

PHILOSOPHY AND PLASTERS.

For the most part mankind has learned to accept the varied happenings of life in a philosophical spirit. But there always will be people who, forgetting the inspired adage which recites that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, continually look ahead for trouble. The other day a big snake in the Bronx zoo was found to be suffering from bronchitis. The ordinary remedies were given and in addition the reptile's throat was wrapped with adhesive plaster for a distance of six feet—the unusual space being covered, perhaps because it is difficult to tell where a snake's throat ends and the rest of him begins. And now an uneasy correspondent writes to his daily paper and asks how the doctor and the attendants propose to remove the plaster. It is possible, that this inquiring person has had trouble with plasters and knows how unpleasant it is suddenly to separate the stickers from the human skin. But, why worry about the snake? Why look for trouble even before the plaster begins to draw? When the proper time comes and the usefulness of the big muffer is ended, it is possible the cobra will slough the plasters as he might his skin.

A writer contends that for the definition of "home" as "the place where a man can do as he pleases." There might be much advanced in favor of the proposition that it is the place where woman can do as she pleases—at least she generally does. Well, why not? Who makes the home? Every ideal home owes its greatest charms to woman's part in its making. Man is aware of that, and the American man generally accepts woman's exclusive dominion in the home of her unquestioned right, his privilege being to finance the enterprise and to enjoy the comfort which the presiding genius provides for him.

It is reported that a New Haven man, *James W. ...*, by the side of the "id" sufficiently to connect with any one occupying the same street car seat with the owner of the deadly ornament. Whatever may be said in favor of "mildly's" hat ornament, a great deal of damaging testimony can be brought against it, and it is reasonably certain that if it was an adaptation of "mere" man it would long ago have been forced into the "has-been" class. But woman, with her supreme power, and her hat pin, make a combination difficult to defeat.

Foot-and-mouth disease, which broke out three months ago in the province of Haute-Savoie, has spread rapidly and is now threatening central and southern France. Pigs, sheep and cattle are affected. The best policy with reference to this scourge is to keep it out of a country by the most stringent inspection system for imports of live stock. The example of France demonstrates that the disease is hard to fight when it once gets in.

And now the pure food experts are after some of the soda fountain drinks, charging, among other things, that they are habit forming. Corroboration might be had from the swain of the summer-girl, who views with alarm the rapidity with which one ice cream soda follows another.

A good deal of sympathy has gone out to Hetty Green's son because in an incautious moment he announced that he intended to marry within a year and had not picked out the girl. But he now says he will not marry a New York woman. And he is carefully remaining in New York.

The latest fish story comes from Pine Brook, N. J., where, it is claimed, an angler cast for fish and pulled up a chest of silverware. The fact that the story does not come from Winsted, Conn., leads us to place some faith in it.

A recent order prohibits profanity on the part of those engaged in the construction of the Panama canal. The privilege is no doubt reserved for critics of the work.

A stranger wins \$100 by betting that "choir" and "quire" mean the same thing. Will dictionaries now have to be seized as gambling paraphernalia?

# FOOLING DEATH

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



**F**ooling 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 youth. 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 Ceralto 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 Ceralto 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 need to be destroyed. It 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 60 feet in the air when the scaffolding gave way. A rope, poorly fastened, let a knot slip and he fell the full 60 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 away from the rest of their kind?

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. Death 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 neuralgic 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 running 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 vanishing. Just how many of these things no one likes to say. Something might happen by tomorrow that would make any statement ridiculous.

We used to die of typhoid, septicaemia, tetanus, 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.

### WHERE DOCTORS FAILED.

Terrible Kidney Trouble Cured After Physicians Gave Up Hope.

Mrs. Gertrude Wilson, 642 Beckley St., Camden, N. J., says: "I became so bloated I could not button my dress. My head ached terribly and I was so dizzy I had to grasp something to keep from falling. A retention of kidney secretions set in and I often went 48 hours without a passage. Three physicians treated me but I gradually grew worse. As a last resort I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and when I had used seven boxes, I was a well woman. I have had no return of kidney trouble during the past three years."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### ON THE SAFE SIDE.



The Parson—Rastus, of de Lord on Judgment day should say to yo', "What yo' done do wit all dose chickens yo' stole?" What would yo' say? Rastus—Parson, I might say dat mah wife done cooked 'em, but yo' know a man ain't compelled to testify agin' his wife.

### Not in Circulation There.

An error of a new clerk in the mailing department of an eastern publisher was responsible, the other day, for the mailing of a prospectus to a world-famous statesman, who had been dead for some years. The letter was returned a few days later with the following indorsement: "In Heaven, 1911. Gentlemen: As your publications are not permitted to circulate here, I believe it would be useless for me to subscribe for them. Yours respectfully," and here followed the name of the famous statesman.

### A Superior Person.

F. H. Elliott, the secretary of the American Automobile association, was talking about a somewhat supercilious and conceited millionaire. "He's a very superior person," Mr. Elliott said, smiling. "He's the sort of person who would be sure to go to a horse show in a motor car and to an automobile show in a monoplane."

### A FINE NIGHT-CAP.

The Best Thing in the World to Go to Bed and Sleep On.

"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Allegheny, Pa., man.

"We go to sleep as soon as we strike the bed, and slumber like babies till rising time in the morning."

"It is about 3 years now since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, and we always have it for breakfast and before retiring and sometimes for lunch. I was so sick from what the doctors called acute indigestion and brain fog before I began to use Grape-Nuts that I could neither eat, sleep nor work with any comfort."

"I was afflicted at the same time with the most intense pains, accompanied by a racking headache and backache, every time I tried to eat anything. Notwithstanding an unusual pressure from my professional duties, I was compelled for a time to give up my work altogether."

"Then I put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts and cream alone, with an occasional cup of Postum as a run-up, and sometimes a little dry toast. I assure you that in less than a week I felt like a new man; I had gained six pounds in weight, could sleep well and think well."

"The good work went on, and I was soon ready to return to business, and have been hard at it, and enjoying it ever since."

"Command me at any time any one enquires as to the merits of Grape-Nuts. You will find me always ready to testify." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason." Never read the above letter! A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.