

# Food in Pill Form

**Mankind Will Never Live on Condensed Food**

By HARVEY W. WILEY,  
Chief Chemist, U. S. Department of Agriculture.



Those scientists who maintain that the future holds the possibility of food administered in a condensed form in capsules are, if they attempt the practice of their theory, rushing wildly either to the insane asylum or the sepulcher.

The lesson of the appendix is interesting in connection with a plan to do away with the necessity of our stomach and intestine. If one small organ in retiring from the field of activity occasions the agony and spilling of blood that the appendix does, where would the end be were we to retire all those in the lower part of the body? In the meantime how would a healthy and robust stomach feel on one or three small capsules a day?

We will go on indefinitely eating the same quantities of food and in much the same way. There may be changes in cooking that may improve the food we eat and there may be methods of improving the food supply. We will get better things to eat. We are already getting better material in the market, material that is purer and healthier, through the enforcement of the pure-food law.

A great many people claim that we eat too much and that we would be as well off on half the quantity. In this connection I would cite the fact that Americans, Canadians, and Englishmen are the greatest eaters in the world. They are likewise the greatest of stature, and as a race their size and robustness are increasing. The Spaniards, the Italians, and the Greeks have been underfed for generations, and, while healthy and apparently strong, they have grown smaller and are now races of small, short men.

Blessed is the man who does not know how he eats. A mouthful of food should pass on its way automatically and without the knowledge of the man who chews it. He who mixes mathematics with his food by counting 28 times on each bite is on the road to emaciated, sad-faced dyspepsia. Life has nothing that is worth while for him. I fail to see the use of wasting too much time on one bite while there is another just behind it inviting attention.

Some one quoted me as advising meat eaters to bolt and not chew their meat. I did not give such advice, but I pointed out two undeniable facts: The herb-eating animals devote much time to chewing while the flesh eaters do very little of it.

The Sunday following Christmas is the one day in the year when most people show a tendency to think of their stomachs. The dark brown taste may demand rather wide attention because of the things that have been eaten, but ordinarily there is little trouble from the quantities that are absorbed around the family board. Overeating causes less trouble to the system than does undereating, and were the score even between the two it would be the part of philosophy to lean to the side of the partaker of much food, for a goodly part of life's happiness is found at the table with a normal appetite. I am against the capsule men. The time will never come when they will have a place in the world as caterers to palate under ordinary conditions. It is entirely possible to condense the nourishment of a whole meal into a few pellets, and these have their place, as for instance, when it becomes necessary to make enforced marches with the lightest possible burden. But the system would not thrive for long on such a diet, for there must be the necessary bulk to supply the tissues and flush the system.

# Prophet's Voice Is Needed

By DR. DAVID S. MUZZEY.

Prophecy is not the foretelling of events so much as the foretelling of moral consequences. The trade of the clairvoyant flourishes in Chicago, as in New York, but where are the compelling voices that speak to conscience and not to curiosity? Where, in the midst of all the babel of prediction and blatant boasting that gives itself out as wisdom and courage, are the clear, strong tones of august humanity of an Emerson and a Curtis, a Lincoln and a Lowell?

If we are wise we will let any of our providers and purveyors die before we lose our prophets. For we achieve personality only through perspective—and the prophet recalls us to the true perspective of life by showing us the meaning of action in the light of its large moral consequences.

There is no danger that our land will go down in the sweep of battle. We fling our proud cordon of cruisers around the western hemisphere. We proclaim to Europe and Asia that we are protected from foes without. But what if the cordon of corruption within is being drawn closer and closer about the sacred citadel of our freedom; if our legislatures are multiplying penal statutes while our courts spare the offenders; if our politicians persuade us the people live by favor of the administration and the trusts hoodwink us into believing that they are making the people prosperous! Against the falsehoods and hypocrisies how sorely do we need the prophet's voice! What other hope or promise that our land will pass through this era of mad materialism and come again to set ideals above ingenuity and prize duty beyond dividends.

# Make It Hard to Wed

By PATRICK F. MOGAWAN,  
Poet of the New York Herald Tribune.

The more difficult marriage is made the less we shall have to worry about divorce. Some marriages are positively shameful. Take for instance the marriage a few days ago of two little 14-year-old girls that was reported in the papers. Why, in my opinion, the parents of those two children who gave their consent to the marriages ought to be led to the whipping post and soundly flogged.

