

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

O'Leary Defends Noted Chicago Cow



CHICAGO.—The real cause of the Chicago fire has never been told in print. It was not started by my mother's cow kicking over a lamp. The origin of the blaze was spontaneous combustion of 'green' hay. Put that in the paper as coming from me, and I'll give odds of 1,000 to 1 that I can prove it.

"Big Jim" O'Leary, the stockyards saloonkeeper and "gambling king," made the foregoing statement recently. It was in reply to a statement made by Rev. John D. Leek in a sermon in Whitney opera house that the O'Leary cow kicked over a lamp in resentment at three boys who were milking the animal.

Dr. Leek told a story of the great fire which in some respects was a new version. He declared that two brothers, Samuel and Christopher O'Neill, and a companion, went to the O'Leary barn on the night of the fire to steal milk to make whisky punch.

This version of the origin of the fire, the minister said, was told him by Andrew Bird, who in 1871 taught a Bible class in Maxwell Street Methodist Episcopal church.

The O'Neill brothers, it was asserted, had told the story to Mr Bird, who feared knowledge of the facts would injure the boys, and he kept it a secret until a few years ago.

Mr. Bird, who is 82 years old and lives at the Methodist Episcopal Old

People's home, Foster and Southport avenues, is willing to make affidavit to the statements made him by two members of his Sunday school class. "I don't care what anybody else says about the fire," said O'Leary, thrusting his thumbs in the or-holes of his vest. "My parents are dead and can't defend themselves against this latest fake as to the origin of the fire, but I'll speak out, and plainly, too."

"That story about the cow kicking over the lamp was the monumental fake of the last century. I know what I'm talking about when I say that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion in the hayloft."

"You see, it was like this: The old man had put in a load of 'green' hay a few days before the fire. Below the hay loft were the stables where the cows were kept. We had several cows and did quite a milk business."

"The popular belief has always been that my mother was milking a cow when the beast kicked over a lamp. Nothing is farther from the truth than that musty old fake."

"The family always retired early. If I wasn't in before eight o'clock the old lady made me remember it with a strap."

"It was Sunday night that the big fire started. On that night we had all gone to bed half an hour before the fire broke out. I hadn't gone to sleep yet and was the first one of the family to hear the firemen shouting in front of the house."

"Both my father and mother went to their graves sad at heart over the world wide notoriety given them in the printed accounts of the burning of Chicago. I wish to make it as emphatic as possible that the O'Leary cow did not kick over a lamp."

Chicago Has No Cash for Crow Hunter



CHICAGO.—The following bill against the County of Cook threatens to share the sad fate of the claim of one of Mark Twain's heroes for a barrel of beef captured and eaten by the Indians while his grandfather was trying to deliver it to one of the army posts on the plains:

To killing four crows at 10c..... \$.40
To destroying 73 crows' eggs at 5c..... 3.65

Total..... \$4.05

The present claimant against Cook county is Bernard Swensen, who lives in the township of Orland in the remote southwestern corner of the county. Somewhere in the mazes of the statute books of the state is a law which provides for a bounty on crows at the prices named in Swensen's claim. It also provided that the heads of the crows and the eggs shall be turned over to the town clerk for destruction; also that he make a

certificate to the effect that such destruction has taken place; and, further, that upon presentation of such facts to the county clerk the latter shall provide the necessary credentials upon the county treasurer for the payment of the bounty.

Proceeding along these lines, Swensen appeared before Town Clerk B. F. Sippel, who, having convinced himself that the claim was proper, proceeded with due solemnity to the stipulated work of destruction by burning the heads of the crows and smashing the eggs. Then he made affidavit to the whole transaction, furnishing names, dates and details, and affixed to the document the great seal of the Township of Orland.

Thus fortified, the claimant boarded a Wabash train and in time appeared at the office of the county clerk, where with becoming modesty he presented his credentials.

The chief deputy got into communication with President Busse and was informed that the claim was perfectly legal, but that there was no appropriation out of which to pay for the killing of crows, and that under the circumstances it would be useless to make out a voucher, because the county treasurer would have no fund out of which to pay the bill.

"Foxy Grandpa," in Mask, Causes Scare



DETROIT, Mich.—Louis Voss is somewhat of a cut-up. He is one of those indulgent fathers who likes to play jokes on the boys. Beside him, old man Peck and Foxy Grandpa are weak performers.

