MONTPELIER EXAMINER

C. E. Wright, Editor and Manager

MONTPELIER - - IDAHO

At Home.

"I never was a hand to go gawping 'round!" contemptuously exclaimed an old woman who boasted of never having seen a railway train or a trolley car or any town but her own. The generation of stay-at-homes in the country is perhaps passing away—the women—they were chiefly women—who prided themselves on their self-imprisonment on farm or in village as a virtue, serving to demonstrate their devotion to home and children and duty. There is a class of men in the business world who have the same point of view in regard to the object of life. Such a one, dying at the age of 88, left a record of 55 years as the head of a banking house, during which he had been absent from his desk but two days—and those were accounted for by a sprained ankle. No vacation, no travel, no day of summer leisure with wife and children—55 years of steady, unswerving routine! There is something impressive in the story of a lifetime of persistent toil. But there is another point of view which deserves respect. The gadabout may be a useless member of society; but the stay-at-home is likely to be a narrow one. We find ourselves on this little planet, with its oceans and mountains and mighty rivers and wide prairies. We know not whence we came, nor if we shall ever pass this way again. Surely, exclaims Youth's Companion, we may do our task better in our own appointed place if we look about the world, feed our minds with the glories of nature, and discover how men and women before us have lived their lives, and embodied their aspirations in the great arts of building and painting and sculpture.

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before was long ago pointed out as deserving well of his fellow creatures, but if distinction is due to such a one, what, asks the Chicago News, shall be said of the man who develops a race of hens that would habitually lay more than one egg a day? Surely no tribute of honor and gratitude could be too great for such a one. Prof. Gilman A. Drew of the University of Maine may be the one to whom such debt will eventually be paid, for he has been conducting studies and experiments which lead him to believe that there is no biological reason why a hen should not lay more than one egg a day. This being true it follows that the same American enterprise which increases the quantity of all other agricultural products will be turned to the hen and compel her to do her full duty. A hen's time is of no value in other directions, and if she can occupy what has hitherto been idle leisure in producing more eggs, then no laziness on her part should be permitted. She should have no afternoons off. The eyes of the world are now expectantly fixed on Drew and the further results of his experiments.

A New York woman who is a famous authority on cooking has gone bankrupt while endeavoring to cater to the appetites of the people of her town, where she ran two restaurants. This innocent person should have known that the way to make money in New York is to lay in a dozen celluloid sandwiches and a large stock of alcoholic beverages. To try to tempt the New Yorker with good cooking is one of the strangest vagaries thus far recorded, declares the Chicago News. What he wants is something to stimulate his thirst, not allay his appetite. It is well known that good cooking tends to destroy the craving for drink. Yet this expert in the culinary art deliberately undertook to practice her specialty in Gotham! New Yorkers do not want their craving for drink destroyed, so they probably breathe more freely, now that the scientific cookshops have landed in bankruptcy.

The New York board of education is to investigate the question of corporal punishment, as it has been charged that the discipline of the schools has been undermined by the powerlessness of the teachers to punish and the advantage taken by the children in their knowledge of this immunity. Is Solomon to be vindicated in these modern times and his wisdom admitted when he said that to spare the rod was to spoil the child? In his own day, it may be remembered, Solomon was considered a very wise man, and his record has not been signally broken by modern sages.

One New Jersey hotel keeper proved more than a match for a lot of college hazers. He locked them in, turned in a fire alarm and had the hose turned on them. There is nothing to quench enthusiasm of any kind like having cold water poured on it.

Once more the season is at hand when things begin to happen that cause a rise in the price of coal. In this respect it stands in sharp contrast with the period for rises in the price of ice.

Waste in American Kitchens Can Be Prevented

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD,
Dean of Simmons College.

ALL waste that is preventable is of course unnecessary. The chief agent of prevention is intelligence, since the chief cause of the waste is ignorance. At present, in our American kitchens, we must confess that there is an extreme amount of waste, which will probably continue until American women are taught to spend wisely, and are trained in the intelligent management of household affairs.

