FOOLING DEATH

SCIENCE IS MAKING MEN HARDER TO KILL. THEY LIVE DESPITE BROKEN NECKS, PIERCED HEARTS AND PARTIALLY DESTROYED BRAINS.

FOOLING death! That is just what it amounts to. It is happening every day. In homes and hospitals, in tents and sanitariums.

A while ago a young St. Louisan became embroiled in an argument with another younth. There was a fight. Young Lawles was stabbed in the heart. He was placed in an automobile and brought several miles to a hospital. This took minutes and many precious ones. When the patient was finally placed on the operating table he was still conscious. So startling was the nature of the wound that the oldest internes paled when they saw the extent of the injury. Twelve stitches were required to close the gash through the heart muscles. The patient lived. He was living when the hospital authorities heard from him last, and that was but a short time since. His chance of life when he was brought into the hospital were less than nothing. It was a notable case of the fooling of death.

Men are hard to kill at times. Little Andrew Cerainto was accidentally shot through the head. There was no doubt that the ball had penetrated the brain tissue. No one expected the child to live. Ten years ago death would have been more than certain. But surgery, and especially brain surgery, has made long leaps in that time. These leaps have been forward. When death did not ensue the eager internes saw a chance to save a life. They did. Little Andrew Cerainto was discharged from the hospital a few days ago. He was apparently on the road to a complete recovery in spite of the mutilated brain tissue that was plowed by the heavy bullet. Death was tricked of something that seemed certainly his.

There is wonderful vitality in most human tissues. It does not want or intend to die. It fights against dissolution with the inherited vigor that may have come down through ten thousand generations. In order to "fool death" the scientists have learned to take advantage of all these things. They have trained the warrior cells, the white blood corpuscles to do things for them.

Thirty-three years was once the average life of man. Wars, famines and pestilences helped to cut down the duration of man's span. No one knows now just how long the average life is any more. It is changing all the time by getting longer.

Death used to reach out through appendicitis and claim his victims in spite of the best efforts of the man who fought back at him with the scalpel. There was something wrong. This was remedied and the death rate sank and continues to sink. The good surgeon has fooled death so often in appendicitis cases that it is no longer looked upon as a particularly serious operation.

Before that time, in the days when the war hospitals were deadly beyond the telling, an operation of any sort in one of these places was grave. They had not learned as yet how to round up, slay and utterly destroy the pus germs that were creeping everywhere over the unsterilized beds and planking, clinging to the clothing of the surgeon and floating in the hospital atmosphere. They do not exist any more. They are guarded against and watched by every attendant, operator and interne of any hospital. The death percentage from this cause has sunk low and is sinking lower. It is an everyday instance of puzzling, baffling and fooling death.

If you love life you do well to be living now. You have a better chance to see more of it and live out more years than you would have had if you had lived yesterday. You will have a still better chance tomorrow, for some scientist poking around with a microscope may find something today that will increase the average life span by another decade. Some Metchnikoff is apt to go to a step further and surprise the secret of living a few years longer from outraged nature. You have a better chance to swindle death out of a few years right now than you would had you lived in the days when germs were unheard of and bleeding was the most sovereign remedy at the command of the healer.

Edward Schneider, a Hollander of middle age, went up on a smokestack to do some painting. He was working 40 feet in the air when the scaffolding gave way. A rope, poorly fastened, let a knot slip and he fell the full 40 feet to the top of a shed, and bounded thence to the ground. It was a case of the type that used to be hopeless. Four of the vertebrae were smashed. It was worse than a broken back, for not one, but four of the chain of bones were crushed.

It was considered amazing that he should have survived the fall. Naturally, then, it was still more amazing when he began to grow stronger after the surgeons had done their best. By a seeming miracle the grayish white spinal cord was preserved. Sensation remained in his limbs. Fifteen pounds of plaster of paris was made into a jacket for him. He was incased in that and kept in the hospital seven or eight weeks. He lived and was discharged, not sound, but as sound as any man can hope to be who has fallen headlong from such a height and broken four of the bones of the spinal column. In this case death was baffled. Twenty years ago there would have been a funeral within a decent time after the fall.

