

PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE.

Widely Prevalent Dread of Grewsome Accident Leads to Legislative Action.

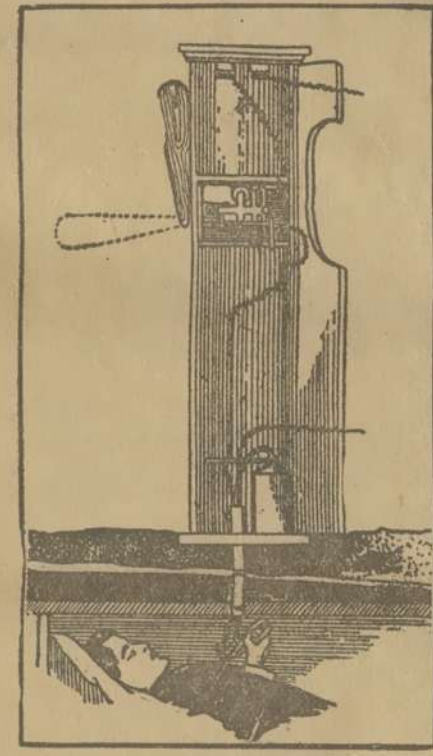
INVENTOR'S SKILL AT WORK.

English Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial Extends Its Efforts.

Assemblyman Marks of Hudson County, New Jersey, introduced a bill in the house some time ago providing that all cemeteries shall be equipped with a receiving vault, the interior of which shall be in view of a person outside and subject to frequent inspection by a physician, the New York World says. In this vault bodies are to be kept until it is proved beyond any doubt that life is extinct. In the interior of the vault are to be placed mechanical devices which will enable the supposedly dead person to give alarm in the event of a return to consciousness. Somewhat similar provisions are contained in a bill introduced in the house at Albany by Assemblyman Redington. It provides that each cemetery shall have a mortuary to be used for the disposal of the dead. Each body so received is to be kept under observation for a certain period of time before interment or cremation.

This incident reflects popular apprehension concerning that world-old horror—burial alive.

While the subject of premature burial is a most distressing one, and one



THE GRAVE SIGNAL.

the details of which are better hushed and forgotten, certain occurrences occasionally arise serving to reawaken the widely prevalent dread of being buried alive. Medical science, the legislature and the inventor have endeavored to obliterate that dread by providing means whereby premature burial and its grewsome consequences may be effectually prevented.

Precautionary Society Measures.

The newest and most important organized movement to provide against premature burial has been started by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, an English organization, which has been at work for the past twelve years. Preparations are being made to establish a branch of the organization in America, probably in Washington. Large quantities of literature dealing with the subject are being sent to medical societies and to lawmakers all over the United States. Statistics compiled by British medical authorities are presented, showing that out of a total of 384 recorded cases 149 persons were buried alive, 219 had narrow escapes, 10 were dissected alive, 3 had narrow escapes from vivisection, 2 were embalmed alive and 1 was cremated alive. Further attention is called to the fact that in the above figures the countless thousands of people who die and are buried alive and of whom there is no record have no part.

It is suggested that to this end waiting mortuaries, lighted and ventilated, furnished with pleasing surroundings and replete with every apparatus for resuscitation, should be provided by urban or rural cemetery authorities, where every person dying within their respective areas could be deposited until such time as the official death verifier appointed for the purpose certified that the signs of decomposition in the body warranted its interment.

It is the intention of the American members of the association to endeavor to influence legislation and to procure the enactment of a law which will provide every possible safeguard against premature burial.

Machine to Determine Death.

Meanwhile, Dr. Vaillant, chief of the radiographic service of La Ribotiere hospital, Paris, is experimenting with a machine which, he asserts, will provide an absolute test of death. It involves the use of X-ray photographs of the internal organs, which, Dr. Vaillant declares, differ in the cases of subjects alive or dead. Death tells show clearly in the case of a corpse,

but not if life is present. Radiographs of bodies taken even a few minutes after death reveal clearly the outlines of all the organs, whereas, if the radiographs are taken during life the organs are not revealed.

