



SATURDAY ..... JULY 16, 1904.



THE PITY OF IT!

One of the Tragedies of Life in Which Alcohol is the Primary Factor.

"Won't you come home with me, Tom, dear? You've really drunk enough."

It was a woman who spoke, a woman poorly clad, but in whose face there were yet traces of a beauty that spoke of happier days, says Major E. T. Scott, in Union Signal.

"Won't you come home, Tom?" she repeated, and in the tired blue eyes tears glistened that overflowed the pale, wan cheeks. On the third finger of the hand that lay trembling on the man's arm was a little band of gold that told that she was his wife.

The crowd which stood by the flickering electric lights of the saloon, jeered the woman and told the man to brace up; to have more backbone.

The man, with a scowl turned around and with an oath told the woman to go about her business.

"But, Tom," and she came nearer to



"WON'T YOU COME HOME, TOM?"

the brute. "Baby is sick and wants to see you. Won't you come with me?"

The mention of the child brought for an instant another light into the man's eyes, seeing which the barkeeper placed a bottle of liquor before him. It accomplished its purpose.

"Go home, I tell you," he commanded, and the woman's hand was thrown off violently and rudely. "Go home. You have no business here. I wish to God you would die, too, on your way there."

A groan from the woman's lips was the only answer, but for a moment it silenced the rough crowd accustomed to such sights. Then the door opened and out into the blackness of the night passed the wife and mother.

Another chapter in two lives had been enacted.

TEMPERANCE FACTS.

In Nova Scotia, through the operation of the Scott act, a rigid provincial license law, prohibition prevails in 16 out of the 18 counties in the province.

The devil of drink is having a hard time sitting up nights to think out new names and fetching advertisements for his goods.—Ram's Horn.

The New York Reporter gives us the interesting information that in the state of Virginia during the last few months the Anti-Saloon league has closed no less than 900 saloons.

Dr. Willard Parker, who for many years stood at the head of the medical profession in New York city, says: "One-third of all deaths in New York city are caused by alcoholic drinks."

The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, which recently met in Milwaukee, Wis., by resolution put itself on record as opposed to the admission of any saloon or liquor "ads" in the columns of its organ.

The people of Texas are determined to enforce their liquor law with severe money penalties and imprisonment. One chronic offender, recently arrested, after a long series of offenses, has been sentenced to pay fines amounting to nearly \$75,000, and to serve terms of imprisonment aggregating 63 years.

Artificial Alcohol.

That alcohol can be produced by chemical combination of its elements, without recourse to the fermentation of sugar, has been known to chemists since 1860, when it was first so prepared by Berthelot from acetylene. That substance was then expensive and difficult to obtain, but now that it may be made by simply moistening calcium carbide, which in turn is manufactured on a large scale by the electrical combination of lime and charcoal, this will produce a revolution in the alcoholic industry, and the time is coming when it will be made by this synthetic process more cheaply than by fermentation and distillation.—Journal of Inebriety.

Will Not Carry Intoxicants.

The Houston & Texas Central, the Houston-East & West Texas and the Houston & Shreveport railroads have decided not to receive for transportation either connecting lines at station points or from shippers at ship point, shipments of whiskey or intoxicating liquors when consigned to the points on their lines.

Forty cities and towns on the Central and 15 on the East & West Texas lines have local option. This means that all but three or four great cities have voted the saloons out.

ALCOHOL AND DOCTORS.

Strong Professional Opinion Against the Prescribing of the Former by the Latter.