How long will we live, anyway, when the world has been entirely gone over with a sterilizer? When the germs have been hunted into their final hiding places? When the infected and diseased folk are kept carefully separated from the remainder of humanity during the term of their illness?

The United States army has started fooling death on the wholesale. Troop by troop, battery by battery and battalion by battalion, the regular officers and soldiers are being vaccinated against that curse of the camps—typhoid. Death has already been cheated of dozens of lives by this action. It is hardly worth while to keep a list of the typhoid deaths in the army any more, at least in those divisions that participated in the maneuvers on the Mexican border last spring. There are not enough worth mentioning, and those who have died were those who for some reason or other were not given the vaccine.

This one step alone will make wars harder to fight. Fewer men will die in the fevered camps, and there will be more for the bullets.

Death is being fooled by little bottles. He is being cheated by little tubes of thin glass, filled with yellowish, sirupy fluids, that are more powerful than anything else on the chemists' shelves. They have within them possibilities of life or of dissolution. They are so small that you could carry dozens of them in a side pocket of your coat and never feel their weight or bulk. Possibilities of life and death for a whole city might be placed in a pocket case.

"There are 50,000,000 dead bacteria in this little vial," says the bacteriologist. "I can palm it, hide it, almost lose it in my hand, and yet there is more power in it than you might put in a year's ordinary treatment."

That is the way they are fooling death. It is done with single things that are really complex in their workings. Into the veins a solution of dead tuberculosis germs is poured. They do not kill their live brethren. What happens is this: The body realizes that there is something poisonous floating around in the blood. A special effort is made, and more of those never-say-die warriors, the white corpuscles, appear from somewhere and set upon the dead and the living germs. Deth lets go unwillingly, but the enraged white cells never cease their warfare.

"Autogenous" is the name that they have given this particular type of disease relief. It fights its own brethren, turns against them and breaks them. It is using "like to fight like," but the whole nature of the germ is changed. It is so new that death has not become accustomed to being fought in that way.

Men have been living with half their brains gone. With the openings where the nerves come through the skull plugged with paraffin casts, in order to utterly destroy for two or three years at least all danger of neuralgaic pains. Others have managed to exist without a stomach. The keen knife of the surgeon having trimmed this organ from the body and nature having come forward to aid, they live for years with but little inconvenience. The enormous tumors that are sometimes lifted from the cranial cavity sometimes destroy a part, at least, of the gray matter, but somehow or other the patient goes on runnning like an engine upon one cylinder. This is the most daring type of fooling death.

A generation ago there were ten, fifteen, maybe twenty diseases that were looked upon as absolutely incurable. The number has been getting smaller. Every now and again some man finds a new way of attacking an old disease. Others aid and the fight goes on. Another of the so-called incurable ones are vanished. Just how many there are, this day, no one likes to say. Something might happen by tomorrow that would make any statement ridiculous.

We used to die of typhoid, septicemiae, tentanus, yellow fever and malaria. The fighters were firing and stabbing in the dark so far as any real results were concerned. The undertaker looked complacent and the grave yards waxed large. Some man working in the fever swamps learned how to fool death in typhoid and yellow fever by studying mosquitoes. Still another man watched the fly and discovered that death in typhoid would be easy to baffle if the housefly could be eliminated.

Diphtheria, infantile paralysis and others of the diseases of childhood have been and are being gradually walled off and made helpless by a barrier of serums, vaccines and solutions that seem quite simple enough now that we have become accustomed to them. Death is being fooled daily with some colorless fluid and a tiny hypodermic needle.

In southern Illinois, twenty years ago there was much fever and ague, oftentimes resulting in death. The same conditions then existed in southeast Missouri. These two localities are being cleared of the timber that covered them. The sun is getting into the lowlands where its rays were strangers. There is not much malaria in these two localities any more.

The sun has sterilized the earth so far as the malaria-breeding mosquitoes are concerned. They do not breed any more in such number, and there is not the chance of infection as there used to be when swarms of them flew out of the creek bottoms at nightfall.

Death is being baffled and puzzled by such instances everywhere. Men want to live and they are studying the means and methods by which they can fool death and live longest. The scalpel and the little vial or serum are the worst foes of the rider on the pale horse.

Damon and Python.

A certain great publisher of rather exacting temperament and not especially easy to get along with, secured an editor after many other editors had passed through his office.

