

Pranks of Students

ONE FORM OF
A TERRIFIC
COLLEGE
"SPORT."

(Special Letter.)
With much the same sort of pride which German students take in exhibiting the scars sustained in their college duels the young men of American universities are wont to point to the injuries which they encounter in that terrific college "sport," the cane rush. This is not a trio of untamed Indians after a week on the warpath or a night of the ghost dance. It is a picture for which three Princeton students proudly posed after just fifteen minutes of energetic operations somewhere near the center of a cane rush. Princeton's last essay in this line occurred one night recently. Three hundred students engaged in a contest which, spectators aver, contained more of the elements of brutality than any prize-ring exhibition of recent years. The fight waged around the historic cannon on old Nassau's campus. When it had spent its fury the clothing of fully one-half of the combatants had been torn to tatters and the faces of some were battered almost beyond recognition.

This picture may convey a slight idea of the facial gargoyles wrought by the architectural experts in the pleasant melee. That more serious work is sometimes done in such encounters was indicated in the almost fatal injuring of Fritz Wittig, Jr., a member of the freshman class at Rutgers College, a few days ago. He was in the thickest of the fight for a time and suddenly disappeared. He was later found unconscious on the field. A physician said that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. Only the greatest efforts saved his life. A few nights before this President Scott stoned a cane rush. Dean Winans of Princeton disapproves of the rushes, and so do most of the college authorities. But the students seem inclined to continue to fight out the perennial sophomore-freshman disagreement in this way, and to display their injuries afterward—if they manage to get about—with the air of much-to-be-envied heroes.



PRINCETON STUDENTS AFTER A CANE RUSH.

FAMOUS OLD PRISON.

"Old Bailey" Second Only to the French Bastille in History.
"Old Bailey," the most famous prison in England, and second only to the Bastille in France for historical significance, is about to be demolished. This prison, which for 600 years has been a terror to criminals, will soon be pulled down and a magnificent structure embodying all the latest ideas in sanitary inventions will be built. In 1773 the original structure was destroyed and on the site was built a court house. This, too, fell in the "popery" riots of 1780, as readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will remember, and the place was rebuilt and enlarged in 1809. So the "Old Bailey" known to Londoners today is only about a hundred years old. It is one of the most desolate buildings in London and its mere appearance has probably prevented more crime than any other agency in the world. "Their name is legion" might well be said of the celebrated criminals who have heard their fate in that historic dock, according to the New York Telegraph. Among political offenders sentenced at the "Old Bailey" perhaps the regicides are the most memorable. Out of the twenty-one prisoners arraigned in 1660 twelve were executed, while seven paid for their part in the execution of Charles I. by life-long imprisonment. A tragic episode in the history of the "Old Bailey" was the invasion of the court by the jail fever during the sessions of May, 1750. The fever obtained such a hold in the neighboring prison that it forced a way into the court, causing the death of the judge of the Common Pleas, Sir Thomas Abney, Baron Clark, the lord mayor and several other members of the bar and of the jury. These plagues were directly consequent to the lax sanitary laws. Little was known of the art of artificial ventilation. The prisons were in shocking condition. "Old Bailey" will always be familiar to those who have read Dickens, especially the lovers of "Barnaby Rudge," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations" and "Oliver Twist." The great novelist made a study of English prison life, as he did of English schools. "Nicholas Nickleby" awoke the English public to the horrors of their common school system. "Little Dorrit" raised such a storm of indignation that prison classification, the greatest need of the time, was soon introduced. As Squeers disappeared before the stinging pen of Dickens, so Dennis, the hangman, and "Old Bailey" became things of the past, and today Newgate is a model prison. The old building, now to be demolished, was made as comfortable and healthful as the limited space would permit, and the new edifice about to be erected will be one of the finest in the world.

Mistaken for a Ghost.

Aaron Bell, colored, is in jail in St. Augustine, Fla., and he gives a peculiar story as the cause of his trouble. Bell is a grave digger, and while returning from his work shortly after dark on a recent evening, he met Nan-

cy Gerard, a colored woman, in New Augustina. Upon meeting the woman he began to beat her, and after the scuffle that followed the woman was found to be severely cut, and it is believed that Bell used a knife. The woman's side of her story has not been heard yet, but Bell says that he came upon the woman suddenly in a dark and lonely neighborhood. She was dressed in white, and as she approached, Bell says he thought she was a ghost, and becoming frightened he made the attack. It seemed to take him some time to discover his mistake.

