

INDIAN GOOD COOK

Woman Wastes More Than She Uses, Says Prof. Barnard.

Specialist in Household Economy Says American Man, Because of Wife's Culinary Inefficiency, Not as Well Nourished as European.

New York.—Go to the squaw, then housewife, consider her ways and do likewise.

At least such is the advice of Prof. Charles Barnard, specialist in household economy, and one of the foremost figures at the household show recently held in Madison Square garden, says a writer in the New York World.

What Professor Barnard is not telling eager inquirers at the garden of the superior housekeeping methods of our great-grandmother, Minnie, he is busy with the "housekeeping experiment station," which he maintains at Darien, Conn., for testing under the most simple housekeeping conditions all new materials, methods, utensils and appliances which may prove useful in the home.

The American housekeeper, compared with the housewives of France and Germany, is an unlettered child, declared Professor Barnard to me yesterday.

The American man, because of his wife's culinary inefficiency, is not so well nourished as the European making half the income. At least 20 per cent of the money spent on the American table is absolute waste.

Professor Barnard, mild of voice and eye, spoke with an earnestness that belied his manner.

"The American woman," he added, "does not know as much about cooking as the Indian squaw."

"Cooking, though it is part of the profession of wifehood, does not interest her. She can't be bothered," she says. The merchant's wife vies with the millionaire's wife in buying only the most expensive cuts of meat. Steak, chops, steak, chops! swings the unvarying pendulum of the week's bill of fare.

"Now, only 24 per cent of a beef, for instance, can provide the expensive porterhouse steaks, Delmonico steaks, etc. The other 76 per cent is made up of the cheaper cuts—chuck, tripe, round, shank, neck, brisket, etc.

"This meat if properly cooked, that is, slowly cooked, is more nutritious than the better flavor than tenderizing. But the poor man's wife won't take the trouble to cook it. Her husband may say, 'We'll have to economize. Let's buy a little cheaper meat.' But when she gets to the butcher's and sees another woman buying something more expensive she feels ashamed of what she intended to order or else says to herself, 'What's good enough for her is none too good for me,' and buys a porterhouse steak instead.

"There's another type of woman that would rather spend her husband's money than her own time. She can't be bothered cooking. But—here Professor Barnard brightened up perceptibly—"a solution has been found even for her. It is flawless cooking. Have you ever tried it?"

I confessed that my education had been neglected in that respect.

"That's a trick the Indian squaw has taught us," Professor Barnard continued. "There are 15 or 20 different flawless cookers on the market, so you see I'm not booming anybody in talking about them."

STUDY SOUTH POLE WEATHER

Douglas Mawson of Sydney to Find Out Reasons for Australia's Queer Conditions.

Melbourne.—To find out why Australia has queer spasms of weather at times Douglas Mawson of Sydney plans to run an Australian expedition to the regions round the south pole. Not a dash to the pole itself, it should be borne in mind, but a long residence in the Antarctic quarters to study the magnetic and meteorological conditions that reflect their influence on the climate experienced by those living under the Southern Cross.

The course of Australian agriculturalists is drought. Some summers all seems set for a banner harvest, when suddenly cyclonic depression shifts, and the rains that would have been a boon are wasted on the ocean. Other times hurricanes sweep whole provinces, leaving a track of destruction such as the fringe of the Mexican gulf occasionally experiences. These conditions absent and the weather conditions remaining normal, Australia has bumper crops and record clips of wool, squatters millionaires are turned out by the back blocks and boom times set in for town and country.

Sea Lion is Life Saver.

Toledo, O.—The sea lion which recently won much publicity by its sojourn in the Maumee, escaped again some time early the other morning. Police Lieutenant Conway sent four officers to pursue the animal. Coroner Charles J. Hessler says they ought to let the sea lion stay in the river and make no attempt to catch him.

"They should not have taken it out when it was in the river before," he says. "Why, as long as it was in the river there was not a single case of drowning. Kids were afraid to go in swimming, and people were afraid to commit suicide by jumping into the water."

