

YEARNINGS.

Over the west the glory dies away,
Faint rose flecks gleaming in the
darkening sky;

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

"It's a long tramp, Jack."
"Yes; but the trust's hard and I can
do it easy."

"You've done most a good day's work
besides."
"Never mind that," Jack gave a proud
little jerk of his head as he looked up
from the sun he was carefully cleaning.

"You don't expect to do much hunting
by the way, do you?"
"Only to keep a lookout."

The short winter day was closing in
as Jack set out on his long walk—a
walk under conditions not often ex-
perienced in these days, but not un-
usual twenty-five years ago in northern
Wisconsin.

Forest in almost unbroken stretches
for miles on miles. A heavy snowfall
had rejoiced the hearts of the lumber-
men in the camps scattered at far dis-
tances from each other. Logging had
been pushed on with energy until the
cold weather had been interrupted by
a day's rain, which had spread dismay
among those depending on solidly pack-
ed roads.

But nature had been kind to the hard
workers, for the softness had been fol-
lowed by a period of cold almost un-
precedented. For two weeks the tem-
perature would have read far below
zero had any of the forest laborers seen
a thermometer to read.

The declining rays of the reddening
sunset lent a sparkle to the snow as
Jack briskly set out on his long walk.
As the luminary took its last glance at
the bleak world the moon arose, smil-
ing over a cold appalling to any less
sturdy than the forest laborers who
knew no other climate and rejoiced in
conditions favorable to their work.

It was a great occasion which de-
manded Jack's presence at home—no
less a one than the marriage of his
oldest sister. The father was dead, and
Jack, in his faithfully sustained posi-
tion as man of the house, was already
taking on a weight of care beyond his
years.

His home lay ten miles distant from
the lumber camp in which he did, as
was his proud declaration, almost a
man's work. In the other direction was
the nearest small town, which Jack had
taken occasion to visit a few days be-
fore on an errand of importance.

When fully out of sight of the camp
and beyond all possible observation
from any of its occupants he paused to
unfasten his tightly buttoned coat. The
warmth of his honest heart kept him
from feeling the bitterness of the cold
on his hands drawn from the clumsy
mittens.

A small parcel taken from his breast
pocket—and the radiance of the sun-
set had nothing to do with the glow
which lightened his face as he carefully
loosened the wrappings to gaze on an
ornament of colored glass set in brass,
designed for the adornment of the
bride.

"It's fine, and Abby'll think no end
of it. There isn't a girl in the settle-
ment that got one like it."
"But," with a more sober face, as
after looking at the sun's rays as they
shone through the glass and were re-
flected from the metal, he returned the
jewel to his pocket, "it ain't up really
to what I'd ought to do for Abby, and
she gettin' married. Father'd 'a' given
her somethin' of a settin'-out. All winter
I've been watchin' for a bear. If I
could 'a' got one and sold the skin I'd
'be' been able to do real well by Abby."

His mind was full of what this doing
would have been had he been possessed
of the means to carry out his loving
desires. The log cabin which was to
be his sister's home would, he well
knew, be destitute of all but the barest
necessities. Deep in his heart lay
the firm resolve to distinguish it by some
special luxury.

"Praps I'll have luck before the win-
ter's over," he soliloquized.

The sharp nip of the cold sent him
shivering with frosty feet. He passed the
lumberman's cabin on his way, turned
back on the rough clearings and
found a timber road which pene-
trated deep into the heart of the dense
woods.

But as he continued his walk his
mood was suddenly arrested. The
whisper of the wind, even in its angriest
mood, of the lonely forest, never
before had sounded like that low, sibilant,
whispering howl. Two or three
times in his life Jack had heard
such a sound, but always under cir-
cumstances that indicated danger. How
often had he seen northern crows

hated the sneaking creatures which
preyed on the few flocks of sheep, would
attack children or even a man when
enough of them came together. Many
a wolf story had Jack listened to beside
the campfire. The animals were get-
ting scarcer as the country gradually
became more settled, but he had heard
of cases in which the severity of the
season had brought the ugly things in
packs frightfully near the scattered
homes.

