

LIGHTENED FOOTGEAR.

Modern Progress Has Done Away with Heavy Boots for Ordinary Wear.

"The evolution of the shoe presents a rather interesting study," said an observer made "and it would be interesting to know just what changes will take place in the future," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Boots have almost disappeared except in plays of a romantic kind. Boots are mostly found on the stage now. Of course, one may find them in remote sections of the country, in lumber camps, where men are forced to work a great deal in marshy places and where they often sink up to their knees in mud and water. But in modern life boots are, as a rule, in the way. They are too heavy. They are a hindrance on the road to success. Men have taken to lighter foot-wear. They want to carry just as little weight as possible. They do not want anything that interferes with the suppleness of the limbs. They have got to keep on the go. But I was thinking more particularly of the influences in detail which have worked out the changes in footwear. The modern method of living has been at war with the old-style of shoes, just as it has been at war with old fashions in the matter of clothes. Why should a man or woman wear heavy shoes in the cities of to-day? There is no reason for it. There are too many conveniences. A man can step in a car at his office door and in a few minutes can step out again right at the door of his home. It is cheaper to ride than it is to buy shoes. We find in these conditions an explanation of the popularity of low-quartered shoes in these latter days. I suppose after awhile men and women will be able to wear toe shoes without any sort of inconvenience, and they will be able to get around quite as well as their forefathers did in 'boots' and shoes of a heavier kind. Besides the development of sidewalks in cities has had much to do with changing the character of shoes worn now. It is possible to keep out of the mud and water to keep one's feet dry, without crawling into a cab or a street car. So I might go on and mention many other influences which have been at work to bring about the changes we observe in footwear. But these things will naturally suggest themselves to persons who take the trouble to keep in touch with modern styles. It is an interesting study, and one which may be pursued with profit."

TEACHING THE ART.

How a Policeman Was Initiated Into the Mysteries of Hypnotism.

"The greatest graft now in the service of hypnotism is teaching the 'graft art.' There are always suckers who want to become hypnotists, and I don't believe that one of them ever succeeds. I have taught 5000 men through the country how to do the trick and after I got through they couldn't do any more than when they started. However, they were separated from their money and had the experience," says an account in the Chicago Tribune.

"I have struck some funny things, but they didn't seem very funny to me. Once when I was 'going a sleep' in a small city in New England there was a big fat policeman watching me to see that nothing was crooked." Of course, I wasn't hypnotized. I was being fed regularly by my partner, but the cop was all on, much less was the innocent public. Well, that fellow became interested in hypnotism after seeing me lying quietly for a couple of days.

"Say, professor, could I be hypnotized?" I heard him ask one night after the 'professor' had finished his lecture on how he had put me to sleep.

"Of course, my dear fellow. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man of your personality," said the snarling man, eager for the initiation fee.

"I have a baby home that cries day and night, and I thought that if I could train, I could put it to sleep like you have this young man," explained the policeman.

"I nearly spoiled the sleep by laughing while the 'professor' was explaining how easy it was to learn. The policeman went out and pawned his watch and took three special lessons extra strong, to learn how to put the baby to sleep. We hurried away after the last lesson, and never went back to see if the baby stopped crying."

Righting a Wrong.

Green: Sir, I understand you told Black. I don't know any more than you know dog.

Brown: Never said anything of the kind, old man.

Green: Then what did you say?

Brown: I said that yellow dog of mine didn't know any more than you do. Concluded: Entertained.

It Made a Difference.

Towne: The last time I saw Jenkins he was looking pretty blue, said he had nothing to eat.

Brown: He told me the same thing to me when I met him, but he was quite cheerful.

"He looked sort of lousy," I suppose.

"He looked sort of lousy." No, just appointed to the bar. He's got a political job—C. C. and friends.

Prompt Action.

The audience was asked the effects of a bankrupcy clause.

