Chicago "Owls" Blink at First Broadway Car

CHICAGO.—Chicago's first Broadway car ran through the loop district the other night, through the La Salle street tunnel, up Clark street, and out Broadway. It was the first evidence of the city's 567 varieties of new street names.

The car, with no sign save the unwonted "Broadway" displayed, swung around the loop at the alcoholic hour of 11:30, just when the most people wanted a car.

"Say, now, where'd that come from?" demanded one night owl of another on the curb, as No. 219 trundled by. "Lived here all my life an' didn't know we had a Broadway, let alone a car line on it."

Nobody could tell him.

Down Randolph street rumbled the "Broadway" apparition, and drew up in front of the Lambs' cafe just as two chorus girls emerged.

"Ain't this luck, Lil!" exclaimed one as they peeled their hobbles just high enough to allow them to reach the step. "The way I remembered it we'd have to boat it two blocks to a car, an' here's one right at the door. Call us at One Hundred and Nineteenth street, conductor."

Serene in their belief that they were headed for home, they settled down for a talk.

"Will this car take me to Evanston avenue?" inquired a precise individual as he held back his nickel and eyed the conductor suspiciously.

"Yes, sir."

"But how can a car take me where I want to go when it runs on a street I never heard of? And I've lived on Evanston avenue many years."

All the way out the precise gentleman debated with himself where that car would land him.

But there were many voyagers who did not intrust themselves to the piratical-looking craft flying such strange colors.

"Say! Where does that thing go?" asked one of these from the curb.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Evanston avenue."

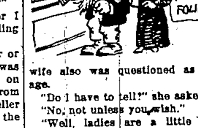
"Come along—this car'll take you."

"Not me. Only got one nickel, an' no strange car don't git that."

And the cautious one sheered off until he could find a car with a familiar sign.

Many, thinking they recognized something familiar about the car or crew or both, came out into the street, looked doubtfully at the unfamiliar "Broadway," and, looking like victims of misplaced confidence, stepped back to the curb to wait for the genuine blown-in-the-bottle Evanston car. Nothing less would satisfy them.

Retired? Not So That Anybody Could Notice It



CINCINNATI, O.—Not long ago an aged man presented himself at the "new account" window of a local bank and asked to have his semi-annual interest entered in his passbook. Recognizing him at once, the teller on duty asked: "Are you still retired?"

"I reckon I am, as far as ever I was," replied the depositor, smiling grimly.

The little joke dates back a year or two to the day when the account was opened. Accompanied by his wife on that occasion, the aged farmer from Ohio's onion belt tendered the teller a roll of banknotes counting up in the thousands.

"How old are you?" asked the clerk, pursuant to the bank's practice of keeping such bits of information on file.

"Eighty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

"Farmer, retired," repeated the teller and began to write it so.

"'Retired,' nothing!" protested the octogenarian. "If you call working 156 acres of land being retired, then I suppose I'm retired."

The teller made suitable apologies. As it was to be a joint account, the wife also was questioned as to her age.

"Do I have to tell?" she asked.

"No, not unless you wish."

"Well, ladies are a little bashful about telling their age after they pass thirty."

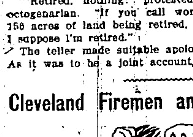
"Aw, tell the man how old you are, Hannah." The husband seemed disgusted with coyness.

"Well," the old lady made confession reluctantly, "I ain't so old as the old man is, but I'm eighty-four."

"And I suppose you are retired, too?" said the smiling teller.

"That may be your name for it, but what with the cooking and the housework and the milking and the buttering and all, I manage to keep kind of busy."

Cleveland Firemen and Police in Fly-Trap Race



CLEVELAND, O.—A desire to excel in the manufacture of fly-traps is responsible for "bad blood" between the police at the Eleventh precinct on East One Hundred and Fifth street, near Euclid, and the firemen at engine house No. 10, next door.

Sergeant Cregan, the Thomas Alva Edison of the force, wearied of "shooting flies from his face, or pursuing them with a swatter," designed and built a gigantic fly-trap. This was placed near the front door, as the transformation of the stable into a garage had eliminated the busy fly from that region. The flies began to buzz around.

