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Baron Parmetier and the Potato

With Him as Its Champion, the Despised Tubercle Became the Sage of Fashion—He is the Only Man to Become Famous by Promoting a Food.

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Who would believe that not much more than a hundred years ago potatoes were almost unknown as food for man. People disdainfully fed them to hogs. Even so wise and inquiring a man as Benjamin Franklin had to be convinced by a freak dinner that the potato was not only edible, but delicious and nourishing.



The dinner was given to Franklin and to the famous chemist Lavoisier by Antoine Augustin Parmetier, the anniversary of whose death has recently celebrated in France, because he was the discoverer of the enormous possibilities of the potato as an addition to the food supply of the world.

Parmetier was an enthusiast. He began life as an army pharmacist, and found out, first by accident, and then by experiment, that the potato, when properly cooked, was one of the most excellent of all vegetables. Few, however, would believe him. He interested Lavoisier and Franklin by showing them the results of his chemical analysis of the despised tubercle, and they consented to try the new food at his table.

The meal consisted entirely of potatoes. It began with a potato soup, which the guests found excellent, was continued with dishes composed of boiled, roasted and fried potatoes, and ended with potato dessert and a glass of potato brandy. Even the bread served at the table was made of potatoes.

Parmetier succeeded in getting the king, Louis XVI, whose sympathy for the poor did not save him when the revolutionists began to cut off heads, interested in his new, cheap food, and the king gave him a large patch of ground in the plain of Sablon, near Paris, on which to raise potatoes.

To introduce them to public notice they were served at the royal table. They became all the rage when, in August, 1788, the king appeared in court wearing a potato blossom in his buttonhole, while the queen, the proud Marie Antoinette, had a whole bouquet of them in her corsage.

After the revolution, when Napoleon took hold of France and her destinies, he saw the immeasurable value of Parmetier's discovery, encouraged him in every way, and made him a baronet.

In the meantime the rest of the world was learning to eat potatoes. Their popularity grew fast. Their culture spread everywhere. Man had found a new food that was to become as indispensable to his welfare as wheat and corn. Not many years were to elapse before the failure of the potato crop in Ireland was to plunge that devoted island into a famine that awakes the sympathies of the whole world, and that was to a large extent relieved by a rushing from America of a supply ship, one of the most important parts of whose cargo consisted of potatoes.

Parmetier is honored as the man who gave the potato to his fellow men for food, and the honor is justly bestowed. But it would be a mistake to suppose that nobody had attempted to eat potatoes before him. Others had tried it, but their use was very limited, and the possibilities that lay in them through development of the art of cooking them were entirely unknown.

Parmetier encountered skepticism and even dislike in his efforts to make the potato popular as a human food. Blind prejudices existed against these "underground apples." Many believed that they were poisonous, or the cause of various diseases. Cooks declared that they were utterly lacking in the flavor that characterizes edible and cookable foods.

Parmetier stuck to his text. He proved by chemical analysis the excellence of the composition of the potato. By means of experimental dinners, like that which he gave to Franklin and Lavoisier, he convinced the doubters. When he had obtained the support of the court and the government, and had made his new food fashionable, he set on foot an economical revolution that, in its consequences to mankind, may fairly be compared in importance with the great political and social revolution with which it was contemporary.

Such is the romance of Baron Parmetier and the potato. It is almost the only thing of its kind; the only instance in which a man has won lasting fame by making himself the champion of a new form of food.

Gray Hair Becomes Dark, Thick, Glossy

Look years younger! Try Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur and nobody will know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Te. Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowdays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.—Advertisement.

