EPICURES THE WORLD OVER

Paper on Rare Dishes that Have Tickled Foreign Palates.

SOME MODERN FRENCH IDEAS

Southern France and Italy—A Greek Lady in London—Off the Beaten Tracks of the Restaurateur.

"Jints, you understand," said my father, "none of your hagmags and skewer bits." In these words, put into the mouth of Mr. Burton the elder, Henry Kingsley summed up the typical English attitude towards food. Wha has not met the landlady who in response to a request for something besides a chop for dinner suggests two chops? With her and her class joints crown the higher end of the scale which descends to hagmags and kickshaws—the contumelious term kickshaw expressing our insular contempt for the Frenchman's art of making "queiquechose" out of nothing. Have we even a neutral word of our own for what kickshaw stands for—a word that does not suggest our dislike for the thing? There is hash, of course, and there is mince; but to make mincemeat of an argument is to show it at its weakest and to make a hash of a job is to do badly what might have been done well.

Food for Philosophers.

If English were a dead language deciphered from cuneiform inscription some learned philologist would write a paper upon these metaphors, and would prove that the race which used them had suffered much at the hands of its cooks to whose incompetence its early and complete extinction was no doubt due. And perhaps just about the time that explorers exhumed and interpreted Voltaire's gibe about a country with one sauce some still more learned philologist would put forward a rival theory in a longer book. He would begin by extolling the ideals of a people which immortalized in its common speech its preference for plain food plainly cooked; and then he would demonstrate that unnumbered/ nameless Englishmen must have plied knife and fork in high seriousness for thousands of years before evolving the national bill of fare and the jaw of the contemporaneous Piltdown skull with coped with it—"a jaw which but for the presence of two distinctively human teeth would certainly have been referred to a chimpanzee or gorilla." There would be a lengthy digression on the debased civilizations of Germany and Italy as typified by sauerkraut and bologna sausage, respectively, and of India as typified by Bombay duck; and we should learn that as the Greek had expressed himself in his temples and the Frenchman in his prose, so the Englishman had expressed himself in his roast beef. (In the appendix there would be a variorum edition of the ode, "The Roast Beef of Old England.") Finally the author would ask himself how the Englishman, who in art generally showed no bent towards the classical, came to devise the noble lines of his Christmas dinner. Here we must leave him; nor have we space to discuss whether the Englishman's dislike to made dishes is to be ascribed to the Englishwoman's inability to make them; that is a subject for a social economist.

Fodder in France.

This dislike, though noticeable enough in the tourist on the continent, is not a characteristic of the true traveler in whom the spirit of inquiry manifests itself also in the palate.

Your true traveler calls for the special dish of the district just as he orders the wine of the country; in France he will eat not only omelettes and roast chicken, but should he find himself for instance at Marguery's restaurant in Paris he will acquiesce, perhaps with a sigh, at the waiter's suggestion and allow his sole to be served a la Marguery—that is submerged in yellow sauce and shell fish and sundry garnishings. Very good it is, but disciples of Mr. Burton will deny that it is an improvement on fresh sole plainly grilled when the griller understands both soles and grilling. However, it leads the novice on to feasts of high emprise—to grappling with vol-au-vent of frogs' legs, and with snails, the large grey French snails, dressed with white wine.

On reaching the south of France our traveler discovers that the country is no longer divided as in Caesar's time into three parts, but into two; and that one cooks with oil and the other with butter; according to Alphonse Daudet the antipathy based on this culinary distinction is ineradicable, and one understands that it has to be reckoned with by all statesmen. Oil can be put to good purpose even by those who do not use it habitually; many worthy people in Italy study both their consciences and their stomachs at one and the same time by substituting it for butter in Lent, when the cereals they consume in so many forms might otherwise be unpalatable. Not that the Italians are timid trenchermen or vegetarians by conviction; they smack their lips over such little monsters as guarricini and scorfani ("the difference between a scórfano and a toad being that the latter has twice as much meat on it") and aguglie and toteri. Those interested may be referred to Mr. Norman Douglas' "Siren Land." He deals very faithfully with the totero:

Everybody knows the totero or squid, an animated inkbag of perverse leanings, which swims backwards because all other creatures go forwards, and whose india rubber flesh might be useful for deluding hunger on desert islands, since, like American chewing gum, you can chew it for months, but never get it down.

Terrors of the Fishmonger.

Round the east of the Mediterranean the preparation of food is recognized as an art which lends dignity to the artist, and the wives of the upper classes in many cases still do their own cooking, as in the west they do their own dancing. When expatriated to England they cling to their old ways, and now and again they may be seen in London streets pointing an accusing forefinger at the sunken eyes of the fish on the fishmongers' slabs.