SUBTLENESS OF RHEUMATISM.

Mild Cases Are Not Suspected of Being Serious and Are Neglected.
It has been known for many years that the most fertile cause of heart disease is rheumatism. Only recently has it been realized, however, that many cases of rheumatism which give rise to heart complications really run so mild a course that they are not suspected of being serious and are neglected. This is especially true in cases which attack the very young. In children rheumatism often masquerades under the name of "growing pains." In infants it often falls completely of recognition. It has become the custom to a lamentable degree to give for it the coal-tar derivatives, the various antipyretic drugs, anti-pyrine, phenacetin, and the like, besides various derivatives of salicylic acid. These drugs alleviate the rheumatic pain, by numbing the nerves; they also lessen fever. The result of their use is that patients are enabled to move about much sooner than they otherwise would, and this throws extra work on the heart, and leads to post-rheumatic heart complications which may cripple the organ of life. The recent increase in the number of refusals of risks by life insurance companies is thought to be due to this cause. Doctors here from many parts of the world deprecate the present excessive use of these drugs. Pain is nature's demand for rest. To allay it without reaching its cause is to drug the sentinel who watches over the citadel of health because his footsteps disturb our sleep.—New York Post.

Was a Joke on the Doctor.

Colonel Daniel R. Anthony, brother of Susan B. Anthony, and the last of the fighting editors of Kansas, is on record as the only man who has had his aorta severed and lived. In a newspaper feud with a gambler of the name of Jennison, Anthony was shot. The doctor told him he could not live. The wounded man did not say anything, but bade his sister good-by and went to sleep. When he awoke he asked the nurse: "What time is it?" "Six o'clock," replied the nurse. The colonel chuckled for a moment; then said: "Say, there's a good joke on the doctor, isn't it? He said I'd be dead at 5:30." He fell asleep again and when he awoke the doctor acknowledged his mistake.

AFTER APE-LIKE MAN.

GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S EXPEDITION TO JAVA.

Huge Question in the Balance—If the Pithecanthropus Is Discovered the Belief of Millions of Christians Is Likely to Be Affected.

(Special Letter.)
George W. Vanderbilt, in order to do something of consequence for the human race, and incidentally to prove that the moneyed class is not wholly indifferent to the advancement of science, will search Java for the missing link. The young master of Biltmore manor house has selected a brilliant Yale student, Mr. David J. Walters, to lead an expedition to settle, so far as human research may do so, the most important problem that now confronts the biologists of the world—namely: Does the actual species of ape-like men that the logic of biology demonstrates to have lived at a remote period of the earth's history still exist?

Ernest Haeckel, the distinguished professor at the University of Jena, maintains that this soulless, voiceless, five-fingered, tailless creature is still extant amid the jungles and tangled forests of Northeastern Java, and he last spring announced his intention to set out in quest of this only link yet missing to complete the wonderful chain in the theory of man's descent, beginning with the monera, or organisms without organs; advancing to the amoeba, thence by seven stages to the skull-less vertebrates.

The specimen of the Pithecanthropi, or ape-like men, that Mr. Vanderbilt hopes to find marks the twenty-first stage of advancement from the single-celled monera or protoplasmic germ. It is the one link that must be found, alive or in the fossil state, to completely demonstrate the new, wonderful and startling philosophy of human existence that eliminates a God, and to clinch what must be admitted to be the most brilliant product of the human brain—the theory of development. Whether it be called Darwinism or Haeckelism is of little importance. The doctrine of evolution owes its own development to several stages, but to Lamarck, Goethe, Huxley and Darwin in particular. It has divided the Christian church, it has made a warfare of science, and has commanded more serious thought by the brightest minds than any theme of the nineteenth century. Upon the result of the hunt may depend the faith of 230,000,000 Christian people who cling to the beliefs of their ancestors.

Mr. Vanderbilt is a believer, and has never wavered in his acceptance of the Adamite theory of creation. But he wants the truth. He is like the editor of a newspaper in quest of facts. He



APE-LIKE MEN.

has adopted the practical and natural method of doing what Professor Haeckel wants done. He has sent out a party himself. Mr. David J. Walters has sailed from San Francisco for Java, where a special steamer will be hired and properly equipped for this expedition to the island of Java. It is hoped to render the projected voyage of Professor Haeckel unnecessary. Mr. Vanderbilt expects to find the Pithecanthropus at once if he be where Doctor Haeckel believes him. If the ape-like man is not in Java Mr. Vanderbilt's agent will search the forests and the swampy savannas until he is convinced of that fact. The Pithecanthropus must be found or dismissed from the field of contemporaneous existence.

