

CHARITY SCANDAL CAUSES SENSATION IN FRANCE



THE GREAT SANATORIUM AT SAN SALVADOR

PARIS.—The French press and public are still discussing with intense interest the case of Sister Candide, the ex-nun, who is under arrest for alleged frauds. She was well known for her connection with charities and directed various hospitals for consumptives, including a great sanatorium at San Salvador. It is alleged that Sister Candide having obtained from two jewelers jewels worth nearly \$120,000, on the understanding that she was to sell them and pay a part of the price in June, instead pawned the gems in England. It is stated that she decided to raise money in this manner when the lotteries she had organized for the benefit of her charitable institutions failed, and that the state of her finances contributed to the suicide of the well known French doctor, Leon Pettit, who was secretary-general of the association which managed certain of the establishments involved.

ASSIST CROP YIELD

Sir Oliver Lodge's Plan of Utilizing Electricity.

Says Small Dynamo Attached to Farm Will Work Wonders in Increasing Output—Practical Auxiliary of Husbandry.

London.—In spite of the obstinate conservatism of the average farmer, much has been done to carry out Sir Oliver Lodge's plan of utilizing electricity for reinforcing the fertility of plants.

Weighed as a business proposition, Sir Oliver Lodge's system has justified itself, and what was tentative and experimental is now being taken up on commercial lines as a practical auxiliary of husbandry.

Lionel Lodge, who has control of this department of Sir Oliver's work, has explained the developments of the last year or two and the hope they afford of further progress.

"Have you ever noticed what a remarkable impulse is given to the growth of crops by a thunderstorm?" asked Mr. Lodge. "That is the effect of the strongly charged atmosphere, and our object is to supply a similar stimulus systematically."

"The growth and development of plants in the arctic regions compares favorably with that in southern countries, and yet their summer is very short, and the sun's rays have to travel in such an oblique direction that much of their heating power is lost. Why is it, therefore, that the plants flourish? The explanation lies in the strong electrical currents which are passing from the air to the earth, the effect of which can be seen in the Aurora Borealis."

"The electric current can be generated either by a small dynamo or from

the nearest supply company's mains, and by means of a transformer it is raised to the high pressure required (about 100,000 volts). The current from the transformer is more or less alternating; that is, it is not a steady current in one direction, but oscillating first in one direction and then in the opposite. For convenience we call the current in one direction positive and in the other negative. It is the positive current that we discharge from the network of wires above the plants. Under special conditions—as where there is an excess of natural electricity—it might be advisable to use the negative, but alternating current would be of no use.

"To sort out the positive and negative currents from the transformer valves specially invented for the purpose by Sir Oliver are used. Working exactly like the valves in an ordinary pump, they allow the current to

flow in one direction only, and prevent its getting back; they thus store the electricity in the field network from which it 'fizzes' off to the plants below.

"This field network consists of fine iron wire, the wires being spread about ten yards apart and eighteen feet or so above the ground. The wires are so fine that it is difficult to see them even when standing immediately below them.

"The action that the electrical discharge has on the plants, Sir Oliver suggests, may be considered as artificial sunshine, and as in no way taking the place of fertilizer. The richer the soil the larger the increase that may be expected. With more plants, on average soil, the electrified area may be expected to yield 30 per cent more than the non-electrified. If a higher increase than this is obtained we consider the results good and if lower poor. On rich soil very much larger percentages have been obtained. The power required is quite small, and many of the installations at present working are in unskilled hands."

Fortune for a Feast

Modern Food Fads Recall Expensive Palates in Earlier Days—Minced Cat, Stewed Rats and Dog's Liver Served in Paris.

London.—The food fads, about which so many members of society have gone almost crazy, recall the food fads—quite different in their essence—of olden days. From time immemorial wealthy epicures have not hesitated to spend large sums on single meals for themselves and a select and limited number of friends.

