

# The Menace of Milk.

By Joseph H. Adam

**T**HE milk-dealers of New York have heretofore complied with city ordinances requiring a certain percentage of butter fats and total solids, the lack of preservatives and adulterants. But these things in themselves are not enough. Beyond lies the greatest menace, that of dirt, disease, bacilli and high bacteria count, all of which this semi-opaque fluid conceals from the naked eye. There are nearly 2,900,000 quarts of fluid milk distributed in Greater New York, daily and it is conservatively estimated that this fluid contains upwards of 600 pounds of manure and dirt loaded with disease, bacteria and foul matter and sediment. About 1,000,000 quarts are delivered in bottles, the balance being in open cans. There are some 600,000 quarts of pasteurized milk delivered each day, 16,800 quarts of certified milk, and 5,000 quarts of inspected milk. From this it appears that the greatest amount of milk used is the ordinary raw product, gathered from ten to three hundred and fifty miles outside of New York, some of it on the railroad for twenty-four hours or more, and not properly cooled in transit; so that when it is received it is more fit for the sewer than the stomach of man. The New York Board of Health placed their restrictions on milk so that purchasers would know exactly what they were obtaining, without misrepresentation or false statement by milkmen or dairy-hands.—Harper's Weekly.

# The Beginners of Romantic Opera

By Rupert Hughes.

**T**HOUGH Beethoven is called the father of the romantic school of instrumental music, the fathering, or as Rockstro says, "the invention," of the romantic school of opera is credited to Carl Maria von Weber. Philip Spitta goes even farther: "Of all the German musicians of the nineteenth century, none has exercised a greater influence over his own generation and that succeeding it than Weber. His influence was even greater than that of Beethoven."

Weber's opinion of Beethoven was a strange mixture of contempt and reverence. Some of his works he called "chaos," declaring their composer to be "fit for the madhouse." But "Fidelio" was one of his reverences, and he conducted it with delight. He wrote to Beethoven in 1823: "This mighty work is teeming with German grandeur and depth of feeling. Each performance of it will be a festival to me."

Weber was born sixteen years after Beethoven, in 1786, and died one year earlier, at the age of forty, his last years being spent in a hopeless struggle against consumption. His mother and father were traveling musicians, and his cousin was the Constanze Weber whom Mozart married. Weber wrote his first opera at twelve, and at thirteen he composed an opera which was played in five cities. In early manhood he became a court musician at Stuttgart, and plunged into a whirl of dissipation. His opera "Silvana" was about to be produced when he was dragged from a rehearsal and thrown into prison on a charge of dishonesty. He was in time acquitted of this, but he and his father were shipped over the border and banished for life. It was the best thing that could have happened to the young rake. The shock and the disgrace made a great man of him. His interrupted opera was produced successfully at Frankfurt the same year with lasting success. His future wife played the soubrette part.—From Smith's Magazine.

# The Tsar's Spy System in America

By Gustavus Myers.

**I**n all our large cities are colonies of Russian refugees. In New York city there are at least 350,000 former subjects of the Tsar; of these fully 50,000 can be classified as distinct political refugees who, in more or less measure, were involved in the revolutionary movement. Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston and many other cities have their compact groups. On coming here the refugees do not in the slightest abate their efforts for a free government at home. On the contrary, having freedom of action, they redouble their activities. Many of them promptly become attached to one or more of the various Russian revolutionary societies which have powerful organizations in this country. The Russian Revolutionary Society is one of these, the Russian Social Democratic Party another, the Bund a third, and the League of Friends of Russian Freedom a fourth. In addition to these societies small organizations or groups are in militant existence.

These societies are a constant source of worry and fear to the Tsar and his bureaucrats. With an almost perfect system of underground correspondence with their fellow revolutionists in Russia and elsewhere, and possessing the ability at all times to raise funds, plan campaigns and acquaint the world, particularly America, with the appalling facts of what is going on in Russia, they cause the autocracy vastly more trepidation than an uprising of the populace in Russia itself.

