

The Nation's Food Expert



Dr. Wiley is chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. He is the man who recently studied the effect of boric acid and borax on the "poison squad."

BAY APPLES BRING MOTHS.

Germany Give Warning Against Keeping the Fruit in Dwellings.

Germany has found a peril in apples. They are the principal medium for the propagation and spread of the destructive house moth (Platyglyphus domesticus) according to observations recently made.

The discovery was the result of a plague of moths at Gries and the villages surrounding it. The larvae were traced to the stores of apples kept in the houses and thence to the trees themselves.

The larvae are found first of all in the apple blossoms. As the fruit grows they cluster in the conical depression about the stem of the apple.

When the fruit is taken into the house it is laden with eggs. The propagation of the eggs is said to be prodigious.

When the fruit is taken into the house the eggs find their way into clothing, hangings, carpets and upholstered furniture and the insect is hatched out, with the well-known ruinous results. The eggs are also said to be the cause of the white mottling that is so often noticed on dried fruit.

As a result of the discoveries it is urged that apples never be taken into dwellings without careful cleansing, and even then they should never be kept in living rooms, and the peelings should be promptly removed.

KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

Custom of Obsequence Originated with the Ancients.

The custom of kissing the feet of persons whom it was desired to honor originated with the ancients. The people of oriental nations used to kiss the hands and feet or hems of the clothes of the persons they wished to show respect for.

The ancient Egyptians got this custom from the Assyrians, and later the Greeks adopted the habit from the Egyptians. The Romans followed the Greeks, and then Pontifex Maximus had his great toe kissed by celebrities.

The story will be remembered of the old Briton ruler who appeared to do homage to a Roman monk after the conquest of Britain. He was told that it was customary to kiss the foot of the holy father. He hesitated for a moment and then, bending down, he suddenly seized the monk by the ankle and, jerking it up to his lips, toppled the worthy father over backward.

The toe of the sultan of Turkey is kissed by subjects of high rank. Those of more lowly position are merely allowed to touch the fringe of his garment to their lips, and the poorest classes must be content to make a low obeisance in his presence.—The Sunday Magazine.

The Genial Villain.

Within his home town, his ward, his circle, this new type of villain, the criminaloid, is perhaps a good man, if judged by the simple old-time tests. Very likely he keeps his marriage vows, pays his debts, "mixes" well, stands by his friends, and has a contracted kind of public spirit. He is ready enough to rescue imperiled babies, protect maidens, or help poor widows. In some relations he is more sympathetic and generous than his critics. Perhaps his point of honor is to give bribes but not to take them; perhaps it is to "stay bought," or not to sell out to both sides at once.

The type is exemplified by the St. Louis hoodler, who, after accepting \$25,000 to vote against a certain franchise, was offered a larger sum to return the bribe. He did so, but returned the witness stand why he had returned it. "Because it wasn't mine!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger. "I hadn't earned it!"—Atlantic Monthly.

Feathered Surgeons.

Certain birds seem to possess a remarkable instinct for surgery. The woodcock, the partridge and some others are said to be able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A naturalist observes that he has seen several woodcocks that were recovering from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stems of feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird.

In other cases ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken limbs.

A Little Martyr.

A minister's little daughter, who had been to church for the first time and heard her father preach, was questioned by him on reaching home as to how she liked his sermon. There was an embarrassed silence; then the little maid, tired out with the long strain of "being good," and yet anxious not to offend in any wise, made answer with a long-drawn breath of patient resignation: "You preached awful long, papa; but I bared it."

Knew What Was Coming.

The judge of the supreme court polished his glasses slowly and with dignity becoming a member of so august a tribunal. "Judge not," he said, "judge not," and paused and sighed. "Let ye be roasted in the magazines," he added.

The Last Straw.

Van Millyun is completely ruined financially. He was even compelled to sell his automobile. "Lmph! Hasn't a scent left, eh?" Judge.

PACKED TO BE STOLEN.

Old Man Had Fixed Up for Thieves and Had Repose Coming.

At midnight the other night I got a dig in the ribs and woke up to hear Mary saying: "Husband, get up at once or we shall have our throats cut."

"Have you discovered anyone in the room with a butcher knife?" I asked. "No; but there's an awful racket in the back yard."

"Well, who knows who is around and what they are stealing? Get right up and let 'em know you are at home."

"My dear woman, let's look at this thing from the other point of view. No person in our back yard is up here in our bedroom. Consequently, our throats are safe. It is a well known fact that I am always home at night, and no one will figure that this night is an exception. As to the identity of the marauders, what is it to us whether they are named Smith or Jones?"

"But do you want to be robbed?" persisted my good wife.

"I do not. No man does. I hear a barrel being softly rolled over the snow. That barrel contains a dead cat and a lot of old shoes and rubbers. I headed it up this afternoon and left it to be stolen. If not stolen it will cost me 15 cents to have it carted away. Mary, seek thy revenge. We have saved 15 cents in cold cash, the thief has worked up a surprise party on himself, and there is yet time to indulge in our full amount of sleep and wake up in the morning and be glad we are living."—Washington Post.

