

AN AMERICAN HABIT.

A Chicago doctor counts speed in eating as the cause of many of the bodily disorders from which people suffer, particularly in the business world. Quick lunches, the hasty bolting of food chosen because it is in sight and the rushing back to work without thought for the abused digestive organs, can only result, he declares, in a physical condition that invites diseases in variety. He is unquestionably right, says the Indianapolis Star. American people really care little about what they eat—in spite of the fact that they possess hotels and restaurants in which all the luxuries of the world are served and markets which supply a wonderful variety of products. Notwithstanding what is open to them, as a class they are not fastidious as to quality. They have their preferences in foods, of course, but if what they especially care for is not immediately available, they accept what is at hand, gulp it down, dash off and forget within ten minutes what it was they ate. "Quick lunch" places are an institution of the time in the business district in all cities and have an enormous patronage. They came in response to a demand. The managers are not to blame because their patrons insist upon eating in the shortest possible time, nor is the food they serve necessarily at fault.

Simple eating is urged by a Berlin newspaper as a reform that should be aimed at in Germany for the salvation of society. The present extravagance in dining, it is asserted, threatens financial impoverishment as well as digestive ruin. Why is it that Germany has such famous spas? The intimation is made that the reason lies in the circumstance that Germany has so many gluttons, who go to the watering places, pentient in the spring and summer, to make amends for the over-eating and over-drinking of which they have been guilty during the winter. The Berlin paper says: It would be a genuine public service on the part of the leading society personages if they would begin by practical examples to wage war on the sensual luxuriosness of modern entertaining, as far as the culinary end of it is concerned. Only by a return to simple and sensible dinners can we avert genuine economic and physical perils. Circumpection in the same direction would not go amiss in the United States. There has been a growth of extravagance in the outlay for luxuries of the table. Many men of means have eaten themselves into evil physical condition.

Louisville is the nickel town of the country. No case is on record of a man or woman buying something costing less than \$1 and giving a larger amount than the cost of the purchase that the shopkeeper didn't include several nickels in the change. If you trip around town shopping you'll find your pockets full of 5-cent pieces until you think you are the victim of a conspiracy until a native tells you it's a habit the town can't shake.

Chicago authorities are asked to prohibit the rear seat on motorcycles on the ground that "it encourages elopements." What gifted press agent for manufacturers of tandem motorcycles invented that glorious advertisement?

A St. Louis woman testified in a divorce suit that her husband pelted her with money, compelled her to spend \$1,000 a month in clothes alone, and that she could not count all the money he gave her. And yet she was not satisfied. It may be remembered that some time ago another woman wanted a divorce because her husband was too perfect. The unrest among women of which one hears so much must have a queer twist in it.

One of Brooklyn's young men studied all the detective stories available to learn how to avoid arrest and then turned to burglary. But the policemen got him. Detective stories are at their worst when they are taken seriously.

A New York woman has bequeathed her husband \$5, to be given him at the rate of 5 cents a day. We hope he will refrain from spending it in riotous living.

One of the wonders of nature is that a trout weighing half a pound today will scale four pounds when the angler tells about it next week.

At a marriage in New York a sugar princess married a pineapple king. Such a marriage might be called a sweet fruition of romance.

Of course the bunny hug is highly demoralizing for the poor, working girl, but high jinks in a gilded ballroom is quite another matter.

It is conceit when the other man has it; when we have it ourselves it is merely a proper appreciation of our own abilities.

Authors of best sellers do not trouble the calm of the 5,516,693 persons in the United States who can neither read nor write.

The complete records of the life of the deposed Sultan of Turkey are to be published. They will probably be bound in asbestos.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Swordfish and Sharks Fight to Death

