

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.

There is an old tale of the golden age days,
When the gods with men parleyed and moved,
That a critic who dealt all blame and no praise
Was once by Apollo reproved.
Who god handed back to the critical foot
A handful of unwinnowed grains.
Said he: "Leve the wheat, as seems ever
your rule;
You may have all the chaff for your pains."
Now, this guide to our choice is suggestive
to-day,
Though told of a fabulous time,
To any and all who its teachings obey
In every country or clime.
For the wheat and the chaff are mixed for us
still,
As they were in those mythical grains;
And if we choose now to see only the ill,
We shall have only that for our pain!
All pathways are checked. Gray shadows
and night
Alternate with the sun's cheering rays.
Our eyes grow accustomed to darkness or
light
As we fix upon either our gaze.
And we can be clear-eyed, or we can be
blind,
As each one his vision so trains;
If he chooses the dark, need he wonder to
find
He can see nothing bright for his pains?
From the noisome swamp see the marsh lily
lift
Its delicate, queenly blue head;
From water and slime and dank earth it will
sift
The nutriment best for its need.
Poisons lurk in these things. It could draw
evil thence
As well as the good that is good.
Shall it choose, then, those noxious el-ments,
whence
Hurt and death will proceed for its pains?
In our fellow men are the elements mixed;
Forever good mingles with sin.
On their errors, their faults, shall we keep
our gaze fixed,
Overlooking divine sparks within?
Ah! a lesson in judging our frail brethren,
then,
We may learn from these fabulous grains.
If we seek but the chaff, can we fairly grieve,
who
We receive only chaff for our pains?
—[Emily C. Adams, in New York Sun.]

POOR JOBINARD.

It's 20 years since that time. I was a
light-hearted boy then—a boy of 20. I
lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being
an artist, I always spelled Art with a
capital A. I have other things to think
of besides Art now. I have to think of
painting what the public will buy. I
have to make it pay—I have made it
pay.
But it is not about myself I want to
talk; it is of Orson—or of Orson the
Hir-sute, Orson the Unrelenting, Orson the
Hater of Art. Of course his name wasn't
Orson. His real name was Jobinard,
and he lived at the corner of the Rue de
l'Anceienne Comedie, did this uncompro-
mising grocer, this well-to-do Esau of
the Quartier Latin, this man who hated
Art, artists, and, above all, Art students
with a peculiar ferocity.
Alcibiade Jobinard had reason to dis-
like Art students. They had a nasty
way of getting into his debt, but Jobi-
nard took the bull by the horns—he
gave no more credit.
"Ma foi!" he would say, with a super-
cilious sneer, "Credit is dead, my good
young sir. He doesn't live here any
longer. He is dead and buried."
And then one had to go empty away.
It had been so handy in the good old
days just to run into Jobinard's for
whatever one wanted, and—well, "stick
it up." You see you could get an entire
meal at Jobinard's, one of those little
sham boneless hams; they've quite
enough on them for four. Tinned pro-
visions in inexhaustible variety, wines
from 75 centimes upward, liqueurs, des-
sert, even in the shape of cheeses of all
sorts, almonds and raisins, grapes and
peaches. It was excessively convenient.
When one was hard up, one dealt with
Jobinard, and it was put down to the
account. When one was in funds, one
dined and breakfasted at a restaurant
and left Jobinard's severely alone.
But now all was changed. Mile. Ame-
naide was an uncommonly pretty girl,
and we were all desperately head over
heels in love with her. By "we" I mean
the Art students, but of all the Art stu-
dents that were desperately in love with
Mlle. Amenaide, Daburon, the sculptor,
was the most demonstrative. Jobinard
hated Daburon with a deadly hatred be-
cause Daburon never expended more than
ten centimes at a time. It was the so-
ciety of Mile. Amenaide that Daburon
hungered for, and he got it because he
was entitled to it, being a purchaser.
Mlle. Amenaide was Jobinard's cashier.
It was a large shop, and there were several
assistants, but all moneys were paid to
Mlle. Amenaide, the cashier, who sat in
a glass box underneath the great chiming
clock.
Daburon, the sculptor, would enter
the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to
Jobinard, as though he were the very
dust beneath his feet; then he would
look at Mlle. Amenaide, raise his hat
with his right hand, place his left upon
his heart and make her a low bow; then
he would pretend to blow her a kiss
from the tips of his fingers, as though he
were a circus rider; then he would take
up a box of matches or some other pecu-
liarly inexpensive article.
"Have the kindness to wrap that up
carefully for me in paper," he would re-
mark in a patronizing manner. Then he
would march up to Mlle. Amenaide with
the air of an Alexander—you could al-
most hear the tunc of "See the Conquer-
ing Hero Comes" playing as you saw
him do it. He would pay his 10 cen-
times and whisper some compliment into
the ear of Mlle. Amenaide. Then he
would receive his purchase from the
hand of Mlle. Amenaide in a magnificent
and condescending manner. Then he
would strike a ridiculous attitude of ex-
aggerated admiration and stare at the
unhappy grocer as though he were one
of the seven wonders of the world.
"What a bust!" or "What arms!" or