FIND YOUR NAME BY NUMBER

Miss Zoe Boyle Explains Workings of Her Nomenclature System—Not Fortune Telling.

New York.—What's in a name? Nearly everything from a sore throat to a steady job, in the opinion of Miss Zoe J. Boyle of this city, who calls herself "a name analyst." She maintains that when one writes one's self "ED-Y-TH-E," instead of "ED-L-T-H," one actually makes one's self a wholly different person. For, she says, as "Edythe" one may be more unlucky than when it's spelled with an "L."

"It isn't fortune-telling," said Miss Boyle. "It is the working of a natural, ordinary law. It means a lot of accurate, careful work. Every letter of the child's two or three names—Christian, middle and surname—stands for something. Then each letter is equivalent to a number in several mathematical tables which I use. The simplest is like this," and she showed the following diagram:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
a b c d e f g h i
j k l m n o p q r
s t u v w x y z

"I add up all the numbers to which the respective letters of the name belong. For instance, the name 'Mary' would be 4 plus 1, plus 9, plus 7. The sum of these is 21, and I consider the vibrations of that number in two ways, as the compound number, 21, and as the sum of the two component parts, 2 plus 1, or 3. I have many books telling what qualities and tendencies every number stands for, away up into the hundreds.

"Using this simple table, I analyze each of the names borne by the person I am studying. I then add the sum of the letters of the three names together, coupled with the mother's maiden name. Only with all this data do I attempt to make a reading."

"But people don't name themselves," the reporter ventured, "and isn't it rather unfair that their characters and their luck should be determined in spite of themselves, at their christening?"

"Science is seldom fair," she answered, "and people have only to change their names. Of course, frequently it would be rather inconvenient to disturb the surname. But even if that is an unlucky one, the Christian name can nearly always be manipulated to neutralize the bad qualities of the other."

"That's why some women are so different after they are married?" was suggested.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Boyle, "and you know many unhappy marriages are simply the result of an unlucky combination of names."

ATTENDS HIS OWN FUNERAL

Ohio Man Buys Coffin, Digs Grave and Buries Himself—Eulogy Is Omitted.

Springfield, Ohio.—Marion F. Bufenbarger, an eccentric bachelor farmer living at Grape Grove, ten miles south of here, the other afternoon had his funeral sermon preached. The event took place in the Christian church, and the unique event attracted hundreds from miles around.

Bufenbarger's idea in arranging and executing plans for the event was that he could be sure that his funeral would be conducted strictly as he wished. He purchased a lot in the Grape Grove cemetery three years ago and a week later ordered a coffin from a Jamestown undertaker.

Bufenbarger personally superintended the digging of his own grave and has selected a plain tombstone. Pursuant in his request the minister, Dr. Spahr, avoided the usual remarks of adulation. The coffin was buried and the crowd dispersed. Bufenbarger now offers to give his 80-acre farm to anyone who will keep him for the balance of his days.

THOUGHT "TEDDY" A TITLE

Cheyenne Waitress Causes Former President to Laugh Heartily—At Error.

Denver, Col.—While Colonel Roosevelt was in Cheyenne he stopped at the Inter Ocean hotel. His meals were served to him in his rooms, and as a servant he had a Swedish girl who had been in this country but a short time.

Whenever he asked the girl a question, she answered: "No, Teddy," or "Yes, Teddy," to the amusement of the colonel.

Her manner was so ingenious, however, that he decided that she was innocent of intentional disrespect. Finally he made inquiries and the mystery was solved.

The girl thought that "Teddy" which she had heard so frequently, was "some sort of a title, such as king."

He laughed heartily when he heard the explanation.

Gator in Hen's Nest.

New York.—A pet alligator owned by the family of Jesse Irving Taylor, 249 Broad street, Bloomfield, N. J., disappeared and had been given up as lost.

