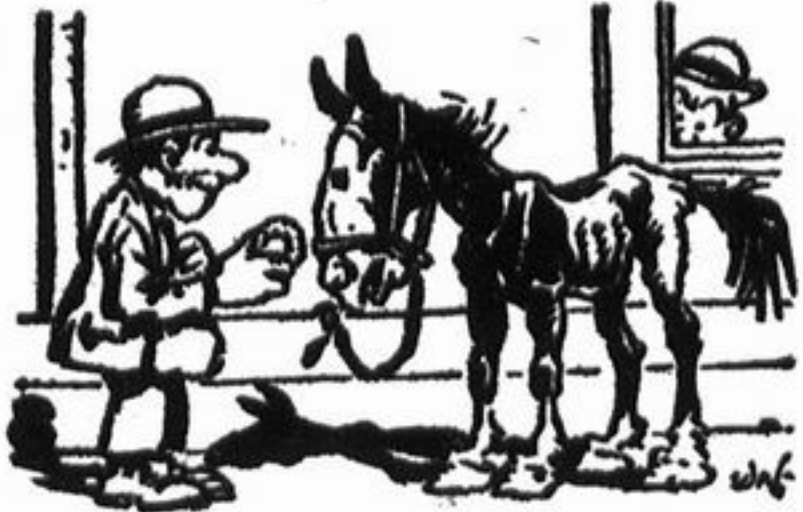


# INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

## Detroit Devises Economic Diet for His Horse

DETROIT.—With the thermometer registering near zero mark and nothing but a coal pile in the open as a sheltering and hiding place, Albert Lee Scott, special officer for the Highland Park Humane society, waited for five hours in the dark to trap a man who wanted to make his horse a "vegetarian."



"I had been watching the man and his starved-looking 'critter' for several weeks," said Officer Scott, "but I could not understand why the animal was in such poor shape. At last one of the man's neighbors told me that he did not believe the horse was being fed, as never had he seen hay or oats enter the barn door."

"I investigated and, sure enough, not a sign of hay or oats could be found inside the barn. In the manger a hole had been gnawed by the horse—it looked as if the animal was eating wood as a substitute for food. I crept to the barn window and, imagine my surprise, amusement, and indignation when I saw Mr. Man open a sack and draw forth a doughnut, which he fed to the half-starved horse. Then came a few cookies, raw potatoes, carrots, and sliced turnips. And as the bag dropped to the floor empty an apple came into sight and served as the dessert."

"What do you mean by feeding a working horse on such grub as that?" I blurted out to the scared and amazed owner, who, from the look on his face, must have imagined that I had come up from the ground. "Why—why, I'm making a vegetarian out of Ned, like myself," he managed to say. "You see, I've found out that old Ned can work a lot harder and longer on this diet than any other." "I warned him to cut the diet short, no matter what the results, and he did."

## Little Chicago Boy Wins a Pet Dog by Petition

CHICAGO.—Francis Stifter has a dog, a little fox terrier. But it took a long, persistent campaign of advertising and "follow-up" letter writing to break down the prejudice and opposition of two persons—his father and mother.



Rev. James Madison Stifter, pastor of the First Baptist church of Evanston, a suburb, had put his foot down and uttered an emphatic "no," which he believed ended the argument; Mrs. Stifter explained that her house would never be tidy and neat with a "pup" running loose in it, pulling the cloth off the table and sliding the rugs into a corner. But Francis, a precocious youth of eleven years, wanted a dog and went after it in true American boy style. Letters began to appear in all parts of the house and many unexpected places. The first letter, placed in the family Bible, read: "Which would you rather have—a sad boy and a clean floor or a happy boy and a floor with a few specks on it?"

Mrs. Stifter smiled and showed the communication to her husband, but he said nothing. Still the letters came until one day the minister had a birthday. "What do you want for your birthday?" Francis asked his father. "One day of rest," was the reply. No letters came that day, but instead a bar of music without notes, but one long "rest." The letters began again the next day. Then one day Francis bounded into the house bearing a petition signed by many neighbors and several members of Dr. Stifter's congregation, asking that the lad be permitted to have a dog. The obdurate father capitulated and the dog arrived very soon.

## Piggy Visited a Basket Ball Game and a Church

KANSAS CITY.—The pig, with its tail curled up tight and scared to death in its own piggyish way, cropped out first in the midst of basket ball game on the court of the Linwood school at Woodland avenue on a recent afternoon. It got in the way of the ball, and after tumbling around a bit it picked itself up and dashed away. Away after it went the basket ball game, everything except the ball and the baskets. Following after went the spectators.



Two patrolmen not in uniform, C. E. Bricker and C. B. Chiles, saw the crowd from a distance and scented a riot. Away they went after the riot. Reaching it, they took the lead after the squealing, terrified pig. Bricker got up close to his quarry, thought he had him, and dove. Piggy, greased with his own perspiration, slid out of Bricker's hands, leaving the patrolman in the dust.