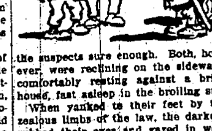
Charles Trump, the Marconi of the firemen, chanced to see the police trap and went back to the station with an idea. The firemen contributed to a fund to build the largest and most lethal fly-trap in existence. It was installed near the stable, wherein the firemen had an immeasurable advantage over the police in the matter of flies.

Then, all confidence, Trump challenged Cregan to a fly-catching contest between their respective traps. Because the firemen had the advantage of the stable, Trump gave Cregan a handicap of 100 flies.

For days firemen and policemen watched their traps earnestly. Wagers were made on the result and interest grew to a fever heat. Each side accused the other of catching flies by hand and "stuffing" the traps. But, strangely enough, the police trap continued to attract more flies.

An approximate gave Cregan a lead of possibly 2,000 flies and the fire fighters were in despair. A terrible disappointment awaited the police one morning. With the break of dawn Cregan went out to inspect his trap. He sent in a vocal riot call. The flies were gone and a nervous bat was alone in the cage.

Whispered Tip to Cop Wakes Up City Employes



PITTSBURGH, PA.—These are strenuous days for the Coppers-Afraid-of-Their-Jobs. What with the wily thieves active and the public claiming the city is overrun with robbers, pickpockets and other plundering rascals, and Director John H. Dailey after these same coppers until they dream of "shakeups" and dismissals, the life of a bluecoat or a plain-clothes man is not pleasant.

The other afternoon Lieutenant of Police Charles Faulkner and a couple of "subs" were polishing their buttons in Magistrate Fred Goettman, Jr.'s, courtroom at the North Side police station, while the magistrate told funny stories and drew cartoons on a pad (the court not being then in session), a wild-eyed "taxpayer" rushed in and whispered to the sergeant in charge that two suspicious negroes were skulking in an alley off Arch street, near the High School building.

The tip was given to Lieutenant Faulkner. Instantly he and the "subs" got busy in making a marathon dash for the scene of action. They found the suspects sure enough. Both, however, were reclining on the sidewalk, comfortably resting against a brick house, fast asleep in the broiling sun.

When yanked to their feet by the zealous limbs of the law, the darkeys rubbed their eyes and gazed in wonderment at the blue coats.

"Whahfah you arrest us, boss?" they asked of Faulkner. "We ain' bin doin' nothin' but waitin' yeah fer de gawbage wagon t' come 'long. We all's city 'ployes, we is. We jess—"

"'Bout face!" shouted Lieutenant Faulkner to the "subs." "Forward, march—straight back to the cooler joint. We've been fooled again."

The Onlooker

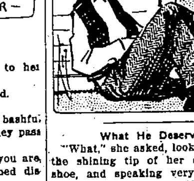
By HENRY HOWLAND

What Have You Done?

You are going to do great things, you say—
  But what have you done?
You are going to win in a splendid way,
  As other have won;
You have plans that when they are put in force
  Will make you sublime;
You have mapped out a glorious upward course—
  But why don't you climb?

You're not quite ready to start, you say:
  If you hope to win
The time to be starting is now—today—
  Don't dally, begin!
No man has ever been ready as yet,
  Nor ever will be:
You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set—
  But try it and see.

You are going to do great things, you say,
  You have splendid plans;
Your dreams are of heights that are far away;
  They're a hopeful man's—
But the world, when it judges the case for you,
  At the end, my son,
Will think not of what you were going to do,
  But of what you've done.



What He Deserved.

"What," she asked, looking down at the shining tip of her dainty little shoe, and speaking very softly and sweetly, "would you do if at this moment your fondest wish, your highest hope, could be realized?"

He started up suddenly, with a gleam in his eyes.

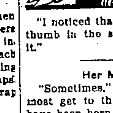
Her heart throbbed expectantly; it seemed as if paradise were opening to her.

"Yes," he said, "by George, I'd do it! I'd order a carriage when I go home tonight, even if I do live just around the block."

Later, when he looked out and saw that it was raining, and wished he had an umbrella she merely said:

"Br-r-r! What a nasty night," and slammed the door behind him.

