

## BLOT ON STATE'S GOOD NAME

### Unsanitary Condition in Prisons and Slum Districts a Crime.

Since the attention of the Chicago authorities was so forcibly called to the conditions present in the penitentiary other states have been investigating.

The rapid growth of tuberculosis among prisoners in the Joliet, Ill., penitentiary, attended by a marked increase in the prison death rate, has aroused the officials to action. An investigation and reform is to be instituted by the State Board of Health.

The members of this board do not deny that under the present conditions all efforts to combat the disease are hopeless. Better general sanitary conditions must be established or it will be impossible to prevent the spread of tuberculosis to all the present prisoners and to all who may be so unfortunate as to be sentenced later.

This is another instance of the state forcing its citizens to live under conditions which mean almost sure death. It is surprising in this day of enlightenment that the state should allow its citizens to live, voluntarily, in unsanitary homes. Yet it does. The residents of the slum and tenement districts are dying from faulty sanitation and bad hygiene. But more—the state forces some others to spend from one to ten years in a dark cell from which they so often come, stricken by the great "white plague"—wrecks of their former selves and a continual expense to the community.

With the message of "prevention and cure" of consumption in every paper let the state not forget its prisoners who most silently suffer whatever fate is decreed for them.

#### A Slaughterhouse Victim.

The papers recently reported the death at Cripple Creek, Colo., of a woman who, three years ago, while visiting the slaughterhouse of the Armour Packing company in Chicago, was completely paralyzed on one side as a result of the shock produced by the sight of the terrible tragedies which are constantly being enacted in that great killing establishment. This victim of slaughterhouse horrors is only one of many thousands who meet their death through the slaughterhouses every year. It may not be said, indeed, that the death can be traced so directly and immediately to the slaughterhouse as in this case, but the multitudes of men and women who die of gouty disorders, rheumatism and other maladies resulting from uric-acid poisoning might enjoy many years of life were it not for the deadly dose of uric acid and other poisons derived from the products of the slaughterhouse—meat eaters' disorders, among which must be included trichina and tapeworm, tuberculosis and possibly cancer as well as those which have been traced directly to uric acid.

#### "Fashion" Notes.

Don't wear thin-soled shoes at any season of the year. One may take cold from chilling of the feet as the result of wearing thin-soled shoes in walking over a cold pavement, even when the pavement is perfectly dry.

Don't adjust the clothing to suit the season of the year only, but adapt it to the weather conditions of each particular day.

Don't wear high-heeled shoes, nor pointed shoes, nor narrow-soled shoes, nor tight shoes, nor low shoes. Don't wear slippers, except in the house. Shoes must have broad, reasonably thick soles, plenty of room for the toes, low heels. Rubber heels are a great comfort.

Don't support the clothing by bands tight about the waist.

Don't constrict the limbs by means of elastic bands to support the stockings. Support all clothing from the shoulders, not by bands, but by a properly constructed waist free from bones, on the "union" plan.

#### A Centennial Celebration.

The people of Fayette, Ohio, recently showed their appreciation of the favor conferred on them in having in their community a fine old lady who has rounded out the full measure of her hundred years. The centennial of Mrs. Amelia DuBois was celebrated by hundreds of people who met to do her honor. The public schools were closed, that the children might join in the celebration. In charge of their teachers, they marched to the home of Mr. and Mrs. DuBois and escorted them to the opera house, where an interesting program, in which many prominent people of the neighborhood took part, was carried out.

One pleasing feature was the presentation by the children of a quantity of flowers the money for which had been collected among themselves.

The interest shown in the occasion by the people of Fayette and surrounding towns is evidence of the high esteem in which this remarkable old lady is held. Every faculty of her mind is alert and responsive, and her brown eyes still retain their attractive sparkle. She is an accomplished needlewoman, and still spends much time in preparing dainty gifts for her friends. Mr. DuBois, to whom Mrs. DuBois was married sixty-one years ago, is no less remarkable than his wife. The unusually healthy and active old age of this fine couple is a testimony to the value of their simple, natural, peaceful life of activity. Commenting upon this, the Fayette Review says:

"One's relation to the ALL are so simple that it is not necessary for

anyone to transgress. Instinct, that mysterious principle that protects and preserves all creatures, would protect us if we did not bury it under an avalanche of artificialities. Our falling away from nature is what kills. Our getting back to it will revivify, and this principle of 'sticking to nature' is what one sees so distinctly in these grand old people."

#### Changed Its Mind.

As mamma was preparing her boy for breakfast she said: "How many cakes can Eugene eat for his breakfast this morning?"

"I can eat four, Mamma." Seated at the table, his appetite seemed to have materially diminished, for he ate only one of the cakes. "Mamma thought you were going to eat four cakes this morning. What is the matter?"

"Well," said the five-year-old, "my stomach changed its mind."

