

# HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

## Adventurous Career of Charleston's Old Chimes

CHARLESTON, S. C.—While the old world boasts of many famous bells and chimes, to which clings the association of romance and poetry, there are no bells in the world that have had a more adventurous career than those of St. Michael's, at Charleston. The well-authenticated story of this celebrated peal shows that the bells composing it have crossed the ocean no less than five times—once as a heap of twisted metal.



The St. Michael bells were cast in England some time before the Revolutionary war and brought to this country. When the war against the old country began the Charleston peal was sent back to England so that it might not be injured. Upon the conclusion of the war the Charlestonians clamored for their bells, and it became the duty of our first minister to Great Britain to see that they were returned. His negotiations were successful and the bells were, with much ceremony, reinstalled in the church.

Their next adventure came with the Civil war, when the steeple of St. Michael's was made a target for the guns of the besiegers. The bells were removed for safety to Columbia, but when the army of Sherman occupied that town the sheds of the yard of the statehouse wherein the bells had been stored were broken into and the bells smashed into fragments, the sheds being fired.

The bells were not, however, completely "done for." At the close of the war the pieces were carefully gathered and shipped to Liverpool, together with directions as to how they should be recast.

## His House Was Burning, but He Obeyed the Law

CHICAGO.—Anton Schermeng lives near Jacob Reff. Jacob wanted to take out naturalization papers and he needed a witness, so he gave the government officials Anton's name. Several days ago an officer of the court served Anton with a summons which contained many "thereofs" and "whereofs."

Among the neighbors Anton discussed the summons, and all agreed that dire things would happen if he failed to appear at the time stated.

At ten o'clock sharp Anton walked into the office of Commissioner Lewis Mason in the federal building. He appeared nervous. The commissioner was busy and paid little attention to the man. Anton shifted about from one foot to the other and twisted his hat in his hands. He glanced frequently at the clock.

"Quit that fidgeting around; you make me nervous," said Mr. Mason. "Sit down."

"Well, I am kinda nervous, but you see I am anxious about my wife and children. I don't know whether they got out."

"Out of where?"

"Just as I was leaving home my house caught on fire, but I didn't have time to stop. I could see the smoke as I came down on the car, and I was wondering if anybody turned in an alarm."

## Willie Lost His Bar License After One Big Day

CHICAGO.—Eight-year-old Willie Rock took his first fling at high finance the other afternoon and cleaned up 80 cents. Willie was left alone with his grandma at 7245 Euclid avenue, and the kind old lady proceeded to give her pet grandchild a lecture on how to be thrifty.

This so inspired Willie that he started a lemonade stand in front of his house and posted a sign on a tree near by: "Ice cold lemo.; two cents a glass."

The temperature was over the 90 mark, but Willie stayed on the job until the ice melted and no pennies came in. The young plutocrat hated the idea of meeting his grandmother with empty pockets, so he hurried into the basement, hauled out a case of real beer which belonged to his father, Frank D. Rock. Then he changed the sign on the tree to read: "Swell beer sold here. Two glasses for five cents."

Directly across the street plasterers, hodcarriers, and carpenters were at work on a new apartment building. One of the workmen spied the sign, and didn't believe that he read correctly, for he knew he was working in one of the driest zones in Chicago. Prohibition absolutely. But he bought a glass, then two more, and finally secured a bottle. The rest of the hodcarriers and plasterers were informed of the oasis across the street, and immediately rushed to Willie's stand.

In the stampede Willie made 80 cents, which he carefully pocketed and promptly handed over to Grandma Rock.

"Did you make all that on lemonade?" asked the old lady, smiling.

"Aw, nobody wants that; I gave my customers real beer, and it sold like the dickens!"

Grandma revoked Willie's license right there. The young Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had sold for 80 cents a case of beer which cost his father \$1.20.

## New York Society Folk Now Go Out "Atmosphering"

NEW YORK.—New York society has discovered a new fad. It's just like going on the stage incognito, or slumming without getting arrested, or in a sporty sense, "getting the game without the name." It is called "atmosphering" and consists in appearing individually and collectively in the tango dances, village groups, mobs, ballroom or street scenes of the motion pictures.

A little persistence, good looks, ordinary human intelligence and—above all—the visual tangible evidence of an extensive and costly wardrobe are, as a rule, all that are required to land a girl or man at least in a one-day job at some studio or outdoor location. The \$5 bill that goes with it is, of course, a rather meaningless feature of the stunt—but think of the larks. And then there is always the joy ahead of some day seeing one's moving likeness on the screen of a Broadway motion-picture house. What a grand surprise to the regular people of "our set" to lead them innocently into a theater and watch their delicious surprise when they see you right there, big as life, and far more unnatural in the movies.

Every motion-picture manager in New York has come to know them—these "atmosphering" society amateurs, some of whom tell heartrending tales of how badly they need the \$5 that goes with the little card to the director. Some of them are actually in demand, because when it comes to dresses they're straight from the best modistes.



**A FRIEND IN NEED.**  
For instant relief and speedy cure use "Mississippi" Diarrhoea Cordial. Price 50c and 25c.—Adv.

**Losing No Time.**  
"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster and fell into a fit of confusion on hearing his hostess say to her husband:

"How inattentive you are, Charlie. You must look after Mr. Black better. He's helping himself to everything."