It started because the little Vosses were careless enough to leave a lot of Halloween masks lying around the house. Charley Voss, one of the most precocious of the younger Voss contingent, was entertaining Max Dolce in the barn back of the Voss home at 1261 Monroe avenue.

Charley and Max were punching the bag. Charley excused himself for a few minutes and left the future Jim Jeffries banging away at the inflated leather. About this time the elder

Voss happened upon the masks. So he disguised himself as a devil, or some other person equally devilish. Then he made tracks for the barn. If Max ever had any aspirations in the direction of prize-fight honors, he forgot them when his affrighted eyes confronted the face infernal. Max passed Voss and went down the barn stairs in just one jump. At the same instant he yelled for Dave Harris, this being the name of a rear relative who dwells in the vicinity.

Dave heard the cry of distress and he and Mrs. Harris, with all the little Harrises, piled out into the night. Dave hit upon Voss, Sr., first. It was no time for explanations and Voss had no chance to offer one. Dave grappled with him. The two swayed back and forth in the alley. Dave's wife caught one glimpse of Voss's false face in the moonlight, concluded that her husband was struggling with a fiend, and fainted.

The uproar brought all the neighbors out and it was some minutes before affairs could be adjusted.

Dogs Eat at Tables with Banqueters



NEW YORK.—An old-fashioned English hunt dinner—with hounds occupying seats at the table—marked the ending in Smithtown of one of the largest dog hunts ever held on Long Island.

Those who partook of the feast, which was given in the Head River Inn, represented every hunt club of social prominence in and around New York and from as great a distance as Philadelphia.

Among the guests were noted riders in the Rockaway, Westchester, Meadowbrook, Smithtown and Staten Is-

land clubs. Many Quaker City hunters were present.

The bill of fare was gamy from start to finish, but the most characteristic of all were the costumes of the diners. The women were in evening dress. Many of them had brought with them their full array of diamonds and pearls for the occasion.

As for the hounds, they were treated in the old-time hunt dinner way as if they not only were human beings, but the near companions of the club members and the fair richly-gowned guests.

Dogs walked up and down among the members of the festive company, sat at the table when courses were served, and ate at drink to their heart's content. In fact, unlike the human beings present, they lay down and slept while the company closed the feast with toasts, songs and other ancient formalities used on such occasions.

Two Smart Dresses



CASHMERE is a good material in which to make the dress shown on the left. The corsetlet skirt has a panel front, the material for lower part of sides and back being set in small stitched pleats; braiding and braid covered buttons form the trimming.

The bodice has a yoke trimmed with rows of braid; buttons and loops; this is fastened on left shoulder, the lower part of front is hooked invisibly in center.

Hat with felt brim and full velvet crown, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: Eight yards 46 inches wide. The second is in amethyst Sedan cloth, the Princess pattern is continued to foot in front; the right side wrapping quite over to the left where it is fastened by hooks from the hips upwards, the lower part is stitched; the full lower part of sides and back are tucked where they join Princess under a band of braided material; the collar and the long revers that outline the deep "V" are braided; the vest being of tucked crepe-de-Chene.

The fur toque is ornamented with a handsome feather mount.

Materials required for the dress: Eight yards 46 inches wide, 7 yards cateen, 1/2 yard tucked silk.

ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS

Soutache Braid, However, Retains Popularity Accorded It Last Season.

This is the most difficult question there is to answer in the fashion world.

At the beginning of the season the vogue of soutache braid was considered an absurdity. Never another season of it, said fashion leaders. But here we are in the height of another and greater soutache season. Creators of braid were not satisfied until they combined this fascinating little braid with fancy weaves to make wide, fanciful braid trimmings. When rat tail was recently introduced it was named as soutache's successor. But now the downfall of it is in sight instead.

Jet, jet, jet—has been the cry of fashion. But at last we hear that Paris has forsaken it. American fashions have not, however, thanks. Nothing can take the place of jet for trimming, black gowns especially.

Gold and silver trimmings are at their height of popularity. And no one can deny that these are quite the prettiest trimmings that have been in vogue for many seasons. Even entire tunics of beautiful evening gowns are of gilt jet.

Oriental and art shaded embroideries are much in favor, too. This is an unusual season of colors, so, of course, rich colored trimmings are bound to be held in high esteem.

