NEW YORK GOES WILD OVER CHOP SUEY FAD

Chinese Restaurants Are Appearing in all the Fashionable Resorts to Cater to the Upper Set—Fad Is Started by the Chorus Girl.

Special to The Globe.

NEW YORK, May 16.—No one sane will believe that what I am going to state is true, but it is, nevertheless. The chorus girl is leading New York men astray! After having been reformed by the toning and uplifting influences of the Shuberts, until at such homes of the drama as the Casino she is a spotless seraphic and long-skirted divinity, ye chorus maiden has displayed the inevitable atavistic effect of her calling and developed a taste for chop suey!

Alas, that women are mortal and that men must follow in their wake.

A few years ago one could obtain chop suey in only one part of this benighted metropolis, but now the Chinese restaurant is popping up all over town and only in response to the demand for chop suey.

Society Will Follow.

Of course it is only a matter of time when the society woman emulating the example set by her prototype and subsequent subject of envy, the chorus girl, will get the chop suey craze and then all the town will dine at the Chinese restaurant, or else the Chinese chef will become an indispensable adjunct to the millionaire's home and the thirty-story hotel. The latest manifestation of the chop suey cult is the opening of a distinctly first-class Chinese restaurant on upper Broadway, where the cream of the Chinese bills of fare, outside of chop suey can be had at all times of the day and night.

It is to be hoped that its proprietors, tempted by the opportunities that keeping open at all hours on Broadway will not attempt to add wines to their cuisines. If they do should the fact escape the excise authorities, the debauchery of the American palate will be completed.

For instance, if one should put on the top of a plate of chop suey and a pot of tea, garnished with a portion of yet go main and another of pepper steak some rice wine—what oh! what would be the result? The name seems simple enough—rice wine—that harmless and very nearly tasteless cereal which is now growing to be one of the principal of our own cereal crops—but if any man or woman be not anxious to hasten their funerals let them never taste it, for rice wine is a concoction of the devil.

It is red and healthy looking in the glass and at first glance might be mistaken for cider, but just three glasses of it would put the longest-necked Broadway policeman under the table.

Of what is it concocted? You ask, but for that information you will have to go to the "man whose ways are dark and whose tricks are vain." At a broad guess it is simply alcohol diluted with syrup and opium but there may be worse things in it than these.

Rice Wine Follows.

If the chorus girl ever gets onto rice wine as well as chop suey and the Johnnies and others follow suit the reform administration may fold its tents and silently steal away, for there will be no reforming New York. Chop suey may be described as a passion, but rice wine is a vice. One follows the other as a natural concomitant, it is said, as late hours follow the acquaintance of chop suey, which never tastes good until after midnight.

It is certainly not the furnishings or the surroundings of a Chinese restaurant which prove themselves attractive to the ordinary person. Nothing less attractive could be imagined from an aesthetic point of view.

The arrangement of the place is bare and uninviting. A second story floor is usually the one selected, a portico, roof and veranda being put out in front. The comfortless bamboo curtain decorates the windows, the front room being set with small tables, the walls and ceiling decorated with Chinese lanterns, pictures, fans and other Celestial decorations.

The kitchen is at the back, manned by a solitary Chinese chef whilst a pigtailed waiter in front sustains the dignity of the establishment.

You can start a Chinese restaurant easily for $200.

What you need is: a lot of canned water nuts, bamboo shoots and bean sprouts, a barrel of sweet sauce and a barrel of salt sauce. The sweet sauce is a compromise between Worcestershire and chutnee.

Bill of Fare Simple.

The ordinary Chinese bill of fare comprises only about half a dozen items in the small places. The main features are chop suey, ditto with mushrooms, chicken chop suey, yet go main, chaw main, and pepper steak. Of course there are the inevitable rice and tea and bird's nest soup if needed.

But the operations of the cook, who occupies the rear apartment, will interest my women friends most. He is furnished with a block and a cleaver for his operations. Outside this his implements include simply a big iron bowl which fits on the top of a small circular stove, a pancake turner and a tin cover for the iron bowl. All dishes are cooked to order, one at a time, in the iron bowl, at the top of the red stove.

