

ONIONS FOR SWEET PEOPLE

Negative Food for Positive Persons is Creed of Chicago Vegetarian—Cause of Diseases.

Chicago.—If you are a sweet dispositioned person of positive character you can eat onions without the least fear of a tainted breath, because that vegetable, being negative, is your dietetic affinity.

By the same token, if you are a strawberry blonde, or a peachy summer girl, you'd better let strawberries and peaches alone. If you don't you are apt to collide with nature's selective law, which makes only opposites attractive.

All this was explained by George J. Drows, A. D. (Doctor of Allmentarism) in a lecture before the Vegetarian society. "People should eat food that agrees with their character," he said. "Persons of positive character should eat negative food, and vice versa. Sour apples don't go well with persons with that sort of a disposition. In like manner, those of sunny character should not eat the sweet fruits."

Dr Drows painted a word picture of what he called an ideal salad. It consisted of a few leaves of cabbage and lettuce, combined with a few chopped carrots and sweet potatoes, the whole garnished over with a layer of ground nuts and honey.

"It is impossible for such a salad to ferment in the stomach," he said. "Fermentation is the cause of all diseases, and only cooked food can ferment."

IS A DISEASE OF POVERTY

Pellagra Due to Ill Nourishment and Poor Hygiene, Say Surgeons of Marine Hospital.

Washington.—Clinical analysis of many cases of pellagra have been made by surgeons of the marine hospital service in an endeavor to ascertain not only the cause of the disease, but also the methods of treatment.

The disease is peculiar to southern countries. As described by physicians and surgeons who have come in contact with it, it is a combination of skin affection and insanity.

Dr. C. H. Lavinder of the marine hospital service, who has made a special study of pellagra, and who has made a special report on the subject, is inclined to the belief that it is "essentially though not exclusively a disease of poverty, ill nourishment, bad hygienic surroundings and often alcoholism."

In the judgment of Dr. Lavinder no specific antidote for the disease has been discovered, but the use of arsenic has proved beneficial in combating certain toxic manifestations.

Exhaustive inquiry into the cause of pellagra has been made by the agricultural department. Dr. Carl L. Alisher is studying the disease from the viewpoint of agriculture. While it has not been demonstrated that the disease originates from the use of corn and its products, the assumption of the best authorities is that it does.

VISITS OF STORK TOO OFTEN

Frequent Trips to Poor, While Rich and Fashionable Have Fewer Blessings in Disguise.

New York.—The city born infant of the middle class parents thrives as well as the boy in New York take a shockingly disproportionate share of the rate of mortality.

Figures compiled for the first time by the New York milk committee showing the infant birth and death rate for equal numbers of parents, in areas inhabited exclusively by the wealthy, the well-to-do and the very poor.

The fashionable area had a population of 7,661 in 35 blocks, the well-to-do area, 7,668 in five blocks and the tenement dwellers, 7,653 in three blocks on the upper East side, not the most congested part of the city. The returns show that in the fashionable section 27 babies were born in one year, in the well-to-do section 160 and among the poor 484. To gauge the mortality rate, two summer weeks were chosen. Among the wealthy and well-to-do there were no deaths, against 16, or 4 per cent, among the poor.

HORSE IS A CHICKEN THIEF

Caught in the Act of Eating Fowl Taken From Roost—Mystery Cleared Away.

New York.—Her determination to discover the thief responsible for the disappearance of several fat chickens from her back porch Mrs. Fannie Carmon, Montgomery avenue, Tompkinsville, S. I., to fix the guilt on Dandy, a sorrel horse that has been a faithful servant in the Carmon family 12 years.

Mystified by the frequency with which her chickens disappeared from their roost at night in the stable, Mrs. Carmon kept watch. About midnight she heard squawks, then all was quiet. Going to the stable, Mrs. Carmon was amazed to see her horse finishing a meal of chicken. Nothing was left except a few feathers and the legs.