Hitherto the Tsar has been able to crush popular movements by his army, and believes that he can continue to succeed by force indefinitely. But the revolutionary societies in other countries are beyond the pale of his immediate many-eyed and many-armed jurisdiction. From the secrecy of their deliberations may come portentous events, culminating in his own removal and the effacement of the whole autocracy. Even if this is unlikely, one thing is certain. From the councils of the revolutionary societies there radiates a ceaseless flow of agitation which somehow reaches the remotest hamlets of Russia; from their arcana go forth revolutionary missionaries and agents on secret and momentous undertakings. And, as every one knows, agitation is considered in Russia the climax of crimes.—Harper's Weekly.

# When Something Snaps in the Brain

By Harriet Quimby.

**T**HE largest hospital in this country, and possibly the largest in the world, for the exclusive treatment of mental cases is situated at Ielp, Long Island, where the average number of patients ranges between three and four thousand.

"The study of mental diseases has become one of the most important in the world," said Dr. Smith, as he sat in his office in the administration building, which is the hub of the wheel of cottages and pavilions on either side, "because they are drawn in large numbers from all classes and professions. Just what insanity is has never been satisfactorily answered, except that it consists of fixed delusions which control the actions. Books have been written upon the subject and many new theories have been advanced, but the baffling fact remains that when an autopsy has been performed and the brain of a chronic disturbed patient is examined, it is found to differ in no way from the normal brain. In my case before us here, the majority, if they can be induced to explain at all, tell us that at the beginning of their trouble they felt something snap in their brain, and further than that they know nothing. What it is that snaps has never been discovered."

One of the most surprising sights to a layman visiting the Ielp hospital is to watch the patients at their various occupations, which include the handling of all kinds of dangerous instruments. In the main butcher shop of the institution all executing the man in charge are patients—picked patients, of course, yet patients nevertheless, and men who are ever under the vigilant eye of an attendant. The electric plant and various departments for tailoring, boot-making, plumbing, laundry, carpentering, and so on through a long list of occupations, furnish diversion and exercise for hundreds. When the weather is such that patients are not allowed to go to the field or to nurse their regular occupation, the difference is noted at once, and were they to lapse into complete idleness there would be little or no hope of recovery. To choose the work for men is a comparatively simple task, but with the women it is more difficult. "Watering plants and mowing lawns are two of the chief outdoor employments allotted to them, but the eternal feminine is predominant, and the moment a woman sets hold of a lawn mower, she aims for every small stone in reach," said Dr. Smith. "The ruin of numerous mowers has been our despair, and we are continually searching for other branches of outdoor work for them."—Leslie's Weekly.

## She Counted Seven.

A pretty girl, in a hammock suspended in an apple orchard, awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her. "You stole a kiss while I was asleep!" she exclaimed.

"Well," stammered the young man, "you were sleeping so soundly—you looked so pretty, so tempting. I—yes, I admit I did take one little one." The girl smiled scornfully. "One!" said she. "Humph! I counted seven before I woke up."

# OUR NEW NATIONAL COSTUME.

(Gosh! Not a word!—This only your Uncle Sam appropriately disguised for a trip to Washington.)



—Cartoon by Triggs, in the New York Times.

# U. S. Government Spends \$20,000,000 a Year For Secret Service

Assertion That This Amount Was Paid Out in 1908 Will Form the Basis of a Rigid Investigation Into the Uses to Which Such a Sum Has Been Put—Representative Tawney Says Country Will Be Astonished by What Committee Will Reveal.

Washington, D. C.—The Senate Committee on Appropriations, which is carrying out the Senate's instructions to investigate the operations of the Secret Service and other detective bodies employed under the Administration, already has obtained sufficient information to show that in the last year sums of money aggregating about \$20,000,000 have been expended in secret investigation under the direction of the President. This knowledge will be used by the Senate committee's sub-committee of inquiry as the basis for a rigid examination into the uses to which such a vast amount of money has been put. Much of the money expended was not appropriated specifically for making investigations of a secret character, but was taken from lump sums placed at the disposal of the Executive to meet contingent expenses.

