

Work of the Iowa State Pure Food Commission

Curious and Romantic Courtships

DES MOINES, Jan. 25.—(Special Correspondence.)—Not always does the public entertain the right idea as to pure food legislation and more often it entertains the wrong idea. So much has been said about pure food legislation, and so much has been said about the necessity of pure food legislation, that people have been quite prone to get the idea that almost all kinds of foods are adulterated, and that some of them are adulterated with poisonous stuff that is injurious to the health and welfare of the people.

While adulterations have been gross, it can be said that they are not as bad as has been believed, but this does not remove the desirability and even necessity of having pure food laws. Iowa has at great expense enlarged its dairy commission department to a food and dairy commission department. This new department has now been in existence a little over a year, and is now well settled in the routine of business. There have been many prosecutions of those who have violated the pure food laws, for only by enforcement can the campaign of education be carried on successfully, and enforcement means court actions till the manufacturers get thoroughly imbued with the idea of obeying the law.

The first purpose of those who were instrumental in getting the pure food law on the statute books of Iowa was to prevent the people of Iowa from being humbugged. The second idea was to prevent deleterious substances being used in foods. There are only a few adulterants used in the foods manufactured, according to those best informed. Coal tar products for flavoring and coloring are the most flagrant. There are few coal tar products that are really injurious to the human system, but there are none that are any good. They are chemicals made from the refuse of crude oil and are not food. But from these coal tar products it is possible for a skillful chemist to manufacture the most delicate flavors, as well as the most delicate colors. Vegetable coloring matter cannot begin to compare with coal tar products and neither can vegetable flavoring matter. The appetite of many a person has been coaxed by delicate tints in the first instance and by delicate flavors in the second instance, when neither coloring matter nor flavor have any food value whatever. Being made of coal tar products, and injurious just as any foreign substance not food in the stomach is injurious.

The next thing the food manufacturers do that they ought not to do is the introduction of benzoate of soda as a preservative. It is said to have been used in almost everything where there is necessity for a preservative. The United States government Department of Agriculture has just ruled that it is harmful and must not be used. The Iowa food and dairy commissioner has been holding a row since the Iowa law went into effect. It is sometimes thought necessary to have some preservative and the fight of the food department is always to keep the manufacturers from using anything that is harmful and that is one of the main purposes of the pure food law of this state.

But while these are all important the one great proposition in the pure food law of this state is to keep the public from being fooled. Here is where the Iowa food commissioner's department is kept chiefly busy. The temptation always for the food manufacturer is to mix cane sugar and glucose, add a little flavoring matter and coloring matter and sell it on the market for "pure maple sugar." Cane sugar and glucose are both foods, and when not flavored or colored by some substance positively harmful are useful as food, but the law says, and everybody sees the reasonableness of the law saying, that such a mixture should not be sold for "pure maple sugar." Not one housewife in all the country and probably not one large hotel can go to the trouble of having a chemical department as an adjunct to the kitchen for the purpose of analyzing samples of everything offered on the market so as to keep from being humbugged. It is right here that the pure food law steps in and says to the manufacturer that everything must be sold for what it is. The law allows anything to be sold for food that is food and is not injurious, but it must be sold for what it is.

The enforcement of this provision is the very thing that keeps the food commissioner busy. Probably no two housewives out of 100 know that there are six different kinds of vinegar and that all are good, but that apple cider vinegar is the only kind that is naturally brown. For ages the manufacturers have been selling the malt and distilled vinegars for apple vinegar by adding a little burnt sugar as coloring matter. Burnt sugar is harmless, but the public is deceived and pays for apple cider vinegar when it doesn't get it.

This list could be prolonged indefinitely. There are scores of ways, probably some that the food and dairy commissioner has not yet become acquainted with, in which the food manufacturer mixes up stuff and sell it for that which it is not. This is the adulteration phase of the food proposition and the most important. Syrups, catsups, canned goods—these are the ones in which the food manufacturer yields most readily



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to the temptation to adulterate. Probably saccharine is the most tempting substance that there is. It is a coal tar product and is 500 times as sweet as sugar. One hundred pounds of it will do as much sweetening as a carload of sugar, and it will cost nowhere as much as a carload of sugar. Hence the temptation. Then there are catsups in which, with the tomatoes and other

things, it is so easy to slip some poor apple that cannot be used any other way. The tricks of the trade of the food manufacturer are more numerous than the purposes of this article will permit. It is sufficient to point out the general principles and outline the work of the food and dairy commissioner's department in preserving the health of the people of Iowa and preventing them from being humbugged. Between the manufacturers of food and the people stand the state food and dairy commissioner and a corps of able assistants, and the health of the state is in good hands.

