

PURE FOOD SCARCE

THE ART OF ADULTERATION HAS BEEN LEARNED BY MAKERS.

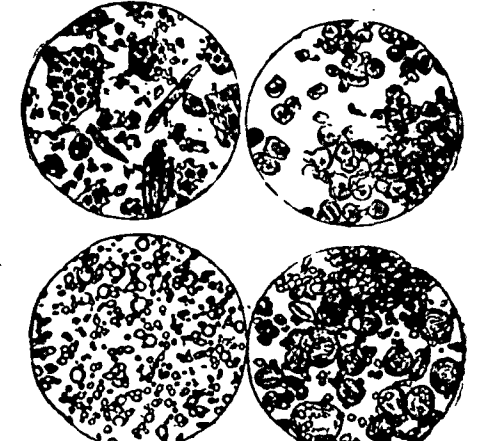
The Senate Committee Hears That Ninety Per Cent of the Supply is Impure—Food is Dangerously Adulterated—Many's Fashions Affected.

If there is any pure food manufactured in this country, the Senate Food Investigating Committee, which has been taking testimony in Chicago for the past two weeks, hasn't come across it yet. The evidence now in the hands of that committee tends to show that nearly all the commoner articles of food are adulterated by the manufacturers, and some of them with deleterious and dangerous substances. One of the witnesses, Dr. H. H. Wiley, chief chemist in the Department of Agriculture, went so far as to tell the committee that ninety per cent. of the liquid and solid foods consumed by the people of the United States are adulterated. And Dr. Wiley said this statement was based on his personal investigation. He had, so he told the committee, examined and tested almost every article of food and drink bought and sold in the country, and he explained to the investigators the results of his tests.

From the testimony of the witnesses before the committee it would seem that more time and ingenuity are expended in producing a counterfeit article than would be required to get nature to produce the real thing. The profit in producing it in large quantities from waste substances. This is a sort of utilization of the by-product that the country cannot stand for any length of time without serious deterioration of the physical and mental strength of its people, and the status of these crimes and fit punishments for them will undoubtedly be fixed as a result of the report of this committee.

Many of the adulterations are of such a character as to injure the pocket of the consumer rather than the health. Commercial fraud, according to the testimony of the national and State government officials, is chiefly the result, but wholesale loss of life has occurred. In a report made by A. J. Wedderburn, a special agent of the Agricultural Department, he calls attention to many cases of death. The deleterious substances are usually used through ignorance, one case of record being that in which death resulted from the use of chrome yellow, not only to the customer, but also to the vendor and the members of his family.

Coffee is perhaps the most extensively adulterated article. Consumers do not take the trouble to find out whether their coffee is genuine or not. Artificial coffee beans used to be manufactured with consummate care, but nowadays many producers do not attempt to imitate the beans except in color and size. Spurious coffee beans were formerly imported from Germany in large quantities and to some extent from France. But American manufacturers, realizing the profit to be made in the trade, entered the field and now make better imitations than any that are to be imported. Flour



Granules of Wheat Flour Magnified 420 Times.

or almost any cereal is mixed with molasses and molded to resemble the bean and then toasted and colored. Sometimes chicory or burned sugar forms a part of the compound, which, although almost worthless, is not harmful when composed of such simple substances, but if mineral matter be added the product is often poisonous to some degree. A few years ago in France the government seized a factory which employed sulphate of iron in its mixture.

Imitation coffee beans can be distinguished easily from the genuine by a careful examination. Molded as they are, the artificial beans present a uniformity of structure, which is entirely foreign to the real beans. Again, artificial coffee beans will nearly always sink when put in water, while genuine coffee floats. There are several simple and good tests for ground coffee. When a little of the coffee is taken and pressed between the fingers or squeezed in the paper in which it is bought and it will not form a coherent mass it is pretty sure to be genuine but if the grains cake they are not coffee. Even chicory grains will stick to each other, for they are comparatively soft and open, and adhere without difficulty when squeezed. In water chicory and cereals will soften quickly like bread crumbs, while coffee will take a long time to soften; genuine coffee grains will float, as will the whole beans, but chicory or any other sweet root will soon sink. Chicory or caramel will cause a yellowish or brownish color to diffuse rapidly through the water but pure coffee will not tint the water for a long time. Such tests are so simple that there appears little excuse for not trying them. Yet manufacturers sell to dealers tons of artificial coffee which is accepted unquestionably as the genuine article. Both manufacturers and retail grocers make enormous profits, for their fraudulent coffee can be made for as little as three or four cents a pound.

