THE CULTURE-CRAZED.

We are mad for cultivation
And refining information,
And we're drinking pretty deeply at the pure Pierian streams,
Whether eagerly or dourly,
We're absorbing culture hourly,
And we're getting quite conversant with a quantity of themes.

CHORUS.

Oh, we're breakfasting on Hegel and we dine on Socrates,
We serve Professor James and Kant at all our formal teas,
And we spend a half an hour
Glancing over Schopenhauer,
Noting Nietzsche's "Will to Power,"
Or his subtler theories.

Criticizing Aristotle,
Mrs. Wharton, Emory Pottle,
Is our favorite avocation, and we're able to indite
Themes on Arnold versus Pater,
Demonstrating which is greater,
Or to write a dissertation on the fossil trilobite.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's eulogize Beethoven, show the inwardness of Liszt,
Take a little whack at Wagner, and show where Verdi missed.
Do not ask why that sonata
Sounds like Lewis Carroll's hatter,
(After all, it doesn't matter).
What's the next thing on the list?

When it comes to Botticelli
We are very sure to tell "he
Was affected quite profoundly by the early Renaissance."
And we like D. G. Rossetti,
For we never can forget he
Has produced his soulful shadings with the most minute nuance.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's pass along the Hauptmann and it's rush that Maeterlinck,
Condemn Pinero, Shaw and Wilde—don't try to stop and think.
At the sea of cultivation
And of thought-assimilation
There's no time for rumination
Nor for trembling at the brink.
—Irene Louise Hunter, in Saturday Evening Post.

DOCTOR MA'AM PIKE.

There are isolated rural districts in the West in which the "doctorin'" is largely in the hands of old women who, by virtue of their years, are supposed to be possessed of some occult power of healing. They are supposed to have secret knowledge of where certain rare "yarbs" grow and of how to compound these "yarbs" into medicine. These old women are versed in all kinds of signs, and of some of them it is believed that they can charm away disease without the use of medicine.

The writer remembers one of these old women who lived in the West a good many years ago. A higher degree of intelligence has been developed in that part of the State, and consequently Ma'am Pike, as she was called, had fallen a good deal into disfavor. This had not sweetened her temper, and she was very severe on the regular and really intelligent physicians who had moved into her realm from the East.

"What do them young snipes know 'bout med'cine?" Ma'am Pike would say, scornfully. "I was healin' sick folks 'fore they was born. I kin learn 'em more 'bout curin' the sick than they ever heerd in all their fine schools. Folks 'round here had better look out how they take up with sich ignerant young things as them or they'll have fun'rals to pay fer."

It was a marvel that there were not more funerals resulting from Ma'am Pike's methods of healing the sick. Nothing but naturally strong constitutions and the healthfulness of the climate could have saved some of her patients after the heroic treatment she imposed upon them.

An uncle of mine was one day riding over the prairie when he came to the log cabin of an early settler named Lewis. Three or four men, neighbors and friends of Lewis, were in the bare little yard in front of the cabin when my uncle rode up.

"Hello!" said my uncle, in the usual salutation of the West. "What's the matter here?"

"Hi Lewis is turrible bad off with a sudden spell of sickness. He was taken down while he was plowing in the field. He's in awful mis'ry."

Groans from within the cabin gave proof of the sick man's "mis'ry."

"Has he had a doctor or any medicine?"

"Ma'am Pike is with him now. She's bled him and blistered him and put one of her purgatory poultices all over his back, but it hasn't done him any good yet."

My uncle had heard of Ma'am Pike's "purgatory poultices." Indeed, he had seen and carefully examined one of them, and it was his conviction that they would never do any one any good.

No one could determine the exact ingredients of one of these poultices, but there was something in them that fairly burned the skin from one's body worn for a short time. Poor Hiram Lewis was writhing and groaning from the effects of one of these "purgatory poultices" when my uncle entered the gloomy little cabin. Ma'am Pike was about to administer half a teacupful of some greenish liquid with a vile odor.

"What is that you are giving him?" asked my uncle.

"It's somethin' that nobody but me knows how to make, an' nobody but me knows where the ingrejents of it air to be found," replied Ma'am Pike.

