

EDITORIAL SECTION

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DRAMA

Fast Fading Statesmen Who Were "AND THEN THE TRUSTS SMILED." Why Tom Reed Looks So Cheerful Nowadays.

By Homer Davenport.

AM going to Washington—which means a good deal of a change in my habits—for a year, so I have thought considerable about it. Not that I am afraid of being robbed or buncoed, for Congress is quite tame with me now, and I can go into its cage, and pet it even, without danger.



GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

I was thinking it over as I lay propped up with pillows this morning, waiting for the colored boy to bring back my trousers, creased, so I could get up, as they wear them at the Capitol, when my thoughts passed into dreams like a yearling pease into a two-year-old, without knowing it, and I fancied I was in Washington. I don't remember about the pants, if I had them on or not, but it doesn't matter in a dream. In Washington the only man in town I saw was my dear old friend, Bill Sterrett. We came near having a row, as each wanted to make believe he was the happiest to see the other, but we made up at a picnic counter—I took squash, but Bill says cabinet pudding was good enough for him. Then we went to the Capitol. It seemed as still as the Washington Monument after the elevator stops. We opened the doors and not a soul was in the corridors, or even a bride and groom. We opened the Senate doors on the main floor, and at first it looked as empty as a bottle at a picnic after the picnic is over, but presently we saw a tall, greasy, ghost-like figure, and it looked like Ingalls. The lines of the frail figure were erect and dignified. The ghost of the great statesman was waxing warm on some speech, and we thought it was likely executive session, so we sneaked over to the House side, but there all was still as a settin' hen. But presently we saw again greasy, misty statesmen, three of them, this time. The first I recognized was Hon. James G. McGuire, of California, the man who has all these years fought the monopolies that own the country. Like as if they didn't have a cent and were trying to break into the game.

Just back of Judge McGuire stood that old warhorse, Jerry Simpson, and the third was the grey outline of James Hamilton Lewis. While the figures were not as pale as that of the Sena-



NOTHING CROOKED BUT HIS HAIR.

tor (Ingalls), they are three great men gradually getting dimmer and dimmer as the fourth of March approaches—three men from the far West who, like Ingalls, have never been bought, and who, if it was possible to buy them, couldn't stay bought by the richest concern of the whole crooked lot, and men whose absence will be felt by the monopolies of this country, and when the heads of the big scheme are visiting the Capitol



HUNTINGTON WILL BREATHE EASIER.

in the near future they can look at the desks of the three Congressmen which I have mentioned and heave a sigh of relief. Which reminds me of a verse of poetry. It was something about "the grey, gaunt, murdered figure points to me"—I forget the rest of it, but while these honorable men go at least for a time these grey shadows will long remain to startle dining trust servants. They were statesmen of the right stamp. The

great masses of the people of America who know the men in Congress will be sad when they come to Washington and find that men like Slingson, McGuire and Lewis are not there to yell "stop thief!" when a thief ought to be stopped. But there are others, and these others will be as glad as the coyotes when the shepherd dogs are taken away from the sheep corral. I can imagine now the broad smile on Tom Reed's face—Reed's smile is like a crack in a cliff, anyhow—and men like Hanna will really have fun. But to Bill Sterrett and me it ain't going to be any joke.

Some people are led to believe that because they get a story started on a man that he doesn't wear socks, or another lets his hair grow in many directions, or that another has hopes of seeing the canal dug, that these men are cranks. Such is a mistake, or as Bill Sterrett puts it, "they lose," as three brighter men never came over the hill, and the only thing crooked in the entire outfit is James Hamilton Lewis's beard and hair.

But, after all, who knows what will come in their places? I once knew a man who held four aces twice running, and on the square, and maybe the United States is as lucky as my friend. I will admit it is not likely California will send another like Judge McGuire, nor is it likely that Jerry Simpson's double exists in Kansas, nor is it possible for a State like Washington—notwithstanding it is next door to Oregon—to send us another like James Hamilton Lewis, with or without the dress, but like a ball game, an election is never over till they count the votes, and this year they batted the ball clear over the fence, and as a result these three men are going home. They may feel a little sorry about it, but not half as sore as I am to see them go.

That's as far as I got with my reverie when

the colored boy brought back the trousers creased. The grey, gaunt figure no more points to me.

SOMETHING TO BRAG OF.
New York Boy—My father has been all over the world.
Chicago Boy—Pooh! I've got a father in every big city in this country.—Syracuse Herald.



HE DIDN'T WEAR ANYBODY'S COLLAR, EITHER.

DEAD HEROES TO LIVE AGAIN. SERPENT VENOM MADE HARMLESS. SEX IN REFERENCE TO HONOR.