In the homes of the "well-to-do" we are likely to find more careful expenditures than in many families where the very lack of means has forbidden the training in careful and economical spending. One who lives from hand to mouth does not learn perspective. We shall, therefore, often find the most thrifty housewives in the homes of the rich. Yet we all know that many a man of limited means pays the bills for provisions at the end of the month, knowing that the cost of the materials provided has never been considered. The wife has ordered by telephone, without inquiry as to cost, and quantity and price have been left to the dealer. When the cook asked for more she ordered again.

"My mother does not need to know arithmetic," said a young girl in the grammar school, "the man who sells to her knows arithmetic." So he does; and until her knowledge of arithmetic, and the values with which she is dealing, is equal to the situation, there will be an abundant waste in the kitchen.

Again the most anxious buyer, untrained as to the values of the materials which she is buying may fail because she buys without regard to the nutritive value of foods. She may buy something because it is cheap, when the more expensive and more nutritious food would be more economical. Or she buys the high-priced steak because she thinks her family needs it when a cheaper piece of meat, properly cooked, would prove of equal value. The purpose of food is obviously to feed the family. Her problem should be to feed them best at the least cost. She must provide the essential materials, in attractive and palatable forms, and at the least possible price.

Of course, then, she must understand cooking as well as marketing. Otherwise her wisdom in buying is brought to naught over the kitchen fire. The French housewife buys exactly enough of the suitable materials for each meal and combines the materials with rare daintiness and skill. The American usually buys abundance, serves the quantity in clumsy fashion, becomes tired of the repeated appearance of the roast, throws the spoiled remnant away and buys a fresh stock to be served in the same way. Here is great waste. Expensive materials, in large quantities, ignorantly treated, swell the bills for food. Thrift buys just enough, at the right season and serves it in the most attractive manner.

Economy and intelligence in the kitchen double the workingman's income and maintain the health of the family. The lesson is needed in the home of the rich and poor alike. We shall learn by and by to expect such intelligence and ability to be one product of our much-lauded system of education.

Sarah Louise Arnold

Relation of Food to Morals

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN,
Food Chemist and Diet Specialist.

No perfectly normal, healthy man ever desires to commit a crime. If his body be sound his mind is inclined only to peace, to harmony, to pleasant relations with his fellow-man. If his physical state be abnormal his mind will be disordered and he is more prone to lawless acts.

A man's actions are governed by his own mind—his brain. We inherit from our parents certain traits and characteristics, but they are infinitesimal in comparison to the influence and the daily effect wrought upon our brains by our physical condition. Inheritance can be molded and changed, but the influence of the body is fixed and ever-present.

Food has a vital effect upon our bodies. The scope of its influence upon our brains, the extent to which it governs our actions and its responsibility for crimes and mental disorders form a subject of extreme importance. This relates not merely to acts of violence which we are now experiencing, but to economic conditions wherein one man preys upon his fellow-man.

In the flesh of animals there are three poisons—carbondyoxide, toxin and uric acid—that are constantly being produced in the system and given off. When the animal is killed the process of passing off the poisons instantly ceases and the amount on hand remains in the flesh. There must be considered also the effect of the animal's mental and nervous condition. It may have been racing about with others of its kind, excited or panic-stricken in chase. It may have been carried on long railroad journeys. It may have been quivering with rage, hatred or fear in the slaughter-house. At all events it was not in a composed normal state at the time of death.

This condition of the animal's mind and passions reacts on the flesh, produces a chemical change and stamps its mark in the tissues. People eat this meat. Unquestionably they absorb with it the poisons and the animalism from whence it came, and their minds and their actions must be affected by it.

I do not wonder that waves of crime occur more frequently in the summer when such habits and customs prevail. Vegetarians assert that no follower of their regime ever committed a violent crime. Unfortunately there are no statistics on the subject. It would be interesting to know what was the customary diet of noted criminals. What, for example, did Harry Thaw eat and drink before killing Stanford White? I think it would be found that most murderers have been heavy flesh eaters.

Suppose you knew two men, one of whom ate large quantities of meat and drank alcohol in summer; the other dined temperately on proteid nuts, unfired crackers, salad and fruits. Which man would you trust with your money?

