

HEIGHT OF POETIC VIGOR

Oscar Wilde's Beautiful Thoughts While Prisoner on the Verge of Freedom.

Of course to one so modern as I am, enfant de mon siècle, merely to look at the world will be always lovely. I tremble with pleasure when I think that on the very day of my leaving prison both the laburnum and the lilac will be blooming in the garden, and that I shall see the wind stir into restless beauty the swaying gold of the one, and make the other toss the pale purple of its plumes so that all the air shall be Arable for me. Linnaeus fell on his knees and wept for joy when he saw for the first time the long heath of some English upland made yellow with the tawny aromatic blossoms of the common furse, and I know that for me, to whom flowers are part of desire, there are tears waiting in the petals of some rose. It has always been so with me from my boyhood. There is not a single color hidden away in the chalice of a flower, or the curve of a shell, to which, by some subtle sympathy with the very soul of things, my nature does not answer.

All trials are trials for one's life. Just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into a prison for two years. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but nature, whose sweet rains fall on the unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hut; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.—Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis."

FIDELITY IN SMALL THINGS

Daily Record Shows What Grave Accidents May Be Traced to Trifling Neglect.

The cause of the sinking of the Pere Marquette car ferry, while not definitely known to any of the survivors, is pretty well determined to be from portholes which were open when they should have been closed, says a writer in Popular Mechanics. These ports were not so very large, only twelve inches in diameter, and only a few in number, but the man whose business it was to see that they were closed when the lake roughened, for some reason failed to do his duty. It doubtless seemed a commonplace thing to go back to that small after compartment and make sure the openings were shut, but the failure to do so cost the watchman's own life and that of many others. It is another sad lesson of the importance of fidelity in what are, or appear to be, small things; and yet most of the serious accidents in modern transportation seem to trace back to apparently trifling neglect. A switch light is poorly trimmed; as the tender thinks to himself, what matters a single lamp among the hundreds of thousands that nightly connect the furthest parts of the land with a cobweb of rubylines. And so the story could be extended indefinitely, but the moral always comes to the fore again, that faithful, conscientious performance of duty is as essential in the unknown, humble worker as in the leader of men or the hero who saves the battle.

Change Color of Uniform.

Time and necessity have at last convinced the French military authorities that a change will have to be made in the color of the army uniform. France alone among the great nations has clung to the military uniform of the past, and it will come with a shock not only to recruits, but to the public as well, to know that the familiar blue coats and red trousers will no longer distinguish the soldier of the line. The protective coloration of the army dress was first recognized by Great Britain, whose military authorities after long research hit upon khaki as affording least detection and possessing advantages of cleanliness, cheapness, and durability. The United States followed suit, as did other nations. Neutral tints of gray or gray blue have been adopted by a number of European armies.

Dear Little George.

"I think you will like our George," said the food mother to the new minister. "He's so polite, and so unusually choice in his use of language. Come here, George, dear, and speak to Mr. Pinkley. He's our new minister, you know."

"Shake hands, my little man," said the pastor, encouragingly. "You appear to me like a very good kind of a boy. Am I right?"

"You bet your fuzzy Fedora you're right!" cried George. "Say, old top, gimme a nickel!"

Possibly.

It was in a remote theater, which glories in a "clever" leading woman. The manager from New York looked on approvingly. Finally he said to the local potentate: "Twelfth Night" would be a good play for this girl."

"Yes," said the local manager, rising to the bait of a good idea. "Can you go to it?"

WARNING TO ALL PARENTS

The Tendency of Some Mothers and Fathers to "Show-Off" Their Children Usually Ruins Them.

