

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 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 ordinary 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 hotbed for germs. Therefore, down with the tyranny of the r. s. a."

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 employes 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."

SIGNED BY EVERY MEMBER IS MADE OF RUSTLESS IRON

Constitution Book of Tammany Society, 122 Years Old, Is Great Autograph Album.

In the possession of the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, to give the full title of the organization, is a book now 122 years old. The autograph of every person who has joined the society since it was founded on May 13, 1789, can be found in this book, which is probably the largest collection of autographs in this city.

It is called the Constitution Book, because on its first pages, written out in faded ink, is the constitution drawn up by William Mooney, the founder of the society and its first grand sashem, at the original meeting held at Barden's old tavern in lower Broadway. It was ordered by Mooney at that meeting that every member upon joining should repeat this constitution and then affix his name to it. The constitution contains among other things the pledge that the person signing shall sustain the state institutions and resist a consolidation of power in the central government.

The first signature on the long list which follows the constitution in the old book is that of Mooney. Originally the book was a small volume, but in the century and a quarter that has passed new pages have been added until now it is a book of over 600 pages. The original covers have been kept, and the first part of the book is made up of pages now yellow with age and upon which the ink is fast fading.

The autographs of many famous men follow that of William Mooney on these pages. At the annual meeting on the society's anniversary, the book is taken out, and it plays a part in the ceremonies, particularly if new members are to be admitted to the society, which in a way is kept separate and distinct from the political organization.

Of the early records of the Tammany Society the Constitution Book alone survives, the others having been destroyed in the several fires which have visited the wigwag. The Constitution Book is now kept in a fire-proof safe and is only taken out on special occasions.

Wouldn't Stand for It.

Senator Crawford, says the New York World, can make more noise during the delivery of a speech than any other man in public life. He will walk to and fro, banging the desks until the screws come out and tossing forth his voice until it can be heard a mile away.

One of Senator Penrose's economical constituents heard the rumpus on the floor below and inquired what was transpiring.

"Oh, Mr. Crawford is taking a little exercise," answered Mr. Penrose. "Don't worry about it. The government is paying for it, and there will be no extra expense."

Vice President Sherman was holding his hands over his ears and looking at Mr. Crawford in amazement, when Secretary Bennett slowly and solemnly climbed up the steps to his desk and said:

"The boys up in the press gallery complain that they are unable to hear Mr. Crawford distinctly. They request that you ask him to speak a little louder."

"Tell the boys in the press gallery to go to thunder," yelled Mr. Sherman, pulling his mouth down at the corners.

Night Life of Berlin.

Berlin, the city which never sleeps, has long since outdistanced all its European rivals as a city of night life.

In addition to its all-night cafes, day-break restaurants, and theaters which only open their doors at midnight, Berlin has now a magnificent bathing establishment which is open every hour in the 24. The newly-built "Admirals-Bad" in the Friedrichstrasse, which has recently been opened, is one of the finest bathing establishments in all Germany. Its swimming baths, both women's and men's, are resplendent in the finest majolica marble and bevelled glass, while the Roman and Turkish baths are more than Oriental in their luxury. A small army of masseurs and attendants is constantly on duty, and the great doors of the establishment are never closed. Attached to the baths is a large and up-to-date restaurant, where Berlin night revellers, after enjoying a swim at three o'clock in the morning, may be seen eating an early breakfast in their bathing dress.

Wasn't Quite Sure.

At about 1:30 the other morning there came a furious ringing at the door bell of a quiet house on East Seventeenth street. After a few minutes had elapsed a head was thrust out of the second-story window and the following conversation ensued:

"What do you want?"

"Is this where Mr. Tawker lives?"

"I am he."

"Did you deliver an address on 'Heroes of History' at the C. E. convention this evening?"

"I did."

"You spoke of a man who had done beautiful deeds for humanity. His name was Philip Moore. Was he a Catholic or a Protestant?"

"He was a Protestant. But what do you—"

"Thank you, thank you, that's all I want. I'm the shorthand reporter that took down your speech, and I couldn't tell from my notes whether this hero entered the ministry or a monastery. Much obliged for setting me right. Good night!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Massive Pillar Near Delhi Has Resisted Corrosion During a Period of 2,900 Years.