1,432 Suiicides in 1909.

St. Petersburg.—Statistics published regarding suicides in St. Petersburg in 1909 show that 1,432 persons took their own lives, and of these 982 were males and 600 females. They include 58 boys and 77 girls of ages varying from eleven to seventeen.

CARRIES GERMS OF TYPHOID

Housefly Known to Be Responsible for Spread of This Dreaded Disease.

The housefly killed 1,224 United States soldiers during the Spanish-American war through the medium of typhoid fever, more than were killed and wounded by Spanish bullets. There were 22,420 out of 133,513 soldiers, or one man out of seven of the enlisted force of the United States army attacked with the disease.

It has been known for many years that typhoid fever was caused by germs taken through the mouth, but it was not until the Spanish-American war that the housefly was known to be largely responsible for its spread.

At Camp Ramsey, Minn., where the Fifteenth Minnesota was in camp, what became known as ill-fated G company was detailed when the regiment left for Georgia to police the camp. Thirty members of the company were taken ill with typhoid fever within a day, and within a week the number increased to 60, nearly half the company. More than 20 men of the flower of the company died. The sudden epidemic has since been charged to the presence of myriads of flies which swarmed the deserted company streets and carried decayed refuse to the cook tent.

FAIR AT FRENCH CAPITAL

Quaint Gathering, With Misleading Name, a Feature of Gay City of Paris.

A great feature of the present week is the ham fair which is held on the Boulevard Richard Le Noir. The name of this fair is wholly misleading, for as far as I have seen hams are the very last thing any one buys there.

Old brass and copper curios, quaint jewelry, rare china, lace, tapestries and books are what most people go out for to seek, and a sight not to be easily forgotten is the long, wide boulevard lined with ramshackle stalls laden with every possible kind of lumber and presided over by the most rapacious of brocanteurs.

Out of piles of valueless lumber Americans and English diligently peep for their pet kind of curios, and there is not an artist in Paris who cannot point to some bit of furniture in his or her studio and say with pride, "I got that for five francs at the ham fair."

No one ever pays more than five francs, I notice, but, alas, every year these five franc bargains are becoming more rare, and even as housekeeping in Paris grows more and more costly so does the furnishing of one's house to keep.—London Queen.

Waiting for the Gas. They had just moved from one flat to another and everything was torn up.

To make matters worse the gas man hadn't been out to turn on the gas which undoubtedly had been shut off since last tenant had moved out, and there were no electric lights in the flat. They didn't want to buy an outfit of oil lamps for so short a time and were getting along the best they could with candles.

Each morning they called up the gas office and the clerk said there would be a man out that day, but it was more than a week before he finally showed up.

Then he knocked on the door and announced with a grin of sullen disgust: "That gas has been turned on all the while. Tain't never been turned off since them other folks was here."

The new arrivals had never thought of trying it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleep.

The first sleep is the soundest—after the first hour the intensity of sleep slowly diminishes—hence the value of forty winks after dinner in quickly recuperating shattered powers. Temperature and vitality are lowest at about 2:00 a. m., so that two hours' sleep before midnight are worth four thereafter. Nature has no rule as to the length of sleep, except that men need less than women, since women are the more sensitive creatures and a woman's heart beats five times more in a minute than a man's. Sleep should be just so long that when you wake in the morning a stretch and a yawn only are necessary to land you in a daytime of bounding vigor. As to early rising, it is comforting to hear Dr. Bryce say that it is a habit that has gone far to wreck the constitutions of many a growing youth.

Education and Efficiency.

Nowhere for many years continuously has the education machine worked more untriflingly than in London. Yet of the skilled labor of London two-thirds is done by men and women from the provinces, while seven out of every ten dock laborers and 80 and 90 per cent. of those who seek refuge in night shelters are London born and bred. What does this mean? Is it merely the fierce competition caused by the compelling attraction of London, with its glitter of wages? Or does it prove some fatal weakness in the London schools?—London Saturday Review.