Often the flour, crackers, or cereals which enter into its composition are so badly damaged that they could be utilized in no other way. There is, besides, much huckstering in real coffee, and lower grades are frequently mixed with the higher. Thus Mocha and La Guayra coffees are mixed with Java and Mocha coffee and the mixture sold for pure Java or pure Mocha.

Cheap cream of tartar has been proved to be composed largely of tartaric acid and terra alba. This terra alba, or white earth, imported from the shores of the Mediterranean, has been used as a food adulterant to a fearful degree. It is, when pulverized, a white and almost impalpable powder, tasteless and looking like a fine starch. Its presence is frequently detected in powdered sugar, which may account for a few moments, and then see find powdered sugar altogether satisfactory for cooking purposes. Pure cream of tartar will dissolve in hot water, but terra alba will not; therefore to test it put a teaspoonful into a tumbler of hot water, allow it to stand for a few moments, and then see whether there is any sediment. If the sediment is large, terra alba is probably present. If it does not dissolve, leaving the water clear, add a few drops of tincture of iodine to the water. If pure the color will remain unchanged. But if starch is present the water will turn light blue.

The list of articles adulterated and their adulterations is practically unlimited, as was stated by Professor Wiley in his testimony before the Congressional Committee. The adulteration of coffee and tea will serve as a type. It is stated that most of the spices sold are wholly fraudulent, as are most of the jellies. Perhaps half of the alcoholic liquors are prepared from neutral spirits doctored and colored to have the taste and appearance of the liquor demanded by the consumer. A type of this adulteration is the recipe given for "pure country cider." It is: To each gallon of water add one-half pound of granulated sugar, acidulate with tartaric acid and flavor with oil of apple, previously put in alcohol, color with caramel, and to twenty gallons of the mixture add two gallons of genuine country cider.

Frequent cases have been reported of late years of sickness arising from the use of canned meats. The cause seems mainly to have been improper methods of canning or the use of meat that was tainted before being canned. According to A. J. Wedderburn of the United States Department of Agriculture but little risk will be to run by the purchaser who carefully examines the outside of the cans which he buys. The heads of the cans should be slightly concave, which shows that they were hot when sealed. If the heads are convex it shows that decomposition has commenced in the can.

Adulterating Drugs. According to the New York Times, an expert chemist has analyzed a number of packages of so-called phenacetine, sold at various stores in that city and found that in many cases the drug was spurious. The expert is reported as saying that he discovered that many of the powders purporting to be phenacetine were almost solely composed of acetylnelid, a drug which is much stronger than phenacetine, and which, if taken in the same proportion as the latter might produce serious results.

The spurious phenacetine samples were mixtures with acetylnelid of flour, starch, sugar, bicarbonate of soda, chalk, and citric acid. Acetylnelid, the expert added, costs fifty cents a pound, while phenacetine brings eighty-five cents an ounce, and the former drug has double the strength of the latter. In the same connection the Times quotes an officer of the New York Board of Health as stating that citrate of magnesia, bisulphate of quinine, cream of tartar, and acid phosphates are among the other drugs largely adulterated. The penalty for adulterating drugs in New York is very light, being a fine of only \$50. Under the Virginia statute the crime is punishable by confinement in jail for not less than twelve months, and a fine not exceeding \$500. The statute also provides that the adulterated goods shall be forfeited and destroyed.

Topps then and Now.

