

LIVES FOR OTHERS

MRS. FEARN, OF WASHINGTON,
TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

Her Mission the Amelioration of the
Condition of the Blind—Queen
of Roumania Her
Close Friend.

A fascinating and forcible philanthropist whose mission and its appeal is unique, is Mrs. Walker Fearn, of Washington, a grand dame of queenly mien, who has spent most of her life at European capitals. Mrs. Fearn's late husband was United States minister to Roumania, in which interesting country the couple became intimately identified with "Carmen Sylva," Elizabeth, the beautiful, the good, the brilliantly endowed queen, perhaps the most remarkable woman in the world, possessing almost every talent and every grace.

The queen of Roumania found a ready sympathizer and condutor in her various humane enterprises in the charming American, the two women being confidentially in rapport. Mrs. Fearn and "Carmen Sylva," the royal poet and philanthropist, worked hand in hand. Mrs. Fearn's especial enthusiasm being enlisted in the queen's wonderful mission to the blind. There are 20,000 of the sightless in the small country of Roumania, and for the amelioration and uplift of the condition of these unfortunates the queen is building an especial city, "Vatra Luminoasa"—the "luminous hearth," where every possible physical and educational advantage will be afforded the beneficiaries. Mrs. Fearn, since her return to America, is pursuing the same line of humane endeavor here as was inspired by her friend, the beautiful queen of Roumania, with whom she is in constant communication. Mrs. Fearn is consecrating, gratuitously, the best efforts of her life to the relief of the blind, her philanthropy being expressed immediately in a vividly interesting lecture that she gives called "A Mission of Love to the Blind," with stereopticon views taken from intimate home scene and royal glimpses at the Roumanian capital. Mrs. Fearn wears during her lectures, a wonderful native Roumanian costume, a court dress presented to her by Queen Elizabeth, heavy in embroidery of silver. A long, white flowing veil winds gracefully at the back. Mrs. Fearn, one of the effective social factors of Washington, entertained an appreciative company of friends charmingly at her home in Massachusetts avenue, with talk about her work, and illustrations and a rich collation. Her own picturesque Swiss maid also wore a beautiful Roumanian costume of the appropriate class. Mrs. Fearn, formerly Miss Frances Hewitt, was born in Louisville.

Most of her early life was spent in New Orleans. She is starting on a tour at once to carry her beautiful message to other parts of the country, going first to Cincinnati, where she will be the guest of her life-long friend, Mrs. Longworth. Then Kentucky, Tennessee, New Orleans, Texas, Indiana and other sections will have the privilege of hearing this charming woman who has consecrated her life gratuitously, without the slightest remuneration, to so noble and benign a cause. At her lecture at Rauscher's to a tremendous, fashionable audience, Mrs. Fearn was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Couden, the blind chaplain of the house of representatives. A recent autograph message from the queen of Roumania to her sympathetic friend reads, "Bring light to the blind, my dear Mrs. Fearn, and make their life shine for all those whose mind's eye is not yet opened. Elizabeth."

New Homes in Washington.
Only a few days ago the announcement was made of the half million-dollar home to be built at Washington by August Belmont. To-day it is general gossip that options have been secured by Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, and George W. Vanderbilt, of New York and Baltimore, on residence property in the northwest. The property on which the homes for these millionaires is to be erected is the west end of the square fronting on a small park formed by the intersection of New Hampshire avenue and Seventh street. The property has a frontage of nearly 200 feet.

Tourists and Mount Vernon.
Mount Vernon, the home of Washington and his burial place, is visited by thousands of tourists every year, but Washingtonians don't go there. You hear Washington folks endeavoring to flag their visiting relatives and friends from other places from the trip to Mount Vernon. Most folks who visit Washington want to see Mount Vernon. They suggest the trips to their Washington entertainers as soon as they get there.

Reward for Faithful Service.
For the last two years of his service in congress Mr. Theobald Otjen, of Milwaukee, Wis., has led a Sunday night sacred song service for the guests of the hotel in which he lived at Washington. Recently he was presented with a gold watch fob in behalf of those whom he had led in the service—Congressman Crumpacker's wife making the presentation speech.

