

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Barbers Denounce the Safety Razors



ST. PAUL, MINN.—Ways and means to deprive the safety razor of its citizen's right and declare it unconstitutional, to annihilate it, remove it from the home of every free-born American, and thus bring the barber shop again into its own, furnished one of the subjects for the emotional discussion that took place at the National Barber's Supply Dealers association convention here.

As the insidious influence of the degrading safety razor fired the speakers at the convention to eloquent heights, these points were brought forth:

Barber shops are not so popular as they were in the past.

The dark man with the beard, instead of permitting himself the ecstasy of a 15-cent shave, attacks himself with the safety, in wild, carefree swoops, which are equally injurious to the life and complexion of the victim and to the profession.

Safety razors promote efficiency. If allowed to flourish they will eventually accomplish the ruin of American manhood. Rome's celebrated slump was due to just such introductions as the ornery safety razor.

"And," finished one of the speakers, "after weaning its owner from the refinement of the barber shop, making him minister to the demands of his whiskers across his own threshold, the safety will gradually pall upon the man devoted to it. Growing careless, the man will one day lay open the interior of his face with an unusually negligent swing of the supposed 'safety' razor, and what then? The man, being weaned from the barber shop, does not care to return. He is timid—the fault of the safety. He lets his whiskers assume abnormal proportions. He becomes a botched forger. Therefore, down with the tyranny of the r. s."

It was prophesied that in the short span of a year all the old adherents of the stubble beards and curved Adam's apples will be filling the red plush chairs of the shop. The safety razor, it was allowed, was all right for the mere youths and the trembling hands of the old, but further it had not just cause for existence.

Accident Leads to a Canine Debauch

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A score or more dogs of assorted breeds lived up things on Fifth avenue the other day by becoming intoxicated on the spilled contents of an overturned brewery truck. It is said by eyewitnesses that the drunken dogs acted almost "human" in the delirious frenzy which followed their excessive libations.

The truck, one of the motor variety, was chugging along Fifth avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets, when it broke down and its contents, several cases of a very popular brand of hop beverage, were spilled into the gutter. Immediately a golden stream, sparkling with the pent-up effervescence, gurgled and bubbled down the gutter.

The day was hot and all the neighborhood dogs, most of which belonged to Fifth avenue storekeepers, were wandering about in search of water to drink.

Blitzen, a graceful greyhound, raised her head from between her paws as she lay in the doorway of a millinery establishment and sniffed the air suspiciously. The couchant Blitzen became rampant.



"Woof, my dears!" she bayed, and in 20-foot jumps made for the spot whence came the tantalizing aroma of the wasting beverage.

Immediately every other dog on the block, and some others from adjacent blocks, realized that at last it was his "day." Following the lead of the leaping greyhound, they made for the gutter and eagerly began lapping up the amber drink.

How many aching heads there were next day in Fifth avenue dogdom will never be known, but members of the large crowd which quickly collected to watch the drinking bout aver that the quantity put away by the canine tipplers was something to marvel at.

The dogs, too full to find their way home, and too dizzy to navigate anyway, were later led or carried to their homes by their owners.

Blame Middlemen for the High Prices



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—An experiment to determine how far a city can go in reducing the cost of living is to be made in Indianapolis under the direction of Mayor Shank. Following a suggestion of James Wilson, secretary of the department of agriculture, that municipalities take up the question, the mayor appointed a commission to make an investigation. These men will spend the next few weeks investigating conditions that are supposed to be responsible for the high cost of farm and garden products. On their report will depend the city's action.

Several years ago Indianapolis established a market place for the purpose of giving the people a chance to deal direct with producers and in that manner to keep prices as low as possible. Preliminary inquiry indicates unscrupulous middlemen have been

bartering the market, buying up farm produce at wholesale prices and then selling at whatever prices they could extort, thus forcing all prices on the market upward. Some have even gone so far as to disguise their employees as farmers and have them take their places in the market with what were supposed to be farm wagons with fresh produce. It developed that middlemen control the prices of four-fifths of the produce handled on the Indianapolis market and that they have advanced the prices to suit themselves.

Comparisons made between the prices of a few farmers not taken in by the middlemen with the prices fixed at the market stands show that the farmers have been and are selling food stuff at an average of less than one-half the amount fixed by the middlemen. Tomatoes, apples, potatoes and other staples have been sold 50 per cent. lower by the farmers than by the market stand proprietors in spite of the city's regulations.

