

Heavy Loss From Diseased Stock

Cattle and Hogs Worth More Than a Million Dollars Are Condemned Annually—Dairy Losses Are Enormous—Interesting Statistics Gathered by the Committee for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

The committee on the prevention of tuberculosis has issued an interesting report of the losses sustained as a result of condemnation of stock infected by tuberculosis. According to this report, there are approximately 11,000 carcasses of beef and 65,000 carcasses of hogs condemned each year by the federal meat inspectors on account of tuberculosis. It would not be far from to estimate the loss on these carcasses at present prices as \$40 each on the beef and \$12 each on the pork, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. This is a net annual loss from the condemnation of carcasses of \$440,000 for beef and \$780,000 for pork, or a total of \$1,220,000. This statement, however, does not include the 647 parts of beef carcasses and the 142,105 parts of hog carcasses which it was necessary last year to condemn for the same cause, and the approximate value of which cannot be ascertained.

In addition to the carcasses condemned by federal inspectors, there are a considerable number condemned by State and municipal inspectors. These are mostly carcasses of dairy cattle killed in the work of suppressing tuberculosis, or of cows no longer profitable in the dairy which are sent for slaughter to the smaller abattoirs. The aggregate number of these has not been ascertained, but in some years it has amounted to several thousand carcasses.

The losses to the dairy industry from tuberculosis have been enormous from decrease in milk and depreciation and death of animals. The dairy herds have been affected to a greater extent than any others, and the infection as a rule spread through the cows of a herd until 50 to 80 per cent. of the animals were affected. In the early stages of the disease the product of the cows is not visibly lessened, but as the tubercular process develops the animals often become feverish, their milk is diminished in quantity, and they lose flesh and are no longer profitable. The losses from shrinkage of the milk and from the destruction of so many cows must be tremendous, but it has never been definitely determined.

An extremely serious phase of this subject is the effect of the disease in destroying valuable families of cattle and blood lines which can never be renewed. In most of the breeds there are certain families or strains of blood which have been developed by long and skillful selection, and which represent the one marked success in a breeder's life. The representative animals of such a strain are generally few in number, and may be in one herd. Under such circumstances the introduction of tuberculosis has often meant the annihilation of the strain and the blotting out of the achievements of a lifetime of toil and study. Such losses can scarcely be measured in dollars and cents, but they are no less real and no less serious as an obstacle to the development of the cattle industry.

The influence upon export trade of regulations relative to tuberculosis will probably become more and more unfavorable. Breeding and dairy cattle for Canada and Argentina must now be tested and found free from the disease before they will be admitted. The tendency everywhere is to make more stringent regulations, and any considerable increase in the prevalence of the disease would have an unfavorable effect upon the sale of live animals, meats, and dairy products, even if burdensome regulations were not imposed. To meet successfully the increasing competition in the markets of the world it is important to have products which it can be shown are produced from healthy animals and which do not carry danger of any kind to the health of the consumer.

PUBLIC HALL ACOUSTICS.

Needed Suggestions for Improving Them for All Audiences.

Frequently occasion arises for temporary acoustic improvements, and the following suggestions are made, says Talent. In a large, narrow room, with an arched ceiling, hang curtains crosswise of the room from the ceiling down to the arch or spring line. The distance between the curtains should not be greater than one-half the width of the room. The greater the surface of the curtains the less will be the sound disturbances.

In auditoriums that have domes in the ceiling, the best plan is to hang a curtain horizontally directly under or across the mouth or bottom of the dome. If the dome is used as a source from which light is supplied to the room, then the next best remedy for sound disturbances is to cover the mouth of the dome with thin vellum stretched across it.

When there is a cove in the building behind the rostrum, hang heavy

portiere curtains about one foot back from the edge.

Do not, if it can possibly be avoided, station a singer, orator or musical instrument in front of or near any circular cavity. The corner of the room is better but against a flat wall is better still.

A thick carpet or rug on the floor beneath the orator, singer or piano will subdue the resonance.

