FORMER CONFIDANT OF CZAR ARRESTED

Alexis Lomoff Persuaded Alexander II to Sign the Decree Abolishing Slavery, *and* Was a Great Power in Russia; But Fell When the Czar Was Assassinated--Strange Story *of* a Servant Who Became Valet to an Emperor and Then an Advisor

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 10.—Full as Russian history is of romance, of drummer boys who rise, at a bound, to be rulers of provinces [illegible] France; of cigarette vendors who die ministers; of cooks [illegible] university professors, and of gipsy girls who become queens, the career of Alexis Lomoff impresses even Russians with its rapid changes and its sordid ending. First a humble servant in the imperial palace, then a favorite of the czar, Alexander II, now a beggar—such is the life-story told to the police who arrested him for asking alms in the streets of St. Petersburg and—what is more—found to be true.

Alexis Lomoff began life in a characteristically miserable village where the inhabitants live on black bread for one half of the year and on roots during the other. Being a handy sort of boy, however, the administrator of the neighboring palace, which formed part of the imperial domain, took him as a servant. He remained for some years there when at last the czar, then Alexander II, visited it for shooting. Lomoff attracted his attention by his bright eyes and deft manner, and, when the visit was over he followed in his emperor's suite to the capital.

For some time it seemed as though the young peasant had been quite forgotten by his royal master, for he was set to sweep and dust in some parts of the palace that, as far as any notice the emperor took of them, was as far removed from the imperial family as Lomoff's native village. One day, however, chance threw him into the emperor's way. He was walking down one of the corridors when his foot slipped and he would have fallen had not Lomoff, who had been sent on a message from one courtier to the other, deftly caught his arm and prevented the fall. Alexander II, who happened to be alone, looked keenly at him.

"Where have I seen thee before?" he asked, for his memory for faces was said to be marvelous. "At X—" was the prompt reply. "Your Most Brilliant and Imperial Highness deigned to take me into your service."

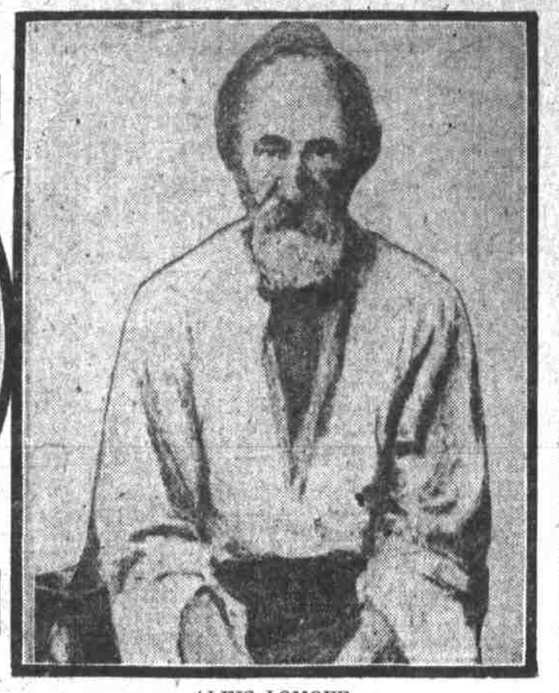
"And why, then, do I never see thee?" the emperor asked, probably again attracted by the bright young face and ready answer. "Where do you serve?"

The boy mentioned the name of some courtier and was told to leave him and go immediately to the imperial apartments.

This was not all. Alexander's personal valet, who had been under a cloud for some time, was dismissed at once and replaced by Alexis Lomoff. He remained in this dangerous, though envied place for over 20 years. Such a man's fortune is made. Few who have not any connection with the czar's imperial palace, can guess at the number

ALEXANDER II

DAUGHTER OF ALEXIS LOMOFF



ALEIS LOMOFF

of supplicants who present themselves to his personal valet and pay large sums of money to have a petition given to the imperial hands. Alexis Lomoff did not waste his opportunities. The czar, always inclined to talk to him, soon made him his confidant. Lomoff knew what was going to happen in the imperial offices before the ministers themselves; the consequence was that they bowed low before him and paid him well in order to learn who was to be in favor and who out. Warned beforehand, many high officials had time to save their offices or at least put by a fortune before their fall. Little by little, by dint of tact and sound common sense, he began to give his master advice.

