PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TEACH PUBLIC TO FIGHT DISEASE.

By President Eliot of Harvard.

PROF. ELIOT.

Recent events have brought into strong light a new function of the medical profession which is sure to be amplified and made more effective in the near future. I mean the function of teaching the whole population how diseases are caused and communicated, and what are the corresponding means of prevention. The recent campaign against tuberculosis is a good illustration of this new function of the profession. To discharge it well requires, in medical men, the power of interesting exposition, with telling illustration and moving exhortation. Obviously, the function calls for disinterestedness and public spirit on the part of the profession; but to this call it is certain that the profession will respond. It also calls for some new adjustments and new functions in medical schools, which should hereafter be careful to provide means of popular exposition concerning water supplies, foods, drinks, drugs, the parasitic causes or consequences of disease in men, plants and animals, and the modes of communication of all communicable diseases.

Many of the great discoveries of the future will come through the co-operation of sympathetic groups of medical scientists representing different modes of attacking the same problem. There will be a like necessity for co-operation between the clinician, the pathological anatomist, the physiological chemist, and the bacteriologist. The world has observed and will not forget that some of the greatest contributors to the progress of medicine and surgery during the past thirty years have been not physicians but naturalists and chemists.

THE SINS OF MEN.

By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

Perhaps there never was a time when woman, the true woman, was so little understood. Men have a growing contempt for women in these days, for their littleness, their petty deceits, their unreliability, overlooking the fact that they themselves are, in the main, responsible for these defects in women of which they so loudly complain.

The great, the natural aim of woman is to be pleasing to man; what man demands she gives. The attributes he admires she cultivates. Women—most women—respond readily to the best. They admire and reverect a man whose ideal is above pleasing them at the expense of truth. That is why I hold men to be, in a great measure, responsible for the shallowness and unreliability of women.

Marriage means more than a housewife's thrift and the rearing of children. It is, or ought to be, a marriage of souls. If the ideals of the husband be high, so surely will his wife climb. There are too many loveless married lovers and no heaven upon earth like theirs.

If I were a man I think that, however ill equipped I might find myself in intelligence and education, I should not rest till I had found what was my own individual bit of work for my country. I ask myself sometimes, is love of country dying out? Certainly it looks like it. One hears young men sneering openly at the land that gave them birth; finding actual amusement out of this or that muddle that this or that government has made. I would ask those scoffers what they personally have done for our brave country. If I were a man, and a man in a position to make laws, every man should be a soldier, and be trained in case of need to fight. Every boys' school should have a ride range. If this were done we should have fewer men playing the fool in ladies' drawing rooms.

INNOCENT MEN FORCED TO ADMIT GUILT.

By John F. Geeting.

The application of the term "sweat box" is not limited to any peculiar prison, apartment, or cell, but that term, together with that of "sweating," when applied to police practices, indicates methods used illegally to obtain confessions from prisoners.

The judicial experience of ages has demonstrated that each person accused of crime should be presumed innocent until proven guilty beyond all reasonable doubt; and that under pressure either of threats of punishment or suggestions of favor, the human mind often is prone to falsely admit guilt, as a supposed means of obtaining leniency. Yet the ordinary sheriff, constable, police officer, or detective ever is ready to ignore the wisdom of master minds, or to regard each case as an exception to the general rule; and to accept slight suspicions as convincing proof. The less color to the suspicion the greater the official activity to develop it into irrefutable proof of guilt. This blind and unwarranted zeal prompts judicial suspicion on all confessions not affirmatively shown to be free and voluntary.

The methods used to obtain confessions vary with the circumstances of each case, the means at hand, the ingenuity of the officers, and the mental and moral character of the prisoners. Although physical violence has often been used as a persuading influence, that feature will not be considered at this time.

THE NOVEL AND THE PLAY.

By Hall Caine, Author.

A novelist ought, first and foremost, to be a man who can tell a story. But this is perhaps the easiest qualification. If there is no more ethical value to his works I fear his force and power are not likely to become very great. I am not now speaking of plays. In a play a writer's work is so much what others make it. Its charms lie so much in the representation of it that it is not wholly his own. He ought not to be given credit for all the excellencies which may accompany its presentation, and he ought not to suffer all of the humilities of its failure, for he is apt not to be fully responsible for either. But in a book a man is responsible for what he puts into it and for that which he leaves out.

WOODEN SHOE AN OUTLAW.

