



Mr. Crane was recently elected to succeed himself as United States senator from the state of Massachusetts. He stands high in the councils of his party and is often called upon by the president as adviser in matters of state.

### A MODEL CHILD VILLAGE.

PROVIDED FOR BY WILL OF AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

Aim of Seybert Institution Will Be to Train Poor Young and Develop Them—Is First of Kind in the World.

Philadelphia.—The Seybert institution for poor children, with a \$1,500,000 fund just available under the will of Henry Seybert, who died in 1883, will go into the business of relieving poor children at the rate of 1,000 a year, first by an arrangement with the Children's Aid society to open a children's bureau at 1506 Arch street on February 15; next by creating a model village, unlike anything on earth, on a 300-acre farm at Meadowbrook, with cottages for 300 poor children and school-training facilities; next by setting up a training school for child savers.

work building and all the agencies are to be invited to participate in harmonizing and developing the work of child saving and child training, child employment and child legislation.

The Seybert institution offers for poor girls the nearest approach to what Girard college is for orphan boys.

Its model village for 300 will be the first of its kind in the world. The aim is that the life of the children shall be as near as possible like that of a normal child in a family home in a small community. Engineers and architects are at work on the plans for Meadowbrook farm on the Reading railroad 13 miles north of Philadelphia to create there the model child city, a little New Jerusalem for the boys and girls rescued from slums.

Seybert was a chemist and a son of a distinguished chemist, led a single, romantic, eccentric life, studied and traveled abroad, lived three years in Paris, left a bequest to the university for investigation of spiritualism and gave the city the bell and clock which rings and marks the hours in the belfry of Independence hall.

#### Bible in New Language.

London.—A polyglot printing house here which published the Lord's prayer in 400 languages has been asked by a missionary in central Africa to print the grammar of a new language he has discovered. The missionary had to draw and send sketches of the letters. The grammar is on the Odenord system and the missionary intends to teach the natives of the jungle to read and write.

### LOCATE IOWA METEOR

LONG LOST ROCK FINALLY FOUND IN VIENNA.

Fell Near Esterville in 1875 and Has Been Sought by George Barber for Years—Brought High Price from Purchasers.

Esterville, Ia.—After a lapse of 32 years, the famous "Barber" meteor, for which George Barber, of this place, had searched for years, has been found in a Vienna museum, carefully labeled that all visitors may know that it is one of Iowa's products and fell near Esterville in June, 1875.

Fearing the Barber brothers, who dug up the great meteor, would be able to recover the largest piece of the precious rock, it was quickly passed from one person to another, as soon as it was shipped east, until its whereabouts soon became a matter of mystery.

Inspired with a desire to secure the meteor for the Iowa Historical society or for the state university, many have attempted to locate the missing rock, but search for it has been fruitless. George Barber has followed the meteor almost around the world, and Iowans have searched the museums of England and of Rome, expecting to see it among the spoils of time, but it has been left to Thomas R. Wallace, a former Iowan, to discover the rock which put Esterville on the map in one of the great museums of Vienna.

Thomas R. Wallace, who has notified George Barber of finding the meteor in Vienna, is one of the men who saw it fall, on the farm of the Seven Lee farm, two miles north of here, about one o'clock in the afternoon of June 28, 1875. Charles and George Barber dug it out of the ground some 14 feet deep. The largest piece, which is now in Vienna, weighed 132 pounds. The smaller pieces weighed together 400 pounds, making a total weight of 532 pounds.

At the time of the great phenomenon the land on which the rock fell had been sold to a Mr. Lee, and only a small amount paid down. The Barber boys were given permission by him to dig out the meteor, but the former owners brought suit against the Barbers and the Emmet county clerk refused to accept signers to a \$500 bond offered by the Barber boys under replevin proceedings, after the land owners had secured possession of the rock.

While the boys were trying to regain possession of the meteor, the parties loaded it into a wagon and hauled it overland to Keokuk, where it was sold to eastern parties, and resold to other parties for \$58,000. It was sold a year or two later to an English company for \$100,000. Small pieces which the Barber boys secured have been sold for \$500 each, but Iowans have always wanted to secure possession of the big piece, which now rests among the marble and bronze statues of Vienna.

Within a short time the scientific world learned of the meteor. The Barber brothers were offered \$50,000 for the big piece, and, believing that it could be secured, efforts have been made from time to time to get it back on Hawkeye soil. The Barbers lost \$10,000 because the county clerk refused to accept a man worth \$25,000 on a bond for \$500.