Prince Charming

As Betty Dreams He Will Arrive, and as He Does

By Nell Brinkley



The day-dreams little girls have! Little girls who have never anything but read and heard of Love. They fancy He will come on the wings of a Dream—out of the mists of the land of Romance—soft-eyed, marvelous in all things of the heart and mind, a physical giant, the tongue of a poet and the heart of a Launcelot Du Lake, always in evening clothes with a white bride-rose in his coat, on the wings of a dream. There is moonlight, there is the sea talking, there is the scent of orange blossoms, the sweetest odor in the world, and somewhere in the wide world a violin will be playing—on the wings of a dream and straight into her heart. And his face is a mist of beauty with no special features at all—except that his nose is straight!

with the ice cream stuff around the neck and the necklace I gave you. I'm goin' to bring Cattie up tonight for a minute. He's no mediaeval hero for looks (oh, he ain't—excuse me—ain't an ogre either), but he's a great chap. You'll like him. About 8 o'clock, Goodby!" Well, Betty puts on her little "ice cream" dress and he comes, and just takes off his hat like any other hero (though romance never tells that). And he drops her little hand in a hurry and it takes quite a little while by the cheer of the hickory logs and the warmth of the listening face she turns to him to make him talk. And the only hint that you ever have that romance is there is the little twinkle in his brother's eye. And she doesn't care much for his eyes—but his hair is blond and "nice." And—and—then he pretty soon goes after he tells her a little bit about his engineering. And her brother demands how does she like him, and she truthfully answers, "Oh, he's nice, awfully nice! I don't

like his eyes, and he doesn't talk very much, but maybe I'll like him better after I know him." And the honest little maid never dreams that Prince Charming has come—not on the wings of a dream, but in at the front door—feeling of his tie and glad she is "little." And her brother tumbles in that night muttering, "Gosh, can you beat a girl? She doesn't like his eyes. He talks plenty and there's something in it if she only had any sense. Never mind, Betty, I'll bring him up again."

—NELLY BRINKLEY.

The Girl, the World and the Devil

—No. 5— Being an Economist

Seeking a Husband

By ADA PATTERSON.

No, I shall not speak first of saving money, I shall place that last, where important things are often found. But you who read this want to be successful, and I assure you that successful folks are always economists of some sort, or several sorts.

No one is truly successful who is not an economist of strength. The person who passes through life under the weight of serious physical ailments is like a convict who drags a bar and chain behind him, hindered at every step. Your health is worth more than a bank account, of greater value than a brilliant, high-pressure working brain. It is better than any other asset you could have, save a sturdy character.

Save your strength, which is your health, on every occasion as you would save your last nickel that stands between you and a walk from the Bronx to the Battery to your work tomorrow. Think of it as your most precious possession. Have you a ring or pin with a "real stone" in it? You never fling that about. You are careful that your glove or the lace on your jabot do not detach it. One of your chief cares is that stone, and yet you never deny that it is worth all the care you give it, and much more. So with your health.

If you must choose between a long walk on the Palisades or climbing the Staten Island hills and a day of lying about in your kimono with the companionship of a novel, go to the Palisades or Staten Island. Even though you think you are tired and it is an effort to prepare for the walk, you will come back glowing as to cheek and eye, and with new hope in your heart and new ideas in your brain. Make it to polish—that most precious jewel you can ever possess, even though the wheel of fortune toss the

wealth of one of the Rothschilds into your lap. A billionaire offered a million to his physician if he could make him enjoy his dinner once more, and he said it would have been cheap had the doctor been able to provide him such a prize.

Be careful to eat only such food as keeps you feeling fit for the day's work, such as wards off more than occasional "tiredness." Eat the energy-making foods. You yourself can discover what they are by observing the effect of certain foods upon your constitution. Manage to get all the sleep you need, and in the case of sleep a rule holds that does not apply to food. Eat a little less than you want, but sleep as long as you desire to sleep. Take both kinds of baths, air and water, every day. If you haven't a stationary bathtub with flowing water in your flat or room, be ingenious. Constructive substitutes, as the towel dipped again and again into a pitcher of cold water and pressed briskly over the body, or invest in a portable tin tub of your own. The money will be well invested, and carrying the water to half fill the tub will be perhaps needed exercise.