"What muscularity!" he would say, and
then he would heave a sigh and swagger
out of the shop.

Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly,
thicket, hairy little man, used at first
rather to resent these references to his
personal advantages. His four assist-
ants and his cashier would titter, and
Jobinard would to blush, but at length
the poor fellow fell into the snare laid
for him by the villain Daburon.

He got to believe himself the perfect
type of manly beauty. When a French-
man has once come to this conclusion,
there is no folly of which he is not ready
to be guilty.

The fact is, Daburon had passed the
word round. The Art students, male
and female, invariably stared appreci-
atively at the little, hairy, thicket Jobi-
nard as though he were the glass of fash-
ion and the mold of form. Jobinard
now began to give himself airs. He
swaggered about the shop, he exhibited
himself in the doorway, he posed and
attitudinized all day long, and then we be-
gan to make it rather warm for Jobi-
nard.

"Ah, M. Jobinard, if you were only a
poor man, what a thing it would be for
Art! Ah, if we only had you to sit to us
in the nude. We are going to do
Ajax defying the lightning next week.
What an Ajax you would make, Jobi-
nard!"

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself
in the interests of Art," another would
remark. "You'd ruin the professional
model. You would indeed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jobinard
would reply, his hairy, baboonlike face
grinning with delight, "a too benevolent
heaven has made me the man I am," and
then he struck an attitude.

"What legs!" we all cried in a sort of
chorus.

"Ah, M. Jobinard," I said pleadingly,
"if you would only permit us to photo-
graph your lower extremities."
"Never, gentlemen, never!" replied
the infatuated Jobinard; "I care noth-
ing for Art. Besides, it would be al-
most indecent; I could never look into
a print shop without coming face to face
with the evidences of my too fatal
beauty."

From that day Jobinard ceased to
wear his professional apron.

It was about a week after this that
Daburon, I and another man presented
ourselves at Jobinard's establishment.
We raised our hats to Jobinard as one
man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed consid-
erably astonished at our performance.

"M. Jobinard," said Daburon, who
was our spokesman, "you see before you
a deputation of three, representing the
Art students of Paris, some 500 in num-
ber. We have come to beg a favor. We
know, alas! too well, that it would be
absolutely impossible to induce a man of
your position in society to sit to us; but,
M. Jobinard, a man possessing the lower
extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese
Hercules, M. Jobinard—and I need hardly
remind you that Hercules was a demi-
god—has his duties as well as his privi-
leges. Those magnificent lower extremi-
ties of his are not his own—they belong
to the public.

"Such lower extremities as yours,
monsieur, are not for an age, but for all
time. They must be handed down in
marble to posterity. The legs of Jobi-
nard must become a household word in
Art. To refuse our request, monsieur,
would be a crime. You would retain
the copyright of your own legs of course.
They would be multiplied in plaster of
Paris and become a marketable commodi-
ty over the whole civilized world. Such
muscles as these," said Daburon, respect-
fully prodding and patting the unfor-
tunate Jobinard, "must not be lost to
the artistic world. What a biceps, what
a deltoid, my friends!" he continued.
"What a magnificent development of the
sternocleidomastoides!"

