now, Kenny is, but there isn't a speck of hayseed in his hair. Ain't made an arrest since before you were born—but no telling when he'll start. That's all. Now, about that \$20 and the \$300 stickpin and the pickpockets and those trunks of yours?" The young man disappeared, racing around the corner at Vanderbilt cup speed.

"Perfect" Babies in Los Angeles Are Betrothed

LOS ANGELES.—A perfect baby boy and a perfect baby girl have been dedicated to each other by their mothers in the hope that in the coming years love, guided by maternal hands, may lead to an eugenic marriage. The 100-point children who are unconsciously facing a made-to-order romance are William Charles Flynn, thirty-seven months old, and Alene Calvert Houck, seventeen months old.

After the babies emerged from a baby congress, each with a "perfection tag," their mothers held a conference. Three times before the children have won first prizes in the same baby show. The boy is the winner of fourteen first prizes and the girl of six. The mothers are convinced that fate has thrown their children together for some great purpose, but they have agreed that they will not resort to any form of coercion in shaping the futures of their children.



Alene has not been walking as long as her possible future admirer. It will be strange if, in time, William does not become interested in Alene's violet eyes. She has naturally long lashes, which are always a great aid. Her mother thinks that the violet eyes may have a tendency to perfect the present plans. William has brown curls—natural curls, the kind that have charmed feminine eyes in all ages.

DIET FOR THE BRAIN-WORKER

Should Be That Nourishing to the Whole Body, With Special Reference to Nervous System.

A great deal has been said about the value of certain articles as brain food, and one of the pet theories of popular physiology has been that fish and other substances composed largely of phosphorus are the most appropriate diet for brain-workers. But modern science is emphasizing that the best food for the brain is that which nourishes the whole body, with special reference to the nervous system.

Brain power is largely an expression through the nerves of bodily vitality. In discussing this point in a recent treatise, Dr. George M. Beard says that the diet of brain-workers should be of large variety, delicately served, abundantly nutritious, of which fresh meat should be a prominent constituent.

In vacations, or wherever it is desired to rest the brain, fish may, to a certain extent, take the place of meat. He says we should select those articles that are most agreeable to our individual tastes and so far as possible we should take our meal amid pleasant social surroundings.

In great crises that call for unusual exertion we should rest the stomach, that for the time the brain may work the harder, but the deficiency of nutrition ought always to be supplied in the first interval of repose.

ALL MUST BEAR THE BURDEN

Children, If They Are to Be Strong and Self-Reliant, Have to Learn That Fact.

On the lower deck of one of our river packets a little pile of pig iron was carried on the trip up the river, and when the cargo was unloaded the pig iron was not removed, but was carried again on the trip down the river. When the reason was asked, the answer was given, "She travels steadier when she carries a weight." And this is true of men and women. The world has little use for the young man or woman who has no furrow of thought, and no wrinkle of responsibility. And we are not kind to our own children when we seek continually to shield them from the hard things of life. We may wish to spare them some of our own hard experiences, but if they are to be strong and self-reliant they must reach it by putting themselves under the burden, and feeling the pressure of some of the difficult things in life. You want your boy to be strong and manly; you must push him off the plank that he may learn of himself to swim. "Every man shall bear his own burden."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Pleasing Husband.

In the Woman's Home Companion a woman living in Wyoming wrote in part as follows her comment on how a woman can continue to please her husband:

"The wise woman is she who keeps neat and trim in dress, dainty in person and alert and poised in mind, that in so doing she may favorably stand comparison with the business women with whom her husband comes in contact.

"Most men, even those well past middle age, place high value upon externals, and the woman who assumes that she can hold a man's love indefinitely, regardless of her personal appearance, is, to my mind, making a grave mistake.

"More than one wife, serene in the knowledge of her husband's loyalty, fails to realize that that same loyalty is due more to the man's sense of duty and conscientious self-control than to the fact that his wife possesses the qualities which actually hold him true to her in spirit as well as in deed."

Leave it to the Small Boy.

Leave it to the small boy to put it over—even on the thoroughly seasoned and experienced circus "kinker." The Hippodrome circus was parading along upper Broadway, New York, when one of the clowns was seized with a thirst. Clambering down from his lofty perch he darted into a corner saloon for a little "red eye." When he emerged the cavalcade had vanished. Some side street had swallowed it up, leaving the clown marooned. "Which way did the bally-hoo go, son?" he demanded of a small boy. "I'll show you," responded the lad. For three blocks the clown ran panting after the youngster with an ever-increasing army of kids at his heels. "Where is it?" demanded the exhausted clown. "Ha, ha!" laughed the youth. "I gave you a run for your money, didn't I?" The clown might have spanked the youth, but he couldn't catch him. He compromised by hiring an express wagon to convey him back to the Hippodrome to escape the mob of small boys.

