VEST-POCKET DINNERS

CAPSULES THAT CONTAIN ESSENCES OF SOLID FOODS.

A Pill Makes a Cup of Tea—Beef Comes in Tablets and Soups in Small Capsules—War Department Experiments with Condensed Foods.

COMING generations will dispense with the cook and the kitchen. Beefsteaks are to be done away with, vegetables will be a thing of the past, and a roast turkey will be put up in a small package no bigger than a box of cigarettes. Restaurants are to disappear, dinners will no longer be served, and the time now wasted in eating will be saved for more useful purposes.

All this is likely to come about through the discoveries which the war department is now making in putting up square meals that the soldier can carry in his pocket. When the Japanese soldiers marched into China each man carried a cartridge belt and a dinner belt. In the latter were stuffed capsules, pills, buttons and small packages like cartridges which contain condensed foods of various kinds.

If the soldier wants a cup of tea while on the march, he dropped a button into a tin of hot water. For dinner he could draw a large variety of meats for his food belt. A capsule made the soup and a couple of pills the fish, always seasoned. For the roast he used a few slices of beef which had been condensed under a thousand pressures into a plug like tobacco.

Buttons of various colors supplied all the vegetables, a capsule made a pudding and another button when dropped in hot water made a cup of strong black coffee. It was even reported that cognac and whisky had been condensed into tablets.

This system of furnishing the marching soldier with a cartridge belt that will make him independent of the commissariat is now being experimented upon by the United States government. The great question of food supplies which so puzzled Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee has been solved.

Huge wagon trains of flour and beef "on the hoof" are to be things of the past. Armies in the future can cut themselves off from their base of supplies, as they will carry their supplies with them.

Their movements will not be impeded by droves of cattle brought along for food, for the cattle in the form of little tablets, will repose in belts or knapsacks, and victory will not wait upon the cook. The soldiers can even dine while fighting.

After putting a cartridge in his gun the private can put a capsule of roast beef in his mouth. He can have beef tea while charging the enemy. Boston baked beans during a pause in the battle and a condensed mince pie in the very hour of victory. These are some of the staples which governments are now supplying to their men.

But the benefits of condensed food tablets can be extended to private citizens. Only a few men have the sense of taste and gourmets who really enjoy a meal are rare. It is estimated that every man now wastes three hours a day eating. After he has eaten he forgets all about "the pleasures of the table" and only remembers that an hour is gone.

All this time can be saved. The food buttons and pills already contain every necessary element.

The small button labelled "a cup of tea" is already sweetened. The beefsteak pills contain the due amount of salt and pepper. The soup capsule has all the condiments. From this it is but a step to put a whole dinner into one small package.

An ordinary New York table d'hote dinner can be put up in a form no bigger than a pack of cigarettes which will be sold for 25 cents and may be carried in the vest pocket. This will embrace everything from the oyster to the coffee, including the wine and the inevitable olives.

Breakfast buttons will include coffee and rolls, oatmeal, fruit, and a small chop or steak with perhaps vegetables. You will be able to buy a dozen assorted lunches, running from the simple sandwich and glass of milk to the most elaborate Hotel Waldorf spread.

A Paying Case.

That famous steer case of Penley vs. Besse is now being tried for the third time at the Supreme Court in Auburn, and it is estimated that each of the litigants has expended already a matter of about $400 in contesting over the remains of a bullock worth, at his best, $120. Both are wealthy men, however, and they are in it for the principle of the thing. On Tuesday, during recess, a brother attorney came and, speaking to the two opposing counsels who were sitting in the attorney's room, said: "Look out in there. Your clients are having a talk together. If you don't watch out they will be settling that case between themselves." Each attorney started in mock alarm and rushed into the court room. The joke lasted the rest of the forenoon. The first time the case was tried the jury disagreed. The second time the verdict was for the plaintiff, but the law court set aside the verdict, and now they are trying for the best two out of three, not including the dead heat.—Lewiston Journal.

Her Favorite Study.

She loves the sciences, they say;
Her style is prim and collegy;
And when it comes to bargain day
She most affects buy-ology.
—Washington Star.

A PRETTY GIRL.

Got the Best of Five Harvard Men at Their Own Game.