Cabinet Officers' Signatures.
Secretary Root, although his full name, Elihu Root, is not a long one, found it laborious to put his whole name on his state department mail, so he now simply signs it "E. Root." Secretary Bonaparte's right arm does not seem to have grown tired, however. In signing his mail he still signs his full name, "Charles J. Bonaparte."

HIGH PLAY IN WASHINGTON.

Heavy Gambling a Part of Social Life of the City.

Probably in no other city in America does this nightly card playing take on so much of the atmosphere of the Riviera as in Washington. There are many foreigners there, and they play the game with that picturesque feverishness which is typical of their nature and training. The great majority of foreign attaches are not equipped financially for the exactions of the game, but their position compels them to accept every invitation.

Their argument—while attacked by many as one showing lack of moral courage—is quite satisfactory to them. They say they were not sent to this country to play the part of a scholarly recluse. They must be in evidence at all smart functions. What would be thought of them, they ask, if they sternly refused to play bridge for money when the world they move in, and the world they represent, considers it the right thing to do?

Their ministers play! Members of the cabinet play! They scarcely feel like directing to themselves and to their legations the ridicule and criticism which would follow the guest who slips away between dinner and bridge. So they play. If they lose on their small incomes it becomes necessary for them to recoup, and the only way to do this is to go to more bridge parties.

THE SIEGE OF WASHINGTON.

European Nations Raise Salaries of Their Ambassadors.

Not with armies, not with warships, but with that which will buy both—money—the nations of Europe are preparing their forces for the capture of Washington. In 1893 Great Britain raised the rank of her envoy at Washington from minister to ambassador. France and Germany did likewise the same year. Russia in 1898, Italy in 1901, Austria-Hungary in 1892, Mexico, Brazil and Japan followed the example of the European powers.

Increased rank requires better housing, and foreign nations have spent much since 1898 in buying and building embassies at Washington for their representatives. Some of these are splendid enough to be worthy of ranking with many of Europe's palaces. It was then left for Great Britain to discover that her ambassador ought to be paid as much as the president of the United States, and Mr. Bryce is to receive \$50,000 a year, \$5,000 more than his predecessor. As in 1893 Germany followed Britain's lead, so now her ambassador's salary has been raised \$5,000. Undoubtedly the representatives of other nations have felt the "pinch of prosperity" and would be glad to receive an increase of salary. The more money the embassies and legations have to spend the better it will be for the shopkeepers of Washington. The diplomatic benefits are not so obvious.

Joke on Palmetto State.

Representative Adamson of Georgia was rubbing it in on Representative Johnson of South Carolina, and told this story about the red hills of the Palmetto state:
"Why, Johnson, South Carolina land, or most of it, is too poor to even raise a difficulty on. I heard of an old fellow over there who was greatly worried about his neighbor's cattle getting into his pasture. His own cattle didn't get half enough to keep them alive, and the old fellow didn't see how he could afford to let his neighbor's cattle share it with them."
"The old man went to his neighbor and made complaint. He said he was not hunting trouble, but that his cattle must stay at home."
"Neighbor," was the reply, "I am sorry my cattle are worrying you and I hate to see them die, but if you will just let them stay in your pasture two days they will starve to death. Just put up the fence and keep them in and they'll starve as sure as you live."

All Listen to Proctor.

Probably the most remarkable voice in the senate is that of the senior Vermont senator, Redfield Proctor. It has been called a boiler factory voice, but that description does not begin to do it justice. When Mr. Proctor speaks every senator in the chamber listens; he cannot help himself. The only way he can avoid hearing what he says is by leaving the building. A faint whisper from Proctor can be heard distinctly in the press gallery. His voice is a deep bass and is preceded generally by a low rumbling sound that seems to come from some far-away subcellar in his anatomy. Then the words pour forth with great rapidity with the jarring force of small thunder claps.