At Pittsburg, Hubert Devan, a French-Canadian, recently announced the invention, now protected by patents, of a device which he calls a "grave signal." The device consists of a piece of ordinary gaspipe, six feet long, with a glass globe about the size of an incandescent lamp on one end. The pipe is arranged to pass through a brass plate at the head of the coffin, leaving the lower end within a fraction of an inch of the forehead of the corpse. Through the center of the pipe runs a plain, smooth stick, one end of which rests on the forehead of the body in the coffin; the other end is in the glass globe, with a red cloth attached to it. Should the person come to life in the coffin and stir, the stick will be forced through the pipe and the red-cloth signal will be displayed. At the same time a number of small apertures will open at the base of the globe and fresh air will be forced down the pipe into the nostrils.

MANNERS IN NEW YORK.

Absence of Good Breeding Apparent to Visiting Foreigner.

Comment is frequent enough on the low average of politeness among the youth of New York. But the fact should be made plain that it isn't the foreigner's fault, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star says. Europe bred citizens are almost invariably courteous little men and women until they have been contaminated by the brut raised in Manhattan's streets. And this brut is just as objectionable whether he lolls in mamma's auto or shies stones at it from the gutter. There must be something in the air which corrupts good manners hereabout. The other day the cutter attached to a British warship was tied up off a North River pier. A very pretty woman, expensively attired, and accompanied by a lad staged on the Fauntleroy order, except that he was husky enough to juggle pianos, arrived at the pier to go aboard the ship. A street urchin got in the way of the pair. The woman poked at him with her parasol viciously. "Get out of our road, you nasty little thing, you," said she.

The lad did, but on the way he voiced his profane disapprobation of the whole affair. Mother and son looked at each other in horror, that one of the lower classes should venture upon this form of lese majeste. Ten minutes later the cutter pulled up at the water steps. The Fauntleroyed Percy undertook to enter the boat before his mother. "Ladies first, young man," said the middle in charge. The kid turned up a pimpled lip at the officer and kept right on crawling toward the cockpit. The midshipman grabbed him by the arm and threw him halfway across the dock. "Did you hear me say 'Ladies first,' you young brat?" asked the middle angrily.

"Aw, she's only my mother," said Percy. His mother said: "How dare you abuse my dear little son in that way? I shall complain to your captain. Go on in the boat, Percy."

"After you have taken your seat, madam," said the midshipman. "Neither that boy nor any other can go aboard until the ladies have been seated."

Mother and son scowled at the midshipman all the way to the warship. After they had climbed up the gangway the midshipman turned to a friend who remained on board the boat. "You are laying up trouble for yourselves in this country," said he. "We think of England as a country in which caste distinctions are rigid—but at least our upper classes have manners to match. You're all on a level over here."

An unjust criticism, doubtless, but one which any foreigner is apt to make after an experience in New York.

The Fighting Parson.

When the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Norfolk was engaged in any of his electioneering contests he was always attended by his chaplain, an athletic man and one who had made such good use of his hands on several occasions that he acquired the name of "The Fighting Parson." Mr. Dauncey, an eminent counsel, having once to examine him as a witness during a trial, asked "whether he was not the gentleman called 'The Fighting Parson.'" "I believe I am, sir," the divine replied; "but if you require any more positive proof and will do me the favor to step out of court, I will give it to you under my own hand." No further evidence was taken. —Bally's Magazine.

The Idle Soph.

The psychology students of Harvard are repeating a new witticism of their brilliant teacher, Prof. William James. Prof. James, it appears, made this comment upon a very exquisite and idle millionaire sophomore from New York:

"What time he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

Where Thrift Fails.

Poor Richard had just written "For lack of a nail the shoe was lost." "Never mind," we cried, "perhaps a nail was lost, too."

Thus we learn that thrift is not always desirable.—New York Sun.

Some people have better clothes than manners.

HUSBAND DESERTION.

Some Interesting Facts About Divorces from Statistics.

The militant suffragette glared—then she smiled grimly. The M. S. had just learned, from glancing over the Census Bureau's statistics, that 10.5 per cent of the divorces granted to men were for the cruelty of their wives.

"False," was the comment that accompanied the glare. "Serves 'em right," went with the grim smile.

Whether the last was a note of sympathy for the men who achieved membership in the ex-husbands' club or for the women whose cruel treatment led to the legal change of condition, the suffragette did not say. As for the Census Bureau, that department of state is a soulless affair, dealing only with facts and figures as it finds them, and it is no use abusing the bureau for showing up American men and women in such a poor marital light before the world.