When parents are the proud possessors of a very bright and clever child there is always the risk that they may make of their offspring a "self-conscious and priggish little person. It is natural enough, but should be inclined to "show off" when their attainments are so high. It is extremely bad for children, converting them into self-conscious little men and women instead of just natural "rough and tumble" boys and girls with a healthy liking for marbles or dolls, says Woman's Life. Many a child has been utterly ruined in disposition by a parent's openly shown pride, and the tendency to bring children forward unduly, and to make them the center of attraction before visitors is all too common. It is, of course, very hard for the mother and father of a bright child to realize that the small genius is bound to be less interesting to other people than to themselves, that friends do not visit them for the sole pleasure of hearing Katie recite or Tommy sing the latest popular song in his shrill treble. It may be amusing for a while, but "show off" children are apt, later on, to show scant liking for the more solid attainments, with the result that their slower, duller brothers and sisters leave them behind on the ladder of fame. Cultivate a child's talents by all means, but do not parade them in public before him. It may mean the ruin of a possibly fine career.

WOULD ABOLISH PUBLIC ZOO

Restlessness or Sullen Melancholy of Wild Animals Caged Has Gloomy Impressiveness.

The chafing restlessness or sullen melancholy of wild animals caged, has a gloomy impressiveness which works powerfully on the sympathy of sensitive persons. A rich New York woman, Mrs. George W. Fackler, wants to abolish all the zoos in the country. The sentiment which prompts her commands admiration without conviction. Something must be conceded to science, to amusement, to popular curiosity, which are all concerned in exhibitions of the denizens of jungle and forest. Then, is Mrs. Fackler sure she would really benefit the animal creation by her plan? Free wild beasts suffer a worse fate than imprisoned ones. The war of tribe against tribe, furred, feathered or finny, is an endless and frightful conflict, with no quarter given. All hunters can tell shocking stories of animals mutilated by each other, or injured by accident, and condemned to drag out a lingering agony more dreadful than death. We read of skilled medical attendance for elephants, lions and bears in zoos. But the only hope of a wounded or sick animal in the woods is a merciful bullet from some chance sportsman.

To Lengthen Life.

A former United States surgeon says that human life may be lengthened if people are taught more about the subject of ventilation, how to breathe, how to dress. In addition, he would have food supplied by municipal kitchens, where the cooks shall be required to pass an examination and not be engaged unless they possess the proper certificate of qualification. He might have gone further and said that in case we have municipal kitchens there would also have to be a municipal kitchen commission instructed to see that the kitchens provide pure food. Perhaps there would have to be a kitchen committee above them to see that the commissioners were not influenced by "graft." But many a housekeeper will cling to her kitchen to the last. She may accept ready-to-wear clothing and send her washing to the laundry to be cleaned with the clothes of a hundred other families, but most families like their food cooked in some particular way which renders the community kitchen, whether in boarding house or fashionable hotels, unsatisfactory.

Nurses Not Medical Men.

"Nurses are not medical men." On the contrary, the nurses are there, and solely there, to carry out the orders of the medical and surgical staff, including, of course, the whole practice of cleanliness, fresh air, diet, etc. The whole organization of discipline to which the nurses must be subjected is for the sole purpose of enabling the nurses to carry out, intelligently and faithfully, such orders and such duties as constitute the whole practice of nursing. They are in no sense medical men. Their duties can never clash with the medical duties. Their whole training is to enable them to understand how best to carry out medical and surgical orders, including (as above) the whole art of cleanliness, ventilation, food, etc., and the reason why this is to be done this way and not that way.—"A Forgotten Letter" of Florence Nightingale's, in Century.

An Architectural Incident.

The West Philadelphia man plucked up his morning paper and read the headlines: "Max Hit by Bolt From Clear Sky." For a moment he was puzzled. Then he read further on and found that the man had been standing near a skyscraper in course of erection, and that a workman had dropped the bolt, which had alighted on the unfortunate man's dome of thought.

GIRL, 16, ON \$20,000 A YEAR

New York Woman Estimates What Her Daughter Needs to Live on Comfortably.

New York—A girl of 16 can get along on \$20,000 a year and live comfortably, according to the estimate of Mrs. Emily Ladenburg, who has applied to County Judge Edgar Jackson at Mineola, L. I., for that amount for her daughter, Eugenia.