Got Temporary Shock.

While the senate was on the eve of adjournment Senator Frye, of Maine, rather shocked his colleagues for a moment. He was on his feet making a report from his committee on commerce on several minor bills, a duty he performs frequently and which, as a rule, attracts little interest or attention. Suddenly, raising his voice, Mr. Frye exclaimed: "If I can get immediate consideration for that dam bill I will promise the senate not to report another dam bill this session." Amid a general laugh the bill was passed.

St. Gaudens to Design Coin.

Augustus St. Gaudens has been commissioned by the treasury department to execute a new design for the \$20 gold piece.

WILD AND WARLIKE

ILOGGOTS OF THE PHILIPPINES
A FEROCIOUS TRIBE.

Secure in Their Mountain Fastnesses,
They Have Never Acknowledged
the Sovereignty of Spain or
America.

There is one wild warlike tribe in the Philippines that has stubbornly refused for centuries to become attracted or assimilated by the Christian inhabitants.

These people are known as the Ilogots and are found in the mountains near Baler, says the Manila American. This tribe comes within the jurisdiction of Tayabas, and according to Gov. Quezon's report, there is one section north of Dagean inhabited by these people where no Christian has ever penetrated, and where the sovereignty of Spain or the United States has never been acknowledged. Gov. Quezon says:

"The Ilogots are found only in the mountains of Baler, from Dipaculan, Diarabasin and Dnadannan to Isabela, toward the north, and from the mountains of San Jose de Casigaran as far as Pantabangan and Carragan, toward the west.

"They are a ferocious race, always on the lookout for an opportunity to kill the inhabitants of every other settlement.

"The road between Pantabangan and Baler is wont to be the scene of these attacks on the part of these infidels on Christian Filipinos.

"During the time of Spanish government troops were wont to be sent to the mountains to punish the Ilogots when they assassinated Christian Filipinos, and then the former would either surrender or remain quiet for some time, paying a tax of 25 centimos for each male inhabitant over 18 and under 50, collectable in tobacco leaves, as they had no money.

"Then their local authorities were appointed from among their number. Practically, however, these authorities appointed by the Spanish government were never acknowledged or recognized by the inhabitants of each settlement, those really recognized as such being the leaders whose valor and great ferocity inspired terror in all others. The Ilogots of San Jose, Dipaculan, Diarabasin and Dagean were the ones unshackled by the Spanish, and as no Christian has been there their number cannot be estimated, but it is known that they are more numerous than the Ilogots who were subjugated, from the information given by the latter.

"Their warlike arms are the arrow, the campan (a wide bolo, very light and well sharpened, about two and a half hand-breadths in length), and the lance. Their defensive arms is a shield three feet long by one foot wide, called calasag.

"Their attacks are always characterized by treachery, they lie in wait in the bush and ambush their victims; from their hiding place they use their lances, and when wounded, dispatch their enemies, taking their heads and leaving the body where it fell. The head is carried away and preserved as a trophy of war, a feast being celebrated upon the arrival of the head at their settlement.

"For an Ilogot to marry it is necessary that he first bring the number of heads of Christians or infidels that his future father-in-law may designate, which heads must have been cut off by the suitor himself."

Liang's Diplomatic Answer.

One of the surest indications of the revolution of sentiment taking place in China, is the popular movement toward the education of women. One of the strong advocates for the new departure is the present Chinese minister at Washington, Sir Liang, whose American school life, when for part of the time he was under the instruction of woman teachers, gave him a lasting respect for feminine intellectual powers. Shortly before he left China for Washington Sir Liang had an interview with the empress dowager and the subject was brought up. "I have been advised," said her majesty, "to introduce schools for girls into the empire. But I have noticed that as soon as women begin the pursuit of learning they are seized with the mania for meddling in politics." Sir Liang was equal to the occasion. "Your majesty's subjects rejoice," he replied, "that the 400,000,000 of China have for their ruler an educated woman."

Growing Old Comfortably.