One old woman used to be the terror of Bayswater provision merchants, for her eye was unerring and her English vocabulary began and ended with the word "bad." Her accomplishments, however, were many and pleasing; the curd now fashionable as yagourt she made daily out of cream cheese, and indignant would she have been to hear it associated with microbes, however beneficent; she excelled also in a bland fish jelly to which there went selected cuts of salmon and turbot and some two dozen Seville oranges and lemons; pilafs, with every grain of rice independent and yet soft, she could turn out every day for a week without repeating herself, and on certain high festivals she would go into retreat for a space and return with a stew so variously compounded that it may have been the dish which cost Aristophanes in the Ecclesiazusae a word of five lines long to do justice to.

She came from a land where what mattered was taste and not time, and she had been trained over a slow charcoal fire; "Poco, poco," she would exclaim to the glowering cook, and when that much-injured woman not unnaturally seized the poker and produced a fine blaze, shrill protests in an unknown tongue would come wailing up the narrow staircase.

Comestibles Without Number.

But our traveller has lingered in the Levant, and has yet to taste his passion fruit salad in Australia; his armadillo roasted in the shell—a delectable thing—in Argentina; and in New Zealand the Moari worm which lives in tree trunks and has a nutty flavor when fried. Birds' nests he may eat in China, for they are carefully washed before being served with a sort of chicken broth. And here may be mentioned three delicacies which travelers mention but do not taste. The first is the egg of the Chinese epicure. It has been buried for more than a century, and an egg of a vintage year holds the place of a great hock; secondly, there is the soap, which the Eskimos persist in regarding as a comestible; and finally the eponymous dish of the cannibal banquet; this is distinguished by the name of Long Pig.

The experience of travelers on beaten tracks are tame to those of explorers, pioneers, and "gentlemen adventurers." Orellana, who was all three, was glad of a bite of snake on his terrible journey to the mouth of the Amazon. As for the hero of the Boys' Book, he may be said to hold his high office in virtue of being omnivorous. The ham of a bear is a favorite dish of his, and when he had finished a ham overnight, he eats the paws for breakfast next morning—much as the husbands of the ladies who write cookery books consume the remains of Tuesday's breakfast haddock as a savory on Thursday—not that he touches bear meat if there is elephant's foot to be had. Give him a jungle, a generous helping of elephant's foot, and the rest of the beast to recline against, and he is at his happiest—happier even than when munching his way through a stranded whale with the natives whose national dish it is; for stranded whale is strong meat.

One Thing Sacred.

But the Boys' Book hero is not a true hero, for he draws the line somewhere; he will not eat monkey, and for that reason, when he reaches his proper limbo he will be blackballed for the Heros (which corresponds to our travelers) by Ibsen's band. True heroes—people who draw the line nowhere—both in fact and in fiction, are great and adventurous eaters; many of their dishes are recorded, but we shall never know what it was that the blameless Ethiopians set before the gods when ambrosia—which appears to have been a kind of highly scented hair-grease—had lost its savor. Rabelais is more explicit, and so is Shakespeare. "Poor Tom" was far from being content with "rats and mice and such small deer;" he could find a corner—or corners—for the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the swimming frog. Indeed, it may well be that he came by his adjective much as "Little" John did, and that in reality he was as fat as Hamlet or stout Cortez.

And yet "his cheek lanked not."
—to judge from Octavius' apostrophe:
The barks of trees thou browsedst; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on.
And yet "his cheek lanked not."—London Times.

AFTER DEATH BY ELECTRICITY

Pathological Conditions After the Electric Current Has Done Its Work.

In a recent detailed account of the legal electrocution of the four "gunmen" at Sing Sing, N. Y., S. R. Klein, after describing the actual putting to death of each of the criminals, gives the following brief but interesting account of the pathological conditions found post-mortem:

No changes of color could be detected on any of the bodies, except on the face of Whitey Lewis, as I remarked above, on account of his speaking until the last fraction of a second; his lips, as I saw myself, were moving during the full action of the first shock. The heart of an executed body is broken, looks like a lump; there is no atrium and the ventricles can be easily separated. The great arteries are all in a broken shape; there is no real rupture, but in many places perforations. The bowels are emptied and the bladder is pale, bloodless, violently shaken up. Liver and spleen show no change. The lungs are filled with blood. The brain shows hemorrhage and ruptures of both arteries and veins. The temperature rises as high as 122 degrees Farenheit, and in Lefty Louie's case it reached 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The electrode, put on the right leg partly cut the muscles and other tissues, but the bones remained intact. In each body there was a sign of regurgitation in the throat, probably from suffocation. It is very interesting to know that the urine, a few drops of which it was possible to collect from the clothing, showed a large amount of albumen and an immense percentage of calcium phosphate crystals. The blood changes are remarkable in regard to the collapse of the red blood corpuscles, although no change could be seen in the leucocytes. It was impossible to make further scientific examination from other standpoints. Having noted the pathological changes after executions by the rope and guillotine in Austria, Germany and France, I am sure that the electric chair produces more alterations than any other kind of legal killing.—Lancet Clinic.