At a meeting of the Medical Institute of Birmingham last month Sir Victor Horsley gave an interesting exposition of the attitude which he considers the medical profession ought to adopt toward the alcohol question. The points upon which he laid special stress were, that the full extent of the evils due to alcoholism are better known to members of the medical profession than to those of any other class. The world in general was aware that intemperance led to much illness and disease, and a great step in the cause of truth had been made when it was admitted by the home secretary in parliament that alcohol was the chief cause of crime. Medical men, however, who were in a position to see what went on behind the scenes of the social life of the nation knew not only that the fatalities were far greater than those represented in mortality statistics, but also that moral deterioration from indulgence in drink occurred long before any physical toxic effects were evident. In view of this fact he would like to see medical men take up a much stronger position on the subject than had yet been the case. Inquiries were often addressed to them by their patients as to whether it would not be wise to take a little alcohol and he thought that medical men ought always to say, "No, it is not wise. If you take it you must understand that you take it as a luxury. We do not yet fully know the effect of alcohol in the body, but we do know that its stimulating effect is followed by a longer depressant effect and that from the physiological point of view even small quantities are no good." In his own surgical wards Sir Victor Horsley never prescribed alcohol. If a patient seemed to him to require stimulation he preferred to turn to remedies such as strychnine. The frequency with which alcohol was prescribed in everyday practice he considered to be a mere fashion, and believed that eventually its use in practice would be relegated to the same limbo as that to which blood-letting had been consigned. There were a good many common beliefs attaching to alcohol which were practically merely traditions, and he would like to see a committee of the British Medical Association appointed to investigate what, if any, scientific basis any of them possessed. There was a common idea, for instance, that whiskey was a good thing for rheumatic gout, but recent investigations tend to show that rheumatism was due to the invasion of a microbe, and research equally showed that alcohol would be likely to lessen the natural resistance of human tissues to the invasion of such organisms. Before concluding his address Sir Victor Horsley alluded to the political aspect of the question, which certainly added something to the difficulty of instituting effective reform. The existing evils, however, to the home and fireside, he recognized clearly, hence reform was urgently needed. Sir Victor Horsley's remarks seem to have been well received by his auditors, reports the Journal of Inebriety, and were further punctuated by brief speeches from Mr. J. Furneaux Jordan and Mr. Jordan Lloyd. Prof. Priestly Smith expressed a desire also to see something done by the medical profession to check consumption of tobacco. The attitude thus taken by Sir Victor Horsley will, we believe, be accepted by the majority of medical men. Some aspects of intemperance to-day may be less pronounced and gross than formerly, but the amount of secret drinking which goes on is enormous and few medical men in general practice are not painfully aware of chronic domestic tragedies among their patients, due to stimulants and drugs of which the world at large knows nothing. It is probable that greater care is now exercised than formerly in the prescription of sedatives and narcotics, but it is a question whether the great mass of the profession is as careful as it might be in the prescription of wine and other stimulants. It should not be forgotten that even a small amount of alcohol is sufficient in some individuals to give origin to alcoholism. Nor can it be doubted that if the medical profession sets its face against drink in the same way as it has against dirt and other causes of disease immense good would result.

Money Spent on Liquor.

The average expenditure upon liquor by the people of this country is \$17 per head, mostly for beer; for tobacco in all forms it is \$6. Taken together, the expenditures for liquor and tobacco come to \$23 per head, while our expenditures for the support of the government last year, including the cost of war, were only \$6, or about one-fourth the cost of drink and smoke. We are proud of our system of education and we boast of our common schools, yet we apply only \$3 a head, on the average, to the support of common schools, varying from a minimum of less than a dollar in the cotton states to \$5 in Massachusetts. Six dollars a head for tobacco and \$3 a head for whisky! Seventeen dollars a head for schools! Beer and wine; \$5 a head for the support of government!

Alcohol's Infernet.

"To drink we may refer almost all the crimes by which this country is disgraced. Drink has wrecked more homes than ever fell beneath the crowbar brigade in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine, and it has broken more hearts and blighted more hopes and rent asunder family ties more recklessly than the enforced exile of emigrants."—Joint pastoral letter from the Catholic bishops of Ireland.

The Kind of Stuff We Buy.

Some strawberry jam was analyzed by a Nebraska chemist, and he found that it consisted chiefly of pumpkin pulp tinted with coal dyes, with grass seed to carry out the deception.

BALL HITS A THIEF.

CHICAGO AMATEUR PITCHER'S AIM PROVES EFFECTIVE.

Fugitive Dropped in His Tracks When Hit by Anderson's Unique Missile and Is Safely Lodged in Police Lockup.

