

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Most Exclusive Eating House in Houston, Texas

HOUSTON, TEX.—Hunger has a new destroyer in an institution opened in Houston. It is the Police cafe. Although located in the automobile shed at the jail, this is one of the most exclusive eating houses in the city, since none but officers can eat therein. The initial feed was served at six o'clock Sunday evening. Sixteen uniformed men answered the call.



In some mysterious way it became known among the friends of the officers that they sometimes found it difficult to get away from the station for their meals. Straightway contributions of cooking utensils and provisions began arriving. When a sufficient quantity of both had been received, preparations for the initial spread were started. This was served, as stated above, Sunday evening.

Fortunately for those who dined, an expert cook is numbered among the men at the station. Albert Granger, chauffeur for Chief Davison, is the accomplished one. That he is no slouch was evidenced at the close of the repast, when he was voted chief cook, and in addition, he was honored with the title of "sergeant."

When the bluecoats were invited into the shed, Granger waved them to their places at a goods box, with a flourish of a frying pan, from which he was emptying brown pork chops. Another pan contained eggs. With these were served coffee in tin cups, with real cream. Cookies came last.

There was something almost miraculous about it all—like the loaves and fishes. Although every man of them ate to his full capacity, there were gathered up at the close several baskets full, which were carefully stowed away in the big iron safe in the desk sergeant's office. The storing indicated that the performance was to be repeated.

George Payton has been appointed chief forager. He has procured an ice box for the perishable things (from a friend of the force), and a few more knives and forks and tin cups. He is also supposed to keep a lookout for juicy lamb chops, legs of mutton, kegs of oysters and other things of a like nature.

"Bill" Whips Handsomest Policeman of Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—A fine figure of a man indeed is Patrolman John Albright, tall, erect and dapper. His shoes are always shined, his uniform always pressed, and never a wrinkle does it show. The other day he had his beat changed. For several months he has been patrolling along Alameda street, not a prominent place for a handsome officer. An ornament to the city, that was Patrolman Albright until the night he asked to have his beat changed, and that was because of a goat.



The goat is named "Bill" and reigns in the five-story stable of Charles Fuller, ex-police commissioner, at Jackson and Alameda streets. A few days ago Patrolman Albright was proudly strolling along Alameda street near Jackson in the dusk of the evening, head up, and airily and skillfully he twirled his club.

Behind him there came a scurry of hooves, a terrific howl, and Mr. Albright thought a switch engine had gone wild through the street and struck him. He touched the ground 12 feet away, and "Bill" was upon him. He drew his club, "Bill" withdrew, set himself and charged again.

"Bill" followed the rules of accepted strategy in war by following up his victory. Whenever the officer tried to rise, "Bill" was at his rear, aiming for any conspicuous point left open to attack.

About forty feet from where the battle was in progress there was a fence, and near the fence was a bench. The officer made for them, but as he gathered himself for the jump, "Bill" gathered in. He caught a very solid portion of the officer's body with his horns, and instead of alighting on the bench and safety, the patrolman went right on over the fence.

Muddled, ragged and limping, Policeman Albright went to the station "Sergeant," he said, "I want my beat changed."

Always Carries Fresh Eggs to Give Away as Tips

NEW YORK.—A man who attracted attention by reason of the generous size of the checks on his suit, and carrying a rosewood case, entered the barber shop of the Vanderbilt, and, after selecting an operator, carefully deposited his box near a hatrack. Having been released from the chair, he strolled about the room, putting on his collar and necktie while, and finally said to Miss Mae Lewis, the head artist of the manicure department, that he would like his nails treated.



"But," he said, "I must warn you that I do not give cash tips; I give only fresh eggs."

"Eggs!" gasped Miss Lewis.

"Surely," repeated the visitor, "I always bring a case of them when I come in from the country. Look!"

He brought over the rosewood case and opened it. On top, sure enough, was a layer of eggs.

"I never travel without them," went on the stranger. "This case I have had made especially for carrying them. Now, having seen how highly I value these eggs, would you consider an egg a substitute for a tip?"

"You don't have to tip," replied the manicurist scornfully. "I'll be willing to fix your hands for the regular price."

"And what is that?"

He was told.

