

RICHMAN'S WARD IN THE ALMSHOUSE

Lawyer Robert N. Waite, Whose Daughter She Claims to Be, Pays City \$108 a Year for Her Keep

NOT HIS CHILD, HE SAYS.

Attorney Declares that Young Woman Is the Adopted Daughter of a Brother, Now Dead, and Signs Contract with City.

The strange insistence of Grace Waite, an inmate of the almshouse, that she is the daughter of Robert N. Waite, a lawyer, of No. 257 Broadway, in the face of his denials, comes to light again through publicity given a contract made between Mr. Waite and the Commissioner of Charities. This contract was executed on Jan. 20, 1903, and by its provisions Mr. Waite agrees to pay for the maintenance of Grace Waite at the almshouse at the rate of \$108 a year.

"It is a puzzling case," said Superintendent Merwin, of the Department of Outdoor Poor, to-day. "My attention was first called to it last August, when I received a letter from Providence saying that a girl in the almshouse there claimed to be the daughter of Robert N. Waite and that this city should take care of her."

"The Providence authorities said that they had sent several messages to Mr. Waite, but could get no satisfaction from him. Then they sent the girl to this city."

Called on Waite to Pay.

"Since taking charge of this department I have made it a point to insist that all persons who pay anything toward the support of relatives in the almshouse shall do so. I got after Mr. Waite and finally he agreed to pay the city \$108 a year, the bare cost of her keep."

"Mr. Waite told me that the girl was not his daughter, but a relative who had lived in his family. He said he had a large family of his own and could not afford to keep this outcast, although he had tried to get her taken care of by private persons."

"I instructed Keeper Roberts to give the girl extra care and she has shown considerable improvement. She continues to assert that Mr. Waite is her father. When she came here her nervous system was broken down as the result of neglect."

Robert N. Waite is a well-known lawyer. He has been married three times, but had no children by his last two wives. By his first wife he had thirteen children, of whom six are said to be living.

Mr. Waite was first assistant United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania when only twenty-four years old. He met the seventeen-year-old daughter of a sea captain and married her in 1880.

Wedded Two Widows.

Two years later Mr. Waite married a widow, Mrs. Maddox, in this city. The match was not a happy one, and after two years she was divorced. Mr. Waite then married Mrs. Harriet Bond, a widow. Mr. Waite is nearly seventy years of age.

"This is an old story," said Mr. Waite, when seen at his office to-day. "It is the daughter of a brother of mine, who is now dead. He adopted her when she was a little girl. Her name at that time, but never saw her again until she was brought to this city from Providence."

"My brother lived in the West. When he died, a few years ago, the girl drifted back to Boston. She has no legal claim upon me. I am paying for her maintenance as an act of charity. Physicians who have examined her tell me that she is insane, showing traces of heredity."

An Evening World reporter visited Grace Waite in the hospital at the almshouse this afternoon. The girl is greatly improved and the physician in charge believes that she will eventually recover completely. She has some delicacy in collecting her thoughts and expressing them, but her memory appears to be fairly good.

Very Beautiful.

Before her illness she was undoubtedly a very beautiful girl. She has bright eyes, regular features and good teeth. She speaks excellent English. Other than her a demure expression of fright she appears to be as normal as any woman recovering from a severe physical and mental strain.

"If Robert N. Waite says he is not my father, he tells an untruth," said the girl. "It is true that he has disowned me. But I am his daughter and his wife was my mother."

"I was born three years old. My mother died when I was eight years old. We lived then at No. 115 Arrolton street, Brooklyn. My school days were spent in Brooklyn. I have three brothers and three sisters living."

"When my father moved to New York from Brooklyn I met a young man who deceived me and I had to leave home. I went to work as a saleswoman in a Sixth avenue store and lived in West Eighty-ninth street. The number of the house I cannot remember."

"I was taken ill and spent six weeks in Bellevue Hospital. When I was discharged from the institution I went to Providence, R. I., where I lived in Jackson avenue. I finally recovered my strength, and, finally, I cannot remember much of what has happened in the last year. This is a true statement of my life."