GREATEST OF ALL LAWYERS.

Men of Eminence Award Palm to Benjamin Harrison.

A group of lawyers were discussing various legal questions in the lobby of the Ebbitt hotel at Washington. The conversation had turned upon the big men of the legal profession.

"I am of the same opinion as the clerk of one of the circuit courts of Ohio," said A. H. Petty, of Urbana. "We had been talking of various lawyers who had made national reputations, and in that particular circuit many famous men had practiced before the courts. The clerk, who had had long experience and was a man of keen observation, asked me whom I regarded as the greatest lawyer I had ever heard of. I could not then call to mind any one who, in my opinion, stood out conspicuously above a dozen big men. The greatest lawyer," said the clerk, "that ever appeared in a court in this country was Benjamin Harrison. He never made an argument in a court room that he did not instruct the man on the bench. That was high praise, but looking at it afterward I came to the same conclusion. He had the greatest legal mind of any lawyer in the last 30 years in my opinion, and many others with whom I have talked are of the same belief."—Washington Post.

A Cigar Store Secret.

Every tobaccoist has on his counter a machine for cutting off the ends of cigars. These machines are popular for the reason that they pay for themselves many times over every year.

The ends that smokers cut off are carefully gathered from the counter, and it takes but a few hundred of them to make a pound of good tobacco. This can be sold for 40 or 50 cents.

Some cigar store clerks are very solicitous to see that the patron does not overlook the cutting machine. They push it towards him, and he is impressed with their politeness. These clerks have for a perquisite the machine's cuttings. This adds several dollars weekly to their salaries.

Few Good Stories Written.

"Since the world began," says Julian Hawthorne, "there have been written perhaps 100 supremely good works of fiction. Assume that the first of these was the Iliad, now about 3,000 years old. One hundred good stories in 3,000 years is a story every generation. Since the battle of Waterloo, then, there have been rather less than three of them. Probably we are overstating the number rather than the contrary. When you consider the matter, three supremely good stories in a hundred years is a very high average."

An Inference.

The Study club was reading about Constantine, and had come to the circumstance of his having a thousand cooks.

"Will Mrs. Ultry-Mural," said the leader of the day, "kindly tell us what she infers from this?"

"Why," replied Mrs. Ultry-Mural, "it would seem that the emperor must have lived in a very remote suburb, or else he didn't possess the despotic power we have sometimes supposed."

Diagnose to the Profession.

Wareham Long—I ain't arskin' fur somethin' to eat, mister. I'm tryin' to raise a little money so's I can get out of 'this town. I need a change of air.

Fellafire (formerly Rusty Rufus)—You do, you grimy old fraud, but you need a change of shirts a thundering sight worse. Here's a dollar and a kick, to assist you in effecting both of those changes. Have the goodness to move on.

TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

And He Was the Janitor of the Opera House.

"I never see it snow but I am reminded of one night in Colorado," said Jess B. Fulton, of the Fulton Stock company, a few days ago, as he watched the white falling flakes. "We were playing in Colorado one night stands, and we struck a small town in the mining country. It snowed all day, and at night you could not see a foot ahead for the blinding storm. Somehow the members of the company reached the theater and then waited for the audience to come. In about an hour a man entered and took a seat near the door. A consultation was held back of the scenes, and I was selected to go out and explain the situation to the audience. I stepped in front of the curtain and, clearing my throat, said:

"Sir, I am glad to see that the storm did not keep you away. We have decided to leave to you the question of whether we will have the show or not. You are the only man here, and tomorrow night we must make the next stand. We will give the play just as billed, if you ask it, but if you have no objection—"

"Say, pardner," interrupted the man, "I wish you would cut out that flow of gab and let me shut up this here house. Don't you suppose the janitor wants to go home some time? When there ain't nobody comin' let me lock up, will you?"—Kansas City Star.

WHERE MANKIND IS KING.

Gift of Speech Puts Him in a Class by Himself.

The gift of speech is the last proof of Divine favor. In virtue of which mankind has the rest of the animal kingdom faded, and stands in a class by himself.

Some beasts are stronger than men, and some know more, but no beast can be such a bore as a man, nor can any beast slip over, in the true sense of the term. These distinctions we owe to the gift of speech.

The gift of speech, moreover, lays us under compulsion to read a great many things which otherwise we would not, in order that when we have nothing to say, we may nevertheless say something. Thus we promote the publishing business, create a demand for wood pulp, assist in the deforestation of the earth's surface, increase discontent and contribute, at length, to progress and petulance.

Our ancestors used to consider speech a means of concealing thought, but we have nothing to conceal.—Puck.

Wolf Raided Sheepfold.

George B. Israel, who lives on the farm of Sheriff Samuel Parks, in Johnson township, Brown county, thought his sheep were being killed by Oscar Ault's dog. Israel went to the Ault home armed with a gun, where he intended to kill the sheep-killing dog. A fight took place between the two men, and after they had paid their fines before Justice Robinson of Johnson township they learned that he had just trapped a large timber wolf.

