

# IN A TRAMP CITY.

TERRADELLA, A NOVEL INDUSTRIAL TOWN.

Founded by a Man Who Had Faith in Hoboes—It Flourished Until Causes Outside of Its Control Brought Ruin.

(Trenton, N. J., Letter.)  
Out in what used to be the swamp one of the biggest and handsomest factories in this city stands four stories high among surroundings of grimy coal yards and the accumulated refuse of railroad junk. Throughout the day the buzz of its industry sounds in the ears of a man who sits in a little shanty back of one of the coal yards poring over his ledger with but one dominant thought that runs through all his labor; how he may once more come into possession of the big factory that he built and owned and lost and make it again a home for the thousands of his former lodgers now scattered over the length and breadth of the continent. The man is Thomas M. Terradell, and the factory building with its surroundings was formerly a community which was to prove to the world the industrial worth of the so-



SITS IN A LITTLE SHANTY, called worthless—and nearly succeeded.

Fifteen years ago Terradell, then a man of 25, was an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad. He had already seen life in many phases. As a school boy in Trenton he had blacked boots and sold papers to pay for his books and clothes. Thereafter he had been an iron moulder, a jockey, a circus man, a minstrel, and a jack-of-all-trades, wandering from place to place and constantly thrown in with the floating population of trampdom. When he went into the employ of the railroad, as a freeman first, and then as an engineer, he found himself still in a position to see much of tramp life and a certain fellowship which he had always felt for the knights of the high road, developed into a strong desire to be of some lasting benefit to them. In his years of experience and association with the tramp fraternity he came to the conclusion that the hobo, as a class, was not a member of the earth, but an unfortunate misfit who, under



A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

the proper conditions might be made of use to himself and the community. While deliberating on how to accomplish his purpose, he was caught in a wreck and so severely injured that for months he suffered and was wholly disabled for future service in railroad work. During the months of suffering his scheme for the redemption of the hobo was growing and solidifying in his mind, and to the idea of making something of this life for the tramp was added the hope of preparing him for the next, for Terradell had joined the church, and had thrown himself into religion with the fervor characteristic of the man in whatever he did. Though without regular employment he contrived to get together a few dollars, and with the faith which afterward enabled him to achieve such amazing results set out to build a tramps' home. For a site he selected a bit of swamp land near the railroad and the canal, partly because it was along these thoroughfares that his experience taught him the tramp would travel; partly because nobody cared to claim the ownership of it at that time. Here he built a wooden shanty which he intended for a tramps' hotel, having induced several laborers to help him in the work, after he had fully

explained his purpose. These tramps set the news to others and soon the hotel was known on every high road in this part of the country and lodgers came in rapidly. None was turned away by the proprietor but each man who was able was expected to do an hour or two of work about the place with the result that it was soon completed and a stranger looking building was probably never raised since the day when every man was his own architect.

The place was orderly, for the proprietor, while liberal in his allowances for hobo nature, would tolerate no riotousness. He was an unwise hobo who attempted to disregard orders, for Terradell had too many friends among the tramps who were ready at any minute to take up his cause. Work was found for Terradell's tramps when they wanted it. He set up a wood-cutting industry and made a little money that way which he used in improving his place. Trenton people, who had become interested in the experiment, found jobs for the lodgers, and though by far the greatest part of the hotel's clientele was of the strictly transient order, some few from time to time would express a desire to stay and make a regular living. It was for this class that Terradell was laboring and for them he set out to establish a permanent plant. By what slow and painful steps, with what patience irresistibly surmounting all reversals and disappointments he achieved his ends he alone knows.

Unremitting toil and devotion brought about, in the course of years, the wonderful transformation wrought by the penniless and unemployed Terradell. In the swamp land where his curious structure of telegraph poles and boards had sheltered his hobo friends rose the four-story building of vitrified brick with brownstone trimmings, and around it small cottages were put up, 27 in all, for such families as might join the new community. Where and how did Terradell get the money for such an establishment? People asked this question with wonder but nobody ever answered it. Doubtless there were rich men who, believing in Terradell and his project, gave liberally to help him, but the land which before was regarded as so much waste space had acquired as a value and nearly \$50,000 was laid out on land alone. Terradell himself worked with the builders, spurring them on by his example and when the big industrial building, as he called it, was finished he was the proudest man in America. There was a \$50,000 mortgage on the place, but he had perfect faith that the worst of his work was over and that success was close at hand.