ROOSEVELT IN WASHINGTON.

President's Return Trip from This City was Without Incident.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—President Roosevelt and his party arrived here on a special train from New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad at 7.20 o'clock to-day. The trip was without incident.

The President alighted from his car as soon as the train had pulled into the station and, after shaking hands with the engineer and fireman of the locomotive, entered his carriage, which was in waiting. Accompanied by Capt. Cowles, he was driven directly to the White House. He expressed himself as greatly pleased with the meeting in the Carnegie Hall last night, referring to it as a great and inspiring assemblage.

YOUNG WOMAN IN ALMSHOUSE WHOSE BOARD A LAWYER PAYS



GRACE E. WAITE.

CHARGED BY GIRL WITH ABDUCTION.

William Boyer, Musician, Is Accused of Having Tried to liltreat Child of Fifteen at a Newark Hotel.

"WIFE" FIGURED IN CASE.

William Boyer, a musician, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court to-day on a charge of abduction. Agents Pessaro and Fogarty made the charge. It appears that Boyer advertised for a companion to travel with his wife. He called, rigged out in a gorgeous uniform, on Yada Jacobson, at No. 155 East Thirtieth street. Yada, who is only fifteen years old and has been going to school, answered the advertisement. Boyer talked with her mother and made representations that seemed satisfactory.

The agents say that Boyer took the girl to the Palace Hotel in Newark, N. J., ostensibly to await the coming of his wife. His wife did not appear, and Boyer attempted to detain the girl in his room.

She cried, and the hotel people put them out. Then Yada went home and told her mother what had happened, and the police arrested Boyer.

The agents say that in Boyer's room, at No. 35 West Fifteenth street, they found letters from young girls out of town. Boyer says his home is in San Francisco. The "wife" appears to be a myth.

DEATH ENDS A SCHOOLBOY LOVE, ONE DEAD IN FIRE, FOUR MISSING.

Young Robert Stockton Pyne, Fiance of Miss Constance Pratt, Dies at a Connecticut Academy.

THE GIRL IS PROSTRATED.

News reached here to-day of the death of Robert Stockton Pyne, nineteen years old, at Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn., and there is intense sorrow both at the home of his parents, No. 263 Madison avenue, and in the Pratt mansion, at No. 44 West Fifty-third street. At the latter address lives Miss Constance J. Pratt, daughter of Mrs. Dallas Bache Pratt, and only a short time ago the younger fashionable set was greatly interested over the reported engagement of young Pyne to Miss Pratt.

Both Mrs. Moses Taylor Pyne and Mrs. Pratt emphatically denied the report. "Our son is nothing but a child," said Mrs. Taylor, "and entirely too young to think of girls or marriage."

On the other hand, Mrs. Pratt announced "Constance is a schoolgirl and not yet presented. They are too young to know that hearts are a part of their anatomy."

Despite the parental objection, which was made entirely on the grounds of extreme youth, both the young folk declared that they loved each other and would be married. "I am not a child," said Miss Constance determinedly, "and both I and my fiancé are of age."

Friends of the two were anxious to see the match go through, as the young persons had been sweethearts since childhood. Their marriage would have united two of New York's oldest families.

Miss Pratt's father is a banker. He and Moses Taylor Pyne are members of the Tuxedo Metropolitan and a dozen other clubs. They are sons of the Rev. James and their wives are "Social and Daughters of the Revolution."

Miss Pratt was overcome with grief to-day at hearing of her fiancé's death.

LITTLE NIAGARA ON BROADWAY.

Water Main Bursts and Pours into 80-Foot Subway Excavation, Giving Uptown Residents an Impromptu Waterfall.

ARID IN MANY HOUSES.

Houses along Broadway Boulevard between Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth streets are without water to-day because of a break in the main at Seventy-ninth street. For two hours a stream of water was spouted into the air, forming a great stream down the boulevard and a waterfall of more than miniature dimensions into the subway excavation, which is 80 feet deep at that point.

Policeman Bevan, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, was on post when he was startled by a rushing sound, and looking down the street saw paving blocks and gravel buried high into the air. The water, he said, spouted to a height of fully forty feet.

