

ARE QUICK EATERS.

Americans Bolt Their Food and Suffer in Consequence.

A Habit That Is Growing More Common in This Country, and Some of the Ills Which It Speedily Engenders.

Eating rapidly, according to the testimony of a specialist in the kind of troubles caused by that breach of good table manners, is very much commoner than it used to be. And it is on the increase.

"I was reminiscing with a friend the other day about the manner in which he was gobbling his food," said this specialist in digestion. "He told me that he had deliberately learned to eat rapidly, because it was necessary in self-defense. He said that he had clung to his old habit of eating slowly as long as possible, but he had eventually given it up, because he was always the last person to finish at dinner. When he was half-way through the meal everybody else was waiting on him. So he tried to learn how to eat as rapidly as the other persons he knew."

"The number of evils that are to be avoided by slow eating is so great that I don't believe any sane person who knew of them would eat quickly. Half the troubles that people complain of to me are due to the habit."

"One of the things which ought to persuade most persons to eat slowly is the fact that this practice will reduce flesh, or at all events, will prevent a person from becoming abnormally stout if there are no other flesh pampering habits, such as drinking at meals or eating sweets in large quantities."

"The person who eats slowly never eats too much. If the food be carefully chewed half the amount one usually eats in a hurry will suffice. If the food is eaten slowly, it satisfies, whereas large lumps of rapidly extended food do not gratify the appetite, but stimulate a craving for more food."

"Another merit that comes from slow eating is the effect on the complexion. For one who eats rapidly a clear skin is out of the question. A muddy, mottled color is the result of eating in the rapid way that most persons do nowadays. If a person is found who does eat rapidly and has at the same time a clear skin, it will be found that this person usually eats a little that there is no possibility of indigestion."

"There are two other advantages of slow eating which ought to appeal to everybody's vanity. I have not mentioned more serious discomforts, such as confirmed indigestion, which is nearly always caused by this habit and no other. But to keep from getting too fat and to insure a clear complexion seem to me sufficient rewards for slow eating to make it worth while."

"Fast eating comes in large measure from nervousness. The average man who eats in a hurry does it not because he is pressed for time, but because he has something else on his mind which seems to him more important. The American attitude of mind has come to be that it is desirable to end the trouble of eating as soon as possible and get back to pleasure or business."

"But it is a mistake to suppose that Americans are the only fast eaters. They compare very favorably with the Germans. All that one hears of German slowness and deliberation seems to disappear at the table. The Germans eat more rapidly than Americans, and, generally speaking, they eat more, which is a good reason why they should try to chew their food. The English, as a rule, eat more slowly than Americans."

BLAMING THE ENGINEER.

He Is Held Responsible for Most Accidents, But His Life Is Also at Stake.

The railroad man does not lead a very romantic life, for the responsibilities amount to more than the charms. A few weeks ago an accident occurred on the Pittsburg & Western road. The coroner's jury decided that the engineer was to blame. The engineer will answer to no court of inquiry, for if he is responsible he has already paid the penalty. He went down with his engine. Whatever may have been the mistake in disregarding orders or neglecting to assure himself of the safety of his train, no man was more affected than he, says the Pittsburg (Pa.) Times.

A self-conscious passenger once steered by a locomotive as the engineer was awaiting a signal to start. The passenger advised care in running the engine over a dangerous bit of road. The engineer responded somewhat impatiently that if he was not interested in his own safety enough to try to get the train through all right he would hardly be interested enough in anyone else to make an extraordinary effort. The engineer is the first man to meet danger if it arises on the road. If he gets through without harm the man who rides in the cars will follow safely as a rule.

There is no likelihood that the man on the locomotive will ever be more careful. Public condemnation or the displeasure of the law cannot make his punishment for neglect any more severe than the neglect itself does. An engineer may cause a wreck, but something inexplicable must always remain as the responsible factor. No sane man invites death knowingly, but when his faculties go astray it is one of the mysteries that mark the working of the human mind.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

He—"I believe you are making a fool of me." She—"Why should I?"—Somerville Journal.

Putz—"Keep away, I had got the kleptomaniac." Pomade—"Nat, vat are you daking for it?" Putz—"Eberlyding I can lay mein hands on."—Pennysylvania Punch Bowl.