All empty adjacent rooms that have connecting doors with the auditorium should have their doors closed during sound utterance as all rooms are primary resonance pockets, and therefore, if connected with the auditorium through an open door, they will greatly augment any sound disturbances possessed by the auditorium.

As a child fears and avoids fire so it would also be wisdom on the part of those who build to avoid in every sense each and every one of the following faults as applied to constructive acoustics:

Don't plaster solid on brick or terra cotta walls.

Don't build spheroidal or conical domes in the ceilings.

Don't build circular angles or corners in the room.

Don't supply hot air in large quantities in center of room.

Don't locate lighting in center of room. Distribute it.

Don't construct large ventilating shaft in center of room.

Don't supply heat in bulk through ceiling.

Don't supply cold air through floor; it is a failure.

Don't stretch wires across the ceiling to kill echoes. It will do no good.

Don't varnish the wainscoting or wax the floors.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pharaoh the Oppressor.

Like a cloud, a great golden cloud, a glory impending that will not, cannot, be dissolved into the ether, he (Rameses) looked over the Egypt that is dead, he looms over the Egypt of today. Everywhere you meet his traces, everywhere you hear his name. You say to a tall young Egyptian, "How big you are growing, Hassan!" He answers, "Come back next year, my gentleman, and I shall be like Rameses the Great."

Or you ask of the boatman who rows you, "How can you pull all day against the current of the Nile?" And he smiles, and, lifting his brown arm, he says to you, "Look, I am as strong as Rameses the Great."

This familiar fame comes down through some 3,220 years. Carved upon limestone and granite, now it seems engraven also on every Egyptian heart that beats not only with the movement of shadow, or is not hurried in the black soil fertilized by Hapi. Thus can inordinate vanity prolong the true triumph of genius, and impress its own view of itself upon the minds of millions. This Rameses is believed to be the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel.—Century.

Johnson, Boswell, Orange Peel.

Lady Diana Beauclerk, the second Duke of Marlborough's eldest daughter, who died August 1 a century ago, was famous for many things in her time. Horace Walpole extravagantly praises her artistic genius. She was the heroine of two notorious unhappy marriages, the second of which was to Johnson's friend Topham Beauclerk. But she is remembered now most of all, probably, because it was she who dared Boswell (stimulating him with a small bet) to ask Johnson what he did with the orange peels that he used to pocket at the club after consuming the juice. Boswell saw him scrape them and Johnson admitted that he then dried them. But "I have a great love for them," was all he would say to their use, which Boswell never learnt. An earlier letter of Johnson's to a lady, however, recommending dried and powdered orange peel in hot port wine for indigestion seems to give the key.—London Chronicle.

A Much-Discussed Question.

Why are the trousers that sailors wear so wide at the bottom? That question has been asked over and over again, and, strange as it may seem, no one not a sailor knows exactly how to answer it. The editor is unable to give the origin of the fashion authoritatively, but he heard a man who is pretty well informed in questions of that kind say it grew out of the old-time custom of cutting out sailors' trousers on shipboard, when the cutter would simply run the shears straight down the cloth, without making any attempt to give the leg shape. This was due partly to haste, partly to indifference to style. Another plausible explanation is the following: Sailors frequently have to row ashore and barefooted step into the water and pull their boots up on the beach. The width of their trousers at the bottom allows them to roll their trousers high to keep them dry.—Chicago News.

Asked to Stay In.

In Changsha the other day all the foreigners received a communication from the Taotal requesting them to remain within their own doors for a period of four days, as a religious festival was in progress, and the Taotal could not hold himself responsible for the safety of foreigners who would venture among the crowds.—Hongkong Daily Press.

Horas bets in the United Kingdom are said to amount to over \$12,000,000 annually.

THE SAVING MAN, Who Wants to Convert Every One to Parsimoniousness.....

That friend of yours who, after years of unimaginable grubbing and scripping has saved up a couple of thousand dollars—Isn't he the nuisance though?

