

TO CHECK WHITE PLAGUE.

Representative Iowa Men Organize Society to Wipe Out Tuberculosis.

Fort Dodge.—In the organization of a tuberculosis society Iowa has taken the initial step in a campaign for the eradication of the "white plague."

The organization is composed of representative medical men of the state and laymen. It has as its head ex-Gov. William Larrabee, who has taken a deep interest in the work, and numbers among its officers such men as Senator Dolliver and other well-known men.

The state of Iowa has an average death loss of 10,000 people a year from tuberculosis, and has an average of 100,000 afflicted persons. In the estimation of those best calculated to judge the disease is slightly on the increase, and this has lent additional encouragement for the organization, whose efforts will be devoted to stamping it out.

The plan which will be carried out will be educational in its nature. It is proposed to enlist the aid of the newspapers of the state, and in addition large quantities of literature will be scattered throughout the state, which will be instructive in the care of those afflicted with the disease. Experience has disclosed that proper care of afflicted persons has much to do with the gradual elimination of the disease. The aim of the society will be to enlighten the people of the state on the best methods of caring for the afflicted.

The executive committee will present a bill to the Iowa legislature this winter asking for a law and state sanitarium for the treatment of the poor. The bill will provide that the board of control be given power to superintend this institution in addition to its other labors connected with state institutions. An appropriation for the construction and maintenance of the refuge will be asked for and possibly some support in the educational campaign by literature.

The state membership carries with it a fee of one dollar for each member, and it is proposed to make the membership as large as possible, with a view to swelling the fund. In addition to this private subscriptions will be encouraged in an effort to further every possible measure in the work of the society.

The educational part of the work will be directed more especially to the foreign-born, as statistics show that one native-born to 3.7 foreign-born is afflicted with tuberculosis.

NEW WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION

Odd Name and Purposes of Organization Recently Incorporated in Maine.

Bangor, Me.—Among the hundreds of corporations whose certificates are filed at the office of the secretary of state in Augusta in the course of a year are many which are organized for peculiar purposes, but one of the oddest is the Women's National Household Alliance, the certificate of which was filed on July 21.

The purposes of the corporation are to ally, through practical cooperation, all feasible means of promoting the higher life of the household, as follows:

First, by affording a medium through which housekeepers may obtain competent servants, and by securing positions to good help.

Second, to enlist the cooperation of both employer and employe in raising the standard of domestic service and home life.

Third, to foster the interests of all who employ women in occupations other than domestic service, as well as assisting girls and young women to qualify themselves for such positions.

Fourth, to advance the interests of pure foods, right living, economical buying, rational cookery, the marketing of products made by women in the home, the advancement of rational education, etc.

The capital stock of the corporation is placed at \$100,000, of which nothing is paid in. The par value of a share is \$100.

HE WAS LITTLE BREECHES.

The Original of John Hay's Juvenile Hero Is Now a Husky Farmer.

Sioux City, Ia.—The hero of "Little Breeches" is a son of Solomon Van Sooy, of New Virginia, Ia., and is now living near Lettis, Ia., a husky farmer.

Loren Talbot, of Sioux City, a cousin, recalls the incident upon which the poem was based, and tells about it as follows:

"My cousin was about four years old when he broke into fame. Van Sooy was driving a spirited team near Virginia one day, and when he got out of the wagon for a minute the team dashed away, with the boy in the wagon. The horses went over ditches, fences and brush piles.

"Finally the wagon was overturned and the little fellow was thrown head first into a drove of sheep. The father and friends, running frantically in an effort to catch the runaway, saw the accident to the boy. The father rushed to the spot, fearing to find the little fellow dead, but on the approach of his father the boy sat up and said: 'Dad, give me a chew of tobacco.' That was the incident which prompted John Hay to write his famous verse."

Chewed Up. The chewing gum trust—no small concern, either, for it has \$3,000,000 of preferred and \$6,000,000 of common stock—has paid its dividends and turned \$325,000 into its surplus.

TRUE COURAGE IN POVERTY

People Living in Direst Need Often Display the Fortitude of Soldiers.

