

# THE TENSAS GAZETTE

Gazette Publishing Company, Ltd.

Official Paper of the Parish of Tensas School Board and Fifth Louisiana Levee District.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

NEW SERIES VOL. XVIII.

ST. JOSEPH, LA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1911.

NUMBER 36.

## SCIENCE OF HEALTH

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### Curing the Rest Habit

It is said that the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison, when younger than he is now, could work continuously for two days and nights, or even longer, without a wink of sleep. One of Edison's "young men"—that is, his pupils, or assistants—once told me that the wizard, his master, would keep "the boys" at work until they were "dead on their feet," laughingly telling them that sleep was a habit. "Look at me," he would say to them. "I never hanker after sleep."

And then the drowsy assistants would sneak away and hide behind the bales in the warehouse in order to steal a nod or two while the tireless master was lost to the world in some abstraction of mind.

I repeat the story for what it is worth, but whether it be an exaggeration or not, Edison's well known tirelessness suggests the thought that the time may come when long continued work will not be followed by fatigue.

Why indeed should it? Why does a man feel tired after a hard day's labor? The question seems a childish one, but a German physiologist not long ago put that very query to himself, not with the simplicity of a child, but with the deep knowledge which sees in the questions of children the most difficult problems of science.

That a man can feel tired without having exerted himself at all is a well known fact. It is a fact recognized by advertising sellers of tonics guaranteed to cure that "tired feeling" which persons with deranged bodies have on arising from sleep. And it is a fact which would seem to prove that the sensation of fatigue is due to the presence in the body of some substance that by its reaction on the nervous system produces the sensation in question.

Such, in short, is the plain truth. Fatigue, or the sense of fatigue, is caused by the poison, or toxin, of fatigue, and this toxin of fatigue is produced by the using up of certain materials in muscle and nerve and other tissues of the body, just as smoke and ashes are produced by the using up of fuel with the evolution of heat.

But if the sensation of fatigue is caused by the presence in the body of the toxin of fatigue, the body tries to neutralize this toxin—and actually does neutralize it—by the production of an anti-toxin for fatigue. When put to hard work the body grows tired after a short time, but presently recuperates, while still at work. A man gets what we call his "second wind," and this "second wind," this refreshment of the body, is due to the quick production of the anti-toxin in question. The body begins to fight this poison of fatigue, just as it tries to fight all substances antagonistic to its perfect equilibrium. But push the labor further, drive the body on continuously in its work, and the toxin of fatigue is produced in such large quantities that it can no longer be conquered by its anti. Your man is then "dead tired," and must "rest" until the fatigue poison can be thoroughly overcome by the accumulating anti-toxin, or anti-body, as it is technically called.

Our German scientist had all these well known facts in mind when he set to work on the experiment by which he hoped to make an anti-toxin for fatigue which he could administer artificially, and thus perhaps cure the rest habit altogether. The experiment and its results are interesting.

Taking a rabbit—one of those pliable and uncomplaining tools of the laboratory—and placing it in a revolving cage, he made it work continuously until it was perfectly exhausted.

and I am none. But a conservative habit of mind will dispose a man to look with considerable calmness on the antics of those timid persons who directly fall into a passion of tears at their first sight of an aeroplane in the air. A conservative habit of mind will likewise dispose a man to have a little faith in the future of flying machines, so far as the "improvement" of the present genus of machine is at all concerned. The aeroplane was made possible by the invention of the high speed gasoline engine, which also made possible the dirigible balloon. There is positively no warrant whatever for the hectic hopes one hears expressed on all hands that the world will see "navies of the air" (worked by gasoline engines) replacing the navies of the sea, and the unpoetic, if useful, railway freight car. If there is any warrant in sound sense or sound science for the belief that gasoline engines will fill the sky with merchant aeroplanes, it has not yet been publicly discussed.

The only future for the aeroplane is one in which the prophet who found on fact and not on fancy can see ambitious and reckless young men rising in the air (as they do now) for exhibition purposes, and descending, in many cases (as they do now), to certain death or permanent disability. Other and more hopeful predictions are for the most part pleasant dreams, which no earthly law can chasten. Whereas, the future of the much despised balloon is much the same today as it was when it was first launched more than a century ago by its French inventors.