It was Alexander II who freed the serfs and abolished slavery. Though he had first formed the project and would probably have carried it out in any case, many of his ministers dissuaded him and the ukase lay awaiting his signature for a long time. It is said that Alexis Lomoff—himself a peasant and, therefore, a serf—did much to hasten the completion of this plan, not only by advocating it, but by stories of the way in which serfs were treated, the starved condition so many of them lived in, and their misery, filth and ignorance.

"Why did nobody tell me this before," the emperor once exclaimed when Lomoff had told him some details of serf life.

"Because they are afraid to," was the answer, "and the serfs are too far off, though, they say that you and God are their only friends."

And then Alexander turned to one of his ministers saying, "I will be their real friend! Nobody shall dissuade me from delivering such unhappy subjects from bondage."

Alexander was a man who, when he gave, gave largely. Lomoff received many magnificent presents from him, which, together with the money given by those who wanted the emperor's favor, soon made him a rich man. His apartments were as crowded with suitors as a minister's ante-room. The news of his influence spread all over the empire, and as usual got very much exaggerated. Probably he did not bring about one tenth part of the changes that were put down to him by successful officials, but when his influence failed his tact came in, and even today he has that gift of "blarney" which is all that remains of his old life.

Little by little the wives and daughters of high officials were to be seen in his apartments; his wife, a simple woman, had but little to say and played a very small part in these receptions. But Alexis gave good suppers and gambled high, so that little notice was taken of his wife's want of refinement. His only child, a girl, was sent away to school and finally to Paris. When she came out her mother retired into obscurity, and was never seen. Cards and parties became more frequent than ever at the Lomoffs, and he lost a good deal. But this only made him more popular, and as his influence and favor in the imperial dressing room were unimpaired, ready money was never wanting. The zenith of his career was reached when, a short time before his master's tragic end, he married his daughter to a high official of the court, giving her $50,000 as a dowry. This lady still holds a good position in St. Petersburg, though her husband is dead.

Soon after her marriage the blow to Lomoff's career was dealt. Alexander II, who had freed millions of subjects by a stroke of his pen, was blown up by a bomb thrown by a man of the very class he had so benefited a few years before. His favorite naturally lost the chief source of his income with his master's death. Alexander III, a stern, morose man, declared that the terrible assassination of his predecessor was due to over-leniency. Lomoff, whose advocacy for the abolition of serfdom was well known, fell from favor at once. No post was offered to him about the court. He was, however, allowed to retire with the fortune he had amassed. Only his nearest friends knew how small that fortune had grown. The change in his position galled Lomoff.

"Was I to see men who had fawned on me yesterday turn their backs today?" he exclaimed, when telling his story. "I knew that money would do much, and determined to make it. I began to gamble more than ever. For some time luck was with me. My daughter arranged parties for me, and I still had a certain number of houses where I was received."

But this did not last long. The man not only gambled, but drank. His fortune dwindled away till he was glad to become a croupier in one of the Moscow gambling hells. As he grew older people would not employ him in the bigger establishments, and he went from one den to another till the day came when he found himself without employment.

"I went to my daughter," he explained, his old voice trembling. "But not only would she not see me, but declared her father was dead long ago. I had nothing to do but beg. I have been begging for years. I am 70 years old now, and sleep in a corner by the stove in a room inhabitqed by 14 people, I, Alexis Lomoff, who used to have a suite of rooms in the winter palace! I am glad the police have arrested me at last, for now my story will get known, and perhaps they will force my cruel daughter, whose career I made, to give me a little warm soup and a few old clothing."

When the police heard the daughter's name they refused to go to her, saying that he could not be the father of so fashionable a lady. But, as luck would have it, an old inspector of the police, who had heard her story, declared it was true that she was a born Lomoff and offered to go and see her. At first she denied that her father was still alive, but when he confronted her and asked her several questions the police were satisfied that his story was true. Old people about the court, who remembered the days of Alexander, also declare Alexis Lomoff, the beggar, to be the same man as Alexis, the czar's servant and confidant.

"So you see," triumphantly remarked Lomoff, whose spirits are by no means damped. "It does a man good to be taken to prison some times. I have got more in a few days by being arrested than I gained during the past 15 years by trying to remind old friends of my existence. Now—my future must be provided for!"

Some people raised a small subscription for the old man, so that for the present at any rate, he is saved from starvation. But he himself says he is too big a gambler to keep the money for long. The only thing is for his daughter to allow him a pension, paid weekly. Judging by his appearance and her weakness for the elegant people of this world, she is not likely to have him in her house. But influential people are trying to persuade her to give him a fixed sum of money.