There was a lively little scene on one of the west-end lines last week, says the Boston Post:

A pretty girl got on a Tremont-house car at Hancock street, and there were five Harvard men on the back platform when she got on. Inside sat only two elderly ladies, who looked severe.

There was a little whispered conversation among the boys and a good deal of suppressed laughter. Then they arranged themselves gracefully and stared at the girl. They intended to make her life a burden to her before she reached town. It was well they laughed then, because it was her turn later. She never glanced that way, even. She was absorbed in the fine houses on Massachusetts avenue.

When they found this little scheme didn't work there was some more private conversation, and then came the coup d'etat. First one fellow came in, took a seat opposite and began to stare at her. Then the next one followed a few moments later to do the same thing. Very soon all the five were ranged opposite her, staring with the united strength of ten eyes. She had only two, but they were good ones, and did as well as more would have done. She was reading the bromo-seltzer and ivory-soap signs until they were all nicely seated, and then she changed her plans.

She evidently understood human nature, for she took the weak point at which to open her attack. She looked at the leader's feet. They were nicely booted feet, covered with the latest in patent leather, but they seemed to be old, ugly and immense before that fellow got out on the back platform again.

The next pair of boots were stouter. So was their owner. He only shuffled his feet a little at first and tried to put them up his trouser legs. He couldn't manage this, and so he tried the wood at the back of the seat. This was not exactly practical, either, so he brazenly placed them straight out in front of him in the aisle. The conductor stumbled over them and seemed to strike a corn, for the owner drew them back with an expression that was not angelic. But the girl's expression did not change. And her eyes were still fixed on those big shoes of his. Then he remembered something he wanted to say to his patent-leather friend at the back of the car and he went out.

Then she began on No. 3's feet. He had a crack on the side of one boot, and he knew it beforehand; therefore he fell an easy victim to the disease. He thought he had twenty cracks in his shoes before he joined his friends on the step. He felt that they were as full of holes as a sieve, and examined them privately to see just how they did look.

Four and five gave up the fight together and rejoined their friends grinning somewhat sheepishly.

When she got off the car she smiled a little, but she did not look at one of the young men who stood back to let her by.

As the car moved on again one of them said: "That girl has the evil eye."

And they all agreed.

Dead Easy.

Before the eyes of the doomed man the fatal knife is tested. At a mere touch it swiftly descends.

The victim cannot forbear to shudder.

"You take life all-fired easy," he mutters, hoarsely.

The executioner presses his hand to his brow. Luckily he has placed a cabbage leaf in his hat to protect him from a sudden rush of blood to the head.—Detroit Free Free Press.

Time Thrown Away.

Clara—What's the matter, dear?

Dora—It's too much to bear. Mr. Faintheart hasn't proposed yet.

Clara—But you told me you wouldn't marry him.

Dora—Of course I wouldn't. But after all the time I've wasted on him I think he might at least give me a chance to refuse him.—New York Weekly.

WORTH KNOWING.

That very hot water is now preferred to cold to stop bleeding.

Building ground comes high in London. Lately a plot of fifty-seven square yards in Lombard street sold at $6,500 per square yard.

The oldest known apple tree in this country is in Cheshire, Conn. The seed was planted 140 years ago, and the tree still bears a few apples.

A company producing only one form of one part of a bicycle, the jointless rim, covers two acres of ground with its works at Birmingham, Eng.

Six of the newspapers now published in Germany were established over 200 years ago, the oldest being the Frankfurter Journal, founded in 1615.

The recent enumeration of voters in Indiana shows the total vote of the state in 1895 to be 627,072. Of this number 613,750 are white and 13,332 colored.

In some southern localities the colored people believe that if a crow croaks an odd number of times foul weather will follow; if even, the day will be fine.

Japan has ordered 800 miles of submarine cable in England, which is to be used in a line to Formosa. The Japanese propose to do all the work themselves with their own cable ships.

Twenty years ago a Chinese belle could be bought for $25. The price has gradually risen to $600, and the custom of murdering birl babies has diminished correspondingly in public practice.

Cars in which aluminum will be used for all metal work, save the wheels and axles, are to be put on the state railroads of France. The saving in weight for an ordinary train will be thirty tons.

ALCHEMIST FABLES.

PRETTY THEY WERE AND ENTRANCING TO ALL.

