

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

In America Girls Marry as They Choose



CHICAGO—When Dominick and Joe were young, some twenty years ago, in Italy, they looked far into the future.

"Our children shall marry," said Dominick. "My son shall marry your daughter, or your boy shall marry my girl."

Dominick Citro established a home at 5533 McVickers avenue some years ago, and Joe Donofrio lived with him at 5255 McVickers avenue. Then Joe was sent to Joliet, charged with murdering his uncle, Angelo Deucella, and he served eight years. The two families were no longer friendly. Donofrio returned from prison. He called on Dominick.

"Remember our old compact," he said. "Your daughter, Florence, is now eighteen years old. She shall marry my son Angelo. He is but sixteen, but he is big and smart. And he wants her."

"But this is not Italy," Dominick answered him. "It is America, and our daughters marry not after old customs, but as they choose. I will speak to her of Angelo. If she is willing, good! If not—no!" and he shrugged his shoulders.

Florence was not willing. Neither was her mother, nor her brother Sam. Then Joe made threats of wholesale murder. He went to Dominick's home. He arrived with a revolver in his hand and at dinner time, Dominick met him at the door. There were loud words. The women screamed. Sam pushed his father to one side.

"This man dies," he shouted. He fired six times, and Joe Donofrio rolled under the stove.

Sam and Dominick told the story in the Englewood station—the police had arrested the entire family—and they told it calmly, without emotion.

"It is hard to see an old friend killed," said Dominick when the story was done. "But the happiness of a family is dearer than the life of the deceased friend."

She'll Be Queen of All She Surveys

OAKLAND, CAL.—By a simple decree Superior Judge A. E. St. Sure made Mrs. Ella M. Douglas, an Oakland woman, queen and sole ruler of a domain larger than many European countries, 1,440,000 acres, located in the heart of Brazil.

Along the famous River of Doubt.

The jungle empire was awarded Mrs. Douglas along with an interdictory decree of divorce from Bruce Douglas, diplomat, explorer and soldier of fortune. The vast tract was a gift to Douglas from Don Manuel Valdez, whose title came from the queen of Portugal by inheritance.

Douglas is said to have carried on the late Theodore Roosevelt's work of exploration into territory never before visited by white men. He tried of the jungles, Mrs. Douglas told the court, and left for America on a diplomatic mission. He did not return. Soon his adventurous and roving disposition had involved him in trouble with the police in New York. He was convicted of passing bad checks and was sentenced to a short term in Sing Sing, where he is now serving time, according to testimony in court. Mrs.



Douglas will take her maiden name of Ella M. Bennett. She married Douglas in New York in 1920.

The career of Douglas, as detailed in court here, sounds more like a highly-colored modern novel of adventure than a chapter from real life. Although he is only thirty-three years old, he served as major in the Brazilian army several years ago, and discovered the River of Doubt. According to Mrs. Douglas, he fought and suppressed a revolutionary uprising in Brazil. He explored the jungle empire which had been granted him and found it contained vast growths of rubber trees and hardwood of rare and costly varieties.

Minister's Wife Has 12 Commandments



FRESNO, CAL.—Twelve commandments are laid down by the Rev. Felician F. Fritzler, pastor of the Wartburg Evangelical Lutheran church, constituted cruelty and on their introduction by his wife, Marie Fritzler, she is judgment on Judge D. A. Canlan. The document, in the minister's handwriting, had been posted in their home for the wife's guidance, she testified. The commandments include these:

Bathroom must be free for both within half an hour after I get up; no water must be taken from any faucet in and outside the house while the bathroom is in use.

Kitchen must never be used as a sitting room, parlor, reading room or sitting room, parlor, reading room or sitting room.

"Wal, We're Goin' Back to Normalcy"

DENVER—Harry Brill, with one black eye and Mrs. Brill, with one chawed ear, came to police court because of a new one. Three years ago, it appears, Harry, who was a respectable Wheatridge farmer, seduced to Satan and his wife's entreaties, and up and sold the old farm—auctioning off everything.

"Come to town, Jedge," said Harry. "Iest so 'th' old lady could wear an and down-Curtis half-hose an' run up an' down-Curtis street admiring the policemen and envying other wimmens' bonnets. And I, pussenally, ain't bin happy since. Jedge—and this scrap last night just goes to show what a life I've bin leadin'."

"Yee, I still got a hankering to go back to the old farm. I miss the pure milk, the old pump, and the fun of waiting for the milk order catalog to come."

"Every once in a while I'd bust out and say: 'Wal, let's go back to Broomfield, or 'Wal, let's go back to Wheatridge,' but it never did no good, don't 'g't talkin' about



goin' back to any of them oonding towns," the missus says to me, "I'd decapitalize you on the spot."

"But last night, Jedge, I was reading the paper, and when I lays it down, nether thinkin' no harm, Jedge, I says, 'Wal, we're goin' back to normalcy, I guess.'"