Oh, you know him all right. Know him, because, not content with saving himself, he wants you to save. He pleads and expostulates with you to save. He demands you to save. He bullies and bulldozes you to save. You don't envy him his hard wrung couple of thousand at all. You're glad he has got it. You don't, however, feel that a couple of thousand saved up with such a bitter effort would do you, yourself, any good. You don't want savings wrenched out of the ordinary comforts of life in that way. And if you had the couple of thousand a still, small voice tells you that you'd be pretty liable to blow it within a month or so anyhow.

Therefore you are content that he shall go on having his saved up two thousand and some odd bones, if he'll only keep still about it, if he'll only take away that noise he makes about why you ought to get on your saving clothes.

But he won't. Nor, sir, he will not. He refuses to. He's going to keep right at you about saving. He's going to force you to see the advantages, the benightedness, of saving. He's going to put it square before you.

He's going to make you save. He has a thousand ways of tackling you. He's with you, for example, when you buy a couple of cigars for two bits.

"Rotten extravagance," he says to you as he sinks his teeth into one of the two for a quarter smokes. "Perfectly rotten. Where d'ye expect you'll pull up if you keep right on hurling your dust away like that? I know, but I won't say. I'd hate to say. Doggone it all, I will say it—you'll pull up on the poor farm, that's where you'll pull up. Idea of chucking in twenty-five cents for two puffing smokes. You must be crazy! Look at me. I smoke stogies. Get a hundred of 'em for a hundred cents. And they're every blamed bit as good as these two for a quarter things. Fellow gets used to 'em. I'd rather smoke stogies now, in fact, than these fool things. Think what you could do worth while with that two bits. Why, it's the interest for a year on a five dollar note at five per cent. You're bughouse, that's all. You'll never have anything. You'll die a bum. You hear me a-talking."

You tell him mildly that it's all right—that if you're destined to die a bum, as he says, why, you'll be able to cast back and reflect upon the fun you've had. But he snorts at that. He snorts, in fact, at virtually every reason you give as to why you desire to blow in your own coin after your own ideas of coin blowing. He's one of the busiest little snorters we have, as a simple matter of fact.

Or maybe he'll get at you with reference to the clothes you wear. "How much did that fool Willie off the pickle boat suit of clothes that you're sporting set you back?" he asks you. You mutter something about sixty-five bucks.

"Sixty-five iron men for that mess of togs that makes you look like somebody trying to make a hit with himself, hey?" chops that friend of yours who has tucked away some savings. "Well, I'd like to have a peek at the inside of your head under the violet rays, that's all I've got to say. Sixty-five bones for that suit, eh? Well, it is to laugh. It's to laugh to think that there's a man on earth so pinheaded. Say, you see this suit that I'm wearing now, don't you?"

You do. You don't tell him what you think it looks like because you don't want to hurt his feelings. "Well," he goes on, "d'ye know how many summers I've got out of this suit? This is the fourth summer! Got it in the summer of 1905, and I've been banging around in it every summer since. And what d'ye think I paid for it? Hey? I paid \$11.99 for this suit of clothes, and I'll get still one more summer out of it. And if it doesn't look every bit as good as that sixty-five buck suit you've got on I'll eat my linoleum lid, that's what I'll do."

That's the way the saving friend keeps right on barking at you. He hears somewhere or other that last night you dropped eighteen stimeolons playing poker. He holds you up the minute he meets up with you.

"So you're tossing your kale at the snowbirds agaln, hey?" he says at you. "Thought you were going to flag that poker stuff, hey? Didn't you tell me you were going to stick all of the poker money henceforth into that building and loan association I was telling you about?"

You tell him yes, you had intended to get into that building and loan association, but that you met up with a bunch of fellers that had a little poker festa on hand and that you only sloughed off a few dollars, anyhow, and that you had a lot of fun at it and therefore you're not kicking, and so on. But that doesn't take him off of you.

Sometimes he takes another tack. "Say, how old are you getting to be nowadays, young fellow?" he inquires of you.