He listened with every sense on keen
edge. No, it was not the wind. Even
in the short moment in which he stood
still he could fancy that it grew louder,
that snarling howl, broken by barks
and yells. He looked carefully at the
condition of his gun.

"I'm all right as long as I have you,"
he said, giving it a pat as he hurried
on. "But—if that really is a wolf—or
it might be two or three of 'em by the
noise—the sooner I can get to the Hol-
comb clearin' the better I'll like it."

He increased his speed to a run, but
the shortness of breath induced by the
extreme cold soon brought him to a
halt. And in the dead hush of the
forest the appalling noise came with a
distinctness which brought to Jack the
first thought of peril.

Not one wolf, or two or three, but a
pack, driven by starvation. Oh, the
horror of that ceaseless yell! With all
his strength he pressed on, terror
adding speed to his limbs. It was for
life, this race—he knew it well now.

No gunshot would avail with that pack
of yelling demons. The patches of
moonlight were few and far between in
the dense shadows of the trees, and
with straining eyes he watched for the
surge in the road which would bring
him to Holcomb's clearing. But as the
quick breaths of the pursuing enemy
became distinguishable amid their
barks and howls Jack realized that he
had no hope of making it. Nearer, close
by the roadside, he remembered an old
cabin, long since disused as a dwelling,
but occasionally temporarily occupied
by settlers making their way farther
on. How far he might find safety here
he could only conjecture, but it was
something in the way of a shelter.

The wolves were close behind as he
dashed into the cabin, giving the door
a desperate shove after him. No time
to fasten it, for the slips came in too.
But there were friendly rafters above,
and with one leap Jack was among
them.

With his head reeling, breath com-
ing in heavy pants and a faintness in
realizing the horror of his situation,
Jack grasped the timbers. They were
old; he could almost fancy they shook
and swayed under him. He did not
trust himself to a look below until he
felt himself securely poised. It made
him dizzy when at length he ven-
tured a glance. There they were, the
hungry demons, leaping, snapping, en-
raged that their prey, so near, should
be beyond their reach. Jack did not
take a second look. With returning
breath and steeper head he brought his
strong common sense to the considering
of the situation.

"Howl away, you brutes. You think
you're going to get me sooner or later,
don't you? Not if I'm a woods boy!"
How many of them were there?
Would they never quit crowding at that
door? A few moments later he heard
a dull slam through the din of snarling
voices, and looked for the cause. The
door had at length been pushed
shut, and in one of the frantic leaps it
heavy old wooden latch had fallen into
place.

"Ah, here I am locked in. Now, what
next? I wonder which of us would
starve to death first," he muttered.
"You, maybe," with another glance at
his foes, "for you're hungry to begin
with, and I'm not. Only I'm not so
used to being hungry as you be."

Regaining his nerve and self-possession,
he examined his surroundings with
anxious eyes. He saw that so long
as he looked well to his hold
among the rafters he was in no present
danger, but how was he to get out?
The cabin was built of logs. He might
work for days without making any im-
pression on its solid sides.

But above him, within easy reach of
his hands, was the roof, through which
came small twinkles of blessed moon-
light. He soon found that it was
made of saplings laid close together,
then finished with a thick covering of
brush. To his great joy he found that
decay had begun its work and that
the smaller saplings were ready to
crumble beneath a vigorous touch.

But others were strong. They would
yield only to slow cutting with his
knife. His footing was precarious;
with one hand he must continually
support himself.

He never could have told how many
hours of frightfully exhaustive labor
followed his conviction that through
that roof lay his only hope of saving
his life. Once he stopped, almost in
despair.

"Must be about that weddin' time
now," he groaned, his head dropped
upon his free hand. "And if they knew
—mother and all of 'em—" At it again.
As at length he could put his head out
a new fear was growing. What if more
of his pursuers were on the outside.
Then there was no help for him. Shel-
terless, he would surely freeze to death
before the cruel night would be over.
Better that than the other. With bleed-
ing hands, whirling brain, every muscle
on a strain with the last effort, Jack
pulled himself upon the roof and peered
over its edge. No, there were no more.