This editor tamed the exacting and sometimes querulous publisher, and they became great friends. The editor, apparently, had the stuff in him to compel pleasant treatment.

One day the editor and the publisher came into a luncheon club arm in arm.

"Look at them," said another publisher. "There come Damon and Python!"—Saturday Evening Post.

IS GRANDDAUGHTER OF KEY

Mrs. Norwood Gives Manuscript of "Star Spangled Banner" to Washington Relative.

Texarkana, Ark.—Mrs. Rebecca T Norwood of this place, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," has gone to Washington with some priceless souvenirs of her illustrious ancestor She will deliver to a cousin, Attorney Francis Scott Key Smith, a copy of the original volume of Key's poems and an early manuscript of "The Star Spangled Banner," in the poet's own handwriting.

Mrs. Norwood is a daughter of Daniel Turner, who married Ann Key, eldest daughter of the poet. A great-grandfather was Joseph Turner, one time governor of North Carolina. Her father served under Admiral Farra-

Mrs. Rebecca T. Norwood.

gut when he was in command of the Mare Island navy yard in San Francisco. A sister, who recently died, was Mrs. J. Mills Browne, wife of a former surgeon general of the United States army.

Mrs. Norwood is one of the charter members of the Francis Scott Key Memorial Association. She is interested in a reproduction of the old volume of Key poems, that its proceeds may be added to a fund for the preservation of the Key homestead in Georgetown, now part of Washington.

She visited her grandfather there when she was only 13 years old. Although she only saw him twice and then when she was very young, she has some interesting reminiscences of him.

TREE TAKES ON HUMAN FORM

The "Ballet Girl" Is One of the Remarkable Curiosities of Nature in New Hampshire.

Milford, N. H.—One of the remarkable curiosities of nature is the "Ballet Girl" tree on the road from Milford, to the railroad station at Ponemah.

The formation of the limbs of the tree is such that when the leaves come out it gives a remarkable representation of a ballet girl and is further intensified if a breeze is blowing, and the figure moves with a motion not unlike that of one going through the latest two-step.

The tree was first discovered by some summer guests, for although it

"Ballet Girl Tree."

is directly beside a much-traveled road its peculiar outlines had not reached growth enough to attract observation.

So much has the unique tree attracted attention that it is carefully cared for by the road agent who has charge of that section.

SANE FOURTH IS APPROVED

Medical Record Shows Remarkable Decrease in Number of Lives Lost Throughout Country.

New York.—A decrease of lives lost from 852 to 67 and of the number of persons injured from 4,449 to 1,603 was the result of sane Fourth legislation in the nine years beginning with 1903 and ending with 1911. This saving of human life is shown in the report of Independence day accidents, issued by the Journal of the Medical association.

The journal credits the great saving in life and limb to the nation-wide campaign which began more than a decade ago against the old time celebration of the nation's birthday. The decrease is shown by the following table:

	1903.	1911.
Killed	446	57
Died from lockjaw	406	10
Injured	4,449	1,603

In the nine years 1,719 persons have been killed, and 37,410 were injured.

Whoop Sets Robbers Flying.

Easton, Pa.—John Klots of this city was awakened at 3 o'clock by a tug at his bed clothing, and by a dim light in the room saw two men gently removing the covers from his bed. He was so startled that he sat upright and yelled, and the men rushed from the room.

Spends $1,200 a Year for Socks.

San Diego, Cal.—Asserting that her wealthy husband spends $1,200 a year for silk socks alone, while she is allowed less than $150 for her entire wardrobe, Mrs. George Bain, formerly Miss Florence Grange, has gone to Reno, Nev., and filed suit for divorce.

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

Evarts and the Great Scientist

Senator's Problem in Natural Science Propounded to Savant Who Was Boring a Brilliant Company at Dinner.

"I have been told many very interesting anecdotes about William M. Evarts, but I do not know any which illustrates the keen wit and the humor which were so prominent among the many characteristics of Mr. Evarts that compares with an incident which came under my own observation," said Gen. Charles S. Fairchild, who was secretary of the treasury in the latter half of President Cleveland's first administration.