The Shy Philosopher's Stone—For Long and Weary Years It Was Sought for, but Never Found—Belief in the Transmutation of Metal.

THE theory that gold could be produced artificially from other metals was first recorded in the fifth century after Christ; beginning at that time the problem of finding the Philosopher's Stone—that is, a substance by which base metals could be turned into gold—began to excite public interest. Most alchemists trace the origin of their art back to Egypt, and recognize as the first to practice it a certain Hermes Trismegistus.

Though many of his supposed writings are still in existence, nothing definite is known about his life. Alchemy was largely developed and practiced from about A. D. 400 to the year 642. From the Egyptians it passed over to the conquering Arabs. It was not long before they began to acquaint themselves with the sciences, by contact with the conquered people, producing celebrated scholars in mathematics, natural sciences, and, above all, in medicine.

Quite a number of Arabians turned their attention to chemistry, and here it received the new name Al-chemy; they added to the formerly employed word "chemie" their article "al." In the Arabian school at Seville the celebrated Arabian philosopher and alchemist, Gebir, made a great reputation, and at this time it is particularly interesting to trace the progress of alchemy from the Arabs in Spain to the remaining countries of Europe, especially France, Germany, and England. The high schools of the Arabians in Cordova, Seville and Toledo were frequented by men from all lands desirous of acquiring knowledge, and chiefly after the pattern of these institutions were the universities of France, Italy, and later those of Germany, shaped. As early as the thirteenth century alchemy was spread over the entire Northwest of Europe and was practiced by Albertus Magnus in Germany, Roger Bacon in England, and others.

Albertus Magnus (von Bollstadt), the most eminent scholasticist of his time, was then equally prominent as philosopher and alchemist. Although the Pope assumed at first an opposing attitude toward alchemy, there were, nevertheless, numerous ecclesiastics who were the first to master the art, and mainly in the monasteries did it find a home. But the thought to produce the Philosopher's Stone, and by means of it to procure infinite riches, was too alluring for it to remain hidden in the narrow sphere of cloister life.

With the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the failure of several experiments had become known, societies sprung into existence whose purpose it was to discover the production of the Philosopher's Stone. The most celebrated of these was the "Rosicrucians." Another was the "Nurnberg Alchemical Society," which was founded in 1654 and is noteworthy on account of its having had for its secretary the eminent philosopher and statesman, Leibnitz.

Even long after the science of chemistry had branched out into the medical direction the search for the Philosopher's Stone was continued, and extended into the Phlogistic epoch, yes, even into the age of modern chemistry, as it is well known that Goethe practiced alchemy with great zeal in his youth. Even a book printed as late as 1832, relating to the history of alchemy, is concluded with the following words: "There exists a chemical preparation by means of which other metals may be changed into gold." Consequently "a Philosopher's Stone."

But the star of alchemy was no longer at its height. With the triumphs of a Copernicus, a Keppler and a Galileo in the sphere of astronomy, and a Newton in that of mathematical physics, a doctrine like that of the Philosopher's Stone could not stand, so it gradually sank into oblivion and was forgotten, except in history.

Only after the time of Gebir accurate descriptions of this mythical stone came to the surface. At the beginning it was pretended to consist generally of a fireproof powder of various colors, and only later it assumed the shape of a precious stone. Especially Raimund Lulli repeatedly speaks of it as "Carbunculous," and according to Paracelsus it consists of a ruby-red, transparent crystal "which is as flexible as rosin and brittle as glass." Somewhere later it was principally employed in the form of a powder, and was frequently called "trixture," also "elixir" or "magisterium." It must also be remarked that many alchemists made a distinction between two stones differing in their exterior appearance, one for the production of gold and the other for silver.

The belief in the transmutation of one metal into another no doubt resulted from the fact that it was noticed if molten copper is mixed with zinc it attains a beautiful yellow color, and in former years, when people were not particular about noticing small differences, the obtained brass may have been mistaken for a kind of gold.

Perhaps also the circumstances that many metals themselves contain gold, or that they used for their fusion experiments sand containing gold, without their knowledge, gave rise to these illusions. Without noticing these sources of error it could not be explained how notoriously excellent and honest alchemists ofttimes believed that they had the Philosopher's Stone in their possession.

LABOR NOTES.

The stone work crafts are active in organizing again.

