

THOSE TERRIBLE MAD DOGS

Most of Them Are Not Mad at All, So Says President Haines of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"What do you know about mad dogs?" I asked John F. Haines, president of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"I know that most mad dogs aren't mad at all," replied Mr. Haines, swinging easily upon his chair behind his big desk. "I have raised and known dogs myself. I have loved and known dogs for many years, and I have never yet seen one running mad. The periodical excitement on the subject are largely due to newspaper publications and to the operations of the Pasteur Institute. Dogs are shot or clubbed to death daily for rabies when they are simply ill, just as a man might be, and not mad. A dog may tumble down in a fit, but he isn't mad. He may have trouble with his stomach and sulk, but he isn't mad. He may have epilepsy and froth at the mouth, and not be mad.

"Within the last four years our agents have handled over 100,000 dogs and 150,000 cats. They have been called upon to shoot some mad dogs, and instead of doing so have picked them up in their arms and put them into the ambulance. They have been scratched and bitten again and again at our shelters. Sometimes they have had an arm or hand crushed by a savage bite, and have had to stay a week in the hospital; but no one of them ever had hydrophobia, nor has any one of the animals proved rabid."

Supt. Hankinson of your society told me some years ago that he had in 20 years never seen a mad dog, and that he was almost disinclined to believe in the existence of rabies. Is there such a disease? I asked.

"I believe in the existence of rabies," replied Mr. Haines, "but it is so rare that not one physician in a thousand would be able to recognize a case if he saw it. I have known a great many physicians, but have never met one who ever saw a genuine case of hydrophobia from a dog bite. Popular ideas about it are in many respects mistaken. A mad dog does not dread water, but will, on the contrary, drink freely and rush into the water if he sees any within reach. But a mad dog has been bitten by a rabid animal and develops hydrophobia will refuse to drink. The disease seems to affect the nerves of the human throat in such a way as to react upon the mind and produce the water-dread which has given rise to the name."

"How would you treat a dog which had a fit?"

ought to be muzzled themselves. Here's Dr. Charles W. Dulles' paper on the subject, read before the United States Medical Association and printed in the Medical News. You'll find that Dr. Dulles, who is a distinguished Philadelphia physician, recognizes hydrophobia as possible, but establishes its exceeding rarity."

Dr. Dulles' paper states the result of an investigation of 78 fatal cases of hydrophobia, or alleged hydrophobia, occurring within six years, or at a rate of one case to 4,500,000 people per year. Cases are relatively more numerous about New York, because of the mental effect of newspaper discussion and the "exploitation of the Pasteur Institute;" but in America generally they are less numerous than in France, because the "psychological makeup of the American people" is less favorable to the development of hysterical epilepsy as the result of fright. Pasteur, says Dr. Dulles, boasted that he had made it possible for any one to find a cure for hydrophobia; but the year before the boast only four persons died of the disease in the department of the Seine (Paris), while the year after there were 22 deaths. Evidently Dr. Dulles thinks hydrophobia is increased rather than diminished by the lymph-using specialists. And who shall decide where doctors disagree?

At any rate, if there is only one death from hydrophobia to four millions and a half people in a year, those seem to be pretty safe to have about, so far as any special danger arising from their bite is concerned.

OWEN LANGDON.

Amusing Brevities.

Mother—Do you know why your pa called Mr. Blowhard a liar, Tommy? Tommy—Yes'm; he's a smaller man than pa—Harlem Life.

Dottie—Can you keep a secret? George Lofton proposed to me last night Jessie—Oh, I'm so surprised! Have you found out what girl had just jilted him?—Cleveland Leader.

Reporter—Well, I got the great Dr. Slaughter to sign that article for next Sunday's edition, Editor—Good! But what kept you so long? Reporter—Why, the idiot wanted to read it—Judge.

Mrs. Pneumony—I'll have two pounds of that sage cheese, and I'll have a pound of impunity, too. Grocer—Marm! Mrs. Pneumony—One pound had a fit!



