

MAN SHOULD NOT DIE

There Is No Physiological Reason For Death.

THE BODY IS SELF RENEWING

Perfect Diet and Mode of Living Would Insure Exact Balance Between Bodily Waste and Renewal and Would Mean Physical Immortality.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," said the Scriptures, yet if some man attempted seriously to reassert this ancient truth today we would look upon him as a mad prophet indeed. Yet the time will come when men will be able to believe this promise of the Bible, although they may never see it literally fulfilled.

Death some day will be acknowledged to be as unnatural in the economy of the creative plant as are age and suffering. But whether or not in some millennium period mortal man will be able to forego the gross process of physical dissolution in becoming a spiritual body is a purely metaphysical question that does not enter here. What does interest us is the question, occupying the greatest scientific minds today, whether the body as such cannot be retained in perfect condition indefinitely.

William A. Hammond, one of the great authorities, answers it by saying, "There is no physiological reason why man should die."

Thomas J. Allen, M. A., LL. D., writing in a similar strain, says: "The human body is not like a machine which must wear out by constant disintegration, for it is self renewing. It is a simple, scientific fact that we get an entirely new body every few years, estimated at from three to seven. Every day is a birthday, for the process of waste and renewal never ceases. Perfect balance between elimination and renewal would avoid permanent waste."

There is no doubt that when we become more enlightened and understand perfectly the laws that govern and determine our physical lives and when we conform to these religiously life will be immeasurably prolonged.

The decay of the body as evidenced in old age is unnatural. The aesthetic within us recoils in merely contemplating its approach. We feel that there must be something self-perpetuating in the change when the strong color in a healthy man and the fresh beauty in a young woman take their departure, when the bloom on the cheeks fades, when the brilliant light within the eyes grows dim and the full, red lips become pale and fallow.

Medical science has pointed out the physiological cause of these conditions. Probably the time will come when it will be able to point out the manner of avoiding them.

We know that the body grows old because of the existence of an imperfect balance between the waste which the body accumulates and the amount it is able to throw off. During youth the balance is perfect, because the body has more than its normal vitality and strength to throw off the waste matter, but as we grow older this perfect balance becomes destroyed from one cause or another.

The strength that should go to eliminating impurities from the body is not husbanded, but rather squandered in different ways. Then, too, we eat and drink those things that cause excessive waste. An impure diet composed of foods containing uric acid, such as meat, or of drinks containing poisons, such as tea and coffee, taxes the eliminative powers, and when the time comes when these give way a state of imperfect elimination has set in, and the wastes in part are deposited in the system, settling in the arteries and joints of the body and accumulating until they become obstructive elements.

The blood stream circulates imperfectly, and when once this condition exists bad functioning of every organ of the body results, and old age and death gradually ensue.

Mind, too, has a great deal to do in hastening or retarding the unpleasant signs of physical decay. Mental science has satisfactorily demonstrated that mean, narrow, selfish and unpleasant thoughts act destructively on the tissues of the body, while thoughts of a wholesome and positive character act constructively.

And when the curtains of "the windows of the soul" are drawn, when the temple's door is closed and a final silence is within, when the spirit passes the threshold to take up a newer and finer edifice of its own creation, science assures us that the body lives on. Here at least physical immortality is an assured fact.

Theology has irreligiously taught us that the body returns to inanimate dust. The religious answer of science is that it returns to God. The latest word in the field of biology is that all nature, including the all mother soil, is animated and hallowed with the divine principle of life.

More than this, matter is indestructible and eternal. There is not an atom that can be lost in all the universe. For this reason our bodies do not really die. They are in the care of the angels of the elements.

The peculiar cellular arrangements that formed them into a beautiful body may be caused to disintegrate through the action of the oxygen upon it, but may change the position of the atoms composing it, but the latter still contain within themselves the sacred and

eternal principle of life as much as does the soul, and they exist only to enter into new and perhaps more beautiful combinations of life.—Health.

CROSSING THE LINE.

Old Neptune and the Ancient Order of the Deep.

The ceremony of "crossing the line" is a very much more elaborate affair nowadays than it ever has been despite the fact that Neptune day is so old a celebration that its origin is lost to history.

When old Neptune, impersonated by a sailor, makes his appearance on an American battleship nowadays when the vessel reaches latitude 0 degree, 0 minute, 0 second, to initiate the jacksies who have never crossed the line before into the mysteries and membership of the Ancient Order of the Deep he is accompanied by his wife, Amphitrite, another sailor. They are both dressed fantastically in clothes which have been designed and worked upon ever since the vessel sailed. How they get on board is unknown, at least to the captain, who meets them and gives them permission to go ahead. An immense tank made of canvas is rigged up, and here the initiation of all the candidates takes place. Devices for getting the candidate into the tank vary on different ships and on different occasions. Often he is simply picked up and thrown in. Frequently he is made to sit down in a "barber's" chair close to the edge of the tank, and when as much soap as possible has been put into his mouth and eyes he is tipped over backward. Generally the soap has been mixed with tar, coal oil and many other ingredients and is impartially applied from the waist up, so that the bath is needed.

