

AFFLICTED ONLY AT TIMES.

Good Reason for Capt. Bascomb's Intermittent Hearing.

When Capt. Bascomb had left his old friend, Capt. Somers, and the new school teacher sitting on the south porch, and had disappeared down the road, the young woman spoke of him with some curiosity.

"I understand from Mrs. Bascomb that her husband was very deaf, 'almost stone-deaf,' she told me, 'I'm sure,'" said the school teacher. "But he seemed to hear all we said with perfect ease."

Capt. Somers leaned toward her and spoke in a low, cautious tone, although there was no eavesdropper to hear him.

"Don't let Mrs. Bascomb know it," he said, hurriedly. "He does seem to hear pretty well when she ain't round, but none of us folks ever let on to her. She's a good woman as ever lived, but a most tremendous boss and an everlastin' talker. An' we all think that Gersh Bascomb begun to realize ten years ago that if he didn't want to be harried right off'n the face o' the earth, the thing for him to do was to grow deaf, gradual, but steady—an' he's done it, to all intents an' purposes, ma'am!"—Youth's Companion.

The Manchester canal was built at a cost of \$75,000,000 to reduce freight rates for a distance of 35 miles, and, while it did not prove a good interest-bearing investment on such a large expenditure, its indirect and more permanent benefits are said to have warranted it.

Germany has 3,000 miles of canal, carefully maintained, besides 7,000 miles of other waterway. France, with an area less than we would consider a large state, has 3,000 miles of canal; and in the northern part, where the canals are most numerous, the railways are more prosperous. England, Germany, France, Holland and Belgium are all contemplating further extension and improvement of their canal systems.—Century Magazine.

A Country Marvel

The little fresh air boy was comfortably quartered in a farm house near the salt water for his summer's outing. The first day he strolled down the road to the marshes and he stared in astonishment at the cat-tails growing there. Then turning around to a native of the place who was accompanying him he said: "Gosh; I didn't know that sausages grow on sticks."

A Big Loser.

Mrs. Myles—I see the 24-year-old son of a London dry goods man is a bankrupt, having managed to get rid of \$2,100,000 since he came of age.

Mrs. Styles—Oh, well, boys will be boys!

Mrs. Myles—Well, this looks as if a boy had an ambition to be a bridge whist player.

One to Reckon With.

There's a little girl who gave her folks a shock the other day.

"Ma, I want a bathing suit," she said.

"You shan't have any," ma replied. "Then I'll go bathing without one." The bathing suit matter is now being arbitrated.

Cause for Resentment.

London Punch suggests as a reason for Raisull's hatred for Cald McLean that it was the latter who introduced bagpipes in Morocco.

Let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement.—Howard.

SOMETHING ABOUT NATIONS.

Divorces are seldom known to occur in Greece.

The hottest region on earth is along the Persian gulf.

The United States is the richest nation in the world.

The wealth of France is estimated at 42 thousand millions.

Most Dutch cities are several feet below the level of the sea.

The electric chair for executions is used only in the United States.

There are no prisons or police in Iceland—the people are so honest.

The total consumption of coal in the world is 50 million tons an hour.

A man who has given the subject a great deal of study says that there is a greater variety to be found among divorce laws of different nations than among the laws governing any other event.

Warts may be entirely removed by washing the hands two or three times a day with the water in which potatoes have been boiled or by bathing the wart several times with potato water.

Nothing is truer than that the people who are eternally clamoring for their rights are likely to grow careless and indifferent concerning their duties.

People with poor digestion should drink no water with meals, but take a glassful half an hour before and drink plentifully an hour or so after each meal.

Tell the "nice things" to people; they have enough to worry them. Laugh, and the world will laugh with you.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR?



THE future of the American Federation of Labor?

The question was put to Frank Morrison, secretary of the great labor organization. "If the American Federation is the ultimate form in which labor shall unite to press its case against capital—that is, to preserve itself and prosecute its advances in the struggle of human development—then I think I can answer that question in a few words," he said. "We think it is; we think it is an ideal form of organization, just as we as Americans think that our mobile form of government in the United States is the best form of government. No man who is other than a fool, however, thinks the government of the United States is a perfect government. Most of us realize that it is very far from perfect."