Then again, take the case of the telephone girl who took a husband as a Christmas gift, one of these "come on, let's get married" cases. Now she refuses to live with her husband, but I believe she ought to be made to live with him, live under his roof anyway, just as an example to other young girls. It would cause them to hesitate a little bit and be more careful, instead of rushing into matrimony.

Entering wedlock is a serious step and should always be regarded as such. If the contracting parties are not inclined to take it that way the state should make them.

# WORK OF THE VOLTA BUREAU

Institution That Is Doing Much Good Among the Deaf.

On a quiet street of Washington's once fashionable neighborhood, George town, there is a building whose peculiar appearance arouses the curiosity of all strangers who see it. It is something like a library, something like a mausoleum and something like a small Christian Science church, with a roof garden on top.

It is none of these. If you know what it is, even after you are told its name, you may stop right along to the head of the class. Persons who know that the Volta bureau is not plentiful full enough to get in your way.

The story of the Volta bureau is interesting. The beginning of it lies back in Italy more than 150 years ago, when Alessandro Volta, who was born later Napoleon had a great opinion of the Italian scientist and established the Volta bureau in Paris.

This prize, a great reward for inventions or discoveries, is not conferred at regular intervals. In fact, it has been given only three or four times. In 1880 it was given to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell in recognition of his services to the world in producing the telephone.

The prize amounted to about \$10,000. The original \$10,000, through investments, became \$100,000.

Part of this money was used for that building of baffling aspect in Georgetown.

Part of the structure really is a library and absolutely unique at that. At the rear of the building, which is the Volta bureau, are stacks upon stacks of books, periodicals and pamphlets, forming the most remarkable collection of statistics in regard to deaf that exists anywhere in the world.

Dr. Bell has the best reasons for being interested in the deaf. His own wife is who used to be called a deaf mute, though it is no longer an accurate term. Mrs. Bell has been taught speech, and as she is an accomplished lip reader many persons have met and talked with her without discovering her deafness.

It was Dr. Bell himself who taught her to speak. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, invented a system known as visible speech and sent his son from Scotland to this country to introduce the method in schools for the deaf.

Among the young man's pupils was a daughter of Gardner G. Hubbard. Her teacher fell in love with her, and she became the wife of the inventor.

The Volta bureau corresponds to almost every civilized country in regard to work for the deaf. On its shelves are books in all languages. Its aid is sought by various governments.

# AMERICAN CROSS OF HONOR

Distinguished Personages Decorated By Order Recently Established.

Thomas H. Hearson is entitled to a niche in the hall of fame of our great. Mr. Hearson, who is a clerk in the land office at Washington, receiving an annual compensation of \$1,000, has recently been given the King Edward VII. of Great Britain the grand cross of the American Cross of Honor, and has received his majesty's thanks for the distinction. Similar letters of commendation upon the stowals have been made upon the German emperor, King Leopold of Belgium, President McKinley, President Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie. Each of the distinguished and worthy personages who have received decorations from Mr. Hearson has accepted with thanks either through their personal autograph letters or through their ambassadors or private secretaries.

The American Cross of Honor is an organization incorporated by act of congress several years ago. Only those persons who have received a lifesaving medal from the United States government are eligible to active membership. The scheme of organization and a society was conceived by Mr. Hearson, who has been its president from the start. Mr. Hearson is the sole directing spirit in the society, which his untiring efforts brought into existence. He conducts all of its business and chooses the crowned heads who are to be made honorary members and have the grand cross of the order bestowed upon them.

# Old Order Bars Typewriter.

Discovery has been made of a war department order, still in effect, which was issued in 1883, before typewriters came into general use. It directed that the typewriter may not be employed in writing out sentences of general court martial. Since that time the typewriter has come into such general use that those who have occasion to compile the records of court martial have overlooked the old order. Steps have been taken to revoke the order and to substitute therefor a circular authorizing the use of the typewriter in writing out the findings and sentences, provided that the judges advocate certainty that the typewritten findings and sentences were correct.

# Fine Painting of Gettysburg.

There is at present on exhibition in one of the rooms of the national house at Washington a magnificent painting of the Battle of Gettysburg, the work of James Walker, who painted the battle of Chancellorsville, which is hung on the senate side of the capitol. The original sketches were made on the battlefield by the artist himself, and it required eight years to complete the painting. Noticeable in the foreground is a figure of General Blydenburgh of Pennsylvania, the dean of the house of representatives.