A child's paper in England some time since carried on a discussion in its columns on the subject of courage and its highest manifestations, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Some of the readers believed that the locomotive engineer who rushed along in a storm and murky darkness over bridges and culverts with never a tremor was a hardy specimen of rugged man; others thought the trained nurse and the modern physician who braved daily the deadly perils of pestilence, still others awarded the palm to the soldiers in the field who, like the Japanese, for instance, hurled themselves avidly upon breastwork and bayonet to certain death for their country; and the sailors who face the awful tempests, the policemen who guard us from wilddoers, the firemen who rescue people from living deaths, and many other strong men and women who are doing difficult and dangerous work, came in for merited praise.

A poor curate who worked in the slums of London, said that he had seen in the course of his work many specimens of physical, mental and moral courage which were of the highest—poor men with families living in the direst need who preserved their character, honor, cheerfulness, courage. Some of these men were of high intelligence, deeply sensible of their terrible plight, and perfectly well aware of the imminent peril in which their families existed, which is the one thing which fills the world with the most grisly fear, and yet they bore their burdens manfully and were not "sour on the world." When David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford university, said the other day that happy was the youth who was cradled in poverty, he was not to be taken literally. He meant that the lessons of courage, self-denial and frugality which may be learned in poverty are valuable, and that, as poverty is a powerful spur to ambition, those who are fortunate enough to surmount the handicap emerge with a rugged character.

PATRIOTISM OF JAPANESE.

Typical Characteristics Shown in a Soldier's Letter to His Wife at Home.

The following extracts from a letter written by a Japanese soldier to his wife will give a good idea of the Spartan-like sentiments which animate the individual members of the Japanese army:

"My dearest. I especially ask you to strictly observe the following rules: "First—Never accept presents in money or kind from anyone; to do so will be to bring shame upon your husband.

"Second—Keep all my letters from the front and do not hand them about for anybody to see.

"Third—Think of our parting at Shimabashi; regard it as a last farewell, as though you had accompanied my body to the temple, and that presently you will receive the news of my having traveled over the plains of battle and entered paradise.

"Fourth—Do not expect to see me back; think that I have gone to meet an honorable death.

"Fifth—When news comes of my death, repress your sorrow.

"Sixth—After my death live on the pension you will receive from the government, and carry on the worship of my ancestors.

"Seventh—Remember that you are a soldier's wife, and behave accordingly.

"Eighth—Do not fall to visit the families of those who die in battle and to condole with them.

"Ninth—Be respectful to your parents and the aged; treat your inferiors kindly and keep your own spirit pure and noble.

"Tenth—Be careful never to disgrace the honorable name that I have given you at the cost of my life."

The writer of the letter, Corp. Yamazaki Unosuke, was formerly a workman in the employ of the Shubunsha lithographic press of Tokio. He fought with distinction during the war and in the engagement which terminated in the occupation of Maershan he was severely wounded in the side of the head and died on the way to the bandaging tent.

Fate of Men Who Shot a Spy. "While with the British army in South Africa," said Maj. Barchard, an attaché of the British consulate, "I was allotted on one occasion the stern task of commanding a firing party of ten men who executed a Boer officer who had broken his parole and afterward been condemned as a spy. He had assumed the uniform of an English soldier and penetrated our lines after having levanted when on his parole. Every member of that firing party has come to fatal or serious grief since that Friday morning, when in the gray dawn we shot the spy. Sudden death or a bad accident has befallen each one. My turn has come, as you see." And the soldier who had fought in a half-dozen campaigns pointed to his left arm, which was in splints, having been fractured in a street car accident.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Too Early in the Game. Hewitt—Did you hear that Gruet talked over the marriage service? Jewett—No.

"When the minister came to the 'with all my world goods I thee endow' part, Gruet asked him why it was necessary for him to put his property in his wife's name so early in the game."—N. Y. Sun.

Where They Are Sharp. "We've got a new talking machine up at our house," said the little girl. "Oh, has your papa been gettin' married again?" inquired the grocer.—Yonkers Statesman.

STATE IS SHORT OF WOMEN

Last Census Shows Forty-Six Thousand Surplus of Men in Iowa.

