

POISONING BY WHITE LEAD

Squabbles Between Employers and Employees Result from Feature of This Material.

For some time in the past a bitter struggle has been in progress in many European countries between the employers and the employees in the painting trade, asserts Public Opinion. The cause of this contention is the use of white lead, which, the men say, jeopardizes their lives and health, and which the employers claim is harmless. From time to time the matter has been taken up by various labor organizations, but there seems to have been made little or no progress in the right direction. Recently, at the request of the National Federation of Painters of France, M. Edouard Sattler, of the Vie Illustrée of Paris, investigated the matter and it seems to have been proved beyond question that the painters have the right on their side.

Mr. Sattler illustrates his article with many photographs of men who have been permanently disabled by the use of white lead in paints, one of the photographs is the body of a painter who died from lead poisoning, while Mr. Sattler was making his investigation. The conclusion to be drawn from the facts presented is that white lead is a poison which may enter the body in various ways, the chief channel, however, being the digestive tract. When a workman, for example, whose hands are covered with white lead smokes a cigarette or eats his food with his hands in this condition he introduces into his body a certain quantity of lead. But there are other channels of almost equal importance, such as the respiratory organs, and experiments have shown that when an animal lives in an atmosphere filled with lead dust there are soon produced lesions of the lungs. In addition to penetration through lungs, stomach, digestive tube and mouth, the lead may also enter the body through the skin. When the skin is dry it does not seem to have been established that the lead enters the organism, but when the skin is moist, or torn, or scratched, the lead finds an easy ingress.

The results of the lead poisoning are paralysis and atrophy of the nervous system, various cerebral disorders, albuminuria of the kidneys with all its consequences, and so forth. By far the most serious results, however, are in the domain of heredity.

LACE OF NATURE'S MAKING

Fibrous Pith, with an Agreeable Odor, and Textile Strength on Trees.

There are in all about half a dozen lace-bark trees in the world, so-called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready-made sheet form which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace-bark clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native "tapa" cloth, as it is called, is made of the bark of *Brunsonia papirifera*, but is not usually included among the real lace-bark trees.

Of the lace-bark trees yielding a pure, snowy lace of utility, we have so far known—the *lageta* linteria of the Caribbean islands. Of the *dafne tenuifolia* of South America I have never been able to discover a single specimen, despite careful search, nor have I ever met anyone who has seen the tree growing in South America.

In its natural state the lace-bark is of a most delicate cream-white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed, it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. It has a faint, agreeable odor not unlike that of freshly split bamboo.

SHE HAD THE REAL KNACK ARE KITCHEN PERQUISITES.

Woman Lifting Heavy Bundle Aided by Engineer Who Exploited Her Strength.

"Skilled workmen will handle loads of almost incredible weight, even though they may not be particularly muscular," said an engineer who was conversing with a friend. "It's all a knack. They have little tricks of the trade which they employ, most of it of the balancing order." The Chicago Daily News tells how the statement was illustrated.

"If you will notice," continued the engineer, "you will observe that a person who does the same thing many times soon learns to do it easily, and that applies even to lifting and carrying weights. Now, here is a case in point. Do you see that pile of boards there on the curb? That Italian woman is getting firewood from the scraps and bits across the street. She has, I venture to say, all of a hundred pounds of wood in that pile. She will put that on her head and walk away with it, carrying a bigger load than you or I can lift. Just wait here a minute and you will see how easily she does the trick."

The two stepped beside the board, and just because they stopped and looked another man stopped, too. Soon a fourth man and then a boy joined the group, and before the woman had turned with the rest of her party quite a crowd of curious people had gathered around her pile of wood.

In nowise disconcerted by her sudden conspicuousness, the woman plodded across the street. She lifted one end of the pile, slipped a piece of rope under it and leaped it around the boards. Then she fastened the other end in the same way. Next she drew from under her skirt a cushion, which she placed firmly on her head. The engineer pulled his friend forward.

"Now watch her tackle it," he whispered, eagerly. The woman, a spare, lean creature, moved toward the place where the engineer stood. Quickly lifting one end of the pile of boards, she turned to him and peremptorily ordered him: "Here, you, taka hold-a here!"

Before he knew what he was doing, the engineer found himself lifting his end of the boards, while the woman, stooping, lifted the other and she got under the pile at the same time. Then she "hunched" her head forward until she had the boards poised on the cushion.

"Now let-a go!" she ordered, and stalked off.

