BAD Print

WASTEFULNESS OF AMERICANS.

Food Thrown Away that Would Sustain Millions of People.

"The most conspicuous thing in all of my travels?" remarked the globe trotter. "Well, I've been pretty much over the world in my time, and I've seen quite a bit, but I know I shall astonish you when I say that the thing which has impressed me most is the economy of food abroad and the waste of food at home.

"Understand all this statement implies. Absolutely nothing is thrown away or wasted in continental Europe. And the economy of food is more marked in China, Japan and the Asiatic countries. There is no doubt in my mind but that we in the United States waste more food in a year than is consumed in France in the same time. What a single New York servant girl slams into the garbage barrel every week would support a dozen Chinese families. And yet our people are always complaining of hard times, and are making wry faces about getting along in the world.

"This waste begins at the very foundations of our society and business, and runs all the way up. The American farmer is a man who has burned off great tracts of valuable timber, worth five times the land on which it grew, to raise grain to burn for firewood. That land to-day is but half tilled, taking the fields of Germany and other European countries into the comparison. Until very recently all the refuse about mills and manufactories was destroyed; now many of them turn their slabs into furniture and their sawdust into fuel. Again, as to food. Anybody who has traveled much and knows what sort of food one gets in the South and West—anywhere outside of the big Eastern cities—will appreciate it when I say that at least one-half the food is wasted. This is partly through bad cookery and partly through mere wasteful management. All food not assimilated is wasted—worse than wasted, for it wears the system out to no purpose. The common hotel and family cookery makes assimilation practically impossible. So much for what is eaten. That which is actually thrown away would feed millions. If it could be diverted into the proper channels it would make human suffering from want of food impossible in this country. More—the waste would feed the indigent hungry of the whole world! There is something actually criminal in all this. But I presume it can't be helped until the American nature shall have undergone a change."—New York Herald.

Rowan jelly is one of the most indispensible adjuncts to game in Scotland.

Cod's roe cutlets are a special delicacy in England.

Greece has only twelve miles of territory for each mile of seacoast, while England, which ranks next, has 84.

PORTLAND LETTER.

A Few Words About Advertising—Aftermath of the Election.

Special Correspondence.

Portland, Or., Nov. 17.—It is quite a common thing for people living in a small town to belittle their home paper, except under two circumstances—when the paper praises them or when it tells on them, and, heaven knows, it doesn't do the latter half as often as it might, and, indeed, half as often, possibly, as it should.

These remarks were suggested by an incident that occurred the other day in my office here. A couple of gentlemen from your town, knowing that I represented your paper at this metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, called to see if I kept your paper on file. Of course I do; and it would have made your heart glad to have seen those fellows devouring every local line in it, ads. and all. 'Pon honor, I think they'd have gladly given me a dollar for the pleasure they had in reading their home paper, of which they probably think very little when at home.

It is not often that I strike a tartar of a business man, but the other day I lassoed one in fine shape. In soliciting an ad. for your paper, I presented my card to a manufacturer who was standing near the front door in his store, and who was evidently not engaged for the moment. As he read the card, I began to speak of the merits of your paper as an advertising medium. Before I had gotten in medias res, he waived me off saying, "It's no use arguing with me."

The man's manner was abrupt and I was miffed. Imprudently, possibly, I promptly responded: "If merchants treat your drummers as you treat me, you'll not have any use for advertising or for your factory either."

This brought him to his senses. He apologized, and after half hour's seance on advertising in general, and in your paper in particular, he told me to call on December 1, when contracts he had elsewhere would expire, and then he would be in a position to give your paper an ad.

Do you find your merchants inclined at all to be "snappish" when you talk business to them? It is not often that I run across such a churlish man as I have just spoken of. Business men appreciate more and more every day the value of advertising, and the solicitor finds his business easier and better as the merchant he approaches is shrewder and more progressive.

You doubtless know now quite as much as I do about the presidential election, held on the 3d inst. Here in Portland it was the quietest election ever held. The Bryanites claim that the peace and good order was due to Mayor Pennoyer's non-partisan police, whilst the other side declare that the good order was due to a well-organized league of McKinley men who were determined to have a fair election. I saw nothing of this league in evidence, but the police were in evidence everywhere and their conduct was admirable.

I think both sides were surprised at the vote in Portland and Multnomah county. Reckoning from the vote at the June election when Pennoyer, the silverite, was elected mayor, the McKinleyites were figuring on from 2,000 to 3,000 pluralitiy in city and county, and the Bryanites were disposed to consider that pretty tolerably fair figuring. The result—always remembering the June vote—certainly surprised both sides. The surprise, however, differed in each case in its nature and effect on the mental temperament. Leaving aside the little conferences on every corner as to how the federal patronage shall be distributed after March 4, 1897, interest has already become active as to the senatorial election next January. Of course, Senator Mitchell expects to succeed himself. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that he was promised the support of the Simon gold people in consideration of his services on the stump, and also in consideration of his giving the Simon people the votes of his friends in the legislature in behalf of a new charter for Portland, which would legislate the present city administration out.