That one who deserves to be deemed successful is economical in thought, not in the amount, but the direction of it. Thoughts are the shaping hands that mold his life. He obeys the wise man who wrote, "Think only those things that yield fruit in action." Thought is valuable life ammunition. No good marksman ever shoots wildly. Nor should you waste your thought stuff. Think about how you can make your work better instead of how you can induce "the boss" to raise your salary, for it is an almost universal law that the better the work the better the salary.

Think about how you can become a finer woman, broader of mental range, deeper of tenderness and sympathy, with an ever-increasing stock of useful and helpful information in the storehouse of your mind, useful to yourself and helpful to others. Think of how your relations to your family may become stronger and sweeter. Think of George, who tells you you have beautiful eyes, but not unduly, not more than you can help, for nature and instinct take care of such thoughts.

There will be plenty of them.

You will find them harassing enough without encouragement. And don't dwell too much on marriage.

You may decide not to marry. The term "old maid" is becoming obsolete and with it is passing the dread of single life. Better single peace than wedded discord.

Be economical of emotion. No, I am not counselling you to become hard-hearted, an oyster of humanity. I am simply pointing out that emotion, as other good things of life, may be abused and wasted. Be of quick sympathy, but don't overtrain your sympathies by pitying the unworthy. Don't believe in ill luck tales. If so-called ill luck steadily pursues anyone be sure he beckons it. Now and then circumstances seem to combine against everyone, but the brave soul pushes his way through them. Dark days, evil months, unprofitable year or years, may be the portion of anyone, but a life-long train of "ill luck" is caused by some inherent weakness or vice in the person so pursued.

If you are living at home and contribute little or nothing to the family revenue, you should be able to save a little even out of the first salary. Be ambitious to be a capitalist. The president of one of the largest savings banks in the city told me that anyone who has a dollar in the bank and owes nothing is a capitalist. He ambitious to have a servant. The dollars you have placed in a bank are your servants. They work for you. The figures written in red ink after your saving account every January and July prove that. Don't be discouraged because the amount at the beginning is small. Every worthy beginning is small. What is of enormous value to you is the habit of planning how to save. Form that habit now if the bank be only one of the penny or dime sort, for the habit may mean a fortune in the future.

If you are living at the beginning of an era when women acquire fortunes by their own efforts, and those not the efforts of husband catching. At any rate, the habit of saving will mean a sense of security now and probably a competence when you will most need it. Save in life's morning for its evening and its late afternoon.

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

"Oh, do you think it can possibly be in there, Peggy?"

"Well, what if it is, Kate," I answered, a trifle impatiently, "you're not afraid, are you?"

"No, of course not; I'm game for a good time, and we're together anyway." In a reassuring manner, I was glad it was reassuring, anyway, because I was beginning to feel rather worried. Dad always says I'll be sorry some day for all the risks I take. But mother promised faithfully, even if I were brought home with both legs cut completely off, never to say, "I told you so!" And Kate is a real born companion—she is always willing to follow me into all my scrapes. Just as I cheerfully follow her into all of hers. So we mounted the three flights of narrow, dingy stairs and knocked at the door at the end of a long dark hall on the top floor.

"Come in," said a voice, and we turned the knob and went in. The room was small and poorly furnished and a dim gas light flickered over in one corner. A shade flapped wearily against the window, and we looked around curiously for the owner of the voice, but there was no one in the room. I looked at Kate and we both smiled. "Let's sit down on that seat," I whispered, "and whatever happens don't leave me."

"I have to leave you—she won't let us go in together."

"Yes, she will," I protested. "We'll insist, and"—but the rest of my speech was lost, for a screen at one end of the room was suddenly pushed aside and an extraordinary figure came toward us. She was not a bit like the ordinary fortune teller, but was very tall and white and wore a long black robe.

"Which of you young ladies wishes me to raise for her the veil concealing the future?" she said in a sepulchral voice.