"We'll say," said Mr. Newrock, "it's good as new. Take a man out of its pocket and offer to take it off."

A young boy in the crowd grabbed Mr. Newrock with a kick and when last heard from it was still going along Chicago Tribune.

TANKER'S CLEVER SCHEME.

Easy Solution of a Mystery That Kept Some Club Members Guessing for a While.

The men at the club never could understand how Tanker ever managed to reach home. He would never leave the club until just about time to arrive at the depot, with margin enough to permit of his climbing up the rear platform of the train as it was pulling out of the station. He could never get down from the club without a colored bellboy on each side of him to guide his wavering footsteps, and he never could have found his way so to the depot inside of three years, if it had been only a block away, but he was put into a cab and taken over there in state. At the depot the combined efforts of the cabman and two porters were required to escort the joyous Mr. Tanker to the train, and after a stern chase down the platform to hurl him by main strength on the last coach. A friendly brakeman finally would assist Mr. Tanker to his feet, and get him inside of the car, and comfortably placed in a seat, relates the Chicago Tribune.

The men at the club knew that this same Confederate brakeman assisted Mr. Tanker off the train at East Viewton, the lovely suburban spot where Mr. Tanker resided, but the question was, how did Mr. Tanker get from the station to his house? It was well known that Mr. Tanker lived a full mile from the station, East Viewton, while a charming place, is darker at night than the middle of a bushel of tar. Moreover, between the station and Tanker's home were wide meadows, deep woods, a graveyard, a village church, a golf links, and on either side of the road, here and there, was a pond, and in one place a stone quarry.

Tanker always left the club in such a condition on these nights that he tarried late that he seemed to have lost absolutely all sense of direction or location. He was always tractable, and anybody could guide him by putting out a hand, but without this aid Tanker would have missed the Masonic temple by 50 feet, if he had started for it alone from across the street.

The mystery of how Tanker got home became so deep that finally one night two of the men at the club decided to pursue him and see for themselves how it came about. Most

of the club were willing to bet that some friendly native met Tanker at the depot in East Viewton, but others maintained that the town marshal took charge of Tanker when he arrived, and piloted him homeward. The idea was dropped when it became known that lovely East Viewton had no town marshal. So the two valiant detectives decided to dog Tanker's footsteps, and set for themselves.

Just before 12 o'clock one night the two sleuths followed Tanker from the club. They saw him put into a cab and then getting into another cab that they had waiting, they pursued Tanker to the depot. They ran ahead and got aboard the train, for East Viewton's sole car was the caboose and porters had joined Tanker's. They kept well out of sight, but as the train slowed up for East Viewton they jumped him off and stood in the shadow to watch Tanker. They saw Tanker and the brakeman getting off together. The brakeman took Tanker by the arm and rushed him over to a place where he seemed to give him a sudden jolt. The brakeman paused, and the brakeman and the brakeman rushed and rushed back to the train and scampered aboard as it was pulling out.

"Great Scott!" gasped one of the sleuths. "Did you see the brutal thing that brakeman did? He pushed poor old Tanker into that hole and left him there."

"Let's hurry," said the other horrified detective, "perhaps he's badly hurt."

The two rushed over to the hole and called down, "Tanker, old man, are you there?"

There was no response. Then one of the amateur detectives lit a match and looked into the hole.

"Hi George," he said. "She isn't here."

"No," said the other sleuth, "but this thing is a ditch. Maybe he has got on his feet and is running along the ditch trying to get out."

The detectives decided to follow the ditch until they should catch sight of Tanker. So they ran down the road, now and then peering over into the ditch. There was just a faint moan light, and by it they suddenly saw Tanker's white fedora flying helplessly along.

"There's Tanker," said one of the sleuths, suddenly. "He seems to be all right."

"Say, nothing," counseled the other, "just follow along."

So the two kept on along the road while Tanker, where he had been found in the ditch, had run along the road, now and then peering over into the ditch trying to get out."

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