The criticism of the lavish way in which Government funds have been used for purposes of investigation is becoming very pronounced among Senators and Representatives, and they think it is about time to call a halt. Where all the \$20,000,000 was spent is a source of wonder at the Capitol. In spite of reports to the contrary it is denied that there is any real basis for the belief that in undertaking to investigate the workings of the Government's secret agencies the Senate and House are making a first step in the direction of causing trouble for the President. The purpose of these inquiries, it is asserted, is to ascertain and prevent further abuses by the Executive and not to place obstacles in the way of the President in performing his legitimate constitutional and legal functions.

There is good reason to believe that the Senate investigation will result in an effort to define in unmistakable terms the relations between the Executive and the legislative branches of the Government and to make clear that moneys appropriated by Congress shall be used only for the purposes for which they were specifically appropriated.

"The enormous ramifications of the system of Federal espionage which has grown up largely under the Administration, extending even to the domestic affairs of citizens," are shown by figures quoted by Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. During the last session of Congress the Administration which is now complaining because \$10,000 was taken off the usual appropriation for the Secret Service division of the Treasury Department, called for very large appropriations for other secret investigations, and these appropriations were actually made by Congress. The several amounts reached the enormous total of \$3,126,000.

While it is only fair to say that a part of this large sum was not expended for investigations essentially secret in character an enormous amount was intended to further the secret police and investigation work of the Government; the rest was for various inspection work. Representative Tawney and other members of the House Committee on Appropriations declared that large sums of money have been diverted for other purposes than those designated or intended by the law. The investigation about to be begun by the House is intended to uncover as many of these abuses as possible. Speaker Cannon named Representatives Olmstead, of Pennsylvania, chairman; Currier, of New Hampshire; Young, of Michigan; Brantley, of Georgia, and Bowers, of Mississippi, as members of the special committee authorized by the Tawney resolution to investigate the various branches of the Government Secret Service. Messrs. Brantley and Bowers are Democrats. Mr. Bowers is a member of the Appropriations Committee.

As the result of the passage of several laws in the last few years, with other reasons, the number of men employed to discover violations of statutes has increased nearly twentyfold within a decade. According to Mr. Tawney, the number of these men on the Federal roll just prior to the Spanish War was less than 200; today it exceeds 3000, and the appropriations for their maintenance have jumped from a little over \$1,000,000 to seven or eight times that amount. This is aside from other expenditures. Some of the large items contained in the current appropriation act, that were shown by Mr. Tawney and Mr. Smith, another member of the Appropriations Committee. They are as follows:

- For the detection of violations of the postal laws, \$1,105,000.
- For the detection of violations of the internal revenue laws, \$125,000.
- For the detection of frauds on the customs, \$200,000.
- For the detection of counterfeiters, \$115,000.
- For investigations by the Bureau of Corporations, \$175,000.
- For special agents and inspectors in the enforcement of the Interstate Commerce act, \$456,000.
- For the detection and prevention of depredations on public lands, \$500,000.
- For the investigation of Anti-Trust law violations, \$250,000.
- For special agents for the Pension Bureau, \$230,000.
- For the enforcement of the Meat Inspection law Congress appropriated \$3,000,000, the bulk of which is said to have been expended for inspection services.
- Similarly a large part of an appropriation of \$325,000 for the enforcement of the Pure Food act, it is asserted, is paid out for inspectors. A sum approaching \$1,000,000 annually is said to be expended for the enforcement of the immigration and Chinese exclusion laws.
- All this is aside from appropriations for the collection of evidence in the ordinary litigation which occupies the time of the Department of Justice, including the pay of United States marshals, special attorneys and experts of various kinds. It readily can be seen that with appropriations made in lump form, such as the foregoing, it is difficult to segregate the amounts paid out for actual work of detection of all kinds, and it is this, among other things, that the investigation is expected to disclose.

