

The Poison Brigade Maintained by Uncle Sam

A BORIC acid capsule as a dessert can't be beat. And a salicylic entree is a rare Lucullan treat. Formaldehyde and saccharin are tidbits none may "scape." While a "ragout a la chlorine" is a dish to make one savor.

But of all the dainty mixtures Uncle Sam has supplied I prefer a juicy prime rib roast—done brown—with fluoride.

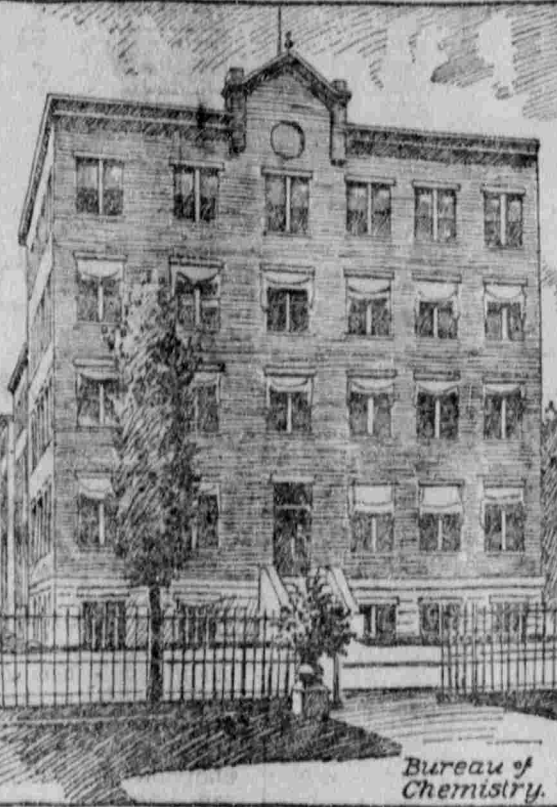
If your appetite yesterday was normal and you ate your usual three meals, you probably took into your system some of each of the following chemicals:

Salicylic acid,	Formaldehyde,
Borax,	Alcohol,
Boric acid,	Salt,
Sulphuric acid,	Pyroligneous acid,
Benzoic acid,	Nitrate of potash,
Formic acid,	Chlorine,
Saccharin,	Fluoride.

The admitted adulteration of food for purposes either of economy or preservation has compelled the general government to "take a hand" in order that legislation of practical value may be formulated. One of the food products the adulteration of which has raised the greatest protest is butter. It is contended that the coloring matter used in this oleaginous indispensable is a menace to the delicate coating of the stomach. For the preservation of meat boric acid and formaldehyde are used. Both of these, it is asserted, are enemies of good digestion. Alum, one of the ingredients of the leavening powder of many bakers, is also claimed to be provocative of dyspepsia and its myriad attendant evils. But these are not all the adulterants which the average human stomach is asked to handle daily. The list is a long one and, besides the above list of chemicals, includes many other minerals employed by manufacturers of proprietary articles of food.

The feeding of the people of the United States, thanks to the beneficent forethought of the trusts, is in the hands of comparatively few men. To

Sec. of Agriculture Wilson



Dr. H. W. Wiley



all intents and purposes, all the beef is furnished by a single corporation, and the same condition prevails with reference to sugar.

It would be natural for the manufacturers to deny that their products are adulterated; but, knowing that the most elementary quantitative and qualitative analysis is able to determine just what and how much of it is used in their goods, they wisely admit the soft impeachment and proceed to "brazen it out" with the allegation that their adulterants are as innocuous as demineralized water and as harmless as oxygen. They start out, for instance, with the self evident proposition that it has become physically impossible to supply the demand for strictly fresh beef. The cattle must be fattened where there are facilities for doing it, and they must be slaughtered near the scene of the preparation for their sacrifice; otherwise they will lose many pounds in the long rides to the various markets and will, besides, arrive in such poor condition as to be almost unfit for food. So boric acid is employed to preserve the dressed beef. This acid is not dangerous in ordinary use, though scientific men have contended that if taken into the system

regularly its effects will be detrimental to health. But the other great preservative of beef, formaldehyde, is a different sort of proposition. Its active principle, formal acid, is obtained by the distillation of oxalic acid with glycerin. The formaldehyde itself is the result of the dry distillation of calcium formate. It is one of the most efficacious destroyers of insect life known, and a little of the gas obtained from it by evaporation blown into a room through the keyhole will speedily cut short the existence of those noxious little creatures with the problem of whose destruction almost every housekeeper is constantly

engaged. It is alleged in behalf of formaldehyde that it is one of the most effective preventives of decomposition the world has ever known, and this would undoubtedly be a valid argument if the subject under discussion were the human body after death, but inasmuch as Uncle Sam has a weakness for live citizens the statement of the beef packers did not influence him sufficiently to induce him to keep his hands off. Instead he decided to open a sort of experimental boarding house in Washington that the matter might be intelligently tested. He further concluded that as he was going into one phase of

the matter it would be as well to take it up in all its branches, and Dr. Henry W. Wiley, chief chemist of the agricultural department at Washington, was accordingly instructed to get to the bottom of the entire subject of food adulteration.