"Of'n."

The professor who, in his address on the correct pronunciation of English, said he preferred "of'n" to "often" is on the winning side. No "pronouncing dictionary" with a reputation to lose ever sounds the t in the middle of such words as Christmas, mistletoe, hostler, often, or chestnut. Good actors, whose duty it is to speak "trippingly on the tongue," can cite authority to support their pronunciation of "han'kerchief and Wen'sday. And no one who knows his way about in the elocutionary field pays any regard to the spelling of such words as "extraordinary."

—London Chronicle.



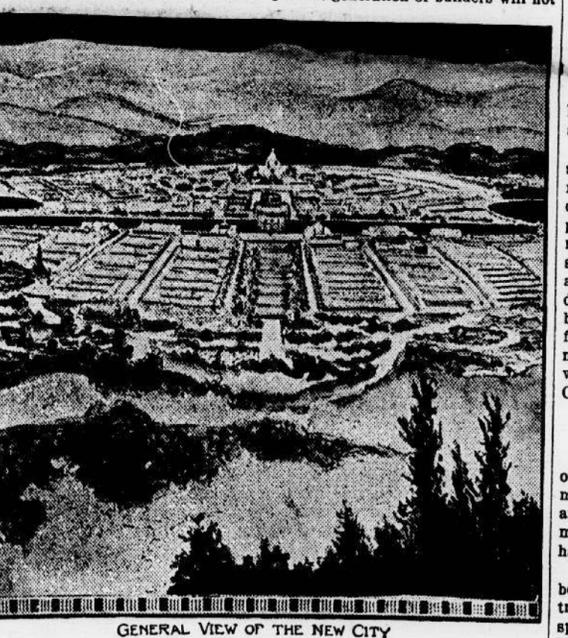
AUSTRALIA is building for itself a wonderful capital city in a region hitherto uninhabited, and the designer of this future city and supervisor of its erection is an American, Jessie Ackermann, F. R. G. S., thus tells of the great project and her visit to the chosen site, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

When the colonies of Australia federated and the country established a commonwealth government, they naturally bethought themselves as to what they should do with it. From the day of federation, for almost ten years, the matter of the locality of the capital was a vexed question, which hinged entirely upon sectional jealousy and ambition. The bitter fight waxed fierce between the states of Victoria and New South Wales as to whether Sydney or Melbourne should have the honor and advantage.

In order to bring harmony out of chaos, it was determined to found a city in some new place where Australian building ideas and characteristics could be molded and fashioned into a monument of local coloring. The country in general aspect, fairly pulsated with possibilities of originality. The great soul of Australia breathes an atmosphere all its own. Still there is nothing whatever purely Australian in type or character which the people have produced—neither in art, literature, architecture or poetry. Of course, the country is young, but, even so, there are no evidences of originality, with the exception of the idea of building a great city in waste places.

Yass-Canberra Valley Chosen. The question of a national capital somewhere at sometime having been settled, the struggle of "where" became positively bitter. As New South Wales was the oldest colony, a sense of fitness led the government to agree that the Mother State was justly entitled to the city, provided the state donated the territory on which it was to stand, specifying that sovereign rights should be vested in the federal government.

At last a majority vote selected the valley of Yass-Canberra district, as the spot where the unborn city should be built. By a strange irony which often weaves itself about the individ-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CITY

ual, one of the members who most bitterly denounced the situation of the site by exclaiming, "The wastes are so bleak, the spot so barren and dry, that a crow never flies across the place without carrying a water bottle," became head of the department under which the city will be built.

The report of the commission appointed to visit various sites, says this of Yass-Canberra: "It forms a perfect amphitheater in which the city would be surrounded by glorious hills."

It was decided the world should have a chance to compete in a plan to lay out the city. Descriptions of the area were worked out to the most minute detail. They were drawn by the surveyor general to the commonwealth and sent to the British consuls of the world, with the result that hundreds of plans from many countries poured into the department before the time limit expired. These were studied and sorted out by a committee, which reduced the real competing number to about half a dozen. There were three prizes offered. The first was carried off by an enterprising young architect from Chicago, Walter Burley Griffin, who is under three years' engagement to the Australian government to put his plans into execution.

In order to see something of this greatly discussed place, I decided to pay a visit to the territory and look over the very beginning of things for myself. The site is still rather cut off from the most speedy communications by travel; but when the railway connects the place with other lines, it will form the trunk between Sydney and Melbourne, shortening the present distance by some eighty miles.

