THE CLAIM OF LIFE

By H. M. EGBERT

(©, by W. G. Chapman.)

CYRUS VANE stood in the laboratory of the hospital, watching his test tubes. The little colonies that were spreading upon the gelatin meant that the new bacillus could be developed in an ordinary medium. With this he planned to do what science had hitherto failed in doing. He hoped to cure infantile paralysis, and convert what was a scourge into a mild illness merely.

For six weeks he had devoted his time to this alone. Meanwhile the scourge had fastened itself upon the town. Children were dying. It had never been checked. What a boon the new antitoxin, prepared from the bacillus, would be!

Vane was sure of it. He had injected it into apes and watched them recover from artificially induced pestilence. He had tested the serum in every possible way. Why, then, could he not give it to the world?

That question is often asked by those who are impatient for new remedies. The answer is that, before the conservative physician will make public his achievements it is necessary for the proof to have been piled up in at least a thousand experimental cases.

In short, all over the country physicians were trying out Vane's discovery, on monkeys, on apes, and perhaps here and there on children who were in the grip of the disease and could not have been harmed by the serum, even if it failed to benefit them.

But until the results of the thousand cases were known, the serum could not be made public property.

Vane had said as much to the wretched women who, having heard rumors of his discovery, groveled before him that morning, imploring the serum for their children. He had almost forced them away.

He walked thoughtfully homeward. The wide street was almost empty, only a few storekeepers sat under their awnings, gasping in the heat. Here and there was a knot of white crepe upon the handle of a door.

Vane fancied that the eyes of the townspeople followed him a little maliciously.

He was within a block of his house when a woman rushed out at him from an open door on whose handle the familiar knot of crepe hung.

"Doctor Vane—you will save my Freddy!" she cried, clutching at his arm. "One gone—I asked you this morning, you remember. I have only one more, and he has the disease. You won't leave me childless, doctor?"

"I can do nothing for you, madam, replied the doctor sternly.

The woman cried and clawed convulsively at his sleeve.

"You don't understand. Listen, doctor. My second little boy is dying. I know you say it isn't etiquette to give out the serum, but won't you forget about the etiquette and save my son's life?"

Cyrus Vane was not a hard-hearted man. He stood up rather stiffly and nerved himself with difficulty for his answer.

"I can't help you, madam," he said. "My work is for the good of humanity and selfish personal reasons must be forgotten. I am only at liberty to think of the race. If I stopped to consider persons I should never have the strength to go through with my work."

The woman was looking desperately into his face. "I don't know what you mean, doctor, but will you let my second baby die?" she asked.

"I am trying to explain," said Doctor Vane, "that these things have to be done in an orderly manner. It is useless to ask me to make exceptions in single cases. I—"

The woman shrieked. "My God, doctor, are you gong to let my second die?" she cried.

Vane detached himself. He had long ago hardened his mind against such scenes, such emotions. In the struggle for the race thousands fell. He turned and walked onward. He heard a man's curse follow him. He turned down a side street toward his own comfortable home.

Vane idolized his wife and child. It was their only one, and there was not likely to be another. His birth had almost cost his wife her life. The little boy, seven years old, always ran to meet his father on his return to be taken up in his arms and kissed and petted.

Today the boy was nowhere about. He was wont to watch for his father from the steps of the house. But he was not on the steps, nor playing in the hall when Vane let himself in with his key. Instead, a troubled woman came toward him.

"Cyrus, you must come to see Dicky at once," she said. "I put him to bed; he has been feverish all day, and—Oh, Cyrus, he can't move his right arm."

Frantically Vane bounded up the stairs. He rushed into the bedroom in which the little boy was lying. One glance at his face, and he flung himself down beside the bed in an agony of grief.

He rose to face his wife, who had followed him. She read the verdict in his eyes. She screamed and caught at his arm just as the woman in the street had done.

"Cyrus! What is it? It isn't—?"

"Yes," he said, bowing his head. "But it isn't the worst thing that could befall him," he added. "Many children make a complete recovery from it; some, of course, are crippled, but—"

"Cyrus! What are you talking about? Only last night you were telling me that you have discovered an absolute cure. You said there was not the slightest doubt about it."