On a range or ordinary cook stove near by, simmering under a slow fire, will be a big can full of stewing chickens and a can of like size full of cooked rice keeping warm.

To Make Chop Suey.

To make chop suey the cook chops up pork or chicken into square bits the size of the end of your thumb. He then chops up four onions, half a bunch of celery, a bit of bamboo shoot (this looks like a square white block cut from a big potato); he adds a handful of bean sprouts, and if called and paid for either a dozen canned or dried mushrooms.

The fire is glowing under the iron bowl, the cook puts in a ladleful of cooking oil and then dumps in the chopped meat and vegetables; he spins the iron bowl around on the top of the stove and stirs the mess up from the bottom with the cake turner. He keeps it seething fiercely, for the fire under the iron bowl is hot, for about thirteen minutes; then he adds a ladleful of the sweet sauce.

This looks like molasses and is what gives the mess its own brown look and flavor. He then dashes a cup of chicken soup stock into the mess and puts on the cover and allows it to steam under the cover for two minutes. Then he dumps it into a double story dish and serves it to the expectant guest.

With it goes a pot of tea, a bowl of rice and a little pitcher of the salt sauce, which looks like the sweet sauce, but isn't.

Chow main, costing 75 cents, is simply chicken chop suey, served on a bed of crisp vermicelli, which has first been steamed and fried in the iron bowl. Yet go main is merely noodle soup with hard boiled egg in it.

The stews are all enriched with stock from the pot of simmering chickens.

Pepper steak is chopped beefsteak cooked with cut-up green peppers, onion and celery. The whole secret of the Chinese dishes is the sauce, which can be bought cheaply from the Chinese vendors.

Also a Bohemian Dish.

The Bohemian element of the Tenderloin has already settled the problem of eating chop suey at home and the chop suey can, like the growler, has become a part of the bachelor bohemian's outfit. It makes a savory dish for the tired pleasure seeker or pleasure maker who wanders home to bachelor quarters in the wee sma' hours. But as hinted the chop suey wave has only just struck town. It is due on Murray hill and Upper Fifth avenue as soon as the newly rich return from Newport and other social rendezvous.

The roof garden crowds will help to push the good thing along in the interim and by the end of the summer a Waldorf menu will not be considered complete without chop suey a la Lehr or some other sociable social indorsement to lift it above the vulgar taste of the ordinary patron.

C. C. Curtis.

Alcoholic Medicines.

One of the most sensible things done by a Woman's Christian Temperance union worker is to ask the Massachusetts board of health to analyze several well known patent medicines in order to determine the amount of alcohol contained. There is only too much reason to believe that the revelation thus made will not discourage the use of these articles as much as I might. The truth may already be known to many who have adopted the particular form of tippling here indicated. To some, however, the exposure may serve as a restraint. It is calculated to promote honesty, too, both in makers of proprietary "medicines" and their users.—New York Tribune.

Associations of the Bonnet.

Will the coming of the bonnet effect a revolution in manners and morals? What mid-Victorian ideals, what domestic virtues, what rigorous supervision of other people's behavior do we not associate with the word "bonnet?" The "strings" of our mothers' bonnets played a large part in their mental attitude. In the well regulated days of the fifties and sixties the hand that tied the bonnet string ruled the world.—London Ladies' Field.

Not Resting.

"I suppose you are resting, now that the legislature is not in session?"

"My friend," replied Senator Sorghum, "you don't understand this business at all. The work of making preliminary arrangements is the hard work. When legislature's in session all you have to do it to see that the goods are delivered."—Washington Star.

She Knew Him Better.

Mother—I'm surprised that you should dislike Col. Lushforth. His manners are the pink of propriety.

Daughter—But his nose is the red of impropriety.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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JUST ONE SPOT FROM WHICH FEMALES ARE EXCLUDED

In the Heart of the Turkish Empire a Republic Exists Into Which No Woman May Enter—Mount Athos Is the Holy Mountain of the Greeks.

