

On the Use of Sulphur

BY MARY RITA.

The excellent effects of sulphur in regard to infectious disease are pointed out by one who has been making the matter known in the press. It is worth trying at a time when so many other things fail.

Put a small amount of sulphur in each shoe every morning and good-bye influenza.

This is the only remedy offered to the people of Atlanta by a Georgia doctor who has been practicing in Dixie for 40 years, and who went through the yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans in 1897 unscathed.

His account of successful trials of his remedy follows:

"In the early eighties I moved to Louisiana to practice medicine, and remained in the town where I first located for nearly twenty years. The town in which I located was in the southwestern portion of the state and had large sugar and lumber industries. Therefore I met many traveling men, and one in particular I remember from Memphis, Tenn., who told me one evening that he had nursed yellow fever and cholera in all its stages, had assisted in burying the dead and that the only precaution he ever took was to sprinkle sulphur in his shoes every morning during the epidemic, and that he never had contracted the disease; furthermore, everyone he told about it and who had tried it, not a single one had had the disease.

In 1897 we had an epidemic of yellow fever, and remembering what this gentleman told me I tried it, notwithstanding I had very little confidence in it. I shall never regret having tried it, for I escaped the fever, although I nursed it in all its stages during the entire epidemic.

Now what has this to do with influenza? It has the same to do with it that it had to do with yellow fever and cholera—kill the germs. I believe when the system has sulphur in it, as suggested, it will prevent the germs of any disease from attacking the system."

TRY IT and see. Sulphur is a great cure-all in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms.

The American Index

Between his trips to the army in France and his direction of the army at home, Secretary Baker found time to act as "Grand Inquisitor," and a mighty good inquisitor he makes. Only the other day I saw an addition to his "Index of Forbidden Books" for camps and soldiers' libraries. Not only were erotic novels put under the ban. The list contained also the titles of several volumes inoffensive enough in themselves—but teaching what amounts to political heresy under present circumstances. Such productions are deemed unfit for soldiers. The secretary's action was wise and no sane man can do question his right to proceed as he did. And it is more than likely that this "American Army Index" will keep on growing to the greater benefit of our boys. In this emergency our Secretary of War is but applying a principle of common sense which the Catholic Church has always upheld and followed.

Ever since the days of the Reformation it has been the delight of all opponents of the Church to attack her for the stand she took with regard to dangerous reading. Biased historians have reveled in denouncing her for her narrow, bigoted activity; for her enslaving of the human mind; for her opposition to enlightenment; for her condemnation of the freedom of the press. These and other opprobrious epithets were hurled at her in great

profusion: She went serenely on her way, confident that her course was the right one, justified by reason and revelation alike, sure to command the respect and approval of all fair minds. Indiscriminate eating and drinking is injurious to the body. Uncritical cramming of the mind with intellectual food is equally deleterious to the soul.

However much it was the fashion to deery the sound age-old policy of the Church, that policy stands justified today. It has become the official policy of our country. The idealistic defenders of a free press, the overzealous protagonists of untrammeled freedom of thought stand helplessly by as their idols are being shattered to bits by that very secular power to which they used to appeal against the "spiritual tyranny of Rome." One cannot help wondering whether the irony of it all strikes them at least sufficiently to make them stop and reflect on the inconsistency of their cherished tenets? If it does not, then they are beyond the reach of argument.

J. B. Cole in "The Catholic Tribune."

One German Name in Four!

"One German name in four!" Thus writes the well known war-correspondent of the New York Times, Charles H. Grasty, after visiting the victorious American troops. One out of four, twenty-five percent of the army of America! That is the answer to the challenge of the German militarists: "America is only bluffing."

It is not as much the number, great as it is, which inspires the writer to praise in enthusiastic language the efficiency and loyalty of the American soldier of German descent. "We have no better soldiers. I have never seen more true-hearted Americans than these splendid fellows from the Middle West with their German names.

"I fell in with American soldiers from the section where the German-American element is strong," writes Grasty. "... From what I have seen of this war I have become convinced that we can trust all the various new elements in our population as fully as those of revolutionary stock. I have heard of one whole company in another division where German was the language spoken. Not a single case of disloyalty, not one of treason! In a round way perhaps every fourth name in the ranks is German. We have no better soldiers. They are confident of their own Americanism. — The people one meets in Europe wonder at the American solidarity. With ten percent of our people of Teutonic origin, Europeans actually expected internal trouble for America. They lost sight of the absolute and complete Americanization of the elements coming to us from Europe. While there have been a few traitors and such cases stand out conspicuously and attracted general attention, the people here think that the thorough Americanism of practically the whole German-American body is one of the wonderful things of the war."

—Our Dumb Animals.

TIT FOR TAT.

The story is told of an old Irish lady who went to the village priest and wanted him to pray for her sick cow. The priest refused and the woman was insistent. Finally the priest came and walked around the cow several times and said: "If you live you live and if you die you die." Strange to relate the cow recovered and the old woman thought the priest's prayer was very efficacious.

Not very many moons thereafter the priest fell very sick with the quinsy and if it did not break soon there was grave danger that he would lose his life. The old Irish lady called on him and the priest asked her to pray for him. She demurred. "Why, my prayers would do you no good," she said. But the priest was insistent. Finally the old lady walked around the priest's bed and said: "If you live you live and if you die you die." The good priest recollected about the old lady's cow and the situation struck him as being so funny that he burst out into a hearty laugh, the quinsy was broken and he recovered.

