First Event of the Kind at Constantinople Proved Exceedingly Popular.

An enormous and motley crowd gathered on the beautiful plain of Veli-Effendi, on the shores of the Mar-mora, to witness the first horse races of the Ottoman metropolis. The day was magnificent, the weather propitious and the people at the height of their festive mood. The Moslems had never seen horse races before. To them it was in every way a new spectacle, and to all it was a real sign of advancing times.

Among the many thousands of spec-Among the many thousands of spec-tators women predominated. Hours before the show they came from every quarter with baskets of provisions, in-tending to spend the whole day in gazing at any chatting over the events of the day. The groups of Turkish "han-oums" in their bright, multi-colored tcharshafs, feredjehs and yashmaks were picturesque in the highest de-

The ladies of the imperial harem watched the races from their carriages. The sultan was fatigued and dld not attend and his absence was a great disappointment to performers and spectators alike. Many of the diplomatic body were present on specially constructed platforms and large numbers of the most elegant elements of the European quarter also attend-

ed.

There were six races, and the highest prize, 100 Turkish liras, was won by Lleut, Djelal Effendi, a smart offi-cer who rode a beautiful Arab horse, Zip-Zip. There was also a steeple-chase, in which only two officers participated, and Rushdi-Bey proved the

Several deficiencies, such as not keeping exact time and the inexperi-ence of the judges, will undoubtedly be remedied on the next occasion.— Constantinople Correspondence London Chronicle.

CRITIC "WROTE UP" WEDDING

His Regular Line Was the Drama and Customary Style Showed in His Work,

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Doings was detailed to cover a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," be said, "but I feel sure I shall make a mess of it.'

This is what he turned in-omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the house and the delay in beginning the performance:

"Mr Barker, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost invalid by the stage of the stage o most inaudible voice. Miss Perkins, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

"It must be pointed out that both iss Perkins and Mr. Barker were deficient in their lines, and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Henry Harper, who, as the offi-ciating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance."

Mothers and "Baby Talk."

A kindergarten teacher, in speaking of the attack made on "baby talk" by one of the Tufts college instructors said: "Of course, we all know that 'baby talk' is a poor substitute for the real language, but we know also that it is the result of first effort. It will always exist, and thank heaven for it! The people who hate it are those who are too matter-of-fact to be motherly. No mother teaches her baby 'baby talk' any more than she teaches it to crawl and to adopt the Tufts method. And to curb the lisping prattle of the baby, which is usually intel-ligible to the mother only, would be like forcing the youngster to tand when it can only creep. To mothers and women who know children the effort to check 'baby talk' is only another of the questionable steps toward making children 'grown-ups.'"

He Overplayed It.
"Hello, Billy, old pal," was George
M. Cohan's cordial greeting, says the New York Globe, as a well-known vau-deville performer was ushered into Mr. Cohan's dressing room one night Mr. Cohan's dressing room one night recently. "How's every little thing?"
"Track's a trifle slow just now, George. I'm laying off this week," answered the vaudeviller.
"Laying off! Gee whiz! I had you tabbed for one of those 'out-ups' that worked right through the 365 squares on the calendar. What about it?"
"Well, you see, George," said the idle one, "I've been boosting my salary till I've got it so high the managers won't pay it."

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THE NEWS ITEM

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TURKS ENJOY HORSE RACING PLENTY OF TIME TO REFORM TRAGEDY CUTS

Under the Circumstances, Autoist Concluded He Would Walt to Make Restitution.

"There's a thing that has happened to several acquaintances of mine that I wonder has not found its way into print long before this," said the au-toist, as a sort of windup to the adventures he had been relating. "They say that when a man is drowning or falling from a great height he thinks of all the mean things he ever did in his whole life. It is the same with an autoist when his machine skids and he sees that he is headed straight for a tree or telegraph pole and can-not possible avert collision.'

"When did you experience this feel-g?" was asked.

"About a month ago. I was going along the highway at a clip of 50 miles an hour, when— "You said 50."