An Inconventional Bride.
Miss Eva Courlandt Palmer, a beautiful New York society girl, is one of that kind. She was recently married to Angelo Skellamas, a Greek poet, and instead of being garbed in the conventional bridal gown, she wore a classic Greek tunic, with her hair braided and crowned with a Greek fillet. The attire was the bride's choice, not from a desire to compliment her husband, but from a conviction of its beauty, healthfulness and permanent utility. Last summer Miss Palmer shocked her fashionable friends at Newport by appearing at her hotel wearing sandals. She has ideas of her own concerning dress, and says that corsets, braces and the like are worse than drink.

"Oh Again, Oh Again."
After being married for three years and divorced for nearly five, Joseph Pearson Caldwell and Mrs. Adelaide Williams Caldwell of Charlotte, N. C., decided to try matrimony once more, and were remarried in the First Presbyterian church in Washington last week.

They received the congratulations of a host of friends, some of whom attended their first wedding in 1900 in New York, and in a few days they will return to their southern home, where Mr. Caldwell is the editor and part owner of the Charlotte Observer.

His children by a former marriage are said to have been the cause of the marital woes of the Caldwells. So violent were their objections that a separation was effected within a few weeks after the wedding in 1900, and Mrs. Caldwell has resided in New York ever since.

In 1901 a little girl was born. For a while it looked as if she would be the means of effecting a reconciliation, but the older children prevailed, and in July, 1902, Mrs. Caldwell secured a divorce in Sioux Falls, S. D.

The Vanderbill Wedding.
The marriage of Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbill of New York, age 21, and Count Laszlo Jeno Maria Henrik Simon Szachenyi of Orneso, Hungary, age 23, is scheduled to take place in the Vanderbill residence, Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, New York City, next Monday. Already New York's curious mob, according to the Times, is being inflamed by details of the bride's trousseau, of her attendants, her wedding procession, her beauty, her simplicity, her former admirers, and the size of the dot she is to bestow upon her future husband. Nor is he, though little known, overlooked in the process of stirring up tumult. His plain features, his sloping figure, his estate in Hungary, (Chateau en Espagne), his family jewels have all been rapturously described.

A whole shipload of his excited friends and relatives has arrived here to participate in the function. Their names are unpronounceable, but all can read their titles clear.

However, the mob will be doomed to considerable disappointment over the arrangements for the coming nuptials. Remembering the wedding of the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Craven at St. Thomas' and Grace church, when the mob in a true storm-the-Bastille style burst into the sacred edifice and almost captured the newly-weds—thinking of these painful scenes, when everything in sight and movable was carried away as souvenirs, the family of the bride of next week has wisely decided upon a home wedding. There is no large structure in the city better protected against an assault of petitioners than the mansion at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, unless it be the Tombs or the armory of the Twelfth regiment, National Guards of New York, in which fine organization the bride-to-be's brother commands a company. Indeed Dame Rumor, though often a lying jade, has said that if necessary the captain and some of his fellow guardsmen would picket the grounds about his mother's house in order to protect the guests at the wedding breakfast, as a large detachment of hungry people is expected outside as well as in. As for the police, it is well known that Commissioner Bingham is giving the matter his very closest attention and, if necessary, Fifth avenue will be closed from Forty-second street to the Central park.

A Remarkable Wedding.
The most remarkable wedding Iowa has seen in a decade was that of David Louis Brunce, a heartless youth of 20, and Mrs. Della H. Broyles, aged 55, hair white as the driven snow, mother of nine children and grandmother of twelve, which occurred at Des Moines January 2.

As these twenty-one offspring and the bridegroom's father and mother stood with bowed heads, Rev. John A. Durant spoke the words that united this strange pair for life in the little church known as Scott's Mission.

"My boy needs a wife who will be a mother to him. That is why I encouraged him in his courtship," said Mrs. Brunce, mother of the bridegroom.

"It is true, my son's wife is three years older than I am, but what of that? She's a fine woman and I know she can make my son happy."

The extraordinary courtship which led to this unique mating of souls began several months ago. Mrs. Broyles was not disposed to yield at first. The idea of being courted by a man thirty-five years younger than she was novel to say the least.

"Why, David, I'm old enough to be your mother," she said as she sought to put him away.

"What of it? You are old enough to have sound sense; that's just what a young husband needs," replied David, philosophically.

Well, there was no use, and finally Mrs. Broyles capitulated.

Honey-moon Hazing.
Just married, and happy in the belief that they had successfully "lost" a party of friends anxious to haze them in the most approved manner for brides and bridegrooms, Mr. and Mrs. George Wesley Chuckhohn of Chicago had their newly begun honeymoon rudely interrupted last night. A policeman arrested Mr. Chuckhohn on a charge of being fast—that is operating the automobile in which they were riding at a speed beyond that allowed by the city ordinance.

