

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Zoological Park Mystery Solved; Ivan Is Guilty

NEW YORK.—No longer is there any mystery to be solved in the New York zoological park. Ivan is the guilty one, and now the policemen detailed to the park, the night watchman, the keepers and all the officials of the zoological society need not worry. Ivan thinks the whole matter a joke, and if any one thinks a bear can't laugh and enjoy being the perpetrator of something that worried his friends and kept them on the jump for a couple of weeks let him go up to the Bronx and have a talk with Ivan.

Ivan is a big, brown, peninsular bear. He has been in the park for nearly ten years, and while he is the pet of the keepers and the most popular animal in the bear den he is always in mischief. Stealing the keepers' hats and coats while they are cleaning his cage and hiding them in his cave is an old trick of Ivan's. For a time it was plenty of fun for him.

The keepers who would have to look for their coats soon learned this trick and paid no attention to it at any time, but just kept on working and when the time came they were ready to leave the den and get their belongings from Ivan's hiding place.

Two weeks ago Policeman Martin of the Bronx park station heard three sharp blasts of a police whistle. In about two minutes it was repeated, and he started to run in the direction in which the sound came from. He was sure that a broken policeman was in trouble and needed help. As he ran through the park two whistles joined him. The squad looked for the suspicious policeman who wanted aid for half an hour and then gave it up as hopeless and returned to their posts. About an hour later the whistles were again heard and another search was started. Again no one was found.

This kept up every night for two or three times, by chance Charles Snyder, the assistant curator of small mammals, happened to forget his umbrella one night and returned to the park. He was just walking back of Ivan's den when he heard the three distress whistles given. He was not on the path, but on the grass, so Ivan could not hear him walking.

Peering through the bars Snyder saw Ivan standing erect, and while he watched him he heard the bear give three more calls that sounded for all world like the blasts of a policeman's whistle.

## Pawned Jewels to Feed Cats; Husband Objects

DETROIT, MICH.—"Cats!" said the complainant. "Rats!" said the court. All the trouble in the James household was brought out the other day to a bill for divorce filed by John D. James, and a cross bill filed by his wife, Anna L. James.

According to the complainant, his wife was so fond of cats that she occupied his place in bed, driving him out into the chilly night. Also that the cats were fed by the wife's hand, while the husband, the complainant, had to eat what they had carded. Also that she beat him with the spirit of her pets that she scratched his face, and otherwise caused him such intense physical anguish that from a large, strong man he had become a sickly, nervous person, a shadow of his former self.

In her cross bill the wife asserted that all cats brought into the house were brought in by the complainant, who persisted in feeding said cats whole handfuls of raw meat, which he cut up himself.

"Is it true that your wife prepared her watch and her wedding ring in order to obtain money with which to buy choice cuts of meat for the cats?" James was asked, and he admitted that this was the sad truth.

"Is it not a fact that you yourself brought the first cat into the house?" the court asked, and this, too, James was forced to admit.

"You also brought the second cat into the house, and these two cats were the result of more cats. Is this true?"

James admitted the two first cats and the resulting cats.

"I think that neither of these parties is entitled to a divorce," said Judge Lacey. "They have made their bed, and they must lie in it—it is necessary, along with the cats."

## Flip of the Dice Wins Rich Oklahoma Oil Land

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A Kansas City business man who lives at the Hotel Baltimore here says he wouldn't have his identity known for anything other than a big brown envelope. It contained the deed to 100 acres of land down in the oil belt in Oklahoma, worth between \$3,000 and \$4,000. There at witnesses at the Baltimore, who are willing to take oath that it happened.

The Kansas City man, who is western representative for a large furnishing goods house, and a wealthy oil operator, who has holdings at Pail, Kan., and Muskogee, Okla., owned about the 100 acres—much a half interest in the oil.

The oil operator wanted the Kansas City man to tell his half interest to him. While no oil has been found yet on the land, it is in the middle of oil belt, and the Kansas City man didn't want to let go. He proposed that the oil operator sell him his half interest.

The two adjourned to the bar and had a glass of buttermilk. And that was all, so one of the principals of the story said.

"I'll shake you up the Kansas City man said.

"That's a go!" the Kansas City man said.

The oil man tipped the dice box first. Out on the counter rolled the dice.

Two fives!

The Kansas City man rolled next.

