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The Old Home.

They sold the old home, Bill, to-day, out near the edge of town,
They said they reckoned it was best, for things was tumblin' down
An' 'twan't no use to keep a lot of stuff about the place
For prowlin' kids to meddle with an' break up an' deface,
But somehow as I write to-night my hand keeps trimblin' so
An' there's a feelin' 'round my heart I never used to know.

Of course the house wa'nt very fine an' things was plain an' old,
There wan't no costly furniture, nor dishes laid with gold;
Rag carpets covered all the floors, but all was neat an' clean,
An' somehow, Bill, a better place than it I've never seen;
An' for the first time in my life I boarded out to-day,
But eatin' where they're strangers all ain't like the good old way.

You've been away a long time, Bill, an' maybe you have found
Some place that suits you just as well with lots of friends around;
You don't remember much, I guess, of how we used to play
About the home when we were boys before you went away;
An' so I thought I'd write to-night and tell you what they've done;
It's kinder hard, but comes, I guess, at last to everyone.

It wan't the house I fixed so much, but somehow everything
Kept tellin' me of other times when all us boys would bring
To that old home a merry heart that made of every room
A cheery place, but lately all of that has changed to gloom.
'Twas mother's death, of course, an' so I guess we're free to roam.
It sorter hurts to write it, Bill, but no place now is home.

—R. B. Thompson, in Metropolis (Ill.) Herald

Harper, Class of '46

"I WONDER if any of my old gang will be back to the celebration of that double centennial celebration," said Harper, class of '46.

Harper, '46, is a little stewed-up old man, with a pink face and beautiful curly white side whiskers. Harper weighs 118 in active training at the present time, and he wabbles badly when he walks. He was talking to his grandson, '96, who left the other day for New Haven.

"I got out my old files of the 'Lit' the other day," said Harper, '46, "and I noticed, by the gods, sir, that Harper, '46, won the running high jump at the field day exercises in '45. His mark was five feet ten inches. It takes a pretty good man to beat that, even to-day, sir. Harper, '46, won the running broad, too. He jumped 18 feet ten inches on the level. That's been beaten often since, I understand, but when I was jumping they didn't have any pneumatic sulkies or any of these new-fangled contrivances. Why, there ain't a horse alive to-day that could catch old Flora Temple in her prime. Records? Of course. But they are made by the aid of all sorts of mechanical contrivances. We jumped and trotted on the level in the old days. Why, I believe that even now I could go out and make some of these cigarette-smoking athletes look foolish."

The old man, leaning heavily on his cane, skipped across the room with all the lightness and airy grace of an animated statue.

"When you get down to New Haven," he went on, "I want you to see if old 'Janitor John' is still alive. The last time I saw him was in '46. He was a young fellow of 55 or 60 then. Did I ever tell you about the time we boys put up the famous skeleton job on him?"

The grandson smiled sympathetically. He had heard the tale on an average of once a month for 15 years. But this was a special occasion. Besides, grandfather had an estate valued at $500,000 which would be left to somebody, sooner or later.

"Why, no, grandpa," he said. "What was it?"

"Well, you see, in those days," the old man went on joyfully, "they only had one skeleton in the physiological laboratory. A lot of us young chaps broke into the laboratory one night and stole the skeleton. We called it 'the colonel,' and we were all anxious to put up a job on 'Prof. Billy.' He was the head of the natural science department then. I suppose he's in the same old chair, still, eh? Well, we took the skeleton out—'Piggy' Ralston and I—Piggy's a United senator, now—and we climbed the tallest elm on the campus. We tied the colonel up in the tiptop branches of the elm where every chap who came down the board walk would see it, when the bell rang for morning chapel. But 'Janitor John'—I've always believed the little old cuss was a mind reader—got up before five o'clock that morning and cut down the colonel before any of us had got a glimpse of him.

"We sat up nights trying to figure out how we'd beat 'Janitor John' out, and finally 'Piggy'—he was the rich man of the class with an allowance of $50 a month—he spent $1.50 for a padlock, and we borrowed a log chain from a man who lived out on the old Turtle road. We took the colonel up to the same old place and chained him to a branch six inches thick. Then we padlocked the two ends of the chain together and threw away the key. We were sure that would fool old John, but we sat up all the rest of the night to see what would come of it.