The sick man swallowed the greenish mixture with the utmost difficulty, and immediately grew worse, which was not to be wondered at.

"Ye got any black rooster tail feathers?" asked Ma'am Pike.

"No, but we have a black tailed rooster," replied the anxious wife of the sick man.

"Send out some o' yer youngins to chast it down an' fetch me three or four of its tail feathers."

Several of the numerous Lewis children ran out to give chase to the surprised rooster, and he was soon deprived of a number of his shining tail feathers. Ma'am Pike took these feathers, poured some liquid from a yellow glass bottle over them, muttered some jargon, and calling for a fire shovel with some hot coals on it, burned the feathers under the sick man's nose.

"I think that'll fetch him 'round all right," she said. "If it don't, we'll bleed him a leetle more an' put a couple o' blisters on the soles of his feet. There! See that man ridin' by on a white hoss? That's a sure sign he'll git well. I never knowed it to fail. A stranger ridin' by a house on a white hoss is a sure sign that the sick man will git well. If it was a black hoss, it'd mean that nothin' could save the sick person."

The sick man's sufferings seemed to increase, whereupon Ma'am Pike ordered his feet soaked in water "as nigh b'lilin' hot" as he could stand it.

While this was being done she took a tin box from her satchel. This box contained a blue salve. Spreading this salve thickly on a strip of cloth Ma'am Pike wrapped it around the patient's neck, saying as she did so:

"That'll be good fer him, no matter where the pain is. I guess he better take this internal. It won't do him no harm, anyhow."

She brought forth a brown pill almost as large as a marble. It nearly choked the patient, and he called eagerly for water to take away the "awful taste."

During the next hour Ma'am Pike administered three more different kinds of medicine and tried another "charm." The sick man was now too much exhausted to do more than utter feeble groans, and his doctor went away saying that she would return in the morning and "go at him agin" if he were not better.

When she had gone my uncle prevailed upon the sick man's wife to allow a new doctor who had recently moved to a town four miles distant to be sent for. He was a very intelligent young man, who declared that the man was suffering from nothing but a sudden attack of colic, which had been much aggravated by the medicines Ma'am Pike had given him.

Ma'am Pike never forgave my uncle for what she called his "meddlesomeness," and she threatened to "work a charm" that would blast his crops and bring all sorts of disasters on his family. Her efforts were as unsuccessful as her treatment of her patients had been, and it was a good thing for the sick of the neighborhood when she concluded to depart to some locality in which, as she expressed it, "folks wa'n't willin' to reesk their lives in the hands of a lot o' young snipes o' town doctors that don't know beans when they got their heads in the bag."—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Dooley on the Power of Printers' Ink.

"Printers' ink! A dhrop iv it on wan little wurrud in type," says Mr. Dooley, "will blacken th' fairest name in Christendom, or make a star to shine on th' lowest brow. It will find its way into millyons iv homes an' hearts an' memories; it will go thru stone walls, an' will carry some message that may turn th' current iv ivry life it meets—fr'm th' Imperor iv Chiny to th' baby in th' cradle in Hannigan's flat," he says.

"It may undo a thous' prayers or start a millyon. It can't be escaped. It could dhrag me out iv me parish house to-morrah, an' make me as well known in Pekin as I am in Halstead shtreet—an' not as fav'rably. To-day th' Pope may give me no more thought thin he gives Kelly, th' rowling-mill man. To-morrah he may be readin' about how great or bad I am in th' Popylo Romano. It's got death beat a mile in lev'lin' ranks.

"Yes, sir," says he; "th' hand that rocks th' fountain pen is th' hand that rules th' wurruld. Th' press is f'r th' universe what Mulligan wuz f'r his beat. He wuz the best poleeshman an' the worst I iver knew. He was a terror to evildoers whin he wuz sober, an' a terror to iv'rybody whin he wuz dhrunk.

"Martin, I dhrink to th' la-ads all over th' wurruld who use th' printers' ink!! May they not put too much iv th' r-red stuff in it, an' may it niver go to their heads."

Advantages of Electric Traction.