Man began to be a freshbowed possibility when the primary form of ape appeared. Our semi-ape ancestors, if Darwin and Haeckel be right, possessed only a faint resemblance to the still living, short-footed apes. The tertiary period probably produced them. They "originated" perhaps out of marsupials, or pouched animals (of which the kangaroo remains). Then came the tailed apes, but the narrow-nosed species is all that interests the student of man. The tailed apes "originated" out of semi-apes by the transformation of the jaw and the changing of their claws into nails. Most nearly akin to man are the large tailed, narrow-nosed apes, the orang of Asia and the chimpanzee of West Africa. They originated during the miocene period in all likelihood and developed by the loss of their tails, and partial loss of their hairy covering and by the excessive developments of that part of the brain just above the facial portion of the skull.

But toward none of these does the present search tend. Mr. Vanderbilt seeks the ape who has ceased to be an ape and has become a man! He directed Mr. Walters to bring back as many live specimens as possible. To kill such an animal would be murder. Mr. Walters is instructed to seek the

speechless primeval man—a type far anterior to the Stone age.

It is a splendid dream for a man of wealth, and, if successful, must put the mint mark or the brand of base metal upon Darwinism forever.

WHAT BECAME OF THE GUNS?

Mystery Surrounds the Disappearance of Cannon in South Africa.

Now that the war in South Africa is nearly over it would be interesting to know what became of those celebrated "long toms" and other big siege guns which made life in the besieged cities of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking so uncomfortable for a while. These guns seem to have fallen off the earth. While the Boers were in command of the railways of the region it would have been easy enough for them to have spirited the guns away, but in the close of the fights the British fell upon the retreating farmers with an energy which cut them off from the railways near the besieged cities that had been so harassed by the guns. Now, where are the guns? It is morally certain that all the big siege guns, which kept people awake nights at Kimberley, Mafeking and Ladysmith were not carried to where the remnants of the Boer army are fighting. Neither at Paardeberg, Ladysmith, Kimberley nor Mafeking was one of these celebrated guns captured. What has become of them is one of the problems which Lord Roberts is trying to find out. It is not at all probable that the Boers had a heavier gun in their siege trains than a five-inch piece. That is the caliber of an ordinary siege gun. That they did have guns of that caliber or nearly that seems certain from the accounts received during the war of the artillery duels between the British naval "four-point seven" guns and the big siege guns of the Boers. The "fitting" of these heavy guns seems almost inexplicable. The British believe that the Boers have hidden them away somewhere in the vast territory which has been fought over and are looking for them assiduously, but so far without success. Though the guns of the Creusot pattern are lighter, it is said, in proportion to their caliber than the older type they cannot be of much less weight and in the old type the wheels of a siege carriage alone weighed over 330 pounds. Then there is all the paraphernalia which goes with a siege gun, all weighing heavily. To cause the disappearance of all this heavy material so that no trace of it can be found is a marvelous piece of work. For a while "Oom" Paul persuaded his followers that miracles were being worked for the benefit of the Boers, but the British never believed in a special dispensation for Mr. Kruger until they realized that they could not find the big siege guns. The manner in which they were spirited away was marvelous. If anyone should see a Boer walking about with a siege train a suitable reward will be paid by General Roberts, provided the Boer will tell how he did it.

FIRE WARDENS

Employed to Prevent Forest Fires in Minnesota.

Minnesota has a law for the prevention and suppression of forest and prairie fires, has regular "fire wardens," and, as a result, the chief fire warden is able to report that there were only ten forest fires in 1899. These burned over 3,638 acres and damaged timber to the extent of only \$1,541. The whole number of prairie fires the same year was 34; acres burned over, 24,616; damage done, \$4,856. The chief difficulty that has been found in the application of the laws to save Minnesota's fine forests arises from the fact that people do not like to report against a fellow-townsmen or neighbor, and the machinery of the law is not extensive enough to depend upon its own workings independent of the co-operation of the people. Minnesota has about 3,000,000 acres of idle land well adapted to the growth of pine, and a considerable part of the report of the chief fire warden is devoted to showing that such taking over of these lands for this purpose by the state would be profitable. He refers to Germany's experience since Frederick the Great introduced forest or tree culture, and shows that the value of the 10,000,000 acres of forest land in Germany—land unfit for agriculture—is \$700,000,000, or equal to the assessed valuation of property in Minnesota.—Chicago News.