"That which makes this government the best on earth is not only the greater freedom that it guarantees, but its mobility, its ready adaptability to new measures and methods, the provision at hand by which a change, even the most radical change, may be effected with the only essential condition that the majority of the people want the change. There's the rub. But no sensible man would remove that very heavy and lagging weight that forever clogs the way of progress—the necessity of leaving the whole lump."

"Leaders fret because of the slow march to a goal that seems so bright, so desirable and so ready at hand, if only the hand would reach out to

labor and of the spirit of liberty has reserved for modern eyes. Only by union can headway be made by poverty-stricken individuals against the intrenchments and fortifications of capital. Organize, organize, organize. Organize unions, unite these unions together into other unions, and these unions into still other unions, one intrenched behind and reinforced by the others; drill, discipline, educate—educate every man to know his rights and the rights as well as the power of capital, to know what to ask for and what not to ask for, to know when to ask, to know when to substitute the word 'demand' for 'request,' and finally and most vitally, to know how to enforce that demand. That is the American Federation of Labor. It is the greatest labor organization of the world."

"They will tell you that the interests of labor and capital are identical, that they should live together in peace and harmony; the welfare of one is the welfare of the other, and all that. Of course it is. To the unbiased this is as fundamental as the truth of organization. But the trouble is that capital, like labor, is primarily ignorant—especially is capital ignorant of this fact. It can't be taught without demonstration. It lacks the point of view, and no lesson is so hard to instill as that. It is warm and well fed and it is labor that makes it so. The more subservient and the cheaper the labor on the one hand, the more wealth and luxury on the other. How can the beneficiary of such a condition understand that the increase of wages, the reduction of the hours of labor, the general uplift



FRANK G. MORRISON

take it. But so did they who undertook those reforms that resulted in the French revolution. They got rid of the impediment, but the yeast worked too fast, caused the batter to run over and spoiled the bread. We want none of that.

"Experience teaches that the steady progress that is thoroughly grounded in the best progress. The flag that it is slowly advancing with an intrenched army behind it maintains its position. By all this I simply mean to say that the many failures of the past have not been lost upon trades unionism, for they teach patience in what may seem to be slow progress and that ultimate, complete success of the movement is more assured by our being thorough as we go along. The work we have to do is to educate. 'Organize! organize! organize!' is the slogan, but organization is the first means toward education. It is the class, the school. It is the first essential. It is the first impulse of the awakening mind. The minute the working man realizes that he is a man and not a slave he calls to his fellows to unite with him for betterment."

"United they begin to devise ways and means. They plan how they may secure this and that that they know, as men and not as slaves, they should have—that belongs to them by right. They are at an immense disadvantage because they are not only without means, dependent upon the power they are attacking, but more than all else, they are inexperienced, ignorant. They make mistakes and are humiliated and their organizations broken and scattered and they are individually made to suffer and are reduced to still more abject poverty. The weaker among them are made weaker and more timid still, but the naturally strong are developed in strength and grow in wisdom. They see wherein the weakness of their former movement lay and they go among their fellows and point it out to them. They see even as they did not see before that only through uniting can they ever be emancipated from their state of slavery."

"That is so fundamental a truth that it is patent. No one disputes. When the non-union man frets at what he calls the domination of the union he forms a union to oppose it. This is the amazing spectacle that this particu-

of his employees, is to his benefit? He cannot see it. To him this great truth must remain forever obscure.

The securing of right and justice to one man betters the whole world. Raise the level of an intelligence and manhood of the great mass of the people and the world will be a so much better place to live in than men will scarcely recognize it for the place that it was; those that had the best there were before will discover joys they never dreamed of. When every man is a real man, carrying his head up with ideas and knowledge in it, wearing proper flesh on his bones and clothes to cover it; when every woman, through the means of education, environment and relief from overwork and worry becomes a beautiful and intelligent 'lady,' when children, all children, may be properly cared for and sent to school until they have acquired a good education, will not compensation have been rendered to the privileged and pampered few for what has been filched from them in the form of their exclusive caste? That is the whole story. That is the end toward which the American Federation of Labor is working—and working now with considerable speed.

