

Overfeeding and Overdrinking.

Is gluttony a cause of drunkenness? At the recent meeting in New York city of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol several speakers pronounced it the main cause. Dr. D. H. Kress of New York said that appetite for alcohol could be eradicated by living on vegetable diet for six months, and that the same regimen would abolish the taste for tobacco, says the Troy Times. He gave this short prescription for the cure of inebriety: "If you are a drunkard, quit eating meat." Dr. G. H. Benton of Chester, W. Va., went into the subject more elaborately, thus:

"Men of to-day are overfed from the cradle to the grave. Nature pours out just sufficient fluids for digestion to supply the needs of the body, but not sufficient to assimilate all the foods that people habitually pour into their stomachs." He declared that poisons are thereby produced which attack the nervous system, bringing on a feeling of discomfort which is obliterated by the narcotic effect of alcohol.

On the other hand it is to be remembered that workers in the slums almost invariably reach the conclusion that the main cause of the drink evil among the poor is innutrition. The statement has often been made that starvation and badly cooked food are responsible for a considerable share of the drunkenness in large cities, and that the most efficient way of campaigning against drunkenness is to establish temperance kitchens.

Irregular hours for meals might be mentioned as a third cause of over-indulgence in strong drink. Whatever makes men regular and temperate in general will tend to make them regular and temperate in the use of intoxicants.

A story comes from the east which indicates the American readiness for "catching on" to modern devices. Ceylon is the center of a large pearl-fishing industry. Hitherto the method has been to dredge the oysters and break them open to find the pearls. But a small proportion of the bivalves contain pearls, and the old process was both tedious and wasteful. The bright American has turned the X-ray to good account. The oysters are dredged up as usual and then the X-ray is applied. Oysters which have pearls of sufficient dimensions in their insides are kept and opened, while those which have no pearls or pearls not of merchantable size are thrown back into the water, where they will have another chance. Thus do science and good practical sense tend to conservation.

The announcement from Spokane that Indians of the Nez Perces tribe will be the owners of four-fifths of the stock of the new bank which is being organized at La Pwai, Idaho, is printed simultaneously with accounts of the uprising of Snake Indians in Oklahoma. It still seems like a very short time since Gen. Miles was driving the Nez Perces with a force of determined troopers which finally brought them to bay and forced them to accept the inevitable. The Nez Perces are now in position to give the Snakes of Oklahoma some good advice.

If ever there was a man whose memory would gain little from the erection in his name of a monument of stone or brass, that man was William Shakespeare. Such monuments are paltry in comparison with his works. Yet at this late day a movement is on foot in England to erect a national theater as a memorial to Shakespeare. At a recent meeting at the Mansion house it was decided that the sum of \$2,500,000 would be required. The lord mayor announced the promise of an anonymous contribution of \$375,000.

court 15,000 bottles of catsup were dumped into Narragansett bay, because the manufacturer had not complied with the federal pure food laws. The court evidently considered this a proper punishment for violators of the statute. What the fishes, the crabs and the lobsters thought about being thus seasoned in their native element would make an interesting contribution to current information.

The trachoma germ has been found. One by one science is stalking the germs of various disease and tracking them to their lairs. And it may be of significance that the germs do their deadly work successfully as long as they work in secret, but have their power of mischief vastly curbed by publicity. Which may be said of other things besides germs.

The fund being raised in Germany for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the miners who perished in the great disaster at Hamm was recently increased by a gift of \$1,250 from the crown princess of Germany, a sum which she raised by selling some of her personal jewels.

Some day burning up several thousand pounds of powder in firing salutes, or merely to make a loud and disagreeable noise, will be stopped as a useless expense.

Beating the Bookies

By JOHN IRVING DAY

In the Realm of High and Low Finance



"I tell you, Danny, it's hardly worth the candle. The police are keeping a close watch on pool rooms and are liable to nab the whole bunch before you could turn a trick." Doc Floyd, master mind of the High Rollers' club, was uttering words of wisdom to Danny Roberts, player of juvenile roles in the life drama enacted by the members of the club.

"But, old man, I've just to sell the professor a package, and there's nothing that would be so easy. He's bugs on the races. I've met him and got his confidence, and he doesn't know that I've got it in for him so hard that I'm going to make him take the high jump."

"But why have you got to resort to the old 'wire game' to land him?" questioned Floyd. "And you haven't told me what gave you your grouch against him. Tell me about it."

"Well, if you only knew him, you wouldn't need to ask why anyone wouldn't want to hand him a package," replied Danny.

