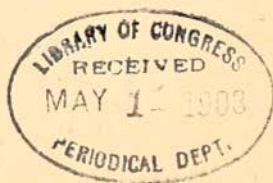


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Ye Quaint Magazine



Vol 3

MAY.

No. 3

YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

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DR. DEROLLI, Suite 411, Hotel Pelham, Boston, M

Le Quaint Magazine

For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things.

VOL. III.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY, 1903.

No. 3

DISCIPLINE.

"A hamper for M. le Cure."

"Bien! Be good enough to open it, Suzanne."

Suzanne did as she was told. M. le Cure, in soutane, sat at his desk, awaiting this new revelation. He had great faith in the unseen—as regarded parcels.

"O, monsieur, v'la le beau dindon!"

She had extricated the turkey from the hamper and was now holding it up for admiration by the legs. The turkey could not but hang its head. If it was the moment of Suzanne's triumph, it was also the moment of the turkey's humiliation. Life is an uneven balance; the elevation of one scale means always the depression of the other.

M. le Cure got up with dignity. He was short and stout, with small eyes, and plump cheeks, and thick lips, and a treble chin. Had he not been a priest, you might have fancied that he was a little sensual. But he had foresworn the world. Still, there is something interesting even to a priest in a turkey at Christmas time. He went up to the bird still pendent from the hand of Suzanne. He even went so far as to apply his thumb and forefinger to the breast—not an eager punch, but one calm and critical, such as became a man of his profession.

"A plump bird, Suzanne, eh?"

For a moment Suzanne was enthusiastic. It was a turkey of a thousand. She might have seen larger—yes, that was quite possible—but never, no, never, a plumper one. Would M. le Cure put himself to the trouble to notice the depth of flesh upon the breastbone?

She held the bird up higher as she spoke. Then, all at once, a

change came over her expression.

"We will have it on Christmas day," said the cure, and his eyes twinkled.

"Mais, M. le Cure—" began Suzanne, a little timidly.

"Well, what is it?"

"It has, perhaps, been a little long on the way," said Suzanne.

"You mean it will not keep?"

It would be perfect if M. le Cure would have it today."

"But that is impossible. It is Friday—in Advent, too."

"It will not keep till Sunday."

"Oh, dear!" said the cure. "Let me look at the label, Suzanne."

It was true. The bird had not come flying. It had apparently been misssent to some out-of-the-way place, where it had remained several days probably in some close apartment.

"It would be a thousand pities for so fine a bird to be thrown away," remarked the cure, as if to himself. Suzanne agreed with him, respectfully yet eagerly.

"And yet what is to be done?" continued the cure.

The cure was a good man, or he might have solved the problem in a moment. Or, rather, there would have been no problem to solve. But life is full of problems for good people. Others may walk straight to their object, but the good man must sit down and think the matter out in all its bearings. M. le Cure did not actually sit down; on the contrary, he walked up and down the room. Every time he came near the turkey he sniffed a little, and said to himself that the bird would certainly not keep. This was the one firm fact which he had to go upon. No, there was one other.

It was a fine bird, a very fine bird, an exceedingly fine bird; its plumpness was quite remarkable. Most turkeys have a very sharp breast-bone, needing sometimes, indeed a kind of surgical operation to reduce it to a seemly level when on the table. But this turkey seemed to be all meat. Surely it must be a sin to waste a bird like this. Give it to the poor? No, certainly not! It is not good for the soul's health, even on the poor, to eat turkey on a Friday in Advent. True, they had to starve on a good many flesh days, but you can't balance things in this way.

Without a dispensation no one can eat meat on any Friday, much less a Friday in Advent. And only the bishop can grant a dispensation.

It is terrible to think what an amount of evil has been brought about by woman. When the cure asked that question: "What is to be done?" he asked it in all innocence. Was Suzanne as innocent when she replied: "The turkey can be done, M. le Cure?"

"Well, yes," said the cure, taking his three chins in his right hand and caressing them, "there can be no harm in that."

Suzanne wanted to hear no more. Taking the turkey with her she left the room. The cure returned to his desk.

"It is a curious thing," he said to himself, "that there is nothing in the Bible about turkeys." He had forgotten for the moment that turkeys came originally from America.

Then he went on with his sermon. It was about sins of the flesh, and he found it very hard work. His mind seemed all confusion. Once he even caught himself writing "the turkeys of Egypt" instead of "the flesh pots of Egypt." This made him smile, and when you are alone and smile to yourself, you generally mean it as a kind of dispensation from work. So put down his pen and lay back in his great leathern armchair. Then something happened which had often happened before—he actually fell asleep. You see, with only a double chin a man gets to sleep quite easily in the afternoon, and the cure had a treble chin.

And he had a dream—the dream of a really good man—all innocence and comfort. It was the simplest dream in the world. He was merely sitting at his table, with a serviette tucked under his three chins, and the turkey was before him, and he was eating it. That was the whole dream. Very simple, you say, but then the turkey was done to a turn.

He was just saying "You will find some nice pickings on the back, Suzanne," when he awoke. He rubbed his eyes; he was astonished that the turkey was no longer before them, and yet—now he understood it all. The door was open, and the exquisite odor of roast turkey pervaded the room. Suzanne was certainly cooking the bird.