Sioux City, Ia.—Iowa promises to become the Mecca for women since Director Davidson, of the state census bureau, has just announced that there are 46,000 more men than women in this state. This is contrary to the prevailing rule in most states and in the world at large. From time immemorial it has been said that spinsterhood was inevitable for many women owing to this disparity in the number of the sex. But in Iowa, with full returns from 62 counties, Mr. Davidson computes that there is room to accommodate 46,000 more women in Iowa, and provide them with suitable helpmates.

New England, according to national census figures, has but 48 men to every 50 women. It is anticipated that there will be a general exodus to this state when the census figures are given publicity. If they are capable of teaching school they can find employment in this vocation while awaiting proposals of marriage, as there is an unparalleled dearth of schoolmasters in Iowa, and 162 schools have been compelled to close because of inability to obtain instructors. It is believed the figures compiled by the census director account for the shortage in school-teachers.

Out of the 62 counties whose census has been compiled but two show a larger number of women than men. These are Floyd and Des Moines. What women have seen in either county to induce them to bestow their presence more generously is not revealed by the hard, cold and sometimes brutal census cards. But the disproportion is not at all alarming in either county, as in Des Moines there are but 96 more females than males, and in Floyd but 42.

Appanoose, Sioux and Kossuth counties may prepare for an influx of spinsters as soon as the facts become known. In Sioux county there are 1,339 more men than women. In Appanoose 1,324, and in Kossuth 958. The entire census-taking bureau has marveled greatly at these figures.

Wright county is practically in the same class, with 900 more men than women; Marshall county has 800 more; Harrison, Lyon and Crawford counties each have 700 more. Audubon, Buena Vista, Emmett, Clay, Hamilton, O'Brien and Pocahontas each has 600 more. Dallas, Crawford, Ida, Montgomery, Ringold and Sac each have 500 surplus men. It is noteworthy that the rural districts show the greater disparity, and that in the cities the women outnumber the men. Thus it appears women dislike farm life.

WILL WEAR GAY GARMENTS

According to This Authority the Schoolmaster of the Future May Be Fashionably Attired.

Chicago.—Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane soon will be forgotten. Legends of the future will not include him, for the conventional schoolmaster belongs to the changing order, and is swept along in the current.

No longer will the pedagogue of Steeple Hollow in his long black coat, standing collar, black tie, and high black felt hat, be pointed out as the model schoolmaster. He is to be crowded off the fashion plate. Then, too, he is to lose his popularity, because he is too serious.

In his place will come Prof. John Adams, of London, told University of Chicago students a few days ago, the professional dandy, a schoolmaster with gay clothes, perhaps a new Beau Brummel. His coat may be cut long, but it must have a tinge of color in it. His tie may still be of the bow fashion, but there must be streaks of red, green, or brown interwoven into it. His collar may be high or low, but it must have the proper season's dip to it.

On the New schoolmaster's countenance there must lurk radiant smiles. Frowns and scowls will be abandoned, and accordingly there will be wrinkles on his happy, care-free face. He will beam with happiness, and such an adjective as melancholy will be missing in his vocabulary.

Prof. Adams holds the chair of pedagogy in the University of London. His address recently was scheduled to be on "Soul Building," but in his enthusiasm for his profession he turned from the main theme to give his opinions on the pedagogue of the future.

PEARL FROM THE WABASH.

Thousand-Dollar Gem Found in Mussel Shell Taken from That River.

Montezuma, Ind.—Emory Moore, while opening mussels to obtain bait for his trotline, the other day, found a pearl valued by experts at about \$1,000. This is the second pearl found in the Wabash here within the last two months, of near the same value, the latter, however, being a much finer specimen than the former. Pearl hunters are becoming numerous at this place. A Wabash river pearl that is sold here for from \$100 to \$200, will sell for \$1,000 to \$1,500 by the time it reaches Paris, which is the best market. The majority of the pearl hunters here, not knowing the real value of such gems, sell them for what they are offered. The Wabash pearls are considered the finest of the fresh water pearls.

Mixed Mathematics. It is an axiom of mathematics that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; but a study of the New England papers shows that the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard and the Kittery (Me.) navy yard are on the same ground and within the same boundaries. Moreover, both are owned by the United States government.

