

Tales of **GOTHAM** and other CITIES

Dr. H. Bolte of Sapulpa, Okla., Is Still Waiting.



NEW YORK.—Dr. H. Bolte of Sapulpa, Okla., may find some satisfaction in a notice sent to him the other day by Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty to the effect that Thomas Brown is under arrest here and will be held for Dr. Bolte's identification. Mr. Brown said his arrest was an outrage and that he never swindled a dentist or anybody else out of \$1,500 by a variation of the good old wire tapping game.

This was the tale of the dentist: He came from Oklahoma to New York to get to Europe. He had over \$500 in cash and a check for \$1,000. He met a nice fellow in a Broadway bar room who called himself Walter Sims and said he was a planter from Jackson, Miss. Sims introduced the doctor to J. W. Walsh, a "millionaire grain speculator of Buffalo." The two took Dr. Bolte to a "club" at 128 West Forty-fifth street, where one might bet on the races.

Millionaire Walsh pried a wallet from his pocket, unstrapped the same and produced \$20,000 in cash and a certified check for \$20,000. He bet

the whole \$40,000 on one race. Strange to say, he won \$30,000. Despite the warning and caution of Dr. Bolte he bet \$70,000 on another race and won again, at even money. Dr. Bolte's eyes almost bulged out of his head. Millionaire Walsh sauntered over to the cashier to collect his \$140,000.

"Sorry," said the cashier, "but we will have to investigate that \$20,000 check before we pay your bet."

Mr. Walsh was much put out. He took Dr. Bolte and the planter over in the corner and confided in them.

"That blamed check is not good," he informed them. "There is only \$6,000 back of it. I have got to get it back before they look it up. If you fellows can lend me enough to take it up I will pay you \$20,000 bonus apiece."

Planter Sims produced \$500 in cash and a check for \$12,000. Dr. Bolte, thinking of what he could do with that \$20,000 in gay Paree and in the concert halls of Vienna, could not contribute his \$500 and his check quick enough. Millionaire Walsh put in a check for \$6,000, representing his actual cash balance.

The dangerous overdrawn check was withdrawn.

"But," said the cashier, "of course, you must wait until we have heard from these checks. That will take a week."

Dr. Bolte is still waiting.

Woe Confronts Women Golfers With High Heels

CHICAGO.—The French heel, the military heel, the Cuban and all the other leather prongs of fashion have been discriminated against by the South Park commissioners in favor of the low-squat, broad, commonplace heel—that is, on the Jackson Park golf course.

The park commissioners, who have no soul for art and no eyes for beautiful heels, are enforcing this rule only for the sake of their horrid old golf links, say the women.

Six hundred owners of fancy heels the other day were refused admission to the course.

There were many protests from women who hesitated between their love for the game and appearance.

The "common-sense" heel, as the attendants insisted on calling it, despite feminine pouts and frowns and "I just don't care," is not liable to do any damage, while any other kind will cut up the turf.



It was that many were angry who turned away from the grounds, but a glance at the sign convinced them that their only recourse was to the cobbler. The sign reads as follows:

Men and women may not use this golf course while wearing high-heel shoes. Only low and broad heels such as are commonly used in the practice of sports will be permitted.

Games attendants are instructed to enforce this rule.

"Just about one-third of the would-be players have the right heel," said an attendant.

Preacher Aids Bashful to Meet Future Wives.



MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—"If any poor, bashful man in my audience has fallen in love with some worthy woman, and wants to meet her for a wife, I will see that he is introduced, has a place to court, will help him get his license, pay for it if necessary, marry him free of charge, and furnish him with a wedding certificate which he may hang over the motto, 'God Bless Our Home.'"

This is the offer made the other Sunday by Rev. G. L. Morrill, a prominent Minneapolis pastor, in his sermon "The Masher Mashed."

Mr. Morrill termed a masher "a bludgeon who roosts on the corner and by look, gesture and speech takes familiar advantages of women who pass by."

"And if the fellow seems to want a hot time, girls," the pastor advised, "wallop him with your bag and then throw red pepper in his eyes."

