

HOW MUCH ONE FAMILY EATS.

Four People Consume Four Thousand Pounds of Food in a Year.

Statistics kept by a Chicago man show that during a year his family, consisting of himself, his wife and two daughters, consumed 4047 pounds and thirty-eight varieties of food. The family lived under no economical restrictions, and their table was supplied as it has been daily for years with everything desired by any member of the family. For this reason the statistics, religiously kept and accurate to the ounce, have been pronounced highly valuable by students of food statistics and medical men generally, especially since the tables were kept in a casual manner, no influence being exerted either to augment or reduce the amount or variety of the daily menu to which the family had been accustomed.


The table in gross amounts is as follows:

Foodstuffs, in pounds.....	4047
Eggs, in dozen.....	112
Oranges and lemons, in dozens...	54
Milk, quarts.....	650
Berries, quarts.....	125
Apples, bushels.....	9

The table of amounts consumed per day indicate that the human system is

Hazing at West Point.

"I have only one thing to say," replied General Grant, when once asked to give his views on hazing at West Point. "It is the resort of a coward



"DOING SPREAD EAGLES."

and the amusement of a bully." The so-called sport is generally excused on the ground that "boys will be boys." It is hard to defend when it is known that it is practiced without any regard for a man's previous education, his natural mental or physical sensitive-

to break the heads of three or four of the city men who think this way, hazing might not be so popular.

Young Booz, it is charged, died from treatment with tobacco sauce by these "gentlemen" of West Point. Whether he did or did not, the very fact that such a charge could be brought with some foundation of truth well illustrates the nastiness of hazing and the ridiculous code of honor which still protects its practices.

Rear-Admiral Sampson when at Annapolis and while asleep had straws laid upon his hands. These were set afire, and when they burned into his flesh he awoke with pain. Now the veteran says:


"I think that hazing, as reported recently at West Point and several other places, is brutal. Especially the practice of forcing a little man to fight a big man should be discouraged, although it is not much worse than making freshmen clean tents and black boots for older men. It is evidence of a mean spirit for upper class men to compel a new man to accept a disadvantageous attitude or position. I believe that all forms of hazing should be stopped."

Cadet Hobson, brother of Lieutenant Hobson, was forced to go through a repetition of the sinking of the Merrimac. He was ordered to plunge into a bathtub and sink small floating chips. "Where are you?" he was asked,


"John Brown, what?"

The freshman gasps. He is told to say "sir." Then he answers: "John Brown, sir."

He gets a dozen ridiculous questions like this. Another trick is for him to walk down Chapel street, New Haven, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, and his bare legs blackened with burnt cork. Some are forced to run around on all fours and bark like dogs while their captors lead them with strings. A student named Rustin was killed at Yale some years ago



A FIGHT IN THE OLD FORT.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN

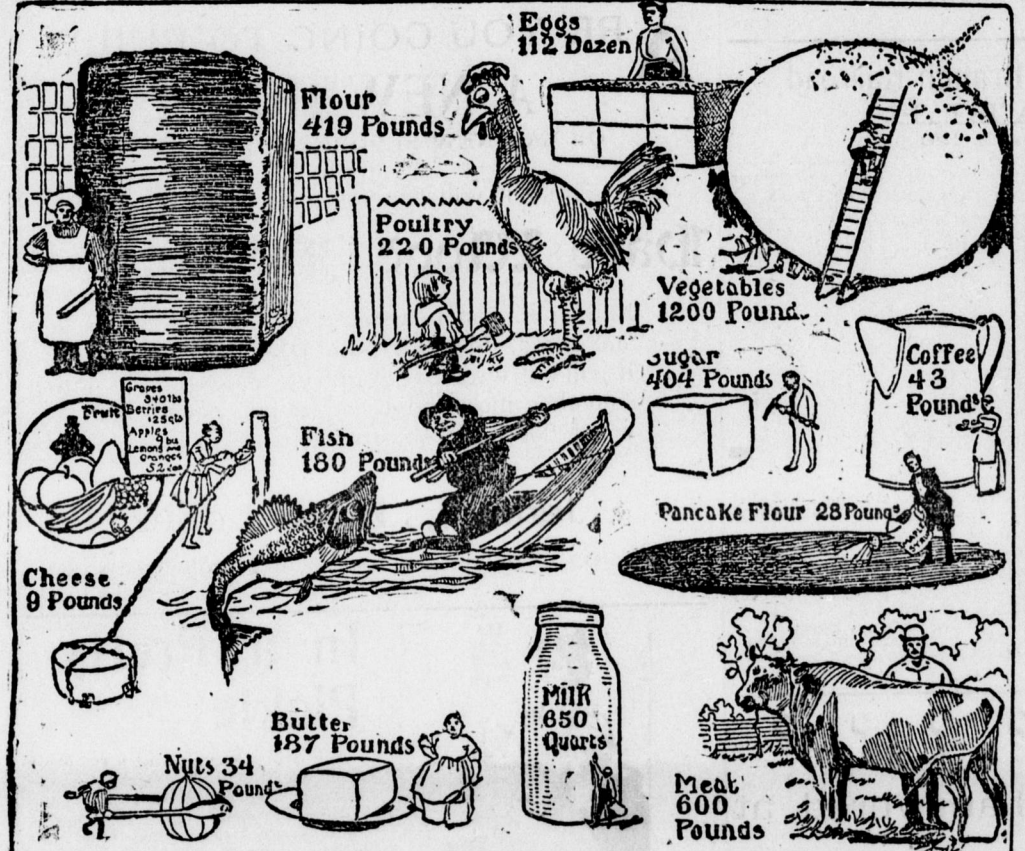
That's the Way.