But this is not saying that men will never be able to transfer all traffic from the surface of the earth to some considerable distance above it. On the contrary, there are in France a few bold scientists who are not afraid to suggest for human industry in general a future as far beyond the dreams of the aviators and their warmest friends as the light of the sun is beyond the illuminating power of a tallow candle. It is held by these courageous men that what is called "mass"—that is, the weight of matter—is in reality nothing but electric discharge; that all the phenomena of matter are electric phenomena. And if we imagine that scientific investigation will go on taking the leaps it has taken during the past ten years in the study of radio-activity, the time may not be far distant when a vessel of the size of the largest ocean steamer—or much larger, for that matter—may be whirled through the higher regions of the earth's atmosphere from San Francisco to London in a few hours. Whirled—and with perfect safety for the thousands of men who shall take passage aboard. The discussion of these possibilities is tempting; but the possibilities themselves are so tremendously great that one hesitates to go farther than the barest mention of the subject.

Pity the Poor Pauper. "Did you pay your fine?" "Certainly not. I took the pauper's oath."

"And now?" "Now I shall go to Paris to live."

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(There is positively no limit to the fool things a rabbit will do, once it is fairly started on its way.) Then the experimenter drew off from this exhausted rabbit a quantity of serum which he injected into two fresh rabbits. These fresh rabbits he now placed in revolving cages, and, as a check, or "control" experiment, he at the same time placed two fresh uninjected rabbits in two other cages, and then put on the power.

Away went the revolving cages. Trust a rabbit for doing any desired quantity of purely unprofitable labor! But our experimenter found precisely what he was expecting. The injected rabbits were quickly exhausted, whereas the uninjected ones merrily whirled their cages, both of them as fresh as a daisy and veritable gluttons for work.

The first point was proved. Injected into a fresh animal the serum of a fatigued animal, and the fresh animal is at once, without a stroke of work, fatigued in a degree that varies with the size of the dose. But the main object of the experiment was to produce an anti-toxin for fatigue; a serum that would make the rabbits immune to fatigue. The experimenter by repeatedly treating a fresh animal with increasing doses of serum from a fatigued animal, believed it possible that the body of the treated animal would react against the poison in such a way that new doses would have no effect. By taking the serum of this now immune animal and injecting it into the body of another and fresh animal, the experimenter hoped to make this last rabbit immune, and able to work indefinitely without fatigue!

The results of these latter experiments do not seem to have been quite as satisfactory as were those of the former.

While the body of the injected rabbit would react to a certain degree against the injected poison, it would not react more vigorously than it would to the toxin of fatigue produced in the ordinary way by labor; at least the results in the second line of experiments were not what might be called startlingly encouraging.

And yet it is not to be expected that this patient German will let his idea go by default. The secret of success in all scientific research is a patience and a power of waiting that are almost godlike. In these desirable qualities the German mind excels all others; and the Germans therefore lead the world in this kind of unremunerative and slavish toil. But if he did not succeed at one coup in banishing fatigue from labor, our German has made a good start. No doubt in time an anti-toxin for fatigue will be discovered. No doubt the Edison of the future when he desires to work a week or two without resting will only be required to apply at necessary intervals to the nearest doctor for the injection of the few hundred "units" of the anti-toxin needed, and merrily work away.

Nor is it to be imagined that he will permit his pupils and assistants to doze away valuable time behind the bales in the warehouse when a few additional units will keep them whistling like sawyers at their work for three or four weeks at a time.

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## A Legal Tangle

By DONALD ALLEN

For two years, every time he came home from college, Fred Inman was enthusiastic over his chum, Frank Withrow, and he hardly ever wrote a letter to his sister Kate without winding it up with:

"Yours with love, and I only wish that he was my brother-in-law."

In brother Fred's room at home were no less than six different photos of his chum. Miss Kate had looked them over very often. The subject that he had a weak face; that he was vain; that he was not sincere. She wouldn't have been set against him, however, but for the eternal harping of Fred. He said so much that she came to almost hate his chum. She hoped never to meet him, but made up her mind if she ever did she would give him the cold cut.

Brother Fred came home at last, a graduate civil engineer, with a place offered him in the west, and his chum had got his sheepskin as a lawyer and was looking for a place to hang out his shingle. He would make the keenest, brightest lawyer in the state. He would be a power in politics. He was sure to go to congress sooner or later. If only Frank could have come on a visit of two weeks! If Kate only realized how smart he really was! If she only knew beans from broomsticks here was her chance.