"Along about four o'clock old Janitor John came down along the walk, looking up in the tops of the trees. When he came to the colonel's elm he stopped, took off his coat, pulled a couple of big files out of his pocket, and shinned up the tree like a monkey. In less than two minutes he was busy filing away at the log cabin chain, and long before it was time to ring the first bell for chapel the colonel was back again in his glass case in 'Prof. Billey's' laboratory.

"I tell you there was no such thing as getting ahead of old 'Janitor John,' and if the old boy is on duty still I'll bet there are none of the chaps of the present day who can come it over him. We were about as lively a lot as the old college ever turned out, I'll warrant you.

"And the old eating club at South Middle! It cost us two dollars a week there for board, unless you helped wait on table. Then you could get three meals a day for one dollar or even for nothing, if you were ready for work three times on six days in each week.

"I remember when 'Piggy' Ralston, 'Lengthy' Salters, and I—we three left a terrible reputation behind us, I'm afraid—raided the storeroom of the South Middle Eating club. Old Mrs. Martin was the matron and she had laid in a big stock of honey and apples. We knew about it and one Friday night we broke into the storeroom and stole a whole case of honey, as many apples as we could carry, and two loaves of bread. We took our plunder up into 'Prof. Tommy's' room on the third floor of Middle college and had a good square meal. That was really the only time I ever got enough to eat during my college course—and I paid as high as three a week for board part of the time. We were just finishing up the honey when we heard footsteps on the stairway leading up from the second floor. The footsteps sounded 'one, two, limp; one, two, limp,' and we knew that it was old 'Prof. Pete.' He was the Greek professor and he always had been lame. We waited until he pounded on the outside of the door with his cane and said: 'Young gentlemen, let me in instantly.'

"Then we climbed out the window on to the balcony which grew out of the front of Middle college like the top of a toadstool and got ready to slide down the big white Grecian pillars to the ground. 'Lengthy' Salters went first because his arms and legs were longest and we figured that he could come nearest to reaching clear around the big white pillars.

"When he got down to the second floor 'Prof. Pete' was threatening to break in the door and we were tickled when 'Lengthy' called back that it was 'dead easy.' 'Piggy' followed him and I went last. We found out for ourselves in a minute what 'Lenghty' had carefully concealed. The white pillars were, of course, only imitation marble. They had been covered with a couple of coats of white paint and then sand and fine gravel had been scattered thickly over them so that sliding down them was like making a similar trip on a cylinder of sand paper. 'Lengthy' had on the suit he had expected to wear at 'Junior X,' but by the time he got to the bottom his trousers were in such shape that he found it necessary to withdraw altogether. I didn't fare much better, but, then, I was one of the wealthy men of the class, with a regular allowance of $30 a mnth, so that I was able to stand the loss of my trousers without serious results.

"'Lengthy,' you know, was the chap who stole the 'sophs'' mortar boards while they were all eating supper down at the eating club at South Middle. The dining-room was in the basement and the 'sophs' had piled up their fancy hats on the window sills. The windows were half above ground and it was just before commencement, so the windows were open. 'Lengthy' started at one end and went all around the building collecting every mortar board on the sills. He got half way around before the 'sophs' noticed what was going on. Before he started in he had locked the doors to the dining-room, so he had a good chance to get away before the first 'soph' climbed out of the window. The 'sophs' played the baby act and complained to the faculty, but they never did find out who stole the mortar boards or what was done with them. They never did get them back until 'Lengthy' sent them around with his compliments to the president of the sophomore class. I don't suppose it will do poor old 'Lengthy' any harm now to tell that he kept all the stolen mortar boards for a month up in the belfry of the Baptist church. 'Lengthy' got three dollars a week for pulling the Baptist bell four times a day on Sunday and twice every Wednesday evening for prayer meeting. He got shot to death by the 'Johnny Rebs,' but he was a colonel before they killed him."

"But, grandfather," said Harper, '96, who felt that it was about time for him to take part in the conversation, "you've forgotten all you really learned in college, I suppose, like all the rest of us."