Miss Ladenburg is heir to a fortune, the disposition of which is at present in the hands of the court.

Her mother, who is a member of the Meadowbrook colony, filed a petition asking for the allowance mentioned.

In the petition Mrs. Ladenburg says that her own income is only \$8,000 a year and that it takes all that for the bare necessities of life.

Her schedule of what her daughter needs for the next year is:

- Maid, \$20 a month.
- Governess, \$50 a month.
- Clothing, \$67 a month, with \$1,000 more for traveling and evening clothes.
- Maintenance of an automobile, \$2,000 a year.
- Maintaining two horses, \$34 a month, with extra horses, amount not specified.
- Groom, \$600 a year, with extra grooms, amount not specified.
- Tickets to Europe, Miss Ladenburg and maid, \$500.
- Traveling expenses, \$240.
- Theaters and other amusements, \$250.
- Hotel expenses abroad, ten months, \$5,500.
- Maintenance of country place at Westbury, \$5,000.
- Rent of apartment on return from Europe, \$720.
- Tuition and dancing lessons, \$1,250.
- Treatment of teeth and jaw trouble, \$1,000.
- Music and incidentals, amount not specified.
- Decision was reserved.

SQUIRREL MAKES GOOD FIGHT

Administrators Severe Bites to Several Youngsters Who Would Hold Animal in Captivity.

Birmingham, Ala.—A squirrel, 10 bloody boys and a crowd of curious spectators entered to produce one of the strangest and most amusing incidents that has occurred at the Terminal station since that place was opened.

The incident was the efforts of several boys to hold a small squirrel which did not like captivity.

One youngster grabbed the squirrel and attempted to place it in a bag. The boy's hands were lacerated terribly by the captive, and immediately surrendered to another one. The second tamer grabbed the little animal only to be bitten about five times on the hand. Blood spouted over everything nearby. This process of exchanging was gone through with until every youngster in the bunch was bitten and scratched by the fighting squirrel. Finally a passenger, unable to witness the blood of the kids, suggested the placing of the squirrel in a paper bag. Strange to say, when this was done the kids walked off with the squirrel perfectly tame and quiet. After biting the boys and scratching all of them many of the men marveled at the tameness of the creature when it was placed in the bag. It could have easily broken through the paper and escaped.

The boys, bleeding in several places about the hands, marched off proudly with the squirrel, and to outward appearance, did not mind the terrific biting they received in getting the little captive into the bag.

MONKEYS ON WILD RAMPAGE

Shy Mischievous Little Animals Break From Cage and Take Refuge in Warehouse.

London.—Half a dozen trained monkeys gave a free exhibition to several hundred Clerkenwell children.

Escaping from a cage in a stable near Rosebery avenue, the monkeys soon overran the neighborhood. Scampering across roofs and running up rainwater pipes, they entered a warehouse by a broken window at which they chattered and grinned until their keeper recaptured them several hours later. The crowd was chiefly amused by the antics of the smallest, which hit and otherwise irritated his companions until they turned and by a combined attack punished him.

The owner of the monkeys, a music hall showman, was chiefly concerned lest the delicate animals should catch cold in the nipping east wind.

Arrests Rooster to Save Man.

Geneva.—City Marshal Fred Baker arrested a bantam rooster and locked it in the city jail as a possible means of saving the life of Henry Kent, a typhoid fever victim, in the Geneva hospital. The rooster insisted on crowing near Kent's window and the noise annoyed him so much the physician in charge advised the incarceration of the rooster.

Wireless From Ireland to Canada.

Pisa, Italy.—William Marconi personally directed an exchange of communications between the wireless station at Collins and the stations at Clifden, Ireland, and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, thus inaugurating a new service by which it is expected the rates of wireless dispatches to America will be greatly reduced.

DO NOT BURN THE LEAVES

They Are Nature's Own Fertilizer and As Such Should Be Turned Over to the Soil.

