

NOORDEN ON DIET

Austrian Authority Gives His Ideas on Vegetarianism.

Unable to Speak Favorably of the Sort That Excludes Milk and Eggs from the Menu—Prefers Fleshless Kind.

Vienna, Austria. — Against "fleshless" vegetarianism there is, in principle, nothing to be said; but that stricter form of vegetarianism which excludes all animal products, such as eggs, butter, milk and cheese, often involves serious perils to the constitution. Such is the dictum of the greatest European authority on diet, Dr. Karl Noorden, professor of internal medicine in the University of Vienna, who has just given the lay world some interesting and valuable reflections upon the subject of vegetarianism.

At the outset the professor carefully distinguishes between the two kinds of vegetarianism. The first, he thinks, might better be called "fleshless," as they avoid only what comes from the dead animal, and, therefore, all meat and meat products, such as meat soups, meat extracts, peptones, jellies and margarine. But against this they eat the products obtained from living animals and birds, such as eggs, milk, butter, cheese and the like. These people call themselves "vegetarians," but, of course, strictly speaking, they are not.

Now against this "fleshless" diet, which includes, eggs, milk, etc., from the technical nutritional standpoint there is not, he maintains, the least to be said. For it insures just what the strict form of vegetarianism fails to do—that is, a sufficient supply of albuminous substance. The average daily fare of albuminous substance of these vegetarians would include from two to three pints of milk, five or six eggs and two ounces of cheese. This would make up nearly four ounces of easily digested albumen, which, taken with the albuminous properties in the vegetable diet, would form together a perfectly sufficient and nourishing diet. Quite apart from its cheapness, this form of nourishment may be recommended, he says, especially when there is any tendency to goutiness. In severe cases of constipation it may also be beneficial, but here one should act only under medical advice. In fact the effect on the whole organism is always likely to be more successful when the diet is prescribed by a physician. Many persons who have been accustomed to a generous meat diet for years will lose their appetite and gradually become very weak when they are forbidden to eat meat. Naturally this differs in different individual cases, but in most such consequences need not be feared. Where they do result one must carefully consider whether the taking away of meat from the daily fare really promises so many advantages as to outweigh the drawbacks occasioned.

Coming to the vegetarianism of that stricter kind which excludes all products from living animals, Prof. Noorden declares he can speak far less favorably. Regarded purely from the theoretical standpoint, we find certainly in the vegetable kingdom not only carbonaceous hydrates and therefore flour and sugar substances and fats, but also albuminous sub-

stances sufficiently represented to provide a satisfying and agreeable dietary. But in reality there is a great danger that this will not be the case. These vegetable nutritional properties contain on the average not more than 10 per cent. resorbent albumen in the dry substance. Therefore to reach only the moderate amount of 70 grammes of albumen daily 700 grammes of dry vegetable substances are necessary. This represents from the culinary standpoint a weight of some six or seven pounds. One sees therefore that the strict vegetable for even the most moderate albuminous requirements involves the consumption of an enormous mass of food. This lays an immense burden upon the stomach and intestines. Persons in perfect health may possibly stand it, but quite frequently the organs give way under the strain and illness follows. In other cases the volume of nutrient taken is insufficient and the whole system suffers accordingly.

It is popularly supposed that this strict vegetarianism is an excellent cure for corpulence. The fact that it may serve as such a cure is inconceivable, but the professor refuses to admit that it can be called "excellent." For he says that the patient, in consequence of the great quantity of unwholesome food, is forced to acquire an artificial appetite, and, later, when he is tired of the vegetable diet, he returns to the mixed diet and eats so heartily that he speedily puts on flesh again. And next, and more important, too, is the fact that the strict vegetable dietary is much too poor in albumen for a corpulent cure. In such cases the diet should contain more than the average quantity of albumen rather than less, and bearing this constantly in mind the patient making such a cure may easily escape the conditions of weakness which usually accompany or follow it.

Bottle of Radium Is Lost

Phial Worth \$5,000 Lost in Paris and Physician Says the Finder Is in Great Danger.