It occurs to us that the wise man's stomach often "changes its mind," as in this case, but too often that much-abused organ is so pressed upon as to be convinced against its will, though of the same opinion still, and, yielding to the demands of an abnormal appetite, finds itself wishing the real man had been master over the lust of the flesh.

#### To Prolong Life.

The British Medical Journal recently devoted eight pages to a discussion of the best means for the prolongation of life. The greater part of this space was occupied by a lecture recently delivered by Sir Herman Weber, D. D., F. R. C. P., before the Royal College of Physicians of London, and the main points of his advice were as follows:

Moderation in eating, drinking and physical indulgence.

Pure air out of the house and within.

The keeping of every organ of the body as far as possible in constant working order.

Regular exercise every day in all weathers; supplemented in many cases by breathing movements, and by walking and climbing tours.

Going to bed early and rising early, restricting the time of sleep to six or seven hours. (We question the wisdom of this teaching. Most people require eight hours' sleep; some, more.)

Daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold.

Regular work and mental occupation.

Cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness of mind.

Employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear.

Strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes and other injurious agencies.

#### Hothouse Plants.

The following abstract from the Cincinnati Lancet-Clinic in regard to one of the worst evils of modern child life is very timely:

"Refinement in matters of social life proceeds hand in hand with refinement in other lines as civilization advances. From the standpoint of the physician and of the anthropologist, it is a question whether the physical side of mankind is improving or degenerating.

The method of bringing up children, especially in the families of the well-to-do, is too often a serious menace to the child's health and development. Too much indoor life, too much supervision, too little freedom of motion and will is undoubtedly the cause of the many weaklings seen in the families of the wealthy. Such children have the characteristics of hothouse plants.

The remedy is, of course, to do away with the surplus care and attention bestowed on the child, to let the child do more for itself, have more freedom, more fresh air, more play with other children. Foods and medicines are only temporary helps for child weakness.

Nature is its own best doctor, and in the end can take care of "hothouse children" if fond parents will only give her the chance.

#### A Wholesome Medicine.

"A wholesome medicine is Cheer, And Hope a tonic strong; He conquers all who conquers fear, And shall his days prolong."

"A happy heart, a cheerful lip, Contagious health bestow As honey-bees their sweetness sip From fragrant flowers that blow."

"Let cheerful thoughts prevail among The sons of men always, And sighs shall change to Love's sweet song, And night to golden day."

#### Rejected Candidates.

It is reported that at a recent examination of candidates for admission to the Naval academy at Annapolis only eleven out of twenty-five were found sufficiently sound physically to be admitted. The whole twenty-five passed the mental examination, but fourteen of them were unable to present the necessary physical requirements. This fact is a fair index of the rate at which the physical decadence of the American people is progressing. Insanity, idleness and epilepsy are all increasing at a very rapid rate—three hundred per cent within the past fifty years.

## Memorial Day



THOUGH NOBLE BRONZE OR TINY MOUND MARK WHERE THE SILENT STAY, FOND MEMORY WITH HER FLOWER WREATHS REMEMBERS ALL TO DAY.

MAY 30 1905

STOP THE RESTLESS, HURRYING FEET; BOW THE RESURGENT HEAD; TO DAY OLD KINDLY TIME REMEMBERS ALL THE VANISHED DEAD.

## SONGS THAT REACHED MEN'S HEARTS

"The Blue and the Gray," Written by Francis Miles Finch as a Tribute to Generous Act—"Sherman's March to the Sea."

Great events always act the poets to rhyming. They tune up their hearts and lyres, and couplets, sonnets, ballads—every form of poetic expression is made to lend itself to the pen of the rhymester. Some of these poems inspired by great public events are very good and some very bad when subjected to the highest literary test. Some of the worst outlive the best. The most jingling rhymes often catch the popular fancy, while the lofty note struck by the really great singer is unheeded or soon forgotten, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

We have not in all of our American history more thrilling events than some of those which gave rise to many of our war poems, and the circumstances under which some of these songs and poems were written add much to their value and interest. Poetry is usually the child of enthusiasm, but some of our war poetry was born of trial and sorrow.

Of all the songs born of our great civil war, none have appealed alike to the North and the South as have poems written when the smoke of battle had died away, the dead had been buried, the conflict ended and good men and women were trying to unite the triumphant North and the defeated South. The fires of hatred had not ceased to burn when the camp fires died out. Men and women in both the North and the South were counting the cost of the four years' struggle, and that cost included so many graves that it was hard for either party to forgive and forget.

A little band of women in Columbus, Miss., did not know that they were pouring a few drops of oil on the troubled waters when in the spring of 1867 they decorated the graves of the boys who had worn the blue and the boys who had worn the gray lying in the cemetery near the town. The New York Tribune the next day contained this dispatch: "The women of Columbus, Miss., animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the Federal soldiers."