The slate was arranged with no considerable generalship, but there is already a speck of trouble in the sky; and that is that many of the silver men who were elected on a platform supporting Mitchell for the senate, now declare their obligation to vote for the senator's re-election to have been released by Mitchell's attitude in supporting a candidate on an international bimetallic platform, when the senator had frequently declared for independent bimetallism.

Jonathan Bourne will most likely be the leader of the Republican silver forces in the legislature; and, as the Democrats and Populists are nearly all for silver, it need surprise no one to see all those elements in combination to try to place Mr. Bourne in the speaker's chair.

The brotherhood of comradeship between Sylvester Pennoyer and Jonathan Bourne makes the idea of such a combination as outlined above quite feasible. Can it win? I am not sufficient of a politician to foretell. My business here is to gather the news unbiasedly, and to give it straightforward and without malice aforethought for or agin any party, clique or individual, and that I have been impartial in these matters no man can gainsay.

EZEKIEL.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.—Wheat in the local market reached the highest point this morning since 1891, and 5 cents higher than the highest point reached three weeks ago. It opened strong and closed at the end of the first morning session very excited. May opened at $1.60 per cental, was high at 1.63½, and closed at 1.63 3-8; December opened at $1.56⅛ and closed at $1.57¼. A large amount of deep-water tonnage was chartered for Havre

Profits of Authors.

The fond delusion that successful authors roll in wealth is fostered by such items as "Mrs. Burnett has been offered $15,000 to write a story for the Lippincott's," or that "Mark Twain cleared $100,000 from the sale of General Grant's Memoirs." A few authors, and you can count them upon the fingers of one hand, do make big money out of literature, but let us see what the ordinarily successful one makes. In the first place the answer to the question above is that a sale of 5,000 copies is considered a very successful one, and that a sale of 2,000 copies pays. We are speaking now, say, of a cloth-covered novel which retails at $1.00.

The entire proceeds, then, of such a book will fall considerably under $5,000, for it must be remembered that a $1 book is not always sold for 100 cents. A 12mo novel contains about 250 pages, or 75,000 words. On a rough estimate such a book will cost the publisher about 30 cents a copy. This includes composing, printing and binding. The entire expenses, including a royalty of 10 per cent. to the author, the usual rate, and the advertising, will amount to 50 cents. For this book, which costs the publisher 50 cents, he gets from 60 to 65 cents, leaving him a profit of from 10 to 15 cents.

This profit is generally increased somewhat by the retail sales of the publishing house. Publishers are bound—and this is for the protection of the book stores—to sell a $1 book for $1. Enough books are sold by them at this price to bring up the average profit, say, to 15 cents. Thus a publisher who sells 5,000 copies of a novel will make about $750 out of the transaction—not a very large profit for the capital invested and the risk involved. The profits of the author at 10 per cent. will amount to $500, that is to say, his labor of writing and revising and his time for which he is not certain of any return, not to mention the mental wear and tear, about seven mills a word. Magnificent pay, and yet he is a successful author.

Of course there are some books, but they are very few, which make phenomenal success, and these are the ones which are read about from one end of the country to another. Most publishers say that it hardly pays in this present era of cheap paper-covered novels to publish the more expensive cloth-covered editions.

What Animals Shy At.

Young horses can be led up to a sack lying on the ground and induced to pass it by letting them smell it and find out that it really is a sack and not the Protean thing, whatever it may be, which illusion conjures up for them. Once the writer saw a very quick and pretty instance of experiment by touch made by a frightened pony. It was being driven as leader in a pony tandem and stopped short in front of where the rails of a steam tramway crossed the road. It first smelled the near rail and then quickly gave it two taps with its hoof. After this it was satisfied and crossed the line. On the other hand, a donkey always tried to jump the shadows of tree trunks in the road, though a similar experiment of touch would have shown that these were as unreal as the tram rail was substantial. Lastly, no horse which has once knocked its head against the top of a stable doorway seems quite able to get rid of the illusion that there sits up in the top of all doorways an invisible something which will hit him again next time he goes through; hence the troublesome and sometimes incurable habit of horses "jibbing" when taken out of the stable.—London Spectator.

How He Became Eminent.

When a man becomes great the world is always glad to know how he did it, and the Lewiston Journal thus reports the experience of an old gentleman in a Penobscot County town:

"Why, boys," he said to the young men who were talking about office and office holding in the corner grocery, "I can tell ye something 'bout that myself. I've had some considerable experience in that line. When I begun, wal, 'twan't much of a hitch that time. But ye know you've always got to start somewhere, and can't be too particular to begin with.

"When I begun 'twan't nothing more than school agent, but I took that and thanked 'em for it. Wal, arter that I kept risin' and risin' till I got to be third selec'man. I did, and people wondered how I did it; but it was mostly because I wasn't ashamed to begin 'way down to the foot of the ladder and work up."

A Strange Coincidence.

