

It needs no inspector to locate the unsafe mines after the calamity has happened.

By the way, do you know any man whose wife got him by proposing during a leap year?

"What shall we do with our boys?" asks an exchange. Let them grow up to be men and the women will do the rest.

Men have their little jokes about the amount of talking the women do, but down deep in our hearts how we do love to hear them.

A Philadelphia scientist asserts that birds show their emotions in their faces. This may explain why sparrows lose their heads when served as quail.

"Self-conceit," says one writer, "is the consolation prize God gives fools." But what consolation is there for the people who are daily thrown in the fools' company?

China has a population of 2,028,284. As much as it has taken Cuba so long to get that big, there is no reason why anybody down there should be inclined to form a Three Million Club.

One of the magazine writers says our battleships are floating death traps. He may have been looking at them from the standpoint of the man who is to be on the other side in case of trouble.

The valued New York World seems to entertain a long and double-headed suspicion that there may be times when limiting a President to two terms is not a "wise custom." Whither are we drifting?

"If two-thirds of the girls who go on the stage would go to the kitchen instead, there would be a whole lot more happiness in this world," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. But not if their cooking is as bad as their acting.

Anyone acquainted with hotel employees will realize why it was necessary for the Philadelphia woman who gave Bible to the Atlantic City bell boys to "make a few remarks informing the recipients that the books were more valuable than gold."

The Prince de Sagan says he would have challenged Count Boule de Castellane to fight a duel if the count had struck him with his glove in the face. As Boule merely knocked him down and kicked him into the gutter, the prince considers the count to be unworthy of notice. We cannot help regarding the prince as the world's leading unconscious humorist.

The attempt of the Methodist Church to make one thousand dollars the minimum salary which any of its ministers shall receive may be followed by a similar action on the part of the Congregationalists. The Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston, in commenting on the matter recently, called attention to something which is frequently forgotten, namely, that conditions of life have changed, until now, instead of churches somewhere nearly equal in financial resources, there are some very rich and powerful churches, and some very poor and weak; and what is needed is a general sustentation fund which shall put the poorer churches more nearly on a par with the richer ones. Doctor Gordon says, probably with justice, that it is fast becoming impossible to get self-respecting young men, even among those who follow an ideal, to work for such small salaries as many churches pay, and therefore the churches suffer from the lack of the kind of preachers most needed.

An English manufacturer who found himself going behind called together his men, stated his situation frankly, and warned them that he might be forced out of business. A nimble-witted workman who realized that half a loaf is better than no bread, suggested that if the factory could be kept running in the hope of better times, he and his mates would consent to a reduction of wages. The offer, heartily seconded, was thankfully accepted, and everybody turned to with fresh courage. Twelve months later the sums withheld from the men had been made up to them, the original wage-rate was again in force, and there was promise of an advance. A London periodical tells the story, which relates to an old "family industry" employing now the grandsons of those who were employed at first. The semi-paternal relation that grows up under such conditions between the head and the hands is almost incomprehensible to an American who works for a corporation. He knows his immediate superior; "head-quarters" seems a world away. Yet man and management are always related in interest, and the English incident shows how they might help each other. The dull time is the time for an employer to work harder, to increase his output, to try to reduce the expense account, to "talk up" the business as if he owned it. It would be bad management indeed that, backed by such a spirit in office and shops, failed to triumph over adverse conditions. On the other hand, it is the time for the employer to deal fairly, which is frankly, with a man whose wages must be cut—to give him an idea of the perplexities besetting the situation. That man would appreciate the show of confidence, and the thought that he was trusted might suffice to sway him from dangerous discontent to energetic loyalty. Always a winning force, indeed, loyalty is never more so than when the wheels of trade move slowly.

Whenever legal luminaries meet in county, state or national convention or at the banquet table they grow eloquent on the nobility of their profes-