#### HEART-SHAPED BRIDAL COACH.

Gorgeous Equipage Designed to Boom Wedding Business.

Pittston, Pa.—A bridal coach, designed to boom matrimony and do away with the custom of decorating ordinary hacks with white ribbons, has just been completed here at a cost of \$1,800. The coach, which is designed in the shape of a heart, is painted maroon and black with gold trimmings, the lines arranged to form hearts everywhere possible. There are 20 hearts in all on the vehicle, including eight heart-shaped windows. Two large hearts join to form the dashboard and two more crop out at the rear springs.

The lamps, which have electric lights inside, are each surmounted by a cupid, with his bow and arrow, clad in the happiest smiles. The coach is upholstered in cream-colored velour and old gold trimming, with two sets of watered silk curtains overhead and a cluster of calla lilies in the hearts of which are concealed red, white and blue electric lights.

The carriage equipment likewise includes a speaking tube and electric bell to connect with the driver. The carriage took seven months to build. It is to be hauled by four cream-colored horses.

#### Sues Railroad 2,140 Times.

Appleton, Wis.—Henry Miller, a farmer, has begun 2,140 suits against the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company for \$21,400, or ten dollars for each locomotive that has crossed his farm since he advised the railroad company to construct a culvert and crossing. The complaints in these cases fill about 600 type-written pages.

#### Reserve Force.

Every life has its secret well of hidden strength—a mother's benediction, some consecration of early youth, some habit, some attachment, some form of words which may sound weak and trifling to others, but are an anchor to higher living. These should be treasured in the heart as a safeguard against the temptations which press on every side, and, if allowed to triumph, will rob the life of its deepest and truest meaning.

#### Deaths Under Chloroform.

An English physician points out that doctors are sometimes blamed for the death of patients under chloroform, when the catastrophe is due entirely to the parents or friends, who ignore the strict orders not to give any food before the operation, and by administering milk, eggs, an orange, or chocolates, to "fortify him for the operation," bring on fatal complications.

#### Italy's State Lottery.

Rome.—Italy's state lottery took in \$17,000,000 in a year and gave back in prizes \$9,000,000. Much of the money came from the poorest people

## SUGAR ON HER SOUL

By GRACE SALINGER

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Aggie May had committed a terrible crime, and now she was reaping the harvest. She knew it, because her mother had told her so, and whoever heard of a mother telling a lie? If only Aunt Mag had said it she thought there might have been a mistake, but her mother—never!

And how she had said it! Aggie May's sobs gained new force as she recalled her mother's cold face when she had said: "Aggie May, what have you been doing?"

And Aggie May could feel again the sickening horror of detection. She surreptitiously put forth a small red tongue, which swiftly made the circle about two rosy lips to gather in all telltale crumbs. And then, secure in her belief that she had well covered her tracks, she had answered, unblushingly: "Nothing."

Aggie May's tongue was short, and sugar had such an unpleasant way of sticking to fat baby hands and fat baby faces.

Aggie May's mamma's face grew harder still as she uttered these awful words: "Aggie May, you will never go to heaven. You are no child of mine. You have violated every one of the Lord's commandments. He has told you not to steal, yet you have done it; he has said you must not lie, yet you are doing it. Do you think he is going to forgive you? No! He has punished you already. Come here."

In fear and trembling awe Aggie May stepped to her mother's side. Mrs. Sangster deliberately traced the outline of a word on the child's brow.

"Listen," she said, "this is what is written there. S-u-g-a-r. That spells



Where was She?

'sugar.' Aggie May, you have been stealing sugar."

Then her mother's voice continued: "All your life you will have that word written on your forehead. And as you grow older it will probably deepen," she added, sadly. Certainly Aggie May's mother realized the fearful extent of the calamity. Then she turned and cruelly left the room.

Aggie May stood in a dazed stupor for a moment, then she hastily climbed on a chair to look into the glass. It was at this juncture that Aunt Mag came in, and unconsciously settled everything. She found Aggie May with a very sugary mouth and tearful eyes before the mirror. In a minute her own keen eyes had grasped the situation.

"Aunt Mag," said Aggie May, "what do you see on my forehead?"

Aunt Mag looked straight at Aggie May's mouth, and then she said: "Sugar."

Aggie May's eyes grew dark with horror. "Is it written in very big and black letters?" she asked.

"Very big and black," answered her aunt.