POLICE OFFICER PICKING UP AN ALLEGED MAD DOG.

"I'd treat it by the rules of common sense, according to what ailed the dog. If he was suffering, as so often happens, from a combination of too much meat and too little exercise, I'd tie him up safely, give him plenty of water, and feed him very lightly until he recovered."

"What is called hydrophobia or false hydrophobia, is more common than the real thing—a thousand to one. I have myself known well educated, intelligent men who have been bitten by dogs, whose minds have been acted upon to such an extent that they have suffered for months from nervous prostration, and have thus been unfitted for their usual work. I knew of one case in particular—that of a clergyman, one of the best known in this country—where the patient was so unnerved after he had been bitten by a dog that he was unable to continue his work and was sent to Europe for a change. I suppose that the effect of heredity may be considerable in such instances. People who have been afraid of dog bite in the past have transmitted an instinctive fear to descendants who are almost unable to control themselves when bitten. Here is something we have just received from Dr. Gordon Staples, one of the best known London physicians, who says that the people over there—they're having a mad dog scare in London, you know—are going mad about madness and

will be enough, I guess. Dr. Koddle says that sage cheese can be eaten with impunity, but then, you know, I may not like impunity.—Boston Transcript.

A tramp who got away with \$15 worth of eatables the other night in a Philadelphia restaurant left the following explanatory note: "I am a Pennsylvania railroad tramp, and I don't use no other line. The cakes was good, and the cigars was fair. If the perlice comes around, just tell them that you saw me, nil."

"Mr. Speaker," the new member quavered, "I should like to rise to a question of privilege. The gentleman from Kansas has the floor." "I want to know if I got the right to mention that I got a lot of pure Jersey heifers to sell in the Record for circulation in my district!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

General Wheeler's Little Joke.

From the Washington Star.

The tables which General Wheeler of Alabama continually asks leave to print in the Record are getting to be an old joke in the house, but, like the mother-in-law and the plumber and the suburban resident jokes, it gets a laugh every time it comes up. It is only about a week ago that the house, in the exuberance of its enjoyment of this joke, refused to give the general the usual permission to extend his remarks in the

Record, even when he promised to limit the extension to 20 pages.

Another chance came to the gentleman from Alabama, however, this week in the consideration of the sundry civil bill. He made the usual two or three-minute talk and was greeted with the usual salvo of laughter when he ingenuously remarked something about the tables, which he hoped there would be no objection to being printed in the Record.

This joke, he it said, is one that Representative Walker of Massachusetts particularly enjoys, and in which he invariably participates. "How many pages does the gentleman want to occupy?" he asked.

"About ten, Mr. Speaker," said General Wheeler.

"I have no objection to ten pages, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Walker.

General Wheeler had been anxiously looking over his manuscript. As he looked up from that he said plaintively: "Better make it twelve, Mr. Speaker. This time everybody enjoyed the joke. It made Mr. Walker feel liberal, too, and he consented to the twelve pages."

DREARIEST PLACE ON EARTH.

Travelers Shun the Desert of Thibet as Unfit for Human Habitation.

From the Indianapolis News.

Recent publications of the Russian geographical society contain most interesting accounts of explorations undertaken under its auspices by Roborovsky and Kozloff in one of the most inhospitable regions of the earth's surface, the elevated Thibetan plateau, which along the Russian mountains, the giant snow-capped Kuen-lun. Over this region of dismal dreariness, level from 14,000 to 17,000 feet above sea level, man's foot is hardly ever known to pass, and even to the natives of Kashgaria it is virtually a sealed province. The surface is largely covered with deposits of loess, and earth of extremely fine particles, identical with that which forms the dominant landscape feature of a large part of China, and very similar to that which makes up the "bluffs" of the upper and middle Mississippi valley. In this loess originates sandstorms of terrible severity, the dust being carried in such volumes into the air as to cause complete darkness, objects being rendered invisible at a distance of more than ten yards.