The glaring sea, the gnashing teeth,
the howls, the pandemonium—all shut
in. With renewed strength, born of
bleamed certainty, Jack sped back to
the camp for help.

It was a frolic such as woodmen
love; such as rarely comes to their mo-
mentous lives—the about, the exhilarat-
ing rush over the frozen snow, the
keen relief for the hunt.

"Seems hardly fair, though, poor
brutes, like takin' advantage of 'em,
shut in so," said one.

But sentiment did not prevail, as one
after another of the snarling voices
was hushed.

"Seventeen of 'em, as I'm a livin'
man. Jack, my boy, you'll be rich on
your bounty."
Bounty! Jack had not had time to
think of that—the five good dollars
paid by the state for each one of the
ugly scamps. And to think of all the
good things he could do for Abby and
for others!

"But," he began, "it belongs to all of
you—you all helped."

"Not a bit of it, boy. Every cent of it
goes to you. You 'most earned it with
your life."

"The weddin's all over, of course,"
said Jack to himself as, late in the
night, he drew near home.

But no wedding had taken place. His
mother and Abby, with anxious faces,
were sitting over the fire, and he was
received with a rush of open arms.

"Where's Hiram?" was Jack's first
inquiry.

"Hiram's gone back—he can only get
away once a week, you know—"

"Gone! And without you?"
"And do you think there'd be any
weddin' here without you, Jack? And
we 'most knowin' what might 'a' become
of you? The weddin's put off till next
week."

There was little delay in securing the
bounty at the nearest county town,
and Abby rejoiced in such a "settlin'"
out as few of the hardy young home-
makers had ever known.

A Clever Magician.

An amateur magician of Chicago,
George W. Patterson, is playing some
fantastic tricks with scientific apparat-
us.

With a pair of Indian clubs, studded
with miniature electric lights, he
weaves circles and figures in lines of
light that would make La Lole Fuller,
the fire dancer, envious. But this juggler
with electric light is most startling in
his imitation of a thunder storm.

This begins with the first faint flash-
es of heat lightning, produced by Geissler
vacuum tubes arranged about the
walls. Then comes the zig-zag forked
lightning, which flashes between the
metal electrodes, making sharp reports
of actual thunder.

To get that prolonged rolling peal and
echo of sound traveling through great
distances a "thundershot" of iron is
used. One end of it rests on the floor
and the other is shaken by hand.

To imitate the downpour of rain and
rushing of wind a simple sieve-like ap-
paratus is used. It consists of a barrel
hoop, over which is fastened strong
brown paper, forming a circular ves-
sel into which beans are poured and
skillfully shaken.

Mr. Patterson heightens the effect
here by singing "The Lightning King"
through a megaphone.

As the storm ceases bird-calls are
made by the operator, and the peaceful
melody of "Anchored" is sung. Then,
as a delightful surprise, a double rain-
bow appears across the background of
the stage. It is produced by sending
the rays of a common incandescent
electric lamp through a prism.

The double bow is the result of simply
turning the lamp so that the two sides
of the wire loop are not in a direct
line with the prism, when, behold, two
rainbows appear.

Mr. Patterson plans to produce ozone
electrically and blow it gently among
his audiences by means of electric fans.

With the aid of an atomizer and apple
blossom perfume he believes he can re-
produce the genuine air of a country
orchard in springtime after a heavy
thunderstorm. One will need only to
close his eyes and recall his mind's im-
age of the beautiful blossoms and the
graceful trees to make it all seem a de-
licious reality.

A clever instrument used in the tele-
phone-megaphone. The mouthpiece of
the telephone is connected with four
transmitters, which multiply the usual
telephone sound of the voice by four,
and it is sent by wire, so increased,
into the megaphone, which sends it
forth into space with sufficient intensity
to carry it with perfect distinctness
throughout a large church or hall.

Why Cannibals Eat Men.

