

NEWPORT NEWS VA., SUNDAY MARCH 13, 1910.

Feeding a Family on \$39.78 Per Year

(From Judge.) Our expenses for the year were as follows: Home-made whole-wheat bread for 335 days, at three cents per day..... \$10.05 Butter at thirty cents per pound (average) for 335 days..... 23.15 Fifty pounds sugar for winter preserving, at seven cents per pound..... 3.50 Milk, one pint twice a week for forty-eight weeks, at three cents per pint..... 2.88 Condiments..... .20

Grand Total..... \$39.78 The flour and sugar occasionally used in cooking were very inconsiderable, and their prices are included under bread and sugar respectively. Nor was the planting of our garden a formidable undertaking. It contributed just a dozen or so of the more common vegetables, all of which we found better eaten raw, and, although about a dozen kinds of fruits and nuts in their seasons. The entire garden was surrounded by a high spiked iron fence, to keep the children from getting inside between meals. So much for our food supply.

Believing, with our best-known authorities on diet, that overeating, underchewing and using too much meat are the sources of nearly all human misery, we determined not to err, and first thing, gave up the foolish breakfast habit. Animal food was also ruled out, saving that we still countenanced a sparing use of butter and milk in our rare cooking.

To such dainty and easily prepared meals as the following it was our daily privilege to sit down: Lunch—Two raw carrots, cut into dice. Dry whole-wheat bread, toasted. Half slices. Lettuce. Hickory nuts, served with salt.

Dinner—Bean soup, in cups, made without pork. One raw turnip sliced, garnished with parsley. Equilateral, two inches a side, triangles of stale whole-wheat, cut thin. Butter-balls, size of shoe buttons. A few cabbage leaves, raw. Cherries.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul, too, found here a right of way. Otherwise we drank nothing with our meals. Of condiments, though inexpensive, we used but little, believing that Nature is the best seasoner, and, as the poet has it, she never will forsake the heart that loves her. So why not trust her for our grosser wants? And just a word now about the floral decorations. Select them judiciously. Roses we found peculiarly inadvisable. They are delicate as a relish, but their artistic value in joining the main vegetable to work out a color scheme was—I blush to confess it—more than canceled by the unseemly rivalry of the children to eat the leaves.

Of course we Fletcherize, and, as has been so often attested, doing so does lessen very appreciably the desire for food. This we found true even the first day. And, of course, no food was allowed save to the cheerful only; and, as when meal-time came round, one at least was discontented, the problem simplified itself into the feeding of really fewer than eight persons two times a day, i. e., the providing never more than 15 meals a day, which, to breakfast-eaters, would mean five three-meal-a-day boarders, for 11 months of the year. Incidentally, the discontented gained from their digestive apparatus many beneficial little vacations.

And, right here, I will mention what was a by no means insignificant feature of our economy—the fasting of each one for thirty days. It is needless for me to reiterate the excellent results of this practice, and I am convinced besides that, if persisted in, the desire of man would so fall him that all kinds of vice would ultimately vanish from the face of the earth. However, we tried to have only one in the house at a time setting out for this Nirvana, as it was our experience that the first month's journey thither is somewhat trying to the disposition. At these times and between meals all were at liberty to fill up on cheerful thoughts, deep breaths of fresh air, and a quite unrestricted water supply, this last well churned in the month before swallowing.

Just one point more. Nights and mornings, when the subconscious self is in the fullness of its power, it is a splendid plan for the boys to keep saying to themselves and to fancy written all over the bedroom walls such sentences as these: I am full of energy! I excel at long runs and high jumps! I am captain of my college football team! The girls should read: I am growing stronger every day! I can wash windows! I can scrub the kitchen floor! And, incidentally, the lads and lassies are educating themselves for their highest respective spheres in days to come. I overheard my eldest son muttering one morning, "I am eating beefsteak, I am eating beefsteak!" in shocking repetition. It goes without saying that this was most pernicious, so great is the power of suggestion. As three of my children were too young to concentrate their minds sufficiently or to read the writing on the walls, I had my wife suggest these same thoughts to them during their sleeping hours, and with equal success. I have observed that this treatment, particularly in times of fasting, is invariably followed by a difference in weight. And no, before closing, may I not

especially commend this simple combination of practices, each of which has been already proved so indisputably economical and healthful, to settlement workers or to any others studying the great question of feeding our poor? "How Our Family of Nine Slept on the Roof and Rented Out Our Upstairs to Roomers," will be the subject of my next article in this series.