The city government hopes to get at the bottom of the situation soon and to devise means by which the middlemen will not be able to grab the farm products and force the people to pay their prices.

Divorces a Close Second to Weddings

KANSAS CITY, MO.—As a habitation of the matrimonially distressed, Kansas City, according to figures just compiled, has Reno backed into oblivion.

These figures show that one of every three Kansas City marriages has its finale in the divorce court. In 1910 the figures showed that one in every four marriages in this city were failures and the great increase in the number has caused much perturbation in the churches.

Various causes have been given for it—the high cost of living, the laxity of the divorce laws, the greater independence of women.

Whatever the cause, since January 1 there have been 1,900 marriage licenses issued, and in the same time nearly 700 divorce suits filed. This is an increase in the number of marriage licenses issued over a like period in 1910, but a proportionately greater increase in the number of divorce suits filed. Incidentally, more children from broken homes have been taken charge of by the juvenile court than in any similar period. Sociologists and ministers are worried at the showing and there is a demand for more stringent divorce laws.

Judge Porterfield of the juvenile court also is worried at the showing, but he sees no relief in more stringent



divorce laws. He believes that the only remedy lies in making requirements for marriage more severe, and still not so severe that its result will be to drive many persons into common law marriages.

"Too many persons marry who should not," Judge Porterfield says. "That's where all this divorce trouble begins, and right there the lawmakers must begin if they are to help conditions. You can't legislate divorces and broken homes out of existence as long as just anybody can get married regardless of mental and physical defects. There ought to be a commission to pass on the mental and physical condition of applicants for marriage licenses, and on the earning capacity of the men. Worthless men who can't even support themselves marry."

"Something will have to be done or the people of this and other states will find themselves the keepers of a lot of degenerate children."

WHAT ENGLAND FEARS STALE PHRASES ARE NEEDED

STARVATION RATHER THAN INVASION IS ITS DANGER.

In Case of War the Islanders' Food Supply Might Be Exhausted in Few Months.

With ships bringing foreign food supplies into England at the rate of £434 worth every minute of every day in the year, Great Britain cannot accumulate a stock of provisions large enough for a year's supply, some experts say not enough for half a year.

"Others doubt if we could hold out for three months without foreign supplies," says the Queen, "and all agree that three weeks war, or even threat of war, would enormously increase the price of foodstuffs. In the ordinary way the proportion of food and drink brought over the sea is over 42 per cent. of our total imports, being in round figures £250,000,000 out of a total of £550,000,000. Of this sum £70,000,000 goes for grain and flour alone, and nearly fifty millions for food and drink not otherwise specified, and excluding fifty millions for food, drink and tobacco subject to duty."

"What we as a nation have to fear is not invasion but starvation. To the great mass of the people of this country the question is not 'Shall we win or lose in war?' but, shall we have enough food to live on when the next big war comes?" It is to meet such an emergency that the use in this country of silos for grain, or national granaries, has been advocated.

"The cost of creating and maintaining silos might be considerable, though we suppose the cost of a single breadbasket would easily cover it; but as an insurance against panic it would well be worth the expense, while as a safeguard in time of war and against imminent famine it would be invaluable, and might easily turn defeat into victory and disaster to safety."

"Gibraltar is provisioned for two years and Malta has silos which keep corn good for as long as four years, thus supporting the truth of the Biblical statement that Joseph in the dry climate of Egypt fed the people with corn stored for seven years. The idea is the gradual collection of an amount of wheat equal to one year's import and its automatic renewal by exchanging it for the new grain as it arrives at the different ports."

The Because Man.

Suppose everyone did just what he intended to do and no one failed "because." Then there would be no failures to point out. There would be no subjects for sermons for those who had no "because" attached to their names. The man without the title could not point to the "because" man and say: "He did not succeed 'because.'" So the "because" man may take heart and feel that because he did not he is surely at last the subject of this sketch. True he "did not scale the rugged wall, nor climb to heights unseen" by the masses who are also other "because" men.

Most of us are "because" men, we yearn for the unattainable; we feel that life is a failure. But maybe the realities are dreams of callow youth did not come nearer the dreams than we think. Maybe the awakening will show that the "because" men climbed higher than they thought and maybe the judge will show those who stood on the heights that the "clouds are well worth striving for but in the depths there is some sunlight." But the man should never have "because" as an excuse.