The idea of an independent republic in the heart of the Turkish empire sounds unreal. Mount Athos, the Holy mountain (as it is commonly called by Greeks and Slavs), consists of twenty monasteries, 11 villages, 250 cells and 150 hermitages, with a population of some 3,000 monks and as many lay brothers, who are known as kosmiki, or worldlings. No Moslem save the sultan's representative, no woman or female animal may enter the sacred territory, and an army of fifty Albanian guards is stationed at Karyas, the capital, to keep them out. The favorite jest of ribald visitors is leveled at the admission of female fleas, but the monks retort that their hospitality prevents them from instituting the necessary search.

Few travelers visit Mount Athos, for it is by no means easy of access, but it amply repays an effort as well by its natural wonders as by its unique character and its romantic traditions. It is the sole remaining theocracy in the world; it contrives to combine independence and authority, faith and charity, austerity and happiness in a manner unrivaled at any other time or place. To reach it you must repair to Salonica, the Mohammedan town, whose population is five-sixths Jew, and take a local steamer to the Chersonese of our schools days. If you are wise you will select a Russian boat, not merely because good food will be a certainty on board, but also because your fellow pilgrims are sure to repay perusal. There on the deck are strange beings in brown robes and mustard mantles, with sandals on their feet and yellow caps like glorified sponge cakes upon their heads. These are the monks of the mountain, rugged looking fellows as a rule, but kindly and talkative. Like all the clergy of the orthodox church, they are forbidden to cut their hair. Some compromise by rolling it up into a chignon inside their caps, but the majority cultivate a porcupine appearance, with long manes down their backs and bristling beards of enormous length.

Can See Sun Before It Rises.

Soon the solemn peak of Athos comes into view, bright and white as it rises sheer from the sea at the end of the peninsula, dark and mysterious with its cloak of dense forest. The monks will tell you that from the little chapel of the annunciation at the summit you may descry the sun three hours before it rises, but it is difficult to make them explain precisely what they mean by that. Rounding the cape, you land in the small harbor Daphne, where a choice of two indifferent Greek inns await you for the night. If the day is not too far advanced you will do well to push on to Karyas, the capital of the republic. It is a picturesque village, hidden among the gardens and olive yards on the eastern slope of the Holy mountain. The overhanging rocks are studded with limpet hermitages and pock-marked with cavern cells. There is only one street, lined by low wooden cottages and a bazaar or honeycomb of open shops, where monks drive a modest trade in rosaries, pictures, images and various household articles made by the hermits. At the end of the street stands the council chamber, an unpretentious building not conspicuously larger than the others. Besides this there is little to see except the church, which I suppose we must call a cathedral. It is the oldest edifice in the peninsula, and contains some Byzantine frescoes of the eleventh century.

How Republic Is Governed.

Each of the twenty monasteries sends one delegate to the synod. He resides during his year of office at Karyas, with a number of novices who attend school there. Four more delegates are taken from the four "imperial" monasteries, and this parliament of twenty-four elects every four years a president, known as "the first of Athos," who rules the state. His "foreign affairs" are practically limited to settling with the Turkish commissioner, who receives the annual tribute of $7,500 to $22,000. But the president exercises a limited authority, for he can do nothing without the delegates of the four "imperial" monasteries, who act as his privy council. No act is valid without their seal. This is a silver instrument and is cut up into four parts, one part being held by each of the privy councilors, so that it can never be joined together unless all four are agreed. And the president holds an ingenious key, without which the four parts cannot be joined, so that he, too, enjoys a practical veto.

Why Females Are Prohibited.

On arriving at Karyas your first duty is to visit the kaimakam. This is a Turkish title usually given to district prefects, but here allotted to a Christian who is in command of the Albanian guard. The only article of contraband in the republic is the eternal feminine, so there is no need to search your luggage at the custom house. But the utmost vigilance is exercised to exclude the dangerous sex. Beardless youths are especially suspect, and the soldiers can tell strange tales of inquisitive women who have tried to penetrate in disguise. As cows and female goats are excluded, you are surprised to find an abundance of milk at many of the monasteries; but you learn that this is brought daily in large quantities from the mainland. The prohibition of females, you learn, was originally due not so much to the fear of temptation or scandal as to a desire on the part of the original monks to keep the mountain to themselves. Their rule proved an effectual obstacle to the invasion of shepherds, who desired to colonize this fertile region. It is said that a Byzantine empress insisted on visiting Athos, but she lived to regret it.