I find I am called an old man by other people, but I get along myself without thinking of this or talking about it, unless some correspondent asks me to, writes Edward Everett Hale, in the Circle. Thus, I am lame; but I do not say I am lame because I am 84. I say I am lame because I had a fall, precisely as I should have said it if I were 33 years and 3 months old at three minutes after three in the third month of the year.
Or, in brief, if you can get along without thinking of yourself much, it will probably be a comfort to yourself, and it will certainly be a comfort to your friends.

Bottle Long Afloat.

The greatest length of time which any bottle has been known to remain afloat is 21 years. A bottle containing a message, which was thrown overboard by an American sea captain off Newfoundland in 1878, was picked up off the west coast of Ireland early in 1899.

METHODISM IN EARLY OHIO.

Lorenzo Dow, Peter Cartwright and
Other Famous Circuit Riders.

Few romances, says the Youth's Companion, can equal that of early Ohio Methodism. No part of the United States found a more fruitful field or yielded a greater harvest.

In 1815 John Stewart, a free mulatto living in Marietta, addicted to drunkenness, and on the way to the river to drown himself, heard the voice of a circuit rider, stopped at the church door to listen, and went home with an awakened conscience. He soon volunteered to go among the Indian tribes and tell his story. Wandering northward, he came to a Wyandotte village on the Sandusky river. He could read and sing, and he soon had the whole tribe under his influence. He died at the age of 37, mourned and honored, the first American missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church.

One of Stewart's converts was Between-the-Legs, a Wyandotte chief. He was born at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, O., took the American side in the war of 1812, and accompanied Harrison in his invasion of Canada. Bishop McCabe's uncle, Dr. L. D. McCabe, a notable Ohio Methodist, was named after that famous circuit rider, Lorenzo Dow. Dow was celebrated for his eccentricities of dress and speech as well as for his zeal. He wore no buttons on his coat, but tied the garment around his waist with a rope. He would make appointments to preach months in advance, and so implicit was the faith of his promises that on the appointed days great crowds would gather from miles around. One instance is recorded where Dow preached thus punctually to the minute on an appointment made five years previous.

Of Peter Cartwright, an Ohio "son of thunder," licensed to preach at the age of 17, it is said that his circuits were like lines of battle. One quarterly meeting was held in the woods. A mob led by two champions with loaded whips invaded it. Cartwright seized one after the other of the principal rioters, threw them down, and, aided by friends, secured 30 persons, whom he marched off to an empty tent, had them guarded over night, and brought all to justice. His sermon that day was from the text: "The gates of hell shall not prevail."

Cartwright during his 65 years of preaching received 12,000 members into the church.

The camp meeting originated and attained its highest development in Ohio. Under Bishop McKendree such was the eagerness of the people to attend that the roads were literally crowded with those pressing their way to the groves. Entire neighborhoods were forsaken for a season by their inhabitants. A bishop's salary at that time was from \$20 to \$50 a year and traveling expenses. From this pittance he had to buy his clothes and provide for his family.

Rest.

The ancient Job longed for the rest of the grave, and thereby exhibited just a bit of cowardice, besides missing life's true meaning. Real rest is not inactivity—not cessation from endeavor, but is an abiding peace, flowing out from God. The founder of Christianity, acknowledged a great philosopher, promised rest to the weary of earth, and His competency to this speak is largely vindicated by His own composure under every trying circumstance. It is the world's need—rest amid life's distractions. The most of us are trying to find satisfaction in outward circumstance, forgetting all the while that the kingdom of heaven—the one satisfying state—is within or not at all in so far as we are concerned. An ancient statement has in it a parable of life: "But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark." Ours is a lost paradise to regain which we must be able to answer to God without being afraid. That means for us rest when the conflict is fiercest; repose when all about is in alarm. "Then are they glad, because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."—Waco Times-Herald.

Unappreciated.

A noted evangelist was preaching the other day in an uptown church, says the New York Times. The family who entertained him had a son who was usually fond of attending service. When his parents were ready little Charles flatly refused to go with them.