MARY EVA KITCHEL.

OLD-AGE PENSION.

France Has Finally Produced a System Superior to Great Britain's

The French government began practically to consider the adoption of an old-age pension system for workingmen long before the British government did so, and it has delayed final action upon the measure until long after the latter, but the greater deliberation appears to have been productive of better results, the plan which is now about to be enacted in France being free from some of the grave imperfections of the British system and worked throughout by a fine degree of thoughtfulness and reason. Incidentally, the measure is a tribute to the value of a second chamber in a national legislature, since, while it was first drafted by the chamber députés, it has been almost completely rewritten by the senate, to its very great and universal conceded improvement.

In Great Britain the pensions are paid entirely by the state. The French scheme, on the contrary, provides for participation in the cost by both the workingmen and their employers. This is the logic of Mr. Ribot, the chief reviser and advocate of the bill in the senate. There should be a pension system, to avert the evils of indigence and dependence. The men who are to be pensioned should contribute to the fund, in order to constrain them to thrift and prevision. Their employers should contribute to it, because the men who are to be pensioned contribute by their labor to the production of the employers' wealth. The state also contributes to it, because both employers and employees contribute to the increase of the national resources. The three funds thus secured are to be united and capitalized, because that is the only sound and prudent disposition to make of so vast a fund.

The bill provides that each man who is a prospective pensioner shall contribute \$1.80 a year to the fund each woman \$1.20, and each boy under eighteen years 90 cents, and in each case an equal sum is to be contributed by the employer, while a sum equal to both the employee's and the employer's is to be granted by the state. No one will be entitled to a full pension from only the employers' and employees' contributions may be claimed at the age of 55. All wage earners in the nation, excepting railroad employes, miners and members of the naval reserve, who are otherwise provided for, will become beneficiaries of the system, and also many tenant farmers and small landholder—in all fully two-fifths of the entire population.

On the whole the scheme, with its carefully worked out details, appeals more strongly to favorable consideration than any other of the kind of which we have knowledge, and it may be expected that the French government, with its marvelous genius for administration, and the French people, with their unrivaled industry and thrift, will apply and operate the system in a manner to enhance that general prosperity which makes France one of the most self-reliant and most enviable of nations.—New York Tribune.

VIOLET GLASSES AID EYES.

Remarkable Claim Made for Sun-Tinted Window Panes.

A discovery of great value to those whose sight has been impaired by working under artificial light has been made in this city. It was learned yesterday that amethyst-tinted lenses made from window pane glass taken from houses in Walnut street would cure blindness caused by working on bright metals and under artificial light.

This glass is simply ordinary window panes that have been in use for more than 75 years. In that time it has been turned an amethyst tint by the direct rays of the sun.

Philadelphia eye specialists are optimistic in their contentions for the glass, which is termed by the oculists and opticians "the Philadelphia glass." Some of the most widely known physicians in the city are using it in their daily practice, and say that it has proved wonderfully effective, and that the eye disorders that it will relieve and cure are many. Although the first announcement of the good results from the use of this glass was made only about six months ago, it has received widespread attention, and Philadelphia physicians who were among the first to give it a trying, out have received letters from other doctors in all parts of the globe asking for samples of the glass with which to experiment.

Houses in Walnut street that were erected in the early part of the last century are being examined closely by enterprising opticians. Many a valid Philadelphia family who have lived in the same house for several generations have been surprised recently by offers to put new glass in their windows free of cost. Upon close examination it was learned the

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN



Big Religious Revival

Sweeping through the towns like a forest fire, there has been in progress in Cheungo county since last October a religious revival, the like of which was never before seen in Central New York. At the head of the movement, which is still going by leaps and bounds, is Rev. John Davis, a minister with wide experience as an evangelistic campaigner, who has gathered together a truly wonderful corps of assistants in his work.

The movement started in the little village of Sherburne, unexpectedly. Evangelist Davis, of Binghamton, had been visiting in the village and was, in the latter part of September, invited to give one of his famous lectures to men there. He complied with the request. The address aroused so much enthusiasm that, strongly urged by the pastors and prominent citizens of the village, he put aside calls to Pittsburg and other cities and began a 10 days' campaign.