Politician—"Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated." Sarah (with delight)—"Honesty." Politician—"What difference does that make?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Other Side—"Knowing my husband's tendency to gossip," said Mrs. Strongminded, "I never tell him anything I do not willing everybody should know."—Chicago Tribune.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Mrs. Diehl. "Aw—aw, how really, I—I—" "Not worth a penny? Ah, well, if you think I'll be cheated, I'll withdraw the offer!"—Baltimore News.

"My father's the swiftest man," said the little girl in the depot, proudly. "Huh!" remarked the small boy, "mine ain't; he makes me punish us when we're naughty."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Mrs. Tower—"Frankly, John Tower, I think you are the meanest man I ever saw." Mr. Tower—"I wouldn't say that 'Quaty'; you know you've said hundreds of times that you have been the making of me."—Boston Transcript.

Young Man—"The wife I am looking for must be young and pretty." Coy Mulden—"Do you think you will have to look very far?" Young Man—"Confound it, I can't look at all. I'm dreadfully nearsighted and I've left my glasses at home."—Chelsea Gazette.

"I think," said the first business man, "I'll go home to lunch to-day. A new cook arrived at our house just after breakfast, and she has the reputation of being a good one." "Why not wait for your usual six o'clock dinner?" "She may be gone by that time!"—Philadelphia Press.

TWENTY MILLION DAYS.

That Much Time Lost by Strikers in the Coal Industry During the Past Year.

The annual volume of the mineral resources of the United States for the calendar year 1921, prepared by Dr. David T. Day, of the geological survey, has been sent to press and will be issued soon. An interesting feature of the report is a compilation of statistics showing the number of working days lost in strikes in the coal industry. These figures include the present year and are brought up to date. The total number of days lost for the present year is placed at 20,000,000, compared with 733,302 days in 1891, 4,578,102 in 1900 and 2,124,154 in 1899, reports the Washington Star.

The report places the total mineral product of the country for the year at \$1,058,529,521, a gain of a little more than two per cent. over the production of 1920. The gain was made in non-metallic products and amounted to \$52,065,882, against a loss of \$32,156,909 in the metallic products.

As heretofore, iron and coal are shown to be the most important of our mineral products. The value of iron in 1921 was \$242,174,000, as compared with \$259,944,000 in 1920, and the value of coal was \$346,010,469, as compared with \$306,071,394 in 1920. The value of fuels increased from \$406,359,351 in 1920 to \$442,359,304 in 1921, a gain of almost 9 per cent. Every variety of fuel increased in value except petroleum, which showed an increase in quantity of 5,078,065 barrels, but a decline in value of \$9,571,978, due largely, the report states, to the less valuable character of the increased product of the new petroleum fields as compared with the older fields. Anthracite coal increased 9,021,207 long tons in output and \$29,746,109 in value. "The average price of anthracite coal per ton at the mine was \$2.05, the highest figure obtained since 1898, and the average price per ton for bituminous coal at the mine was \$1.05, about 1 cent more per ton than in 1920."

Crushing a New Sect.

The sultan of Turkey has ordered the extirpation, by as severe methods as can be devised, so as to teach a lesson, it is reported, of a new religious sect that has made great headway in Damascus. The new religion is not Jewish nor Mohammedan nor Christian, but a sort of medley of all three. It teaches that neither Mohammed nor Christ was a Divine person, though their existence is admitted. They were simply great philosophers who were endowed with powers to perform certain miracles. More interesting, however, is that the members, having admitted some belief in Islam, are allowed a plurality of wives, while as a recognition of Christianity they are not forbidden to be total abstainers from strong drink. It is an enticing religion to those who have no desire to place too great a curb on their passions, and such are common in the land of the Turk; hence, probably, so great a number of recruits that the attention of the sultan and the sublime porte was attracted to it.—London News.

Automobile Speeds.

The regulation of automobile speeds is slowly to prove an increasingly serious matter. In a little instance a car had measurement for two furlongs showed a speed of 15 miles an hour, yet the driver testified that he was not exceeding a rate of six miles. Perhaps some inventor may supply police authorities with a cheap continuous speed recorder whose attachment to motor vehicles may be made compulsory.—N. Y. Sun.

FOUND A NEW FIBER.

