

NEW LIGHT CAST ON TUBERCULOSIS

Cases In Last Stages Should Have More Care.

DISCHARGED, LATER CURED.

Many In First Stage Dismissed as Symptom Free Have Relapses—Present Tendency to Favor Patients With Early Symptoms of Disease May Not Be Always Wise.

The Lancet of London prints an interesting editorial review of the ultimate results of sanitarium treatment of tuberculosis based on a paper read by Professor Bang at a meeting of the Medical Society of Copenhagen. The paper, freely illustrated with statistics, and the long discussion which followed its presentation have been reported in the Hospitaltidende. The paper dealt chiefly with the results of sanitarium treatment estimated many years after the discharge of the patients from the institutions.

"The many tables and statistical analyses displayed by Professor Bang," says the Lancet, "provoked a lively discussion as to the merits of statistics in the estimation of sanitarium results, and he admitted that a detailed knowledge of each case is necessary for the judgment of sanitarium results by the standard of figures. One striking feature of his paper was the good prognosis which his figures indicated for working class patients admitted to sanitarium in the second and third stages of the disease.

"It has long been held that the prognosis in pulmonary tuberculosis is best in the first stage of the disease and declines as the second and third stages are reached. Indeed, this view is so generally regarded as a truism that its accuracy has scarcely been questioned. That it does not embrace the whole truth is shown by Professor Bang, whose figures are obtained from several sanitariums in Denmark, where perhaps more than in any other country sanitarium treatment has been thoroughly tested.

Relapses Are Frequent.
"The relative numbers of patients discharged 'symptom free' from sanitariums do, indeed, fall with the stage of the disease, but when the fate of all the patients is investigated several years later many of the 'symptom free' are found to have relapsed, while patients discharged unimproved in the second and third stages of the disease are often found to have regained their capacity for work.

"Professor Bang showed that only two-thirds of the patients in the first stage, discharged as 'symptom free,' were fit for work several years later. On the other hand, the number of patients in the second stage, discharged as 'symptom free,' had actually been augmented several years later, their ranks being increased by one-third by patients who, though discharged as unfit for work in the second stage of the disease, had ultimately regained their capacity for work.

"This paradoxical result is ever more striking in the third stage of the disease. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the faultiness of the present classification of the disease according to its extent, but not according to its virulence, and to the patient's power of resistance and to many other factors. In many cases patients are classed in the second or third stage, although on admission to a sanitarium the disease is practically quiescent. Professor Bang suggests that the present tendency to favor patients in the first stage of the disease in preference to patients in the other stages when sanitarium accommodation is limited may not be always wise.

"Though the patients in the latter stages have hitherto been regarded as incurable and treated with scant attention, he urges that they should in the future be regarded more hopefully and given the chance of sanitarium treatment, even though this be only for a short time. His observation that patients often relapse who are discharged from a sanitarium with the disease arrested in its first stage, whereas others often recover who are discharged unimproved in the second stage, is not at first sight flattering to sanitarium treatment.

"His estimate of the value of the present methods of classification of the disease is also deprecatory, and, as one speaker during the discussion candidly suggested, the most reliable classification would be the following: (1) Patients that recover and (2) those that do not."

FLYING, DROPS HOODOO RING.

New York Girl, In Aeroplane, Throws Away Unlucky Talisman.

Miss Josephine Lewis Peel of New York, who is in Palm Beach, Fla., with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pope of New York, went up in an aeroplane against the wishes of her relatives.

At the height of a thousand feet she got a bad scare when the machine tilted. She pulled a turquoise ring from her finger and threw it away, having heard it was bad luck to wear the stone.

TAYLOR PIONEER EFFICIENCY MAN

Was First to Make System an Applied Science.

MADE IT WORK OF LIFETIME

Put Into Execution His Ideas Regarding Organization In Shop, Factory, Counting Room and Sales Department—Held More Than One Hundred Patents For Various Inventions.

Frederick Winslow Taylor, who died in Philadelphia recently, was the first man to make efficiency an applied science. His life work, as his friend and colleague, Morris L. Cooke, director of public works of Philadelphia, puts it, was "studying peoples' desires for high wages, short hours and an industrial democracy on an economic basis. He did this by increasing their efficiency."

Mr. Taylor was the son of Franklin and Emily Winslow Taylor. He prepared for Harvard at Phillips Exeter academy in 1874, but was forced to leave college through impaired eyesight. However, he entered Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken later and was graduated with the degree of mechanical engineer. One year after his graduation he and Miss Louise Spooner of Philadelphia were married. Upon leaving Harvard he had entered the employ of the Midvale Steel company, and in connection with his technical study had continued his work with that corporation.

