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EDITED BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, L. L. D., AND RICHARD H. CLARKE, L. L. D.

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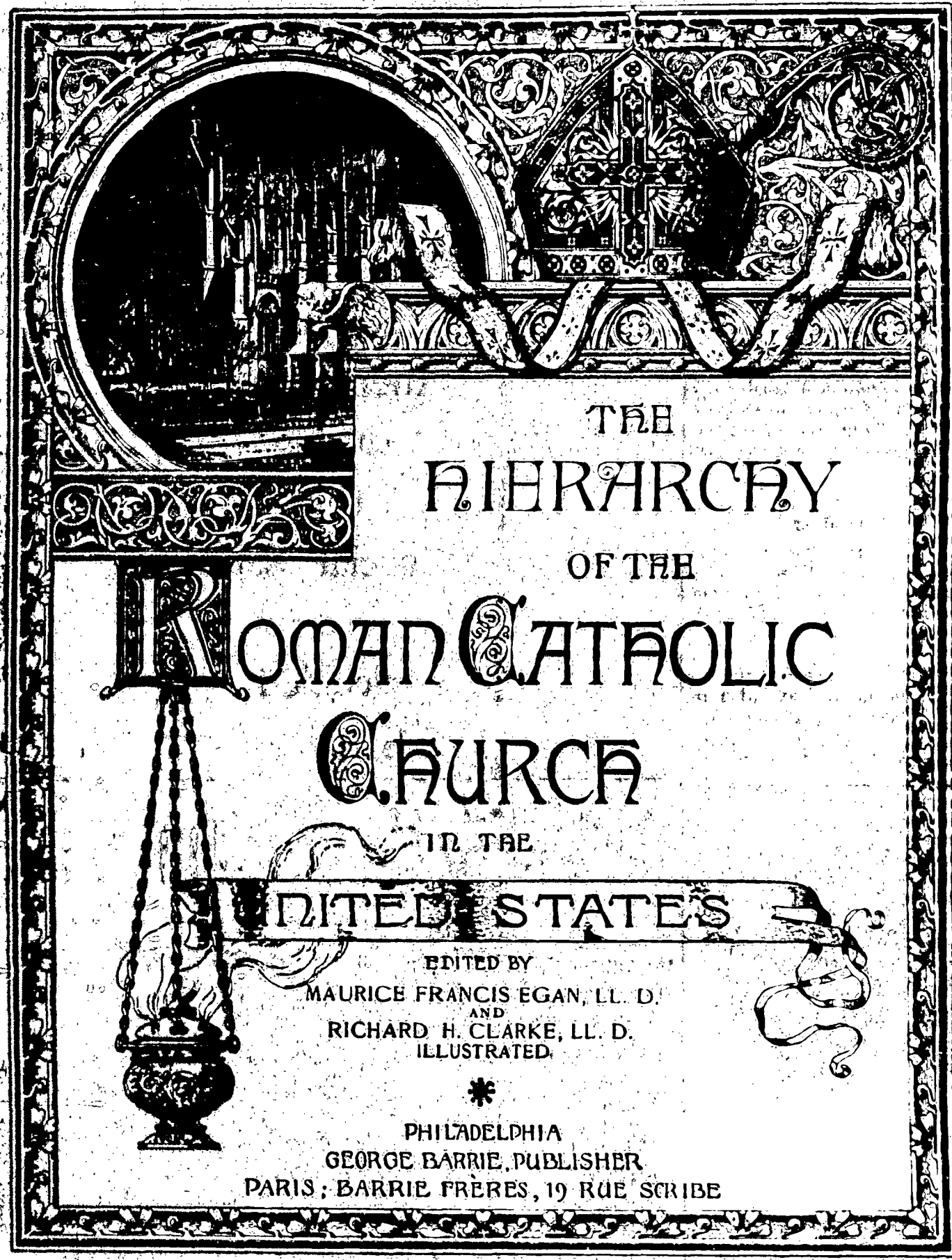
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## MADE HIM A CRIMINAL.

AN OPERATION THAT HAD AN UNFORTUNATE EFFECT.

A Boy's Bump of Acquisitiveness Grew Abnormally After He Was Trephined—But the Surgeon Stood All the Blame and Corrected the Error.