Prosperity is Astounding. Australia is a great land, a country of sunshine, fruit and flowers; an island so rich in natural resources as to astound the world with its recent years of unprecedented prosperity. Wealth abounds. It is the natural home of the working man, the field of opportunity for women, reeking in a spirit of undirected democracy, experimenting in impossible and wild legislation, for which the people must pay in one way or another.

The intention is to make it a working man's paradise; not a bad idea at all. No reason why the toiler should not have his just share of production—he should; but untrained, inexperienced men cannot hop from unsuccessful ventures of his own into skillful management of the business of the nation. There is a great lack of leaders. There are plenty of clever men in the country, but politics has a bad reputation. Able, capable men decline to become mixed up in it.

Reciprocal. "Woman," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "ever has been man's companion, sharing his exile, espousing his cause and buckling on his armor." And man over has been woman's companion, sharing her happiness, espousing her when she would have him, and buttoning her up the back.

GOT HOLD OF WRONG HOSE

Colored Man Intended to Make Paste, But Instead He Landed in the Police Court.

Covered with white from head to foot, the prisoner looked like a snow man.

"With what is this man charged?" asked the court.

"I saw a white cloud," replied Officer 666, "and I thought he was trying to blow up a building."

"What have you to say for yourself?"

For answer the prisoner puffed out a little white cloud and coughed up enough flour to make a batch of biscuits.

"Can't you speak?"

A negative shake of the man's head sent flour into the atmosphere like hair from a woolly dog.

"Are you a baker?"

This time the man managed to mumble a half-mothered "No."

"Then what on earth are you?"

After several false starts the prisoner finally blurted:

"Bill poster."

"Did you fall into a flour bin?"

Rubbing his face until a dusky skin began to show through its white coating, the prisoner explained:

"No, sah. When I run out ob paste dis mawnin', I filled a bucket wif frouah an' went across de street, where I saw a big hose by de side ob a building. I put de nozzle ob de hose into de bucket, but at first de handle wouldn't turn. I gabe one big twist, an—an den it happened!"

"What happened?"

"Dat hose wasn't foah fillin' pails at all; it was foah fillin' automobile tiabs!"—Judge.

HAD CONFIDENCE IN PEOPLE

California Newsboy Lost Nothing by Trusting to the Honesty of His Customers.

Most people are honest; so, at least, reasons a newsboy in a California town, and he has clear justification for his confidence. The reporter of the following incident was in a downtown drug store when a stranger came in with a copy of a newspaper, and asked change for a dime. He said that he wanted to pay for his newspaper. Someone remarked that for his part he let the newsboys find their own change.

"This newsboy cannot do it," said the man with the newspaper. "Come out here and look at him." Two or three bystanders stepped to the door, expecting to see a crippled boy with a pile of newspapers to sell. Instead, they saw a tin can with a hole in the top large enough to admit a nickel; a pile of newspapers lying upon the walk, and a card fastened to the can, reading:

"Gone to Sunday school for one hour. If you want a paper, take one, and put your nickel in the can."

The can and pile of newspapers stood unprotected on the walk for more than an hour, while their little owner was at Sunday school. Men who passed by and were attracted by the rather odd little news stand would stop, read the sign, pick up a paper and put a nickel—and sometimes a dime—into the little tin can. When the boy returned from Sunday school he found all his newspapers gone, and more nickels in the tin can than there were papers when he left.—Youth's Companion.

Child's Allowance.

Should boys and girls have their own allowance, in proportion to the means of the parents, as soon as they are old enough to know the value of money? This is what many a parent has said in substance:

"Certainly. An allowance is the best safeguard against the habit of extravagance, if the child is taught to spend the money judiciously and to keep a strict account of all expenditures. It is absurd to think that a boy is not capable of buying his own neckties or a girl her handkerchiefs. What if they do make mistakes? They can be taught to profit by them and they must learn to rely upon themselves sooner or later. Children like to be trusted and will seldom betray confidence."

Woman Can Keep Secret.

Can a woman keep a secret? A bishop says she can't. And he ought to know. But he doesn't, say the women. "Don't tell church secrets to your wife," the bishop advised a bunch of laymen, "because they will be no longer secrets." And the women come right back just like this: "The worst gossips and betrayers of confidence are of masculine gender. How do most women who spread secrets obtain possession of them in the first place? From their husbands, of course. Doesn't the fact that a woman usually conceals any truth damaging to herself prove that she can keep a secret?" So there.

Unhandy Coins.

Among the strangest coins in the world are those used in certain out-of-the-way towns and villages in southwest Algeria, on the west coast of Africa, and called the "manillas."

In shape they resemble a horse-shoe with the two extremities flattened out like a camel's foot. Being made of solid copper, three-eighths of an inch thick, they weigh over eight ounces each. In "face value" seven of these queer coins are equivalent to one quarter, so that a dollar's worth would be an uncomfortably heavy load!