Taylor started at the bottom. Successively he was gang boss, assistant foreman, foreman of the machine shops, master mechanic, chief draftsman and finally chief engineer. In 1889 he began the study of efficiency engineering. He liked to puzzle over problems to make greater production from a given amount and how to increase the wages of the workman by showing him a better and more efficient manner in which to labor. So wrapped in this subject did he become that Mr. Taylor made it his life work.

His Work In Great Industries.
In 1889 he decided to leave the employ of the Midvale company and put into execution his own ideas regarding scientific management. This meant organization in shop, factory, counting room and sales departments. His success as the pioneer in his chosen field was instantaneous. He was given the problem of organizing great corporations along his own individualistic lines. These included the Bethlehem Steel company, Cramps' and the Midvale Steel company.

He turned his trained mind toward efficiency in cutting metals. Hitherto there was a great deviation in the work of the tools. To rectify this Mr. Taylor began experiments that finally resulted in the Taylor-White process for treating modern high speed tools. So successful was he in this field that he produced tools whose cutting efficiency varies less than 1 per cent. With Maunsel White he also invented a process of treating steel that required wonderful scientific investigation.

In addition, Mr. Taylor received more than a hundred patents for various inventions connected with high speed tools and was awarded the gold medal at the Paris exposition in 1900 and the Elliott Cresson medal of the Franklin Institute.

Honors thick and fast were also conferred on the distinguished engineer. He was given the degree of doctor of science by the University of Pennsylvania in 1906 and doctor of laws by Hobart college in 1912. He was also elected president of the American Association of Mechanical Engineers, serving from 1905 to 1906.

REDFIELD HITS "STUCK UP."

Rebukes Man Who Objects to Work Beneath His Position.

Secretary Redfield of the department of commerce has rebuked an employee of his department who is said to have complained recently that he was required to do work beneath his position. "I do not know what the kind of work can be, which is beneath any man's position," the secretary wrote the employee in passing on his case. "I think there is no work of which I know or have heard that is beneath my dignity to do, and I am glad to say that I have done the plainest and hardest and, what is sometimes mistakenly called the most menial work and am ready to do it again if there is occasion for it."

BIG GUN CRUMPLES CAR.

Fourteen Inch Giant Causes Smash on Way to Sandy Hook.

So heavy is a great fourteen inch gun just completed to guard New York city from hostile attack that it broke down one of the two flat cars conveying it along the West Shore railroad, near Cornwall, N. Y., on its way to Sandy Hook to be mounted.

It is said to be the most powerful fourteen inch gun ever made. It was on its way from Watervliet arsenal when the journal of one of the cars, overtaken by its excessive weight, wore out and had to be replaced. The gun extended almost the length of the two cars, the breech resting on the rear one.

PENNSYLVANIA PARAGRAPHS

Judge Umbel Willing to Quit.
News reached Harrisburg, Pa., that H. S. Dumbauid, an attorney of Uniontown, had decided he would not press the impeachment charges against Robert E. Umbel, Democrat, president judge of the common pleas courts of Fayette county.

The reason given is that Dumbauid and Umbel are alleged to have entered into an agreement that if Dumbauid would drop the charges the judge would resign in time to allow his successor to be elected in 1917, although his term would not expire until 1920.

It is the belief that Umbel will be forced to resign from the bench at once or face impeachment proceedings based on the agreement Dumbauid claims to possess. The legislators were astounded when they heard the news. They naturally take the position that if Umbel agreed to resign, he, by his action, admits the truth of the charges.

Money by Truckload For Sunday.

A motor truck drew up to Billy Sunday's tabernacle in Philadelphia last Sunday night and three burly policemen, three armed guards and two assistants piled sack after sack of jingling coins and crisp bills and checks into it for transportation to the vaults of the Land Title and Trust company. Billy Sunday had drawn his pay.

Three times while Sunday was preaching there was the same scene. Thousands of dollars in checks, government notes, gold and silver was being carried through the city's streets. Envelopes held checks for all sorts of amounts. Nobody but the writers of such checks and the officials of the Land Title and Trust company know the amounts.

Eloons Vote to Adjourn on May 6.

The Pennsylvania house of representatives adopted a resolution fixing May 6 as the date of final adjournment. If this was intended as a club to force the hand of the governor on local option he did not show that he had felt the blow. When told of the action of the house he remarked:

"If the legislature can get through with its work before May 6 I would be glad to see them adjourn earlier. It is merely a question of speed on the part of the legislators."

Assistant Cashier Ends His Life.