"Dorothy—"

"Then how can you speak of cripples in connection with Dicky? Have you got the antitoxin with you or must you go back to the laboratory? Oh, there must be no delay."

The man looked into her face bewildered. Had he never told her? Hadn't she understood?

"I can't use it, Dorothy," he moaned, sinking into a chair.

"You mean it isn't for use?"

"Yes, But it has to be proved. It has to justify its use in a thousand cases. Humanly I am sure, but morally I am not justified until I am scientifically sure—"

She was shaking him by the arm as he stammered out his explanation. "Cyrus! What are you talking about? Don't you see that Dicky has infantile paralysis, and don't you know that this is not the time to argue? Get the serum!"

"Listen, Dorothy," said Cyrus Vane, rising and going up to her. "Try to understand me. A doctor may not think of persons. He works only for the race. Today a poor woman asked me for some of the serum for her child. I refused. It was dying, and it died later. She caught me by the arm in the street and asked me to save her other child. I refused—"

"You refused? My God, are you going to let Dicky die?"

They were face to face with the issue now, and he saw that there was no relenting upon her own. Relent? He might as well have argued with a stone. From the bed came a feeble wail. Vane started and turned toward it.

"I'm so hot!" wailed the boy. "And I can't raise my right arm, daddy."

The man's face was working convulsively. His wife caught him by the hands; she sank to her knees and pleaded wildly with him.

"You're going to murder Dicky for science, then?" she asked. "No, Cyrus, you can't. Don't you see how brutal it is? If science demands that it is a devil. You must save him—"

At that moment there came the sounds of altercation outside. A struggle, the door was burst open, and the woman who had pleaded with Vane in the street appeared, breaking away from the butler, who tried to hold her.

"Doctor Vane!" she cried, flinging herself upon her knees also and extending her hands. "My boy is dying. You can save him. You are going to save him—you must. Otherwise you will carry the brand of Cain on your forehead for the whole of your life."

Vane looked haggardly at the two women, then at the child on the bed.

"If I do this my professional future is sacrificed," he said. "I am out of the ranks of the experimenters. Nobody will have faith in me. It is a breach of duty. I—I"

"Daddy, won't you please make me well?" pleaded the childish voice.

Vane hesitated a moment longer; then bowed his head and hurried from the room. He knew that the cry of his blood had proved more potent than duty. He knew that his work was ended. He had played false with science.

But he knew that at least two women would bless his name as long as they were alive.

Simon Kenton One of West's First Pioneers

Simon Kenton, pioneer and Indian fighter, was born on April 3, 1756, of Scotch-Irish parentage in Fauquier county, Virginia. He received a scanty education, and in 1771, after having, as he supposed, killed a rival in a love affair, he fled to the wilderness west of the Allegheny, where he assumed for the time the name of Simon Butler and became an Indian trader. Here he was at times an associate of Simon Girty, the renegade.

Kenton served as a scout during Lord Dunmore's war, and later, in the frontier warfare that raged through Ohio and Kentucky, he served with great distinction under Boone and Clark, his fame as a frontier hero being second only to that of Boone himself.

In 1778 he went with Clark on his expedition to Kaskaskia. Later he was captured by Indians, suffered terrible tortures and was twice saved from the stake by the intercessions of Girty, his old companion, and Logan, the Mingo chief. Finally Kenton was turned over to the British in Detroit, from which place he escaped and made his way southward, where he continued active in the border conflicts until the end of the war.

After an expedition against the Indians on the Miami, Kenton settled in Maysville, Ky., and served again in Wayne's campaign in 1793-94. After living in retirement for some years he emerged for a short interval in 1813 to take part with the Kentucky volunteers in the Canadian campaign, and was present at the British defeat on the Thames. His last years were spent in poverty, and he died April 29, 1836, in Logan county, Ohio.

Can't Imitate Tourmaline

Tourmalines are peculiar in one respect—they cannot be successfully imitated because of certain optical traits that they possess. Another peculiarity is that some tourmaline crystals will have different highly contrasting colors; one end of the long pencil-shaped crystal will be a rich red, the other end being a splendid green—a feature found in no other precious stone.—Los Angeles Times.

POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

PREVENTION OF BEDSORES

THE healthy human being, who spends from seven to eight hours in bed at a time, will turn from side to side, even unconsciously, during deep sleep, thus relieving any one part of the body from the pressure of the body weight for too long a time. But the chronic invalid, who must sometimes pass weeks, months or even years in bed, has no such ability. So one of the most serious and dangerous complications from which such unfortunates suffer is what are known as bedsores.

These troublesome sores may develop at any point where there is long-continued pressure or irritation, such as is caused by the patient lying too long in one position, from the pressure of ill-fitting casts or splints, from too tight bandaging or even from such apparently trivial causes as wrinkles or creases in the clothing or bedding, crumbs or other irritating bodies on the under sheet, friction or pressure from two surfaces of the skin which touch each other or any other cause of pressure or irritation on the same spot for a long period of time.

Nurses or those having the care of chronic invalids, especially of older patients, should know the causes of bedsores and should be constantly on the alert to prevent them. Once formed, they are exceedingly difficult to cure and the suffering and exhaustion caused by them may and often does prove the determining factor between recovery or death of the patient.

In an excellent article on this subject by Dr. E. K. Marriott in the Trained Nurse and Hospital Review, attention is called to the well-known fact that patients with feeble circulation due to old age, persons suffering from heart disease, from Bright's disease, diabetes or malignant growths are particularly liable to bedsores. In long-continued illnesses, such as tuberculosis and typhoid fever, where the resistance of the patient is reduced, they are also apt to occur. Very thin persons, where the bony prominences press on the skin, and very fat persons, where the skin surfaces come in contact, are equally liable.

Two things are necessary for their prevention: First, scrupulous cleanliness and, second, frequent change of position. The skin must be kept clean and dry. Frequent baths with warm water and mild soap, followed by gentle rubbing until perfectly dry, sponging with alcohol and dusting with a zinc dusting powder, will generally prevent them. The bedding must be fresh, clean and smooth. If a bedsore does develop, it is like any open wound and should be treated by a surgeon.

MICROSCOPES FOR THE PUBLIC

SEEING is believing, says the old proverb, and the truth of this saying is shown in all educational work. So the effort of our best teachers today is to make everything they teach visible to the pupil. Every means that can be thought of has been adopted to make our school children see what they are studying. In this effort, the moving picture has been an enormous aid. Our children today in the schools see not only still but moving pictures of things their parents could only read about. This method has been carried so far that a national society of teachers and psychologists has been formed to encourage and develop such methods. It is called the Society for Visual Education and, by helping to prepare pictures and films, showing things instead of talking about them, it is seeking to give school children better and more graphic ideas of many subjects than they have had before.

Now the same idea is being taken up by astronomers. These men devote their lives to learning all about the stars. Through their telescopes of immense power they study the heavenly bodies and become as well acquainted with them as we are with our next door neighbor. But when they try to tell other people about their work, they don't make any impression, because most of us know nothing about the stars, except what we see with our unaided eye on a clear night.

So Prof. Garrett P. Serviss, a well known astronomer, suggests that our cities provide free telescopes for the public just as they provide free parks and bathing beaches. And why not?

But if free telescopes are needed, surely free microscopes are much more necessary. We live each of us in a universe which is divided by our own limitations into two worlds, a visible universe made up of what we can see and an invisible universe made up of what we cannot see. Not because it doesn't exist but because our eyes cannot see it. Yet the invisible part is full of dangers far greater than those of the visible part. Surely a school system that insists that every child must have glasses, if it needs them, and that will buy it glasses, if its parents cannot afford to do so, ought to be able to provide microscopes for people to see the invisible dangers around them.

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Uneven Hemlines for Autumn Wear

Two-Color Effects Also Indicated by Showings in Paris.

The question of the moment in circles sartorial is—what changes are to be inaugurated for autumn? It is generally felt that there will be more of elegance and intricate style, that the bloused back and the more elaborate hat are certain to be featured. Beyond that, no one cares to predict, asserts a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune.