Professor Hils's Startling Proposition.

Dr. Chalmette's New Discovery.

Discussed by the Eclectic Club.

PROFESSOR HILS, of Leipzig, has set about to accomplish the task of reconstructing the face of John Sebastian Bach from the skull of the dead composer.

It is the belief of Professor Hils that certain evidences of character, expression, form and race prevail in the skull as long as its external lines exist, and that the face can be reproduced to bear a close resemblance to the living man.

At the University of Graz the skulls of criminals are to be used. Casts are to be taken, so that several persons can rehabilitate them according to their own views and with due regard to the rules set down by Professor Hils.

When the reconstructions are complete a photograph of the deceased will be produced and the original will be compared with the replica.

Professor Marshall H. Saville, of the American Museum of Natural History, who he presides over the department of archeology and has for the past ten years presented in the interests of the institution careful explorations for lost tribes, does not believe that Professor Hils will succeed in his undertaking.

Professor Saville at the request of the Journal points out his reasons for doubt, and expresses the belief that there will be no hunting together of dead men's skulls to be again built up for rising generations.

Efforts have been made recently to reproduce from a study of the skull the features or likeness of a deceased person. The experiments have been carried on chiefly in Germany. Professor Hils, of Leipzig, and Professor Kollman, of Basel, have done notable work in this direction, and certain rules for undertaking such restorations have been formulated. The clothing of inanimate skeletons with an outward form has been attempted heretofore in the animal world with rather good success. The skeletons of fossil animals, although differing widely from those now living, may easily be classified and assigned to genera, so that restorations of form from skeletons of this character may be made with comparative accuracy. With man, however, the task is far more difficult. If we take, for example, the skull of an African negro, we will assume that the person to whom the work of restoration is assigned will be enough of an anatomist to be able to recognize at once the race of man represented by the characters of the skull. To produce a bust from material of this kind would not be a very difficult matter, but without a knowledge of the racial peculiarities of the negro the sculptor would not be able to reproduce the thick lips, curly hair or shape of the ear. He would have absolutely no guide for the color of the

eyes, hair or skin, and would be able only in a general way to make a portrait of the general type of negro features, aided by the well-known shape of their skulls and a general knowledge of the muscles of the head. This would hold good in reproducing types from any class of skull of a people of fairly pure stock, such as those of some of the Indian tribes, but we must again assume that the sculptor will know to which race or race the skull belongs if he would produce good results. In his own country and in those of his own race there has been so great an intermingling among the various stocks, racial characters have become almost lost, and the task is far more difficult. Were we to undertake to reproduce the likeness of some well-known person the sculptor would necessarily give the bust the persistent character of the white race, but further than making a portrait of an individual of the white race it would be well nigh impossible to achieve a recognizable portrait of one of our citizens with simply the skull to work from. Whether the man was tall or short, thin or stout, having a thick head of hair or being bald—these problems would have no light thrown upon them from the skull alone to work from. Furthermore, the shape of the nose could be determined only in the most superficial manner; the shape of the lips and ears not at all; the shape of the chin could not be fashioned, and hence no recognizable portrait could be made. The effort of European savants to have lifelike busts made by a study of the skulls of Bach, Schiller and several other noted persons have not been successful. Such work can only be of use by experimental portraits, based on material of tribes who have long since passed away. In order that the student may gain some idea of the physical aspects of dead races or of the ancestors of living tribes, Professor Kollman last August, at a meeting of the German Association of Physicians and Naturalists, held in Brunswick, exhibited a bust of a female which had been modeled from an examination of the skull and portions of a skeleton recently exhumed from a grave found in a cavern in southern France, belonging to what is known as the Neolithic age—roughly speaking, seven or eight thousand years ago. Where monuments are found, as in Egypt and Peru, restorations of this character are quite simple, but we need not fear that science will ever reach the stage when it will become the practice to exhume the bones of noted persons of our day whose portraits have been lost or have remained unknown, so that likenesses may be made for future generations. Such work would be utterly useless.

Archaeologist American Museum of Natural History.

DR. CHALMETTE, of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, has developed a snake bite cure of the exact lines of the new medical process for the cure of diphtheria and kindred diseases. He has produced the antitoxin for snake poison.

Now, an antitoxin is always one thing, whether for diphtheria, yellow fever, snake poison or what not. So, following the invariable method—as practiced, for example, with diphtheria serum—Dr. Chalmette inoculated horses with small quantities of serpent venom, gradually increasing the injected doses until an animal thus treated was rendered so far immune as to be unaffected by an amount that would kill four hundred horses under ordinary circumstances.