Yes, it is a season of trimmings—and many kinds. No hard and fast rules govern them.

The New Jabots.

Girls are wearing neck accessories that show touches of the colored lace in favor this season.

These laces are Valenciennes, in white or cream heavy mesh, with the figures stamped in them in color. The dotted patterns are most in demand and can be found in several tones of one color, or in combinations of pink and blue dots, lavender and green, cream color and brown.

If one has bits of coin-dot white lace left over from a frock, it is very easy to cover the dots with satin stitch in color. No padding should be used and the printed laces are naturally flat in effect.

When Linen Is Yellowed.

If linen is carefully put away in blue tissue paper it should not yellow easily. When, however, it has taken on a saffron hue it can be whitened by soaking in a solution of one teaspoon of cream of tartar to every quart of water.

Later wash in usual way and hang in the sun to dry. If after the soaking in cream of tartar badly yellowed linen is stretched on the grass to dry the bleaching process will be hastened.

For Those in Mourning.

Instead of organdy or linen cuffs and collars, those who are in mourning are wearing white crepe. It is an acceptable idea. Strips of the crepe are cut and the edges turned in and pressed down by hand. They are adjusted to the neck and wrists with black pins.

SPOON MAKES PRETTY PRIZE

Perhaps the Best of the Trifles That Can Be Offered at a Girls' Party.

As prizes for a girl's party few trifles are more acceptable than a silver spoon. In the coffee, tea and bon-bon sizes are spoons of sterling silver, with slender handles enameled with a diamond, heart, spade or club, and gilded bowls engraved with the hostess' initials. A favorite spoon of heavier weight has a handle of repousse hammered silver, tipped with the head of an American Indian wearing a war bonnet and a bowl engraved with the name of an aboriginal tribe. There are also many attractive looking spoons showing flower patterns developed in repousse work upon their handles and with elaborately etched gilded bowls.

Silver and porcelain are charmingly combined in the spoons, which have either plain or etched sterling bowls and handles of Haviland, Dresden or Delft. Occasionally this plan of combination is reversed, and while the bowl is decidedly novel, the porcelain bowls are liable to crack if employed to stir a hot beverage, or to snap when used to serve confectionery.

Equally fragile, although dainty, are the spoons having gold bowls and handles of silver filigree, and to be regarded solely as an interesting collection are the spoons which have bowls of silver cut out work and handles of crystal or metal set with rhinestones, amethysts and pearls. Even more impractical, but nevertheless alluring, are the gold bowled spoons, which are equipped with handles of mother of pearl decorated in floral design, done in gold.

EFFECTIVELY CHIC.



A new model in nut-brown mcre, lined with brown velvet, a knotted feather in the same shade.

Pump Bows at Neck.

The black velvet pump bow continues in favor. It is used with a turtleneck collar, with a lace or net stock, and is copied in bows of emerald green, Burgundy red, and king's blue. The bar pins that fasten it are from three to five inches long. The swallow in green or blue enamel with outstretched wings is again in favor, and gives an effective dash of color.

GATHERED SMILES

HIS CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

"What," we ask the despondent looking man, "is troubling you?"
"I've met with a severe injury."
"But, there is no trace of it physically."

"Nevertheless," he replies, "I am all broken up."

"Tell us about it."

"There isn't much to tell. My father's will was contested and where I expected to get \$10,000 I don't get a penny."

"That is hard luck all right, but surely that can't be classed as a physical injury," we remark.

"Yes it can," he moaned, "and if you were me you'd know how much it hurts to fall out of an heirship."

THE GRIND.

"A column a day, a column a day," Was ever the song he sang;
"Though the clouds of misfortune may roll for aye
And the bells of trouble clang.
If the sun shines bright, or the rain comes down,
Or the world's pure gold, or a somber brown
And my heart is sad or gay,
With little for wage and less renown,
I must do a column a day."

"A column a day, a column a day," Was ever the moan he made
And the road of life seemed a weary way
That led through sorrow's glade.
"Woeful the morn when my mind's a blank,
And I would that I stood on Nepenthe's bank,
Set free from these fetters for aye;
No wonder I'm cross and considered a crank!
I must do a column a day!"

Domestic Weather.

"What's the weather forecast for today?"