"You will not refuse us?" we cried in
chorus.

"You will not dare refuse us," added
Daburon.

"Gentlemen, I yield! I yield! That Art
cannot get on without me. When would
you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard.

"To-morrow at noon," answered Dabu-
ron as he shook hands with the little
grocer reverentially, and then we took
our leave.

Next day a long procession filed into
the shop.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if
you please," said M. Jobinard, as he in-
dicated the way to his back yard.

We must have been at least thirty.
Everybody brought something; there
were four sacks of plaster, some paving
stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and
enough material to have walled up Jobi-
nard alive. A great mass of moist plas-
ter was prepared, the limbs that had
become necessary to the world of Art
were denuded of their covering and
placed in the moist mass, then large
quantities of the liquid plaster was poured
on them, then the scraps of old iron, the
bars, the paving stones and the bricks
were carefully inserted and built up into
the still soft mass which was at least a
yard high and a yard thick.

"Don't move, dear M. Jobinard,"
cried Daburon, "the plaster is about to
set. We shall return in half an hour,
by which time the molds will be com-
plete."

M. Jobinard, seated in the center of his
back yard, bolt upright, bowed to each
of us as we passed out.

In about a quarter of an hour Jobi-
nard began to feel distinctly uncom-
fortable. "The molds seem getting
terribly heavy," he said to one of
his assistants who kept him com-
pany. "They seem on fire, and I can't
move."

At that moment the procession, headed
by Daburon, filed once more into the
courtyard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said
Jobinard. "I feel as though I were be-
ing turned to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is
attained in this world, dear monsieur,
without a certain amount of physical
suffering. It will be set as hard as marble
in a few minutes. We will obtain the
necessary appliances for your release at
once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet
till our return," said Daburon, rather
sneeringly.

And then each of us kissed our finger
tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and
we filed out once more. It was the last
day of the term at the Art school, and
we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us
in an agony of fear; then he sent for a

stonemason, who dug him out. They had
to get the plaster off with a hammer.
We had, by the direction of the Demon
Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs
of our victim.
Poor Jobinard.—[Tit-Bits.]

A Snail's Formidable Mouth.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and
the rest of the animal kingdom," said
the naturalist, "that no large wild animal
has a mouth constructed with the des-
ign of the insignificant looking snail's mouth,
for that animal could outdo anything that
lives. The snail itself is such an unpleas-
ant, not to say loathsome, creature
to handle that few amateur naturalists
care to bother with it, but by neglecting
the snail they miss studying one of the
most interesting objects that come under
their observation.

"Anyone who has noticed a snail feed-
ing on a leaf must have wondered how
such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can
make such a sharp and clean-cut incision
in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and
straight as if it had been cut with a
knife. That is due to the peculiar and
formidable mouth he has. The snail
eats with his tongue and the roof of his
mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which
the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth.
This tongue is in reality a hand-saw,
with the teeth on the surface instead of
on the edge. The teeth are so small
that as many as 30,000 of them have been
found on one snail's tongue. They are
exceedingly sharp and only a few of
them are used at a time. Not exactly
only a few of them, but a few of them
comparatively, for the snail will proba-
bly have 4,000 or 5,000 of them in use
at once. He does this by means of his
coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much
of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled
part brings into service. The roof of
his mouth is as hard as a bone. He
grasps the leaf between his tongue and
that hard substance and, rasping away
with his tongue, saws through the
toughest leaf with ease, always leaving
the edge smooth and straight."—[Ex-
change.]

Just What a Northerner Is.

"What is a Texas northerner?" The
question was put by a Globe Democrat
man to Major B. M. Vanderhurst,
of Texas, who was airing his Apollo Belvi-
dere figure in the glad sunshine that
crept under the awning of the Lindell.