Paris, France.—Paris police gravely call attention to the loss of a small bottle of salts of radium in an omnibus the other day.

It is asserted that the contents of the bottle were worth \$5,000 and that they would be extremely dangerous to any person coming into contact with them accidentally because of their radioactive powers. The phial was found by a well-known physician at a Paris hospital, who believes that even this small quantity of radium rolling about the city might work harm through a terrible and even fatal burning. The doctor solicited the aid of the omnibus company, which instructed every employee to do his best to discover the phial.

Meanwhile the medical man is the sport of the profession, including even Mme. Curie. Asked if this quantity of radium really was dangerous, the noted woman member of the Sorbonne faculty said:

"If the bottle contained eight milligrammes of radium the danger would be real, but if the quantity was less than six milligrammes it would produce only slight burns if applied to the flesh.

"It seems to me, also, that the value

NO LIMIT TO HIGH FLYING

Only Obstacle to Aeroplanes Getting Beyond Gun Range Is Lack of a Perfect Motor.

New York.—Glenn H. Curtiss, the aeroplaneist, declares that the objection of military authorities to flying machines on the theory that they cannot ascend sufficiently high to be out of range of guns is without foundation.

"There are only two things at present which are retarding long-continued high flights by aeroplanes," Mr. Curtiss said. "The first thing is the nerve of the operator and the second the fear that the motor will suddenly stop or develop other troubles that might make a quick descent from a high elevation dangerous. As soon as the motor trouble can be overcome the nerve of the operator will be found."

"The aeroplane motor is still in its experimental stage. It is not the fear of meeting troublesome cross currents of air in the highest regions that retards high flying. The trouble is with the motor. It has been lightened and simplified to the last degree possible by the elimination of as many parts as possible from the heavier and more reliable motor as used in automobiles, and yet we expect it to show an equally high degree of efficiency."

Death Dream Came True.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—An unusual circumstance connected with the death of Mrs. Lena Brooks, wife of John Brooks of Salem, Ind., who died at the Jeffersonville hospital, where she was undergoing medical treatment, was that the physician, Dr. E. W. Brunner, at the exact hour of her death dreamed that this occurred.

He did not know the truth of his dream until he got down to his office in the morning. Mrs. Brooks had come to be treated for appendicitis and after five weeks' treatment she was about to go home, cured, when she was attacked by a cerebral hemorrhage.

It was the third attack of this character that proved fatal.

The Candy Boy and His Little Love

BY HARRIET BOYER

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If my mother loved you, she plunged into a letter anywhere—and out of it anywhere.

In a large old, black-leather pocket-book I found a letter written to my father the night before they were betrothed. It had neither formal beginning nor ending, but ran simply thus:

Don't be silly about the candy business, Dickie, even if my father did rub it in rather. He won't do it again, because—I'll come to that presently.

And if it will make you feel any better, I will tell you a little secret. If it weren't for that candy business my heart would not be so unacceptably and unalterably yours. And this is the way of it. When I was a tiny girl and lived on Bleeker street, and you were a small boy and sold candy by the ounce, over the counter in your father's old corner shop so near at hand, I used to come to you to buy sweets. And you would say, with the most beautiful brogue:

"Wud ye be havin' the wintergreen shitticks, miss, or the peppermint, or a thrifle of both?" Oh, yes you would I always took a "thrifle of both." And while you were weighing it, and putting it into nice white paper, and tying it up, I was just doting on you—your tight little blond curls, your brave blue eyes, your straight nose, your pink cheeks, your strong white teeth. And you had funny nicks on your hands, as if you had been playing with the cat or somebody had been driving tacks into you. I reproduced those nicks on my own hands, painfully, with large pins, until held up by mother, who blamed our dear, innocent Tom. Then Mercy and Truth met together, and I was obliged to confess. When asked why I desired to hurt and disfigure my poor little paws, which were being tenderly anointed with soothing unguents, I answered that I thought the nicks were pretty. My mother did not argue it out with me. She made me wear gloves until my hands were healed. I did not like gloves, and soon after that we moved away. How did you get those nicks, Dickie? I see they are clean gone for ever, and at first I quite missed them. When my brother talked, rapturously, of his chum at Harvard who was to enter law at the same time as himself, I did not know that the Richard Follitt, of Stuyvesant square, whose father was the rich manufacturer of Irish linens, with works at Belfast and warehouses in New York—I did not know that this Richard Follitt was my small candy boy. That is, not until you entered the parlor that Sunday, and I recognized the tight little blond curls, and the soft little brogue into which you tumble whenever you are slightly embarrassed. Oh, yes, you do. And then, Dickie, dearest, I knew that I had loved you for years and years, and you had never known it. For the matter of that, neither had I.

