

### ABSOLUTION.

By Arthur Ketchum.  
When all the steady stars are lit  
And the light sleeps, for weariness,  
Night stands with pitying hands out-  
spread  
To give her pardon and to bless.  
Earth creeps so near to heaven then,  
That scarcely may one watching,  
mark  
Where they are twin—so potent is  
The benediction of the dark!  
—Ainslee's Magazine.

### An Old Coat.

Stephen Birt and Mary, his wife,  
had fallen out, not by any means for  
the first time. Both were young, hot  
tempered, high spirited and prone to  
jealousy.

Today matters had come to a climax. The two young people, white, angry, with blazing eyes, stood facing one another. It did not make matters any better that they spoke slowly and deliberately.

"I'm tired of these scenes," Mary said, "sick to death of them. I can't go out, I can't talk to an old friend, but what you accuse me of flirting, I can't spend a day with a girl chum but what you say I neglect you. I can't—"

"You never spend a day with me; you haven't given me a whole day since we returned from our honeymoon. I might be the greatest stranger instead of your husband of six months for all the notice you take of me. You're cold as an icicle, and indifferent as—as—"

"You are! I shape my course entirely in accordance with yours. If we do go out together you are never by my side from the time we enter a house to the time we leave it. You can laugh and talk with other women; you never have a joke to tell me, or a smile for me. We never ought to have married; I'm sorry, heartily sorry, we ever did."

His hand, resting on the back of a chair, gripped it tightly.  
"You mean that?" he said, his tone changing, his expression hardening; "you really mean it?"

Her clasped hands gripped one another.

"So much so that I mean to do what I can to rectify our mistake. We can't live in peace together. I have tried; I daresay—I do you that much justice—you have tried; it seems impossible. That being so—her voice was level, hard, though her heart was beating in loud thumps—"the best thing we can do is to part. Fortunately I have my own income. I only have to leave this house and make a home for myself elsewhere."

Her words startled, staggered him. He made a step forward, caught her hands.

"You mean that?" he asked again. "You are serious?"

"I—I never was more serious in my life."

"You would leave me?"

"This is your house. Since it is best we should part, I must leave you."

"Did you never love me?" She tried to draw her hands from his, but failed; he held them closely clasped, waiting for her answer.

Perhaps we were both too young to understand what love should be," she answered. "Perhaps we took mutual admiration for a deeper feeling. Anyway—she felt a fear tightening round her heart as she spoke—"it is quite clear the love has waned. Any thing is better than being together, with constant scenes. It will be wiser to part."

He tried to draw her to him; she held away.

"I will not let you go!" he said "you are mine—my wife—I love you. If I have seemed indifferent, it—it has been only this—a man expects his wife to know he loves her, not to need telling day after day; that is a lover's business. Mary, if we have made mistakes surely we can put them right; if we have disappointed one another—and you, I must confess, have disappointed me—can't we begin all over again, wipe out the last six months?"

Her face softened for a minute; now once more it hardened. So she had disappointed him—she who had done everything she could to make him happy—while he—

"I have no wish to begin again," she answered. "We have tried to be happy, I suppose, we have been miserable. I, you say, have disappointed you; you have disappointed me. I would rather not talk any more. I will tell the servants I am going on a journey. I don't want to make things disagreeable for you. And I shall go today."

He dropped her hands; he looked at her for a moment—at her white, set face, her eyes that did not soften in the least as his glance met hers. Then a proud, boyish rage entered his heart. If she could go, if she could leave him, then, indeed, she did not, never had loved him.

"You will please yourself, of course," he answered, "but whether you remain with me or leave me you are still my wife—you are still bound to me; be good enough not to forget that."

He scarcely saw his way as he crossed the room and left her—left her with a great anger in his heart against her.

"She never loved me," he said to himself, "never, never; let her go!" He found his way to his study, sat

down, staring blankly before him for a while, and scattering his papers heedlessly on the floor. Then his head dropped upon his hands, and his eyes were wet.

As the door closed after him Mary trembled. So he had accepted the situation! Then, indeed, he did not love her. She had expected pleading protestations; she had meant to forgive him; she had thought, indeed, they might begin again.

"He never loved me," she said to herself. "I did not mean to leave him. I shall go now; I owe it to my pride to go now."