He telephoned to the station-house and the water department soon had a team of men on the scene. When they arrived a wide stream was running to the edge of the subway cut, fifteen feet away. It tumbled down the rocky bank, forming a picture that looked entirely natural.

The gates at Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth streets were shut off and the repair men started to uncover the break. Upon investigation it was detected that the break had been caused by constant blasting at this point. Almost over the main a large derrick weighing about two tons. The blasting and weight of the derrick had caused the main to sag, causing a break.

Before the water was shut off there were several feet of it in the tunnel.

Several Lodgers Penned in Upper Floors, Badly Burned Escaping Blaze that Destroyed Big Building in Lowell.

WOMAN WRITER A VICTIM.

LOWELL, Mass., Feb. 27.—One or more persons lost their lives in the fire which broke out in the Burbank block here early to-day.

The building was used for business, lodging-house and social purposes, the second, third and fourth floors, lodging-rooms and the top floor, a dance hall. There were seventy-five lodgers in the house when the fire broke out and at various times it was reported that lives had been lost, but at daybreak it was said that all the lodgers had been accounted for.

Still, a search of the ruins was made, and after several hours the body of Mrs. Sarah F. Kittredge, a magazine writer, was found.

Later it was reported that four other persons were missing and search of the ruins was continued.

There were a number of narrow escapes and several persons sustained burns and other injuries.

The total damage, which involves Horace Shattuck, owner of the block, the proprietor of five stores on the street floor, and Blanche Foster, proprietress of the lodging-house, is estimated at \$125,000, partly covered by insurance.

The fire in its progress threatened the Belvidere Hotel, which stands next to the Burbank block, but a heavy fire wall proved an effective barrier. The Howe Building, which stands next to the Burbank block on the other side from the hotel, also was protected from damage by a thick wall.

RED-HAIRED GIRL'S AWFUL TEMPER.

Got Miss Norton into Trouble with Her Landlady, a Fight with a Boarder and Caused Her to Smash Things.

BUT SHE COULDN'T HELP IT.

She Warned Every One She Was a Whirlwind and Nothing Could Stop Her, and What Else Could They Expect?

RED-HAIRED GIRL CAN'T HELP HER QUICK TEMPER.

It is a medical fact that a person with red hair is invariably possessed with a fiery temper. The pigment that colors the hair is drawn from the system. This pigment is in the blood. It permeates the whole nervous system and though it is impossible to analyze it into its constituent elements it is known that it is equivalent to a peculiarly powerful stimulant that fires the nerves and thus produces uncontrollable passion. Often this pigment will be drained from the system and the hair will change to a darker shade. Then—and I know this to be true from long years of observation—the person, man or woman, slowly grows milder in manner and is able to control the rising passions. While this pigment is in the system, however, it is a physical impossibility to keep the passions in check.—Dr. Robert Safford Newton.

The temperature in the Jefferson Market Court went up several degrees to-day, when Florence Norton, a very pretty red-haired damsel, swept in with Policeman Burburneck, of the West Thirtieth street station.

Miss Norton, who is developing her histrionic talents in a vaudeville theatre, was charged with assault and battery and various other misdemeanors by her landlady, Mrs. Florence Norton, a very pretty red-haired damsel, swept in with Policeman Burburneck, of the West Thirtieth street station.

When the charge was read the Magistrate opened his mouth in astonishment as his eyes fell on the fair prisoner, who stood demurely before him with her eyes at a coquettish angle. She was dressed in a light-fitting jacket and a light-colored skirt that brought out the full round lines of her symmetrical form. A Spanish hat with a huge black plume relieved the radiance of her hair and the rosy red in her dimpled cheeks. Even the mouth of the octogenarian cop on the bridge watered as he looked upon her ruby lips puckered in a tempting pout. When Policeman Burburneck finished his story a buzz of amazement hummed through the court room. Here is the story:

Wouldn't Take \$5 Check.

Florence told the landlady yesterday that she was going away from there and she offered a check for \$5 on a New Haven Bank. The landlady said she would not accept the check.