St. Louis Court Decides a Case of Surpassing Interest.

The ancient and honorable wooden shoe received an unexpected blow in the decision of a St. Louis magistrate that a German resident of this city must cease wearing shoes made of timber because a dweller in the same flat could not sleep on account of the noise. The law in the case seems somewhat strained, whatever the equity and the ethics may be. Wooden shoes are not illegal and at one time in the history of St. Louis they beat a tattoo on the city's pavements as their owners hastened to their daily toil in the dim morning hours. It was not the roar of the street cars that waked the later slumberers in those days, but a clatter equally insistent and penetrating.

The wooden shoe has a history. Modern civilization took its first steps in them. They encouraged and stood for honesty of purpose. Nothing much could be done on the sly in the days of wooden shoes. Everything was aboveboard. The eavesdropper and the midnight highwayman were practically unknown. There could be no secret gatherings to plot and conspire. Where two men were gathered together or attempted to gather everybody in the block knew it. Did they ascend or descend the stairs or rise from their chairs to appropriate another pinch of snuff, the entire household and the neighbors were conscious of the fact.

Wooden shoes secured that publicity so needful to the leading of blameless lives that we now depend upon the newspapers for. The outspoken wooden shoe thwarted those intrigues that break up families and made impossible expeditions that break up hen roosts. It belonged with old-fashioned honesty and virtue, now much less marked in these gumshoe days. It is gone, never to return, but where it still survives here and there as a relic of the past it deserves the respect even of the magistracy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

The effect of an official certificate of approval of fire escapes is held, in Bonbright vs. Schoettler (C. C. A. 3d C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1091, to be conclusive in favor of the property owner, as against civil liability to a person injured on account of alleged defects in them.

Uttering a letter with a forged signature for the purpose of falsely representing the bearer to be a friend of the writer, and giving him standing with persons to whom it may be presented, is held in People vs. Abeel (N. Y.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 730, to be forgery under the New York statute.

The owner of a threshing machine engine is held, in Martin vs. McCrary (Tenn.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 530, not to have fulfilled his duty to guard against fire by merely adopting a spark arrester in general use, where he had been in the habit of using an additional spark arrester which he had allowed to become out of order at the time the fire occurred.

A railroad company is held, in Cincinnati, N. O. & T. P. R. Co. vs. South Fork Coal Company (C. C. A. 6th C.), 1 L. R. R. (N. S.) 533, to be liable for setting fire to lumber stacked with its consent on its right of way at the place usually occupied by lumber awaiting transportation, although the lumber in question had not been delivered to it for that purpose.

The right to cancel a voluntary conveyance of real estate, made to place it beyond the reach of a judgment in an anticipated action, is denied in Carson vs. Beliles (Ky.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1007, as against the heirs of the grantee, although the threatened action had no foundation in law, and the grantee, upon being notified of the conveyance, promised to reconvey on demand.

LIKES TALK OF AMERICANS.

English Paper, However, Not Able to Distinguish What Is Slang.

Henry Arthur Jones has our support in his eulogy of the American language. "American colloquial language," he says, "is racier than ours, has more bite and sting and swarms with lusty young idioms struck off red hot with vitality."

That is the secret of the beauty of American. It is, to employ it for the moment, a real, live tongue, hitting you where you live, and all wool right through. English sounds insipid and tame after it, though to do us justice, we are gradually assimilating American idioms and working them into the fabric of our speech. It is becoming quite common to hear people say they can not "stand for" a thing, when a few years back they would have said simply "stand." One hears, too, of a thing being a "soft proposition" or a "tough proposition."

It seems to us that there is more humor in American colloquialisms. One somehow feels that the man who invented them must have been a pleasant fellow. The English colloquialism too often suggests the public house. One should distinguish, however, between the colloquialisms of America and its slang. The slang may be a shade too racy even for those who like the colloquialisms. We have known men who liked to affect the American idiom in their conversation being as baffled by the works of George Ade as was Andrew Lang when reviewing that writer's "Fables in Slang."—London Globe.

The Club System.

"How do you keep your husband from going to the club?" inquired the bride who was just emerging from the honeymoon.