On the plains of Delhi in India there stands a massive iron pillar, nearly sixty feet in length and weighing about nineteen tons. This ancient column is literally a monument to the "antiquated" processes and metallurgists that produced it, for it has resisted the attack of the elements during a period of about 2,900 years in which fully a million times its bulk of iron or steel has crumbled into useless dust. No one would suggest that civilized man return to the primitive and laborious methods by which the iron of this column was made so long ago, and besides there are not men enough living today to supply our present demands, even if all of them should engage in this type of manufacture. But, granting that the world would pay for a limited amount of iron as "passive" as this old Kutub pillar, it is very doubtful whether modern iron-workers know how to make it. Probably this specimen of unusual iron was the result of accident rather than design, as far as its resisting qualities are concerned, and it stands today the survival of the fittest, not so much because it was intended to be, as because it proved to be, the most lasting. For it is not likely that a process known to give iron of this kind would ever have been used so seldom, since the importance of a rust-resisting iron and steel was as much appreciated in those days as now. No doubt all the older processes made iron and steel which rusted less—yes, and some of it very much less—than what is usually produced today, but there is a great difference between this mere excellence and a resistance to corrosion during thirty centuries such as this column shows.—Everybody's Magazine.

Jenny Geddes.

Of the memories that gather around St. Giles' cathedral, Edinburgh, none is more cherished by the Scotsman than the story of Jenny Geddes. Charles I., determined to force episcopacy, commanded that on July 23, 1637, the English church service should be read in every parish church in Scotland. On that Sunday a great crowd gathered in St. Giles, and when Dean Hannay, in a surprise, began to read the prayers such a commotion ensued that his voice was drowned. One voice, however, rose above the din—Jenny Geddes. "Out! Out!" she cried. "Does the false loon mean to say his black mass at my lug?" And seizing her stool she threw it at the head of the astonished dean. There followed such an uproar that the service had to be abandoned.

In modern and more peaceful times this event, momentous in its outcome, has been commemorated by two memorial tablets in the cathedral. One is to Dean Hannay, the other, erected by Lord President Inglis, is to the memory of "a brave Scotswoman, Janet Geddes, who on July 23, 1637, struck the first blow in the great struggle for freedom of conscience, which after a conflict of half a century, ended in the establishment of civil and religious liberty."

He's Recuperating Now.

'Twas Friday afternoon, and the editorial staff were hard at work, when suddenly the pen of the chief sub-editor ceased its inky scamper.

"I say," he called, "is it more correct to refer to a man who goes up in a balloon as an aeronaut or a balloonist?"

"Balloonist," growled the special commissioner, who had just drifted in.

"Balloonatic," suggested the story-ette editor, with a suspicious glance toward the fighting editor.

"Aeronaut's the right word," said the man who writes the paragraphs, decisively, "and I can prove it."

"Nonsense!" growled the staff in chorus. "You can't!"

"Of course I can! You see, it's this way. When a man goes up in a balloon he goes up in the air. But as a matter of fact he doesn't know whether he'll remain in the air or not. See?"

When the curtain fell the fighting editor was furiously stalking that poor paragraph editor, and in his hand he held his new club.

Advantage in Short Sight.

A man who owns a pair of near-sighted eyes read the other day of the illustrator who could do better at his craft because he was color blind.

"I honestly believe," he said, "that I get more fun out of life because I am nearsighted. The fun more than compensates for the nuisance of wearing glasses."

"When I look out over a landscape from a mountain top I often take my glasses off. I see nothing but color. The outlines are very vague and the colors are laid on thick. The sky is blue and the hills are more purple and the valleys are greener. I am not troubled with lines or details. When I have got all the color I can hold then I put my glasses back on again and I see what persons see who have normal eyes."

"The result is that I get two charming pictures where many persons only get one."

An Illusion.

"Willie Lowbrow seems to be an exceedingly busy man," said Maude. "Whenever you see him he is going on a journey."

"That's merely an impression," replied Mammie, "due to the fact that he carries his laundry down town in his suit case."

CHICAGO'S BIG BROTHER AND BIG SISTER LEAGUE



IN the Chicago juvenile court a small, blonde, fat-faced boy was accused of having twisted the wrist of a little girl, and taken from it the dollar with which the mother had sent her to the grocery.

"Did you do that, George?" asked the judge.

George confessed that he had.

"And, Mary, what did you do?" asked the judge, turning to the little girl.

"I runned after him, and chased him, but I couldn't catch him." George was a fleet kid, you observe.

"What did you do with the money?" asked the judge.

George hung his head, smiled slightly, and replied: "I spent it for candy."

Next to George, in the court room, stands his father, a Lithuanian who cannot speak English. For this purpose an interpreter is at hand.

George's mother is dead, father and son board at a little one-horse house, but it is vacation time, and while the father works and earns a paltry amount at the stock yards, George roams the neighborhood and worries the citizens and the police. Vacation and leisure often hurt a kid's morals.

Here the interpreter tells the father that the judge decides George shall go into the country; that the father must pay the farmer \$2 a week for the boy's board. Money is always a thumbscrew to lax fathers, and they win under the decision, but in this instance the father first pays back the dollar George pilfered, and then agrees to pay the board demanded.