"What's the matter?" asked the mother, much surprised; "are you ill?"

"No, but I heard Doctor before, and I don't like him," confessed the child.

"Oh, Charles, that's a wicked thing to say," gasped the mother. "Tell mother why."

"Well," said Charles, "he preaches so long that I can't keep awake and he preaches so loud that I can't go to sleep."

Ancient English Inns.

The village inn at Addington, in the county of Surrey, has been tenanted by the members of one family since the reign of Henry VII. On the death of the mother of the parent hostess she left no son, but only three daughters in turn took possession, and the present hostess is the last of them. The Jolly Millers Inn, at Newham, Cambridgeshire, has been kept by a family of the name of Musk for the last 400 years. It is recorded in Cambridge annals that Queen Elizabeth once stopped here and drank a quart of "Ye Olde English Ayle" without getting down from her horse.

Skilful Woman Chess Player.

Mrs. Baird, who has been called "the Queen of Chess," has published 1,200 chess problems and no woman has eclipsed the position which she holds in the chess world! She possesses about 50 prizes secured in open competitions. Mrs. Baird's father, mother and two brothers share her enthusiasm for chess. She has other recreations, including archery, tennis and cycling, while she has always been very fond of designing illuminations.—St. Louis Republic.

Bird Is Giraffe's Companion.

The red billed weaver bird is a constant companion of the giraffe, perching itself upon the withers and flying along when its host takes to flight and immediately alighting again on its back at the first opportunity.

Rich Production of Silver Mines.

The Potosi silver mines, in Bolivia, have been worked since 1545, and have produced £600,000,000 worth of silver.

THAT OTHER WOMAN

MRS. NEWMARIE VOICES A
GRIEVANCE.

Demand for Explanation Left George
Very Much "In the Air," But of
Course It Turned Out
All Right.

When Mr. Newmarie came home the other evening he was not greeted with the close, loving embrace and sweet, clinging kiss with which Mrs. Newmarie always met him. On the contrary, that lady stood like an avenging spirit in the hall, her dark eyes flashing and her proud breast rising and falling like a stormy sea.

Horrified at her appearance, Mr. Newmarie stepped back.

"Rose," he cried, "are you mad?" There was no answer immediately.

Mrs. Newmarie stood there, her hands nervously working and her eyes flashing fire. At length she spoke:

"George," and her voice was terrible in its anger, "Mr. Newmarie, am I your wife?"

"Why, of course, darling," said he.

"Don't call me darling! Then, if I am your wife, perhaps you can explain who that other woman is." And she folded her arms and looked clear through him, even to the collar stud at the back of his neck.

"Mr. Newmarie was surprised. "What other woman?" he gasped.

"The beautiful blonde."

"What?"

"With great blue eyes, and—"

"Rose?"

"Golden, curly hair, and—"

"Who is she?"

"Teeth like pearls!"

"Are you crazy, or—"

"The one in the sealskin jacket, and—"

"Who calls you 'love' and kiss—"

"Heavens, what has got into you?"

"Who fawns on your neck and plays with your mustache, and says you are the only man she ever loved, and—O-o-h! you b-r-r-ute!"

And she burst into sobs. Mr. Newmarie gathered himself together sufficiently to rush to his wife's assistance, crying:

"Rose, my dear wife, tell me—"

"Don't touch me," she shrieked.

"Go to her—go to her at once!" As for me, I shall kill myself! O, George, how—how e-could you deceive your p-p-poor little wife so terribly? O, O, O! And she fell sobbing into his arms.

Mr. Newmarie laid her trembling form upon the sofa and bent over her in protestations of his innocence.

"It's a wicked lie that some one has been telling you," he said. "Who was it?"

"No one," she replied.

"Then, where did you—"

"I—I dreamt it, George," she said.

"While I was taking a nap on the sofa this afternoon. And it all seemed so true! Isn't it, love?"

And he replied—but there are some things that cannot be put into words.

—London Tit-Bits.