OFFICIAL CARELESSNESS.

Interesting Reminiscence of the Irish Home Rule Bill, Exploited in 1893.

Michael McDonough writes interestingly on "The Hunt for the Political Secret" in the Monthly Review. Showing how many important matters have been revealed, he relates also how narrow was the escape of others from the fate of premature publication. There was the home rule bill of 1893, for instance. Great as was the interest it aroused, nothing of its scope was known authoritatively until Gladstone unfolded the measure in the house of commons. Yet it was near being disclosed long before the appointed time.

The rough draft was, as usual, put into type at the offices of the queen's printers and a dozen copies struck off for the use of members of the cabinet only. In accordance with the great care that is always taken to guard state secrets, the "copy" of the draft was distributed among the compositors in portions so minute that each got only three lines to "set," so that none of them could ever form the haziest conception of the proposals of the bill from the bit he got to put into type, and to one of the most trustworthy overseers in the office was committed the duty of arranging these innumerable lines of type in their consecutive order. Then when the dozen proofs of the complete draft were pulled, the type was immediately broken up and distributed.

Yet one of these proofs was found on a writing table in the library of the Reform club before the cabinet had concluded their deliberations of the bill. It had been left there by an absent-minded minister after writing a letter. However, the precious document was not sent to the press. The finder happened to be himself the private secretary of a cabinet minister and, knowing his duty, he returned the proof to its owner.

That minister must have been terror-stricken at the thought of the look which the face of Gladstone would have worn at the cabinet council had the bill, through his carelessness, been made public before it was introduced to the house of commons.

MARVELOUS FRUIT GROWER

Work of Plant Breeder Who Has Been Experimenting for Thirty-Five Years.

In the Country Calendar W. S. Harwood gives the following summary of the work of the marvelous California plant breeder: "For 35 years Mr. Burbank has been at work creating new forms of plant life and improving old ones. In that time he has created by breeding and selection more than 2,500 distinct species of plants.

"Some of his 'creations' are: "The primus berry, a fruit unknown before, made by the union of a blackberry and a raspberry, which union scientific men said was impossible.

"The white blackberry, very beautiful, with a delicate flavor.

"The 'phenomenal berry,' a similar creation, across between a raspberry and a California dewberry, having the color of a raspberry and the shape of a blackberry, but larger than either, far more productive and with a flavor surpassing both.

"The plumcot (result of the union of the apricot and the plum), of rare flavor and richness, again disproving the dictum of the scientists.

"A plum with no pit and one with the flavor of the Bartlett pear.

"A walnut first so thin of shell that the birds could peck through it, afterward bred backward along the path it had come until a shell of the required thickness was secured.

"He has produced a new thornless cactus, a combination of many other varieties, which bears a fruit, too, for man and beast, and which will redeem the desert places of the earth; he has done all these, and many other marvelous things."

What the World Owes to Doctors. It would be commonplace to point out the advances made in both medicine and surgery during the last half century, for in that time medicine has come to be a real science and surgery both an art and a science. Sanitation, hygiene, the broad principles which underlie the health of communities and states, are now well understood and the individual is made safe because the public may be thoroughly safeguarded against pestilence of any kind. The doctors have conquered smallpox, diphtheria, yellow fever, the bubonic plague and all but one of the dreadful scourges that devastated the homes of our fathers, and they seem now on the right track in the systematic, relentless, intelligent and heroic war they are waging against tuberculosis. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, and scarlet fever are robbed of much of their terrors, for where either was once likely to prove fatal now they are very likely not to. Who, then, has done so much for his fellow man as the doctor? Who else has lived for him so self-sacrificingly and died for him so uncomplainingly?—Portland Oregonian.

Lazy Bee. On landing in Australia, says a writer in Nature Notes, our hive bees industriously collected quantities of honey. Finding, however, that there was no winter such as we have in England, it gave up laying in stores. Its morals are corrupted, for it is no longer "busy," and leads a butterfly life.