Indian Soap Weed of the West May Be Turned to Account.

An Inventive Massachusetts Man, While in Nebraska, Makes a Discovery Which May Lead to a New Industry.

The latest possibility of a promising and profitable industry in the semi-arid region is in the use of a species of grass which grows wild in great quantities throughout the region and which, to the eyes of civilization until a short time ago, contained nothing of value, but much of detriment. The savage has, however, made use of the plant for centuries, though only occasionally, as the native American-red man yodum takes a bath with the object of cleanliness, and less frequently washes his garments.

The weed, for so it is characterized by the masses of western agriculturists, is commonly known as the Indian soap weed. Until recently the only property it was known to possess was that of its root, which, when boiled, produces an excellent soap; one, indeed, which is in some particulars far superior to the grease soaps used for laundry purposes, and the higher qualities which are used for the toilet.

It has remained for a young man, until recently a resident of the small town of Alnsworth, Neb., in the northwestern portion of the state, to make a discovery which may eventuate into a revolution of the textile industry. This young man, whose name is Clark, says an Omaha report, was for a number of years an employe in a Massachusetts textile mill and there acquired a taste for experimenting upon fabrics.

Having little to occupy his time in his new western home, he began a search for an opportunity to exercise his inventive genius. He soon learned of the existence of soap weed in large quantities in the vicinity of Alnsworth and concluded to learn what he could do with it as a mercantile product. It was while experimenting with it as a soap product that he made the important discovery to which reference is made. His investigations of the root caused him to turn his attention to the spear which shoots above the ground to an average height of about 24 inches. While seeking to discover the "soapy" qualities of this spear he found that after removing the thick casing a fiber was uncovered like linen in color, as it appears in the pure state. His curiosity became aroused, and drying the substance he found that it can be reduced to a fiber as fine as any ever spun by a silk worm.

Mr. Clark's mill experience taught him that he had made an important discovery, provided the fiber could be woven into cloth, especially if it would submit to dyes. He immediately began drying the spears of the soap weed in considerable quantities, and when they were in proper condition, with great care and perseverance he separated, by hand, a large basketful of the fiber, making a mass in appearance like a bunch of raw cotton, though slightly yellow in color. He quickly constructed a rude spinning machine, and with it had no difficulty in spinning threads of various weights and possessing a strength much greater than similarly sized silk threads. "These threads he wove on an improvised loom into a piece of cloth a little over a yard in length and then submitted small pieces of it to the dye pot. The color "took" and was as "fast" as that which is warranted as the least subject to action of water or sun.

Indian soap weed has been found growing in large quantities in northwestern Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Nevada and Colorado, and appears to thrive most in those districts which have the least rainfall. It grows rankly wherever it is to be found, but the districts where it can be collected in large quantities are rather widely separated.

Little Freddie Knew.

The class in reading in a Brooklyn school had come to the phrase "a slender birch tree," and the teacher, not quite sure that the children fully comprehended the meaning of "slender," sought to develop it from familiar words. "You all know what 'stout' means, do you not?" she asked. "Yes'm." "Have you ever seen a stout woman?" "Oh, yes'm; Mrs. Brown is very stout," said one girl. "Right," said the teacher. "Now, look at me! I am not stout, am I?" "No'm," came the chorus of voices. "Well, if I am not stout, what am I?" A perplexed look overspread the faces. Finally one little fellow ventured to raise his hand. "Well Freddie, do you think I'm stout?" "No'm." "Well, then, what would you call me?" "Skinny."—N. Y. Tribune.

Straw as Fuel.

Straw fuel is now being made in the great wheat-producing countries, where huge stacks are annually destroyed by burning in order to get rid of them. The straw is not required there and is in the way. A machine has been invented to go from farm to farm and transform that straw into block fuel by mixing resinous substances with it and compressing it.—N. Y. Sun.

By Inspiration.

A certain Dyerberg woman assured her husband she never told him a lie, and never would. He told her he did not doubt it, but would hereafter put a notch in the piano when he knew she deceived him. "No, you won't!" she screamed. "I'm not going to have my piano all ruffled!"—Tennessee State Gazette.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

About 70,000,000 animals are killed yearly for the sake of their fur. Last year 60 ocean-going steamers were engaged exclusively in the banana trade.