Sir W. H. Preece says that one great advantage of electric over steam traction on railroads is that it impresses a continuous and uniform torque, or turning, on the shaft, while the action of the steam locomotive is intermittent. The consequence is that wheels driven by an electric motor get a continuous "bite" on the rails, as steam-driven wheels do not. By means of this constant grip, slipping on greasy rails is avoided. It is also possible, with electric traction, to apply the maximum torque at once, and thus to bring a railroad train up to its greatest speed much more quickly than is possible with steam traction. This advantage is especially valuable on city lines, where stoppages are frequent and distances between stations short.

The Editor is a Busy Man.

J. A. Atwood, of Stillman Valley, Ill., is an editor, undertaker, justice of the peace, township supervisor, assessor for thirty years, president of the school board and for the last two years a trustee of the Geneva Girls' home.

PELLAGRA.

The Disease That is Now Found in Parts of the South.

From a Bulletin of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service

Pellagra has been known to Spain since 1735 and was first described by G. Casal, of Oviendo, who, observing the disease among the Asturian peasants and finding nothing on the subject in medical literature, called it mal de la rosa (from its characteristic erythema). He regarded it as a kind of leprosy Later it was observed and described under a variety of names in Spanish literature.

It seems to have appeared in Italy about 1750, but was first described there in 1771, and Frapolli of Milan first applied the name of pellagra (Italian, pelle—skin, and agra—rough) to the disease. Here, as in Spain, the disease was described under several different names. By 1784 it seems to have become of such importance that a hospital was established under royal authority for a study of its nature and the elder Strambio was placed in charge. About 1810 Marzari first called attention to the relation between maize and pellagra, and in 1844 Balardini first suggested the theory that the disease might be due to spoiled maize—that is, maize which had undergone change by reason of the growth of fungi on the grain.

The disease has been and is a veritable scourge to certain parts of Europe. It seems to have followed close upon the introduction of maize culture from America, first in Spain in 1700, and later in other parts of Europe. The original homes of maize (American and Asia) have, however, escaped, probably by reason of climates better adapted to maize culture. The pellagra zone is small when compared with the area over which maize is cultivated, yet pellagra does not occur except where maize is grown and extensively used as food by the poorer classes.

Without quoting full data, some idea of the extent of the disease may be gained from the figures which follow: Triller states that there are (1906) 30,000 pellagrins in Rumania; that in certain parts of Italy as much as thirty per cent. to fifty per cent. of the population have the disease, and that in 1899 there were nearly 73,000 sick with the disease in all Italy, this being upward of ten to the thousand of the rural population. Tuczek states (1893) that in Spain two per cent. of the rural population are affected; that in 1884 there were 10,000 pellagrins in Italian hospitals and insane asylums. He also says that about ten per cent. of the pellagrins in Italy are mentally affected. Sandwith states that he has seen over 500 cases in the five years from 1893-98 in his wards at the Kasr el Ainy Hospital at Cairo. The disease was not reported in Egypt till 1893.

It is the accepted opinion of most students of the disease that pellagra is an intoxication due to using as food Indian corn (maize) which under the influence of unidentified parasitic growths (fungi) has undergone certain changes with the production of one or more toxic substances of a chemical nature. The relation between Indian corn and pellagra was noted as long ago as early in the nineteenth century, and about the middle of the century Balardini first put forward his "verdet" theory already noted above.

The culture of maize in the United States has been practiced since before the discovery of America, and it has always been a staple article of diet over a large area of territory, yet, with the exception of a few sporadic cases in Mexico and Central America, the North American Continent has been singularly free from the disease. This has been attributed by writers on pellagra to a climate well adapted to growing maize and probably to better general hygienic conditions among the poorer rural classes.

Exclusive of Sherwell's note on a case of pellagra seen in a sailor aboard ship in New York in 1902 the first case of the disease in the United States was reported by Harris of Georgia in 1903. He reported one case presenting the classic symptoms of the disease and thought it possibly true pellagra.

Searcy, of Alabama, in 1907 described an epidemic of pellagra occurring in the Mount Vernon Insane Hospital (for colored insane of Alabama). There were eighty-eight cases and fifty-seven deaths. He states that a few cases of such a disease had been noted there as long ago as 1901, but that their real nature was unrecognized. He also states that after attention was called to the disease some cases were recognized in the hospital for the insane at Tuscaloosa.

