Talks on

HEALTH,
CLEANLINESS,
PROPER LIVING,
SANITATION, ETC.

BY

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PATENT MEDICINE.

There is a peculiar kind of philosophy that permits people to take a chance with the thin line between life and death just for the sake of avoiding payment for the proper medical treatment. Nearly every person of average intelligence knows that patent medicine is not the proper thing, but many of those who ought to know better than to use such medicine will foolishly take it. It should not be a difficult matter to understand that such a practice is dangerous in the extreme. The only excuse for taking patent medicine is that it is a cheap substitute for the real, the desirable and only proper treatment. It is an effort to cheat in the game of life. It is evasive and unreasonable to take a substitute for the original and proper, when the latter is available. False economy then, is the stimulus that lies back of the patent medicine using that can only be a makeshift. Ignorance is responsible for the patent medicine industry. Only those who are ignorant of the potency of drugs will try to use agents capable of the duality for good or ill without consulting some one who has been trained to prescribe after due examination to ascertain the true condition. It is obvious that the physician alone is really capable of advising the use of drugs and even the physician must examine every time before prescribing.

It is a shame on our age that we have not adequately protected those ignorant of the potentialities of materia medica. Patent medicine in the hands of any person who will take it, is equivalent to placing a razor blade in the hands of a child or infant.

Kings and Shaving.

The classic case of a king who knew better than to let anybody else shave him is that of Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Syracuse, who appears to have been unable to shave himself, for he is said to have resorted to the uncomfortable device of singeing off his beard with hot walnut shells, says the London Chronicle. We may suspect that Napoleon's was another case of the kind. Rogers asked Talleyrand whether Napoleon shaved himself. "Yes," replied Talleyrand; "one born to be a king has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." That way of putting it pleasantly emphasizes the practical superiority of the parvenu to the helpless, spoiled child of heredity, but prudence probably entered into the matter also, if Talleyrand's statement was correct.

A Queer Fish.

A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the Chromis paterfamilias. It is found in the lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing its young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue.

Reason For Complaint.

"I keep the best bread," said a certain baker the other day to a poor fellow who complained of the inferior quality of the article he had purchased of him the day before.

"I do not doubt it," replied the customer.

"Then why do you complain?" asked the baker.

"Because I would suggest that you sell the best bread and keep the bad," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Some Evidence.

"You say that preparation will make the hair grow?" asked the thin haired man of the druggist.

"Why, say," came from the drug man, "I know a customer who took the cork out of a bottle of that stuff with his teeth, and now he's got a hair lip."—Yonkers Statesman.

Part Often Overlooked.

"It is all right to pat yourself on the back occasionally," said the dispenser of sage advice.

"Yes?" said the player up.

"But don't forget to call yourself down when you need it, my boy."—Pittsburgh Post.

Treat For the Boarders.

"Ma," queried the small daughter of the boarding housekeeper, "what shall I do with these basting threads?"

"Give them to me and I will stir them into the frosting for the cocoanut cake," said her mother.—Youth's Companion.

Lively Cheese.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir. The Customer—What for? John—The cameembert, sir. The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—Exchange.

Sincerity's own realm is one's secret chamber; strong here, a man is strong everywhere.—Saigo.

Dolls as Scapegoats.

The earliest dolls found were the "Answers" of the ancient Egyptians, which were buried with important personages in order that they might fulfill such duties as the rulers of the nether world might impose on the dead dignitary in his next incarnation. The more important the dead the larger the number of dolls buried with him. Even to this day the doll plays its part in the folklore of the banks of the Nile. When the river does not appear to rise properly a doll is thrown into its waters, representing the living virgin or boy who used of old to be thrown in to propitiate the Nile god, and a similar performance takes place on the banks of the Tiber, where a doll made of plaited rushes is used as a substitute for the human victim.—Westminster Gazette.

George Washington's Sobriquets.

Washington was called by many sobriquets. He was first of all "Father of His Country." "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father." Sigourney calls him "Pater Patriae;" Chief Justice Marshall, the "American Fabius." Lord Byron in his "Ode to Napoleon" calls him "the Cincinnatus of the West." For having a new world on his shoulders he was called the "Atlas of America." The English soldiery called him by the sarcastic nickname of "Lovely Georgius." Red Jacket, the Seneca Indian chief, called him the "Flower of the Forest." The Italian poet Vittorio Alfieri called him "Deliverer of America." His bitter opponents sarcastically called him the "Stepfather of His Country" during his presidency.

