

# FOOD FOR SKEPTICS

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD



JUST as the first gray streaks in the sky to the east were heralding the approach of day, the weird, nerve-racking wails, which had sounded intermittently since midnight from the branches of a maple close to the bedroom windows, began again. Scarcely had the first melancholy note shattered the frosty stillness when the back door was opened cautiously, and down the steps came Captain Solomon Beale, the collar of his hastily donned overcoat turned up about his neck and his bare feet thrust into a pair of well-worn carpet slippers.

On one hand he bore a stout gunny-sack; in the other was a saucer of cream, which he balanced gingerly as he tiptoed to the foot of the maple. High up in the branches above his head, a furry ebony ball, crouched on one of the spreading limbs, showed him the position of the enemy.

The captain's lips set in grim determination. He held out the saucer of cream in enticing fashion, the while he strove to work something like bludgeoning into a voice of unusual gruffness.

"Come, kitty, come!" he coaxed, but the black ball above him, possessed, seemingly, of some inkling as to the true inwardness of the captain's sudden hospitality, refused to venture from its retreat. A pair of green eyes stared down at him, as if already they more than half suspected the treachery he was planning.

Captain Beale put down the saucer at the foot of the tree and moved away a few paces. There was a light movement of the branches, the sound of outspread claws upon the bark, and down the trunk came the cat, sniffed suspiciously the contents of the saucer, and then began to lick the cream with a relish that was most apparent.

He took one cautious step forward, and then another. Engrossed in the feat before it, the cat paid not the least attention to the stealthy approach. It was only when the captain was close beside it, that it condescended to turn its attention from the cream, and then it was too late; for the captain, with an agility surprising in a man of his years, suddenly leaped forward and caught the black body by the nape of the neck.

Vainly did the cat give vent to its outraged feelings; vainly did it struggle to effectively use its teeth and claws. In a trice the captain had thrust it into the gunny-sack, the neck of which he tied with a piece of stout twine.

He descended the cabin, opened the stateroom door and drew out the sack. With much vocal effort, the unwilling tenant had well-nigh exhausted itself, but as the bag was lifted it summoned sufficient spirit to send up a last wail that would have killed the last spark of pity in the captain's heart, had such a spark existed.

As it was, he stolidly carried the bag to the deck, and looked about for a convenient piece of scrap-iron to serve as a sinker-weight.

He was intent on his task of securely lashing a piece of spare chain to the neck of the bag when Joe Blair, with a basket of dirty dishes on his arm, came up from the cabin. He spied the captain seated on the bits forward and made his way thither.

"What you goin' to do with that, cap'n?" he demanded.

Captain Beale went on with his work without so much as looking up.

"I'm goin' to heave this bag over," he said.

"So? What yer got in the bag?" the contents of the bag answered for itself. There came from its depths a wall of misery that would have melted the heart of an idol. Joe Blair started perceptibly. He set down the basket of dishes and looked accusingly at his superior.

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through the dun-colored walls that had closed about them. Captain Beale glanced into the bilance, headed the schooner a point farther to the southward, and grinned.

Presently by the bits he could see the lookout straining his ears between the blunts of the horn, evidently listening intently. Full well the captain knew to what he was listening; for already through the mist he could hear the distant moan of the whistling-buoy, which marks the outer edge of Shovel Rip Ledge.

The sound grew steadily plainer. Captain Beale's grin widened. At last the lookout hailed:

"Whistlin'-buoy dead ahead, sir!"

The skipper made a great pretense of listening. "I don't hear it," he declared, and held his course. The lookout seemed a trifle uneasy. In a moment he was hailing once more:

"There it goes again, sir. Whistlin'-buoy dead ahead!"

Captain Beale affected a fine scorn. "I don't hear no whistlin'-buoy," he maintained, "but I can hear some old freighter groanin' off there."

The lookout's next hail, which followed almost immediately, was a wild yell, while he tore at his best speed.

"Breakers, sir, right under her bow!" he howled. And then the schooner struck.

There was a shock, a jolt, a grinding sound. The little craft shivered from stem to stern. Up the galley companionway came tumbling the cook.

"Lord help us!" he yelled as the familiar groan of the whistling-buoy smote his ears from close quarters. "We've hit Shovel Rip Ledge!"

There was another bump—a series of bumps; the schooner stopped, surged ahead, then stopped again, then the grinding beneath her keel began once more; slowly she forged ahead. They could plainly hear the surge under her bows.

**DRINK HOT WATER IF YOU DESIRE A ROSY COMPLEXION**

Says we can't help but look better and feel better after an inside bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning to flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations, and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, form toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very same vessels which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

## Letters to Annie Bodie Whose Home Is Anywhere

Dear Annie: Jimmie Tuttle, who has recently returned back to your town, says he thinks he made quite an impression while in Salem, does he? Well, he's right all right. It goes against human nature to concede the glory that another person claims for himself, but Jimmie's correct. It may be that he told you how he made the impression. Also it may be he did not. He made it by attempting to walk across a piece of new pavement out on the fairgrounds road.

Folks here expect the fairgrounds road to be all paved before the state fair, but if it isn't finished it will be almost finished, as Sam Davison said he was after he'd sneaked into the pantry in the dark and hurriedly taken a long drink of finishing oil instead of whatever it was he had in mind prior to the accident. Sam says finishing oil is perfectly harmless, but yet—

It's the way with a good many things in the world, perfectly harmless, but yet—

Silence is a powerful eloquent thing. It's easy for some people too. You may have noticed that the person who confines himself entirely and strictly and rigidly to the truth is silent a good deal of the time. If he wasn't his business would fall off and his standing in society wouldn't be deuce high.