Miss Jeannette Taylor, while gathering eggs from the nests in the chicken coop was startled to see the head of the alligator sticking from under the wing of an old black hen sitting in one of the nests. The gator, Ted, was removed from its comfortable quarters and placed in an aquarium. The alligator had grown considerably, and judging from the number of shells found, had been subsisting on fresh eggs.

IN THE SCRAP HEAP

Remnant of French Panama Canal Goes to Melting Pots.

Costly Machinery Brought Over by Backers of Ferdinand de Lesseps Being Sent to Furnaces to Be Made Over.

Harrisburg, Pa.—The ghost of old Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French engineer, would stand aghast were it to visit the yards of the Harrisburg Iron and Steel company and see what is being done with the costly machinery and equipment which he shipped from France to the Isthmus of Panama in the '70s, to aid in the construction of the big ditch that was to be dug solely by French labor, conducted by French skill and paid for by French cash from the strong box of the banker and the humble woolen sock of the French peasant.

As all the world knows, after De Lesseps had made such a great success in building the Suez canal, he was urged to greater efforts to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and he set about the task with fervor and a desire to enrich his countrymen as well as to add lustre to his own name and reputation. It was too expensive a transaction, however, and after the French government withdrew its patronage and the French people declined longer to contribute, there came scandals without number that shocked the world, and De Lesseps withdrew to France to die of a broken heart.

In the abandonment the French company left on the ground all of its machinery, some of which had never been in use, consisting of locomotives, steel cars, huge steel scoops and dredges, valuable tools of iron and steel, bridges that had been made in France and were ready to put together, huge cranes, levers and costly casting material.

This costly outfit lay in the path of the American engineers when they came to dig the new ditch which Uncle Sam has in course of construction. Some of it was covered with mud a foot deep; some of it gathered rust in inch deep in the forests of the tropics; locomotives that cost thousands in France lay upturned, the resting places of the swamp birds, and monkeys swung from one bridge piece to the other as had done their ancestors when De Lesseps and his merry men began to dig the ditch that failed.

There was only one thing to do with this old stuff, and that was to gather it, ship it north and sell it for junk. It was remelted in the Yankee smelting pot, to make useful things. Tons upon tons of it were sent to New York and sold, and among those who got a share was the Harrisburg Iron and Steel company. Thus far Harrisburg has handled 1,500 tons of this scrap. As some of it can be used for its original purpose, as fast as it is received here, it is cleaned of the rust of years and the mud of Panama and sent to furnaces, for there is always a demand for it, because of its quality.

LOVER CHARMS WARTS AWAY

Nitric Acid Helps After Year of Hard, Conscientious Work, Winning Girl's Heart.

New York.—After a year's conscientious and patient treatment with nitric acid and similar remedies, Robert J. McRian, a young curb broker, has succeeded in removing seven huge warts from the third finger of the left hand of the girl he loves, and as a reward Miss Lilith Borsberg has consented to their betrothal.

Just 13 months ago McRian asked Miss Borsberg to promise to marry him, but she told him such a thing was out of the question, as she would be unable to get the scab on the warts, and even if this were possible "the ugly things" would have detracted from the beauty of that symbol of their plighted troth. So McRian went to work, and after what seemed to him the longest year he ever lived, succeeded finally in vanquishing the last stubborn excrescence of the flesh, and now he wears a smile and Miss Borsberg wears his ring.

Eskimos Have Girl in Moon.

New York.—Professor Wilhelm Verbeck, an ethnologist of Indianapolis, who has been studying the folklore of the Eskimo of Northern Labrador, has returned from St. John's, N. F., with a notebook full of observations taken in the year he passed in the north.

Instead of having a man in the moon, Eskimos have a girl. One of their young warriors, according to the legend, became angry with his sister, and ran at her to box her ears. Finally he got to the edge of a precipice, and he thought he had her trapped. But her momentum was so great that instead of stumbling off the precipice she shot out into space. The brother saw her land in the middle of the moon.