The chief industry at Karyas is that of silk worms, from which you may argue that the prohibition of females is not carried to an illogical extent. If you desire to spend a night at the capitol you may find a bedroom, but it will probably have to be cleared of silk worms first, and you will be lucky if you do not find that other insects remain to torment you. However, it is likely that you will prefer to push on to the Russicon, the Russian monastery, which is only four hours' mule ride away.

Sanctuaries Are Fortresses.

As you approach you are impressed and bewildered by that strange fortress-sanctuary with its bristling array of bastions, towers, turrets, redans, and parapets, all stained, riddled, and crenellated by the action of time and tempest. As fas as the eye can see there is no opening anywhere along the whole expanse of walls. Wooden galleries project beneath the roof, but they are of comparatively recent construction, having only been added since the pirates ceased to harry the Holy mountain. They are painted a defiant blood red. The white mass of masonry clings acrobat like to a rock, which is covered with luxuriant verdure.

You draw up at a venerable double door covered with bolts and bars like a prison, and admire an image of the Holy Virgin in golden vestments which glisten through a grating over the gateway. Doffing your cap in deference to orthodox custom, you enter a vast courtyard, in the center of which is the catholicon, a noble cathedral with five cupolas ornamented with fantastic tracery. All around the square are monk's cells with a double row of arcades.

You are received by the heguman, who answers to an abbot. The etiquette is to hand him immediately a sum of money amounting to 6 or 7 francs a head per diem for your estimated stay. Then, after compliments, he will lead you straight into the church. This is the rule of St. Basil, under which all the monasteries are, that guest shall go first to the shrine. After that you will see your room and receive hospitable entertainment.

Sadness Amid Solemn Romance.

Many profitable and happy days may be spent in wandering from monastery to monastery all over this strange peninsula, home of those who are weary of the world. Iveron is like a huge village, and astounds you by the confusion of its architecture. To the right is a venerable chateau, which recalls that of St. Germain and the Escurial at the same time. Then comes a Roman villa. There are glimpses of Cagliari, of Rheinish castles, or rural pleasaunces, of oriental kiosques, of Irish towers, of the remotest lands and the wildest dreams. The whole nestles in a demure valley by the sea. And with the solemn romance comes a feeling of sadness, an impression of damp porches, cold courts and dreary corridors. The pictures here are mostly morbid.

The image of the Blessed Virgin, which occupies a niche behind a heavy grating over the doorway, is highly venerated. The legend runs that Theophilus, patriarch of Alexandria, the enemy of St. John Chrysostom, had burned several monasteries and dispersed their images. This one he cast into the sea and it traveled miraculously to Mount Athos. Another is to be seen in a small chapel dedicated to the twelve apostles. It is related that in the year 650 pirates broke into the monastery. Their leader, an Ethiopian, entered the chapel and stabbed the image with a knife, whereupon a stream of blood gushed forth. Touched by the miracle, he and his followers were converted and joined the monastery, where they set an example of great piety. The image still bears upon its face an ugly scar and traces of blood, and the monastery commemorates the incident by the figure of a negro, who supports a huge wooden clock.

Hilendar is interesting, not only by its fairy tale appearance but also on account of recent events. It has been inhabited by Servians for countless generations, and possesses many treasures which date back to the days of the old Servian empire. But the Bulgarians, who are sparing no effort to oust the Servians from their Macedonian inheritance, have carried their propaganda even on to the holy mountain. They made a recent effort to seize Hilendar and annex it for their own monks. This aroused extreme indignation at Belgrade, and is affording lively litigation before the council of the monks at Karyas. The fact is that Mount Athos has a political as well as religious importance. Many of the old risings against the Turks were fomented there, and it is likely that coming events in Macedonia are eagerly watched by the monks and their powerful patrons. Russia has always utilized the monasteries of the Balkans for insurrectionary preparations, and other states continue to connive at such proceedings. In old days all the monasteries of Mount Athos were armed, some of them with cannon, and this was originally necessary as a protection against pirates. But after the Greek war of independence Turkey forbade them to possess munitions of war. At Hilendar and elsewhere are loopholes in the walls to enable cannon to be fired against the besiegers.