Banks expect honest and strict habits of life in their employes. How many of them looking into a man's record inquire about his diet? Yet that is a most important factor governing his course of life.

We are making progress in finding out the effect of different kinds of food on the body and are learning how to eat properly in order to keep well. But the question of food's effect on the mind and the responsibility of flesh-eating for crime are fields too little explored.

SERIAL STORY

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMERON," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

The Will of John Marshall Glenarm.

Pickering's letter bringing news of my grandfather's death found me at Naples early in October. John Marshall Glenarm had died in June, leaving a will which gave me his property conditionally, Pickering wrote, and it was necessary for me to return immediately to qualify as legatee. It was by the merest luck that the letter came to my hands at all, for it had been sent to Constantinople, in care of the consul-general instead of my banker there, and it was not Pickering's fault that the consul was a friend of mine who kept track of my wanderings and was able to hurry the executor's letter after me to Italy, where I had gone to meet an English financier who had, I was advised, unlimited money to spend on African railways. I am an engineer, a graduate of an American institution familiarly known as "The Tech," and as my funds were running low I naturally turned to my profession for employment.

But this letter changed my plans, and the following day I cabled Pickering of my departure and was outward bound on a steamer for New York. Fourteen days later I sat in Pickering's office in the Alexis Building and listened intently while he read, with much ponderous emphasis, the provisions of my grandfather's will. When he concluded I laughed. Pickering was a serious man, and I was glad to see that my levity pained him. I had, for that matter, always been a source of annoyance to him, and his look of distrust and rebuke did not trouble me in the least.

I reached across the table for the paper, and he gave the sealed and beribboned copy of John Marshall Glenarm's will into my hands. I read it through for myself, feeling conscious meanwhile that Pickering's cool gaze was bent inquiringly upon me. These are the paragraphs that interested me most:

"I give and devise unto my said grandson, John Glenarm, sometime a resident of the city and state of New York, and later a vagabond of parts unknown, a certain property known as Glenarm House, with the lands and hereditaments thereunto pertaining and hereinafter more particularly described, and all personal effects, goods and other property that may be located in the premises and on the land herein described,—the said realty lying in the county of Wabana in the state of Indiana,—upon this condition, faithfully and honestly performed:

"That said John Glenarm shall remain an occupant of said Glenarm House and of my lands appurtenant thereto, demeaning himself meanwhile in an orderly and temperate manner. Should he fail at any time during said year to comply with this provision, said property shall at once revert to my general estate, shall become, without reservation and without necessity for any process of law the property, absolutely, of Marian Devereux, of the county and state of New York."

"Well," he demanded, striking his hands upon the arms of his chair, "what do you think of it?"

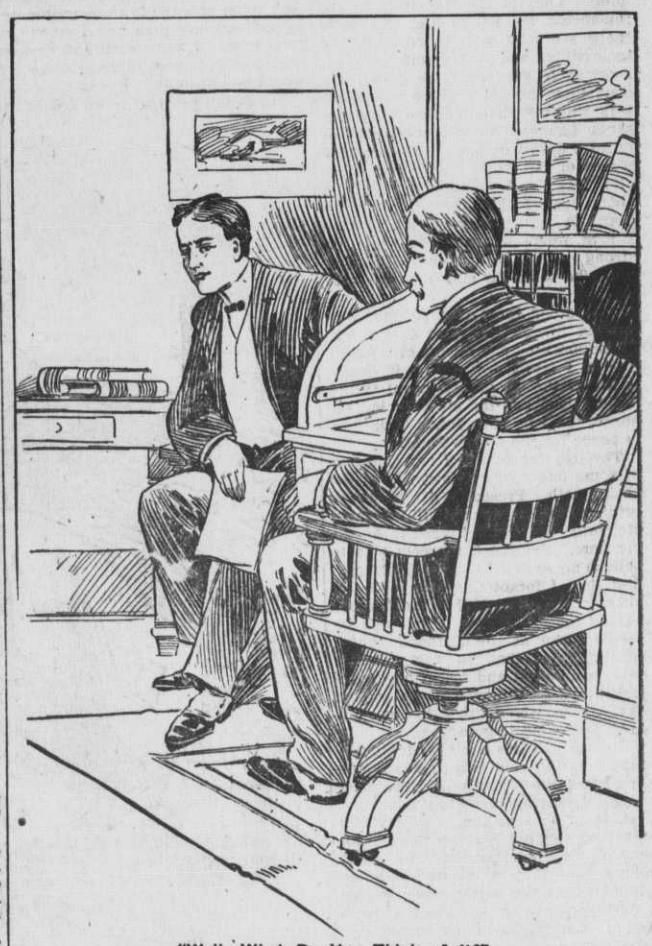
For the life of me I could not help laughing again. There was, in the first place, a delicious irony in the fact that I should learn through him of my grandfather's wishes with respect to myself. Pickering and I had grown up in the same town in Vermont; we had attended the same preparatory school, but there had been from boyhood a certain antagonism between us. He had always succeeded where I failed, which is to say, I must admit, that he had succeeded pretty frequently. When I refused to settle down to my profession, but chose to see something of the world first, Pickering gave himself seriously to the law, and there was, I knew from the beginning, no manner of chance that he would fail.

