

Salvation Army Fights Suicide



Perhaps the most novel business in the world is that conducted by the anti-suicide bureau of the Salvation Army—that of saving people from taking their own lives. Just a year ago the army established a bureau in Philadelphia, patterned after a similar one in London and the first of its kind in the United States. The success of the bureau has led to the establishment of others, and the work of saving would-be suicides is now conducted by bureaus in Boston, Portland, Me.; New York, Cleveland, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Chicago, San Francisco and several other cities. The work in Philadelphia has proved highly satisfactory and during the year of its existence the bureau has saved nearly 200 persons from self-inflicted death.

Many are the reasons assigned by would-be suicides for their contemplated action. Of very frequently

Most of the cases, however, are of men who are down and out, who have no work and are unable to work because of drink. Whenever we can do so, we send these men to one of the two industrial homes. There we employ 70 to 75 men. They have paper and pens, repair shoes and furniture, and earn anywhere from 50 cents to \$5 or \$6 a week. We give them good board. They have no access to intoxicants, and, as they are required to go to bed early, they soon recover from the effects of alcohol and can go out and take a position. They leave the home strong physically. We try to find them positions, and keep in touch with employers in town with whom we place the men.

GYROSCOPE AT SEA.

Ocean to Be Robbed of One More Terror by the Device.

The purchase of the German rights of the Schlick gyroscope by the Hamburg-American line foreshadows the near practical use of this invention for averting the rolling of ships at sea, says the New York World. Experiments made with the device on the Seebier, a discarded German torpedo boat, proved its practicability, the vessel's angle of oscillation in a rough sea being speedily reduced from 30 degrees to 1 degree. It is the Hamburg company's intention to equip its North Sea and channel boats with the apparatus. If effective there the time will be brought near when the sea will be robbed of one of its terrors.

The idea of the gyroscope is the familiar principle of the spinning top which rotates in the same plane and tends constantly to remain upright. As mechanically elaborated the device consists of a heavy fly-wheel propelled on a vertical axis at high velocity by a turbine mechanism. As the vessel rolls toward the center, with the effect of keeping the equilibrium fairly stable. In the Seebier experiments the rolling diminished after a few oscillations to a point where the deck remained virtually horizontal when vessels of large dimensions rolled helplessly in the sea's trough.

The gyroscope is an old astronomer's toy. A writer in McClure's recalls that it was used half a century ago to give steadiness to ships' compasses. A century before that it was the subject of

AS PLAIN AS A NOSE.

Commuter Who Has Head of Sherlock Holmes Tries Deduction.

"Don't look up now," said Hemlock Homes to his fellow commuter, the horse doctor, according to the New York Sun. "but when you do look up take particular notice of the man sitting directly across the car from us, who seems to be half asleep."

The veterinarian raised his eyes after a brief interval and regarded with a searching look the person indicated.

"What do you deduce?" asked Hemlock Homes.

"Well," said the horse doctor, "I see no evidence of heaven; his mind seems to be all right. I should say that he has neither ringbone nor spavin. But I should want to see his gait before saying that it has no spring."

"Those things are matters of observation and not of deduction," said Mr. Homes, a trifle nettled. "Now endeavor to follow me."

"That man," Mr. Homes went on, "is employed in an office; his liver is slightly out of order and he wears spectacles when at work."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the veterinarian. "How do you make it out?"

"It is as plain as your nose on my face," said Hemlock Homes. "If you will observe him closely you will see that the eyelashes on the upper lid of his left eye slant toward the left."

"So they do," said the D. V. S.

"Well, that tells the whole story, so far as my deductions have progressed," said Mr. Homes. "The eyelashes of the upper lid of his left eye slant toward the left because the spectacle lens over that eye when he is at work presses them over in that direction."

"The reason why the lens presses them over is that his right ear stands out further from his head than his left ear, making the spectacle bow on that side a loose fit and making his spectacles sit slantwise. The reason why his right ear wings out further than his left is because he sleeps on his left side."

"He sleeps on that side because his liver won't let him rest comfortably on the other."

"Wonderful—wonderful!" exclaimed the horse doctor.

The train halted at a station, and as Hemlock Homes and the veterinarian arose to alight the man opposite looked up and said:

"Hello, Doc! Everything all right? Yes, thanks. Just been to town to get fitted with some eyeglasses. Never wore them before. Must be getting old, I guess. So long."

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CITY MEN AS FARMERS.