Zografon is considered among the most beautiful, with its marble walls and glistening cupolas and fantastic towers, but Dionysios and Simopetra (Simon Peter) are the most mysterious.

Life in the Monasteries.

Ten of the monasteries are known as cenobite (living in common), the others as idiorhythmic (living separately). The first, or communist, class is by far the stricter. The monks receive all their necessaries from the monastery, take their meals together in the refectory, and are restricted to the same diet—namely: one daily meal, consisting of bread, vegetables, and water. For the first three days of the great forty day fasts they eat nothing at all if their health permits. They must devote six hours of the twenty-four to religious exercises and twelve on festivals. Many of their services take place in the night, and you may see them from your guest chamber flitting about the courts like ghosts, bearing faint flickering lanterns in their hands.

The second, or individualist, class of monks live together in their monasteries, but each of them feeds and clothes himself as he pleases. The monastery provides bread and wine, but everything else must be found by the monks themselves. For this each receives a fixed sum of money according to his rank and office. They elect two or three monks as administrators for one year, but are practically free to order their lives as they please. The cenobites, on the other hand, owe entire obedience to a heguman, or abbot, who is elected by them for life.

The monks' cells are, perhaps, the dreariest of human habitations. The walls are covered with dingy whitewash, and the furniture consists of wooden divans, where they snatch short slumbers between the hours of prayer. They are by no means learned men, but they have contrived to keep up a strange medieval school of painting, which admits of fancy about as much as copper plate. Their libraries are chaotic, most of the books being huddled away in cupboards for worm and damp to corrupt. They have, moreover, been ransacked by experts.

Hermits in the Mountains.

The hermits of Mount Athos are entirely distinct from the monks. They live in huts or caves quite alone, almost like wild animals, and are held in reverence as saintly persons. But they do not like the monks. This seems to be a traditional feeling, for the hermits were first on the mountain and have always regarded every one else as an intruder. When Athanasius of Athos originally applied to Constantine for permission to build a monastery, the hermits sent a deputation to Byzantium to protest, but their prayer was not heard. No one knows exactly how they subsist. They will sometimes remain for months in the mountains and then come down half starved to barter rosaries or carved crosses for a few vegetables. And they take as little thought for their raiment as for their food. You may sometimes see one of them squatting on the rocks, clad in a long beard.

The monks' republic deserves careful study, for it is one of the completest and most perfect relics of the middle ages that remain in the modern world. It is picturesque, romantic, and full of surprises. The climate is abominable and fevers abound, but more than that may be risked for so supreme a sensation as a visit to the holy mount.

A Reproof.

"It strikes me that this is about the slowest railroad in the country," said the impatient tourist.

"I knew you were going to kick," replied the conductor, genially, "as soon as you asked for a time table. You are one of these people who believe everything they see in print."—Washington Star.

EDWARD GETS WARM RECEPTION IN PORTUGAL

His Appearance There Excites Great Enthusiasm Among All Classes—His Experience at a Bull Fight Shocks Mrs. Grundy at Home.

Special to The Globe.

LISBON, May 16.—The enthusiasm of the populace here over the visit of King Edward was one of the most sincere tokens of respect that the English monarch has yet received and if anything may be gleaned from it there is no danger of Portugal ever failing to keep her part in any covenant she may have with Great Britain.

Not only were the populace enthusiastic but the old nobility of Portugal showed in every way possible their appreciation of the King's visit and of the advantages enjoyed by Portugal through the alliance between the two countries.

