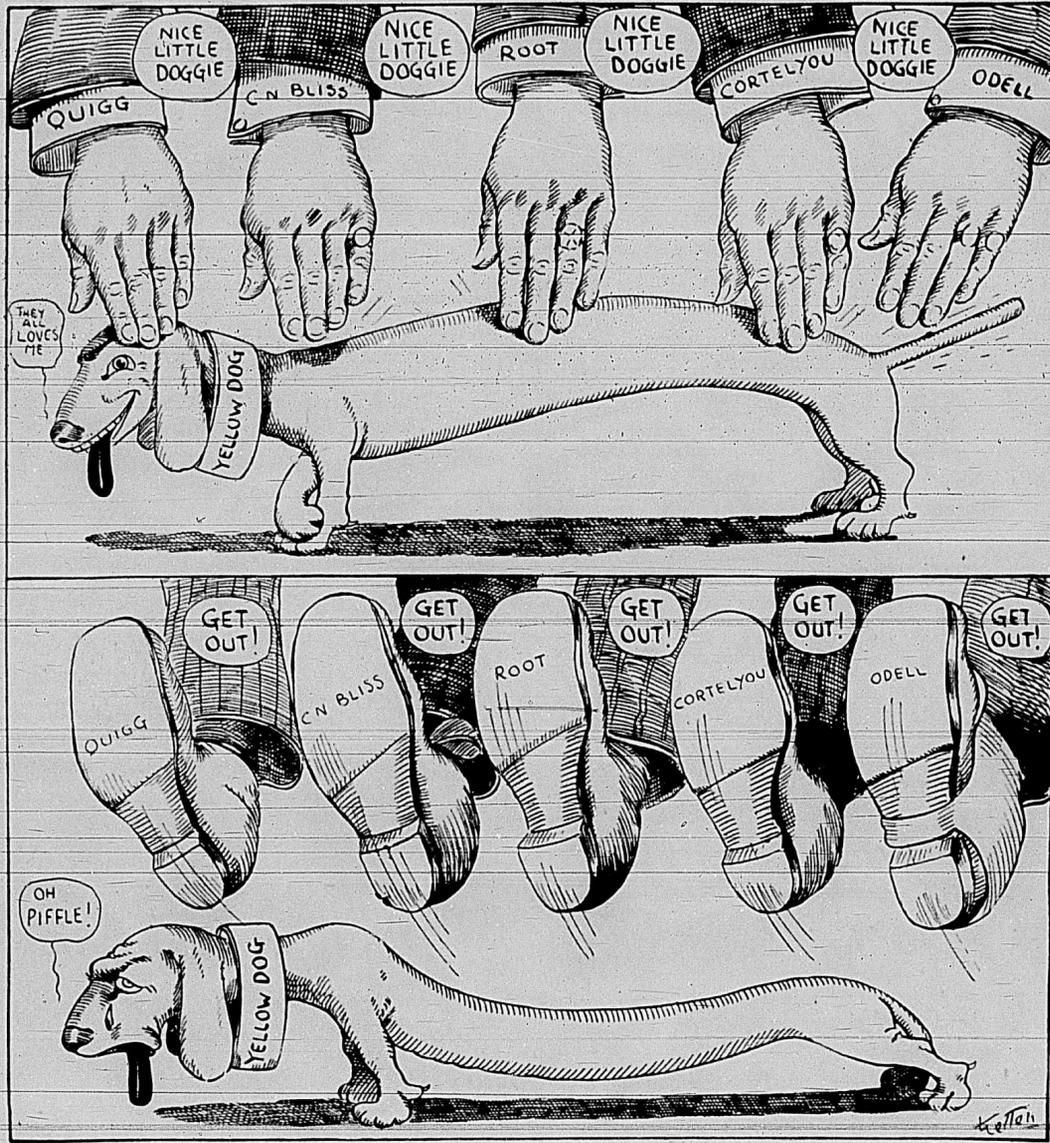


The Evening World logo and subscription information including rates for one year, six months, and three months, and contact details for the Press Publishing Company.

Then and Now.

By Maurice Ketten.



FIFTY OF HEROINE OF HISTORY

No. 49—CLARA BARTON, Heroine of Peace and War.

In the country town of Oxford, Mass., on Christmas Day, 1811, was born a girl who in early childhood felt unfitted to her narrow surroundings.

Because of this discontent she is to-day a world heroine instead of a New England school teacher. The girl was Clarissa Harlowe Barton, daughter of a Revolutionary captain, and destined to be known and blessed from Africa to San Francisco as "Clara" Barton.