Could Herr Oberman, teacher of vocal music, by any occult power have overheard and comprehended the conversation that was going on between Danny Roberts and Doc Floyd he would have looked his questionably acquired fortune in the strong box of some safe deposit company and thrown the key away. Herr Oberman, graduate from the ranks of rathskeller musicians, had opened what he was pleased to term a conservatory of music in a Michigan avenue building habituated by others of his kind. There, in a period of a few short years, he had waxed fat in purse and person, luring into his net, by attractive advertisements, young women with ambitions to outshine the Melbas and Mary Gardens of grand opera. To all of these he promised great things, but no prima donna ever had graduated from the school of Oberman. He was only one of many who preyed on the vanity of women who believed themselves possessed of divine voices.

It was a smiling, cheerful Danny Roberts that greeted the professor in the dingy pool room the day after his conversation with Doc Floyd.

"So another good dip, we have," was the gleeful remark of Herr Professor when he had read the message which advised a good bet on Cheese Cake. "We'll make dose booloroom fellers sick, eh?"

"That's it," replied Danny. "I've already got my bet down. You'd better hurry up before they cut the price. I'll see you later. I've got to get down the street to meet a party."

Danny did not wait to see the frantic look and hear the swear words in German which were emitted by the professor when Cheese Cake failed to be heard from in the race. He hadn't lost a cent of his own money, but had faked a telegram for the express purpose of having Oberman lose.

The next day Oberman was waiting anxiously in the pool room when Danny appeared. Before the excited German could start to tell of his hard luck and how he had lost a whole hundred dollars, Danny produced another telegram explaining that Cheese Cake had been kicked and crippled at the post, which accounted for his poor race. The second message also advised that Danny get down good on Rarebit. This time Danny waited with Oberman to hear the running of the race called off as its description was ticked out over the telegraph instrument.

"They're off! Rarebit in the lead, Handy Bill second; the others bunched," and Danny shivered at the announcer's words, for he had not expected Rarebit to be heard from any more than Cheese Cake had on the previous day.

"Cashbox wins!" and Danny gave a sigh of relief which Oberman took to be one of pain accompanying his own moan of anguish. "Danny Boy second," continued the announcer. "Narcissus is third."

"Now what do you think of that for hard luck?" was the mock moan of Danny to the professor. "There we were leading all the way and then our horse drops out of sight. I'm going to quit this game. It's impossible to beat even with what is supposed to be the very best of information."

Professor was too grieved to listen to Danny. He had troubles of his own. It was a cheaper drink than wine the two took when they adjourned to the bar room under the pool room. As they took their drink Danny once more said that he was going to quit trying to beat the pool room until he found a surer way of beating it. He hinted mysteriously that he had some such way in mind and told Herr Oberman inasmuch as he had caused him to lose by allowing him to bet on his tips he might be able to let him in on a good thing where they could do better than get even in a day or two. As he said good-by Danny told the professor not to do any more betting until he had heard from him, which might be on the morrow.

Herr Oberman was just bowing his last pupil of the day out of the Oberman school of vocal culture. It was

but three o'clock in the afternoon, but Herr Oberman had arrived at the time when he could make his choice of hours for his pupils. It was none too cordial a greeting he gave Danny Roberts, who rushed in excitedly right at his closing hour.

"I've got it!" whispered Danny, excitedly. "Is there anyone here that can hear us?"

"No. What is it?" inquired the professor, becoming interested.

"Don't ask me now. I haven't got time to explain. Get your hat and come with me. We must hurry."

The excitement of Danny was contagious, and before he knew it Herr Professor was in the elevator and speeding towards the street. Once on the sidewalk, Danny rushed his fat friend down Michigan and over across Jackson boulevard to the Western Union building. There he almost

big play from the board of trace men and other big bugs. They never turn an eyelash at a \$5,000 bet. There a telephone booth right here in the saloon where our friend Brown can call me up. We are just in time for the fifth race at Los Angeles. My friend Brown is going to call me up here as soon as he gets the result from there and then we'll hurry up-stairs and get a bet down.

"Just so we'll be certain everything will go through all right, we'll only make a hundred dollar bet to-day, and then if it is O. K. we can pick out a race to-morrow to make our killing in. After that, there's nothing to hinder us from taking in some of the other rooms and we ought to be able to clean up a hundred thousand dollars apiece without anyone getting on to our game."

No such thing as a conscientious scruple occurred to Herr Oberman as



"I TIDN'T, I TIDN'T," MOANE D OBERMAN. "I'M RUINED!"

shoved the astonished German into another elevator. At the second floor of the building a man in shirt sleeves, with pencil resting behind his ear in business fashion, got into the same car. The shirt-sleeved and hatless person got off the car at a top floor, where Danny and the professor also left it. With a warning gesture, the shirt-sleeved and hatless one motioned the other two to a distant corner of the hall. There he was introduced to the professor by Danny as an old friend who had charge of the racing wires over which the odds and results on all races were transmitted to the pool-rooms throughout the middle west.