"Fifty cents!" he echoed. "Why, I should never think of having my nails done where they charge less than a dollar. Good-day."

And he put on his coat and hat, grabbed up the case, and stalked out, leaving everybody wondering.

Ragtime Player Conquers Piano in a Long Battle

CHICAGO.—At one o'clock in the morning Edwin Fridman, the "ragtime slugger," put all his weight behind the final chord of "This Is the Life" and toppled back into the arms of his trainers. He had triumphed in a 25-hour battle against a ferocious piano. William Singer, the referee, tapped Edwin on the shoulder as he fell and announced him the winner. Then 300 music "fans" who crowded the Royal theater on Milwaukee avenue jumped into the orchestra pit and crowded about the victor.



Fridman had sustained a few injuries. His hands were badly twisted and his wrists were swollen. His eyes were a far-away look as though focused on a distant feather bed. And his only answer to the shouts of the fans was a whistling obligato snore.

Stanley Busse and Philip Katz, the music slugger's seconds, were the first into the pit. They bathed his arms with alcohol and fanned him with towels, just like regular seconds.

Meanwhile attaches of the theater were administering to the defeated piano. During the battle it lost its top and front covers and its wires were knocked out of tune. Its condition is said to be critical.

The battler was not permitted to take both hands from the keys at any time during the struggle, and on two occasions the piano had him groggy.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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FOOD AND DELINQUENTS.

Under a recent date an Associated Press dispatch credits Charles C. D. Hilles, formerly private secretary to President Taft, now president of the New York Juvenile asylum in Dobbs Ferry, with the discovery that bad teeth make bad boys.

What is the cause of bad teeth in children under fifteen years of age? It is universally admitted that the fundamental cause of the early decay of children's teeth is anemia, a lack of sufficient building material during the growing period. Obviously a lack of brick and mortar will result in an imperfect building, and the same lack of material must result in an imperfect body.

Mr. Hilles is not the discoverer of this truth, but none the less he is entitled to great credit for recognizing and taking practical steps to combat a dangerous condition that many foreign governments are making strenuous efforts to overcome.

In the parliamentary debate on free meals, March 27, 1905, Sir William Anson, then British parliamentary secretary to the board of education, replying to Messrs. Kier Hardie and William Crooke, admitted that in the day industrial schools, where the children had three meals a day, he found them "bright and intelligent and being developed physically and mentally in a satisfactory way." Although the children lived at home the regular and wholesome supply of food was so potent a factor that "their condition was thoroughly satisfactory."

Wilson Bruce, following other witnesses before the Scottish commission in pointing out the starting superiority of industrial school children, added that if we fed and clothed the elementary school children as suitably we should "make a new race of them."

The commissioners noted this contrast between the ill-fed and ill-clothed elementary school children and respectable parents, and they concluded that industrial school children who have been together failed in the day.

The countess of Warwick, writing in "A Nation's Youth," says: "What a fine moral have we here. Be a bad parent, or confess yourself unable to control your own children, and they will be attached to an industrial school, given three meals a day, largely at the expense of the ratepayers, and they will become bright and intelligent boys, developed physically and mentally in a satisfactory way."

This touches upon and brings sharply to the front the whole subject of sophisticated foods around which a commercial battle royal is at present raging in this country. In no field of knowledge is there so general a lack of personal information founded on experience as in the fundamental one of food. It is generally admitted, and there are hundreds of proofs of the proposition, that man, through the results of centuries of civilization, has gradually lost the instinct of nourishing himself until he has become the most helpless and dependent of all animals. Left to themselves under normal conditions, the beasts, guided by an innate instinct, select natural foods that enable them to live without disease. Man, on the other hand, has not only lost this instinct that the beast still possesses, but as the result of the misuse of his intelligence and his freedom to select food for himself and for such of the beasts as he has turned to domestic uses, deliberately imposes preventable diseases upon both himself and them.

Eating has become an art which has to be learned by man, and unfortunately the subject is considered so unimportant that quite generally our foods are selected on the statement of persons whose only interest is in the profit to be derived from the manufacture and sale of the commodity, and then after the purchase in this slipshod manner it is too frequently turned over to some incompetent kitchen drudge to be prepared for eating.