The cure sighed. Life is full of disillusion. "I wish I had not awoke," he said, a little peevishly. "The dream was nicer than this. I

wonder what o'clock it is." He pulled out his watch, "Dear me, it is already five."

At five the cure dined, and Suzanne was punctuality itself. At that very moment she put in her head. "M. le Cure, le diner est servi," she said.

The cure got up and walked across the hall into the other room, his dining room. What a delicious smell! He tried to frown.

Suzanne lifted the cover. Yes, it was true. There was the turkey, plump and brown and juicy, exhaling the most exquisite odors under his very nose. There was a terrible mental struggle. He turned at first very red—the blush that waits upon a crime; then very pale—he was forming a stern resolve; then nearly blue—this was the strangulating effect of conflicting emotions,

"Suzanne!" he exclaimed in a tone of reproach. Oh, the Eve-like craft of the woman!

"Mais M. le Cure commanded me to cook it."

"Cook it?—yes," answered the Cure, and stopped short.

Are not ecclesiastics right in their dread of women? Is not every woman born a temptress? And the worst of it is you can never cure them. Here, for instance, had this abandoned woman been enjoying for years the advantage of living in the same house with a really good man, who had over and over again pointed out to her exactly what she ought to do and what she ought to leave undone, and yet all this did not prevent her from playing the temptress when a favorable opportunity presented itself. And the Cure was so very hungry!

Nevertheless, he would not give way without a struggle. He laid down his knife and fork.

"What else is there, Suzanne?" he asked.

"But there is nothing else, M. le Cure."

"Oh," said the Cure, "that is very, very wrong of you."

He felt that he was indeed very wrong; for, after all, if a man may not eat meat, he must yet eat something.

He cannot nourish a treble chin on air alone.

"It is very wrong of you," he repeated.

Then, in sheer absence of mind, he took up his fork and began picking the turkey with the prongs. Now, man, is after all, so much a creature of habit that I defy you to have a fork in your hands for more than a few seconds without the fork finding its way to your mouth; you do not consciously place it there—the hand moves mechanically. So it was with the Cure.

"It was very wrong of you, Suzanne," he repeated once more.

Suzanne noticed that the wrong doing had now been transferred to the past tense.

The fork returned mechanically to the breast of the turkey.

All at once there was a ring at the front door. Suzanne went to open it. Presently she returned, her face flushed with excitement.

"It is Monseigneur!" she exclaimed. Monseigneur was the bishop.

The Cure started up. Suzanne noticed that the knife was now in the dish with the fork; so much progress had been made during her brief absence.

"You have shown monseigneur into the study? Good! I will go there at once." He paused and then added, "Apropos, Suzanne, you had better keep the door of this room shut while I am with his lordship."

He had already opened it and was on his way to the study, when Suzanne exclaimed: "Mais, M. le Cure, will you not take off your serviette first!"

The Cure looked down a little abashed. Yes, the serviette was really tucked under his chin. In his hurry he had forgotten it. But how had it come there at all, when there had been nothing but the forbidden turkey before him? It was certainly rather odd.

The bishop was gracious and courtly, but he was a disciplinarian.

"I have just heard," he said, as the Cure entered the room, "of a very bad case, and I thought, as I was passing your door, that I would tell you of it at once. There is no time to be lost."

"I am at the command of monseigneur," answered the Cure dolefully.

"It is a workman named Le Brun and his family, who have just come into your parish," said the bishop; "Rue de la Guerre, No. 8. He has fallen from a ladder and grave fears are entertained. I think you had

better go and see him at once."

"I will go this very instant," said the Cure still more dolefully. The Rue de la Guerre was at the furthest extremity of his parish. It was perhaps for this reason that the news had not already reached him.

He had said that he would go that very instant, but he did not move. The bishop looked at him a little sternly.

"There is no time to be lost," he replied.

"I did not like to leave your lordship alone," said the Cure.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the bishop, with a smile, "With your permission I may remain here till you return. I have an engagement close by a little later. By the way, could you give me a morsel of food? I have had nothing since the morning."

"Certainly, monseigneur. I will tell Suzanne at once."

"But do not delay to go to poor Le Brun," said the bishop. "Suzanne knows me and will not mind giving me a morsel."

The Cure went into the hall. Suzanne was there—there was generally something to be done in the hall when the Cure had a visitor in the study. She helped her master to put on his cloak and handed him his hat.

"Monseigneur will take a little refreshment," he murmured.

The bishop was close by so that any private communication was impossible. Then the Cure went out into the darkness and Suzanne closed the door behind him.

The bishop suddenly turned round. In three strides he had crossed the hall and before Suzanne knew what he was doing he had reached the dining room door.

"I know the way," he said pleasantly. "Perhaps you would kindly bring me a bit of bread and a glass of water."

"Mais, Monseigneur—" began Suzanne.

It was too late. The door was already open. There in front of the bishop was the roast turkey, still uncovered; and generously diffusing around it an appetizing odor.

The bishop almost started at the spectacle. What! One of his clergy feasting in this way on a Friday in Advent! It was intolerable!