His cases generally ran a more or less acute course and the mortality was very high (about sixty-four per cent.). He with McCafferty and Somerville, of Alabama, and Dyer, of New Orleans, regarded the disease as pellagra.

Since his report Merrill has recorded a sporadic case in Texas.

More recently in a report made to the South Carolina Board of Health by the medical members of the Board of Regents and the medical staff of the State Hospital for the Insane several cases of a similar disease are described, and the opinion is expressed that while a pellagroid disease is undoubtedly present in South Carolina it remains to be proved whether it is the true pellagra of the Old World, the observations being too few for a final opinion. Marked attention is also directed to the frequent presence of hook worms. This report also makes reference to the report of the Alabama hospitals on the matter, but I have been unable to see this.

DEPENDENCE ON VEGETABLES.

Plants Are, at Bottom, the Source of All Nutrition.

The distinction generally drawn between animal and vegetable food is apt to blind us to the fact that plants are, at bottom, the source of all nutriment, and that if they were to cease to grow mankind would starve. Says a writer in the London Lancet:

"The modern chemist points proudly to his synthetic triumphs, but with all his skill and knowledge he has not yet succeeded in preparing in practical quantities for his fellow men a foodstuff from its elements. The synthetic processes of the plant are so far inimitable, and the plant is after all both the direct and indirect food of the animal.

"The relations between plants and animals form a beautiful dispensation, and for the vegetable kingdom man should hold a deep revreence and do his best to extend and promote its faithful offices. Whether his views are in favor of the exclusive diet of vegetables or of a diet containing both animal and vegetable products he owes the vegetable world more than one debt. He is at the mercy of the vegetable for his food, whether it be animal or vegetable, and he may be at the mercy of the vegetable for a supply of oxygen, without which the vital processes of his organism could not be sustained.

"It is thus conceivable that as the animal kingdom exists only by virtue of a continual combustion process, in which air is taken up while carbon dioxid is liberated, the loss of an agency which not only removes this product of respiration but sends back oxygen in its place would be disastrous. This agency is, of course, the plant, and, in short, the animal and the plant are interdependent on each other.

"On this line of reasoning animal life would be extinguished if vegetable life ceased and vegetable life would fail if animal products were not available for its sustenance.

"This is an interesting cycle of events, but the performance of a cycle implies a force and the motive power of these alternate and great synthetical and analytical processes is light.

"It may happen, therefore, that a horrible struggle for existence between plants and animals might ensue if for any considerable period the sun was shut out from the world, for then this agreeable interchange of mutually advantageous exhalation would cease and with it all life.

"Were those who worshiped the sun ignorant of these things? or did they realize that it was the source of both food and air?"

Nonsense Verses.

A bright boy, four years old, has an uncle who teaches him "nonsense verses," not unlike those with which the late Edward Lear used to amuse English children. The nephew went to Sunday-school, and not long ago his teacher was telling the class about the busy bees, and asked if any of the children could tell her anything concerning them.

"Waldo can," spoke up the little fellow.

"Well, Waldo, you may stand in front and tell us what you know." And Waldo, rising proudly, steamed away with these lines:

How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite.
To gather honey all the day
And eat it up at night.

Trying to suppress a smile the teacher asked: "Did your mother teach you that?"

"No, my Uncle Arthur did."

The Resources of Siberia.

Under Government encouragement it is said that Siberia is gaining 200,000 farmers per year. Among its exports are cereals, butter, wool, leather and dried and preserved meats. Already this remote country, which the popular imagination is apt to picture as a vast waste, the abode of frost and snow and misery, is becoming talked of as a possible competitor with the well known cereal producing countries of the world. A member of the French Bureau of Foreign Commerce estimates that, on the basis of the present population of Russia in Europe, Siberia can sustain 80,000,000 inhabitants, although now it has not one-tenth of that number. It produces one-tenth of the world's yield of gold, but owing to climatic obstacles many of its mines are not worked, and its immense coal deposits have hardly been touched.

