

CALLS MEDICINE POOR SCIENCE.

Prof. Schweninger, of Germany, Attacks Present Methods.

Berlin.—Prof. Schweninger's new book entitled "The Doctor" will create a tremendous sensation in medical circles. It is his revenge for 20 years of ostracism by the faculty, which never has forgiven his intimacy with Bismarck.

The book embraces the entire duty of a physician to humanity, more especially his patient. It is a terrible indictment of conventional methods. Schweninger scoffs at medical science, its empiricism, its working in the dark, its claim to the name of a science. The medical science of the present will be ridiculed a hundred years hence, just as the science of the eighteenth century is ridiculed today, he says.

The work of the physician, he holds, is not science so much as art. Science is obscure, deceptive, art is reliable, naked, serene, true. The physicians of today make the transit of the patient from sickness to health bitter by their raw ignorance, their lack of tact, of art. They cloud over the transit from life to death.

Schweninger attacks the system of giving medical men a university education. They load themselves in universities with ballast of no earthly use, he asserts. They grow selfish, pragmatic and frigid. They think only of gain and learn where and how they can turn their so-called science to their own advantage or fame.

BEER IN PLUGS HIS INVENTION.

Kansas Man Discovers Way to Evade Prohibition Law.

Topeka, Kan.—Here is the real dope, fresh out of the dreambook. The fondest hopes of the man who loves his pretzels and beer are being realized.

A Topeka man has discovered how to make and sell beer without coming into conflict with the prohibitory law, and also without having to pay a share of the profits to Uncle Sam's internal revenue collectors.

This is the age of concentration and putting things into small packages. One can purchase a tin of beef broth for 15 cents that will feed a whole family for a week.

But this extract of beer is the real thing. It is put up in plugs about the size of a dime's worth of chewing tobacco. It has a strong resemblance in looks to the aforesaid plug.

One plug will make from four to six gallons of the finest beer ever turned out of a brewery. It can all be done at home—no middleman's profits, no trouble, no revenue stamps, no danger of having an oyster suit filed against your mayor.

One gets as much refreshment as one pleases, and all in the home. No need to go to a "joint," or drug store, or club, or to an express office. Just buy a package of concentrated extract of hops and malt, take it home, and make your own beer, five gallons of it—a whole keg of beer in one bunch as big as a cake of soap.

LONG TRIP ON HORSEBACK.

Man Wagers He Can Visit All State Capitals in Four Years.

Washington.—William K. McBeth, who started from Scottsdale, Pa., to visit all of the state capitals of the United States on horseback, arrived in Washington the other day.

His trip is the result of a wager of \$20,000. McBeth is not allowed to buy or beg anything for the sustenance of himself or his mount, but must depend entirely for funds and shelter upon the presentation of souvenir post cards which bear his picture and information concerning his trip. He is not allowed to offer them for sale, but may present them and receive in compensation whatever people may care to give him.

His average ride must be 28 miles each day, and should he for any reason fail to cover this distance, he must make it up the following day, as he has only four years in which to complete his trip.

No consideration will be made for delays of any kind. Even should his horse become disabled or die McBeth must endeavor to fulfill his wager to the best of his ability, as no allowance whatever will be made for him.

When he called at the White House McBeth was dressed in a corduroy suit, trimmed with maroon applique, and was thought at first to be one of the president's many western friends.

Place Tombstone at College.

Hiram.—The Hiram college campus has been transformed into a cemetery. When the students went to breakfast they noticed on the lawn directly in front of the college building a large tombstone, which had been stolen from some deserted cemetery. The stone was raised to the memory of the five students who were expelled by the college authorities last week, and on it was the inscription: "Solennly erected to the sacred memory of our departed friends, excommunicated by the Pharisees. Erected by their brainless friends."

"Sock Shower" Shocks Benedict. St. Louis.—After friends had announced that a "sock shower" was to be given in his honor as a testimonial to his marriage, C. J. Leach found the shower to be one pair of socks, worth about ten cents, and on which charges of one dollar were imposed. The result has been the immediate organization of a bachelors club. The penalty for deserting this organization will be a dinner, at which the deserter is to be the host.