And it was brave and beautiful in you to tell my father all about the candy business, though, if you hadn't, good-by to me.

When my father took his dear little daughter in his arms, and told her she mustn't cry for the moon, meaning you, for she couldn't have it, I took his advice. I didn't cry. I pondered. I wanted to find out where in our family greatness consisted. So I went to a dear old professor I know, and I asked him to lend me books which should throw light on the Dutch colonists from the time they first landed on the island of Manhattan. I was gratified. Then I went to my father's library, and I sat on his knees, and rumpled his hair, and I said to him:

"Father, why can't I marry Dickie Follitt?" He answered patiently:

"Because, my dear, it would not be proper that the daughter of a man who has been minister to the court of St. Vladimir and one, too, having such a pedigree as ours, should marry a youth who once sold candy over the counter."

"Is it generally known that Dickie sold candy over the counter?" quoth I.

"Perhaps not generally. It must be known in certain quarters, because everything is known by somebody. These things always leak out. I confess I shouldn't have been aware of the fact myself if the young man hadn't told me; and I honor his frankness. I may say his courage. But that is no reason why I should allow him to marry my daughter."

"How is it that Mr. Follitt's father is so rich now?" I asked. I thought I might as well find out all I could about you, Dickie, dear.

"It seems," said my father, seriously, "that the elder Mr. Follitt was an Irish lad from Derry, a regular gossoon. When he came to this country he met a poor Frenchman of Huguenot descent, who had been a confectioner's assistant in his native land. The two put their wits together and the few dollars they had and started a little corner candy store, a mere cabin of a place, not very far from where we used to live on Bleeker street. I have bought broken candy for your mother and you there many a time. That was their specialty. Well, those men kept at it for years, until each had made quite a respectable fortune. Then the Frenchman went back to Paris, and the Irishman to Derry. Mr. Follitt subsequently bought out some linen-mills in Belfast and returned to this country to settle. He has a large family

Richard is the youngest, I think. He has been very prosperous, lives in good style, is elder in one of the Presbyterian churches. There is another thing. You would never be happy with a Presbyterian. They are too set in their ways. No, Nellie, give him up child. Between candy and Calvinism you would have a sweet time."

"Is candy so very much worse than rum?" I asked innocently.

"Rum" said my father. "Rum! What's rum got to do with it?"

"Well, you see," I answered, "I'm very fond of Dicky Follitt and I don't want to give him up, so I thought I would find out wherein our greatness consisted and just why our family is so much better than his. And it seems that our ancestor—'Our First,' as we call him—made a large fortune by trading rum to the Indians for pelts. I thought he was a Dutch patroon on the Hudson, and held a grant of land from the government."

"So he was," said my father angrily. "So he was. What infernal nonsense have you got into your head now?"

I handed him a book with the page open, on which there was some unpleasant reading for a man with a fable. It was there set forth that "Our First" had accumulated an enormous fortune in the manner indicated. That he had bought an estate and slaves on the Hudson from an extravagant and impecunious patroon; had set himself up on an equality with his neighbors, and had his pretensions flouted unto the third generation; after which they were recognized as perfectly legitimate. My father read slowly, examined the book all over, sat quiet for a moment, and then said, in a hurt and displeased way:

"Well, Eleanor, I see you are determined to marry this man in spite of all your mother and I can say. You may tell that young scamp of a Follitt to come around to dinner to-morrow. And I wish him well of his bargain!"

"Rum!" said my father.