A Hoboken man accused of giving his wife only $22 in twenty-two years declared in justification, that she had never asked for more.

For the Children

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Here is a pair of brand new gloves,"
Said my mamma, one day;
I put my fingers in their rooms
And said, "You'll have to stay."

Then I put on my hat and coat
And went out in the park,
And soon my fingers cried, "We won't
Stay shut up in the dark!"

They made some pleasant windows right
At every finger end;
And there were five big, dreadful holes
For my mamma to mend!
—Philadelphia Record.

IDEAS OF A GIRL.

I would take a trip over to Asia and see the Himalaya Mountains, the highest in the world, if I had $1,000,000.

I then would like to join a club, and have a pony and cart, which I could use in going to the club. I would have to buy food for the pony.

I would have a house with about ten rooms in it, and have it all furnished, and all the nice clothes I wanted.

I then would want to see Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods and Great Salt Lake and learn how to swim. They say you can not drown in Great Salt Lake. I would go South and see them how they pick the seeds out of cotton. I would give the rest of my money to the poor.—Dorothy Wiegand, in the New York Times.

ON SHIPBOARD.

The funniest experience I had was on a recent trip where there was on board a little girl of about twelve years of age, writes a purser on an ocean liner in the Tourist Magazine. She struck up a warm friendship with me, and would walk the deck for miles if I would only accompany her. She fell very ill during a storm and refused to be comforted. Her mother asked her if there was anything she could do which would ease her suffering, and the young imp (she was an American child) said there was. If she would only "skidoo," and let the purser read a book to her she would feel better. And the indulgent mother came to me, stated the case, and—well, I complied with her request, and read to the child for a little while each day until she was well enough to come on deck again.

AT A REGATTA.

If you have ever attended a regatta you will know what a pleasant time I have been having. I have just returned from Newbury, a small town on Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire. This lake is ten miles long and in some places three miles wide. It is very beautiful, being hedged in by mountains, with pines and birches along the edge. The last day of the regatta was devoted to rowing, canoeing and swimming races. The two races that appealed to me most were a canoe tilt and a greased pole race. In the canoe tilt nearly always the whole canoe was upset and the two men had to tow the boat to shore and empty it. After this they paddled around as if nothing had happened. For the pole race, a long pole was suspended over the water, and having been carefully greased a card was placed on the end, the object of the race being to slide out on the pole and get the card. Only three succeeded in getting the card, and they received cups, as did all the others who won races.—Rosalind Dunwin, in the New York Tribune.

TWO HOME-COMINGS.

Thursday; the maid already gone, having left a simple meal for two ready to serve; Mrs. Ashley intent on saving every possible minute for helping the little seamstress, who was working at high tension on a gown which Mrs. Ashley needed to wear that evening; the telephone bell a message to say that three friends would drop in to luncheon—and then Daughter Dulcie, slender, sixteen and competent, walking quietly in, home from her vacation twenty-four hours earlier than expected.

"What luck that I came!" was the first thing she said on learning the situation. "Things to tell you? Well, rather! But they'll keep till this crisis is past. You sit down, mother, and sew just as if they weren't coming. I'll make omelet and whole-wheat muffins and cocoa—don't you give it a thought. Isn't it good that I saved a clean shirt waist and brought it in my bag? And now I know why I lugged that bunch of asters home—to have on the table at our luncheon. Oh, but I'm glad I'm here!"

That evening, while Mrs. Ashley was paying the seamstress, Dulcie, close by, was exulting over the prettiness of the finished gown.

"Pretty? Yes, child," said Mrs. Ashley, with a look at Dulcie that made the little seamstress suddenly homesick for her own mother, "but it's thanks to you that I have it ready for to-night, isn't it, Miss Brown? What would we have done if Dulcie hadn't come to-day?"

Before that week was over the little seamstress, in another home, found herself realizing, as the morning slipped away, that there was still two days' work to be done before finishing her engagement at Mrs. Brewster's that night.

"If I could have a few hours of help this afternoon, Mrs. Brewster—" she had begun, when a cab rolled up to the door, and the sentence was never finished. Ethel Brewster, pretty and high-keyed, had come back from a summer jaunt.