She dragged her steps to her room; she must put her things together. Where she should go she did not know—and did it matter? If she was not with him she did not care where she was. There were plenty of hotels, but how lonely she would be!

She opened her wardrobe and flung dress after dress upon the floor. She must take something with her; it didn't matter what. Wherever she was he would not be there to see her.

The light was growing gray outside; the room seemed cold. She wondered what he was doing. He had not gone from the house; he was waiting to see her off, perhaps—wondering why she was so long. Could she have looked at him then she would have seen him sitting with a miniature in his hand, looking at the pretty face with tear-dimmed eyes—would have heard his words, "My little wife!"—seen him lift it to his lips.

She had taken out all the dresses now. There was still something at the back of the wardrobe—something soft. She took it down, drew it out, and a swift rush of color swept her face.

In her hands she held an old velvet smoking coat; but the sight of it brought back a flood of memories. She remembered so well he had strolled over to her father's house wearing it; he had found her in the conservatory, tending the plants, he had told her then that he loved her, had taken her for the first time in his arms, kissed her, gained her promise that she would be his wife.

As she stood with the coat in her hand she recalled she had been so happy; she could recall each word he had said, each kiss he had given; and his arms, his dear arms, how tenderly, how closely, how fondly they had held her!

She sank into a chair, the coat now close against her breast. A little sob rose in her throat, tears came into her eyes. It was all over—all over! His arms would never hold her again, his lips would never kiss her more! Outside it grew darker still. She felt sad, lonely and she must go soon. She had cut the ground under her feet, burned her boats behind her; he would be wondering why she did not go.

If only he would come to her! After all he did love her; she knew that well. They had been foolish—proud. If only he would come.

She lifted the coat. Then, while in the semi-darkness the color burned her face, she threw it around her—drew the arms right across her. A faint smell of smoke clung to it yet. She could almost fancy she was in his arms, that their quarrel was a dream, that she was not leaving his home and hers forever.

He had laughed at her often for keeping the old coat, for loving it almost as though it were something human. She would take it away with her; he would never miss it.

And then, quietly, she began to cry, her soft cheek pressed to the old velvet, sometimes her quivering lips. If only he would come to her. How could she go away?

How long she cried, quietly but bitterly—how soon, utterly exhausted, she dropped to sleep—she did not know. The opening of the door aroused her: the switching on of the electric light. And once more husband and wife—almost children both—looked at one another.

Locked and understood that parting was impossible, the love was still there; looked while, as his eyes fell upon the old velvet coat, and he understood, a flush swept her face. Then, with one swift stride, wife and coat all were taken into a passionate embrace, words of love and forgiveness stumbled across their lips, and parting was something that would never come while life should last—Alice Maud Meadows, in Chicago Tribune.

### CURIOUS HOBBIES.

One Man Found a Fortune in Pursuing a Fad at His Home.

A gentleman of the name of Dale found a fortune in a curious hobby. He had fitted a small theatre at his residence near London with distorting mirrors of all kinds. The incongruity of this form of reflection delighted his friends so much that the invention, if such it can be called, was turned to commercial purposes, and found very much in demand for shops and restaurants.

An enthusiastic Sheffield dentist has preserved a monument of his skill in the dental art, in the form of a pyramid covered with the teeth of his patients. One thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight lost grinders adorn this strange obelisk, in memory of numberless pangs and groans.

Another tradesman's hobby is that of a Halifax tinsmith, who constructs bicycles and tricycles in his spare time, all the parts being made of the wares in his shop. Galvanized conductor piping makes the frame of a

bicycle, one and one-quarter-inch lead pipe forms the wheel rims, the spokes are tin blasting spoons, a paty-pan forms the bell; plo plates, nutmeg-grater, knives and clothes pegs are all utilized in this novel hobby cycle.

A charming collection was that of the late Sir Herbert Oakeley, the musician, who had a complete set of models of the cathedrals of the world constructed by an eminent architect. Very beautiful and delicate are these miniature replicas of noble buildings. It is easy to see that much supervision was necessary for the work, and Sir Herbert visited many with the camera and assisted personally in obtaining accuracy of detail. This stupendous collection took over twenty years in making.