To support the institution Terradell looked to the workshops, which took up all the industrial building except the dormitory space and the eating rooms and office. There was a shop for broom and brush making and one for the manufacture of crates and packing boxes, and in one or the other of these any man who was honest and would work could find employment no matter how little experience he had. If he didn't know the trade some work would be found for him until he could learn it. Men out of employment flocked to him and many of his former hobo friends came and took regular employment to his great joy, though he never felt sure of them, for

phia; the question was whether it could maintain itself. Workmen out of employment poured in, but there was no market in the stagnation of '95 for the products of the factory. The cottages ceased to pay rent, for Terradell had not the heart to turn the occupants out. Sometimes he went hungry himself that others might have food, and throughout he worked with undeviating courage and faith. Nothing else could have carried Terradell through that year and into 1896. But it was a hopeless fight. The friends of the institution saw that it must go under. The mortgage was foreclosed and "Glad Hand Tom," as Terradell had come to be known by the hobo fraternity, took up his hat and went out into the world again.

"One comfort remains to me," he said as he left. "I never turned a human creature away from that door."

## THE MILL HANDS' FRIEND.

Mill operatives throughout New England look upon M. C. D. Borden, of Fall River, as their benefactor. It was he who, by establishing a 10 per cent increase in wages, forced the other manufacturers of that city to abandon their plan of a 5 per cent increase and give the same advance he offered. The result is that cotton mill owners in other cities were compelled to do likewise and thousands upon thousands of extra dollars will flow into the hands of the working forces of the mills. His fellow manufacturers are now seeking to belittle Mr. Borden by impugning his motive, saying that he did it to revenge himself upon them because they insisted upon raising wages 5 per cent while he originally declared that wages were high enough. When they refused to agree with him, he became angry and the 10 per cent increase was offered by him merely to injure the market and cause a general wreck.

## GOLD IN BLACK SAND.

One Man Proposes to Get Rich on What Others Throw Away.

"There's millions of gold in black sand," said H. A. Frederick, a Seattle man of experience in the Klondike, "and I believe I have hit upon a plan to get it out. You know this black sand is about as heavy as gold, and in panning, as ordinarily done with cold water, the gold and the sand either go out of the pan together and are lost, or they stay in the bottom and are of no more use than if they were lost. On the claim I had in the Yukon country we only got \$32 out of the black sand for a whole season, and I know that we were losing a whole lot and that there ought to be some way of getting it. So I experimented with hot water, which was not unusual, but I added some salt to it, and found an improvement. I took an iron bucket holding two gallons, filled it about one-third full of sand, put in a double handful of salt, filled it with water and set it on the fire to boil. As it boiled I stirred it, like you would stir apple butter, or as we stir 'dog feed' in the Klondike, and then poured it off into pans. I don't know what effect the salt had, but when I put a little quicksilver into the pans I'll be blamed if I didn't get every particle of gold there was. Then I went at it on a larger scale and with the sand that was before practically valueless, I got 52 ounces for one's day's work by three men. The gold was worth about \$550, or say about \$16 an ounce. I'm going to Cape Nome in the spring, where there are tons and tons of this black sand that cannot be or has not been worked, and I'm going to utilize the salt sea-water and get rich. You see if I don't. At the same time I want to tell you that the Klondike country is just beginning to be worth looking after. So far there have been only scrapings along the surface by individuals with poor appliances, but when the rich companies, that are organizing, get to work with big hydraulic machines and the right kind of mining tools, the gold will fairly run out in streams. Dirt that is worth only six or seven cents a pan won't pay a single miner to fool with, but a big hydraulic on that kind of dirt can make a million a day. It is estimated that there are thirty-five claims around Dawson that will have produced a million each as now worked, and there are hundreds that are good for any amount from a hundred thousand to half a million."

**A Clever Artist.**  
A clever American woman artist, Miss Hutchinson, is said to be the only woman in the country able to do the decorating enameled on fine pieces of jewelry. A workshop with the mercury in summer at 100 and 110 degrees is the price one has to pay for the ability to do this delicate work. Miss Hutchinson is an indefatigable worker. The greater part of her education was received in this country, and later she studied a few months in the Julian studio, Paris. She was also admitted for a time to the Sevres factory. Her work there was so satisfactory that she was given special pieces of the Sevres porcelain to decorate.