Four aces!

"The land's yours," the oil man said.

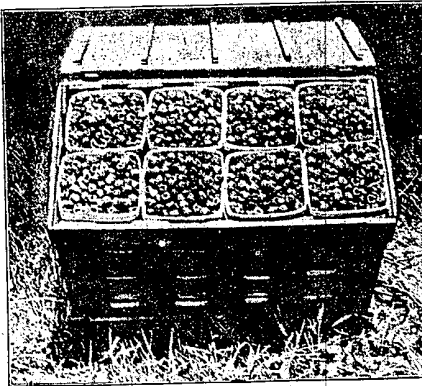
## Strange Climax of Little Every-Day Incident

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A waiter spilled a plateful of soup on a ward, work or in a restaurant the other day. The waiter was known by the name of the man in the manner usually adopted for reformers who try to stand guard at the polls in that city. In other words, he started a rough house. But the waiters finished what he started. Waiters have a habit of doing that. All the "Herald" boys gathered round the waiter and after a few minutes he had been reduced to a state of semi-consciousness with a loaded section of garden hose, a beer, a lot and three chair legs. He was chucked into the street.

Then he did an unprofessional thing. He would not have been guilty of it had he been in his right senses. He complained to the police and had the waiter who annoyed him arrested.

Now comes the unexpected climax of this little every-day incident. Of life in Philadelphia. The police magistrate before whom the prisoner was arraigned discharged him with the momentous decision that it is not unlawful for a waiter to spill soup on the patrons he serves. The decision was not unusual for Philadelphia for as much as might be expected over it as it can become agitated over anything. It wholly failed to perceive the deep, basic principles of everlasting truth underlying the decision.

## GOOD CULTIVATION OF THE BUSH FRUITS



Crate of Royal Purple Raspberries photographed in August. This is two weeks later than Columbia or any other raspberry. This is a good raspberry to plant for late berries.

(By M. M. EASTMAN.)

When the harvest is completed, cultivation of bush fruits should be continued. The sowing of some cover crop with the last cultivation is a most excellent practice.

Oats and peas, either separate or in combination, answer this purpose. The benefits derived from a cover crop are manifold.

The greatest of these benefits, perhaps, comes in the protection afforded by the growth to the surface of the ground.

It is well known among those who have made a study of soil physics that when left unprotected by a growth of some kind there is a loss both in plant food in the humus content of soil.

Hence in so far as is practicable the wise husbandman will keep his land covered with a growth of some sort.

It is not practical to keep a cover crop growing among small fruits through spring and early summer, for the best interests of such fruits require intensive cultivation through this period of their growth, but with the fruiting season over such necessity ceases.

Unless drought conditions are unusually severe there will be a sufficient amount of moisture in the soil of a bush fruit plantation that has received intensive cultivation throughout the spring and summer to start a vigorous growth of oats or peas, and under ordinary conditions of fall precipitation such grains will attain considerable growth.

The protection afforded by such a growth, against the effects of frost that are continually being evolved through denitrification processes constantly in operation among soil agencies.

Such growth also prevents washing of soil by fall, winter and early spring rains, which, in cases of even slightly rolling land, may be the source of considerable loss.

The first spring cultivation will work this vegetative growth now dead and partially decayed into the soil.

Through the processes of decomposition the supply of soil humus is thus replenished, and soil agencies liberate the plant food used in making this growth, when it is at once taken up by the roots of the fruit plants and used in the growth and development of the various parts of such plants which at this season are in an exceedingly high state of activity.

The growth of grass presents very pleasing picture to the eye throughout the fall season, during which time there is usually not much verdure in evidence.

To the one possessing an aesthetic nature this alone will be ample recompensation for the expense involved.

As soon as the fruiting season is over, it is usually advisable to remove the cases just fruited and burn them. Where there are fungous diseases to contend with the need of this becomes imperative. After this growth has been removed the young canes should be thoroughly sprayed with the Bordeaux mixture. A month later another application should be made.

When the canes have so far ripened that the leaves begin to drop, the growth of young canes may be reduced by cutting away about one-third of the growth made.

Fall pruning has no advantage over spring pruning, perhaps, except that the growth of young canes may be reduced by cutting away about one-third of the growth made.

Then, too, where there is loss caused by bringing of canes from high winds and deep snows fall pruning may lessen injury from this source.