Fools burn leaves, leaving for themselves a pinch of poor ash, but sending back into the air what was taken from it by the process of growth, says the Outlook Magazine. These thousands of tons are not made out of the earth, but out of the air and are intended to be turned over into soil. If you plant a tree in a tub of dirt and leave it there until it weighs one hundred pounds, you will find, by weighing the dirt, that the tree was not made up of what was in the tub, but almost altogether of what it could get from the air—carbon and nitrogen for the most part, with hydrogen composing a good share of the liquid part of sap.

The elements of the soil that are not in the air are deep down under the surface of the soil, or incorporated in the rocks. The most important are potash from ashes, wood waste, soap suds, and there are a few soils that in their natural state are entirely deficient in this element. The timber soils of our corn belt contain about two thousand pounds of phosphorus per acre. Raising crops that use up these elements steadily lessens the possibility of growing any crops at all. We have got to find them in the soil, if we use them up, we have got to replace them.

Agriculture should be renamed arboriculture, because we are really taking from the air the larger part of our annual crops. What we must know is how to do this most readily. Our fathers knew that they must rotate crops. They knew, also, that living plants fed on decaying plants, this having first served as food for animals.

HIS CLIENT KNEW LAW, TOO

New England Farmer Accused of Killing a Neighbor "Kills Two Birds With One Stone."

John L. Cochran, who lives in Bretton Hall, met a lawyer the other day he used to know in the south, and who had been for some time in practice in a small New England town.

"Hello, Jack," he said, "where are you going?"

"Back to God's country to stay. The south for mine."

"Why, I thought you liked the east and were doing well."

"I did; but there are some things about some of these Yankees I can't stand. A man up where I was practicing killed a neighbor, and sent for me as soon as he was jailed to take the case. He gave me a mortgage on his farm for a \$500 retainer. I put in a defense of insanity and got him free. When I went around to collect the balance of my fee he grined."

"Sorry for ye," he said, "but ye see I was crazy when I gave ye the mortgage. Ye said so, 'an' so did the jury. It ain't no good in law an' of course I can't pay out money on an illegal document, and if I am stone broke besides."

"I saw he had me where the wool was short, and you now see me on my way back here all guilty of murder is to get somebody to swear the victim made a motion toward his hip pocket."

—New York World.

Digging Kauri Gum.

Kauri gum, found underground in New Zealand, and dug to the amount of a million and a half yearly, is used chiefly for furniture polishes and varnishes, and most of it is exported in America. The industry of digging it is unlike any other in the world. A kauri forest is a beautiful sight, but kauri gum country is treeless, barren and desolate, even, and swampy very often, with singularly heavy, cloying soil, out of which the gum formed on kauri pines of ancient and long-vanished forests is dug or speared. There are whole stretches of this treeless kauri country, with nothing but a little scrub fern growing on it. It is very rough for riding about (the gumfields are too extensive to be seen except riding) and a native horse should be ridden accustomed to going without getting its feet down any of the numerous holes. Some of the gum diggers—about 3,000 in all—are Morris, pleasant, friendly natives; some are British, and a certain number are Dalmatians.

Proof of Love.

A candidate told this story at a mass meeting, where preceding orators had urged the audience to show their patriotism by voting for the best man. "The honeymoon of a newly married couple was about to end," he said, "and the young bride asked her husband what she could do to prove she loved him with all her heart. The husband replied: 'You might turn over all the foolish letters I have written you, so that I might have the satisfaction of destroying them.'"

Needn't Keep Promise.

Little Jimmy's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother started to fulfill her duty she sobbed and begged for mercy. "But, Jimmy," said the mother, gently, "I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and mother must keep her word, you know."

Between muffled sobs Jimmy was aged to say: "You needn't break your word, mamma; couldn't you just change your mind?"—Pathfinder.

LIFE IN THE AGES GONE BY

According to Standards of Living, Wages Were Good in the Fifteenth Century.