His process of securing the antitoxin is simple. A quantity of blood being taken into a receptacle from the veins of a horse immunized in the manner described, it was allowed to settle for several hours, the solid part falling to the bottom, while the watery portion remaining is the antitoxin.

Consul Skinner, at Marseilles, has sent the Department of State a brief report on the subject of Chalmette's discoveries.

It seems that nearly all the old antidotes and precautions are wrong. Sucking the wound does little good, cauterizing or cutting it no good at all. Dr. Chalmette is silent as to the potency of the snake bite cure that comes in flat bottles, so the weight of his authority cannot be invoked as an argument against the bottle in the falling basket.

The first thing Chalmette did was to separate the "absolute venom" in the fluid from the poison glands of cobras—which had been regarded as an almost impossible problem of organic chemistry. He found snake venom was a composite substance, part albumen, part chemical salt, and the residue a very small residue, hardly one-fortieth the total—the poison proper.

This is by far the most deadly stuff ever evolved by nature or in the laboratory, and it is reckoned that a thimbleful of it properly used would destroy twenty-five hundred people.

The chemist found that the poison of all serpents was practically the same, the difference being in the percentage of absolute venom in the substance the reptiles inject through their fangs. The cobra secretes more poison than the rattlesnake, according to Chalmette, and that is why a man dies within three hours after being bitten by a cobra and lives six usually when a rattlesnake bites him. The learned Frenchman's findings are disagreed with by people familiar with such serpents as the big diamond-back rattler of the Florida swamps. They say this interesting American

will kill a man in an hour if it gets a fair bite at him.

Man, by the way, resists the action of snake venom much better than most animals. In this respect, however, the mongoose and the pig are his superiors. Both pigs and mongooses have a peculiar detestation for serpents, and slay them on sight. For centuries there has existed a notion to the effect that the mongoose (a little mammal native of Southern Asia) cures itself of snake bites by eating a kind of plant known only to itself—a vegetable antidote; but Dr. Chalmette says that the creature is almost never bitten, being extremely active and too alert to get struck.

In this he agrees with Rudyard Kipling, who makes the same statement in his story of the mongooses.

There is an old notion to the effect that the famous snake charmers of India utilize serpents whose fangs have been extracted. This is not the case usually. The secret of their trade is knowing how to handle the venomous snakes, particularly the cobra, without angering them. Serpents are capable of peiship as well as dogs or cats. Nevertheless—as if to prove that the treacherous character attributed to the snake is not unwarranted—Oriental snake fanciers are occasionally killed by their pets.

Dr. Chalmette demonstrated the futility of amputation in cases of snake bite by allowing a cobra to strike a rat on the tail and chopping off the tail within a few seconds. The operation of the poison was quicker than the application of the knife, and the rat died.

This serum is now obtainable from the Pasteur Institute in Chicago. Anybody who is bitten by a snake has only to write to that establishment and he will shortly receive by mail a small vial of the antitoxin. This will be accompanied by instructions as to the proper method of injecting it into the veins with a suitable syringe.

However, it is desirable that the person bitten shall have some of the serum by him, inasmuch as the antidote will be very much too late when obtained by the process described. It ought to be injected within an hour after the injury is received, in order to insure safety.

THEN HE HAD HER.

"And then," the fair maiden went on with her narration, "I covered my face with my hands and wept."

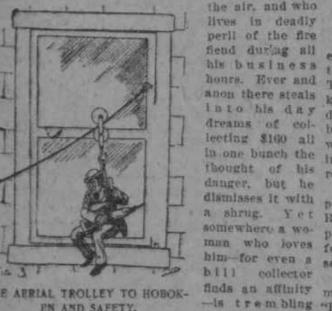
"Impossible," ejaculated the young man. "You could not cover your face with those small hands." And she was his from that day forward, and they lived happily ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

Good News for the 50,000 in Skyscrapers.

WHAT SHALL THEY DO TO BE SAVED?

Wait McDougall's Help for New York Cliff Dwellers.

HOSE who go up to their work in high buildings may be prosaic, even commonplace, in appearance, but there is something of the heroic about them that invests them with the same interest with which the coast guard, the dynamite maker or the snake charmer is regarded. Nothing theatrical—only a quiet, unostentatious pursuit of one's vocation, regardless of its perils. Here perhaps is a sedate little man, with ecrú side whiskers, a bill collector it may be, who, however, carries on his business in an office two or three hundred feet in the air, and who lives in deadly peril of the fire fiend during all his business hours. Ever and anon there steals into his day dreams of collecting \$100 all in one bunch the thought of his danger, but he dismisses it with a shrug. Yet somewhere a woman who loves him—for even a bill collector finds an affinity—is trembling the livelong day in dread that he is being roasted. Of course, if all the occupants of the skyscrapers were collectors, no one would care, but there are others, and each one has somebody worrying about his safety; therefore the thought comes home to all, what shall we do to protect human life in our tall buildings in case of fire?