WORTH A "TIP."



"You must be new to this business," said the customer as the waiter was brushing away the crumbs.

"Why do you think so, sir?"

"I noticed that you didn't have your thumb in the soup when you served it."

Her Modest Wish.

"Sometimes," said the poet, "I almost get to thinking I would rather have been born rich than a genius."

"Oh, dear," his wife replied, "I don't go to such extravagant extremes. If you'd only been born with a longing to go out and get a job somewhere I'd be satisfied."

Alice's Limitations.

Alice practices with dumb-bells
  In the college "gym;"
She can beat her brother jumping,
  She outclasses him
As a sprinter and a fencer;
  As for suppleness,
She can double up to look like
  A big letter S;
She can chin a pole one-handed,
  She can vault and leap,
But, alas, alack, she isn't
  Strong enough to sweep.

This May Explain It.

"Why is it that women are so strongly opposed to polygamy?"

"I dunno," replied Mr. Henpeck, "unless the average woman justly considers herself more than a match for any man."

Their Hits.

"I notice that nearly all the comedians are playing Hamlet now."

"Yes, and you can't deny that some of them are a good deal funnier than they were before."

Frugality.

"I thought she was going to marry an English duke."

"No. Her father found a Russian prince that he could get for half the price."

BISHOP'S POINT WELL MADE

Rebuke to Which It Is Hard to See How the Curate Could Make an Answer.

Bishop Oliphant of Llandaff had a well-to-do young man as curate who had rather sporting instincts. He kept his own horses and always drove tandem. The bishop disapproved, and decided to administer a rebuke on a favorable opportunity. Both the bishop and the curate, each driving in his own way, met near the historic Cow and Snuffers. The bishop, of course, was driving two abreast, and the curate tandem, as usual.

"I really must protest," said the bishop, "at your driving about in such a manner."

"Well, my lord," said the curate, "you are driving two horses, and so am I. What is the difference?"

After a few moments' reflection Bishop Oliphant replied:

"If, when you are at prayers at the cathedral, the congregation placed their hands in the same position as you have placed your horses what would become of the dignity and solemnity of the service?"—London Mail.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.—Adv.

Had His Goat, Evidently.

A Springfield man, replying to his wife's petition for divorce, says: "Defendant states that the plaintiff is much better qualified than the defendant to carry her part in nagging contests; that she commands a better and more extensive vocabulary than the defendant, and simply overwhelmed him with her complaints and reproaches, and she was so master of her feelings that she could readily pass from storm to sunshine, from abuse to tears, from harsh language to tenderness, and from nagging plaintiff could upon the appearance of a third person so readily become all smiles and suavity that her sudden and complete changes of moods completely bewildered defendant."—Kansas City Star.

Quiet English Parish.

The tiny parish of Clannaborough, North Devon, England, a little village, has a population of only 42, so that baptisms, marriages and burials are not very frequent. The other week the first marriage ceremony for 15 years took place, but even then the couple were not parishioners, the bride coming from St. Austell, the bridegroom, whose home is at Exmouth, being the rector's brother-in-law.

Their Two Industries.

Vacational (at seaport town)—What do you do here in summer?

Native—Loaf and fish.

V.—And in the winter?

N.—We cut out the fishin'.

In the Stilly Night.

Country Innkeeper—Did you hear the fight out in front about one o'clock this mornin'?

New Yorker (wearily)—Yes. It put me to sleep!—Puck.

Poverty of Idea.

Madeline—Why, Mrs. Benaway; are you back?

Mrs. Benaway—Yes, dear; are you?—Judge.

Few men are prominent enough to claim that they were misquoted.

The less a man amounts to the larger he shows up in a group photograph.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv

It is something difficult to forget the mean things we know about ourselves.

Foley Kidney Pills Succeed because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

As Good As It Looks and Better

Rouge Rex shoes have proved their worth to thousands.

This one is especially worthy of your consideration, if you are looking for a shoe that is suited to the season.

No. 408 is 12 inches high, with full bellows tongue, and full vamp under the toe cap, giving double wear at that point.

The soles are of three thicknesses of sole leather, the outsole being of water-proof stock of extra wearing quality.