At the opera house at night a brilliant scene awaited the king on his entrance to witness a gala performance of the "Barber of Seville." The opera house is one of the largest in the world although built over a hundred years ago. It is designed on the same plan as the Scala ot Milan and the San Carlo at Naples, having five tiers of boxes.

In the Royal Box.

The royal boxes occupy the center of the first tier, and are supported by handsome caryatides columns. Over 2,000 persons were present as King Edward, leading on his arm the queen dowager, entered at twenty minutes of ten.

The theater presented the most gorgeous spectacle imaginable, the court costumes of the ladies mingling with many gorgeous uniforms,among which the British scarlet was conspicuously predominant, lending a glow of brilliant coloring to the scene. King Edward appeared in the uniform of a colonel of the Portuguese cavalry while King Carlos wore the uniform of the Oxford Light infantry. As the royal party entered, the orchestra played "God Save the King," and the audience rose and cheered heartily. Such a scene has never before been witnessed at the opera house. Cheers were given for the king, queen and royal family of England, and, while the men cheered and cheered again, the women frantically waved their handkerchiefs.

In whatever direction the king went he received similar ovations and there is no doubt that if war should break out in the near East tomorrow England would have no more stanch ally than the Portugese.

King at Bull Fight.

The great card on the king's programme, of course, was the bull fight, and how shocked Mrs. Gundy, in her neat home in England, was over the king attending it.

But if Mrs. Gundy had only seen the bull fight, how her scruples would have vanished. The bull fights in the dominion of King Carlos are opera bouffe events. The toreador is mounted on a good horse which he is very careful to keep out of the way of the attacking horns. Therefore there is nothing offensive in the sport, although excitement and amusement are by no means lacking.

When a gala performance is announced people flock in from the surrounding country to see. Long before the performance begins the run in tiered benches are filled, and the costumes of the ladies glow with the vivid colors of a June flower show. Everyone is in good humor, and ready to greet the hero of the day, a well-known gentleman whose skilled horsemanship has endeared him to many bull fight audiences. There are practically no professional fighters in Portugal; all are volunteers, and may be described as the equivalents of our hunting squires.

The Bull Enters.

After a ceremonial entrance a number of men armed with short wooden spears range themselves around the sun-baked ring. And then the bull enters. He surveys the scene in an unimpassioned, disinterested manner that seems to suggest ennui. His horns are cased in stout leather from the roots to the tips, and each sheath ends in a padded ball which can inflict a blow, but cannot by any possibility gore.

But before the bull will fight he must be made angry. This is not always an easy matter, for many bulls are peace-loving creatures and would prefer to settle any differences by arbitration. Half a dozen men trip up to him and flaunt red and yellow silk sashes in his face. The animal merely seems to think this childish, but the audience, aware of what is coming, enjoy this little introduction—and some of the performers really accomplish miracles with these fluttering ribbons. With this they describe silky spirals in the air and snaky convolutions until the glowing silk reproduces the glories of the serpentine dance.

The men are cheered to fresh feats of the kind by an appreciative audience, now keenly alive to the developing scheme of the bull fight. A few men come forward with spears, quite small, toy-like weapons tipped with a tiny steel point like the spur on a rider's heel. With these they pursue a policy of pin pricks, and, although they merely tickle the tough hide of the bull, no animal with a spark of pride abotu him will long endure such indignity. He commences with a few spirited charges which are skillfully dodged. Next a horseman appears in front of him, dressed in an elaborate costume with elegantly embroidered front and cuffs and his legs encased in patent leather boots.

Game Is Skillful.

The bull, by this time fully annoyed, becomes furious when faced by this queer presentation. With lowered head he plunges straight at the mocking apparition, only to charge the empty air, for a deft move is made and horse and rider are promptly out of his way.

A skillful game of "touch me if you can" ensues. The bull charges again and again, but just as his horns graze the hair of the horse the animal is yanked out of danger by some masterly stroke of horsemanship. Each maneuver is greeted by the crowd with shouts of delight. The silk sashes flutter in the air, excited women throw flowers to the participants in the grotesque combat and the bull prepares for a more ferocious and tactical struggle.

