

SLOT RESTAURANTS.

America Has Adopted the Automatic Lunch Server.

Soups and Liquors Served as Well as Solid Foods Upon the Invention of the Automatic Lunch Server.

Now we have the automatic restaurant, a gigantic slot machine or combination of slot machines, from which we can purchase food and drink. The wonder is, says the Scientific American, that this idea is not of American, but of German origin.

New York's restaurant, in principle, is very much the same as those of the German towns. It is fitted up much more elaborately, however. There are no waiters in the usually accepted sense of that term.

In describing the automatic restaurant, it may be well to divide its various appliances into three classes. The first class of machines sell hot food by means of coins and checks; the second dispenses cold food (salads, deserts) by the use of coins alone, and the third sells liquid (beer, wine, coffee, whiskey, liquors, etc.) by the use of coins alone.

The bill of fare is printed upon a board in which the slots are located. Each slot bears a reference letter. Opposite slot A a small placard is pasted which gives the name of the particular dish to be purchased by dropping a coin in the slot.

After the desired dish has been selected, a coin of the proper denomination is dropped into the corresponding slot. A handle is pulled, which rings a bell in the basement, and signals the attendant. Simultaneously a brass check is delivered. The coin has dropped down a chute, which is adjacent to an elevator and is held in place at the bottom by a retaining device.

By counting the number of coins as they lie side by side above the retaining device, the attendant knows exactly how many dishes of that particular food are wanted. As each dish is served the retaining device is released, so that a coin drops into a receptacle, leaving behind a number of coins corresponding to the number of dishes still to be served.

The food, attractively served in neat china-ware, is placed on a silvered metal tray in one of the compartments of the elevator, and a crank is turned in order to raise the elevator to the floor above. The purchaser sees his dish as it lies in the elevator behind a glass partition; he cannot reach it, however, because it has been lifted somewhat above the discharge opening. Not until he has dropped his brass check into a second slot, bearing a reference letter, corresponding to that of the coin slot, and paid another handle, will the elevator descend sufficiently to enable him to obtain his purchase.

Here one peculiarity in the slot mechanism of the automatic restaurant should be mentioned. Spurious coins, as well as coins of improper value, fail to operate the mechanism. An honest slot machine is probably as rare as an honest man. The automatic restaurant machines, however, are far more trustworthy than many human beings. Coins of improper value which have been erroneously inserted are returned. The purchaser is not cheated.

Cold foods, such as salads and desserts, are placed upon the elevator of another section and raised to the purchasing floor in full view, protected, of course, by glass partitions. In order to purchase what one desires, it is necessary simply to drop a coin in the slot and to pull a handle. The elevator then descends one step so that the particular salad or dessert can be withdrawn from the discharge opening just as in the previous case. No checks are here used, since the dishes are cold and the attendants below need not be informed of the particular kind of food desired.

The liquor-dispensing machines have for their most interesting feature a self-acting valve by means of which an amount of liquor is dispensed which is the exact equivalent in quantity of the value of the money received. It is rather curious to observe that for a five-cent piece a glass of beer is more, and for a ten-cent piece a glass of whisky is more, than for a five-cent piece. Rumors of the mechanical accuracy of these machines are not a drop too much trickled out of the press.

Another kind of a performance. "Did you go to the theater last evening?" "Yes, I attended a slight-of-hand performance." "Where?" "I went to call on Miss Le Smythe, and offered her my hand, but she slighted it."—New Yorker.

WHEN WOMEN SHOULD WED.

There Are Cracks in the Lives of All When Matrimony is Imperative.