"Rum!" said my father.

gain! For if he ever has his way again about pepper and salt I'm mistaken. He'll be delivered over into your hands, horse, foot, and artillery."

Then my father took me by the shoulders, shook me with great tenderness, kissed me, and turned me out of the room. I had a bonne bouche for him, however. I knew where your family came from, and I thought while I was about it I would find out something about it. I laid a book on my father's desk called "Derryana," open at a certain page, face down. It was written by a Bishop of Derry. Among other things it said that one Sir Richard Follitt had been governor of Ballyshannon in the year 1604. He shall be "Our First," Dickie, dear. At supper my father was quite cheerful. We talked about birds. I am teaching my parrot to say, "Candy and Calvinism."

Now, there are still other things to be done. You must come to church to-morrow and sit in our pew. And you must bend your stiff knees and thank Heaven devoutly that your father was wise enough to sell candy, and our ancestor was foolish enough to trade rum. For if he hadn't, where would you and I be? Not sitting alongside of each other in church, if you please. At least, not yet. And there is still something else. Take the Prayer Book I gave you, get your date right, the day of the month, and learn the Lessons and the Collect for to-morrow, the Psalms and the Litany. If you go wrong I will prompt you. Bow when I do. Kneel when I do, and be quick about it. And if you get dreadfully mixed up, mumble intelligently. My father will think you are at the end of the law. Finally, Dickie, you must go to him after dinner and tell him you intend to become a good churchman. Oh, yes, you must. When we are married, I shall have to promise to obey you, which I don't mean to do—not one little bit. And in your heart you will always be a black, bitter, blue, yellow Calvinist. You can have a pew in your own church, and once every Sunday I shall clothe myself in furs from head to foot, and go with you to your "Greenland's Ice Mountains service." But you must join our communion. My father belonged to the Dutch persuasion and my mother coaxed him into the church, just as I am coaxing you. And now he is always giving her points on rubrics and ecclesiastical law, just as you will be doing with me before we have been married a year.

Oh, Dickie, dearest, what a volume I have written you! But I am so happy I couldn't wait. I had to pour it all out at once. And Caesar will take this round, and deliver it into your own hands, late as it is.

You broth of a boy! Good-night!

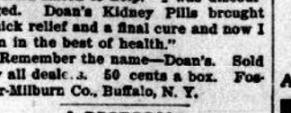
Don't leave your horse in the hot sun while you are enjoying the shade of an ice cream saloon or otherwise.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. S. D. Ellison, N. Broadway, Lamar, Mo., says: "Kidney trouble wore me down till I had to take to bed. I had terrible pains in my body and limbs and the urine was annoying and full of sediment. I got worse and doctors failed to help. I was discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and a final cure and now I am in the best of health."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



A PROPOSAL



Mr. Hardup—Good morning, Miss Aughtum—ahem! There is something I have been wishing to ask you for some time, but—er—the fact is, I haven't been able to screw up enough courage to—er—come to the point.

Miss Aughtum—A proposal at last! Mr. Hardup—Could you, my dear Miss Aughtum—could you lend me five dollars?

The Newer Way.

Many ideas in regard to women have entirely changed, and among the better and wiser changes is that old thought that the women who were given to good works must needs be dowdy. It is undeniable that "good" women used to wear dowdiness as a sort of hall mark of virtue. As a matter of fact, dowdiness is merely a mark of bad taste and a sign of some lack in the mind. Women are no longer lacking in the wisdom that chooses pretty rather than ugly clothing, and those who do not make the best of their appearance are losing a golden opportunity of giving pleasure.

Your Salary.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticism and hate, and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men.—N. W. Zimmerman.

They Were Good Mothers.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is quoted as saying that a woman's first duty is to develop all her powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation. Mrs. Stanton raised seven uncommonly healthy and handsome children, says an admirer of hers, and the children of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe testify to the virtues of the noted woman as a mother. The eagle may be as good a mother as the hen or the goose.

Self-Made.

"I might say to you, young men, that I am a self-made man."

"In what respect?" asked an impatient youth.

