

NEW PHILOSOPHY.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO LIVE IN A FAST AGE.

The Economico-Gastronomic Philosophy, Based on a Well Known Fact—Nutrient in a Small Compass—Saving of Time to the Business Man.

There is an old saying that time is money. This is a practical age. Competition is so great in all branches of industry that every moment has its value in the coin of the nation. The familiar figure of Father Time with scythe and hour glass in hand will soon be too antiquated and slow. We shall have in place of Father Time another father with a body like a silver dollar and as many legs as a centipede, only longer, and of course, the symbolical hour glass and scythe. Time nowadays is certainly money. The man who is in trade and who can work the most hours without breaking down is the man who will be in the end the most successful.

This new philosophy might be christened the economico-gastronomic philosophy. It is formulated solely for the benefit of those who live in this fast and progressive age. If subsequent ages should be more rational, the old way of living would again come in vogue. But so long as men are willing to risk health and limb, even life itself, in the race after material wealth, this philosophy is what they need.

There was a time when the man of business in the great commercial centers of the country was glad to go home at the noon hour and enjoy a hearty meal at his leisure. He had time enough to masticate and digest. And he could find the time after his midday repast to enjoy a short nap as an aid to digestion. In those days dyspepsia was recognized as an enemy to the human race, but the visits of that distressing ailment were less frequent than now. The food was well digested and the man grew fat and strong. A good digestion, as Shakespeare says, or was it Bacon? "Waits on appetite, and health on both."

But in this rapid age there is not this dallying with the dinner. Time being now viewed as money, there are none of the golden minutes and diamond seconds to be thrown away at the dinner table. Men have no time to eat properly. If their food were less digested and the man grew fat and strong there are some who would not object, if it was not accompanied by danger to their lives.

But to have one's food fired into him would be to deprive gastronomy of some of its chief delights. The new philosophy does not contemplate this. However, as nothing in this world can be gained without some kind of a sacrifice, this philosophy proposes to gain time at the sacrifice of the palate. But then, time is money!

It is a well known philosophical fact that the actual essence of every food can be compressed into a very small compass. A piece of roast beef can be reduced to the size of a pea, and yet retain its nourishing qualities. A potato can be reduced to the size of a blue mass pill. A small cabbage can be squeezed into the form of a trachea. A slice of bread can be made to assume the shape of a quill. A slice of mince or apple pie, or even a saucer full of Indian pudding, may be forced into the dimensions of a peppermint lozenge. Here, then, is the secret of the new philosophy. Boil every substance to its minimum and save time.

The hour arrives when the sun and hunger are usually at their zenith. Instead of worrying his brains over the question whether or not he can go home to dinner, or whether he has the time to go to luncheon down town, he, the business man, merely stops a moment from his work, swallows his porter house steak pill, his Saratoga chips pill, his bread squill and his rice pudding lozenge, one by one, or all together if he is very hurried, washes them down with a glass of water, and the deed is done.

Restaurant keepers and the proprietors of lunch counters will object to this philosophy; but what of that! It possesses this great virtue as an offset to the protest of the restaurant keeper. The busy man can do in a half minute, under the new plan, what he cannot do in less than fifteen or twenty minutes under the old system. In that time, he can do considerable work, or wait on half a dozen customers. There will be no additional expense. On the contrary, it will be more economical.

There is also this praise in its favor. The remnants of the food from which the life giving qualities have been extracted may be given to one's poor relations. As there would be considerable bulk in this, we should get credit for a generosity which does not exist.

Again, one cooking will last a good while. In one day there can be enough extracting of essences to last a week. Then we shall be able to live without those penetrating and lingering kitchen smells, like Milton's "linked sweetness, long drawn out," without grease, without the clatter of pans, the cost of coal, the uncomfortable heat in the summer time, and perhaps save the wages of a second girl. There will be fewer dishes to wash, one meal less to be served, one lot less of silver and china to be cared for. This alone will save much labor to the servant and annoyance to the mistress. It is certainly worth considering. Above all, think of the great saving of time to the business man! His buttry would be his vest pocket; his dining room would be his office.

