

The Fear of Fear

WHEN a man has passed his fiftieth year, is unmarried, has no near and dear relatives or friends to whom he is especially attached, when his life, whether in business or in leisure, is methodical and unchanging, and when things that divert and give pleasure to others have become a burden—then let him beware of his own mind, for he knows not what trick it may be making ready to play upon him.

It is with souls as with animals—starvation and ill treatment will render even the most gentle of them unmanageable, eccentric and dangerous. I am moved to set down these reflections by the peculiar fate that recently overtook Andrew Dawley—a man whom I had known for ten years or more with some degree of intimacy, but whom I hesitate to describe as a friend of mine, for the reason that I have once or twice heard him say—coolly and without bitterness—that he had no friends.

There were twenty years between our ages, an interval that would be likely to forbid close relations between two men who were without common tastes and interests. Proximity gave us acquaintance, for I occupied at that time the room next but one to his, on the fourth floor, in the east wing of the Hotel MacMahon; but it was an acquaintance that was as slow of growth and almost as frigid as a glacier.

The first year, I think, we merely nodded when we met in the hall. During the second and third years we exchanged an occasional word. About that time, I remember, he captured a sneak thief on the stairway, overcame his fierce resistance, and held him until the police came, and I, hearing of it, went to his room to talk it over.

Then I left the hotel for a matter of five or six years, and on my return found Dawley the only one I knew in the place—still occupying the same room, and living the same unvarying life. And now, at rare intervals, we spent an evening together, usually on his invitation, and in his room. He seemed to be ill at ease elsewhere.

Up to the time that he explained to me his peculiar theory on the subject of fear, I had regarded him as a dull and commonplace character. Conversation with him was difficult, by reason of my apparent inability to discover a topic in which he was genuinely interested. There were interminable pauses, during which he drew slowly and regularly at his pipe, and stared into the fire.

Our discussion on the subject of fear began with my commenting on the fact that a light was burning in his room the night before at one o'clock, which I had noticed, coming in at that hour, after a dance.

"I keep a light in my room all night," said he; "I hate the dark."

Now, this had not been his custom when I was a neighbor of his some years before, and I commented upon the change.

"I suppose it is an evidence of the weight of years," said he; "but I am troubled of late with peculiar fancies and dreams. Sitting alone here in the evening, things somehow get on my nerves, and the thought of suddenly waking out of a sound sleep to find myself shut in by blackness is quite intolerable to me."

Now this sentiment was so utterly at variance with my conception of Andrew Dawley—a cold, practical man of business and of the world, as I knew him—that instead of dropping the subject, as I might have done with a more sensitive man, I pursued it somewhat farther.

"As a child," I remarked, "I had a great terror of the dark; but it ceased entirely when I was old enough to reason with myself."

"What was the course of your reasoning?" he asked.

"Well, I had become convinced that supernatural beings did not exist—such as ghosts and goblins and gnomes—and, on the other hand, I knew that in a well-protected house there was practically no danger from burglars or wild animals. So, having completely assured myself that there was nothing in the dark, any more than there was in the light, I ceased to be afraid of it."

"Good logic," said Dawley, with a smile. "I remember working out the same conclusion when I was about twelve years old. And it held with me ever since, until recently I discovered a flaw in the reasoning. Oh, it doesn't apply to anyone else," he added hastily, "as I undertook to speak. It is purely personal, and I hesitate to disturb your equanimity by describing it."

"Never fear," said I, with a laugh. "These sentiments are largely based on temperament, and I don't believe anything is likely to change my point of view."

"Our boyish logic," said he, after a pause, "disposed of everything that was objective—from the outside—whether real or supernatural; but it did not touch the subjective elements of the problem, of which the chief is fear itself. Now, I do not believe I am physically a coward—"

"I know you are not," I interrupted. "I remember your capture of that thief. He was armed, and resisted bravely, but you hung on."