And then of course the sister recalled that she didn't believe Mr. Withrow would ever create a ripple in a mud puddle, and that if he had come on a visit she'd have snubbed his vanity ten times a day, and the mother had to interfere to keep Fred from breaking chairs. He was off for the west next day, and two days after that Nelly Ames arrived from town for a long stay, and for a while Mr. Withrow was forgotten. What brought him to the front again was a trifling incident that occurred in the village, four miles away. One day when the two girls were driving through the place they saw a carpenter putting up

with her handkerchief, and was asked please to control her emotions. "He—he courted me!" she said. "I see. Looks like a sure case for you at the start."

"Then I learned to love—love him." "Of course. That makes the case still stronger."

"Then he said he loved me." "They always do, and the jury takes that into consideration. Very strong case—very."

"And he asked me to be his wife." "Did, eh? The colls are closing around him. He wrote you letters, didn't he?"

"Three every day, and all full of fond names and protestations." "How many in all?"

"Three thousand, I guess." "Why, ten would hang him as high as Haman! These letters refer to marriage, do they?"

"Every one." "But about his growing cold?" "The time came when—when—oh, how can I tell you!"

"Please be calm. The time came when he no longer loved you?" "Yes, he went to a circus and fell in love with the girl lion-tamer. He wrote me that he had mistaken his heart; that it did not beat for me."

"The infernal scoundrel! Well, he shall suffer for it if I take the case. You want damages, of course?" "At least fifty thousand dollars. My life has been wrecked, you know?" "Certainly, but if it hasn't we'll tell the jury it has. And the name of this human hyena?"

"Fritz Baumgarten." "German, eh? That makes it twice as bad for him. When a German comes over here and proves false to his vows to an American girl the jury always returns a swinging verdict. Think it over for a day or two, and then if you decide to go ahead bring in the three thousand letters. There isn't the slightest doubt that you have a sure case. Good afternoon, ladies."

The girls were in the pony cart and headed for home before either spoke. Then Miss Nelly asked: "Kate, was it a great success?" "I—I don't know."

"Nor I, either. Say, I think you ought to like that young man."

"Why?"

"Because he isn't anything like you said he was. I guess we haven't done such a smart thing after all."

The next day as the two were on the side veranda chatting, Mr. Withrow drove up. Both tried to get into the parlor by the open window at once, and both fell back on the veranda and were assisted to rise by the attorney-at-law. He was cool and calm and pleasant and there was something real kind in his voice as he said:

"Both of you had been pointed out to me three days before, and so I knew you. Miss Ames, I don't think I'll take your breach-of-promise case. I find there's a legal tangle in it. Those three thousand love letters must have been written in German, and they couldn't be read to the jury. Miss Inman, as a friend of your brother—"

And then they all went to talking and laughing and the mother came out to help on, and Fred's chum was asked to stay to dinner, and that night when the girls went to their room Miss Nelly put up her lip and said:

"I've lost my breach-of-promise case, and I see your finish!"

"WAS GOOD FOR HIS BUSINESS"

Ice Dealer Tells of the Mild Winter We Had Last Year—Bumble Bees in February.

"Well, winter seems to be over," he said to the solemn looking man in the car beside him.

"Yes, I guess it is," was the reply.

"It was a very mild winter."

"What?"

"Very mild winter, sir—the mildest for many years."

"You mean the coldest. Why, man alive, it was a very, very hard winter. It was almost zero weather in November."

"Beg pardon, sir, but November was like summer."

"Humph! And December, sir—it was like Greenland."

"I saw dandelions out in December, and few men wore overcoats in January. You must be thinking of that winter ten years ago."

"No, I'm not. I burned more coal in February than for years before. It was bitter cold for 13 successive days."

"I don't like to dispute you, but bumble bees were humming around at the time you speak of."

"Why, man," said the solemn looking man, "are you trying to make out that I am a fool?"

"No, sir."

"Then why do you talk in the way that you do? Why do you talk of bumble bees in February?"

"Because I am in the ice business and we want to raise prices 30 per cent this summer, and we must announce that owing to the exceedingly mild winter we could cut 'but half a crop!'"

Origin of "Hurrah." The word "hurrah" is pure Slavonian, and is commonly heard from the coast of Dalmatia to Behring Straits, when any of the population living within these limits are called on to give proof of courage and valor. The origin of the word belongs to the primitive idea that every man that dies heroically for his country goes straight to Heaven (Hura-j to Paradise), and it is so that in the shock and ardor of battle, the combatants utter that cry, as the Turks do that of Allah, each animating himself by the certitude of immediate recompense, to forget earth and condemn death.

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