Death.

Death, the dry pedant, spares neither the rose nor the thistle, nor does he forget the solitary blade of grass in the distant waste. He destroys thoroughly and unceasingly. Everywhere we may see how he crushes to dust plants and beasts, men and their works. Even the Egyptian pyramids, that would seem to defy him, are trophies of his power, monuments of decay, graves of primeval kings.—Heinrich Heine.

Simple.

"Those twin boys of yours are so much alike that I don't see how you can tell them apart."

"That's easy enough. When they're on their good behavior they answer to their own names, and when they've been in mischief each one answers to the name of the other."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

That Was All.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus in a loud voice, "what have you been doing to my razor?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Billus, "except sharpening it again after shaving Fido's tail with it. It's all right, isn't it?"—Exchange.

Courtesy.

Courtesy in the mistress of a house consists in feeding conversation, never in usurping it. She is the guardian of this species of sacred fire, but it must be accessible to all.—Mme. Swetchine.

Serious Intentions.

Nellie—Hasn't Mr. Felewalley proposed yet? Nora—No, but he has gone as far as to ask what time we have breakfast and whether mother is a good cook.—Exchange.

His Specialty.

Hokus—Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected. Pokus—What is he doing now? Hokus—Writing essays on the decline of the drama.—Life.

Charles E. Stump Continues His Travels Through the South and East. He Visited Philadelphia and Attended the General A. M. E. Conference Where He Met Many of the Leading Candidates for Bishops and Other High Dignitaries of the A. M. E. Church

Norfolk, Va.—I am still in the world and moving around a little bit, and I certainly enjoy my getting around and seeing the people. I tell you this is just a little better than getting down to it on a farm in Kansas, and I am sorry that I did not try to be a writer before. I wonder if all writers have such a nice time, and so much fuss made over them.

My head has greatly increased since I have been writing for this paper, until I fear that it will be hard to find a hat that will fit me. Just think of the states in which I have been this year, and the various towns and cities and back out in the country, and then think of what I have been able to say, and the number of people who have met me through the paper. Well, I am enjoying life, and don't you forget it!

It is hard for me to tell where I was when I wrote to you the last time, but I have been to many places since I wrote that letter. For instance, I have been to Knoxville, Jefferson City, Tenn., Roanoke, Va., Lynchburg, Danville, and High Point, N. C., and I was very much impressed with my trip to High Point, N. C., because I have never been there before and I saw just a few things there. I was there the guest of Rev. O. S. Bullock, pastor of the Baptist church of High Point. They have a few of our people there, and they seemed to be happy, and I was happy to see them so happy. I looked around and enjoyed looking at them.

The First Baptist church of High Point is one of our finest churches, and it has grown so well, that they have had to put on some more and they are at it now. They are adding to the church and the people are helping them to do this. They are going to erect a Sunday school room. Rev. Bullock has been here about 19 years, and he is some preacher, believe me.

I had the pleasure of meeting many people there, but the High Point Normal and Industrial Institute was brought to my notice and I was very much impressed with the high grade work being done there, and this is due to the fact that there is a man at the head of the school, and I shall never forget him. Prof. Alfred J. Griffin knows what it is for a young boy to earn an education, for this is what he had to do in order to reach the place where he is now: On the farm, in the school room, teaching, and being a student at the same time, and at times he was so poor that he could not pore any more. But he got there just the same. He graduated from the school in Raleigh, N. C., known as the St. Augustine college, and when he was ready to graduate, he went to the rag shop to get his graduating suit. He purchased from that place a coat and vest that was made for one three times his size, cut it down to his size, for $1.50, and he bought out of the same store a pair of shoes that had been worn by another, for $1.50, and then getting some other second-hand doings, he was prepared for his graduation. He was then employed as one of the instructors at $25 a month, and made such rapid progress until he was called to this school in High Point, and has made wonderful improvements there. Right by his side is to be found his wife, and she is well educated herself. The Lord has blessed them with a good crop of children—I think about 9 make up the family. Associated with Dr. Griffin is to be found E. E. Curtright, S. E. Miles, S. S. Whitted, Herbert Holoman, Misses M. M. Brooks, Bertha Fitts, Julia E. Bumry, Lillian G. Dancy, Mesdames, S. B. Curtis, and Ophelia Griffin.