"It's quite a knack," said the engineer's friend, with a grin, but the engineer was so busy digging a splinter from the ball of his thumb that he failed to make any reply.

Florida Phosphate.

The Florida phosphate beds were first discovered by the government geologist about 1884, but nothing was thought of or done about them until 1889 or 1890. The phosphate rock is found in pockets, not veins, and these pockets parallel the gulf coast about 30 miles inland. The mining is all open work. We do an export business entirely. We ship principally to Germany, but also to the United Kingdom, to Norway, Sweden and Denmark, Austria and a little to Russia. We did ship to France, but since deposits have been found in Algiers and the French companies have entered that field we have shipped very little.—Florida Times-Union.

Continental Bridal Wreaths.

The bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches in Germany; it is made of orange blossoms in France, as well as in our own country; in Italy and the French cantons of Switzerland it is of white roses; in Spain the flowers of which it is composed are red roses and pinks; in the islands of Greece vine-leaves serve the purpose, and in Bohemia rosemary is employed; in German Switzerland a crown of artificial flowers takes the place of the wreath.

Got Even.

Porter on Pullman Car—Beg pardon, sah; but dis yere half dollar you gave me has a hole in it, sah.

Passenger—So had the blanket you gave me last night.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cooks and Stewards Who Get Commissions on Purchases Make Marketman Groan.

Perquisites for the head of the kitchen are matters to be mentioned with bated breath, says the New York Times. They are something that neither the cook, chef nor market man will allow, yet it is a well-known fact that in most large households the steward of the establishment, whoever that may be, makes a comfortable income in commissions. It was the dealer, undoubtedly, who began this, but the custom has developed as it has grown, and demands for commissions have multiplied, and occasionally a little information crops out through some one who feels aggrieved.

"It was all right," groaned the marketman the other day, "when I allowed them 5 or 10 per cent. on the bills, but when they begin to demand 15 and 20 per cent. it looks serious."

At some of the bureaus where high-priced servants register they will not take one whom they know exacts commissions. There are few who are refused on that account, however, for, as stated, it is not a subject that is usually mentioned. One high-priced cook, however, has waited for several months for a position because she refused to take one where a housekeeper was employed, and she was conscientiously kept from others on the grounds that she was looking for perquisites.

One family in New York absolutely refuses to allow anyone in its employ to receive commissions on household supplies purchased. They look into the matter carefully, and none is given. However, if the shopman is so minded, or the cook sends a letter saying that times are hard and money scarce, and he then sends out a little present of \$20 or \$25, who can object? That is a simple way to get around the matter and no one is the wiser.

There may be an understanding with the family that a commission is to be received, and the matter is then on a legitimate basis as that of any other business. As a rule, however, it is generally understood, and the mistress of the house, though she may have objections, closes her eyes and puts the whole thing comfortably out of mind. If she doesn't it makes no difference; she can do little to prevent it.

"I know my servants receive commissions," said the mistress of one wealthy family the other day, "but what can one do? If I should allow myself to be worried by such things I should be perfectly miserable, and if I watched the servants all the time I could do nothing else."

INSURING AGAINST TWINS.

Underwriter Makes \$125 in Venture Which He Knew He Could Not Lose Out.

An English gentleman of limited means had married recently into a very prolific family, says Leslie's Monthly. There was prospect of an addition to his household.

"Twins," reflected the gentleman, "are much more expensive to support than one child." And he sent his broker to one of Lloyd's underwriters. The underwriter set an actuary to look over the vital statistics and make a few calculations. Then for the sum, I think, of 25 guineas, he insured the gentleman in £1,000 against the advent of twins.

This somewhat threadbare tale shows fairly both sides of the game of insurance. The evident side is chance. The underwriter invited a loss of £973.15.0 for which he would have nothing to show. The other side: The point of the story is that the lady presented her impecunious husband with one fine son. The underwriter, deducting, say £2 as the value of his time and his actuary's, set down a net profit of £245.0, for which he had advanced nothing—but the risk, science.

Still the Same.

"I met Dumley to-day for the first time in years. He hasn't changed much."

"O! he hasn't changed at all, but he doesn't seem to realize it."

"How do you mean?"

"O! he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'"
Catholic Standard and Times.

TIPS BEING RECOGNIZED.

The Government Allows Certain Amounts for the Purpose in Its Schedule.

The government of the United States has just recognized officially the hopelessness of the struggle against the tip. The secretary of the navy has promulgated recently his order for regulating the expenses of naval officers, for the purpose of curbing extravagance. The order places certain limits on the cost of transportation, Pullman cars and the like, and continues:

"Hotel bills of commissioned officers not to exceed \$5 a day.