TOWN TO BE SUBMERGED.

Marquette, Wyo., Chosen as Site for Immense Reservoir.

Denver.—Marquette, one of the oldest towns in northern Wyoming, and the valley farms west of it for a distance of eight miles have been bought by the federal government and will be submerged under 75 feet of water. Deeds to the entire town and to the other lands are now being executed, and the deal will be completed within the next 30 days.

The federal government is building a \$5,000,000 irrigation plant in this section. A huge dam for conserving the waters of the north and south forks of the Shoshone or Stink Water river is in process of construction, four miles above the junction of these two streams. This dam will be 385 feet above the water line and 85 feet below the ground as foundation. The base is about 75 feet. The waters of the two forks of the Stink Water will be backed up some 12 miles when the dam is completed and the reservoir in operation to full capacity.

Marquette and the farms up the valley are necessary to the construction of this huge project, therefore the government purchased them outright. They will be part of the site of the immense reservoir.

The government has been at work on the project two years. It will be two years longer before it will be completed. Half a million acres of land lying about the Crow reservation and in and about Corbett, Garland, Franke and other towns, will be irrigated. It is said to be the greatest irrigation project the government has ever attempted.

FIRST HOME OF DIAMONDS.

Oldest Field for the Precious Stones is in Central India.

Washington.—In a recent report of the geological survey of India there is an interesting account of the Panna diamond fields of central India. Historically this country is believed to be the original home of the diamond, and from them it is supposed that the famous Kohinoor was extracted some three and a half centuries ago, the earliest diamonds dating some 25 years previously.

Of late years India has quite retired from the field as a precious stone producer to any extent or value, but from the account given it should be worth the while of a small syndicate to take up these diamonds and work them systematically, though it is said that neither in luster nor price do the stones found compare with the yield of the South African fields.

The methods, however, now in vogue mean merely superficial treatment, following the lines which have been in vogue for centuries, with the probable result that the strata containing the most valuable deposits of stones are not reached. From a geological point of view there are said to be diamond-bearing conglomerates over several areas which would admit of deep shaft sinking and systematic mining under competent control being carried on profitably.

Fit Saves the Professor.

New York.—Professor Herbert G. Lord of Columbia thinks that he owes his life to the timely interruption of the career of Robert Good of Brooklyn by an epileptic fit.

The man came to Columbia, entered the professor's classroom while a lecture was in progress and asked him to step outside. When they were outside the door he turned to Dr. Lord and said: "I have been listening to your lectures in Brooklyn, and I want to tell you that I have discovered the solution of the social problem. I want to talk it over with you." Professor Lord explained that he would have to wait until after the lecture. The man lurched toward him, but suddenly toppled over in the arms of a student who was standing near. A doctor was called and worked over the man for some time. He was then taken to the J. Hood Wright hospital, where he was pronounced insane and transferred to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue hospital.

Professor Lord has been giving a series of lectures in Brooklyn church on "Some Modern Aspects of the Bible," and the man is supposed to have heard them.

LAKE GEORGE'S BED SINKS.

Area of Nearly 1,000 Square Feet Has Dropped.

Glens Falls, N. Y.—A strange geological disturbance has occurred near Hague, Warren county, at the north end of Lake George. The bottom of the lake for an area of 1,000 square feet has sunk.

The spot long has been regarded as dangerous to navigation because of the shallowness of the water, which was never more than three or four feet deep. To-day the lake at this point is over 35 feet deep.

A coal barge had gone aground on the reef and efforts to dislodge it had failed. Suddenly the boat moved away with the current, and an investigation revealed the strange geological disturbance. No other part of the lake as far as is known has been affected. The disturbance occurred off the shore near the mines of the American Graphite company.

Famous Palace Finds Buyer.