sion and the high standards which characterize it. Whenever disbarment proceedings are found necessary against a low trickster or very offensive shyster, the prosecutor similarly invokes, with impressive earnestness, the "high standards" of the bar. There is more oratory than dry truth in these fine efforts, more imagination than reality, says the Chicago Record-Herald. But ordinarily no one cares to introduce the note of skepticism, and everything passes off beautifully. A distinguished Massachusetts judge, however, has recently seen fit to make an exception to the rule. Perhaps his known interest in the large social problems—in probation, charity, legal reform, social redemption—accounts for his unconventional remarks. A motion for disbarment against a lawyer was being argued, and the attorney who represented the prosecution indulged in the familiar observations regarding the "high standards which," etc., etc. Judge De Conroy listened patiently for a while, and then threw this "bombshell" at the able lawyers in court: "I feel that the bench has tolerated, if not recognized, lower standards; and I feel that especially when I sit in the criminal and divorce courts—more especially the latter. If this high standard [of which the eloquent lawyer had spoken] were upheld a majority of the attorneys would be disbarred." Extraordinary words, but refreshing and wholesome ones. Thoughtful laymen have often wondered at the sort of methods and standards which the judges tolerate and the bar associations condone or encourage. Cheap subtleties, flimsy technicalities, bathos, sophistry, delays for the sake of delay, wrangling and billingsgate, Pickwickian motions and pretended surprises and shocks—who has not again and again observed such things in the trial of important cases by men of repute and standing? Who has not been disgusted and nauseated by legal chicanery and lumbing from sources that supposedly stand for "high standards" and regard shysters with holy horror? There is need of more such anti-cats talk as that to which the Massachusetts judge so unexpectedly treated the lawyers of his jurisdiction and State.

HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

Many a personal and characteristic anecdote of President McKinley has been brought into public knowledge by the recent dedication of the Canton monument raised to his memory. Among the speeches of the occasion more than one referred to his lifelong devotion to his wife. A writer in the Chicago Tribune tells a story of the great man and his tenderness which has hitherto been unpublished.

In the early days of the Spanish War Mr. McKinley and Mark Hanna were engaged in a close and serious evening conference in the President's room. The time ran along to the hour of 9. Suddenly those busy in the outer room saw President McKinley rise and leave the apartment, saying, "Wait a few moments, Mark." He was gone about twenty minutes. In the meantime Senator Hanna walked restlessly between the two rooms, speaking a word or two to the secretaries, and showing plainly that he shared with the President a feeling of deep anxiety as to the outcome of the military proceedings. He remarked on the fact of great shortage of supplies, and from his words and bearing, revealed to the assembled few in that outer room that the President and his closest advisers were lying awake nights and working to make up for the deficiencies of the military situation.

When the President returned he and Senator Hanna resumed their anxious consultation. Then the President's secretary remarked to one who was near him:

"I suppose you wonder why President McKinley got up so suddenly and left without a word to any one. You saw how anxious he was about the military situation. Even that would not cause him to break away from what has come to be the custom of his early evening."

"Ah," the same time every night, when he hears a signal from the other side, he knows that Mrs. McKinley is ready to retire, and wishes to see him. He neither says nor does anything, nor says anything, and goes to their own apartments. There he sits by the bedside and reads a chapter in the Bible to Mrs. McKinley. Then he waits a few moments until she is quiet, tiptoes back to the door, comes over here to the office, and without a word takes up the thread of his work, and keeps it up until toward midnight."

All That Was Left. A young married couple took a late train for Washington, intending to spend their honeymoon in rambling through the corridors of the capitol, Congressional library and other public buildings. The porter was awakening passengers at an unusually early hour that morning, and long before the train reached Baltimore he had them up. The groom told his bride that he would leave his coat and hat and retire to the smoking compartment of the train. He went out and met a friend, who asked him back into another car in order that he might meet a friend of his. Soon the conductor began making his rounds and taking up tickets. The young bride referred him to the smoking apartment, where she said her husband would be found. A moment later the conductor returned and informed her politely that the bridegroom was not to be found. The other passengers were startled by a loud shriek.

"My husband! Oh, my husband!" "Don't be alarmed, madam," said the conductor, reassuringly. "Nothing has happened to your husband. He is probably in Baltimore. We dropped two sleepers at that point." And that was why friends of the young couple who went to the station in Washington to meet them saw only the bride clinging to an overcoat and a silk hat and exclaiming, "This is all there is left of me!"

Inoculating Rabbits for the Cure of Hydrophobia



Experiments on animals for the benefit of humanity. Rabies, One of the Most Dreadful Diseases Ever Known, Yields to Serum Treatment if Applied in Reasonable Time.

It is characteristic of the human race to scoff at danger when the danger has passed. Just as scientists have succeeded in successfully combating hydrophobia horrors, men are declaring hydrophobia to be a myth. The scorching of the rabies evil has been in progress so quietly that few have realized the wonderful work accomplished. It will astonish most readers of this to learn that before the Pasteur treatment was invented 50 per cent of all persons bitten by mad dogs developed rabies, and of these all died. To-day the death rate is but one-third of one per cent.