Talking Motion Pictures.

New York.—With the announcement by Thomas A. Edison the other day that he has almost reached the solution of the problem of making moving pictures that talk, the future of the moving picture promises a revolution. Mr. Edison has obtained satisfactory results with a device for recording the words as well as the actions of actors and actresses.

ELECTRICAL FARM IS LATEST

New Yorker Tries German Plan of Growing Truck on Two-Acre Patch on Long Island.

New York.—An electric farm is the latest. It is owned by ex-Judge Williams of Brooklyn.

About two years ago Mr. Williams commenced corresponding with some German scientific farmers, who were experimenting with electricity in connection with the growth of vegetables and fruits. Their efforts were most successful, and they interested Mr. Williams to such an extent that he decided to make experiments of his own on his two-acre farm on Long Island.

It is the first time that electric farming has ever been tried in America by an individual.

The first experiments are being made with quickly growing vegetables, like lettuce, onions, or radishes, as it will be late in the season.

Mr. Williams is using the methods introduced by the German scientists. Poles are planted 12 feet apart and wires are run from pole to pole, not only straight, but cross-cross, about 12 feet from the ground. The current is generated by a dynamo, operated by a windmill. The current sent through is large in amperage, but small in voltage. A certain percentage of the electricity, partly by induction and partly on account of its low voltage, falls into or is absorbed into the ground beneath and has its effect on the plants.

There is a storage battery in connection with the dynamo, and a certain amount of the electricity generated is stored up in this. The dynamo works constantly and its effect upon the development of seeds and the growth of plants is said to be very great.

The initial cost of the apparatus, the poles, the wires, the dynamo, and the windmill, is considerable. But after that the expense is scarcely mentioned, with the exception of what wear there may be on the apparatus.

WEARING TWO VEILS LATEST

Double Protection Against Dust and Sun Is Forced in English Society Circles.

London.—Woman is in future to wear two veils, so that she may suggest more and more the rainbow shrouded in a fine mist by her many colored garments veiled with transparent material.

The fashion of the combination of colorings in veiling one over the other, which has become such a pronounced vogue in both evening and afternoon dresses, has spread to the veil itself.

Motor veils of different tints worn over each other to produce a soft effect lead the way to the same style of veiling for wear with the promenade hat.

Fair women are soon to be mysteriously hidden behind folds of mauve over blue, mole over pink, dark blue shading rose and pale blue.

A lining of pink under black lace or white has been recognized for a long time as very becoming.

It will require a decided artistic taste in the ordinary woman who chooses her veiling apart from her complexion.

"A combination of colors is the foundation for motor veils," a representative of a West end firm said, "and very fine gauzes and chiffons are sold for their construction."

"The several layers of veiling are effective as well as picturesque, as they protect the face from the dust better than a single veil."

"In the same way bright colored hats are covered lightly with a veil of chiffon, and many varieties of the veiled hat will be seen in the autumn modes."

WOMAN BALKS AT MALE TOGS

Fair Guest Is Angry, and So Is Man When Her Baggage Gets Mixed at Chicago Hotel.

Chicago.—"Say, do you think I can sleep in a block and tackle, or a man's red and yellow bath robe?" was the question shouted to Assistant Manager Hutchins of the La Salle hotel the other night by a woman guest. "Some one's got my traveling bag and I have one belonging to some man."

The guest was assured the mistake would be rectified and had scarcely been placated when another call came. "I have been given the wrong traveling bag. I cannot sleep in scented pink pajamas with ruffles all round the top and bottom, and have no use for a bunch of woman's underwear," the voice said.

House men and maids soon straightened the trouble, which was occasioned when the two bags, one of which belonged to a woman from Denver and the other to a traveling man of Wilkesbarre, Pa., had been mixed.

\$340 For 1793 Coin.