Just a little every day—
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness swell and grow;
Tiny blades push through the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst,
Slowly, slowly, as the first,
That's the way.
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day—
That's the way
Children learn to read and write
Bit by bit and mite by mite.
Never any one I say
Leaps to knowledge and its power;
Slowly, slowly hour by hour,
That's the way;
Just a little every day.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The water of Cuba is likely to contain germs to say nothing of being warm and insipid, but the coco agua is absolutely fresh and pure. In crossing the island on a hot, dusty, weary day in a slow train one comes to wait with joy the stops and the sounds of the little Cuban boys clad only in thin trousers and thinner coats, chirping from the platform "coco agua, coco agua." Here while the train waits you may quaff a refreshing glass, or you may buy delicious green oranges, guanos and other fruit or you may take home with you for a few cents a little green parrot, which a woman or an old man brings into the car to sell as an American trainboy would sell gum.

And yet in spite of the deliciousness and the nutritive value of the cocconut, a large part of the Cuban crop goes to waste because the Cuban in his love of ease will not climb the trees and out down the nuts before they are too old. Still when one has seen a big cocconut tree without a limb for 50 feet and no end of little spines and ridges one acquires a fellow sympathy with the Cuban in his lack of energy. It is true that food may be had in Cuba for the picking, but sometimes the picking is far from easy work. There is something unique about climbing a tree when you want a drink instead of digging a hole in the ground as a northerner does, but having once tasted coco agua the northerner admits that the Cuban method has its advantages.



Flour 419 Pounds

Eggs 112 Dozen

Poultry 220 Pounds

Vegetables 1200 Pounds

Sugar 404 Pounds

Coffee 43 Pounds

Pan Cake Flour 28 Pounds

Fish 180 Pounds

Cheese 9 Pounds

Butter 187 Pounds

Nuts 34 Pounds

Milk 650 Quarts

Meat 600 Pounds

FOOD EATEN BY ONE FAMILY IN A YEAR. THE AMOUNT REPRESENTED ABOVE WAS CONSUMED BY A MAN, HIS WIFE AND THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS.

capable of assimilating a considerable amount of food beyond what it has been demonstrated is capable of supporting life.

The table is as follows:

Foodstuffs, in pounds.....	11.08
Milk.....	3.53 pints
Eggs.....	3.68
Oranges, lemons.....	1.80
Berries.....	0.98 pints
Apples.....	7.90

The varieties of cereals used during the year were large, and some of the amounts proved surprising, when, as month after month crept by, the amounts of the totals were observed. Crackers were used largely, much more so than would be imagined, and probably to a greater extent than is common to a great number of families.

No account was taken of salt and pepper, they not being regarded as necessary to the value of statistics.

The flour used during the year would make a loaf of bread so large it would take two men to carry it. A chicken 220 pounds, the amount of poultry used during the year, would be almost eight feet in height and according to estimate its cackle could be heard four times around a city block. Closely pressing the poultry in amount is the item of fish. A fish weighing 180 would be almost as large as the fish that always gets away.