"I see a time, as the result of our agitation and persistent effort, when no child shall be set to work, and children and youth shall go to school until they are 18 years of age; when every man's child shall have the benefit of a high school education; when men shall be so well paid that they can afford to marry and rear children and provide for them properly and see to their education; when, because of this, women will be taken out of the field of competition by finding husbands and homes; when every man and woman will find time to loaf a little and invite his soul, and life will mean something more than a day of toil; when strikes and lockouts will no longer be used as a weapon between employer and employed, because of a mutual respect and a better understanding. This is the good time toward which the American Federation of Labor is looking and working, and I think we shall see it in our day."

Washington.—The industries of the United States suffered less from strikes during 1905 than in any year since 1892.

KILL TO PLEASE SWEETHEART.

One Way for an Abyssinian Youth to Win a Bride.

"In Abyssinia the natives will kill white men in order to please their sweethearts," declared Frank Mower, formerly consul general to Addis Ababa, and just appointed consul at Leghorn.

"It is never dangerous for a white man to travel in Abyssinia provided he is accompanied by a native escort, because those who compose such an escort are always trustworthy, but a man takes his life in his hands if he goes abroad alone. Not that the natives are ferocious, but that he could not be sure that one of them had not made a pact with his sweetheart to kill a man of white skin in order to win her for his bride. The native who wins such a distinction wears a white feather in the back of his hair."

"Among all the 4,000,000 of population in the entire area equal to New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and New England, there are but two white women in Abyssinia. They are the wives of two consular officials. Strange to say, the national game is hockey, but Caucasians cannot play it very much because of the climate. The natives work but little and eat raw meat. They kill an elk, peel off the skin as you would peel a banana, drain off the blood and proceed with the feast. Every Abyssinian is a good butcher."

"To the lover of nature Abyssinia is a paradise. In my journey through the land I saw thousands upon thousands of different species of birds that were beautiful in their plumage and sweet in their songs. Occasionally I heard the faraway roar of lions, those mighty beasts that promenade the forests and seldom molest human beings unless they are attacked. The Abyssinians never use a light at night, no matter where they are, and sit in the dark and converse. Therefore they have good eyes. And they have wonderfully white teeth, made so by cleaning them with the spread ends of a small stick."

How a Hero Died.

Victor Hugo tells this story of heroism in the recently published book of his literary remains, "Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography." Anatole Leray set out for Brussels, passed through England and then embarked for Australia. The day the steamer arrived in sight of land a storm arose. The vessel capsized. The passengers and crew nearly all succeeded in reaching land by means of the lifeboats or by swimming. Anatole Leray was among the saved. Meanwhile in the tumult of shipwreck, when the pell-mell of the frightened wretches rivals the chaos of the waves and each thinks only of himself, a half-wrecked boat had remained in the surge and was appearing and disappearing in the waves; three women clung to it despairingly.

"The sea was at the height of its fury; no swimmer, even among the hardest of the sailors, dared to risk himself. They kept their eyes fixed on their dripping garments. Anatole Leray flung himself into the surf. He struggled hard, and had the satisfaction of bringing one of the women to shore. He dashed in a second time and rescued another.

"He was worn out with fatigue, torn, bloody. They cried out to him, 'Enough, enough!' 'What?' said he. 'There is still another.' And he flung himself a third time into the sea. He never reappeared."

Absent-Minded Composer.

The French composer Melihac on the occasion of the first presentation of one of his operas entered a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the event of the evening. A waiter brought him a menu.

Melihac abstractedly indicated the first dish on the bill that his eyes had struck. It chanced that this was the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was great commotion there. The proprietor was summoned, and he and the chef devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. Meanwhile, Melihac waited, absorbed. At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor, with a proud smile, waited to observe the result. Melihac regarded the dish with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked. "Certain, Monsieur Melihac." "Do you like it?" "Yes—yes, Monsieur, but—" "Then kindly take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Melihac. "And bring me two fried eggs."—The Bellman.

Wasn't Asking Much.

A florist of Philadelphia was one day making the rounds of his properties near that city when he was approached by a young man, who applied to him for work.

"I am sorry," said the florist, "but have all the help I need. I have nothing for you to do."

"Sir," said the young man, with a polite bow, "if you only knew how very little work it would take to occupy me!"—Success.

The Reason.

"I suppose," said the dress suit, enviously, to the hat, "that you are smarter than the rest of us clothes, because you are so constantly associated with our master's head."

"Yes," replied the hat, "and, of course, he gives me a good many tips."

ARE PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS NOSTRUMS?