There are times in every woman's life, according to the Baltimore Sun, when she will marry anybody that comes along. These times are when she is 17 and 27. Between these ages she is discriminative, and after the second of the two she is apathetic. To the girl of 17, it is said, the idea that she makes a real live man's heart go pit-a-pat is so ecstatic that in gratitude for the distinction of a passionate proposal she easily fancies she is in love. She thinks her refusal to marry Augustus will break his heart and send him to an early grave. So she weds him out of generous pity in order not to wreck his life. She says "yes" and learns afterward that Augustus' heart is tough and had survived numerous prior desperate attachments. At 17 it is any man—any individual sufficiently inoffensive to allow her to nourish uncherished illusions which her self-love cherishes. For at this age man is only the occasion, not the object of her affections. He is only a dummy; it is she who occupies the whole stage with her swiftly varying fancies and caprices.

At 19 she has evolved an ideal. It is not longer any man, but a particular man—a man tall, dark, passionate looking, with a Byronic air. One at war with his kind and of abnormal opinions is the type. He may be pessimistic and melancholy. His merit is that he finds in her the beauty, purity and innocence that restores his faith in humanity and makes happiness again a rational hope. A year later she is still romantic, but experience begins to make her a trifle more practical. The spectacular beauty of striking physical aspect is refined into the strong, earnest man, who looks at things in a lofty, high-minded way and has a fid. Her idol may be a matinee hero, an unappreciated genius, a social settlement worker or a long-haired poet. It is a time of danger. She may accept a theological student or a missionary spirit that she is capable of marrying a drunkard to reform him. With 22 there is less risk of such unpromising ventures. She begins to enjoy life in its unoperative aspects, without any of the uncertainties of matrimony.

At 27, however, comes a period of panic, and, as ten years before, the danger is great. It is seen that her contemporaries have nearly all married. The girls who were her schoolmates are settled matrons and boast the virtues of their children. She accordingly begins to feel lonesome. The younger set put her aside or ask her to chaperon their parties. Perhaps a gray hair—awful sight!—makes its appearance. Is she an old maid? The idea affrights her. She loses her nerve and plunges wildly, taking the first man that offers. Foolish matches belong to this period—the superannuated beau or the widower with ten children.

At 30, however, comes a period of calm, and, as ten years before, the danger is great. It is seen that her contemporaries have nearly all married. The girls who were her schoolmates are settled matrons and boast the virtues of their children. She accordingly begins to feel lonesome. The younger set put her aside or ask her to chaperon their parties. Perhaps a gray hair—awful sight!—makes its appearance. Is she an old maid? The idea affrights her. She loses her nerve and plunges wildly, taking the first man that offers. Foolish matches belong to this period—the superannuated beau or the widower with ten children.

COMFORT OF OUTING FLANNEL.

Made into Undergarments It Is a Great Protection in Cold Weather.

Practically serviceable, cheap and easily laundered, no wonder housewives are learning to appreciate more and more the many uses of outing flannel, says Prairie Farmer Home Magazine. For cool weather nothing can impart more comfort to a tired woman than a soft, dainty nightgown made after some pretty pattern. Feather-stitching with white silk or in shades to match the color of the flannel will be all the trimming necessary. An easier way still is to trim with the stitched "fairy" braid which can be purchased for only a few cents per bolt. The gowns may be bought, ready-made, at a reasonable price, but are neither so comfortable nor pretty as the home-made.

A great protection for a woman in very cold weather is a corset cover of this flannel. The garment may be made after the usual corset cover pattern and may be ornamented by feather-stitching or "fairy" braid around the neck and armholes and a shell edge of white or colored silk crocheted into the cloth. A person suffering with cold feet will find infinite comfort in a pair of bed slippers made from outing flannel. They may be cut after a stocking pattern, finished around the top with a shell edge crocheted into the cloth, and draw ribbon or elastic.

The nearest short petticoat may be had by making up two and one-half yards of this flannel in some very pretty pattern and finishing off with narrow lace made from one-half a skein of wool.

Glacé-cream Pudding. Two cups of sugar, six or eight crumbs, one-fourth to one-half cup melted butter, one-half cup bread flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon each of clove, allspice, nutmeg or mace, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half cup currants, one cup seeded raisins, three-fourths to one cup of milk. Let stand one-half hour, add two beaten eggs, steam three hours.—Boston Globe.