For instance, there are on record some nice little repasts indulged in by the Roman gourmands. Aelius Verus gave a banquet to a dozen guests, which must have been a sight for gods and men, seeing that it cost if

reckoned in American money, more than \$240,000. The Emperor Vitellius once entertained his brother Lucius to a dainty "snack" which ran away with something like \$200,000. This latter feast could not have been a meager affair when it is considered that among the courses were 2,000 different sorts of fish and 7,000 varieties of fowl.

It is said that the equivalent of something like \$40,000,000 was spent by Apicius Coelius during his lifetime, merely in continual tickling of the palate. He committed suicide when his extravagance in eating and drinking and in other directions had reduced his income to about \$400,000 a year, a sum on which he imagined he could not be happy.

In modern times the art of feeding has been by no means neglected; but who would care to sit down to a banquet such as that organized by Geoffrey St. Hilaire during the siege of Paris? After swallowing a consommé de cheval de millet the company partook of minced cat, stewed rats, grilled dog's liver and plum pudding.

The feast seems to have been a great success, for it is on record that "the soup was perfect, the dog's liver tasted like sheep's kidneys, the minced cat resembled veal, the rat stew was very good and reminded the guests of boiled chicken."

Rats, by the way, are described as an exquisite form of nourishment, which is an obiter dictum to which many have agreed, notably a famous naturalist, the late Frank Buckland. He used to swear by roast alligator, which he declared was more succulent even than boiled boar constrictor, one of his most prized dishes, and this in turn he preferred to the finest veal.

DYED BLUE BY BATHING SUIT

Pretty Seattle Stenographer Sues Natatorium When Neck and Shoulders Are Discolored.

Seattle, Wash.—A pretty stenographer has brought suit against a local company operating a natatorium for causing her to lose an important social engagement.

On invitation she joined a bathing party in the afternoon of the day she was to be at the theater party with another party, and donned one of the suits kept for hire.

Following a two-hour splash the young woman hurried to her dressing room.

"You're certainly the girl in blue," one of her companions remarked as they began to disrobe.

One look in the mirror and the young woman fainted. Her pretty neck and shoulders were a deep blue from the bathing suit. The stain wouldn't come off. When she reached town she canceled her theater engagement, and when she got home she mournfully put away her pretty low-necked gown.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.—Bee

Aunt Pardon's Scheme

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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When Aunt Pardon arrived at the home of her sister in a New England village on a certain date she was met at the depot by her niece, Miss Jean Travers, who had tears in her eyes. When she reached the house she was kissed by her sister, who had tears in her eyes. A little later she was welcomed by Mr. Travers, who looked grim and determined.

It did not take the little old woman more than half an hour to discover that something in that family was out of joint, and to demand an explanation. She was told to get ready to hear something awful.

Miss Jean had been away to school in Boston. She knew that, because, being rich, and because Miss Jean was her favorite, she was paying the bills. What had the girl done, on her third term of schooling, and just as she had arrived at that point where she could almost ask for gumdrops at the store in French, but fall in love?

She had not only fallen in love with a young man, but she had failed to notify her parents by special delivery letter. Further, she had broken a rule of the school. On her arrival there, she had been told in the plainest of plain English that under no circumstances must she fall in love with a man, either old or young, while to write or receive a note was an offense so heinous that it could not possibly be overlooked. All this was as nothing to what was to come. Aunt Pardon must square herself in her chair and keep from fainting away, if she could.

Miss Jean had written notes—little pink notes. She had received notes—little robin's-egg notes. And some of those notes had got into the hands of Miss Boneset, the president of the school, and by her had been sent to Miss Jean's parents. And now the earth was about to tremble. Aunt Pardon would tremble with the earth.

Miss Jean had been caught when on the verge of eloping with the young man aforesaid. She had her window up, and was about to descend a rope ladder when she was seized and hauled back. She was talked to for the rest of the night and sent home next morning. It was the most flagrant case Miss Boneset had encountered in her fifty years of maidenhood, and she must make a shining example of the guilty party.

There it was, and what had Aunt Pardon to say about it? Had she ever, in her whole life, heard of such a thing? She replied that she had—just one case, and she knew exactly the remedy for it. Then, in turn, she asked what was the matter with the young man. Neither father nor mother could exactly tell, and Miss Jean had locked herself in her room.