"Yes," he said, "a man finds out whether he is a coward or not by the time he reaches my age; and I have

good reason to know that my courage is not deficient. And I have no superstitions—which disposes of ghosts and supernatural things. So there is nothing for me to fear. Here is where the reasoning faculty stops, and something else—you call it temperament, or do you?—begins. I do suffer from fear—at times to the very edge of my self-control. What is it? Why is it? I believe that what I fear is fear itself."

I shook my head. "That statement is meaningless to me," I said.

"Is it?" he asked, almost wistfully; "can't you imagine being in terror of a great fright that may overtake you some time, even though you are unable to anticipate a reasonable excuse therefor. Let me give it to you in more concrete form. A year or two ago I had a dream of a peculiarly vivid and impressive character. It was of my sudden awakening here in bed, in this room, to behold a man leaning over me. He was in strange, uncouth dress—not of the modern day, I should judge—and he was surrounded by, and seemed to give out, a fierce red light. He shouted some words to me—I don't know what they were; only, at the sound of them, such a mighty and overwhelming terror came upon me that I lay paralyzed as to motion and thought. Then I awoke, really awoke this time, and I found my body wet with perspiration, and my heart beating so fiercely and with such great pain that I feared some blood vessel must give way."

At this point I interrupted him, for his voice was trembling with excitement.

"You say you are not superstitious," I said. "Then you surely are not going to allow yourself to be affected by a dream? An overloaded stomach is always likely to disturb the heart. Its rapid movement causes a sensation exactly similar to fright, and the wandering brain conjures up a scare situation to fit it. Did you never dream of an elaborate series of events, culminating in a pistol shot, and then awoken to find that a window sash had dropped, and you had pined out the dream backwards, as it were?"

"How do you account for my having this same dream, without an iota of change, half a dozen times since that first experience?" asked Dawley.

"It results," I answered, with the easy confidence one shows in disposing of the problems of others, "from the profound impression the first dream made on your mind and memory."

He smiled, and looked at me with half-closed eyes. Then he relighted his pipe, which had gone out, and I remember that the hand holding the match trembled a good deal.

By this time the subject had become distasteful to me, revealing a mental weakness or eccentricity in Dawley that was not pleasant to contemplate. So I turned the conversation into other channels.

Only on one other occasion did we speak again of this fear and the dream, and then, as before, it was brought up by a careless question.

Entering his room one night, I noticed a powerful bolt that had been newly fastened on the inside of his door, and I asked if the lock had been broken.

It was a natural inquiry, and there seemed to be no cause for the tremble in his voice and the peculiar light in his eyes as he replied to me:

"A lock can be picked. I wished to satisfy myself that it was impossible for a human being to enter this room while I sleep."

I glanced up at the transom. It was held shut by a heavy iron bar. Then I looked out of the window. It faced the court between the wings of the building, with a sheer drop of nearly forty feet.

"Utterly impossible," said I.

Then I noticed for the first time a certain waxiness in the texture of the skin over his forehead, and a sunken depth to his eyes.

"Has the dream reappeared?" I asked.

"Frequently."

"The trouble with you, Dawley," I mused aloud, "is that you are too much alone."

"I have no friends," he said, in a calm, dispassionate tone, such as one might use in speaking of some trivial matter of business.

"You should make them," I said, with emphasis.

"I am over the Divide," he answered. "My course of life will not change very readily, I fear."

Then he deliberately and pointedly changed the topic, and I did not recur to it again at any time. As I say, he was twenty years my senior, and we had little in common. I had many friends and many interests, and Dawley and his oddities formed an unimportant episode.

But it was only a week after this conversation that the terrible event took place, which every newspaper reader in the city will remember.

It was at two in the morning that I awoke suddenly from a profound slumber, with the consciousness that some one had run past my door, screaming.

I sprang out of bed, and as I did so heard the crash of breaking glass in the court below, and saw a brilliant red gleam through the blinds at the window. I looked out; the kitchen and dining-room in the rear of the hotel had already burst into flame, and

a great volume of smoke poured out of the lower windows of the east wing.