Glasgow Taxes Heavy Enough.

A story has been going the rounds of the American newspapers to the effect that the city of Glasgow is so well managed that the citizens have been relieved of three-fourths of the taxes. Inquiries are constantly directed to the corporation of Glasgow asking for details of the means by which this has been accomplished. The truth of the matter is that while Glasgow corporation has many industrial enterprises, it is a fixed principle that the profits made on these shall in no case whatever go to the relief of the tax rates. The profits go toward improving and cheapening the particular product of the particular industry in which they are made. Our taxes remain not perhaps so heavy as those of the majorities of cities, but heavy enough to keep us in mind of them.—Robert MacIntyre in Chicago Record.

Bathub Growing Smaller.

The change in the size of the bathtub is one of the recent phenomena of New York's growth. This valuable and cherished adjunct to civilization dwindles daily in size, and as the demand for bathtub grows daily more imperative in New York, there seems a probability that it will some day reach the proportions suited to a hall, bedroom.—New York Sun.

HE CURES IDIOCY.

WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT OF A FRENCHMAN.

A Human Monstrosity Converted Into a Perfect Man—He Has Astonished the Scientists of Europe with His Phenomenal Work.

(Special Letter.)

Doctor Bourneville, the great French psychological specialist, has, it is claimed, actually succeeded in discovering an unfailing cure for idiots, and is doing phenomenal work in ameliorating the condition of abnormal infants and adults.

The results of this humanitarian's work in the Medico-Pedagogical institute at Vitry, France, is the all-absorbing topic in medical circles on the continent. The wonderful results of his cure have gone the round of the press and of magazines during the past months. As similar enterprises have been suggested and attempted from time to time for the thousands of unfortunates in the United States a description of Doctor Bourneville's labors will no doubt prove of interest.

It matters not whether the patient was an idiot or malformed at birth or whether unfortunate circumstances made him an idiot in adult life, Doctor Bourneville will take him and by his rigid methods engage to cure him and make him a useful member of society.

Doctor Bourneville is noted especially for what he has done for Jacques Menod, a boy from Marseilles, 16 years old. It is difficult to imagine an uglier monstrosity than young Jacques, even now after six months scrupulous treatment. Jacques looked like a wild gorilla when he was brought to Vitry last winter. The mouth was abnormally large, the saliva dropped in generous quantity over the thick, sensual lips. His hair grew over his forehead almost down to his eyebrows. He was ever growling and grumbling and refused to walk or stand up, so that he had to be carried all the time, though there was nothing the matter with his legs or spine. Jacques was even lower than the ape in that he would not stretch out his hands to seize his food. He had to be fed like an infant and then almost by force. Once his eyes were attracted by some bright object in the room or garden he would sit



TYPICAL PATIENT AT VITRY.

and stare at it for hours, nor could he be induced to fix his attention elsewhere. If left to himself this wretched being would surely perish from starvation.

As if by a miracle from heaven Jacques has been put in his right mind and in a few months will be sent home entirely cured to his happy parents in Marseilles. He is now learning the carpenter's trade and he will be apprenticed as soon as he returns home. How has all this been accomplished? Doctor Bourneville says that he has not uttered a harsh word to Jacques nor punished the boy at any time for disobedience or transgression of discipline. First, there was a week of patient observation of his peculiar form of idiocy and a daily examination of the malformed organs. He was treated as at home, fed with a spoon, conveyed into the garden in a rolling chair, left to mutter and stare at will, and at night carried to bed. His nurse in all details gave him maternal care.

In the case of Jacques, Doctor Bourneville determined that massage, followed by a special gymnastic course, was the best treatment, for his diagnosis revealed that his form of imbecility was traceable mostly to an imperfect development of the facial, manual and pedal lineaments and other peculiar deformities contracted before birth and permitted to become aggravated by ignorant nursing. Electric and medicated baths were also prescribed by the doctor.

It was weeks before Jacques could stretch out his arms and months before he could stand up without assistance. As to feeding Jacques his fondness for certain delicacies was soon ascertained. These were finally given to him at every meal, but only when he would reach out his hands for them. Curious musical instruments attracted the patient's attention. The only time when he was known to smile was when the doctor would play on his violin. Jacques soon learned to walk from his room to the farther end of the garden if he wanted to see and hear the doctor play.