The fact of the matter was that Mr. Travers was speculating and made a lot of money, and was going to keep on speculating and making more, and for the honor of the family he wanted the daughter to make a good match. There was no reason why she shouldn't marry a lord instead of an adventurer. Other girls had done it, and why shouldn't Jean? The girl's story, told amid tears and in the privacy of her room, differed somewhat. Yes; she had written and received notes, but he was such a lovely young man! There was a rope ladder, but one of the girls had dared her to descend it. Perhaps she might have met the young man and told him to go away, but she certainly had no thought of eloping.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" asked Aunt Pardon of the heads of the family after a day or two. "I'm going to take Jean and go down to Atlantic City for a month. I need the sea air, and she needs to forget this young man. I've read that there are always from ten to fifteen lords hanging around there, and I'll bet my old shoes she captures one of them. There'll be your money and my money behind her, and she'll go off like hot cakes. The biggest relative we've got is only a member of the legislature, and I believe they are investigating him for grafting. I'd kind of like to be aunt or something to a lord to see how it seems."

Miss Jean was ordered to make ready for the trip. She demurred a little and shed a few tears. She wasn't told in so many words that she was an excuse to further separate her from her young man, but she figured out things pretty well for herself. She might have jumped off the barn or down the well and made her parents lots of trouble, but when the time came she went along as humble as Mary's little lamb.

Aunt Pardon was a hustler. If her sex had had the right to vote she would have been governor of the state years before. Four hours after reaching Atlantic City she was promenading the boardwalk looking for a lord. Miss Jean wasn't. She was still demurely unpacking. She had been chastened, and it was not for her to go galloping around like a young colt.

For three days Aunt Pardon looked for her lord. She got all the papers and scanned the hotel arrivals. She didn't find one, but she was not discouraged.

On the fourth day, after considerable argument, she persuaded Miss Jean into a promenade. It was for the girl's health. It was also to show her off to the sight of any stray

lord. At one point of the walk the railing had been carried away by the waves kicked up by a heavy storm. The drop down was twelve feet, and pedestrians hugged the far side in passing. Aunt Pardon can't remember to this day just how the thing came about. Of a sudden, Miss Jean was seized with vertigo and went staggering toward the gap. Several persons screamed. The aunt was petrified. An old man waved his cane. She must have taken the drop but for the young man who rushed forward and caught her and swung her to safety. He didn't wait for thanks. He thrust his card into Aunt Pardon's hand and modestly disappeared. The vertigo disappeared at the same time, and Miss Jean did not require the ambulance to get back to the hotel.

"If he isn't a lord then I'm an old turnip," said Aunt Pardon to herself as she looked at the name on the card. "It says Guy Livingstone, but that of course is his incog. Nobody but a lord could have jumped in the way he did. Why, he seemed to be waiting right there for the chance to do something heroic. That's where lords differ from other folks. I didn't see him write the name of his hotel on the card, but here it is, and he must receive a note of gratitude and an invitation to call."

Such a note was written. It was written by Miss Jean, and she concealed her blushes as she wielded her pen. And that she hummed to herself. It was her first hum for many days.

The "incog" called. He was a gentleman; he was good-looking; he was entertaining. He didn't say right out that he was a lord, but he couldn't fool sharp old Aunt Pardon. He was asked to call again, and he said he would be charmed. He did call, and one day, a month later, Aunt Pardon sat down to write a letter to her brother-in-law in New England, and among other things she said:

"So you speculated and lost all you made, eh? Well, I've made a fool



"He Thrust His Card Into Aunt Pardon's Hand."

of myself, too. That incog lord I wrote about has turned out to be the very chap Jean was going to elope with. She must have got him down here. He says he's bound to marry her, and she says she'll drown herself if she can't marry him, and as he has more money than both of us put together, and has no relative under investigation for graft in the legislature, I guess we'd better make the best of it.

"P. S.—It's all in knowing when you are licked."

"P. P. S.—We are licked!"

LODGING IN 16TH CENTURY

Traveler at That Time Was Greatly Benefited by Carrying His Own Bedding.