TWO-STORY LAKE IN MEXICO

Mud Partition Separates Fresh from Salt Water in This Marvelous Phenomenon.

One of the wonders of Mexico is the self-producing lake near Salinas station on the Tampico division of the Mexican Central railway, seventy-two miles west of San Luis Potosi. It may well be termed a two-story lake, for at times there is a lake of fresh water overlying the salt lake. A watertight roof of green mud separates the fresh from the salt water.

For a large part of the year there is no fresh water lake there. The sun licks it up soon after the rainy season is over.

The salt secured from the lake goes all over Mexico. The lake has been worked about sixty-five years. The whole town of 5,000 makes its living from the salt.

The property is owned by a family or estate, but it is said that not one of the owners has lived there for years. The old residence of the owners is still standing at Salinas. Its massive walls and towers and turrets give the place a resemblance to a fort or feudal castle.—New York Sun.

The most desirable furnished rooms are advertised in The Bee. Get a nice cool room for the summer.

ECHOES OF THE ANTE ROOM

Woodmen Circle Hold First Meeting of Month Next Wednesday.

GRAND ARMY ON FURLOUGH

Ancient Order of United Workmen to Give Annual Basket Picnic at Ralston Saturday of This Week.

Members of Alpha grove No. 2 will hold their first meeting for the month of August next Wednesday evening at the usual meeting place. The picnic given last Tuesday was thoroughly enjoyed by the members attending. Lunch was served to the entire party late in the afternoon. In the contests, the following were prize winners:

Pinning clothes pins, twelve contestants, Mrs. Cora Clark, first prize; Mrs. M. Flinn, second.

Peanut race, seventeen contestants, Miss Anne McGuire, first prize; Mrs. M. Flinn, second.

Running race, Misses Anna Maack and Grace Kaiser.

Girls' race, Helen Larsen and Delma Meek.

Boys' race, Charlie Birdsell, Curtis Weller and Sheldon Sundgren.

George Crook post, Grand Army of the Republic, is on furlough and will not meet again until Friday, September 11.

The central committee's big basket picnic will be held on Saturday, August 15, at Lakeside park at Ralston. Band concert by Ancient Order United Workmen military band from 3 to 5 o'clock. Prize races will come off between 5 and 7, and dancing in the evening until 10:30. Good time assured and admission free. Committee meets on picnic and float at 314 South Thirteenth street at 10:30 a. m. today.

The Log Rolling association will hold its fifteenth annual picnic at Krug park Thursday, August 20. The association combines Douglas, Sarpy and Washington counties. The foresters of the several camps will have competitive drills. Pansy camp, Royal Neighbors, will give an exhibition drill, a baby show and other contests.

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen will give a box social at their rooms in the Baright building the evening of August 12. Sunday, August 16, the annual picnic will be held in Riverview park.

Mondamin Lodge No. 111 will give a card party Friday evening, August 21, at its hall, Twenty-fourth and Parker streets.

The reception given by Elwood Grove No. 288? Woodmen circle of Benson of the supreme officers Monday evening was a decided success in every way. The lodge room was tastefully decorated in the colors of the order, lavender and green, and a profusion of cut flowers and plants. Mrs. J. W. Hood presided; Mesdames Ohey and Mather served punch and wafers.

Ladies of the Maccabees.

Ladies of the Maccabees will give a lawn social Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. E. Higley, 323 Spring street.

Travelers' Protective Association.

Omaha post of the Travelers' Protective association will give their annual picnic Saturday, August 22, at Elmwood park. A lively program of events will start at 2:45 p. m. and continue until evening. There will be a band concert in the evening.

Contract is Let for The Castle

The contract for the construction of The Castle, the new hotel to be built at Sixteenth and Jones streets for Fred Castle by Dr. Harold Gifford, has been let to the Selden Breck construction company. The building is to be turned over to Castle, completed February 1. The amount of the contract was $175,000 and the building is to be six stories high.

NEW TANNING FACTORY IN SOUTH OMAHA SOON

The Omaha Robe and Tanning factory is a new plant that is to be built in South Omaha at Twenty-seventh and N streets. The contract for the erection of the building has just been let to Charles Bauer. It is to be a building 145x40 feet in dimensions, and is to have two stories and a basement.