"Do you think criminality is a disease?" asked the drummer of the hotel clerk.

"Connoisseur," said the clerk. "It is an acquired habit, and there wouldn't be any criminals if children were trained right."

"That's what you think, but sit down there where you will be comfortable, and I'll tell you something."

It was after midnight, and as the clerk hadn't anything else to do he accepted the invitation and sat down.

"Not a great while ago," went on the drummer, "I was in an eastern city, and it happened that I had a package of samples stolen by a boy on the street. I caught him in the act, and a policeman being on the spot, for a wonder, I turned the thief over to him and agreed to appear against the boy, just to teach him a lesson. The next morning I was in the police court on time, and there I was not by a physician, who told me something which led me to have the case to him. When the boy was called, the physician appeared with him and desired to make a statement to the court. It was granted, and he said:

"May it please the court, I want to assume responsibility for this offense and for a number of others of a similar character, which I understand the accused has committed within the past year."

"Your honor," he said, "until something more than a year ago this boy was as correct a boy as my finger knows of good parentage and excellent training. There is no reason why he should not have been so. Two years ago he sustained a severe accident by being thrown from a bicycle, in which his skull was fractured directly on that spot which phenologists have designated as the bump of acquisitiveness. I was called in to treat the case, and upon examination discovered that the only thing to be done was to remove a part of the skull and trephine the fracture. This I did, exposing a considerable area of the brain. The trephining, however, was quite successful, and I had the pleasure in a few weeks of seeing my patient once more on his feet, and to all intents and purposes as well as ever, or very likely to be soon. At this time, and until several months later, nothing unusual was noticed about the boy, but after several months it was observed that he began to perjure small things about the house. He was not suspected at first, but one day his mother caught him in the act, and he was punished. I may add that at this time he was perhaps 19 years old. His parents were greatly grieved over this discovery and afterward kept a close watch on him. The habit, however, seemed to be growing on him, and all their efforts to check it were in vain. They even went so far as to have their pastor talk to him, but that did no good. One day they were painfully shocked by his arrest for a theft of trifling character. The matter was settled as quietly as possible, and it was hoped that this would be a lesson to him. It made absolutely no difference, and the boy went from bad to worse. What he has stolen no one can tell, for he is as cunning as a fox in his work, as a rule, nor is it known what he does with his stealings unless he has hidden them somewhere. Ten days ago the case came directly to my notice by a theft from my own house. I had heard, of course, of what the boy had been doing, but it did not occur to me to think I had anything to do with it.

"The parents came to me when the theft occurred at my house, and in the talk about their boy the suggestion struck me that perhaps I could offer an explanation. I said nothing to them, but sent for the boy and made an examination of the trephined fracture, and discovered that while I had saved the boy's life I had also given his bump of acquisitiveness an opportunity to develop abnormally, and that it was growing greater every day. I did not reach this conclusion definitely until a day or two ago, and this is the first opportunity I have had to make an explanation of what, to those who knew the boy previously, is a remarkable case of moral retrogression. Having made this explanation, I wish to assume the responsibility for the boy's acts, and as the prosecuting witness is willing not to appear against my patient I would ask to have him discharged. His parents have agreed to let me perform another operation on him, and I feel assured that I can render him a service which will make an honest man of him. As he now is he will continue to grow worse, and there is nothing before him except a prison, for steal he will until his offense becomes such that he will go to the penitentiary, where his opportunities may be minimized, but his desire to steal will continue to grow."

"Well," concluded the drummer, "this sort of thing knocked out the court and everybody else, but the prisoner was turned over to the physician as his patient, and he took him away with him to a hospital, where he said the operation was to be performed at once. That was a year ago. Today I met the physician on the street here, and the first thing I asked him about was the boy. He smiled all over and told me that ever since the operation the boy had been steadily improving, and for two months past he had stolen nothing, although the temptation was constantly put in his way by his orders.

"I think," he said, as we parted, "that the boy is entirely cured, and hereafter when I have any trephining to do I shall keep an eye on the bumps and not make a patient either better or worse than nature intended."—Detroit Free Press.

## DORRIS' SHOE STINGS.

On Dorris' feet  
Aze the smallest of shoes,  
But surely the most of shoes,  
For, wherever he goes,  
Walk, row or ride,  
In chariot or on horse,  
His shoes come in handy.