Glacé-cream as a Medicine. In cases of indigestion or indigestion fever the juice of cranberries is almost indispensable for clearing the system of the poisonous bacteria. In some forms of dyspepsia there is no more effective and simple remedy than raw cranberries. Carry a supply in the pocket.—Atlanta Constitution.

SHIRT WAIST FANCIES.

New Models and Materials for the Fall and the Winter Seasons.

The newest model for fall and winter shirt waists, or shirts, to use the English name, as most of the shops now do, is a severe, rather skimpy garment with no fullness in the neck or the shoulders, and hardly a vestige of the pouch effect at the belt. It fits closely and has one or two stitched pockets in the front. The sleeves are small and are gathered into narrow cuffs, says the New York Post.

Another very good shirt waist model has a few gathers at the neck, the back being left quite plain. A box plait finishes the front, in which the studs or buttons which fasten the waist are placed. After the garment has been made and the sleeves sewed in a scalloped yoke piece is stitched on, crossing the back and covering the shoulder seams and upper part of the sleeve. This is an extremely good model to use for flannel waists.

Of shirt waist material there is a variety to choose from. The flannels are much the same in color and design as last year's. Roman stripes, plaids, stripes, and figures are seen. The heavy cotton materials are very pretty this season. They are mostly white, but a few good colored ones are to be had in small checks, stripes, and plaids. A popular white fabric for waists is a honeycomb design and suggests old-fashioned bedspread material.

Nun's veiling or albatross in white and colors are the best possible materials to use in making the pretty house gown which has suggested the dressy silk waist. Neither of these is expensive; very nice pieces are to be picked up in the shops as low as twenty cents a yard. House gowns are made simply, trimmed with dyed laces, velvet ribbons, and gawgling. Accordion-plaited gowns are still fashionable, and soft materials are attractive when so made. Lace collars and cuffs are appropriate decorations.

Of course a house gown may be made a very elaborate affair. One may follow one's individual inclinations in the house, if anywhere, and may use materials and trimmings which would be unpleasantly conspicuous if worn outside. Of one of the prettiest of a large number of important house waists is a richly embroidered silk garment, a sort of a tunic with half long sleeves and a collarless neck. The color was a dull red, time faded and a little stained. The embroidery was a gorgeous mingling of colors and there were little bits of mirrors introduced into the design at frequent intervals. This was purchased, and, combined with a sun plaited eolienne skirt of a nearly matching shade of red, made into a charming gown.

SILENCED THE LAWYER.

Witness Was a Wit as Well as a Writer and a Sharp One Besides.

A newspaper writer, being a witness in a county court recently, was hurried by a blustering young lawyer, who asked: "So you are a writer, are you? Well, sir, with what great paper or magazine are you connected?"

"With none," was the modest reply, relates London Tit-Bits.

"Then why do you call yourself a writer? What do you write—novels, scientific works, histories, or what?"

"I write anything and everything that occurs to me as likely to be worth reading."

"Well, then, for whom or for what do you write? You say you are not connected with any paper or magazine?"

"Yes, sir, so I stated. I am an unattached writer for the general market."

"Just so. You write anything that occurs to you. Well, now, do you write up the proceedings of courts?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you state to the judge what particular kind of a court proceeding you would deem worthy of your pen?"

"Yes; if I saw a young lawyer treating a respectable witness in a very rude and disrespectful manner, and making an ass of himself generally, I should think that possibly worth writing up."

The court smiled audibly. The judge took the witness in hand for a moment.

"How much do you think a sensible like this, for instance, ought to bring if it were written up?"

"It would depend upon the actors. If the lawyer were a person of any note or character, possibly half a guinea or a guinea."

"What should you expect to receive were you to write the facts of this particular instance?"

"About eighteen pence, your honor."