At the beginning of the season the queen lays eggs in the workers' cells. She walks over the comb, puts her head into each open cell as she goes, and as though to discover whether it is occupied or is in position to receive an egg. I have looked into an observatory hive for hours and watched her faithfully go about her work.

The queen kills her workers, and seeks only to kill her rivals. She may be handled to any extent without fear of being stung. She has no special fear of the bees, and she will not sting them. She will often continue alive in conditions that have proved fatal to the workers confined with her.

Well-kept queens are good for two full years' work, and the great majority for the third year. A queen hatched in the early part of the season, so that the year of her hatching she does much breeding, is aged very much at the end of her third year. Hatched in mid or late summer she will complete that year, all the next, and make a good colony for the next honey season after that, when she ought to be superseded. Do not expect a queen to do more than two hard summers' service. Many will be good for longer, but not enough to make it profitable to risk keeping longer.

There are no sure rules for finding a queen. It is somewhat a matter of patience and practice. And yet attention to some things will help very much. Go at it as quietly as possible, using very little smoke, and smoke and set them to running, and then you might as well give up the job until another time.

If the bees are Italian, queens can usually be found at least on the third or fourth frame taken out of the hive. A practical beekeeper will first pull out the center frame, and look for freshly laid eggs. Failing to find these he will take out another frame from another portion of the brood-nest. If he finds the eggs, then he has reasonable assurance that the queen is somewhere in this part of the hive. He knows the frames over carefully, and, failing to find her, he takes out the next one, each time following in the wake of the eggs. While it is no sure rule the presence of freshly laid eggs in any portion of the brood-nest is evidence that the queen is in that part of the hive, yet, generally speaking, she will be found near them.

If the bees are Italian, queens can usually be found at least on the third or fourth frame taken out of the hive. A practical beekeeper will first pull out the center frame, and look for freshly laid eggs. Failing to find these he will take out another frame from another portion of the brood-nest. If he finds the eggs, then he has reasonable assurance that the queen is somewhere in this part of the hive. He knows the frames over carefully, and, failing to find her, he takes out the next one, each time following in the wake of the eggs. While it is no sure rule the presence of freshly laid eggs in any portion of the brood-nest is evidence that the queen is in that part of the hive, yet, generally speaking, she will be found near them.

When the queen is found, she should be handled with care. She should be placed in a cage, and the hive should be closed. She should be kept in the cage for a few days, and then she should be released. This will ensure that she is healthy and that she is the queen of the hive.

When the queen is found, she should be handled with care. She should be placed in a cage, and the hive should be closed. She should be kept in the cage for a few days, and then she should be released. This will ensure that she is healthy and that she is the queen of the hive.

When the queen is found, she should be handled with care. She should be placed in a cage, and the hive should be closed. She should be kept in the cage for a few days, and then she should be released. This will ensure that she is healthy and that she is the queen of the hive.

When the queen is found, she should be handled with care. She should be placed in a cage, and the hive should be closed. She should be kept in the cage for a few days, and then she should be released. This will ensure that she is healthy and that she is the queen of the hive.

When the queen is found, she should be handled with care. She should be placed in a cage, and the hive should be closed. She should be kept in the cage for a few days, and then she should be released. This will ensure that she is healthy and that she is the queen of the hive.

## ROMANCE OF STOLEN PICTURE

Pinturicchio's Well-Known Painting of "Madonna and Child" Which Was Lost Is Found.

London.—No little sensation was caused in art circles recently by the discovery at Clarendon Cross Station of Pinturicchio's well-known painting of "Madonna and the Child," valued at £10,000, which was recently found to have been removed from the church of St. Maria Maggiore at Spello in Italy. The box in which it was found had been consigned to London from Florence, and the picture was con-



Pinturicchio's Recovered "Madonna."

It was found under a false bottom. The painting was taken away and deposited at the Italian embassy, and the box was watched by detectives ready to detain anyone claiming it. Four arrests have been made in Italy in connection with the theft. Under Italian law no old masters are allowed to be removed from the country without the express permission of the government, and persons breaking this law are liable to a fine amounting to three times the price which they may have received for the stolen picture.

## "DEAD" CHILD COMES TO LIFE

Friend of the Family Viewing Body Says "Tinge of Color in the Sides" of the Ears.