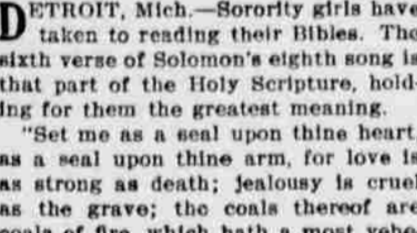


NEW YORK—That hardest of hardy ship news annals, the story of the deep sea quarrel between swordfish and whale—it was a shark this time—reached port in good order the other day on board the staunch ship Caledonia. It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath morn at sea. The Caledonia plowing her way through a bottle-green ocean, was 60 miles due east of Montauk Point. Captain F. H. Wadsworth was on the bridge. Passengers and crew laced idly on deck. All was peace and tranquility. Suddenly some one with deep eyesight espied the perennial commotion in the water just off the ship's bows. All eyes at once peered seaward, expecting to be rewarded with a view of the usual death struggle between shark and swordfish. To their utter amazement and delight, what should meet their wondering eyes but scores—aye, scores—of swordfish and sharks frolicking in friendly play about the ship! It was easy to see that they were making a splendid Sunday dinner of bluefish, mackerel, porgies, flounders,

young halibut and other well-known varieties. The Caledonia's passengers said the swordfish averaged 20 feet in length, and that, while the sharks were not quite as large as that they were just as numerous. Having feasted on the fat of the sea, the monsters of the deep frolicked some more, darting hither and yon through the salt sea waves. Playfully, the swordfish ran their swords beneath the bodies of the sharks and tossed them high in the air, then deftly caught them and repeated the performance. The sharks, in turn, took playful swipes at the swordfish and chased them all around the ship. This continued for an hour, when one of the swordfish erred in his judgment of distance and caught a shark on the point of his bony nose, piercing the shark and ending his career then and there.

With the death of their schoolmate, the sharks, becoming infuriated, turned upon the swordfish, and the battle which followed—from all accounts—was indescribably horrible. One particular pair of fighters were watched by Purser Johnston, who said that the sword of the great fish broke off in ramming the side of the Caledonia after missing a vicious thrust at his enemy. Before the swordman of the deep could save himself by flight the shark had killed and begun to devour him.

Sorority Girls Read Their Bibles



DETROIT, Mich.—Sorority girls have taken to reading their Bibles. The sixth verse of Solomon's eighth song is that part of the Holy Scripture, holding for them the greatest meaning. "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is as strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." That's the verse fraught with a double meaning for each sorority co-ed who would peer into the future, and find the name of her husband to be. How do they do it? First you get a small Bible. Then you get a door key and one-half yard of red twine. You open the Bible at the eighth chapter of Solomon's songs and lay the key within the Bible so that the round part of the key comes out over the side of the Holy book, and the other end just touches the word "heart." Then you close the book and wrap it with the red twine. Then two girls support the book suspended by placing the tip of the third finger of the left hand under the round part of the key, never touching the book. A third person repeats the alphabet, A, B, C, and so on, and the key twists the Bible around whenever the letter is reached which spells the name of the "husband who is to be." The whole one must be repeating the verse quoted above.



Last Sunday in the Eta Beta Pie sorority, three maids perched on the davenport in the living room. One was grave as an owl, for it was "her" fortune that was to be told. "A, B, C, D, E, F, G," tolled off the maid slowly, and the book hung suspended, motionless. "H" droned the maid, and whiz, the key fairly turned itself out of the girl's hands. "He-he-he" giggled the maids and tried it again. In turn came the rest of the name "arry," and as each letter was told off, there were more "hes, hes, hes." Then began the "hes, hes, hes" and letter after letter it spelled it out, but by that time it had grown too serious a thing to be giggled over, and when the name was so far spelled out that one knew for sure whether it was to be "Sherman or Sherwood." Miss Sorority coyly decided she would not play any more. "It was all so foolish anyway, don't you know," said Miss Sorority. Any way, it's great fun, and each sorority group is paying particular attention to Bible study these days.

Boys Bat Revenge On Girl Teachers

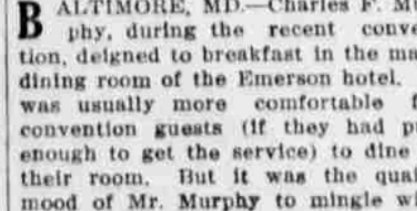


ST. LOUIS.—Eight young women of the Hawthorne school in East St. Louis, who have been teaching the young idea how to shoot, attempted the other day to show how to play baseball. There is a dispute as to whether they succeeded, the teachers maintaining they were victorious by a "perfectly awful score," and the unabashed boy pupils declaring, "aw, dem biddies don't know nuttin' about de game." The fans gave the decision to the boys. Miss Agnes Richee, who played first base, was the first to suffer by the game's strenuousness, spraining her ankle in making a spirited dash for the first sack on a nicely placed hit. A quiet little rumor to the effect the teachers would appear in bloomers brought out hundreds of fans. After the women appeared in skirts the crowd showed a seemingly unjustified desire to kill the umpire the rest of the game.