THEAT is the debt of gratitude due the man who makes money in trade or professionally and spends it on farming as a hobby. He is laughed at by the real yeomanry as one to whom the proper purpose and value of ready cash are unknown, and who scatters it on fantastic experiments; but the amateur takes his own course and enjoys it more than his critics imagine. A city's most energetic population is recruited from the farms, and the old merchant or practitioner, as a rule, craves the country when he retires. The passion is strong even among those born in cities, and if they want to amuse themselves with little extravagances on the soil they ought to have sympathetic encouragement. It is seldom that farming is attempted on Monte Cristo principles, but surely it is better to scatter a million on the soil than to see it lapped up by brokers in a single night. Occasionally a wizard in selecting and crossing plants comes along and causes the world to marvel by the new varieties he produces and the old ones he improves. Inventors who have never lived out of a city street constantly add to the machinery that places American agriculture far in the lead. Give the city farmer the glad hand. The money he "fools away" is not barren. He finds health and zest, if nothing more, in the operation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.

URING the last two sessions of Congress the question of copyright has come up in all its old complexities and with some new difficulties. The attempt to secure longer copyright for the authors of books has been practically confused with the question of musical copyright in relation to phonograph records and the rolls used in mechanical players.

Under both these practical questions, which must be decided separately, lies the fundamental theory of copyright. Copyright, like trade-mark or patent right, is an artificial monopoly, determined not by "natural" justice, but by arbitrary statute. The man who makes a machine or an attractive name for soap or a novel asks the public to give him exclusive use of his idea, in order that he may profit. The public grants him this exclusive use, not for his sake, but for its own sake. The idea is that such special protection encourages men to produce ideas.

The words of the American Constitution express clearly the attitude of the government—that is, the public toward the individual. Congress is empowered "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries." In this the emphasis is on the welfare of the public, the progress of the art and science, and not on the well-being of the individual.

The individual may ask the public to secure to himself and his descendants the profit of an idea for a hundred

years. Society replies, in effect, "We do not care about you or your family. How can we get the most out of you? How can we coax and encourage you to produce your best, and at the same time have use of your ideas with the least profitable restriction?"

To determine where to draw the line, how long copyright shall endure, how long a patent shall live, is a question of psychology. The effort of law should be to cut the term down as low as reasonable generosity and the facts of human nature will permit.—Youth's Companion.

LIFE CHEAPER THAN COAL.

THE facts officially shown by the investigation of the Department of the Interior concerning the cost in human lives of coal mining in this country are such as call for drastic action, and at once. We cannot afford to be distinguished in the industrial world as the nation which holds life of least moment in securing our coal. It must not be at such a price that we carry on our great industries and get the coal to make our homes comfortable. The effect of the continuance of such revelations of slaughter as the investigations show, as the reports of the past fortnight from the mines show, will in the first place be to stigmatize the nation as the cruellest on earth. . . . For there is no good reason why coal mining in this country should not be safer than in any other, instead of more hazardous. The best talent of invention and improvement is at our command. If we should but make the most of what we already have conditions would be much better. But there should be no remission of effort until the work is taken out of the realm of hazard and made only a little more risky and less unhealthy than factory work. This is possible, and would have been achieved long ago had there been as careful and persistent and compelling inspection for the few years past as there is likely to be for the years to come. If the result shall be a prompt and saving inspection now, not all of these dead will have died in vain.—New Haven Register.

QUEER JUSTICE.

THIS is the simple tale of brother and sister, living on Staten Island, within a half hour's journey of New York City Hall. Feeling the financial depression, they covered their brother-in-law's life insurance. Brother-in-law himself was an obstacle, wherefore they hired a needy person, temporarily out of work, to remove the obstructive relative by knocking him on the head. In a moment of weakness their employe informed upon them. They were arrested, put on trial for conspiracy to murder, and confessed. Thereupon justice vindicated its majesty by sentencing the brother to ten months in jail and paroling the sister. Thoughtful sociologists who study America's abnormally high murder rate should take account of this case.—Collier's Weekly.



ROUNDING UP RAZOR BACKS.

Exciting Oklahoma Sport in Which Dogs Do Most of the Work.

The wild hog is still to be found in the Choctaw nation in Oklahoma, says the Chickasha Express. W. A. Dandridge, a citizen of that tribe, says the land owners there count on these hogs and try to keep tab on them just as they did many years ago before any good hogs were raised there.

He says that farmers are raising good breeds of hogs, but that they still own some wild hogs which run in the open country in the heavily timbered districts. As many of these hogs as can be caught when they are small are branded on the ears, and some are allowed to run wild with the other hogs till they grow up.

"The round-up," says Mr. Dandridge, "is exciting sport. There is no use trying to round up these hogs on foot or even on horseback. They can outrun a horse through the timber and get clean out of sight in a few minutes. We go on horseback and on foot, but use good dogs to do most of the work. The dogs go into the heavy brush after them and bring them out, and in that way we finally corral them."