It really is a sad story, though. Fancy the Census Bureau finding out that the pathetic story of the deserted wife whose husband has gone to parts unknown, leaving her to slave for the home alone, is losing a great deal of its force by reason of the fact that more wives are deserting husbands than husbands are deserting wives. The figures, cold and convincing, compiled by reliable statisticians, cannot be argued with; they record the fact that of divorces obtained by the American man for the desertion of his wife the percentage is 49.4, while the figures for the desertion of the wife by the husband are only 33.6. Well may the militant suffragette smile grimly. It looks as though the American wife were becoming a more independent creature than the American husband.

For this last development there is a reason that is obvious to any one. The girl of the present day is as well able to earn her living as her husband. If marriage proves a failure in her case she has only to tell her unsatisfactory husband that she has resolved to support herself and live apart from him, and he knows well that he can no longer hold over her head the club of poverty because of the loss of his earnings. She can support herself these days.

But about that cruelty charge. It sounds almost incredible, but here are again the Census Bureau's indisputable figures to show that reviewing the causes for divorces during the past forty years it has been discovered that the legal separation of husband and wife in consequence of the cruel treatment of the husband by the wife has increased 1609.8 per cent. No less than 10.5 of the divorces granted to men during the period reviewed by the bureau were for cruelty on the part of the wife.

As to the form that this cruelty to the poor husband takes, the Census Bureau is silent. It is not the business of the statistical department to delve as deep as that into causes. But it surely must have been a sufficiently cruel type of cruelty to induce an American judge to grant a divorce to the injured husband. Now that our girls are being systematically trained in the gymnastic class room at the school house and the anaemic woman is becoming a rarity, it behooves the American husband to practice diplomacy in the home or take lessons in the art of dodging rolling pins and broom handles.

But with her increased ability to chastise her husband, as shown by the Census Bureau's figures, there has also come, it is really too bad to have to record, an increase in a vice that has been considered one peculiarly belonging to men—that of drinking to excess. The figures show that the increase of drunkenness among women, as shown by the divorces granted for this cause, is 554.5 per cent. In fact, this reason for divorce comes second in the list, according to the census statistics.

The men have still a little the best of it in the race for divorce on the alcohol line, for, while the increase among women has been recorded as 554.5 per cent, the drunkenness of husbands has increased 699.9 per cent.

It is appalling to note that in the United States 73 divorces are annually granted to every 100,000 of population. To the same number of persons Ireland annually grants less than 1, England 2, Italy 3, Austria 1, Scotland 4, Germany 15, France 23, Switzerland 32 and Japan 215. Switzerland, with a ratio of 32, comes next to the United States, but this country wins by a huge majority in the general run.

An Intelligent Cow.

E. L. Evans gives us a story this week that is rich in the extreme. A few nights ago he went home and found a cow in his yard. He drove her out. He then went into the house and later heard the animal in the yard again. He drove her out the second and third time. Ted Evans, his son, came home later and found the animal in the yard and drove her out. Mr. Evans then made an investigation and found the cow got in by wading around the fence on the river side. He hung up a lantern to deceive the cow as she came in, and the next morning, so he says, he found the cow in the yard with the lantern hung on her horns, using the same to hunt out the best grapefruit in his grove. Say what you please, but that was an intelligent cow. And the story is true—of course it is.—Fort Myer Press.

The stories in a kin quarrel are as far apart as the stories of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



There are a good many very poor people who have plenty of money.

If a hair shirt could make a saint, the devil would wear mourning all the time.

The purpose of all education is to enable us to see that the world is moving, and show us what it is moving for.

The trials that just about break us are the ones that make us.

In most cases we look in the wrong direction for our happiness.

The man who fears the light is always running from a shadow.

Whatever God's providence gives us to do is something He wants done.

The money that does us the most good is the money with which we do good.

Some folks will do anything for the Lord except behave themselves at home.

When we know that God is the giver of all good, we shall find good in all He gives.

Anybody can talk religion, but it takes a true follower of Christ to show what it is.

God provided for the worst that could happen to man before He breathed into him the breath of life.

God believes in good cheer or He would not have made hearty laughter about the wholesome and healthiest thing in the world.

THE MIGRATORY SENSE.