Some gossamer information has been
collected by a member of the Europe-
an medical fraternity in relation to
tribes that eat men. A Frenchman fig-
ures that 20 per cent of all cannibals
eat the dead in order to glorify them;

19 per cent eat great warriors in order
that they may inherit their courage and
eat dead children in order to re-
new their youth; 10 per cent partake of
their near relatives from religious mo-
tives, either in connection with initia-
tory rites or to glorify deities, and 5 per
cent feast in order to avenge them-
selves upon their enemies. Those who
devour human flesh because of famine
are reckoned as 18 per cent. In short,
deducting all these there remains on
a portion of 24 per cent who partake of
human flesh because they prefer it
to other means of alimentation. In the
heart of Africa man-eating is continued
to this day, and to such an extent that
in certain villages ribs and quarters of
man meat can be bought. It is easier
for the natives there to kill men when
they desire flesh than to go to the ex-
ertion of hunting game.

Fuddy—You're a queer chap. You
paid a good deal of money for that
fancy lock on your front door, and yet
I am told you leave the door unlocked
every night. Biddy—Of course. You
don't suppose I am going to have a
burglar smash it all to pieces, do you?
It cost me too much for that.

PREDICTS A LOCUST PLAGUE

By Lawrence Bruner, Acting State
Entomologist of Nebraska: During the
past few years injury by locusts, or
grasshoppers, as they are usually called
in this country, has been reported from
various localities in the interior of
North America. Even within the present
month quite a number of such re-
ports have reached us from different
localities within our own state. By
means of specimens obtained and ex-
amined by the entomologist at the state
university it has been learned that at
least four or five distinct kinds of these
insects are sufficiently numerous in lo-
calities within the state to cause seri-
ous alarm.

They are the following ones:
The two-lined locust (Melanoplus bi-
vittatus), the differential locust (M. dif-
ferentialis), the red-legged locust (M.
femor-rubrum), the lesser migratory
locust (M. atlantis), and the Rocky
Mountain or migratory locust (M. spretus).

The presence in uncommonly large
numbers of the Rocky Mountain, or
migratory, species at several points
seems to warrant us in urging the au-
thorities to action with a view to the
destruction of the pest wherever found.

While this particular species is in re-
ality no more destructive to crops than
would be an equal number of individ-
uals of any of the other named above,
their habit of getting up in the air and
migrating in a body to some other
locality renders it capable of greater
injury. It is by this means that the in-
sect escapes from various enemies and
unfavorable climatic conditions.

The various species that are figured
herewith will readily be recognized by
the readers of this short sketch. While
it is impossible to enter into any ex-
tended discussion of locust increase and
the consequent injuries arising from
such multiplication of the insects, a
brief statement may not be amiss. Dur-
ing normal conditions of weather, etc.,
the insects of any region are kept with-
in bounds by means of their natural en-
emies, and no dire results follow. When
these conditions are disturbed in any
way and restraining influences are
withdrawn, the more hardy species in-
crease very rapidly. Such increase in
numbers, of course, means the require-
ment of an increased amount of food,
and we see the result more plainly.

Some kinds of locusts prefer different
haunts and food plants from what oth-
ers do, and hence the seeming differ-
ence in the amount of harm done by
each.

When the natural checks upon lo-
custs increase seem to fall and these
insects multiply abnormally, it is nec-
essary to use artificial means to reduce
their numbers. It is chiefly in this direction
that what can be done in this direction
that the present article has been written.
In the first place, I wish to suggest that
our native birds be protected, since
nearly all of them are especially fond
of locusts as a diet during the summer
months. When our prairie chickens and
grouse were numerous no harm what-
ever was reported as coming from "na-
tive grasshoppers." Quails, plovers,
blackbirds, sparrows, hawks and even
ducks are known to feed largely upon
these insects. A single bird of any of
these species will destroy thousands of
these insects. Where the birds are de-
stroyed these extra thousands of in-
sects soon increase beyond the normal
and injury results. Far after year the
gap is made wider and the possibilities
of harm increase. Even frogs, lizards,
snakes and other animals that come
under our ban destroy many of these
destructive locusts, and every time we
thoughtlessly destroy one of them we
make it possible for their natural food
to do us harm.