Forty-two Kentucky Counties to Stamp Out Bad Men. Lexington, Ky.—A call has been issued from Jackson for a great mass meeting to be participated in by delegates from forty-two counties in Eastern Kentucky to be held in Jackson early in May, at which the general situation will be discussed and plans put forth for the stamping out of lawless cases, including feudism, illicit distilling of whiskey and operating of "blind tiger" saloons. Mass meetings will be held in each county to choose delegates.

# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



**WAGTAIL AND BABY.**  
A baby watched a ford, whereto  
A wagtail came for drinking;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own, unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly sinking;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared,  
The wagtail in a winking,  
Rose terrified, and disappeared,  
The baby fell a-thinking.

## OLD FAITHFUL.

When Tom awoke it was a disagreeable, cloudy day, and it made his green sick as he saw the sky get blacker and blacker every minute. But Tom was one of the "happy-go-lucky" kind, and resolved to make the best of his Saturday. So hopping nimbly out of bed, he very soon was working briskly at plastering down his hair, as boys will, and scrubbing his face and hands. Before twenty minutes had elapsed a very slick and shiny boy had appeared in his mother's bedroom for inspection. Pronounced clean, he ran away whistling, to gobble up his breakfast, grab his cap and flee to the shed after his sled.

What a sight met his eyes. A great Newfoundland dog, covered from head to foot with mud and whining dimly, lay on his brand new sled, and as Tom cautiously approached the dog whined still louder.

"Poor old boy," said Tom, kindly. "I think it's a mean shame to leave such beasts as these around in the winter to starve. I'll ask mother if I can't keep him. I wonder if she'll let me?" Then lifting the dog gently, Tom saw a deep, slanting cut in his (the dog's) hind leg, as though something had been thrown at him that was sharp and had cut his leg. The poor creature raised his sad brown eyes to the boy's face and they seemed to say:

"I know you'll help me; you look so kind."

With a little pat on the head, Tom left him and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the house, and on entering exclaimed breathlessly, "Mother, there's a dog in the shed with a cut in his leg and he can't walk. Please let Jake put him in the little express wagon and take him in the kitchen and give him a bath and something to eat and tie his leg up. When he's well I can keep him for my own. May I, mother? Please don't say no."

"Certainly, Tom," replied his mother. "Why don't you get the wagon yourself and bring him in?"

"Why, I never thought about it. Sure, I will."

Off went Tom on a gallop, and in half an hour a very tired, but happy, little boy drawing a dog too large for the wagon appeared at the back kitchen door.

"Whew!" exclaimed Tom, mopping his head, "pretty tough work, but I got him just the same."

After a great pulling and tugging time the dog was brought into the kitchen and Tom's plan was promptly executed.

Within a month from then the cut was all well and there were no signs of it except the slightest kind of a limp to remind Tom of the time he found him.

He named him Old Faithful, and now every time Tom goes coasting Old Faithful is at his side and after having a run down hill beside Tom's flying sled, he takes the sled's steering rope in his mouth and patiently pulls it up the hill, while Tom walks beside him, now and then patting his head.

Old Faithful and Tom are never apart, except when Tom is at school, and then the dog waits at the door for Tom every noon and afternoon. Whenever Tom thinks of how he got his dog, he says, "Kindness will never fail, with man or beast."—New Haven Register.

## A FIERCE CONFLICT.

Puss was the property of a gentleman named Clay, and was sitting quietly sunning herself in the back yard where some chickens were kept. It had been known for some time that there was a hawk about, hungry as hawks are always supposed to be, and the townspeople had taken good care to see that their chickens were protected from the free bird of prey. But nobody thought of protecting Puss.

Suddenly, just as she was enjoying her forty winks in the most peaceful fashion, there was a sudden rush of feathers just above her, a number of sharp claws pierced her back, and she found herself being carried away through the air at a quicker pace than she had ever traveled before, with all her quick ways.