### WHERE KISSING IS UNKNOWN.

How People of Different Lands Express Feelings of Endearment.

A caress, a kiss, a kindly touch are supposed to be signs of love everywhere, while a frown expresses displeasure. A study of the psychology of peoples shows that the kiss is only one expression of affection. There are places where kissing is unknown, this mode of expression being only supplemented by caressing with the hand, the nose, the tongue, clapping of hands and various embraces.

Western civilization holds the kiss as the kindest expression of endearment. Paolo Mantegazza, the great Italian psychologist, says: "Fear, religion, interest, space and time may separate lovers, but the kiss they have exchanged will hold them together." For all this Darwin assures us that kissing is unknown among the Malays, the dwellers of the Friendly Isles, the Andamans, Fuegians, the Tahitians, Papuans, Australians and the Somalis of Africa.

The Malays express their feeling of endearment by touching noses. They say much tenderness is expressed by bringing the noses in contact. They believe it is by the nose we breathe, and the bringing of the noses in contact has the same influence on the soul. A traveler told them to kiss with their lips, but they said: "No, no, the soul is not in the mouth."

The Andaman Islanders also refuse to hear of the joys of kissing. They rub noses occasionally, but it is customary for friends to greet each other with the eye. When a husband is away and returns home, he shows his joy by sitting with his arms about his wife's neck, and they weep and howl as if a great sorrow had befallen them. Suddenly, by some unexplainable reason, their grief turns to joy. The man then calls on his other relatives and goes through a similar performance.

African husbands never kiss their wives. They would consider this a too familiar expression of devotion. A Mandingo wife meeting her husband who has just returned home throws herself on the ground as a token of greeting. In Loango the women kneel, and as they rise they clap their hands.

The Dahomians greet their husbands with wonderful dignity; they prostrate themselves, throw sand on their heads and never think of rising until their husbands make the command. The Tonkians are more strenuous in their expression; they tear their hair, and even beat their breasts.

But the New Zealanders prefer to believe that the soul has its nearest approach to another soul through the nose. After a long absence the husband gives vent to his joy in the tang—a bitter crying and moaning spell which transforms itself gradually into a merry laugh. In Polynesia, when a husband becomes demonstrative, he strokes his wife's face with his hand or foot. The Australian holds his wife by the neck and pats her on the back.

**A Bad Break.**  
During the annual convention of a certain religious body, not so very long ago, an incident occurred which was not on the program, and which completely upset the gravity of the ministers and brethren assembled. It was at the closing session, and the chairman stated that they were about one hundred dollars short of an amount desired to be raised for a given purpose, and hoped that the sum could be made up before final adjournment. One of the laymen jumped up with the remark:

"I'll start the good work with \$25." "I don't know your name, brother," said the chairman, "but may God bless you, and may your business be doubled during the year." Much to his astonishment, a burst of laughter followed from many in the hall, which was explained when a brother up in front stepped to the platform and whispered:

"Why, that's Mr. Blank, a prominent undertaker of the town."—**Lip**

**To Get a Splinter Out.**  
When a splinter has been driven into the hand it can be extracted by steam. Fill a wide mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly.

The action thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter, also the inflammation. Try it and be convinced.—**National Magazine.**

In France for the privilege of wearing men's trousers the government imposes on women a tax of fifty centimes per annum.

### SIDELIGHTS OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

In Portland, Maine, Mayor James P. Baxter denounced the "tip" to waiters as an insult to citizenship, representing social distinction between the giver and the receiver, and advised student waiters to resent such an insult at all times. But in New York, contrasting in that the proportion of black and white, Jas. Farrell, a cafe waiter at 121 University place, was held by Magistrate Breen for taking a compulsory tip from Miss Violet Monroe.

She testified that when she showed no intention of tipping Farrell he demanded an explanation. She, frightened, offered him a dime—all the change she had. Then, she testified:

"You're a cheap sort," Farrell said, snatching her gold chain and locket from her neck and striking her on the head. She told her troubles to a policeman, who did the rest.

