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as a great genius, a world wonder. And that is fair, too, but that doesn't give any idea of Poe. Poe was a genius, an exceedingly wonderful man in some respects, just enough insane to be supernaturally bright on many subjects. But he was a weak creature, unfit for this world unless he had been born a woman. To put a man like that out to make a living in the world is a cruelty. It would be a mercy to take a youth such as he was, put him in a home of detention, give him enough to eat and drink, give him beautiful pictures to look at, treat him as a patient, not sick enough to be doctored, but too ill to be trusted out of sight, because his mistakes would break his own heart every day. Reading his books we see lines here and there, sometimes a whole poem, or almost a whole story, which show that he had a clearer intellect than any mortal in a perfectly sane condition anywhere ever had. He was always on the heights, always dreaming of the impossible, the world below him was all magnified and the stars in their courses above him were filled with a brilliance of glories which even they do not possess. And so he passed through life, his head always nursing impossibilities, and oftentimes his stomach craving for food, and to supply this craving he would take food in the liquid form and then he would write a poem that was half angelic and half alcoholic. The like of it never was, and it is to be hoped the like of it never will be, and we say this on account of the man, and not on account of his work. He passed through life worshipped by women; pitied by men, and he had heart aches enough every day to make him glad when night came, and, if consciousness is beyond this life, glad when the whole miserable struggle was over. A wonderful man, such a mixture of the sublime and the wretched, such an exhibition of genius and such a cringing to perpetual poverty that the only thought over his grave is one of pity that one should come into the world and suffer so much, unappreciated by the ordinary practical mind, misunderstood by the ordinary practical man, a celestial vagrant, an immortal mendicant, and to sum it up in two words, "poor Poe!"

Science in a New Field

MR. T. A. JAGGAR, Jr., of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writes to the Nation of New York, his theme being chiefly the urging of earth observatories, to study the movements of the restless planet on which we dwell, in the hope of acquiring such knowledge as may enable the accurate prediction of impending earthquakes.

He states one fact which not many people stop to consider, namely, by the storm of Galveston and Mobile, by the earthquakes at Martinique, St. Vincent, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Jamaica, Katayhon, India, Calabria, Vesuvius and Messina, 300,000 lives have been lost, or an average of about 100 per day since January 1, 1901.

He thinks that on such a planet, charged with irresistible forces, there should be a study of these forces and their methods.

He looks upon geology as yet but a half-finished science, says geologists are studying merely the history of the making of the world, and do

not pretend to make a study of the work now going on within the earth's crust.

The weather bureau gave ample notice of the coming of the storms that smote Galveston and Mobile. It has become a beneficent agency to warn men of what may be looked for in the atmosphere, to men on shore, to mariners about to proceed to sea, but while costly observatories are erected through which to study the heavens, save in Japan, no observatory has been erected through which to study the pulse-beats of this old planet, through which to have notice of impending danger. He thinks between geodesy, which has for its object the determination of the figure of the earth, and geology, which aims to decipher earth's history, there should be an intervening science, which might be called geonomy, the science of the laws which govern the earth.

He wants observatories in the earth, with delicate instruments to record when the shrinking earth-crust or rising lava or pent-up gasses, or any other of the furious and merciless forces within the earth, threaten an outward upheaval or explosion.

He cites the fact that Mr. Perret, who was decorated by the Crown of Italy for his magnificent service to science and to humanity on Vesuvius in 1906, wrote to the World's Work of November, 1907, that:

"By the rational methods of scientific research, we know that a great eruption of Mount Etna is impending, the only uncertainty at present being which side of the mountain will break open."

He says, further, that Mr. Perret actually platted in advance, December 28th, as the earthquake date (terrestrial maximum of gravitational stress).

This writer wants the government to establish ten earthly observatories, to equip them, and have them communicate with each other, and thus make conclusions as do the experts who, knowing what is going on in the air over a great area, determine where storms are to concentrate and when.

It would not be much for every large city to establish and equip an observatory of this kind. We are sure that had one been established near San Francisco, three months before the coming

of the last quake; its daily messages would have presaged a cataclysm drawing near and inevitable. And no spot is secure.

Charleston, in 1886, felt just as secure as New York can possibly feel today, but what greater assurances has it, than Charleston had an hour before that disaster smote it?

There have been great upheavals and great foretellings in this region in the past. We suggest to the students of the University that they excavate a room on the hill, put a cover upon it, and equip it with all the instruments that the faculty can suggest, and see if any responses can be obtained from day to day, of what this restless old planet is doing in this region; what messages, if any, are brought through this new wireless from afar. It ought to be a study to them of absorbing interest, and it is not impossible that they might make fame for themselves by pursuing it.

Surely something that exacts 100 lives per day from the children of men, represents forces which men may well seek to investigate, and if possible, understand, at least enough to know when they are about to take up their sinister march.

John D. Wood

THE tragic death of John D. Wood was a terrible shock and sorrow to the people of this region. He was growing old, but he was sturdy in his strength and health; as yet age had not begun its withering abrasions, and he had what should accompany growing old, "honor, love, obedience and troops of friends." His form was still erect, his step light, and life was very sweet to him. He had made his long struggle for an independence, and had won, and to him had come the delicious work of administering upon his estate, day by day, in the way his best judgment dictated.

And he was much needed by those nearest him, so when in the fullness of health he left home for a short business visit to a near-by camp; to have the message come within an hour that he had been ground to death under a car, was a shock that jostled the reason of those who loved him.

There is no comfort in the awful story, and but two barren compensations, one that his death was painless, the other that with such gifts as were

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