Ross Crenshaw, pitcher for the boys, shocked and pained the women by throwing the ball over the plate just as hard as ever he could. The outfield lay down and rolled over when one of the women indignantly asked "How in the world could anybody hit a little old round ball when you throw it real hard?" The game lasted three innings. When one of the young women was called "out" at second base, her teammates were a unit in declaring the decision faulty, prejudiced, out of order, ungentlemanly and reversible. When the umpire gently inquired why they took that view of it, they answered "because."

He was up against it and allowed the runner to return to second. The game was called off at the end of the fourth inning because the women were afraid they would get hit with the ball—because their clothes were getting dusty—because they were tired, and—because. The game was one of the features of the annual school picnic. All the boy players were members of the eighth grade. The kids were a little "sore" because the game broke up so soon, for it spoiled the year's best chance to get even with the teachers, and they had had the pleasure of seeing only one of them carried off the field.

How a "Dock" Waiter Served the Soup

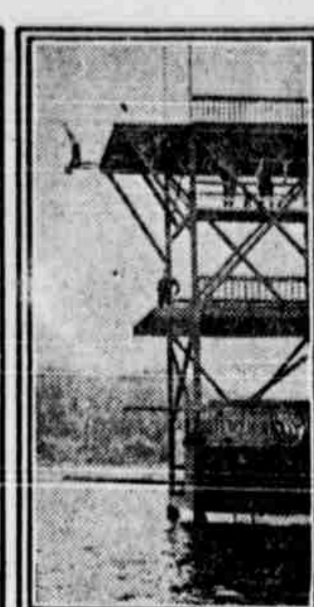
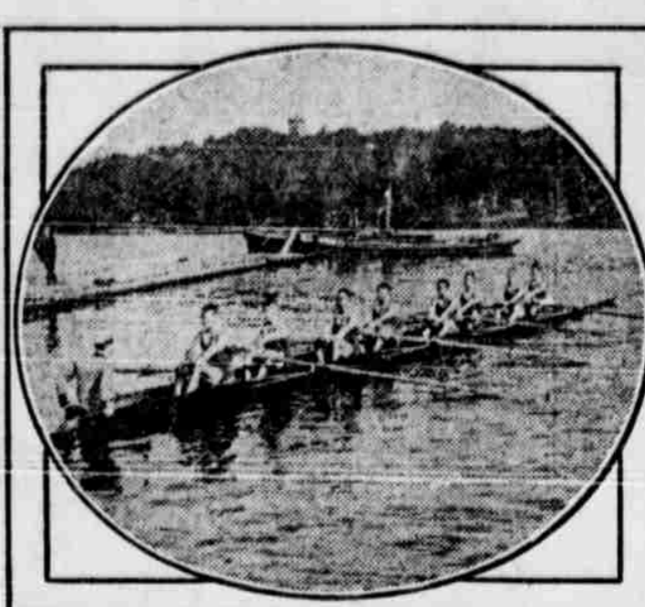


BALTIMORE, MD.—Charles F. Murphy, during the recent convention, delighed to breakfast in the main dining room of the Emerson hotel. It was usually more comfortable for convention guests (if they had pull enough to get the service) to dine in their room. But it was the quaint mood of Mr. Murphy to mingle with the masses. Mr. Murphy is one of the most scholarly looking persons in political life these days. He looks more like a college professor than Woodrow Wilson or George Harvey of the barrel-hooped spectacles ever did in their lives. Thus, then, he sat at one of the tables in the main dining room of the Emerson. Waiters were scarce in Baltimore. A number of energetic, though unrefined, persons from the water front (more used to hand trucks and the bale racks than the napkins and the menu cards) had been hired to fill the emergency, and had been disguised in dress clothes. One of these, bearing a silver tureen of beautifully red tomato soup, bore through the aisle of the tables along which sat Mr. Murphy. The waiter's solar plexus and the