"Have I, indeed?" chirruped the old boy.

"Arma virumque cano Trojae qui primus," he quoted. "Let's go out and have a glass of apple brandy."—Chicago Tribune.

Collection of Waste Paper.

One hundred and thirty-three tons of waste paper were collected and sorted by the men in the Salvation Army's Metropolitan Social institution one week in London recently.

POINTS ABOUT PUMPKIN PIE.

A Good Old-Fashioned Pastry That Should Be Made Right to Be Enjoyed.

Ichabod Crane is not alone in his fondness for the "most luxurious of pies." But, as times and cooks improve, a pumpkin pie with the real old-fashioned, crisp crust and rich flavor is not often in evidence, says Sarah P. E. Hawthorne, in Portland Transcript.

A good pumpkin pie should be half squash—a solecism worthy of Pat—but, nevertheless, true. It should be rich and golden in hue with a shade of red. But how to obtain it?

One woman says, "cut your pumpkin in cubes and put in a saucepan with a cupful of nice molasses; place on the back of the range and let it cook until soft, but add no water, and it will be of the right color and richness when done. Sift and add two eggs for each pie, ginger, salt and nutmeg to taste, milk and sugar until the mixture is sweet enough and thick enough for filling. Bake the crust first and then fill and bake again.

But eggs are high, and there is yet another way to make a toothsome pie that will make a hungry man wish a second and even third piece—if he doesn't say so.

Men always love pumpkin pies. Some of our minor poets have sung its praises, and I do not know but some of our great ones, but the writers have always been men.

Stew your pumpkin (half of which is squash) until tender, drain and mash with a wooden spoon until soft and smooth. Pour on it about half as much milk as it will need, set on the range and stir until it scalds. For an ordinary milkpan full of pumpkin ready for the pies, roll to a powder four or four and one-half cracker. Stir into the warm pumpkin and milk; add two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, the same of cinnamon, and one cupful of molasses. Stir well, and put it away in the refrigerator or some cool place for a day or two until the various ingredients blend, as the artists say, together. The flavor is much better for standing awhile after mixing and kneading quite hard. Don't choose too thick plates for these pies, nor too thin—just about medium.

Then add milk again to your pumpkin, stirring until it is about the consistency of thick cream. Bake until done, and then bake awhile longer. They will be a rich golden brown on top, and have a delicate flavor in which neither spice predominates.

There are pies which seem to have caught the gold of the sun in which the gourds ripened, the spicy odor of the harvest field in autumn, and the creamy richness of the prize Jersey's milk; and alas! there are also pies, poor, watery, tasteless, stringy; only fit for the dogs, and hardly acceptable to them. For some years I made that kind, but after frantic efforts to please a member of the family who loves this dainty, and the sacrifice of dozens of eggs and hours of time, I tried using powdered crackers and letting the filling stand a day or two before using and was successful. In the fall, if the weather is warm, cook the mixture in the pan before you put it away. A second baking will not hurt it.

Now if you have more pumpkins than you can use, can them for spring. They will not come amiss.

You know what Emerson says: "I can reason down or deny anything, except this perpetual belly; feed he must and will and I cannot make him respectable." Eat we must and variety is the spice and almost the necessity of life or good health.

As your fruit cans get empty, pare and cut in dice a pumpkin. Cook it in water with sugar enough to be real sweet, and seal up as you would any fruit. At any time it will be ready for pies, only requiring less sweetening.

Our foremothers dried the pumpkin in slices, looking like new moons on poles by the kitchen fire, the same as dried apples. But this is a better way: Cook soft, sift on to flat baking tins, dry in the oven until it is quite hard. Break into bits and put up in paper bags or jars as you please. It will keep as long as glue, which it now resembles.

Soak in warm water or milk until it comes back to the resemblance of pumpkin, and make into pies.

Fault-Finding Helps Nobody.

Contumely helps nobody; least of all the one who administers it. Pessimistic remarks dampen the enthusiasm of others, discourage honest effort, and react on the grumbler. Chronic fault-finders command no favor with employers or fellow employes, and are not the ones selected for advancement. Talking failure makes failure easy. A gloomy, melancholy disposition is largely a matter of habit and materially retards one's advancement. It does not matter if one is unconscious of these habits, they all figure in the final result of life, just the same. Watch your chance remarks. Make them count for hope and encouragement. —Success.