The rivers of between 90,000,000 and 100,000,000 codfish are used for the yearly supply of cod liver oil.

The French industry of raising flowers for the manufacture of perfume has been greatly injured by the chemical odors and artificial etheral oils produced in Germany, as the latter sell at a lower price and are hardly distinguishable from the genuine.

Hugo Jour, a chemist in the city laboratory of Chicago, has devised a battery for the production of electricity directly from coal. The city is paying the expense of the experiments which Mr. Jour is carrying out. The new battery is said to be in practical and convenient form.

According to the New York Sun, John W. Bookwalter refused \$100,000 for the patent rights of a new steel process which he has invented. By means of this process it is possible to remove impurities from iron at the side of the converter instead of at the bottom. It is said that less power is required and that a steel of greater purity is obtained.

Corks of corkwood, the recent invention of a resident of Algeria, are claimed to have important advantages. Cork being a bad conductor of heat, liquids are protected from freezing on exposure to cold, and perishable substances are preserved from heat in warm climates. An interior coating keeps the contents from contact with the cork. The staves do not warp, and an 11-gallon cask weighed only 20 pounds instead of the 80 pounds that would have been its weight in ordinary wood.

When the days are longer than the nights, more heat is received by day than is lost by night. Heat gradually accumulates in land, sea and air, so that the hottest part of the year is not in June, when the days are longest, but considerably later. From many observations, Dr. J. Schubert has shown that the soil in northern Europe reaches its highest temperature in September and its lowest in March, air and water being warmest in August and coldest in February. The sea takes up 20 to 40 times as much as the land, the heat penetrating much deeper. The sea may be two degrees warmer than the air in October or November, but its average for the year is but half a degree warmer.

PEACE IN THE HOME.

The Best Plan for Establishing Correct Relations Between Sons and Daughters.

A mother should be perfectly impartial in the treatment of her children, if there is to be peace in the home. Probably one of her children will be dearer to her than the rest—the youngest or the eldest, the cleverest or the most loving, but if she is a good mother she will never betray by a word or look this natural preference, says American Queen.

Children are passionately jealous, and have normally a strong sense of right and wrong. Nothing causes more pain to the little ones than the sense of being misjudged, misunderstood, unfairly treated. Half the quarrels and bickerings between brothers and sisters in after life are due to the seeds of discontent sown in childhood by the unwise favoritism shown to some members of the family by one or both of the parents. "Treat them all alike" is a golden rule; boys and girls all on one footing. Not one rule of conduct for the girls and another for the boys. Show no partiality in their clothes, their food, their pocket-money, their holidays, and as far as individual differences permit, in their education.

In many families the girls are taught to look up to their brothers, to wait on them, to give in to them, to take an altogether secondary place. The boys are mother's darlings, and can do no wrong. Such a system inevitably makes the boys undisciplined, selfish and objectionable, as well as robbing the girls of their natural, healthy independence of character. If a perfect equality cannot be maintained between the boys and girls then the boys should be the ones to give in to their sisters, and should be trained to do so in a gentle, chivalrous manner.

The influence of a mother is incalculable, and it is a significant fact that almost all our great men confess the secret of their greatness to be the lessons they learnt at their mothers' knees, and it is even more significant that men and women who have left the world wiser, happier or better than they found it have not been the spoils favorite of indulgent mothers, but on the contrary have been brought up with old-fashioned severity.

Inefficient Paget Sound Forts.

Naval officers think that the forts that defend Paget sound would be almost useless in case forest fires or thick fog prevailed at the time of an attack from the sea. Difficulties of navigation experienced during the most of the smoke haze caused by the recent tremendous conflagrations and the delay of the battleship Oregon in departing for Panama because of danger attendant on making the ocean through the smoke are responsible for the theory that the forts are inefficient under these conditions. The gunners in the forts would be unable to see to aim, even in the unlikely event of the discovery of the attacking force. Chicago Chronicle.

SHOOTING WILD TURKEYS.

Tricks of the Hunter, by Which the Great Birds Are Lured Within Range of His Gun.

