

SHALL LOVE BE NO MORE?

Scientists Have Said So, but Human Nature Refuses to Class It as One of the Lost Arts—Many Reasons Why Present and Future Generations May Continue to Hope.



Will the Little Future Man Be Able to Propose to the Big Future Woman?

If you are to believe certain scientists and philosophers who have recently been saying things here and in Europe, love—romantic love as we know it—is not to last. It is doomed to pass with other things that are giving way to the changes of an inevitable age. As Anna Steese Richardson, in the New York Sunday World, writes:

Today is the age of startling changes, stupendous progress, almost cyclical successions of old ideas to the new. Traditions, customs, habits and creeds perish overnight. Yet even from this social chaos a few forces may emerge almost primal. Will love be such a force? Or shall the twentieth century maiden yet taste the bitter truth of the cynic's claim that love-making will soon be classed among the dead arts?

Love! It has made humanity happy and miserable since ever the world was born. Kingdoms have been cut in twain or lost for it. Heroes have gained immortality in its name, and have passed life oblivion that they might first taste its bitter-sweet fruits. Men have been hanged for it and women have willingly died for it. And now, in the twentieth century, it is being questioned. A king might hold the woman he loved in his arms once more, and modern fortunes have been wrecked for the kiss of a woman. Artists, novelists and dramatists have won fame by picturing love as the world would have it.

And yet there are modern philosophers, modern scientists, modern sociologists who will tell you that love is an anachronism for which the higher intelligence demands a substantial, real, vital substitute.

Some of the new creeds or beliefs which are attracting thinking people and reducing attendance at those churches whose denominationalism stands for a material mankind, materially fallen and materially redeemed; those so-called creeds which may be loosely grouped as new thought movements, preach an impersonal love, which knows no sex and does not concern itself at all with the future of the human race.

Love, writes Prof. W. J. McGee, the famous anthropologist, "is merely a disorder of the mind."

And for every disorder, physical or mental, science is confident of its ability to find the proper remedy. Therefore in time it will wipe out this particular mental malady.

But it will be pretty tough on his patients while he is getting his experience, won't it?" asked the naval officer.

"Oh, it won't be so bad. While the young Mr. D. tries to impress his patients and the world at large with his vast and superior knowledge (which really is nil), at the same time he is taking no chances. Now, there is Dr. —, one of the most noted of the younger set of physicians in New York. When Billy — graduated—and he passed with high honors, too—he was, to me, as hopeless a specimen as I had ever come across. His father, who was an old friend of mine, asked me to take the boy into my office for a year or two and break him in, which I did.

"Billy turned out to be a frank, manly fellow, though he wasn't much of a physician in those days, and I sometimes thought he never would be. As Billy's father was a wealthy man, he had seen to it that Billy was supplied with everything in the way of an instrument or device that a surgeon could possibly need, and of the latest

and finest make. I really used to envy the boy, for I, who really could use such things, couldn't afford to buy them. And then, too, Billy was constantly adding to his stock.

"One night I went into the office, and there was Billy with an handsome medicine bag as I have ever seen. I had him working on the East side, where we furnished most of the medicine ourselves. The bag was of Russian leather, with silver mounted vials, pockets for instruments, etc. When Billy, with a great deal of pride, was showing it to me, I noticed, to my surprise, that on the top of the cork of each vial he had written not only the name of the contents but the dose as well.

"Billy," I asked, "why on earth have you marked the dose on each of these bottles?"

"Why, doc," he replied, "how, in the name of heaven, would I know how much to give if I didn't have it written down?"

"But, Billy, is all right now," concluded the physician, with a laugh; "he's learned the doses."

Some Inside History of One Who is Now an Eminent Physician.

A physician of international reputation and a well known naval officer were seated at luncheon at the Metropolitan club in Washington the other day.

"I see old Brown's son has passed his examination and is now a full fledged M. D.," observed the rear admiral, apropos of nothing.

"So I saw," returned the physician.

"Well, I'm sorry for his patients," continued the sailor. "Why, that boy never impressed me as having sense enough to come in out of the rain."

"Oh, give him time and he'll be all right," insisted the physician. "Young surgeons are like chickens just out of the shell, anyway. You must wait until their feathers grow before passing judgment on them. When Brown's boy gets his experience he may grow up into a first class physician."

or would we take a suite in a hotel? May I continue in my career, or must I merge my individuality in yours? Will you make any objection to my marching in a suffragist parade?"

How do you think love will feel after a catchism like that?