Such enormities might pass unheeded among Protestants with whom there was no discipline, but in his church it was different. He bore a sword and he would not bear it in vain.

He looked round. Suzanne had fled, fearing, perhaps, to be excommunicated on the spot.

"Dux femina facti," said the bishop to himself. "I fear she is a bad woman. A turkey in Advent. It is strange how many women are wicked at heart."

Then he drew closer to the table and noticed the knife in the dish, and the fork still sticking in the turkey's breast.

"Arrested in the very act!" he said, "in flagrante delicto. But not a mouthful eaten. That I should have come at that exact moment when she was on the very verge of the precipice!"

He sat down, struck by the strange fatality of the affair. There was bread upon the table almost under his hand. He began to crumble it. Then he put a little into his mouth. He was hungry—he had had nothing since the morning. The bread he was taking excited the salivary glands and made his appetite yet keener. He wondered whether Suzanne was going to bring him anything. He had spoken of bread and water, but in his mind there had been the vision of an omelette. An omelette is innocent at any time, and yet it is tasty and nourishing. But there was no sign of Suzanne, and consequently no sign of an omelette.

"I shall be fit for nothing at this rate," said the bishop to himself, very sternly. "I feel positively fainting. I shall not be able to get through my work."

And still the turkey steamed before him, and every exhalation was a fresh testimony to its succulence. Poor, neglected bird! It seemed to provoke the knife of the carver—to implore the attention of some kindly eater.

At last the bishop was so much disgusted with things in general that he plucked the fork out of the creature's breast. What business had one of his clergy ever to have stuck it in? Discipline must be maintained, especially in his diocese. He must give the cure a lesson—but how?

"It is Rousseau," he said to himself, "who advocates the doctrine

that in education all punishment should be the natural consequence of the fault committed. In this case, for example, I suppose he would say that this man's fault would be most properly punished by someone else eating up the dinner he had criminally ordered to be prepared for himself. It is a pity Rousseau was an infidel, for there is certainly something in his theory.

"Yes," he repeated, "there is certainly something in it. But it could not be carried out in this case without a certain sacrifice on the part of someone else. And who is there to make the sacrifice?"

Wrapt in meditation he bent forward across the table, as if he would consult the turkey itself confidentially on the subject. The odor that the bird sent forth was indescribably delicious. The bishop sighed.

"Someone, it is clear, must make the sacrifice," he said. "If there is anything wrong in it the guilt must rest on the original transgressor."

He took up the craving knife and felt the edge with his thumb. It was very keen. The turkey, it was clear, would not be able to resist it for a moment.

"Yes, on the original transgressor," repeated the bishop; "it is through him alone that this complication has arisen."

Then he took up the fork.

"There is no one else to do it" he said; "it has been forced upon me. It would be wrong on my part to let him escape the natural consequence of his error. Discipline must be maintained. I alone in this diocese have the power to grant a dispensation, and I hereby grant it—to myself."

There was a half bubbling, half hissing sound as the trenchant blade made a deep incision in the turkey's breast; then there was a slight clatter of the knife and fork upon the plate as the bishop began the sacrifice. He ate slowly and sternly; he was discharging a duty, and he discharged it conscientiously. The dining room door was still open, and Suzanne, peeping from the kitchen, glimpsed at the solemn scene.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the bishop rose from the table, looking sterner than ever.

"I cannot eat it all," he said to himself, "but I have done my best. I have at any rate succeeded in reducing the temptation. The choicer

morsels are now removed. I think the legs are probably tough."

Then, without summoning Suzanne, he made his way into the hall and let himself out at the front door.

Half an hour later the cure returned.

"Has Monseigneur gone?" he asked.

"Monseigneur has gone and has taken the turkey with him?"

"Taken the turkey with him?"

"Most of it," said Suzanne. "He has eaten it. Is it not very wicked?"

"No," said the Cure, sadly; "a bishop can give himself a dispensation."

"Oh, what a pity M. le Cure isn't a bishop! It was such a beautiful bird."

Was!—Roy Tellett in Longman's Magazine.



Success.

I have seen too much of success in life to take off my hat and huzza to it, as it passes in its gilt coach; and would do my little part with my neighbors on foot that they should not gape with too much wonder nor applaud too loudly. Is it the Lord Mayor going in state to mince-pies and the Mansion House? Is it poor Jack of Newgate's procession, with the sheriff and javelin men conducting him on his last journey to Tyburn? I look into my heart, and think I am as good as my Lord Mayor, and know I am as bad as Tyburn Jack. Give me a chair and red gown and a pudding before me and I could play the part of Alderman very well and sentence Jack after dinner. Starve me, keep me from books and honest people, educate me to love dice, gin, and pleasure, and put me on Hounslow Heath, with a purse before me, and I will take it.

—W. M. THACKERY.

To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day,
thou canst not then be false to any man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

JEST ES LIKE ES NOT

I.
Jest es like es not some day,
Things'll start to come my way.
Don't no two folks think alike
Where the lightnin's goin' to strike.
S'pose I ain't so fond o' workin'
S'pose I sometimes do some shirkin.
Some day luck'll strike me not.
Jest es like es not.