Only three weeks ago the writer saw
dozens of birds engaged in feeding upon
the young of the migrating locust. In
Stout county, where the insects had
hatched in one of the valleys by the
millions.

Aside from the birds, reptiles and
some of the smaller mammals that ha-
bitually feed upon locusts, these insects
are attacked by numerous kinds of
other insects. These latter, of course,
increase and decrease according as their
food increases or decreases, but they
are also affected by climatic conditions.
Conditions that are favorable to the
increase of these enemies do not seem
to appreciably affect the hoppers, hence
the frequency with which the latter be-
come destructive does not seem to be
materially regulated by parasitic in-
sects.

When we have removed about the
only natural check to the increase in
destructive numbers of the locusts, we
must naturally seek relief artificially.

Thus far we have been only partially
successful in our attempts at destroy-
ing these insects by the use of fungus
diseases. Unlike the chinch-bug fun-
gus, the one that attacks grasshoppers
is comparatively slow in its action, and
only appears to take hold of the in-
sects after they are about half grown.

This being true, we must look else-
where for a means of warfare.

If we carefully watch where eggs are
deposited in rather large numbers, we
can destroy these by harrowing the
ground and exposing them to the dry-
ing influence of the sun or to the keen
eyes of the birds. Deep plowing during
fall and early spring will bury locust
eggs so deeply that the young hoppers
when they hatch are unable to reach
the surface.

In a garden an old hen with chicks
will do much, while a flock of turkeys
will prove valuable.

Snakes and Nothing Else.

"Linkville," or "Klamath Falls," is
situated in an obscure corner over the
California border line in Oregon, and
may be reached in twenty-four hours'
travel from San Francisco. You have
only to take the northern-bound train
for Astor, thence a stage line of about

twenty miles conducts you to your des-
tination.

It is impossible to associate "snakes"
with the beautiful and varying scenery
through which you pass as far as Klamath
Hot Springs. Trees and streams
and all the glories of mountain scenery
greet you on every hand. You
drive through a luxurious growth of
evergreens and shrubbery; you cross
and recross numerous streams; you
breathe the soft air of Shasta and Siski-
you. But when you have left Klamath
Hot Springs a few miles behind, there
is an appreciable difference in the land-
scape. Scarcely of vegetation is the
first observable change. At every turn
in the road the aspect becomes more
barren, more forlorn, and more deso-
late. Finally you seek in vain for a
tree or a shrub, and at last, dust-cov-
ered and weary, you pull up at a dry
withered village that produces nothing
on its hard, rocky soil but revolting
snakes. You have reached Linkville,
the haunting retreat of serpents.

There is a bridge at Linkville that
spans Klamath river. From this bridge
which is a vantage point as far as view
is concerned, a most extraordinary sight
meets the eye. Along the river banks
at irregular intervals of a few yards
are seen dark balls ranging from a foot
to three feet in diameter. They are
stationary and as passive as a bowler
which they resemble in color. But if
stone is hurled at any of these strange
spheres to your horror snakes will
crawl off in every direction, and the
ball will melt away as lard melts in a
frying pan. The repulsive creature
that have thus been coiled up in a
perfect sphere slide away under rocks
and one minute later a snake is to
be seen in that particular spot. But
the other balls of snakes in the vicinity
are little disturbed by the stone.

As has been said, Linkville is in a
very barren district. Nothing whatever
grows upon the rocky soil, not even
sagebrush. And so the river banks,
which are a mass of driftwood and
rocks, seem a fitting place for snakes.
But it is surprising that they should
develop in such great numbers. When
not rolled in balls, they may be seen
slipping in and out along the rubbish,
and the ground for yards will be a
squirming, wriggling mass.