# MORE JAPANESE SNAPSHOTS

The Funny Things One Sees in Smiling Round the World

By MARSHALL P. WILDER

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While at the Imperial hotel, Tokio, we were permitted to witness a portion of a Japanese wedding, that is, the feast and reception. Like our Hebrew friends in America, the Japs because their little old houses are so small, it was very funny; the women all like embarrassed images, done up in their kimonos and not saying a word, while the men, in stiff, ill-fitting European "store clothes," stood around in little groups and talked, looking like animated tailors' dummies.

One young man picked out a native air on the piano with one finger, when Alessandro Volta, who was born later Napoleon had a great opinion of the Italian scientist and established the Volta bureau in Paris.

My husband and I never dispute before the children. When a quarrel seems imminent, we always send them out.

Miss Sharp: "Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street!"

Hateful thing, wasn't she?

Japanese trains are small and slow, and seem not to think it necessary ever to be on time. Smoking is allowed in every class, even in the sleeping cars.

The bedding is clean and sufficient, but there are no springs in the beds, absolutely no privacy, and tiny windows for the whole compartment, public opinion being usually divided as to whether it shall be opened or closed.

This reminds me of a story my friend, Col. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") used to tell. He said that once upon a time an Englishman who had never been in the west before was a rock mountain rider through a Rockies Mountain canyon one day, when suddenly a tremendous cyclone came swooping down upon them, and actually carried the Englishman clear off the wagon.

After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said:

"I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this bloomers country!"

My berth was over the wheels, and this, together with the fact that a coal railroad in Pennsylvania would be ashamed, produced such Jolts and bumps that my brain felt as though it had been through a meat grinder. The compartment was full, one occupant being a German army officer, who, besides being in full uniform, even to enormous furlined overcoat, top hat and spurs, brought in to choke the little available space a satchel, a large fat wicker hamper and a pack-train of various articles, including a truss and far-reaching snore with him.

The third occupant being a traveling Catholic priest, and, like the soldier,

# Picked Out a Native Air on the Piano.

der, a man of huge proportions, I was rather interested to know which of these was to occupy the berth over my head, for it seemed a funny sort of affair, and I took particular pains to see that it was well propped up.

I was rather relieved to find it was the old soldier, for I consoling myself with the old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword and decided it would be a worse calamity to have the church down on me than the army. Even if sleep with all these considerations had been possible, the frequent stops would have completely put it to flight.

At the station, no matter what the time of night, the sellers of lynch boxes, hot milk, tea or tobacco begin to cry, and the sellers, in tones that are like the wailings of lost souls, and for penetration and volume unequalled by anything in my experience.

The sellers of tea at the stations will give you a small teacup filled with hot tea, and a tiny cup, all for three sen, or a cent and a half an American money.

# At the railroad stations during the

war with Russia one was sure to see parties of wounded soldiers returning from the front; or those who were departing for the seat of war. These latter were always attended by a crowd of cheer and women, who waved small Japanese flags and gave shouts as the train moved away. This about a good, round cheer such as would be heard in America, for it seems as if there is some physical reason why the Japanese people cannot raise their voices without producing the most blood-curdling sounds. The street cries are all strident and unpleasant; the commands of officers to their men tiny and rasping-like, while Japanese singing, to a foreigner, is conducive to nervous prostration.

I have spoken somewhat of the external attitude of these people. Of their interior attitude of heart and mind much more might be said, especially in regard to their late war with Russia, which was going on at the time of my visit. It seems as if they would not talk about anything of the subject was met with an adroit change of the conversation into other channels; but intense



Always Walk Ahead of the Horse and Dray.

patriotism, the most supreme confidence in their ultimate success reigned in every heart. Examples of the most heroic self-sacrifice were lacking. A Japanese mother had first her three sons to the war. The first was reported slain. She smiled and said, "It is well, I am happy." The second lay dead upon the field. She smiled again, and said, "I am still happy." The third gave up his life, and they said to her: "At last you weep!" "Yes," she said, "but it is because I have no more sons to give to my beloved country."

Now, this is all very beautiful, but as my mission in life is laughter instead of tears, I want to say that it reminds me of a little story of our country and our war of the great rebellion. When, in answer to the call for troops, the blood of our southern fields had been poured out upon our fields for three long years, there arose a class of men called "bumper jumpers" who, acting as substitutes for drafted men and taking a large sum of money for the job, sometimes "jumped the bounty" and disappeared instead of going to the front to serve Uncle Sam. These men were called "bumper jumpers" because they were so scrupulous physicians (who received a large fee if the man "passed"), was not always a right name. A doctor who was seen coming out of the examining room with a very sour face was greeted by a friend with the "Hello, Doc! How's the matter?" "Didn't you pass your man?"