"The boys of the present time know many things the boys of forty years ago did not know," remarked a 14th street toy dealer to a Washington Star reporter, "but in the way of toys they are far behind what their fathers and grandfathers were. The boy now is satisfied with a penny ash or poplar top and with a string for his top cord, and he gets all the sport of it that he seems to want. Now, such a thing as a painted top would not be used in my boyhood days here or in Baltimore, where I spent some of them. In those days nothing but a hard-turned dogwood, hickory or mahogany top was considered the proper thing. The little cast-iron plugs of the tops of today would be laughed at then, and the boys would be ashamed to be seen carrying such a thing or playing with it on the streets. The plug then was a steel bolt, was heavy, and was strongly screwed in. Of course the top then cost from 5 to 15 cents, but it was rigged up to do service, and, alas, it too. Such tops are not to be had now in the toy trade, though now and then I have found some turned out by the old man who made tops for me when I was a boy, but the boys won't touch them, preferring the painted machine-made tops. The leather top cord is also one of the things of the past, and the ordinary boy knows no more about it than he does of the other 'lost arts.' Several of the old shoe cobbler of Georgetown, who were so famous for making top cords, have told me that they have not made a top cord for thirty-five years, and that they have not had a call for them in that time."

THE THREE WISHES.

Three girls sat idly on the beach; One like a lily, tall and fair; One brilliant, with her raven hair, One sweet and shy of speech.

"I wish for fame," the lily said, "And I for wealth the courtly life." Then gently spoke the third: "As wife, I ask for love instead."

Years passed. Again beside the sea Three women sat with whitening hair, But graced the loveliness, and fair, And told their destiny.

"Fame is not all," the lily sighed, "Wealth little if the heart be dead." "I have been loved," one sweetly said, "And I am satisfied."

—Sarah K. Bolton in Demorest's.

A Young Filibuster.

It is not surprising to read of successful filibustering expeditions to the shores of Cuba. The Spanish are savagely alert providing the seas in search of Cuban filibusters, but each boat has a Yankee captain. That with the determination of the Cuban filibuster means success. Then there is the justice of the cause. The land of battle is prone to favor the fearless and give victory to the venturesome.

I am a Cuban fighter for freedom. In New York I joined an expedition that took arms and men to Cuba. How we did it I tell, as it may give courage to others. I do not betray my countrymen in talking, for though the plans of the various expeditions are the same yet the success of future filibustering parties will be in changing tactics. It is apparent that absolute secrecy is necessary to success and that the spy is more to be dreaded than the Spanish cruisers that, shark-like, circle about the coast.

It was therefore not singular that when I applied for a chance to fight for Cuba at the Junta, No. 10 Broadway, I was received with marked coolness. The gentlemen there did not rush over me. They told me they wanted arms and money, not men, and then they dismissed me.

Now real spies are persistent. So are patriots. Ardor is no badge of honesty. Absolute certainty of identification is necessary. I received a letter of introduction from a prominent American to a Cuban physician. He told me to call in two days. These courtesies occupied in verifying my claims to the right to join the insurgents.

There could be no doubt about my honesty, and I was told that I could join in the next expedition. My instructions were to take up my residence in the neighborhood of Madison square and report my address at once. This gave the Cubans further opportunity to watch me.

Six days later Capt. Gonzales called. He told me my chance had come. I would be given everything necessary to a soldier at the proper time. My instructions were to walk to the corner, where two men were standing with their handskerchiefs peeping from their pockets. We three would soon see a third man, having in his hand a red book.

Everything happened as foretold. We walked down Twenty-third street to Third avenue, boarded an elevated train, and transferred to the Grand Central station. We were soon rushing through the tunnel and away for Cuba, four men absolutely unknown to one another, but bound together by the sympathy of soldiers in a common cause.

Our destination proved to be Bridgeport, Conn. There could have been no city more appropriate, for it is there that the machete is made, the marvelous simple weapon, symbol of the industry of Cuba, the cane knife that is carried through the hail of modern quick-firing guns to close quarters, where Spaniards are slaughtered, until, sick with fear, they seek safety in flight.