The meat total would supply a small-sized butcher shop for a considerable length of time, and the 650 quarts of milk would require a jar several times larger than the ordinary sized milkman. A flapjack made of the twenty-eight pounds of pancake flour would make a small-sized dancing floor, and the 134 eggs, if made into one large egg to be colored for Easter, would require four buckets of aniline dye for the work.

The 1200 pounds of vegetables would make a New England boiled dinner large enough for two full regiments, the fruits would start a fruit stand of no mean dimensions, while the nine pounds of cheese, if turned loose, would exert, it is estimated, about forty horse power.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ness, or physical danger from a sudden shock.

They haze at Yale, Harvard, Columbia and many other big and small colleges. There is little of it practiced at Annapolis. It is anywhere about as funny as the spectacle of a big bully worrying a little man or a stout boy torturing a child. Some of the performances required at West Point by future defenders of the nation are:



A MOLASSES RACE.

Bracing—Walking about in position of a soldier, chin drawn in, chest forced out and palms of the hands turned outward.

Chewing—Chewing the end of a rope or string for hours.

Monkey—Climbing a tent pole and crowing like a rooster and chirping like a bird.

Sammy Race—Two cadets blindfolded, feeding each other from a bowl of molasses.

Qualifying—Eating eight slices of bread and a bowl of molasses or consuming eighty-two prunes at one sitting.

Sweating—Lying in a closed tent wrapped in blankets and a mackintosh until faint. Cadets often lose from five to ten pounds in thirty minutes.

Eaging—Sitting down on the toes and then rising upon them and sitting down again—repeat 100 times.

These are regarded as excruciatingly funny. Young Douglass MacArthur naively says:

"There are two reasons for hazing—first, amusement, and second, the desire to reduce a man's rough edges. It is the only way to polish the rough edges of men who come from the country."

If some "country" chap treated in this manner should find it convenient

"This is Santiago Harbor," he was expected to answer.

"What are you doing?" he was next asked.

"Sinking the Merrimac," he said. He was also told to give a "Hobson" to the trees in camp. He had to go to each tree, put his arms around its trunk and kiss it.

Some of the colleges are as asinine in their hazing sports and as brutal as West Point. A freshman sings another to sleep with a lullaby and a nursing bottle. Another has to "scan" the label on a beer bottle. Each freshman is put on a table and asked:

"What is your name?"

"John Brown."

while being rushed around blindfolded by an upper class man. He ran into a wagon pole and died later of peritonitis. A Cornell student while being hazed in a field was told to jump into a canal. He did so and was drowned. It is the trouble of all this fool play, in college or elsewhere, that it invariably ends in the killing of an innocent man, perhaps the sole strength of his family, loved by somebody anyway. Then when the killing is over the cry goes up under the "code of honor" that there is no hazing, that it was only sport and that the sport of "gentlemen."

It so happens, though, that the only true, honorable sport ever legitimately permitted to any man, can only be practiced under the glare of light, before all men, unmasked and without recourse to brute force or superiority of numbers.



GEORGE MASON LEE TAKES WATER BATH

Hazing breaks ribs, knocks out teeth, breaks arms, weakens hearts and does several other things for what have been rightly termed the "monkeys" of the "upper class." Cadet Smith was dismissed from West Point for hazing Ulysses S. Grant, grandson of General Grant. General Wesley Merritt took his treatment in his day, and so have most of the prominent military and naval men. Public opinion, though, has driven the practice out of Annapolis, and threatens to change the order of things at West Point. The colleges are also frowning upon the practice, and it seems as if at no distant time the words "gentlemen" and "cadet" or "college student" might be synonymous. The bravest are always the tenderest, and the loving the most daring.—Chicago Times-Herald.

One Thing They Didn't Invent.

Miles—"The Chinese claim to have invented nearly everything."