My own room was on the second floor, in the center of the building, and I saw that there was plenty of time for me to escape, and to help others in that vicinity. I jumped into a bathrobe and slippers, and, rolling my clothes into a bundle under my arm, ran out into the hall.

I hammered at each door that I passed, and yelled in a frenzy of excitement and horror. The place was rapidly filling with smoke, and the light grew brighter. Presently I noticed that my clothes were gone. I had dropped them while helping a woman who seemed to be unable to walk through pure terror. The man who had first roused me had gone up to the fourth floor, and the people were pouring down the stairways, in their night robes, or wrapped in blankets, some carrying children—of which, thank heaven, there were few in the house—others bird cages, and some dragging trunks, bang, bang! over the steps.

I had several good friends in the hotel, and now that the alarm seemed to be generally given, I ran to their assistance; but I did not think of Dawley, nor did I at any time attempt to get over into the east wing of the building. It was on that side that the flames were fiercest, and the elevator shaft and stairway between that wing and the main building were roaring like a furnace. Suddenly the halls were lit with firemen in long coats and helmets, some with axes and others dragging up hose.

There seemed to be nothing more for me to do, so I ran down the main stairway and out into the street, where a great crowd was assembled. I noticed that their faces were turned toward the east wing, and, as I instinctively glanced in that direction, I remembered Dawley and the man of his fearsome dream.

The man was on his way—a huge bulk of a fireman, running up the long ladder that had been hoisted from the wagon and now rested against the wall, just below the window of Dawley's room.

But was it possible that he still slept through all this uproar and the glare of the flame, and the odor of burning wood? Surely, he must be asleep, else he would have appeared at the window. Then it suddenly flashed into my mind what was the meaning of the white skin and sunken eyes—a narcotic! Without doubt, he was still sleeping.

The fireman made his way through the heat to the top of the ladder, and swung into the open window. Streams of water played upon the flames beneath him, to protect his retreat. Two other men ran up the ladder, and had just reached the top, when he returned to the window, carrying a human figure wrapped in a blanket. The others assisted him, and they made their way slowly down the ladder again.

"Overcome by the smoke," said a man standing near me. "But I noticed that no smoke came out of the open window."

I ran forward to a pile of mattresses and bed clothes that had been carried out from the hotel, and arranged a place for him to be laid. The call for a doctor flew along the line of spectators, and presently one came running. I asked the fireman what had happened.

"He was sound asleep when I entered the room through the window," he said. "I had to shake him hard to wake him up. He just stared at me a moment, and said, 'Ah! You have come,' and then his face turned kind of black, and his jaw dropped, and he went into a dead faint."

"How is it?" I asked the doctor, as he rose from stooping over the prostrate figure.

"Heart action ceased entirely," he replied. "Man is stone dead from mere terror."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Squirrel Runs the Machine.

Did you ever see a squirrel run a sewing machine? If not, you may, by journeying to East 59th street, New York, where an enterprising sewing machine company has hit upon this novel method of attracting attention to its store. The exercise wheel in the squirrel's cage is attached by a leather band to the wheel of a machine which is about four feet distant. By means of this arrangement the machine is started every time the squirrel gets into his wheel and turns it.

It is a peculiar fact that whenever the squirrel starts his wheel toward the street. Never by any chance does he face the street until he has finished his little "stunt." Then he runs out into his cage and sits peering out of the window as though to see if any one had been watching him. He breathes hard and acts tired after each laborious trip in his exercise, but seems to like it, for he keeps it spinning almost constantly. Moreover, he looks sleek and as though the added work were just what a caged squirrel needed to keep him strong and healthy.

As the sewing machine for which he furnishes the motive power is well oiled and runs smoothly and easily, says the New York Times, perhaps the squirrel's work isn't as laborious as it seems to be to the casual onlooker.

Just the Man.

"Do you think he would keep tally all right?"

"Sure. You can count on him every time."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a man makes a very long prayer in church, somehow his hearers get the impression that when he scolds in the privacy of his family he keeps a long time at it.