Florence.—The Strozzi palace, the most perfect example extant of the palatial style of Florentine architecture, has been sold to a manufacturer for \$1,200,000. This palace was begun in 1489.

HAS ODD FOUNDATION.

TOWN OF CRISFIELD, MD., BUILT ON OYSTER SHELLS.

Houses, Wharves and Business Places Erected on Great Stratum in Chesapeake Bay—Residents Live by Catching Crabs.

Philadelphia.—Crisfield, Md., presents a problem for the thoughtful man. This is it: If the first man that ate an oyster was a hero what kind of a man or community of men is it who will build a town on oyster shells? The secondary foundation of Crisfield is the bottom of the Chesapeake bay and between the bottom of Crisfield and the bottom of the bay are oyster shells to the number of millions—probably hundreds of millions.

On this great stratum of oyster shells stand houses, wharves and business places; a railroad runs along on it; bridges cross its dividing places; men walk and talk and do business; steamboats and sailboats—yes, hundreds of sailboats—have their landings alongside it; merry boating parties put off from the shore by moonlight and fish and crab and return in the early morn—all to this great bank of oyster shells sunk in the blue water.

Crisfield lives by oysters and crabs—not by eating them, for Crisfielders rarely ever eat either, but by catching them, boiling them, packing them, shipping them, selling them. He who would know the crab can best learn it by visiting this wholly and solely crab town on the Chesapeake. Men in boats quickly fill barrels with crabs and bring them ashore to the "factories."

Here they are counted, sorted, steamed, packed in barrels and shipped until one wonders who can possibly eat all those mountains and myriads of crabs. There are many people in this country. A crab apiece for them all once a year in the season "would mean some crabs." At least one of the crab dealers put it.

Crisfield has, however, still another aspect in which oysters and crabs play less part. Further up on the mainland is a town built like other towns and filled with houses and stores and the usual things that prevail in small cities. The Odd Fellows' hall is a large and imposing structure on the main street. Homes and business places are as neat and commodious as elsewhere on the eastern shore, though the fact that the railroad runs through the spine of the town somewhat affects the district immediately adjoining it.

At the further end of the town is the large wharf at which the steamers ply to and from Baltimore and their landing, and here is the evidence of another business which helps make Crisfield prosperous—the fruit trade, represented in the season by tremendous shipments of berries, peaches, pears, plums watermelons and all the products of a fruit country of unexcelled fertility.

BANK PLANNED FOR CHINESE.

Branches to Be Established in All Large Cities on Continent.

New York.—Plans for the establishment of a Chinese bank, with branches in every large city of the United States, Canada and Mexico, are being perfected by leading Chinese merchants of this city and San Francisco. The scheme, which was originated by Joseph E. Singleton, president of the Chinese Reform association, has received the cooperation and indorsement of Chinese merchants throughout the country. The bank will act as a fiscal agent in this country of the Chinese government.

At the annual meeting of the Chinese Reform association recently, Mr. Singleton, who for years was the Chinese interpreter at the customhouse, was reelected president for the third term. He received 4,000 votes, his opponent, Yung Tong, of San Francisco, receiving only 3,000.

It was unanimously agreed to open the principal office of the bank in Mexico City, where a large building will be erected. A branch office will be opened within a few weeks in New York. The capital of the corporation will be \$1,500,000. More than \$400,000 of this amount has been subscribed by merchants in this city.

RETURNS AFTER 25 YEARS.

Long Lost Wisconsin Man Appears and Contests His Sister's Will.

Kenosha, Wis.—One of the most remarkable cases ever known in Kenosha county came to light the other morning when Charles J. Glover, of Chicago, supposed to have been dead for at least 25 years, filed a contest against the probate of the will of his sister, the late Nancy Glover, who left an estate valued at \$30,000.

Forty years ago, when the Glover family lived at Manitowoc, Charles Joseph Glover ran away from home. For 25 years no word had been heard from him and the members of the Glover family had never told any one in Kenosha of his existence, of the wandering boy. In his objections to the probate of the will Glover declares that his sister was of unsound mind at the time the will was made and that she did not know that he was alive.