She longed for broader lines of work and life than her village offered. She worked alternately as school teacher and factory hand until she had saved enough money to go to the Liberal Institute at Clinton, N. Y. Thence she went to Bordentown, N. J., and founded a free school. Only six pupils could be found at first to encourage the new venture.

So successful was her appeal that a big Washington warehouse could scarcely hold the supplies that poured in. Miss Barton's brother was released and she continued her labor of mercy until the end of the war, accomplishing for America's stricken soldiers much the same benefits that Florence Nightingale had achieved for those in the Crimea.

From 1866 to 1868 she lectured on her war experience, and at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, collaborated with the Grand Duchess of Baden in fitting up the military hospitals.

But the feat for which Miss Barton is best known has as its part the relief of the sufferers of the Paris siege. For her services she was decorated with the Iron Cross of Germany and the Golden Cross of Baden.

In 1881, in organizing the Red Cross society in this country, the project was an instant success, and she was elected president of the new American branch of this great world charity, a position she held until 1904. The Red Cross is not, as many imagine, planned for war service alone.

In 1884 she was put in charge of the expedition for relieving the survivors of the floods on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In the Russian famine, the yellow fever epidemic in Florida, the Michigan forest fire scourge the Louisiana cyclone, the Armenian massacres and elsewhere Miss Barton made the Red Cross a symbol of help for the helpless.

In our war with Spain she took relief to the Cuban reconcentrados and did splendid field work with the armies. In 1900 she undertook to direct the relief of the Galveston flood sufferers, but her fragile health, long overtaxed, at last broke down and the work was detailed to another.

Throughout her years of ceaseless activity for humanity Miss Barton had found time to act as superintendent, treasurer and steward of the Sherborn, Mass., reformatory prison for women and to do incalculable service there for the unfortunate.

Once, when a half-starved mob attacked a storehouse where provisions were kept for the sick, and beat away the guards placed before the building, Miss Barton appeared at the door alone, and by sheer gentleness and persuasion dispersed the mob. This is but one of a thousand stirring incidents in her long splendid career.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

Under the "Red Cross" Flag.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

At eighty-five, an invalid, and past her day of active toil, this heroine's influence still pervades Red Cross benefactions and is an inspiration to every woman who has elected to put Humanity ahead of Self.

EAT LESS AND CHEW MORE.

YALE COLLEGE professors have reported on their series of experiments concerning the food theories of Horace Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher is a rich man who lives at the Waldorf. Several years ago he became so fat that when he applied for life insurance he was rejected. The development of dyspepsia and rheumatism warned him that he must do something.

Instead of taking pills he ate less and chewed more. He reduced his meals to two a day and cut down the amount of food to what he could thoroughly masticate.

The result was that he lost his surplus fat and regained his health. He accidentally accomplished the unique feat of taking his meals at the Waldorf on an average cost for food of less than \$1 per day.

The same diet which cost Mr. Fletcher \$1 a day at the Waldorf would cost the average household less than 25 cents a day. He eats what he wants, but has reduced the amount of food which he eats by chewing it long. He makes a rule to spend an hour at a meal and during that hour to keep his jaws moving vigorously, not swallowing anything until the act of swallowing has become involuntary.

Most men swallow food with a few bites. They do not macerate the food with their teeth until it dissolves, but use their jaws only to reduce the morsel to a size small enough to be swallowed.



It is as if a furnace were to be frequently fired with coal, with four-fifths of the coal shaken down through the grate instead of being thoroughly consumed as fuel. That is what happens to food when it is not thoroughly chewed and dissolved in the mouth before being swallowed.

This subject is not discussed for its medical value, although from that point of view it would appeal to numerous dyspeptics.

But from a financial point of view, Fletcherism, as the thorough chewing of every bite of food is called, would solve many household troubles. One cracker thoroughly chewed furnishes more nourishment than ten crackers bolted in chunks. One piece of meat masticated for five minutes nourishes the system more than a dozen gulped-down mouthfuls.

About four-fifths of the human frame is water. Of the remainder the bones and muscles require little food for their replacement if that food is thoroughly assimilated. The necessity of food is to furnish human energy. The human body is a furnace which can get many times more energy out of the fuel in the shape of food than any steam boiler or gasoline motor.



By eating only the amount of food necessary to furnish this energy the butcher's, grocer's and baker's bill can be cut into quarters and the doctor's bill can be made to vanish.