These snakes are perfectly harmless.
Indeed, if it were not for this fact,
Linkville would not be habitable, for,
while the immediate neighborhood of
the river is their favorite haunt, they
roam for many hundreds of yards away
and may be seen along the roadway
and around the houses and creeping
over the porches. They possess a marked
degree of tameness. You may pick
them up with impunity, and children
play with them on the doorsteps.

The Linkville snakes are dark in color
with two yellowish stripes on their
backs. The average size is about an
inch and a half in diameter and a yard
in length, though many are smaller and
some attain much greater proportions.

Do not often hear of monkeys being
used as money testers. We do not often
hear of monkeys being used as "odd"
or "comical" or "amusing" or "mis-
chievous," as well as a great many
other things; but we do not hear the
monkey often alluded to as "that use-
ful animal, the monkey."

Now, the Siamese people don't think
that way. They don't reflect how amus-
ing a monkey is. They find out what a
monkey can do, and make him useful
by making him do it. There are plenty
of monkeys in Siam. They are of all
sizes, large and small; and the large
apes of Siam, we have heard, are used
by the Siamese merchants as cashiers
in their counting rooms. Think of mak-
ing apes useful in such a way as that!
To keep them for cashiers in a count-
ing room!

We are not told that these apes are
expert at making change, or that they
are able to keep the merchant's ledger
for him. No; the way the apes are
made useful is this:

The merchants are often deceived and
frequently swindled by quantities of
clever counterfeit coins which are in
circulation. The smartest men they
could employ were deceived, too; for
the bad money was such a wonderful
imitation that the closest scrutiny of-
ten failed to find the difference between
a good and a bad piece.

In this dilemma some Siamese mer-
chants called to their help some one
who was always thought not so smart
as a man—a monkey. And these "large
apes of Siam" proved such a success at
their new avocation that the custom
of employing them for the purpose of
detecting money has become universal.
The ape cashier of Siam holds his situ-
ation without a rival.

He has a peculiar method of testing
coin. Every piece is handed to him
and he picks up each bit of money, one
at a time, and meditatively puts it into
his mouth, tasting it with grave delib-
eration. If the coin is good he de-
clares the fact plainly. He takes it
from his mouth and carefully places it
in its proper receptacle beside him. He
has pronounced judgment and every
one is satisfied that the judgment is
correct. But if the coin is bad, the
cashier makes known his verdict in an
equally unmistakable manner. He
throws it violently from his mouth to
the floor, shaking his head with as
much disgust as the merchant himself
might feel at being imposed upon.

With loud chattering and angry ges-
tures, says the independent, he makes
known his displeasure at being pre-
sented with a bad piece of money. The
merchant himself could not express it
better.

Now, how does a monkey know what
a man cannot tell? Ah, that is his
secret. He never reveals it. Perhaps
he is afraid if he should make known
all the mysteries of his profession his
occupation might be gone, and people
would once more prefer men for cash-
iers in place of the extraordinary apes
employed by the merchants of Siam.

BOTTLE-MADE GEOGRAPHY.

A few years ago the people of Ecu-
ador derived much amusement from the
ingenious method employed by the fa-
mous savant, Raimondi, to determine
whether the Rio Marañon or the Rio
Ucayali should be regarded as the
main stream of the Amazon.

Raimondi was an Italian, but Peru
was his adopted country. If he had
cast his lot with the Ecuadorians they
would have applauded his cleverness,
but they were almost ready, just then,
to rush to arms because Peru scorned
their claims to a large region as far
south as the Marañon and Amazon riv-
ers, and so they called Raimondi a
crack-brained enthusiast and a vision-
ary.

The learned professor went about
solving the problem in this way: He
took samples of the water from each
river a short distance above their con-
fluence. Below that point the united
rivers are known as the Amazon, and
he took samples of its waters.

These samples were taken at two sea-
sons of the year, when the rivers were
at the flood and the lowest stages. Then
the professor filtered his samples, and
by analysis determined the amounts
of salts held in solution. He found
that the larger amount at all seasons
was contributed by the Marañon, and
deduced the conclusion that this river,
therefore, contributed to the Amazon
the larger amount of water all the year
round and was, therefore, undoubtedly
the head stream of the great river.