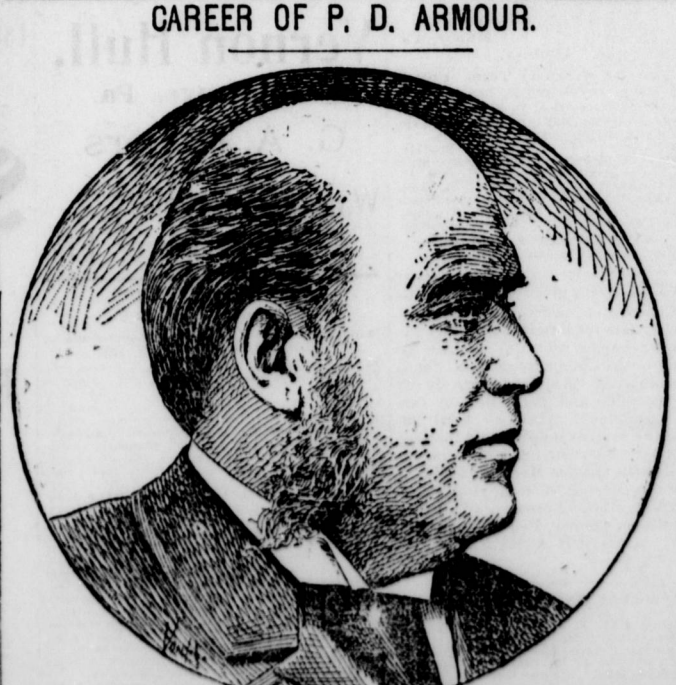
Giles—"Well, judging by the way they wear their hair, they didn't invent football."—Chicago News.

Railways use up over 2,000,000 tons of steel a year, almost half the world's product.

Tommy Atkins Has His Joke.

He got occasional gleams of humor from South Africa, says the Boston Herald. It is related that Tommy Atkins had taken a Boer prisoner, and, the two getting friendly, talked about the prospects of the war. "You may as well give it up; you'll never win," said the Boer. "Cos why?" asked Tommy. "Because we've the Lord on our side," said the Boer. "Go on," said Tommy, "we've three lords on our side, and one of 'em made a bloomin' bass of 'imself!"

His life—farm boy, gold hunter, merchant, packing king. Born in Stockbridge, Oneida County, N. Y., May 16, 1832. Attended Casenovia Seminary at fourteen. Walked to California at eighteen; founded his fortune there in mining. Returned to Stockbridge, well to do, at twenty-three. Located in Milwaukee shortly after, becoming a merchant. Came to Chicago in 1863 to enter the packing business. Led the world in this line, feeding more people than any other man of his time. Employed as many as 23,000 men, annual payroll \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000; annual output estimated at \$200,000,000. Property interests for which he stood conservatively estimated at \$150,000,000; his own fortune about \$50,000,000. Armour institute a monument to his charity; his private benefactions countless, but not indiscriminate; immensely loyal to his family and friends; loved little children; fought hard in business rivalries and helped his fallen foe up again. Died January 6, 1901.



CAREER OF P. D. ARMOUR.

Kite Flying in China.

Kite flying is the great delight of the Chinese boys, though not of boys alone, but also of their fathers and grandfathers. And what famous kites they have, too. Some are in the form of beautiful birds, or butterflies, with wings cleaving the air; others are in the shape of men, or various animals, dragons and centipedes.

Occasionally a tiny paper lantern is fastened to the tail of a kite, and, being lighted, it has a pretty effect as it rises, shining like a star in the twilight. Sometimes a number of bird kites are fastened by short lines to the principal cord, and when flying in the air look like a flight of birds glustering round one common centre.

The Massacre at Fort Michilmackinac.

In 1763, on the 4th of June, loyal British subjects everywhere were celebrating King George's birthday. Over here in America, at Fort Michilmackinac, overlooking the beautiful straits of Mackinac, the English soldiers were invited by the Ojibwas and Sacs to watch a game of ball they were to play that afternoon. The Indian game was the same that is now known as lacrosse in Canada. Glad to celebrate the holiday in some way, many of the officers and soldiers readily accepted the invitation and not more than half of them remained at the fort.

It seems a little strange that the soldiers should have responded so promptly to the invitation, for they knew that the Indians were very hostile to the English. Their sympathies were with the French, who had originally occupied the fort, and they were influenced, too, by the Canadians, who regarded the English as rivals in the fur trade.

The game took place on the plain in front of the fort. In the crowd that gathered to watch it were many soldiers without arms, many blanketed squaws, many Canadians and a number of Indian chiefs and warriors. There were two goals at opposite ends of the plain and each side tried to defend its goal and drive the ball.

All at once the ball was thrown high into the air and fell very near the pickets of the fort. Then, in a moment, the Indians changed from interested ball players into the fiercest of warriors. Apparently in pursuit of the ball they rushed toward the gate, and before the English could realize what was happening, had entered the fort.

The blanketed squaws had been concealing hatchets and muskets all the time, and these they handed to the Indians as they ran after the ball. Some of the Indians fell upon those who had gathered outside, others attacked those on the inside. A massacre such as the Indian alone is capable of followed, and thus by a clever ruse the important military post at Mackinac passed from the possession of the English into the hands of the Indians.