The migration of birds, unlike the migration of human beings, is a very mysterious thing. Flying, as most of the song-birds do, by night, coming and going in great flocks, and changing their locality for no one reason, but for many, the problem of these "tidal waves" in bird life is wholly fascinating. D. Lange, in the Atlantic Monthly in discussing some phases of it, speaks as follows concerning the birds' sense of direction:

How do birds find their way? There is no doubt that they are often guided by sight along coasts, lakes, rivers and valleys, which are plainly visible for a great distance from the height at which birds travel.

In other cases, old birds which have been over the route lead the way, and the young birds follow their calls and their leadership.

What wonderful stories these winged travelers could tell if they could talk to us! What fascinating teachers of geography they would make for our children! It has, however, been shown lately beyond all reasonable doubt that in addition to keen sight, acute hearing, individual experience and race instinct, birds possess what must seem to us a kind of sixth sense, the sense of orientation.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition found flocks of murres, which are sea-birds, flying straight for their home on a lonely rock island thirty miles away, through a fog so thick that everything a hundred yards off was absolutely hidden from view. What human brain could guide a ship thirty miles through a dense fog without a compass?

Still more conclusive demonstration of this sense of direction in birds has recently been furnished by Prof. John B. Watson. He caught and marked fifteen sooty terns and noddies on the Dry Tortugas, in the Gulf of Mexico, and took them out to sea. Some of the birds were carried as far as Cape Hatteras, eight hundred and fifty miles north of the Tortugas, before they were set free.

The sooty terns and the noddies are southern birds, which seldom range farther north than the southern coast of Florida, and it is not likely that any of those experimented on had ever been farther north; but none the less, thirteen out of fifteen found their way back to the Tortugas Islands.

Didn't Know.

"Well, Mr. Henpeck, what do you think of this Peary-Cook controversy?"

"I really don't know what to think about it."

"Difficult to know what to think, isn't it?"

"Yes, especially when one's wife is out of town."—Houston Post.

Excusable Resentment.

"It's really provoking," said the fond mother, "baby always cries when we have company." "Well," answered Mr. Groucher, "you can't blame children for disliking company. If it weren't for visitors they wouldn't have to recite or play pieces on the piano."

The Arithmetical Spirit.

"As a rule," said the cynic, "one may reckon the number of his true friends on the fingers of one hand." "Well," answered the good-natured person, "anybody who counts up his friendships the same as he does his money doesn't deserve any more."

When a woman buys a newspaper she thinks she isn't getting her money's worth unless she finds the name of somebody she knows among the death notices.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE TROPICS.

One Man's Way of Getting a Fresh Paper from Home Each Morning.

"Down in the tropics we don't get the newspapers from home every day," said the man with the tanned face, "and when we do get them it isn't a matter of skimming through them in a hurry, as a man would do up here," according to the New York Sun. "A newspaper with real news from the United States is something to treasure up."

"When the steamer comes in that brings my week's accumulation of papers from home I just skim across the first pages to see what has happened of importance. Just a case of looking at the headlines for me. Then I take the papers and put them in order of their dates."

"Each morning when I sit down to breakfast I take one paper. I read that carefully through from the first page to the last. If I can't get through with it before noon I don't hurry, but make it do for the late evening too. The next day I take up the next date, and so on. We get about one mail a week, so I just about get through with one batch when the next is due."

"You fellows beat me," he said. "I know whenever I get down to one of the stations I always find folks who can ask me more questions about the details of articles in the newspapers that I hardly read at home than you would think possible."

"It gives a man a pretty strong sense of how quiet the life must be in some of those places. I should think some of the newspapers would be worn out the way the men go over every bit of news which is almost forgotten matter by the time it gets to them."

"It isn't the men alone," said the ex-consul, "who want to see the papers. It would amuse some folks to see the women studying up the autumn and winter styles and discussing the pictures of some fur piece or heavy coat, with a thermometer up in the 90s and not showing any particular signs of falling. Of course, when it comes to the summer things they naturally want to know, because they have a chance to make use of those fashion hints; but the idea of a fur coat a few degrees north of the equator is a good joke."

Legal Information

A passenger alighting from a railroad train is held, in Powell vs. Philadelphia & R. R. Co., 220 Pa. 638, 70 Atl. 268, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1019, to have a right to remain in the railroad waiting room a reasonable time, awaiting the arrival of friends who are to meet him, without losing his rights as a passenger.