"I did, and it was 50, though, of course, if I had been arrested I should have sworn that it was under 20. I was making nearly a mile a minute when I struck a wet spot and the ma-chine skidded. Something went wrong with the steering gear at the same time, and we headed for a big tele-graph pole. In five seconds I thought of how I beat a farmer out of a dollar; of how a bank once paid me \$5 too much; of how I poisoned an old woman's cat; of how I stole a boy's mar-bles; of how I lied about a man, and of the way I cheated a poor drayman in selling him a horse. All these things rose up before me in the five seconds, and I felt ashamed of them and wished I could live to make res

"And you are now going about and squaring yourself, being that you

'Well, not exactly. I'll do that some other time. You see, the machine took a skip at the last second and came back into the road again."—Ex-

FOR A LAW ABOVE PARENTAL

Surgeon Advocates Compulsory Operations for Relief of Deformed Children.

The question of compulsory opera-tions upon crippled and defective children, which was decided by Judge Sulzberger at Philadelphia as entire ly a matter for the discretion of the parents, has found a vehement pro-testant in Dr. E. A. Spitzka. The brain specialist comes forward with the statement that these operations should be made compulsory by legis-lative enactment. Doctor Spitzka

"Parents should not be permitted to prevent an operation upon a child when that operation was absolutely necessary for the child's good. If a conference of surgeons finds it is possible to correct some physical de-formity by an operation, then no pa-rent should be permitted to step in and prevent that child from having ast a normal chance to compete with the rest of mankind.

"Ti good of the community should be co. idered first and laws should so be . ide that the parents must be forced to hand over the child for an operation at the hands of com-petent experts when it is deemed nec-essary to have an operation."

Why hey Don't Have to Play.

Manager Charles Carr of the Blues
and a few friends were eating lunch in a grill room one night not long ago, says the Kansas City Journal, and while waiting for their orders were reading the scores of major league games which are posted there.

A Jewish bartender, who is a very enthusiastic baseball fan and likes to talk when any of the players are around, walked up to the table where the men were seated and said: "Look at the batteries, fellows; all

"Look at the batteries, fellows; all O"Tooles, Finnegans, Cheneys and the rest of the Irish. Those Irish sure like to play ball."
"Well," said Carr, "I don't notice that there are any Goldsteins, Goldbergs or any other Jews in there doing

anything for the national game."
"Don't worry about any of us Jews

putting our names in the batteries," said the barkeep; "we own the clubs."

Clothes Must Be "Amusing."

The women are tired of fashions that are merely chic or lovely and are now cultivating the eccentric.
They like a dress which they can
term "amusing." Their hats, also,
must be "amusing." Their frocks must be "funny," their ties, belts, coats and hosiery "ducky." The latter term describes articles that are pretty and

The clothes now worn include braces for women with skirts or trouser effect. Some of the hats are trimmed with two tennis rackets made of plush, with white stockings having black, spreading trees for clocks, and little curate coats and cabmen's hats copied in straw.—London Letter.

Camp Sleeping Outfit.

Camp time and summer time seen to be one and the same thing to a great number of persons, and for the camp there are sleeping outfits of camel's hair velour. These com-fortable arrangements consist of a into a bag, and is buttoned along the side and at the foot, and a knit cap and sleeping shoes, matching in color, complete the set. It is an exceedingly warm outfit and yet so light to carry that it can be rolled and added so one's traveling needs without any appreciable difference in weight.

WIDE SWAT.

Shots Fired by Angry Man Causes Series of Bad Mishaps

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 6.—When Mrs. Anna Baur tried to remove the furniture from her husband's house on Beaver avenue last night the husband, Charles Baur, shot her twice, it is alleged, fired one shot at the teamster and then made his escape. Attracted by the shooting a large crowd gathered. Five year old Alice Partridge, and her brother Joe also wanted to see what was going on. Just as the little girl ran across the trolley tracks a car caught. Joe tried to pull her away, but was too late.

Arrest Caused His Death

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 6.—Joseph Melbaum, eigh years of age and toll-gate keeper on the Newtown turnpike for or grieving over forty years is dead as the result disgrace recently he was arrsted on complaint of a neighbor whose yard had been damaged by Melbaum's cows He was sent to jail for two days and sentended so preyed on his mind that it brough him to the

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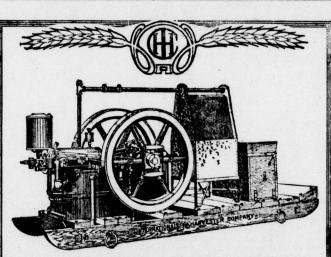
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Angela's

Three cowboys turned their ponies into the corral and hurried off to the bunkhouse in search of their

comrades.

"Hi, boys," shouted the first to enter, "have you heard the news?"