In order that an intelligent choice of proper diet may be made it is absolutely necessary that we should possess a certain smattering of scientific knowledge. This does not consist in the memorizing of a few terms sufficient to enable us to babble about carbohydrates, proteins and fats, of calories and of balanced rations, but to have a thorough understanding of the real meaning of the closing paragraph of the fourth article of this series, which we here again repeat for emphasis: "The now prevailing standard of food values which measures the heat units produced from foods and completely ignores all other elements and factors is not only woefully inadequate in the light of modern science, but constitutes a grave menace to the health, to the morals, to the sanity and to the life of any people."

The chief reason for the improvement in inmates of well-governed asylums and industrial schools over

the rate of development shown by children under home conditions undoubtedly lies in the fact that food matter is bought in bulk and largely on the horse-food basis, that is to say, the whole grains are bought, cooked and served, rather than the more expensive refined processed matter. Of course we are assured by "experts" that the food is "improved" and made "more digestible" by the elaborate process through which it is passed, but any successful raiser of cattle, hogs, chickens, pigeons, dogs or cats can tell of disastrous results following the feeding of any of these animals for any material period of time on "refined" food matter. And humanity still waits the coming of some Moses to free it from the bondage of the observance of universal law to which all living things are subject.

WHITE FLOUR FOOD.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; There shallow drafts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again."

A recent magazine article written by an "expert" on food matters misquotes the first line of the above and then gives particular point to the truth of the quotation by grossly misinterpreting a clean cut, scientific demonstration of a disease resulting from the use of sophisticated food matter.

The article in question reads as follows: "We are told about biochemical properties of wheat offals and as proof we are referred to the ravages of beri-beri from eating hulled rice. This is 'jugglery,' something on the order of the magician Kellar. To be specific, beri-beri is a disease that has no connection with the whole wheat and white flour question. It is as remote as it can be. Beri-beri is a form of nervous disease that has affected the natives of Asia, who live mainly on rice, and of late years the introduction of hulled rice has increased the disease. It has been found that when rice polish was used as food along with the rice the disease was lessened in intensity."

From this it has been argued that the rice hulls contained nourishing substances which had been removed from the rice in polishing. This looked very plausible. From these facts it was argued that wheat bran must also contain nourishing substances and they should not be removed from the wheat in the manufacture of flour. Fortunately, however, the subject of beri-beri has been worked out scientifically, and Funk, of the Lister Institute, has shown that the disease is caused by some toxic action of rice protein.

"This should show the danger of being influenced by the exaggerated accounts of white bread and hulled rice starvation, statements which have no foundation in proved facts. White bread is safe food. Polished rice is safe food, as scientific investigation has proved."

The discerning reader will note that the matter in the body of the article controverts the finding stated in the closing paragraph quoted. The whole truth is as follows:

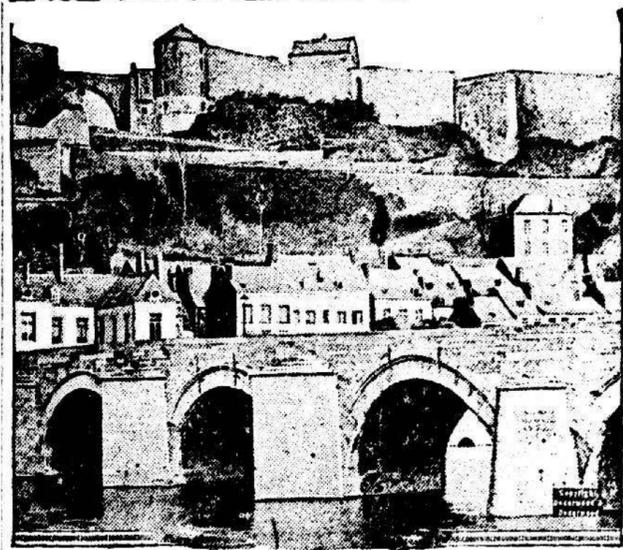
Casimir Funk of the biochemical department, Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine, discovered that a substance could be recovered from the matter ground from the surface of rice in polishing it which would in a few hours cure a disease known as polyneuritis, or beri-beri. In the Journal of Physiology, August, 1912, page 75, under the title, "The Preparation from Yeast and Certain Foodstuffs of the Substance the Deficiency of Which in Diet Occasions Polyneuritis in Birds," will be found his last report known to the present writer. In this article Funk shows that he obtained a substance from rice polishings which in doses of 0.02 gram (0.3 grain) rapidly cured polyneuritis in a large number of pigeons.