From High Point, found me headed for Danville, where I spent a few hours eating some of the good things in Virginia, and returned by Lynchburg, where I spent another time there, and then I went out to Norfolk, and from Norfolk, I took a trip over to Hampton and had the pleasure of seeing that great institution there founded by General Armstrong. I had the pleasure of meeting the man who is to succeed Major R. R. Moton. Captain Allen W. Washington will not be captain any more after this month, but he will be the Major and Major Moton will take charge of Tuskegee Institute, one of the greatest schools in the country for the training of our young people.

It is a great big plant in Hampton. From there I found my way up the Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore, where I was the guest of Editor John H. Murphy at the Smith Hotel. I just had to shout right out there on the street and created some excitement. You see, I have been reading about the papers and their offices, but I did not realize what this was until I went into the office of the Afro-American Ledger. There I found on the first floor, the counting room, the business manager and his clerks; then up-stairs, I found the editorial rooms, editor in chief, managing editor, city editor and reporters. The machines were going, and there was some business being done there.

In the composing room I found the foreman, Daniel H. Murphy, and he was sitting down to a machine just like a typewriter, and there his fingers were just flying across that thing, making the paper. They had just purchased the machine, costing somewhere near $4,000. It is the latest of its kind, and can set up three kinds of type, set up books, headlines and almost everything else to be set up on a machine.

I spent a few hours in the city, and then started off for Philadelphia, the city of Brotherly-love. I have been hearing people talk about Philadelphia, and I thought that I would see it for myself, because men were there holding general conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church, and it was at this place where the African Methodist church started, and some of the people broke into the place where Richard Allen was buried, and stole a look at his bones. Richard Allen was made the first bishop 100 years ago, and they are now there celebrating it. Some good men want to be made bishop on this anniversary, and it looks like they will be.

I got off in that great big stable where the Pennsylvania iron horses tote you, and I was all but lost there. But I found one who showed me the way to Bethel church. I had been so used to see the signs "For Colored Patrons," so when I got on the car I naturally looked for it, but did not see it. I went in, took my seat until I reached the church, and got off and went to see the preachers. They are there in large numbers, and I am proud that I had the pleasure of seeing them. Bishops and bishops, and then those who wanted to be bishops trying to puzzle those who are already bishops.

The first man I shook hands with was Dr. W. A. Fountain, president of Morris Brown University. He was there, as busy as could be trying to keep things in good shape. He is booked to be one of the bishops and if he is elected, I am sure he will make a good one. Then I met Rev. A. J. Carey, from Chicago, and he was pushing things. Dr. Bundy is there looking after his affairs, and I think is called the campaign manager or something like that. Dr. Carey has given his church service, and now they want to serve him. He will make good if elected.

Dr. W. T. Vernon, who was Register of the United States Treasury, was there, and he had something to say and something to do. He is now pastor of one of the largest churches in the south, Avery Chapel, Memphis, and believe me, he is going to be one of the bishops in his church before he is called to the other world. To me, it was a source of pleasure to see this great man and to talk with him. I am not saying much about Philadelphia, just now.

I walked into the office of Dr. B. F. Watson, and talked with him. He is some man, and some big man at that. He is secretary of the Church Extension of his church. After talking with him and his clerks, I met Dr. G. W. Allen, editor of the Southern Christian Recorder, Rev. R. R. Wright, editor of the Christian Recorder, and J. Frank McDonald, editor of the Western Christian Recorder, Secretary John R. Hawkins, Secretary A. S. Jackson, Secretary Ira T. Bryant, Secretary J. C. Caldwell, and many others.

Meeting all these men, I was more than happy, and was delighted to see them and to be with them. I enjoyed this distinction. I shall never forget it. I went into some of them big stores, and just looked and looked until my eyes were sore. Well, I am going to have many things to say to you in my next.

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Origin of the Letter V.

The letter V may be regarded as the mutilated remains of one of the symbols used by the ancient Egyptians in their hieroglyphics or picture writing. A common animal in their country was the two horned sandviper, a representation of which stood for V. The priests ultimately found that for the practical purposes of everyday life it was a waste of time to use elaborate hieroglyphics and invented a kind of shorthand to meet the occasion. In this the snake was reduced to a V with a dash (V—) to represent horns and body. The Phoenicians adopted this letter, and from them we get our V by loss of the dash, leaving only the two little horns of the original picture. This snake is still common in Egypt and is probably the one mentioned in Genesis xlix, 17, "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Travelers tell us that it is still addicted to this unpleasant habit.

Music of the Church.

