

EAT CHOCOLATE WITH FRUIT

Meal Food Combination According to Writer Who Claims to Know Whereof He Speaks.

Some silly things have recently been said about chocolate, which have attempted with some air of authority to discount its value as an article of food, says the Lancet. Practical experience of course long ago decided in favor of the view that chocolate is a good sustaining food, and this finding is not surprising, having regard to the food substances which well-made chocolate contains.

Chocolate has been employed for its staying powers and its nutritive properties with considerable success in army maneuvers.

Chocolate can only do harm, in common with all good foods, when eaten to excess. Chocolate contains from 57 to about 60 per cent of sugar, from 20 to 45 per cent of fat, from 6 to 12 per cent of nitrogenous matter, from 3 to 5 per cent of mineral matter, and about 0.75 per cent of theobromine. It is therefore sweetmeat, food and stimulant.

Thus far the Lancet. Now comes Dr. J. Sim Wallace, an eminent London dentist, with a letter asserting that chocolate does a vast amount of harm, especially to the teeth, by being eaten between meals and before going to bed. He says it should be eaten toward the end of a meal and should always be followed by fresh fruit.

BACHELOR NOT BETTER OFF

Investigation Into New Zealand Workers' Condition Disproves Theory That Some Have Held.

As the result of investigations carried out by the New Zealand department of labor among 3,000 householders, it was found that the worker with no family spends very nearly the same sum weekly on food as the heads of families, but saves in rent, clothing and other items, and at each week end has a surplus of 25 cents, says the London Globe. Apparently he buys more luxuries in the way of food than his coworker, who has a family, and his average expenditure on clothing is also higher. The family man pays \$1 more rent a week, 17 cents more on food, 22 cents on clothing and 47 cents on other items. His fuel and light expenses, however, are relatively lighter to the extent of 29 cents per week. The worker, however, has no surplus at the week end. The figures generally indicate, as may be expected, the favorable position, as far as expenditure is concerned, of the families possessing few, if any, children.

Small Lives Without Air.

While the snail has lungs, heart, and a general circulation, and is in every respect an air breathing creature, it can nevertheless exist indefinitely without inhaling the least breath of air, the element that is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs. "To all organized creatures," said Lappert, "the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment, and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made Lappert did not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of "organized creatures," for experiments by Spallanzani have proved that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in the case of the snail without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions. The common snail retreats into its shell on the approach of frosty weather, and the opening or mouth of its shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to air and water. In this condition it is plain that it is deprived of three of the four elements of life mentioned above—air, water, and nourishment.

New Yorker in the Province.

"Don't tell them out in the province that you are a New Yorker," remarked an old-time drummer to a younger commercial traveler, "or they will stick you half the time. Here's an instance: I was just starting home from a city in the far west, and a few minutes before train time broke the glass in my watch. There was a watchmaker's shop opposite the station, and I rushed in with a request for hasty repairs, as I was just starting for New York. The watch mechanic looked me over, and apparently sized me up as a New Yorker. He went to his bench, fiddled around for a minute or two, snapped the case shut, handed me the timepiece and demanded 50 cents. I poked the watch in my pocket and caught the rear platform as the train rolled out. When I looked at the watch an hour later there was no sign of a crystal in it."—New York Tribune.

The Nutshell.

The residents of a certain suburb of Chicago were for a time governed by a person for giving sweet, poetical names to their "estates." There was one such man who built a handsome villa, calling it "The Nutshell." Thus was the name introduced to his friends and it became widely known. To the surprise of all, therefore, the name was one day suddenly changed to "Bygone Nook," and a flood of inquiries have begun to pour in.

"Why have you given your house a new name?" a friend asked. "What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?" "I got sick of being looked about it," said the owner, with a sigh. "There isn't a boy within two miles around here who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell to ask if the colonel was in."—Littell's Magazine.

MAKING THE HOME UNHAPPY

The Frequent Losses of Temper Result in Much Misery Which Might Easily Be Avoided.