"A Texas northerner, my inquiring friend,
is an extremely damp and disagreeable
wetness that crawls up out of the hole
where the north pole used to be and
swoops down upon the sometimes sunny
southland at a Nancy Hanks gait, catch-
ing you with your mosquito-bar under-
clothes on and your overcoat in soak.

It is more penetrating than ammonia,
and requires but ten seconds to work
its way to the most secret recesses
of a fat man's soul and cause him
to regard the orthodox hell of fire as
the one thing in all the world
most to be desired. When a
northerner has the victim in his grip he
feels that he has a combination of buck
ague and congestive chills. It is the custom
in Texas not to make a fire until some-
body freezes to death. It would be a
slam on the most delightful climate on
earth. Few houses built prior to the war
had any provisions for heating. The
custom was when a northerner announced
itself to keep piling on coats until it got
discouraged and gave up the contest.
That custom is still generally followed.
Northern people regard this eccentricity
of the Texas climate with extreme dis-
gust. They go down there expecting to
find ten months of summer and two
months of early fall weather; to revel in
the glad sunshine and to inhale the uncti-
ous perfume of magnolia buds all the
year. They get into their picnic clothes
and send their heavy weights to friends
back home to be given to the poor or
packed away in camp. Just about that
time a northerner arrives and, for three
days, they long to go to Manitoba to get
warm."

Some Seemingly Discrepancies.

What is the precise color expressive
of anger or rage? Novelists seem hardly
to have settled the point yet, if we may
judge from the four passages below,
taken from a recently published novel:

1. Page 9. "Adrienne suddenly ap-
peared, her face white with anger."

2. Page 20. "The little fellow was
trembling with a blue rage."

3. Page 57. "Albert was choking
with passion. He turned green in the
face."

4. Page 173. "Rodolphe, who was of
a very choleric temperament, passed in-
stantaneously through all the colors of
the rainbow."

A regular exhibition of fireworks, an
artist's palette for variety, don't you
think?—[Chicago Times.]

OLLA PODRIDA.

The czar's throne is said to be worth
four times as much as Queen Victoria's.

The Mississippi deposits in the sea in
a year solid matter weighing 812,500,-
000,000 pounds.

Sixty persons now occupy Robinson
Crusoe's island Juan Fernandez. They
are cattle herders.

The Korean does not have the trouble
of carrying his umbrella in his hand.
It is like an ordinary umbrella in shape,
only it is smaller and has no handle. It
is made of oil paper and is worn on the
head over the hat.

In the Vatican at Rome there is a
marble statue with natural eyelashes,
the only one with this peculiarity in
the world. It represents Ariadne sleeping
on the island of Naxos at the moment
when she was deserted by Theseus.

A monstrosity is carefully guarded on
the farm of W. H. Reynolds, at Gannon,
Tex. It is a pig with head and ears like
those of an elephant, a nose like the
trunk of the beast just named, and a sin-
gle eye where the mouth ought to be.

The famous Tyrian dye was discovered
in this way: A man and his dog were
one day walking on the seashore, when
the dog ate a murex, a species of small
shellfish, and his master noticed that his
lips were at once tinged with the royal
color, which soon became as famous as
it was difficult to obtain.

SOME SANITARY ASPECTS OF BREAD MAKING.

BY CYRUS EDSON, M. D.,
Health Commissioner, New York City.

It is necessary, if one would under-
stand the sanitary aspects of bread
making, to fully comprehend the pres-
ent theory held by scientists of germs
and the part played by them in disease.
The theory of disease germs is merely
the name given to the knowledge had
of those germs by medical men, a knowl-
edge which is the result of innumera-
ble experiments. Being this, the old
term of a "theory" has become a mis-
nomer. A germ of a disease is a plant,
so small that I do not know how to ex-
press intelligibly to the general reader
its lack of size. When this germ is in-
troduced into the blood or tissues of
the body, its action appears to be an-
alogous to that which takes place when
yeast is added to dough. It attacks
certain elements of the blood or tissues,
and destroys them, at the same time
producing new substances.



"DISEASE GERMS FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE YEAST BREAD."