"I was a guest at a dinner which was given in 1888, when Mr. Evarts was still in the senate, by a very prominent public official at Washington. It was, in the character of the men who were gathered around the table, perhaps as brilliant a dinner as any in which I participated while I was a member of Mr. Cleveland's administration. Senator Evarts was one of the most distinguished of the guests present; and, as usual at a dinner which Mr. Evarts graced with his presence, the best of good fellowship and a true feast of reason, and humor, and wit were the experiences of the guests.

"There happened to be at this dinner a man of great achievement as a scientist. He was, however, a good deal of a dry-as-dust, and he seemed to be disposed to inject science into the conversation, or to apply his own particular knowledge to every statement which was made. After awhile the persistence of this scientific gentleman palled a little upon the guests, although he himself seemed to be unaware of that fact. Not even the host, notwithstanding his perfect courtesy, was able fully to conceal his annoyance at these learned and scientific interpolations.

"At last Senator Evarts, who had been, apparently, a patient and earnest listener, addressed the man of science, saying:

"'I have been much interested, professor, in what you have said; and it has occurred to me that possibly you may be able to explain a curious law of nature, which I, myself, have never been able to explain or to find anyone who could explain.'

"'I should be delighted,' said the professor. 'What is it?'

"Having attracted the attention of the entire company in this way, Senator Evarts took from the cooler by his side a champagne bottle which contained perhaps a third of its original contents. He placed the bottle upon the table.

"'Professor,' he said, 'I wish you would explain to us why it is that, in the lower part of any bottle containing spirituous liquors the greater strength is to be found. In other words, why the upper half of a bottle of champagne seems to be less stimulating than the lower half.'

"The professor looked quizically at the bottle of champagne a few moments.

"'That is, indeed, a very interesting question; I never had it called to my attention before,' he said at last. 'I cannot at this moment offer more than a surmise in the way of explanation; but I should be happy to make a very careful investigation, first, to establish the fact as you state it, and, second, to discover the reason.'

"'Well,' said Senator Evarts, 'I think my own experience may aid you in establishing the accuracy of the fact; but, as I am not learned in any of the sciences, I am utterly at loss as to the explanation.'

"'What, then, has been your experience?' the professor asked.

"'I can state it in a few words, professor,' said Mr. Evarts. 'I have upon many occasions observed that the first, or upper half of a bottle of champagne or other spirituous liquor did not begin to have the stimulating effect upon those who drank in my presence which the second, or lower, half of the bottle had upon them; so I have inferred that there must be some scientific law which explains why the upper half of a bottle of champagne, for instance, is less stimulating than the lower half.'

"'That is, indeed, an extraordinary fact,' the professor replied gravely. 'I am greatly indebted to you for having called it to my attention. I shall proceed at once to make researches.'

"And the professor actually did not see, what all the other guests readily perceived, that Senator Evarts was making sly fun of him, or that the reason was self-apparent why the second half of a bottle of champagne produced a far more stimulating effect than the first half."

Let the Worst Come.

There is nothing worse for a man or woman than the possession of too much money.—Emporia Gazette.

Solved Problem For Morse

How Peter Cooper Invented the Glass Insulator Which Made Possible the Stringing of Electric Telegraph Wires Above Ground.

I told recently an anecdote which was narrated to me by the late Abram S. Hewitt, mayor of New York from 1887-1888, describing the manner in which his father-in-law, Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, invented an apparatus by means of which it was possible to lay the first Atlantic cable between the coast of Newfoundaidn and Ireland.

Mr. Cooper's interest in the electric telegraph began at a much earlier period than the time when Cyrus W. Field proposed to him and to several other men of capital that a company be organized to lay a telegraph cable upon the bed of the ocean, so that telegraphic communication could be established between the continent of Europe and the United States.

Peter Cooper was a personal friend of Professor Morse, who invented the modern electric telegraph and the Morse code system, the fundamentals of which have been practically unchanged to this day. Mr. Cooper used often to visit Professor Morse at his workshop, which was situated in the topmost story of a building that faced Washington Square, New York city. One day Cooper said to Professor Morse: "How far do you suppose you can carry your wire? For I should think that it will be very important for the business success of your telegraph that it be possible to extend it for a distance of one hundred miles or more."