India Relish.

Two quarts of chopped green tomatoes; two quarts of chopped ripe cucumbers; a scant cup of salt; let stand 24 hours and drain in coarse, thin muslin. Put two quarts of good vinegar on to boil; add a level tablespoonful of pepper, 1½ of mustard, one level tablespoonful allspice, 1½ of cloves and 1½ of cinnamon; when vinegar is boiling put in the tomatoes and cucumbers, four chopped white onions and four green peppers chopped fine. Let boil for 20 minutes.—Washington Star.

FUSSY GRAMMARIANS.

Find Fault with Those Who Use the Common Phrase, "May the Best Boat Win."

A fussy person up in Albany solemnly accuses 1,777 newspapers in this country of having been guilty, once or repeatedly, of using a superlative adjective in a comparison between two subjects—to wit, the Columbia and the Shamrock. The phrase to which the fussy person objects is: "May the best boat win." We and the other 1,776 newspapers ought to say, he declares: "May the better boat win." Misty memories drifting over from studies pursued away back in another century incline us to a belief, or a suspicion, or something of the sort, that the fussy person is either right in his contention or else that he has at least an excuse for making it. But, the error admitted, simply out of reverence for the enemies of youth, we turn fiercely upon the Albanian critic and rend him with the question: "Can there possibly be anything the matter with a phrase used by 1,777 American newspapers?" Grammarians are estimable people so long as they know their place and keep it, but when they become pretentious and forget that whatever is, in language, is right, they fully deserve the snubbings they get from everybody not fussy. "May the best boat win" runs glibly from the tongue or pen, attracts no attention to itself, and conveys the intended meaning quickly, forcibly and directly, while "May the better boat win" is not the expression of a hearty, honest wish, but a pedant's demonstration that he knows the rules of grammar, so called, and never feels an emotion of any kind strong enough to make him forget them for a moment, says the New York Times.

Once a pretty good man wrote a pretty good piece beginning: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union—" do such and such things. Now, viewed from the Albanian's standpoint "more perfect" is a combination of words little if any less than criminal, for of perfection, obviously, there can be no degrees. Yet the writer of the phrase, who was himself a careful writer, as is shown by the many changes he made in the first draft of his pretty good piece, saw no necessity for crossing out the "more," and nobody else has ever had the audacity to do it for him.

ABOUT GOO-GOO EYES.

An Outrage Committed by the English on a Purely American Word.

"The English, among other writers, are smart indeed, and possess good taste," said a young man who keeps up with current events, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and while they may be fair enough when it comes to big things that spread out until they become of national significance, they are sometimes just a little unfair when it comes to the smaller things. While reading an English periodical recently I ran across an American expression which has been adopted in England, but they have had the temerity to change the spelling, which is so thoroughly and originally American that it is not in any of the standard English dictionaries. It is yet an American provincialism. I am speaking of the word 'googoo,' as we find it in the American song: 'Just Because She Made Dem Googoo Eyes.' If there is a word current which is distinctly American in this time, it is the word googoo. The American press, which is a sort of word factory, has made the word amenable to the tenses, and so we frequently have the words 'googoo-ed' and 'googoo-ing' which represent the past and the present.

"Now the English have changed the spelling of the word. They spell it 'googie.' By what authority? This way of spelling the word detracts much from it, for it loses much of its descriptive import, and even more in its smoothness of sound in pronunciation. 'Googoo' is a better word than 'googie.' It looks better in print. It sounds better in conversation and song, and it seems to fit that peculiar flirtive manipulation of the eye with more ease and exactitude. The tongue and lips can roll it out more musically, and it gurgles in a soft sort of way out of the throat of the singer. Women, of course, make 'googoo' eyes in all countries, old England not excepted, but when it comes to the word 'googoo,' it is an American provincialism, and England may not change the spelling of it at her pleasure."

The King's Consent.