Mrs. Josephine E. Ware, of Denver, in a criminal action against Dr. Andrew Linn Welden, a youth-renewing doctor, declares that beauty is skinned deep. According to Mrs. Ware, who has caused the doctor's arrest and detention in the Tombs on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, she went to him to have some wrinkles removed, but instead of removing the wrinkles the doctor gave her a scarred and seared face with a carbolic wash, and turned her into a genuine "fright." She paid him \$200 for the cure that didn't cure, she alleges. Several patients were found in Welden's sanatorium, one awaiting an operation to prove her ears back.

Soporific hospitality is what led to the arrest of Frederick E. Carlton, 198 Sands street, Brooklyn, against whom Henry J. B. Schwab, chief machinist of the New York Navy-yard has filed a complaint of receiving \$700 by fraud. The money was paid to Carlton, it is alleged, on a fictitious real estate deal.

Carlton pled Schwab with whisky, he said, that made him sleepy, and offered him a filled pipe, which he inhaled, containing some drug to steal his senses. Now Corbier Flaherty has started an investigation into the deaths of two of Carlton's wives in ten months, both caused apparently by tetanus. In each case Carlton collected a considerable amount in life insurance.

The new general directory of Brooklyn, just issued, contains 174,720 names. This is an increase of 18,000 over last year. The Smiths still enjoy the distinction of being the most numerous family, there being 2200 Smiths in the borough. The Johnsons, Millers and Browns are having a close race for second place. The shortest name in the directory is "Re. Among the tongue twisters, Zablaawicz is supreme.

Ornithologists will be interested to find 39 birds in the directory, with many sub-divisions of the bird family, such as Cranes, Sparrows, Hawks, Swallows and Parrots. The one Fireman is a tailor, the lone Lawyer a salesman.

Rev. William H. Russell, who is 81 years old, has set tongues a-wagging by marrying Mrs. Catherine Armour Duffley, who is 46, at Asbury Park. The aged minister is the father of Prof. Isaac Franklin Russell of the New York University Law School, and met Mrs. Duffley when she went to live at Ocean Grove a few months ago.

It is understood that both families were strongly opposed to the match, and advised delay, hoping that Rev. Mr. Russell might get over his infatuation, but his ardor was not to be cooled.

Caught in the act of firing a house at 618 Union avenue, Brooklyn, Samuel Levine, 22 years old, 99 Norfolk street, Manhattan, was taken to headquarters. He was waiting for the Bertillon operator, when suddenly he made a wild dash for the window, leaped through, and fell five stories to the street below, landing on his back on a pile of iron girders. Nearly every bone in his body was broken, but he was conscious when picked up. His recovery is impossible.

Patrons of the Hotel Astor roof were finding it hard to cool off the other evening when there entered a fashionably gowned woman wearing a fur cape. She immediately became the chief center of interest. Everybody had a different theory to suggest for her appearance in Arctic garments on such a night. The lady herself was apparently oblivious of the great interest she aroused.

**School to Instruct Paymasters.**  
Washington, D. C. (Special)—Upon the recommendation of Rear-Admiral H. T. B. Harris, Paymaster-General of the Navy, the Secretary of the Navy has authorized the establishment of a school of application for the instruction of newly commissioned paymasters. The school will be opened at the Navy Medical School in Washington on August 1, the course to continue from six to eight weeks.

**Injures North Carolina Cotton.**  
Norfolk, Va. (Special)—The heavy rains of the last two weeks are reported to have seriously injured crops in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina, particularly cotton in Eastern North Carolina, and it is feared that cotton growers in that section will lose heavily as a result.

**Salaries in Equitable.**  
New York (Special)—Sweeping reductions in the salaries of various officials and employes of the Equitable Society were announced by Chairman Morton. The decreases will amount to 20 per cent. on all salaries over \$15,000 per annum; 15 per cent. from all annual salaries between \$9,000 and \$15,000, both inclusive; and to per cent. decrease from all salaries above \$2,500 and below \$9,000 per year. These changes become operative on August 1 next, and effect a saving of from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year.

### COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

R. C. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "In wholesale and jobbing circles an unusually brisk duplicate order business testifies to the freedom from accumulated stocks on the shelves of interior dealers, where there is no abatement of confidence in the future. Structural steel and all forms of railway equipment are the prominent features of the iron industry, but quiet conditions prevail at coke ovens and pig iron furnaces.

"Widely varying reports are received regarding the crop situation, prices rising higher than would be the case if manipulation were less vigorous, and exports are adversely affected.