"Then you will not get any money," said Florence sweetly.

"I will hold your luggage, then," said Mrs. Hardy sternly.

All of a sudden Florence's lustrous hair turned a shade redder and threatening flashes appeared in the corolla strands. The tempting lips set firmly and two deep red spots appeared in both cheeks and Miss Norton strode away to her room. The landlady followed. The two entered together. Mrs. Hardy repeated her threats to hold Florence's belongings. All of a sudden bright flames shot from under the Spanish hat, and simultaneously a small fast shot out, landing upon Mrs. Hardy's right eye.

"Then they had it!" explained a German boarder, who saw the struggle. "Miss Gertie how they had it! Sooch bumps, sooch tumbles, and sooch falls."

Policeman Burburneck was summoned before the conclusion of the fourth round in time to find Miss Norton landing short jabs on the landlady's ribs. He got between them and caught a swing on the point of the jaw.

"In a whirlwind," she said.

"My temper is up," said Florence; "I'm a whirlwind, and nothing can stop me."

Burburneck retired behind the folding bed curt in time to catch an arm-chair. Mrs. Hardy retired to her room. Just at that moment Miss Kittle Wood, another red-haired girl, out her head in the door and asked timidly, "Is anything the matter?"

Florence made a flying leap and caught the landlady red hair with both hands and pulled out a handful of hair. Policeman Burburneck said that she would have pulled out the red hair had she not interfered. He then tried to induce Florence to leave the house with him. She said she had just started in when she picked up a big metal clock from the mantel and dashed it through the window, breaking every pane of glass. Then she seized all the bric-a-brac from the mantel, piece and smashed it against the wall. Then she pulled down the folding bed, and picked out a pillow and hit it on the floor.

"Look here," she said to the landlady, who was still breathing hard in her corner, "this is what I would have done to you, if you had not thrown up the sponge."

FLORENCE NORTON, RED-HAIRED GIRL, WHOSE TEMPER CAUSED TROUBLE.



Florence, "but," and her eyes flashed again, "don't get my dander up and get me started. I almost lost my temper just now."

When Miss Norton was arraigned in court no complainant appeared against her. "I guess they don't care to trifle with me any more," she said to Magistrate Cornell. "The only thing I regret is that I did not pull out more of that Kittle Wood's hair."

WOMAN'S SUICIDE A DEEP MYSTERY FOR CHILDREN'S

Young Stranger, Evidently of Fine Family, Found Dead on Cliffs at Newport, Where She Prepared for Slow Death.

TRIED TO HIDE IDENTITY, KNOCKED DOWN, DRAGGED.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 27.—The local authorities are doing their utmost to solve the mystery in the suicide of a beautiful young woman who ended her life by exposing herself to the bitter weather on Newport's famous cliff. Her body was found opposite the estate of Mrs. T. Shaw Saxe, where she had deliberately lain down to die after destroying everything that would give any idea of her real identity. It is thought, however, that she was highly connected and came from Washington.

The young woman arrived here last May and went to the home of Mrs. Daniel Walsh, where she engaged a room. She said that her name was Barker, but never talked about herself and made no attempt to be sociable with any one.

Near where her body was found lay an open copy of Scott's "Ivanhoe" and a brass-bound Bible. A little distance off were a box containing some luncheon and candy, and a parasol and some extra clothing.

A search of her clothing revealed two pairs of spectacles, one of gold, the other of silver; a gold watch, a purse containing \$1.90 and two parlor-car tickets, one from Los Angeles to Washington, dated June 21, 1902, and the other from Chicago to Niagara, dated Sept. 24, 1902.

Medical Examiner Stewart, after an examination of the body, said that there was little doubt that the young woman had died of exposure. The body was removed to the morgue. She was short and slight, and weighed 110 pounds. Her features were delicately formed and her form was beautifully moulded. Her auburn hair was short and curly.

A week ago Wednesday "Miss Barker" disappeared, and nothing was heard of her until a negro, while walking on the cliffs, saw the body lying just above high-water mark.