Death from hydrophobia, as most people know, is one of the most horrible deaths which men die. The afflicted one becomes restless, nervous, melancholy. Then he is stricken with convulsions. The most prominent symptom is aversion to water. The very thought of it causes a contraction of the throat that may induce another convulsion. A touch will set him shivering like a leaf, and if a breeze blows or a door slams he cries out that he is smothering. His efforts to rid himself of a secretion that fills his mouth and throat induce a sort of whooping cough. The typical bark of hydrophobia. After a few days this misery paralysis intervenes. The muscles of the face and mouth are relaxed and a terrible grin renders the countenance ghastly. The patient gasps and chokes until death ensues from paralysis of the respiratory and circulatory centers.

From such a fate as this the Pasteur treatment has rescued humanity. Much of the method is mantled in mystery. Experience has shown that results are attained, but how they come about is in many instances as inexplicable as the source of electricity. The Pasteur treatment may be briefly described as a method of fighting fire with fire. It simply consists in generating in the patient's system an anti-toxin before the powers of the rabie virus are fully developed. It produces speedily in the patient enough anti-toxin to resist the onslaught of the comparatively slowly gathering toxic forces. To give a concrete presentation of it: If a man be inoculated with the germs of rabies in such very small quantity that his body can develop enough anti-toxin to resist them he will not die. If the dose be gradually increased now, so that the manufacture of anti-toxin keeps pace with the number of germs, soon an injection of rabie virus of full strength can be given without injury to the patient.

The reason a man dies of hydrophobia is because when he is bitten by a dog, the immense number of germs introduced into his blood make such a terrific, concerted onslaught upon his system that it cannot make anti-toxin fast enough to save him. This is the secret of the Pasteur treatment. In the great majority of cases, 60 per cent at least, rabies does not appear until after the thirty-fifth day. Accordingly in this respect—between the bite and the appearance of the resultant hydrophobia, if the person attacked be given small injections of rabie virus in such a progression that his body can develop anti-toxin enough to meet each dose, he will at the end of the time be safe from the attacks of virus of full strength. In other words he becomes "immune." The anti-toxin that is now in him in large quantity will kill all hydrophobia germs as they are hatched. It will be seen that the crux of the whole problem is the regulation of the dose. To make this exact two things are necessary. The strength of the virus must be known and it must be controllable. For a long time the problem of making all virus of the same strength baffled research. He discovered at last a peculiar biological fact for which no explanation has been found. If the spinal cord of a rabbit that has died of rabies be taken out and worked up in distilled water and an injection of this be made into the brain of a second rabbit, that second rabbit will develop rabies and die at the end of the period of incubation just the same as the rabbit that first had it. If the third rabbit be inoculated in the same way it will develop rabies at the expiration of the same time as the other two—a period of fourteen or fifteen days.

As the process keeps up, however, it will be found that the period of incubation grows shorter and shorter until at last at the twenty-fifth rabbit it makes a sudden drop to eight days. There it stays again until the twenty-fifth rabbit after that, when it drops to seven days. Then there is a period of ninety more inoculations, after which six days becomes the incubatory stage. There it stays "fixed," and so far as it is known will not deviate from that for any number of inoculations thereafter.

This is the fact that Pasteur stumbled upon. His first inoculation he made from a rabid cow. The period of incubation in a rabbit was fourteen days. There it continued until the twenty-eighth remove, when it dropped to eight days. At last, at the succeeding twenty-fifth remove, it attained the seven-day virulence and then in due course the six. A fixed virus then is one that produces rabies six days after inoculation. The virus of constant strength was thus attained. The next point was to regulate its strength. This was accomplished through the discovery of the fact that exposure to light, heat and moisture had a weakening or "attenuating" effect upon the virus. Any one of the three is a controllable factor. Therefore Pasteur devised a method by which the virus should be exposed for a certain length of time in a lightless and practically moistureless atmosphere to a certain constant degree of heat. Exactness in the dose is now possible. This is the method now employed: From a rabbit that has died of rabies (killed by fixed virus, the spinal cord is removed and placed in a sterilized jar in which is caustic potash. It is then placed in a dark room with black walls. This is kept at a constant temperature of 65 degrees. On the next day the same thing is done and so on. Upon the fifteenth day there will be fixed jars so stored, in each of which will be a cord one day older, or younger as the case may be, than its neighbor. With this battery of graduated cords the doctor is ready to begin. The doses are given by injection. Ten small slices are taken of the cord wanted and worked up in distilled water. The object of the doses is to lead up to the strongest cord as soon as possible without giving the patient more than he can accommodate at one time. The injections are made upon either side of the stomach with a hypodermic syringe. It is not a painful operation. This is the whole case for the Pasteur treatment. It provides a simple preventive for one of the most horrible afflictions known.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE CHILD'S RIGHT TO PLAY.