Entire forests of poplar are buried in these dust deposits, decaying and rotting in the dry mass of earth which surrounds them. In the desert which lies south of the Lutagh, and occupies a position upward of 16,000 feet high, hardly a trace of animal life was to be found in the middle of June, almost the only forms of moving creatures being scattering broken-down orango antelopes, which approached to within a few feet of the travelers, seeming too weary to pay attention to their presence. Snow alone falls over this most inhospitable tract, and rain is seemingly unknown. In the month of June snow fell every day, evaporating immediately. On June 15, at an elevation of

TELLS WHAT AILS OUR FARMERS

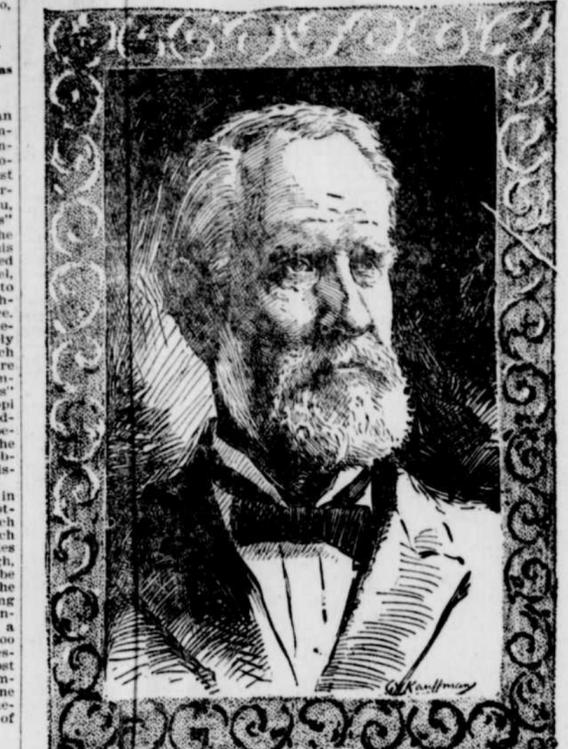
Secretary Wilson Says They Do Not Raise the Things That People Want—Cases in Point.

Washington, July 15.—"One trouble with the American farmer is that he will raise what he thinks people ought to want and not what they do want."

That was the answer of Secretary James Wilson to the question: "What is the matter with agriculture?"

The secretary of agriculture ought to know what is the matter with it if anyone does.

"They are. A farmer's meeting to-day is very different from what it was a few years ago. The farmer to-day would not listen to the talks he used to hear. The doctor and the preacher used to be asked to speak sometimes, and they would make humorous remarks. Nowadays the farmer would not stand that a minute. The talk you hear at his meetings now is all practical."



SECRETARY WILSON. (From his latest and best photograph.)

Mr. Wilson is a Scotchman, but the burr on his tongue is so thick at times that you might for a moment hesitate to place his nationality. You would be quite sure he was a "native," as Miss T. said, and not an American; yet he is American to the backbone in all his interests. I have heard him say that Mr. Wilson is "the strongest member of the cabinet."

It is certainly one of the strongest personalities in it.

I found the secretary in his office when I called at the department a few days ago. His confidential clerk sat opposite him at his big flat-topped desk, and two or three of his bureau chiefs came in and waited for a word with him while he was telling me what ailed the farmer.

"I'll make my own state, Iowa, for example," said the secretary. "We have been raising there a little wiry horse of 1,200 pounds or thereabouts under the impression that it was wanted. Now we find that people want a draft horse of about 1,800 pounds, and they will pay a good price for it. They want a stylish carriage horse, or a good riding horse, or a horse for army use. If we had been breeding a horse at 1,500 pounds in the collar, or a horse that would jump a ditch and fit on a harness, we would have no trouble now selling them. They could be shipped to England, and would command a good price there. But we have been breeding along the line of the Indian pony, and the stock is not salable. Agents have had to go to South America in the attempt to find heavier stock."

