

THE SENSE OF TASTE.

IT SHOULD BE THE BEST GUIDE TO THE FOOD WE NEED.

If Not Perverted, It Will Select Those Substances For Which the Body Is Suffering—We Use Entirely Too Much Salt.

The function of the taste doubtless sustains a much more important relation to digestion than has been generally accorded to it, says Dr. Kellogg. Food to be digested must be appetizing. Food which nauseates does not stimulate the secretion of the fluid necessary to digest it either in the mouth or the stomach. The sense of taste may be regarded as a sort of regulation. Hence it is an important property of food that the sense of taste may be stimulated and that it may have an opportunity to exercise its selective and controlling functions.

When one has eaten a sufficient amount of simple, wholesome food, the sense of taste informs him of the fact by declining to receive more. A perfect rule for mastication would be to chew each morsel of food until there is left only a tasteless remnant. It is useless to swallow such a residue, as it can have no nutritive value. When food is taken in this way, the sense of taste has an opportunity to say "enough" before too much has been swallowed and thus affords a perfect means of adapting the amount of food taken to the needs of the body.

A careful study of this suggestion will also show that the sense of taste, if allowed to act in a normal way, will select those substances of which the body is in great need. For example, if the blood is impoverished and needs an extra supply of nitrogenous food there will be a craving for such foods as nuts, legumes and possibly eggs and milk or some other substance containing nitrogen.

A curious analogy to this function is found in some insectivorous plants, which, as has been shown by recent experiments, refuse to capture insects or pay attention to fragments of meat placed within their grasp except when the soil upon which they grow is lacking in nitrogenous elements. By supplying a fertilizer rich in nitrogen these so-called carnivorous plants cease to be carnivorous and behave wholly like other plants. The same principle applies to the use of fat making substances, such as starch and oleaginous foods, such as nuts and cereals. The writer has frequently observed in thin patients a craving for fats, which disappeared entirely after the patient had made a gain of 20 or 30 pounds.

The taste was no doubt intended by the Creator to be a perfect guide to the quantity and quality of food to be taken and not simply a means of gustatory pleasure. Unfortunately it has been terribly debauched and perverted from its normal function. Men and women treat the palate as the pianist treats his instrument, touching it in various ways simply for the purpose of

provoking pleasurable sensations, with no regard whatever for the possible needs of the body or the possible damage which may be caused. The sense of taste, thus wrongly educated, becomes perverted, and its indications become confused. Abnormal cravings are developed, which demand satisfaction in the use of tea, coffee, wine and other intoxicants, mustard, pepper and other condiments, large quantities of salt, pickles and rich and savory dishes of various sorts, together with sweets, ices and tidbits of all kinds. The sense of taste has been dethroned from its high position as governor of nutrition and has come to be merely the servant of a capricious and insatiable desire for an illegitimate sensation, a purely selfish animal pleasure. This is gluttony, pure and simple, and is the apt tutor and hail companion of alcoholic intemperance.

The free use of common salt must likewise be placed among serious dietetic errors. Professor Bunge of Basel, the leading physiological chemist of the world, with many others, has shown that the so-called necessity for the alimentary use of salt rests upon a very uncertain and equivocal, if not erroneous, basis and that at most salt can be used without injury only in very minute quantities. The quantity designated by Professor Bunge as within the limits of possible harmlessness is about 15 grains a day, or probably less than one-fourth of the amount usually consumed. The free use of salt leads to thirst and copious drinking in connection with meals.

Gum chewing, tobacco chewing, the use of tobacco in any form, must be condemned as harmful to the digestion through exhausting the function of the salivary glands, so that when required to maintain constant activity the saliva secreted by the glands has very little value as a digestive agent. The glands, as well as the muscles and other parts of the body, require rest in which to store up the elements necessary for their proper function.—Good Health.

His Capacity Had Limits.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a Memphis cafe for dinner. The waiter gave him the menu card and explained to the old gentleman that it was the list of dishes the cafe served for dinner that day. Accordingly he began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was too overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. He called the waiter and, confidently marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've got from that to that. Can I skip from that to that and eat on to the bottom?"—Memphis Schmitz.

It may well be said that life is monotonous. In 50 years we undergo for bed no fewer than 18,350 times, dressing mainly after each night's repose with "cheerful resignation."—The Bits.

FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.

The Greater Part of This Country's Consumption Now Packed Here.

Formerly the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France. Now about three-quarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine, though some sardines are now put up on the coast of California. The packing of sardines in this country was begun about 1880.

Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on.

Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines and so on, but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil. Sardines are put up also in a greater variety of packages than formerly, there being, for example, various sizes and shapes of oval tins, and some French sardines are imported in glass, but as the great bulk of all sardines are still put up in oil, so the great bulk of them are still put up in the familiar flat boxes, the great majority of these being of the sizes known as halves and quarters and far the greater number of these being in quarters. Sardines are packed 100 tins in a case, and the consumption of sardines in this country is roughly estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 cases annually.

Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the imported. American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and to South America.—New York Sun.

CHOCOLATE FIENDS.

There Are Those Who Become Slaves to This Nerve Soothing Food.

"The manufacture of chocolate," said J. R. Anso of Brazil, "is a great industry. Of all the chocolate beans imported into the United States two-thirds go to one firm in Boston, and the other third is distributed among the other manufacturers. The chocolates sold are of various grades. The Caracas chocolate is supposed to be the best."

"If you take the various grades, technically known as the Caracas, the French, the German and so on, and take a piece of each and place them in a pan of water and allow them to dissolve, any expert will tell you which is the best chocolate. The better grades will leave no sediment. The others will. This is explained by the fact that in the cheaper grades the shell is ground up and used as a 'filler.' The lighter the chocolate the better the grade. The cheaper grades are dark owing to the ground up shell."

"It is a queer thing about chocolate consumption. There are chocolate fiends, just as there are opium fiends, cocaine fiends and liquor slaves. I

begin to eat chocolate the habit grows upon them. I don't think any amount of chocolate hurts any person. Of course the cheaper grades of chocolate have a large percentage of sugar in them, and sugar is to a certain extent injurious, but for the chocolate itself I don't think any one eats enough to hurt him materially. In contradistinction to the exhilaration of alcoholic drinks chocolate seems to be a soothing. Persons who are nervous and irritable find it a food that in a way calms and soothes and satisfies them. It is queer, but it is the truth. The consumption of chocolate is increasing enormously in the United States."—New York Tribune.

Artificial Diamonds.

It is well known that in the manufacture of carbon steel microscope diamonds are formed, and the curious fact is stated by The Scientific Press that from the examination of a number of steels from a variety of processes identical results were given. A piece weighing 300 grams was cut from a lump of steel and treated with nitric acid, the insoluble residue collected being mainly graphic carbon. After being washed with water it was boiled three times with fuming nitric acid, which partially dissolved the residue, hydrofluoric acid and then fuming sulphuric being used, there then remaining nothing but graphite, which, after being washed, was melted with chlorate of potash. The insoluble residue obtained fell to the bottom of a vessel filled with iodide of methylene, the little transparent octahedrons visible through a microscope, which burned on a sheet of platinum without any ash, being the diamonds.

The Thistle of Scotland.

Once upon a time many hundred years ago the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded their country. One day night, as they were marching upon an encampment of sleeping Scots, one of their number trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud cry. This awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated the assailants. In gratitude for the deliverance the Scots made the thistle their national emblem.—Journal of Education.

How He Makes Friends.

A Missouri paper says that Senator Cockrell keeps in closer touch with the people of his state than any other man in the senate. One of his habits, according to capitol gossip, is to read in the senate the name of every constituent who sends him a petition. Other senators content themselves with presenting petitions in an indefinite fashion they are noted in The Congressional Record. Cockrell's way is different, and when The Record appears there are the names of his constituents, looking very large. Forthwith each person thus distinguished goes a copy of The Record, which is shown with much pride at the country store or postoffice, and the voter is a friend of Cockrell for life.

Dated From a Rapid Town.

"One of the funniest experiences in my hotel life," said an old clerk, "was that in which a man registered his name without writing his town after it, as is the custom. When I called his attention to it, he said: 'I hadn't forgot it, but I feel a little bit timid about it.' The last time I was away from home I registered the name of my town and the clerk asked me what state it was in. I got mad in a minute and wouldn't stay in a house. I went to another house and registered from Brooklyn, and the next day I appeared in the paper credited to New York. I showed it to the clerk, and he said he changed my place of residence on the book because nobody ever registered from Brooklyn."

"I told the man he need have no fear of having the incident repeated in our place provided he wanted to write the name. He said he would think about it and asked to be shown his room, so I saw no more of him until late in the night. He studied it me if I had an atlas. He then asked me to show him the place, measured distances with his two hands, like a farmer, and then he called me and pointed out the name of a town. I asked him if that was his."

Was Queen Bees Handsome?

Mr. Horace Walpole's description of the maiden queen, drawn from her portraits and from contemporary accounts, is not a very attractive one. "A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster farthingale and a bushel of pearls are," he says, "the features by which everybody knows at a glance the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

But notwithstanding that she did not care for art and that, knowing her lack of it, she affected to despise bodily comeliness, still she loved to multiply portraits of herself. "In them she could appear really handsome." Yet if she has been flattered in the existing likenesses of her she must have been not merely plain, but a remarkably ugly woman. Perhaps the truth is that with the most courtly intentions the painters of the time did not know how to prevaricate.