By Dr. Newell D. Hillis. It is the natural right of the child to play in order to grow during his non-productive years. Man maintains his health during maturity by his work, for his profession is in reality his play. The child has an artificial occupation named play through games. Having the food as raw material for the body, that food can be built into the physique only through the free play of the legs and arms, through exercise and fresh air. One thing, therefore, is vital—the playground. Given a dozen blocks of houses and stores, there should be one block, not for a park, but for play. A schoolhouse for the mind, with no playground for the body, is a form of folly. The long-cherished idea of suppression of all that is muscular is false and dead. No brain can work properly without the nourishment of strong blood. No virtue thoughts can emanate from a brain fed by organs neglected through life. A well-fed body, a body with muscles and organs well trained, will furnish a mind with strength, purity and nobility. It is a child's right to have ambition to be a leader, and we do not accord him his privilege if we withhold the opportunity to build a body that will make his brain powerful and creative.

MAN SHOULD BE RULER OF THE HOME.

By Helen Oldfield. The greater a woman's strength of character, the stronger her mind and her will, the greater is her joy in yielding obedience to the man whom voluntarily she has crowned as her king. It has been well said that a weak woman can never comprehend the delight of complete surrender to a strength in which she glories and which she loves. This is among the greatest joys of marriage to the woman of strong mind and character. Such are not those who cry out against the "tyrant man," who maintain that the wife and mother should rule in the home. The feeble satisfaction of having one's own way is not, for them, comparable to that of finding confidence upon a strength which they are proud to believe is greater than theirs. There are those who profess to or believe that an occasional disagreement, not of a serious nature, adds a certain piquancy to married life; still, it is best to beware thereof, lest it develop into juggling and struggling for the last word, which has been well defined as the most dangerous of all infernal machines. Husband and wife

HOME LONGINGS.

You ask if I long to go home, To revisit the land of my birth; To revisit once more the old lanes and squares of old York. And partake of the joy and the mirth That were mine by the score ere I left Erin's shore A wanderer over the earth. Yes, I long for the day to go home To the land of my birth by the Lee; What joy will abide in my heart as I glide O'er the crest of the calm summer sea, When the bleak ocean wide will no longer divide The friends of my boyhood from me. I am longing to see the old haunts Which your memory has treasured so well. The gardens and bowers, where we tended the flowers, And the paths through the old wooded dell. What joy will be ours by the ivy-clad towers When sweet tales of the past we can tell! I am longing to sail o'er the blue, The friends of my childhood to greet; The kind ones, and true, and the sweet ones like you, And the dear ones with pleasure to meet. Ah, earth to my view, has of pleasures I am but few That can equal in joy such a treat. —Ethica Globe.

May and December

Let us stop for just a moment, Annie, to view this grandeur. Remember, I am from the city. Transported from a region of brick and mortar to this enchanted spot, I must appear to you, as a country girl might appear to me, who beheld for the first time the attractions of New York. The driveway they had just entered was about two hundred yards in length, skirted on each side by trees three feet through their branches meeting and forming a continuous arch overhead. The green turf was carpeted here and there with the crisp brown leaves already beginning to fall; and through this vista, in the distance, the walls of the mansion loomed up gray and somber through dense foliage, evanescent in the silence and solitude of its surroundings; doubly so in the dusk of this October evening to Beatrice Folsom, who had all her life been accustomed to the din and commotion of a great city. "An ideal place, Beatrice, in which to develop a poetic nature," said her companion, the young and beautiful mistress of these lovely possessions, as they proceeded on their way. "If inspiration did not come to one here, I don't think it would be worth while to invite it anywhere else." "No," Beatrice answered. "The inspiration has come to me already; all that is lacking is the power to put it into rhyme; and that power I unfortunately do not possess. And you Annie, I am surprised, that in this solitude, communing with nature every day, you have not long ere this developed into a poet yourself." In this strain, with frequent interjections caused by an occasional covey of quail or a squirrel darting across the way, the conversation continued until the mansion was reached, and Mr. Kennold, the "lord of the manor," came out to meet them. James Kennold was not a young man, as would naturally have been supposed by any one associating the young woman with a husband he had never met. He was well-favored, of a

should no more strive for it than they would fight for the possession of a lighted bomb. And supposing one gets it, what good would it do? There are always more and more last words, some of them as cruel as blows.