PROBLEMS OF TODAY AS CARNEGIE SEES THEM

Multi-Millionaire Evidently Has Attempted in His Latest Book to Stem the Tide *of* Socialism--Uses Old Illustrations to Enliven New Ideas--What Made the Differences in Wealth

ANDREW CARNEGIE has written another book.

It is entitled "Problems of Today," and deals with such subjects as "Wealth," "Labor," and "Wages"—problems for which Mr. Carnegie long ago found a personal solution, but with which the majority of his fellow-citizens are still wrestling.

It is to be rgretted that Mr. Carnegie has treated these problems in a broad, philosophic manner—as afflictions of the body politic rather than as afflictions of the body politic's inconspicuous units. It is in this latter light that the units regard them—just as Mr. Carnegie undoubtedly once did. However, scattered through the book are a few finger posts that point the way to the eminence from which Mr. Carnegie now showers libraries and advice.

It is evident that the book was written with the intention of stemming the tide of Socialism, though the author frankly admits the truth of the Socialists' loudest complaint—the unequal distribution of wealth. This is from the opening chapter of the book:

"The unequal distribution of wealth lies at the foot of the present Socialistic activity. This is no surprise to the writer. It was bound to force itself to the front, because, exhibiting extremes unknown before, it has become one of the crying evils of our day."

The Demands of Socialism.

After reviewing the figures compiled by Mr. Snowden in his "Socialists' Budget," Mr. Carnegie says:

"Viewing Socialism upon its financial side its demands are just.

"A heavy progressive tax upon wealth at death of owner is not only desirable, it is strictly just. So it is just to exempt from taxation the minimum amount necessary to supply the physical wants of men and their families, just as a minimum is exempt from income tax in Britain, and the modest homestead is from foreclosure under mortgage in America. There is, however, nothing specially Socialistic in this. It is sound Adam Smith doctrine that all should pay taxes only in proportion to their ability to do so, and revolutionary Socialism is successfully to be combated only by promptly conceding the just claims of moderate men.

"After making full allowance for differences in men, it still remains true that contrasts in their wealth are infinitely greater than those existing between them in their different qualities, abilities, education, and, except the supreme few, their contributions to the world's work. It should be remembered always that wealth is not chiefly the product of the individual under present conditions, but largely the joint product of the community.

"Now, who or what made this difference in wealth? Not labor, not skill. No, nor superior ability, sagacity, nor enterprise, nor greater public service. The community created the millionaire's wealth. While he slept it grew as fast as when he was awake."

Mr. Carnegie uses as illustrations one of the old burghers of New Amsterdam whose children see the ancestral cabbage patches turned into valuable city lots by the growth of the community.

"When these children die, who have neither toiled nor spun, what canon of justice would be violated were the nation to step in and say that, since the aggregation of their fellow-men called 'the commonunity' created the decedents' wealth, it is entitled to a large portion of it as they pass away? The community has refrained from exacting any part during their lives. The heirs have been allowed to enjoy it all, because although in their case the wealth was a purely communal growth, yet in other cases, wealth often comes largely from individual effort and ability, and hence it is better for the community to allow such ability to remain in charge of fortune-making, because most likely to succeed, and in so doing develop our country's resources.

"It would be unwise to interfere with the working bees; better allow them to continue gathering honey during their lives. When they die, the nation should have a large portion of the honey remaining in the hives; it is immaterial at what date collection is made, so that it comes to the national treasury at last."

Mr. Carnegie concludes that so far as the financial welfare of the workman is concerned, there is no choice between state and individual control of wealth:

"When the Socialist speaks of all wealth going back to the state, he proclaims no great change in its mission. The state, sole owner, would use it just as the owners now use all but a fraction of it; that is, invest it in some of the multiform ways leading to the reward of labor.

The State Versus the Individual.

"It is simply a question whether state as against individual control of wealth would prove more productive, which, judging from experience of state and individual management so far as yet tested, may gravely be doubted. It could not make much difference to the workers whether the title to the wealth rested in the state or in individuals if the state decided, as individuals now do, to recompense labor according to value as determined by demand—the fairest standard. All would remain very much as now; one would still get five talents, one ten, and a few would get very many talents, and individualism would reign.