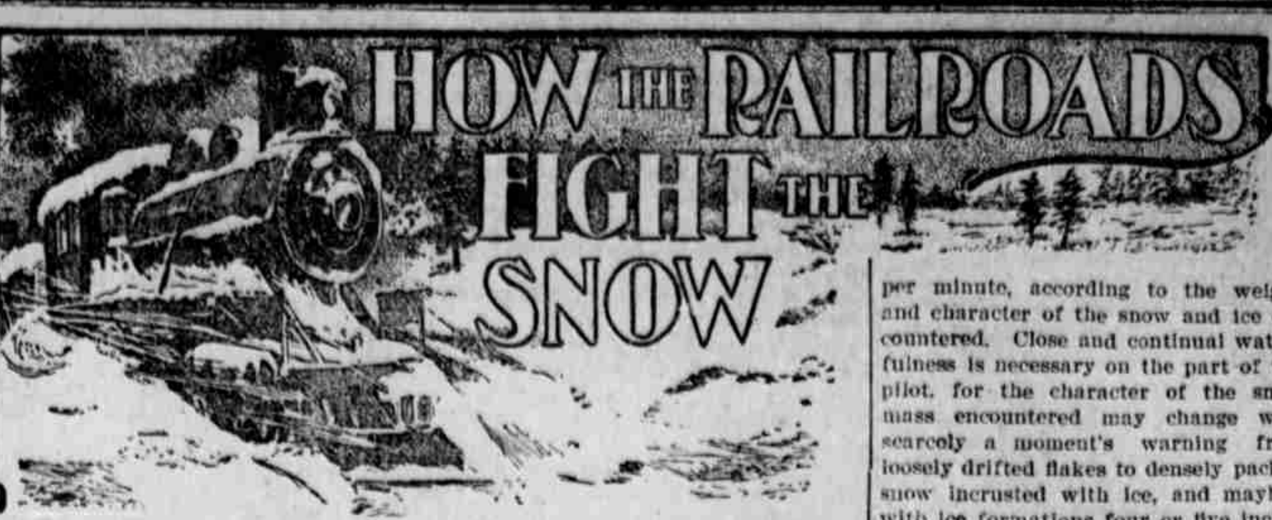
"Easy," replied the seasoned matron. "I keep a club for him at home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Expert.

Mrs. Willey—Does she know anything about bringing up children?

Mrs. Walley—Sure. She's a club woman and never had any.—Somerville Journal.

HOW THE RAILROADS FIGHT THE SNOW



Probably the most picturesque phase of American railroad operations is found in the manner in which the steam roads of the West battle with the giant snowdrifts of the mountain regions. This novel activity is seen in its most spectacular form on the higher levels of the Rocky mountains. The largest rotary snow plow in the world is in service on that engineering marvel, the Moffat railroad in Colorado, and the manner in which it bores through the great white banks that block the steel-tracked highway has solved one of the most perplexing problems of operating a railroad more than 11,000 feet above the level of the sea.

In the early days of railroading in the region beyond the Mississippi river the familiar hand shovel was the main dependence for clearing the tracks, and after every heavy fall of "the beautiful" an army of men that included every available employe of the road was hurried to points where blockades might be expected. Locomotives, in strings of two, three or four were also hurled against the drifts in an effort to dislodge the troublesome masses of icy crystals.

As a solution for this last-mentioned makeshift some genius invented the push plow, a huge wedge-shaped structure on wheels, which "bucks" the drifts, impelled by the force of several powerful locomotives behind it, and if the snow barriers be not too heavy, can force a pathway through the mass. However, the fact that even the heaviest snow plows are ofttimes baffled by the drifts in the mountains indicated the necessity for a yet more powerful type of snow fighter, and thus in time there was evolved the snow plow known as the rotary, which has revolutionized the methods of fighting snow and is represented in the rolling stock of every railroad that is liable to feel the grip of the western blizzard.

In the principle of its operation the rotary is radically different from all other designs of snow plows, for, instead of being anything in the nature of a scoop or shovel that shoves the snow aside, its chief working mechanism consists of a monster borer which burrows through the snow, tossing the more or less fleecy material in every direction. The wheel or snow screw at the forward end of a rotary resembles the propeller of a steamship or a giant electric fan, although, of course, it has many more blades than either of these.

The wheel of the average rotary snow fighter is from 8 to 12 feet in diameter and consists of a series of hollow, cone-shaped steel scoops, each equipped with a knife-like piece of steel at its mouth. As the wheel revolves at high speed, these blades strike the snow and ice loosening it and throwing it into the scoops. The wheel proper is inclosed in a metal hood, at the top of which is a square opening or funnel. By the revolution of the wheel, the snow caught up by the scoops is thrown through this opening with great force, and the funnel is so shaped that the snow is hurled in an oblique direction and caused to fall at a distance of from 50 to 100 feet from the side of the track, according to the speed at which the wheel is being operated. Moreover, the hood is inclined inward, so that the falling snow does not descend upon the top of the rotary and bury the machine in a drift of its own making.