Three blocks east on Linwood, in and out of yards, dodging behind apartments, through alleys went Piggy. After him went the crowd. Finally he doubled back and landed squarely in front of the Linwood Presbyterian church, almost where he had started. The church door seemed open, and in went the collection of ham, bacon, lard and feet. It was a treacherous refuge. The vestibule proved a blind alley. The patrolmen closed in and captured their prey after a good tussle, with Piggy's squeals raising the echoes.

Then a patrol wagon came and took Piggy and patrolmen to the Woodland avenue station, where he was placed in a cell. He weighs fifty pounds and has a white right leg. It is believed he escaped from some passing wagon carrying him and his relatives to slaughter.

## Many Germs Ride in the New York Subway Trains

NEW YORK.—The health department has issued a warning to the public that a series of tests by four inspectors shows that subway air is heavily germ laden, and travelers are in greater danger of infection than of death or injury through short circuits, fires or explosives.

Dr. William H. Park, director of the research laboratories, found the following germs on the slides submitted by the inspectors: Haemolyzin streptococcus, which poisons the blood; staphylococcus pyogenes aureus, which causes boils and skin eruptions; streptococcus pyogenes, a similar micrococcus; pneumococcus lanceolatus, the pneumonia germ; micrococcus catarrhalis, which inflames the eyes, and bacillus subtilis, which seems to have no particular mission. The method followed by the inspectors would not have shown tubercle bacilli if they existed, but the department is satisfied that since other organisms, several of which are spread by coughing, were present "it was clearly indicated that tubercle bacilli would be transmitted in crowded trains."

The investigation began at the Atlantic avenue station in Brooklyn, where the inspectors exposed to the air in an express train glass dishes containing a jellylike substance which attracts germs. After a sufficient interval the dishes were covered and the germs allowed to reproduce and multiply, forming colonies or colonies.

These colonies number millions after the dishes are kept at body heat for a day, and can be seen easily with the microscope. On one plate exposed in a crowded downtown express train in Manhattan at 3:40 a. m., 130 colonies were counted, including pneumonia germs. There were 113 colonies on a plate uncovered at 5 p. m.



# OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

## HE FEEDS THE SOLDIERS



Adjutant Netter, a French-American from New York, has been proposed for the military medal and promotion to rank of lieutenant. He has been on duty day and night for several months at Noisy, one of the most important military supply and ammunition stations in France, assisting Colonel Bellenger, the military commissioner of the station at Noisy. His functions are numerous, but he accomplishes all with a smile that won't wear off. He has been astonishing several thousand employees, civilians and soldiers by his wonderful stamina and hustling for more than three months.

Adjutant Netter is well known in the states as former secretary of the Geneva White Cross society and assistant to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley in the international pure food agitation. The first thing he did on arriving at Noisy was to build kitchens for the purpose of supplying hot soup and nourishing food to all troops passing through. More than 100,000 soldiers of France have been fed by these kitchens, which are working day and night. English troops passing through Noisy get special attention from Adjutant Netter. He always has tea, toast and crackers ready for them, also English tobacco and cigarettes, and even English and American newspapers. Those who met Adjutant Netter in New York—he was a well-known figure there—will not be surprised at the success of his hustling powers, but how he has managed to do twenty hours' work a day for three months is a mystery to all in Paris. He does not expect to get a rest until the war is over.

## COLONEL HODGES' NEW JOB

In accordance with orders issued by General Kingman, chief of engineers, Col. Harry F. Hodges, for several years engineer of maintenance of the Panama canal, has assumed charge of the District of Columbia water supply system and all river and harbor works in that vicinity, including the reclamation of the Anacostia river and flats.

Colonel Hodges was born in Massachusetts February 25, 1860, and is a graduate of the United States Military academy, class of June, 1881, standing fourth in his class. After serving on staff duties and at Willets point, to May, 1885, he was inspector of rifle practice for the battalion of engineers, and was on duty at Creedmoor during a part of the time.

Among other duties he was employed at the United States Military academy as assistant professor of civil and military engineering, and on various works of river and harbor improvement, surveys, etc. He reached the grade of captain in 1893, and during the war with Spain served as lieutenant colonel and colonel of the First United States volunteer engineers.

In Porto Rico that regiment was engaged in making roads and surveys, constructing defensive works, a reservoir and refrigerating plants, repairing masonry, timber bridges, etc. Colonel Hodges subsequently was in charge of certain river improvements in Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. He also was, among other duties, chief engineer officer, department of Cuba, in 1901-02; was in charge of the purchasing department, Isthmian canal commission, and also general purchasing officer in 1907.