Wray, Colo.—Marie Hesse, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hesse, had a remarkable escape from being buried alive after she had been pronounced dead by a physician.

The child had been ill for some time and was seized with convulsions. She lapsed into unconsciousness, and apparently died. The doctor in attendance made several heart and lung tests and pronounced the child dead.

With no more grown up the girl was dead. The child was placed in a white casket and the funeral set. After the services the family and friends approached the casket to look at the face of the supposed dead girl.

One of Hesse's neighbors called attention to a faint color in the tips of the girl's ears and the funeral was stopped.

Another doctor was hurriedly summoned and he pronounced the girl alive. The child was removed from the casket and placed in bed. She has not yet regained consciousness, but is alive and the physicians believe she will recover.

## GAVE LIFE FOR HER KITTENS

Champion Rat Killer of Steamship Meets Tragic Death Answering Mews of Her Young.

Brooklyn.—Mary, the mascot cat and champion rat killer of the American Steamship line, is dead. She died, as she lived, on the Atlantic ocean.

Her death was the death of a conscientious mother, for it was in trying to answer the plaintive mewling of her kittens that she was accidentally killed.

This tragedy of the sea was reported on the arrival of the liner Philadelphia at Southampton.

Mary, the best of mothers, had made a home for her kittens in the store room, and was in a habit of visiting them. She had a hole in the store room deck, through which passed a lift rope. On the night of the tragedy Mary was taking a stroll on deck, when she heard the kittens mew.

She turned back, crept through the hole—the lift was working, and in an instant the kittens were motherless.

For the rest of the voyage a stew ard was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was required to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

Mr. Geo. J. Thiers, traveling agent and writer, is our Constant Manager. Write him for particulars. He will send you a list of the best fur goods in the world. He will also send you a list of the best fur goods in the world. He will also send you a list of the best fur goods in the world.

167 WEST CONGRESS ST. DETROIT MICHIGAN

**M. Sloman & Co.**

The man who is handy around the house usually isn't much good anywhere else.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundry dress smile. Adv.

Love is responsible for most of the happiness, and unhappiness in the world.

Stubborn Colds and Irritated Bronchial Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—See at Druggists.

That's So. Biz—Somehow I have no luck at all. Dix—Why, man alive, that's luck. You might have had luck, you know.

His Retort. "You proposed to me a dozen times before I finally accepted you."

"Yep. I always do have a tough time getting you to agree to anything I want."—Detroit Free Press.

Important to Mothers. Examining 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. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

His Specality. "What does your member of congress think of these questions?"

"He don't pay no 'tention to questions," replied Fletcher's Congressman. "He's the man that knows what all the answers are, without 'botherin' 'bout the questions."

Too Successful. Quizzer—What's the matter, old man? You look worried.

Sizzer—I have cause to. I hired a man to trace my pedigree.

Quizzer—Well, what's the trouble? Haven't he been successful?

Sizzer—Successful! I should say he has! I'm paying him hush money!

Had to Be Careful. An old man who had led a sinful life was dying, and his wife sent for a nearby preacher to pray with him.

The preacher spent some time praying and talking, and finally the old man said: "What do you want me to do, parson?"

"Renounce the devil! Renounce the devil!" replied the preacher.

"Well, but, parson," protested the dying man, "I ain't in position to make any enemies."

Greatly Desired Lady. It would appear from bits of the social gossip of her day that Miss Burt-Coutts' nearest approach to an occupation was refusing offers of marriage. It is stated that the name of the "Prince of Adventurers" was connected with hers; that she refused the duke of Wellington and a score of lesser gentlemen.

For years the great heiress was the most glittering matrimonial prize in England, and when at last she consented to change her condition by marrying an American, a London club wit struck a responsive chord by observing, "I don't blame Ashmead Bartlett for proposing to the baroness. I've done it myself. I regard it as a duty every Englishman owes to his family."—"Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III."

What are Post Toasties?

Thin water bits of choice ingredients—Crisp—perfectly cooked; delicately flavoured; then toasted to an appetizing golden brown, and packed in tightly sealed packages without being touched by hand.

"Post Toasties" are for breakfast or any other meal—served direct from package with cream or milk, and a sprinkling of sugar.

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Crocers everywhere sell Post Toasties

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Crocers everywhere sell Post Toasties

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Crocers everywhere sell Post Toasties