Pretty much like taking a sneak back to the days when clinging vines wore muslin frocks and pink ribbons! Your great-grandmother had 13 or 14 children. Your grandmother had nine. You had four. Your daughter may have one, or none at all. The modern woman counts the cost of each child and checks it against the earnings of her husband. Your grandmother said: "The Lord will provide."

Beckonings of Hope.

And yet—there is hope—for love and for your sons and for your daughters. Moreover, said love is born of no less hard and prosaic a source than the United States census.

Of the children that enter the lowest classes in public and private schools each year, roundly placed at 15,000,000, only 100,000 will go to colleges or universities, and of this number not more than one-third are girls. In other words, while the present female population of the United States is close to 40,000,000, only about 23,000 of them will enjoy the higher education which jeers at love. And out of those same 40,000,000 women less than 6,000,000 will be self-supporting and in a position to look too critically at the garb which love assumes.

Nature's Balances.

And if the much-educated girl hesitates to yield to the importunities of love and delays marriage until she reaches thirty, this condition is more than balanced by the early marriages among self-supporting girls. In manufacturing centers girls marry young, because they go to work young. If the fad of the American girl today is a taste of independence or a career, it does not seem to take her very long to exhaust the pleasurable sensation. The mill girl goes to work early and marries early. The college girl becomes independent later and marries later. That is the only difference between the two types. Both marry almost as soon as they've learned that independence, like the post card task of "being good," is such a lonely job!

"Lovesickness," as a disease, makes trouble for physicians. They consider it seriously in conventions assembled and Dr. A. R. Hagle, a Chicago physician, says that it can be cured only through mental suggestion. Now you do not see physicians discussing diseases which do not exist and therefore do not represent fees, do you? And if there is such a thing as lovesickness in quantities large enough to cause medical discussion, what a lot of love must be lying around loose!

Science recognizes the presence of love in our midst and spends thousands trying to invent love tests, despite the fact that matrimony is the only sure fire test.

Dr. Lightner Witmer, chief of the department of psychology in the University of Pennsylvania, can tell you whether you love May Brown or Susie Smith by registering your heart beats and your thought waves and your red corporeal action when the name of the right girl is mentioned.

Unfailing Register.

This machine is called the phthysmograph and it is attached to your heart when the test is demanded. Another machine which scientists consider quite as reliable is attached to your wrist and is called the sphygmograph. Neither machine has yet found its way to the Monday morning bargain sales, however.

Moreover, though a machine may be much more reliable than a gypsy fortune teller or tea cup grounds, or the number of apple seeds you find in a core, the average man or woman prefers to experiment in love's old-fashioned way and take a chance. Seeing your love registered in a jiggy line may be accurate, but it is sort of well—unsatisfying, as compared with analyzing your own feeling in a cozy sitting room with the electrolier properly shaded.

An advertising agent who knows commercial conditions thoroughly places the amount of money paid annually in Greater New York to seers, gypsies, fortune tellers, palmists, clairvoyants and "psychics" at \$1,000,000. This represents a quarter of a dollar for every inhabitant of the great city. If you make the rounds of the leading purveyors of future events you will learn that 95 per cent of the inquiries hurled at them deal with love!

"Does he love me?"

"Can I win her?"

"Will she come back to me?"

And this in the money-mad city of the Union!

Never mind how copper and cotton are going. Why worry about the rate? But, oh, worry in dingy magenta gown and sequined shawl!

"Does he love me?"

It's the same old question handed down from mother to daughter since the world was as young and fresh and green and sweet as love itself. And women—to say nothing of men—will always ask for love, though science fail and the world be made again!