The rotary plow, like the old-fashioned type of push plow, is propelled by a couple of powerful locomotives, but the power for operating the great propeller is contained within the plow itself. This is supplied by an engine somewhat resembling a marine engine, but capable of developing almost as much power as a locomotive. The rotary must withstand the force of pushing engines behind, as well as counteract the side motion of the great whirling wheel, and consequently the roof and sides, as well as the framework, are of metal, and the machinery is set as near the ground as possible, in order to help "steady" this energetic mechanical toiler. The weight of the average rotary, complete with tender for fuel and water, is more than 100 tons. At the forward part of the plow is the pilot house, wherein is stationed the pilot who directs the operation of the rotary and communicates the necessary instructions to the engineers of the locomotives in the rear.

A giant rotary can force its way through almost any snow barriers at a speed of from four to six miles per hour, as a minimum. The ponderous, knife-armed wheel spins around at a speed of from 150 to 300 revolutions per minute, according to the weight and character of the snow and ice encountered. Close and continual watchfulness is necessary on the part of the pilot, for the character of the snow mass encountered may change with scarcely a moment's warning from loosely drifted flakes to densely packed snow incrusted with ice, and maybe with ice formations four or five inches thick scattered through it. Into some portions of the vast snow coverlet the rotary may plunge with impunity at a speed of only 400 or at most 600 feet per minute, while banks of soft snow permit a speed of say twelve miles per hour. However, an indicator in the pilot house records every fluctuation in the resistance offered by the snow barriers and a pneumatic whistle enables the pilot to quickly signal for any desired change of speed.

The snow depths at some of the higher altitudes of the American Alps are almost incredible, but a big rotary, working like a herculean augur and tossing aside its snow borings like chips driven out of a fan blower in a planing mill, could cut its way to any depth if there were any way to get rid of the snow thus excavated. The whole principle of the armored car with the big wheel churning the snow before it is so simple that once it had been devised railroad men wondered that they had not hit upon the scheme long ago.

There are places where the work of the rotary plows in keeping open the trail for the iron horses is ably augmented, on the principle of prevention, by great snowsheds—stout fences or wooden tunnels designed to keep the snow from drifting over the tracks—but it is probable that the efficiency of the modern rotary marvels been anticipated, many railroads would not have expended as much money as they did some years ago in constructing snowsheds. Thirty-two miles of snowsheds, costing $64 a foot, or nearly $11,000,000 in the aggregate, represents the price one transcontinental railroad had to pay before it could successfully operate its trains over the Rocky mountain division.

Nowadays the rotaries cost something like $10,000 each, but even at that price they represent a great saving over snowsheds which cost in their first cost, eat up thousands of dollars in repairs every year. Moreover, the rotaries have been instrumental in saving countless lives—not merely by carrying aid and food to snow-bound trains and snow-bound villages, but also by reducing the number of casualties among railroad men engaged in fighting the snow.—Waldon Fawcett in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IN OLD "LYCEUM" DAYS.

The golden days of the lecture platform are past, and the lecture bureau is no longer the active feature of the intellectual life that it was fifty or even twenty-five years ago. At one time almost every town, East and West, had its lecture course each winter. Many were the adventures experienced by the lecturers as they penetrated the provincial parts of the country to deliver their messages of wisdom or amusement. Sometimes a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, or some other musical organization, was sandwiched in between two lectures. Thomas Ryan—a member of the famous quintet club—in "The Recollections of an Old Museum," tells of the reception of a young woman lecturer in a small Wisconsin town.

It was a young men's society which had summoned her, made up of very youthful members. When she reached the station the entire association was lined up to meet her, and she was ceremoniously introduced, then and there, to each one. As the weather was extremely cold, the process was an ordeal.

This over, the leader wiped his brow and looked about as if asking what to do next. Miss Andrews suggested the hotel. A one-horse sleigh was produced; the leader handed the lecturer in, got in himself and offered her the reins. She declined, saying he knew the horse and way better than she. The young man seemed relieved, and quite satisfied that he had shown the guest of the society every courtesy possible.

That evening the whole association again met and escorted the lecturer to the hall. The room was packed.