"The bridge has yet to be found that spans the gulf between equal and unequal compensation for varied service; yet, until this be found—we believe it to be non-existent and impossible to devise—there can be no communism, nor indeed any milder form of Socialism to which serious objection need be made by earnest improvers of present conditions, since the absorption of 'private property' and 'equal compensation,' the two pillars of revolutionary Socialism, are inevitably relegated to the distant future until a practicable mode of obtaining and managing them be found."

By many readers the last chapter in Mr. Carnegie's book will undoubtedly be regarded as a guide—it is too discursive to be labeled a fingerpost—to the ironmaster's golden eminence. Here the author descends from the airy stilts of the philosophy of economics and relates a chapter from his own life at a time when "wealth" and "labor" were problems still unsolved to his satisfaction. It is entitled "My Experience with Railway Rates and Rebates."

This is a goodly portion of it, (the simplified spelling is Mr. Carnegie's):

"Upon the completion of the Erie, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and the Pennsylvania systems between the Atlantic seaboard and the great west, a strong competition for thru traffic at once began. At first it was a scramble, and each road got what it could, at the best rate it could, regardless of everything. The position was peculiar, and is so still, and must long remain so. Eastbound tonnage from Chicago, St. Louis, and other points in the west to the Atlantic seaboard is far greater than that from the east to the west; hence long trains of empty freight cars have to be hauled westward empty.

"These were the days when the much-talked-of 'rebates' had their origin. 'Gentlemen's agreement' rates were charged, and the bills of lading were fair and square on the surface, but the understanding with the shipper was that rebates would be allowed and settled for at some future time.

"The sentiment aroused in Pittsburg because of these unequal rates became dangerous. The Pennsylvania Railroad was regarded as a monopoly strangling to local interests, and so it was. Remonstrances were constantly made, but without avail, until the time came when the railway company had a dispute with its men, which gave occasion for an outburst of the smoldering bitterness Pittsburg felt. Grave riots took place, and the spirit of hostility shown by all classes to the great monopoly brought from Philadelphia my former chief, the vice-president, to Pittsburg. At a conference with the manufacturers it was agreed by him that, no matter what the thru rates fell to, the local traffic on their lines from Pittsburg would be carried to Chicago or Philadelphia and New York at a small difference less than the thru rate between the seaboard and Chicago and other points. That is to say, Pittsburg traffic would be charged only a shade less for half the distance than Philadelphia and Chicago thru traffic paid for double the distance. Rates according to distance were denied. With this the Pittsburg manufacturers had to be content. Matters went along tolerably well until railway rates were again thoroly demoralized by war between the trunk lines. Our Carnegie Steel company upon this occasion had what it thought the certainty of a contract of great value for material with the Newport News Shipbuilding company, freight from Pittsburg to Newport News being much less than from Chicago. The contract, however, went to Chicago, and upon investigation we found that the rate given to our Chicago competitor to Newport News was less than the Pennsylvania railroad rate from Pittsburg, the distance not one half so great. President Ingalls of the Chesapake & Ohio, then beginning his brilliant career, had made the lower rate for his new line, not yet embraced in the 'gentlemen's agreement.' We investigated, and found several rates of a similar nature prevailing to other points, and, having a list of these made, the writer carried it to President Roberts of the Pennsylvania railroad, with a request that he place us upon his own line on an equality with manufacturers on other lines. When the paper was presented to him showing the overcharges we labored under, he pushed it aside, saying: 'I have enough business of my own to attend to; don't wish to have anything to do with yours, Andy.'

"I said: 'All right, Mr. Roberts; when you wish to see me again, you will ask an interview. Good morning.'

"The situation had become intolerable, and we looked about for the best means of protecting ourselves. A railroad line of our own from Pittsburg to the lakes would be an invaluable acquisition, rendering us independent of any monopoly, and enabling us to transport all our ironstone traffic from the lakes to Pittsburg, and our coal and coke from Pittsburg to the lakes, also giving us connection with the other through lines. I purchased the harbor at Conneaut and a few miles of railroad connected with it, and began extending the line to Pittsburg.

"My partners had good reason to dread the consequences of the reckless challenge to the monster monopoly, and I could not blame them; for it undoubtedly had the power to cripple our operations. An intimation to the superintendent that the car supply for our works or the movement of our traffic need not receive undue attention would be serious, indeed. As a precaution I took good care that the authorities in Philadelphia were advised of the policy I had determined to pursue if there was the slightest interruption to our business: all our works would be stopped, I would visit each in succession, and inform the workmen why they were idle; publish the monopoly rates; explain why Pittsburg needed our new railroad; and ask them, and all the workmen from other mills, to stand with folded arms upon the streets over which the Pennsylvania trains passed for miles, in peaceful protest and as an intimation that justice had better be done to Pittsburg. No interference with our operations came.