Nothing is plainer than the seemingly hopeless decadence of the music of the church as compared with modern possibilities and realities of musical art today. It is now some 200 years since the spirit of music left the church—since the church could hold and spiritually feed a great composer as it had done in the preceding centuries. The spirit of music, emancipated from the materialistic and puritanical influences which overtook established religion, brought forth the great modern art of music, with Beethoven as its leader, says Musical America. What has happened to that art at the hands of composers less lofty and less spiritually minded than he the world knows only too well, especially of late. The divorce has become almost complete. Not only has music, in its greatest powers, forsaken the forms of the church; latterly it has departed from spiritual vision and aspiration within its own artistic province.

Factors That Determine Salaries.

In the Woman's Home Companion a successful business man says that salaries are fixed by the amount and quality of work that a man can deliver. "Pull," in his opinion, is a negligible factor in the business world.

"And that applies to the man who is getting $30,000 a year just as truly as it does to the man who is getting $30 a month. The only way that I can be paid more money than I am getting is by delivering more work to my company than I am now delivering or by showing my company how to save more money and so have a larger profit at the end of the year."

Everett, Wash.—F. D. Mack, teacher in the Central school, has spent about $40,000 in educating eighteen students, seventeen boys and one girl, during the last sixteen years, according to a story he reluctantly told a newspaper representative.

Living on his school salary in a modest way both in Minnesota, his former home, and in Washington, he has earned the money to send students through universities by writing short stories and magazine articles. He has paid out between $2,000 and $3,000 on each of his "children."

Some of the youngsters were orphans, and some had one parent, but all were eager to learn and were handicapped by lack of money.

The thirteen boys who are alive are all actively engaged in the professions in which Mr. Mack has educated them. Two are druggists, one being in St. Paul and the other in Los Angeles. Two are instructors in the University of Minnesota, where they were graduated. One teaches mathematics, and the other is an instructor in German.

This latter young man plans to be a physician and in 1914 married a girl who wished to go to Germany to get her master's degree, so he and his bride sailed for Germany to continue their studies, only to be turned back by the beginning of the war.

Mr. Mack sent him through Normal school, the University of Minnesota and Harvard, where he received his master's degree.

A young man who chose to be a broker received his education at the University of Illinois. He started out to be an architect, but changed his mind and took a commercial course. He was graduated four years ago and is now in Minneapolis engaged in the lumber brokerage business. He is the best money maker of the "family." In his four years out of college he has made $40,000.

A mining engineer who was educated at the University of Minnesota is now working in a mine at Butte, Mont. The banker received a thorough commercial education, and then Mr. Mack set him up in business in a bank in Elgin, N. D. Mr. Mack says that if any of his boys wants to start in business he always gives them enough money to begin. He recently bought an eighty acre farm for one of them.

A dentist lives in Chicago. He had four years at the University of Valparaiso. Mr. Mack says this boy married a rich nurse.

One boy who studied to be a lawyer lost his health after his graduation from the University of Minnesota law school, so could not practice, and is now employed as chief of the Minnesota state fish and game commission, with headquarters at St. Paul.

Self educated and quiet, Mr. Mack would not be thought responsible for one of the most unusual philanthropies in the world.

NO PAINTER'S COLIC FOR HIM.

Bill For "Tint" Makes Bachelor Issue Leap Year Declaration.

Elwood, N. J.—Robert W. Hunt, a retired college instructor, received a letter recently from a neighboring town containing a bill for 40 cents for "tint" purchased by "Mrs. Hunt." Hunt is a good looking bachelor with a steady income, and the inquisitive element of Elwood at once interpreted the postoffice bulletin in terms of leap year possibilities.

To quiet the buzzing gossip, Hunt has issued the following statement:

"We have had several offers of marriage, and one or two ladies have assumed we were engaged without making any offer, and it is with fear and trembling we pass each day of this year, which is divisible by four. However, when Mrs. Hunt does arrive she shall come as nature painted her, with eyes like the heavens, with cheeks like the rose and with lips like the damp of crushed strawberry. She shall have no need of 'tint.' When we want a kiss we don't propose to mess through two or three coats of paint to get it."

Dogs Tree Insane Man.

Oregon City, Ore.—Peter Brevio, aged forty-three, an Italian, was treed with the aid of bloodhounds arrested and brought back to Oregon City and committed to the State Hospital For the Insane. Brevio lived in a hollow tree, and his diet consisted of roots, berries and what food he could find around neighboring farmhouses. He stole an ax from a farmhouse and passed much of his time chopping down trees. A number of men of the district determined to arrest Brevio and went to his tree home. The Italian ran away. Dogs were then put on his trail.