"Don't you think it will ever come off?" queried Aggie May, anxiously.

"I should say not," answered her aunt, "it's so black."

"Oh, Aunt Mag," she pleaded, tearfully, "the dirt on my finger come off when I washed it yesterday. Don't you reckon I can wash this off?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Mag, thoughtfully. "This is not your finger, you know; it's your soul."

"But you said it was my forehead," said Aggie May, with a gleam of hope.

"It shines through," answered her Aunt Mag. "If you want to rub it off you'll have to wash your soul."

Aggie May turned her small face toward the open door. Here was a problem. She must think. Where was her soul?

Beneath the apple tree Aggie May gave way to the full horror of her misery and despair. How could she reach her soul? Her hands moved restlessly over her chubby body. Where was her soul? She had certainly heard it mentioned before, but no one had ever located it exactly. It couldn't be in her stomach, she knew that, because hadn't Aunt Mag said the blackness shone through on her forehead? Certainly! Of course! How stupid she was! It was in her head, underneath her hair. But how was she to get at it?

Again the complication of circumstances appalled her. Clearly the first thing to do, however, was to cut off her hair. After that she might scratch a little hole right back of the forehead and get it out. The operation sounded painful, and at heart Aggie May was a coward. She decided that to crop the golden tresses might be efficacious. After that she would go down and hold her head in the brook all day. Maybe the water would soak in. She started back to the house. Obviously the first thing to do was to get a pair of scissors and some soap.

Aggie May crept softly into her mother's room. It was empty, with

her work-basket lying just within Aggie May's reach. She turned back to the orchard triumphantly. By night her soul should be clean.

Through the orchard, over the meadow, into the cool darkness of the woods, Aggie May sped. The brook was deep in the heart of the forest, and she had never been there alone before, but she knew the way. Under the dim aisles of quiet trees the child ran swiftly, now one direction, now another, until in a maze of bark and trunk she stood, a great fear arising in her heart. Where was she? But she went on determinedly. The brook must be found.

Mrs. Sangster stood at the door, shading her eyes with her hand. "What can make the child so late?" she said. Her sister glanced up from her work. "Perhaps she has gone to meet her father," she suggested.

But the mother caught sight of a figure moving across the meadow. "No," she said; "there comes Abe alone. Mag, something has happened to Aggie May."

She started down the path, and her sister rose, and reluctantly followed. "I last saw her under the apple tree about three, I should say," answered Mag.

The three hurried to the spot, half expecting to find her at play. It was Aggie May's favorite spot to play, to think or to pout. All the great crises of her life had been enacted here. But her swing hung limp and motionless.

Mr. Sangster turned to go, but his wife suddenly called him back with a piercing cry.

"Look!" she said. At her feet lay a heap of golden curls, and beside them, thrown upon the ground, lay a pair of scissors—her scissors.

"Indians," gasped Mag, turning white.

"Gipsies," ventured the mother. "Oh, Aggie May, Aggie May, where are you?" she called, wildly.

Mr. Sangster said nothing. He stooped and gathered up the handful of golden hair, and crammed it in his pocket.

Then he crossed the meadow. In the open space it was still broad daylight but in the forest beyond the shadows were always black.

Meanwhile Aggie May's little feet sped fast and faster. The shadows thickened. How thickly they fell amid the dense growth of the forest. Ghosts and goblins loomed fantastically behind each tree. A sharp crackling sound overhead made her crouch and hold her breath in terror. It was a dead branch falling at her feet. With a nameless fear that choked her, she hastened on.

Suddenly the trees became less dense, and the light grew brighter, as she neared the open space. She stood in wonder. It was not the fairies after all. She had reached the brook. She knelt down beside it. She took from her pocket the soap, and rubbed it carefully on the spot just behind her forehead. Her mamma would be glad to see her without that black word on her brow. The little shorn head bent low over the swiftly moving stream, and she caught the reflection of earth and sky in its dancing ripples. Suddenly she reeled, the earth slipped away, she felt the cold water grip her, and then with a cry she plunged head foremost into the current.

Some instinct of motherhood guided Mrs. Sangster's footsteps. The sound of Aggie May's voice reached her faintly at first, then louder, until it resounded through the stillness in frantic echoes. Following the sound, she plunged ahead, and arrived just in time to see a small hand flung out wildly from the middle of the brook, then sped onward.

It was not a heroic task to step in and rescue the fallen child. Mr. Sangster waded to the middle of the stream, and in a moment Aggie May was in her mother's arms.