On the stage was an old-fashioned settee with legs in the middle and at each end. When Miss Andrews sat down the affair tilted with her. A large, heavily built clergyman came in and seated himself on the other end. Up went the settee, and up went Miss Andrews until her feet no longer touched the floor. The audience giggled and Miss Andrews laughed; there was nothing else to do.

The lecturer scanned the house. Foremost, leaning with folded arms on the edge of the stage, sat a young man in a red flannel shirt who never took his eyes off the lady on the platform.

Finally the reverend giant rose to introduce the lecturer. This suddenly let Miss Andrews' end of the settee down with a thud.

The clergyman was long-winded, and the red-shirted young man grew restless. At last he called out in impatient tones:

"Dry up, old man! Give the young gal a chance!"

She Overdid It.

"My daughter bought that latest popular piece o' music to-day," said Mrs. Nexdore, "and she tried it on our piano."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Knox, "and it was a wretched fit, wasn't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The only reason some men care to succeed is to be able to show their superiority to their enemies.

HARRY K. THAW, MILLIONAIRE TRIED FOR MURDER.

Types of pretty faces that flitted through the brain of the man whom jealousy finally drove to murder.

The question of Harry Kendall Thaw's mental condition and his consequent legal responsibility for some of his acts is one that has agitated the minds of many persons since the news first flashed over the world that the headstrong young millionaire had shot down Stanford White, the New York architect. Was it anger or insanity that governed Thaw's act on that fatal night when the gay throng of patrons at a New York roof garden were startled by the murder committed in their midst? This question was for court and jury to decide.

Emerald Dating Back to Solomon.

In an ancient cathedral of Genoa a vase of immense value has been preserved for 600 years. It is cut from a single emerald. Its principal diameter is 12½ inches and its height is 5¾ inches. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands; it is rarely exhibited in public, and then only by an order of the Senate. When exhibited it is suspended around the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one else is allowed to touch it. It is asserted that this vase is one of the gifts which were made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

With Thanks.

Notices to the public are usually made with little regard to politeness. The wayfarer is likely to meet with a warning or a caution couched in strong but curt terms. "A Wanderer in London," however, reports one instance where the regard of the passer-by is taken for granted and is acknowledged.

At the hospital just opposite the entrance to the East India docks and the Blackwall Tunnel—under the Thames—notice boards are set up asking the drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building.

That is a common enough request, but what gives it a peculiar interest here is that the carter, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other end of the building by another board, saying, "Thank you, driver."

It often happens that a man prides himself on not being a hypocrite as an excuse for saying disagreeable things to his friends' faces.

FOREVER AND A DAY.

Little know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May—
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again,
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!
—T. B. Aldrich, in Atlantic.

GERSON'S VICTORY

As the two slowly climbed the hill Gerson drew nearer to Miss Graham's side. Their shoulders touched, the man's breath warmed the girl's cheek and again he asked her the question.

"No," was the reply—the one he expected.

Gerson stopped, turned about and looked down upon the ocean and seated himself on the grass. The girl remained standing, her white sunshade poised above her head, dividing her glances between the emerald isle in the azure sea and the forlorn-looking boy at her feet.

AND SHE ANSWERED—"YES."

"Paul," she said finally, "I'm taxing your patience beyond all reason, am I not?"

"No, Edith, you've been a most gracious, benevolent angel to me," Gerson replied, gushingly. "Is mine not a great liberty to be ever near you? You have shared your joys with me—you have allowed me to serve you—the best I can. What else could a fellow want?"

They were both silent again. Then the man, his lips trembling, turned to the girl.

"Edith," he began, "let's put everything else aside for the time and have a complete understanding. Let's know ourselves and each other. You care a little for me, don't you?"

"I can't say that there are any secrets," the girl answered. "I believe your danger is past."

"I know the habit you mean," Gerson answered. His eyes shone with a great light—they were filled with fires of love, with fearlessness, with manhood.

"I have suspected that it was this that has kept us from each other," Gerson went on. "But, Edith dear, the old serpent is quite dead. I have taken him by the throat and strangled him. It has been a mighty fight for me, but I am on top and the serpent is dead. Edith, will you have me now?"

The girl's eyes were bright and shining and her lips were quivering, but she shook her head—but ever so gently.

"I know," Gerson breathed softly. "I know what you mean. I'll be patient, but something seems to tell me that it will all be revealed to you and you will know the truth."