II
Jest es like es not some day
I'll wake up to hear folks say:
"Always knowed you had it in you,
Though we've often talked agin you."
Then I'll quietly remark:
"Dogs that bite don't always bark."
Then I'll show 'em jest what's what
Jest es like es not.

III
Jest es like es not some day,
Folks won't git so all-fired gay.
When I start off up the crick
With my fishin' line an' stick,
I don't set no great store on
Them es starts to work at dawn.
'Twill be look from them that's got
Jest es like es not.

IV
Jest es like es not some day,
Course I don't jest know the way,
But no feller knows, I reckon,
Jest when luck is goin' to beckon,—
Still, some day I'll fool 'em all;
Might be springtime, might be fall,
But I'll be right on the spot,
Jest es like es not.

SAM STINSON

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

If any of our readers have ever passed through any strange, peculiar or curious experience, we would like to have them write out the facts for this magazine. You may not lay any claim to being a writer, but never mind that, the facts are what we want.

Color in a Scientific Light.

You wouldn't believe it but I was graduated a few years ago from a college that was deservedly called "Scientific."

The last year's examination papers were such as to cause one to know the power of the think-dome his mother bore him. One question was, "what is the color of the emanation of an angry, excited man?"

Of course, the only real answer must be given by one who had acquired, or had as a natural gift, that of soul-perception or inner sight. I had thoroughly enjoyed the whole four years study with this admirable school, though no one theme interested me quite so much as this one of "color"—or nerve radiation.

Being clairvoyant from childhood, I began to experiment with different persons as I rode around on visits to patients and students. I became so apt that I could almost discern the very thought of any one by the color of it; quite, at times.

I sat alone with a man in an electric car one day. His influence grew intolerable to me and I arose from beside him, moving to the seat opposite.

Do you know I could scarcely see him for the waves of dark red hue, closely brushed by purpling tint? On an impulse I cried, "Don't! I wouldn't!" "What?" from him, because he was too surprised to say anything else. Then I waxed earnest. "No, I would not do it. There are helpless ones concerned."

I knew I had seen his thought because of the change in his face, and I knew he felt it.

"I do not understand you, madame!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you do! However, if you do not wish me to proceed, I will not, certainly." He sat, staring at me, tensely and nervously tapping with his fingers on his knees. I knew he was fairly

aching for me to say more; I relaxed, however, sitting passively in all but the solar plexus center, here I held true and firm. At last, "Will you kindly explain, madame?"

"Sir," asked I, "did it never occur to you that there were laws by which your whole mechanism is governed, which upon being interpreted, renders your daily life as easy to be read as an open page? Did you never go down to the depths of your own being, there learning that not only has every thought a color, but a shape—nay more, even a sound other than voiced by your lips?"

Seeing he was about to ring the car bell, after hastily glancing at either platform, I quickly said "Wait a moment! I haven't just escaped, or being taken there—though I confess that every human soul is a prisoner until it unlocks its own cell door. I have unlocked mine enough so that I am permitted occasionally to see wondrous things—wondrous things, indeed!

Now see: As I sat opposite you your thought aura assumed different colors as your mind projected the different scenes upon which your thoughts had centered the last week or so.

I, from my habits of life, am able to enter your sphere if I so choose, and while looking at you I saw you with two men, standing in the street in close confab. As you talk I see a large vessel heavily laden as though about to depart for some foreign port. Your business is about this ship and as your thoughts form your speech they take the shape of sharp scallops, so— $\Delta\Delta\Delta$ and are dark colored.

Behind and around these men I see the faces of little children, their own—these you did not see—nor those of the mothers of these children.

You take a note book and read therefrom. The men hesitate, you threaten and—

"Madame, for——wait! do not go on!" The man's face was slate color. You might have lain a peanut on each protruding eye, it seemed to me.

Then he recovered himself. "Nonsense, sheer nonsense!"

"Is it? Do you wish me to tell what was written in that note book—the contract?"

I confess I felt sympathy for the poor rascal and so I said "Now

really sir, I have presumed somewhat with no intention of it at first, for I have no right to enter another person's domain of mind any more than his house and should not have gone on, had you not invited me. Believe this however; I can assist you out of your present dilemma and you will be a much happier man than at present."

We talked on, he becoming interested, even moved, until at my stopping place, I gave him my address and left him.

I saw him a few evenings ago and once again we had a merry laugh over our first meeting and once again he declared that "Science" scared him from his first and only self conscious crime.

LOUISE L. MATTHEWS, S. D.



Perfecting the Earth.

While skirting the coast of, or traveling inland in Spain or Italy, one is struck by the barrenness of the hills and mountains. While traveling there some years ago I said to myself repeatedly: "If I were the king of Spain or Italy, I would order the standing army to plant trees on these barren slopes instead of 'taking exercise' by jumping stockades and scaling walls." Timber on these hills would bring back the moisture of the climate; fill and maintain the rivers that have dwindled much as the centuries have gone by; create a new industry—forestry; and restore a lost resource—timber; bring back the ancient beauty, and a part of the ancient greatness of these countries. France has seen the danger in ruthless destruction of forests, and is beginning to plant again the places made barren, though I do not know that the standing army is engaged therein. Germany with characteristic long-sightedness, has made forestry a profession, and is as careful of her trees as of her people. Trees are protected and cared for. Permission must be obtained before a tree may be cut down, and with the permission, when granted, goes the condition that a young tree must be planted in the place of the one sacrificed. As a consequence, the climate of Germany has not degenerated—nor have her people degenerated.