You tell him. "Uh, huh," says he. "Well, you're not exactly the kiddie that you used to be, are you? Not the infant prodigy that you were ten or fifteen years ago, huh? I can see the gray boys beginning to peek out of your hair at

the sides and there's a crowfoot or two beginning to show up at the corners of your eyes. And I understand that you're living right up to every cent you make. That's showing a fine set of brains for you, isn't it? Are you aware of the fact that in these days of competition a man has got to get together at least the foundation of his little pile before he's forty-five or so or stand a hundred to one chance of never getting anything at all after he's reached that age? Hey? Don't you know very well that a man gradually becomes less productive, sort of loses out, after he reaches the age of forty? That the demand nowadays in all lines of endeavor is for the younger fellows? Well, then!"

You tell him that you're not feeling decrepit at the age of thirty-seven; that you expect to be swinging right along at the old game for quite a spell yet, and so on. But nix. He won't have it.

"I say," he declares oracularly, "that if you're ever going to have a place to lay your head by the time you're forty-five, you've got to begin right now to tuck a hunk of your earnings away. You ought, as a matter of fact, to've begun long ago. And you can't save by indulging yourself in every blamed caprice and whim that you happen to think of. You've got to make sacrifices if you expect to save. You've got to grind. You've got to put your nose down to it. You've got to be able to say No, no! You've got to be able to stand by and see the other plahheads blowing in their money without experiencing any temptation to go and do likewise yourself. You're listening to me, aren't you?"

Of course you are. You wouldn't dare not to listen to him. But you tell him that, really, you don't feel as if you'd be any happier if you did manage to accumulate a few thousands of dollars. You try to pass it off by being a bit humorous.

"What 'ud be the good," you inquire of him, "of my scripping and saving to get hold of a few thousand dollars, and then to have a milk wagon zephyr along and hit me on the wishbone and send me over to Oak Hill, and all like that—what 'ud be the good of my saving if that kind of thing were to come off?"

"This makes him positively furious. He says that that observation proves that you are an utter fathead. He has all the insurance figures on a man's chances to live doped out and at his finger's ends, and he tells you that at your age, thirty-seven, why, you've got such and such a number of chances out of such and such a number to go right on living until you bury the last member of this year's baby crop. He jumps upon you for trying to fetch in that milk wagon and tells you that the grave defect of your character is frivolousness. The very fact that you'd begin to talk about milk wagons and wishbones and Oak Hills and things when he was trying to lead you to your duty—your duty to your family as well as to yourself—why, that very fact shows that the grave defect of your character is frivolousness. It sure is. He's sorry to see it, too. He's noticed it for years, but he never wanted to say anything about it to you.

Sad nuisance, this saving friend of yours. Sad, really. Because you can't come right out and tell him to take that noise away. He's always a good, solid, well meaning sort of a chap, you see, and you know very well that he sincerely has your interest at heart. If you tell him to forget that stuff and talk baseball he'll be offended. There's really nothing that you can tell him that'll stick, anyhow. The only thing you can do is to keep right on apologizing to him, year after year, dozens of times each year, for spending your own hard earned money the way you feel like spending it.

It sure is awful, Mildred, how many otherwise good people there are in this world who suffer from atrophy of the imagination and things.—Washington Star.

The Hold of "Gospel Hymns."

Human nature being what it is, and the liking for pathos being so widespread and ineradicable, the "Gospel Hymns" as a whole will probably remain popular, and even increase in popularity for a long time to come. The people who sing them with such zest would not appreciate the delicacy and refinement, in thought and expression, of the few great hymns. For these honest folks the triviality of the music, the cheapness of style, the shallowness of conception and the cloying sentimentality are exactly what lend charm to the "Gospel Hymns."—New York Post.

Animal Sympathy.

Immediately in front of my house is a small paddock, in which there have been feeding a pony and four cows. In a tiny clump of grass and buttercups there is a willow wren's nest filled with young. Though all the grass around is closely cropped, this little clump remains absolutely untouched. Am I wrong in believing that birds have some system of communicating their whereabouts, and that the larger animals show consideration and care for the weak and helpless we, too often, despise, and set at naught.—Country Life.

The diamond cutters of Amsterdam are in distress for lack of work.

AN ATHLETE STILL AT 75.

President Diaz of Mexico Climbs a Pole Hand Over Hand.