BINOCULARS REVEAL PIRATES

River Thieves Trapped as They Loot a Schooner on Delaware River.

When John Ball, steward of the schooner Eagle Wing, at anchor in the Delaware river, off Coopers Point, stood on the wharf and swept the river with his binoculars to pick out his vessel he discovered river pirates at work stripping it.

He appealed to the police tug and that craft hurried to the side of the schooner. Half a dozen men who were in a launch alongside the Eagle Wing fled, but Henry Sels, who was aboard the vessel, was arrested and locked up.

Sels is charged with disposing of the schooner's property to the pirates. He declares himself to be one of the crew, and contended that the goods were his own. The steward, however, told the police he had never seen the man before and insisted upon his arrest.—Philadelphia North American.

WIRELESS BOTHERS BIRDS

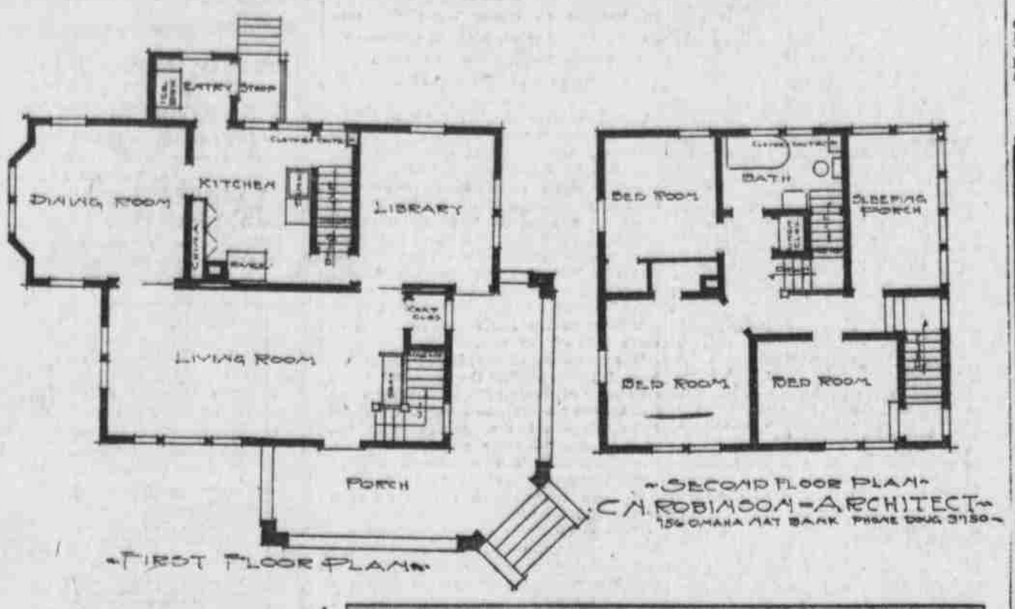
Sea Gulls and Doves Are Chief Sufferers from Aerial Disturbances.

Wireless telegraphy has done much for us, and probably—or rather, surely will—do a great deal more for the benefit of humanity at large. But, if they could speak, many birds would probably tell you that they don't approve of this new invention in the least. For in the parts of the world where there are a large number of wireless stations observations have been made which seem to indicate that birds are disturbed in a very curious way by the wireless waves. The unoffending seagull is one of the chief sufferers, as also is the harmless dove. This strange state of things is attributed in some way to an effect of the ether waves, though how it is brought about is not yet understood.—London Answers.

A Torpid Liver gives a sallow complexion. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills and rid the system of impurities. Look healthy. 25c. All druggists.—Advertisement.

A Few New Home Suggestions

Well Planned House by C. N. Robinson



ELEVATORS ARE FILLING UP

Local Storage Space is Being Rapidly Occupied with Grain.

LOCAL TRADERS ARE BUYERS

Laying In Heavily on Cash and December Option and Selling All May Contracts Then Can Dispose Of.

With the embargo complete on the exportation of grain to countries in Europe, Omaha elevators are rapidly filling with wheat, corn and oats. As soon as the deliveries are made on the August sales, it is expected that within thirty days thereafter, in the event the embargo is not lifted, practically all the storage capacity in Omaha territory will have become occupied.

At this time the stocks in storage are as follows: Wheat, 430,000; corn, 252,000; oats, 231,000 bushels. On the corresponding date of last year the stocks were: Wheat, 980,000; corn, 203,000; oats, 892,000 bushels.

