

STORIES From the BIG CITIES

Fellow Passenger Grew Curious; Boy Made Dime

"Why, of course I'll promise." The boy pocketed the coin. "Well, sport, dey's a baby in dere. I hooked 'im an' put 'im inside when dey wa'n't nobody lookin'. Now I'll get a reward for returnin' 'im."

"Why, you young villain! Do you mean to say you have a baby in that basket? Lying in that thing will kill it. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I picked it up in front o' one o' dem big stores. It was all alone, so I jus' took it. I guess it won't be missed, an' I wanted one, anyway."

"Not be missed! See here, you young blackguard! Do you mean to say that its mother had deserted it?"

"Sure! Its mudder wa'n't nowhere around."

"How old is it?"

"Oh, a few months, I guess. Big enough to squeal—so I tied a rag round its mouf."

"Well, lift up the cover and let me see how it looks."

"Hol' on, o' top. You promised not to give me away."

"Yes, but I didn't expect— and he lifted the cover and glanced at what was underneath. Sitting up on an old cloth was an insignificant looking yellow puppy."

The boy jumped up and grinned.

"Well, here's where I got off. Thanks for de dime. An' say, I'll tell you one ten times as good as that for a quarter. So long!"

NEW YORK.—The small urchin climbed up the car steps and wormed himself into a seat beside the Busybody. The basket he was carrying the youngster fixed carefully between his feet, with several anxious glances in the process.

"What have you in that basket, my boy?" asked the neighbor, bending over confidentially. "I noticed how careful you were of it. It must be something quite valuable, isn't it?"

"Well, won't you tell me what it is?"

"Not on yer life! Think I want to get pinched!"

This was too much for the Busybody. His curiosity, heretofore merely casual, grew suddenly pointed, and he leaned forward, peering into the basket.

"Well, sonny, I've a notion that if I gave you a nickel you'd tell me what you had in that basket."

"Make it a dime and I'll do it!" whispered the boy. "Only you've got to promise not to give me away to de cop."

Knitting Pastime of the Sixth City's Firemen

CLEVELAND, O.—The gang at No. 2 engine house, Champlain avenue, changed incessantly.

"There me, there must be a fire somewhere, and just when I had these wristlets almost finished," exclaimed Austin Reddy, six foot and stalwart fireman, laying aside his knitting with an air of perturbation and climbing into a rubber coat. Reddy has the reputation of being one of the most agile scrappers in the department.

Several other firemen laid aside shawls which they were knitting, supplanting the needles with axes as they got aboard for the run. All of which is not a joke. The firemen of Cleveland have the knitting craze, and instead of the hitherto customary book, checker, domino or card game, they while the time away making shawls, coverlets and other dainty, filmy, creamy nothings for their wives, mothers or sweethearts.

Jake Abel, prominent member of the Sisters' club at No. 2, introduced the fad in Cleveland. He had read of firemen in some western city taking up knitting as a pastime. So he got needles and yarn and learned all the intricate digital calisthenics necessary for knitting. One day he took his place at the station with a frame on which was a partly knitted shawl of an exquisite baby blue hue.

He sat down and the needles began to fly. His erstwhile "clubmates" looked on in astonishment. What was the matter with Jake. Had he turned suffragette?

"Won't you have a cup of tea, Jake?" asked Captain Jeffers, polite-y. Abel replied that he would not, but that would take something to smoke. None dared to ask him about the shawl, which grew apace under his nimble fingers.

"Making it for Hattie Matilda," volunteered Abel at last. Hattie Matilda is the object of Abel's affections—the firemen know no more about the affair, not even her last name, but they have teased him about Hattie Matilda for months.

"I think it's very sweet," said husky Lieutenant McDowell, timidly. Then they laughed until they wept, but ended by asking Abel to teach them. He did, and now the penchant for knitting is spreading.

Alarm Clocks Trap a Robber; Cause Conviction

CHICAGO.—One alarm clock caused the arrest of Paul Newman the other day and another his conviction and sentence to a year in the Bridge-well.

The restaurant of A. Covillo, 620 West Madison street, had been robbed, and Detective Sullivan and O'Brien had been detailed to find the thief. As a clue in their quest, the detectives wrote a list of the articles stolen and they included two alarm clocks.

