

DR. T. H. DAVIS
STIRS INTEREST

Reads Paper on Medical Inspection of School Children.

Dr. T. Henry Davis, president of the Indiana Board of Health, which has been advocating medical inspection of school children, stirred up a lot of interest yesterday at the meeting of the Wayne County Medical Society. The society devoted most of the time of the meeting to discussing his paper, and concurred in it. It will be published in full.

Papers by Dr. J. E. Weller and Z. T. Sweeney were read. Dr. Brankamp secretary, reported on the membership now in the society. This report showed a gain of one during the year. The death of Dr. George H. Grant was the only one occurring to a member of the society during the past year.

PERU ATTEMPTS TO IMMITATE CHICAGO

Cow Kicks Over Lamp and a Disastrous Blaze Results.

Peru, Ind., Jan. 7.—A cow kicked over a lantern while she was being treated for an abscess last night and John H. Miller suffered a \$25,000 loss by fire at his famous Polled Durham cattle farm. Forty-six head of cattle, many of them prize winners, were burned. Herman Miller, a son, escaped by tearing off his burning clothes.

THE OLD SAIL DRILL

Perils the Modern Warship Men Do Not Have to Face.

One of the dangers and one of the hardest tasks of the man-of-war's man vanished out of his life when with the sunsetting of the frigate by the steam cruiser, the old time sail drill became a thing of the past. Fleets in the old days were continually exercised in making and shortening sail, shifting spars and all similar maneuvers afloat, says Captain J. W. Gambler of the British navy in his "Links in My Life." As the greatest rivalry existed among the crews as to which ship should carry out the evolution first accidents were frequent. Hardly a drill a day passed without men being seriously injured.

Once during a drill in Kiel harbor, where the rivalry in the fleet was increased by the eagerness of foreign ships to compete with the English, an unfortunate French midshipman went head first from the mizzen cross-trees of the French flagship to the deck.

That numbers of accidents should take place in sail drill was not astonishing when one remembers that spars measuring perhaps seventy or eighty feet long and weighing two or three tons were whirled about with bewildering speed with nothing but men's hands and brains to guide them; hundreds of men crammed into a space of a few hundred square feet, where nothing but the most marvelous organization and discipline could avert death on deck or afloat.

To the landsman, who understood nothing of the difficulty involved in rapidly shifting these great masts and yards or in reeling and furling thousands of square feet of stiff canvas—perhaps wet or half frozen—the rapidity with which it was done was perhaps the chief wonder.

Ropes running like lightning through blocks that were instantly too hot from friction to be touched, had to be checked to within a few inches, requiring the utmost coolness and presence of mind, while the officer in command had to superintend what to the uninitiated looked like a tangled mass of cordage, but which was in reality no more in confusion than the threads in a loom.

In an instant this officer might see something going wrong. To delay a single second meant a terrible catastrophe. Every one, slow and afloat, was relying on his judgment.

"Ease away!"

The order came in an instant. The boatswain's mates repeated it in a particular call which this life and death necessity soon taught every one to understand, the shrill whistles rising above the din of tramping feet and running ropes or the thunderous crash of the great sails in the wind. Death had been averted—or not. If not you looked up and saw some unfortunate man turning head over heels in the air. Your heart stood still. Would he catch hold of something, even if only to break his fall, or would he come battering on the deck? It was a mere toss up. If he was killed outright it generally stopped the drill for the day; if he was only seriously injured the drill went on, for this was part of the lesson that must be learned—that in peace, as in war, one must take his chances.

A Short Verse.

An Englishman named Thomas Thorp died, leaving his fortune to a poor relative on condition that a headstone, with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry, be erected over the grave. Costing so much word to chisel letters on the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve, on account of their length, the lines

Here lies the corp
Of Thomas Thorp

the following was finally ordered and accepted:

Thorps
Corps.

Easy to buy, easy to try, the best, wholesome, appetizing breakfast is Mrs. Austin's famous pancakes.