Possessing apparently all the essentials that make for comfort, ease, and happiness, more than a few homes fail to give this expected result, and someone has asked: What is generally the cause of this?

To put it very plainly, unnecessary exhibitions of temper more quickly than anything else mar the harmony of a home. There may not be open strife, but temper, as little rifts within the lute, give out incessant discords. Brothers and sisters, each, perhaps, with an unconscious craving to manage or suppress the other, may never have been taught to realize the powerful influence of tact, and their little comments and bickerings will quickly rouse disputes that may make the onlooking parents heartsick. The husband and wife, tired with the work of the day, irritated that their wishes have not been carried out, that on them fall annoyance and duties which they feel should belong to others, that difficulties seem ever in their path, and so on, will perhaps voice their displeasure and strike a responsive note of irritation in the rest, and quickly the whole atmosphere is charged with the poison of bitterness and resentment.

A little more care in restraining temper, especially about the trifling and nonessentials of happy existence, and the peace that should reign in a home, whatever its material setting, would more often be left undisturbed. Exhibitions of temper in children, no matter what the cause, should always be taken as a fault to be eradicated. This does not crush the spirit of indignation at wrong, or weaken the fighting instinct, but it does aid in averting hasty judgments, and give time for viewing the case from many points.—Exchange.

IS NO LONGER PUT FIRST

Much Truth About Health in Article That Probably Is Meant to Be Humorous.

Health is a matter which was once very popular, but it has long since grown into disfavor. In these strenuous days the securing of health consumes altogether too much time. It cannot be acquired without detraction from business. Not only does it interfere with business, but with pleasure as well.

Health required too much sleep, too much fresh air, too much food of a vulgar simplicity and too many clothes which are more comfortable than stylish. Health is anything else. In order to have it one must give attention to securing it, but when the securing of money engrosses all of one's time, manifestly health must take a back seat. We still have traditions about health much like the traditions about the soul, but these take a secondary place. Doctors, like ministers, are called in only when it is too late.

Health made a manful struggle for supremacy with bank balances, but it lost out.—Life.

Hittites in History.

Students of history are deeply indebted for the great progress which has recently been made in the discovery and interpretation of the art and religion of the ancient Hittites, and their true relation and perspective in history. German excavation at Boghaz-Koel has shown that this long unknown town—probably the site of the Cappadocian city of Pteria—was for centuries the capital of a powerful kingdom, which, with its allies, was a dominant force in Asia, on equal terms with the rulers of Babylonia and the Pharaohs, and driving them out of Syria.

The names of seven or eight Hittite kings have been preserved, and several of them are now more than names. Other finds give strong testimony to the influence of Babylonian culture as far north as Cappadocia, and show that a long period of development must have preceded the condition of society ruled over by these Hittite kings, some archeologist believing that it extended over more than 3,000 years.

Finger Stall for Child.

Every mother of a small son knows how well nigh impossible it is to keep a bandage on his finger. Also, how frequently little boys' fingers are in need of bandaging. Before throwing away old kid gloves cut off the good fingers for "finger stalls" for the boy. Cut the under side short, but let the top run back to the wrist of the glove; then split this strip to form straps to fasten around the child's wrist with a small safety pin. These stalls will be quite large enough to cover the bandaged finger of a small child and will save endless time and worry, says Mothers' Magazine. For larger children use fingers from a man's glove.

Repertise.

It is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repertise is the highest order of wit, as it speaks the coarsest yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused.

Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveler at Furness, burst forth into a violent monogamy upon him; his visitor told him that such praise was most undesired, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. "Well, well, 'imperfecta,'" replied Voltaire, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

UP TO HIM TO DO SOMETHING

Deacon Woods Willing to Get Busy Immediately in the Hope of Dismaying Fate.

"I notice Mrs. Simmons is having a new porch put onto her house," said Deacon Woods, polishing his glasses. "Yes," said his wife, "she always wanted one clear across the front of the house, but Silas never would build one, so the first thing she did with some of the insurance money was to have one."

