Great Value of Dogs in Tracking Criminals

When it became known last week that the New York police were quietly investigating the practicability of adding a pack of dogs to the city's official force of thief-catchers and murder-trailers, "Big Bill" Devery—the best chief of police New York ever had—said:

"I guess they've got their joking clothes on in Mulberry street. A lot of kids are running the department. Gen. Bingham's away on vacation, and the kids want to show they're on the job. Take my word for it, the boss will sit down on the bunch when he gets back. Bloodhounds in this great metropolitan city! It is to laugh."

Inspector James McCafferty, now in charge of the detective bureau at headquarters, also takes an unfavorable view of the dog as a metropolitan sleuth. According to the inspector, even if a dog were able to follow a criminal's trail after it had been crossed and recrossed by the myriads of pedestrians that are constantly afoot in the city's streets, the ease with which a fleeing criminal could completely "break" his trail by boarding a trolley, elevated or subway car would make the dog absolutely useless as a criminal chaser.

But both Devery and McCafferty overlook the fact that, with the exception of Manhattan, all the boroughs include large stretches of territory that are as truly rural as though they were a suburb of Corncob Corners. Ask the man who dwells in one of these unhandy nooks of the Greater New York. He will tell you the wearisome distances that have to be tramped before the trolley is reached. The trolley isn't nearly so ubiquitous as it seems.

And both Devery and McCafferty, in judging of the merits of the dog as a policeman, consider him only in the role of a detective, they entirely overlook his possible usefulness as a patrolman. And it is in this capacity that the dog is used by the police of Ghent, the city where the auxiliary canine police force originated.

In America the dog is rarely anything more than a pet. If he makes any pretense whatever at paying for his board and lodging, it is in the capacity of volunteer watchman. If he's a country dog he may enlarge his sphere of usefulness by herding the cattle or sheep.

Plenty of Work in Belgium

But, in Belgium, the dog leads a far more strenuous life. In that diminutive kingdom the dog has been used for many generations as a beast of burden, hauling small carts laden with milk, bread, linen and similar freight. Many of these dogs cost more than a donkey, travel faster and further in a day, and are more economical to keep.

And so it was when it became necessary to increase the police force of Ghent, over eight years ago, and there were not sufficient available funds in the city's treasury to hire additional policemen, Monsieur E. Van Wesemael, the local police commissioner, thought of all Belgium's four-footed Jack-of-all trades—the dog.

M. Van Wesemael laid his project before the burgomaster of Ghent, using as argument the splendid work of the dogs at the Hospice of St. Bernard and of those employed in the German army.

"Crime and disorder," said M. Van Wesemael, "are exceptional happenings in the daily life of even a policeman. The most vigilant officer cannot always be on the alert. He's matched against the criminal, who picks the most opportune moment for the commission of his villany, and who keeps both eyes and ears wide open. In rainy or windy weather the odds in favor of the criminal are still further increased. During a rain or sleet storm a policeman will bury his chin and ears as deep as possible in his upturned coat collar. The collar will be a partial protection from the storm, but it's a dangerously efficient muffler of suspicious noises.

"But, on the other hand, a dog is always alert; eyes, ears and nose are constantly at work to detect any one or anything strange. And inclemency of the weather neither dampens nor chills the ardor of his watchfulness. A dog will also investigate dark, out-of-the way corners, alleys and doorways that a policeman would never have the time or the endurance to look into. In running, he could easily overtake any marauder; and when it comes to close quarters he would be a more dreaded antagonist than a policeman. In addition to all these merits, add the dog's sense of smell, by which he can detect a man lurking behind a wall or fence, who would escape the notice of the most watchful policeman. And top this off with the dog's instinctive knowledge that things are right or things are wrong."

M. Van Wesemael urged other qualifications to prove the dog's eligibility to the police force, and he was finally given permission to experiment on a small scale. In March, 1899, three dogs were bought by the veterinary officer of the city, and turned over to the police commissioner, who immediately began their training.

Within six months ten dog policemen were at work in Ghent. They were used to help patrol the Faubourg de Courtrai, along the docks and in the wooded outlying sections of the city, between Commune de Wendelgen and the Boulevarde de L'Industrie.

After a few months' trial, a report was sent to the Burgomaster, which showed that since the employment of the dog police in these sections of the city, night crime, which previously had been both numerous and serious, fell off two-thirds.

Within a year the four-footed policemen had so conclusively proved their efficiency that the city council of Ghent unanimously voted more money for more dogs.

The canine constabulary was soon thirty strong. Additional recruits have since been added. At the present day there are about 120 policemen, his assisted by sixty dogs, on night patrol in the streets of Ghent. The city has a population of 190,000.