There is also a possibility that this new philosophy might be so potential and far reaching in its effects that even the plans of building houses might be changed. There would be no necessity, should the idea ever be generally adopted, for any dining room. There would be a saving of money here. And the lessening of the size of the house would also lessen the cost of fuel for heat because the area to be warmed would be diminished. What a saving there might be in other directions! No necessity for common or fine china; no table silver; no fine table linen; no dining room furniture, carpets or pictures. The costly sideboard with its glittering display of cut glass, would fall into disuse. The guests invited to dinner or supper, could be seated in the parlor and the hostess would have served to them on small individual dishes their pills, troches, squills and lozenges. The dinner could be swallowed without an interruption of the conversation a moment, or interfering at all with the diversion on hand!

A great philosophy this! What think you of it, gentle reader?—Detroit Free Press.

Eating Between Meals. Woman (to tramp)—You are not a very robust looking man. Tramp—No, ma'am; I attribute the feebleness of my condition to irregularity of diet. I eat between meals—other people's meals.—Time.

New Kind of Glass. A new glass recently invented in Sweden is said to be capable, when made into a lens for a microscope, of "enabling us to distinguish the 304,700,000th part of an inch."

Wisconsin parties have commenced the raising of buffaloes for the sake of their hides!

GOTHAM'S CHINESE RESTAURANTS.

Interior of a Celestial Eating House on Mott Street—The Stores.

Most Chinese restaurants are situated upon the second or third floors. The following is a description of Hong Ping Lo's establishment on Mott street. The walls of the dining room are hung with long scrolls of Chinese writings, maxims from philosophers for the entertainment of those who eat. The Chinese are well educated people, and even the coolies who compose the laundry clubs are used to tournaments of poetry, debates and other exploits in letters which in China take the place of prize fights, ball matches and horse racing. These scrolls contain such sentences as the following:

"It is only the superior man who knows what he eats and what he drinks." "It is here that horses meet and sages drank; why should we abstain?" "What thy heart desireth may thy hands be able to grasp."

"May you meet one at the end of the earth and find him a brother."

Upon the ceilings dangle fantastically painted great Chinese lanterns and flower baskets that resemble bird cages.

The rear room, which opens to plain view from the dining room, is the kitchen, which, although overstocked with boxes, barrels, tables and cooking utensils, is scrupulously clean. Upon the walls and ceiling of the kitchen are suspended fresh killed ducks, chickens and pigs. At the tables are cooks busily engaged at their work, some of them earning large salaries.

The stoves, if they can be called such, are curiosities in themselves. They are long ranges built of low, broad bricks. In the top are great pits, into which are firmly built iron griddles imported from China for frying, boiling or steaming purposes. Two of the brick ranges have only open pits, and there are places where the whole hogs are occasionally hung upon iron bars and roasted. They provide very quickly and sure facilities for turning out a large roast of any kind in beautifully brown and crisp style. Coal is never used in these Chinese kitchens; only hay and hickory wood. At least five hundred Americans take their meals regularly in Chinese restaurants in orthodox Chinese fashion, with chop sticks. This may be partly because Chinese diet is skillfully prepared, so that certain dishes work certain medicinal results. The hygienic functions of cooking elevate the kitchen director in China to high social status. Many of these Americans have acquired Chinese gastronomic tastes, and order dishes like Chinese mandarins; but as a rule the keepers do not cater to any other trade than Chinese, because the Chinaman frequently orders \$2 and \$3 dishes, while the American seldom pays more than fifty or seventy-five cents for his Chinese dinner.—Wong Chin Foo in The Cosmopolitan.

Who Is Most Cosmopolitan?

Taking it for granted that travel is essential to perfect culture, the question arises, "What nation is the most cosmopolitan?" It would be the English, if they could have learned that first principle of cosmopolitanism, namely, respect for those of another nationality, and the necessity of judging each nation by its own standard or that of the world at large, rather than by a pair of mental and moral balances which the traveler carries with him. In this respect the Frenchman, no matter how much he may be infatuated with his own country, is far more generous than the Englishman. It would be hard to find a more agreeable traveling companion than the intelligent and traveled Frenchman. The Italians are modest in regard to their own country and highly appreciative of what they find good abroad. The bonhomie of the Germans and Scandinavians renders their affiliation easy with all other peoples. The Russians are cosmopolite by instinct, habit, education and travel. In France, the readiness to appreciate foreign excellence is anguishing. Elsewhere in Europe it has long existed. The spirit of antagonism to everything foreign remains deeply ingrained in the English character, and will so remain probably for some time to come.