"Hello! Yes; this is me. You say it's M. M. All right, everything's O. K. here."

Danny hung up the receiver and, motioning for the professor, he mounted one flight of stairs and was admitted to a carefully guarded room in the rear of the rickety old-time building. Herr Oberman saw that the place was frequented by a much smaller though a more select crowd of patrons than the ordinary pool room. Danny whispered to him that Military Man was the horse in the fifth race, but that the odds were only even money. He tendered a hundred dollar bill to a prosperous-looking person to bet on the horse in the fifth race at Los Angeles.

The operator called off the description of the running of the race from start to finish, and Military Man was not heard from until the stretch was reached; then he was making one of his famous home-stretch runs, and as was expected by Danny and the professor, Military Man was announced as the winner.

That night Danny Roberts reported still further progress to Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland. He had parted with Herr Oberman with the understanding that they were to meet at the lunch hour on the morrow and pick out a race that gave promise of paying big odds for the winner. Accordingly the appointment was kept and the fourth race on the Los Angeles track was selected as the one giving greatest promises to the conspirators.

Danny was waiting outside the little saloon on the side street, over which was the fake pool room fitted out by

Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland, when Herr Oberman, puffing from the exertion of a brisk walk, arrived in due time at the rendezvous.

"There, you answer the phone this time, and be sure you get the results right," said Danny when the telephone bell jingled.

Still trembling with excitement, Herr Oberman grasped the receiver and was informed that Mr. Brown was talking. He wrote down the names of three horses: Wild Cat, first; Sweet Alice, second, and Romeo, third.

"All right, you bet your \$2,000 on Wild Cat, and I'll play Sweet Alice for a place," instructed Danny, when the professor had showed the names he had carefully pencilled on the back of an envelope.

Why prolong the agony? A moment after the wagers had been recorded the telegraph sounder began a business-like clicking. The operator announced in low tones that the race was off. The bettors crowded close to hear the calling of the description of the race. The three horses as given Herr Oberman were all prominent in the running throughout.

And then—"Romeo wins!"

"What!" shrieked the professor.

"Wild Cat, second—"

"Hell!" shouted Danny.

"Sweet Alice, third," continued the operator in low, sing-song tones.

"Whipsawed, or I'm a goat," muttered Danny, as he pulled the almost fainting Herr Oberman to one side

PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse.

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Pray, 260 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Humble Vegetable Used for Many Other Purposes Than Recognized Dinner Essential.

Whenever you lick a postage stamp you partake of me, since all lickable gums are made from dextrine, one of my products.

Your neck caresses me all day—for the starch that stiffens your collar is made from the potato.

The bone buttons on your underwear are probably "vegetable ivory"—compressed potato pulp.

My leaves, dried, make a good smoke. You have often smoked them "unbeknownst," mixed with your favorite brand.

Potato spirit is a very pure alcohol. It is used to fortify white wines. Many a headache is not so much due to the grape as the potato.

I yield a sweet syrup. In this form I am often present in cheap cocoa, honey, butter and lard.

Let the corpulent try as they will, they cannot escape yours truly,

THE POTATO.

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura for \$1.50.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. spot or scar. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Question of the Hour.

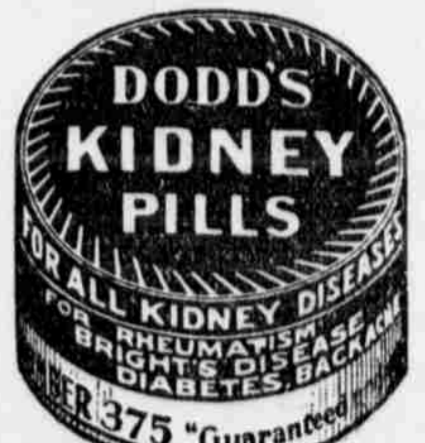
"We are really at a loss to know how to punish Earle," she said. "We have tried all the punishment in our kindergarten list without effect. We have reasoned with him and told him that he will cease to be our pretty pet and will grow up to be a bad, bad man, and—"

"Madam," interrupted the gentleman of the old school, who was visiting them, "you will find on the trunk in my room a very excellent strap that I shall not need temporarily."

But, of course, he didn't know anything about modern methods.

Table Talk.

A story in which Webster is said to have figured: The statesman was once asked by a woman at a dinner given in his honor, how he varied in his eating and what he generally ate. "Madam," the answer ran, "I vary in eating in this respect; sometimes I eat more, but never less."



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