"Inventories show a good volume of business for the first six months of the year, and still greater anxiety is expected in the last half.

"Railway earnings in June were 6.5 per cent. larger than last year's, but foreign commerce at this port for the last week shows a loss of \$4167 in exports and a decrease of \$488,758 in imports, as compared with 1904.

"Uncertainty in the markets for cotton goods has resulted from the rise in the raw material, and it is almost impossible to negotiate for future delivery.

"Failures this week in the United States are 160, against 249 last week, 195 the preceding week and 206 the corresponding week last year.

"Bradstreet's says: 'Wheat, including flour, exports for the week are 1,050,644 bushels, against 756,641 last week, 878,910 this week last year, 2,380,410 in 1903, and 4,404,115 in 1902. Corn exports for the week are 932,225 bushels, against 1,266,364 last week, 613,124 a year ago, 1,525,084 in 1903, and 185,031 in 1902.'

### WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Baltimore.—FLOUR—Steady and unchanged; receipts, 3,111 barrels; exports, 291 barrels.

WHEAT—Firm. Spot contract, 90½; No. 2 red Western, July, 87½; August, 86½; September, 87½; steamer No. 2 red, 81½@81¾; receipts, 39,741 bushels; Southern, by sample, new, 70½@90; Southern, on grade, new, 81½@90.

CORN—Firm. Spot, 61½@61¾; July, 62½@62¾; steamer mixed, 59½@59¾; receipts, 12,103 bushels; Southern white corn, 58@61¾; Southern yellow corn, 60@65.

OATS—Firm. No. 2 red white, 38½ sales; No. 2 mixed, 36½ sales; receipts, 8,049 bushels.

RYE—Steady. No. 2 Western, up town, 84@85.

HAY—Steady and unchanged.

BUTTER—Firm and unchanged. Fancy imitation, 17@18; fancy creamery, 21@21½; fancy ladle, 16@17; store-packed, 14@15.

EGGS—Firm, 17.

CHEESE—Firm and unchanged. Large, 10½; medium, 10½; small, 10½.

SUGAR—Steady and unchanged. Coarse granulated, 5.55; fine, 5.55.

New York.—WHEAT—No. 2 red, 1.06 asked elevator; No. 2 red, 1.07½ asked f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.19½ f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 hard Manitoba, 1.12 f. o. b. afloat.

CORN—Spot, firm; No. 2, 63½ elevator and 63½ f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 yellow, 64; No. 2 white, 63¾. Option market was strong and higher, with the West, and on a light interior movement, closing ½¢ above Thursday. July, 62½@63, closed 62½; September, 61¾@62¾, closed 62½; December closed 58.

OATS—Spot, steady; mixed, 26@32 pounds, 35½@36½; natural white, 30@32 pounds, 37½@38½; clipped white, 35@40 pounds, 38@41.

New York.—FLOUR—Receipts, 18,763 barrels; exports, 2,661 barrels; quiet, but steady.

POLTRY—Alive, irregular; Western spring chickens, 19@20; fowls, 13½; turkeys, 13½. Dressed, irregular; Western broilers, 18@21; fowls, 12½; turkeys, 13@17.

COTTONSEED OIL—Easy; prime yellow, 28½@28¾.

SUGAR—Raw, unsettled; fair refining, 3½; centrifugal, 66 test, 4½; molasses sugar, 3¼; refined, quiet.

POTATOES—Quiet; Southern, 80@1.25; Jersey sweets, 1.00@2.25.

PEANUTS—Weak; fancy hand-picked, 5½; other domestic, 3½@5¼.

CABBAGES—Weak; Southern, per barrel, 50@75.

**Live Stock.**  
Chicago.—CATTLE—Good to prime steers, 5.50@6.15; poor to medium, 3.60@5.70; stockers and feeders, 2.50@4.30; cows, 2.80@4.50; heifers, 2.50@5.00; calves, 1.50@2.80; bulls, 2.00@4.00; canners, 3.00@6.75; Texas-fed steers, 4.35@5.15.

HOGS—Market 5¢ higher; mixed and butchers' 5.40@5.70; good to choice heavy, 5.50@5.70; rough heavy, 5.10@5.40; light, 5.45@5.70; bulk of sales, 5.55@5.65.