At times it is trying,  
But what can I do  
When your Dorris' is coming,  
"Oh, bother that shoe!"  
So down I must fly  
In the dust and dirt  
To keep the shoe  
Of that dear little girl.

These precious girl tyrants  
We cannot rebel,  
For even their ribbons  
Are filled with their spell,  
Since old fashioned aprons  
No longer they use,  
They're a poor man  
To the strings of their shoes.

Vassar Miscellany.

## BAKERS' BREAD.

A Few Facts About a Somewhat Familiar Article of Food.

Styles change in bread, as in everything else, and shapes that were more or less familiar 10 years ago are now not made at all. Every baker tries to have something distinctive about his output, and almost every baker thinks his bread is the best. So everybody who buys bakers' bread knows there is really great difference in appearance and in taste. The housewife makes what brand of flour she likes, but the baker makes it generally of three—two brands of spring wheat flour and one of winter wheat, mixed, with the result of making a finer, whiter, smoother loaf. Bakers do not all agree as to the exact proportions in which these flours should be mixed.

Grain flour is made of the entire grain of the wheat ground up together, glutens and all. It is said that the wheat grain which contains the greatest quantity of gluten flour is made of the entire grain of the rye, the rye flour used in the ordinary rye bread is usually mixed with wheat flour in proportions varying from a little wheat up to half wheat. Of the bread sold in American bakeries about 75 per cent is wheat, the remaining 25 per cent being divided about equally among grain flour, rye and gluten. In grain making the proportion of rye bread sold is very much greater.

Bakers are all the time getting up new shapes in bread, and there can scarcely be said to be any absolutely standard form, though there are some that are practically so—the oblong, the round, the long, round, French stick, Vienna stick and Vienna loaf. There are now about 15 shapes that are more or less commonly sold. And these breads are made of about as many different kinds of dough. For instance, there is a New England dough, a Vienna dough, and so on, each being composed of a different blend of materials and mixed and handled differently.

Perhaps as nearly standard as any of these shapes is the one known as New England. This is an oblong loaf with square corners. Almost all of these breads are made in different sizes. The New England is made in at least five, which are sold at 5 cents, 8 cents, 10 cents, 25 cents and 30 cents. Usually the 30 cent loaf is made to weigh a trifle more than three 10 cent loaves would weigh. The smallest sized New England loaf is the one most sold, as is the case with all breads made in sizes, but the 8 cent and 10 cent loaves are in large demand, and there is a steady sale for the loaves at 25 and 30 cents. The larger of the two big loaves is sometimes cut in two and sold in halves. The big loaves are sold to boarding houses and to private families also. Some folks like a crust, and some like the inside. The big loaves are especially desirable for those who like the inside. They have proportionately to weight less crust than the smaller loaves, and they can be so cut as to be served in almost any form that may be desired, with crust or without.

Breads for hotels and restaurants are generally made in special shapes. They use a shape corresponding to New England, and many restaurants that don't want so much crust take a bread that is made in loaves about 18 inches in length, and not very wide, baked not separately, but laid close together, so that the loaves have crust on the ends only. Some hotels buy this kind of bread, but hotels generally use more French bread and Vienna sticks. Taking all the people together, old and young, it is probable that about three-quarters like their bread crusty.—New York Sun.

### The Hair.

The roots of the hair are each supplied with a blood vessel of its own, and with proper nerves, though the latter do not extend into the hair itself. On the health of the roots of the hair the whole growth depends. On either side of the root and a little above it are two small glands, which secrete an oily substance that gives gloss to the hair, and the glands serve to protect the roots of the hair from becoming clogged with dust. Each separate hair is a hollow tube and through its length is conveyed the food essential to health and growth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### What It Was.

"What is that gash on Pinder's face?"  
"Oh, that is a mark of respect."  
"A mark of respect?"  
"Yes, he's got more respect now for the man that put it there than he had before."—Atlanta Constitution.

Ground received his first instruction in music from his mother, who was a distinguished pianist. He won the grand prize at the Paris conservatory when he was 21.

The average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed in Boston was: Men, 141½ pounds; women, 124½ pounds.

The first agricultural instrument, the ancestor of both spade and pick, was a pointed stick.