To one not qualified, and few laymen are, to discriminate intelligently between physicians' prescriptions, proprietary medicines and nostrums, it may seem little short of a crime to hint even that physicians' prescriptions are in any manner related to nostrums; nevertheless, an impartial examination of all the facts in the case leads irresistibly to the conclusion that every medicinal preparation compounded and dispensed by a physician is, in the strict sense of the word, a nostrum, and that the average, ready-prepared proprietary remedy is superior to the average specially-prepared physicians' prescription.

What is a nostrum? According to the Standard Dictionary a nostrum is "a medicine the composition of which is kept a secret." Now, when a physician compounds and dispenses with his own hands a remedy for the treatment of a disease—and it is authoritatively stated that probably 60 per cent. of all physicians' prescriptions in this country are so dispensed—the names and quantities of the ingredients which constitute the remedy are not made known to the patient. Hence, since its composition is kept a secret by the physician, the remedy or prescription is unquestionably, in the true meaning of the word, a Simon-pure nostrum. Furthermore, the prescription compounded by the average physician is more than likely to be a perfect jumble—replete with therapeutic, physiologic and chemical incompatibilities and bearing all the earmarks of pharmaceutical incompetence; for it is now generally admitted that unless a physician has made a special study of pharmacy and passed some time in a drug store for the purpose of gaining a practical knowledge of modern pharmaceutical methods, he is not fitted to compound remedies for his patients. Moreover, a physician who compounds his own prescriptions not only deprives the pharmacist of his just emoluments, but he endangers the lives of patients; for it is only by the detection and elimination of errors in prescriptions by clever, competent prescriptionists that the safety of the public can be effectually shielded from the criminal blunders of ignorant physicians.

Nor can it be said that the average physician is any more competent to formulate a prescription than he is to compound it. When memorized or directly copied from a book of "favorite prescriptions by famous physicians," or from some text-book or medical journal, the prescription may be all that it should be. It is only when the physician is required to originate a formula on the spur of the moment that his incompetency is distinctly evident. Seemingly, however, the physicians of the United States are little worse than the average British physician; for we find Dr. James Burnett, lecturer on Practical Materia Medica and Pharmacy, Edinburgh, lamenting in the Medical Magazine the passing of the prescription and bemoaning the fact that seldom does he find a "final man" able to devise a prescription even in "good contracted Latin."

And what, it may be asked, is the status of the written prescription—the prescription that is compounded and dispensed by the pharmacist—is it, too, a nostrum? It may be contended that the patient, with the written formula in his possession, may learn the character of the remedy prescribed. So, possibly, he might if he understood Latin and were a physician or a pharmacist, but as he usually possesses no professional training and cannot read Latin, the prescription is practically a dead secret to him. Furthermore, the average prescription is so badly written and so greatly abbreviated that even the pharmacist, skilled as he usually is in deciphering medical hieroglyphs, is constantly obliged to interview prescribers to find out what actually has been prescribed. It may also be contended, that inasmuch as the formula is known to both physician and pharmacist the prescription cannot therefore be a secret. But with equal truth it might be contended that the formula of any so-called nostrum is not a secret since it is known to both proprietor and manufacturer; for it must not be forgotten that, according to reliable authority, 95 per cent. of the proprietors of so-called patent medicines prepared in this country have their remedies made for them by large, reputable manufacturing pharmacists. But even should a patient be able to recognize the names of the ingredients mentioned in a formula he would only know half the story. It is seldom, for instance, that alcohol is specifically mentioned in a prescription, for it is usually masked in the form of tinctures and fluid extracts, as are a great many other substances. It is evident, therefore, that the ordinary formulated prescription is, to the average patient, little less than a secret remedy or nostrum.

On the other hand, the formulae of nearly all the proprietary medicines that are exploited exclusively to the medical profession as well as those of a large percentage of the proprietary remedies that are advertised to the public (the so-called patent medicines) are published in full. Under the Food and Drugs Act, every medicinal preparation entering interstate commerce is now required to have the proportion or quantity of alcohol, opium, cocaine and other habit-forming or harmful ingredients which it may contain plainly printed on the label. As physicians' prescriptions seldom or never enter interstate commerce they are practically exempt under the law. And if it be necessary for the public to know the composition of proprietary remedies, as is contended by those who through igno-

rance or for mercenary reasons are opposing the sale of all household remedies, why is it not equally necessary for patients to know the composition of the remedy prescribed by a physician? Does any sane person believe that the opium in a physician's prescription is less potent or less likely to create a drug habit than the opium in a proprietary medicine? As a matter of fact, more opium-addicts and cocaine-fiends have been made through the criminal carelessness of ignorant physicians than by any other means.