Walter L. McJunkin, fifty-five years old, assistant cashier of the Clearfield (Pa.) National bank, shot and killed himself in his room at the Diamond hotel. He shot himself through the head and when he was found a revolver was lying at his side. At the bank it was reported that his accounts were faultless. For some time he had been despondent because of ill health.

Man Shoots Woman; Takes Own Life.

Samuel Keys, a young chauffeur, shot Mrs. Irene Hossie, twenty-four years old, in the cheek when he met her on the street near her home in Harrisburg, Pa., and then committed suicide by blowing out his brains. No cause is known for his action as Mrs. Hossie cannot talk and friends did not know they were acquainted. The woman will recover.

Pastor Is Acquitted.

Rev. H. A. McKelvey, forty-two years old, pastor of the United Brethren church of Bellwood, near Altoona, Pa., who was accused of misconduct with Bessie Smith, fourteen-year-old daughter of Ward Smith, treasurer of the church, was acquitted of the charge in the Blair county court.

Warden Sentenced to Read Bible.

For permitting a prisoner to leave the jail before the prisoner completed the reading of some chapters in the Bible, "Jack" Sheehan, warden of the city prison in Johnstown, Pa., was sentenced by Mayor Joseph Cauffman to read three chapters of one of the books of Corinthians. Sheehan did.

Perry County, Pa., In Dry Column.

Perry county, Pennsylvania, with a population of 25,000 went dry by judicial action. Judge William N. Seibert refused to grant seventeen applications for liquor licenses, sixteen of which were renewals. This is the tenth Pennsylvania county to be put into the dry column.

Tank Works Runs Night and Day.

The Pennsylvania Tank Car company at Sharon, Pa., a subsidiary to the Petroleum Iron Works company, is working night and day to fill its orders. Within the last forty-eight hours the company has booked orders for 100 tank cars.

Young Italian Is Electrocuted.

Rocco Tassone, aged twenty-four, of Lancaster, Pa., was electrocuted in the Center county penitentiary at Rockview, near Bellefonte. He paid the death penalty for the murder of an Italian in Lancaster county.

Deprived of Drug Seeks Death.

Virgie McDermott, aged thirty-four, of Lock Haven, near Williamsport, Pa., unable to secure morphine under the new Harrison act, attempted suicide by jumping from the river bridge. She was rescued.

Lad Killed Playing Cowboy.

Eleven-year-old John Potosky was shot and killed while playing cowboy with five companions at West Hazleton, Pa. John Oblosky, aged twelve, who is said to have done the shooting, disappeared shortly afterward.

WILSON EDITING "BLOCKADE" PROTEST.