Training the Canine Police

Many breeds have been tried, but the one that has proved best is the big Belgian or French shepherd dog, the powerful and sagacious Briards and Groenendaels. These dogs are famous for their endurance, boldness, fidelity, and intuitive knowledge.

Recruits for the dog police are purchased when they are six-month-old puppies, and their training immediately begun.

The recruits' names are entered on a roster kept at police headquarters, and a record made of the date of birth, sex, date of purchase, price, paid, and the name and address of the person who sold the animal to the department. If, through ill-health or inefficiency the dog is discharged from the force the reason is entered upon the book.

The dogs are lodged in brick kennels in the gardens of police headquarters. The kennels are in charge of the janitor and his wife, acting under the direction of the veterinary surgeon.

Every precaution is taken to keep the dogs in the best of health. The kennels are regularly disinfected and whitewashed. And once a week the dogs have a swimming bath.

Feeding time comes twice a day—7 a.m. and 7 p.m. Each dog gets a three-pound meal, which is made up of a kind of soup, with a little meat, some rice, and a very whole biscuit, known as 'kneipp.' So accurately are their needs studied that even after three hours of patrol duty they are still full of vim and snap.

There is a special room at headquarters for the preparation of their food. Their uniforms are also kept in this room.

When going on patrol each dog wears a leather collar which bears a metal disk upon which is inscribed his name, birth date, and the word 'Police.'

In stormy weather the dog policeman also wears a leather-mounted waterproof cloak, which covers the body from neck to tail.

A muzzle is also worn while on patrol for a twofold purpose. This muzzle is a tiny cup-like arrangement, perforated with air-holes. It prevents the dog from eating any food he may find during his patrol, and it also prevents him from attacking peaceable citizens, for the dog's entire training makes him regard every civilian as a suspicious character. There is an elastic contrivance which permits the instant unmuzzling of the dog in case of need. The muzzle then swings from the collar, ready to be replaced when the emergency has passed.

The education of the dog recruits is in the hands of the officers in charge of the night patrol, known as brigadiers-controleurs. It takes from three to six months to thoroughly acquaint a dog with his official duties.

During the first fifteen days the recruit is kept in the kennel, and his one lesson is obedience. All orders are given with military brevity.

The next step in the recruit's education is to teach him to honor only a uniform, and to treat all persons in civilian costume as suspicious and possibly dangerous characters. At nd time during his police career is he allowed to make the acquaintance of the ordinary public.

The brigadier-controleur, when acting as trainer, always dresses as a civilian. He will tease or irritate the dog, while a uniformed policeman will caress him and feed him bits of meat and other dainties of dogdom. It requires a deep and sympathetic knowledge of dog nature to know just how far to carry this process of irritation. A good dog can easily be spoiled by carrying it too far. But few mistakes of this kind are now made.

When the recruit has learned to trust only a police uniform, he is promoted to the class where thief-catching is taught. In the gardens at headquarters there are artistically arranged walls, water jumps, and other obstacles. This is the class room of the thief-catchers.

The brigadier-controleur, dressed in the hated garb of the civilian, appears in this garden, and goes through the pantomime of assaulting a uniformed policeman. Needless to say, it doesn't require much training to make the dog savagely attack the man who has assaulted his friend.

Also needless to say, the dog recruit wears his patrol muzzle during this seance with the brigadier-controleur. But the seance does not lack for strenuosity. The brigadier-controleur runs away from a policeman, the dog pupil follows, pounces upon him, and scores a knockdown. The brigadier-controleur slouches along with a suspicious-looking bundle; once more he is followed and attacked. He leaps into a ditch filled with deep water; he scales high walls; in short, he runs through the whole list of dodges employed by a criminal caught in the act. And the dog is taught, sometimes only after repeated experiments, to follow and capture.

The bend of the knee is the spot he is taught to attack when a man is fleeing from him. If, during his training, he jumps for the neck, a pull on the leash shows him his mistake. But when the brigadier-controleur feels the muzzle touch the back of his knee, he drops to the ground. By frequently repeating this operation a dog learns the object of the pursuit and how it may best be accomplished. After a time the leash is discarded, the dog responding instantly to its master's whistle.

When the recruit begins to show that he is picking up his various duties, the policeman to whom he is to be afterwards assigned comes to the kennel and leads him into the yard, where the policemen and veteran dogs are being assembled for patrol.

The dog police never leave the kennels in the daytime, except for a little exercise in the paddock. They go on duty at ten o'clock at night and are relieved at six in the morning.

When the bell sounds for night duty, the policemen will take out the partially trained recruit for a few hours' work with one of the veteran dogs. The hours are gradually increased, until, by the time the recruit is doing the full eight hours' patrol, he knows every nook and cranny of his beat.

When a policeman reaches his beat he releases his dog and gives the command, 'Cherche!' Then, while the policeman paces the sidewalk, his dog deputy darts off on an extensive scouting tour. He jumps fences, dives into yards, around outbuildings, pokes into doorways.