**Her Leasing Was Pronounced.**  
Her mother—I think that Mabel has a slight leaning toward this young Mr. Smith. Her father—Slight? Great Scott! You ought to have seen them last night!—Stray Stories.

"Porter, call me a cab." "With or without, sir?" "Eh?" "Horse or auto, sir?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# THE ROSE OF WILTON

A GIRL OUTLAW OF THE FAR EAST.

She Has Given the Authorities Much Trouble—Remarkable Career of a Young Connecticut Girl Outlaw Still in Her Teens.

(Norwalk Letter.)  
Within the gloomy walls of a Connecticut prison, drooping and pining for the wilderness of the forest, languishing for the lack of the sunlight, is "the Wild Rose of Wilton." Not yet out of her teens, Minnie Sturm, brown eyed and beautiful, has had a career that well might puzzle a philosopher to account for. Reared in a quiet, old-fashioned house near Norwalk, this girl, with a rich profusion of dark brown hair, with hands soft and white, with a beauty such that many a maiden of lordly birth might envy her, untutored and in tatters, is yet a queen of men, lawless men though they are. Not more than a mile from her home, beneath the shelter of two great rocks, was the rendezvous of a marauding band of idlers. There this farmer's daughter found them about two years ago. She cast her life with theirs.



MINNIE STURM.

When a raid on neighboring cellars and hen roosts made provisions plentiful there in the rendezvous, it was Minnie Sturm (Minnie Brotherton) who cooked the viands over a fire of logs. But the band became too daring. The hand of the law seized them. Some were imprisoned and the others scattered. Minnie Brotherton promised to mend her ways and the lenient authorities let her go her way. For a short time she lived quietly, but not contentedly, in the old house. A few months later she married Valentine Sturm of Norwalk and went to live with the family of her husband. Her stay there was remarkably short. Seven months after she left him, and in the winter of 1898 applied to the Selectman of Norwalk for support. She was sent to the Town Farm. Even there she showed her wild tendencies. She fell in love with a pauper, "Jim" Collins, a gray-bearded man with a wooden leg. One day they eloped from the Almshouse, and for several days there was no trace of them. Then Collins limped back to the institution and was restored to his former place, but the "Wild Rose" had no love for life in an Almshouse, and she soon found a companion in Howard Dauchy. A few days ago Dauchy and the "Wild Rose" entered the Norwalk Selectman's office and applied for admission to the Poorhouse. Instead of accommodating them the Selectman notified Sturm, who preferred a charge against his wife. It was learned, too, that they had borrowed a horse and wagon to drive to the Town Clerk's office, saying they wished to get a marriage license. The horse and wagon were not returned, and a charge of horse theft was made. The "Wild Rose's" indignation was aroused. She first pleaded with the owner to withdraw his charge, promising to bring back his horse and wagon. He was determined to send her to jail, and refused. "You'll never see that horse again!" the "Wild Rose" exclaimed. "I'll go to jail and stay there." And she did.

## CONKLING'S NAMESAKE.

A Negro Orator Whose Name Commemorates a Kind Act.

Roscoe Conkling Bruce, a negro student at Harvard, is proving himself an orator of great eloquence and a debater of profound capacity. Harvard has been amazed by his brilliance. Young Bruce is a son of former United States Senator Blanche K. Bruce, of Mississippi, who for many years was register of the treasury. Young Bruce was named for Roscoe Conkling out of gratitude for a favor the eloquent New York statesman once did for the elder Bruce when the negro leader first went to the senate. Bruce's colleague from Mississippi declined to introduce the colored statesman to the president of the senate. All the other senators were disposed not to interfere, and Mr. Bruce found himself in a most embarrassing position. Mr. Conkling took in the situation and his generous heart was touched. He promptly introduced Bruce to the president, and the Mississippi negro never forgot the kindness. The younger Bruce was prepared

**"Little Dorrit's" Church.**  
The public authorities who are removing the human remains from "Little Dorrit's" church in Southwark, have cleared away upwards of a thousand bodies. In the process of doing so they have discovered vaults the existence of which was unknown or had been forgotten, and these are choicest of coffins. It is stated that the clearing out of the whole of the vaults and the reinterment of the remains at Woking will add fourpence a pound to the rates of the parish. The bodies are presumably those of persons of local standing or distinction whom the parishioners of the church in past times desired to honor.