Evidence of Selfishness.

"What a beautiful lawn Mr. Bliggins has!" "Yes," replied the neighbor. "But he isn't entitled to much credit. He keeps mowing it merely for the fun of waking the neighbors early in the morning."

FOR OPEN-AIR PREACHING

Only Pulpit of Its Kind in the United States Established in New York.

What is said to be the only open-air pulpit on the North American continent has recently been completed for Grace church, on Broadway, New York city. Outdoor preaching, to be sure, is by no means unknown in this country, but the architects have not heretofore made provision for it here as they have in France, Italy and England, where pulpits are built on the outside of churches or near by on crossroads. The Grace church structure, designed by William W. Renwick, is described in the International Studio by Samuel Howe. This pulpit, as Mr. Howe remarks, is well placed.

At Tenth street Broadway defects slightly to the west of the course it holds below, so that the corner is one which in itself is rare in this rectangularly planned city. The spot is known throughout the land and Grace church is dear to the hearts of many. The sculptor of the panels for this pulpit is Jules Edouard Roine, to whom the French government gave a special medal for his exquisite rendering of a plaque, "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." The theme of the panels is the beatitudes, suggesting the underlying philosophy of Christ's teaching as represented in the sermon on the Mount, preached in the open.

ONLY JAMAICA HE KNEW OF

All the Provincialism of Average Easterner Evidenced by Visitor to Artist's Studio.

A New York artist, lately returned from Jamaica, had some paintings of Jamaica scenery in his studio. One day a man who had been roaming through the room stopped before one work and asked: "What does this represent?"

"A scene in Jamaica," said the artist.

"That's odd," said the man. "I don't remember ever seeing anything like that in Jamaica."

"You have been to Jamaica?" politely inquired the artist.

"Sure!" said the man. "I live there. In that case you must certainly be acquainted with this scene, since it represents a scene in the principal part of the island."

The man from Jamaica regarded the artist with an air of amazement. Then he said: "I live in Jamaica, and I know every corner in the town. There isn't a bit of it that bears the least resemblance to that picture."

The mention of Jamaica as a town cleared away the mist.

"I see," said the artist. "you live in Jamaica, Long Island, don't you?"

"Yes," said the man. "Is there another Jamaica anywhere?"

Poor Old Scientists.

Four venerable scientists from the session that had just closed of the American Philosophical society went out into Fifth street.

Only men who have distinguished themselves are selected to membership in this society, and each of the members looks distinguished. The four massive heads were covered with snowy white hair.

"Gee, fellows, look at de high brows!" shouted a newbaw, as he caught sight of the four comrades in science strolling up the street.

"Highbrows, highbrows!" sang out other newbaws, running across Independence square and from intersecting streets. Soon a cavalcade of mocking youngsters surrounded the philosophers, who were forced to climb on a street car to escape the unwelcome attentions of the irreverent and ribald youths.—Philadelphia Times.

Musical Sense of Insects.

Interesting facts with regard to the musical perceptions of the water flea were mentioned at the Royal society's meeting by Mr. F. J. Cole.

The insect is particularly sensitive to certain notes on the tabor trombone. When imprisoned in a microscope live box it preserves a stolid indifference to most musical sounds. It is only when the B flat below the middle C of the trombone is in full blast that it expresses its displeasure by "fixing its first pair of antennae under its body."

One isolated specimen, however, was evidently irritated by every note of the instrument, while many appear to have been entirely tone deaf.—London Daily Mail.

Rostand's Love of Animals.

The French society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has invested M. Edmond Rostand with its highest diploma for having written "Chanteclair."

M. Rostand has replied with a long letter, in which he accepts the diploma and in which he says that he has always had a passionate love for animals and all dumb creatures and that he is much prouder of never having made the smallest of them squeak than he is of having made the poultry yard squeak.

The New Art.