Four Kinds of Speed. In the course of a case in an English court the other day one of the counsel said there were four speeds at which motorists travel. They were (a) the speed the policeman said; (b) the speed the chauffeur told the magistrate; (c) the speed the chauffeur told his friends in a public house, and (d) the real speed.

HE GOT LITTLE SYMPATHY

Man Who Thought He Had Taken Morphine Learned It Was Satchet.

A physician had a hurry call the other night to a pretty flat on the south side of Fort Worth, where a forlorn man was taking care of himself as best he could while his wife was visiting in the east. The doctor arrived a little after midnight, to find a pale and agitated man walking the floor and clutching in one hand a small vial marked "Morphine."

"I've taken enough to kill an army," he gasped. "I thought it was quinine. For heaven's sake, do something quick."

Well, the doctor did a number of things and all as quickly as possible, and the man put in a horrible quarter of an hour—several of them, in fact, for the medical man was one of your painstaking and thorough kind. The man was pronounced out of danger by morning, and as his anxiety lessened his wrath increased. Any woman who would go off and leave a bottle of poison in the medicine chest where anybody looking for quinine pills might find it, ought to be—he couldn't find words to express what ought to happen to her. The letter he wrote that wife of his next day was of a sort to keep her hair in curl in the dampest weather. She is, however, a perfectly heartless creature, and this is what she wrote back:

"You ought to be more careful about taking things without looking at the bottle. I've told you that before. I'm glad you called the doctor, for I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't. I marked that bottle morphine to keep the maid from taking anything out of it. What you took were some of those satchet tablets Elara sent me from Paris, and I'm sorry you wasted them."

MOST TELEPHONED CITY.

America Will Not Yet Follow the Example of Stockholm and Sweden.

No country in the world has so much capital invested in the telephone as America, and yet even America has not begun to make the telephone so thoroughly a part of its daily life as has Sweden. The government owns the system, and leases the service to the people at prices so low that practically every home has its private phone. But in addition to this, the public service is so thoroughly accessible that it is cheaper than writing. In Stockholm, for instance, there is a public telephone at almost every street corner, and before every restaurant, hotel, place of amusement, cab stand, etc. Beside these there are hundreds of closed pavilions, made of glass, upon the tops of which are city lights. They open automatically by the insertion of a coin, which also pays for the service, and are available at any hour of the day or night. In these things Sweden is not eccentric, but simply advanced. Every city in America will yet follow her example.

Public telephones will yet become as necessary and as abundant as letter boxes. It would almost stagger the brain to apprehend the millions of dollars which will yet be demanded in the development of the telephone in our own land.

HAPPINESS IN DIPLOMACY.

Young Wife's Sure Way of Keeping Hubby Patient While She Was Dressing.

At the recent wedding of New York's richest patrolman, a political leader discussed happy marriages, relates the Tribune.

"The secret of happiness in marriage," he said, "lies in diplomacy. Neither truthfulness nor economy nor love nor wealth will give a young couple happiness if diplomacy is lacking. For it is trifles that cause wretchedness in life, and only diplomacy can handle trifles.

"Let me illustrate. "My wife said to a young married woman of her acquaintance: "Maggie, your Jim must have the best of dispositions. Here you were more than an hour last night dressing for the roof-garden party, and he never once called to you to hurry, nor did he get mad or even saur."

"The young woman, with a wise, diplomatic smile, answered: "Ah, but you see I had hidden his wallet, his cigar case and his hat. I always do that when I know my dressing is going to keep me late. Afterward I find them for him, and he apologizes for having kept me waiting."

There Was No Danger. A stout old lady was recently passing a cab stand. One of the horses laid down its ears, and, with a vicious look, made as if to bite her arm.

The lady uttered a cry and hastily jumped aside, while she reprimanded the owner of the horse for his carelessness in allowing the animal to frighten her.

"E won't bite you, mum," said the Jehu encouragingly; then, seeing her still hesitate, he added, "Lor, you needn't be afraid; 'e's a vegetarian."

Nature's Heart. "Is it lively out here?" "Sure; the old residents won't associate with the summer cottagers; the cottagers detest the campers; the campers loathe the excursionists."

"And the excursionists?" "They hate each other."—Puck.