THE AERIAL TROLLEY TO HOBOKEN AND SAFETY.

even worse than it is ordinarily, no one can expect to escape from this peril by pushing a button. Those who have waited for an elevator and who know the hasty manner fire has of doing business do not rely on the former, and to expect to escape by the stairs is such manifest folly that no one would contemplate it. Therefore the question, instead of being that of extinguishing the fire, is really one of means of flight.

Many suggestions have been offered. Those palpably emanating from Bloomingdale or with Randall's Island postmarks are disregarded completely, and only the ideas that seem reasonably feasible will claim the attention of a grave and serious mind.

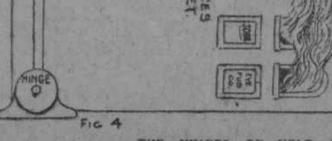
A noble suggestion, although on trial it would most likely be found impracticable, is that of the "retention Grip Rescueer." Figures 1 and 2. The inventor designs it to be brought to the scene on a carriage like the water tower, and either by manual force or steam power extended up to any story necessary. Then when the victim is seized in the claws (a-b) he is drawn to earth. This apparatus is in the hands of cool, sturdy men to work, but it is too apt to muss up and probably mangle the rescued. While a perfect mechanical device, on paper, it has its drawbacks.

The canvas chute has been suggested, but as

experiments have proved that a man in sliding down even four stories in a chute wears off all his attire, hair and much valuable cuticle, what would happen in descending from the twenty-fourth floor? In escaping death by flames he would meet one by friction. Besides, the chutes are bulky, and take up too much room in an 8 by 12 office. Suggestions by the inventor to

keep the chutes well greased scarcely increase the value of the idea.

A variant of the above is an extension balcony, which can be projected in the same manner across the street to the opposite buildings, but it would require a complicated mechanism, which in case of fire would be very likely to become deranged and be really an impediment to the use of other



THE HINGES OF HELP—A WARM SUBJECT. (McDougall Inventor et Delineaui.)

measures. This is a more reasonable plan, but, like the others, must be dismissed as plainly out of the question.

We have, then, to consider two other suggestions—that of the parachute and the trolley fire escape. The former is familiar to all habits of fair grounds and real estate sales. It has dangerous features, although commendable on the score of its small space and readiness for action. Any one can hook on to a parachute and drop from a window sill, but to regulate its erratic flight requires a clear mind and a quick eye. People can do this act for a salary, but it is hard to have to do it merely to save one's life. The trolley scheme is better, and I am inclined to regard it very favorably. In a small way for pure sport it may be tested by those interested at several places on Coney Island for 5 cents per trip. Wires from each window in an office building are inclined to opposite structures, and a hook suspended from a "traveler" or wheel hangs always ready for use. The occupant of the office allies a little seat like a bicycle saddle attached to small chains to the hook, and tucks off into space, carrying his cash book, important papers and his umbrella in his hands. This is a scheme which is very feasible and has many upholders. One inventor proposes to run his wires so that the occupants can land over in Hoboken or Brooklyn,

but this plan is opposed by the Bridge trustees and the ferry companies as a too tempting means of avoiding payment for crossing the river and a violation of vested rights, and thus opposed the inventor cannot hope to see the plan adopted in this century.

My own suggestion is one that will cover all demands, both of the occupants of these tall structures, the Fire Department and the insurance companies. I propose to pass a law compelling the builders to erect all such buildings on gigantic hinges at the ground. In case of fire these hinges are easily gotten at, and by the same power that heats the building and runs the elevators or by power easily obtained in adjoining structures, they are operated automatically, and the whole building is laid side-wise on the ground, thereby giving access at each floor to the Fire Department, which can thus break each and every window with ease and dispatch. In these high buildings it is almost impossible to go all over the place and properly smother every pane. By my plan it is as easy as lying and will result in a saving of labor and time to the city. Occupants can be rescued or remain in their offices while the part on fire is attended to, and no floors on either side of the blaze will suffer a deluge of water, as is now the case. I heartily commend and offer this suggestion, without hope of reward, to the metropolis, only I want the plan named after me when adopted.

THE PROTRUDING BALCONY EXIT.



THE PROTRUDING BALCONY EXIT.