A short walk brought us to a tug. We boarded her, and were immediately stowed below. For some time others came, until we were huddled together, about sixty men. Soon the vibrations of the machinery were felt, and we knew that the journey had begun. Some one whispered "Vive Cuba libre," and all answered as the response to a prayer.

We had not gone far when the engine stopped. Those below heard hurried footsteps above, and wondered whether they had been boarded by the revenue people. They learned afterward that the tug had run alongside the steamer Estelle, bearing a precious burden of arms and munitions.

Four chests of medicine were transferred to the tug, 800 Remington rifles, 800 machetes, 500,000 cartridges, two gaffing guns, and 1,000 pounds of dynamite.

We were now on deck, for it was night, and we were fairly at sea. The tug carried two green lights at her bow. There was no other light.

In the dark, just before the dawn, we saw two green lights shining across the waters, and turned toward them. We came alongside the black hull of an ocean steamer. In perfect order the arms were transferred to her.

The break of day found us on a good boat of about 500 tons burden, with a speed of perhaps fifteen knots. She steamed along the coast southward in a leisurely way, frustrating to patriots afraid only of pursuing government patrol. That evening we met the Ward the steamer Vigilance, bound from Havana to New York. Doubling Cape Sable speed was slackened, and a boat approached from the Florida coast. It brought us twenty more comrades.

Our commander, I shall not give his name, called the company forward and addressed us briefly. He told us it was better to die fighting than to be shot like spies, and said that if we should meet with a Spaniard which our boat could not resist, we must board her. Several boats were brought on deck,

broken open, and machetes, rifles and cartridges distributed. Now that we were armed and ready for Cuba, we no longer felt like showaways, but bore ourselves proudly as soldiers.

The night passed without adventure, but the next morning we had our first look at the faces of our enemies. We came close to them, too near for our comfort.

Along the southern horizon there was a wreath of smoke. To change our course would be suicidal. We plunged along headed directly to what was soon seen to be a Spanish vessel. Our captain took a look at her through his glass, and announced without excitement: "Infanta Ma Perena." We all knew that she was one of the most speedy and efficient of Spanish men-of-war.

Ordered below, with bated breath we waited our hands uncertain in their seeking first the handle of the machete and then the lock of the rifle. If the worst came to the worst we could at least die in an attempt to board the Spaniard. The British flag was hoisted, for John Bull is respected.

"Ah, del barco! Que barco es este!" came the challenge across the waters. "British steamer Yorktown, Capt. Burke."

"De donde vienes, a donde vas?" "Bound for Belle, British Honduras, in ballast."

"Largo." These were the questions and replies. We were safe. The bluff of the alleged Englishmen satisfied the Spaniard. With her long-necked cannon bristling from her sides and machine guns in the forecastle, she let us go on our journey to Cuba with the dynamite, machetes, rifles and cartridges, while we bravely told one another in the regretful voice of the volunteer how sorry we were that we had not been forced to fight. In our imaginative way we speculated on what would have happened had one of us succeeded in getting on deck with dynamite. No one suggested that the explosive was unthought of in the moment of danger.

That night we were stretched about the decks, too anxious to sleep, as in total darkness the ship hurried to our destruction or destination. I had just complained of the tediously long hours when I regretted my lack of patience. A long ray of white light shot across the sky and then in uncertain, shifting streaks lit up the waves, staining now here and now there.

We watched this dreadful play of the searchlight. It was a tantalizing danger. A beautiful glare at one moment it threatened us with discovery, and then swept far away.

As if enraged at not finding us it flashed rapidly in a hundred directions, then, sweeping in a broad circle from right to left, it came nearer and nearer, until it lit up the yardarms and then passed on in shore. The relief was scarcely felt when the whole ship was bathed in the electric light that had returned to its prey. Our chances were certainly slim. The only thing was to run for it. The stronger of the party went to the help of the stokers at the furnaces. Every ounce of steam that their furious labors could add was given.