The deacon looked at his paper thoughtfully for a moment, then remarked:

"The Widder Davis is setting out a good many flowers, isn't she? She keeps getting seed catalogues at the postoffice."

"Yes," replied his wife, "her heart's been set on a posy-garden a good many years, but I should almost think 'twould make Jed Davis turn over in his grave. He always thought flowers was such a foolish waste of time and money."

For a time the deacon was silent; then he said, "Wasn't that a new rubber-tired buggy I saw Prunella White in yesterday?"

"Yes," said his wife, with animation, "and I'm glad she's got it at last. She rode round for years in an old farm wagon, though Leander could well afford a decent buggy for her and the girls, but if he'd 'a' lived they'd never have had one."

For a time the deacon remained sunk in thought; then he asked:

"If you had a considerable sum of money to do just what you wanted with, Mandy, what would you get?"

"I'd have me a hardwood floor in that kitchen," his wife said, brimly. "I never scrub that old floor but what I run my fingers full of slivers."

"Mandy," said her husband, with fervor, "you'll see the carpenters at work on that new floor tomorrow mornin'!" And the deacon resumed his paper with a sigh of relief.—Youth's Companion.

EAT PIE AND HAVE NO FEAR

Eminent Medical Authority Has Come Forward to Defend the Great American Edible.

Again pie-eating defended—this time in the New York Medical Journal.

"In its proper place," says the Medical Journal, "pie is not only a palatable but a nutritious staple, an excellent vehicle of carbohydrates and fruit. It is not essentially indigestible, and demands only proper mastication and insalivation to insure lack of discomfort."

In other words, if we chew pie as persistently as we chew the rag about the indigestibility of pie we shall find it as sweetly digestible as it is blandly delectable.

"Pie crust," this authority goes on to say, "is only flour and lard, the latter being replaced usually by chicken fat by those who object to any form of pork. Delicacy of manipulation is required in the making of the crust, and such delicacy depends paradoxically upon great digital strength, for only the strong have a genuine lightness of touch."

This is expressed the armor-plate crusts so often the product of the soft but weak "manipulation" of slender, pretty and youthful brides, as compared with the saky, sea-fogy kind turned loose by older and stiffer-fingered mothers. But wait a moment; we can eat and even live in comfort upon our sweet girl graduates' pies after all, for the paper continues: "A soggy paste, however, made by frail fingers, is only aesthetically objectionable for resolute chewing will deprive it of its terrors."

Now, however, comes the curse of the pie matter. We customarily "fish off" with pie and cheese after we have had a hearty dinner and enough; but if we eat lightly and then have pie, or make pie and cheese answer for a whole meal, there is no the slightest ill effect from it.

Things Everlasting.

This lesson I learn from the past; that grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the true, will never cease out of the world till God from whom they emanate ceases out of it; that the sacred duty and noble office of the poet is to reveal and justify them to men; that as long as the soul endures, endures also the theme of new and unexampled song; that while there is grace in grace, love in love, and beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them, and bear witness of them, and to hang their ideal portraits in the gallery of memory. God with us is forever the mystical name of the hour that is passing. The lives of the great poets teach us that they were the men of their generation who felt most deeply the meaning of the present.—James Russell Lowell.

Sure Book Preservative.

United States Consul Hanna of Georgetown, New Guinea, presents the following as a sure exemption from damage by cockroaches, wood ants and other destructive insects. He says that books painted with a compound consisting of one-half ounce of corrosive sublimate, one ounce of carbolic acid and two pints of methylated spirits every three or six months are exempt from the ravages of vermin, whether in the tropics or in cooler climates. To make the formula thoroughly effective, he says that the books should be painted all over the outside when closed and inside thoroughly at the seam of both back and front covers, and that with this treatment the most valuable archives can be kept in good condition.

THE OLD "LEGIT" OBJECTS

Scene in Moving Picture Theater Too Much for His Idea of the Dignity of the Stage.