It was at Compiegne, where the czar is being entertained, that the king of Rome, the Eaglet, granted the first petition that was presented to him. He had reached the mature age of six months, when an old soldier who had already received many favors from the emperor, decided that he wanted more, and thought it would be a good scheme to address his petition to the heir to the throne, and thus work on Napoleon's sympathies. He addressed his petition to his majesty the king of Rome. Napoleon smiled when he read the address, and ordered the duke of Frioul to take the paper to the king and read it to him. This was done with due solemnity and state, and the duke returned to the emperor. "What did his majesty say?" asked Napoleon. "Nothing," replied the duke. "Silence gives consent," said the emperor. "See that this old rascal of a soldier gets what he wants."—Paris Figaro.

All Things Are Explained.

She—Why does a ship have to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port?

He—Well—er—you see, the weight is constantly changing on account of the binnacles that grow on it in the water.—Philadelphia Press.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Senator Hanna's secretary says that since 1896 500 children have been named after the senator.

Prof. Dewar, of Cambridge, the newly elected president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, especially distinguished himself by the discovery of a process for the liquefaction of hydrogen.

Evelyn Abbot, the Greek historian, who died recently, suffered from a paralysis of the lower half of his body shortly after graduating from Oxford and, becoming an instructor at Baliol, had to deliver his lectures in a reclining position.

A monument has been erected in Titusville, Pa., to Col. E. L. Drake, who put down the first petroleum well. Its cost is estimated at $60,000, but its modest donor is not known. In 1873 the Pennsylvania legislature granted Drake an annual pension of $15,000.

The hamlet of Dervock, in County Antrim, Ireland, is visited by thousands of Americans in the season, for it was thence the McKinleys came. In a plain little farmhouse there was born James McKinley, ancestor of the late President McKinley. The present occupant has preserved the original features of the house as much as possible. The greatest change has been the replacing of the thatchwork roof with one of slate.

Only the men who knew the late Charles C. Delmonico well ever appreciated the fact that for many years he worked much harder than any of his employes. He gave his casual acquaintances the impression that his most serious duties in life were to be agreeable to every one and to smoke cigarettes. He was a confirmed night hawk and for many years he never retired until long after midnight. Despite his late hours he was up many mornings early enough to be one of the first purchasers at the markets.

Contrary to a popular belief created by long years of newspaper misrepresentation, Russell Sage is not only quite particular about what he eats, but is a valiant trencherman and a good authority on matters of the cuisine. New York papers, in spite of this fact, periodically describe his midday meal as consisting of a cracker, an apple and a glass of water. As a matter of fact, he generally lunches in the Western Union building with such men as the Goulds, Gen. Eckart and other officials of the Gould interests.

MODERN MILITARY SURGERY.

Some Experiences of the South African War—There Were Few Amputations.

The war in South Africa has furnished a vast amount of interesting surgical experience, showing the effect of modern arms of precision and of antiseptic methods in the hospitals. While it is too early to draw deductions from the statistics of the war, it is worthy of note that, where the records were kept of 12,637 officers and men who had been wounded, only 782 died of wounds received in action. This small mortality is attributed to the prompt application of a first-aid dressing. The action of the Mauser bullet upon human tissues depends upon the range at which it is fired. Within 200 yards it has an explosive character. The nickel case seems to expand and become detached, causing a severe, lacerated and contused wound, which heals very slowly. If it strikes a bone it crushes and destroys it. If fired at a longer range it makes a clean-drilled hole through a bone, while if it strikes soft parts of the body only a small wound is made, there being but little difference between the place of entrance of the bullet and its exit, which bleeds but little unless an important vessel is injured, writes a Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript.

It is remarkable how few amputations have been performed during the Boer war. Dr. Kendal Franks has reported that in his experience not more than 20 amputations have occurred in 3,000 cases, which is attributed to the conservative spirit of present-day surgery. Dr. Sterling Ryerson relates that he saw at Kimberley 147 wounded Boers in a roller rink which had been converted into a temporary hospital. They were of all ages, from 15 to 65. They had been wounded at Paardenburg, and in many cases the wounds had been undressed for from 15 to 17 days. He tells of one man who had been shot through the elbow joint, and whose only treatment had been the universal Boer remedy, tobacco juice. The arm was enormously swollen and almost erysipelatous in appearance. A civil surgeon, however, took the case in hand with modern methods, with the result that the man made an excellent recovery, retaining even the power to move his arm at the joint.