Several hours after they had started on their thief hunt the detectives approached Husted and West Madison streets. Suddenly they heard a long-drawn-out but muffled sound.

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling," it started and continued for two minutes.

Newman, who was standing on the corner, began to run when the alarm went off. The detectives ran, too, right after him.

"There's our man," said Sullivan.

"Right," said O'Brien a few seconds later when they had overtaken Newman and found the ringing alarm clock in his pocket.

Later in the morning Newman was arraigned before Municipal Judge Cavery. He evidently was considering a plea of "not guilty," despite the finding of the clock in his pocket, when there was a disturbance in the courtroom.

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling," and so on it went.

It was the second stolen clock. Newman looked perplexed, then downcast. He knew pleas of innocence would avail him nothing, so he stepped up and received his sentence.

"One year in the bridewell and a fine of \$10 and costs," said the judge.

Next time when Newman takes clocks he will probably stop to see whether the alarms are wound.

California Governor's Son Has "The Wallop"

SAN FRANCISCO.—"Jack" Johnson, son of Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., son of the governor, is popularly known, took easy honors in a flat encounter the other day with a husky youngster from Monterey in the wine room of the St. Francis hotel. Only one blow was delivered, straight from the shoulder, and James Reed was stretched on the floor, after which he was ejected from the hotel.

According to the onlookers, Reed walked into the hotel bar a little the worse for wear. Johnson's perfectly fitting checked suit and a red rose in the lapel of his coat caught Reed's roving eye. His remarks, addressed to Johnson in an undertone, were not complimentary either to the governor's son nor to his apparel. The fact that young Johnson was drinking seltzer also annoyed Reed.

"If I were you," said Johnson, quietly, "I would hesitate to make such remarks."

Thereupon Reed aimed a vicious kick, which struck Johnson just above his knee. The latter retaliated with a powerful blow, delivered by a muscular and trained arm. Reed, who is the larger man, was knocked completely out and took several minutes of vigorous fanning and the application of wet towels to bring him back to consciousness. He staggered to his feet, was handed his hat by a bellboy and escorted to the door, with a polite invitation to forget to return.

Johnson was congratulated by his friends on the way he held his temper, on the strength of his right arm and on the noble appearance of his checked suit.

Hideous Trousers.—Further, it is pointed out, the trouser leg was draughty and cold, and at the same time drags itself into hideous contortions with every movement of the leg. In the utter garment of celebrities distortions were described suggestive of concertinas, corkscraws, and buckled tubes.—Exchange.

Popular Sun Bath.—The sun bath is said to be so popular at present in Germany that at several cities one can buy a ticket for a sun bath just as in America one buys a ticket for a bath in the surf. The sun bath ticket entitles the holder to a room for disrobing, a bathing suit and a "place in the sun."

GIRL CLIMBS TREE TO ESCAPE ENRAGED ELK

California Lass Has Exciting Experience While Photographing Animals at Boulder, Colo.

Boulder, Colo.—While attempting to photograph animals in the zoo at Chautauqua Park, Miss Myrtle Webb, a beautiful society girl of Pasadena, Cal., narrowly escaped being gored to death by the large bull elk kept there, which has been vicious of late owing to the loss of its mate.

Miss Webb had the presence of mind to run for a large tree near by, and, being an athlete, was able to climb beyond the reach of the maddened beast. After she had scratched her hands and face and been badly bruised about the body, she succeeded in reaching the top of the tree.



Was Able to Climb Beyond its Reach.

in reaching a limb where she could sit and wait for rescue.

She was in the act of photographing the elk when it made a rush for her. Realizing that escape by the gate was impossible, she took the only alternative and climbed the tree. Miss Webb was forced to remain in her uncomfortable position nearly three hours, when her cries were heard by students, who managed to coax the elk to the fence by throwing hay inside the enclosure. Miss Webb then, as she explained later, "beat it" as fast as she could for the gate.

Although nervous, she remained long enough to secure a good photo of her enemy. When asked about her experience, she said:

"I don't know how it all happened. I was so excited. I guess I learned art of tree climbing when picking oranges in my father's grove, where I was considered as good as the men. Then I have always ridden horses and enjoyed all outdoor sports like swimming, tennis and golf."

IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

Wisconsin Woman Reunited With Parent Mourned as Lost in Iroquois Theater Disaster.

Chicago.—That truth is stranger than fiction was demonstrated once more the other day when the story came out of how a family, disrupted by the Iroquois theater fire nine years ago, has become reunited at Grand Rapids, Wis.

The heroine of the romance are Mrs. Ella Mayhew and her daughter, Mrs. Sidney Burrows of West Grand Rapids.

For nine years it had been believed Mrs. Mayhew perished in the Iroquois fire. On the day of the disaster Mrs. Mayhew, or Mrs. Maxfield, as her name was at that time, attended the matinee at the Iroquois theater with a friend. When the fire broke out the two became separated.

The friend escaped uninjured, but no trace could be found of Mrs. Maxfield until a charred skeleton by which lay a ring bearing her initials was taken out of the fire ruins. She was mourned as lost.

Mrs. Maxfield was not dead, however. She was badly injured in the fire and on escaping from the theater was taken to a hospital where for fourteen months her life hung by a thread and her mind was a blank.

Upon her recovery she learned that, supposing her to be dead, her husband had married again and her only child, Mrs. Burrows, had changed her residence.

Under the circumstances Mrs. Maxfield thought it best to conceal her identity under an assumed name. She became connected as a nurse with the hospital where she had been restored to health.

Her existence would probably never have been discovered had it not been for the settlement of an estate in which she was interested. Her real name was mentioned in the newspapers and was seen by the daughter. A long-distance telephone call followed and the voice of the mother answered Mrs. Burrows. The mother went at once to Grand Rapids, where she and her daughter have been reunited.

NEW KOREAN TRIAL OPENS

Appealed Case of 106 Defendants Charged With Conspiracy to Kill Governor General Begins.

Seoul, Korea.—The new trial on appeal of the 106 Koreans charged with conspiracy in 1910 and 1911 against the life of Count Terashima, Japanese governor general of Korea, began here.

When proceedings opened 106 of the accused were present, the other prisoner being ill.

About a dozen missionaries, a number of the prisoners' relatives and other spectators occupied the space outside the bar.

At the first trial Baron Yun Chi Ho and four others were sentenced to terms of ten years and 161 prisoners were sentenced to periods varying from five to seven years.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Best Remedy in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

MORPHINE
Cures Whiskey and Large Habits treated on a basis of scientific principle. Sold by Dr. J. C. McCall, 1111 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

To cure constipation the medicine must be more than a purgative; it must contain tonic, stimulative and cathartic properties.

Tutt's Pills

possess these qualities, and speedily restore the bowels to their normal peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

THE CASE.

Bronson—You're not looking well, old fellow.

Woodson—No, indeed. I'm always feeling poorly before Christmas.

SCALES ON SCALP ITCHED

Muskogee, Okla.—"For more than a year I was afflicted with scalp disease. There were large white flakes or scales which caused the painful itching and my scratching would bring blood and cause sores. My hair came out in large quantities and what remained was thin, dry and lifeless. My temples were completely bare. During this time I tried everything that I thought would help me but nothing seemed to do any good. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"I bathed with Cuticura Soap and applied Cuticura Ointment. At the end of about four weeks my scalp was sound and well and my hair had thickened up and grown wonderfully in such a short time." (Signed) Mrs. D. W. McClellan, Dec. 16, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Never Liked Oats.

Frenchmen have never liked oats; doctors have urged them to try the national dish of the Scotch, but they have politely refused.

But one group of Frenchmen could not escape; this was a company of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Infantry, whose captain insisted that his men should eat oatmeal porridge for a month. He had the oatmeal toasted to improve the taste.

To their surprise, his men found that after a month of manure they did not have a single man on the sick list, while other companies had as many as a dozen. They have made up their minds that oats are not so bad after all.

No Longer Interested.

Theodore Lane, who resided at the home of his parents, 7349 Holton avenue, had a toothache the other morning. It was a bad toothache, too, and Theodore let the neighborhood know all about it. But when his father got home that evening (this is according to his father) the boy was calm and seemed at peace.