Diaz is the commanding personality of Mexico, the founder and preserver of what is called the republic, writes Dr. W. W. Boyd, in the National Home Journal. Republic, however, is a misnomer, judged by our ideas of a republican government.

There is a show of voting, a form of a representative assembly; but the Congress is created somewhat after the way in which the Czar elected the last Duma.

I was told by a leading diplomat that when a Governor was to be elected by a State the name was selected in the City of Mexico, and the day after the election that name was sent to the State with the polite official announcement: "On yesterday the people chose as Governor of your State Mr. So and So," the man selected at headquarters.

Nevertheless, let it be said that out of a heterogeneous mass of discordant and belligerent States, where conspiracy and revolution were rife, and human life and property were unsafe, there now emerges a strong, intelligent government, liberal and just to all. And in the accomplishment of this stupendous task to Diaz more than to all others is due the credit.

Not only intellectually, but physically, the President is a remarkable man. He was addressing the young cadets of the military school and emphasizing the importance of chastity and self-control if one would make the most and best of himself, when he ran to a tall pole in the arena of the gymnasium and climbed it, hand over hand, to the top. Then gracefully sliding down, he said:

"Young gentlemen, if you live as abstemious a life as I have led, when you are seventy-five years old, as I now am, you can do the same feat."

What Kansans Call Their Towns.

The prevalence of names of Kansas towns ending in "a" has doubtless impressed the travelers who have had occasion to journey through that State. To hear these towns mentioned in the Kansas vernacular, however, affords the logical conclusion that they were named with the idea of giving unlimited liberty for the substitution of a "y" for the final "a." "Empory! Change cars for Eureka!" has become quite official under the rule that "custom is the law of language," and the Santa Fe brakeman's pronunciation has been accepted as standard authority. It is "Empory" and "Eureka," just as it is "Almy" on the Rock Island, and "Saliny" on the Union Pacific. The substitution in these names has become as State-wide as "Topeky" in the vernacular of the politicians. "Watheny" and "Hiawathy" at one time, also, answered with becoming pride to the euphonic names of Wathena and Hiawatha. The single exception in Kansas appears to be Ottawa. That classic city has escaped the "tag" of "Ottaway," but it escaped merely to be known everywhere in Kansas as "Ottaway." So far as can be recalled the only town that is given credit for a final "a" is Olathe—which can be accounted for upon the ground, perhaps, that its name really ends in "e."

—Kansas City Times.

Fashions in Finger Nails.

Fashions change, even in finger nails, and the pointed nails of a few years ago are looked upon as almost barbaric at present. It also seems that women are becoming sensible in another digital detail. High polishing is no longer the rule, as, of course, it never was practiced by women of fine taste. The pointed nail and the high polish have passed out, and the chances are historians in future days will look back and rank them with crinoline as evidence of a crude and undiscriminating age. In caring for their finger nails women are now trying to follow nature instead of opposing or distorting it. The natural contour of the nail is preserved as far as possible, and the manicure is not permitted to pursue any of her sometimes costly hobbies.—Kansas City Journal.

Jewels as Bail.

"Although most women will go to extreme lengths to get their chauffeurs out of pawn, they balk at putting up an engagement ring," said the police lieutenant. "Over a third of the automobile drivers arrested for speeding are bailed out by means of jewelry that their employers happen to be wearing. I have seen fines paid with some valuable rings, bracelets, brooches and watches, but never in all that collection of jewels have I seen an engagement ring. Wedding rings a-plenty are thrown in to make up the required amount. There doesn't seem to be so much sentiment attached to them. Somehow, after a woman gets married she doesn't mind using her wedding ring for utilitarian purposes, but before the ceremony the engagement ring is considered too sacred an emblem to be trifled with."—New York Press.

The Aims of Athletics.

Physical training is by no means the main end of athletics. It is possible (and eminent men have supported this view in more emphatic terms) that the finest moral, social and commercial training in the world is to be gained on the cricket crease and the football field.—Men's Wear.

The New Insanity Plea.

The reciprocal insanity plea is calculated to befuddle the jury. The lawyer who can offer it without laughing in the face of the judge is a solemn party who doesn't know how to laugh.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Our Latest Products.