Underlying every happening in this universe is a law or principle, and the same principle will be found producing many widely separated results. The statement that beri-beri has no connection with whole wheat and white flour is not strictly true, because the same principle applies. Beri-beri is caused by a mineral starvation, and we know many diseases are caused by the mineral starvation resulting from the too free use of demineralized foods, including flour. The writer personally knows of large flocks of chickens being killed by feeding them on demineralized grain, and of dogs killed by feeding them on demineralized meat and white bread. Every physiologist of note states that the vitality of the individual cell depends on a free supply of mineral matter consisting of at least three elements. It would be reasonable then to expect some definite deleterious result from a diet composed largely of mineral-free matter, and the fact that all white bread eating peoples are greatly troubled with constipation may be considered evidence to this belief. Further evidence that white bread is not healthful is given by Sherman, who states that washed bran fed to cows was found to be constipating, indicating that the laxative property of ordinary bran and whole wheat products is dependent not simply upon mechanical irritation.

It would be as logical to state that while you might break your neck falling off a thirty foot brick house, falling off a thirty foot frame house over in the next block is safe because it has no connection with the brick house. "It is as remote as it can be." That may be, but nevertheless, the chances of breaking your neck are equal, because the principles are identical.

The too free use of white flour, or of any other demineralized foodstuff, no matter whether it be demineralized by being processed or by stupid cooking methods, is detrimental to health.

NAMUR THE STRONG



GREAT CITADEL OF NAMUR

Did the bones of Gaul, Goth and Teuton, the hosts of the Cimmeric, the legions of Rome and all others who have battled about the walls of "Namur the Strong," thrill at the familiar tread of marching men, the sound of trumpets and the shouting above them?

One wonders. Namur was the strongest place in all Transalpine Gaul when stormed by Caesar in 57 B. C., writes E. E. Bowles. He tells us that it was the capital of the Aduatuci in Gallia Belgica, and after that day he "overcame the Nervii," the inhabitants abandoned all other strongholds and centered on that place for a last stand.

Who first fortified that precipitous hill at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse is not known definitely, but, back of the Caesars, the history of western Europe is lacking in details. We know, however, that as early as 709 B. C. the Belg, or Belg, a tribe of the Cimmeric, from over near the Black sea, began migrating into western Europe and locating in that country we know now as Belgium. Caesar says that the town we know as Namur was the strongest place in all Gallia Belgica; hence, it was probably that tribe of Belg that fortified it several hundred years before Caesar.

Fought For Many Times. Goth, Hun, Teuton, Visigoth, Gaul, Saxon, Norseman, Briton, Roman, Frank, Burgundian, have died by hundreds and thousands within bowshot of its walls. Down the ages wars have rolled about the foot of that hill, and, compared with its sieges, it has been taken only a few times. Caesar took it nearly two thousand years ago after several of his legions had been crushed by the charging Belgians. The dukes of Burgundy were obliged to discipline its inhabitants several times between 1450 and 1500; it suffered during the civil wars in France along about 1550. Don John of Austria died in his camp before it in 1578. Louis XIV of France set down before it with an army of 80,000 men in 1692. A correspondent wrote at the time: "The place was taken after a few days' resistance, a parley having been beat by the drummer who never discovered (told) who ordered him to do so." The French strengthened its fortifications, but the place was captured by the Dutch and English under William of Orange in 1695, after a desperate siege. Marshal Boufflers, the French commandant, was permitted to march out with the honors of war, drums beating and flags flying. He rode at the head of 4,690 men, all that was left of the garrison of 15,000.

Namur was again taken by the French in 1701, but was restored to Austria, but in 1746 the French captured it again after a continuous bombardment of seven days and nights. At that time it had a garrison of 7,000 Austrians, many of whom were killed by the blowing up of two powder magazines. In 1784 Joseph II of Austria destroyed the ancient fortifications. In 1792 the French took it again, evacuated it in 1793, retook it in 1794, again fortified it and held it until after Waterloo, when it was delivered to the allies. It was again fortified in 1817, under the inspection of the duke of Wellington, but in 1866 the fortifications were razed. Since that time Belgium has constructed modern forts.