"It was not long before I received a note from Vice-President Thompson, saying that President Roberts and himself would like an interview. I agreed to call as I passed through Philadelphia, and did so.

"What I needed for the interview, with my former railway associates were the secret rebate rates prevailing elsewhere.

"Some time after that he was, of course, admitted to partnership; that was the turning point in his career.

"Entering President Roberts' room, I found him and my dear friend, Frank gether. My reception was cordial.

"'What are you fighting the Pennsylvania railroad for?' he asked. 'You were brought up in its service. We were boys together.'

"'Well, Frank, I knew you would ask me that question, and here is the answer.'

"I handed him the packet of secret rates, and, begging to be excused for a few minutes, left the room, desirous of giving them an opportunity of looking it over together. Upon my return they were still sitting with the packet lying before them.

"Frank raised his head and exclaimed: 'Andy, I feel like Rip Van Winkle.'

"Frank, the Pennsylvania railroad officials have slept just about as long.'

"'Well, tell us what you want.'

"'I don't want anything. I did not ask to see you. You asked to see me.'

"'Don't talk that way. What do you want? We wish to make an arrangement satisfactory to you. We did not know these things were going on. We can hardly believe it, but we shall now find out. Tell us what you think we ought to do.'

Negotiating the Rebate.

"I said: 'Gentlemen, all we have ever asked was that the rates charged us shall be at all times as low as those which competitors on other lines are paying on the same articles for similar distances. We ask for nothing else. Other lines are carrying freight for our competitors cheaper than you are carrying it for us, and you take part of this freight at the cut rates. We cannot stand that. We have never asked for lower rates than our competitors, but we shall never rest satisfied with less.'

"'If you will stop building that line from the lakes to your works, we will do what you ask,' was his response.

"'Gentlemen, that cannot be. I have agreed to build that line, and certain parties have taken action in consequence of my promise. It has to be built.'

"Repeated efforts were made to induce me to forego building, until finally I said to President Roberts: 'You have just given a rival concern about to build works on your line in Pittsburg an agreement to give them everything you give us. We make no complaint; but if I had come to you and asked you, Mr. Roberts, to withdraw that agreement, and you had told me you were pledged to give it, I should say no more; I should expect you to keep your word. If abandoning the new line is a condition of anything you will do for us, we must part.' No more was said upon that subject.

"Then came the extension of the lake line we had decided to build from Pittsburg to our coke ovens. They wished that stopped, and as I was not yet pledged to build it, I said that was a matter for negotiation. If they wished to carry our coke over their line from the ovens to our works at Pittsburg at the same rate agreed upon with the new proposed line for that service, they could have the contract. This they gladly accepted. The result of the meeting was that I got all I asked for, and greatly obliged the Pennsylvania railroad by allowing them to retain transportation."

EXTRACTS FROM MR. CARNEGIE'S NEW BOOK

"Millionaires who laugh are rare."

"'Rest and be thankful' is for another existence."

"How did I get my first $1,000? By saving it."

"To keep a fortune is scarcely less difficult than to acquire it."

"We may safely trust those who have not made the money to prove adepts in squandering it."

"It is a low and vulgar ambition to amass money, which should always be the slave, never the master, of a man."

"Only by the manual workingman and poorer classes is money regarded as the great idol of our age, before which all fall prostrate."

"The deplorable family quarrels which so often afflict the rich generally have their rise in sordid differences about money."

"The never to be forgotten truth is that large fortunes, so far as their owners are concerned, are as useless as the Star or Garter are to their possessors, and not so ornamental."

"The millionaire himself is probably the least expensive bee in the industrial hive, taking into account the amount of honey he gathers and what he consumes."

"A philanthropist generally means a man with more money than sense."

"Wealth is often, we may say generally, accumulated in such manner as benefits the nation in the process."

"Wealth confers no fame, although it may buy titles where such prevail. Nor are the memories of millionaires as a class fondly cherished."

"Without great and increasing population, there would be no great wealth. Where wealth accrues honorably, the people are always silent partners."

"If we were to divide the vast army of workers of mature age into two classes, the savers and the spendthrifts, we should practically separate the creditable from the discreditable, the exemplary from the pitiable, the sober from the intemperate."