## BANISH PIMPLES QUICKLY

Easily and Cheaply by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the pimples lightly with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger and allow it to remain on five minutes. Then bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap and continue some minutes. This treatment is best upon rising and retiring, but is effective at any time. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## STOPS ORCHESTRA OVER BET

Director Called to Telephone to Listen to Wagner's "Tra La" Imitation of Music.

Ernest Hussar, director of the Hungarian orchestra at the McAlpin roof garden, was called from his platform to the telephone the other night.

"I say," he heard, "you've got to decide a wager. Tra la, tra la, tra—my friend bets \$100 that's from Faust." I say it isn't. Tra la, tra la—"

"Really," broke in the musician, "I can't waste my time—"

"Just a minute. Tra la, pom pom, tra la. Get me?"

The musician had become interested. "Sounds something like 'Lorsque donc des Folles Amours.' But that goes la la tra, tra la la—"

"That's it, exactly," came the voice from the other end of the wire. "I win the \$100. Thanks so much."—New York Tribune.

**When Our Men Come Back!**  
"Wonderful resolutions are being made in little English homes. Such determination to be sweet-tempered and cheerful and charming as never before! Such planning for good times to come."—To-Day.

**Disillusioned.**  
"Is Rand happy in his marriage?"  
"Happy? If Rand were to see Mrs. Rand today for the first time, he wouldn't even ask for an introduction.

However, it is better to be alone than to be bored.

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**Partners.**  
Messenger—Who's the swell ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?  
Newshoy—Aw! Him an' me's worked together for years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers."

**The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak**  
Old people who are feeble, and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the depressing heat of summer by taking regularly Grove's Tasteless Blood Tonic. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.

**NEW YORK IN THE TROPICS?**  
Gulf Stream Some Day May Warm the Icy Waters of the North.

Some day the Gulf stream may smash back the icy waters of the Labrador drift and make New York as warm as European and Asiatic cities of the same latitude. It may even come to pass, as Father Odenbach of Cleveland suggests, that these parts will be tropical. True, the Jesuit scientist reassures us by saying that a great swerving of the Gulf stream is improbable, but even the slim possibility fills the imagination with exotic pictures. Orange groves in northern New Jersey, coffee plantations in place of Suffolk county cabbage patches, rubber forests in Connecticut, alligators devouring canal-boat captains in Newton creek and anacondas asleep in Westchester jungles—it would all be worth while living to see.

But the time is not yet. This month's heat is only natural. And in August, when a seeming simoon comes upon us, do not misjudge the Gulf stream. The hot air will be from the great wind stream that rises in the campaign textbooks and flows until a Monday evening in November, the New York Sun observes.

**Exceptions.**  
"Don't you like the silent watches of the night?"  
"Yes, except a moonlight one, when the spoony couples spoil them with audible Luna-ticks."

But you can't always tell by a girl's appearance whether she has a summer cold or is in love.

**Intelligent Comment.**  
Mr. Smith—What do you think of this? They say in some parts where our troops are it is a hundred and more in the shade.  
Mrs. Smith—Dear me! Would you suppose it was so much hotter than in the sun?

**WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY**  
is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

**Jane Settled Him.**  
"Jane," said her mistress, "you really will have to put a stop to the visits of your follower."  
"Yes, I must, ma'am," replied Jane. "But you have said that before," expostulated her mistress, "and there it's ended."  
"I'm sure I've done my best, ma'am," said Jane; "it isn't easy. But I'll try and settle him on my next Thursday out."

Her next Thursday out came and went. Her follower also came and went (with Jane), and Jane eventually returned in a radiant mood.

"I've settled him this time, ma'am!" she exclaimed breathlessly.  
Her mistress was delighted. But in the hour of victory one should be generous to the fallen foe, so she expressed hope that Jane had not been too hard on the young man.

"Hard on him?" cried Jane. "No, ma'am, that I wasn't. I've just married him, and I leave at the end of the month!"

**Its Temptations.**  
"This operating a motor car certainly does make lots of men conceited about what they can do."  
"Well, but consider the opportunities it really forces on a man for blowing his own horn."

**Not Impressed.**  
Father (impressively)—Do you know, my son, that a single drop of nicotine would quickly kill a rabbit?  
Son—Well, nature's fixed that, all right, for rabbits don't smoke.

The man who sits around and boasts of his bravery is usually the first to hike for the tall timber when danger threatens.

# "Food Is Its Own Best Digestant"

"All too frequently, we prescribe medicines for patients who suffer from indigestion, when, as a matter of fact, what they actually need is a simple course of dietetic training, and the proper food-stuffs to train on.

"This is the famous "reason" for the popularity of Grape-Nuts as an article of diet, viz., that it furnishes this very course of training for the digestion. It not only furnishes the natural diastase for the process of digestion, but it favors a return to normal digestive function because the firm, crisp kernels compel thorough mastication.

"One ought not to leave out of consideration the psychic element—the delicious treat to the palate afforded by a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream."

From April, 1916, American Journal of Clinical Medicine

# Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"