It was now August, and though the hunting season did not begin until the middle of September, Peety was out with his double barrel, just the same, says W. R. Leigh, writing in Collier's. Weekly about shooting wild turkeys. Peety never had been fond of work, and since it had become perilous to make "moonshine" he found it easier to live on turkey flesh at this season (when, as he said, the young ones were still very silly) than on bacon. While the woods were half dark at the break of day, and a long winding cloud of silvery mist hung over the course of the Cuckoo, the gobbler headed the flock for the pasture field. It extended from the top down the eastern slope of a ridge, and the sun's first rays flooded its upper half with brilliant light.

A kilder flew noisily from the shoulder of the hill that sloped down toward the river, but the gobbler observed two pigs among the ragweeds there, which explained the circumstance and put him at his ease; he was not so foolish as a kilder. All became engaged in the pursuit of grasshoppers, and none perceived a stealthy form glide to the edge of a cliff on the opposite side of the Cuckoo. It was Peety; he saw the turkeys, saw the pigs, and his plan was made. Down the ridge by a watercourse which kept him out of sight, across the river without even stopping to take off his shoes, he went, and to the fence surrounding the field. He did not climb over it, because the elevation would have brought him in view of the flock, but on his hands and knees he crept through where a rail was broken, and into the ragweed. The turkeys were above, just over the hill, but when they raised their heads they could see him; the pigs were between.

The turkey gobbler every now and then looked up and surveyed the pigs, but, not having much of a head for numbers, it never struck him there were three pigs now where but two had been. He did notice that one approached gradually, but then it was only a pig; what did it matter? Suddenly up leaped Peety as if out of the ground, and rushed toward them. There was a moment of indecision, a fatal moment when all the turkeys ran together as though to take counsel of each other, and their stretched heads for an instant formed a group. It was the instant Peety was waiting for. A flash and a roar, and two turkeys rolled on their backs, another, and a third turkey dropped. Peety stopped to reload; the flock took to their wings, but before they were out of range two more shots rang out and another turkey fell.

Peety's impersonation of a pig was a role which suited him. Not satisfied with four turkeys, he followed to the part of the woods where he judged the most of the fugitives had gone and lay down flat on his stomach between a huge log and an old stump.

Now the silliness of the young turkeys showed itself, just as Peety knew it would. A half hour had not elapsed before one of them, after looking about from his hiding place and seeing and hearing nothing gave one call and received a low, slow answer. He waited and listened awhile and called again, a little louder and again that low, encouraging answer. It sounded just like his mother, he was sure it was she, and he stood up this time calling twice. Another little turkey, not far off called too, and this emboldened the first, and when he heard the low answer again he ran toward it. But it was only Peety with his wings out and as the turkey approached a shot rang out. So it went on; at noon Peety staggered home under the weight of eight turkeys, well knowing that he could get his dinner and return by the time the terrified birds would venture to call again.

A Medical Megaphone.

A curiosity of great antiquity is still to be seen within St. Andrew's church, at Wiltington, near Glastonburgh, says a Sunday magazine. This is a quaint speaking trumpet with an obscure early history dating back to the times of the Knights Templar. In shape it resembles a French horn, and is more than five feet long, having a bell at the end of the graduated tube. It was formerly six feet in length, but is now telescoped at the joints where the metal has apparently decayed. Tradition declares it was formerly sounded from the tower to summon aid in case of need as when blown at a height the wind deep notes the trumpet produced could be heard at a great distance away in bygone days. It is believed that this curious instrument has often been used to call together the villagers, thus dispensing with the usual bell, and to give additional power and strength to the choir, being probably used by the chief singer as the trumpet intones the usual sound to a marked degree. St. James Gazette.

A German's Mistake.

Many ludicrous mistakes are made by foreigners in grasping the meaning of some of our common English expressions. A young German attempting a western state university translated "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" into "The ghost is willing, but the meat is not able." And a Filipino youth fairly set the class in an uproar by the statement that "Out of sight, out of mind" meant "The invisible is insane."—Chicago Chronicle.

Fully Equipped.

Guests have you any dresscoats about this hotel?

Landlord (examining them): We have. There is a Bible in each room.—Chicago Daily News.

WOMEN MAKE GOOD FARMERS.

Are Well Fitted for the Occupation, and They Generally Make a Success of It.