JUST THE TIME.

Even at a time when the shadow of sickness hovers over so large a portion of the country, the expression of a child's mind shows us the lighter side, and can call forth a smile.

"On the other hand," a little girl was heard to remark, "right now is the best time to have influenza while everything is closed up, and you won't miss nothin' by stayin' in."

The Logical Way.

Mother—Oh, Mary, why do you wipe your mouth with the back of your hand?
Mary—Cos it's so much cleaner than the front.—Judge.

Gulls of the Western Prairies.

Franklin's Rosy Gull, named in honor of Sir John Franklin, is a bird of the prairies, a follower of the plow. Few other species of bird so well deserve the title of "the farmers' friends." It was they who, in 1848, came to the relief of the early settlers of Utah and swept their farms clean of the grasshoppers that threatened to devour the crops even to the last bit of vegetation. For such timely assistance and to show a regard for these birds, there stands in Salt Lake City today a beautiful monument in honor of the gulls, erected at a cost of \$40,000 by the residents of Utah.

Nearly all of our gulls are coast-loving species and spend comparatively little of their time in fresh water, but Franklin's is a true inland gull. Extensive marshes bordering shallow lakes are its chosen breeding grounds, and as many such areas are being reclaimed for agricultural purposes it behooves the tillers of the soil to protect this valuable species. When undisturbed this gull becomes quite fearless and follows the plowman to gather the grubs and worms from the newly turned furrows. It lives almost exclusively upon insects, of which it consumes great quantities. About four fifths of its total food is grasshoppers, a strong point in favor of this bird. Other injurious creatures eaten are billbugs, squash bugs, leafhoppers, click beetles, May beetles and weevils. Franklin's gull is probably the most beneficial bird of its group.

In describing the roving character of these useful and beautiful birds, Mr. Herbert K. Job, the well-known ornithologist, says: "With the waning of July the life of these 'White Cities' also wanes. The nights grow sharp and chill, the frosts coat the sloughs with incipient ice, and the settler must bid adieu, for a time, to his companionable 'Doves.' Like sailing craft running free before the onslaughts of Boreas, they carelessly wander onward, to spend their 'winter' where winter is but a memory, with choice variety of insect life for daily fare. And when, at length, the northern prairie lakes and sloughs are unlocked from their icy bonds, and the 'Prairie pigeons' once more course the long-deserted expanses, many a human heart is glad. Never may heartless fashion dare to wrong the western farmers and the multitudes who look to him for bread by seeking to appropriate the lone settler's pet—a species important among the feathered custodians of the nation's granaries. —Our Dumb Animals.

GIVING FULL PARTICULARS.

In teaching his boys the composition of sentences a schoolmaster said to them: "If I ask you, 'What have I got in my hand?' you must not answer 'Chalk,' but compose a full sentence, and say, 'You have chalk in your hand.' Now we will go on. What have I on my feet?" "Boots," was the immediate answer from all quarters.

"Wrong. You haven't listened to my directions."
"Stockings," returned another heedless one.
"Wrong again; worse than ever," wrathfully cried the master. "Well?" he continued interrogatively, to a lad near.
"Please, sir." Then he paused. Perhaps he thought his answer might seem funny, but convinced that it was right, he gasped out, recklessly, "Corns!"

Household Hints

How to make Cottage Cheese (Schmierkaese.)

Into a clean, odorless jar, pour fresh skimmed milk and place jar near a stove till whey and curd separate. It is to be noted that the contents of the jar should not become hot, only luke-warm. When the mass is thickened it should be very slightly stirred so that large lumps remain. The jar is now to be placed in a cool place and left there for several hours. Then empty the jar into a thin sack, e.g. an inner sugar sack which is then suspended in the air to allow the water to drip off.

Take as much as is desired for a meal, add cream and salt, stirring them well together. The concoction needs now only to be served. Caraway seed, or, as others prefer, finely hacked chives or onions, lend the cheese a delicious flavoring. Thickly spread on bread, cottage cheese is very palatable.

BR. ALOIS, O.S.B.

Cook beets, carrots and parsnips before peeling. The skin comes off after cooking in a very economical and easy way. Try steaming green vegetables instead of boiling them.

Fowl too old to roast can be braised in a closely covered pot, with diced vegetables and a bouquet of herbs, and present as good a final appearance as if roasted.

Wit and Humor

DON'T GET TWISTED WHEN MAKING A SPEECH.

The chairman of the committee was addressing a meeting of a teachers' institute:

"My friends, the schoolwork is the bulwark of civilization, I mean—ah—"

He began to feel frightened.

"The bulwark is the schoolwork of civ—"

A smile could be felt.

"The workhouse is the bulwark of—"

He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbul is the house-work—"

An audible snigger spread over the audience.

"The bulwark—"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped his perspiration, gritted his teeth and made a fresh start.

"The schoolhouse, my friends—"

A sigh of relief went up. Hamlet was himself again!

He gazed serenely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the woolbark—"

And that is when he lost consciousness.

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MALIGNANT.

Sonbley: "I was shooting at Lord Boodle's place last week."
Cobley: "Did you hit it?"

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