The only tangible clue upon which the authorities may work is a letter on a printed form from the Library of Congress, dated May 16, 1896, and which reads as follows:

"Dear Madam: We have the honor, in behalf of the Joint Committee of Congress on the Library, to acknowledge the receipt of"

The letter here was abruptly torn away. The envelope bears these words: "The Raleigh, Washington, D. C." and on the back is the hotel stamp, acknowledging receipt of letter, "Raleigh, Washington, D. C., May 17, 7 4 P. M. by C." and in pencil in the corner is the room mark, "No. 35."

Chief of Police Sylvester, of Washington, has been communicated with and asked to lend his aid to the local police.

ROBERT EMMET MEETING.

Wolfe Tone Club Will Celebrate Anniversary of Patriot's Death. A public demonstration will be held under the auspices of the Wolfe Tone Club, of Jersey City, to celebrate the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Ireland's martyr, Robert Emmet, at 1234 Hall, corner of York and Henderson streets, Sunday night, March 15, at 8 o'clock.

John M. Waite, of this city, will speak on "The Life of Emmet," and James A. Murtha, Jr., of Brooklyn, will speak on "Irish Freedom." Celebrated singers will entertain the meeting with stirring patriotic songs.

"SHINE! SHINE!" TWO MAIDS CRY.



Plucky Western Girls Adopt a Novel Means of Getting Rich Quick in the Wall Street District.

TICKETS ARE SELLING FAST.

Brokers Surrender to the Pair from Illinois and Invest Their Dimes at a Great Rate—Had to Work to Earn a Livelihood.

This entitles the holder to one shine at the Eagle Tavern, Park, No. 71 Wall street, on Monday, March 2.

The very newest get-rich-quick concern that ever struck New York was launched in Wall street to-day by two pretty young girls from Illinois. Marie Forrest and Belle Forrest, two sisters, the one only eighteen years old, the other two years her senior, invaded the financial district before the bulls and bears had begun to shout their wares on 'change.

These two enterprising maidens, both attractive brunettes, with the red-rose bloom of country on their cheeks and smiling mischievously, were busy all day distributing tickets, bearing the above legend throughout Wall, Beaver, New and Broad streets.

At first the brokers and kings of finance turned to them the real icy countenance.

"Don't want any women canvassers," was the brutal answer that the Illinois girls met in the office. By and by it was learned that the maidens were endeavoring to earn an honest living by shining shoes, and that, too, with dainty white hands.

Then "the street" fell. Before noon a thousand tickets had been paid for at 10 cents each, and the question now is, How are Belle and Marie going to keep their contract?

What they offer to do is to shine for one day the boots of every customer who enters the barber shop at No. 71 Wall street. While Marie is at one foot Belle proposes shining up the other.

"I'll just tell you how it was," said the latter, as she spread out fifteen tickets fan-shape for speedy purchase by gallant brokers in the Consolidated Exchange. "Marie and I just came from Champaign, Ill.—accent on the Ill. If you please—and we had a notion to start a manicure parlor here. Everybody seems to get rich in this place. We thought it would be easy to earn an honest living."

In about three weeks we had not found a thing to do and our funds were on the last ebb. We were living then at No. 248 West Twenty-ninth street, right in the Tenderloin, and the things we saw there just fairly sickened us. Marie said she saw one day when we didn't know whether to have dinner or breakfast—sure, only one meal per day—'I'll do any mortal thing rather than live like these women around here. I'll black boots."

"Well, just that quick, Marie said, 'Let's black boots,' and now you know it all. We're going to be on hand next Monday at Pratt Institute, where we'll be in the mean time—and I'll bet we make a lot. Just see the way they're buying tickets!"

STOLE PICTURE OF PIRATE.

An artistic thief got into the coat room of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, yesterday and stole an oil painting of a pirate. Combining the useful with the ornamental, he took away a \$10 overcoat belonging to one of the students.

The painting is the work of Howard Pyle, and is the property of Scribner's. It is valued at \$100. In view of the fact that there has been a long series of thefts at Pratt Institute, the police are making extraordinary efforts to discover this thief.

NO JOKE, But 90 Lbs. of Solid Flesh.