I am not more or less than human, and I remembered with joy that once I had thrashed him soundly at the prep school for bullying a smaller boy, but our score from school days was not without tallies on his side. He was easily the better scholar—I grant him that; and he was shrewd and plausible. You never quite knew the extent of his powers and resources, and he had, I always mantained, the most amazing good luck,—as witness the fact that John Marshall Glenarm had taken a friendly interest in him. It was wholly like my grandfather, who was a man of many whims, to give his affairs into Pickering's keeping; and I could not complain, for I had missed my own chance with him. It was, I knew readily enough, part of my punishment for having succeeded so signally in incurring my grandfather's displeasure that he had made it necessary for me to treat with Arthur Pickering in this matter of the will; and Pickering was enjoying the situation to the full.

But there was something not wholly honest in my mirth, for my conduct during the three preceding years had been reprehensible. I had used my grandfather shabbily. My parents died when I was a child, and he had cared for me as far back as my memory ran. He had suffered me to spend the fortune left by my father without restraint; he had expected much of me, and I had grievously disappointed him. It was his hope that I should devote myself to architecture, a profession for which he had the greatest admiration, whereas I had insisted on engineering.

I am not making an apology for my life, and I shall not attempt to extenuate my conduct in going abroad at the end of my course at Tech and, making Laurance Donovan's acquaintance, setting off with him on a career of adventure. I do not regret, though possibly it would be more to my credit if I did, the months spent in leisurely following the Danube east of the Iron Gate—Laurance Donovan always with me, while we urged the villagers and inn-loafers to all manner of sedition, acquitting ourselves so well that, when we came out into the Black sea for further pleasure, Russia did us the honor to keep a spy at our heels. I should like, for my own satisfaction, at least, to set down an account of certain affairs in which we were concerned at Belgrad, but without Larry's consent I am not at liberty to do so. Nor shall I take time here to describe our travels in Africa, though our study of the Atlas mountain dwarfs won us honorable mention by the British Ethnological Society.

These were my yesterdays; but today I sat in Arthur Pickering's office in the towering Alexis Building, conscious of the muffled roar of Broadway, discussing the terms of my grandfather Glenarm's will with a man whom I disliked as heartily as it is safe for one man to dislike another. Pickering had asked me a question, and I was suddenly aware that his eyes were fixed upon me and that he awaited my answer.



"Well, What Do You Think of It?"

"What do I think of it?" I repeated. "I don't know that it makes any difference what I think, but I'll tell you, if you want to know, that I call it infamous, outrageous, that a man should leave a ridiculous will of that sort behind him. All the old money-bags who pile up fortunes magnify the importance of their money. They imagine that every kindness, every ordinary courtesy shown them, is merely a bid for a slice of the cake. I'm disappointed in my grandfather. He was a splendid old man, though God knows he had his queer ways. I'll bet a thousand dollars, if I have so much money in the world, that this scheme is yours, Pickering, and not his. It smacks of your ancient vindictiveness, and John Marshall Glenarm had none of that in his blood. That stipulation about my residence out there is fantastic. I don't have to be a lawyer to know that; and no doubt I could break the will; I've a good notion to try it, anyhow."