Glover admits that he had not communicated with his sister in a quarter of a century and that he first learned of her death through the newspapers. Glover claims he is the sole surviving brother of James P. Glover, the late wealthy Kenosha lumberman, and it is thought that he will also institute a contest against the will of the brother.

DEFECTS OF MODERN DIET.

Facts Well Known to Unfortunates Who Have No Monies.

Dinner, as physicians and laymen agree, should consist of the eating of beef and quart of coffee the condemned murderer swallows upon the eve of his hanging to rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. A plate of soup, a piece of steak, a fish or a fowl, with a salad, some vegetables, a dessert and coffee, constitute the dinner of unostentatious variety. Patriarchs tell us that such a dinner was once obtainable in San Francisco and in New York, and at intermediate points, at prices not prohibitive to the man of moderate income, but such a meal ordered a la carte in our modern restaurants is too expensive for the majority of patrons and too large a dinner for one man to consume. The trouble is that such "portion" is too large. The existing arrangement of "portions" and prices causes us to eat too much meat and die of kidney disease, or too few vegetables and die of indigestion with its various and tragic ramifications. Our alternative is to court lingering death at the moderate priced table d'hotel where is served imitation food, long-cooked and without savor.

ACCOUNTED FOR THE TASTE.

Easy to Understand Why Cows' Milk Savored of Garlic.

Darius Barry was a prominent citizen of Lynn, Mass., between 1850 and 1870. He was a very learned, but somewhat rough-mannered individual, who had a reputation for being a wag and wit. The Rev. Father Strain, the Catholic priest, admonished him for having his cows feed in a certain cemetery in a nearby village in which many foreigners had been buried, and Darius instantly philosophized: "Well, well, that accounts for it—accounts for the taste of garlic in the milk." "But the best work of Darius was when he gave a poem to his son Eugene to pass upon. Darius wrote poetry now and then for the local papers, and often had Eugene pass upon it. "That is no use, father," said Eugene, on three straight days, to three different poems. When the same verdict was rendered on the fourth day, Darius remarked: "Eugene, when Tennyson wrote that the world thought it the best work the great poet had done!" "Darius had palmed off a Tennyson effort on Eugene, who was so busy that he could not give the proper estimate.

Sees No Other Way.

Chauncey Olcott possesses that rare gift, a broad sense of humor of things in everyday life. He relates through an exchange the following incident which fell under his observation while traveling through the bituminous coal regions of Pennsylvania. A large, motherly looking woman in a department store said to a shop girl: "I want to get a pair of gloves for my Jim. He's going to a ball." "Yes, madam," said the girl, producing white kid gloves. "This is the kind I suppose?" "Them?" cried the woman. "Goodness, no. They'd be too good. My Jim's got a hand like a shoulder of mutton. Besides, they're too dear. Haven't you got something like the policeman wear—at about 15 cents?" The clerk smilingly regretted that they did not keep that kind. "Oh, very well," the old party replied, "there's no help for it—Jim'll have to wash his hands, after all."

Tiger Cub Caught Thirst.

Out of a river bed where it had tumbled when its dam was put to flight some hunters in India fished a tiger cub. In two days it was as tame as a kitten and grew up the playmate of the camp terriers. It was fond of them, and the terriers worshipped the tigress. To allay the fears of a woman visitor the tigress was one night chained up. Next morning the animal was found with a man under her. She had not hurt him. He was a thief, and, not knowing of her existence, had come within the area which her length of chain enabled her to command. She sprang upon him, lay on him, and kept him prisoner until guards came to release him.

He Told Too Much.

Sing-Lung, a California laundryman, who went home last year after making \$1,000 at his trade, happened to live in a village where the people knew little of the outside world. When Sing-Lung told them of the trolley cars in America they said to one another that he was crazy. When he told them of the telephone they called him a liar. When he told them of the electric light it was decided that he was a dangerous man to have around, and so he was arrested and beheaded. In China they believe only what they see, and sometimes not then.