The campaign in Sherburne was a union campaign, in which the Baptist, Methodist and Congregational Churches were represented. It opened at the Baptist Church the first week in October. Mr. Davis called

to assist him F. A. Mills, soloist and choir leader, and George H. Carr, pianist. The campaign started, and before it had been in progress six days it became evident that Sherburne had no building large enough to hold the people who wished to attend the meetings. An evangelistic committee was formed and it was decided to build a tabernacle seating 1,000 people. The building, a rough structure of wooden frame, covered with tarred paper, was erected in 24 hours, scores of citizens and business men turning out to assist. The interest aroused was so great that Mr. Davis extended his stay from 10 days to a month.

During the campaign in Sherburne an all-day meeting was held in which Rev. Lincoln A. Ferris, Rev. F. O. Belden and Superintendent Ross, of the City Mission of Binghamton; Rev. Charles H. Harrington, of Cortland; John Fulton, a converted saloonkeeper of Brooklyn, and Evangelist Davis took part. In the evening of that day came the biggest religious demonstration Cheungo county had seen down to that time. Three bands, 85 horsemen, automobiles, hundreds of men and women in line paraded the streets. The meeting

which followed was the largest by far of the series. Late in January Norwich was invaded. The tabernacle was brought here and enlarged and the campaign started. It is now evident that the tabernacle was not enlarged enough. Although it will now seat 2,000, it is filled every night, no matter what the weather is. Two weeks ago Sunday, \$1,500 was raised at an afternoon meeting of men to purchase a \$750 piano to give to the evangelists and to pay the debt on the tabernacle. Last Tuesday evening 2,000 people paraded the snow-covered streets for an hour, making Central New York's most impressive religious demonstration. That evening three special trains were necessary to bring in the people from out of town.

When the campaign in Norwich is over Evangelist Davis and his corps will invade Brooklyn. Some people have criticized the methods of Evangelists Davis and Mills. They say that the use of bands, parades, red fire and big signs in religious work smacks too much of the sensational. Mr. Davis answers: "I don't intend to let the devil have a monopoly on the red fire."—Binghamton, (N. Y.) Press.

PINCHOT AS A WITNESS.

Unhappy Impression Left by His Failure to Produce Proof.

Mr. Pinchot's warmest friends must admit that his real betrayed him into extreme statements which he could not justify when put to the proof. His testimony yesterday left a decidedly unhappy impression as of a man of Rooseveltian readiness to make sweeping statements upon insufficient evidence or wholly mistaken inference. Mr. Pinchot's issues of veracity with Secretary Wilson may be fairly explicable on the ground that neither man fully understood the other; yet, even so, the matter will go to the country with the look of a want of perfect frankness on the part of the chief forester. His whole appearance as a witness is a striking lesson in the need of measure and sobriety in language on the part of public men.—New York Evening Post.

The Lawyer and the Counterfeit Experts

A noted lawyer of one of the Southern States, famous not only for his brilliant mind and legal ability, but also for his rigid code of honesty, was called on to defend a man accused of passing counterfeit money. The old lawyer, after investigating the matter and satisfying himself that the man was innocent of any intent to do wrong and had only paid out money which he had received in good faith undertook the case. When the case came up for trial the jury was so impressed by Judge's plea for his client and his explanation of the circumstances that a verdict of not guilty was rendered without delay.

The acquitted man was very grateful to Judge and after thanking him profusely for getting him out of the ugly scrape said:—"Judge, I'll never forget what you've done for me, and some day I hope to be able to prove my gratitude; but the only thing I can do now is to pay your fee, and I'll pay whatever you ask. How much is it?" "Well, I think about \$1,000 will be fair," replied the Judge. "That's fair, enough, sir," agreed the client, "but, judge, the only money I've got is the same kind of money that I have just been prosecuted for spending. Some of that money is good and some of it is the counterfeit, that was worked off on me, and I don't know 'tween which. Now, I will pay you \$1,500 in the bills that I have got and you do the best you can with it." As there seemed nothing else to

do, the judge agreed to this, and the client paid him the \$1,500 in bills and left him.

The Judge took the \$1,500 to his bank and explained the circumstances to the cashier and asked him to take out the bills which he as an expert pronounced good. The cashier did as, and the judge deposited the accepted bills to his credit, and then taking the package of doubtful money to another bank he made the same explanation and request of the cashier, the bank receiving on deposit the money, which, as experts, they pronounced good.

"And do you know," said the judge, "after I had visited six banks I had got rid of all the money except five twenty dollar bills, which all the banks had agreed were counterfeit, and my fee in the case instead of being the \$1,000 which I originally charged the man netted me \$1,400, and I've always had a suspicion that if there had been a few more experts in the town I would have got rid of those last five twenty dollar bills."

"What became of the five bad twenties?" some one asked the judge.