Good work and honest dealings were exacted by each guild of its members, and their laws against adulteration and the like were almost savage in their severity. In the year 1548 two grocers were burnt in Nuremberg for adulterating saffron and spices. A similar instance occurred at Augsburg in 1492. In some towns makers who did not properly bake their bread were shut up in a basket fixed to the end of a pole, and soured to the bottom of a pool of dirty water as many times as were thought necessary to reform and make better tradesmen of them.

Wages, judged by what the money would buy, were good in the fifteenth century. In South Germany the average price of beef was about half a cent per pound, while the daily wages of carpenters and masons, in addition to their keep, amounted to about eight cents a day. In Saxony the same workmen earned, besides their keep, nine cents per day. In addition to this the workman was given a certain sum each week to pay for the expense of washing himself. This wholesome gratuity was known as washing money. In every town there were the needful arrangements for bathing, both in winter and summer; and it was a customary thing for the workmen to demand for their workmen a holiday once a fortnight, and sometimes oftener, for the purpose of bathing.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century a day laborer could earn, besides his keep, 22 cents. A pair of shoes cost him seven cents; a sheep ten cents; a fat hen about one and ten cents; 25 codfish, ten cents; a wagon load of firewood, delivered, 12 cents; an ell of the best homespun cloth, 12 cents; a bushel of rye, about 15 cents.—From "The Story of France," by Thomas E. Watson.

GO IN FOR WHOLESOME FUN

Recreation a Necessity, But Beware of the Wrong Sort of Pleasures.

Those who try to do without recreation pay the penalty in arrested development, says Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine. They dry up. Their lives become joyless and uninteresting. They do not get rid of the brain ash from one day to another, and the monotony of using the same faculties a great many hours each day without change or diversion will soon so deteriorate the mind that it will lose its elasticity, its power to rebound, and the brain will operate in a perfunctory manner, instead of with strong, vigorous action and will produce nothing original or great.

A multitude of people, however, lose the very good they are seeking in their recreation by indulging in pleasures which demoralize, weaken, and which, instead of making them fresher and stronger for their next day's work, leave a demoralizing reaction and exhaust their vitality. Their "good time" does not accomplish the end sought, because they cannot discriminate between innocent amusement, which sends a beautiful glow all through the whole nature, rebuilds, rejuvenates, refreshes, refines at the life forces to their normal condition, and the pleasures which exhaust the vitality, deplete the life forces. Those people confuse fun with dissipation. Anything which lessens your self-respect, which you are ashamed to mention to your mother or sister, which makes you think a little less of yourself, is dissipation—not good, wholesome fun.

Editorial Diversion.

The chief editorial writer on one of the local papers has discovered a brand new way of relieving brain fog, ennui and editorial tedium in general. Like many a noteworthy discovery, this one came accidentally. One morning after rounding out his leading editorial for the following day this ponderous brained molder of public thought chanced to tap with his pencil, meditatively, on the remains of the back of his swivel chair. There were eight of these rounds, and, lo! he found that each one was tightened to a different musical key. In other words, by striking the rounds with his pencil in a certain irregular order, he could ruse the scale. By the same token he could play a tune. Up to that time he had never gone in for music to any great extent, but now he was all keen for cultivating that hitherto neglected phase of his nature. His practices concentration of thought, that he may get through his work with reasonable dispatch, and then he begins on the back of his revolving chair. A day or two ago he had practically mastered that "P-faddy" tune and was starting on another one.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monster Glaciers.

The great size of the glaciers around Mount Cook, in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasmanian is 15 miles long; the Merced, ten miles; the Godley, eight miles; the Mueller, eight miles; and the Hooker, seven miles. Most of these glaciers have moraines of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with European glaciers. The Southern Alpine snow-line is only a little over 7,000 feet. Glacially polished rocks are rare, and in many ways the mountains are singularly different from those of Central Europe.

Chase Cows From Pumpkins

Banger, Me.—The prolific Northampton county pumpkin crop is distinguished this year by the pumpkins running extremely small in size. One redeeming feature, however, housewives report, is their extraordinary sweetness and that they make the best pumpkin pies ever.