Everything about this shoe is solid leather, and it is put together with long service in view.

Ask your dealer for these shoes. If he does not handle them, send for our free Rouge Rex Book, and we will give you the name of our nearest agent.

HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY

Hide to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers

GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands; expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Remarkable.

Frost—Sometimes one runs across his friends in the most unexpected places.

Snow—True. Yesterday I found Agnes at home.

An Echo.

Susie (age six)—And when we grow up we'll be married, won't we, Bobbie?

Bobby (sadly)—No, Susie, I can't marry into your family. Your papa has weak eyes and your auntie has spasms.

She Knew.

Bookkeeper—If I asked the boss to raise my salary, what do you think he would say?

Stenographer—Mr. Penner, I am a lady — I never even think such things!

Not What She Expected.

Ferdy—You are not like most of the other girls I know.

Sylvia (very softly)—No?

Ferdy—No, indeed! The others tan, but you freckle!—Puck.

Contradictory Pleasure.

"What do you think his wife considered his giving her a square deal?"

"What?"

"Taking her on a round of amusements."

The ideal traveling companion—one who wears the same size collar as you do.

The great principle of brotherhood is not by equality, nor by likeness, but by giving and receiving.—Ruskin.

Marked Similarity.

"If 12 persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit in exactly the same order around the table," didactically stated the professor, "it would take them 13,000,000 years, at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have eaten more than 474,000,000 dinners, before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves.

"Yep," snarled Uncle Pepys. "That would be nearly as many ways as a a small boy rearranges himself during a long sermon."—Judge.

Had a Chance Now.

While he was playing on a certain Scottish course, a politician remarked to his caddie: "By the way, the last time I was here I played with Tom McGregor. He's grand player!" "Aye," said the caddie, "but ye could beat McGregor noo." The politician, knowing what a fine player McGregor had shown himself, was immensely pleased at what he deemed the caddie's compliment to his own improved play. "Do you think so?" he exclaimed. "Aye," came the slow reply, "McGregor's deid!"

A Distinction.

Mrs. Outertown—Isn't there a Mrs. Skinner in this village who keeps boarders?

Hi Hubbel—She takes boarders, ma'am; but she don't keep 'em.—Puck.

Distinction.

"Who is that military-looking chap?"

"That, sir, is the hero of a rumored war."—Puck.

The Food Route To Steady Health

Many people are kept ill because they do not know how to select food that their own particular bodies will take up and build upon.

What will answer for one will not do for another.

If one is ailing it is safe to change food entirely and go on a plain, simple diet, say:

Some fruit
Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream
Soft-boiled eggs
Crisp Toast
A Cup of Postum

no more.

Man! But a diet like that makes one feel good after a few days' use.

The most perfectly made food for human use is

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

SUPPORTED HIM

Food That Saved When Everything Else Failed.

The food route is a safe and very sure road back to health.

"For six years I was a serious sufferer from indigestion and general stomach troubles, from the improperly cooked food in boarding houses and restaurants of which I was a victim.

"During three of the six years I was so bad off nervous prostration set in and I sought relief of a specialist without success. I had gotten so that I could eat almost nothing and was steadily losing flesh.

"Many different foods and preparations were recommended for a trial, without success, and I had become indifferent to all food.

"Some months after seeing your ad in the daily papers, about the scientifically prepared food, Grape-Nuts, and its good qualities, and being driven almost to despair over my plight, I skeptically resolved to give Grape-Nuts a trial as a last resort. And I thank God that I did.

"From my first meal of Grape-Nuts I felt a great change for the better; the knot that arose in the chest after meals disappeared; stomach ceased its uneasiness and gradually the nervousness disappeared.

"For about a year I ate Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and have gained 54 pounds of lost weight and weigh 5 pounds more than I ever did and now do not find any trouble in using my old-time relishes with my Grape-Nuts.

"I expect to be married soon and I do not expect Grape-Nuts to be eliminated from my bill of fare as long as I live. If my testimony will help some poor mortal, place my letter conspicuously where it can be read." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Grape-Nuts contain all the constituents of a complete food and in a highly assimilable state," says the "London Lancet."

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.