"Single meals, \$1 each; tip, 10 cents.

"Tips on train, 50 cents a day.

"Tips will not be allowed on parlor cars except on journey of five hours or longer.

"Tips at hotels 50 cents a day, but not to exceed \$2 a week at one hotel."

An elaborate and particularized scale of tips is framed for ocean travel and travel in foreign lands. Recognizing the greater rapacity of the foreign hotel parasite and the perfection to which the system has been reduced, the commissioned naval officer is permitted to expend \$3.50 a week on tips in foreign hotels, \$1.50 a day on an ocean steamer during six days or less, and \$1 a day for a 15-day trip or longer.

We fear that the tip has come to stay. In old and thickly settled countries the tip abounds if there are rich people in the land. Where chickens inhabit the open fields in numbers, look for the chicken hawk; where the deer abound, there do the wolves congregate; where the people have money to spend on luxuries and want to be waited on before other people and to get better service, some money will stick to the waiter's palm.

DECISIVE VICTORY FOR JAY

Farmer Beats Lord Who Considered Himself the Best Wrestler in the Community.

There was a certain lord who considered himself the best wrestler in England. He wrestled everyone of any reputation, and in these bouts he always won, for he was, truly, an admirable wrestler.

Well, one day, after he had considered himself supreme for three years, he heard of a farmer at Hacklebrook who could best him. Everyone said that this farmer could best him—that he would stand no chance at all with the huge muscular fellow—that it would be wise for him to leave the farmer alone.

But the young lord, jealous of his wrestling reputation, threw himself on his horse, and in an hour was knocking and hallooing at the farmer's gate.

The farmer was plowing in a field. The lord rode up to him, dismounted and seized him in a good grip.

"I'll show you how to wrestle," he said.

But the farmer, with the greatest ease, took the young man up in his arms and threw him over the high fence. Then this wonderful agriculturist resumed his work. After plowing in silence a little while, he called mildly to the young man, who sat, not yet quite himself, on the grass by the roadside.

"Well, sir, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing," said the young man, "unless you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

Largest Newspaper Office.

"Which is the largest newspaper office in the world?" asks the Printer's Engineer. America naturally claims that the New York Times building, with its 31 stories and an area of 116,349 square feet, holds the record. This, however, is no longer the case. The magnificent edifice recently built for the production of the Scotsman (Edinburgh) puts the former building completely in the shade, for although it can only boast 13 stories, yet it possesses an area of 261,787 square feet. This building is more than twice the size of that of the New York Times.

Counterfeits of Truth.

Truth is precious; too precious for rash distribution. There are a number of things that look just like it and are much less expensive.—N. Y. Times.

WOULD RATHER WALK HOME

Story Told of Carpenter McGloin, an Odd Naval Character—Averse to Seasickness.

A naval officer tells the following story of Carpenter McGloin, an odd character employed in the navy, who for many years was a sort of privileged person employed in the service because of his unflagging spirits and wit.

The old Pensacola once was coming up to San Francisco from Honolulu, when she met a severe gale. McGloin, who in heavy weather usually became seasick, promptly "turned in."

Shortly after his disappearance, it was reported to the captain that something was amiss with the foretopmast. Accordingly, McGloin's services as carpenter being necessary at this juncture, he was sent for. Staggering on deck he began to make a series of excuses, which were cut short by the commanding officer, who ordered the carpenter to go aloft and ascertain what was wrong with the mast.

The proposition struck McGloin with such amazement that it took away his breath. "Up that mast," muttered he, "in such weather as this?"

"Yes, up that mast," reiterated the commanding officer, sternly, "and quickly, too!"

McGloin decided to enter a last despairing protest. "Cap'n," said he, "do you honestly mean that I'm to go up that mast in such weather? Why, this is an awful gale!"

The officer lost patience. "You are impertinent, man!" exclaimed he. "And I've allowed you too much talk already! Up that mast, now!"

"All right," mournfully wailed McGloin, as he prepared to obey the order; "but," he added, with a reproachful glance at his superior officer, "cap'n, if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn, rather than go up that mast, I'd walk home!"

TRIVIAL, BUT A TRAGEDY.

And No Sympathy Could Be Had from Confidant of Gloomy Woman.

They were all to have a Sunday night supper at a friend's house, and even the boarding mistress was invited; so the girl got an extra Sunday night and the household split up in parties for the afternoon, relates the New York Sun.