"To be sure. You can tie up the estate for a half dozen years if you like," he replied coolly. He did not look upon me as likely to become a formidable litigant. My staying qualities had been proved weak long ago, as Pickering knew well enough.

"No doubt you would like that," I answered. "But I'm not going to give you the pleasure. I abide by the term of the will. My grandfather was a fine old gentleman. I shan't drag his name through the courts,—not even to please you, Arthur Pickering," I declared hotly.

"The sentiment is worthy of a good man, Glenarm," he rejoined.

"But this woman who is to succeed to my rights,—I don't seem to remember her."

"It is not surprising that you never heard of her."

"Then she's not a connection of the family,—no long-lost cousin whom I ought to remember?"

"No; she was a late acquaintance of your grandfather. He met her through an old friend of his,—Miss Evans, known as Sister Theresa. Miss Devereux is Sister Theresa's niece."

I whistled. I had a dim recollection that during my grandfather's long widowerhood there were occasional reports that he was about to marry. The name of Miss Evans had been mentioned in this connection. I had heard it spoken of in my family, and not, I remembered, with much kindness. Later I heard of her joining a Sisterhood, and opening a school somewhere in the West.

"And Miss Devereux,—is she an elderly nun, too?"

"I don't know how elderly she is but she isn't a nun at present. Still she's very much alone in the world and she and Sister Theresa are very intimate."

"Pass the will again, Pickering while I make sure I grasp these diverting ideas. Sister Theresa isn't the one I mustn't marry is she? It's the other ecclesiastical embroidery artist—the one with the "x" in her name suggesting the algebra of my vanishing youth."

I read aloud this paragraph:

"Provided, further, that in event said John Glenarm aforesaid shall marry the said Marian Devereux, or in the event of any promise or contract of marriage between said persons within five years from the date of said John Glenarm's acceptance of the provisions of this will, the whole estate shall become the property absolutely of St. Agatha's School, at Annandale, Wabana county, Indiana, a corporation under the laws of said state."

"For a touch of comedy commend me to my grandfather! Pickering, you always were a well-meaning fellow,—I'll turn over to you all my right, interest and title in and to these angelic Sisters. Marry! I like the idea! I suppose some one will try to marry me for my money. Marriage, Pickering, is not embraced in my scheme of life!"

"I should hardly call you a marrying man," he observed.

"Perfectly right, my friend! Sister Theresa was considered a possible match for my grandfather in my youth. I'm quite out of it with her And the other lady with the fascinating algebraic climax to her name,—she, too, is impossible; it seems that I can't get the money by marrying her I'd better let her take it. She's as poor as the devil, I dare say."

"I imagine not. The Evanses are a wealthy family, in spots, and she ought to have some money of her own, if her aunt doesn't coax it out of her for educational schemes."

"And where on the map are these lovely creatures to be found?"

"Sister Theresa's school adjoins your preserve; Miss Devereux has, I think, some of your own weakness for travel. Sister Theresa is her nearest relative, and she occasionally visits St. Agatha's—that's the school."

"I suppose they embroider altar-cloths together and otherwise labor valiantly to bring confusion upon satan and his cohorts. Just the people to pull the wool over the eyes of my grandfather!"

Pickering smiled at my resentment.

"You'd better give them a wide berth; they might catch you in their net. Sister Theresa is said to have quite a winning way. She certainly plucked your grandfather."

"Nuns in spectacles, the gentle educators of youth and that sort of thing, with a good-natured old man for their prey. None of them for me!"

"I rather thought so," remarked Pickering,—and he pulled his watch from his pocket and turned the stem with his heavy fingers. He was short, thickset and sleek, with a square jaw, hair already thin and a close-clipped mustache. Age, I mentally reflected, was not improving him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)