shoulder of Mr. Murphy met in a head-on collision. The beautiful red tomato soup was spilled across Mr. Murphy's coat just south of and a few inches below his right ear. It was poured out with all the accuracy of a steam dredge discharging a bucket load of mud into a dump car. Mr. Murphy is first of all a gentleman. He restrained the impulse which a commoner person might have had, to strike the offending waiter on the pin feathered jaw. He merely switched himself around in his seat and stared into the servitor's scared eye. But the dock front man met the critic like a hero. He grabbed the napkin from Mr. Murphy's lap and scrubbed the Tammany leader's shoulder with it. "It's all right, old pal," he said soothingly. "It's all right. There's no harm done at all. I'll fix it, 'ba, I'll fix it." Anne Pope, aged nine years, said

JLYMPIC GAMES AT STOCKHOLM



THE Olympic games are now in progress at Stockholm and will continue until July 22. Our illustration shows, in the center, the Swedish eight on the water; at the left, Colonel Black, president of the Olympic games, and J. Farrell, the English coach of the Swedish oarsmen; at the right, the diving contests.

TO RECLAIM LAND

Madero Government Will Redeem Promises to People.

Some of the Intended Reforms in Mexico Delayed Because of Difficulties Encountered in a Technical Way.

Mexico City.—One of the plans evolved by the government through its department of public welfare, colonization and industry, to provide arable lands for division among the people—one of the chief planks of Madero's revolutionary platform—is under way. It contemplates the drainage and filling in of the great bed of Lake Texcoco, some two and a half miles east of the capital. The work will require five years, it is estimated, and an expenditure of 4,000,000 pesos (\$2,000,000 gold). Thousands of acres of waste land, now partly covered with water to the depth of two feet, and the remainder either useless swamps or dry, sandy stretches, the latter giving rise to the frequent dust-storms which sweep the capital in the dry season; are to be reclaimed. This land, according to plans which are being worked out, is to be placed on sale to individual Mexicans at the lowest possible figure and on long-term payments. Lake Texcoco is the last remnant of the once mighty body of water which surrounded the plateau and completely isolated the ancient city of Nencothlan, now the capital of the republic. Legend has it that somewhere in its depths the treasure of Montezuma was sunk to prevent its falling into the hands of Hernando Cortez. It has been searched for in vain during the hundreds of years since the conquest, and it is regarded as possible, though hardly probable, that it will come to light in the conversion of this lake bed. Three bills, intended to put into effect some of the reforms which were promised to the people by President Madero, were not presented to the national assembly because a great deal of difficulty was met in the legal technicalities of the measures. Two of the bills dealt with the land question and the third was an employers' liability act. The drafting of the bills also have been in the hands of Carlos Trejo Lerdo de Tejada, attorney general of the federal district. President Madero's cabinet has decided to cancel a fishing concession on the east and west coasts of Lower California and the western part of the mainland granted to the Mexican Exploration company by the Diaz government. The company is British, and will receive \$150,000 indemnity. It is stated that the cancelling of the concession has nothing to do with the late Japanese talk, but is aimed simply to return to the people on the coast the fishing rights of which they had been deprived and which in many instances constituted their only means of livelihood. The inherent politeness of a Mexican referee nearly annulled the effect of a clean knockout during a recent boxing match in the capital. Incidentally the row which followed the umpire's decision in favor of the Mexican pugilist, who was pitted against Jim Smith, a negro, has resulted in an official ban on the sport within the federal district. Cuauhtemoc Aguilar, the Mexican, went through the ropes in the fourth round. The umpire, carried away by the calamity which had befallen the people's idol, rushed to his aid and was about to try to put him on his feet. "The count! The count!" yelled half a hundred Americans in the audience. Several seconds later the umpire remembered his office and to all appearances Aguilar was down and out. The

magistrate was able to learn, much to his regret, that his advice to settle the dispute outside court had been misinterpreted. It came out that in settling the dispute one man used a brass candlestick and the other an iron coffee mill. The men made counter charges of assault and were held in \$500 bail each for examination. As they were led away the magistrate said something about the folly of trying to be a peacemaker and advisor sometimes.