Regarding eugenics, Rev. Mr. Morrill said:

"Woman was made to marry, and not be a religious recluse, old maid or stenographer, unless she possesses some defect of mind or body which would result in degenerate offspring."

Following the sermon Rev. Mr. Morrill was approached by several young men of his audience, who sought him to introduce them to women they thought "worthy." Unhesitatingly, their request was granted, and they were told to go ahead "with their courting and then come back for their marriage licenses."

When Is a Lap Dog? Owner Solves the Question

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—When is a lap dog? Lap dogs are carried free of charge on Los Angeles street cars, and the rule defines the limits and boundaries of such a canine as "one which may be carried in the arms and kept in the lap in such a way that other passengers will not be annoyed," or words to that effect.

"She" came from somewhere out yonder and when the Arcade station was clear of her ample bulk there was so much room left that the waiting room looked like a church on Tuesday afternoon.

She had a dog with her. A dog built upon good, old-fashioned substantial lines, long, low and rakish and a leg on each corner; a zoological specimen weighing perhaps 50 pounds. All know every dog has his day. The animal had a kindly, open countenance—it was open anyway—and the glittering array of teeth would have been the pride of any dentist.

"She" and the dog started to mount the cabin deck of a seagoing street car. The conductor obligingly threw



out a life line to the struggling passenger, and then aimed a well-meaning kick at the dog which was blightily climbing aboard.

"Howdareyou doathinglikethat? I'll report you to the company. Never heard of such a thing the very idea," said "She." "Come Romeo," this to the dog. Romeo "came," snapping happily at the open work box on the street car man.

Then the "dog" rule was explained to "She." "Oh, very well," was the response with a Laura Jean Libby inflection. "I shall hold Romeo upon my lap, and hold Romeo she did."

Which brings us back to the original proposition, "when is a lap dog?"

THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF SHOW

Finicky Action of Wife of English Fireman Duplicated in Our Own Country.

Before a justice, in a small English town of the south coast, there appeared, not long ago, a wife who accused her husband of assault and battery. The man admitted that he had seized her and thrown her down, perhaps roughly, yet not without making sure she would fall upon a soft place. But he had done so, he declared, in defense of his person and his honor. He was a fireman, and she had tried to keep him from going properly apparelled and equipped to a fire.

The fire company of his village, he explained, was composed chiefly of volunteers, whose uniforms were kept in their homes and kept in repair by their wives, a task that no wife performed more faithfully than his own; in fact, she was too careful of it. When a night alarm was given for a fire in the quarter between the glue factory and the wharves, and he jumped up to dress, she had positively refused to allow him to put it on, declaring that smoke and cinders were bad enough, but when it came to salt and glue and fish-scales as well, it was beyond all reason; his oldest trousers and a pea jacket were plenty good enough. He had remonstrated and she had vituperated.

"But I didn't lay a finger on her, your honor not till she 'eaved a kittle at me 'ed when I grabbed for me boots," he protested, "and then it come to me 'twas no less than a public juty to chuck 'er on 'er bed where she couldn't interfere; and what I sees to be my juty, I ups and does. So I chucked 'er."

Were ducking still the accepted punishment for vixenish wives, she might have been awarded poetic justice at the nozzle of a hose. As it was, the case ended, amid general laughter, in the discharge of the aggrieved as band, and a reprimand to the too careful wife.

In our own country, and in a community by no means rustic, a little incident but a few days ago proved that it is not only the better halves of firemen who can be too finicky. The fire-wagon, responding to a still alarm for a chimney fire, was met by the son of the house, who eagerly snatched an extinguisher, while the firemen were unreeing the hose. But the eagle eye of the chief was upon him.

"Here, here!" he cried, authoritatively. "Don't meddle with that extinguisher, young man. Why, it's only just been polished!"—Youth's Companion.

How the Picture Animals Talk.

A Parisian novelty is a picture book of animals, and each animal utters its own characteristic cry. The pictures represent the most familiar domestic animals, and each animal speaks its own language. To cause it to break silence nothing is necessary but to pull a little string at the edge of the book.