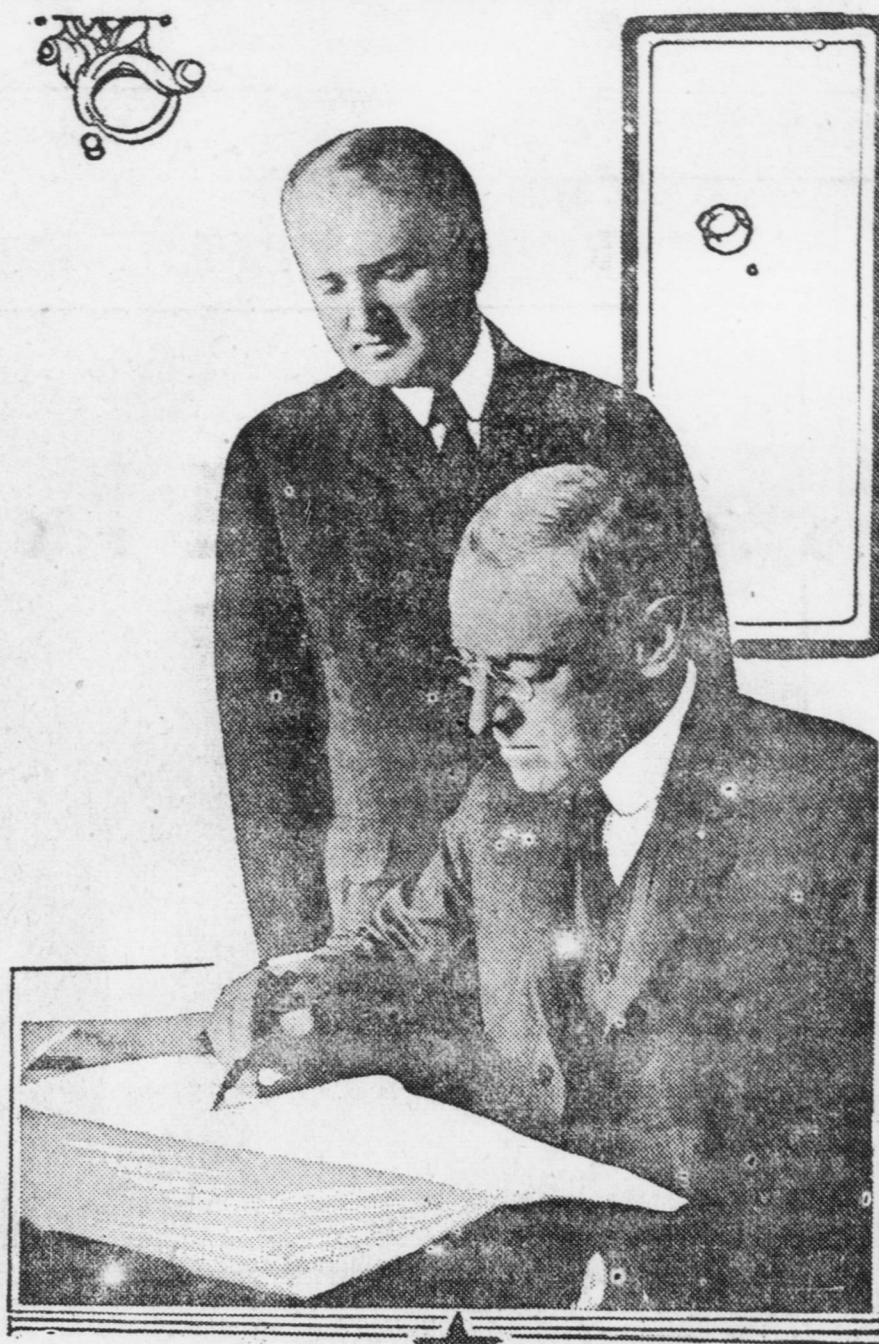


Photo by American Press Association.

President Wilson reading over United States' note to England protesting against latter's attempt to stop all shipping from reaching or leaving Germany. Secretary Tumulty is standing.

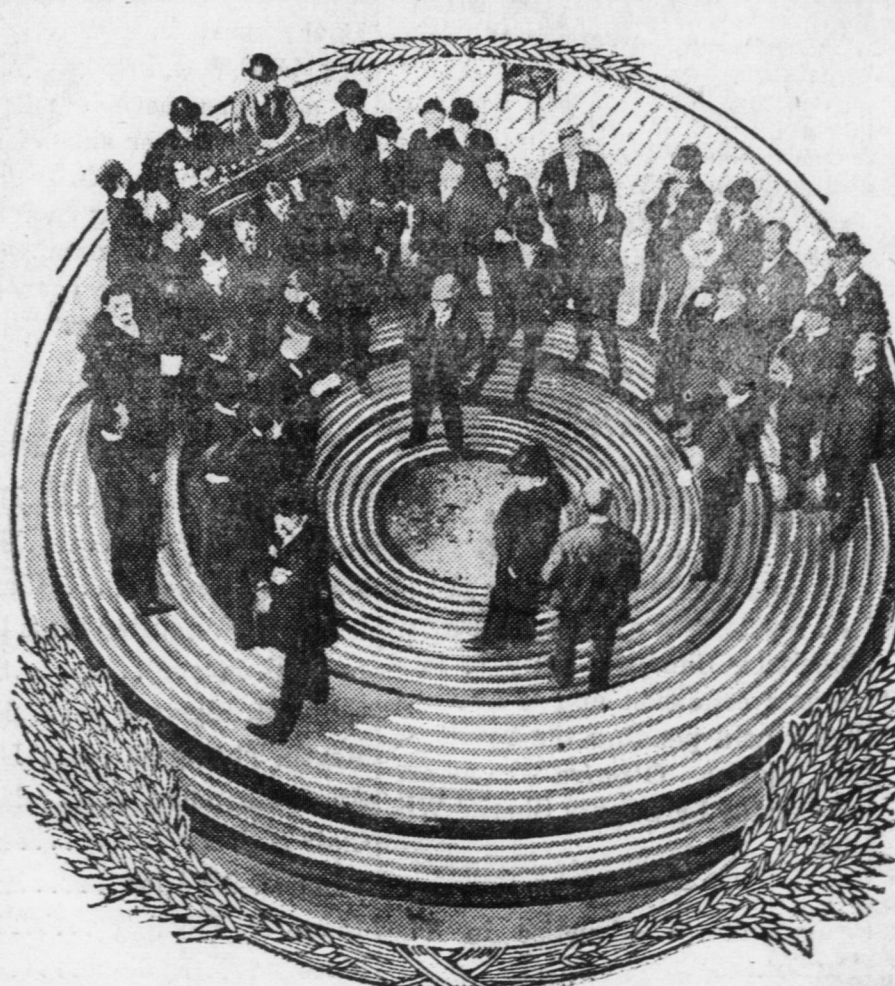
JACK ASTOR, THE TITANIC BABY.