Going One Better.

"Let me present you to my husband," said the fashionable leader of society as she reached for the bell. "Er—pardon me," said the caller, "but it might not be congenial. I met your better half two years ago and we had a little misunderstanding." "Oh, but this is my new husband." "Ah, that is different. Then perhaps he is a better better half."

WOMEN HAVE NEW FAD.

ROOSEVELT WOOLLY BEARS HAVE BECOME POPULAR.

Funny Little Stuffed Animals Furnish Much Amusement for College Girls and Others—What One Husband Thinks of Fad.

Boston.—Woman's household plaything is no longer a live dog, but a Roosevelt woolly bear. The funny little stuffed animal, which can be made to assume so many "cute" attitudes by the manipulation of its jointed legs and head was destined as a toy for babies and very small children, but girls and young women are getting them in greater quantities than are the babies.

During the past few months the passion for Roosevelt bears has become so intense among grown-up girls that the young woman who does not have one is marked as impervious to the attraction of the fad of the day. Nowadays the little stuffed figures are to be seen in the cozy corners in girls' rooms at home and at school.

There are Roosevelt bear parties participated in by girls from 16 to 20 years old. If a girl receives an invitation to an afternoon "bear party" she may be seen trudging down the street on the afternoon in question with the woolly object under her arm.

When the company of bear owners has gathered there begins a frivolous contest to see who can make her bear do the most amusing stunts. Down on the floor are the girls, each one moving the limbs and head of her dumb property to make the object look natural and comical. It is considered quite an accomplishment to make the bear assume a position not within the repertoire of the other exhibitors.

When at first it was surprising to see a 17-year-old girl on the street with a woolly bear, especially if she had no baby brothers or sisters in that part of the town, such a sight occasions little comment now in the suburbs where the growth of the craze is recognized.

Roosevelt bears were introduced as a children's toy about a year ago, and during last winter and spring the little folks had a monopoly. During the summer at the various resorts young girls began to play with the bears to amuse the babies, and it became evident that the grown-ups were having more fun than the children. When the girls got back to the city every toy store felt the increased demand for Roosevelt bears by girls who were getting ready to go to boarding schools and colleges. It became a part of the outfit of the college girl, and there are "bear parties" regularly now in every institution for the higher education of women.

College girls having popularized the fad, it spread throughout the high schools, where the college girl is always a subject of emulation. At several of the football games held about Boston this fall the female portion of the cheering squads had their stuffed animals with them, each decorated with the colors of the team they favored. The craze, however, has by no means stopped with the schoolgirls, for many young, married women have them perched in the corner of their favorite lounging room as an ornamental feature.

As one young husband who occupies a flat observed: "I don't object to that kind of a pet. When my wife had a dog I had to exercise the brute every morning before breakfast, but there is one thing to be said in favor of the bear—he gets along without a daily airing." In one of the large Boston department stores recently, six girls, none of whom was under 15 years, were purchasing Roosevelt bears, and laughing in great glee as they put them through some antics before closing the bargain. After they went out the saleswoman said: "Buying them for their baby cousins? I should say not, they bought them for their own amusement. We have sold hundreds of those bears during the past few weeks and I suppose 75 per cent of the number were bought for the entertainment of girls over ten years old. I do not remember a time when a children's toy was taken up by girls so extensively as these Roosevelt bears are. All sorts of girls buy them, not only school-girls, but young women who are earning their living."

SEES WITH ANOTHER'S EYE.

Blind Man Restored to Sight Through Wonderful Operation.

New York.—A Vienna cable dispatch says that at a meeting of the medical society there Dr. Zirm showed a man on whom he performed a successful transplant of the cornea. The patient had lost the sight of both eyes. By chance the surgeon had to take from an 11-year-old boy an eye which was rained by a steel splinter, but the cornea of which was intact. Dr. Zirm cut slices in the opaqueness of the blind man's eyes and inserted pieces from the boy's eye.