If he sees, hears or smells anything unusual or suspicious, he immediately raises the alarm by bark or growl. Each policeman carries a revolver, with twenty rounds of ball cartridges, a whistle, handcuffs, and a dark lantern. Each dog always stays within calling distance of his master, but on hearing the shrill whistle for assistance will rush to aid an officer on a neighboring beat.

A man who knows these dogs well said recently:

"Before its first year is over the dog is as admirably drilled as the smartest Prussian infantryman. It obeys the word of command without a moment's hesitation. It will leap a fence, swim a stream, or walk in front, behind, or at the side, according to its master's pleasure. It is hungry for work, pathetically anxious to help. Wagging its tail with excitement—which must always be suppressed while on duty—it is an amusing picture of impulsive zeal. Great is its delight and triumph when it makes an arrest.

'Naturally there is much intimacy and affection between the human and the animal police, comrades through the weary and dangerous night watch. The men may, and do, teach the dogs feats and accomplishments quite apart from those prescribed by the book of regulations for the chiens-policiers.'

Each dog policeman costs the city of Ghent a little more than five cents a day.

Ghent was the pioneer city in establishing a canine constabulary. Since then Antwerp, Mons, Bruges, Ostend and several lesser Belgian cities have permanently adopted it.

According to the friend of the dog police of Ghent, who has already been quoted, 'the German Minister of the Interior sent a police commissary into Belgium to investigate for himself the merits of the dog police. The report of this official as to the efficiency and economy was so striking that within three years a hundred and fifty German corporations had also installed dogs as auxiliary police, and were soon satisfied, as also were many cities of Austria, Hungary, and Italy, of the canine policeman's superb sense of duty, as well as his loyalty, vigilance, fidelity, and his indifference to bribes and salary alike.—New York Times.

King of Sleuths

New York, Sept. 27.—Robert A. Pinkerton, who with his brother, William A., directed the business of the Pinkerton Detective agency, and who died recently on board the steamship Bremen, on his way to Europe, was between 59 and 60 years old, a big, robust, heavy-shouldered man with a pleasant face and a very firm jaw. In his office he was as hard to approach as any bank president, but at the race track among his friends, Bob Pinkerton was known as a good fellow.

The story of Bob Pinkerton's life a story more fascinating to the workaday citizen than the highly colored but impossible yarns of the clever Frenchmen that have tried their hands at the mystery of detective work, goes back to the civil war when Bob, then 16 years old, was a mighty valuable member of the secret service organization that the old man—Allan Pinkerton—organized at the request of President Lincoln.

The first of the Pinkertons was banging away at barrels in a cooper shop in Elgin, Ill., when the sheriff of the county asked him to help catch a counterfeiter. They got the counterfeiter, and that started Allan Pinkerton in the business of corralling crooks. He went to work as a regular detective on the Chicago police force, made good and withdrew to start an agency of his own. The nucleus of the present famous agency was formed in a musty little office in La Salle street. His younger son, Bob, was with him throughout the war as a spy, running the Confederate lines and getting valuable news for Grant and his generals. Some of the feats performed by the father and son earned for them the thanks of President Lincoln.

After the war the Pinkerton Detective Watch became famous. Pinkerton detectives were everywhere, hunting for murderers, embezzlers and forgers, but old Allan Pinkerton and his two sons found that there were more profitable means of employing the men than as mere detectives. Their employees became watchmen for banks, agents for corporations, bodyguards of rich men who feared assassination and strike-breakers. Agencies were established in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Paul, Kansas City and Denver, and the system was such that 2,000 or more men could be concentrated swiftly at any point where their services were required.

Old Allan Pinkerton laid down three fundamental rules for the management of the business: first, that no case should be accepted on the basis of payment in the case of success, but that in all cases the charge should be at a per diem rate set and agreed upon; second, that no divorce case or cases having in any way to do with marital relations should be accepted by the agency, and, third, that every man employed by the agency should have a fixed salary and in no event should accept any reward or gratuity. Since the old man retired in 1884, the two sons have lived up to the rules and made the service an organization of greater scope than Allan Pinkerton had ever dreamed of.

Robert A. Pinkerton took charge of the New York office and William A. Pinkerton managed the Chicago headquarters. They understood human nature, the kind that is represented by the unorganized mob and senseless rabble. Legislation never frightened them, because they knew the corporations which depended on their services would fight their battles for them. One of the first principles of their business was absolute secrecy. News might leak from police headquarters, but seldom from the Pinkerton offices. Their army of men scattered all over the country was under military discipline, practically and responsible to none but Robert A. and William A. Pinkerton.