But the germs of the greater part of
the germ diseases, that is, of the infec-
tious and contagious diseases, will de-
velop or increase in number without
being in the body of a human being,
provided always you give them the
proper conditions. These conditions
are to be found in dough which is be-
ing raised with yeast. They are
warmth, moisture and the organic
matter of the flour on which the germs,
after certain changes, feed.

It is necessary to remember at this
point that yeast is germ growth, and
when introduced into a mixture of glu-
cose or starch, in the presence of
warmth and moisture sets up a fer-
mentation. If the mixture be a starchy
dough the yeast first changes a portion
of the starch into glucose and then de-
composes the glucose by changing it
into two new substances, viz., carbonic
acid gas and alcohol.

Now the gluten, which is also a con-
stituent of dough and moist starch,
affords, with the latter, an excellent
nidus for the development of germs of
disease as well as for the yeast germs.
The germs of cholera, as of typhoid
fever, would, if introduced into dough,
find very favorable conditions for their
growth.

I do not wish to "pose" as an alarm-
ist, nor am I willing to say there is
very much chance of the germs of
typhus and of cholera reaching the
stomachs of the people who eat bread
which has been raised with yeast. But
I have not the slightest cause to doubt
that other diseases have been and will
be carried about in the bread.

I have met journeymen bakers, suffer-
ing from cutaneous diseases, work-
ing the dough in the bread trough
with naked hands and arms. I have
no reason to suppose bakers are less
liable to cutaneous diseases than any
other men, and I know, as every house-
wife knows, yeast-raised bread must be
worked a long time. This is an ex-
ceedingly objectionable thing from the
standpoint of a physician for the
reason that the germs of disease which
are in the air and dust and on stair-
ways and straps in street cars, are
most often collected on the hands. Any
person who has ever kneaded
dough understands the way in which
the dough cleans the hands. This
means that any germs which may have
found a lodging place on the hands of
the baker before he makes up his
batch of bread are sure to find their
way into the dough, and once there, to
find all the conditions necessary for
subdivision and growth. This is
equivalent to saying that we must rely
on heat to kill these germs, because it
is almost certain that they will be
there. Now, underdone or doughy
bread is a form which every man and
woman has seen.

It is a belief as old as the hills that
underdone bread is unhealthful. This
reputation has been earned for it by
the experience of countless genera-
tions, and no careful mother will wish
her children to eat bread that has not
been thoroughly cooked. The reason
given for this recognized unhealthful-
ness has been that the uncooked yeast
dough is very difficult to digest. No
one but a physician would be apt to
think of disease germs which have not
been killed during the process of bak-
ing as a cause of the sickness following
the use of uncooked yeast bread. Yet
this result from this cause is more than
probable. I have not the slightest
doubt that could we trace back some
of the cases of illness which we meet
in our practice we would find that
germs collected by the baker have
found their way into the yeast bread,
that the heat has not been sufficient to
destroy them, that the uncooked yeast
bread has been eaten and with it the
colonies of germs, that they have
found their way into the blood and
that the call for our services which
followed, has rounded off this sequence
of events.

I have already pointed out that the
germs of disease are to be found in the
air and dust. The longer any sub-

stance to be eaten is exposed to the air,
the greater the chance that germs will
be deposited on it. Bread raised with
yeast is worked down or kneaded twice
before being baked and this process
may take anywhere from four hours to
ten. It has, then, the chance of col-
lecting disease germs during this pro-
cess of raising and it has two periods
of working down or kneading during
each of which it may gather the dirt
containing the germs from the baker's
hands. As no bread save that raised
with yeast, goes through this long
process of raising and kneading so no
bread save that raised with yeast has
so good a chance of gathering germs.

What is meant by "raising" bread
is worth a few words. The introduc-
tion of the yeast into the moist dough
and the addition of heat when the pan
is placed near the fire produces an
enormous growth of the yeast fungi—
the yeast "germ," in other words.
These fungi effect a destructive fer-
mentation of a portion of the starchy
matter of the flour—one of the most
valuable nutrient elements in the flour.