"It is true, also, in a great many cases, that the American farmer does not know the best use to make of his products. My state raises one-seventh of the total corn crop of this country. To-day the cribs are full, and the best price the farmer can get for his corn is 15 cents a bushel. Not long ago I tried an experiment and got on corn. I did not carry the experiment far enough to get exact results, but I proved that for the 40 or 50 cents a bushel, the farmer who sells his corn at 15 cents a bushel, and dresses in rags, let his hair grow long, and yell over hard times; but the farmer who gets a return of 50 cents a bushel for his corn can slip his thigh and be merry over the return of prosperity."

And the secretary slapped his thigh vigorously to illustrate and emphasize his remark.

"An Iowa farmer," he continued, "fed corn to his cows. He found that they ate 2 cents worth a day and yielded 15 cents in milk. A farmer who gets that return can grow rich."

Mr. Wilson went South with the president on his recent trip; he found two things that interested him, he says. One was that the women of the South have accepted the result of the war; at least, those whom Mr. Wilson met had stopped fighting and laid down their arms.

"Another thing that interested me," he said, "was the condition of the soil. It is a very shallow soil, and they have been planting the same crops in it year after year until every bit of organic matter has gone out of it; the soil is all worn out. We went to Belle Mead farm, where George Jackson is raising blooded stock. He has 10 or 12 fine stallions and a hundred brood mares, but he has found that the business is not profitable. People would not pay the price he wanted; so he has put a herd of 50 cows on the farm and gone into dairy work. That interested me. I think the people of the South ought to plant grasses, and take to grazing. They should put five-sixths of their land into grass, and the other sixth into something else, by changing around in some year to year they could soon restore their soil to its old fertility. They have the finest grazing country in the United States except the Northwest; and they have this advantage over the Northwest—they can graze all the year 'round."

I asked Mr. Wilson if he thought the farmers were profiting by their lessons in scientific agriculture.

"They are learning all the time," he said. "The experiment stations are doing splendid work. The bulletins of this department are being distributed very widely."

"And are the people reading them?"

Farming has become a science. Take dairying for example. It is as different from the old dairying as the transportation of to-day is from that of 100 years ago. The farmer's wife used to throw away one-third of the butter fat in her milk. To-day the separator saves every bit of it. We make in this country to-day the finest butter and cheese in the world. England makes nothing like it. Unfortunately we have been sending abroad oleomargarine—the stuff they rub into a sheep's wool to keep the rain out; and we have sent cheeses which were filled with cotton seed oil. The Englishman has got his idea of our dairy products from these, and he does not want them. I am trying to find a market abroad for our best cheeses and butter, and I am trying to have the restrictions removed from our meat products.

"By the way, a man came to me the other day and wanted certificates for some horse meat, which he was shipping abroad. I told him there was nothing in the law authorizing me to give him a certificate. I don't see why there should not be. A good, healthy horse will make good meat. You or I would not care to eat it, but there are others who do."

There have been so many gibes at the agricultural department that I asked the secretary if he believed it had really done any good in the few years of its existence.

"Did you ever eat a navel orange?" he said, in reply. "The parent tree is here. It was brought from Brazil and cuttings from it were distributed over the country by the department. Sorghum was introduced into the United States by the department of agriculture. The department brought the first bee seed here for experimental culture, and it has pursued its experiments with bees until now there is no doubt in the minds of the farmers of the United States that we can grow our own supply. The \$100,000,000 our people pay for sugar every year is the purse hung up for them, for which they are striving. Some of the experiments with beets have been discouraging because the conditions were not favorable. The sugar beet requires 10,000 units of heat for its successful cultivation. Climate and soil must be chosen with care."

"Another thing this department is doing is to investigate the experiments which have been going on in the South for the cultivation of tea. I have a letter here now, from the man who has been conducting the tea farm, about his work, and he says he has taught the little colored children to pick the leaves. He is getting better tea there than we can get from Ceylon or Formosa. I am having an investigation made to ascertain the isotherm on which he is working, so that we can calculate how much of the territory of the United States is adapted to the cultivation of tea."