New York.—Henry Chapman, a numismatist, paid \$340 for a 1-cent piece at an auction the other day. The price, according to dealers, is the largest ever paid for a penny. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars is the biggest previous price which could be remembered. The coin was struck in the year 1793. It is of the "Liberty cap" variety and was formerly owned by Peter Monney, the grocery-numismatist of Cincinnati.

BUSTED IN CHICAGO

Hundreds Daily Shuffle Through Streets Without Money or Friends.

Young Hoosier Lad Leaves Small Town to Answer Advertisement of Employment Agency—Is Duped and Robbed of Coin.

In Chicago penniless and without a friend.

"Were you ever in such circumstances?"

"Probably not, but every day sees hundreds of your fellows who are. The other day Walter Summers, a lad of only 17 years, good looking and apparently fairly well educated, shuffled into the Desplaines street police station.

The lad, tired and broken in spirit, sat down in a chair.

"Say," the boy asked timidly, "how far is it to Wabash avenue?"

"About a mile," was the reply.

He smiled half-heartedly.

"About a mile, eh? Gee, I wish I had a dollar for every mile I've walked today. I could buy some regular food and have enough left to get cleaned up and pay my railroad fare home."

"Where is your home?" was asked.

"Evanston," "Indiana?" "Yep."

And then the tired boy told his story.

"I had a job in West Salem, Wis.," he said, "and I was getting along pretty well. I had a few dollars saved up and thought I was satisfied. I saw an advertisement in a pamphlet up there, telling how easy it was to make money in Chicago. The ad was signed by an employment agency. All you had to do was to give the agency \$2 and it would ship you to Chicago, where a job would be waiting for you. It sounded fine, so I thought I'd try it."

"I gave my \$2 to the agency and took the rest of my money with me. I was shipped with about fifteen other fellows."

"When I got to Chicago I went to the place where the agency had told me I could land a job. The address which they had given me I found was a swamp-out that way somewhere," and the boy pointed toward the southwest side.

"Then I saw that I had been 'bunked.' The agency, I guess, was a fake, or else they had given me the wrong address by mistake. I thought, though, that I could get a job next day, so I gave a dollar for the room I slept in that night. I hunted around for two days, trying to find a job. Twice I was told to call next week, but that is as close as I've come, so far."

"It was Tuesday when I came to Chicago. The following Sunday night I slept on the dock, down there by the river. There were lots of other fellows there, too. I spread out some papers and lay down on them. When I woke up in the morning I found that some fellow had taken my last \$10."

The boy paused a minute, looked at his lone auditor and smiled.

"Say, honest now, ain't I the 'fall guy?' I guess I used a guardian," he said, and in spite of the fact that he was hungry and without money, he actually laughed.

"Ever since that night I have had to beg what food I have had. And I haven't had a shave, either, not since I came to this town."

"Yesterday I gave up. I went to the station downtown, pointing west again, and the 'copper' at the desk gave me a postal card and a nickel. Then I wrote to my mother and told her where I was and that I was 'broke.' I expect to hear from her tomorrow and then I am going home. An' say," he went on, "for all the three years which I have been away, I haven't written to my mother. She didn't know but what I was dead. I had an argument with her one day, and he admitted reluctantly, 'and I ran away. I got along all right up in West Salem, but Chicago is a fierce place.'"

The boy got up to go. A plain clothes detective who had come out during the latter part of the boy's story gave him 50 cents.

"Here, lad," he said, "you're too young to be in this town without money."

The reporter added his mite to the boy's fortune, then turned to go into the station.

"Well, much obliged," murmured the runaway, "so long" and he was off.

Praise for American Girls.

New York.—"American girls do not go abroad to have a good time by drinking wine, smoking cigarettes and following other European customs. Those who say they do libel them."

Thus said Lady Francis Cook (Tennessee Clavin), herself an American girl, who arrived the other day from Europe.

"American girls have revolutionized Europe," she continued. "Continental streets, which were regarded as unsafe for women after dark, now are as safe as our own avenues. It is the American girl who has worked this change."