"Then they are kept in a strong inclosure for a few weeks, where they are fed on corn till they get fat enough to butcher. They are usually leggy and thin, with long bristles. They live on acorns and grass and seem to be free from all kinds of diseases which destroy so many of the tame hogs. The round-up season is in the fall, when the wild hogs are at their best."

MISPLACED MONUMENTS.

Helpless Figures, Soiled and Grimy, in Stone and Bronze.

The ordinary run of statues, unless they are royal, have only one real pleasure and satisfactory day in their existence, and that is the day they are unveiled. If stone, on that day they are spotlessly clean. If bronze, they are never clean or shiny again. It has to be the statue of a very exalted personage for the soot to be scraped off and to have its face washed once a year. The average hero has to be satisfied with being unveiled. After that no one takes any further interest in him. But it is most instructive to observe the unholy skill with which the soot and other accretions of the air will lodge on the top of a venerable bald head and on the surface of what should be an immaculate frock coat or a well fitting amiform. A Roman toga that has met with accidents is not half so ridiculous as a bronze frock coat and immaculate bronze trousers that have been the scene of disaster. Standing in front of the statue of a great statesman, a man notably tidy in his day and a great worry to his valet, I studied the unrighted results of a family of sparrows that had set up housekeeping under his elbow and thought how indignant he would be could he catch a glimpse of this unseemly domestic arrangement.—Mrs. John Lane, in Fortnightly Review.

Even reason is lack of employment. Unfortunate love affairs, disgrace and degradation, drink and drugs, are often the assigned reasons why unfortunates wish to kill themselves and end all their troubles in the silence and oblivion of the grave.

Most of those who come to us, says one of the officers in charge, are in the last stage of desperation. Although we do not promise financial assistance, we have helped many.

Most of the people who come here are driven to thoughts of suicide because of lack of employment. I recall the case of a young man, an artist and the son of a clergyman, who met reverses, and, after providing for his wife and child, left his home in New York with the purpose of beginning life anew. Soon he was penniless and starving. While contemplating suicide he thought of the anti-suicide bureau and came here. Now he is at work and is doing well.

Many persons are driven to despair through drink and not all of these belong to the underworld. A short time ago a man came to the bureau pretty much the worse for drink. While intoxicated he had left his wife and home at Kansas City, and when he came to himself he was in Buffalo. He continued to drink, pursuing his way to Philadelphia. He had evened his \$500 overcoat, his suitcase, and his gold cuff buttons and studs. He came to us with 15 cents in his pocket—enough, he said, to buy poison with which to end his life. He was in such a condition that, if he had had a job he could not have worked. We talked

men have broken their hearts. Formerly a school teacher, a woman of intellect, this one was left penniless; she was unable to obtain a position, sick, with her rent due, she was in despair. All night she wandered the streets, trying to get up courage to kill herself. Fully determined to do so, she visited a friend to bid her farewell. Seeing that she was in a desperate mood, her friend told her to visit the Salvation Army bureau. She came. We prayed with her, and promised to assist her to find a position. So she brightened. A week later she returned, and we secured a position for her at the City Hall. She was so cheered that she promised to give up all thought of suicide.

Domestic infelicity is the cause of many heartburnings and sorrows. One day a woman came here—a woman splendidly dressed, showing every indication of culture and refinement. She is the wife of a prominent Philadelphia physician. While on a vacation for several months during the summer, the girl, a foreigner, had won the affections of the husband. When the wife returned, she was a stranger in her home; the other woman was no longer a servant, but a rival. Heartbroken, the wife told no one; she was ashamed to breathe the secret. So she came to us. What were we to do? She contemplated suicide, for she loved the man. We sent for the servant, talked to her, and finally succeeded in righting matters.

experiments in England. Dr. Otto Schlick in 1904 described the theory of its use to prevent ships from rolling. It has been applied by Louis Brennan to railway cars traveling on a single rail at high speed. It is the basis of the dirigible torpedo, for the invention of which Brennan received \$550,000 from the British government.

The gyroscope is perhaps a greater wonder than the turbine marine engine, only a few years ago an inventor's dream, and now the propelling power of the greatest ocean liners and the fastest torpedo boat destroyers. Its usefulness on the sea seems assured. A yet greater future awaits it on land, if its possibilities of revolutionizing railway transit are realized. Is a 200-mile-an-hour railway train running on a single rail, its center of gravity maintained by a system of fly-wheels or trunnions, a more chimerical notion than was wireless communication across oceans?

Costly Monotony in Dress.

Our clothes are all alike, and this monotony has led to unlimited extravagances. What has not been done to make the eternal pinfore frock look original? New elaborations are invented daily, each one more expensive than the last, but nobody is deceived. It is still the old pinfore, only a little madder, a little dearer, every day.—London Graphic.

The female matchmaker usually goes about disguised as a chaperon.