"Another thing we have done is to undertake the investigation of the forestry question. Not long ago this department sent to the senate a report on coniferous trees, showing the destruction of our forests. Pine is growing scarcer every year, you know, so that it has become almost as costly as black walnuts. The time will come when it will be too expensive for general use; indeed, they are talking already about building cars of steel. What interests us just now, though, more than the destruction of the pine, is the planting of trees in the more arid region. I have a man in Asia making investigations of the subject."

"These are only some of the things we have begun to do. This department has more than 30 divisions. Their work is all important. I have not had time yet to become well acquainted with more than three or four of the divisions."

I asked Mr. Wilson if he believed that the Debs movement to establish a co-operative agricultural colony was of any importance. He laughed at it.

"I'd like to see Mr. Debs try to carry out his plan of taking possession of some one of the Northwestern states," he said. "The people would meet him at the border with their shotguns. No, there are too many people who know

nothing about farming engaged in agriculture now; and there is another thing which is injuring agriculture. It is the fact that not enough work is done on the farm. There is a growing disposition on the part of the farmer's family not to assist him with the farm work. The farmer's son to-day is brought up in idleness. If the young men of this country were taught to work, we would have no tramps. As for the farmer's wife, she is too much of a lady to make butter. Why, in other countries the farmer's wife and daughters do all the dairy work; and in parts of Germany the women work in the field."

"Even on this continent they do," I said. "The women of Nova Scotia work in the fields."

"Well, I am not in favor of that," said the secretary, "but there is plenty of work for women to do in the shade. If the farmer's wife and children were industrious, the American farmer to-day would be more prosperous."

"But as to the value of the agricultural department's work, it is spreading all the time. Example is more effective than precept. Most men are going to keep on in the way of their fathers and their grandfathers until they look over the fence and see their neighbors doing something different."

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Puzzled.

From the Washington Star.

"Curious times, those," commented Senator Sorghum thoughtfully, as he looked over a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence; "very curious."

"To what do you refer?" inquired his friend.

"The manner in which all these signatures commanded attention and respect when they were to a paper that didn't convey any money."

Motorman Answers a Question.

The trolley was whizzing along in New London, Conn., the other day, and a man crossing the track had a close call. "How often do you kill a man?" asked the fellow on the front platform with the motorman.

"Only once," was the rather sharp reply of the man in charge of the front end.

Appearance is what attracts the eye, beauty is what attracts the heart. Some times this seems a pity. It seems as if it would be juster if a fine mind was the attraction instead of a fine face and figure. But you can't change human nature. When you come to understand it there is a sort of justice about it too; because although we can't all be handsome, almost every one of us can add at least 50 per cent. to his or her attractiveness by a little attention to the laws of beauty. When the eyes are dull, the lips pallid, the skin sallow, blotchy or pimply, the figure thin and wasted, or overstout, the trouble is something more than mere outward appearance; the inner condition is wrong, the blood is poor; it lacks the pure nourishing qualities which are needed to vitalize and invigorate the body. In this case physical activity is largely a question of pure, rich, red blood.

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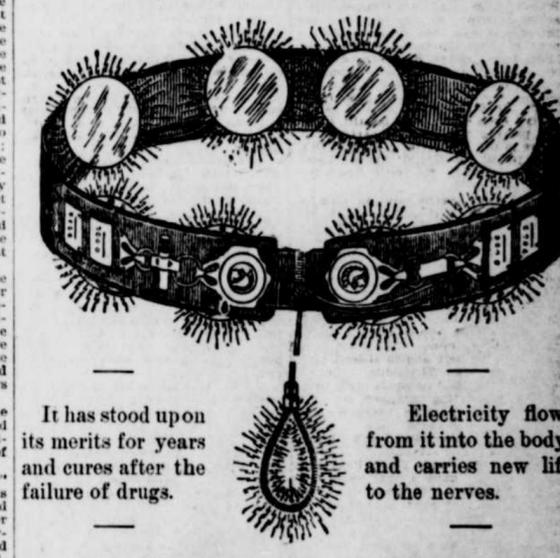
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