#### "The Blue and the Gray."

It is not to be wondered at that this beautiful incident suggested a poem to one in whom there was the spirit of true poetry. Francis Miles Finch, whose home was in Ithaca, N. Y., read the dispatch and was impressed by the fact that the incident indicated that the South was holding out a friendly hand, and that there should be some response to it. His beautiful poem, "The Blue and the Gray," was his own personal response to this friendly overture.

Mr. Finch, then a lawyer of about 40 years of age, had no poetical aspirations, but he felt that he would like to have at least this one poem published; therefore he sent it to the Atlantic Monthly in Boston, and it appeared in this magazine in September of the year 1867. The poem made little impression at first, but finally the newspapers began to copy it, and objections to its sentiment began to be heard by soldiers in the North, and there were a number of poetical "replies" to it.

The poem became the subject of newspaper editorials, and there was a good deal of scathing criticism that

might never have arisen had the circumstance giving rise to the writing of the poem been generally known. Indeed, the editor of the Atlantic wrote to Mr. Finch before publishing the poem and asked him if he could not incorporate the Tribune dispatch into the poem and make it form the first stanza. Mr. Finch tried to do this, but the result was unsatisfactory, and the poem was published as originally written. We are able to give the first stanza:

"By the flow of the inland river,  
When the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass  
quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the one, the Blue,  
Under the other, the Gray."

#### "Sherman's March to the Sea."

A war song once heard much oftener than it has been heard in recent years was "Sherman's March to the Sea." This stirring song was written by S. H. M. Byers, a native of Pennsylvania, but now a resident of Des Moines, Ia. We have from his own pen the following account of how he happened to write this song:

"It was the middle of November, 1864. Sherman's great army, after months of fighting, had captured the city of Atlanta in Georgia. One morning the news was sent about the North that Atlanta had been blown up, and that Sherman, with 65,000 soldiers and many cannon, had cut loose from his base and was marching, nobody knew where. His soldiers had, in fact, started on that wonderful campaign toward the ocean which had for its object the cutting in two of the southern confederacy. President Lincoln even did not know at what point by the sea his 'bluecoats' would come out, but he had many ships of war sailing up and down the coast watching for them, ready to help them and to give them supplies. These ships fired cannon every day and sent up rockets at night to let Sherman's soldiers know they were waiting for them. In the North many thought Sherman's army was lost in the forests and swamps of Georgia. Not one word of news came from them for weeks. But all this time they were successfully fighting their way through forests, across plantations and rivers and marching toward the ocean. Great consternation set in throughout the South, for no one knew what town or city would be next to fall.

"It so happened that the town of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, many prisoners of war from the North were fastened up inside a high-walled prison pen. The prisoners were all officers and 800 in number. Vividly I still recall how we prisoners longed and prayed that Sherman's army might pass our way, take the city and release us. At last, it passed far to our right, forty miles away. We prisoners were allowed no news from Sherman's army. We could only guess from the scowls of our guards or by overheard remarks that all was going bad with the confederacy.

"Two officers and myself slept in a little cold 'wedge' tent. It was mid-winter, and our rations were scarce. Once I persuaded an old negro, who was permitted to come in and sell us a little bread, to bring us some 'news.' He complied by secreting a copy of the morning paper inside a loaf of bread. It did not tell much; but be-

tween its troubled lines I saw that Sherman's boys were overwhelming everything, and hurrying to the coast. At last I discovered they had taken Savannah.

"A vivid picture of the marvelous march formed itself in my mind one night while I was walking up and down the prison pen trying to keep from freezing. The idea to celebrate it with a poem came to me; it all seemed so romantic, so picturesque, so heroic. When daylight came my two comrades went out beside a little fire to prepare our scanty breakfast. I remained in the tent on our little pile of straw, with my old army blanket over me, and wrote the song called 'Sherman's March to the Sea.' Shortly I took it out to my comrades, by the fire, and read it to them. A stranger prisoner standing by the fire asked me to let him take it to his quarters to copy. I gave it to him and in a day or so forgot all about it.

"It happened there was a splendid glee club among the prisoners; they also had violins and flutes. They were allowed to sing every afternoon on the steps of the little prison hospital. They made delightful music for us prisoners, and hundreds of the citizens besides, crowded on top of the walls to hear the Yankees sing. What was my surprise one afternoon to hear Major Isett, the leader of the club, tell the assembled crowd they were to sing a song about Sherman! Greater still my surprise when the words of my own poem were being cheered by a thousand voices. The stranger officer, who had borrowed the poem that morning, turned out to be Lieut. Rockwell. He was a musician and a member of the club, and had, without my knowledge, written music to my verses.