"I do," I said stoutly. Kate did not say anything, but the woman was not looking at her. She had her eyes glued upon me, and she said suddenly: "Come with me, child; already those of the future world clamor at your door. You are a favorite of the gods."

I made a face behind her back as I meekly followed her into the next room. I wasn't a bit afraid now, the unknown is the only thing that frightens me, anyway.

"Sit here, child," said the woman, drawing out a chair from a table in the center of the room. On the table were a pack of cards and a large crystal ball. She seated herself opposite me and said, in her creepy, faraway voice: "Crystal gazing or cards?"

"Crystal gazing," I said eagerly, and she leaned across the table and took my hand. Her fingers felt warm and human anyway; but her face kept getting lighter and whiter, and in the funny dim light of the room the crystal ball seemed to be taking on a warm glow. Of course it was all nonsense, but I had cold shivers down my back, exactly the way I do when I see a detective play. Then suddenly she began to talk.

"I see men—many men; some you have met and some you have not, but he that is for you you have not decided on. He is here; he has come into your life, but you do not know it. Here is one that you play with, and another—and another."

I thought of Dick and smiled wickedly, and then of Dr. Hammond. Why, I wasn't playing with him, I thought indignantly.

The woman's fingers tightened on mine. "You do not believe what I say; but I am right, child. There is no harm in what you do, for you are young; but you be careful. You must choose the right one—remember!"

I ceased being indignant, and she went on. "Now it is cloudy again, but here is a woman's face. She is a new friend, but she means much to you. You admire her—"

"Oh yes," I said impulsively. Why, it was my wonderful lady of dreams, the one I had wanted to know more than anyone in the world. The one who was fond of figers, and who told me the day I met her that she would stand for hours watching them in their cages.

"Yes, please go on," but her voice trailed off again. "It is cloudy again," she breathed, "but, child, you have great influence over people—you must exert that influence; you, you!"

I looked up; the woman was deathly white. "Are you ill?" I cried, jumping up and rushing around to her. But as I jerked my hand away she opened her eyes and said in that same dull tone: "I am all right, child, but you have broken the charm now and I cannot tell you anything more today."

I was vaguely disappointed, but I slipped a dollar into her hand hastily and hurried out into the other room. Kate was still sitting on the seat playing with a black cat that had evidently made friends with her. But she jumped up when she saw me and the next minute we were down the three flights of stairs and out in the bright sunshine.

"Was she any good?" Kate inquired nonchalantly.

"Just wonderful," I said, eagerly relating my experiences.

Kate smiled. "She didn't tell you very much after all, did she? And isn't that just about what they all say? 'I'm glad I didn't go in.'"

"But why didn't you?" I said, suddenly waking up to the fact for the first time.

"Well, I wanted to spend that dollar on a perfectly stunning silver picture frame I saw in one of the windows as we came along. And, besides, I didn't think she was any good."

I thought she was wonderful, but Kate isn't temperamental, so I kept my idea to myself.

Unnecessary Fat



Mankind was intended to be shapely—not too fat, not too lean, but just the happy medium between the two—symmetry. Any addition to this is unnecessary. There is no reason why the people with double chins, too ample bosoms, too generous waist lines and hip measurements, cannot decrease their weight and become slim without the necessity of dieting, violent exercise, or the danger of becoming wrinkled as hobby. The famous Marmola Prescription (known the world over) has been used successfully by so many stout people that it is hardly possible you have not heard of it. It will be good news to you that this harmless obesity remedy is now sold in tablet form. Each one of the Marmola Prescription Tablets contains an exact dose of the same safe, effective ingredients as the original prescription and, like it, reduces at the uniform rate of a pound or more a day. The cost of slowness is moderate. A five cent case lasts a long time and gives lasting benefit to any overfat man or woman. Get it from your druggist or the Marmola Co., Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Here is an opportunity to lose your unnecessary fat safely at a nominal expense.