"In this respect, if you must know," replied the orator. "I made myself popular with men who had a pull and thus obtained my present lofty position."

Ready Cooked.

The crisp, brown flakes of

Post Toasties

Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED,

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

New Wall Style

The new fashion in wall decoration has arrived. Plain Alabastine tints with attractive stencil designs are now the vogue, done in soft and velvety shades with

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

Ask your Alabastine dealer how you can secure the free Alabastine service, and our classic stencil designs. If he does not know, it will pay you to write us direct.

Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

School Days Are Near

The children must have new shoes. Why not get them

Pla-Mate Shoes

Easy to Wear—Hard to Wear Out

See the shape—plenty of toe room allows feet to develop naturally and so easy. Soles are clear oak, genuine Goodyear welt, and full extension heels protecting uppers. Outlast two pairs of ordinary shoes. It's false economy to buy cheap shoes for children. Get

Pla-Mate Shoes and your little ones will walk easy, have dry feet and never a corn or bunion.

All sizes, all leathers, all styles. If not on sale at your dealers, send us his name with size and style of shoe desired and we will see that you are quickly supplied.

WILLIAMS, HOYT & CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GAVE HER AN IDEA.



Cycle Dealer—Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate; not at all like some cyclometers, which register two miles, perhaps, where you have only ridden one. Miss de Byke—You haven't any of that kind, have you?

Well, What?

"Pa!" "Johnny, leave me alone and don't ask me another question!" "Aw, jest one more an' then I'll keep still."

"Well, what is it?" "What relation is a cousin german to a Dutch uncle?"—Cleveland Leader.

Her Intentions. "Do you think your sister will marry me?" "If you keep comin'."

"Have you heard her say anything about it?" "I heard her tell me that if you didn't stop comin' here so often she'd make things unpleasant for you."

Delightfully So. "I never liked Shakespeare until I saw you play Hamlet."

"And you like it now?" "You bet I do."

"And why do you like Shakespeare after seeing me in Hamlet?" "Shakespeare is so different!"

ANCIENT BUST OF SHAKESPEARE



This statuette of Shakespeare, which there seems no doubt is a contemporary portrait, is 15 inches high, and of mulberry-wood. Its pedigree is given as follows: It originally belonged to Shakespeare's sister, Joar, and it is thought that, although it is so roughly carved, it is the work of Gerard Johnson or one of his sons, whose business was carried on within a few doors of the Globe theater, Southwark. From it was taken the design for the monument in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. For a good many years the statuette was exhibited at Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon, by direction of Thomas Hart, 8th in direct line from the poet's sister. In 1830, or thereabouts, it was purchased by the family of the late owner. Since that time it has lain in a store cupboard belonging to an old lady now dead. At present, it is the property of Mr. Hugh Blaker. It is unfattering to the poet, perhaps, but it is of very decided interest.

MARCH SOLDIERS UNTIL DEAD

To Cultivate Fortitude Japanese Troops Make Forced March with Mercury 120.

Victoria, B. C.—Japanese newspapers arriving here contain attacks on the military authorities of Japan because of fatalities from sunstroke while the South Osaka division was making a forced march recently with the mercury at 120 degrees. The soldiers were informed that the march was to cultivate fortitude and that honors would fall to the regiment without stragglers or sick at its destination. This excited a strong feeling of rivalry. Many soldiers became delirious, but struggled on under heavy marching orders, each man carrying 80 pounds.

Six men died and scores fell exhausted, to be picked up and carried to surgeons in rickshaws. Forty prostrated men were conveyed by train to the garrison hospital at Takshaka, where several, becoming insane, attacked the officers' wardroom and wrecked the furniture. The march, covering 29 miles, occupied 14 1/2 hours.

Mosquitoes Stop Railroad Work.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mosquitoes, mud and malaria have halted work on the Mexican coast line of the Southern Pacific railroad south of Mazatlan. Dr. Walter Vilas, who had charge of the hospitals in the construction camps and who has returned here, says that the mosquitoes have become a plague. This, with transportation difficulties and illness caused by heavy rains, made work impossible.