A ball pitched by the captain of a prairie "nine" brought a burglar to earth near Addison street and Racine avenue, Chicago. The burglar afterward escaped by a ruse from his athletic captors, who had surrounded him, but Lieut. McCarthy, of the town hall station, was so struck by the novel means of halting the fugitive that he is considering making a requisition upon the department and arming his men with the new weapon.

The struggle followed a raid by a well-dressed man upon the house of Mrs. Norman Staat, in which \$500 worth of jewelry was taken, and interrupted a lively game of baseball which was in progress in a vacant lot at the rear of Mrs. Staat's home.

While excitement over the contest was at its height, Mrs. Staat left her house by the rear door and went to a market two blocks away. As she crossed the lot and turned the corner, a young man, who had been an interested spectator at the game, strode away.

A few minutes later he was seen going up the front steps of the Staat house. He forced an entrance by using a case knife, but a real estate dealer saw him, and, running to the vacant lot, gave the alarm.

The game was adjourned in the middle of an inning, and John Anderson, pitcher and captain of the team in the field, led the other 17 players and a crowd of substitutes and spectators in a charge upon the house.

"Surround the house," shouted Anderson. "We'll keep him here until the police come." The players waited until the burglar showed himself at an upper window in the rear, and then set up a shout.

"Come on out! We dare you! We'll fix you!" were the greetings that

reached him. Apparently the array of sturdy young men, armed with bats and clubs, dismayed the marauder, for, after gazing at the crowd a moment, he vanished from the rear window.

By this time Mrs. Staat had returned from the market. She wondered that the boys should be so thick about the house, and thought she would have to complain to the police, but went up the front steps with apparent unconcern.

As she reached the top step the burglar opened the door and rushed out, knocking Mrs. Staat down as he came.

With a yell, the players ran toward him, but he dodged the blows aimed at him, and passed his beslegers one by one. Just as he was clear and started to run down the street, Anderson, who had been watching in front of the house, drew himself back and pitched the hardest ball he had thrown during the afternoon. His aim was true, and the leather sphere struck the burglar squarely in the back of the ear.

The fugitive staggered and sunk to his knees with his hands to his head, and before he could rise again several men had seized him.

"Now we've got you," they shouted, pulling him to his feet.

The man gazed at them for a moment, still holding his head. Then his gaze became fixed, he tossed his hands above his head and fell back on the sod between the walk and the curb.

"He's fainted; get some water," cried Peterson. All three started, and then remembered that the prisoner should be guarded. They had barely left his side, but the breeze of their departure had revived the "sick" man, and he fled, to be seen no more.

He took with him jewelry of Mrs. Staat valued at \$500.

Physical Exercise in Japan.

From an early age the males and females of Japan are instructed in physical exercise, with the result that at maturity the women are almost as strong as the men. It is not an unusual sight to see a company of girls, who are strolling along a country road, step back a few yards for headway, and then, following a leader, all nimbly clear a five-foot fence by leaping over it.

Sharks Killed by Explosion.

The engineers in the British navy have a very effective way of killing sharks. They seal up a dynamite cartridge in an empty can, and put the can inside a lump of pork. The pork is thrown overboard on a wire which has been connected with an electric battery. When the shark takes the bait, the engineer presses a button, which explodes the cartridge and kills the fish.

Pretty Girl Breaks Arm.

Victim of 1904 Silk Shirt Waist That, According to Late Edict, Buttoned in Back.

Miss Pauline Littlestone, daughter of Josephine Littlestone, a tailor of 321 Sixth street, Braddock, Pa., will not bow in the future to the dictates of fashion, as she has in the past. She has suffered more physical pain from

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As no one in the world ever read it. She will tell you of things that will amaze and startle you. She will read your full life from infancy to old age. She will tell you how to draw and control your husband, wife or sweetheart, and make them truly love and serve you. It matters not what your desire may be, or how unlucky you have been, this mighty woman separated, in fact make your life one of perfect happiness. She will tell you how to locate buried treasures. There will be nothing in your life's story left untold. Remember that Mrs. Dr. White is not to be compared with the many so-called mediums. The life readings thousands of words of her work, but no living being has ever been able to approach it. Today she is teaching thousands of Mediums, even the best call upon her for power. Mrs. Dr. White is acknowledged by press and public as being the greatest, most truthful and most marvelous life reader and White and Black Art Worker on earth. She has appeared before all the Crown Heads of Europe and read their lives. Her readings are worth thousands of dollars to any one, and not withstanding the fact that her uniform price for a full life reading of this character has been five dollars, she makes this Special Offer for all readers of this paper. Please mention name of this paper when you write. Send date of birth and the month you were born, lock of hair and twenty-five cents. Address all letters to