LOST AND WON

By Julia Munro.

A SHRILL blast from the whistle and a cry. The thresher stopped and the workers rushed to his side. With the greatest difficulty they succeeded in getting him, their master, Chaguy, out of the steel claws of the machine. The wounded man groaned for a moment then he swore like a trooper. His right arm was one bloody pulp from wrist to shoulder.

He was carried to the house and as the men were carrying him across the yard the servant girl, Jeannine, appeared in the door. She had been scared by the sudden stopping of the thresher.

"What is the matter?"

"It is the master who got his arm crushed in the thresher."

She looked at the bloody stump and began to sob aloud.

"It seems to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me," the wounded man said phlegmatically.

They wanted to put him to bed, but he refused.

"Put me in the armchair near the window."

He was placed in the large, clumsy, uncomfortable armchair. Jeannine brought linen rags and wanted to put a bandage on.

"That won't do any good, Jeannine, just tie something tightly around what is left and then tell Jean to hitch up and go for the doctor. Let him tell the doctor he must be here before sundown and cut off my arm. Patchwork won't do here."

Then he said to the others: "Now, you just go back to work. It is no use to stop everything because I have lost an arm. The thresher costs enough money to hire anyway."

When Jeannine and the others had gone, Chaguy began to think. He was a strong, powerful man, who cared nothing for the pain. The accident was unfortunate, but the results still more serious. By working from dawn to dark he had been able to do without a hired hand except during the harvest time, even though he had 100 acres. The two mares that were now resting in the stable had been as tireless as he, but in the future he would not be able to plow. He would have to get a hired man and that would cost him at least 500 francs a year. How was he to make that money?

When he reached this point he was filled with remorse for not having kept a promise given to a dying person. It was his wife who would not die until she was satisfied she had arranged everything so that her death would mean the smallest possible loss. During her long illness this thought had worried her. Her fear did not arise from the thought that the heritage should be scattered, for she had no children, but from love of the soil to which she had devoted the work of her life.

At last she had found a way out and said to her husband: "Chaguy, I have thought it all over. You are only 30 and not fit to remain a widower, first because you are too young and next because a farm without a housewife does not amount to anything. You must marry Jeannine. She has been with us for 10 years and never given any cause for complaint. She is young and strong and willing and that makes up for the fact that she can bring no dowry. Promise me to marry her and I can die in peace."

Chaguy had promised, but he had always put off the matter. Not that he was blind to her robust beauty or her quick hands, but he was always thinking of what improvements he could make if he were to marry a widow or girl with money. And thus three years had passed and he was still a widower.

His blood was boiling now when he thought of himself with one arm, fit only to weed turnips. Who would marry him now? Nobody—not even Jeannine. He would have to have a stranger how well she did it and how splendid she looked behind the plough with her sleeves rolled up, her hair blowing about her head and her young firm bosom heaving with excitement.

Chaguy stared at her as if bewitched, then the tears came into his eyes as he exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my God!"

When she came back near the house Chaguy with an almost superhuman effort raised the window and called out: "Oh, Jeannine!"

"Yes, master! Don't I know how to plow?"

"I can do it no better myself—but, oh, Jeannine, you are a splendid girl. What a pity I have lost my arm or I should ask you to be my wife."

She took hold of the plow handle, looked at him and said in a voice that trembled a little:

"Just as you want to, master, the arm won't make no difference. You know that my two arms are always yours if you want to take them."

Oysters No Novelty.

"The oyster is the key to that paradise called appetite."

That's what Professor John R. Philpots says, and he knows more about oysters than all the shuckers from Chesapeake bay to Cotuit.

Just why we think of oysters as a modern dainty it would be hard to tell, but probably half of the men and women who scan the oyster section of the bill of fare do cherish that delusion. Nevertheless in Nero's time millions of bushels of oysters were eaten annually in Rome.

But even Nero becomes an object of pity to the American when we read that the best of the oysters he had to eat were imported from Britain. Probably the Roman emperors had the same delusion that we have. They doubtless considered that in providing an oyster course at their banquets they were bringing their menu strictly up to date.

They didn't know that in primeval times the oyster shucker was an important personage. This must have been so, for in the remains known as kitchen middens in Denmark there are thousands and thousands of oyster shells bearing evidences of having been artificially opened. Not only that, but Dr. Schliemann in his search for the ancient city of Troy found oyster shells in the ruins of the prehistoric settlements of Hissarlik.