The fermentation produces carbonic
acid gas, and this, having its origin in
every little particle of the starch
which is itself everywhere in the flour,
pushes aside the particles of the dough
to give itself room. This is what is
called "raising the bread."
It needs but a glance to see that it
is, in its effects on the dough, purely
mechanical. The dough, which was
before a close-grained mass, is now
full of little holes, and when cooked
in this condition is what we ordinarily
call light. This porous quality of
bread enables the stomach to rapidly
and easily digest it, for the gastric
juices quickly soak into and attack it
from all sides. The fermentation of
the dough, however, uses up a portion
of the nutrient elements of the loaf.
If it be possible, therefore, to produce
a light porous loaf without this de-
struction and without the "kneading"
process, which fills the dough with
germs and filth, and without the long

period during which the raising pro-
cess goes on, the gain in food and the
gain in the avoidance of the germs is
exceedingly plain.

But while we can easily see the
dangers which attend the use of yeast
it is certain that the vesiculating effect
produced by it on the dough is to the
last degree perfect. It is apparent
that if we are to substitute any other
system of bread making we must have
one which will give us, first, mechanical
results equally as good, that is, that
will produce minute bubbles of
carbonic acid gas throughout the mass
of dough. Now it is in no way diffi-
cult to produce carbonic acid gas
chemically, but when we are working
at bread we must use such chemicals
as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately
these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-
made bread are obviated by the use of
a properly made, pure and wholesome
baking powder in lieu of yeast. Baking
powders are composed of an acid
and an alkali which, if properly com-
bined, should when they unite at once
destroy themselves and produce car-
bonic acid gas. A good baking pow-
der does its work while the loaf is in
the oven, and having done it, disap-
pears.

But care is imperative in selecting
the brand of baking powder to be cer-
tain that it is composed of non-injuri-
ous chemicals. Powders containing
alum or those which are compounded
from impure ingredients, or those
which are not combined in proper pro-
portion or carefully mixed and which
will leave either an acid or an alkali in
the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning
in this direction or the change from
the objectionable yeast to an impure
baking powder will be a case of jump-
ing from the frying pan into the fire.

The best baking powder made is, as
shown by analysis, the "Royal." It
contains absolutely nothing but cream
of tartar and soda, refined to a chemi-
cal purity, which when combined un-
der the influence of heat and moisture

will have absolutely stopped one channel
through which disease may reach
them.

NOTE.—Housekeepers desiring informa-
tion in regard to the preparation of the bread
which, for sanitary reasons, Dr. Edson
strongly urges for general use, should write
to the Royal Baking Powder Company, New
York.

Know Thyself.
A male adult has half an ounce of sugar
in his blood.
The normal temperature of a human
body is 98.2-5 degrees.
An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces
in twenty-four hours.
An ordinary man exhales every day
one pound of carbonic oxide.
As a rule the length of the face is the
same as the length of the hand.
The rate of pulsation is 120 per min-
ute in infancy, 80 in manhood and 60 in
old age.
Sweat consists of nearly 99 per cent.
water and a little over 1 per cent. of sal-
ine matter.
Each adult inhales a gallon of air a
minute and consumes thirty ounces of
oxygen a day.
The action of the human heart is suffi-
ciently strong to lift every twenty-four
hours 120 pounds.

It has been computed that the average
growth of the fingernail is about one-
thirty-second of an inch a week.
All the blood in the body makes the
entire round of the circulation in
twenty seconds, so that three times
in every minute all the red globules of
the blood, which are the oxygen car-
riers, must each have its fresh medium of
oxygen.
In the human body there is said to be
more than 2,000,000 perspiration glands
communicating with the surface by ducts,
having a total length of some ten miles.
The blood contains millions of millions
of corpuscles, each a structure in itself.
The number of rods in the retina, sup-
posed to be the ultimate recipient of
light, is estimated at 30,000,000. A Ger-
man scientist has calculated that the
gray matter of the brain is built of at
least 600,000,000 cells.