Photograph Burned Manuscript.

The processes of color photography have recently been applied to obtain a legible photograph of the writing on burned manuscripts which were unreadable by any other known means. As long as the sheet has not been entirely disintegrated positive results can be obtained every time.

The charred manuscript is carefully arranged, in as near its original shape as possible, on a sheet of glass, and covered with a drying varnish, after which it is backed by another sheet of glass.

By using carefully-selected color screens and orthochromatic plates a perfectly legible photograph of the writing may be taken, although there may be no marks on the charred remains that are visible to the eye.

This is the only known method that will give results when the writing has been made with vegetable inks. Ordinary photography can be used successfully when the ink contains aniline or iron in its composition.—Popular Mechanics.

Clerk Didn't Remember Him.

"I would like to have the same room I had the last time I was here; I believe it was No. 14," said Andrew Anderson, eighty-one years old, of South Bend, Ind., to Clerk Ernest Reul at the Hotel Sherman. "Gee!" replied the clerk; "that must have been before my time. When were you here last, Mr. Anderson?" "In the spring of 1848 I rode to Chicago from our Indiana town horseback, and this is my first visit here since that time," he answered.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Philosophy.

Maud—Did you observe that Gus Archer gave me his first dance last evening? Sybil—Yes; he told me later on he believed always in getting disagreeable things done as soon as possible.

Writer Who Expresses a Powerful Emotion Must Say What Has Been Said Countless Times.

Our dramatic critic, in his review of Sardou's play "Above Suspicion," said of one of the characters that "his lips were sealed," and remarked that such phrases necessarily accompany such plays. They do, indeed, and the use of them makes one understand the emotional quality of such plays better than the most elaborate analysis of them.

There are hundreds of phrases like this, containing metaphors both violent and stale, which are only used seriously by writers who snatch at the easiest means of expressing an emotion which they do not feel. For if a writer has a real emotion of his own to express he will either use a metaphor suggested to him by that particular emotion or none at all. This is a matter of instinct, not of literary art; for a fresh emotion will not be satisfied with stale phrases but will feel itself misrepresented by them.

That is one reason why, when powerfully moved, we are often so inarticulate. We feel that commonplaces will not serve our turn, but we have nothing to put in their place. The writer's task is to be neither inarticulate nor commonplace. He must not be artless, nor must he give us bad art for good. If he has a new idea to express he is not tempted by stale phrases. For they are associated with emotions rather than with thoughts, since emotions are not discoveries, like new ideas, and when expressed in literature are valued, not for their novelty, but for the power with which they are expressed. Thus, a writer who expresses a new idea says what has never been said before, but a writer who wishes to express a powerful emotion has to say what has probably been said a thousand times, and by bad writers as well as good.

These bad writers have burdened our memory with metaphors, some of them lifeless from the first, some killed by constant repetition, or in appropriate use; and their metaphors stay in our minds because they have been so often repeated. The good writer's mind is often infested with them, so that, before he can find the phrase he wants, he must reject half a dozen that he does not want. This is the penalty that he has to pay for living at a time when literature is old and language sophisticated. —London Times.

He Was a 'Piscopal.

A Northwestern missionary bishop used to tell a story which was repeated to us last week by Rev. W. W. Washington of Cuyahoga Falls.

"I met an old farmer in North Dakota," he relates, "and in the course of conversation I asked him if he was connected with any religious denomination. 'Yessir,' he answered, 'I'm a 'Piscopal.'"

"Of course this gratified me, and I asked him what parish he belonged to. 'Hain't heard about no parish,' he said, with a puzzled expression.

"Well, what diocese?" I persisted. "You got me there, too."

"Where were you confirmed?" "Dunno what you mean."

"Then how are you an Episcopalian?"

"Oh," he answered, brightening up at once. "I'll tell you. I went to a church down in Bismarck last winter, an' they called it 'Piscopal. And I heard the people sayin' that they'd 'done things they hadn't order done.' An' I says, 'That's me, to a t,' an' since then, I've called myself a 'Piscopal.'"

"Now I understand," continued the bishop, laughing, why the membership of our church is so large."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Character in Handwriting.

If you write a small, almost feminine hand it may be a sign that you are destined to be a great statesman, according to David N. Carvalho, who finds that small handwriting is often characteristic of great men. Grover Cleveland's handwriting was of this type and so was William McKinley's.