Raimondi's solution of the problem
by means of a quart bottle and a for-
mula struck the Ecuadorians as being
extremely funny.

But the world recognizes the Mara-
ñon as the head stream, and Ecuador
is compelled to fall back upon her un-
doubtedly proper contention that in her
territory the Amazon basin most near-
ly approaches the Pacific.

It would require a canal only about
30 miles long, from the headwaters of
the Paute feeder of the Amazon to the
gulf of Guayaquil, to form a continuous
waterway from the Pacific to the Atlan-
tic, and make an island of the north-
ern part of South America when the
Nicaragua or Panama canal is com-
pleted.—New York Sun.

Ventilation Necessary.

The young should be trained in the
importance of ventilation, for this is
one of the most neglected requisites of
good health. It is estimated that 3,000
cubic feet of pure air per hour is the
need of each individual. In the best
hospitals 6,000 cubic feet is not consid-
ered too much. By weight one-fifth
of this is oxygen, the life-giving ele-
ment. The same air rebreathed four
times will no longer sustain life. The
oxygen has been mostly absorbed,
while waste matter and carbonic acid
gas, a deadly poison, have taken its
place. Were our rooms airtight we
could not survive. The atmosphere pen-
etrates every crevice around doors and
windows, thanks to the law of equilib-
rium, and we are saved from death.

But whenever we find members of a
family ailing, hollow-eyed, liable to
take cold easily and readily, subject to
various disorders, we may be certain
of one or two things; either the diet is
faulty or they do not properly ventilate
their dwellings.

A celebrated French physician, find-
ing himself much depleted by hard
work, did a strange thing—for a French-
man. He dressed in flannel from head
to foot, put on a cardigan jacket, open-
both his windows in winter time, placed
a screen before each and slept there,
undisturbed by the coolness of the at-
mosphere. By habituating one's self
to sleeping with open windows and hav-
ing the head protected from draughts,
the tendency to take cold will be event-
ually overcome, that is, with a proper
amount and kind of food.

One must not think that this subject
of fresh air is too much insisted upon.
It cannot be. Nothing among culti-
vated people is so continuously dis-
regarded. To enter some elegant par-
lors is to breathe the air of a charnel
house. Theaters and places of public
resort are, in this respect, filthy beyond
description. After sitting two hours in
a room moderately well filled with peo-
ple, one is nervous, dispirited, subject
to headaches, and liable to take cold.
The department of public health should
strictly watch all places in which audi-
ences assemble, as often they become
places of contagion.

An Eveless Eden.

Utah is returning to Edenic conditions.
It has a town which no woman may
enter. The town is Sunnyside, a new
coal camp in Whitmore canyon, near
Price, Utah. Robert Forrester, the
manager of the properties and superin-
tendent in charge, has issued an edict
against women.

There are 300 men employed in the
mines at Sunnyside. Most of them are
married, but they are not only not al-
lowed to bring their wives to live at
Sunnyside, but their better halves may
not visit them there. If the married
man wants to visit his family he must
take "a day off" at his own expense.
His wages are "docked" in punishment
for this foolish show of sentiment. As
a consequence few of the men have
forsaken their jobs in spite of the rig-
ors of hard times.

Mr. Forrester, who proclaimed the
severe edict, is not a woman hater. He
declares that he is a fervent admirer of
the sex. He proudly claims the distinc-
tion of being a "ladies' man."

The reason for the order which was
issued last week forbidding women to
live in, or even visit, the camp, is a spir-
ited business proposition. There are
2,500 acres of coal lands to which the
company owning the Sunnyside mines
has not yet secured a perfect title.
Were the men permitted to bring their
wives upon the lands, and, by even
an occasional visit from them, give
color to the claim that their cabins in
the coal lands were their homes, there
might arise a question of title. In this
case if the men were unscrupulous and
so willed they might force the company
to buy out their rights. Hence the un-
pleasant proclamation of the prudent Mr.
Forrester.