The American character is receptive. It is willing to imitate the good wherever found. This is the secret of our progress. It is not necessary for us to go abroad to become cosmopolitan, our country is so broad and has within itself such a variety of soil, climate and production, and so many elements of race and nation. Every foreign people is known to us without the necessity of going to see the countries whence they came. Add to these advantages that the people of no country travel so much, and we have reason to hope that if the true cosmopolite is not already to be found among us the time is not far distant when we shall have all the cosmopolitan qualities that are consistent with an honorable patriotism.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Trying to Trick a Jeweler.

"The Hellesbush jewelry trick," said an attaché of the Burnet house, "reminds me of a similar game which a man attempted to play on Lang, the jeweler, about ten years ago. He was a plausible fellow, with good address. He told the jeweler he was stopping at our house with his wife, and wanted to purchase some fine diamonds for her. Mr. Lang put about \$2,500 worth of diamonds in a case and met the gentleman in our parlor at a given time. The would be purchaser was glad to see him, and after inspecting the diamonds, said, 'They are very fine, and, with your permission, I will take them up and show them to the madam.'"

As he said this he held out his hand to take them. The jeweler said he would go up with him. "But my wife is in bed," said the man in the naive reply. Mr. Lang obediently replied that he couldn't help that. Everywhere the diamonds went he would go. The visitor then said that he would go up and prepare his wife for the call. Mr. Lang waited half an hour, and then inquired for his man at the hotel office. We did not know him, and the jeweler never saw him again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Ugliness of Bohemianism.

Whatever Bohemianism there is in New York is simply vulgar and repulsive. You get the long haired poet, creature of nameless vices, drinker of a quart of whisky a day, smoker of opium and anxious borrower of money. You get the heavy eyed, pallid roue, the completely contemptible insulter of women. Then there is the expansive actress, who seldom acts, but makes inquiries concerning the financial condition of her men friends soon after an introduction. She is Bohemian because she has no home. Otherwise she is only elegantly low. She manages to keep several rich but weak minded men in her train, and thus these rich but weak men become a part of the great and fascinating Bohemia. They think it the finest sort of life imaginable.

We have the poet of terrible vices, the heavy, blood curdling roue and the actress who seldom acts. I think we have nothing else of consequence. The rest are hangers on, nonentities, people who are weakly wicked. There is really no Bohemia in New York. There is simply an extensive population of intelligent people with a predilection for living a low, glittering, ugly life.—C. M. S. in New York Press.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

ALWAYS KEEP YOURSELF IN AN ASPIRING STATE OF MIND.

Avoid the Thought of Self Depreciation. It is the Ambitious, Pushing Man Who Succeeds in Life—Dare to Take Responsibilities—How to Push Your Business.

No matter what position you are in, be it clerk, typewriter, porter, bookkeeper, car conductor, an employe in a factory or elsewhere, if you make up your mind or fall into the way of thinking that you are always to remain where you are, and never rise any higher, or receive more for your services, the chances are very largely against your rising. You make those chances against you by keeping in that state of mind in which you see yourself in the future as occupying that same position. You make chances in your favor by seeing yourself in what you call imagination on the rise. The state of mind you are most in is a force pushing for or against your business and welfare. One permanent state of mind will bring to you success and another failure.

The pushing of any kind of business always commences first in the mind. The man who is today controlling a dozen railroads commenced in some relatively humble position. But in mind he was always aiming higher. When he gained a step ahead he did not in mind stop there; in imagination he was on the next step. But the man who, for years a ragpicker and scavenger, has never looked or aimed any higher, sees himself always a ragpicker. In his thoughts he never gets beyond the ragpicker's limits. He may envy people who are better off. He may wish for some of the things they enjoy. But he never says in thought, "I am going to get out of this occupation. I am going into something higher, cleaner and more remunerative." So he remains always a ragpicker.

If you keep always in a low, uninspiring state of mind, if you look on the best and most beautiful things in this world as things you never can have or enjoy, if you see yourself always at the foot of the ladder, grumbling at those above you, then at the foot of the ladder you are very likely to stay. Any state of mind you are in for any length of time will carry you to things in the material world in conformity with that state. If you are very fond of horses, and think of them a great deal, you are very likely to go when opportunity offers where you can see the finest horses, and where others fond of horses go. You are then the more likely to be led to talk to some one about horses. You are also more likely to become engaged in something connected with the buying or keeping, or caring for horses. But it was the thought that led you first into the kingdom of horsemanship.