Omaha receipts today were: Wheat, ninety; corn, sixty, and oats, fifty-one carloads. Omaha cash prices on wheat were 85@86 cents.

Local Traders Buying.

Local traders continued heavy buyers of cash and December wheat and were just as heavy sellers of May. They figured out that there was big money dealing in the actual grain and few of them took any chances on speculation. For instance, if they bought 1,000 or more bushels of cash, or December wheat, they sold the same quantity of May.

The September option opened in Chicago at 92 cents, which was low for the day, and went to 94⅝. December started off at 92⅛, which was the low, and climbed to 99⅝, while May kept within a fluctuation of 2 cents. It opened at $1.05⅛, the low price of the Saturday short session, and went as high as $1.07⅛.

There are a lot of Omaha grain traders who are taking the cue from Armour and whenever cash wheat sells around 85 cents here, or when December drops to 90 cents, or below, they buy. Then, when the December options reached $1 or above, or when the May passes $1.07, they sell. They figure that the carrying charge, including handling and insurance, is about 1 cent per month per bushel and on this basis they conclude they have a sure profit on all the deals.

MEXICAN PEON PROSPEROUS

Enjoying Fruits of the Revolution that Has Been Wrought in Northern Mexico.

The Mexican peon is today enjoying greater prosperity than ever before in the history of Mexico for the reason that he has been freed from the oppressive rule of tyrannical landlords by the triumph of the present revolution. This is the conclusion that H. J. Browne of New York, a student of economic and social problems, draws from a two weeks' investigation of conditions in northern Mexico.

In a letter addressed to Charles A. Douglas of this city, Mr. Browne throws an interesting light on the economic and political conditions that have followed in the wake of the constitutionalist armies and indicates that the restoration of law and order has followed fast after them.

"At Tampico, the large business operations," writes Mr. Browne, "were slowly resuming. The city was clean and orderly. I did not see a single drunken or boisterous Mexican. The market place was filled with a profusion of food supplies ,potatoes alone being scarce. Prices were high in constitutionalist money, but moderate in American money. Retail business was brisk. I did not see a single beggar in Tampico.

"Governor Caballero, I watched in his office and was struck with his grasp of business detail and the rapidity with which he dispatched business. The whole state and municipal machinery moved with little friction and an absence of red tape.

"Train service to Monterey was poor. The rolling stock is in bad shape from the ravages of a fierce military campaign. Along the route I was struck with the absence of signs of serious distress among the common people such as I witnessed in Cuba just prior to the Spanish war. Everyone has had enough to eat. There was no gathering of half-starved, emaciated beggers.

"As a matter of fact, throughout all upper Mexico the peons have been practically free from paying rent to their former oppressive landlords for the last year and are enjoying a consequent individual prosperity to which the war has hardly given a blow. Not being handicapped by a highly specialized industrial system they flow back to the land at the first opportunity.

"Monterey, a much larger city than Tampico, was equally as orderly. Big business there was none. The large banks were closed; business of all kinds was slack, but the town was as clean as Washington. Again the markets showed a profusion of food.

"It is the day of the peon. The wealthy have suffered. Splendid mansions have been seized by the authorities. Their owners have fled across the border, as was the case in France in 1789-93. You remember the French assembly changed France from a country of 130,000 landlords to one of 4,000,000 peasant proprietors in a day. Now I can see the spring, the new life, the energy with which these peons, newly awakened to the possession of land and to economical and political freedom, are meeting the situation, are fighting with the same irresistible impulse which swept the French peasant over every army in Europe.

"The people all understand that the agrarian question is the main one and the peons understand that they are to have the land and pay no more rent. Also they wish this condition to be brought about fairly.

"Saltillo looks all Indian. It is the temporary capital. I didn't see a begger or a hungry looking person there. Carranza was distributing $5 bills to every woman. If she was old, she got $10."—Washington Post.

Slang.

Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, the grammarian of Yale, said the other day:

"The peach season will soon be upon us. This reminds me of a slang word.

"There was to be a school picnic in a wood one summer day, and the teacher said to little Tommy:

"'Tommy, run to the grocery and buy a half peck of peaches. But pinch a few first to see if they're quite ripe.'

"Tommy hurried off and soon returned with peaches in a huge bag.

"'Did you pinch a few first, as I told you?' said the teacher.

"'A few?' laughed Tommy. 'Why, I pinched the whole half peck.'"

In the Neighborhood.

Hampton—Dinwiddow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across.

Rhodes—The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across.—Judge.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

James Hodge, chief clerk in the office of General Manager Holdrege of the Burlington, is home from his outing in Wyoming While there he had wonderful luck catching trout in the Laramie river and tributary streams.

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