LAST OF OUR CANNIBALS.

Tribes that Long Was the Scourge of Indians of Texas.

Uncle Sam's only remaining cannibal tribe is fast dying out, according to James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington.

Washington, who has been making a study of them. There are now but fifty of this once powerful kingdom left, and in a few years or more it will become extinct.

The people in question are the Tonkawas, who, even in the times when eating of human flesh was a common practice among many bands of our wild aborigines, were known as the most depraved of all New World cannibals. The few remnants of their tribe are being kept on a reservation in Indian Territory, whither they were taken twenty years ago for protection against their many enemies. To all other tribes they are still known simply as "the man eaters."

The old home of the Tonkawa cannibals was about San Antonio, Tex., just back of the coast. In their prime they were physically powerful, nimble athletes, fearless fighters and good hunters, but inveterate rovers.

The "man eaters" are outlawed and tabooed by all other Indians. For a century and more the entire red race in America have set their faces against these depraved people. For this the Tonkawas have retaliated by serving as scouts for the whites and guides in many government expeditions against hostile tribes.

In 1867 the government placed them, together with several other smaller tribes, upon a reservation on the upper Brazos. The Texans, who had declared that no Indians should live in the State, attacked the agency, fired on the soldiers protecting it, and scattered the Indians. This but added a further hardening to the temper of the forsaken "man eaters." Their 300 survivors were collected upon a new reservation on the Wichita, Indian Territory.

During the civil war, when some Indians were persuaded to fight with the North and others with the South, the Tonkawas, with a few others, preferred to remain upon their own reservation rather than take chances with the Indians on either side. But, despite the attitude of the Tonkawas, their agent and all his employees took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government. The Tonkawas, though unconsciously, were now Confederate Indians.

On the night of October 22, 1862, the "man eaters" enemies—140 picked Shawnees, Delawares, Wichitas and Kickapoos—armed with modern rifles, surprised the agency, killed the white employees and burned the buildings to the ground. The Tonkawas, only 300 in all, had only bows and arrows, but kept up a stubborn resistance long enough for a part of their women and children to escape to the hills.

The battle ended 136 Tonkawas—nearly half of the tribe—lay dead upon the ground, more than 100 of these victims being defenseless women and children. The attacking party lost 27 killed and wounded. The hearts of the Tonkawas were now hardened still more than in their former defeats.

The surviving "man eaters," after this massacre, were marched in pitiful procession to Fort Arbuckle under guard of a single representative of the government. After a short stay at Fort Arbuckle the "man eaters" drifted back to Texas, occasionally acting as scouts against the wild Comanches.

The word "Cannibal" is of Indian origin, according to Mr. Mooney. It is a corruption of "Cariba," of "Caniba," the proper name of the Carib, that dreaded scourge of the Antilles, who reigned over the West Indies 300 years ago.

Human limbs, hung up in the sun to dry, like hams, were seen by Spaniards who first visited the Caribs. The Aztecs made a great business of cannibalism in connection with their sacrificial feasts of prisoners of war and man eating prevailed all through the Orinoco and Amazon regions. American Indians still eat their fellow men on the upper Amazon, and it is alleged that cannibalism is still practiced on Tiburón Island, off Lower California.

The Missing Articles.

In a book of memoirs recently published a story worth repeating is told of a well-known bishop. On one occasion he was just starting on a railway journey from Chester Station when the station-master came up to him and said, referring to his luggage, "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a Dissenter!"

A Neat Remark.

Edmund About once wrote in a feuilleton that Albon's singing—she was very stout—was "like a nightingale piping out of a lump of suet." The indignant prima donna sent him a goose quill through the agency of a certain marquis. About received the pen with his most charming smile. "I regret, monsieur," he said, "that Madame Albon should have plucked you for my sake!"

Too True.

Tom—How would you analyze obstinacy?

Jerry—Well, is the clearest definition—obstinacy is needless self-conceit.—Detroit Free Press.