A stipulation in an insurance policy that no suit shall be brought on a contract unless within twelve months next after the damage occurs is held, in Winston vs. Arlington Fire Insurance Company, 32 App. D. C. 61, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 960, not to apply to a suit for damages because of the defective character of repairs which the insurer elects to make after the loss in accordance with its rights under the contract.

A town is held, in Shea vs. Whitman, 197 Mass. 374, 83 N. E. 1096, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 980, not to be bound as matter of law to place a barrier in every case between a highway and a stone lying immediately adjacent thereto which, if within the limits of the highway, would constitute an obstruction, falling over which might injure a traveler; and it is held to be immaterial that there is nothing to mark the line of the highway.

That the materially false statement of the use of which in obtaining credit will prevent one's receiving his discharge in bankruptcy must be intentionally or knowingly untrue is declared in Gilpin vs. Merchants' National Bank (C. C. A.) 165 Fed. 607, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1023; and it is held, therefore, that a statement by the bookkeeper of the applicant for discharge, prepared from books not fully posted, which is believed to be approximately true, but which the actual state of the business proved to be untrue, will not prevent a discharge.

A Decoy.

The minister who had exchanged with the Rev. Mr. Taicum was much scandalized to see Deacon Erastus Snowball in the vestry, after service, deliberately taking a 50-cent piece out of the contribution-box and substituting a dime.

"Brer Snowball," he exclaimed, in horror and amazement, "that's plain dishonest doings!"

"What's the matter, parson?" the deacon asked, genially, conscious of his own rectitude. "I's led off with that fo-bit piece for de las' fo' years. That ain't a contribution; that's a temporary loan, as a noble example."

Unburdening.

"You must at least give that candidate credit for speaking his mind."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But it's unfortunate that people most willing to speak their minds are so often those whose mentalities are more or less unpleasant."—Washington Star.

Dad's Definition.

"Pa, what is a pony coat?" "Something I've got to work like a horse for to keep your mother peaceable."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing looks quite so old as an old automobile.

Old Favorites

By Cool Sloam's Shady Rill.

By cool Sloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence
Sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Sloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within the Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Crowned,
Were all alike divine,

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own!
—Reginald, Heber.

Unheard Melodies.

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes unheard its tenderest
Tone;
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our greatest hope is unfulfilled—
The promise still outruns the deed—
The tower, but not the spire, we
Build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's
Glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NOISE OF CITY'S STREETS.

Subways Afford Some Relief from the Ear-Splitting Din.

Horse transportation is but one factor in the total passing of the city. Cable and trolley cars rattling from side to side, motors with their deafening variety of whistles thread their way in and out; while the overhead trolley wires, like the strings of some huge, discordant violin, never cease their vibrations. Thoreau speaks of the sounding of the telegraph wires, "that winter harmony of the open road and snow-clad field." Grateful as that song may be in the quiet of the country, in the city the noise of the racked trolley wire above adds a peculiarly trying factor to the pounding from the rocking cars below, the Atlantic says. When corporate officials desire to economize on traction lines they not uncommonly equip the service with poor rails and wheels. The rails soon wear away. The wheels assume the shape of polygons instead of circles, and, as they turn, strike flattened angles against the irregularities of the iron rail. This is a particularly effective method of adding to the total noise. Fortunately, there is one way of relief in sight. Few devices in transportation have done more for the quiet of the city than have the increasing use of subways. Though the reverberation within the subways proper may be greatly increased, the relief on the street is marked. Only in our greater cities and along main trunk lines, however, does the subway yet exist. The elevated, so far as noise is concerned, gives practically little advantage over the surface car save for the intermittence of stopping and starting and the absence of the sound of the bell.

Only One Way He Could Get Even.

Frank Bertram, a well-known actor, tells the following story:

"I was playing at Leicester during the fair week and in the market place there were several merry-go-rounds."

"I noticed one melancholy individual, who, despite the fact that he was apparently suffering greatly, persisted in riding on one of the merry-go-rounds."

"Eventually I spoke to him and asked him if he liked it."

"The man replied, 'No, I don't like it a bit; the blessed thing makes me ill.'"

"I then asked him why he persisted in riding, and his reply was, 'I can't help it. The man who owns this round-about owes me money, and the only way I can get even is by taking it out in rides.'—London Daily Telegraph.

She Knew the Kind.

President and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages.

A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward, and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said feelingly:

"You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."—Ladies' Home Journal.