An old "legit" reeled into the street from out a ten-cent moving picture theater, his hand to his head, and exhibiting all the symptoms of having received a mortal blow. Two or three sympathetic citizens, one of them the usher of the theater, rushed to his assistance, asking if he was hurt much and wondering if they should call for an ambulance. The old man turned fiercely on the usher and replied:

"Of course I am hurt much—mortally wounded—look at that!"

He pointed dramatically to a poster which announced that "The Merchant of Venice" was being performed with—

"I want in to see that masterpiece even as a moving picture, for I am without prejudice, and know that pantomime is a great art—but what do I see? A Portia that wears an Irish lace collar around her head for a Venetian cap, who skips through her part like a frisky sourette, and when the manufactured scene showing her visit to the Duke of Bellario is introduced, and the duke with a goodly amount of dignity evidently tells her with lips that are hidden by whiskers what she is to do nod her head gayly and says, her movement of lips showing the words plainly, 'That'll be fine.' Shade of Shakespeare! Had he been buried in this country he would have risen today to expire again in agony."

HAD FOLLOWED THE ADVICE

Lecturer Probably Was Not Proud of the Immediate Effect of His Discourse to the Students.

At a certain well-known medical college there is a staff lecturer who is never tired of dilating on the advantages of doctors being able to sleep at odd minutes. The gentleman in question, he it added, is as proud in the enunciation of this theme as he is insistent upon it; whereas he is affectionately known as "Cap-Naps."

He was for the hundredth time enlarging on his pet topic at the close of a long ninety minutes' discourse, something like this:

"And let me again impress upon you, young gentlemen, the prime necessity of training yourselves to that invaluable habit of sleeping here, there, and everywhere, whenever an unexpected fifteen minutes offers itself to recuperate your often exhausted energies. It may be in a car, with a ride ahead and no one at your elbow to annoy you. It may be in your consulting room, between calls—at first, you know, there may be intervals! It may come anywhere, any time; but seize the opportunity whenever you feel you are bored, perhaps with what is going on around you—when you feel your time is being unprofitably employed."

And then, from the back bench, came two loud, unmistakable snores!

Antiquity of Tennis.

Tennis is probably one of the most ancient ball games, and was a sport long before cricket was dreamed of. Though undoubtedly not existing during the Arthurian period, tennis, or as it was called "tenez," is mentioned in the Arthurian legends, written in 1500, and the Knights of the Round Table were pictured as engaged in the sport when the weather was too hot for tournaments or jousts. From a very simple beginning, and through many centuries, the intricacy of the game's rules have been developed. Its present name seems to be a corruption of the term "tenez," which the server used in the same way "ready" is called out now. In the beginning the name was "jeu de paume," taken from the fact that the ball was struck with the hands instead of with a racket. Later the hand was encased in a glove and still later the glove was covered with strings, running criss-cross, from which condition there was but a short step to the short-handled racket. In feudal times the courts were merely open grass plots, and sometimes the lawn of a castle, and not till late in the seventeenth century was the court inclosed.

"Boothed."

An English general was in company where some Scotch gentlemen were present. After supper, when the wine was served up, the general rose and addressed the company in the following words: "Gentlemen, I must inform you that when I get a little too much drunk I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch; I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss." With this he sat down.

A Scotch gentleman immediately rose, and, without seeming the least displeased, said: "Gentlemen, I, when I have drunk rather freely, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company; I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." It is said that on that occasion the Scotchman had no opportunity for the exercise of his talents.

Assurance of Security.

"It's sweet when the seas are roughened by violent winds to view on land the toils of others; not that there is pleasure in seeing others in distress, but because man is glad to know himself secure. It is pleasant, too, to look with no share of peril on the mighty contents of war; but nothing is sweeter than to reach these calm, undisturbed temples, raised by the wisdom of philosophers, whence they may look down on poor, mistaken mortals, wandering up and down in life's devious ways.—Lucretius II.