ASTROLOGY

CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI



Lucky and Unlucky Days for May and June

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course, to get at an individual experience and to take advantage of precise work a chart of each person must be studied.

MAY, 1903.

During this month the Sun is in Taurus ruled by Venus: and after the 21st in Gemini ruled by Mercury.

1. A day of mixed influences, changes, indecision. Three restless planets are much in force.
2. A good day for almost any endeavor. Your judgment will be good. Your actions reasonable.
3. Sunday. Celestial influences are helpful. Let the day and yourself be in harmony.
4. The business week starts in badly. There is hardly one helpful feature.
5. Here you have your day. Good for business or social duties. Your mind will be fertile.
6. Another good day. Press your acts. Good for asking favors.
7. If you begin very important duties you will have cause to regret your action.
8. How quickly things change. To-day is as good as yesterday was bad. Do your best.
9. Safe again. Put in strong licks and get results.
10. Sunday. Keep out of mischief. Satan is after you.
11. Full moon. Dealing with opposite sex will need great care. Make no slips. Be nice but careful.
12. All right; go ahead. Your mind is active. Decide things. Ask favors. Make plans. Travel.
13. Good day for bodily exercise. The better your body the better your mind and your acts.
14. Rather an indifferent day. You can't make much headway, especially in new plans.
15. Better for women than for men. Let them try their hand and see who is ahead.
16. Absolutely featureless. No special influences.
17. Even the preacher must be careful lest he says the thing that is sharp and imprudent.
18. Unsafe for new enterprises. Be careful who you talk to and what you ask for.
19. Just like yesterday. Be prudent; wise.
20. Energy; force; plenty of it. Use it. Here is a chance for you, worth waiting for.
21. Good if you stick to things you are familiar with. Bad if you jump into matters hastily.
22. Same advice as for yesterday.
23. You can ask favors. Write important letters, close up old trades. It's a good day.
24. Sunday. Better to go to church than to go fishing. Really, if it were not Sunday I suspect that some business would bear expanding and the influence as a whole is good in any line.
25. You won't make much headway to-day. Now don't fret; that won't help things, but wait.

26. This day is worth waiting for—please use it. In almost any way that you want and conscience approve you will do well. It's a good day for a baby to be born—if he only knew it.
27. Good: follow up yesterday's plans. All right.
28. Please wait. Don't plan or execute. Keep quiet.
29. Fine; grows better as day goes on. Good day to start plans.
30. Same as yesterday. Take hold fearlessly.
31. It's a pity, but this is really a poor day. Being Sunday you will do no business. That's right. You don't want to—lose if you do.

JUNE, 1903

1. A bright, good, all-around day for mental activity and contact with people.
2. Forenoon best. Begin important moves then.
3. Go fishing or most anything that gets you away from others: don't begin important duties.
4. Day improves as it goes on. Afternoon strong for all sorts of things. Use it.
5. Not bad if you are not irritable: fine if you are nice.
6. Rather mean. You can't get much out of this.
7. Trinity Sunday. You ought to be real good. If you are wicked your plans will go astray.
8. Here is your reward for being good. It's a fine day for everything. Your mind is bright.
9. Jupiter becomes morning star. Bodily activity: fresh air, sunlight, cheer! Will all help: the influences are good for you.
10. An off day. Keep still. Don't fight. Make no important moves or changes.
11. Corpus Christi. Poor business day. Danger of impulsive acts: hasty words: be careful.

12. Things change: everything is now ready for prompt acts and decisions. Push things lively.
13. Another safe day. Bright as a button.
14. Sunday. Danger from accidents. Women especially should run no risks.
15. The day grows better as it develops. After the noon it is time for your strongest endeavors.
16. Just ordinary. Nothing marked. Be natural.
17. For social or business uses this is all right.
18. A bad one. Watch to-morrow's papers and see if any calamities happened.
19. First class. Through all business hours the tendencies are very helpful in all directions.
20. Here is another, on these days you should make headway in social or business ways.
21. Sunday. The day peters out as it progresses. Do your best in forenoon.
22. Excellent afternoon for all your planning.
23. Fine. Start things. Be agreeable. It pays. Journey, Love, Trade—all good.
24. The forenoon is good. Afternoon slim. Better be cautious for the day is risky.
25. Doubtful day. Influences quite mixed. Should not begin new or important plans.
26. Good by eleven in the forenoon. Gains for balance of day. Can then be used vigorously.
27. Better for a vacation than business, not strong for best bodily health. Careful of it.
28. Third Trinity. Featureless in its tendencies.
29. Good. Better for out of doors than for indoor life. Walk. Take long breaths. Don't be afraid of fresh air.
30. Poor business day and poor socially unless you pledge yourself not to speak or act hastily.



Good Health Department.



EATING FOR HEALTH.

BY AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT:

" " "

VEGETARIANISM.

"We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon
How best we can gather up wealth;
We go where bright finger-posts beckon,
Till we wander from Nature and Health."