The original fortifications consisted of a glacis, counterscarp, a deep ditch across the base of the triangle of land formed by the two rivers, and double walls of great thickness. In addition, there were outworks, ravelins, half-moons, etc. The citadel or castle was on the summit of the hill, an unusually strong fortress, protected by double walls with bastions. These comprised the fortifications at a time when battering-rams, catapults, onagers, and other forms of ballistae were used, and when scaling ladders and battle axes were used in an escalade while the defenders tossed melted lead, boiling water, stones, beams, grenades, etc., on the besiegers.

Cooperate Siege of 1695. The siege of Namur in 1695 was one of the most desperate of those times, the French garrison refusing to surrender until it had lost two-thirds of its men. The city having been invested on July 2, seven days were passed

in raising the lines of circumvallation and running trenches toward the walls, by which the besieging force could be protected while raising batteries. These were not completed until the 18th. Those two weeks were occupied in beating off sallies from the French garrison and in bringing up the "great guns."

"On that day (July 18)," says a correspondent of that period, "the king of Great Britain, seeing the trenches were carried within fusil-shot of the palisaded entrenchments, which the French possessed upon the hill before St. Nicholas' gate and the Iron gate, which hindered the besiegers from carrying on any further their design of forcing the town, ordered those entrenchments to be stormed that evening an hour before sunset. The combat was very bloody, obstinate and hot, the French were driven back with a loss of 300 slain and 1,300 wounded." The siege was pressed continuously with fierce attacks and equally fierce defenses. The chronicler continues:

Breach Made in the Walls. "At five o'clock on the morning of the 30th the besiegers attacked the great entrenchments of the old wall between the Sambre and the Meuse, which held out, though the assailants were masters of the Abbey of Salines, seated within the entrenchments. But, being assailed both in front and flank with an extraordinary bravery, the French were driven as far as the counterscarp of the Coehorn fort. The besiegers pursued them as far as the Devil's house, where the French had several cannon loaded with cartouches and 900 men laid flat upon their bellies, so that the besiegers were no sooner within reach of the guns but the enemy let fly after a most dismal manner. The assailants made themselves masters of the counterscarp of the fort, but not being able to maintain their ground, retired in good order. On the same day a mine was sprung at St. Nicholas' gate which overturned a good part of the water-tower into the moat of the city; the next day the cannon roared all day long to widen the breach.

"On August 1 they battered the works and the breach that had been made at St. Nicholas' gate, from whence they flung a great many bombs that did a great deal of spoils. At seven in the evening of the 2d the covertway and the demi-bastion that lies on the right hand of the gate, where a breach was made. Three times the assailants were repulsed, but for all that they lodged themselves upon the counterscarp and carried on their work as far as Fort William and the Devil's house. Everything was ready, and the general assault ordered for August 3, but Marshal Boufflers, unwilling to stand the hazard, ordered a parley to be beaten, and commissioners were appointed on each side to confer about the capitulation of the city."

Castle Held Out Another Month. The capitulation, it must be understood, did not carry with it the surrender of the castle or citadel on the hill—they did things differently in those days. Section VIII of the Articles of Capitulation reads:

"Two days shall be granted to the garrison of the town to retire into the castle with their families and effects, during which time no hostilities shall be committed by either party on the side of the town or the castle. To prevent all disorder, the besieged shall forthwith give up the posts at the entrance of the Iron gate, and may place a guard jointly with the allies at the gate of the enclosure."

The siege of the castle began on August 5, and did not surrender until September 3. After bombarding the castle with 166 pieces of cannon and 60 mortars for about thirty days, the allies assaulted with 10,000 men, but were repulsed after four hours' combat. They drew off and began preparing for a renewal of the attack next day, but Marshal Boufflers "beat a parley" and surrendered on the 3d. On the 5th of September the French garrison marched out, with drums beating and colors flying, 4,690 men, gaunt and worn, all that was left of 15,000 that were in garrison when the siege began two months before.

Such was the longest siege ever sustained by Namur, July 2 to September 2, 1695.