"Has your tooth stopped aching, Teddy?" asked Theodore, Sr.

"I don't know," answered the youngster.

"Don't know? Why, what do you mean?"

"It's out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Regular Practicing Physicians Recommend and prescribe OXIDINE for Malaria, because it is a proven remedy by years of experience. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and administer at first sign of Chills and Fever. Adv.

Looked Like a Strike.

Crimsonbeak—Are you against strikes?

Yeast—I certainly am. But how much were you going to ask me for?

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try HICK'S CAPSIDINE. Its liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate relief to prevent sick headaches and nervous headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 50c, 75c, and \$1.00 at medicine stores. Adv.

Best Way.

"How can I lose a loan?"

"Borrow from the men who are trying to get into the swim."

All women are born free and equal—but they don't look it at the bathing beach.

Help comes to those who are willing to pay for it.

Give a baby a half dinner pail and room to kick and he will be happy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children soothes, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. It is a bottle at a time. Sold by Druggists.

Identified.

Doctor—Are you anxious, Pat?

Pat—No, doctor—Irish—Life.

Every mother knows that her own child is superior to any other child in the neighborhood.

If your appetite is not what it should be perhaps Malaria is developing. It affects the whole system. OXIDINE will clear away the germs, rid you of Malaria and generally improve your condition. Adv.

Liberal.

He—I haven't the heart to kiss you.

She—Well, take mine—Uik.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA

Only as summer there is no medicine that cures malaria faster than OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

Way of Some Ministers.

Bishop W. F. McDowell, Methodist, says some ministers are like some horses—they'll work all right in the lead but will balk when placed elsewhere.

She Believed Him.

She—Do you love me more than ever, dear?

He—Oh, yes, more than never, darling.

This Year's Freeze.

Mrs. Yeast—Going to bother putting a new frozen around the apartment this winter?

Mr. Yeast—Oh, no; I guess the janitor will attend to that.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*.

Same Thing.

"So you have given up getting married?"

"Yes; and you have given up your auto. What was the reason of that?"

"Cost of upkeep."

"That's what influenced me."

He Was Calling.

Friend—What was the title of your poem?

Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams!"

Friend—And what did the editor want by you?"

Poet—"Take 'em!"—McCall's Magazine.

Deceased.

"Unfortunately the girl in the boat with him when he rocked the boat did not know how to swim."

"That was unfortunate."

"For him, yes. You see, she clawed him under the surface and stood on his face to keep her head above water."

Neither Acceptable.

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim?

Her Father—No; he appears to be capable of nothing.

Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George?

Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.—Stray Stories.

Locating the Fool.

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Who's the blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"He's not at this end," answered a cool, feminine voice.

Treasure.

"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," said Dubkins, proudly. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor-car."

"Great heavens—you don't mean it!" said Harkaway.

"Yes," said Dubkins. "She hangs cheesecloth over the gasoline exhaust, and packs her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."

Free View at the Lake.

"Finest and viewfulest place. Baths and toilets on modernist principles. The hotel not being adapted for health resort of ill, is only preserved for the sojourn of passengers, tourists and sportsmen."

"Repeated excellent cooking. Noble, real, well-laid wines, different beers. The magnificent outlook is grandiose. Daily six trains to all parts of the globe. Free view at the lively lake."

—From a foreign hotel guide.

This is a Bird of a Story.

The pigeons of the stock exchange are very much disturbed these days while workmen are removing a coat of gloom from the famous frieze near their residence. Much of their time they spend flying to the windows of J. P. Morgan's office across the street.

"Pigeons are active today," said Mr. Hepburn.

"Pigeons!" said Hill. "They're not pigeons, they're ravens bringing Morgan his dinner."—New York World.

Neat Knock.

Hoby Baker, the football star, was furching in his native Philadelphia. A young girl, over her queer alligator pear salad, mentioned the name of a Princeton sophomore who had played rather badly on his class team.

"He is an awfully nice boy," she said. "What was it he played on the eleven, Mr. Baker—halfback, quarterback, fullback?"

The handsome and herculean "Hoby" smiled.

"I think he played drawback," he said.