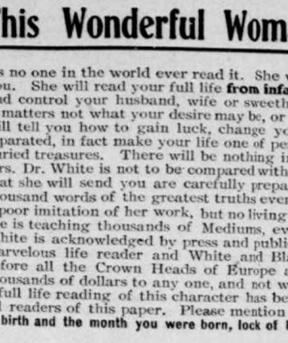
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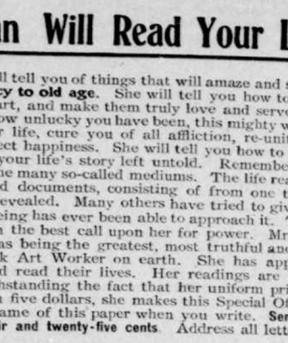
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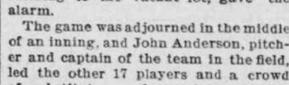
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THE PURSE WAS TEMPTING.

Empty Wallet Gives a Philosophical Chicago Salesman Chance to Study Humanity.

Picking up a worn out, empty pocketbook, a salesman in one of the large dry goods stores the other day thought he would have a little fun with it. He therefore placed it on the counter, half concealed by the goods lying on it. Presently a shopper entered. Her eyes lighted on the wallet, as by instinct, and while pricing half a score of articles she endeavored to cover it quite artlessly, of course, now with her handkerchief, then with her satchel, and again with her umbrella. The



SHE FELL TO THE FLOOR.

fasten a silk shirt waist, which fashion has said must again button up the back. Miss Littlestone did not have much time to spare and the refractory button at the top of the waist would not go into the button hole.

Miss Littlestone struggled with the button. Suddenly she fell to the floor with a cry of pain. Her mother heard her cry, and at once recognized the symptoms. Miss Littlestone's right arm hung limp by her side, and the bone of the forearm protruded through the flesh in an ugly manner. A physician found that the arm had been dislocated and also that there was a fracture of the "funny bone" which covers the nerve at the elbow.

Mrs. Littlestone decided that her daughter must hereafter make her toilet with the aid of a maid, especially when there are any questionably dangerous methods to pursue, as in the case of buttoning waists up the back.

CHOKES ON A PIG'S FOOT.

Brooklyn Man Tackles Free Lunch Too Strenuously and Winds Up in a Hospital.

Pigs' feet came near sending Thomas Corrigan, 48 years old, of No. 17 Main street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to the land from which no man returns, the other afternoon.

Corrigan wandered into the saloon at the corner of Jay and High streets. He saw a dish of pigs' feet on the free lunch counter. Selecting a foot that seemed to be the biggest, Corrigan tackled it, but not in football style. The foot slipped down his throat.

Then a struggle ensued between the pig's foot and Corrigan. The latter was getting the worst of it, when assistance arrived. He jammed his fingers down his throat in an effort to dislodge the foot, but his attempts were futile. Some men in the place banged him on the back until his spinal column was almost severed, while a few tried to hold him by the feet in the hope that the laws of gravitation would operate.

The foot was stubborn. It didn't exactly cut off Corrigan's breath, but he was hurried to the Adams street station, and a surgeon from the Brooklyn hospital was summoned. Corrigan was removed to that institution, where physicians fished out the foot.

Paper Hosiery Now on Sale.

Paper gloves and stockings have appeared in the dry goods stores in the leading European cities. It is said the stockings are durable, and will last almost as long as the ordinary articles. The paper of which they are made is, during the process of manufacture, rendered into a substance closely resembling wool, and is then woven and treated as ordinary wool.

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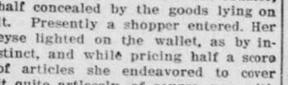
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