FOOD A LA TABLOID

New First-Aid-to-the-Hungry Ration for Army.

Twenty-Four Hours' Meals All Packed in a Can About the Size of a Cake of Kitchen Soap.

Washington.—A half pound of grub a day for a hard-worked soldier sweating in the trenches! Dinner, two and two-thirds ounces after a forced march, when he is footsore and weary! Twenty-four hours' meals, all packed snugly in a tiny can, about as big as Bridget's slab of kitchen soap!

Such is the invention of Gen. Henry G. Sharpe, commissary general of Uncle Sam's army—the busy officer who thrice daily feds the 83,000 hungry mouths of our soldier boys.

He is the first inventor you ever heard of who hopes that there will never be any demand for the prize fruit of his genius. And this is because this invention is an "emergency ration," whose use would mean, in the first place, war—which General Sherman rightly defined as "hell"—and, in the second place, an unfortunate emergency of war resulting from a cutting off of the supplies of an army in the field.

The sky-blue can, which holds an emergency breakfast, dinner and supper, all within its tiny shell, is four and three-quarters inches long, less than three inches broad, and an inch and a quarter thick. You can wear one in your hip pocket without arousing the least suspicion that you are bearing refreshments less proper and polite.

War breaks out, say, with the Japs, the Germans, or the bloomin' British. Each Yankee brave in khaki has one of these can of first-aid-to-the-empty dropped into his haversack, where it keeps fresh for months, and where it must be regularly accounted for at in-

The New Army Emergency Ration.

spection until falls the unhappy day when the enemy cuts off the commissariat and the pabulum fails to show up.

Then each boy in drab, squatting by the good camp fire, grabs the loose end of the blue bandeau enwreathing the head of his can and gives her a twist. It works after the principle of the tin ribbon around the fragrant sardine can—only it really works.

From the package fall three slabs of something very like the brown cakes of chocolate that small children buy from train butchers and with which they delight to crumb up the plush seats of the passenger coaches.

The hungry soldier may draw but one slab. From this he removes the lightly-pressed wrapper of figured tin foil, and so he sits down to supper. The other two cakes must be put back in the can and saved, one for tomorrow's breakfast and the other for tomorrow's dinner, if need be.

If his palate does not take to his compact meal in this dry form he can, with knife or bayonet, scrape his slab over his tin cup and boil the scrapings three minutes in the cupful of water, thus brewing a hot beverage, which, in chilly weather, would undoubtedly be preferred to the cold, dry fodder.

It tastes much like the popular brands of milk chocolate, but not so sweet. Chocolate—which French tourists have long esteemed as an emergency travel ration—is the base of the compound.

The exact constituents are:

	Per cent.
Chocolate liquor	47.17
Nucleo casein	6.88
Malted milk	6.88
Desiccated eggs	20.64
Sugar	13.76
Cocoa butter	3.66
Moisture (not over)	3.62

Thus you have about the most nutritious foods that nature affords—milk, eggs, chocolate, malt and sugar—deprived of water and other unnecessary portions, the whole mixed together and pressed into cakes so dry that less than one-twenty-fifth part of them moisture.

Aviators, aeronauts, campers, hunters and explorers—to whom news of it lately leaked out in some way—are already writing to Washington to learn where they can obtain these little cans. The birdman, finding himself landed in some isolated desert waste or forest fastness, miles and miles away from the nearest habitation, would look well upon a pound or two of this stuff distributed among his pockets.

What We Did for Mexico.

New Orleans, La.—The mosquitoes of Yucatan are the largest in the world and 10 times more voracious than even the Jersey mosquito. Until a few years ago they were unknown in Mexico, but were brought there by ships from the United States and have prospered to an alarming extent in the land of their adoption.

SQUIRRELS RANG TELEPHONE

Max Examines Box Where Wires Were Converged and Finds It Nearly Full of Nuts.

A lady in Englewood, N. J., was called to the telephone one day by the operator, who inquired, "What do you want?"

"Nothing at all," she responded.

"Your bell rang," insisted the operator.

"None of us rang it," replied the lady.

The next day a man appeared from the telephone office.

"I have come to see what makes your telephone bell ring most of the time," he remarked.

But none of the family could enlighten him, and he saw nothing about it which was out of order.

The next day he came again, took the telephone entirely to pieces, examined the full length of the wire. Still, he could find nothing amiss, and still at the central office the little flame kept burning in the niche dedicated to this particular family. This indicated that their bell was ringing.

At last it occurred to the authorities to examine a little box, of about the size of an ordinary suit case, which was nailed up against a large tree close by the house.

In this box several telephone wires converged. It was a sort of neighborhood switchboard.

What was the surprise of the telephone men to find this box nearly filled with nuts. They took out three peach baskets full, each one holding at least two quarts.

Rioting among the nuts were the youthful members of a promising squirrel family—Christian Herald.

BACHELORS 2 CENTS A POUND

M. Casey, Wealthy St. Louisan, Weighing 267 Pounds, is Bid In for $5 as Prize.

St. Louis.—St. Louis bachelors are worth less than 2 cents a pound, according to the market established at the St. Vincent de Paul's church, when 267-pound Martin Casey, the wealthy head of a broom manufacturing concern, was bid in for $5 after the young woman who had won him as a prize in a church celebration refused to accept him. The winner of the prize was Miss Dora Kohler of St. Louis.

"Do you want to take him home with you?" said Father Nugent, who had charge of the affair.

"Really," replied Miss Kohler, "he's very nice, but I don't think I want him."

"Very well, then, I'll have to sell him to the highest bidder, and I'll start the auction with a bid of $5."

As no one made a higher bid, Father Nugent handed to Miss Kohler a $5 bill in lieu of 267 pounds of Casey.

What Was the Matter With Moses?

Percy—Miss Jane, did Moses have the same after-dinner complaint my papa's got?

Miss Jane—Gracious me, Percy! Whatever do you mean, my dear?

Percy—Well, it says here the Lord gave Moses two tablets.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Sculptor Philosopher.

The sculptor had just finished the Apollo Belvedere.

"I am satisfied," he cried. "Every man who passes thinks it looks like himself."