The young lawyer had no further questions to ask the witness.

Month Breathing. It may become necessary to add "breghe" through the nose" to the usual laid down for the preservation of the teeth. A British dentist, Dr. Seamus Spicer, has been struck with the frequency with which various teeth are associated with nasal obstruction, and he believes that a relation exists between them. Mouth-breathing, which in such cases is enforced, may act as a predisposing cause of caries of the teeth in various ways. Exposure to the cold air tends to cause inflammation of the tooth-pulp, produces congestion of the mucous membrane and a secretion of stringy acid mucus, and dries the mucus so that it forms a fertile soil for the disease germs.

When Making Jelly. In jelly-making it is often the custom to cook the fruit in the afternoon, and then allow it to drip over night. We think results are better if the straining process is completed and the juice and sugar boiled the same day, without any delay. The jelly seems to stiffen much better than when it has become thoroughly chilled by standing over night.—Rural New Yorker.

MANAGED A "RAISE."

How Two Improvident Women Got Hold of a Little Needed Cash.

"Mary, honey, I have lost our purse. What shall we do?" Lucy spoke with bated breath, and both were greatly alarmed.

They were two sweet, good women of Chicago's literary guild, relates the Herald-Herald, and they were on board of a train on their way to a summer resort, five or six hours' ride from the metropolis, for a few days' outing, and their purse, as suggested, was a common one, temporarily.

"Why, how on earth did you do that?" Mary whispered through ashen and trembling lips.

"I must have left it at home—on the new piano," Lucy replied, with an attempt at a smile for the ancient joke.

"Well, all that's left for us to do is to go back home. We have our return tickets, thank goodness!"

"I am as hungry as a bear that has been hibernating."

Did you ever observe that the first impulse of a woman when something seems impossible, is to wish for that particular thing? And it is generally something to eat.

"Look at my hand, Lucy. Possibly that will tell how we are going to get out of this."

Lucy was a palm reader, and nearly all women believe in fortune telling in any guise.

"Oh! you know that won't do," Lucy exclaimed. She alone of all the women she knew, really doubted her infallibility in that line, and under ordinary circumstances she would not have confessed it.

"Oh! go on—just may be you can tell," Mary insisted.

Lucy took the dainty hand and in scrutinizing the lines instantly forgot the lost purse. She saw something new in the chromatic signs that she had not observed in previous explorations along the lines of Mary's palm.

There were other ladies and a number of gentlemen in the car, nearly all of whom quickly became interested in the palm reading. One little bit of a woman with big blue eyes ventured timidly to ask if the lady made a charge for the readings. Instantly a bright and saving thought flashed to Mary. As drawing up her hand she said to the lady:

"Yes, half a dollar."

"It is my profession," Lucy replied to the mite.

"Here's 50 cents. Please read mine," said the mite, extending a few little bills. The news that a lady professional palmist was on board the train flew through the coaches in that order, by which information is sometimes conveyed, and nearly every woman in that car and other cars, as well as some of the gentlemen, came to Lucy and submitted their palms, as well as their half-dollars—which latter were more to the point—and before the train had reached the station where Lucy and Mary were to alight they had money galore.

At the station mentioned the train left the train with demure and cunning smiles for each other, but with a vague regret that they had relinquished a good thing.

IOWANS GOOD WALKERS.

People of Dubuque Said to Be the Best in the Western Country.

The best walkers, men, women and children, of the western country live in Dubuque, Ia. All of the walking muscles of the human body are developed and strengthened as they are strengthened perhaps in no other single community in this country, says the Chicago Tribune.

A young man who works in a Dubuque store said the other day that when the people of the town get away from the city they outwalk any set of people with whom they come in contact. They have the legs with which to accomplish this feat. A sailor who has his sea legs is not more proud of them than is a Dubuque man when it comes to a long jaunt afoot.