About the first thing that the searcher for truth along diet reform lines runs against is the so-called vegetarian idea. The contention being that it is wrong to kill animals and eat their flesh. The vegetarian objects to the taking of what he calls sentient life; but he has never yet discovered where to draw the line.

People who meet with this idea and are attracted by it usually drop the eating of meat and endeavor to subsist upon what is left of the ordinary bill of fare with the result that they have a very one sided dietary, with too large a preponderance of starchy foods. The result is often injurious, although not usually made manifest for a long time and then not attributed to the real cause. I have always thought it would be more proper to call the vegetarian a cerealist as they are usual much given to oat meal, "whole wheat" bread, etc. Of all the abominations that were ever allowed to slip down red lane I think the average breakfast foods are the worst. They are not attractive to the sense of sight, or smell, or taste, as all food should be, (the first as well as the last factor should never be omitted) and are only made palatable by the addition of cream and sugar, thereby still further adding to the chances of inducing indigestion and biliousness. Oatmeal or "cracked wheat" as usually prepared is not fit food for any one except the person who is doing hard, manual out door labor. And yet how many thousand persons employed in sedentary or confining occupations habitually begin their breakfasts with this mushy mess.

Far, far better to begin the matutinal meal with a delicious dish of fresh fruit.

The latest addition to the cereal breakfast foods is a sort of flake food which at the present time is much in force (!!!) It is supposed to be ready cooked and predigested, and I guess it is, anything that has been digested has had all nourishment extracted from it and this food having been prepared between rollers at an intense heat has had, I solemnly believe, all the phosphates, phosphorous, vital salts, in fact whatever it contained that gave life and strength, long since taken from it and nothing but chaff remains. The claim that it is concentrated food may be honestly made but the men who make it are badly fooled. Concentrated food is a humbug anyway. Nature is the only chemist that can prepare a concentrated food and she does it admirably. If you want authority for this statement (I don't care a hang for authority, I am my own authority, but some people always want it from some "medical" source) here's a brief quotation I lately ran across from *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*.

"There is a prevalent idea in the [medical] profession that foods can be concentrated. This thought finds its reflection in the advertising pages of medical journals in the highly colored claims of manufacturers of prepared food. The three main constituents, proteid, carbohydrate, and fat, are represented by such typical examples as meat, sugar, and fat. Meats may have their water driven off and be reduced to powder form; in this way their bulk is diminished to about one-fifth their former quantity; but in order to be taken and absorbed they must have the water restored to them. Sugar is practically water-free, and represents the most concentrated form of carbohydrate available. Fats in the form of butter contain nearly ninety per cent. of carbohydrate. A greater concentration of fat than is contained in these natural products is not possible, and for the most part the manufactured food products contain far less units of energy than do the natural products."

If the cereals are such excellent food why all this striving to make them more easily digestible? The vegetarian reasoning is that the grain of wheat having been analyzed and found to contain all the elements necessary to sustain life, that it must be an excellent food. They do not take its digestibility in consideration. It has been found upon experiment that the bran of wheat is not in the slightest degree influenced by any of the digestive

juices, and when voided from the body is substantially in the same condition as when taken into it. Whole wheat bread contains more waste matter than white bread, is not so thoroughly digested and often leads to an increase in waste, through indigestion in other foods. Theories are fine things but they do not always work out as they are expected to.

Jim Chump on breakfast foods went mad,
And lost what little sense he had.
The only one he had not tried
Was one whose "ad" he had not spied.
The neighbors they make sport of him.
The boys all call him "Silly Jim."

Mrs. H. M. says she is a vegetarian, in seemingly good health, but thin, and desires a suggestion as to how she shall gain flesh.

This is rather a broad question with mighty little data to go upon. Without knowing your height and weight I cannot tell how "thin" you are. Unless you are excessively under weight why worry about it? This condition is decidedly preferable to what the opposite extreme would be. Now if you was not a vegetarian I might suggest that you eat LEAN fresh pork either roast or gridironed. People who seem to be unable to assimilate fats in any other form can often get it in this way. It is excellent food for brain workers as it contains phosphorous. Looking at dressed pork in the dark the phosphorescent gleam can often be seen. Your vegetarian friends are never tired of maligning the poor porker, telling of his filthy habits, how he is the farmer's swill barrel, etc. The solemn truth is that, given a half a chance, the pig is the neatest of all the farm yard animals. Given a clean nest he will keep it so if he has a clean run besides. He should be given clean water to drink. Pork raised under these conditions is far superior to the ordinary and commands a higher price in the market. The hog "roots" in the ground, turning up the earth with his snout, he is looking for young and tender rootlets, ground nuts, etc. A cow will eat things a hog, raised under the above clean conditions, will not touch. This is only another evidence of the truth of Josh Billings saying that "a man better not kno so mutch az tew kno so menny things that aint so."

"Strive mightily to forget those who have wrongfully used you, and with equal persistency remember your friends and square the obligation at the earliest possible moment."