Smoking in Cuba.

Cuba produces no tobacco for chewing or for pipe-smoking. The Cubans who smoke pipes might be counted on one's fingers without making a second round on the fingers. The cigar and the cigarette prevail. To what extent the Cuban cigarette might ever become popular with American smokers is a matter beyond determination. It is certain that most Americans of prolonged residence become, if they be smokers, addicted to the Cuban brands and find difficulty in weaning themselves back to American brands on their return.—Chicago Chronicle.

Some People's Words.

If some people were to weigh every word they utter it would be decidedly tough on the scales.—Chicago Daily News.

SUBMARINE ANIMALS.

All of Them Are Interesting, But None More So Than the Deep Sea Anemones.

Very interesting is the manner in which some of the little submarine animals, scientifically known as Actinia, live. Sea nettles, sea flowers and sea anemones are the popular names of these creatures, and they are called sea nettles because they sting when touched and sea flowers because their long and slender tentacles are similar to the petals of many flowers.

Many of the Actinia lead a solitary life, but others form regular colonies, among the latter being the epizoanthes, several of which form themselves into groups around hard and immovable bodies, such as rocks, corals and large shells, while others form themselves into a colony around the body of a pagurus, that singular denizen of the sea which is popularly known as Bernard the Hermit. The latter are thus enabled to move from place to place, and in return for such a service they protect their host from various enemies. As a rule they live with him in the depths of the sea, and that is why their novel mode of life has only recently attracted attention.

Prof. Louis Roule, who lectures on natural sciences, has studied these Actinia carefully and has succeeded in obtaining some excellent specimens of them.

"At first," he says, "the epizoanthes is a tiny embryo, which is

AN ACTINIA FAMILY.

able to move about in the water. After some time it attaches itself to some hard object, and then it puts forth buds and produces a colony. If its domicile is a rock or a large shell, its life thenceforth is uneventful, but, if it selects a small shell, already inhabited by a young pagurus, a lasting intimacy is at once established between the two animals.

"As a result, the two continue to grow and each in turn does good service for the other. The pagurus in time finds that he is supporting from eight to ten epizoanthes, all of whom are ready to protect him when danger is near and who only ask in return that he will take them with him wherever he goes and thus save them from the monotony of an absolutely motionless existence."

Specimens of these Actinia are not readily secured, owing to the fact that they are never found near the surface of the sea. Scientists, however, who desire to study them, will find little difficulty in doing so, for there has never been a time when so much interest was taken in deep sea explorations as at present, and among the curious objects that are brought up now and then from the deep waters are colonies of these sea anemones.

MUSHROOMS AS FOOD.

Their Usefulness Lies in the Palatableness They Give to Other Food Materials.

Recent investigations made by the department of agriculture show that mushrooms are about equal to potatoes in the element of nutrition that goes to make flesh and blood, but that on the other hand, they do not hold much of the fuel stuff required to keep the body machine running. Containing, as they do, a very large percentage of water, they may be said, in a sense, to correspond with fresh vegetables in respect to food value. The notion that their composition resembles closely that of meat—a conception which has caused the term "vegetable beefsteak" to be applied to them—is an absurd error. One would have to consume eight pounds of mushrooms in a day in order to take the place of the ordinary ration of beef or mutton.

The great usefulness of mushrooms lies in the palatableness which they give to other food materials. This is a matter of no small importance from the point of view of the economic expert in dietetics, who looks upon the attractiveness of dishes as a notable element in their value. In this country only one species of fungus is utilized to any extent for the table—namely, the common field mushroom with pink gills—whereas in Europe a dozen or more varieties are eaten.