"You find this type of writing in the large handed men," said Mr. Carvalho, "the men who are broad shouldered and well built, not perhaps tall."

If you are a woman and make little pothooks at the end of your final m's and e's you are not likely to spend much money on the latest novelties in dress, nor are you apt to bother to do your hair up in puffs. Indeed these little twists on the end of letters indicate that you would make a sensible and economical wife. Your defect would be that you might embarrass your husband by eccentricity in dress through carelessness. A slurring penmanship indicates literary ability.

Between Doctors.

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the women patients off to Europe."

Business Instinct.

"Do you think a woman can keep a secret?"

"No; she always tries to syndicate it."—Judge.

Consideration.

"You wouldn't think of letting Mrs. Filmgilt hear the things you say behind her back?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Somer. "I'm too kind-hearted."

EPIC OF HUGH GLASS QUARRELED OVER TREE

OLD FRONTIERSMAN'S WONDERFUL BATTLE FOR LIFE.

IT HAS COST 50,000 RUPEES AND A DOZEN LIVES.

Horribly Mangled by Grizzly Bear, He Was Left in the Wilderness to Perish.

Long Series of Feuds Between Two Bengal Estates Ended by Calcutta Business Man.

An epic story in its essence is the story of heroic men battling, added or frustrated by the superhuman. John C. Nelhart, in "The River and I," says that Americans do not write epics, they live them; and he recalls the story of old Hugh Glass, which he declares to be wonderful enough to be the foundation of a tremendous Aeschylean drama. He describes him as a giant to endure, and an angel to forgive.

He was in the Leavenworth campaign against the Arkaras, and afterward went as a hunter with the Henry expedition. He had a friend, a mere boy, and the two were very close.

One day Glass, who was in advance of the party, beating up the country for game, fell in with a grizzly, and when the main party came up, he lay horribly mangled, with the bear standing over him. They killed the bear, but the old man seemed done for. His face had all its features scraped off, and one of his legs went wobbly when they lifted him.

It was merely a matter of one more man being dead, so the expedition pushed on, leaving the young friend with several others to see the old man underground.

But the old man was a fighter and refused to die, though he was unconscious. He fought stubbornly for several days, but it seemed plain enough that he would have to let go soon. So the young friend and the others left the old man in the wilderness to finish up the job by himself. They took his weapons and hastened after the main party, for the country was hostile.

But one day old Glass woke up and got one of his eyes open. When he saw how things stood, he vowed that he would live, merely for the sake of killing his false friend. He crawled to a spring near by, where he found a bush of ripe bullberries. He waited day after day for strength, and finally started out to crawl a small matter of 100 miles to the nearest fort.

He did it. Also he found his friend after much wanderings—and forgave him.—Youth Companion.

Walked Home.

Any pigeon fancier who wants to enter a bird in a slow race need but communicate with Charley Otto. He has one he thinks is positively the slowest feathered biped in the world. Otto has been a pigeonist for a good many years, and during the St. Louis exposition of 1905 he took part in the pigeon fly. His birds were all marked by the usual identification bands on their legs, of course. All got in but one, and in the five years that have passed Mr. Otto had completely forgotten about that bird.

"But the other day when I went into the cote," says Otto, "I saw an old pigeon there that looked familiar. He seemed to be perfectly at home, so by and by I picked him up. Sure enough, it was Thunderbolt II., the pigeon that didn't report after the St. Louis race."

"And was he in good health?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Otto. "Perfectly good health. A little thin, perhaps—trained down pretty fine by the exercise of the race, but otherwise all right. Only his toenails were worked down to the quick by the long walk."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

California Memorial to Stevenson.

The Robert Louis Stevenson memorial, recently erected upon the side of Mount St. Helena by the women of Napa county, has proved to be a fitting object to commemorate the fame of the delightful Scotch writer whose association with the district in which the monument is erected is one of which the people of that district may well be proud. The Ladies' club of Napa county had charge of the collection of the funds for the erection of the monument and had no difficulty in raising the necessary sum within a very short time.

The monument is erected near Calistoga at an elevation of 2,400 feet, and upon the trail which leads up the side of Mount St. Helena to the summit. It was at this place that in the early days Stevenson brought his bride, and there he wrote "The Silverado Squatters." This fact is commemorated in the monument.—Callistoga Correspondence Oakland Tribune.

What He Thought.

A man awoke one night with a toothache.