Cocconut Fountains in Cuba.

The Cuban boy knows few of the joys of the fizzy soda fountain. He is without orange phosphates to soothe his spirits during his year-long summer, but he has one thing in the way of drink which no American town, at least north of southern Florida, can provide. He may visit a cocconut "fountain." There are hundreds of restaurants and cafes in Havana and in all the towns of Cuba where an important item of the stock is a huge pile of green cocconuts, clad in their rich husks just as they come from the trees. There are also many little shops very much like a familiar American lemonade stand where these cocconuts are the main stock in trade.

The proprietors of these stands are usually piratical-looking young men who chat and laugh with all comers. Do you wish to try the virtue of a Cuban cocconut fountain? Step up to the stand and say:

"Coco agua." (Cocconut water.)

The proprietor will instantly and with deft grace pick up one of his big green cocconuts, seize a murderous looking machete and hack off the end of the husk close down to the cocconut proper. Then he will bore out one of the little eyes of the cocconut with the sharp point of the machete, set before you a tall glass, not too clean, and pour into it the sweet fresh milk of the cocconut. Bits of the white meat of the nut will float around on top and at first you are not quite certain whether you will like "coco agua" or not. But when you have tasted it a few times you conclude with the Cubans that there is no other drink in the world so cool, refreshing and satisfying in the torrid heat of the island as this. A full glass costs the equivalent of 5 cents or less.

The American Bittern.

Nearly everybody who has been beyond the limits of stone walls and brick walls has seen flying over the known as the American bittern, locally fields at some time or another the bird called in places the swamp pump and stake driver, on account of its call. How many, I wonder, who are familiar with this marsh resident when in full flight have ever seen it at rest? Not many, I venture to say. Its bird will stand on the ground in its damp retreat, without as much cover as the ostrich when it pokes its head in the sand and imagines itself unseen, and one may pass within 10 yards of the silent figure and even see it and yet never guess of a bird's presence. Scientists have written reams about the protective coloring of the whip-poor-will, which enables it to become fairly a part of some lichen-colored limb. The white of the ptarmigan on the snowy heights and the brown of the partridge among the dead leaves of the forest have been commented upon time and time again as instances of what nature does to make her bird children to become a part of their surrounding, that they may escape the eye of the destroyer. The way in which the stake driver of the swampy woodland stretches keeps his presence there a secret when a prowler is about seems to have escaped the notice of many naturalists. In May last, with a companion, I was walking along a road at the edge of a swamp not many miles north of Chicago. A bittern rose from a point far to our left and flapped its way lazily over the marsh to a damp place in a pasture covered with stumps, with a few standing trees scattered here and there. Through powerful glasses we watched the bird's progress and marked down the spot where he had pitched. We made directly for the place and then began a search for the bird with our glasses. Every spot of ground within 50 yards was examined carefully, but not a feather could we see. Finally my companion, who had been looking steadily through his glass at one spot for what seemed fully five minutes, said, suddenly: "There he is. Look at the fifth stump." At the fifth stump I looked. It was no stump at all, but Master Bittern himself, posed and making an almost perfect representation of one of the small blasted tree relics by which he was surrounded. He was only 13 yards away. His body was perpendicular, his neck and head were drawn well down into his shoulders and his beak was pointed straight upward, forming a prolongation of the line of his back. "We will test his patience," was our decision, and we sat down quietly, noted the time and stared at that devoted bird for exactly one hour. During all that time he moved not at all. No neighboring stump was more firmly fixed than he. It seemed as though he had control of his feathers as well, for the passing breezes that stirred the lush swamp grass beyond failed to ruffle any part of his brown plumage. Finally, half ashamed of keeping the bird longer under such a strain, we walked toward him. Not until we were within a few feet did he move. Then he took four comically dignified steps away from us, and rising, flew down the little stream which in spring makes its way through the heart of the swamp.

—Edward B. Clark, in Chicago Record.

Spilled Her Evening.

Last evening a gentleman who was sitting by his suburban window casually remarked:

"There goes the woman whom George Brown's awfully in love with."

His wife, who was in a back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby and ran like a deer to the window with:

"Where? Where? Tell me, quick!"

The one with the long cloak, just at the corner.

Then the woman at the window said in tones of deep disgust: "Why, that's George Brown's wife."

"Yes, exactly," remarked the brutal husband. Then the disappointed woman went back and got the supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.

—Chicago Journal.