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

Contributions for this Department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

An advertisement in the *Evening Post* of St. Helens, in the Island of Jersey, gives evidence of some rather enterprising thieves. It runs thus :

"£10 reward for information that will convict and bring to justice the persons who at the end of October and the beginning of November stole and carried away every stone of a granite-built house, with two gables, and two sexagon tall chimneys, which till then had stood in perfect condition on the property adjoining the Grenville Station, on the Corbiere Railway."

"Let us hope," says the *London Express*, "these mysterious abductors of granite mansions will not cross the channel, or we shall be reading in the *Times* some morning: '£20 reward for information to convict the persons who removed from the top of Ludgate Hill every stone of a cathedral,' etc."

The same thing happened to a wooden house in South Boston during the coal famine of last winter. The owner put in appearance one day and found only a hole in the ground where the house had stood.

Good driving horse for lady, and new buggy for real estate; small incumbrance no objection; state full particulars. Box 77, city.

An American women in Japan bought a can of mushrooms, and found the directions translated into English as follows :

"Direction.—If several person will be to eat this in that manner they shall feel satisfied nutrition and very sweet or it can put in the hot water for the half hour and then take off the lid. They shall be proper to eat. It can be supply without putridity for several years."

WANTED:—To buy or lease a run-down narrow gauge steam railroad In United States, Canada or Mexico. Address, with particulars.

Old Artifical Teeth Bought: good price given: money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned.—V. PEARSE, 10 Granville-road, Hove, Brighton.

The following picturesque "want" appeared in the *London Daily News*:

LADY requires (end of August) Two competent Persons to undertake entire duties, as Cook (plain) and House-parlor Maid. Ladies not objected to.—A. B., etc.

A LADY and GENTLEMAN are anxious to live in the house of a medical man, the latter suffering from nervousness and liver. The place must be warm, country preferred.

YOUNG MAN desires to Learn Piano in return for window cleaning, etc. Apply to X, this office.

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Boston, Mass.

Finding this notice marked you will understand that your subscription expires with this issue

SOME useful contributions come from Miss Jennie Mills, Baltimore. Md. and Mrs. H. Miner, Denver, Colo. Many thanks.



My old friend David Banks Page, formerly publisher of a most unique monthly called *Humanity*, has been heard from. He is running a daily paper in Quenemo, Kansas, called *The Quenemo Daily Breeze*, and here is a sample of his breezyess.

"In order to raise the wind we have started the Breeze. It shall be both pleasant and refreshing. We shall not stir up any dust raising, hat lifting or linen frazeling gusts. We shall not worry you with any hot air gusts or make you uncomfortable with any cold, unfriendly blasts. No, the Breeze will come to you daily, laden with the fragrance of hope and the fruits of friendship. Let us breathe deep and be healthy and happy. The Breeze proposes to be breezy. It will blow on you for 10 cents a week. It may blow on you for less than that if you do anything mean."



DON'T be afraid to avail yourself of the privilege of asking questions either of the editor in regard to the food question or of Dr. Derolli anent astrology and its application to the problems of life. We desire to make YE QUAIN T helpful to you in every way possible. Make your wants known.

Send us in anything you find in the way of odd advertisements. For genuine advertisements that have never before been printed we will pay a reasonable price. We desire reference to old, odd and striking short stories and curiosities of literature of every sort.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

BY QUAIN TICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

Fate, (Lansdowne, Pa.) A very beautifully gotten up magazine devoted to astrology and kindred subjects. It is edited by Mr. Albert H. Postel, a well-known astrologer, and if he can keep it up to the present standard it will be by far the best periodical of this kind we have ever had. It is very readable, which is more than can be said of most periodicals devoted to this subject. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 Single numbers 10 cts.

Spiritual Evolution or Regeneration by R. C. Douglass. This book is Mr. Douglass's lessons in what he calls Christian Metaphysics enlarged and improved. I am glad to commend this book. Mr. Douglass is one of the most shining exemplars of the doctrines of the new thought. Honest, sincere and simple-hearted his words carry weight where others fail. I heard these lessons in class from his own lips and am delighted to have them in book form. Mr. Douglass has the rare faculty of getting at the heart of things. As an interpreter of the bible he is without a rival. He also has the merit, which obtains among but few of the many so called metaphysical writers, of clothing his ideas in clear, correct language. The book is tastefully produced by the publishers, has uncut pages, gilt top and the flat back which makes it possible to have the book lay open—every book ought to be bound that way. \$1.50 Lee & Shephard, Boston, Mass.

How to Make Money: Edited by Katherine Newbold Birdsall. This book contains "eighty practical suggestions" as to how women may earn money. They originally appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* and were largely contributed by readers in a commendable effort to be helpful to those who needed help. Now that they are gathered together in a book for the pecuniary profit of a publisher one wonders if the contributors were consulted. Of the "eighty practical suggestions" some are sensible, some are silly and some I cannot designate. The most practical suggestions

have long been in use and it would be of little avail for any woman to attempt them unless she had ample capital—and if she had she would not need to. Some of the methods given would be the means of earning money in a large city, once you could become known in the particular calling you had selected, but it would take years of waiting and advertising to make yourself known.

It is only fair to the compiler of the book to say that no matter how good the suggestions may be if the person who seeks by means of the book to “find something to do” has not “gumption” enough to select a plan and perseveringly push it to success the book can’t help them.