"Yes, I understand that," replied Professor Morse. "I know, too, that it is perfectly practicable to send the electric current intelligibly through the wire for a distance of two hundred miles, perhaps more, without relaying. But it is necessary to protect the wire and to support it. I don't see how we can carry the wire in the open air because, first, it will be necessary to support it upon poles or posts, and in the next place it will be necessary, if we do support it in that way, to insulate the wire; otherwise the electric energy would be lost, or greatly impaired. So it seems to me that I shall have to run the wire in tubes underground. The expense of doing this would be large, and I am sometimes afraid that it will be so great as to be prohibitive."

"I will think about that," said Peter Cooper; and he went away, determined to find some method, if possible, which would eliminate the necessity of burying the telegraph wires under ground.

It must have been about this time that one of Professor Morse's assistants, Theodore Vail, suggested to him that he string the wires upon posts or poles, showing that this would be a much cheaper method of carrying them. For Mr. Cooper called upon Professor Morse one day and said that he was sure he had thought of a little device, very inexpensive, which would make it possible for him to use the wire overhead, instead of underground.

Thereupon Mr. Cooper asked Mr. Morse to let him have a telegraph wire. When that was done Mr. Cooper took his cane and attaching it to the neck of a glass bottle which had been broken from the bottle, ran the wire through this bottle neck, saying that all Professor Morse would have to do to insulate his wires would be to get bottle-necks, attach them to poles, and run his wire through these necks, and in that way he could carry his wire to the uttermost limits of the battery's strength.

It was, in fact, the device accepted by Professor Morse, obviating the expensive method of burying the wires; although, instead of having actual bottle-necks, Professor Morse caused the familiar glass bulb of the telegraph pole to be made at the glass factory.

"In this way," said Mr Hewitt, who told me this incident, "Peter Cooper was associated with both the perfecting of the Morse telegraph apparatus and with the successful laying of the ocean cable."

Made England Take Notice

John Neal of Portland Deliberately and Successfully Undertook to Make the British Read an American Literary Work.

"My native city of Portland, Me., has been the birth place of a good many distinguished men, but of all of them I sometimes think I am proudest of John Neal," said Thomas B Reed to me not long after he had resigned from congress and taken up his residence in New York city for the practice of law.

"I suppose you have never heard of John Neal; yet in the first half of the nineteenth century he was a voluminous writer of novels, one of the leading newspaper editors of the country, and a sympathetic adviser to all struggling young writers, among them Edgar Allan Poe. And he was a pioneer of American letters in England. He was, in fact, the first American who made an Englishman read an American literary work, and it is because he set out deliberately to do this that I am so proud of him. John Neal died in the centennial year, at the ripe old age of eighty-three, but years before that I had come to be numbered among his friends, and from his own lips I heard how he set about making England take notice of American writers.

"When John Neal was a young man there appeared in one of the English quarterly reviews the now historic question: 'Who reads an American book?' That question humiliated many Americans and it touched a raw spot in American life for more than half a century. It made John Neal especially angry. By that time he had written several works of fiction or semi-fiction and of biography, and so quite naturally he felt very keenly the slur implied in that British question.

"Well, several years after the question had been asked John Neal announced to his friends that he was going to England.

"'What do you intend to do there?' they asked him.

"'I am going to write as a Yankee something which will be published in Great Britain and which everybody who reads anything at all will be sure to read,' he replied.

"'But have you enough money to live on while writing and awaiting publication of your writings?' his friends asked, anxiously.

"'I have,' replied John Neal. 'You may be sure that it will not be necessary for me to borrow or beg while I am in England.'

"So John Neal sailed away for England and soon after he got there he wrote a series of articles—what we call personal sketches—describing the first five or six American presidents. These he offered to one or two of the quarterlies which were then the great standards of English critical literature, only to have them declined. At last he ventured into the office of Blackwood's Magazine and offered his manuscripts. There they were speedily accepted, and John Neal received what for that time was a very handsome check in payment for them.

"Moreover, all England read those sketches, it became widely known that a 'Yankee' had written them, and John Neal became a man of some literary distinction. And whenever he met a prominent Englishman who congratulated him upon his magazine articles he would invariably reply in a very kindly way, 'Well, at last you English people do read an American literary work, and now that we have broken the ice I think in the course of time you will read many more of them.