There was a flash from the man-of-war, followed by a distant roar, another and another, but though standing out a glaring white target on the inky sea, they could not reach us. The Spaniard must have been a stargazer, for we slipped away to rejoice in the knowledge that before long we ought to be on the shores of Cuba.

A few hours later and we were approaching the coast at a point called Punta Berracos. Two bright fires blazed on the shore in glad welcome. In the distance faint streaks played like summer lightning or a pale aurora borealis told us in a strange latitude.

The host of flares was seen on shore and the beacon fires extinguished. The anchor dropped with a roar of its chains, alarming to our overwrought nerves. The boats were lowered. Ninety-two men, counting officers and soldiers, were first taken ashore. Each one carried two rifles, his machete, knapsack and belt with 100 cartridges, and a package of 500 rounds, tied with twine. In this way a fleet of 40,000 cartridges were safely landed, and with them were the priceless medicine chests. The boats returned to bring to us all the ammunition, guns and dynamite. We were welcomed by Col. Vasquez.



Welcomed With Loud Cries of "Cuba Libre."

and his troops with wild cries of "Cuba Libre." They threw their arms about us, saluting us with Southern manifestations of affection.

The gallant Yankee captain dutifully bade us goodspeed with three long blasts of his whistle. He must have heard our huzzas as he put to sea to slake the flashing searchlights. He had more than one Spaniard to slip by and we of the Cuban army were glad to learn later that he and his good ship passed through their perils from the land fighting for freedom to the home of liberty. —By a Young Insurgent.

Atkinson's Hero. The real hero of the town is a thirteen-year-old boy who lives in Brita addition: His mother is dead, and there is quite a large family of young children, yet he keeps house for his father and takes care of his brothers and sisters, and does so well. He can cook and wash dishes as well as any girl of his age in town, and he finds time to raise a garden, too. His brothers and sisters are devoted to him, and mind him as they would their mother.—Atchison Globe.

Colors of African Children. The children of the blackest Africans are born white. In a month they become pale yellow, in a year brown, at four dirty black, and at six or seven glossy black. The change is in the melanin membrane below the cuticle.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Priests in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Genoa. Henry Hennessey, the 13-year-old son of George Hennessey, met with a serious accident on Saturday. He was run down by a wagon and so badly injured that he will be disabled for life. The lad was playing ball on Exchange street, when the accident occurred. He was running backwards after the ball when he was run down by the horse attached to James Gilmann's grocery wagon. The wheels of the wagon passed over young Hennessey's face, breaking the bones of his nose. He was removed to his home where he was attended by Dr. Rupert, who stated that the injured lad's condition was not serious.

The steamer Gretland commenced its regular trips between Genoa and all points of interest and pleasure on Sestri Lake on Tuesday, May 30. Kaitung, Genoa's favorite summer resort, has been placed in readiness for the season. A beautiful ball-ground has been laid out, and several large buildings fitted up for the use of the people, and Kaitung thus presents to the vacationists of Lake Park a summer resort.

A number of the members of the Genoa lodge, Knights of Columbus, went to Athens, on Monday, where they witnessed the conferring of the third degree by the three lodges. Several of the lodge remained over Tuesday and witnessed the boat race.

Memorial day was observed in Genoa on Tuesday as usual. The graves of the fallen heroes in St. Patrick's and Glenwood cemeteries were decorated with flowers. The parade was held in the afternoon and consisted of the 34th Separate Company, Vol. N. Y., Independent Battery, snare fire department, High School Cadets and many other organizations. After the parade, O. M. Condon gave an able address.

To a stranger looking up Seneca street, it would seem that a real Western cyclone had struck the street, tearing up the road bed every few feet. With a trench on each side and interesting trenches, every few feet, with scores of men at work it is a sight worth seeing. All wires are being placed underground in compliance with a recent ordinance of the common council and the property holders are making connections with gas, sewer and water mains before the contractors start the paving. Truly, Genoa is a busy city, just now.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Nellie Gleason and John Calaghan, both of this city.