Dr. Wiley, like Parkie, "was willing" for this had long been his pet hobby, but he suddenly realized that while it was an absurdly simple matter to ascertain the extent of the adulteration of any given article of food, it was not so easy to determine the effect upon the human system of the daily absorption of unknown quantities of minerals not portioned solely to the appetite and vagaries of taste of the individual. At last he hit upon the plan of a free boarding house, the victims in which should agree beforehand to submit to any treatment the learned doctor might prescribe. Certainly, the doctor argued, there could be no risk in it for him; so he advertised for martyrs. Now comes the strange part of the story: the martyrs were forthcoming—more than were needed. The doctor selected a dozen of them and started the "poison brigade" with six.

The use of alcohol in any form was absolutely prohibited, and the stipulation was made that tobacco must be employed in moderation. Naturally eating between meals was sufficient to subject the offender to expulsion.

First of all, the subjects were stripped and weighed, for Uncle Sam—theoretically, at least—does nothing by guesswork. Then they were conducted to the dining room, where was spread what is known as the "hygienic" table. During this "fore period" of about ten days they ate at this table food which had been demonstrated by analytical tests to be absolutely pure. The "observation period," which is next on the list, lasts about ten days. Then it is that the physician in charge attempts to ascertain just the quantity of food necessary to keep each subject in normal condition, special care being directed to the maintenance of the

weight of the subject. But to the chemically pure food is now added the special adulterant which happens to be at that time under investigation. The effect of this upon the system and the comparative digestibility of the food are carefully noted. Then comes the most difficult task from the standpoint of the scientific man—the discovery of the means by which the adulterant is either expelled or absorbed.

The next period of about ten days is devoted to the upbuilding of the health of those persons who have suffered by the treatment, but the quantity of food is limited, as in the former stages of the test. At this time the second batch of six begins at the "hygienic" table, while the veterans are sent to the "second" table, where for thirty days or so they are fed in unlimited quantity upon whatever they may fancy. This is known as the "relaxation" period, and the observations made at this time are expected to be among the most valuable which Dr. Wiley will secure.

Inasmuch as but one adulterant is used at a time, the experiments will scarcely demonstrate the simultaneous effect upon the average individual of the large variety of impure articles sold in the open market. But they will demonstrate what products ought to be kept out of trade channels and will suggest what legislation, if any, is needed to so improve the quality of foodstuffs as to make it of no consequence what a person may eat.

Coincident with these tests, Dr. Wiley is experimenting with animals for the purpose of ascertaining by analogy when the danger point in the use of most of the well known adulterants would be reached in the human.

In short, nothing which may add light to the subject has been overlooked, and the food purists of the country are confident that the experiments conducted by Dr. Wiley, at which there will be several series with each widely used adulterant, will be productive of almost untold public benefit.

WALTER N. LESTER.

Famous Authors as the Camera Man Gets Them



This snapshot of Mark Twain shows him in his favorite act of trying to be as funny as he can without cracking a smile. He is slowly, wearily, lazily telling an anecdote in his inimitable nasal drawl, and though his audience is convulsed with laughter the humorist himself is as solemn and melancholy as a half asleep owl. Mark is getting old—he is sixty-seven now—but he can still be funny for two hours at a stretch and remain as mirthless as a veteran undertaker on duty.



Justin McCarthy, M. P., is a literary veteran of seventy-two, but is still a hard worker. He has had an interesting career as journalist, novelist, historian, politician, statesman, biographer, champion of home rule for Ireland and friend and supporter of Gladstone. His latest historical production, "The Reign of Queen Anne," has just been published. His son, Justin Huntly McCarthy, has won fame as poet, novelist, critic, historian and dramatist and was for a time a member of parliament.



Sir Gilbert Parker, author and member of parliament, had laid aside the pen for the golf club and was addressing the ball when the camera man bagged him from behind a bunker. Sir Gilbert's golf is strictly orthodox, for he was educated for the church. A globe trotter all his life, he finds it an easy matter to get around the links. He lives in Pall Mall, one of London's swiftest quarters, and his nearest neighbors are W. W. Astor and the Duke of Grafton.