"Completely strapped, momsie!" she announced gaily, at the threshold. "Didn't have car fare. That's why I took the cab, counting on your pocketbook at this end. Yes, I'm later than I said, but we found there was a faster train with a chair car, so we waited. The laundress? Oh, momsie, I utterly forgot what you wrote about having engaged her to do up my things to-day! Been here all the morning? Such a shame—for every dud I have needs washing. I could have brought those things in my suit case instead of my trunk, just as well. And that isn't the worst. See this frightful trap-door, right in front of the only good skirt I have left—and school beginning to-morrow!"

By this time there was a veil on one chair, a pair of gloves on another, a hat on the table and a coat on the couch. For the rest of the day, while the little seamstress remolded the torn skirt and Ethel pervaded the house, pouring out continuous tales of the good times she had been having, her mother was following her about, picking up and putting away.

When Mrs. Brewster paid the little seamstress that night, she said, with a weary kindness, "It's not your fault in the least, Miss Brown, that you couldn't finish my dress. If it hadn't been for Ethel's coming to-day—"

There she stopped, and the little seamstress went away, thinking. She was going home to visit her own mother the following week.—Youth's Companion.

A FABLE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Once a child who thought well of herself was walking along the street, and saw another child, who was poorly clad.

"How wretched it must be," she said to herself, "to be poor and shabby like that child! How thin she is! And how her patched cloak flutters in the wind; so different from my velvet dress and cloak!"

Just then an angel came along.

"What are you looking at?" asked the angel.

"I was looking at that girl," said the child.

"So was I," said the angel. "How beautifully she is dressed!"

"What do you mean?" said the child. "I mean this one coming toward us. She is in rags, or at least, if her clothes are not ragged, they are wretchedly thin and shabby."

"Oh, no," said the angel. "How can you say so? She is all white, as clear as frost. I never saw anything so pretty. But you, you poor little thing, you are indeed miserably clad. Does not the wind blow through and through those flimsy tatters? But at least you could keep them clean, my dear, and mended. You should see to that."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child. "That girl is a ragged beggar, and my father is the richest man in town. I have a white dress and coat, trimmed with expensive fur. What are you talking about?"

"About the clothes of your soul, of course!" said the angel, who was young.

"I don't know anything about souls," said the child.

"I shouldn't think you did," said the angel.—Laura E. Richards.

A WISE MONKEY.

In Barbadoes the monkeys frequently injure the sugar cane. As a general thing, however, they are inoffensive creatures, and the average planter regards them with good-natured tolerance. Once in a while, however, they commit a little too much damage on the growing cane, and an example has to be made of one poor culprit by shooting a member of any particular troop of monkeys that may be found near the scene of destruction. Exposing the dead body as a warning is usually sufficient, and the cane is no longer attacked.

On one occasion great damage had been perpetrated, and the planter—Clarence Agard, now residing in St. Lucy, Barbadoes—went out with his gun to act as exccutioner. He succeeded in isolating one stray simian in a tree that was detached from all adjacent shrubbery. The poor animal, realizing that it was trapped, rushed up to the topmost end of the branch and looked in the most appealing manner at the man below. The latter finally raised his gun, and was on the point of pressing the trigger when the monkey suddenly took a little infantile replica of itself from its back and held it out in the most supplicating way conceivable.

The planter, who is fond of animals, had his heart quite touched, and he promptly lowered his gun. A companion, however, in his endeavor to see what else the poor simian would do, raised his gun, and apparently once more its life was in danger. Then ensued a most striking exhibition of animal reasoning. The monkey at once grasped the fact that her first claim for consideration had apparently failed, and the only reason her intelligence could suggest for the failure was that the infant simian was not regarded as her own genuine offspring.

What was to be done? How could she convince these two human brutes that she really was a sad and distressed mother? A happy thought occurred to her. She plucked a leaf from the tree, held it close to her breast and then pressed the breast till a few drops of milk exuded. Then she dropped the leaf, and again held up her baby to the gaze of the astounded men below. Needless to say, she escaped with her life.—London Globe.