Every big man has a lot of little ways left over from his little days.

Science AND INVENTION

The smallest bone in the human body is in the lenticular, seated in the human ear.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

Poisoning by salted raw fish is so frequent and little understood that prizes of \$3,500, \$1,050 and \$700 have been offered in Russia for papers indicating the signs, character and action of the poison, with methods of preventing its formation and antidotes.

An article in the Electrical Review discusses the size of an atom of hydrogen, and arrives at the conclusion that these particles of matter are so small that it would take 115,000,000 of them, laid in a line, to extend a distance of one centimeter—that is, an atom is about one-third of a billionth of an inch in size.

The term Indian summer became established about twenty years after its first appearance, which was in Western Pennsylvania, and spread to New England by 1798, to New York by 1799, to Canada by 1821 and to England by 1830. The term is, then, not an Americanism; to write in praise of Indian summer is now a literary convention of three continents.

An estimate of the water-power used for generating electricity has been made by a German engineer. Germany and Austria thus utilize 180,000-horse power. Switzerland about 100,000, Sweden 200,000 and the United States 400,000. The total available power in Sweden is placed at 2,000,000-horse power, that of France at 10,000,000, that of Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy together at 10,000,000, while in the United States, Niagara alone could furnish 10,000,000.

Gustave le Bon, who has made many experiments with cathode rays, X-rays and the various forms of radio-activity, and whose investigations of such subjects are well known, expresses, in the Revue Scientifique, the opinion that all these phenomena are particular aspects of a new form of energy which, although its manifestations have but recently been recognized, is as common in nature as electricity or heat. He also thinks that closer study along these lines may reveal to us a connecting link between matter and energy.

A scientific examination of the oil deposits in the great coast prairie extending from Louisiana through Texas to Mexico, a distance of several hundred miles, has recently been made by Prof. R. T. Hill, who describes his results in the Journal of the Franklin Institute. The oil was first struck in 1891 by a drill hole driven 1,100 feet deep, through clay and quicksand. More than 200 wells are now in operation, and one has been sunk to a depth of more than 3,000 feet. Sometimes hot water is struck below the oil, and sometimes the oil itself is hot. The deeper it is found the more salt the water is.

How high do birds fly? This is still an unsettled question in ornithology, and recently the German Ornithological Society requested aeronauts engaged in meteorological exploration, with the aid of balloons, to observe the various heights at which birds are found. It is not to satisfy mere curiosity that the information is desired, for the question of the elevation of the tracks pursued by birds when migrating has an important bearing upon other scientific problems concerning the feathered inhabitants of the air. At present it is believed that birds generally do not rise more than about 1,300 feet above the ground, although occasionally they attain an elevation of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet.

"GO ON, SIR; GO ON!"

It Is Sticking to It That Conquers Success in Life.

Arago, the great French astronomer, tells us that he became so discouraged in the study of mathematics that he almost resolved to abandon his effort. He was just about ready to give up when he happened to notice something printed or written under the paper binding of his book. He unfolded the leaf, and found it was from D'Alembert. The letter said: "Go on, sir; go on! The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Persevere, and the light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness upon your path." This striking passage made an impression upon the young mathematician's mind which he never forgot. It was a perpetual spur to his ambition, and came to him just in the nick of time. He resolved then and there that he would surmount every difficulty; that he would become a great mathematician himself. He tightened his grip, and urged himself on until Fame took him up and told the world the story of one of the greatest astronomers of his time.

Hanging on was one of Grant's strong points. He did not know how to let go. He would keep pegging away, no matter what the obstacles, until he triumphed.

The race is to the plodder. I have in mind several very brilliant graduates of last year, and years before, who promised a great deal, and of whom friends predicted great things, but whom they have disappointed all expectations simply because they lack sticking qualities. They are good scholars, and they imagined because they ranked high in college that they would rank high in life without great effort.

