

A Perfect Alibi

A Sanitary Discourse On the Hygiene of Hats and Headaches.

By T-BONE SLIM.

I maybe starting a new fashion, but I never could see the sense of tendering \$16.50 to a dealer for a tin-lined felt hat minus all jewels. No sir, I will not do it—not that I love \$16.50 too well, unwisely.

I hie myself to a chain-store, ask the gentlemanly manager for an empty five pound paper bag and I put my head in it. Sometimes I find the bag too big—this I overcome by taking a few rolls in it, which same enhances the beauty and strength of the band around my noble brow, and de-emphasizes the size of my ears which ordinarily stick out and hold the center of the stage as main attraction.

I heartily commend this hat to all true men and especially those who have lost their headgear in the tempests of life and freight trains. It has so many advantages self-evident that I scarce need mention more than three:

First, it is sanitary.

Second, it is easy to arrive at.

Third, it cuts down the overhead expense.

Since wearing those nobby headpieces I never get a headache except when I happen to glance at the prices of germ-ridden felts reeking with chemicals and germicides, etc. The paper hat, God bless it, soaks up the poisons oozing from my brow and, as a result, even my thoughts are pure as Lily Langtry and as clear as Captain Crystal.

Of course, gentlemen, when I approach one of the larger Sodoms and Gomorrah, such as New York City or City of Chicago, (as a concession to conventions) I ditch the paper hat and dig up a felt from the garbage dump hard by; confident its germs are away on a foraging expedition—germs too, you know, must live and when no foreheads appear for a certain period they break camp and strike out in every direction (they ain't like a human being who sits in front of an empty cupboard and starves to death—Three cheers for the germs!)

To get in on the ground floor it is imperative to put in a supply of paperbags right away; for they sure will put a price on the people's head when they commence using those common sense hats. Did I not see on the Sound, North Shore, booklets of matches selling two for a penny (you buy two advertisements) and did not the United Cigar Stores refuse me a match—a pox on their snipes.

Many there are who will absent mindedly say, "a man, especially a working man, is entitled to the best," after me just now telling them what is best. That is an insinuation that there are better hats than a paper hat. It is more than an insinuation, it is almost a lie: that those felts and silk stormers that have been laded with chemicals, colored and polished with everything from shoe-blackening, lampblack to potassium-permanganate are superior to the paper bag, as a hat.

No, no, brother, not under this system can you get a better hat than the five pound bag—why, you're lucky your head ain't chewed off by acids ere this—you putting out 16 bucks to have it done. It's a wonder you have any head left and sometimes, when I gaze at the unorganized condition of the American workingclass, I'm persuaded the acid did get in its dirty work.

Now resume speed:

All Is Not Apple Pit In Hat Factory

From Norwalk, Conn. "Hour"

"NORWALK, Conn., May 14.—Six girls were overcome and more than a score of others were affected by gas in the G. H.

Katze hat factory, Butler street, this forenoon. Carbon-dioxide gas, formed because of lack of ventilation, spread through the third floor of the building. The employees, men and women, were forced to drop their work and flee from the loft.

"Those most seriously affected were:

Rose Koflowitz, Bridgeport,

Esther Kearn, Silvermine,

Eva Falk, Norwalk.

"Three other young women also suffered greatly, but their names could not be determined.

"A trio of doctors was hurriedly called and the victims were given immediate treatment. Although those seriously asphyxiated suffered greatly at first, none of the cases is critical and all will recover completely.

"Harry Kapinsky, a superintendent in the factory, said that the trouble could be blamed to the closed windows and lack of ventilation due to the fact that the fans in the loft were not in operation. On this theory, carbon-dioxide quickly formed in the low-ceilinged loft and mixed with the fumes of whatever other gases were in the room. The mixture permeated the factory and when it became strong enough it affected the employees.

"Lack of oxygen and the resulting heat were also factors in the case.

"One of the male employees and a Mrs. Kane, a forelady, were among the first to be affected. Suddenly one of the girls collapsed, a second became ill and a general hysteria followed.

"Everybody in the place was affected to some degree, with the majority of the young women complaining of headaches. Six of the girls, however, fell to the floor and it was necessary to give them medical aid to revive them. These victims, with one or two exceptions, were removed to their homes. The others recovered sufficiently to walk around.

"Drs. John W. Vollmar, William H. McMahon and Louis Simons rendered medical assistance to the stricken employees.

"Kapinsky declared that operation in the plant would be resumed immediately. The majority of the girls expressed intention to return to work this afternoon.

"At noon the loft was entirely cleared of the poisonous fumes and the power was turned on again, with the fans placed in operation.

"The G. H. Katze Company came to Norwalk from New York City six months ago. The firm manufactures women's hats and occupies the third floor of the former Young's Hat factory building.

"At the present time the company is doing a prosperous business and has a number of rush orders on hand. It employs approximately 30 girls and a number of men."

From the foregoing dispassionate tale we may fairly conclude the sooner we get our heads into bags the better—am I right?