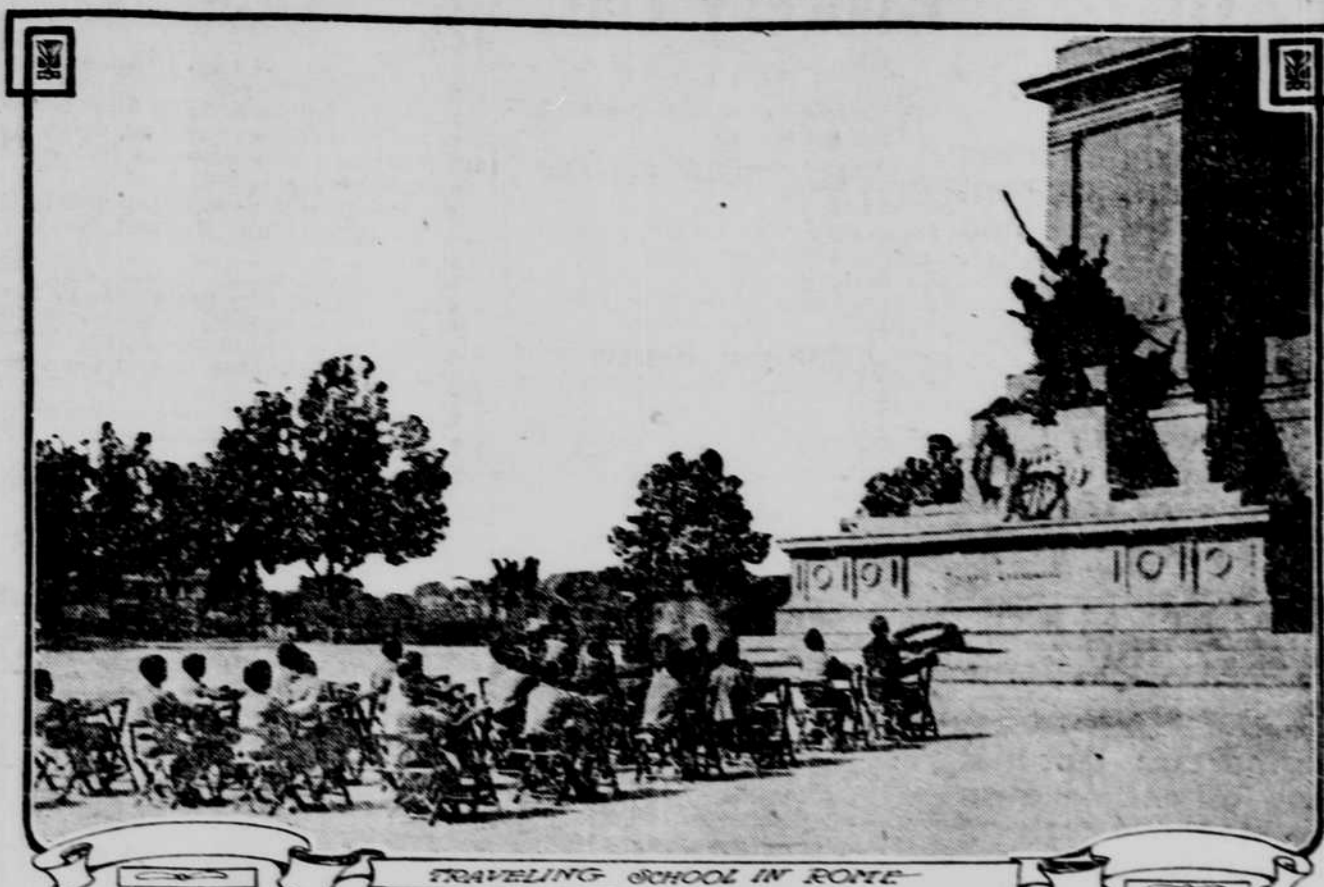
Paris Corporation Formed to Connect Asia and America by Rail—Scheme Feasible.

Paris.—The project of tunneling Bering strait and connecting Asia and America by rail is attracting renewed attention on this side of the water. Several Frenchmen with important governmental relations are reported to be committed to the plan, among the more conspicuous being Francois Deloncle, formerly in the diplomatic service and now deputy representative of the colony Cochinchina.

A corporation formed for the construction of the tunnel plans to utilize two small islands in Bering strait as ventilation towers, so to speak, thus dividing the tunnel into three sections, averaging in length about ten miles each.

J. Delobel, one of the capitalists interested in the project, visited London recently with the object of enlisting in it some prominent American railway men who then were there

EDUCATIONAL NOVELTY IN ITALY



Rome.—The traveling school is an educational institution that is not only an absolute novelty, but is said to be yielding results of a most satisfactory sort. Each pupil is equipped with a combined seat, desk and satchel, the total weight of which is ten pounds. Also they carry with them the needed books, pencils, paper and lunches. Accompanied by their teachers, the youngsters, each day that the school is in session, set off for some point of interest, as a historic spot or a monument. There the desks are put in position and the teacher talks to the pupils. It is said that boys who will not endure the restraint of an ordinary school take kindly to the innovation.

SEARCHING FOR SON

Boy Vanished From Seattle, Wash., About Year Ago.

Admiral John A. Rodgers Going to Alaska in Effort to Locate Lad—Letter From Far North Tells of Mysterious Young Man.