The printers chartered seven new unions last month.

Two A. R. U. unions were organized in Minneapolis.

The laundry drivers of Chicago have organized a union.

The large iron works of Pennsylvania have work for a year ahead.

The molders have issued twelve charters since their annual convention.

The new bicycle workers' national union starts out with 20,000 members.

Barbers of Minneapolis have formed a union with eighty-seven charter members.

In the province of Mogiley, Russia, eight-hour experiments are proving a success.

The use of convict labor is increasing in Germany, according to consular reports.

Honolulu Typographical Union is the only labor organization on the Hawaiian Islands.

A union label league, composed of unions having a label, has been formed in Chicago.

The Minneapolis Trades Council has decided to hold open meetings for the next three months.

The journeymen plumbers and gasfitters held their state convention at Minneapolis last week.

Federal Labor Union, of Cincinnati, holds open meetings to discuss political and economic questions.

A large number of unions of clerks have been formed in different cities since their late convention.

PARIS ON ITS EXHIBITION.

The Bitter Discussion Raging Between Its Supporters and Opponents.

Pall Mall Gazette: Though Paris seems doomed to the exhibition of 1900, the discussion concerning the utility of the vast kermesse is continued with some bitterness. M. Maurice Barres, the unfatigued champion of decentralization, still leads the opposition with energy and sound argument. Some applaud this holiday of half a year; others execrate it. The reasons urged upon either side are often the same, and generally irrelevant. Thus, for instance, M. Gervex, a painter, is on the side of exhibition, because the accepted plan requires the demolition of the Palais de l'Industrie. M. Bouguereau, another painter, deplores, with tears in his voice, the outrage which threatens the palais of his own triumphs. Who shall decide when the experts thus wantonly differ? M. Gervex, however, upholds the exhibition upon another ground. Competition, he finds, is an admirable stimulus, and he is sure that artists will accomplish masterpieces in their frantic struggle against the world. The argument of M. Roll is ingenious if oblique. He desires the exhibition because (he says) the exhibition will compel the building of a picture gallery. And the picture gallery will remain after the exhibition is finished. And then the pictures which are now being rapidly destroyed in the Luxembourg will be removed to the gallery of the exhibition, and will at last find salvation. That is to say, the exhibition of 1900 will save the pictures of the Luxembourg, which one did not know were in danger. Truly a pretty argument, if only the intermediate links will hold! The men of letters are likewise divided. M. Arsene Houssaye, for example, regards the immense industrial picnic as the ultima ratio of fraternity; wherefor he would give it his academical approval. With a keen sense of humor M. Aurelien Scholl dismisses the project in a dozen words. Do you like Sunday? No. Well, then, an exhibition is a Sunday which last six months. And there's an end on't. If a more serious argument is to your taste, turn to the letter of M. Phillibert Audebrand, who tears the offending project to pieces, and most pertinently suggests that if the republic must celebrate the beginning of the new century, it should pierce the Canal des Deux Mers, and thus secure the permanent prosperity of France. The most of the deputies, of course, are on the side of the picnic, and M. Jacques, the member of Paris, though he sees the grave dangers of a decennial fair, insists also that an exhibition is an industrial tonic, warranted to revive a failing trade. Yet it was reserved for M. Deloucle, never the wisest of men, to advance the most preposterous argument in favor of the exhibition. "The exhibition of 1889," he said, "procured for us the Russo-French alliance. Who knows what 1900 will bring forth?" Who knows, indeed? But does M. Deloucle believe that the Czar was ever moved to an alliance by a gigantic bazaar? In Russia, at any rate, politics are not the sport of children.

Russell Sage Drew Out $16,875.

New York Sun: Russell Sage went to the sub-treasury Friday and drew out $16,875 in crisp new greenbacks in exchange for treasury checks representing interest payments, and before the occasion for his visit became known there was speculation as to why he was there. The attaches of the sub-treasury say that they never before saw Mr. Sage collect money there personally. Mr. Sage tucked the bills into an inside pocket, buttoned his coat tightly over them and went back to his office.

If a man could run out of debt as easily as he can run into it, times would not be so hard.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Girls, Do Not Neglect the Little Details of Your Toilet.