A writer in the National Magazine says that the oyster is valuable not so much for its nutritive qualities—and these must not be underestimated by any means—as for "its peculiar condimentality and its ready digestibility." For the invalid it is especially valuable, for it is the only known food that will not at some time or another nauseate the patient, being unquestionably the most easily digested of all animal foods.

Some redoubtable physicians, however, have maintained that the use of the oyster should never be permitted any diabetic patient. The Lancet, the most influential medical organ in Great Britain, disagrees with this. It says:

"According to our analysis the amount of liver sugar in the oyster was very small, and certainly considerable less than half that found by previous observers. We made a number of experiments on this point and in no instance did the amount of glycogen in the raw oyster exceed 1 per cent.

"A further examination of the organic portion of the oyster revealed the presence of glycero-phosphoric compounds, which are now used in medicine in the form of lecitline and of the glycero-phosphates of the alkaline metals for the purpose of improving the general nutrition of the nervous system.

"The results on the whole show that although the actual amount of nutritive material in a raw oyster is small, yet this material comprises all classes of food substances, namely, proteid, carbohydrates, fat and certain mineral salts. Moreover, the flesh of the oyster undoubtedly contains these substances in a peculiarly assimilable form.

"Apart from the extreme delicacy of the oyster and from its peculiarly appetizing flavor there are we think reasons on purely dietic grounds why attention should continue to be given to the cultivation of the oyster, which, as the foregoing results indicate, is an excellent article of food."

FEAR OF *The* UNKNOWN

By George L. Knapp.

IF you want to frighten people thoroughly, frighten them half our of their wits, one part mystery and strangeness is worth 20 parts of danger any day.

Old General Wardell, the hero who took his leprous wife from the hospital and tried to smuggle her into Mexico, where the two might die together, was balked of his noble purpose. He was stopped in Arizona, where he died a few days ago. And now Mrs. Wardell, who was insane as well as a leper, has escaped. She is thought to have disguised herself with gloves and veil and boarded a west bound train from Tombstone, Ariz., where she has been confined. But there is nothing certain about it, and the whole region around Tombstone is living in hourly fear of the "mad leper," whose mere appearance would probably cause a stampede.

And yet Mrs. Wardell is less dangerous than any consumptive who knows or cares no better than to spit on the floor. Leprosy is one of the least contagious of the germ diseases. Compared to many diseases, leprosy hardly deserves to be called contagious at all. "In the lazaretto of Tracadio," says Osler, "not one of the sisters who for more than 40 years have so faithfully nursed the lepers has contracted the disease." Here and there, it is true, doctors and nurses are attacked; but cases are very rare exceptions. The best opinion of today is that the germ of leprosy has practically no power on the tissues of a healthy person; there must always first be some decided lowering of the vital tone. And even then there must be the closest of contact. At one time it was thought that there was some direct connection between eating fish and getting the leprosy; and certainly it seems to prevail among fish-eating peoples. But this probably means no more than that the disease chooses poorly nourished persons for its victims; for the fish-eaters among whom leprosy is found are usually deprived of meat and of the beter grain foods as well.

Certainly there is no danger in the ordinary contact of patient and nurse, if the most ordinary precautions are taken. Yet the other day three states were in convulsions of fright over the escape of one poor leper, who later died in a West Virginia hovel, neglected and alone; and now an Arizona community is seeing things at night because another wretched invalid is at large. And in both cases we will wager that there are hundreds of people who look upon spitting ordinances as unjustifiable restrictions of personal liberty. Of such strange inconsistencies are we made.

He Misunderstood.

"The simplest propositions," said Senator Beveridge in a recent address, "must be set out with the utmost care in the wording, or misunderstanding, dissent, even anger may result.

"Thus, as a train was moving forth from a Cincinnati station, a man stuck his head far out of the window.

"'Keep your head in there,' a station attendant shouted in warning, 'or it will be knocked off.'

"'Knocked off!' shouted the passenger. 'Knocked off, eh? Well, it won't be knocked off by anybody the size of you, you bandy-legged shrimp!'"

A Wet State.

From the Denver Post.

"I notice by the papers that it's raining in Oregon," said a Denver lawyer to a hotel clerk yesterday. "Would you call that Republican or Democratic weather?"

"Neither," replied the hotel clerk. "In Oregon it rains a good portion of the time. Why, there's so much moisture out there that moss grows on the umbrellas."