In the books are to be seen a rooster, a cow, a lamb, little birds in their nest, a donkey, a cuckoo, a goat. On the last page are children who are welcoming their parents. By pulling the string at the right page the cry of any particular creature is elicited. The listener hears the donkey heehaw and the rooster crow. The crowing is well imitated. The string is pulled again and the lamb bleats, the birds twitter, the cuckoo sings, the cow moos, or the little children call out "papa" and "mamma."

These interesting results are obtained simply by the aid of small bellows placed in a box hidden in the book. When the string is pulled the air enters the corresponding bellows and is thence expelled by a spring. The air makes its exit through a special tube appropriate for each cry, and at the same time the bellows meets with obstacles placed on a wire.

Magic of September.

September seems to me to be the fairy among the months of the year. She is so crowned with gold, so full of play and magic spells, she has no work to do, and it is she who transforms the green woods and gray marshes to wonderlands of fairy fire and brings the great pale moon back round and full night after night into the skies. Yes, September has a magic!—St. Nicholas.

His Best Friend.

Many great writers besides Cicero and Emerson have written on friendship, but it may be doubted whether any essayist had a more definite idea than a small boy who was recently asked what he meant by "best friend." "My best friend," he replied, "is a person who knows me and yet like me."—Collier's.

Reminiscence.

"You never speculated in corn?" said the Chicago man. "No," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I got an idea that my luck didn't run that way. Finding a reefer at a husking bee was how I come to get engaged."

PENGUIN OIL INDUSTRY

BIRDS ARE CAPTURED AND BRED FOR PROFIT.

Macquarie Island, Between Tasmania and the Antarctic Continent, Is the Center of a Promising Commercial Enterprise.

What is probably the most southerly industry of the world is being carried on at Macquarie island, about halfway between Tasmania and the Antarctic continent, in capture of penguins for their oil. Macquarie island belongs to the state of Tasmania, and has an area of about 25,000 acres, being about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. The island is leased by the Tasmania government to Joseph Hatch, who has established a penguin oil industry there. Recently meeting Mr. Hatch, I obtained the following particulars from him:

There are probably 80,000,000 penguins on the island, so that the stock to be drawn from seems almost limitless. There are also a large number of sea elephants about the shores of this island. The oil is obtained from the penguins by boiling the carcasses in digesters capable of dealing with 800 birds at a time. The tops of the digesters are fastened down and steam applied until about twenty-five pounds pressure is obtained. The steam is then turned off and water pumped into the bottoms of the digesters, this causing the oil to rise, when it is taken off the top by a tap.

The oil is placed in barrels and sold to binder twine makers in Australia and New Zealand. There is a good market for all the oil that is produced here, but the industry has met with several severe losses through wreck of ships attempting to visit the island. There is no harbor about the island, so that vessels have to lie about half a mile off the rocky coast, and all material has to be conveyed to and from the shore on rafts formed of casks. Owing to the roughness of the open roadstead, it is impossible to obtain insurance for vessels trading there.

Macquarie island is about 750 miles southeast of Hobart. The island is barren, being covered only with tussocky grass. Whaling ships visiting there introduced rabbits and Maori hens, which are now quite prolific. The Mawson Antarctic expedition from Australia has established a wireless station there, and daily messages are now being received at Hobart. It was the intention of this expedition to use Macquarie island as a means of sending messages all the way from their base at Adelle land to Hobart, but unfortunately the wireless station established at Adelle land has been unable to communicate with Macquarie island, owing, it is supposed, to being too near the magnetic disturbances caused by the proximity of the south magnetic pole. The station at Macquarie island, however, has already proved of considerable value to shipping in Australian waters by giving warning of storms coming up from the south.—Consul Henry D. Baker, Hobart, Tasmania.

Drunken Monkeys.

According to a recent letter from the Congo region on the west coast of Africa, the monkeys there are inordinately fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the beverage to capture their poor relations.