If your fondness for horses goes no farther than the desire to be among them, and you are always saying in thought, "I can only be a hostler or a driver," and you hold yourself aloof (in mind) from the wealthy owners of stock, then always a hostler you will be. But if you say, "I am going to get up in this business, I have as good a right to own a stable as any one else," you are then very likely to own a stable.

Why? Because that very state of mind brings you nearer the men who do own stables. They feel your thought unconsciously, and when you are alert and civil, and as much interested in their business as if it were your own (as you must be when you are in the pushing, aspiring state of mind), they begin to feel an interest in you. You will have more and more opportunities to talk with them. They find you useful. They find, probably, at last, that they cannot get on without you. Out of this comes friendship. Friendship sets you up in business, or assists you in some way. There is a great deal of "friendship in trade." Men are dependent on each other for assistance in every branch of business.

If, when among people, you carry always with you the thought of self depreciation, and think of yourself as of little value or use, those about you will not treat you with that deference or respect as if you regarded yourself more highly; nor will they feel disposed to help you to any higher position. Now, are you fit for any higher position, so long as you lower yourself in your own mind?

You may find, on searching into yourself, that there are positions in life now apparently beyond your reach, in which you dare not see yourself. Probably nine hotel scrubbing women out of ten would not aspire to a certain position for a moment the thought that they might some day control the hotel of which they are now the humblest part. But occasionally a person does rise from some similar position to one far higher. That person dared to think of him or herself in such higher position. This was the unseen moving force that carried him there.

Whenever you put yourself in mind, and persistently keep yourself in such position you will be carrying. You may not gain the actual place aimed at, but you will stand somewhere near it, which is better than standing in the gutter of aimlessness and hopelessness.

Dare, then, and live now in mind as the head of a business or the head of a department for whose work you are entirely responsible. You are then attracting to you the unseen forces which will put you in that place. But if you will not aspire above the place of a wage worker you put out the force which will always keep you a mere worker for weekly wages. If you are afraid of taking responsibilities, and desire only what you think the safe corner of sure and steady wages, you will always remain in that corner, more or less, a machine moved at the pleasure of others, and obliged, possibly, to see the larger profits of your skill going to others.

It is he or she who dares to take responsibilities that best succeeds. If you dare not, you must remain the poorer paid help of those who dare.—Prentice Mulford in "White Cross Library."

What an Undertaker Says.

A man in my business has an opportunity to learn how much superstition there is in the world and among people of intelligence. On our summons to the house of death we hear every day about the death tick in the wall, the howling dog, the broken looking glass and the many uncanny dreams that presage death. The aversion to a hearse is general. It is not exactly proper to drive the hearse to the door of the deceased until it is needed, and while waiting the proper time what an experienced driver has. If he stops in the shade to rest his horses, some one comes out and orders him away with every sign of agitation. A coffin, to be sure, is not a pleasant object, and that is why some undertakers no longer exhibit specimens of their stock in their windows. I believe that flowers are going out of style. This is due to the fact that the display at funerals has run into such extravagance that it became a burden upon persons of slender purses.—Undertaker in Globe-Democrat.

To remove acid stains from linen or cotton goods, wet the cloth with water and hold a lighted match under the stain. The sulphurous gas from the match removes the stain.

WEAKNESS OF FAT MEN.

Their Conversation Too Often Runs to Flirtation or Food, Says Lady Lindsey.

Why is it that as a rule fat men are so much more amorous than thin men? Is it that they grow fat on the pleasant pastime of making love, while more intellectual pursuits run to skin and bone? Many fat men are simply rather stupid, good natured and inordinately vain; they are generally the last, and it may be that the pleasant sensation of vanity is good nourishment. But it is surprising how often, given the opportunity, the talk of fat men runs to flirtation or to food. Of course I don't mean to say that a fat man always talks of various dishes any more than that his conversation with a woman usually includes an offer of marriage. On the contrary, perhaps, knowing his own weakness, he is more chary of his proposals than are his leaner brethren; by the same token he does not openly discourse on food, but he will amble off gently in its direction.

He will tell you of the best dining places in every continental city he has visited, or remark on the wretched cooking here, the insufficiency of service there. Perhaps he will tell you of his grapes or the size of his cucumbers, though grapes and cucumbers are not much in his way. He sometimes prides himself on his cellar, but he will often know the ingredients of an out of the way curry, or have at his fingers' ends the names of places where you can get choice and curious dishes.