"And my stars, Jedge, the missus up and strangles me. The janitor thinks the phonograph is a hydrophobic and busts in and saves me. And just afore the cops came, she says: 'Normalcy, Wheatridge, Broomfield—none of them one-lug towns for me!'

THE SANDMAN STORY

THE GUINEA HENS

IT WAS four days since the Guinea Hens had been placed in the barnyard and the animals were still puzzling over their queer looks.

"Who ever heard of hens with faces like those?" said old Brown Hen. "So white and those fiery red ears. I think they look frightful."

Just then Red Rooster came strutting across the yard as fast as his dignity would allow. "I have some news for you," he said, pausing for breath.

"There is a circus down the road," he said, "and I heard the farmer's boy



say that he saw queer things down there, and he was a clown with a white face painted with red in places."

"Oh, those new hens look just like that," broke in old Yellow Hen. "Now we know what they are. They are clowns and come from the circus."

"They better go back where they came from," said old Yellow Hen, "for no hen in this barnyard will have anything to do with them."

That night when the hens went to bed it was very dark, and those that had little ones cuddled them close under their wings.

The new hens—they were Guinea Hens, which, of course, you have guessed before this—went to bed away up in the branches of the nearby trees as they always do, and if anything disturbs them they quickly cry with

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

THE USE OF "ANY"

KNOW the family well, and the youngest son is brighter than any of them." This sentence is incorrect and should be changed to "I know the family well, and the youngest son is brighter than any other one of the rest of the family."

When the sentence first quoted is taken apart and examined, criticism—it seems to say that the youngest son is brighter than himself; for, of course, he is one, or any one, of the family. Such a statement is absurd and to express clearly the meaning of the writer or speaker it is necessary to insert some word or words (such as "other" or "the rest of") to show the comparison between the member of the family under discussion and the rest of the family.

If you say, "The blacksmith is stronger than any man," you imply that the blacksmith is not a man. Say, therefore, "The blacksmith is stronger than any other man."

(Copyright.)

"What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

By MILDRED MARSHALL

ANITA

THE lovely Spanish favorite Anna was won almost as prominent a place among the feminine names of our country as the equally exotic Juanita which followed the song of that title. Anita, however, is much more recent of North America than its prototype. For Anita, signifying grace, has an origin parallel with Anne.

About the time that the mother of Samuel was recorded in Biblical chronicles as the original Hannah, the etymological way was being paved for the entrance of Anita through the gateway of Spain. Byrington, that kingdom of royal splendor, paid homage to a St. Anna who is thought to be a flag-bearer to the great Roman deity.

The daughter of Emperor Basil, calling herself Anna, married Grand Prince of Moscow and carried the name into Russia, where it was subjected to the Slavic influence and issued forth in various forms of diminutives and endearments, one being the pretty Anna, which still lingers there. The susceptibility of the name to the influence of all tongues probably brought it to the attention of soft-syllabled Anna, who adopted it, cut off the "a" and changed the "n" to "i" for euphony's sake, making the charming Ana, which has great popularity there. But Spain no sooner adopts a name than it must have a diminutive, after the Latin fashion—hence Anita.

Italy took Anita and called her Ninetta, which was subjected to a diminutive process and issued forth as Nannina.

Anita's (salutemque) is the cat's eye, which has greater mystic qualities than those of any other jewel. It has the power of hypnotism and is said to be a charm against evil spirits. It is said to be a stone in India where its dazzling white light shone with brilliant green light as it with uncanny powers. Thursday is Anita's lucky day and 6 her lucky number. The palm-tree is her flower.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

MY STRIKE.

WHERE I to strike I think 'twould be For longer days than those I've known.

Say sixty hours, maybe more, So short indeed are twenty-four, With much to do our goal to win, And time too scarce to do it in.

(Copyright.)

Pearl White



One of the most popular of the American "movie" stars is Pearl White. She is so well known to the patrons of the picture houses that little or nothing could be said about her that is not already known. Miss White recently sailed for England and posed this picture on the railing of the steamship.

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The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

CALLING CARDS

Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking—Terence.

A WRITER on social usage has called attention to the fact that in the countries of Europe the etiquette of the calling card is clearly laid down by social law; in this country it is left to the whim of the individual.

If there were but a congress of custom where some one could go and introduce a law setting forth the occasions on which the calling card can be properly be used, and the occasions on which it can't be used, how much confusion could be avoided! This cannot be done, it can only do our best with our calling cards, and trust to luck and instinctive good taste that we will not bring such laws as there are.

In some sections of the country it is customary for newcomers to make the first call, and as "fides are the emblem of calls the first regular call then can be grouped with those regular calling card usage. In most sections it is customary for the old resident to make the first call. In still other places it is usual for a newcomer to send out advance cards to his neighbors as he chances to meet and desires to become acquainted with.