Having placed quantities of the beer where the monkeys can get it, the natives wait until their victims are in various degrees of inebriation, and when they then mingle with them the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the difference between negro and ape.

When a negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other fond creature clings to the hand of the latter one, and another one to his hand; thus a single negro may sometimes be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys.

Effectually Aroused.

A large, perspiring individual entered a subway train at one of the uptown stations yesterday afternoon, squeezed himself into a seat between two women and promptly went to sleep. He nodded, he swayed from side to side with every motion of the car, and at last, to the secret delight of every passenger opposite, began slowly but surely to lay his head on the shoulder of one of the young women beside him. At this juncture the unexpected happened. Without even raising her eyes from her paper the young woman reached into her bag with one free hand, drew forth a small silver vinaigrette of smelling salts and carefully placed it under the sleeper's nose. There was a rumbling sound, followed by a series of sneezes, and the man sat bolt upright, blinking in bewildered fashion, while the car echoed with laughter. The only person who took no part in the merriment was the young woman, who calmly replaced her vinaigrette and went on reading. The man remained wide-awake for the rest of the trip.—New York Times

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

NEAT HOUSE FOR SONG BIRD!

Made of Three Shallow Boxes Set at Angles Upon Each—Size May Depend Upon Taste.

The picture illustrates a neat and serviceable bird house. It is made of three shallow boxes set at angle upon each other, says a writer in American Boy. The size of the boxes depends upon your own taste. I think 18 inches square and 6 inches deep is about right for each. In designing the house I intended it as a refuge for untamed birds and so made as many compartments as possible. Each of the shallow boxes is divided into four spaces, as shown in the illustration. The space "p" is where the bird comes up through the center. The perches and openings are cut out with a small circle saw. The roof is of tin or galvanized iron. It is made of four triangles lapped over each other and riveted. Two coats of steel gray paint on the outside will add to the appearance of the house and make it weather resisting.

It should be set upon a high post and made as inviting as possible for the feathered visitors. Remember that



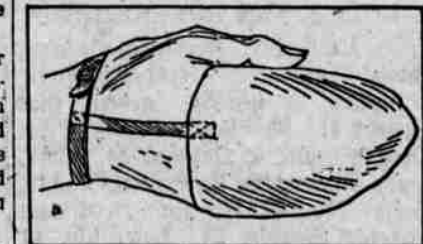
A Bird House.

as man has encroached upon the domain of the wild creatures only three courses were open to them; either to move to remoter regions, to adapt themselves to modern conditions or to die out altogether. The robin is one of the species that has made the best of things and tried to stay with us. It is interesting to study its habits and his shelter will aid you in doing so. Here are some things to discover for yourself. Do the robins arrive from the south singly or in flocks? Do the sexes migrate together? How long after the arrival does nest building begin? What is their food. Is it the same in various months? All these and a dozen more lines of inquiry will make the shelter interesting.

AID AFFORDED TO SWIMMER

Mitt Slipped Closely Over Fingers Prevents Flow of Water and Facilitates Stroke.

A swimming mitt, having a body of a length and width to slip fairly closely over the four fingers of the hand, is shown in the illustration



Swimming Mitt.

The purpose of the mitt is to make possible a more effective stroke in swimming by preventing any flow of water between the fingers.

Could Spare One.

One day Charlie, aged four, and his baby sister were playing with some small marbles when one of them disappeared and could not be found. Their mother assisted in the search and was very much alarmed, fearing the baby had swallowed it.

"Oh, well, don't worry about it mamma," said Charlie. "We've got enough marbles without it."

"Dirt-hopper."

Charlie, aged four, spent a few weeks in the country. One day he saw some queer things jumping about on the grass and asked what they were. "Why, they are grasshoppers," replied his mother. A short time after he discovered a toad on the walk, and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! Look at this big dirt-hopper!"

Embryo Philosopher.

Small Robert was an embryo philosopher. One evening he sat for some time seemingly lost in thought.

"What are you thinking about, Robert?" asked his mother.

"Oh," he replied, "I was just wondering where today would go when it gets to be yesterday."