**A Mile a Minute in an Automobile.**  
Chief Engineer Croker, of New York, rides to fires in an automobile that travels at 60 miles an hour. It is called and is really a fire locomotive. It is propelled by steam generated by gasoline. The machine carries a pressure of 120 pounds of steam, could be speeded to 25 miles an hour in any 100 yards, and 60 miles in a furlong, and could be stopped in its own length. In a hundred yards it could attain the speed of an express train.

# NEWS SPREADS FAST.

Even the African Natives Have Their Systems of Communication.

Both South African and British Indian papers refer to the keen interest taken by the natives of the two countries in the war between the British and the Boers. A regular system of communication is said to have been established between stations on the west and the northwest frontier of India and the hill country, by which all information concerning the progress of the war is transmitted with extraordinary rapidity among the tribesmen. How it is done is a mystery yet unsolved, but one Indian paper affirms that the news of the beginning of hostilities in South Africa was already known across the frontier when it was received at Peshawar by telegraph. The effect of it was seen in the agitation that began among the tribes, and in a call sent out by the Mullah of Povichad for 3,000 men to assemble, ostensibly to march against some recalcitrant chieftains. He also issued a proclamation ascribing the defeats of the tribesmen last year to the want of harmony among them, and pointing out that if they wanted to recover their independence they must rise all together. In consequence of this agitation a British force has been sent to the frontier to the point threatened. A Rhodesian paper, in announcing the outbreak of the war, laments the absence of telegraphic communication between Beira and the coast towns of Natal and Cape Colony, by which news could be received of the progress of hostilities, and says that if all other means of communication fail, they will have to fall back upon the native house boys. It says that it has certainly been more than surprising in previous African wars how early and correct was the information the natives seemed to possess. An instance is given in which during the last Mashona war, the Mashonas in the Umalti district knew of the battle at the Shangani river on the evening of the same day on which it was fought. How such speed of communication was secured is still a puzzle. Whether it was done by shouting from hill to hill, or by feet runners in relays, the result, the covering of 40 miles in eight hours, was a marvel.

## GENEROUS CARNEGIE.

It is a rare day that does not witness a wise and generous deed at the hands of Andrew Carnegie. It is generally a large gift of money for public library purposes, for this is Mr. Carnegie's special line of beneficence. Within the past few weeks five such benefactions have come to public knowledge, the total amounts promised being not less than \$2,000,000. Of this, \$1,750,000 was the enlargement of the Carnegie library in Pittsburgh, an institution to which Mr. Carnegie had already contributed several millions. The additional sum, it is said, will make the library three and one-half times larger than originally intended, and the largest and most magnificent building of its kind in the world. In addition to its use as a library, the building will have departments devoted to the promotion of science, music, art and literature. The four other library gifts mentioned included one of \$50,000 to the city of Duluth, Wis.; \$50,000 to the city of Tyron, Pa.; \$125,000 to the Polytechnic Library Society, of Louisville, Ky., and \$25,000 to Tucson, Ariz. All these donations were accompanied with the condition that the cities thus favored should furnish certain sums of money for the regular maintenance of the library.

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R. C. BRUCE.

for Harvard at Phillips Exeter, and entered the university last year. His splendid abilities were brought out in the trials for the Princeton debate, in which he surprised everybody by his mastery of thought and by the plain evidence he gave of an inborn eloquence. Last year he earned much praise by winning the medal offered by Baron Coubert, of Paris, to Harvard students for excellence in knowledge of French politics. It is predicted that he will surpass the famous Frederick Douglass in oratory.

The children of the Boers, females as well as males, are taught to use the rifle before they are ten years of age. This explains why the Boers are such excellent marksmen.

# IS A QUEER CHURCH.

THAT OF FAITH HEALERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Flasks of Whisky, Cigars, Crutches, Corsets, Trusses, and Vials of Medicine in Profusion—As Symbols of Renunciation.