SHEEP—Sheep, steady; lambs, weak; good to choice wethers, shorn, 4.75@5.50; fair to choice mixed, shorn, 3.50@5.10; native lambs, shorn, 4.50@8.00.

**MUCH IN LITTLE.**  
Lieut. Thomas Casey Callaghan, chief scout of the Mikado's army in Manchuria, is a Canadian lieutenant who won his title in the Boer War.

The Belgian Parliament has passed a bill ordering seats to be placed at the disposal of shopgirls when they are disengaged during business hours.



### HEALTHY TOWN.

We boil our water patiently,  
Then boil it once again,  
We sidestep fights and stay in nights,  
Avoiding hold-up men.  
The town would be a healthful place  
For people to reside  
If we could break the auto of  
The trick of homicide.  
—Chicago News.

### ONLY ONE WAY.

Enpec—If I had my way—  
Dyer—Your wife wouldn't have hers, I suppose.—Judge.

### FEMIMINE AMENITIES.

Clare—But, my dear, it is a secret. I vowed on my honor never to tell.  
Marie—Well, I'm listening!—Translated for Tales from Le Frou-Frou.

### THAT'S SO.

Nordy—There ain't but one thing worse than an end-seat hog.  
Butts—What's that?  
Nordy—A middle-seat hog when there's a rainstorm.

### NOUGH SAID.

Boy Jap—Paw, who was Lord Nelson?  
Dad Jap—Lord Nelson, my son, was the Togo of England.

### A UNIONIZED PLANT.

Mrs. Gorgan—An' how do yez kape the brass cut-so foine?  
Mrs. Gorgan—Me husband blows the whistle an' it shlops growin'—New York Sun.

### PENALTIES OF PLUTOCRACY.

"They say he lives like a millionaire."  
"It's true. He can't eat a blamed thing he likes."—Chicago Tribune

### READY TO GIVE ANY PRICE.

Real Estate Agent (on shipboard)—Perhaps we can close that deal now for that little plot of land. What'll you offer an acre?  
Seasick Individual—I'll give you \$1,000 an acre if you'll deliver it here now.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### MAYHAP 'TIS TRUE.

"I have noticed," says the Hon. Alex. Appleby, "that the brightness of the child, in cases where the admirer is a man, frequently depends upon the attractiveness of the mother."—Kansas City Times.

### NOT QUITE CLEAR.

Green—Jones was run over by a trolley car yesterday. They say he cannot recover.  
Brown—Who said he couldn't recover, his doctor or his lawyer?—Chicago Daily News.

### SOME IDEA OF HIS WEALTH.

Host (showing him around)—Twenty-five years ago, when the man that owns this block of buildings came to town, he hadn't a hundred dollars in the world.  
Guest—And now?  
Host—And now? By George, sir, he could afford to hold the job of ambassador to Great Britain!—Chicago Tribune.

### NO CHANGE OF BILL.

Van X—Did Mrs. Scantyfood make any money in the boarding house business?  
De Q.—Not at first; but she finally hit upon a scheme that made her rich.

Van X—What was it?  
De Q.—She turned it into a sanitarium for making fat people thin, and it made a howling success!—Detroit Free Press.

### POOR POLICY.

"Shall we spread a report," asked the first Russian statesman, "that the Japanese, while victorious, sustained terrible losses?"  
"Well, I should say not," replied the second Russian statesman. "What! And increase the indemnity?"

### PHILANTHROPY DEFINED.

Willie—What is philanthropy, dad?  
Father—That feeling, my son, which we have when we see somebody awfully hard up which prompts us to ask somebody else to relieve him.—New Yorker.

### HAVE BEEN WORSE DEFEATS.

"Rojestensky needn't feel so bad," remarked the citizen who is always sorry for the misfortunes of others.  
"Why not?"  
"Well, Togo lost a small torpedo boat. Dewey didn't even do that."

### BADLY MIXED.

"Gentlemen of the jury," queried the clerk of the court, "have you fully agreed to disagree?"  
"We have," answered the foreman of the bunch. "The lawyers have tangled the case up so that we don't know any more about it than they do."—Chicago Daily News.

Homeless children in parts of Australia are sent to board with neighboring families, the authorities paying for their maintenance.