"In due season John Neal returned to the United States and was occupied for the rest of his life in literary work. And I think it ought to be remembered that it was John Neal of Portland, Me., who was the first American to compel the people of Great Britain to read an American work. Soon after that all England was reading the novels of Fenimore Cooper."

He Might Guess.

"And where," demanded his wife, with flashing eyes, "would you be now only for me?"

The man glanced at the clock. It was verging on midnight. He sighed and was silent.—Puck.

The Likeness.

"If crows could swear, what kind of a political gathering would their language resemble?"

"I suppose it would be something of a caw cuss."

Bees Broke Up Church Services.

A unique occurrence broke up the service in the German Lutheran church at Chicago the other Sunday A swarm of honey bees invaded the building and drove out the pastor and congregation, and services had to be held on the lawn in front of the church.

Too Much Imitation.

We are all prone to keep the level of those we live with, and hence the tameness of our characters and lives —W. E. Channing.

Yes, and How About Pins?

"Nothing is ever lost or totally destroyed," said the professor of physics.

"In that case," said the simple and frank person, "how do you explain the fact that everybody loses umbrellas, and you never meet anybody who has found one?"

American Shoes Superior.

European shoe manufacturers are unable to compete successfully with American skill in the designing of lasts and in the cutting of patterns.

Too Plebeian.

Russian caviare is now touted as a cure for cholera. One will notice that the doctors were too proud to discover corned beef and cabbage, or something within the reach of all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Plenty of It.

"Had they any evidence as to the man's insanity?" "No, except that when he went on a fishing party, he always told when they came home that he made the poorest and smallest catch of the lot."

Forbidden Fruit.

Mrs. Jones-White—Your luncheons are always so successful, dear. Do tell me how you select your menus."

Mrs. Smith-Brown—My physician gave me a list of things I shouldn't eat and I choose the dishes from that.

A Bibliophile.

"He has a collection of books that almost any man might envy."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. They show a sum total of $50,000 in bank deposits."

Practice Will Make Perfect.

Practice thyself even in the things which thou despairest of accomplishing. For even the left hand, which is ineffectual for all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practiced in this.—Marcus Aurelius.

Beginning of Christian Era.

In the year 391 of our era Theodosius the Great issued an edict abolishing paganism and idolatry throughout the Roman empire.

Has No Need to Count Money.

The princess of Monaco is so rich that she regards money with contempt. On one occasion, after a burglary, she astounded a magistrate by stating that she never counted her money and did not know which of her jewels had been stolen, as she never troubled to find out how many she had.

"But," said the magistrate in surprise, "how do you manage your financial affairs?"

"Oh," replied the princess, "when I go shopping I just fill a bag with money and buy what I want. That is the end of it."

Not Far Wrong.

Two "honest workingmen" were riding in a Birmingham trolley car when one turned to the other and said, "I wonder what it means when one of these here society girls has her debut?"

"Darned if I know," answered the other "It must mean the first time she gets her picture in the newspapers."

Raps the Modern Church

Minister Condemns It as Unbusinesslike, Among Other Caustic Criticisms.

Rev. Moses Breeze is one of those militant preachers who believe the churches and the ministry need overhauling every now and then, and that more than gentle reproofs are required to arouse them to action. In an article in Munsey's, Joseph H. Odell quotes Rev. Breeze as the author of these epigrams:

"If the average business man ran his business as the average church is run, he would land on the financial scrap-heap."

"One great proof to me that the church is divine is that it stays on earth and does business with so little business ability in it; if God were not in it, it would have gone bankrupt long ago."

"The time has gone by when we can trust the financial affairs of our churches to the Good Spirit who takes care of little children and idiots."

"If the men of the world get money from the world as some of the home mission churches get it from the home mission board, they would go to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"It's the man in the church who doesn't put up the dollar who does put up the holler."

Some churchmen may or may not take exception to Rev. Breeze's conclusions.

Teaches by Example.

Mrs. Winifred Harper Cooley, national secretary of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, has done much to educate the children of the East Side in New York. The children, and their mothers, too, are taught to cook and to sew, and by example she gives them lessons in hygiene and personal cleanliness.

The modern idea of a piker seems to be any man who lives within his income.