Puss woke up. She was no gentle, harmless chicken, unable to do anything in the way of fighting beyond a little mild pecking with her bill. Puss was well armed with teeth and claws. As soon as she discovered the situation she twisted her little body about and went to work. Feathers flew in all directions. There was a biting and a scratching that must have astonished the hawk beyond

anything that ever came within his experience before. So sudden and violent was the attack, in fact, that he dropped his hold upon his prey, and poor Puss began to descend earthward, with a rapidity that must have been her death had nothing interfered.

The hawk, however, had reconsidered the case. He did not wish to lose his dinner in spite of the eccentric ways of this strange fowl. One more sudden swoop. Puss's sudden fall was arrested, and the hawk has her this time, securely in his claws again. But neither is Puss's pluck exhausted. Strange as events are, she has plenty of fight in her still, and while the talons hold tight there is a furious combat in mid-air, Puss's teeth and claws clinging firmly to her adversary's throat, and the strong beak of the latter darting wildly at the glaring eyes, so different from those of the poor fowls which are generally the fierce creature's victims.

As the combat goes on they are all the time bearing the ground, fortunately for Puss. The claws keep a firm hold, and the sharp teeth tear away at the throat of the great bird of prey. Soon he is able to fight no longer, and Puss feels herself once more upon terra firma just as the great wings droop and the wild creature collapses in death.

It had been a wonderful conflict. At one time the hawk had risen to the height of a hundred feet with Puss in his grasp.—Detroit News-Tribune.

## A CLEVER DEVICE.

I am a little boy visiting Newark from Pawtucket, R. I. I had to leave school for a while on account of my health, and since I have been here my little cousin and I have rigged up such an interesting toy, I thought I would write about it, so some other sick boy might have the benefit of our experience.

We got an electric magnetic engine and a dry battery for \$1.

And from this source of power we have been able to run a switchboard and sound all sorts of signals.

We run our wires to different parts of the cellar and connected them from the switchboard with buzzers and bells.

We have a code of signals and take turns in running the switchboard. We regulate the speed of the engine to suit ourselves. It is fine fun to run it, and we can make it go at a very high speed.

I have not yet described that this little engine will reverse. Besides the regular switchboard, we have a little handle to throw off and on the speed. The engine will stop short by pulling the brake one side and throwing it against a piece of iron to make a short circuit.

I hope you will like this story and that I can get a gilt button as a souvenir of Newark.

I also enclose a coupon to become a member of the Sunbeam Club, and hope to get a badge.—Vincent McMahon, in the Newark Call.

## TASTES OF THE ESKIMO.

The Eskimo, as your geographies will tell you, are the natives of that cold, desolate country called Greenland, far up in the icy North.

If you have read about them in your school books, you will have learned that their clothing is made of the furry skins of animals, and that their food consists chiefly of the frozen flesh of the seal, walrus and reindeer, which is eaten raw. Because they live in such a cold climate, and fat is a heat-producing food, they eat a great deal of blubber, which is the name given to the fat of whales.

Reindeer tallow is their finest delicacy, however, and the Eskimo children eat it just as American children eat candy. It is put up in little packages made out of the bright red feet of a water fowl, called a dovekie. The Eskimo women cut off the feet of the birds which men have killed, take out the bones and blow up the skin so as to make pouches. Then they fill these with their little folk, who often eat a great deal more than is good for them.

In fact, all of the Eskimo, big and little, are given to overeating, and when they have made a hearty meal of raw fish they often finish up by eating blubber until they cannot move at all. They simply curl up where they are and sleep off the ill effects.—Bee-Hive.

## A TIMELY STOP.

Little Bob, who for some months had invariably ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send.

Not long afterward, he was carried into his mother's room very early in the morning to see twin boys, who had arrived during the night. Bob looked at the two babies critically and then remarked, "It's a good thing I stopped praying, or they'd be here three of them."—Bee-Hive.