When the camera man got The Gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Booth Tarkington, it was another case of "didn't know it was loaded." Mr. Tarkington is now in politics, but the picture shows him in the throes of authorship. For eight years he has been writing the magazines without drawing blood, but when recognition came at last it was so hearty and remunerative that it was well worth waiting for. He is a clever artist, a talented wood carver and a successful dramatist.



This snapshot of the author of "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" is an excellent likeness of Jerome K. Jerome when he is hard at work. A rolling stone—a railroad clerk, newspaper reporter, school-teacher, advertising solicitor, law student, actor, humorist, novelist and playwright—he has gathered coin of the realm in large quantities, particularly as playwright and humorist. His best known plays are "The Master of Woodbarrow" and "Miss Hobbs."



It is not difficult for General Lew Wallace to "look pleasant" when the photographer gets after him nowadays, for he has made a barrel of money out of "Ben-Hur" as a book and is making several barrels out of "Ben-Hur" as a play. The book was completed in the historic governor's palace in Santa Fe, N. M., the walls of which are five feet thick. "The retirement, impenetrable to incoming sound," General Wallace says of the palace, "was as profound as a cavern's."

The Remarkable Sons of Multimillionaire Stokes

FOR a couple of generations the Adams family has been pointed to as the most remarkable in the United States. It is generally stated in a cynical manner that the surest way to insure a man's worthlessness is to provide him with a distinguished father. But this has not proved to be the case with the Adamses. John Adams was the second president of the United States, and his son, John Quincy Adams, the man who was directly responsible for the Monroe doctrine, was our sixth president. Since his time the Adamses have been prominent men, and the family has never produced a male member who was not above the average in mentality.

But, worthy as the Adams family has unquestionably been, it has a strong rival in the Stokes family, although the latter has until within the last decade made its mark entirely in the world of finance. Descended from the famous Montepedoni of France, the first American Stokes was Thomas, who became one of the most prominent and most highly respected of the merchants of New York, at a time, too, when probity and integrity were ranked beyond mere wealth. His son, James Stokes, abandoned merchandising and with the little fortune left him by his father established a banking business which made him one of the wealthy men of Manhattan Island. His son followed in his footsteps and from a comparatively humble beginning developed a business which brought him a fortune of millions and caused him to be known as one of the very wealthy men of the United States and one of its best authorities on matters relating to finance. He was the father of the present

ent Anson Phelps Stokes, also a banker, whose fortune beside that of his father is as a 2,000 candle power are light beside an ordinary tallow dip.

Up to this point it will be seen that, worthy as had been all the men of the Stokes family, their efforts had been confined to the accumulation of money, and the world had not been benefited by their living except indirectly through the medium of their gift sought advice in financial matters. But two of Anson Phelps Stokes' four sons changed all that. The third, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., while a student at Yale university determined to become an Episcopalian minister, and the second, J. Graham Phelps Stokes, influenced by the writings of well known students of sociological problems, decided that his life work should be the amelioration of the condition of the poor in the congested districts of the large cities of the United States.

These two young Stokeses are not merely millionaires' sons with fads; they are in deed earnest and both have gone far enough to convince the world, not only of their sincerity, but also of their steadfastness of purpose. Nor are they dreamers. From the long line of financial giants from which they sprang it is not to be wondered that they have inherited a good deal of executive ability; not theoretical executive ability either, but the kind that "does things."

It must not be assumed either that these young Stokeses have abandoned something of merely theoretical consequence as the world regards such things. They have four sisters, two of whom are married. The first of them to be wedded received a "dot" of \$9,000,000, while the nuptial gift from Mr. and Mrs. Stokes to the second was \$8,000,000. It is to be presumed that the remaining daughters will fare equally



well when they decide to embark upon the sea of matrimony, and it is quite certain that there is as much for each of the four sons; so it will be seen that when the Stokes young men turned their backs upon the social world they left behind them something mighty



tangible. Besides, Shadowbrook, the country home of the family at Lenox, Mass., now offered for sale, is the finest of its kind in America.

And it is a strange thing that both of these young men have bewailed the fact that their parents are rich. The

elder, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., has always asserted that wealth is a serious handicap in more ways than one. In the first place, he thinks, it is dangerous not to sap a young man's ambition, as there is lacking that greatest of all incentives to effort, necessity.

Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., is at present more remarkable even than his elder brother. While he was still at Yale his great studiousness, his dignity under all circumstances, his regard for the opinions as well as for the feelings of others, his democratic tastes and, above all, his marvelous executive ability were freely commented upon, and there was more than a whisper that when the Yale corporation should need a new president it would be unnecessary to look beyond Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr. After his graduation and while he was at the theological school, subsequent to a long tour of Europe, he was elected secretary of Yale university. For a man of twenty-six this was the greatest sort of compliment. The position was held open for him until he had completed his theological course. He was ordained as a minister in New Haven, where he is still assistant rector of Trinity church, and then he assumed the duties of the secretaryship of Yale. Mr. Stokes is about 6 feet 3 inches in his stocking feet and is the very acme of dignity. He is an excellent talker, but a very much better listener, and his listening is often done to good effect, as is demonstrated by his ability to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy who are constantly appealing to him for assistance. J. Graham Phelps Stokes, taller and as dignified as his elder brother, had his life work decided for him by a book and a hospital ambulance. The book was Bulwer's "Disowned," the hero of which was a young man of wealthy parentage who was cast off because he elected to live among the poor people whose condition he sought to ameliorate. But, of course, Tolstoid did this very thing, too, and Mr. Stokes is a great admirer of the Russian sociologist. Mr. Stokes after his graduation as a physician served for some time as

an ambulance surgeon at Roosevelt hospital, New York, and his experiences with destitution, instead of hardening him, caused him to resolve to do what ever might lie in his power to alleviate it. A sentence written by the late Dr. Wilde was also a potent factor in determining the trend of this young man's life. It was this: "Modern fashionable society is a dead thing smeared with gold." Mr. Stokes considers this arraignment entirely too sweeping. He thinks that some of the most worthy members of society are to be found among the very wealthy.

It is a fact that while most parents situated as are Mr. and Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes would have been greatly annoyed by the somewhat unusual vocations selected by their two sons, they have never done or said aught to influence them against their choice. On the contrary, they appear to be proud of them, as well they might be.

J. Graham Phelps Stokes is at the head of the University Settlement on Rivington street, one of the most crowded and generally hopeless districts in New York city. There he lives as simply as any other person could in an official capacity with the enterprise. He is also the moving spirit of Hartley House, in Forty-sixth street, New York.

There is no regret on the part of this young millionaire for lost social privileges. He believes in the University Settlement idea with his whole heart and puts in seventeen hours a day demonstrating his sincerity. He speaks almost nightly before various allied or kindred bodies and is ever ready to go where he may be able to lend a helping hand, even though he be not in the most complete accord with all the details of the views promulgated by the other organizations.

TRUMAN L. ELTON.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

Japanese florists have succeeded in cultivating a rose which looks red in the sunlight and white in the shade.

The rural public school teacher in Tennessee is paid an average yearly salary of \$153, says a Nashville newspaper.

It is said that General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, was

induced to decide on a speedy tour of this country by fear that too many of his former followers were taking up with the Dowrie idea.

Oscar Gorell of the University of Oregon has been elected instructor of English in the Tungsten Institute at Amoy, China.

Charles Becker, expert forger, in the

California penitentiary, has a press agent, who writes that Becker is to be syndicated; also that the banks offer him \$500 a month not to forge any more.

John R. McVicker of Boston, the first white child born north of the arctic circle, has just celebrated his golden wedding anniversary. He was christened by Sir John Franklin.

Within twenty-five years American astronomers have won as many annual

medals of the Royal Astronomical society of England as astronomers of all other countries, except England, combined.

Andrew Simpson, the oldest Democratic voter in Baltimore, aged ninety-two, recently made a speech at a mass meeting in that city.

Hugh Dewitt, a nonagenarian inmate of the Soldiers' home in Lafayette, Ind., has carved his own tombstone with a

unique epitaph and has constructed a coffin to hold his remains.

Senator Hanna doesn't like being addressed as "the next president of the United States."

Bishop Partridge of Japan journeyed all the way to New York city in order to take part in the missionary conference of the Protestant Episcopal church. In doing so he furnished extraordinary proof of the perfection of

modern transportation facilities. The bishop arrived in the Grand Central station, New York, exactly at the minute named in a letter from Japan.

Lilly Langtry owns Nevada gold mine, said to be one of the richest in the world.

There are 525 labor unions in Chicago, with an estimated membership of more than 300,000.

A Russian explorer, P. Ignatow, has

found a queer thing in Asia. He was exploring the Teleskolt lake in the Altai mountains. This lake is situated in 50 degrees north latitude—that is, north of London and Berlin and almost in the same latitude as Plymouth and Havre—yet he found many herds of reindeer there.

An enormous sunfish weighing 120 pounds was left stranded by the tide at Blakeney, Norfolk, England.