



The Medland Hall shelter, which is in Medland street, East London, was started over seventeen years ago by some young men in the London office of a firm of Australian merchants. After a short period it was transferred to the philanthropic branch of the London Congregational Union. In one week of March 2,400 men were given shelter in this hall, while 1,900 men, turned away for want of room, were given bread. There were 2,250 men who received bread and butter between 12 and 4 a. m. Altogether 6,568 men were helped in some way during the week. A representative of the shelter leaves

Medland Hall every night about 12 p. m. and begins to distribute tickets for one-half pound of bread and butter at Aldgate Pump to men sleeping out. He walks to Westminster bridge by way of the Embankment and returns by way of Fleet street. Most of the men taking tickets have to walk three or four miles for their one-half pound of bread. Our artist represents a scene in the evening after the bread has been distributed. Each of the seats turns over and makes a bed and mattress, upon which the men are allowed to sleep until the early morning.—London Illustrated News.

HEART'S TWILIGHT.

Deep in the twilight of my heart
I hid a rose;
Red petals on its red,
At dusk I looked to greet its velvet face,
And wept—the rose was dead.

Deep in the twilight of my heart
I hid a kiss;
Red mists about it shone,
At morn I looked to raise it to my lips,
And wept—the kiss was gone.

Deep in the twilight of my heart
I hid a tear,
A pearl in its red sea,
At night I looked to see it in my dreams;
The tear—awaited me.
—Smart Set.

CAMILLE

Camille's eyes were apt to linger on the red-tiled attractive house until a gray-haired man with a slight stoop came slowly out on the stone-pillared porch, and, sinking in a cushioned chair, would lean back wearily, letting the sun creep up and pour over him as it flooded the garden with warmth and light, among a storm of joyous twittering from sparrows, thrush and red-bird.

Camille, young and energetic, while busy with her sweeping and dusting and the care of her flowers in boxes in the bay window, felt a profound compassion for the invalid across the way, whose great wealth could not give him health or the sympathetic companionship he must crave, Camille felt sure. His valet and butler and respectable-looking housekeeper, whom Camille met one evening when taking a short cut to the shopping street of the little town, as she passed in front of the gate, were all very attentive to their employer. Money could command that, of course. But Alexander Reed, who was not yet middle-aged, seemed very lonely, had a high-bred, handsome face, in spite of its thinness and pallor, and his smile was very attractive, Camille thought, the day his horses plumed and reared at the sight of her sitting by the roadside reading. He had raised his hat and bowed, smilingly, when the coachman, quieting them, drove off rapidly.

Camille's life was a very busy one. What time she could spare from her ministrations on her sweet, timid mother, for whose health Camille had taken the cottage in the pretty town among the mountains of the Blue Ridge, was devoted to giving French and music lessons, even up to 9 o'clock at night, when Carl Hampton, a rich coal dealer, insisted on learning verbs and genders three times a week.

How was Camille to guess it was the beauty of her gray eyes and oval face and admiration for her courageous acceptance of life's burdens, and her loving devotion to the gentle invalid, which had induced the stout and prosperous German whom she had met casually to plunge into the study of French, which he abhorred?

"Money! Money is the most important thing in life, little mother," Camille declared while kneeling in front of the fire toasting muffins and making chocolate for the invalid.

"I thought you said love and home happiness were the most important," her mother answered, smiling.

"That was long ago. To-day I put money first, because money gives health and happiness," Camille declared, brightly. "Just think of all I could do for you, munsey, if we were rich. The doctor says you ought to go out for hours every day. Wouldn't it be glorious if I could order up a comfortable carriage and take you driving every afternoon?"

"If money could give back health, our neighbor across the way, who owns such a beautiful home, would get well and strong. The doctor says he is gradually sinking. He does not seem to take the least interest in anything. Dr. Perrin told me yesterday he scattered his wealth lavishly to help others, and that while he professes no religion, he is a great philanthropist. He is always doing kind deeds in an unostentatious way."

Ann, the small country girl whom Camille employed to help in household matters, ran in excitedly to say that Mr. Reed's carriage was at the front door. His note to Camille's mother, handed in by the footman, begged her to make use of it for a drive, the weather being so fine.

"Did I not say, little mother, that money is the greatest blessing in the whole world?" Camille said, joyously, having accepted in a formal note of thanks her neighbor's victoria, while getting her mother into some warm wraps, and gayly pluming on her own hat.

"Money gives the means to do a kindness, child, but not the heart or the goodness to execute it," her mother rejoined, whereat Camille laughed and hurried off for the drive.