"What news?" queried a lank and unshaven individual.

"Aw, nothin' to int'rest you, Shorty. You ain't int'rested in females, I reckon."

"Females!" chorused the remaining occupants of the room.

"Why, sure, ain't you heard? The oss' sister's comin' to visit him.' "How old is she?" inquired the

youngest of their number, called Handsome Bob Barnes" because of his fondness for the cracked mirror. "Oh, I ain't sure," drawled the pearer of the news, "but Skinny here seen a photo of her up to the house, an' he says she's somewhere 'round twenty. Curls an' dimples an' purty

as a picter, ain't she, Skinny?"
"Waal, now, I cal'late she's a purty 'air lookin' gal as females go," said

Skinny, slowly.

"When does your ding-busted female woman arrive?" asked "Hamlet" Wilson, betraying a spark of interest.

"Day after tomorrow, the boss says. Train gets in the junction at two-thirty," replied the man who seemed to be the possessor of all the information.

"Give us some particulars, Pete," demanded a scholarly appearing per-sonage called "Percy."

Pete peered around the room and swelled with importance.

"Far as I know," he stated con-descendingly, "her name's Angela. Seems she's his youngest sister an' Seems she's his youngest sister an' he ain't seen her for about five years, so now she's comin' out from Noo Yawk to take charge of the ranchflouse an ' see't he gets fed decent,' he ended, looking significantly at "Hamlet," who was the ranch cook.

"Huh," growled Hamlet, cohemphouse, "I gross as how he's

"Hun," growled Hamlet, con-temptuously, "I guess as how he's survived this long on my cookin', he can live a little longer."
"Waal," Pete proceeded, "I guess that's about all, 'cept the boss says

it's up to one of us to go meet the lady." He paused to note the effect of his last statement. Each man, with the exception of Hamlet, pricked ip his ears, but Handsome Bob was

"Well, boys," he said confidently,
"it seems to me that if the lady in
question is 'about twenty years old
and as purty as a picter with curls
and dimples' and all such rot, w'y it's only right that a young an' pro-gressive man like me should welcome her to our happy home. She wouldn't want no old codger like Skinny, an' Hamlet, w'y, he'd scare her out."

After much discussion of the ques-tion it was decided that all points were in favor of Bob, much to his joy, for, as he told Skinny afterward, he'd "been thinkin' of buying a ranch for himself an' it would be kinda nice to have a woman around to brighten up the landscape."

During the course of the next day, Handsome Bob might have been seen to make many furtive journeys to the cracked mirror. His spare moments, as those of his comrades, were spent in polishing his spars and doing innumerable little things to improve his appearance.

The next morning Bob hunted a clean shirt and a gorgeous bandana, which he considered especially en-trancing to his charms. While waiting for breakfast, Pete came upon him engaged in studying a battered volume of Shakespeare, which he had borrowed from the boss.

"Well, I'll be darned!" Pete ejacu-late.. "If it ain't readin' poetry!"
"Aw gwan," sputtered Bob, "don't all gals like poetry? 'How sweet the

moonlight sleeps upon this bank,' began, but with a howl, Pete had fled.
At noon Bob shaved, and with the aid of Percy manicured his finger arranged his most becoming manner and finally harnessed up the team of lively pintos and drove off for the junction amid a cloud of dust and the cheers and eers of those left behind.

After what seemed endless waiting, the team hove in sight and as Hand-some Bob and little Angela, as the boys called her, drew near, the boys gathered as close as possible for a view of the wonderful damsel.

view of the wonderful damsel.

The rig came to a stop with a jew and Bob alighted to assist a lady of uncertain age, attired in a garb decidedly masculine, with a man's felt hat and a pair of huge spectacles. She peered through these at the assemblage of onlookers.

"Why," she exclaimed in her loud, harsh voice, "what queer looking individuals;" whereupon the surprising speed.

meted into the atmosphere surprising speed.

That night when the boys were gathered in the bunkhouse, Handsome Bob was missing, and did not arrive until almost time to retire. He was greeted with loud haw-haws, which only served to deepen his already ugly scowl. ready ugly scowl.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps pon this bank," enoted Pete,

upon this bank," quoted Pete, dreamily.

"Aw, shut up, you old pie-face!" snarled Bob, as he hurisd a copy of Shakespeare vehemently in Pete's direction and retired gloomily to his bunk.

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