ODD WEAPONS USED IN DUEL

Men Misinterpret Judge's Advice to Settle Family Dispute Out of Court.

New York.—"You look like two sensible men. Suppose you take this family dispute outside. Go to your homes and settle it between yourselves. I'm sure you can arrange things better you privately better than with me. Try to settle it, anyway, and then come back and tell me how you feel." This benevolent advice was given by Magistrate Fitch in Long Island city court to Louis Citryn of 172 Nott avenue and his brother-in-law, Louis Rosenberg of 188 Nott avenue, Long Island City. They had come to court after a dispute between their wives. The court's suggestion seemed to meet with instant approval, and they left the room. An hour later they returned, and if it hadn't been for their clothes the magistrate wouldn't have recognized them. They were battered and blood stained. Their lips were so cut and swollen they could hardly speak and an ambulance surgeon had to be called to patch them up before they could tell their story. As they stood before the magistrate wrapped in bandages he looked at them sorrowfully. "You—ah, have settled this matter?" asked the magistrate, hesitatingly. There was an affirmative nod from one of them and a glance of doubt from the other. Then both men began to talk at once to a chorus of lamentations from their wives and children. At least

AT 80 MAN BUILDS SHIPS

Captain Johnson Goes Daily From His Baltimore Home to the Plant at Sparrow's Point.

Wilmington, Del.—Capt. Thomas Johnson, now in his eighty-fourth year, is superintending the construction of two steel steamers for the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway company at Sparrow's Point, Md. On June 17 he and his wife will celebrate the sixty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The anniversary will be observed here for the reason that they were married in this city. Mrs. Johnson is in her eightieth year. The captain goes to and from Sparrow's Point daily from his home in Baltimore. He is the railroad's superintendent of construction. Everybody in Delaware knows "Captain Tom." Born in "Brandywine Village," now within the limits of this city, he was 45 years superintendent of the shipyard of the old Harlan & Hollingsworth company, now controlled by Charles M. Schwab. He entered as a laborer at \$4.50 a week. Twenty years ago he retired as superintendent because of ill-health and bought two farms in Northampton county, Virginia. His health having been regained "without taking a drop of medicine," he last winter re-entered the shipbuilding industry.

VOICE RETURNS AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

Pana, Ill.—Fifteen years ago Miss Alice Hedges lost her voice, and since that time could not speak above a whisper. Recently her voice suddenly returned to her.

DATE PALMS IN CALIFORNIA

County Supervisors Are Planting Them Along Roads and the Work is Accelerated.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles county have authorized the county forestry commission to purchase 500 date palms at a cost of a dollar apiece to be planted along the San Fernando road. There is a great deal of work of this kind to be done in southern California. It was naturally a treeless section until the horticulturist came in and adorned it with millions of revenue-producing fruit trees. The highways are still neglected to a large extent, a thing that should be remedied with all possible dispatch. Every line of country road should have its ornamental trees, and the main thoroughfares should be parked with grass plots and parterres of flowers well cared for. We must not forget that this is the playground of the continent, and that tourists seeking enjoyment desire to have the sense of sight delighted above all things.—Los Angeles Times.

On the Training of Girls

English School Teachers Do Not Agree on the Subject of Educating Young Women.

London.—"No man, however good he may be, understands girls, neither does he understand women." This pearl of wisdom fell from the lips of Miss Cox of Birmingham at the conference of Head Teachers of Stoke. She moved a resolution asserting that mixed schools and combined departments under the charge of a headmaster are not conducive to the best training of girls. "The decreasing proportion of women teachers who can become mistresses of girls' schools is," she said, "very discouraging to the large body of women, who, by sex, ability, training and qualifications, are best fitted to take charge of girls. Something should be done whereby women teachers should have justice. I think the time has come when the women should stand up for their rights in this matter of the training of girls. I firmly believe that men should have the training of boys and women the training of girls." Miss Cooper of Birmingham said they all knew that boys and girls developed their mental capacities at different ages, and it was impossible for them to be taught together in a group. "It has been asserted," she said, "that where boys and girls are taught together discipline is better. I deny that. It is infinitely worse. Discipline cannot be administered to both sexes at the same time in the classroom. I do not wish to see the effeminate boys

we see in some of the mixed schools. You will also see much more forwardness in girls in the mixed school than where the sexes are separated. Boys should be manly, bold, and strong, and the girls tactful and kind."