"Violent atmospheric disturbances, followed by heavy rainfall."

"Why, there's not a cloud in the sky."

"Oh, yes there is. I'm going home now to try to square myself with my wife. She's so mad she could hardly talk over the telephone."

The Modern Way.

Author—I have a play here, sir, which I wish you would read.

Manager—Is it a modern play?

Author—Oh, yes, sir. It is a play which no young man or woman would care a carefully-brought parent to see.

Manager—Does it end happily?

Author—Sure. The hero and heroine are divorced in the last act and live happy ever after.

NO HOPE.

Kind Lady—Do you know who I am, little man?

Kid—Gee! Don't yer know who yer are?

A New Invention.

A germ-proof shield has been brought out. So folks can kiss through that;

'Tis sanitary, but I fear
The taste is rather flat.

From Bad to Worse.

Biggs—None of my correspondents could read my writing, so I bought a typewriter.

Diggs—And now they are unable to read your spelling, eh?

His Retort.

His Wife (during the spat)—Oh, I wish I were a man!

Her Husband—I don't. If you were I'd feel duty bound to mop the floor with you.

Consolation.

Young Father (proudly)—The baby is the image of me.

Cynical Old Uncle—Don't worry, my boy. The poor little creature may out-grow it.

An Improvement.

Said He—Since I met you I have only one thought.

Said She—Well, that's one more than you had when we met.

A Necessity of the Case.

"All of these sporting contests are spoken of as plucky affairs."

"Of course. Necessarily, they are game contests."

No Need.

"Bobb's writes a great deal of fugitive poetry, doesn't he?"

"Yes, and I wonder why, for nobody seems running after it."

Drawing the Line.

"I'm quite willing to wear a smile."

"Now, that's the way to talk."

"But I'll be darned if I want the laugh on me."

The Probabilities.

"Doesn't your son go with a fast set?"

"I suppose he does. He belongs to an automobile club."

THEN.

After the striving and straining,
After the many defeats;
After much useless complaining,
After heart-breaking retreats;
After the hoping and sighing,
After the ache and the pain,
After the hard self-denying,
The smile of Success—and what then?

After the planning and scheming,
After the strife and the strain;
After the fretting and dreaming,
After the ache and the pain;
After the doubting and darning,
Pitied or hated of men,
After too often despairing,
The joy of success—and what then?

After the profitless groping,
Down where the deep shadows lie;
After the praiseworthy hoping,
After the sob and the sigh;
After all this, the great glory
Of joining the prominent men,
And the struggle—to finish the story—
With New York society then.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BORN WITH THE GIFT.

The gentle reader may be so,
But none the less,
He gladly reads of warlike deeds,
We must confess.

ANALYSIS.

There was once a young man who was paying court to three different beautiful damsels. Each was fair, each was sweet, each was charming—so much of a triplicate similarity did they have that he did not know how to choose between them. So he went to a wise old man and laid his troubles before him.

"Is there a clock at each house?" asked the wise old man.

"There is."

"And what does Esmeralda say when the clock strikes 11?"

"She says the clock is slow."

"And what does Eulalie say?"

"She says the clock is just right."

"And what does Evangeline say?"

"She always says the clock is fast."

"My son, there is no need for further evidence. Evangeline is the one that really loves you."—Judge.

The Fitting Qualities.

"My boy has a wonderful amount of perseverance and persistency and an optimism that nothing can daunt. What occupation would you put him to if you were in my place?"

"I should think he would make an ideal book agent."

About the Size of It.

First Bunko Man—Do you believe there is any turth in the old adage, that a sucker is born every minute?

Second Bunko Man—Well, I don't know as to that, but they are born often enough to keep us wise guys from becoming honest!

The Object.

"What is the object of an automobile endurance run?"

"The object is to see which one of the wives of the contestants can soonest endure the sight of the burned and blistered face of her hubby."

THE CENTER OF HER INTEREST.

"What do you find so interesting in that magazine?"

"There are a lot of advertisements about awfully nice underwear."

Sure to Please.

If you want to please a woman
There'll be no vain regret
If her birthdays you remember
And her age you will forget.

A Slight Difference.

"How different are the faces of those two women? One all change of expression—the other a fixed, vacant stare."

"Yes; it is the difference of mobile and the automobile face."

Not Too Gentle.

The gentle reader may be so,
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