The experiment failed with one eye, because the transplanted cornea also thickened, but with the other it was so successful that it gives the man almost normal vision. The transplanted cornea retains its transparency, although there is a slight veil over the optic. The once totally blind man can read small print.

Dr. Zirm attributes previous failure to the fact that the corneas of animals instead of human beings were used.

SWISS AND IRISH GOATS.

One Breed Found That Gives Gallon of Milk a Day.

It shows what can be accomplished by organized and well directed investigation that the British Goat society has made discovery of a particular species yielding over a full gallon of milk per diem for many months in succession. This remarkable animal—it is of Swiss lineage—has been personally and exhaustively tested by the honorary secretary at a farm in Essex, England, who had previously disbelieved in such a yield from any species at home or abroad. That controversy being ended by his experiments, the society will, no doubt, add to the value of its previous efforts on behalf of the rural laborer's children by promoting importations of this profitable breed.

Among its supporters there are some men of large wealth and many acres who have afforded repeated evidence of their desire to give the goat a higher position in English estimation as an economical food producer. But the English farm hand requires a deal of talk before he is convinced that in many details of human life new ways are better than old. This porosity of conservatism has broken down, odd to say, in the sister isle, the Irish goat well tended and carefully bred as it usually is, ranks far higher than the English as a milk producer, and the society finds little difficulty in securing the cooperation of the peasantry in further improvements.

BLACK PEOPLE IN PERSIA.

Their Presence Is a Puzzle to Learned Ethnologists.

One of the "research men" of the Carnegie institute at Washington, now traveling in the east, has made an interesting report with reference to the existence in ancient Persia of a race of black-skinned men, who possessed features resembling those of Africans.

The origin of these people, as well as their apparent disappearance in modern times, have furnished puzzling questions for ethnologists for a great many years. Some have supposed that in prehistoric times the greater part of southern Asia was occupied by a primitive black race, of which only vestiges remained when the empires of Babylon and Assyria arose. Later, descendants of the black man who figured in the early history of Persia are believed to have been found by the Russian explorer, Dr. Daniloff, dwelling among the mountains near Shiraz, east of the Persian gulf.

These people, although they still form an independent group, mingle with the surrounding population, as in ancient times, and find employment at long distances from their home. Some of them are to be seen in the city of Teheran.

Causes of Taking Cold.

If one who has caught cold will take thought he will often find that he has prepared himself for the infection by some tax on his physical condition—some extra work, which has depressed his bodily powers, some worry which has preyed on his mind, some loss of sleep, some undue exposure to atmospheric changes or some dietary indiscretions, says the Youth's Companion. For indiscretion eating is one of the most prolific and yet the least recognized of all the predisposing causes of a cold. The tramp may suffer from frost bite, from pneumonia or from consumption, but unless the farmer's wives along his path have been unusually generous, he seldom has a cold in his head.

Well Earned.

The motor car refused to go. The driver, wearing a waterproof cap, goggles and a light dust cloak, turned the crank handle industriously, but without producing any effect.

He paused again to remove his cap and catch his breath.

An elderly gentleman observed the action, stepped forward and dropped a coin in the upturned cap. He said, with calm appreciation: "It's the only street organ I ever saw that wasn't a real nuisance. You deserve a copper."—Stray Stories.

His Immediate Boss.

The question went round: "What is a boss?" and each man present tried to give an epigrammatic definition. Finally the question reached Slimmer. He flushed slightly and shook his head.

"You'll have to excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "The only boss with whom I am acquainted is at the head of my modest household, and politeness to a lady prevents me from commenting upon her characteristics." They excused him.

Rather Bitter.

"Father," said Senator Coyne's little son, "what is a mutual friend?" "A mutual friend," the senator with some slight bitterness replied, "is a man who always tells you in advance what magazine will muckrake you in next month's issue."

Failed to See the Joke.

"I say, D'Orsay, have you ever heard that joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two kinds of skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy, and the other as a man?" "Aw, dear boy—no—aw, let me hear it."