Some men are born great—then proceed to slump.



"They need an extension of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals out in Alaska," said the married man. "They ought to appoint branches in the backwoods of Canada and in Siberia and every other place where there is a fur-bearing animal. It's simply fearful the cruelties to which the hunters and trappers resort to obtain the skins that you women seem to think so much of. I've been reading about it."

"Dear me!" remarked his wife. "Is that so?"

"Yes, that is so," replied the married man. "It's funny about that, too. They call yours the 'gentle sex,' and here you are investigating cruelties that would make an old Spanish inquisitor blush and shed tears of pity."

"I wouldn't talk nonsense if I were you," said his wife.

"It's all right to call it nonsense," said the married man. "You wouldn't call it nonsense if you saw a horse being beaten, even if it was talking out of pure cussedness. You'd hustle around to find a policeman; but I'd like to hear of one of you sympathizing with a silver fox or mink. Just imagine! Here's a pretty little silver fox trotting along through the forest enjoying life in its own fashion when on a sudden a sharp report rings out and the innocent, harmless creature falls writhing in its death agonies on the snow. That's a nice thing to think about, isn't it? One moment full of life and happiness and the next the prey of some brutal half-breed, who probably will spend for whisky the money he gets for the pet. That's encouraging the cause of temperance, too, I suppose."

"He might buy salt pork with it, mightn't he?" asked the man's wife.

"Would that make it any pleasanter for the fox?" demanded the married man. "That's the way a woman reasons. Here's another thing. The half-breed may not kill the little creature outright. He may merely wound it and then it limps off, leaving a crimson trail behind it, to die a lingering death later on. Her poor little cubs, deprived of their mother's care and protection, either starve or are killed and eaten by some prowling beast. I should think the maternal instinct would prevent you from countenancing such horrors, if nothing else would."

"I think you are perfectly ridiculous. Isn't a fox a beast of prey?"

"Suppose it is," retorted the married man. "A tom cat is a beast of prey and you were throwing a fit the other day because a boy was stoning one. A beast of prey has its feelings just the same as any other beast. How would you like to have a steel trap smash into your ankle, crushing the bone and lacerating the skin, and then have to stay where you were caught for hours, perhaps for days, suffering the most excruciating pain and tormented with hunger and thirst, until some man

WHAT HE WENT AFTER.

The Office Boy Gave the Business Caller Some Information.

The big bell in the city hall tower had just banged forth the noon hour, and the office buildings were emptying throngs of workers into the streets to fill the lunch rooms.

In an elaborate office, seated in a large chair, with his feet comfortably resting on the edge of the manager's desk, was Plugsy, the office boy of Janworth & Co., brokers, says Lippincott's Magazine. His head was cocked on one side, and with evident relish he was puffing a huge cigar which his employe had neglected to finish.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Whiff, a client of the firm, rushed in. "Where's Mr. Janworth?" he demanded excitedly.

"What's that?" said Plugsy, slowly removing the cigar from the far corner of his mouth.

"I want Mr. Janworth right away. Where is he?" repeated Whiff.

Just then the bell of a fire engine changed below, and Plugsy leisurely rose and walked to the window.

"Gee," he said thoughtfully, "people do get skinned 'em fire cars, all right, all right!" Turning around, he continued: "Boss ain't in. I'm runnin' th' business just now. Want any quotations or—"

"No, you idiot!" yelled the client. "Where has he gone—downstairs?"

"Yep."

"Will he be back after lunch?"

"Naw," yawned the future firm; "that's what he went out after."

The Crafty Brother.

A man had two sons. The elder was virtuous and dutiful, the younger wicked and crafty. When the father was about to die, he called them before him and said: "I have only two things of value—my herd of camels and my blessing. How shall I allot them?"

"Give to me," said the younger son, "thy blessing, for it may reform me. The camels I should be sure to sell and squander the money."

The elder, disguising his joy, said that he would try to be content with the camels and a pious mind. It was so arranged, and the man died. Then the wicked younger son went before the cad and said: "Behold, my brother has defrauded me of my lawful heritage. He is so bad that my father, as is well known, denied him his blessing. Is it likely that he gave him the camels?"

So the elder brother was compelled to give up the herd and was soundly bastinadoed for his rapacity.

Talking Golf.

From the window she saw him coming up the steps.

"He comes!" she exclaimed joyfully. "There was a bit of ice on the top step (for it was an early day in June). He struck it. Then he struck each of the other steps in succession."

"Heavens!" she cried. "He has fooled his approach?"—London Tribune.

"If this keeps up," said a woman to her husband, "I'll go crazy." "If you go crazy about that," replied the husband, "it is a sign you are looking for a chance to go crazy."

What has become of the old-fashioned man who was referred to as a good old soul?