Seattle, Wash.—Rear Admiral John A. Rodgers, in command of the navy yard, Puget Sound, will soon go to Alaska in search of his lost son, Alexander Rodgers, who was last heard of a year ago when he was planning to go down the Tanana river on a raft. Admiral Rodgers is impelled to make the trip north himself by a letter from Bethel, Alaska, which has just come to hand. It is written by Bob Hunter to a friend in Bremerton, whose name the admiral does not wish to reveal. According to the letter Hunter was building a power boat at Bethel last month for a trip to the Iditarod. A young man applied to him with the proposition that he should earn a trip up the river by helping build the boat. Hunter went on to say that the young fellow worked hard, but adds that privations which he suffered had apparently affected his mind.

For days he would not say a word, and would then talk disconnectedly of a father in the south who had 2,000 men working for him. All of his name that Hunter had discovered was Alexander. Hunter goes on to say that he is taking the stranger along with him to the new diggings because he is such a good worker and is going to give him the Bremerton man's kit, which Hunter was keeping in Bethel. Hunter closes with an urgent request to his Bremerton friend to join him in the north, because he is not sure that "Alexander" will prove a good working partner.

That Admiral Rodgers believes Bob Hunter's companion is his son is shown by his visit to the schooner P. J. Abler, which will soon sail for the Kuskokwim. Admiral Rodgers handed to Capt. E. B. Hoffman, skipper of the Abler, 50 letters addressed to Bob Hunter, which are to be distributed throughout Kuskokwim district. In the hopes that one of them may come into the hands of the right party.

They describe Alexander Rodgers as twenty-two years old, 5 feet 8 1/2 inches high, weight 150 pounds, blue eyes, blonde hair, fair complexion, near-sighted, wearing glasses when he left home. The letters, which are signed by the admiral, request Mr. Hunter to wire any information from the nearest office. Admiral Rodgers was accompanied on his visit to the Abler by Lieut. John Rodgers, an older brother of the missing man, who has recently returned from a fruitless search in Alaska. A long consultation was held in the cabin of the P. J. Abler between the two naval officers and A. J. Born, owner of the Abler, and Captain Hoffman as to the methods of the search.

When the Abler stopped at Bethel on June 17 there was no such person as Bob Hunter there. Bethel is a little Indian village and all the white people know one another by name. The letter was dated June 27, and Hunter states that he is handing it to Captain Johnson, Johnson is known as the skipper of a small sloop which runs between Nome and Bethel.

The Bremerton man received the letter in Cordova and brought it down from Alaska. Mr. Born cannot account for the shortness of time between Bethel and Cordova. The only explanation is some mistake in the date line of Hunter's letter.

REVIVE BERING TUNNEL PLAN

One of them, a retired railway president of vast experience who now is in France, had been asked some years ago to become a director in a Bering strait tunnel company.

An American who has just arrived in Paris from London says the invitation to this railway magnate was repeated last week, but it is not at all probable that he will accept. He has for the present positively forbidden the use of his name in connection with the project. At the time his friends say he is far from regarding it as chimerical, but on the contrary would probably enter into it personally if he were younger. Careful inquiries are being made in Paris regarding the character and responsibility of the Frenchmen who are promoting the scheme and it is said these inquiries are in the interest of American capitalists.

When a man goes out to hunt a reputation all he gets is Notoriety.

PAY OF FRENCH PRESIDENTS

Receives \$240,000 Yearly, Half as Salary, Half as Expenses, No Extras for Hospitality.

London.—The voting of the English king's civil list has led Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of Truth, to tell how French presidents fare in the matter of expenses. A French president receives \$240,000 a year, half as salary and half as expenses, no extra allowance for hospitality being made except on exceptional occasions. He has no pension. He profits by few minor perquisites outside his salary, such as vegetables, from what were formerly the royal gardens at Versailles, fruits from Fontainebleau, game from those state forests where he has shooting, and hay for his horses from the presidential seat at Rambouillet. The state pays for his men servants in the stables, only but allows for the coachman, though not for a chauffeur, or secretaries. His military and naval staffs are maintained by the war and marine ministries.

Felix Faure, when president, obtained from the parliament money for building and keeping up a palace train. Railway companies, when the president goes into the provinces of officially, are glad to give it—and any extra cars he may want—the freedom of their lines for the sake of the excursion business this brings. This enables the president to reserve the \$40,000 allowed for traveling expenses for tips to railway servants, servants at prefectures, and for charities.

The French president never gives less than \$100 to the railway employees. His contributions to charity funds at the hospitals he visits and donations to mayors for the poor are heavy. He also is expected to subscribe to relief funds for victims of fires, floods and other disasters. Yet a French president always contrives to save money.