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said G. Innis Kerr, the etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered, hotly, "and with my own hands, too." "And what do you pay your hands?" Mr. Kerr inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

FOREIGNERS IN THE MOSQUE

Peculiar Disregard of Moslem Feelings Evidenced by Party of Sightseers.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine says in describing his visit to a Constantinople mosque:

"Some kind of ceremony was in progress when we arrived, but as usual in such places, we did not mind. We went right in just the same, and our guides—two of us talked and pointed and did what we could to break up the services. Old turbaned sons of the prophet were kneeling and bowing and praying here and there, and were a good deal in the way, sometimes we fell over them, but we were charitably disposed and did not kick them—at least I didn't, and I don't think any of the party did. We might kick a dog—kick at him, I mean—if he tripped over one, but we do not kick a Moslem—not a live one. We only take his picture and step on him and muss him up, and make a few notes and go."

"I have been wondering what would happen to a party of tourists—Moslems, for instance—who broke into an American church during services, with guides to point and explain, and stared at the people who were saying their prayers and talked them over as if they were wax figures. An American congregation would be annoyed by a mob like that, and would remove it and put it in the calaboose. But then such things wouldn't happen in America. We have cowed our foreign visitors. Besides, there is nothing in an American church that a foreigner would care to see.—Outing.

PAINTED THE HOLY PLACES

How Resourceful Pasha Aided Artist to Get Pictures in Palestine.

Few painters have had more remarkable experiences than Carl Haag, the veteran water color artist, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Making ornate subjects his special "line," he has traveled all over the east in pursuit of local color and raw material, sometimes running no inconsiderable risk in doing so.

This was particularly the case during his travels in Palestine, when even the firman which he possessed from the sultan, permitting him to make sketches of the holy places, hardly availed to protect him at times from native superstition and fanaticism.

Mr. Haag even penetrated into the temple area at Jerusalem, where a Christian usually ventures only at the peril of his life. The pasha in charge of Mr. Haag was, however, a man of resource, and secured his protection by giving it out that he had been ordered by the sultan to make drawings of the mosque, and, further, that those who did not wish to be included in the picture must keep out of sight, with the result that Mr. Haag was left quite unmolested by the superstitious Moslems.

Fish Wear Out a Bridge.

John Shafer, Jr., deputy in the office of County Surveyor Frank Haycock of Hennepin county, says that fish have butted and rubbed up against the piles of the bridge at Orono, Lake Minnetonka, until that aged edifice has become weakened, necessitating its closing.

Shafer and Edward Terrell, another deputy, were sent out to inspect the spot.

"Yes, sir," said Shafer, "those fish kept on butting up against that pier until the wood was almost worn away. In order to get there we had to pound the water around the place to keep the funny things away until we could finish our inspection."

"Why those fish are so numerous at Minnetonka this year that they get pushed through the narrow passage so swift that they simply wear out the wood."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Shoplifted for a Man.

"Only once in my experience has a woman shoplifter who was caught with the goods on stolen anything for a man to wear," said the store detective. "The woman kleptomaniac feigns her own wardrobe every time. Yesterday furnished the exception. One self-sacrificing soul, who apparently thought more of her man folk than she did of herself, was trying to get away with six pairs of socks, a bunch of suspenders, some men's handkerchiefs, two shirts and an assortment of cuff buttons. The circumstances were so unusual that we let her go with a reprimand."

Lincolned His Sanctum.

If the Times is a little shy this issue please lay the blame upon Boone and Cliff Boone, who have been giving our humble quarters a thorough interior decoration of paper and white paint, and not that we had the money, but the credit, we have lincolned our cosy little sanctum and arranged things most conveniently for our daily visitors. If you think we're looking too nice, just drop in and make yourself as much at home as you always have.—Louisiana Times.

To Get His Money's Worth.

"So you are moving out to a suburb?"

"Dear me! Whatever has caused you to take such a step?" "My husband is a member of three clubs, and he wants a chance to stay all night at them, once in awhile."