It all comes from practice, and the situation at Dubuque furnishes the occasion for practice and plenty of it. The residence section is all on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi river and valley. As in Kansas City and other hill towns, the street cars do not run from the lower streets to the hills. There are graded roadways, walks and stairs from the base of the hill to the summit. The roads are terraced, as it were, and form some of the most picturesque drives in this country. They wind about the mountain side at such a grade that the ascent for either man or beast is scarcely felt.

There are means of reaching the bluff without having to foot it. Citizens who live on the crest of the hill have combined in building elevators. The cars run up and down an incline, and it costs a nickel to go up or come down. Despite this convenient and cheap manner of transporting one's self, thousands of people walk both ways. The grade changes at different places, there are gentle slopes at some places, steep climbs at others, and steps at still other parts of the walk or drive. Walking over such a route, down in the morning and up in the evening, every function of the walking powers is brought into use and developed.

The man who operates the electrical machinery in one of the inclines was asked if many people rode up and down. He said yes, but quite headed that there were thousands of Dubuque people who had neither seen nor ridden on the elevators. They walk all classes of people, high and low, rich and poor.

At the Eleventh street elevator is a succession of stairs made of wood. The plank of these steps are worn with the constant walking of the populace.

The people who get this class of exercise twice or more a day are not only good walkers but are healthy generally. The home people and the visitors may be picked out on the street, and a more busy lot of people are seldom met with.

Evening Apple Tree. A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's tooth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Cayton. The tree of which it grows is known by the quaint name of "the forbidden tree" or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree is the one to which it owes its name. It is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has a piece bitten out of the evening, every function of the walking powers is brought into use and developed.

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HOW JAMES POPPED.

He Never Would Have Summoned to Court If "Jim" Hadn't Helped Him Out.

Polly Jones had done up the morning's work, washed the dishes, strained the milk, made the beds, tidied up the rooms in general, peeled the potatoes for dinner and set the table, covering it with a spotless white spread. Then she bathed her flushed face, combed her ringlets, changed her dress for one more becoming, and finally sat down to breath a while before beginning the dinner. In that household meals must be on time and dinner was invariably at 12, writes Fannie E. Turner, in Prairie Farmer's Home Magazine.

She made a pretty picture as she sat at the window facing the street. Presently a footstep she knew quite well came tramping by. When the gentleman was opposite her window, he lifted his hat with an admiring smile and passed on.

At that moment he heard Miss Polly's voice call: "Come back, Jim, come back, Jim." He turned willingly and came quickly up the steps. He was met at the door by Polly all blushes and confusion, who informed him it was the parrot "Jim" and not herself who had been so impudent. James went away rather disappointed, telling Polly he would return someday when "Jim" was asleep.

Polly's parents were dead. She lived with her Uncle Hiram Jaaker. The family consisted of himself, his wife, Mary Ann, Polly, a matinee cat named Bob, and a parrot who answered to the name of Jim.

Now, Jim was a "bird" in more ways than one. One might be overheard Polly and her admirer, James Bascom, conversing in the hall, and the only thing that impressed him most was: "Come back, Jim."

After that, if he caught a glimpse of James in the street, he never failed to call in a voice very much resembling Polly's: "Come back, Jim" until the gentleman would stop. James could never tell who was talking, for the bird mimicked Polly's voice to perfection.

James Bascom loved Polly, but could never muster up courage to propound the momentous question that was always at his tongue's end, when he looked into her eyes; when he would go away kicking himself for a silly coward.

One evening James dropped in as usual. He had determined to ask Polly that very night to become his wife. But every time he started the conversation in that direction, Polly would branch off on some other subject.

Presently she left the room a moment, when James, thinking aloud, said: "I love you, Polly, will you be my wife?"

When Polly returned and the conversation was renewed, they were suddenly startled by hearing the words: "I love you, Polly, will you be my wife?"

"Come back, Jim, come back, Jim," "Go away back and sit down," "Ha, ha, ha," screamed Jim at the top of his voice from his perch in the corner.