Once upon a time there was a man who, having gambled in the Street, played the races, gone up in a balloon, traveled to the Yukon, and done other adventurous things, decided that he would raise a family.

"I wish," he said, "to hear the patter of little feet on the stairway, to tell fairy stories in the gloaming, to have chubby hands in mine, and all the other accessories. Before doing so, however, I will examine a specimen American family, which, I believe, is the latest and best example of the art of civilization."

So he called on a friend who had one. "The latest idea," said the father, proudly, "is to bring up your children on an equality. We conceal nothing from them, and give them the benefit of all the latest information. This is Bessie, my fourteen-year-old."

"Have you read this article on sex?" asked Bessie, languidly, after shaking hands. "Really, it is very crude. I could write a better one myself. Its pathology is lamentable."

"This is Bobbie, my ten-year-old," volunteered the happy father, bringing forward number two. "Bobbie, shake hands."

"The old gentleman there," he said, "insists on introducing me to every one. Sorry I can't stay and give you my views on the conduct of the administration, but I have a date with a vaudeville queen. Get to bed early," he said, warningly, to his father as he went off. "When you sit up late you're irritable at breakfast, and your manners are simply unbearable. At your time of life there ought to be nothing doing at all."

"This," said the father once more, "is my little four-year-old, the apple of my eye. Here, Mildred, dear."

"Go 'way," said Mildred, shaking her curls. "You're a boulder—any man with a waistcoat like that is. Now, papa," she added, "don't scold, 'cause I have a right to say just what you and mamma say—isn't it taught uow in my primary?"

But the man waited to hear no more. Two hours later he was seen by our private detective in a real estate office, signing a ten-year lease for a bachelor apartment.—Harper's Weekly.

Bonsoir, Meissonnier!

Statues also have their destinies. The statue of Meissonnier is soon to be removed from the place it occupies before the Louvre.

The superintendent of Beaux-Arts has so decided—and we can but give our approval.

The statue is insupportably pretentious. One may wonder what the idea was passing through the brain of the sculptor Merle that led him to represent a miniaturist, a maker of pictorettes the size of a thumb nail, gigantic and in the attitude of a Titan.

This Meissonnier by effrontery made his way in the world. Truly the talent of this artist merited no glorification. His minute art was always photographic and icy. One can not comprehend how he came to such colossal renown during his life. It is to be acknowledged that it soon passed away. Not twenty years has he been dead, and who speaks of him now?

His statue will be relegated to some cemetery or to a public place in the provinces.

Bon voyage, Monsieur Meissonnier!—Le Cri de Paris.

Anachronisms in Art.

"The queerest thing about the new statue of General Banks will be the creased trousers, barely known when the General was living, certainly not common with veterans," says the Boston Record. Any casual student of wartime photographs understands that even the best dressed Americans of the sixties wore no creases in their trousers. Indeed, long after the war, a man with such creases would have been hailed as a patron of the ready-made clothing shops, because in these shops the trousers are customarily laid in crease-compelling piles. But if General Banks is forced—in metal or stone—to affect creased trousers it will be no more of an anachronism than that perpetrated by some of the latter-day artists who illustrate our American novels. No matter if the heroine is supposed to have lived forty or fifty years ago, she wears her hair in twentieth century fashion and her gowns are in the latest mode.—Providence Journal.

Tarpon Fishing From a Pier.

The tarpon at Egmont Key have been crowding around the wharves the last few weeks in great numbers, striking minnows and churning up the water furiously.

There has been much fishing for them from the piers. The result is a tremendous struggle when the tarpon strikes the bait and then strikes out on a beam for Honduras to see if the sportsman can stay on the pier and keep his tackle and fish until an assistant can take him off in a boat.

In the great majority of cases he can't, and the fun of witnessing the effort is immense. Everybody gets strikes, sometimes several at once, and the slaughter of tackle is great.—St. Petersburg Times.

Not This One; It Blew Up.

An Indiana steer is reported to have swallowed two sticks of dynamite recently. We remember quite well when this steer started that annual performance; it was many years ago, in his frolicsome calf days.—Washington Herald.