"Father, I'm Glad You Smoke Duke's Mixture"

Before we tell you about the boy and his air rifle, we want you to hear about Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture—the tobacco that thousands of men find "just right" for a pipe—the tobacco that makes "rolling" popular.

Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture

This favorite tobacco is fine old Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf that has been thoroughly aged, stemmed—and then granulated. It has the true tobacco taste, for the very simple reason that it is pure tobacco. Pay what you will—it is impossible to get a purer or more likeable smoke than Duke's Mixture. It knows a Liggett & Myers leader, and is unsurpassed in quality.

In every 50 pack there is one and a half ounces of splendid tobacco—and with each pack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

How the Boy Got His Air Rifle

In every pack of the Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a Free Present Coupon. These Coupons are good for all kinds of useful articles—something to please every member of the family. There are skates, sleds, balls and bats, cameras, umbrellas, watches, fountain pens, pipes, opera glasses, etc., etc.

As a special offer, during January and February only, we will send you our new illustrated catalogue of presents, FREE. Just send us your name and address on a postcard.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture must be cancelled with care from HERRING SHOP, 117 N. WISCONSIN ST., CHICAGO, ILL. COUPONS FROM FOUR ROSES (20 CIGARETTES), PICK PLUS CUT, WEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLY CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons cancel by air.

Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. St. Louis, Mo.

THE ONLY WAY.

Orville Stoute—Have I my slippers or my shoes on, Maria?

Mrs. Stoute—Take 'em off and see for yourself.

What Worried Her.

"You say your wife threw a plate at you?"

"Yes; it was a fine china plate. It broke against my head."

"Did she appear sorry after she threw it?"

"Yes, she appeared very sorry."

"Ah, indeed. And what did she say?"

"She said she was a fool not to control her temper."

"Good. And what else did she say?"

"She said she didn't believe she could match that plate again if she hunted the town through."—Photo Bits.

She Was Anticipating.

"When he proposed to her she knocked him down."

"Gracious! What did he say to that?"

"He yelled: 'Hold on! Hold on! We ain't married yet!'"—Houston Post.

Best Way to Find Out.

She—Why ask for a mere guess when you can so easily get the exact facts?—Stray Stories.

Lover's Unique Devotion.

An unusual manner in which a lover's devotion was shown occurred at Zurich, Switzerland, recently. A cobbler, whose sweetheart died, apprenticed himself to a stone-cutter in order to execute a fitting tribute to her memory, and after fourteen months he was able to carve a beautiful rose on a marble slab and write beneath: "Such was she." After it had been erected over her grave he returned to his first trade, and now repairs shoes as before.

Sent Their Best Regards.

Truth gives the following account of "a voice" in the suffrage debate on home rule in the house of commons:

"What message," barked Lord Robert Cecil, with flashing eye and menacing forefinger, "am I to take to the women's suffrage meeting from the house of commons?" "Give them our kin-d regards," was the retort, the profundity of which completely took the wind out of the sails of his lordship's eloquence.

Wives Who Pay Alimony.

Are there abused husbands in these United States? Here is the answer: In this state more than 500 divorced wives are paying alimony to weary ex-mates; in Indiana, 450; in Ohio, 673; in Wisconsin, 566. Pennsylvania, though the second state in population, has only sixty such wives.—Chicago Examiner.

Her Dancing Nights.

"In your wife fond of dancing?"

"Yes, especially the nights I prefer to stay at home."—Detroit Free Press.

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

Cynics—Nonsense! Thieves are just as bad as other people.—Life.

A little learning is not as dangerous as the big conceit that goes with it.

ITCH Followed in 20 Minutes. Winslow's Itching Powder for all kinds of contagious itch. At Druggists. Adv.

It takes a smart man to conceal his ignorance.

People sometimes travel miles in their dreams.

"Do they do it on night marches?"

ITCH Followed in 20 Minutes. Winslow's Itching Powder for all kinds of contagious itch. At Druggists. Adv.

It takes a smart man to conceal his ignorance.

WANTED

Wanted by the U.S. Army a good housewife who can cook, wash, iron, and sew. Write to the Recruiting Officer, U.S. Army, 1111 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.