CENSUS TAKER AND ANOTHER

Slight Misunderstanding That Arose Where Two Men Called on Housewife at Once.

The door bell rings and the housewife opens the door to find there two men.

"I am the census man, madam," says the man in front, "and I have called to take the census."

"You will have to see my husband at his office," the housewife says, "and talk with him."

"Well, madam," the census man says, "I think I will leave the blank with you and ask you or him to fill it in and I will call again." With that he hands her the blank and passes on, while she closes the door.

A moment later another ring, and this time when the housewife goes to the door she finds still standing there the other man who had stood back of the census man when she first opened the door, and now to this man she says: "Well, what do you want?" "Madam," says this man, "I am the new minister."

By just one chance in a million he had reached this door just one foot behind the census man and there he had stood while the census man was talking, and naturally enough she had thought he was with him; but the new minister she asked in.

BAPTIZED IN CRYPT CHAPEL

Unique Honor Accorded Infant Born Within Precincts of British Parliamentary Palace.

Two years ago a "crypt christening" took place in Great Britain's parliamentary palace, at which Archbishop Wilberforce, chaplain to the house of commons, officiated. This christening (by virtue of a privilege granted originally by the pope to Edward III) took place in the parliamentary crypt chapel.

The infant baptized was the child of Mr. Bradshaw, the resident engineer, and was born within the precincts of the royal palace at Westminster. It was this fact which brought the baby within the privileges of the old papal grant (still preserved in the record office) by which the pope presented a college of priests for his "new chapel of St. Stephen" and also a font, in which the children of the royal family, as well as any other children born within Westminster palace, might be baptized.

The last case of the kind, says the Strand, was a christening in the family of Viscount Selby when he was speaker; indeed there have been only three cases within the last century in which the privilege has been exercised by virtue of birth within the precincts of the parliamentary palace.

The Horrible Fly.

Only gross ignorance, it seems, can make it possible for anyone to view with calmness the spectacle of a single housefly buzzing around a May day. The enlightened person knows that this fly before the end of June will have produced a progeny of over a million and a half. "Kill a fly in August," says E. E. Austen, of the British museum, "and you have only the blood of one miserable insect on your hands, but slay one in April—prevent it from breeding—and you can conscientiously compute your bag by the hundred thousand. Houseflies survive the winter in the person of several sturdy females, which hibernate from October to April in secluded corners of out-houses and stables. Then, on a fine, warm day in April or May, out they come, and if the weather continues fine proceed to lay their eggs. They lay some 120 at a time, and, roughly, these eggs take three weeks to develop into the perfect adult insect."

The Cold Young Lawyer.

Mrs. B. Smith, the veteran actress whose eightieth birthday was celebrated by a dinner of the Professional Women's league in New York, said of the modern spirit at this dinner: "The modern spirit is more mercenary than the spirit of the fifties. I know a very beautiful girl—in my day she'd have been married off as soon as she was eighteen—but, though she is now twenty-five, her matrimonial prospects are dark and gloomy."

"At a tea I pointed the beautiful creature out to a young lawyer and said: 'There's nothing sweeter and lovelier than that girl in America. Why don't you try for her hand?'"

"What has she got in it?" the young lawyer coldly answered.

He Had Been Easy.

Francis Wilson, at the Players' club in New York, lamented the heavy losses that a brother actor had sustained on Wall street.

"Too bad!" said Mr. Wilson. "Poor Betterton! Why, the Wall street men are all laughing at him."

"A couple of Wall street men were golfing the other day on Long Island. They decided to name the holes on the course."

"And what shall we call the first hole?" the older man asked.

"Call it Jack Betterton," the other answered, chuckling.

"Why call it that?"

"Oh, because," was the reply, "it's so easy to do."

Find Ancient Cannon.