You're going to miss the band concert Friday night was the last one for the 1916 season, and the weather bureau or the Southern Pacific railroad or whoever it is that arranges such things in this country fixed up a real imitation July night with a perfectly scrumptious sunset and all the trimmings for the occasion. And the music was swell, as Shakespeare says.

Musie goes considerably more into the human breast when the weather is warm than when it isn't. It is a good deal like maple syrup and hot cakes, only different, the last named combination requiring more or less chill in order to produce the desired intermezzo consequences.

And, speaking of consequences, our troops are back from the Mexican front. They weren't called on to fight any battles in the war zone, so they brought the same home with 'em and managing to keep the town newspapers and the street gossips keyed up to concert pitch most of the time. One thing is pretty certain, the groans missed the trolloping of their lives when they shed off and refused to fight. If they had only given the boys a chance at 'em it wouldn't be necessary now for the folks in the old home village to humor the belligerency out of the fellows by degrees before it bursts out and hurts somebody.

War seems to come more or less natural to the average human animal. It is so in this peaceful valley just as much as it is in valleys which make no claim to peacefulness. We've been deploring the unpleasantness in Europe ever since

## Senator Would Have Income Tax Receipts Made Public

By Paul O. Hastings (United States senator from Wisconsin)

In my judgment, no valid argument has ever yet been advanced why income tax records should not be published at least open to the public for inspection.

If certain individuals evade or escape, in whole or in part, their proper tax, just to that extent, the amount so evaded has to be made good by those who make full and honest returns of their property. Every taxpayer has a right to know what every other taxpayer pays.

Men will dodge taxes. I do not think this due so much to inherent dishonesty as to inefficient administration of the tax laws.

I believe most men are willing to pay their taxes if assured that their fellow citizens pay theirs.

Because of imperfect, loose and frequently dishonest assessment methods, it is not unusual for men to engage in a practice acquiesced in if not sanctioned by the authorities, to dodge their taxes.

Often it is considered clever for men to get the best of their neighbors in concealing property. Men boast about it and a sort of rivalry has sprung up between them on the point.

They do not stop to think that they are cheating their fellow citizens who do pay their just taxes. They do not stop to think that they are "spongers" on society. Some of these are men who ordinarily would spare the idea of sponging on their fellows or cheating their partners.

Some one has estimated that this government loses annually \$300,000,000 by income tax dodging. This may be a very high estimate. I do not know. I do know that millions of dollars of properly payable taxes under the income tax law are lost to the United States each year because of false returns. A corps of inspectors uncovering these tax evasions have added millions to the tax receipts.

The ban of secrecy should be removed and all these records exposed to the light of day. Men will not evade their taxes if they fear detection.

The loudest protest against publicity naturally comes from those liable to attack the honest tax. Not daring to loudly inveigh against intrusion into their private affairs.

When such income constitutes the basis upon which their just tax is computed then their tax return becomes a public document.

If it should be shown that the injury to private business by reason of publicity incident to the assessment and collection of the income tax is out of all proportion to the benefits derived from that sort of taxation, the tax should be abolished, but so long as it is in force all steps necessary to the proper administration of that income tax law should be taken, even though



## A BUFFALO INSTITUTION Known All Over the United States.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot, who is head of the Massachusetts General Hospital, has been writing for the American Magazine, April and May, on the subject of "Better Doctoring for Less Money."

He says that "A new era has come in the practice of medicine, but most people do not know it yet. We have begun to emerge from that stage of medical work in which the doctor was a peddler selling goods from house to house, into the more advanced and sensible era in which the doctor stays at his place of business, like anyone else who has goods to sell, and the people who want these goods come to him. The shop where he has his goods to sell is generally called a hospital and he has associated with him there a body of men and women similar to work people, foremen and managers of any industrial plant or dry goods store. He has there some beginnings of a satisfactory division of labor and specialization of function. Therefore, he can give the public a much better article for less money."

"The article" I refer to is sound medical advice and treatment.

This is just what Dr. Pierce has been doing at the Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, New York. Dr. V. M. Pierce has associated with him Dr. Lee H. Smith, who is vice president and head surgical director and operator, and there are a dozen other physicians and specialists, as well as four chemists, and the poor and the very rich get the best medical attention. As Dr. Cabot has properly said, "When you go to a doctor's office you may complain of nothing more abstruse than a headache or a stomach-ache, yet for the solution of the problem represented by your suffering there may be needed an X-ray examination, chemical tests such as very few experts are capable of making, the consultation of experts in diseases of the eye, the ear and the

Men and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples or pallid complexion, also those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphate hot water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and cleanses the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the lower pores do.

Death, I know not what room you are abiding in. But I will go on my way, Rejoicing day by day, Nor will I flee or stay For fear I tread in the path you may be hiding in.

Death, I know not if my small bark be nearing you, But if you are at sea, Still shall my sails float free, What is to be will be; Nor will I mar the happy voyage by fearing you.

Death, I know not what hour or spot you wait for me, My days untroubled flow; Just trusting as I go; For ah! I know, I know, Death's but life that holds some glad new faith for me.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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