"I should like to call a halt," said a woman, "on the lack of thought and care that most women put upon their personal appearance. Now, I know very well that the average woman pays a great deal of attention to such things, but the trouble is that what attention she does pay is of the wrong sort; it's directed toward things that are of no vital consequence, if not absolutely wrong. She's like the man who had a great deal of taste only it was all bad. The average woman that one sees upon the streets, in the shops and aboard the street cars is first and foremost rarely dainty—a criminal act where a woman is concerned. Daintiness, however, does not imply costly frocks, loves of hats and lots of lace and jewelry. It doesn't even include, although it is undoubtedly enhanced by the severity and simplicity that are so admirable in a tailor-made costume, but which, as every woman knows, cost like everything. It does imply and include, however, absolute cleanliness from top to toe, absolute neatness and an unswerving regard for the eternal fitness of things. No matter how plain or even poor the attire may be from necessity, so far as choice goes, it may always keep clear of pendant skirt braids, frayed edges, run down boot heels and spot and soil. Just look at the army of working women that the elevated trains bear down town daily. Typewriters, stenographers, clerks or whatever they be, they are, as a rule, tricked out in finery, instead of the sober, sensible garments suitable for business wear. It's fluffy white veils and feather boas and flower and feather-laden hats. The very same girl, too, whose hat is heavy with the biggest and brightest of roses; whose once white kid gloves are the grimiest, and who flourishes a coarse-embroidered handkerchief redolent of cheap perfume is also sure to be the girl whose shoe buttons are conspicuous for their absence, whose collar is soiled, and whose dress skirt and shirt waist are losing their connections. If that same girl, however, would take a tithe of the money and care that she wastes upon her roses, her laces and her perfumery and put it upon repairing, cleaning, and, above all, seeing to it that her garments are suitable for the occasion on which they are worn, the gain would be immeasurable. Therefore I say that it would be better for most women if they gave more care and attention to their personal appearance."

USED A LADDER TO GET IN BED.

Remarkable Experience of an American Tourist in Ireland.

An American who lately visited Ireland writes: In the hotel at Dublin was a bed so large and so high that it seemed a tableland of mattress overshadowed by a cliff of headboards. It seemed preposterous that any one should monopolize a bed of such size and attempt to warm it. By proper division it would have supplied a family. When it came time to retire the question was not how to get "into" bed, but how to get "on" the bed. The top mattress was almost chin high, and it seemed that to reach it there would have to be a hard climb or a desperate leap. While the problem of retiring was under consideration a dark object was seen in one dim corner of the vasty bedroom, which was imperfectly lighted by a solitary candle. This object proved to be a movable stairway, mounted on rollers. When it was pushed against the behemoth bed the problem of how to retire was immediately solved. One had only to ascend the stairs and then fall off into the embracing depth of this most remarkable bed.

Caesar's Statue Changes Color.

Chicago Tribune: If Augustus Caesar could come to life and see his statue as it now looks, down in front of the art institute, that warrior surely would "drop dead again." It and that of Hermes are painted a bright orange. The two statues, together with the larger one of Flora, have stood in a niche over the entrance almost since the first opening of the art institute. But it is safe to say that not half of the people who entered the doors ever gave them a thought and scarcely a glance until yesterday.

She, too, stood out in bold relief against the smoky background of the building yellower than any of the fall crop of pumpkins. People who went hurrying along the street stopped the instant they beheld them.

"Talk about impressionism," said a man who apparently knew something of art, "not the most rabid piece of work in Europe could compare with that."

Those inside, who understood that the bright yellow was only a priming preparatory to a coat of bronze, enjoyed the joke immensely. Like the boy with the trick on All Fools' Day, they stood behind the glass doors and waited to see the effect on every newcomer.

To Restore Bleached Locks.

Many a poor victim of dyed hair would be happy to know how to bring back the natural color after having been an artificial blonde or brunette. Dr. Morin gives them the following receipt, the ingredients mixed in equal parts:

Alcohol of roses.
Oil of bitter almonds.
Tincture of cantharides.
Tincture of citron.—Boston Traveller.

"Well," said the Kentucky campaigner, "I have left absolutely nothing undone to win friends for our cause. I have considered no personal sacrifice too great. I have treated everybody in the country. I even drank water with the prohibitionist party—and he's going to be right with us."—Washington Star.