

WILL FIGHT IMPURE FOOD



Mrs. William Wallace Garr of Richmond, Ind., was recently elected as the first president of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, which was formed to carry on a campaign all over the United States against impure foods and bad cooking.

AEROPLANE PIONEER

KANSAS CITY MAN SHOWED PRINCIPLE BACK IN 1870.

Frank Barnett Entered a Machine for Mechanical Flight at the Iowa State Fair Thirty-Eight Years Ago.

Kansas City, Mo.—In the fall of 1870 Frank Barnett of Kansas City, according to a memorandum still in his possession, entered at the Iowa state fair in Keokuk for exhibition tomatoes, cabbage, onions and a "machine for mechanical flight."

In the 38 years that have passed since Mr. Barnett has not lost his interest in aeronautics. For the last 15 years he has made his home in Kansas City, and from time to time has continued his experiments with models of box kites and aeroplanes.

"Barring the light, high-power engines of today," Mr. Barnett said, "and the use of greatly improved materials, my first machine was the forerunner of the present-day aeroplane and demonstrated the same principles. Eleven years ago I constructed an aeroplane of the same general type as that with which the Wright brothers have attained such success, and a description of it, with cuts, was printed October 17, 1897."

Mr. Barnett produced a copy of a newspaper of that date and pointed the article.

"You will see that I stated at that time the principle that is now universally recognized, namely, that flying through the air is a matter of projection. Project an object through the air and it will continue in motion until it is overcome by some natural law like gravity or friction.

"My theory in overcoming friction has been that the heavier-than-air object must be pulled as well as projected, and for that purpose my models were fitted with a front propeller to throw the air away and lessen the resistance. Now, as for gravity, it is easily demonstrated that a single horse power will sustain 200 pounds in the air.

"In my early experiments I did not have the advantage of light-weight engines, but today, when energy can be stored without greatly increasing the weight to be carried, the problem of offsetting gravity has been greatly simplified.

"The Wrights are on the right track and their success is very pleasing to me. With greater means at their disposal than I had and undoubtedly with greater mechanical ability, they have carried to successful demonstration the principle I contended for 40 years ago."

Needs Ladder for Crop. Erdgewater, S. D.—E. A. Blattner, a farmer living near here, exhibited a few stalks of corn taken from his field, which measured 15 feet in height and bore well developed ears of corn. Mr. Blattner has 20 acres of this mammoth corn, which he estimates will yield 60 bushels per acre, and the question of how he will proceed to gather it is a perplexing one, as many of the ears are between seven and eight feet from the ground.

TO SEND BACK SHIP'S SOUNDS.

Experiments with New Safety Device for Foggy Weather.

The United States government is experimenting in San Francisco bay with a safety device for foggy weather which is remarkable in the uniqueness of its idea. It is nothing less than a fog buoy which will make no noise of its own, but which will be expected to catch the sound-waves of a vessel's whistle and echo them back across the water.

The buoy, or structure, is constructed of corrugated iron sheeting, placed on piles, and built in three wings placed at different angles. Each wing is 32 feet square.

The idea was given birth accidentally. There has always been much trouble in the upper part of San Francisco bay because the shore lights cannot be seen when the weather is bad. Pilots and skippers began to notice, however, how clearly the corrugated steel warehouses around Benicia returned the sound of their whistles, and for some time have been guiding their way along by the echoes. The government is confident that the new buoys will act in the same manner.

ILL OMEN OF SPILLING SALT.

Superstition Has Come Down to Us from the Ancient Romans.

Girls and boys have all heard, perhaps, that it is "unlucky" to spill salt, but that the evil effects may probably be averted by throwing some of it over your right shoulder. It is wonderful how old some of these superstitions are! This one about the salt, for example, came to us from the ancient Romans. Salt was regarded by them as an emblem of purification, and they always placed some on the head of a victim in sacrifice. If the salt were spilled in doing this, it was looked upon as a bad omen.

It is said that the Romans got the custom from the Jews, and after a while the spilling of salt on any occasion was regarded as unlucky. The custom of throwing a part of it over the right shoulder arose from their belief that anything pertaining to the right side was lucky, but to the left side, unlucky.

All Germicides Not Good.

Of late many countries have been making official tests as to the value of germicides. As a result it is declared that the public should be careful in the selection of a disinfectant, for there are in the market many which have no germicidal action whatever. Prof. Hewlett, as a result of his tests, says that not only is the public defrauded, but there is also a grave danger introduced when a person believed he was using something which would totally destroy germs, and was thereby lulled into a sense of security when in reality no sense of security was justified. He claims that for many years past sanitary authorities have been living in a fool's paradise vainly imagining that the fluids they have been sprinkling around have been dealing death and destruction to all germs and bacterial intruders. His advice is that before buying a germicide the public should insist on receiving with it a copy of a report on its value by a bacteriologist or properly qualified medical man of standing.

Maine Sexton for Sixty-Six Years.

After 66 consecutive years' service Obed W. Russell has resigned as sexton of the Union church in the town of Phillips, and he is probably the dean of Maine sextons. And for all these services he has never accepted a cent in payment.