According to Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, professor of home economics in the Minnesota School of Agriculture, farming is a pursuit in which women may achieve a pronounced success for the reason that nature has fitted them for it. "The work is ideal," she says, "and contrary to the opinion of the uninitiated majority eminently feminine," says Mrs. Meredith. "Why feminine? Because farming means infinite detail, and every woman, however unintelligent otherwise, possesses a genius for detail. Then it gives her a home, a thing almost impossible to secure in the very start, at least, in most fields of feminine labor, and most important of all, she meets not with opposition, but with cheerful cooperation from the men in the business. Sir Charles Dudley, an eminent Englishman, writing of the Americans, says that the distinguishing thing about the farmers in their respect for women. We women who have made farming our business can gladly vouch for that."

"Another idea, now nearly exploded, however, is that a woman would find it difficult, if not impossible, to get men to work for her. For my part, I, who am both housekeeper and farmer, could sooner and more easily hire 20 farm hands than one servant girl. I think this due partly to the fact that men who work on farms know that they receive better treatment as a rule when in the employ of women."

"As regards the profits in the business, both my friends and myself can testify that farming pays. For instance, on 33 head of shorthorn cattle which I sold last fall I made an average of \$475. Other women I know are doing just as well. Some of them are married women, who, having inherited farms, are running them successfully and without any aid from their husbands either. Miss Gertrude Norrish, of Hastings, Minn., a cultivated and highly educated woman whom I know, is making a brilliant success as a farmer. Other young women are running farms in partnership with their fathers and do their advertising under the heading of Mr. and Mrs. Black."

Putting Up Pumpkins.

Pumpkins are easily stored or dried. To can, stew till just soft enough to put through the colander, fill the cans or jars and set them in a pot of water to cook 20 minutes; then seal.

To dry, stew the pumpkin down slowly as dry as possible, to dry that when stirred away from the bottom no water will gather. When cool, put through the colander, spread on plates in thin layers and dry on the rack of the stove. When the top has craked a little, take a knife and turn the pumpkin over, breaking in small pieces. Do this before it has dried upon the plates. When wholly dry, pack in stout bags, or in boxes or jars. To use, for one pie take one-third of a cupful of the dried pumpkin and soak over night in a cup of milk. In the morning put on the back of the stove to warm and mash the lumps out. Add more milk and heat hot; add one egg beaten with three table-spoons of sugar, quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of ginger, put into the crust and bake. American Queen.

Some Uses of Salt.

For neuralgia take a small bag made of muslin or flannel, fill with salt, heat, and apply to the affected part. Many cases of scalds, diphtheria could be cured by a gargle of salt and water if taken at the start, gargling every hour, or half-hour, if necessary. One teaspoonful of salt in a glassful of water is a cure for many stomach troubles, indigestion and indigestion when taken regularly once a day. Wash the head occasionally with salt and water to lessen the falling out of the hair. Salt dissolved in warm water is restful and healing for tired and inflamed eyes. Brine is recommended for sore throats. Wash the wound well with the mixture, then bind it with a cloth covered with salt. One remedy for snake-bites is common salt mixed with the white of an egg to the consistency of paste, then spread on the wound. Sarsaparilla carpets sweep easily and are left with brightened colors. Woman's Home Companion.

Herb Salt.

Take bay leaves, sweet basil, marjoram and thyme in equal quantities. Place them on a dish in a very moderately heated oven, leaving the door open. When dry enough grind or rub them fine, using a small spice mill, if you have one. Rub through a wire sieve, allowing to eight ounces of the herbs two table-spoons of salt, half a teaspoonful allspice, half an ounce of white pepper. Put teaspoonful ground sage, one nutmeg, grated, one table-spoonful celery salt. When well mixed, put into wide-mouthed bottles and cork tightly and keep in a dry place.—Washington Star.

Green Tomato and Meat Pie.

Slice green tomatoes (thin and cover with boiling salted water); parboil them 15 minutes; drain. Butter a baking dish and put in a layer of the tomatoes, then season with salt; cover with a layer of cold meat sliced thin, season with salt, pepper, and a little table salt; cover with a layer of very thin slices of buttered bread; then more tomatoes, and so on until dish is full, having the top covered with buttered bread crumbs. Pour a little beaten egg over the top and bake until a nice brown.—Washington Star.