The neighbors immediately made friends and decided that the wolf had been killing the sheep instead of the dog, as supposed. The pet of the dead wolf was taken to Nashville. Numerous wolf tracks have been found in Johnson township, and a number of farmers are looking for other wolves which they believe have been visiting sheepfolds.—Columbus correspondence Indianapolis News.

The Wanderings of a Seagull.

On October 25 last there was shot at Ouchy, on Lake Lemman, a seagull, aged about 16 months, which, the Country Gentleman states, was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogelstation, Rosstitten 20." Rosstitten is situated in the Lido of the Courland lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Forel of Lausanne communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rosstitten. According to the latest notes, the gull No. 20 was hatched there, and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1906. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbarian.—Westminster Gazette.

Impossible.

Two barristers of the names of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quarrelling before the bench. One day the dispute arose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently: "You scoundrel! I'll make you behave like a gentleman!"

The other, smarting under the blow as he lay on the ground, energetically replied: "No, never! I defy you. You cannot do it, sir!"

Practical Mnemonics.

Gayley—You haven't had occasion to accuse me of playing poker for two years.

Mrs. Gayley—Three years, my dear Gayley—How do you know it's three years?

Mrs. Gayley—Because I've worn this dress that long and I got it the last time I caught you.

Almost a Nightmare.

"Don't you sleep well on the cars?" "No, I generally stay awake all night trying to remember the name of my sleeping car."

CREAM TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

Tramp Had Saved House, But He Was No Prodigal Son.

"One night as I was sleeping under a haystack on a farm in Connecticut," said the tramp, "I awoke to discover that the farm house was on fire. The roof had caught around the kitchen chimney and the family had not been aroused. I made for the house at once, gave the alarm, found and put up a ladder, and after the hardest kind of work extinguished the flames. I had my hair singed and my hands blistered and after it was all over the old farmer wanted to know how I happened to be on hand. I told him, and after a little thought he said:

"Well, you must be thirsty, and I'll have the wife get you a drink of milk."

"He called to her to fill a pitcher, and as I was washing my hands at the kitchen door I heard him say: "Hanner, be sure to skim the milk before you give it to him. He's a tramp and not used to cream."

"I politely declined the milk when it was brought out, telling the farmer that I didn't wish to deprive the pigs of their breakfast, and as I started off to find new lodgings he said: "You had lodgings in my haystack, and that's worth a quarter, but being you put the fire out I'm willing to call it square."

VALUE OF THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Will Be Hard to Get Historical Data If It Disappears.

Professor Frederick Starr, head of the anthropology department of the University of Chicago, in relating to his class some of his experiences in the Congo incidentally called attention to the fact that the old-fashioned family bible, with its birth and death records, was rapidly disappearing from homes in civilized countries.

"In not one-half the families to-day were we able to get the exact age and place of birth and other desired data," he said. "It is even more difficult to get such information in Africa. I think if the Bible, or some such book as the old-fashioned Bible of the civilized home existed these historical facts would be the more easily learned, and of course the moral influence would be greater."

Professor Starr also called attention to the motto of the Congo Free State—"Labor and Progress." The motto, he said, was well known among the natives, young and old.

"It is notorious here that few Americans know the motto of their own state," concluded Professor Starr.

Barr'd Monopolists.

On a recent occasion "down south" three little negroes, Moses, Jackson and Timmy, were called into "the house" by "Marse" John, who had owned their grandfather. He informed them that he would give ten bright new cents to the one of them who would tell him what were the three best things in the world. The coins were placed on a table and the white man held out three straws of different lengths, the boy who should draw the longest straw to have the first say. Timmy, the happy winner of this straw, was asked:

"Well, what are the three best things in the world?"

"Without a moment's hesitation he answered unhesitatingly: "I knows. The three bestest things in de worl' am possum 'n' sweet tatoes 'n' gravy."

Moses and Jackson made a simultaneous grab for the money and made off with it, one of them shouting back in a belligerent tone:

"He ain't gwine to hab de money, too, for dem's all de bestest things in de worl'!"

Old British Battleships.

A writer in the Manchester Guardian has just pointed out that the Britannia, which has recently joined the fleet at Gibraltar, is only the fourth English battleship of that name. The first was built in Charles II's reign, about the time that he also introduced the Britannia into our coinage, as the Office Window remarked a few days ago. The second Britannia fought at Trafalgar, the third in the Black sea in 1854, since when we have had no ship of that name until now. An old list of ships of the queen's navy, made in 1876, should suggest some new names to us now. The Bonaventure was one. There was the Elizabeth Jones, a name devised by her grace in remembrance of her deliverance from her enemies, as was the prophet Jonah delivered from the belly of the whale; there was the Tiger, "so-called of her exceeding swiftness and nimbleness, of course," and the Mary Reed, the Bark of Bullen, the Handmaid, the Antelope, the White Har, the Genet, the Achates and—the Dreadnot.—London Chronicle.

Objectionable in Either Case. Grace—Why did she break the engagement? Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed. Grace—What of it? Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

Similarity.

"It's a good idea to have something laid by for a rainy day." "Yep," answered Peter Corniossel; "only that kind of cash is a good deal like a regular umbrella. Some other fellow is liable to walk off with it just as the rain starts."