So Small.

And it came to pass that soul weighing was a scientific fact.

"I'd like to get a pair of the most delicate scales you can put up," said the great physician.

"Yes, sir," replied the great manufacturer of scales. "We can construct you a pair that will register the weight of a human hair."

"Indeed! Well, could you construct he a pair that would register the weight of a mole's hair?"

"Mole's hair? Great Scott! What do you want to use them for?"

"I want to weigh the soul of a trust baron."

Useful Hornets.

"Lawson," said the old colored deacon, as he timidly gazed at the hornets' nest in the course of construction among the rafters of the meeting house, "why doan' yo' git a broom an sweep dem insects out of de house ob wors'hip?"

But the wise old parson shook his head solemnly.

"No, Brudder Simpson, Providence done sent dem hornets."

"En what foh, pawson?"

"Why, to keep sleepin' sinners awake. Wid all dem hornets buzzin' fro de alth dem won't be enny mo' snorin' in church dis season."

New Bills Not Popular.

According to the Washington Post, quoting a cashier, bank officials do not prefer fresh, new bills to old ones. "Everybody doesn't care for new greenbacks," said a cashier. "It is a common idea that bank cashiers do not care to give up crisp paper money. As a matter of fact, nine cashiers out of every ten try to get rid of new money as quickly as possible after receiving it. There is grave danger to the average paying teller in handling unused money. New Bank notes stick together. Frequently the ink is not thoroughly dry."

Both Right.

"I'm not expecting any package," said Mrs. Hamlet to the driver of the delivery wagon, who was persistent.

"This is the number," insisted the driver, looking at his book again. "Name Hamlet, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"No. 74?"

"That's our number."

"Then it's for you."

"I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity."

"No, mum. It's a case of beer."

JERUSALEM A PLACE OF WOE.

Holy City and its Inhabitants Fallen
on Evil Ways.

Miss Helen M. Smith entertained a large company in the ballroom of the Tulleries this morning by an animated description of the far eastern countries. She presented pictures of places rich in classic and biblical interest—Constantinople, Smyrna (where the tomb of Polycarp is), the ruins of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, Jaffa and Jerusalem were all described in wonderfully entertaining fashion.

There was a narration of the gradual climb of four hours to the latter city which is 3,000 feet above the sea. Great areas of brilliant red flowers, "the lilies of the field," make a striking impression during this journey. "Jerusalem," said Miss Smith, "cannot fall to disappoint—grieve one with ideals. There is so much dirt, depravity and deceit; so many Calvaries, so many graves from which the stone was rolled away! There is only one Gethsemane, but it is a tawdry, artificial place—in no sense the secluded spot where 'the suffering Savior wept alone.' The Mount of Olives probably looks as it did 1,900 years ago. It was, indeed, the only place where I felt reverence for the holy land. From it I could see the River Jordan, the Dead sea, and follow, in fancy, the wandering step of Abraham and feel the influence of the prophets of old.

"Jerusalem to-day is surely in need of an enlightened prophet who will rid the city of its filth, bring healthy conditions to its half-blind children, and a better sense of right to its morally depraved people. Here, where the best examples of Christianity should be shown are seen the worst. Never mind where the actual cross borne along the Via Dolorosa, the cross of ignorance that is crushing the people should be lifted. All ways in Jerusalem to-day are ways of sorrow."

Wanderings of a Seagull.

On October 28 last there was shot at Ouchy, on Lake Lemon, a seagull aged about 16 months which was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogel station, Rosstitten 20." Rosstitten is situated in the Lido of the Cortland lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva.

M. Forel of Lausanne communicated with Dr. J. Thiememann, director of the ornithological station at Rosstitten. According to the latest notes the gull No. 20 was hatched there and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbarian.

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Lunch for Hungry Youngsters.

Miss Julia Richman, a district superintendent in New York schools, is having great success with a penny luncheon of crackers and milk for the youngest children. An investigation not long ago in that city showed 70,000 breakfastless children in the public schools.