Behind them, in the forest, lights were gleaming like fireflies, and the arched dome of the forest rang with shouts of Aggie May's name. She lay very white and scared, while the water trickled down in little rivulets from her limp arms and legs. Aggie May hung a dripping arm about her mother's neck. "It was very cold," she said, nestling closed in the protecting arms, "and the water gotten in my froat, but I think it must have come off. They ain't no sugar on my soul now, is they, mamma?"

And Mrs. Sangster, with choking voice, answered: "No, dear; your soul is very white now."

Aggie May clasped her hands joyously. "I knowed it," she said. Then a quick shadow passed over her face. "It must 'a' been the soap, though," she said, "cause I wasn't in the brook very long."

#### Engaged.

"I have here," began the applicant, "a letter of recommendation from my minister."

"Sorry," interrupted the merchant, "but I'm afraid—"

"Pardon me," put in the applicant, hastily, "but the minister writes that I am so worldly he utterly disapproves—"

"Hang up your hat and coat."

#### Handicapped.

"Have the Eskimos adopted any of the ways of civilization yet?" asked the young man with the plastered hair.

"Exceedingly few," said the arctic explorer. "Think how costly it would be, for instance, to put on a full dress suit up there and wear it to tatters in one evening."—Chicago Tribune.

#### Might as Well Be.

Greening—What! You don't mean to say that Cubebs is an advertising doctor?

Browning—Well, he doesn't advertise in the papers, but he is always telling how he cured people after all the other doctors had given them up.—Chicago Daily News.



Mrs. B. Borrmann Wells, most prominent of the women of England who are demanding equal electoral rights with men, is at present visiting in New York.

#### SWALLOW'S FLIGHT IS RAPID.

Speed of 128 Miles An Hour Determined in an Experiment.

The French scientific weekly, *Ciel et Terre*, prints an interesting article about the speed of several birds, as observed by August Vershcurin of Antwerp. The rapidity of flight credited to the swallow (290 feet a second) seemed exaggerated to him and he undertook some experiments on his own hook.

He sent several baskets of pigeons to Compeigne, France, and in a separate cage a swallow which had its nest under the gable roof of the railroad station at Antwerp. On November 7, at 7:30 in the morning, all the birds were liberated at Compeigne; the swallow took a northern direction as quick as lightning, while the pigeons made several spirals in the air before they started in the same direction. The swallow arrived at its nest in Antwerp at 8:23, a number of witnesses being present at its arrival.

The first pigeons only arrived at their destination at 11:30 of the same morning. The swallow had, therefore, covered the entire distance of 146½ miles in one hour and 18 minutes.

#### TONIC IN A SUN BATH.

In Most Cases Better Than Any Medicine Taken Internally.

Some one called the sun God's anti-septic and sterilizer, and certain it is that not half the people on the earth realize how large a part sunshine can play in cleansing, purifying and making whole.

No one can overestimate the value of a sun bath, and each year you see an increased number of children, wrapped up from the cold and comfortably tucked into the perambulators, on the sunny end of the piazza, getting the benefit of this greatest of nature's tonics.

Sun baths that are taken as a remedy for rheumatism, or to ward against sleeplessness, have better effect if they are followed by a warm sponge. If they are taken for any skin disease (and in such troubles they are exceedingly valuable), they should be followed by a warm bath.

Even when there is no special disease to fight, but just a sense of languor and fatigue, and a run-down nervous system, the sun bath will do good work—better than medicine.—Boston Herald.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF RECENT EARTHQUAKES



Stars on map show location of earthquakes which have done such terrible damage within the last few weeks.

#### NEW IDEA FOR INVENTORS.

Something the World Needs and Would Pay Well For.

"Inventors would get untold gobs of free advertising if they would give to their inventions names ryming wit, some one or other of our 5,000 rhyme less words," an editor said.

"Take the word 'silver.' It has no rhyme. It is a stumbling block to every poet. The poet uses it at a line's end and then has to destroy the line because there is no rhyme for it. Suppose, as he sought frantically, an invention called the 'divler' appeared. Then, in order not to lose his line, the poet would drag in the new invention, thus giving it an 'ad' worth \$5 to \$10, an ad like this:

"The moonlit sea, a sea of silver, As perfect as a perfect divler." "Do you catch the idea? Yet our inventors exercise their best talent, call a new aeroplane a 'wolf' to rhyme with 'colf,' a new soundless typewriter a 'gorange' to rhyme with 'orange,' a home ice-making machine a 'kul' to rhyme with 'gulf,' and so on."