Unconventional Pastor. Rev. Robert Simmons, pastor of the Christian church at Monett, Mo., is out in the newspapers telling people that neither coats, collars, cravats nor high-starched clothes need be worn at his church during the hot weather.

DEVELOPING FINE LEGS.

People of Town Built on Hillside Have to Do a Great Deal of Climbing.

It was one of the merits of the feudal system that it developed the legs of princes and people alike. The baron always set his castle on the summit of a hill, so that the capture by an enemy would be a difficult task, says Harper's Magazine. His retainers—ironically so called for the reason that he never allowed them to retain anything of value—built their huts on the slope of a hill outside of the castle walls, where they could hope for the protection of their lord. The mediaeval town was therefore a town that slanted more or less abruptly, and its inhabitants were continually going up or down hill, to the great development of their calves. We sometimes wonder how knights and men-at-arms in the feudal period could have borne the weight of their armor. It was manifestly because of their constant practice of climbing their hillside streets and thus developing and hardening their muscles.

These reflections inevitably occur to the visitor to Subiaco. The town is built on the sides of a steep hill that rises abruptly from the middle of the valley. The hill is crowned by the usual castle. Many of the streets are simply stairways, and most of the others are as steep as coal chutes. Walk anywhere in Subiaco and you see above you the continual passing of legs of all sorts and conditions. It is nearly as hard to descend the streets as it is to climb them. You need not wonder that the typical Subiaco leg is finely developed, and much affected by artists desiring model legs for Samson.

EYES THAT ARE UNCANNY.

Some of the Curious Things Brought Up in Deep Sea Soundings.

They caught one fish way down in the Caribbean that had no eyes at all, nor any places for eyes, but long antennae ran out from its nose by which it felt its way and found its food, says H. S. Campbell's "In the World Without a Sun," in St. Nicholas. In the next haul was a fish with two convex lenses in place of eyes. These lenses were highly polished, or burnished; they were of a golden hue, and they gleamed in the sunlight like jewels. Another fish, a big fellow, had eyes which grew on stems, or stalks, that stuck out six inches from its head. Then came one with an eye that grew on a long stem like a lily stem, quite 18 inches from the nose, and the professor said that it was an eye made for poking itself into other fishes' business. The stem was flexible and waved backward and forward, or bent with its own weight; and sometimes the fish traveled with the eye doubled under it about the middle of its body, or trailing in the sand or mud.

Some of the eyes when put into seawater in the dark shone like lanterns; others of the fishes had brilliant spots along their sides that emitted a ghostly radiance, and they seemed to have lighted port holes, or windows, like a slender steamer rushing through the seas after night.

COST OF TRIP TO A STAR.

In Money and Time It Amounts to Something Bewildering in Figures.

"Let us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centauri," said the lecturer, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin. "By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centaurus and us.

"Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers: "The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles.

"And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost?" I ask. "It will cost just \$1,750,000,000," he answers.

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate. "How fast?" I ask the brakeman, "are we going?"

"Sixty miles an hour, sir," says he, "and it's a through train. There are no stoppages."

"We'll soon be there, then, won't we?" I resume. "We'll make good time, sir," says the brakeman. "And when will we arrive?" "In just 48,563,000 years."

Chestnuts a Paying Crop. The boys may be interested to know that chestnuts prove a very profitable crop. Experts claim that an orchard of chestnuts will bring greater returns to the owner than an apple orchard of the same size, as the nuts are retailed on the street corners at about six dollars a bushel, while the Italian who sells roasted chestnuts receives pay for them at the rate of at least eight dollars a bushel. The tree is one of the most rapid growers, and has been known to bear fruit at five years of age.—Edwin W. Foster, in St. Nicholas.

Selecting His Part. "Cy Lyle has writ a tank play called 'A Christmas Eve Jag,' and we are set to take a part in it. If Cy will let us have the roll of the tank, and will give some to keep us damp all the time, we'll sign with him for the season."—Hardenham Free Press.

The Reason. The visitor—I'm surprised to hear you complain that the prison fare is too good. The convict—it's his day, boss. De grub has made me so blame fat I can't get through dat winder, even though I've got dis steel saw.—Boston Traveller.