Kodol For Indigestion.
Relieves sour stomach
palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

Local Woman Gives Her Age

Record Breaking Event in the Society Department of the Palladium Causes Great Commotion.

The society editor of the Palladium was greatly excited today. Her fellow workers frequently cast apprehensive glances in her direction until she took them into her confidence—then they shared in the agitation.

The cause of the commotion was a record breaking event in the society department. Early this morning the

social editor received a communication in which the statement was made that a certain woman intended to observe her forty-ninth birthday by giving a party.

Since 1831 when the Palladium was established, the files of this paper do not show one instance where a woman voluntarily permitted her age to be made known.

RELIEF PARTY

IS ON ITS WAY

American Rescuers, Headed By Griscom, Leave Rome.

Rome, Jan. 7.—The American relief party left here on a special train to-day headed by Ambassador Griscom. They will sail from Vecchia for Messina. Earth shocks at Messina continue to occur at the rate of one every ten minutes. Fire broke out to-day and completed the destruction of the city hall and all the records.

AN ANTARCTIC STORM

Braving the Perils of a South Polar Winter's Night.

FIERCE FURY OF THE GALE.

Adventures of a Party of Explorers in a Journey Over the Broken Pack Ice—The Solid Wall of Wind That Flanked a Friendly Iceberg.

The arctic explorer has always had hardship and danger enough, but the arctic discoverer has far more terrible conditions to meet. Luckily he meets them with all the equipment and method that arctic exploration has taught mankind. Yet they are most dangerous, as the story of those who have lived through the south polar winter night can testify. One of the experiences of Bernacchi on the cruise of the Southern Cross some years ago shows what an antarctic gale means.

He and a comrade, Ellifson, started out on a short sledge journey to carry provisions from one camp to another. It was in September, and the broken ice pack over which they must travel was but a foot and a half thick and likely to break in pieces afresh or pile up in deadly masses at the mercy of the sea and wind. The two men had three sledges and eighteen dogs. They had hardly started before the wind rose and a gale threatened. Halfway to their destination there was an iceberg imbedded in the pack ice, and they hastened to reach this before the storm should break.

For five hours they toiled over the ice, the wind gradually rising. The gale broke in fury just as they reached the iceberg, under whose lee they pitched a tiny silk tent, into which they crawled after having fed their dogs as best they could. Hour after hour the wind raged, and the thermometer went to 9 degrees below zero. The snow drifted over and into the tent. Sleep was impossible.

The explorers, who had met typhoons in the China seas and cyclones in the tropics, found by the aerod as well as by their own sensations that this gale surpassed them all. Worst of all, it seemed as if the ice was beginning to crack. They knew well that the iceberg which protected them from the full force of the storm was the most dangerous place possible in other ways, as the ice was sure to separate first immediately round the berg, throwing tent, men and dogs into the icy seas. The cracking of ice was now to be heard above the roar of the wind. They dared not stay in their shelter.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the lee side and met the gale. It came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they move against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a toilsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

They dared not sleep for fear of never waking, so they roused each other alternately. At last day broke, and the gale abated. Crawling over the snow, their garments frozen stiff as boards, their beards solid lumps of ice, they managed to reach their tent. The ice had not broken, though it was cracked here and there. They took food, slept, fed their dogs, who were deep in the drifts, but alive, and then courageously went ahead, "not caring to be beaten," as Bernacchi expressed it. It was 8 o'clock at night before they reached camp, but the next day they were exploring and taking photographs and observations just as usual. Man may seem puny against nature, but he conquers her from the arctic to the antarctic by his unconquerable soul. —William Rittenhouse in For-

mer's "Crafty Spider and the Way He Paid His Debts."

The following fable of the spider is one of the folk tales of northern Nigeria:

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard I could no longer withhold my curiosity."

"Bearded ladies!" he exclaimed. "I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and mustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition."

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"Winged Burglars."

Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire for work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

One Reason.

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't. You can't stand me."—Youth's Companion.

Great values in Ladies' Muslin Garments go on sale tomorrow, at Knollenberg's Store

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