It was the beginning of a very pleasant acquaintance with the invalid master of Stone Lodge.

As the spring days lengthened and drew into summer, whenever Camille could command the time the little maid Ann was dispatched down the path be-



THE DAILY READING.

hind the cottage to Stone Lodge with a message, and a long drive through the odoriferous woods and mountains that evening gave Camille's mother a good night's rest.

Alexander Reed was too important a personage to be overlooked. The notables of the bright little town and the wealthy tourists, owning summer residences on the heights around; all called on him, but a formal return visit usually ended their acquaintance—except with Dr. Perrin, a keen-eyed old physician, who had a cynical knowledge of life, and an abhorrence of the shame and flatteries of society, and whose carefully hidden good deeds kept him poor in spite of a lucrative practice; for this pretty town was a favorite resort of the millionaire health seeker.

"It is as rare as it is refreshing to come in contact with real merit," remarked Dr. Perrin, rubbing his knees reflectively as he sat in front of a bright wood fire in the library at Stone Lodge, for the early June days were cool, and fires were pleasant in the evening.

"Yes," Alexander Reed answered, with polite listlessness, while seeing Camille's face in the dancing flames.

"Yes, real merit," repeated the doctor.

"Now, this child, Camille, Louis Herndon's daughter—why, there is more downright merit in her life than in that of the pretentious benefactors rolling in gold, with their ostentatious gifts and donations, who parade themselves in the public eye

"Do you know," Dr. Perrin continued, turning his strong, rugged face toward the pale, melancholy man reclining nervelessly in his chair, speaking with softened emotion, "not only does that child support her mother and herself by her clever, courageous efforts, but she looks after a poor, bed-ridden old hag, Ann's mother, a pitiful wretch, who doesn't know the meaning of the word gratitude, and now I hear she has got to work for the boy, Ann's brother. She sews for the orphans, and her life is spent in helping others. Not one moment of her time is misused. A brave, noble child. If ever the sun shone on a being of superior worth, it does on Camille. Her father, John, and I were college mates," the doctor concluded, getting up to go.

A look of keen interest came over the invalid's face. He made a motion to stop the doctor. Would she consent to give some of her time to an invalid, he asked. "If she will read to me daily it will soften the long, tedious hours. Persuade her, doctor. The remuneration will be large, for the service would be great."

"I will bring her to-morrow at 12," said the doctor, as he turned and left the room.

Camille was delighted, for the price offered seemed fabulous to her. By getting up one hour sooner, giving music lesson before breakfast, she ample time for reading daily to Alexander Reed. Her voice was sweet and low, and she had the gift of throwing herself into the story she read, and she was a good French scholar. Her mother was of an old Creole family, originally titled folks, who came over from France in the earliest centuries.

The daily readings often occupied only a few moments. Alexander Reed was a man of culture and many attainments, and his leisurely wanderings had taken him to far-distant lands and among strange people. Camille found an infinite charm in his vivid impersonal descriptions and word paintings, and to the world-worn man the young girl's fresh enthusiasm and wholesome, keen-sighted appreciation were a perpetual delight.

The hour was apt to lengthen out, and it was always a surprise to Camille when Mrs. Harris, the sedate housekeeper, appeared with a tea tray.

Mrs. Harris's satisfaction was obvious at the increased animation plainly visible in the invalid's manner, while the faint flush on his cheek and the glow in his dark eyes were symptoms of a long-forgotten contentment of spirit, possibly signs of returning health. Therefore, the old housekeeper approved of the reading lessons and their effect.

One day a joyous color swept over Camille's face when Ann rushed in to announce breathlessly that Mr. Reed and the doctor had called.

"What a delightful surprise," Camille said, ushering them in the little sitting room, filled with her plants and flowers.

How kindly was the light in the deep, gray eyes, and how handsome was the invalid's face in spite of its careworn look. How beautiful was the smile with which he took Camille's hands in his and held them fast.

"I have come," he whispered, "to crave a boon. Be generous, little one, and grant it. Shed the light of your lovely presence on the few remaining years left me, and accept a devotion as boundless as eternity. Give me the right to protect the being I love beyond life, or the hope of eternal bliss."

Camille raised wondering eyes to his, the color receding slowly from her face. She shivered slightly.

"It is no boon," she said, gently. "It is my heart's desire. How could I ever part from you?"—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Some people squander a lot of money in trying to make fools of themselves

FINDS AN AMERICAN TYPE.