"Pass nothin'!"

"Why, he looked all right!"

"All right! Why he was sound as a nut; but the colonel of the regiment suggested we stand him up on a high table and make him jump to the floor, and by Jove! if his confounded glass eye didn't fall out and spoil the whole business!"

The working class still cling to the ancient costume and methods. Trolley cars are made of bamboo, the rungs labeled fast with rope, as they have been used for generations. The streets are watered with little carts having a row of holes at the back, and pulled by men, who fill them slowly and laboriously one bucket at a time, while the sidewalks are watered by two perforated buckets, suspended from a bamboo pole laid across the shoulders of a man, who trots in and out between the people, turning and twisting until the walk is thoroughly sprinkled.

Everything seems to be done the hardest way. Those who work work very hard. The few men who work have a horse dry never sit and drive, even when the dray is empty, but always walk ahead, dragging the patient brute along. Loads are more frequently carried on hand-carts, pulled by men, women or boys. In going up a hill three or four men will pull or push, intoning a sort of droning song as they work.

In the country districts life is its most primitive and ancient aspects may be seen. In the rice fields men and women work side by side, their ankles bleeding from contact with the stubble, wielding tools of a pattern as old as the cultivation of the grain.

The evolution of the new Japan from the chrysalis of the old is an interesting study just now. All signs point toward the springing up of a new country, full-galled, ready to spread its bright wings and fly away from the old, that has "wrapped it close for so many centuries; but the time is not yet.

# WORKS FOR CIVIC PRIDE.

Excellent Scheme Devised by Merchants of Western City.

A new scheme for arousing local pride is being worked in an enterprising western city. The plan is brief in its details, but it is intended to vitalize the civic spirit of the whole community, to organize clubs in different localities and to clean up and light up certain sections, without regard to what may be done elsewhere. For instance, a club is organized in a single block, and merchants on each side of the street are persuaded to join. If it is desired to make the block brilliant with light at night an investigation is had to see how it can be done, how much it will cost and what it is worth. The plan has worked so successfully that organizations are springing up all over the same city, devote their attention to cleaning or lighting a certain restricted territory. It is much easier to secure cooperation between 20 merchants than between 200, and the influence of the few spreads in a widening circle.—Baltimore News.

# LANGUID AND WEAK.

A Condition Common with Kidney Trouble and Backache.

Mrs. Marie Spillo, 416 Miller St., Helena, Mont., says: "Three years ago my back grew weak and lame and I could not stoop without a sharp pain. It was just as bad when I tried to get up from a chair. I was languid and listless and had much pain and trouble with the kidney secretions. This was my state when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me from the first and four boxes made a complete, lasting cure."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBride Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



POOR GEORGE!

Johnny—I'm glad I didn't live in the time when George Washington was a boy.

Father—Why not, my son?

Johnny—Why, his dad didn't wear a plug hat for him to throw snowballs at.

# PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

# The Spring Opening.

The dazzling creation of birds and wire in the millinery department was marked \$15.

The class of shoppers gazed in envy but not one stirred.

Suddenly the clerk reversed the card and displayed the figures \$14.49.

Then there was a small riot. Shoppers fought like amoebas to reach the counter.

"Ah," laughed the tall floorwalker, "those ladies remind me of olden knights."

"In what way?" asked the meek man who was waiting for his wife to emerge from the crush.

"Why, they fight at the drop of a hat."

And before the meek man could appreciate the notion of the joke his wife came out minus a comb and two locks of hair.

# Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one cure for deafness, and that is by constitutional remedial measures, in cases where the membrane of the middle ear is thickened by the accumulation of pus, which has hardened and when it is entirely solid. Deafness is cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hearing will be restored to its normal condition, and the ear will be free from all obstructions. Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# A Popular Game.

"Where has my been this evening?" asked ORLEY of the "Toole" man.

"Sure, I have been playing 'Bridget whist,'" said O'Toole.

"Bridget whist?" an' how do you play that?"

"'t is in the kitchen wid Bridget, an' she ain't an 'ake' an' chicken, an' whin Bridget hears the missus comin' she says 'whist!'"

The shortest and the surest way to prove a wrong possible is strenuously to set about it and no wonder if that proves it possible, that for the most part makes it so.—South.