The bride and bridegroom were taken to the Fifth street station, where visions of dark cells loomed before them. Then a friend of Mr. Chuckhohn wandered in. A second later he was followed by a friend of the bride, who was Miss Katherine Swansay, and after three or four more

had arrived the couple realized it was a joke.

Mr. Chuckhohn had been married in the evening to Miss Swansay, who is a daughter of H. A. Swansay. It had been an automobile courtship. Mr. Chuckhohn, who lives in Lemars, Ia., had made up his mind that immediately after the wedding they would give everyone the slip and make a run in his machine to a downtown hotel, whence they would start next morning on an automobile trip to his home town.

But the friends of the couple also made plans. They were allowed to "slip away," as they had planned, but shortly after they turned into Michigan avenue and Fifty-fifth street, and started northward, a waiting policeman got into the game. He brought them to a halt by standing in the street and waving them down, and immediately climbed into the machine and ordered that it be driven to the Fifth street station, where the rest of the wedding party was in waiting.

After it was "squared up" with the police, Mr. and Mrs. Chuckhohn were escorted to their waiting automobile, only to find a dozen of their friends with a small sized brass band. The cavalcade then moved down town in a column, the band leading.

Pointed Paragraphs.
The good die young—especially good resolutions.

All love isn't blind; some of it is only near-sighted.

A man may be as good as his word and still not be a saint.

Sometimes a wise man poses as a fool for financial reasons.

How small a doctor's pills are when compared with his bills!

One of the important duties of the elevator man in an apartment house is to see that the children are brought up properly. —Chicago News.

Gleanings from Story Teller's Pack

How Some Well Known Omaha People Looked at a Good Old Summer Time Dancing Party

His Second Chance.
SCAR HAMMERSTEIN said of a theatrical question recently in New York:

"Some of our managers get heated over theatrical questions. We let personal things—rage, joy—influence us. This is wrong. To succeed in this business one must be as cool and calm and farseeing as the young lady of Oshkosh."

Mr. Hammerstein laughed heartily.

"This young lady," he resumed, "had thrust upon her one night the disagreeable duty of refusing a young man, a poor young man, a hopeless young man, an E-week clerk in a dry goods store."

"The young man took his refusal hard."

"You spurn me," he cried bitterly; but you will live to rue this day. I will go out into the great marts. I will strive, I will win. My name shall be known, my millions earned."

"Then come and try me again," the young lady calmly interposed.—New York Tribune.

Face Comedy.
Martin Hill's short stories of the stage, now running in the American Magazine, are full of delicious fun. In the February number is the story of the young actress who was constantly irritated by the pompous behavior of the actor-manager in whose company she was playing.

"Now, Miss Duke," said the great one, "you'll have an opportunity to show your talents in another direction. I've cast you for a dandy part, small but 'fat' and you'll have a chance to study me in a new role. You've never seen me do face-comedy, have you?"

"Yes, I have," contradicted Miss Duke. "I've seen your 'Manbeth.'"

An Impenetrable Place.
When Secretary Cortelyou left the Department of Commerce and Labor to as-

sume direction of the Postoffice department he took with him a very dignified and gentlemanly old dairy messenger.

A day or two after Mr. Cortelyou's assumption of his new dignity the old messenger was dining in his chair just outside the ante-room of the postmaster general when another messenger approached him, saying:

"There's a gentleman in the room across the hall who wants to see Mr. Cortelyou."

"He can't see him," was the firm reply.

"But he says he must see him," persisted the second messenger.

"I don't know nothin' about dat," returned the old chap; "but I do know dat nobody kin see Mr. Cortelyou. He's just gone to his sanctum sanitarium."—Lippincott's.

Supplying Court Necessities.
A story, said to be characteristic, is told of an Arkansas judge. It seems that when he convened court at one of the towns on his circuit it was found that no pens, ink, or paper had been provided, and, upon inquiry, it developed that no county funds were available for this purpose. The judge expressed himself somewhat forcefully, then drew some money from his own pocket. He went about to hand this to the clerk, when a visiting lawyer, a high-priced, imported attorney, brought on to defend a case of some importance, spoke up, in an aside plainly audible over the room.

"Well," he remarked, with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad courts, but this—well, this is the limit!"

The old judge flushed darkly.

"You are fined twenty-five dollars for contempt, sir! Hand the money to the clerk!" he said, and when the pompous visitor had humbly complied, he continued:

"Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink, and paper the court may require, and if there is anything left over, you can give the gentleman his change."—Harper's Weekly.



MEMORABLE PHOTOGRAPH MADE AT CHAMBERS BY A NEW STAFF ARTIST ON A SATURDAY NIGHT RECENTLY.