"The queen," says a foreign observer, "is fair, but wrinkled. Her nose is a little hooked, her lips thin and her teeth black. She wore false hair and that red. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it until they marry." That the painters flattered her in some degree we must infer from that fact that she was fond of sitting to them, though she could not bear the sight of a mirror, which so enraged her that her attendants were obliged to hide theirs when she was present.—Art Amateur.

Execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

Colonel Lahorde, knowing that the duke was actually dug in which the duke was to be put, after a short time awakened him and told him, if he had a lock of his hair or a letter to send to any of his family, that he (Colonel Lahorde) would take care to forward it and would only part with it with his life. The duke replied, "I understand you." He cut off a lock of his hair, wrote a short letter and desired that a confessor might be sent to him. He was soon afterward led out.

Five of the soldiers refused to fire at him. They were immediately shot before his face and their bodies thrown into a ditch. They desired to put a bandage before his eyes. He answered he had looked death in the face before and could face it again. Seventeen soldiers fired at him.

Mme. Bonaparte did everything possible to save the duke. She implored Bonaparte on her knees, holding the skirt of his coat, which was torn off by his violent manner of going from her. She seized the other skirt, which was likewise torn off, and Bonaparte declared he would never go to bed till the duke was dead.

Lucien Bonaparte also exerted himself to the utmost, and, finding he had no success, in a rage took out a watch Bonaparte had given him, dashed it on the ground, breaking it in pieces, and said to his brother, "You will be treated in the same manner!"—"Life of Lady Stanley."

Her Advice.

John Luther Long, the well known author of several successful books and the teller of many charming stories, spent a summer at a resort along the New Jersey coast. On his way to his home there he was obliged to stop over one night at Seabright, and this story is told of his little visit: He was recognized by several people, and when he entered the dining room one of them came forward and asked him to occupy a seat at his table. He was quietly introduced as Mr. Long, and his literary reputation did not enter at all into the presentation. He was placed beside a very beautiful and charming young lady, and after awhile the conversation developed somewhat as follows: "Mr. Long, your name is quite familiar. I have run across it somewhere very recently."

"There are a great many Longs," he said.

"No; but I mean that I have read something somewhere. Oh, yes; I remember. It was a story called 'The Fox Woman.' Do you know who wrote it?"

Mr. Long was blissfully ignorant.

"Yes, I am sure that was it," she said.

"It may be by a relative. What did you think of it?"

She gazed at him earnestly and replied, "Don't read it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Absolutely Ignorant.

It is commonly understood that one of the newspapers of New York city has a rule to employ none but college graduates on its staff. It may or it

may not be true. Nevertheless, a man of good address, intelligent, well equipped for journalistic work, and with several years' experience, called on at the editorial office of that paper. He made so good an impression on the managing editor that he was assigned him a place on the staff and he looked in examining the appointment suddenly asked:

"By the way, of what college university are you a graduate?" "I am not a graduate of any," the young man, "but I know more than to write 'panta' for 'pants' or 'plead' for 'pleaded' and I have a chance for a chance was given me to write the correct use of 'and' and 'whom' and of 'shall' and 'prefer' and 'offer' to 'official' and 'residence.' I avoid 'as to' and 'abhor' and 'reportorial' never with a prepositional phrase and never with a long enough to tie in a double knot."

He got the position.—Four.

Out of the Ordinary.

The two old friends, as has been rated before, met again after separation.

"By the way, Wagster," said the gins, "do you remember that aged, cross eyed little Tillywig that used to come to the office and sit in the press train? She used to sit where in your neighborhood, I wonder?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her just as well."

"What ever became of her?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, gins,"—here is where the story comes in—"but I have not the idea. I didn't marry her!"—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted to Sit in Her Own.

The little 3-year-old daughter of the leading ministers in London resents too great familiarity, evening, though she seemed a little willing, a young man, who was sitting, took her upon his lap, where she said, with great gravity:

"I want to sit in my own lap."

It is needless to add that the man immediately put her down.

Alert to Prevent It.

"The great danger," said the citizen, "is that we will drift into paternal form of government."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meeking, "a sigh. 'Henriette seems to be about that every time I spend a children.'—Washington Star.

Indications.

"Watch th' grocer's boy," said janitor philosopher. "If he changes his coat collar when he lathers th' en, he has a grudge ag'in th' boss. He straightens up his neck when he goes on th' cook."—Chicago News.

Economy.

"Please, papa, give me a quarter see the big snake in the menagerie."

"Morris, my dear, here's the snuffing glass. Go look at it as a worm."—Fleegende Blatter.

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