Often before the Inn came in sight, the traveler would see his Italian host. Sometimes the host would have touts as far away as seven or eight leagues to buttonhole foreigners, carry their luggage, promise anything, and behave with the utmost servility—till the morning of departure. E. S. Bates says in the Atlantic. But with all this, to expect them to provide clean sheets was to expect too much, and as the nation was grievously afflicted with the itch, it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding. In many cases, we find the tourist sleeping on the table in his clothes to avoid the dirtiness of the vermin of the bed. Still, in Italy, as a rule, you shared your bed with these permanent occupants only. In Spain you were sure to do so; one man, one bed, was the custom there. In Germany the custom was just the reverse; in fact, if the tourist did not find a companion for himself, the host chose for him, and his bedfellow might be a gentleman, or he might be a carter; all that could safely be prophesied about him was that when he came to bed he would be drunk. The bed would be one of several in a room; the covering, a quilt warm enough to be too warm for summer and narrow enough to leave one side of each exposed in winter. That is, supposing there were beds.

Saws Wood; Says Nothing. The quiet man always gets through more work than the noisy one.—Ernest Slight.

MYSTERY IN CRIMES

Strange Vandal Commits Daring Depredations in Missouri.

Hatred of Mankind Is Shown by Many Shocking Offenses—Criminal Displays an Uncanny Hatred of Animals.

Versailles, Mo.—Four unkempt dogs from a farmhouse scurried down the roadside one day and yelped viciously at a passing buggy. For an eighth of a mile, perhaps, they kept up their clamor as they followed along beside the rails.

"Like to go into that yard at night?" Frank Brown, constable of Haw Creek township, who was driving, asked his companion. "No? Well, tonight, maybe, some one will drive in there, load his wagon with plunder—set the barn on fire if he likes—and those dogs won't even growl. For 20 years we have been robbed and our stock tortured and killed. It always is done at night. Is it any wonder that the whole neighborhood lives in terror when even the dogs are afraid?"

Such is the feeling in the western part of Morgan county. Within an area of six square miles a mysterious criminal has operated a score of years. Houses and barns have been burned down when the owners had no known enemies. Stock has been maimed. Granaries have been robbed of wagon loads of grain. Telephone and fence wires have been cut and spools of missing wire were found hidden in hollow logs. Recently a graphophone was found in a tree top far in the wooded hills.

The crimes are confined to a certain district that is peopled by sixty or seventy prosperous families of German descent. There is no petty neighborhood strife to account for the crimes. The people are of the burgher type, hearty, good-natured and honest. As the custom is among foreigners, they are clannish. Nearly every family is related to some other family, because they have lived in a small district in their adopted country for more than forty years.

Yet these people are afraid. They turn out their lamps at night, not knowing what blight they may suffer by morning. They speak of their fear in subdued voices. Their blue eyes express superstitious fear when they are deep in conversation on the subject. They have no protection. The grand jury has called in witnesses many times to testify about depredations, but no definite evidence has been collected. A year ago a farmer's barn was robbed four nights in succession. He asked three of his neighbors to help him watch. The party hid in the barn for two nights and nothing happened. The next night they did not watch. When morning came daylight showed that the visitor had been there again.

Another time 80 chickens were stolen and no noise was made. The dogs—every farmer has a ferocious pack—were silent. No one knows why, no more than they can explain why the fowls kept still. No one attempts explanations.

So strong is the fear in Haw Creek township that a victim will not tell his most intimate friend until several days after he has been visited. They do not suspect each other, they say. At any rate, a stranger can get little information from them regarding their suspicions. Many of them are ready to sell their farms and leave.

The time has passed when the crimes were surprises. Three hundred times, it is said, the curse has fallen. The thick woods are suggestive of mystery, on a fence board in one place is painted the inscription:

"Prepare to Meet Thy God."

No one knows who wrote it. It is not questioned—"he" put it there.