"I'm not sure," replied the old lawyer. "My wife asked me for them and shortly afterwards she made a trip to Washington. When she returned she showed me a brand new hundred dollar bill, which she said she had got at the United States Treasury—but I never asked her any question. I knew the treasury department had experts, too."—New York Herald.

A HOODOO STATUE

J. T. Chaffin, a Kansas City settlement worker, has come into possession of the Hercules of Praxiteles in a mysterious manner, as a gift from a Greek laborer. The authenticity of the little bronze, only six inches high, has been substantiated past reasonable skepticism. It is worth at the least reckoning \$100,000. It was given to this man without the exacting of a promise of its return and the Greek who gave it has vanished. His name is unknown and there appears to be only a slender possibility that he will ever return to claim his property, says the Chicago Tribune.

The Greeks in this country are agitated. There is anxiety that this last of this famous group of little bronzes is lost forever to the nation whose culture and genius made it possible. Both of the other statues are beyond purchase. The Boston museum paid \$150,000 for the head of Aphrodite and the New Yorker who possesses the Evanton is said to have spent nearly that amount for his treasure. Unless experts are badly mistaken, this little bronze of Hercules is at least 22 centuries old.

Mr. Chaffin was busy one evening in the Thomas H. Swope settlement-house in Kansas City, of which he is head resident, when a Greek laborer whom Chaffin knew by sight only entered and closed the door of the office. The settlement-house cares for many destitute Greek children and the man's visit occasioned no surprise until he produced from an inside pocket the little greened bronze. In broken English he explained that he must get rid of it because of the wrath of somebody.

Mr. Chaffin took the bronze readily enough. He is accustomed to strange requests from these enigmatic foreigners, but the thing interested him so that he forced an explanation from his visitor. Unwillingly the Greek explained that the statue was an "ancient" and that he had come into its ownership in a strange way. His father and his uncle were diggers for treasures of art in the employ of the Greek government, he said.

One day a good many years ago they had been left alone in a work of excavation—Mr. Chaffin did not learn just where. They chanced upon the bronze. It was small and easy to secrete, and one of the men carried it from the pit, 50 feet under the ground, and reburied it secretly. Their plan had been to sell it to some foreign antiquary, but the opportunity never came.

A half dozen years ago the father died. Then the uncle became mortally ill, and on his deathbed told the story of the hidden bronze to his nephew, begged him to exhume it and make his way to America with it.

grant; was victimized by employment agencies, and finally dumped into the Greece and to prison possessed him, a section hand on a railroad. He was nearly 2,000 miles from New York, which he considered his market place for his treasure. Then for two years he carried his statuette constantly in his pockets and hid it in his pallet at night.

The danger of its theft, of its discovery and of being carried back to Greece and to prison obsessed him. All the psychic forces that drive a criminal to confession were at work on his simple brain faculties. He believed that his fellow-workmen divined his secret and he knew their wrath. Finally he could bear it no more and decided to take Chaffin into his confidence. All this the Greek explained to his confessor laboriously in half-English. The mystery of the thing appealed to Chaffin more and more, and he finally came to Chicago with his bronze and sought the experts for a solution of the tangle. When he went back to Kansas City he had published a short description of the statuette, with a few facts about its acquisition. The Greek colony was in a fever. That night in all the dozens of Levantine cafes and saloons in Kansas City's north end interpreters translated the mystic and enthralling words to their brethren.

In its next issue the Atlantis of New York, the official Greek paper in America, published by Solon J. Vlasto, boomed with scare captions. Vlasto called to Athens and received some confirmation of his fears. Greek experts were sent to Kansas City to inspect the bronze and reported that it was undoubtedly the missing Hercules. The Atlantis soon advocated the appropriation of the Greek naval fund for the purchase of the art treasure. Next he demanded the removal of General Kavvathias, the keeper of the anecdotes in Greece, for permitting this priceless piece to leave the archipelago.—Baltimore American.

How He Got Even.

A traveling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locked up his trip the grouchy was impolite enough to observe, in the presence of his clerks, "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times?"

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Everyone has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's-y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"Do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—Success.

Hardly. Hungry Guest—Afraid I'm a bit late, but hope I haven't kept breakfast waiting.

Hostess—Oh, I forgot to mention that we're trying the "no breakfast" plan, and feel so much better for it. We do trust it will have the same effect with you.—Punch.

He'll Wake Up. Battling Nelson asks for another fight with Volgaist. One would think after what happened to Nelson he would know he was licked.—Onsaha Bee.