PAIN IN THE ROYAL NOTICE

Composer Had Occasion to Remember Former Time That Maria Theresa Honored Him.

An amusing incident of the healthy boyhood of the great composer, Joseph Haydn, is given by Mary Maxwell Moffat in her biography of the Austrian empress, Maria Theresa.

When von Reutter became choir-master of St. Stephen's cathedral he had Joseph Haydn among his pupils. During a visit to the Hungarian Prince Esterhazy, in 1772, Maria Theresa took occasion to say a word of praise to Haydn, who had composed the music of the opera given in her honor, and had conducted the performance. She expressed the conviction that she had seen him before, although she could not remember the occasion.

"The last time your majesty was pleased to take notice of me," said Haydn, "you ordered me a good thrashing."

"That does not sound like me," rejoined the empress. "How did it happen?"

Then Haydn told of a Whitsuntide when, with other pupils of von Reutter, he had been brought to Schoenbrunn to sing in the chapel. Between the services the boys took to clambering over the scaffolding of the new wings of the palace. The empress caught sight of them, and sent word forbidding the dangerous sport. But the attraction of the scaffolding was irresistible; on the following day the boys were again risking their necks. When Maria Theresa expostulated with von Reutter, his surmise that the ring-leader was "that young scamp, Joseph Haydn," led her to suggest that the rod be used to improve his memory.—Youth's Companion.

BEST EXERCISE FOR WOMEN

Popularity of Fencing Justified in Results That Follow Its Perseverant Practice.

Fencing is always popular with women who have the leisure and the opportunity to go through with the required training, and lately it has become even more the fashion with women prominent in society. Even during the summer, while they were away at their country or seaside homes, many women kept up their fencing lessons, having the instructor come to their homes for the purpose.

All experts in physical training rate fencing as the best possible means of exercise for women. It ranks with swimming and rowing in that it gives all the development needed without making the muscles too heavy, as do some of the other sports. For the woman of today who longs above everything else to be slender and supple, it is the ideal exercise. Those women who are so faithful to their fencing lessons have discovered that a brisk half hour with the foils is more effective in keeping their figures girlishly lithe and slender than a half day spent at heavier and less graceful forms of exercise.

Work of Chemical Engineer.

Great is the debt that the new south owes to the chemical engineer, whose contributions are enumerated by a writer: "The utilization of the formerly wasted cotton seed in oil making and the employment of the pressed hulls as a cattle feed; the production of glycerins from cotton seed oil; the use of the vast clay and shale beds in brick and tile manufacture; and the opening up of deposits of phosphates and phosphate rock that yield commercial fertilizers. Through his experiments and advice the pine forests formerly destroyed in obtaining turpentine may now be saved, while lumber, as it has been pointed out that turpentine can be obtained from waste sawdust slabs and old trees or stumps cut down or blown down by storms. High grade oak ties for railroad use may be made to last longer than before and low grade lumber (such as loblolly pine) can be made as efficient as untreated oak by simply impregnating the timber with creosote oil, and it is now a thriving industry throughout the south."

"Going Out to See a Man."

Artemus Ward, about half through his lecture, announced a recess for fifteen minutes, so as to go out and "see a man." H. R. Tracey, a Washington editor, seeing an opportunity to improve upon the joke, sent these lines to the platform:

"Dear Artemus: If you will place yourself under my guidance, I'll take you to 'see a man,' without crossing the street." A restaurant keeper at that time in Washington was named Aman, to whom Ward was taken, and found Aman luxuriating at the well-laden refreshment board. Everybody "caught on" to the phrase, and, getting up between the acts and "going out to see Aman" became contagious.

Oyster Can Change Its Sex.

At the Academy of Science in Paris recently Edmond Perrier, director of the Museum of Natural History, submitted a series of singular researches by M. Danton, who has discovered that the sex of an oyster often varies in the same subject without apparent cause.

Another fact ascertained by M. Danton is the triumph of femininity among oysters, the male being the inferior and weaker sex, and as food conditions change for the better or worse, they transform themselves from one sex to the other.