PLOW BETTER THAN PULPIT

Harlem Pastor Says There is More Money in Potatoes Than Sermons—Takes to Farm.

New York.—Potatoes pay so much better than theology, according to the view of Rev. Dr. William Justin Harsha, formerly well known as pastor of the Second Reformed church in Harlem, that he has stopped preaching and taken to farming.

He was a forceful and brilliant preacher and his resignation from his pulpit here was a sensation eleven years ago. He left the city and sent his resignation from southern Texas. Rev. Dr. Harsha had many financial tribulations, which came upon him to the amount of \$40,000, owing to his signing the notes of a western publishing house which failed. His creditors pursued him to this city and sought to attach his salary.

According to an article from his pen, which appears in the current number of the magazine, Success, Rev. Dr. Harsha gathered together about \$1,200, with which he and his wife, his son and his two young daughters went out in search of pastures new. He was so impressed with the idea that the ministry offered no future that he dropped it like a hot potato.

The clergyman obtained a quarter section in Colorado, for which he paid \$16 down. He bought two mares and a cow and 200 pounds of seed pota-

PUT BAN ON ADONIS SHAPES

Coney Island Officials Are Tired of Men Strutting Around in One-Piece Suits.

New York.—Capt. Galvin, at Coney Island, has ordered that men who pose in tightly fitting bathing suits on the beaches must go. Hereafter modesty will be the watchword from Seagate to Manhattan Beach.

"We have been receiving so many complaints lately," said Capt. Galvin, "that I have instructed the men to arrest every man who wears one of those tight fitting suits or a one-piece suit. I'm tired of those Adonis who put on their suits and pose. I've looked them over myself and some of the suits I've seen are indecent.

"It might not be so bad if these fellows would go in the water, but most of them are so vain that they just strut around, puffing out their chests, trying to make a hit with the girls. I don't mind a woman posing on the beach—it adds to the landscape—but it's most too much when a man struts that sort of game."



MEAN.

Willie—We were playing insurance company at school today and the boys treated me mean.

Mama—How?

Willie—I was the president of the company, and before I could resign they fired me.

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR

Few parents realize how many estimable lives have been embittered and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings dispelled.

To this end, nothing is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as the constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free 32-page Cuticura Book, telling all about the care and treatment of the skin.

Thinking of Curtain Lectures.

Mrs. Peck—I see the Maine Agricultural college proposes to establish lectures especially for country pastors.

Mr. Peck—What's the matter, ain't none of the parsons up there married?

Real Modesty.

"An actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackst at a luncheon in Pittsburgh. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that said:

"Engagement wanted—small part such as dead body or outside shout preferred."

He Had No Eye for Color.

There came to the home of a negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

"What does yo' think?" asked the parent.

"Waal"—pointing to the one in the middle—"I think I'd save that one."—Everybody's Magazine.

Tuberculosis in the Prisons.

The fact that 100,000 prisoners are discharged from the jails and prisons of the country annually, and that from 10 to 15 per cent. of them have tuberculosis, makes the problem of providing special places for their treatment while they are confined a serious one. So important is the problem that the Prison association of New York in co-operation with the State Charities Aid association, is preparing to inaugurate a special campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis in the penal institutions of the state, and will seek to enlist the co-operation of all prison physicians and anti-tuberculosis societies in this work.

Sign of Recovery.

"If when the devil is sick a monk will be," said Rose Stahl sagely, "then the devil gets well in double quick time. Witness that young 'devil with the ladies,' my kid cousin. Last winter he was ill, so ill he couldn't have any sense of humor left nor any sense either. I was staying at the same hotel, and when I went in to look after him he virtuously remarked that his room was no place for a 'Chorus Lady' and promptly shoed me out. (A few years ago I spanked that kid.) Then he got scared and sent for a doctor and the doctor sent for a trained nurse. For several days I got bulletins of his progress from the chambermaid. The fourth morning she set my mind completely at rest.

"Sure, ma'am," said Maggie, 'an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"

Right food is a basis for right living.

"There's only one disease," Says an eminent writer—"Wrong living"

"And but one cure—"Right living."

Right food is supplied by

Grape-Nuts

It contains the vital Body and brain-building Elements of wheat and barley—Most important of which is The Potassium Phosphate, Grown in the grain For rebuilding tissues Broken down by daily use. Folks who use Grape-Nuts Know this—they feel it.

"There's a Reason" Read "The Road to Wellville," Found in packages.