

tion to the researches she had been carrying on alone for many months.

"Curie at once recognized the far-seeing pioneer genius of his wife, and abandoned all else that they might work together and solve a problem so sensational.

"But just when world-fame came to them, tragedy came, too. One day last spring Pierre Curie, after lunching with some friends, was crossing the crowded streets of Paris, an absent-minded dreamer with high thoughts fixed on the mysteries of nature. And with the awful suddenness of such things he was struck down by a heavy truck. One of the wheels passed over his head and crushed out a great and noble life.

"So in her little ivy-covered cottage, lost in an out-of-the-way part of the city, you will find Marie Sklodowska Curie to-day—more retired and silent than ever, living only for her children and such benefit as she hopes to do the world by the exercise of her marvellous genius."

The Craze for Thinness.

Generally speaking, most of us eat too much, many members of the rich and learned classes "digging their graves with their teeth"; nevertheless there is a certain danger of going to the other extreme, as we were reminded by the excellent address of the President of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association at Llandudno, last week. Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., declared that all the fashionable food fads and follies of the hour are in the nature of deprivation; aldermen are beginning to look like laths, the tiniest portions are served at dinners, and even light wines are looked at askance. Leaving men out of the question, it is undeniable that a large number of women, both middle and working class, as well as the rich and fashionable, do habitually under-eat, and endeavor by one means or another to reduce not only stoutness, but the reasonable plumpness which is a sign of good condition, and, as often as not, of a good temper. Now, this is a bad state of things, both in itself, and too frequently in the means adopted to secure the desired thinness.

Fashion makers and novelists are, we believe, mainly responsible for establishing the long, thin, willowy figure as the ideal for women. Artists, whatever their sex, have certainly done little or nothing to support this svelte ideal; rather must we look to the fashion plates or the pages of novelists (chiefly, we fear, women novelists) for the idea that women to look "ladylike" must be tall, slim and fragile. The highest hu-