But they lack the hanging-on quality. They do not realize that in prac-

tical life the race is to the plodder, and not necessarily to the swift. This is why so many brilliant class-leaders have become disappointments to their friends. The chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and lack of perseverance is a fatal deficiency which nothing else will supply.

Perhaps the greatest secret of success in life is due to those sticking qualities. Grip conquers the world—the faculty of sticking and hanging on when everybody else lets go.—Siftings.

OTHER FOLKS' TIME.

Sin of Wasting It by Not Being Prompt.

I have wasted a great amount of time in my life, by being on time, was a well-known saying of Phillips Brooks. Is it not true that women (excluding the business women, for they are prompt), are guilty of stealing each other's time? You "run in" to your next door neighbors to borrow an egg or a pattern, and from her busy morning take a precious half-hour that it is difficult for her to make up. She may have to search for the pattern, then explain some of its intricacies. Your family may not include little folks as hers does, so you sit and chat a while, knowing your morning's work is finished. After your departure she sighs and wonders why you could not have come in after dinner just as well, then hurries with all her energies to finish the morning's duties in time to get her dinner. We are heartily glad that the habit of making a caller wait is out of fashion. I can remember the time when girls would leisurely finish their toilet or retouch an already dainty one for the sake of mere vanity, and the friend in the parlor is impatiently taking out his watch and wondering if he would be obliged to break a later engagement or lose a train. Now we take one peep in the mirror, smooth our hair a bit and hurry downstairs, for the woman of 1902 has no more time to waste than her caller has.

It is needless to speak of committee meetings, for no doubt we all have had sorrowful experience along that line, when one tardy member disarranged the plans of all the others, and but half the prayer meeting, concert or lecture, was enjoyed because of her lack of promptness.

If we are unable to be present, we should make every effort to send a message that the others may transact the business, then disperse to their various engagements.

Our time is not equally valuable, the lawyer's is more so than his janitor boy's, and the employer's than the clerk's who serve him, yet we are all dependent upon each other in one way or another and the delay of one may disturb the whole chain of links. Occasionally the value of time is reversed; here is the washerwoman who comes at 7 o'clock sharp, as you always have a large wash and she has another place in the afternoon.

Perhaps you have overslept; the clothes are not sorted, the fire unbuilt, and the result is that one-half hour in the busiest part of the day is lost. She hurries to get through at the usual time; if she succeeds you find the clothes grimy from imperfect rinsing; if she is conscientious she will take the customary pains to have them white, be an half-hour late in getting home to her little ones, have no time to get them a warm dinner, just a "cold bite" and a hastily swallowed mouthful for herself; then she hurries away to do the second washing without a few minutes rest which she so much needs.

It pays to be prompt, and unless something very important interferes one should keep their appointments to the minute.

How Nations Sleep.

As a man spends on an average one-third of his life in bed, it is not wonderful that care, expense, and trouble are expended on his sleeping place. In this country the unhealthy feather bed is being driven out by the healthier mattress. French beds are noted for their hardness, and German beds are so ridiculously short that English visitors are often much too big for them. Many Norwegian beds are made to pull out from recesses. The hammock rules in South and Central America. The Indians in Guiana plait most beautiful hammocks out of grass, which they dye prettily. Japanese lie upon matting laid on the floor, with a stiff, uncomfortable wooden head-rest. It would take an American years to get accustomed to such a bed of torture. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, but their only mattresses and coverlets are made of matting. In winter they put on heavy clothes wadded with cotton, in which they sleep. Of all people the easiest to suit in the way of sleeping quarters are negroes. An African negro, like a wild animal, can curl up anywhere.

The Diplomatic Doctor.

First Doctor—Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis? Second Doctor—Not much; but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.

Poor Mary.

"Have you noticed the eagerly expectant attitude that Mary Wyshbone drops into whenever she stands up?"

"Ping-pong, isn't it?"

"Ping-pong! No. It's the waiting-for-the-proposal-that-never-comes pose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man who works eight or ten hours a day, and spends his nights at home, does not work nearly so hard as the man who dailies and potters around during the day, and has "a good time" at night.