By twos and threes they arrived at the host's home until there were left only the boarding mistress and the husband of the woman who had engineered the party. There was a quarter of an hour wait, and at last the husband strolled in.

"Miss Blank says she can't come," he announced, as he sniffed the odor of the old-fashioned shortcake. "I guess she must have another of her sick headaches, for she seems to have gone to bed; just poked her head out of the doorway and said she was sorry."

Late that evening the other woman took home a generous slice of shortcake and found the absent one sitting, disconsolate, in the parlor.

"I thought you were ill," she cried. "Will said you had gone to bed."

"My dear," sobbed the boarding mistress, "all my dresses button up the back, and when I started to get ready the only person in the place was your husband. I could not very well ask him, could I?"

And the only comfort she received was: "Why not? I've trained him to do it beautifully."

Timber Cutting in Australia.

An explorer in the backwoods of Australia tells how some of the timber cutters took big risks. "I had given instructions to the men in the bush that on no account were they to lay aside their firearms," he says. "After having been absent for a short time I returned and found that they had slung their revolvers and carbines on a small tree and were working at about 50 yards from them. I can tell you they heard of it. The natives have a playful habit of dragging their spears through the grass with their toes and all the while looking as innocent as it is possible to look. If the natives had only thought of it they might have given the cutters a warm time."

FATHER OF AMERICAN NAVY

Yet Few Ever Heard of Commodore John Barry, the Patriot—Friend of Washington.

In St. Mary's churchyard, Philadelphia, is the almost forgotten grave of Commodore John Barry, a shipmaster who, at the opening of the revolutionary war, offered his services to congress and was given the command of the Lexington, says Youth's Companion. Now an effort is being made to erect a more suitable memorial to him.

The very name of the famous old fighter was once a terror on the high seas, but now little is known of this patriot and personal friend of Washington, who proudly replied to Gen. Howe's offer of \$100,000 and command of a British squadron: "The English government is not rich enough to buy me!"

Barry was not, as is sometimes stated, the first to hoist the American ensign at sea, but to him belongs the honor of christening the union flag with the 13 stripes in naval combat. It was when he commanded the Lexington that he bore the ensign to its first battle, which was also its first victory.

It was Barry who took Lafayette back to France, an honored and dignified trust. It was also Barry who, in his last engagement in the revolutionary war, on his way from Havana with a load of specie for congress, was challenged by the British vessel Sybil.

"Who goes there?" "United States ship Alliance and saucy Jack Barry, half-Irish and half Yankee. Who are you?" was the answer.

It was a proud day when Commodore Barry superintended the launching of the first-born of the United States navy, a frigate of 44 guns.

John Barry was a man of quick passion, but warm heart. Once during the setting of a sail, when a bungling performance caused delay, he lost his temper completely and lustily beat the boatswain about the head with his speaking trumpet. When he calmed down his repentance was great. He called the boatswain into the cabin and apologized, frankly and sincerely. From that day the injured man was Barry's staunch friend and adherent.

He disliked hesitation and uncertainty of any kind. When one of his officers began a sentence with "I think," he would interrupt impatiently: "Who gave you a right to think, sir?"

One day the commodore was amused to hear himself quoted by one of the crew.

"Who gave you a right to think, sir?" said one sailor to another. "Don't you know the commodore thinks for us all?"

BEER DUELS IN GERMANY.

Only Wondering Onlooker Sees Fun in Contests Carried On in Land of Teuton.

If the Rhodes scholar who had been describing to Chicago the Oxford system of "sconces" had gone on to a German university he would have found that the man who can drink a quart of beer without taking breath is not a hero, but only an ordinary student. At the German "kneipe"—or club meeting for the drinking of beer and the singing of students' songs—there is a special challenge to a Bier-Koenig (beer-kings) contest. The huge pots are filled, the duelists face each other, and at the work of command they drink. The first who can invert an empty pot and splutter "Bier-Koenig" wins. A German student will bring pot and mouth to the intimate angle, and down goes the beer without a tremor of the throat. This, of course, gives no pleasure but to the wondering onlooker; it is merely an acrobatic feat.

Quenched Enthusiasm.

"He writes very interesting love letters," said the sentimental girl.

"You mustn't blame him for that," answered Miss Cayenne. "He once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."—Washington Star.

Change of Punctuation.

Barber—Does this razor cut all right, sir?

Victim—Well, it cuts, all right, Done it about eight times now.—Cleveland Leader.