(Philadelphia Letter.)  
Philadelphia has the oddest place of worship in the world. It is at 1344 Somerset street, and is the local branch of the "Christian Catholic Church," otherwise the "Zionists," who believe in divine healing. The church is a neat, new and well-lighted apartment, about 15x50 feet in size. The wall back of the platform, which is used as a pulpit, is decorated in a unique manner. Flasks of whisky, cigars, pipes, bags of tobacco, crutches, plugs of chewing tobacco, trusses, vials of all kinds of medicine, corsets and many other articles have places on the wall, interspersed with Scriptural passages. Each of these articles is said to be the symbol of a renunciation of the use of liquor or medicine, or the material evidence of an escape from some malady. One understands their significance at last when men and women who have en-



JOHN A. DOWIE.

tirely given up the use of medicine to rely solely on the healing power of Christ, rise in the audience and bear testimony to marvelous cures of consumption, cancer and other serious diseases which were wrought solely through the efficacy of prayer after physicians had abandoned all hope. The Zionists eschew all swine's flesh, and the use of whisky and tobacco is absolutely prohibited, and the use of medicines of all kinds is considered blasphemous.

The Zionists were founded less than four years ago by Rev. John Alexander Dowie, who was formerly a Congregationalist preacher, and was once a minister of education in Australia. Their headquarters are at Chicago. In their brief existence the Zionists have grown to a membership of over 25,000. They have a bank, a college, land association and other business institutions. The members contribute one-tenth of their income to the church. The Chicago bankers are greatly incensed at this feature of the new religion, as it takes deposits away from them.

All of these are under the absolute control of Rev. Dr. Dowie, who is called the general overseer, and whose powers extend even to the naming of his successor. Dowie poses as a prophet. At Zion Tabernacle, Chicago, recently, the faith healer predicted that in 25 years the world would be ready for the "coming of the Lord." "The telephone, telegraph and other wonderful things," he said, "will make it so easy to spread the Gospel of Zion that in a quarter of a century the world will be prepared for the great day." He lately began a two weeks' war on the "unclean, ungodly and criminal press" of Chicago. He explained that he would attack the greater part of the denominational press as well as the secular.

## How Children Are Named in Persia.

In Persia the naming of children is a matter of chance, a sort of lottery deciding what name the infant shall carry through life. In Persia this ceremony, performed in the house of birth, is important and elaborate. All the relatives, even those living at a distance, are brought together, and the priests of the locality are invited. After the meal, which is served as a welcome, is eaten, the new addition to the Persia's population is placed in the center of the room on a rug. The guests form a circle around the child. One of the priests writes five names, previously agreed upon, on five slips of paper, and distributes these among the leaves of the Koran. He then reads a chapter from the book and at random picks one of the slips. Whatever name this slip bears then becomes the name of the child. It is whispered into the ear of the newborn by the priest, and the slip of paper is then hidden in the baby's clothes.

## Not There to Talk.

People who talk during a theatrical performance, a concert or a "paid" entertainment of any kind, in a manner to cause annoyance to their neighbors before them, behind them, beside them or within earshot of them, if they be in boxes, are not mere disturbers and nerve-rackers. They are plain thieves and are just as much thieves as the proverbial grocer (we never met this kind of grocer in real life), who put sand into their sugar, and they stand in exactly the same relation to the purveyors of the entertainments as does a malicious person to his grocer who who puts sand in his grocer's sugar barrel with that grocer's knowledge or consent. This remark applies not only to the loud talkers, but to the pestiferous "siffle-siffle-siffle" ers, who speak in whispers.—New York Press.

## Camels on the Flow in Germany.

Count Skorzewski, a wealthy land owner in Posen, Germany, has recently caused a sensation among the natives by employing a camel instead of horses or oxen to draw the plow on his estate. The experiment has proved successful, and it is probable that it will be followed in other agricultural districts.

Toll is the toll at the gate of success.

# BIG CAKES AND PIES.

Some So Large That They Have Become Historic.