A Rome correspondent informs us that some very interesting discoveries have been made in the course of excavation work around the island of Lido in Venice, where a number of ancient pieces of artillery have been found beneath six feet of mud, says the London Globe. The cannon are all in a state of excellent preservation, though it is clear from their construction that they must date back to a period almost immediately after the discovery of gunpowder and it is believed that they will prove of very great artistic and historic value.

KEPT PLEDGE IN NEW WAY

Pat Able Truthfully to Assert that He Had "Drank" Nothing Intoxicating.

Magistrate Carey found a new form of intoxication yesterday morning when a prisoner was arraigned before him at Third and De Lancey streets police station on the charge of being drunk and disorderly.

When the prisoner gave his name as Bill McCarthy and residing in the neighborhood of Front and Spruce streets, the magistrate recognized him immediately and said: "Well, you are here again, Bill; I didn't expect you would keep the pledge which you took only a week ago, so I will send you up the river this time."

"Judge, your honor, you are mistaken," quickly replied McCarthy. "I took the pledge to abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors for a period of two years and will swear that I did not drink a drop from that time until this moment, and, furthermore, I intend to stick to that pledge."

"What!" shouted the magistrate, "do you mean to stand there and tell this court that you have not been drinking? You are not sobered up now after spending the night in the cell, and from appearances you had a grand time."

McCarthy again spoke up and flatly denied drinking.

"It was this way," he said. "I made some ice cream and not having anything to flavor it with remembered where I had a bottle of brandy hidden away in my closet for medical purposes and poured the contents of the bottle into the cream. After it was frozen I molded the cream into blocks and ate it. It was so good that I believe I ate too much; but remember, I kept the pledge."—Philadelphia Times.

MUST PRODUCE THE EVIDENCE

Harvard Professors Declare That Kissing Is Not Harmful, but is That Enough?

Word comes from Harvard that kissing is not harmful, but the careless professors fail to offer any confirmatory proof. If the experimenters could file a few duly attested statements of the following character the public would consider their assurances much more satisfactory:

"Exhibit A—Professor B, while descending from classroom Y, met pretty laundress X on stairs and kissed her. In this experiment diagnosis showed a slight acceleration of pulse with mild febrile complications. No further disturbances were observed."

"Exhibit B—Professor C, while on brief visit to his home, encountered ancient maiden aunt, supposedly rich, and kissed her. In this experiment no disturbances whatever were indicated. Professor C voluntarily admitted having kissed maiden aunt on several previous occasions, exact dates not given, without prejudice to his normal condition. The professor has been added to the immune experimental squad."

Babies Quieted With Opium.

Opium is fed to babies of the middle and wealthy classes to keep them quiet. Such is the startling charge made by Mrs. Gold Campbell Dauncey in a magazine article. She says there is a total ignorance among many wealthy mothers as to the proper care of their babies and that consequently the care and training are left to lazy or ignorant nurses who give the little ones sedatives, including opium, to make them sleep and thus reduce the amount of work. Mrs. Dauncey severely criticizes the mothers and suggests a school for the teaching of woman the proper way to toilet, train and feed their babies. She tells of calling on a fashionable mother who prided a new nurse because since her arrival baby never cried or was irritable, but slept practically all the time. Mrs. Dauncey asked to see the baby and there plainly in its face were the marks of opium. She says that any person who can recognize the traces of the drug can see them in many babies in the park. Her remedy is education.

The Size of Antarctica.

It is a somewhat curious fact, if it is a fact, that the last of the terrestrial continents to be explored is the largest mass of raised land in the world. The concentration of attention upon the south pole since Commander Peary landed the other end of our axis makes it highly probable that the antarctic antipode will soon be dangling from some explorer's belt. Incidentally, the south polar continent will be opened, if not to the settler, at least to the mapmaker. We already know something of its fringes at a few points, and Lieutenant Shackleton pushed into it south of Mount Erebus and Terror for several hundred miles, but the greater portion of its surface is still terra incognita.—Collier's.