British Paper Praises It, as Shown in Football and Baseball Cuts. The existence of an American type is denied by R. G. Lindsay in a recent report on alien immigration into the United States, published as a Blue Book by the British government. Mr. Lindsay, who characterizes the peopling of this country by immigration as "one of the most remarkable movements of population to be met with in history," says on this point:

"It must take many generations before Americans are physiologically differentiated from Europeans as much, for example, as the French are from the Germans. There is no such thing as an American type, and even if in the towns of Europe it is possible to point out a tourist as an American recognition is effected by mere outward marks, such as the style of dress."

With this opinion the British Medical Journal announces disagreement, which it sets forth in terms complimentary to the physical development of Americans. Says this paper:

"In illustration we would draw Mr. Lindsay's attention to the photographs of college football and baseball teams in many of the American magazines, which exhibit a well-marked and, it may be added, a fine type. What has become of the conventional Uncle Sam, the long, loose-limbed creature of Punch cartoons, we know not. The American of to-day presents a firm, square jaw, broad brow and clear, keen eye, which together usually render recognition of his nationality a matter of no great difficulty."

QUEER STORIES

Coal keeps best under sea water.

The criminal class of London number 700,000.

The painting of the Forth bridge costs \$10,000.

Influenza, like cholera, always travels from east to west.

The sperm whale can stay under water for twenty-minutes.

A mole eats as many as 20,000 earth-worms in the course of a year.

In Saxony practically all of the live stock is stall-fed 300 days of the year, and the largest portion the full 365 days.

St. Petersburg authorities have issued an order forbidding the students of the cadet corps to read "Sherlock Holmes" and other stories of a similar character.

Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation, sold \$5,550,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. There are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

The French government has purchased two bronze busts exhibited in this year's salon by Andrew O'Connor, of Massachusetts. One is a portrait of Robert Newman, and the other the head of an exquisite Italian girl. Mr. O'Connor last year obtained the medal of the second class by the salon judges.

According to Edwin Warfield, lately Governor of Maryland, there's a difference between ex-Governors and former Governors. An ex-Governor is he who went after the office again and didn't get it. A former Governor is he who didn't seek re-election and returned to everyday life. "And I am a former Governor," added Mr. Warfield, in a recent interview in Milwaukee.

The English and American mile is 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet. In France, Holland and Belgium it is 1,000 meters, or 1,094 yards. In Spain it is 1,522 yards; in Russia, 1,167 yards; in China, 900 yards; in Norway and Sweden, 11,600 yards; in Germany it equals three English miles; in Italy, 2,025 yards; in Portugal, 2,250 yards; in Austria, 8,297 yards, and in Denmark, 8,238 yards.

The Frugal Japanese.

A college professor who had spent four years at Yale and two in Berlin acquiring his foreign education, lives with his wife at Kyoto, a city, in a rented house, having a little garden, at a total cost of 465 yen a year, or about \$233. This is divided as follows: Rent, \$120; house tax, \$5; servant's wages, \$15; fuel, \$13; light, \$5; clothes, \$25, and food, \$50. His salary is \$400, and he is applying \$100 a year to the debt he incurred to obtain his education. A people who can conquer domestic problems as do the Japanese find no terrors in the economic burden of a war debt.—Boston Globe.

Time Saved.

"Does your husband spend as much time as formerly at the racetrack?" "Not nearly as much," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He has a new system and nearly always goes broke on the first or second race."—Washington Star.

Boil down almost any man's prayers in five words, and you will find them to be: "Reward me. Punish my enemy."

A girl enjoys picking her way daintily over a muddy crossing just as much as her brother enjoys splashing through.

"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS.



"Fighting Bob" Evans relinquished command of the American fleet and will go on the retired list. It was hoped the brave old sea dog would be able to accompany the fleet around the world, but ill health compelled him to haul down his flag.

Robley Dunglison Evans was born in 1846 and is a graduate of the Naval Academy. He received his first baptism of fire at Fort Fisher in 1865; was in command of the Yorktown in 1891, when there was trouble with Chile, and led the battleship Iowa at the battle of Santiago. His sobriquet, "Fighting Bob," was honestly acquired, for he was always in the thickest of the fray. Although a strict disciplinarian, he had a way of giving commands and enforcing obedience that won for him the love and respect of his men.