The precepts of the Fletcher system are simple: Chew all food until it dissolves completely in the mouth and swallow nothing which has not dissolved and is swallowed involuntarily. Drink all liquids by sipping, instead of gulping, and drink before eating or some time after, instead of using tea, coffee, milk, water, beer or any other fluid to wash down solid food.

This is easy to try, it costs nothing and it saves money, which is a most important consideration to most families nowadays.

The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

By Roy L. McCardell

"How well you're looking!" said Mrs. Rangle, dropping in on her friend, Mrs. Jarr, for a short call. "I'm sure I don't feel well," said Mrs. Jarr with a sigh. "I've been so nervous for the past week that I feel sure something is going to happen, and nothing seems to do me any good."

Letters from the People.

Children in the Streets. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am the mother of three children, and I want to say that children, of course, need plenty of fresh air, but the trouble is just here: The children while in the street are pulling continually annoying every one in the neighborhood. Most parents prefer to send their children to play in the street to get rid of them and their noise, and let them bother other people. I saw two boys at 11.45 at night on Thursday last, neither one over nine years of age, shooting craps on the sidewalk near my home. Boys of ten and eleven were yelling like so many fiends and roller-skating. The children should go home and remain there after 8 P. M. W. C. H.

Nixola Greeley-Smith Discusses Heart Topics.

Is Sausage the Food of Love?

A WOMAN in Pittsburg is suing her husband for divorce because for breakfast, luncheon and dinner he leaves her nothing to eat but sausage. "I hope she gets it."

I have heard of men who assumed to dictate what their wives should wear, but never before of one who ventured to tell his better half what to eat. The wide world of dill pickles and chocolate-souffles is hers to choose from, and the man who would limit her erratic appetite to fare so coarse as the succulent sausage is guilty of gross cruelty and is nothing but a succulent sausage himself.

There was a time, to be sure, when women in general cared very little for what they ate; indeed, they regarded the important function of eating real food as a more or less masculine pastime, in which they took part mainly to be agreeable. Quite recently a woman writer called attention to the fact that in French there is no feminine equivalent for the word gourmet, meaning a connoisseur of food. And it was perhaps the survival of the once general idea that women are indifferent to what they eat that led the Pittsburg husband to prescribe a diet of sausage for his wife.

But whatever the cause of love may be, it certainly is not sausage, and a woman, even of the widest and most tolerant palate is more than justified in rejecting it.

Inasmuch as the idea is very generally entertained that we are what we eat, the husband, if it devolves upon him to supply the family table, cannot be too careful in his selection. In Chicago not long ago a woman declared that she had turned a very ordinary, second-rate apology for a spouse into a model husband by a simple process of dieting.

The most ethical woman, limited to a daily diet of pork, must soon assimilate certain qualities long associated, however unjustly, with the deceased pig. Perhaps the Pittsburg man found his wife too spiritual and was trying by a system of diet to bring her nearer to his level. This seems the only explanation of what would otherwise be incomprehensible stupidity.

No two persons seem to be agreed as to what the food of love really is, but I think all of us would agree to eliminate bologna, Wienerwurst or home-bred sausage from our speculations concerning it. A cynical bachelor of my acquaintance maintains with much humor and plausibility that it is alcohol. At any rate, it is not sausage. And the Pittsburg wife is abundantly justified in her rebellion.

The Mystery of Joss Sticks.

In all countries where Buddhist worship is celebrated there is a great consumption of "joss sticks." These ceremonial candles are lighted on occasions of festivity or mourning, prayer or thanksgiving to divinities, and the like. Joss sticks are at once candles and incense, since, like the latter, they burn without apparent flame. Their preparation is shrouded in some mystery and the process is still practically unknown, those who carry it on being chosen from a special class and kept in rigorous seclusion. A squared strip of bamboo, of varying length and thickness, according to the size of joss stick that is to be made, is skillfully rolled on an inclined surface, in a mixture of odoriferous powders agglutinated by resin, made viscous by slight elevation of temperature. One of the ends is left as it is, to serve as a handle. In some cases the bamboo is replaced with a flexible rod which enables the joss stick to be rolled in spiral form. The composition of the odoriferous powders varies with the country. Those used in Indo-China come generally from the province of Canton and include fourteen different drugs, among which may be named camphor, sandalwood, acornite and clove. Acornite plays the part of a preservative and protects the joss sticks well against the attacks of rats and mice.

Up Against It. Diogenes uttered a horrid imprecation. Yet the philosopher was not greatly to be blamed. He had been out all morning with his lantern looking for an honest man, and in his absence some one had stolen his tub.

Yens Yensen, Yanitor. && He is Still on the Trail of That Tip. && By R. W. Taylor.