As the boy trots off, the judge makes the suggestion that the boy has not been kept as clean as he ought, and suggests that the kid's ears need a bath.

Many such parents cannot furnish the board money, and even when they promise to do so circumstances cause them to default. Here the Big Brother and Big Sister league steps in and helps. It has a salaried man to escort George to a proper farm, to see that the board is paid, that George has the necessary clothing, and that he is brought back when school begins. When there are no parents, or they are too poor to assume these expenses, the league shoulders the burden.

Farm life has a civilizing influence. All that has been lost in the city is often gained amid waving wheat fields and beside running streams.

Recently one father wrote thus to the court:

"I never want to see that fellow again."

He referred to his son, eight years of age, who had been tried in court for delinquencies, who was placed on a farm, but who for some reason returned. The letter continued:

"As far as the girl is concerned (Jo had a sister who had also been provided with a temporary home), I am willing to take her back any day when they get through with her, but never again that dirty thing of a boy, as he is called."

Jo, the young culprit, confessed that he had been untidy at home merely to get back to the farm. He was a second time placed with a farmer at Marengo, Ill., where he became orderly, industrious and cleanly, and made good in every way. The Big Brother and Big Sister league thus brought about a wholesome reform.

There are cases of dependents in the juvenile court—minors for whom homes must be found—there are delinquents, who, because of the gravity of the offenses or because of frequent lapses from goodness, are trotted off summarily to corrective schools, but there are "left-over" boys and girls, who often become good men and women in the highways of life, merely by being given a second chance.

A case like that of Johnnie Jones, which came up in court the other day, is not difficult to handle, but there are others more intricate.

Johnnie, a little curly-headed quadron, stood before the judge with not a whit of penitence in his sallow boyish face. His mother is colored and

his white father has long since been lost in the maelstrom of society. Johnnie should work, but he does not; he should save his pennies, but he will not; he should do chores for his mother, but he merely plays.

"Is that all true, Johnnie?" asks the judge with a fatherly touch on the boy's shoulder. The little quadron is touched by the kindness of the judge, he drops his little eyes, and says it is true.

"If I give you another chance, will you work, Johnnie—and will you stay home nights—and will you help your tired mother?"

Johnnie promises to be good; there is a ring of honesty in his boyish voice, he goes out into the world and makes good, and as the mother washes to keep herself and boy in trim, the case does not become a burden to the state.

But the next instance is different. Jim Murray came before the judge. He had stolen his father's cuff-buttons and had skipped. He slept under boxes and sidewalks and in barns. Jim had a grievance, too. He was obliged to wash dishes and to scrub, and the nickel, the ignoble compensation furnished him for the task by his grandfather, Jim says is taken from him by his father.

Jim says it is all true, and he begs the court to send him to a farm until he is twenty-one years of age. He will be glad to work near to nature's heart, and if he can ride a pony occasionally and can rest under apple trees occasionally he will make a man of himself.

It is work such as this the Big Brother and Big Sister league of Chicago is doing, as a part of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid society, and under the direction of the juvenile court.

The work was started in Chicago in July, 1909, by Mr. E. R. Colby. Mr. Colby would rather find a good home for a child than to race about the country in an automobile, and he has given up splendid business chances for this phase of social work. During the past year 200 children have been looked after, and the avenues for usefulness are ever widening.

There have long been open doors for little fatherless and motherless children, there have long been corrective institutions (which have not always corrected), but there has been an intermediate class of boys and girls which has been lost sight of. This class has of recent years been discovered in large cities, and it is this intermediate class of boys and girls that the Big Brothers and Big Sisters are trying to help over the roughnesses of life.

As may be fancied, work of this kind in a metropolitan city grows by leaps and bounds, and a method of work must be thought out and worked out as facts develop. Good homes must be at hand to supply the manifold necessities, big and little.

The office of the league is at 127 North Dearborn street, Chicago, where the Children's Home and Aid Society of Illinois has for a dozen years maintained its existence.

EMMA E. KOEHLER.

Sounds Almost True.

The following is a real fish story: Almost frozen and dying of hunger we saw a wounded whale struggling on the ice. We were so hungry we could hardly refrain for eating it raw; but upon my suggestion we proceeded to fry the whale entire:—we did so and found its flesh as tender as salmon. How did we fry it? Where did we get the frying pan? Why, I'll tell you. We started a fire on the ice and let it burn till it became red hot, and then we rolled the fish on it, and in an hour it was done to a turn.

A Puzzler.

"Why do they talk so much of presidential or gubernatorial timber?"

"Why not?"

"Do they want wooden men in office?"