All the old Phillips families of his time have been greeted by the sound of the bell rung by Mr. Russell's steady hand, and when the last scene of all came it was Mr. Russell who sounded the knell. In those days there was a custom to signalize the departure of each member of the church by tolling the bell at intervals of about 30 seconds to the number of the departed's years, and on many occasions Mr. Russell has been called from his warm bed to climb the steeple in all sorts of weather.

Pure Iron at Last.

Chemically pure iron has never been obtained until very recently; it has been found almost impossible to remove the last traces of impurities, especially of sulphur. But a German chemist, Dr. H. Kreuzler, has finally, by a long series of ingenious processes, partly chemical and partly electrical, succeeded in isolating the pure metal, the properties of which he reports to differ greatly from those of the impure iron that we know. It is prepared by Kreuzler's process resembles platinum.

Slaughter of Vermont Deer.

While the open season for deer in Vermont, which closed recently, is only one week, it is estimated by correspondents of Boston papers that two thousand animals fell victims to hunters' guns. The average total of deer killed in past years, since the open week was established, is 700. Under the Vermont law hunters are allowed to shoot only one deer each.

By Being Fired.

"Ruggles, how did you catch that cold?" "Well, I'll tell you, Ramage. I lost my job the other day. It was the first time such a thing had ever happened to me, and I got kind of reckless, you know, and exposed myself, and—"

SPENT MUCH FOR EMBROIDERY.

Napoleon I. Had Costly Coronation Robe and Throne.

An old Parisian firm which deals in embroideries and supplied artistic needlework to the court of Louis XVI. is still in possession of the accounts of former centuries, and an inspection of these books reveals some interesting facts. Napoleon I. was economical as compared with the Empress Josephine, but his bills were considerable. The embroidery on his coronation robe cost 10,500 francs, and an embroidered coat cost 3,500. This coat became too small for him after he had worn it a year, and he ordered pieces of cloth to be inserted at the seams and covered with embroidery.

The bill for the first Napoleon's throne amounted to 53,970 francs. The outer drapery of purple velvet trimmed with gold lace cost 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with embroidered golden bees at five francs apiece. The inner drapery of blue satin, with gold lace, was 9,600 francs, and the gold embroidered stripes for the inner trimming cost 8,500 francs. The embroidery on the blue velvet cushion cost 3,020 francs, and the foot cushion 1,200. In addition there were 1,059 bees embroidered on the panels of the canopy at a cost of 3,250 francs.

NOT OF MUCH USE FOR EITHER.

Stove Too Large for Chapel and Too Small for Cemetery.

The heating of churches in winter was by no means general in the early days of New England, the warmth and fervor of the worshippers' piety supplying to some degree the lack of bodily heat.

For some years after its erection there was no means of heating the little St. Augustine's chapel in South Boston, and Father Lynch, one of the early pastors, often had a very cold ride to the chapel in winter. He accordingly suggested to the parishioners that a stove would be a nice thing to have. The parishioners raised the money and bought the stove, which was of generous size and quite large enough to heat the whole chapel. In fact, it was too large, for the men who brought it were unable to get it in through the door, and so they left it just outside in the cemetery, where it was standing when Father Lynch arrived the following Sunday morning. He took in the situation at a glance and said to the little group of parishioners who were shivering in the cold: "Friends, I think you must have misunderstood what I said last Sunday about the stove. We want to heat the chapel, and not the cemetery."

Rats' Cold Weather Retreat.

Many animals snuggle together for warmth in bitter weather—as the squirrels and the rats. Those who crouch in hedges and dells in the winter know they may try a dozen fresh burrows without finding a rat—when suddenly from a single hole the rats will come pouring out in a stream of frozen fur. Twenty or more rats will be together in one hole.

They are clever enough to block up a hole on the windward side—to keep out the draught—so that when a rat hole is noted, newly stopped with soil turnip leaves or grass, here is almost certain indication that rats are with in. Like the squirrels they store food for winter—and the keeper may find it more difficult to secure his potatoes from frost than from the attack of the most numerous of his furred foes.

A Leading Question.

Superintendent McLaren of San Francisco's system of public parks was inspecting the work of restoring Union square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis has been removed.

"I'm for heav'n' this un out; it's a bum little bush," remarked a gardener with a brogue.

"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water and it will grow as tall as you are."

Burying Cables in River Bed.

It seems odd that telegraph and telephone companies should be forced to bury their cables in the bed of a large river, yet this became necessary in places along the Ohio during the recent drought.

The river was so low that boys could and did play ball in the very channel bed, and the exposure left the telephone cables entirely unprotected. To avoid a repetition of the incident therefore, the companies have dug trenches in the river bed, in which the cables have been securely covered.—Marine Journal.

Undue Exposure.

Adolphus—I say, dear boy, they tell me Cholly caught quite a cold out cherknow.

Augustus—Yes, he went without his chrysanthemum one day last week.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Ending the Trouble.

"I thought you were engaged?" "Well, I was—for a while." "Did she throw you over?" "Oh, no. I found out she had an artificial arm—so I broke it off."