It is usual, however, in most places, for the old resident to make the first call. It is essential for the person called on to return this first call or else run the risk of being called rude. The newcomer who waits for others to call on her, no matter where she is, will do better than the newcomer who makes first calls where this is not customary.

Here are a few hints which should be observed in the etiquette of card usage:

Always call or leave cards within ten days after a dinner, reception or

How It Started

EXPLOSIVES.

IN THE early days of warfare explosives were used at a great rate to help demoralize the ranks. Many experiments were conducted with the idea of producing highly inflammable material. Roger Bacon, a monk, in the Thirteenth century, while experimenting on this subject, happened to use pure instead of impure saltpetre, with the result that he nearly wrecked the place, but from this discovery came our modern powders and high explosives.

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HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL TO A SMILING FACE

CONGESTION in Various Lands.

In Japan today one of the pressing economic problems is the rapid increase of rents. Charges for the use of the bamboo and paper dwellings that make up the majority of the habitations in this little island have increased five-fold in the last five years and there is much congestion.

Even in Teheran, Persia, congestion has inevitably created tenement houses. In spite of their injunctions of religion and custom to seclude their women, the families of many Persian workmen use a common street door and occupy rooms opening on a common court. The rent is approximately \$1 per room per month, a price which does not appear very small when it is understood that the unskilled laborer receives about 20 cents for each day he works—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

WANTED—A GUIDE.

By ADA MAY STEVENS.

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It was partly the fault of the dog. He is much too impartial, as collies are apt to be. He spent his time indiscriminately among his admiring neighbors. Three of them had bought just like his master's. How should he know which was which, since all gave forth bones? Were I a dog—but you shall see. For a fellow just recovering from an attack of nerves, to meet things as unstable as this dog and the furniture of Maple street, is demoralizing, that's what it is.

I chose my cousin's from the list of possible visiting places, because it was quiet. Even the town is quiet. Of the house, one had reason to expect a special stability. Alfred explains at length that I have not been betrayed, but judge for yourself.

My cousin met me upon my arrival, for it happened that I had never visited him since he moved to Westgate. We stopped before a piazza in duplicate, passing through a duplicate door into what afterward I found to be a duplicate hall. Except in furnishings, in Alfred's hall was only a table and a chair. It was restfully vacant; from its plain walls, scent furnishings, to the cheerful little wife and pleasant home atmosphere, I felt at last I had found peace. I rested well that night.

With the interest of a stranger in town, I went out next day, proud to take my first trip alone. I felt dully, or unduly, elated. Returning, I ran confidently up the steps where sat Billy, the cat; I opened the hall door to be greeted by Major, the dog. But the hall looked unfamiliar; there was a tall clock in the corner, and a formidable batrack almost challenging the way. Like a soldier—or is it a burglar?—suddenly scenting danger, I came to tiptoe position; I hesitated toward the door into the sitting room.

"Did you want to see Alfred Pomeroy?" He lives next door. The voice was sweet, and the head that followed it was pretty, but I left as precipitately as followed by a bristling warrior with all swords drawn. There is little satisfaction in apologizing for a frankly benevolent intrusion, even to a pretty face, so I left at once, with my apology trailing over my shoulder.

Alfred's wife has a pleasant laugh, and the mirth of cousin's is more healing than that of brother's, so I picked up courage once more, took back my rash vow that I would never appear in public again without a keeper, and went down street on the following afternoon.

I went early and returned late. This time I left nothing to chance; I counted my steps from the corner to the house. I looked first at the numbers and then at the umber and hours plants in the windows. I carefully avoided all piazzas where reposed any of our household pets. Then I boldly walked in.

Heaven! What had I done? Not an article was familiar. By the stairs stood a broad old-fashioned couch; a black waist wardrobe, and a crochery umbrella rack grinned from separate corners. The accustomed chair where I usually draped my coat was gone. Standing bewildered, I clutched my falling senses and uttered the thoughts within me:

"Have I come mad again—where am I? Where am I? I cried, in the loud voice ordinarily used for such crises as calls for 'Help' or 'Fire.'"

As though it were a signal, the lights went up. A cool voice came down the hall. "Why, Cousin Tom, when the hell did you get into spasms of laughter. Yes, Alfred's wife is a cheerful soul, but I never before realized what a useless thing her laugh could be. Between shrieks she gaped."

"No wonder you don't know where you are! Oh, Tom, you took too funny for yourself—do forgive me."

"Explain yourself," I insisted, with more dignity, realizing that only so could I bring her to herself.

"Why, you see," she laughed, "the things came from Alfred's father's house while you were gone, and we put them around at once. Isn't that a lot of a couch? Truly, you don't have to look so wild—but, after yesterday—She was hopeless and helpless. I left her."

It's all very well to soothe my feelings and explain things to me; anyone in my condition can tell you just how soothing it is. I utterly refuse to go abroad alone again in this town. Meanwhile I will sit in the piazza just the right length for pacing, and I spend my time teaching Major and Billy the delights of home. In a place like this, some guide is necessary.

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