True Chivalry. Knicker—Does he carry things for his wife? Bocker—Everything but the point.

Business Women of a Maine Town. If Norway ever should have a mayor the chances are ten to one a woman would hold the office. This Oxford county village of 1,500 inhabitants has more than a score of women managing progressive lines of business. The town physician is a woman. A woman is justice of the peace. A woman manages a dry goods store. Another is photographer, a fifth is bank cashier, a sixth is an undertaker, and still a seventh is an insurance agent. Until her recent resignation Rev. Caro-

line E. Angell was, for 18 years, pastor of the Universalist Church of Norway. Mrs. F. W. Sanborn is responsible for the appearance of the Norway Advertiser, the local weekly. This by no means completes the list of the successful business women of Norway.—Lewiston Journal.

He's Dead. "What has become of the man who used to write plausible articles on 'How to Live on Thirty Cents a Day?'" asks an exchange. Dead, most likely.

### Briar Wood Pipe Material.

Increasing American Purchases of the Italian Supply.

Washington.—Complying with the request of a Kentucky firm as to the manner of getting out briar wood blocks in Italy, Consul James A. Smith, of Leghorn, submits the following information:

"The larger part of the Italian briar wood is found along the Mediterranean coast, extending from Savona on the north to Calabria on the south; the Liguria Riviera, Tuscany, Umbria, the Roman provinces, the three provinces of Calabria, as well as the islands of Corsica and Sardinia furnishing an abundant supply. The work of excavating the root of the briar wood tree is carried on from October until the end of May. A kind of grubbing spade with one sharp edge for cutting along the large billet or heart of the root (the valuable part) from the surrounding small roots is used in this work. The billet is known as the ciocco. After being thoroughly cleaned and trimmed, it is brought to the mill and by means of circular saws cut in small blocks corresponding roughly to the shape of a pipe bowl and stem. These blocks are of various sizes, depending upon the dimension and shape of the ciocco. Afterward they are immersed in boiling water for

a period of about 12 hours and then thoroughly dried.

"This process completed, they are sorted, (the imperfect pieces being thrown aside), placed in large jute bags, and are then ready for shipment. The waste pieces unsuitable for pipes are sold for firewood, being an excellent material for this purpose. Exportations of briar wood from this district to the United States have shown a decided increase during the past few years. In 1905, 11,904 bales were shipped, with a value of over \$100,000, while during the first nine months of 1906 nearly 16,000 bales, with a value of over \$125,000, were exported from Leghorn.

#### Always in Season.

"There is something wonderful about the prune," remarked the thin boarder.

"And that is?" said the lady at the head of the table.

"It seems to be always seasonable!"—Yonkers Statesman.

#### To Chloroform Bachelors.

Boston.—Unmarried women of Wakefield, Mass., have petitioned the legislature asking for a law taxing all bachelors up to 40 years old and an application of chloroform after that age.

### Gen. Fred Grant's Aid In Want.

Charles Miller, an Old Indian Scout, Robbed of Last Cent.

Lawton, Okla.—One of the most intimate friends in the United States army that Gen. Henry Lawton ever had and one of the most trusted men on detail that Gen. Frederick Grant was ever associated with is practically a beggar to-day, being a laborer on a railroad job at odd times. His name is Charles Miller, and he was knocked down on a street of this city the other day by a ruffian and robbed of \$2.40, the last money he had on earth.

More than 30 years ago Miller enlisted in the United States cavalry back in Massachusetts. He was sent west with the Fourth cavalry, in which Henry Lawton and Frederick Grant were first lieutenants. Lawton was quartermaster in the garrison of a western post to which they went and Grant was lieutenant in Miller's company. The three fought together in many a skirmish and in a few bat-

tles with the Sioux Indians on the Big Horn.

Miller came back here recently just to see how Fort Sill looked since the Indians have become civilized and white people have populated the country. Here he sees many objects to remind him of associations with illustrious men and here, amid such memories, he hopes to spend his declining years.

#### Blindness Among Arabs.

At a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, held on December 4, 1906, M. Chauvel read a paper communicated by M. Bolzey dealing with the subject of blindness among Arabs. The observations therein described showed that the principal causes of blindness among Arabs were, in order of their importance, uncleanness, flies, diffused glare of the sun, dust containing sandy particles and the excessive use of kobeul (sulphide of antimony).