## HEAD OF THE JESUITS



Very Rev. Wlodimir Ledochowski, who has just been elected general of the Society of Jesus, comes of an illustrious Polish family, which gave to the Catholic church in the past century the courageous Mielchias Halka Cardinal Ledochowski, who suffered imprisonment during the Bismarckian persecution in Germany, because he refused to side with the iron chancellor in his treatment of the inhabitants of Poland.

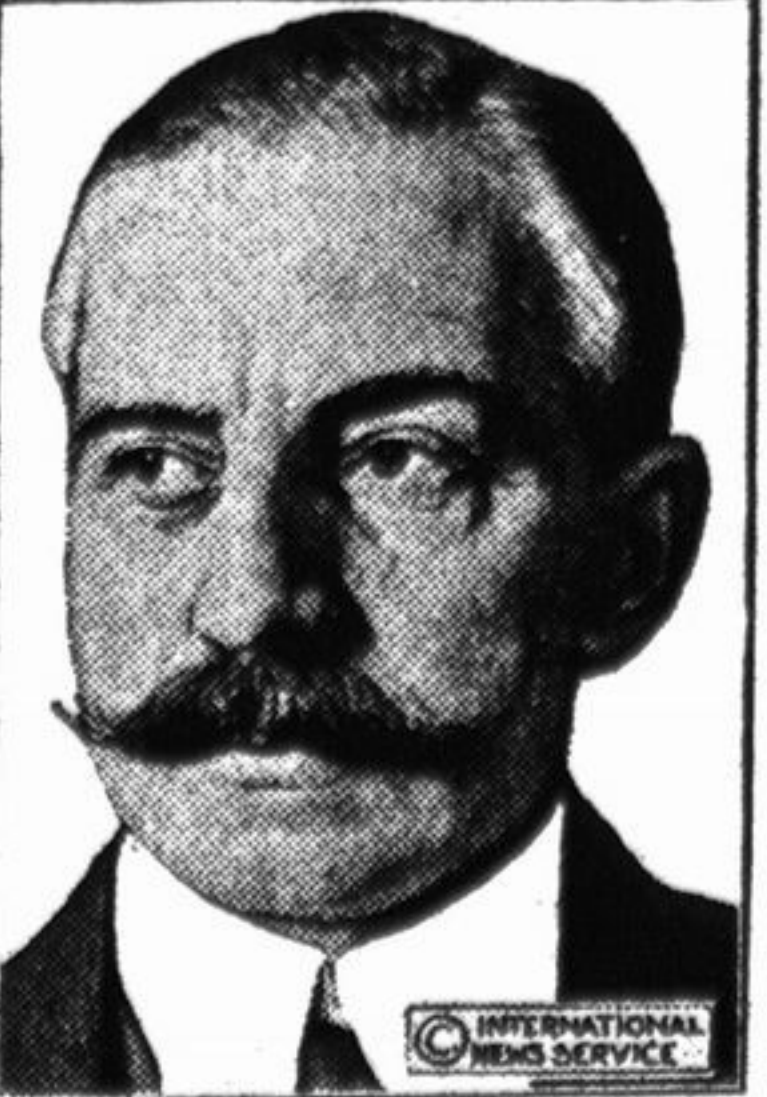
Wlodimir, in Polish Wlodzimierz, is the eldest son of the late Anthony Halka von Ledochow Count Ledochowski, a famous cavalry officer in the Austrian army, and of the Countess Josephina zu Salls-Zizers.

He was born on the family estates near Cracow in 1864, received a fine education and entered the Society of Jesus at the age of twenty-three. His progress was steady, and in 1901, on the day when he pronounced the last vows of the society, he was made vice-provincial of Poland. Less than a year later he was installed as full provincial. In 1906, when Francis Xavier Wernz was elected general of the society, Ledochowski was given a place in his cabinet as assistant for Germany.

## GREAT TRADE EXPERT

Sir Richard Crawford, whom Great Britain has sent to America as commercial adviser to its embassy in Washington, has been for a long time in the government service as one of its most trusted and able representatives, ranking as a minister. He was made a knight commander of St. Michael and St. George in 1911. He was a commissioner of customs for seven years before that, and since then he has been adviser to the Turkish minister of finance. He was born in 1863, and was married in 1894 to Augusta, the only daughter of the late Col. A. D. D. Lestranger.

Being considered one of England's most accomplished trade experts, Sir Richard was the natural choice of his government when it was found desirable to send to Washington a man who could handle skillfully and tactfully the many problems of commerce and shipping which are arising in connection with the war and the attempts of Great Britain and Germany to isolate each other. Sir Richard is acting in co-operation with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador, to whose suggestions his appointment is due.