Last Christmas, in North End Road, Fulham, there was on view an enormous cake that towered almost to the ceiling of the confectioner's shop. It was made to represent a fortress, and weighed more than 4,000 pounds. In its composition had been used 600 pounds of flour, 400 pounds of butter, 400 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of icing sugar, 900 pounds of currants, 450 pounds of sultanas, 300 pounds of candied peel, 200 pounds of almonds, and 5,000 eggs. Gigantic, however, as was this cake, it cannot be compared with that which in June, 1730, Frederick William I. regaled his army. After a huge repast of beef, wine and beer had been partaken of, the guests, to the number of 30,000, saw approaching an immense car drawn by eight horses, on which reposed a monster cake eighteen yards long, eight yards broad and one-half yard thick. It contained, among other ingredients, 36 bushels of flour, 200 gallons of milk, 1 ton of butter, 1 ton of yeast, and 5,000 eggs. The soldiers, who had already eaten a hearty meal, were able to devour only a portion of this extraordinary cake, so to their aid were summoned the people from the towns and villages in the neighborhood, among whom it was distributed till not a morsel remained. Last August the town of Paignton received an old custom of making a plum pudding for the benefit of the local poor. After being drawn in procession round the town, it was cut up and sold. Its weight—250 pounds—compares, however, but poorly with Paignton's former efforts. In 1819 a pudding weighing 900 pounds was made, with unfortunately but indifferent success, for, after boiling three days and nights in a brewer's copper, it was pronounced too "doughy" to be eaten. However, in 1858 the inhabitants recovered their prestige and beat the record with a pudding a ton and a half in weight, and costing \$225. In its composition were employed 575 pounds of flour, 191 of bread, 382 pounds of raising, 191 pounds of currants, 382 pounds of suet, 320 lemons, 360 quarts of milk, 144 nutmegs, 95 pounds of sugar, besides a quantity of eggs. It was cooked in sections, which were afterwards built together. In 1896 Denby Dale, near Huddersfield, celebrated the jubilee of the repeal of the corn laws by making a Brobdingnagian pie, which was served out to the thousands that flocked into the village from the country round. The dish employed in baking was ten feet long, six feet six inches wide and one foot deep, weighing, with its contents, thirty-five hundredweight. The pie itself contained 1,120 pounds of beef, 180 pounds of veal, 112 pounds of mutton and 60 pounds of lamb. In the composition of the crust 1,120 pounds of flour and 160 pounds of lard were used. This is the sixth huge pie that has been made at Denby Dale, the first having been manufactured so long ago as 1788, to commemorate the recovery of George III.—London Tit-Bits.

## FLOWERS OF THE VELDT.

Anything Will Grow in the Transvaal If It Is Planted.

Up in the Transvaal, if a farmer cultivates flowers at all—and all Boers are not as unappreciative of beauty as their detractors suggest—he almost always has on his stoop, or veranda, a couple of tubs containing plants of keltie perching. This is the gardenia of the commercial London butonhole. The tuberoses also flourishes amazingly in the open air with but the smallest attention and cultivation. The bulbs shoot up their three or four-foot stems, each bearing very sweet-smelling flowers, in an incredibly short space of time, says the London Mail. In Pretoria roses are prolific—in fact, most of the streets are bounded by rose hedges throughout their length, and they bloom with a frail, pink monthly rose blossom for three-quarters of the year. In public places, such as the Burgers' Park, the profusion of roses, lilies, carnations and tuberoses is bewilderingly beautiful. The wild orchids of Swaziland are famous. They are of at least 20 different kinds. They are extremely curious, and with a little care and extra heat they can be induced to develop into very wonderful plants. Everything grows in the Transvaal if the trouble is taken to plant it. The soil being all virgin and naturally rich, the very smallest amount of attention is required.

## "Out at Luncheon, Sir."

A physician writing to the Boston Transcript commands the New York World's attack upon the heavy luncheon for sedentary brain-workers, and points out that the "skilled physicians" who recommend the "three square meals a day" are not "skilled dietitians." "It is vastly better for the doctors," says this candid and sensible doctor, "for men and women to eat three square meals a day." And he goes on to show that science has discovered that even the day laborer who eats in the middle of the day does not really digest his food, but gets rid of the burden by an unhealthy fermentation. A craving for food is no more an indication of a healthy need than is a craving for whisky or tobacco. And how can food eaten at midday refresh or strengthen when it does not digest? The Romans conquered the world on one meal a day, says the World, and the Greek intellect, fed once a day, was bright enough to illuminate twenty-three centuries.

## The Hat Didn't Come Back.

"George, George, mind; your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window!" exclaimed a fond father to his little son, who was traveling with him in a railway carriage. Quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, papa hid it behind his back. "There, now, the hat has gone!" he cried, pretending to be angry. And George immediately set up a howl. After a time the father remarked: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Then he whistled and replaced the hat on the boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see." "Afterward, while papa was talking to mamma, a small shrill voice was heard saying: "Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window! Whistle again, will you?"