PUBLIC INTUITION BEST CRITIC.

By Richard Strauss. The critic without any creative ability and with a meager knowledge of the musical technique of an antiquated epoch should be debarred. The public's healthy, matter of fact appreciation of a great musical composition should be the only criterion by which such productions are to be judged. Progress has never been made by pariahs. The most decisive factor, the great power, which always recognized the work of genius and enthroned it above all others, as it did also in the case of Wagner, is the great mass of the unprejudiced and enjoying public. With its intuitive receptability the public, as a rule, never fails to appreciate every important artistic production. In fact, the chief characteristic of a great work of art is the affinity between the creative genius and the great mass of the progressive public which sweeps before it all retarding factions and partisans. Away, therefore, with the pedantic aesthetics and time-worn standards. They cannot be the criteria for works which are themselves to be models for new standards. Away with all technical codes and dogmas which have long been broken by the greatest masters. Away with this high priesthood which would hinder all originality, progress and development.

WHY BE SOLICITOUS ABOUT YOUR FUTURE?

By Cardinal Gibbons. What is this earth but a vast storehouse containing all things essential to the wants of man? If you look about you, you will behold the mountains clothed with virgin forests. If you delve into the bowels of the earth, you will find an inexhaustible supply of coal and other minerals. If you cast your eyes around you, you will see the valleys smiling with harvests of grain and fruit. You should be active and industrious without excessive solicitude, diligent and laborious without anxiety. Labor to-day as if all depended on your own right arm and brain; trust to tomorrow as if all depended on the Providence of God. Do not scatter your forces by striving at the same time to encounter an enemy yet afar off and who may never approach you. Endeavor to pass through cares, as it were, without care.

Beatrice in the meantime started on an aimless ramble through the grounds. Their course being deflected by the hedge, they paralleled it, and the dejected voice of Harry Maude finally reached Mr. Kennold's ears. Then the voice of his companion, which to his great relief, was not Annie's but the voice of Beatrice Folsom. There was a tinge of resentment in it, and as they drew nearer, he distinguished their conversation. "The old fossil certainly has a chamberlain in you." "Don't you call him an old fossil, Mr. Maude. Not to me. Remember that I am his guest, and please don't forget, besides, the respect that is due a gentleman. As to Annie—don't you deceive yourself in believing that any man will ever succeed in supplanting Mr. Kennold in her affections." Harry Maude laughed. "Affections! —Don't be absurd, Beatrice; cut that out." "Miss Folsom, if you please." "Miss Folsom, then, if you insist on having it that way,—Don't mention that word in the same breath with Kennold and Annie. He dotes on her." "But I will mention it. And I will mention, furthermore, that you must not assail Annie's loyalty to him, either directly or by implication, in my presence." Maude's answer could not be distinguished; and as their voices gradually died away in a faint murmur, James Kennold rose to his feet. A smile had relaxed his features, and his eyes were lustrous with a great joy that was stirring his heart. —And Beatrice, —she was another who would henceforth have a warm place there until it ceased to beat. The following day, on entering the library, Annie found him there in deep meditation, with a couple of prints lying on the desk before him. One proved to be a scene in May, the other a scene in December. The former was a farm house and its appurtenances, with children romping on the lawn; the latter was a snow-covered roof she added. "The suggestion of peace and contentment, of cozy comfort and warmth within, may we not see in that a symbol too?" She kissed him, and left the room; and taking up the prints he carefully stowed them away.—Waverley Magazine.

FOUND HIM IN DEEP MEDITATION. were storing up their winter's supply in the hollow trunks of trees, and in such other places which would not be inaccessible when the snow lay deep upon the ground. The time for hunting them being a favorable one, Mr. Kennold had also been lured out into the grounds. Fate must have been unusually active in his behalf, for another had been moved to seek the woods, and this person was Harry Maude, Annie's most ardent and devoted admirer. The shawl Beatrice wore attracted him to her side the moment he discovered her; he had mistook her for Annie, for he knew the shawl. Mr. Kennold, espying her at a distance, had also been deceived by it, but before he could reach her side Harry Maude had joined her, and turning to a hedgerow, he silently stole away. Seeking a spot where a dense growth of rose and blackberry bushes rendered his position doubly secure from observation, he seated himself, heart-sore and disconsolate, on the trunk of a fallen tree. Maude and