It was a fitting climax to the noble old admiral's career that he was the ranking officer of the combined fleets at the Golden Gate, the most formidable array of battleships ever assembled. His success in sailing the sixteen American battleships from Hampton Roads to Magdalena Bay, the end of the voyage finding the ships in better condition than when they shipped anchor, won the world's commendation. Those two events furnish a glorious finale to "Fighting Bob's" naval career, which Americans will hope is but a prelude to many years of peaceful retirement.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Messrs. H. P. Cady and D. F. McFarland have found the rare element neon together with helium in natural gas from southeastern Kansas. They report that in addition to all the stronger spectroscopic lines of helium, which they have carefully identified, they find 15 fairly strong lines which cannot be identified with those of any of the familiar gases. These lines having previously been found by Dewar in the spectrum of gas from the Bath Spring, and also reported in lists of lines shown by the more volatile gases from the atmosphere, they suggest that they may represent a new elementary gas.

M. E. Pennington of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, reports that experiments on milk kept at about the freezing point showed a continuous increase of organisms for five or six weeks. At their maximum they numbered hundreds of millions per cubic centimeter, and occasionally they passed the billion mark. Although the milk experimented with was never solidly frozen, yet after ten days to two weeks it was a mass of small ice crystals. No odor or taste indicated the high bacterial content, and even on heating no curd was produced until the very end of the experiment.

It has often been asserted that Roger Bacon, appreciation of whose scientific acquirements is continually growing, knew how to make gunpowder in the thirteenth century, although more or less doubt on the subject has always existed. Confirmation of Bacon's knowledge in this respect is regarded as having been found in a manuscript contained in the National Library in Paris, which has recently been studied by Mons. P. Duhem. Monsieur Duhem believes that this manuscript is a part of Bacon's Opus Tertium, and it clearly indicates a knowledge of the composition, as well as of the explosive energy, of gunpowder.

Of a curious double rainbow an observer says in a letter to the London Times: "On March 14 last, while on the voyage between Jamaica and the Isthmus of Panama at 11 a. m., the sun being then nearly in the zenith, a double rainbow of brilliant coloring appeared, forming a complete circle round the sun, the inner bow being some distance from the sun, the outer bow being about an equal distance from the inner. A clear horizon showed no signs of rain. Neither the captain nor any other soul on board had ever seen a similar phenomenon. The other bow faded gradually away and then the inner bow."

Novel Use for Wooden Eggs.

One of the innumerable things that the manufacturers of turned wood goods make is the darning egg, for use in darning stockings. These eggs are commonly provided each with a handle of the same kind of wood, which screws into one end, says the New York Sun. A while ago there was received at the New York office of a turned goods manufacturing concern an order for a couple of cases, some thousands in number, of darning eggs to be supplied without handle and of a size somewhat smaller than the stan-

dard; and then for some reason this special lot of eggs was left on the manufacturer's hands. But they were not wasted.

In the course of time there came in a hatpin manufacturer who wanted to leave an order for a few thousand hatpin knobs, to be made in specified shape and dimensions. Besides making regularly a great variety of things the turned goods makers also turn wood in any shape that may be required, to order.

And then the salesman recalled that little lot of undersized handleless darning eggs, which proved to be exactly what the hatpin wanted, and he took the lot. And so finally they came to be made up, not as darning eggs, with fancy handle, but the knobs of hatpins.



When a female person doesn't want to get married, she is already.

A man can cut down his smoking if he's sick abed and thinks he's dying.

The way a woman manages a man is by making him think he manages her.

The first essential to being a great man is for him to have no doubt about it himself.

The reason a woman says the baby never cries at night is she believes it is never going to do it again.

It makes a woman very proud to think how smart the children would be if the school teachers only knew how to teach them.

What satisfaction a woman gets out of her husband's garden is how often she can catch him pretending to know things about it.

A Memory Test.

A professor of mnemonics had gone to lecture at or near Canterbury. After the lecture was finished he had to wait for his London train. It was a most comfortless day, and he retired to an inn for shelter and refreshment. To pass the time he began to exhibit his feats of memory to the yokels in the inn parlor, and one and all were thunderstruck except the waiter. There is always one skeptic in every communion, whether of saints or sinners. Do what he would he could not mitigate the acrid snile of acid incredulity of that glorified potman! In the midst of one of his most difficult feats the whistle sounded of the "Only train to London to-night!" and he rushed off to catch it. He caught it at the station, and his reputation caught it in the inn parlor, for the waiter, coming in with some ordered refreshments and finding him gone, pointed to the corner where he had been sitting and exclaimed, "Silly 'unbug, he's forgot his umbrella!"—Young Man.

Disappointment.

Amateur Sportsman (after shooting best friend)—Too bad, too bad; but I thought you were a deer. The Victim—Don't fret. Amateur Sportsman—Don't fret! Why man, I promised my wife a pair of horns.—Illustrated Bits.