In the tank the candidate is attended, sometimes by "bears" with shaggy coats made of unraveled rope and sometimes by "cops" who act as the king's assistants and see that the candidate is held under water long enough to know it.

It is a great frolic, prepared for days in advance, and when it is over the certificate is issued and the candidates are free to get themselves as clean as they can before the next roll call.—Philadelphia Record.

How rapidly the steamer was vanishing! I could catch a glimpse of it when a green wave lifted me high in the water. I would only be able to swim for ten minutes—ten little minutes!—though I was still in the prime of life. Surely that cry as I fell would have roused somebody to action! And yet I was alone in the Atlantic, with possibly two miles of water between me and the bottom.

I looked round anxiously to see whether a lifebuoy had been thrown. There was nothing in sight but a wide waste of water and the fast disappearing steamer.

My arms were growing heavy. All I tried to do was to keep my head above water, but I seemed to have been doing that for an hour. My legs, too, were refusing to bend. The end could not be far away.

My arms must both be broken, for they would hardly move, and they ached terribly. What a long time a man could keep afloat! I was vaguely glad I could not swim very well, because it would have meant waiting for the end such a long time. It made one drowsy.

Another wave lifted me up, and I saw the steamer had changed its position. It must be going back to England to tell them at home what had happened to me. How soothing the sea was! If only I could stop trying to work my arms that aching pain in them would cease and I might go to sleep.

Sometimes when I saw the ship, which never seemed to get any farther away now, I remembered I was fighting for another minute's life. It had been harder at first, but now the sea lulled me into happiness.

What on earth were they playing at on the steamer? I had nearly caught it up again, only somehow I had got in front of it. It grew bigger quickly, and it was coming straight on. If those ridiculous people were not careful they might run over me yet.

Perhaps it would be better to go to sleep, after all. My arms were easier, and I did not want to breathe so much now. It was getting dark and ever so much colder than it was last night. The steward must give me an extra blanket.

Why was everything so hazy and the room stuffy? I could hardly breathe. And yet it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, but I wished dreamily that some one would stop digging a knife into my back, for I was just dropping off to sleep nicely.

Next day I found the "knife" had been the point of a boat hook with which they picked me up as I came to the surface. The steamer had turned in a circle and arrived just in time.—London Answers.

Exaggerated.

The knack of looking at the bright side of things was never developed to such perfection as in the case of a man who, after a railway accident, telegraphed to his friend's wife: "Your husband killed in railway accident; head, both arms and both legs cut off."

But later this correction was received: "My husband was killed in railway accident; head, both arms and both legs cut off."

No Deadheads.

Mandy was a young colored girl fresh from the cotton fields of the south. One afternoon she came to her northern mistress and handed her a visiting card. "De lady what gib me dis is in de pa'lor," she explained. "Dey's anoder lady on de do'step."

"Gracious, Mandy," exclaimed the mistress, "why didn't you ask both of them to come in?" "Kase, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do'step done forgit her ticket."—Argonaut.

FLUNG INTO THE SEA

Experience of a Man Struggling In Midocean.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

A Tangle of Wild Thoughts Combined With Vague Notions of Time and Space—The Dreamy Daze, the Rescue and the Knife In His Back.

Standing on a chair near the deck rail of an ocean liner, a sudden lurch of the vessel flung me into the Atlantic instinctively as I went over I held my arms out for the dive, and while I was still falling I heard the cry ring out: "Man overboard!"

Down, down I sank, for the fall was from a considerable height. Being sick to swim a little, I was spared the first mental agony experienced by the non-swimmer who unexpectedly finds himself in deep water. The surprise caused by the suddenness of the fall filled my brain, but as I struggled to regain the surface, my lungs almost bursting, the horrible thought of the propeller churning out its 100 revolutions a minute flashed upon me.

Should I be mangled beyond recognition in a second? Oh, for another year's sweet life! Would my leg be cut clean off or—

I could see the sky again, and I took a great breath of fresh air, though sick with fear. Then I saw the steamer had passed. I was spared mutilation to die slowly by drowning.

How rapidly the steamer was vanishing! I could catch a glimpse of it when a green wave lifted me high in the water. I would only be able to swim for ten minutes—ten little minutes!—though I was still in the prime of life. Surely that cry as I fell would have roused somebody to action! And yet I was alone in the Atlantic, with possibly two miles of water between me and the bottom.

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