So in talking to women his conversation runs to little compliments, and a semblance of love making; he talks of marriage, hedges round it, and smiles and looks up to see if they are pleased. When he speaks of women it is from the old fashioned point of view that he considers them, for he has no hurry on and catch up advanced ideas. A woman, he thinks, should be pretty, irreligious, saucy and given to smiling and blushing. It is by a blush or a smile that men of his type are caught. She has no business to know anything about books, except in a superficial manner that will enable her to talk for five minutes of poetry and novels. She should especially know nothing of politics. He does not like women with ideas of their own; they ought to take them distilled and diluted from men in general and their husbands in particular.

I have frequently noticed another curious trait; it is that after the first few indulgent minutes he diverts his conversation to his own sex, and will almost ignore mine, even in a party of half a dozen, for as a rule good breeding is not his strong point. There are exceptions, of course, and I have known some charming ones. I am only speaking of the majority. If I were a girl I would pray heaven to save me from a fat man. Well it has.

Many fat men have made love, or tried to make love to me, but comparatively few have come to the point. Your fat man is cautious, and does not commit himself to a direct offer unless he is certain that he means it, and is equally certain that he will be accepted. As a rule he is certain of the latter, for modesty is not his besetting virtue; besides, he is of the type that thinks all women are sighing for matrimony, longing for it as the one grand treat of their lives, and of a refusal it is difficult to make him believe the reality.—Lady Lindsey in Temple Bar.

A Detective's Opinion of Crime.

"Yes, I suppose men are growing better," said a prominent detective, thoughtfully, slowly puffing at a cigar as if he drew trial balances of good and evil with the smoke; "that is to say there is less violent crime. But do you know what kind of crime gains relatively—yes, and I think absolutely too?" I deferred to his superior knowledge. "It is what might be called selfish crime—crime of calculation as distinguished from crime of passion and violence. A few days ago The New York Herald published a list of great embezzlements in this country in the past ten years—to be exact ten and a half years. It shows a total \$50,750,473.44. The six months of 1888 show a total of \$2,340,000.063. That's well up to the average, and the biggest of them is within a month past—June 27, when teller Pitcher of the Union bank, Providence, disappeared with \$18,644. This is the growing crime—or one of them."

"The other is the abuse and abandonment of wives. You think detectives are hard-hearted. Well, they have to be in a way or they would melt at the sight of sorrow we meet day after day. Poor, hard working women washing and scrubbing to support louts of men, who drink up all their earnings. Tender women with little babies at their breasts deserted and struggling from sunrise till late at night to support their little ones and scarcely seeing their children that are big enough to be out of their arms from one day to another. That is the kind of experience that makes a man case harden himself in very self defense, and it is growing. As we become more English in other things, we become like them in our crimes. We become wife beaters and wife deserters like them. I tell you, if the women would promise to establish the whipping post for wife beaters and a chain gang for wife deserters, I would be a suffragist in no time," and he talked so earnestly that his cigar went out, and he flung it from him with an angry vim that showed one thief catcher hadn't been hardened farther than the surface.—Buffalo News.

The World's Oldest Rose Bush.

The oldest rose bush in the world is at Hildersheim. It was planted more than 1,000 years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made him by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" fame. A few years afterward when Louis the Pious, the son of Charlemagne, was hunting in the neighborhood, mass was said in the open air. On returning to his home, the officiating priest found that the holy image was missing. Returning to the spot where mass had been said, he discovered the missing image in the branches of a wild rose tree. As it miraculously evaded his grasp he went back to Louis and his suite and told them of the wonder. They all rushed to the spot and fell on their knees before the miraculous bush. A cathedral was built above it, its roots being inclosed in a sort of coffin shaped vault, under the middle altar of the crypt. This crypt was built in the year 818, and with the rose tree it survived a fire which destroyed all the rest of the cathedral in 1146. The roots are over 1,000 years old. The rose plant was, when described a few years ago, still living and blooming profusely, and was twenty-six feet high, covering thirty-two feet of wall, though the stem was only two inches in diameter.—Sophie B. Herrick in The Cosmopolitan.

Stopping a Steamer's Headway.

A French inventor, M. Pagan, has discovered a way to stop the headway of a steamer in short order, and consequently lessen considerably the dangers of collision at sea. The Havre and Bordeaux papers speak of a coming test of the machine by one of the French war steamers. The machine consists of a number of parachutes, so placed that they can be tossed overboard readily and towed by a cable. The resistance, without being great enough to produce a shock, rapidly overcomes the headway of the vessel.—New York Sun.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

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