He now charges carefully, forcing the horseman inch by inch toward the barrier that borders the ring, and then, with a last rush he tries to impale horse and rider against the fence. Unable to move his horse quickly enough the toreador is at last caught and as a last resort defends himself with his almost laughably inadequate spear. The weapon just touches the bull's hide and breaks, for it is purposely made of very thin wood so that no serious wound can be inflicted by it. The prick is just enough to stop the rush, and the horseman skims across the ground followed by a hurricane of cheers. The fight is over, but the bull, though growing tired with his exertions, has still plenty of energy left, and the difficulty is now to get him out of the ring. Two or three men approach cautiously. One watches his chance and then with an agile spring throws his arms round the bull's strong neck and clings there. Other men grasp the animal's horns, and unhurt and unconquered he is at last led from the ring, and in an hour's time his excited nerves will have been soothed.

Bloodless Battle Ends.

Such was the bloodless battle between man and beast which King Edward witnessed, but which was not included in the official programme for fear the feelings of a number of devout and humanitarian old ladies of both sexes in England might be shocked.

The king is said to have particularly enjoyed the bout and being a great lover of horseflesh there is little doubt that he was easily interested in the performance.

To many persons it would seem that a bull fight without bloodshed must be an innocuous affair, but it is far from that, being more comparable to a gloved contest between two men than to a gladitorial struggle. Everyone understands that the Portuguese toreador has as much pluck as his Spanish brother, for if he had not the requisite courage and decision he might easily fall a victim to the bull's fury by some misadventure resultant from his lack of skill, nerve and indifference to danger.

—Juan Abista.

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What Science Is Doing for the Good of Humanity

Victims of biting manias are more numerous than is generally supposed. A. Peres mentions investigations tending to prove that about 25 per cent of the children in the French schools are nail-biters, and that these children often suffer from intestinal troubles. Gnawers of penholders seem to be even more plentiful, with special liability to appendicitis. Gnawing hair is mostly confined to the lower animals, but many tumors in human beings have consisted entirely of hair and wood, a hairy ball weighing about a pound having been taken from the stomach of a young girl of eleven. Thread eating, to which little attention has been given, has been noticed in a girl of eighteen to the extent of eating a third of a woolen fichu in four or five days, while she had previously eaten a whole one in a month. These habits are regarded as nervous disorders, and they may even be hereditary and contagious by example.

Great quantities of gold exist in the desert sands of the Southwestern United States. In the new process of Thomas A. Edison the air blast is used for separating the gold, the heavy metal falling almost vertically, while the sand and gravel are blown away. The material is handled at a cost of about 8 cents per ton. The apparatus of Prof. Elmer E. Gates includes a dynamo on a truck, and as this is drawn along scoops raise the sand, pass it in a stream through a magnetic field and dump it, the gold receiving a static charge that causes it to fly to a metal knob of opposite solarity. Samples from an eighty-mile stretch of desert yielded 12 to 18 cents of gold per ton.

Lake Chad, in Africa, reported by two French explorers to be 185 miles long and 89 miles wide, yet only 25 feet deep in its deepest part and only 5 feet in its eastern side. It has eighty islands, some barren, others only pasture land, and some covered with forests and millet plantations and having a total population of about 50,000.

The influence of the wind on vegetation has been the subject of a report by Prof. J. Fruh to Swiss geographers. The effect is a powerful one, especially on trees, and even the presence or absence of forests may be determined by the character of the prevailing wind or the conditions that modify its action. The wind acts especially as a drying agent, in this way giving a special aspect to many plants. When the wind is almost always from the same quarter, the plants usually show greater development upon one side, trees are smaller on the windward edges of forests, and trunks and branches are permanently bent to leeward. The deformations are most marked near the sea or in flat regions. The cherry, the plum, the walnut, the black poplar, the ash and certain pines are very sensitive to the wind, but mountain pines and certain firs offer great powers of resistance, and these are recommended for reforesting windswept lands.