If Mark Twain should write a story about a person who weighed 90 pounds and increased her weight to 180 pounds (or double) in one year by quitting coffee and drinking Postum Coffee, every one who read it would say, "There's a joke behind that somewhere."

There is a well-known lady in Corapolis, Pa., who actually made this gain in weight as the direct result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum Food Coffee. It was a very earnest matter and far from a joke for her. Her gain in general health kept pace with the increase in weight.

She says: "For many years I suffered with stomach derangement and violent and oft-recurring headaches. It was not an unusual thing for our family of four to use 2 1/2 to 3 pounds of coffee a week. I was suspicious that my troubles were due to coffee. I did not eat a fish story, but I actually went from 90 pounds to 180 pounds weight in one year. All the sorrow disappeared from my skin and I now carry my 40 years' very lightly indeed. My change in health is so great that many of my friends make a joke of it to this day, but my nerves are good and I am happy and contented, so can afford to laugh with them."

"I first learned of Postum from a family in Indianapolis, where I saw the mother of six children emerge from invalidism to perfect health on Postum after leaving off coffee. Soon after that another friend made a remarkable recovery by dropping coffee and using Postum, and when I moved here a neighbor shook off coffee and nervous dyspepsia and built himself up on the food drink. So I heard of one after another until I knew how good and happy and contented, so can afford to laugh with them."

"You are at liberty to use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

CAMMEYER

6th Ave., Cor. 20th St.

Have You Been to Our Tremendous Anniversary Sale in the Basement?

We opened the basement six years ago. Now we celebrate that opening with this the most wonderful sale during all those six years. Never before has this city known of such high-grade footwear being sold at such low prices!!

150,000 Pairs of Shoes

For Men, Women & Children, and Every Pair Guaranteed.

35,000 pairs of Women's \$2.50 Button and Lace Shoes, black kid, heavy and light soles, with military heels.

\$1.50 Per Pair.

25,000 pairs of Women's \$6.00, \$5.00, \$4.00 and \$3.00 Button and Lace Shoes, in black kid, all style heels; AA, A, B widths only. **\$1.90**

7,000 pairs of Women's \$5.00 and \$4.00 Slippers, assorted styles, high and low heels. AA, A and B widths only. **\$1.50** Per Pair.

5,000 pairs of Men's \$3.00 Oxfords, patent leather, Russia calf and brown kid, assorted styles, patent leather sizes 8 1/2 to 11. **\$1.50** Per Pair.

18,000 pairs of Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00 Oxfords, heavy Winter and medium weight, in velour calf and box calf, welted soles, **\$2.00** Per Pair.

25,000 pairs of men's \$4.00, \$3.50, and \$3.00 Lace Shoes, patent leather, black kid, box calf, wax calf, velour calf and enamel leather; light and heavy soles; also wax calf Congress, with tips and plain toes, at **\$1.90** Per Pair.

5,000 pairs of Women's \$1.50 Black Kid Oxfords, with patent leather and kid tips, also patent leather ramp Oxfords. **\$1.00**

4,000 pairs of Women's \$1.50 One-Strap Sandals, with French heels. **75c**

5,000 pairs of Women's \$2.50 Black Kid and Box Calf, Spring Heel, Button and Lace, sizes 8 1/2 to 7. **\$1.50**

6,000 pairs of Misses' \$2.00 Shoes, in black kid, with patent leather and kid tips, sizes 11 to 12. **\$1.25**

2,000 pairs of Children's \$1.50 Shoes, in black kid, patent leather and enamel leather, sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2. **\$1.00**

2,000 pairs of Children's \$2.50 Button and Lace Shoes, black kid with patent leather tips, sizes 8 1/2 to 11. **\$1.25**

7,000 pairs of Boys' and Youths' Satin Calf Lace Shoes, sizes 11 to 2 1/2 to 3 1/2. **\$1.25**

3,000 pairs of Boys' Lace Shoes, sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2. **\$1.00**

1,000 pairs of Youths' Satin Calf Lace Shoes, sizes 11 to 12. **90c**

Open Saturdays Until 7 P. M.

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