He groaned, he turned and twisted, he howled, he sat up and lay down again. He arranged his pillow and pressed it against his face with another groan.

His wife slept on and never moved. He wanted attention, he wanted sympathy, and he groaned again.

Still she slept. Injury added to the pain; it wasn't treating a fellow right to sleep like that when he was suffering with a painful tooth, and he called her name. Still she slept.

He had groaned three times as loud as he could, and she didn't awake. Then the baby, in its crib in another room, sighed softly in its sleep.

The woman was on her feet and standing beside its crib, anxious-eyed, in an instant.

"And I actually thought," said the man, "that she loved me most!"

A certain mango tree, it appears, in growing up would not observe the boundary line between two Bengal estates and distributed its foliage and fruit impartially over both. As a consequence the owners of the estates have spent about 50,000 rupees in litigation, killed a dozen people and fought the bitterest armed fights.

During the bearing season the tree was productive of many mangoes. The first quarrel seems to have started among the women folks of the two families, who insisted that the mangoes belonged to one, then the other. They even resorted to picking the mangoes at night until one party happened to catch the other poaching. A fight followed in which, it is said, two were killed.

After this quiet reigned for some time, when the two principals met one day in a neighboring village and participated in a free-for-all fight over the innocent tree. They were separated in a bloody condition and were fined by the police. Then followed a long series of feuds and battles covering a period of many years, during which the tree yielded its luscious fruit to the one who happened to be cunning enough to pick it first. Finally both sides established armed guards around the tree and kept watch on each other night and day.

This went on with occasional fights for several years. It was a case of one trying to wear the other one out. Thousands of rupees were paid out for these special parties and fines, for burials of victims, court expenses and ammunition. It was not until just recently that a prominent business man of Calcutta was able to settle the dispute. He asked the two land owners to jointly deed the tree to him in return for many favors he had rendered both of them. This was finally done and he has caused a large cement circular wall to be erected about the tree, to which he has acquired full title and possession.

The quarrel has not only been expensive and fatal, but has kept a community in a constant state of hostility for many years. Any one traveling in eastern Bengal can easily hear the story and visit the scene of the feud, if sufficiently interested in the case. The gentleman whose strategy saved the situation desires that his name should remain unknown.—Calcutta Englishman.

Through the Lines.

The young man who had come within an inch of being run over, said he always butted across the street that way to keep folks from finding out he was a country chap unused to city ways.

"If I should hang back," he said, "everybody would take me for a greenhorn, and I want people to think that I at least know how to cross the street city fashion."

"But the real town man doesn't cross the street in that bull-dog fashion," said a gray-haired relative. "He drifts with the tide. Instead of butting through the middle of a wagon he ambles along beside it watching for an opening. Sometimes he is carried a block out of his way in the midst of vehicles before he finds a way out, but he is never in danger because he is going with the current. So if you want to be set down as a man who knows the life of city streets, don't break through a heavy line of traffic by main force, but follow the stream and take advantage of the point of least resistance."

Prayer Halls in Russia.

In the villages of Russia the "prayer hall" is the common "izba" or cottage of a Stundist mujik, or a shed attached to a very primitive farmstead surrounded by prodigious quantities of mud, dust or snow, according to the season of the year. A separate building erected expressly for worship among the rural evangelicals of Russia is a luxury yet to be provided in the great majority of cases. The meeting place, whether "izba" or out-house, has walls of earth. It is without ceiling. The floor is the bare earth, trodden hard by many feet through the lapse of long years, and worn into lumps and hollows. The walls are lime washed and destitute of decoration or adornment. There are rough wooden benches around and across the room. The place is usually packed to suffocation with men, women and children, crowded on the seats, thronging the doorways, and huddling together on the top of the huge stove.—Sunday at Home.

Making Money Rapidly.

A French newspaper has been calculating what various champions gain by the hour or by the mile. The gains of Andre Beaumont, the aviator, work out at almost \$37 a mile. He cannot compare with the winner of the Grand Prix at Longchamps, As d'Atout, who won money at the rate of \$24,000 a minute, or \$38,400 a mile.

Automobile driving in 1905 paid a winner, Thery, at the rate of \$58 a mile, or \$3,857 an hour. The chief bicycle prize of France pays about \$1,066 a mile, or from \$200 to \$400 a minute, but the tour of France for bicycles, wherein men have just cycled more than 3,000 miles around France during the hot wave, only pays 65 cents a mile.