Unquestionably, there are a number of proprietary remedies on the market the sales of which should be prohibited, and no doubt they will be when the requirements of the Food and Drugs Act are rigidly enforced; many are frauds, pure and simple, and some are decidedly harmful. Of the average proprietary remedy, however, it may truthfully be said that it is distinctly better than the average physicians' prescription; for not only is its composition less secret, but it is prepared for the proprietor by reputable manufacturing pharmacists in magnificently equipped laboratories and under the supervision and advice of able chemists, competent physicians and skillful pharmacists. It should not be considered strange, therefore, that so many physicians prefer to prescribe these ready-prepared proprietary remedies rather than trust those of their own devising.

JUST THE SAME AS CURRENCY.

Third Son Felt He Had Nothing to Reproach Himself with.

William Knoepfel, of St. Louis, has invented and hopes to patent a secret plowing method for the cure of baldness. "A genuine cure for baldness," said Mr. Knoepfel the other day, should make a man very rich. Why, men grow rich on fake cures. It is amazing, it really is, what fakes money of these cures are. Yet there's money in them." Mr. Knoepfel gave a loud, scornful laugh. "In their crookedness they remind me," he said, "of the third son of the old eccentric. Perhaps you have heard the story? Well, an old eccentric died and left his fortune equally to his three sons. But the will contained a strange proviso. Each heir was to place \$100 in the coffin immediately before the interment. A few days after the interment the three young men met and discussed the queer proviso and its execution. 'Well,' said the oldest son, 'my conscience is clear. I put my hundred in the coffin in clean, new notes.' 'My conscience is clear, too,' said the second son. 'I, too, had nothing to reproach myself with,' said the third son. 'I had no cash at the time, though; so I wrote out a check for \$300 in poor, dead father's name, placed it in the coffin and took in change the \$200 in currency that I found there.'"

PUSHED THE BEAR ASIDE.

Surveyor Tells of Experience He Does Not Care to Repeat.

To walk right up to a monster bear and try to shove it out of the way and then escape without so much as a scratch is an experience of a lifetime. Harry I. Enright found it so a few days ago in Diamond canyon, above Washington, says a Nevada City correspondent of the Sacramento Bee. The young man, son of Congressman Enright, has just returned from the upper country, where he has been doing some surveying, and relates his thrilling experience. It was coming on dusk, at the close of the day's work. In the brush-lined trail he saw protruding what he thought were the hind quarters of some stray bovine. He walked up and gave the brute a shove. It came to its haunches with a snort that made his hair rise and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. The big brute looked around and then shuffled off into the woods. It was either asleep or else so busy eating ants from an old log that it failed to hear the young surveyor, whose footsteps were deadened by the thick carpet of pine needles. Later it was learned that the same bear, a monster cinnamon, had killed a dog earlier in the day. The dog ventured too close and with one blow of its paw the big beast sent it hurtling yards away, dead as a doornail.

Magnifying Choir Leader's Voice.

In the old village of Braybrook in Northamptonshire, England, is a monster trumpet, five-six inches in length, and having a bell-shaped end two feet one inch in diameter. The trumpet is made up of ten rings, which in turn are made up of smaller parts. The use of this trumpet—only four of the kind are known to exist at the present day—was to magnify the voice of the leader in the choir and summon the people to the church service. At the present time neither the choir nor the service is in need of this extraordinary "musical instrument," but the vicar of the church takes care of the ancient relic and is fond of showing it to all visitors.

Painfully Exact.

A New England man tells of a prosperous Connecticut farmer, painfully exact in money matters, who married a widow of Greenwich possessing in her own right the sum of \$10,000. Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing: "It's a good thing for you, Malachi, a marriage that means \$10,000 to you." "Not quite that, Bill," said the farmer, "not quite that." "Why," exclaimed the friend, "I understood there was every cent of \$10,000 in it for you!" "I had to pay \$2 for a marriage license," said Malachi.