Mr. Harwood of Halifax declared that when boys and girls were taught together the boys learnt a great deal from the girls, and the girls learnt much from the boys that was good. "And something that is bad," retorted a lady delegate. "Comradeship of the boy and girl in school," continued Mr. Harwood, ignoring the interruption, "is an excellent thing. There is nothing which fits a girl to a better understanding of a boy than sitting beside one another at a desk. For my part, I always find the girls love the men teachers, and I find the boys get on better with the women teachers."

Socialist Ritual Used at Marriage. Cambridge, Mass.—The Socialist ritual has been used for the first time on record as a part of a marriage ceremony to unite Miss Jessie Holliday, daughter of Henry Holliday, and Edmund T. Dana, a grandson of Henry W. Longfellow. Each expressed a desire to live with the other and Justice Edmund M. Parker declared them man and wife.

Circus Elephant Killed Third Man. Toronto, Ont.—Frank Johnson, a circus performer, was killed by an elephant. The elephant stepped on his head while in the ring. This is his third victim claimed this season.

SWISS GUIDES FOR ROCKIES

Europeans Offered Jobs in Canadian Northwest by Railway Agents.

Paris.—The allurements of better wages and all-the-year-round employment is causing the emigration of many of the best Swiss mountain guides to dispatches from the Swiss mountain resorts. In Switzerland the majority of the guides have a precarious existence, as during the winter months they have practically nothing to do, and earn no money. Agents of the Canadian Pacific railway have offered many of them employment twelve months in the year. Several families of Swiss guides recently have left Grindelwald and Interlaken for the Rocky mountain states.

Jealous Wife Hard on Patients.

Denver, Colo.—Dr. Samuel G. Phillips, a prominent physician, has applied for a divorce, alleging that the jealousy of his wife has driven hundreds of women patients from his door, with the consequent loss of many big fees.

Kissed and Made Up Ten Times.

Los Angeles, Cal.—After kissing and making up ten times, John Johnson has been granted his eleventh divorce. He declares his wife feels she cannot live without her mother in the house with her and he cannot live with her in the house.

SI WOULDN'T HAVE IT.

Miss Pearl McGuffin wanted to read an essay on "The Boredom of Great Riches" before the Punkintown Literary society. St. Simmins, chairman of the lecture committee, wouldn't have it. He says there ain't any such thing.

Kisses and Kisses.

In Wellesley slang, a kiss administered by a man is a "dewdab." If the mixed kiss is so short, perky and inconsequential a thing as dewdab sounds, what foolish word have they for the all-feminine osculation?

Never Fear to Bring the Sublimest

motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—Phillips Brooks.

HOME TOWN HELPS

AS A MATTER OF BUSINESS

The Beauty and Orderly Keeping of One's Home Town Should Appeal to Every Resident.

"The cities of Europe," declares an expert, "consider civic beauty an absolute asset in cash. Paris, for example, invariably has an eye to the beautiful in whatever it does. Paris would never dare to lose its prestige as the most beautiful city in the world. That would be bad business."

"We ought to consider it a ruinous business policy for one of our cities not to protect its beauty. Take the railroad problem in our cities. At present some railroads are beginning to brace up and do splendid things, but for a long time wherever we had a railroad in a city it was death and desolation so far as beauty was concerned."

"We ought to do the same in other things. Here each fellow has gone ahead for himself, without regard to others. A city ought to be a unity. Each citizen should be allowed to do what he pleases only in so far as he does not hurt the city as a whole. As soon as he does that he should be stopped."

In conclusion he said: "No one man is competent to plan a city. Such a task needs a combination of men. The problems of city planning today are not L'Enfant's nor Sir Christopher Wren's. What we now have to face is far more complicated. City planning should be undertaken by architects, landscapers, traffic experts, and the various types of engineers working together. All these men, before making plans for the rebuilding of cities, should give special study to the various difficulties of civic improvement."

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