After three months Jacques fed himself, could walk and talk and dress himself. Then began a slow course of gymnastics, while Doctor Bourneville left nothing undone to reduce the abnormal facial formations by massage and the mental restoration by the pestalozzian method of instruction. The latter method consists in object lessons, the garden and the streets and the rooms taking the place of books.

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Counterpart of the Place Described by Goldsmith.

Did you ever read Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"? Did you ever surmise, after perusing it, that its counterpart could be discovered in this go-ahead, up-to-date, brand-new country? If not, then pay a visit to Allaire, N. J. Years ago, before the birth of the majority of our readers, this town was a flourishing, booming place; its factories hummed with the whirring of the machinery, there were night as well as day shifts, and the glare produced from the former as the molten iron was ladled from one receptacle to another could be perceived for miles around. At that epoch iron was worth \$80 per ton, railroads and steamboats were in their infancy, rails were in request, so that the founder of this town found his undertaking a prosperous one, says the Brooklyn Eagle. It is true that the ore had to be carried some distance, but the selling price of the manufactured article permitted of heavy transport charges, and Mr. Allaire and his work people waxed fat. Wages were not as good as those paid to-day, but, on the other hand, living expenses were more reasonable, and it is safe to predict that both employer and employes were happy. All the iron entering into the first ocean-going steamers was cast in this village, but as time elapsed new and cheaper methods of refining the ores were discovered, and consequently as values reduced so the prosperity of the village departed, and the proprietor of the works discovered his inability to compete with new-fangled methods, or was perhaps too conservative to employ them. One by one the foundries closed down, and about fifty years ago the enterprise was abandoned definitely, leaving the proprietor surrounded by his brick walls and machinery. From that moment decay only has marked time there; first the machinery was sold for what it would realize, afterward doors, windows—in a word, whatever would bring grist to the mill. To-day nothing remains of its former grandeur but falling walls, roofless buildings with luxuriant vegetation growing inside; the old drug store where medicine was formerly dispensed for the multitude is now the postoffice, run by a decrepit individual whose coat unfortunately contains little of its original material; everything bespeaks ruin and decay. The brook still swings along its noisy channel; snakes are to be seen sleeping near by, apparently little fearful of being disturbed, for the old town is dead and there is no chance of resurrecting it unless some real-estate boomer should happen to get in his line work. Since recent years there has, however, sprung up within the walls, almost of the ancient buildings an excellent hotel, where good cheer can be found and, thanks to the surrounding towns, the proprietor has little need to complain, nor do his visitors go away dissatisfied. The descendant of the original founder still resides in the midst of his father's former greatness and, surrounded by the old desks which did service more than three-quarters of a century ago, he probably ruminates and raises visions of what might have been if only his father had kept up to date. Altogether, everything here is most interesting, and any one residing within a few miles of this village would be amply repaid the trouble of visiting it.

Kept Comfortable.

One would almost wish to be a fish when the hot summer winds blow, and especially a fish in the aquarium at Battery Park, New York. The officials there have made arrangements that add greatly to the comfort of the fish during the warm weather. Some of these inhabitants of the aquarium require cooler water than that pumped from the harbor, although that suited them well enough in winter. The water is therefore cooled for them during the hot weather. There is one creature in the aquarium for which the water must be heated all the year round. It is a little West Indian seal, the only one that has been successfully kept in captivity. It was caught with eleven others in the waters of what is called "The Triangle," off the coast of Yucatan. The others all died, but this one was saved by extraordinary care, and the authorities are naturally proud of it.

Chinese Fluery.

Pekin should be an interesting sight when the fashionable men who have fled from the European troops return again to their homes. There will doubtless be many lamentations when they learn the worst and find most of their cherished habiliments missing. The allied officers are said to have purchased all the most gorgeous furs and fashionable embroideries from the looters at a great auction sale, held for the benefit of the troops, and doubtless will send them home. They will then grace European homes and curio establishments and the Chinese dude will have to get another supply or else modify his taste for the splendid and costly garments which delighted Peking.—London Mail.

Electric Machinery in Sweden.

Up till now electric machinery has been manufactured in Sweden only on a small scale. A Swedish company has now been incorporated, however, which will build a comparatively large establishment for the manufacture of electrical machinery. The factory will be built in the northern part of the country, at a place called Ludvika, where there is available water power. The company has a capital stock of \$302,000, and will in the beginning employ 400 persons, but intends to develop the business so as to furnish employment for 1,000 workmen.—Frank Woodward in Chicago Record.