## GREELEY'S MANNERS WERE BAD.

But They Were Forgiven For His Fine After-Dinner Speech.

The great old philanthropist, Horace Greeley, went to New Orleans after the south had taken him; he heard in grateful recognition of his action in going on the Jeff Davis rail bond, and the people were anxious to show him every attention in their power.

A dinner seemed to be the proper thing, and the markets of New Orleans, than which there are few better in the world, were ransacked to make the occasion as notable for its viands as for the distinction of the guest and the dinner. Judge Walker, the veteran editor of The Freycourt, presided. He was a great gourmand, and after the manner of gourmands wished none of the fine points of the dinner to be lost to the guest for lack of commentary.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "these oysters are the best that come to our market, and we think they vie with those of Norfolk. I observe that you are not eating them."

"Well, no," replied Greeley. "The truth is I never could abide shellfish." And he passed.

Then came some delicious green turtle soup, which Judge Walker explained was prepared from the finest fat turtle the Florida bays could afford.

"No, no," no doubt," was the reply in Greeley's peculiar whine, "but cold blooded animals are an abomination to me."

The pompano, imperial fish that it is, and fresh from the gulf, was open to the same objection, despite Judge Walker's entreaty, and that, too, was passed. Mr. Greeley barely tasted the accompanying Parisian dainty and shook his head mournfully at the idea that anybody would impair his digestion by eating cucumbers. Shrimp salad, another New Orleans delicacy, provided no temptation. "Shrimps," he said, "look so much like worms that they always give him the cramps."

"Ah, here is something you will like—a homely dish in name," said Judge Walker, "but fit for the gods. It is a Gallia ham." And then he went on to tell how the hogs from which these hams were obtained were fed only on chestnuts, making the fish delicious and delicious.

"Perhaps so, very interesting indeed," observed Greeley, "but do you know, judge, that there is so much talk of trichina nowadays that I wouldn't dare taste a bit of pork." The judge gave up in despair. The only things in all the array of dainties which had been provided, which Mr. Greeley would eat were bread, potatoes and cauliflower, and he feared that he might be overloading his stomach at that. But when it came to the speaking, although he had drunk nothing but cold water, he spoke as one inspired and with a fervor, eloquence and tenderness that nobody at the table could ever forget.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## INVESTIGATING AN ACCIDENT.

The Railroad Engineer Gets Out of Trouble For Running Too Fast.

Superintendent Warren of the Eastern Illinois railway was telling the other evening of a certain engineer in the employ of the road who had been repeatedly cautioned against running too fast. He was running a freight train, and on one portion of his division there was a steep hill. His orders were to never permit his train to go down that hill faster than 15 miles an hour, but it was general belief that whenever he had a safe opportunity he sailed down that grade just as fast as the wheels would turn. One day he did go down the hill so fast that the entire train left the track at the bottom, and there were box cars piled up high. An investigation immediately followed, and the engineer, in railroad parlance, was put on the "carpet." He swore in the most solemn terms that he went down the hill not faster than 15 miles an hour, but that just before reaching the bottom he lost control of the airbrake, and the speed became so great the train could not keep the track; hence the wreck for which he was not responsible.

"But," said his superintendent, "we have a man here, a farmer, who was on the hillside that day when you came down. He stood at the edge of a clearing, saw you at the top and all the way down, and he will swear that he never saw a train going so fast in all his life, and he is a man 60 years old. He says that it was next to an impossibility to see the wheels. What do you say to that?"

The engineer never hesitated. "I know the man. I saw him the day after the wreck, and he told the same story to me, only there was a little more to it."

"What was that?"  
"Why, he told me that it was the first train of cars he had ever seen in his life, and I don't think he would be a very good judge of speed."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, and the engineer got off with a 60 days' suspension.—Chicago Herald.

### Ibsen and Tolstol.

Blumenthal, the great theater manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstol about Ibsen and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstol replied. "He just writes them and then sits down and waits. After awhile his exponents and explainers come and tell him what he meant."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### He Didn't Object.

"But, my dear sir," said the man who procrastinates, "if I pay you this money I will have to borrow it of some one else."  
"Very well," replied the cold blooded citizen, "so long as you pay what you owe me I don't object to your owing what you pay me."—American Industrial.