SHOPPING IN FRANCE IS EASY.

Saleswomen Are Remarkably Adept at Their Business.

That the saleswomen in European shops are wonderfully quick-witted has often been noted. This is especially true of the French. Many of them, without understanding English, will interpret correctly the comments Americans make aside when examining goods, simply by studying their gestures and facial expressions. Once in Brussels we were looking at gloves. To my certain knowledge the saleswoman was wholly unacquainted with the English language. My companion said privately to me: "I am afraid these gloves will spot." "O, no, madame," the saleswoman instantly interrupted, in French, "they will never spot at all."

In Boulogne-sur-Mer, at a shop for men's furnishings, I asked for dress shirts. A very bright young woman gave me a quick, sharp glance, and then brought some specimens. They bore no distinguishing marks as to size. "Is there some man here who can take my measure?" I asked. "That is not necessary," she smiled, very sweetly. "Are you sure these will fit me?" "Perfectly." "But how can you tell?" I argued, unconvinced. "Why, sir," she explained in surprise at my doubt. "I looked at you." So I took the shirts to my room and tried them on, and surely enough, they were the best fit I ever had.—Travel Magazine.

ACTED UPON BY SUGGESTION.

That Thought May Produce Blister on Hand, Is Medical Fact.

It is not generally known that thought may produce a blister on the hand or an ulcer on the foot, as well as many other actual physical changes in one's organism which are little short of miraculous. I have no doubt that St. Francis of Assisi received the stigmata of the crucifixion on his hands and feet as historically described. I have no doubt, because its possibility has been put to the proof within the past few years, and by a friend of mine whom I will name, Prof. Kraft Ebing of Vienna told a young woman he would place a small fly plaster upon her which would produce a blister in a few hours. He actually only put a postage stamp upon the skin, without her knowledge, and covered it over so securely with bandages that she could not interfere with it. The blister appeared as suggested.—Frederick Peterson, M. D., in Collier's.

Men Do Not "Nag."

Men as husbands are not so faithful as women; they are not so tender; they do not forgive, as women do, conduct which disgraces them publicly; they are not so patient with physical pain; but they have a shining virtue—they do not nag.

It is not like a man to thresh out an old injury after every grain of circumstance has been extracted, and the fall raises nothing but dust. Nor is it like a man to tumble into the traps of his own logic and reason himself by a burst of temper or a flood of tears. Men fly into passions over trifles just about as much as women, and often more violently. Their language, for instance, in regard to overdone beef-steak frequently is not fit for a lady's ears. And it seems irrational to be upset, as men are, by the misbehavior of collar buttons. Still, it may be admitted that while they fly into passions they do not fly into the same passions again and again. And when they forgive they forgive; they do not simply take the offense away and put it in cold storage.—Octave Thanet in Harper's Bazar.

Danger Will Still Be Braved.

A medical journal in issuing a warning against kissing tells of a young man who was inoculated with a serious illness by a friendly kiss from a young woman. He, in turn, kissed his fiancée, the journal in question neglecting to state whether she knew of the prior kiss. The fiancée kissed her girl friends, they kissed their sweethearts and everybody got sick. In another case a tuberculous young woman kissed her sweetheart, and both died within the year. But in spite of these awful warnings and advice about either nonoculation or antiseptic oculation, kissing in the good old-fashioned way will continue popular.

Thoughts.

It is very important to cultivate businesslike habits. An eminent friend of mine assured me not long ago that when he thought over the many cases he had known of men, even of good ability and high character, who had been unsuccessful in life, by far the most frequent cause of failure was that they were dilatory, unpunctual, unable to work cordially with others, obstinate in small things, and, in fact, what we call unbusinesslike.—Lord Avebury.

Always Light in the Sky.

"The sky," says the Scientific American, "is never dark. This, however, is not due to the sun, but to the stars. The Milky Way is above the horizon in summer in our latitude, and it gives a great deal of light by night, enough to make the night sky of that time brighter than when it is not a part of our night sky, as is the case in winter. Then, too, the stars which cannot be seen by the unaided eye give as much light. The stars which are not visible to the eye give more light than those which are visible."

Would Not Have It Lessened.

Dr. Walter C. Smith, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I cannot believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away with a bit o' mat or rug on your back."

Now He Could Die Satisfied.

The dying Englishman laughed faintly and reservedly, as became his race.

"What ails the man?" asked the vicar, the heir, the younger son in the army, the keeper of the lodge and the stolid barrister.

No Harm Done.

Goodart—You didn't actually tell him that I didn't think him much of a poet?

Wiseman—Sure. Goodart—O! I wouldn't have had you do that for the world.—Wiseman—Nonsense! That doesn't hurt him. It only makes him pity you.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Some Time Ago.

Miss Knox—What was it you said about Miss Giddy? Mr. Goodley—I said her age surprised me greatly. She doesn't look 30, does she? Miss Knox—No, not now. I suppose she did, though, at one time.—Stray Stories.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Publication of the paper, its terms, and subscription information.