Often when the men of the neighborhood are hunting coons at night a shot is heard and a bullet whizzes over their heads. They drop to the ground and creep toward home through the bushes. So far no person has been harmed, but there is the ever-present fear that the mysterious criminal will turn his spite toward human beings.

Occasionally several weeks pass without events. Then a series comes rapidly. Last week a barn and several hay stacks were burned. Two farmers lost chickens. A man who had a quantity of potatoes, apples and turnips buried within thirty feet of his house awoke and found the earth freshly turned. His produce was gone. There were no tracks. That morning his dogs sulked and trembled.

"If all of us were to report these things as soon as they happen we might be able to catch him," said one man, who made a reporter promise not to use his name, "but we never hear a thing until several days later. Every man is afraid to arouse the anger of 'him.' They are afraid the little red rooster will run over their houses."

By the "little red rooster" he meant that the farmers feared that their houses would be burned.

The criminal has an uncanny hatred of animals, apparently. Thirteen years ago a minister who since has left the community went to his barn one morning and found his only horse dead. The animal had been hacked with a keen knife. Another man found one of his mules in a ravine, three miles from home. It had been struck on the head with an ax.

A calf recently came up to the barn from the pasture with its tongue cut off close to the root. Often the tails of cattle and horses are cut off close to the

Panama is Mosquito Proof

Canal Zone is Now Healthier Than New York City, Declares Health Officer Pierce.

New York.—Stating his belief that the Panama canal would be completed in 1913, a year and a half ahead of the schedule time, Dr. C. C. Pierce, a health officer in the Canal zone, arrived here the other day.

"The greatest advance during the six and a half years I've been there," he said, "was in the extermination of mosquitoes. We have filled innumerable swamps, drained off standing water and even filled the gutters from houstopes."

"Panama is a healthier place than New York city today, because authority to carry through reforms is vested in the Isthmian Canal commission and must be obeyed. If you attempted to make this city mosquito-proof and ordered a New Yorker to take down his gutters, you would first have to get an order from a court and he in turn would obtain an injunction. In the Canal zone what the authorities say goes without question."

The doctors could not understand why the wound should pain, and made a further examination of the leg, with the result of locating the nail. When

the nail was extracted it was bent and in a blackened condition. The physicians who performed the operation say that now, as the nail has been removed, there is little possibility of any further trouble from the wound.

Crows Eat Fish Bait.

Covington, La.—Crows have invaded a hitherto uninvaded field. The field is liquid, and crows are carnivorous, according to reports from many fishermen in this section. Crab fishermen, it is declared, along the shores of Lake Pontchartrain have left their baited lines only to find on their return empty hooks. Several fishermen standing guard in an effort to discover the secret of the unbailed hooks witnessed the raising of the lines and the devouring of the bait by crows. They have borrowed scare-crows from cornfields and placed them on the water.

Mixed Bathing Barred.

London.—No mixed bathing is to be allowed at the Camberwell Borough Council baths, although eleven of the sixteen local swimming clubs who had been circularized on the matter were in favor of the innovation.

Books Lincoln Would Select.

Chicago.—President Gunsaulus of Armour Institute in an address, said if Lincoln could be reached and asked what books should be placed in the new Harper library he would say Shakespeare, the Bible, Pilgrims Progress, the Constitution of the United States and the Life of Washington.

Trout Gets Revenge on "Jonah" Eel.

Winsted, Conn.—Harry Hall of Newington had an unusual experience on a trout fishing expedition to Talcott Mountain. A "Jonah" eel had partly swallowed a large trout, which, when it realized its danger, grabbed Hall's hook. Hall got both eel and trout, the former refusing to let go its catch.

Mail by Airship Line.

Washington.—The carrying of United States mail by airship or aeroplane may be the next step in aerial navigation.

Representative Sheppard, of Texas, has introduced a resolution "authorizing and directing the postmaster general to investigate the practicability and cost of an aeroplane or airship mail route between the city of Washington and some other point or points suitable for experiment."

Mayor Gets Small Salary.

Pontiac, Ill.—The mayor of Hoopes-ton has just received a check for 50 cents, his salary for the municipal year just ended. The aldermen's checks called for 25 cents each.