"How they were cheered that afternoon! and how their unknown author spite of himself, was dragged up on to the platform, and all of a sudden transformed into a prison hero! The song was now sung daily by every body in the prison. One day Lieut. Tower, an officer with an artificial leg, was exchanged, and in the hollow of his wooden limb he carried my song to the Union army. There, too it became the rage, and by the time the war was over simply millions of copies had been printed. Thirteen music houses issued it, all but one without authority, and that one munificently rewarded me by sending me a \$5 greenback.

"Shortly I escaped from the prison Sherman's army later came to Columbia, and when the city fell I was sequestered there in a negro cabin. Gen. Sherman himself sent for me and showed his appreciation of the song by giving me a position on his staff. Later he sent me through the lines to Grant and the President, to carry to them and to the country the first news of his great success in the Carolinas.

"This song has the enduring fame of having given its name for all time to the most romantic and brilliant campaign of the civil war—'Sherman's March to the Sea.'"

"Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains  
That frowned on the river below;  
While we stood by our guns in the morning  
And eagerly watched for the foe.  
When a rider came out from the darkness  
That hung over mountain and tree,  
And shouted, 'Boys up, and be ready,  
For Sherman will march to the sea.'"

## GRIP'S UGLY SEQUEL

### KNEES STIFF, HANDS HELPLESS, RHEUMATISM NEAR HEART.

Mrs. Van Sooy Experiences Dangerous After-Effects from Grip and Learns Value of a Blood Remedy.

The grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration, and even consumption.

The story told by scores of victims of the grip is substantially the same. One was tortured by terrible pains at the base of the skull; another was left tired, faint and in every way wretched from anemia or scantiness of blood; another had horrible headaches, was nervous and couldn't sleep; another was left with weak lungs, difficulty in breathing and acute neuralgia. In every case relief was sought in vain until the great blood-builder and nerve-tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was used. For quickness and thoroughness of action nothing is known that will approach it.

Mrs. Van Sooy makes a statement that supports this claim. She says:

"I had a severe attack of grip and, before I had fully recovered, rheumatism set in and tormented me for three months. I was in a badly run-down state. Soon after it began I was so lame for a week that I could hardly walk. It kept growing steadily worse and at last I had to give up completely and for three weeks I was obliged to keep my bed. My knees were so stiff I couldn't bend them, and my hands were perfectly helpless. Then the pains began to threaten my heart and thoroughly alarmed me.

"While I was suffering in this way I chanced to run across a little book that told about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements in it impressed me and led me to buy a box. These pills proved the very thing I needed. Improvement set in as soon as I began to take them, and it was very marked by the time I had finished the first box. Four boxes made me a well woman."

Mrs. Laura M. Van Sooy lives at No. 20 Thorpe street, Danbury, Conn. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally well adapted for any other of the diseases that follow in the train of grip. They are sold by all druggists.

#### Aids to Longevity.

A man, 103 years of age, who has used tobacco and alcoholic drinks since boyhood and is still robust, says he has always carefully avoided danger—he has never ridden on a trolley car or elevated train, and never consulted a physician.—New York Times.

#### SIMPLE WALL DECORATIONS.

New Material and New Ideas for the Decoration of Homes.

The styles of home decorations have completely changed in the last few years, and it is pleasant to say that they have changed for the better. Time was when we hung monstrous patterns printed on paper against our walls, and considered them more or less pleasantly. It would hardly be fair to say that we considered them beautiful or artistic. But they were the vogue and were put on. The time has come when, with our better methods for interior decoration, better effects can be secured.

In wall coverings, whether they be of paint, or of kalsomine, or of Alabastine—whatever the material used to cover the wall—the thing desired is that which has the greatest covering power, as well as permanency and beauty of color. Alabastine, a wall covering ground from Alabaster rock—which means a hard white rock—is the ideal covering for a wall.

The most beautiful wall decorations in the world are those which are laid on with the brush. The mural designs in our large public buildings, and the frescoed designs in the large cathedrals and churches, have a permanency and an art of which wall paper is but a cheap imitation. These mural schemes and frescoed designs can be brought within the reach of the every day home. They can be done with Alabastine, which is permanent in its coloring. It does not rub off, and it has the soft effect of pastels.

A great many people defer the redecoration of their rooms not only because of the expense but because of the discomfort of it. With Alabastine there need be no discomfort and there can be no muss, for all that is needed is to lay a sheet or canvas on the floor, have your man come in with a pail, make the solution and simply brush it on the wall. That is all there is to it, and the room is perfectly clean and thoroughly renovated.

A darning machine, one which will in ten minutes cover a hole that an industrious woman could hardly fill in an hour, is a recently invented piece of labor-saving apparatus.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in ½-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

There may be "plenty of room at the top," but the climbing is not what it is cracked up to be.

No chromes or cheap premiums, but a better quality and one-third more of Defiance Starch for the same price of other starches.