Cows are crazy for the pumpkin, hence when Joseph Trace of Upper Mount Bethel township noticed his herd was not eating the pumpkin fodder cut up in golden yellow slices and thrown over the fence to them, he had several gloomy days wondering what he would do with the 20 wagon loads he had hauled in off his corn fields.

Not until a close look was taken the other day was the mystery solved. With a whistle of surprise he disappeared around the corner of the house to the spray and entered the kitchen a few minutes later carrying a couple of chunks of spogy yellow stuff, which led Mrs. Trace to ask where he got the stuff.

"This ain't cheese," he explained. "This is why the cows won't eat this year's pumpkins. I'm going to town right away and file a patent on the original Northampton county pumpkin honey. That's what!"

Walks 200 Miles to Wed.

Tacoma, Wash.—Allan Rowe of Fairbanks, Alaska, walked 200 miles to Peary Mts after navigation had closed, that he might marry Mrs. Lawrence. He weighed 203 pounds at the start, but lost 30 pounds.

HOBBLE SKIRT JOKE

Parisian Designers Got Idea From Cleverly Drawn Cartoon.

Cartoonist Now Apologizes, Declaring Never Thought Such Mode of Dress Possible—Intended to Ridicule Low Waist.

London—Who is responsible for the invention of the "hobble" skirt? Some famous fashion creator of Paris, every one will say, by no means. W. K. Haselden, the cartoonist, envolved it out of his inner consciousness many months before it was actually created as a dress.

On Feb. 14, 1909, he thought of it as a hideous possibility which might some day come true. The next day his conception of it appeared as a cartoon, in company with other products of his imagination; later a Parisian fashion expert saw the cartoon and seized upon the idea.

Some months later the hobble skirt appeared in Paris, and in December, 1909, was actually being worn in London, and speedily became the rage.

In one or two cases enthusiastic adopters of it were so overzealous that they had hobble skirts made for them which were so tight they prevented their getting in or out of vehicles, and broke bones resulted.

Other wierd dress designs were "the knee-and elbow-room dresses," a quaint conceit which showed balloons round the knees and elbows; the "Punchinello pattern," the woman in this case wearing an artificial hump and a very voluminous skirt; "the Dankey's ear shoulder," an ordinary coat with a trailing skirt and two long, pointed projections rising from the shoulders to a distance of three feet above either side of the head; and "the pyramid" and the "diamond" design.

These have not "come true," but Mr. Haselden thinks it highly likely that their day will dawn. Asked upon what lines he worked when creating such fashions, he said:

"I think of all the most outlandish things in the way of dress, being at the same time assured that nothing is too impossible for women to wear."

"Indeed, the real difficulty is to invent anything that looks impossible. There was one really sensible thing I invented. This will not, I fear, come true—because it is sensible. I refer to the pneumatic hat for matinees, a drawing of which appeared on Aug. 29, 1908."

"It was a large hat blown up with air and capable of being deflated when the wearer had taken her seat in the theater."

"I am afraid that if I designed a really artistic and useful dress women would not wear it."

"The very last thing on earth I wanted was to get women to wear hobble skirts, but I had a fear. I did not think it unlikely that they would adopt it. It is so very silly, you know."

"When I read of the lady, who, owing to a very hobble skirt, broke one of her legs in getting into a taxicab, I felt indirectly responsible. I kept silent about my invention because I did not wish to be found out."

"I am very penitent. I know I ought to be broken on the wheel. If any other man had done it I would get up a society to have him broken on the wheel. But I will not get up a society to have myself broken on the wheel. That is for other people to do."

"At present, you know, we are going back to eastern dress fashions. The thing now is to hide the face and show the figure. You can't see more of a woman's face nowadays than her chin. Breaking on the wheels is quite conformable with eastern ideas."

CHASE COWS FROM PUMPKINS

Maine Farmer Discovers Reason for Dairy Animals Fighting Shy of Fodder.

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