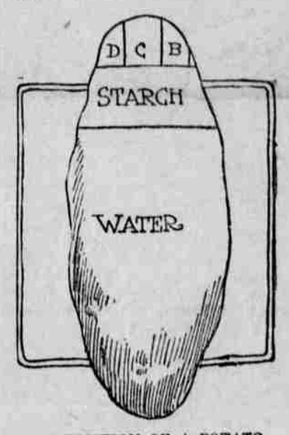
This common mushroom is a trifle more than 91 per cent. water. It contains nearly four per cent. of flesh-forming stuff, three and one-half per cent. of starchy and sugary substances, and one per cent. of fat and fiber, with one-half of one per cent. of mineral material. There are other species which are more nutritious—such as the "oyster mushroom"—but they are not sufficiently well known in the United States to be worthy of consideration.

THE POTATO ANALYZED.

It Is a Source of Muscular Energy, But Does Not Serve to Repair Body Tissue.

The accompanying diagram, which illustrates graphically the composition of the ordinary potato, has been prepared for the United States department of agriculture and appears in one of its recent publications. We quote the following description from the Philadelphia Record:

"The popularity of the potato as a foodstuff is well founded, and is due



COMPOSITION OF A POTATO.

A, fat; B, crude fiber and other carbohydrates, exclusive of starch; C, protein; D, ash.

to its prolific yield, superior keeping qualities, ease of propagation, and agreeable flavor. It was introduced into this country at the time of Raleigh's voyages to Virginia, and has steadily increased in popularity ever since.

"Every school child is aware that potatoes are classed as starch foods, and that their bulk is made up largely of water. . . . It is chiefly on account of the starch content that potatoes are eaten, and while they are apparently not economical foods, owing to the large proportion of water which they contain, this is not actually the case. In other foods, as for instance, rice, there is four times as much nourishment as in an equal weight of potatoes, but then water or milk is added to the rice in preparing it for the table, so that when ready to be eaten it very much resembles potatoes in the assimilable proportion, bulk for bulk. Equal weights of the two foods do not cost as much in each case.

"Being chiefly starch, the potato is valuable as a source of muscular energy and does not serve to build or repair the body tissue, except in a very small degree. This explains why potatoes are generally served with foods rich in tissue-making properties, such as meats, and why it is that large numbers of the country population of Ireland and Germany are so poorly nourished. Potatoes alone are a very one-sided diet.

"The accompanying table shows at a glance how the potato is proportioned as regards its food value:

	Per cent.
Water	78.3
Starch, or energy-producing material	18.4
Nitrogens, or tissue-producing material	2.2
Fats	.01
Mineral matter, chiefly potash salts	1.00

"It is often asserted that the potato is unwholesome, but there is no scientific basis for it. Eaten alone potatoes, of course, would form a very badly-balanced diet. As a matter of fact its universal popularity and consumption are evident from the statistics above quoted, that it forms nearly 14 per cent. of the total food of the people of this country, furnishing about four per cent. of the total proteins, or nitrogenous foods, and nearly ten per cent. of the total carbohydrates or starches.

"A word of warning. Potatoes that have been stored for a long time and which have begun to sprout, should not be eaten, as they are apt to contain an undue amount of solanin, or poisonous substance. Numerous cases of poisoning are on record resulting from this cause."

ART OF BREATHING.

Scientific Men All Over the World Are Beginning to Recognize Its Importance.

It is perhaps one of the signs of the times to those alert for indications that the art of breathing has become more and more a subject of attention. Oculists as well as physiologists go deeply into its study in a way hardly to be touched upon in a limited space. Physicians have cured aggravated cases of insomnia by long-drawn, regular breaths; fever-stricken patients have been quieted, stubborn forms of indigestion made to disappear. A tendency to consumption may be overcome, as some authority has within the past few years clearly demonstrated, by exercise in breathing. Seasickness, too, may be surmounted, and the victim of hypnotic influence taught to withstand the force of an energy directed against him.

There is a famous physician of Munich who has written an extensive work upon the subject of breathing. He has, besides, formulated a system by which asthmatic patients are made to walk without losing breath, while sufferers from weaknesses of the heart are cured. At Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, his patients are put through a certain system of breathing and walking. The mountain paths are all marked off with stakes of different colors, indicating the number of minutes in which a patient must walk the given distance, the breathing and walking being in time together. As the cure progresses the ascents are made steeper and steeper.