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John Jacob Astor, or Jack, was born after his mother, Mrs. Madeleine Force Astor, was saved in the Titanic disaster, where his father lost his life. He is now two and a half years old.

GENII IN WHOSE HANDS WHEAT SOARS.



Members of New York Produce Exchange in wheat pit, where numerous fortunes have been won since war started.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR

The Story of an Automobile Accident That Was Not Wholly Disastrous.

By MARVIN DANA

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"One never sees you alone," I complained. "Always," I persisted, "you are in haste, occupied by a thousand things, with everything except me. To me you are unattainable as a star. Though I am near you often, really you are always remote. I can no more reach you than can a moth the star toward which it flutters."

"Yes," she said musingly, "I am a star. And, to tell you the truth, I like it. There is something about the center of the stage."

But I interrupted rudely. "You must understand that I require an opportunity."

"An opportunity?"
"In all this time I have had no opportunity. Your life is one wild whirl." Elsa sat up straight and stared at me with all the ravishing beauty of the loveliest eyes in the world.

"No opportunity?" she repeated incredulously. "Now, what can you mean? Here you are alone with me in my drawing room while we are waiting for auntie to get her hat on. Here we are alone, I say. And you declare you have no opportunity? Opportunity for what?"

"Why, to declare my love," I answered indignantly. "Auntie, indeed! That's it—we're always waiting for her. She's pervasively present. I know she has planned deliberately to make me propose in her presence."

"What shall I do, then?" she questioned meekly as I paused.

"Just waive it all and be engaged," I suggested triumphantly. "Will you?"

"Yes, I think I will," Elsa said softly. At that I had her in my arms and my lips met hers. My heart leaped with a joy new, dominant, complete. Beneath the mask of light words I had offered her my very soul.

Auntie entered the room. I went to her, gathered her up in my arms and kissed her with might.

We had been engaged three months when the inevitable serpent intruded himself into our Eden.

I was in the orchestra the first night Elsa appeared in the role of Juliet. I was carried away by the simplicity and passion of her interpretation, its girlish purity, its womanly abandonment to love's dominion. Then, quite without warning, a pang of anguish pierced my heart.

The Romeo was an actor new to me, handsome, young, an ideal lover to the sight, and as Elsa looked adoration into his eyes the evil of jealousy entered my heart and remained.

That night after the play, at the gay supper party where I was with her, I remained sad and distraught. I forced myself to utter congratulations on the success she had achieved, but there was little heartiness in my words. She rallied me on my dull spirits, laughingly at first, then with kindly seriousness. But I could not shake off the gloom of my mood, which I explained by alleging an indisposition. Neither then nor after could I bring myself to confess my trouble.

A new play was put on, but it brought me no relief. On the contrary, my torture was increased. In the climax of the play the hero, he who had played Romeo, saved the heroine, Elsa, from great peril. She in an ecstasy of gratitude threw herself on his breast in complete abandonment of love. As she lay yielding in his arms, her head thrown back, her eyes burned into his with such fires of love I groined aloud. The sight maddened me. I left my seat and the theater and did not see Elsa again that night.

I could not decide on my course, but in the morning I was calmer, and I set out with a fair amount of composure to fulfill an engagement with my fiancée.

I had promised Elsa to take her in the auto out to Bronx park. I found her ready when I reached her house, and very soon we were rolling swiftly up Fifth avenue.

It was a perfect morning. The air was crisp with the chill of dawning winter, but not too cold. It set the blood coursing with new vigors and drove out sorrow from the heart. There, in the glory of the morning, in the pleasure of our smooth movement, with Elsa nestled close to my side, I forgot despair and reveled for the moment in the delight of it all.

"I love automobiling," Elsa said irrelevantly. "It is the lightest, daintiest movement, so—oh, subtle and, yes, aerial. I feel like a bird."

As we came to the open beauty of the Plaza I turned from the avenue into the park, and we went rolling along the gently undulating and winding driveway, charmed by the landscape on either hand.

As I ran the machine out of the park into Seventh avenue a carriage was passing, and I attempted to check our speed. To my dismay I found that there was no response to my effort. It was only by skillful guiding of the automobile that I escaped a collision.

Once free of that danger, I set myself to regain control of the apparatus. But my work was vain. Somehow the mechanism had gone wrong. I could only guide the automobile and pray for a safe issue. Unfortunately in the last stretch of the park I had increased the speed, and we were running fast.