The Parisienne, having found a slim, youthful line eminently becoming and practical for all purposes of a life that is filled with diverse occupations, refuses to be persuaded to adopt any other. During the Grande Semaine at all race meetings, garden parties, private receptions and balls it was the slender silhouette with the skirt just covering the knee, a little longer in the case of older women, with sufficient fullness to permit freedom of movement, that was the right one.

Of course, some individuals appeared in full bell-shaped skirts, and a few in the picture gowns of the early eighteen thirties. There are always certain women who ignore fashion and create a mode for themselves. During the recent weeks in Paris, however, they were out of harmony with the picture.

The uneven hem is destined to be a sign of chic during autumn, especially for evening and afternoon gowns. It gives a chance to the woman whose ankles are somewhat short of perfect, and helps her to have a short skirt that still provides some of the kindly veiling usually only possible in a long one.

The same may be said of asymmetrical effects. Some of the most successful Prix des Drags and Grand Prix gowns had the fullness cleverly arranged so that on one side it had a greater importance than on the other. This is a touch that at once gives a dress the atmosphere of the haute couture, for it breaks away from the uniformity of the little straight gowns that are turned out in the thousands by dressmakers of lesser grade.

Two-Piece Jumpers Popular.

Two-piece jumper dresses, though less in the forefront of the picture for town dresses, still carry off the palm where sports clothes are concerned.

Two-color effects have been much used in the latter part of the season. These need careful treatment, for it is not every one who can achieve the results that seem to come naturally to a Paquin, a Lelong or a Worth. The two-color scheme, however, is an important factor, and one that has met with sufficient success to assure its continuance in the autumn.

The whole color question is one that preoccupies the minds of women and dressmakers alike when it is a question of choosing new frocks. The lovely pastel shades that have been worn all summer will remain with a softer and warmer note introduced to make them suitable for alliance with winter furs. Beautiful shades of red with a touch of chocolate brown have been seen in some of the chief dressmakers' ateliers. With these will be

Beige Crepe Marocain Skirt and Beige Jersey Sweater, With Stripes.

used all the soft pinks and delicate faded shades of rose that are so infinitely becoming.

Perhaps it would be too rash to prophesy that the mode could turn entirely away from boyish simplicity in a single season—undoubtedly some of the haute couture, clinging tenderly to the habit of years, will proffer styles which will again make a fetish of the mode garconne. But the vast majority will turn, hungrily, to the almost forgotten art of intricate styling, retaining at the same time the attractive elements of recent fashions.

Helen Wills, the American tennis champion, is to be seen in one of the more fanciful genre of sports frocks which has developed since the Lenglen-Wills-Godfree struggles on the Riviera. Designed by Jean Patou, it consists of a beige jersey sweater with an ornate design painted in yellow and brown, a beige scarf and a finely plaited skirt of beige marocain. It evidences a decided trend toward a new species of sports dress—more Paris than London in atmosphere.

Finally, there is a Chanel model which spells contra-simplicity in its every fold. Made of white chiffon with large red flowers printed thereon, it incorporates a flowing scarf and a bloused waistline.

The Fashion Shows.

Reports of the Paris openings are being broadcast around the world, and supplementing these are the New York autumn fashion shows to aid in speeding the new season on its way. If you have scanned the accounts of these openings in the past you will realize that they cloud, rather than clarify, the style situation and that all you eventually glean from them is a maze of conflicting ideas.

There are several reasons for this. In the first place, as far as Paris is concerned, midsummer is the hay-making season of the propagandists. Paid observers carefully watch each Paris opening and seize the merest suggestion of their particular theme to rashly announce its unquestioned vogue. Thus if only a single model in the Worth collection were to employ diamante embroidery, the propagandists will cable to the effect that "Worth sponsors diamantes," and if you read the cable you will immediately form the erroneous impression that the new Worth collection, instead of featuring only a single diamante model, makes that trimming the most important item in its autumn showing.

Printed Chiffon Evening Gown, White Background, Large Flowers.