Recent investigations have shown that the perfume of flowers is often increased by growing under colored glass, that some plants are fragrant only at night and others only in hot sunshine, that the seasons affect the odors, and that temperate climates are more favorable than tropical ones. These perfumes powerfully affect the human organism, often producing a kind of intoxication, and sometimes even giving rise to serious nervous troubles. The vapors of most essences—such as cinnamon, lavender and eucalyptus—have proven powerful antiseptics, and flowers of delicate perfumes quiet the nerves of invalids. Flowers harmful to the sick, on the other hand, are the violet, lily of the valley, and carnation.

The invention of important improvements in the ordinary microscope, giving enlarged field of view and increased power, is credited Prince Augustin Iturbide, heir of two Mexican emperors. It is made possible to observe the whole of a small flower or insect instead of a small part, and better illumination is effected by a new method of projecting daylight upon the object.

Alloys of aluminum and magnesium are known to be superior to pure aluminum in strength, but they are less malleable and ductile. A more satisfactory metal is obtained by the Dutch Aluminum company. A mixture of aluminum with 2 to 10 per cent of magnesium gives a metal that can hardly be distinguished from aluminum, and the qualities of this alloy are modified by passing several times through a rolling mill while heated to 400 degrees to 500 degrees C. The treated alloy can be easily cut and filed, while it has much of the ductility and malleability of pure aluminum.

The resistance of the air to moving bodies of various shapes has been tested by M. Canovetti by attaching the body under observation to a carriage sliding down a wire 400 yards long, one of whose ends was seventy-five yards higher than the other. From the times of descent, with and without the load, the resistance was calculated. Among other results, it was shown that more power was necessary for driving an aeroplane through the air than for propelling an automobile of equal weight along a road, and that the weight of engine necessary must make this form of airship impracticable.

In long study of maglignant cancers, Capt. Rost, a young medical officer in India, has found that the bacteria attending the disease develops only when the natural chlorine of the body falls below the normal. Adding to the chlorine of the food, especially by greatly increasing the common salt, he claims to have cured one patient in the eight treated, and to have benefited the others.

Stationary clouds to the leeward of mountain ridges have been little observed, the best known example being the "Helm Bar," often seen over the Cross Fell range in Northwestern England. On a recent visit to the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina, W. M. Davis noticed a similar cloud, which held its place, continually forming and dissolving, for more than an hour.

The St. Bernard.

Forty years ago the St. Bernard dog was hardly more than a myth to most Americans. In Sunday school literature he figured occasionally, to the joy of dog-loving children, but the real live hero of Alpine fame they would not have recognized had they seen him. Comparatively few of our countrymen visited Europe in those days; our leisure class was limited, and a journey abroad meant as long a stay as possible in the great cities, among the treasures of art. St. Bernards were rare upon the great highways of travel. Their work was on the bleak mountain passes, protecting poor wayfarers from the fury of the elements, and far away from the beaten track of foreign tourists. Travelers who crossed into Italy by way of Tete Noire pass and saw beautiful young pups there were sometimes tempted into buying them, but the risks of transportation were great, and very few crossed the Atlantic. Prior to the early seventies most of the importations went to New York state, and the first fine collection, or kennel, of them known belonged to Col. Parker, of Albany. Soon after the era of dog shows opened the eyes of the general public to the wonderful beauty, extraordinary size and charming character of this breed, and then the St. Bernard bounded into popularity, and as American dollars ever fly faster after beauty and fashion, many thousands were exchanged for beautiful specimens of the "Alpine mastiff."—Country Life in America.

Timid.

The man who is never seriously sick was finally persuaded by anxious friends to apply to the physician for a prescription. He looked at the abbreviated Latin and the signs which indicate quantity and said:

"I suppose you got this out of a book."

"Yes, originally."

"A man had to trust to his memory or copy it out of another book."

"Certainly."

"And a compositor set it up."

"Yes."

"And a proofreader took a turn at it."

"Naturally."

"And now you're depending on your recollection to get it correct."

"But, my dear sir—"

"I know—you're not a man to take needless chances. But I'm too timid to trust my physical safety to anything that seems too much like hearsay evidence."

DEFECTIVE PAGE