“One man can lead a horse to water but a thousand men can’t make him drink.” Price \$1.00. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The Natural Man by J. William Lloyd. I feel like writing down the words “there is a book” and then laying the pen down. I cannot do it justice. If I had the felicity of language of that wonderful painter of word pictures, the late Col. Ingersoll, I might be able to say the pleasant things I would like to say about this charming story of Mr. Lloyd’s. He calls it a story, but woven into it without the slightest suspicion of preaching he has put a wealth of sensible suggestions as to how we might be normal, healthy, happy humans. As we are just now studying the food questions in Ye

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Quaint we will quote what the natural man has to say on that subject.

"Mr. Westwood" said Edith suddenly, 'you are a professional Natural Man—what are the most natural foods?'

He laughed, as he usually did when he spoke, as one might at a favorite child.

'I fancy, as we are monkey-cousins, that fruits and nuts, after original milk, are the most natural. Eggs are like milk and resemble nuts. After eggs insects and shell-fish, then fish, then flesh. I forgot herbs and roots, but they are less natural, I fancy, anyway.' * * *

'What is your doctrine of diet?'

'I can hardly be said to have one except simplicity. Still I have a prejudice against the grains. They make people fat, slow, lazy, old too soon. Some roots are as bad. I use a little bread, but not much and that mainly corn bread.' * * *

In the summer I live on milk, curds, eggs, fish, berries, fresh vegetables, melons and tomatoes from my garden. In the winter and fall and spring I have game, beef, mutton, goat-venison, honey, canned fruits, apples, nuts, milk, eggs and fish as before. There are seasons too of special diet. When strawberries are ripe I live on them almost altogether.'" The book is tastefully gotten up, is quality not quantity. The price is \$1.00. Published by Benedict Prieth, Newark, N. J.

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Ye Quaint Magazine,
7 Saint Paul St., Boston, Mass.

Weather Predictions.**MAY, 1903.**

April left us with a storm preparing. The first week of May will be filled with quick changes. Then a very warm wave comes about the 11th and heavy wind storms with damage will be felt in the West. These violent disturbances will also work eastward. Warm rain and high winds will appear on the 17th and 18th, then much cooler. The last ten days of the month will be full of disturbed conditions with frequent rains and unsettled weather.

JUNE, 1903.

Warmer weather coming eastward, during opening days with severe storms in several sections, colder, with danger in south and west. Changes quick, with rain, possibly hail, turning to much colder from 10 to 14: some hot spells mixed in but of short duration. Very peculiar astronomical positions are in the heavens from 16 to 25. We should have many marked changes: very hot, lighting; much rain in some sections coming suddenly. Wind in all directions. Storms come from the west to the coast. Cool spell in northern states, following these storms. The last week of June should be full of threatening conditions: first warm, then quick wind and rain storms: a day or two of cool, clear weather, with lightning and thunder to finish. These conditions will be more dangerous in the west than eastward.

DR. DEROLLI:—If two boys are born the same moment will they grow up exactly alike?

B. A. (Arkansas.)

If you take two seeds from the same apple and plant, one in a favorable spot and one in a dismal one, the trees from these seeds will bear different fruit. Both will bear apples. So environment, habit, tendencies, influence, mould character. The inherent power may be the same. Astrology is not fate. It shows what a man may be and what he can be, but does not say what he must be. The human will is stronger than a birth influence.

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DR. DEROLLI:—Can you tell me why Saturn is so harmful in his influences?

MRS. W.

No one can answer that question. For thousands of years people have been studying planetary influence and making comparisons. From every section the testimony is that when Saturn is badly aspected by another planet his power is harmful: depressing: jealous: envious: wicked: hence satan, and Saturn are the same.

Can you tell me why I never could get ahead any?

Don't blame the stars. Possibly there may be a deficiency of gray matter in the upper section. Don't blame your parents, they did the best they could. Spending a dollar for a reading won't of necessity bring you luck. It will help you but you yourself will have to do the work after the path is pointed out.

DR. DEROLLI, Scientific Astrologer

Hotel Pelham, Suite 411-412, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Derolli, who prepares the astrological and weather reports for this magazine, invites its readers to write him brief letters if they desire light upon the topics in his line. It is not intended that you shall ask for an astrological reading or any personal questions, but rather in the line of "Notes and Queries," short and to the point, on the general subject of astrology, its methods and meaning. The letters will be promptly replied to, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. And some of the questions and the replies will be published in subsequent numbers of the magazine, suppressing the writers' names. Brief experiences are also invited from people who have found astrology helpful. Tell us of predictions that have been fulfilled and good fortune and good cheer that has come to you. Send your letter for this service only to Dr. Derolli, Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass., and have them separate from all matters connected with the magazine.

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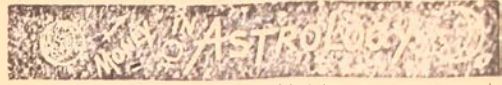
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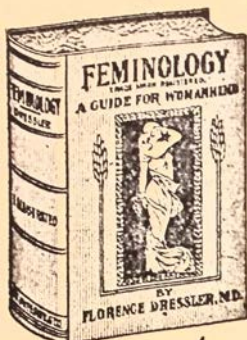
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