A certain peasant and his wife, in Germany were married on the same day as the Emperor and Empress, the peasant's Christian name being William. Their first child, a boy, was born on the same day as the crown prince, after which they had five other sons, each of whom was born at the same time as the five younger boys of the Emperor. The royal couple were informed of this, and were exceedingly interested in the very strange coincidence, but this interest was intensified when, on the last occasion of a royal birth, viz.: the little daughter of the Kaiser, it was learned that the peasant's wife in question had also given birth to a daughter on the same day. So astonished were the Emperor and Empress that they stood as godfather and godmother to this little girl and have well provided for her future.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Honors from the Czar.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has received from Czar Nicholas the grand cordon of the Order of the White Eagle in recognition of the services rendered by the banking house to his majesty.

After a man passes fifty, he never

A HAPPY MA

A USED-UP OLD MINE HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

From the Report, San Francisco, Cal.

Among the afflicted who have for years visited San Francisco to brace up their shattered constitutions is the well-known William Shore, of 28 Minna street, familiarly known as Daddy Shore, because of his affectionate disposition and kind-heartedness. Mr. Shore is the head of a family. He has a happy home, a loving wife and children, city and country realty, paying mining investments and a pretty substantial bank account. For years, however, he has lacked one thing which all his wealth could not buy. He lacked health and spent thousands of dollars for doctors and medicines to obtain even temporary relief.

Mr. Shore's greatest and most painful ailment was rheumatism. For ten years he suffered terribly. At times the pains were almost unbearable and he writhed in agony. His limbs would swell and his head would ache, so that rest was impossible.

These spells of sickness were as distressing to his family and his friends as they were weakening to the sufferer. In San Francisco he had the best of medical skill, but all that the doctors could do was to afford temporary relief. All the health resorts and all the famous springs of the state were visited in turn without effecting any permanent good rsults.

Mr. Shore was about to give up in despair and settle down with resignation into being a life-long sufferer, when a San Farncicso friend—at whose home he was stopping—told him of some miraculous cures made by the use of a certain pill, the name of which at the moment he could not remember.

Clutching like a drowning man at a straw, Mr. Shore requested his friend to make further inquiries about the wonderful medicine. Next day he was presented with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Scarcely two days had passed before Mr. Shore seeemd to 'get some relief and he felt very much encouraged and continued his treatment with steadiness and faithfulness. Before a week was over all signs of swelling had disappeared and his limbs were of normal shape and size. Relief from pain was gradual until it all went away. The sufferer was amazed. He could scarcely believe his senses, so pronounced became the cure in reasonable time. To say that Mr. Shore is a happy man does not express the situation. He is brimming over with joy. Although an old-timer, he is as young as the youngest, dancing and prancing around, singing the praises of the medicine that wrought such a miracle.

There is no secret about his cure. Mr. Shore is one of the representative men of the Pacific coast, with hosts of friends and acquaintances, all of whom can testify to the truth of the circumstances related above.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.

In Due Form.

A man was arraigned in an Arkansas court many years ago for stealing a young pig out of his neighbor's pen; said pig, or shoat, being alleged to be worth a dollar and a half.

The evidence was conclusive, and the jury, after a brief retirement, brought in their verdict, "Guilty of hog-stealing in the first degree."

The judge remarked that the finding was proper enough, except that it failed to assess the value of the pig; and, further, that there were no degrees in hog stealing. He must ask the jury to retire again, and bring in a verdict in due form.

The jury went out, with pen, ink and paper, but were badly nonplused over that word "form." Finally one of them, who had formerly been a justice of the peace, drew up a document to which the other eleven assented, and with which all hands returned to the courtroom. This was the verdict: "We, the jeurey, pusilanimously find the defendant gilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a ½ in favor of the hog."

His Other Eye.

"Ball one!" yelled the umpire.
"Good eye!" shouted Chimmy.
"Strike one!" the umpire called.
"Dat's his odder eye," explained Chimmy.—Indianapolis Journal.

A man's idea of a good woman is one who thinks her husband doesn't need praying for.

War Between China and Japan.

The recent conflict between China and Japan began with the declaration of war by the Mikado July 27, 1894, and closed with an armistice, afterward made permanent, on March 29, 1895. Ostensibly begun by the Japanese for the purpose of forcing reforms in Corea, then a dependency of China, but in which Japan had large commercial interests, it was really one of those contests for supremacy which, sooner or later, are bound to come between neighboring and rival States. The difficulty in Corea was merely the occasion; the real cause was the intense rivalry between China and the Japanese empire.

The Show.

"What would you take to see that performance again?" asked one man of another as they filed out of a place of amusement.

"I'd take opium!" was the quick response.—New York Recorder.

Anglo-Saxon and English Languages

The English language in use to-day in books and newspapers is the lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon, spoken and written by the people of the time of Alfred the Great, just as the French now spoken in Paris descends from the French used by the subjects of Louis the Stammerer, who lived at about the same period as Alfred. Both have changed, but the changes in the French have been by what may be called internal development, while in addition to this factor, the English has accretions from many sources. The wonderful success of the English-speaking peoples as merchants and colonists has had its influence on their language, which now contains words from almost every language and dialect on the globe.

N. P. N. U. No. 676.—S. F. N. U. No. 758