The New York openings are not so prone to misconstruction, but there is always the danger that Paris may not be in accord. Except for a handful of individual showings by some of the exclusive shops the New York fashion shows are group affairs—many of the models are purchased in Paris two and three months before and a large proportion of the original designs are based on the early professional showings of the French couture. Naturally, therefore, the American style shows are not as advanced as their Paris prototypes, and while they usually exploit the keynote of the new season, there are many times when they miss the mark.

It is wisest, then, not to be too deeply disturbed by the early autumn reports. You are going to hear a lot of conflicting news this season. You will read much of longer and shorter skirts, of waistlines that are high and waistlines that are low, of magnificence and of simplicity, of elegant millinery and of garconne cloches. Much of this will have no greater foundation than the Worth incident mentioned above. Other accounts will come from authentic and authoritative sources.

In Pajama Costumes.

It created a sharp sensation several years ago when the news was relayed round the world that the Lido ladies were parading the public promenades clad in pajama costumes. It did not matter that these costumes were almost as elaborate as evening dresses and that for resort purposes they were comparatively discreet—the pertinent fact was that smart matrons had ventured into the open, wearing what was formerly considered the quintessence of the robe intime.

One of the characteristics of the Lido pajama is the infinite variety of its form. Some models have trousers that fit neatly to the ankle and have a little strap passing under the foot to hold them in place. Both Molyneux and Lanvin have made charming costumes along these lines.

On quite opposite lines are other chic models worn along the languorous Lido. One that has been designed for wear at a Spanish country club is made of an exquisite printed crepe de chine that is furnished by Redmond. Its trimming of heavy white fringe makes it a most original and appealing garment. Another, made of a Rodier printed shawl, has a Chinese design printed in red and green on a mauve ground and is finished with a purple-colored georgette crepe blouse and trousers.

CAP AND BELLS

THE BRIDE'S PERQUISITE

A prominent film star was being married.

"So," said the bridegroom, "we are agreed. On Monday morning at nine o'clock we visit the registrar. After that we go to the church and then you are my own dear wife. Have you anything to say about the arrangements?"

"Only that the film rights will, of course, belong to me."—Berlin Lustige Blaetter.

A FREEZE OUT

He—Why are you bringing my coat and hat?

She—Didn't you complain of my chilling manner?

Fast Work

These modern methods we deplore
And often we repine.
You scarcely get a job before
You're called on to resign.

So It Is

"How strikingly this reminds me of the words of the poet," remarked Simple, after complying with a third request to pass the butter.

"What words, Mr. Simple?" inquired the hostess.

"Life's butter passing dream."—Tit-Bits.

Safety First

"Some o' these motion pictures," commented Cactus Joe, "have a terrible advantage, cause the actors is only photographs and there's no use o' shootin' or throwin' things."

"But they represent modern art."

"It may be art. But it ain't courage."

NOT FOR QUESTIONS

Mr. Freeman—Guess you won't charge me for asking a question, Mr. Laws?

Lawyer—No; the only expense involved is in requiring me to give you an answer, my dear sir.

We Know Him

He's not a baker, not
This Henry Gopher.
He has no dough, though he's
The town's best loafer.

Maybe!

Hawkins—Do you believe that there's anything in palmistry?

Hawkes—I know there is. When I look at my hand and see three aces and a pair of kings I know that I'm going to fall heir to a sum of money.

Proof

First Knut—Can your girl keep a secret?

Second Ditto—I'll say so. We were engaged two weeks before I knew a thing about it.

A Hard Guy

Browne—You say Whimple is a man of mettle? Brave, eh?

Whyte—No, I said he was a man of metal—iron-gray hair, steel-blue eyes, a copper complexion and lots of brass.

Not Musical

Stenographer—I'm sorry we haven't the data, but we will look you up in our records.

Jones—What do you think I am? A jazz orchestra?

Not Desired

"I'm sure Max would make an ideal husband, my dear. He understands women thoroughly."

"But, mother, I don't want to be understood." — Everybody's Weekly, London.

Curious to Know

Large Lady—No. Me 'usband ain't never raised 'is 'and against me in anger.

Small Lady—Reely! Wot's 'is 'obby then?—London Opinion.