Mrs. Frank Town of Corning, visited at her home on William street, during the past week.

On Sunday evening the closing of May exercises and reception of the Children of Mary were held. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Delaney, of Buffalo. Six new members were received into the society. They were Miss Mary McGowan, Ella Loftus, Clara Foley, May Murphy, Kate Driscoll, and Maud Griffin.

Twins daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. James McLaughlin last week.

Last Saturday occurred the death of Mrs. John Flanagan at the home of her mother, Mrs. Finn, on Adam street, of Bright's disease. She was 55 years old and leaves a husband and four children, two sons and three daughters and two brothers in law. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's church on Monday at 6.30 o'clock and was largely attended.

Henry Pfisterer and Miss Anna Lohr were married last Wednesday evening, by Rev. Father Kriechel.

Mrs. F. J. Donnelly of Batavia, visited at the home of her father, A. Dougherty, on Franklin street, during the past week.

Miss Emma Stoffer, teacher at Dist. No. 2, of West Sparta, and Miss Nora Walsh of District No. 2 of Canaseweg valley, will hold a union picnic of their school at Stony Brook Glen, Saturday.

Visor.

Rev. Edward Keefe, who was ordained in Buffalo Saturday, celebrated mass here on Sunday, assisted by Father Gabriel of Buffalo, St. Francis, and Father Naville of East Bloomfield, as sub-deacon. Father Donnelly acted as master of ceremonies. Father Keefe will be stationed in Little Rock, Ark.

Bishop McQuaid administered confirmation here Thursday, to a large class of young people.

Miss Nell O'Neill of Canaseweg, is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Keating.

The ball game played on Saturday between the Kalmyra and Victor nines, resulted in a victory for the Victor, the score being 5 to 15.

A large number of Victor people attended the ordination exercises in Buffalo last Saturday.

Misses Agnes Conway and Nellie Garry and Messrs. James McHugh and Peter Tobin of Rochester, were the guests of Peter Tobin over Sunday.

Literary.

Mrs. Noonan, a highly respected member of the parish, passed away very quietly last Saturday. Friday she was as well as usual and Saturday morning she was found dead in bed. She was 75 years of age, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Langan, of Rush, and three sons, James, John and Thomas, all of this place.

A very successful ball was held by L. O. of R. M. in the Park Decoration day.

The R. B. I. base ball team played here Decoration day against the G. W. S. I. It was the best game of the season, G. W. S. winning by a score of 5 to 3. Batters: R. B. I., Langan and Porter; G. W. S., Materna and Robertson.

Kings Ferry. The bans of marriage were published on Sunday between John O'Connell and Maggie A. Cannon.

Miss Anna Murray of Tremont school, spent Sunday with her parents.

Shake It Like Your Shoe.

Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder for the feet, is a perfect remedy for itching, burning, chafing and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest corn cure of the age. Allen's Foot-Paste makes tighter new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itching, chafing, and chapped feet. Try it today. It will cure all foot troubles. It is sold by all druggists and shoe stores. For sale in Buffalo: "The Foot Doctor," 100 N. Main St., and "The Foot Doctor," 100 N. Main St.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
In a sick condition, the whole body is affected. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only remedy that will cure all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions. It is a blood purifier and will cleanse the system of all impurities. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

C&B BUFFALO TO CLEVELAND
"While you wait" - This is the only line of cars that will take you from Buffalo to Cleveland in less than 24 hours. It is a fast and comfortable service that will save you time and money. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

Crippen Bros. & McNamee
UNDERTAKERS
And Funeral Furnishers
18 East Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

Louis Egan
The most famous of all the great fighters of the world. He was a champion boxer and a great athlete. He is now a professional wrestler and a great attraction at all the big shows. He is sold by all druggists and grocers.

General Insurance
Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance. We have the best rates and the best service. We are sold by all druggists and grocers.

Thompson's
The most famous of all the great fighters of the world. He was a champion boxer and a great athlete. He is now a professional wrestler and a great attraction at all the big shows. He is sold by all druggists and grocers.

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