USE OF MOURNING BORDERS

There Are a Few Set Rules, But Individual Taste Practically Decides the Question.

The average person chooses her mourning borders by individual taste rather than by rule and rarely changes the width until second mourning.

Good taste avoids the flaunting of grief and rarely countenances a border wider than a quarter of an inch, even for a widow. Even this is a trifle wide; three-sixteenths of an inch is a better width for widows, parents or children, and an eight of an inch for a sister or brother.

The paper used is dead white linen of plain weave and lusterless. It is bad form to have a mourning border on striped or fancy paper, even though the color is kept white. Where a transparent paper is liked, as for foreign correspondence or to save postage, besides the border there is a separate lining of black tissue paper for each envelope.

Addresses and monograms are often stamped in unrelieved black. Some persons prefer them embossed in relief without color, especially if there be telephone and telegram numbers in addition to the address. When these are all in black they look less overpowering if a miniature receives and telegraph pole and lines are used instead of the word telephone or telegram.

As mourning borders are expensive, the stationery of grief is costly. It can rarely be had by the pound as other papers, but sometimes is cheaper by the box, containing several quires. As there is usually a reduction for getting a large quantity, it pays to lay in a supply.

Correspondence cards carry the same borders as writing paper. When there are no engraved acknowledgments these cards are quite large enough for a few words of appreciation. Sometimes a sentence is written across the top of the visiting card.

Black bordered envelopes to fit the visiting card should be bought by the hundred, as the card will do social duty during the entire period of mourning.

HAS A LARGE VOCABULARY

Number of Words Used by Small Child Will Surprise One Who Is Not a Close Observer.

How many words does the ordinary child know? Fifty? Wrong. A hundred? Wrong again. Five hundred, for a wild guess? A little nearer, but not much. The truth is that people underestimate the number of words their children can speak.

Take a paper and pencil, follow the child for several days, several weeks putting down every new word that is uttered. You'll find out some things that will surprise you. And when the word "child" is used, it does not refer to a boy or girl of seven or eight, but one of three.

An investigation recently made by following a child at that age and noting every word that was used, showed that it had memorized 1,771 different words. They covered practically everything with which the child came in contact, and were words the child had never heard before.

Another investigation of words used by children between 1 year and 18 months old showed that the lowest vocabulary that was reported included the use of 60 words. The highest was 333 words. From two years on, the vocabulary of a child increases rapidly, until at three years the average child has a vocabulary of at least 1,000 words.

"The Brave Old Oak."

Whether its branches show green against a dark-blue sky—gold where the sunlight touches them—whether its leaves show magenta in the light of the setting sun, or black and silver in the moonlight, there is no tree of them all to compare with the oak. All a summer's day you may lie stretched beneath it, so strong and so friendly, not to you only, but to all the little lives that swarm about its roots. All kinds of busy creatures, ants, spiders, daddy-long-legs, beloved of your childhood, go scurrying over you on this errand and that, as unafraid, almost, as if you were dead. A feeling of kinship comes to you: a knowledge that all this life about you in oak and grass and insect, and the good dog lying at your feet, is but a little part of the ageless flux and reflux; soothingly as a cool hand on an aching head, there comes to you the realization that soon, fears, hates, and loves forgotten, your tired body shall rest under the trees all the days and all the nights.—Atlanta.

Looking Ahead.

The hotels in the west end of London were somewhat crowded—some what—during the busy summer months, and service in some of the restaurants was slow.

One morning a big well-dressed man walked into one of the hotel dining-rooms and pondered on the table. A waiter came over.

"Breakfast bill of fare!" ordered the big man.

The waiter gave him one and stood at attention, whereas the guest proceeded to order a most ornate breakfast. When he had finished he looked over on the waiter's record of the order and approved it.

"Well, serve it right away, sir." "Serve it right away!" roared the big man. "Who asked you to serve it right away? I'm ordering this breakfast now for tomorrow morning."