Miss Graham's eyes suddenly became filled with abject terror. Her little body trembled and her cheeks turned ashen.

"Paul! Paul!" she gasped faintly. "I feel—I feel that something terrible is about to happen. It's—it's you!"

Swaying back and forth, his eyes glittering and an odd, silly smile on his lips, the man gazed steadfastly at something in the grass, just at his feet. The girl, too, watched in fascinating horror the thing in the grass.

Suddenly the man, with a tremendous effort, shook his shoulders and in a paroxysm of rage flung himself upon the glittering, writhing serpent. Like a flash he had the thing wriggling and squirming around his right arm and his hand locked like steel beneath the reptile's fangs. With one mighty fling the wriggling ceased and Gerson let fall the inanimate body and pressed his heel upon its head.

A moment later the girl, sobbing passionately, lay limp in the man's arms, her head on his breast.

"Is it proven, dear?" he asked.

And she answered—"Yes."—Indianapolis Sun.

Hard on a Drowning Man.

Vieuxtemps, the famous violinist, used to tell the following story: When crossing London bridge one day he was suddenly brushed aside by a wretched tatterdemalion, who climbed the parapet and plunged out into the river. The foot passengers crowded around immediately to watch the unfortunate man as he rose to the surface, and in a trice some one shouted, "I'll bet he drowns!"

"Two to one he'll swim ashore," was the answer. The rest of the pedestrians joined in the betting.

Meantime Vieuxtemps rushed down to the river bank, secured a waterman and rowed out to the rescue. Just as the boatman was about to reach forth to grasp the poor fellow, who by this time was floundering about in the water, having lost his desire for death, the spectators above cried out: "Leave him alone! There's a bet on it!"

The oarsman drew back into the boat, and the unfortunate wretch sank before their eyes.

There always seems more excuse for a man to beat a mule than to whip a horse.

Any woman who stoops to marry seldom gets time to straighten up again.

CORN BREAD OF OLD TIMES.

True Article Can Be Made Only of Meal Ground in Old Way.

The best corn meal in the world is made in Tennessee—though the output is limited and not much of it reaches the market where urbanites dwell. The steam buhrstone has driven the water mill almost into desuetude only to be in turn crowded out by the modern roller mill. The ancient water mill still lingers in remote sections and mountain fastnesses where clear waters flow through pebbly channels in sylvan shades.

More than one of the ideal mills may be found on Fighting creek, in Sevier county, under the shadows of the Big Smoky and near unto Sugarland region, where the untaxed juice of the corn flows from modest and retiring stills. There are many such mills in the Unaka region and in various sections of middle Tennessee, where the withering blight of modern civilization, with its canned goods and packing-house meats, has not yet penetrated and where one may:

Listen to the watermill
Through the livelong day,
While the clicking of its wheel
Wears the weary hours away.

But they don't bring the meal to town. The town-raised person's taste is too vitiated to appreciate it. When he eats cornbread at all when his oleo margarine or canned soup he wants the roller mill product, which suggested the idea of sawdust breakfast food to a Battle Creek Yankee. The right sort of cornbread is made from meal ground on a slow running water mill from corn that has been well dried, the little end of the ear shelled off for the chickens or pigs, the rotten grains carefully eliminated and the corn run through a fan mill.

Before being made into bread the meal is sifted through a wire sieve or sifter, the meshes of which are not too fine. Then if good bread is not produced it is the fault of the cook. The use of sugar in making any form of cornbread should be made a felony. There is as much difference between bread form properly ground meal and the common meal of commerce as there is between a Smithfield ham and a packing-house ham.—Nashville American.

Rules for Turkish Girls.

Up to the age of 12 Turkish girls are as free and untrammeled as European children, but with her twelfth birthday the girl becomes a woman. She adopts the "tcharchaff" and joins that silent sisterhood who are condemned to see the world darkly through a veil without having lost any of their natural desires to participate in its gayeties.

Why He Doesn't Buy.

"He's a regular jack-of-all-trades. Why, he built his own garage."

"Did he? I wasn't aware that he owned a car."

"He doesn't. The only car that he'd care to buy is just a foot too long for the garage he built."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Busy.

"But," said Brighley, "if you were sure the fellow who beat you in the saloon was a policeman, why didn't you take his number?"

"Well," replied Luschman, "I—er—had had a number too many already."—Philadelphia Press.

Naturally a man would rather part his hair than part with it.