# GOOD JOKES



## A RARE BIRD.

"Did I understand you to say that you were a reformer?" "Yes." "Well, I must be going." "What's your hurry?" "I haven't time this morning to hear a lecture on my shortcomings." "Don't be alarmed. I'm trying to reform myself before I start in on anybody else." "Your hand, most noble creature! You are the first true reformer I've ever met."

Nothing On a Mule. "Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Well," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."—Sacred Heart Review.

Heard in the Shopping District. "Why do you always have your bargain sales in the basement?" queried the woman who was doing a shopping stunt.

"Because it jibes with the eternal fitness of things," explained the proprietor. "An article in the basement, you see is bound to be lower than a similar article on the floor above."

## PAINFUL SUGGESTION.



Clarence—I was—aw—out late last night, and the aw—result was I had a head on me this morning, doucher know.

Clarice—Well, if I were you I'd stay out late every night.

Choice. The fresh air blend, as you may know, is often a complainer. Yet, I'd prefer a score like him to one hot air container.

Sorrows of Song. "The old songs used to talk about unrequited affection," said the bald-headed man.

"Yes. Somebody was supposed to be heart-broken about something all the time." "There's no danger of heart trouble with these up-to-date songs. The only risk you run is that they will make you catch your breath till you get asthma."

Fixing Up a Date. As Jimkins had partly torn a leaf off the calendar, Ned Nitwit came into the office.

"Ah, going to take a day off, I see," said Ned, with an expansive grin. "Now," growled Jimkins, sourly. "I'm just fixing up a date with my stenographer," he replied, as he called that pretty young lady over to help him adjust the partly torn leaf.

Matter of Taste. Herlock Sholmes, the detective, had just made another great deduction. "Our baby," he remarked, "has a natural taste for music." "But how do you know that when he isn't two years old yet?" queried Doctor Squatson. "He has got nearly all the polish gnawed off the lower half of the piano," explained the peerless sleuth.

Not That Kind. Client—I want to sue for a divorce and an allowance of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Lawyer—What is your husband's income? Client—It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than a man makes. I'm not that kind.

Human Nature. "How did you manage to keep my seat for me?" queried the belated diner as he hurried into the restaurant. "Easy enough," replied the head waiter. "I suggested to everyone that they take it, and, of course, they all refused."

Cramped. "I had to leave the flat I've been occupying for the last three years." "What was the trouble?" "I was always injuring myself in the bathroom. Couldn't brush my teeth without smashing my elbow."

Had Joined It. "Are you going to join the back to the farm movement?" "I joined that years ago." "But got tired of it?" "Never! I still have my back to the farm."

## TOO BAD.



"Is he shrewd on sizing up the female character?" "He only failed on two occasions." "When were they?" "Before he was married and after."

## Ate Too Much.

There was a dame in our town Whose appetite was hearty; She always made her hostess frown When she went to a party.

## His Station.

"What was your station in life before you became a social outcast?" queried the lady who was beginning to carry weight for age. "I fergit what it wuz, mam," replied the husky hobo who was engaged in storing a handout where it would do the most good, "but now it's de perlice station most uv de time."

## Didn't Notice Her.

"Did you notice that lovely girl in the pretty brown dress, waiting in the lobby?" he asked his wife as they took their seats in the theater. "What! That frowsy thing with the false puffs, enameled face, gold teeth, made-over dress, imitation mink furs, and torn gloves? No, I didn't notice her. Why?"—Puck.

## Doubtful Compliment.

She—How do you like my singing? He—Well, I've heard Tetraxini and Mary Garden, but you're better still.—The Club Fellow.

## UP TO DATE.



The Naturalist—I tell you the S. P. C. A. stands for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Autoist—No, sir. It stands for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles.

## Happy Then.

Who drains his glass And brims with laughter Fears not, alas, The morning after.

## Rather Heartless.

"That fellow earns \$10 a week and spends eight of it on you." "He is rather reckless," admitted the girl, carelessly. "I shouldn't think your mother would want you to receive his attentions." "Oh, mother knows that a financier of his type will never be able to talk matrimony."

## A Rebuke.

"Mary followed Edward," mumbled the high-school girl, who was trying to fix the sovereigns of England in her mind. "What's that?" spoke up grandma, who had been dozing. "Mary followed Edward." "Then you keep away from Mary. I don't want you to go with them kind. Girls is getting too bold."

## Marine Intelligence.

He—Isn't that steam yacht a beauty? She—But how high she stands out of the water; but, then, I suppose she was built for deeper water; besides, it is low tide.

## Repudiated.

"I am a self-made man," said Mr. Cumrox. "Didn't your wife have something to do with your career?" "She used to say so. But after seeing how I behave in society she refuses to take any of the blame."

## Unusual Character.

"It isn't often you meet a man as modest as Twobble." "No?" "He acknowledges that his watch occasionally loses a few seconds."