Polly was blushing like a rose, while James looked as though he would like to go away back and sit down.

Polly flew to the parrot, and would have whipped him soundly, but James caught her hands exclaiming: "It is my fault, Polly, punish me, it is true. I do love you, Polly, will you be my wife?"

After the two were broken and the momentous question asked, it was not so difficult to tell the rest of the old story in walking cars, while Jim from his corner looked wisely on.

And when things were settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the impact was sealed with a kiss from the corner a hoarse voice screamed: "Ha, ha, ha," "Come back, Jim, I love you, Polly, will you be my wife? Go away back and sit down. Ha, ha." But Polly escaped from James' embrace and drove Jim from the room.

House of Prehistoric Type. M. H. Henshaw, a great silk manufacturer, who recently retired from business, has built for himself on Lake Constantine a habitation exactly after the model of a prehistoric lake dwelling shown in the Zurich museum. The building, which is about 200 feet off the coast of the lake, rests upon piles. It was yards above the level of the water. It consists of only one room, and its framework is made from the wood of the yew tree. Round this room a gallery extends of a width of some five feet or seven feet. The walls consist of willow wickerwork and mud plaster, the floor of hard mud and plaited willow, and the ceiling of pressed straw. The walls are ornamented with designs drawn with coal and bull's blood.

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BUG OF CONSUMPTION

Warfare Against the Deadly Bacillus of the "White Plague."

Individual Action Advised and Encouraged by Medical Scientists.—National Methods Are Employed.

There is probably no topic in which the community in general is more interested than in the prevention and cure of pulmonary consumption. The general fatality of the disease is greater than any other, fully ten per cent of all deaths being attributable to it. Its prevalence is also in due proportion, states the New York Herald.

When viewed from a matter of fact standpoint this is not enough, but still there is no reason why we should not look at the real situation fairly and squarely in order to meet more intelligently and practically the issues at stake. Very encouraging efforts are being made in such directions, and the common sense basis of them as given by experts deserves the widest possible discussion.

The grand principle aimed at in to place the possible cure within the reach of all. In keeping with such intention the public is being educated in the proper direction of purely hygienic treatment. Fresh air, sunlight and plain, nutritious food are easily obtainable even by the comparatively poor man.

It is high time that the individual as such should have a show and the over-dreaded bacillus come in on a second class ticket. Since the useless scare concerning the universal danger of infection by this veritable omnipresent microbe too little attention has been paid to the more fundamental doctrines of prevention and cure.

The newly found bug is so much a part of creation as the human being, and has come to stay in spite of the defiantly belligerent manifestations of health boards. If it could speak in its own behalf it would say that, far from being an intruder in the animal economy, it is a specially invited guest. The susceptible person is after all, the only one that offers it a welcome. Thus it happens that only a small proportion of all that may become time or other exposed to infection become victims to the disease.

The bacillus is the theory, but evidently the patient himself must be the fact. The higher purpose should be to make the man strong enough to throw off the disease, no matter what its source. The same rule should apply with equal force to the susceptible person, however exposed. In such instances the germ would be as good as the rock.

Dr. L. F. Fitch, an extract from whose book on consumption was recently given in the Herald, is the latest exponent of these advanced views. He even goes farther than most advocates of the new treatment, by advising that the patient must get fresh air irrespective of the weather, night and day, even at the expense of numerous traumas in the bed chamber. More climate he avers, is not always a necessary factor, provided the victim is well fed, leads an outdoor life, and keeps up his spirits.

The more such doctrines are preached the better for the army of suffering humanity for practical help. While the fear of catching consumption from the casual victim is greatly exaggerated by various overzealous health boards, it is equally true that the enormous belief that the disease is transmitted has also caused altogether too much currency. In fact, if such notions were well founded not only would doctors, nurses and friendly attendants be stricken by the thousands, but the poor unfortunates patient would be branded as a common leper.