DESERTED DOGS GIVEN HOME

London Woman Establishes Boarding House for Animals Left in City During Vacations.

London.—A boarding house for dogs to obviate owners' worry as to the disposal of their pets during their absence on holidays has just been started by Miss Olive Downes of Ealing.

A fully trained animals' nurse, Miss Downes is able to minister to those of her boarders who might fall sick, she goes that they are well fed and exercised. They run no dangers of infection. Discussing the comparatively new career she has taken up, Miss Downes said: "We sometimes have to put up with being laughed at, although I cannot see there is anything ludicrous in our profession at all."

At present the only trustworthy method of training is by serving a sort of apprenticeship under a veterinary surgeon, the course lasting until proficiency is reached, the term varying from four to six months, the fee being, under present conditions, a matter of personal arrangement."

Miss Downes insisted that the trained animals' nurse does not usurp the place of the veterinary doctor. Nor would the animals' nurse think of herself prescribing for a dog patient. She has been trained by the "vet" to recognize signs of illness, to realize dangerous symptoms, and to know what to do, so that a valuable dog, nursed by a professionally trained woman, to whom many animals take far more readily than to a man, stands a far greater chance of recovery than in unskilled hands.

Hasque sheep dogs are the latest novelty in dogs. Lady Castlereagh has some fine supplies of this interesting breed at Oakham in Rutlandshire. They are between 2 and 3 months old and were bred by Lady Castlereagh, who owns the mother. The sire is the property of her sister, Miss Claplin, and was brought over some years ago. Pure bred specimens are becoming rather hard to find, and it took two years to find a good one to import for breeding purposes.

These sheep dogs are peculiar to the Basque provinces and are used for driving cattle and horses. They are extremely hardy and extraordinarily faithful and make capital watch dogs and good house pets, being easily managed. Lady Castlereagh is having some trained as "ordinary" sheep dogs. They grow to twice the size of the smooth sheep dog so often used in the Highlands and are very good looking.

HYPNOTIC AID IS REFUSED

New York Magistrate Rejects Offer of Services of "Professor of Hypnotism."

New York.—A simple and easy means of solving all marital troubles by hypnotism has just been refused consideration by Magistrate Cornell, presiding officer of New York's court of domestic relations.

A tall, dark man of impressive appearance called upon Magistrate Cornell; the other day and introduced himself as a "Professor of Hypnotism." He informed the magistrate he was ready to place himself temporarily at the service of the court.

"I can be of vast assistance," he said. "I am needed here. Nothing can stand against my powers. Let a couple who are at war come to me. I look in their eyes. I stroke their heads. I say softly, 'Go, my children, and be at peace.' They walk out turtle doves."

Magistrate Cornell said he would take the name of the professor and send for him if he was needed, but that he would try to worry on unaided for a while.

DELANO LOSES WAY IN WOODS

President of Wabash Railroad, Daughter and Companions Forced to Sleep in Open.

Chicago.—Lost in the pine woods of northern Michigan and forced to sleep in the open, with only the towering pines above them, was the experience of Frederick A. Delano, president of the Wabash railroad, who was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Catherine Delano; Frank H. Scott and the latter's daughter.

One night was spent this way, and late on the afternoon of the second day, when the little party had reconciled themselves to the situation and were preparing to make a more permanent camp, they were found by a searching party and escorted to the headquarters of the Huron Mountain Hunting and Fishing club, from which they had strayed.

The little party had wandered off into the forest, and when night began to fall realized that they had lost their way. Shouting brought no response, so camp was made of pine boughs and a fire was started with the last match Mr. Delano had. Berries alone constituted the food of the party until rescuers came.

Protect Lyre Bird.

Sydney.—So great has been the destruction wrought upon the beautiful lyre bird of Queensland that the state has protected the bird till the middle of 1915; a \$25 penalty is attached to its capture, or injury, or taking its eggs. It is the extraordinary lyre-form development of the tail feathers which tempt the captor.