One of the biggest jobs that Bob Pinkerton ever handled was smashing the Homestead strike for Carnegie in 1892. The Pinkertons, armed with Winchesters, fought battles with the strikers, and men were killed on both sides. The part played by the Pinkertons was made the subject of inquiry by a committee of the United States senate in 1892, and Robert A. Pinkerton defended his men, asserting that up to that time they had been opposed to 125,000 strikers in all parts of the country in seventy strikes, had been assaulted, abused and shot at, and yet had killed only two persons in the whole time. After the Homestead strike desperate efforts were made to put the Pinkertons out of business. They got senators and representatives to fight for the extinction of the Pinkertons, but nothing came of it.

The great strike on the New York Central which is said to have cost the Vanderbilts about $2,000,000, was handled mainly by Robert A. Pinkerton. For a time there were conflicts between Pinkerton guards, strikers and citizens almost every day. On August 17, 1890, five persons were shot, one of them a woman.

There have been few strikes in the coal regions south and west where impromptu soldiers, directed by Bob Pinkerton, were not present. The famous strikes in the Hocking valley, at the Trick Standard mines in Pennsylvania, the Bayonne longshoremen's strike, the more recent coal strike and dozens of little strikes were handled by the "Pinks," commanded by the big, cool Bob Pinkerton.

Among the famous criminal cases that added to Bob Pinkerton's fame were the American Exchange bank robbery and the international forgery case, in which the Bidwell brothers, Austin and George, figured. The Bidwells, in the early '70s, swindled the Old Lady of Threadneedle street out of $2,500,000 and were nabbed by Bob Pinkerton. Edmund Sturgis Crawford, who stole $41,000 from the American Exchange bank in 1890, was captured by Bob Pinkerton after a 5,000 mile chase which ended in Honduras.

For thirty years or so Bob Pinkerton policed the big Eastern race-tracks and made them too hot for the discreet pickpocket and crook. Wall street for years was a centre of his activity. He was called upon to assign men to shadow suspected employees of big financial concerns and to protect the persons of nervous millionaires who had received threatening letters.

He was married in 1875 to Miss Anna E. Hughes in Austin, Ill., and is survived by her and three children, a son, Allan, and two daughters, Miss Mary Pinkerton and Mrs. Lewis Millis Gibbs. His home was at 71 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn, but the family are spending the summer at their country place at Bay Shore, L. I. Robert A. Pinkerton was said to be a very wealthy man, several times a millionaire.

Aging Minister

No better living example of the immateriality of advancing years could be found than in the Right Rev. C. Patter himself, as he was seen today. He was at work in his office on the edge of a beautiful area of green sward called the Cooper grounds, where an elaborate bronze Indian figure and a simple flat tombstone commemorate that wonderful romancist whose name the town bears.

From one window of Bishop Potter's work room lies a charming view of the dancing blue waters of Lake Otsego. From another may be seen the very rock cave where Natty dwelt in the day of romance.

Picturesque haunts of "Pathfinder" and "Leatherstocking" are here and there close at hand. But none of these engaged Bishop Potter just then. He had just dismissed his stenographer after an hour's rapid dictation, and was about to plunge into a mass of new personal correspondence.

He brushed aside his work for a time and stood up—a fine figure of a man, erect, clear-eyed, and tanned by the pleasant sun and wind of the Mohawk valley. It is hard for one to believe, even with the evidence of his gray hair, that Bishop Potter is himself approaching the biblically allotted span of years.

In regard to the question of the aging minister, Bishop Potter says:

"An unfortunate period arrives in the life of every minister of God. It may be likened to the obscuration of a planet. The brilliance with which he started his career is bedimmed. He appears to grow commonplace. He refutes himself, perhaps, in his discourses; his originality seems gone. There is a mere faint trace remaining of what was a bright light. His people, especially the younger people, are quick to realize that more stirring sermons are being preached by newer, fresher men. But they do not realize it any quicker—and this is the pathetic part—than does the aging minister himself."

Bishop Potter sighed as he called to mind, doubtless, pictures of sweet, gentle, silver-haired men who suffered in silence through their twilight years because they were behind the times.

"The obscuration of the pastor's light is only temporary, if he would but realize it. My advice to him and to his congregation is 'patience.' When the younger ones of his flock grow up to the sober business of life—when, instead of being children—they are the parents of children—they come to see the old pastor as he should be seen in the ideal relationship—a father to them all, combining the paternal with the pastoral.

"Nothing can be more beautiful than that sort of kinship between a pastor and his people. His light is then like a fixed star—certain, steady, unwavering."

Just that sort of light, with the added attributes of sympathy and hopefulness, shone in the good prelate's frank eyes as he pointed the way to a better state of affairs. It seemed doubly sad that Dr. Jewett, who fell under the burden, could not have heard his old friend's advice—"Let both pastor and people wait, and the clouds will pass."

"The body of the late Major Jinks was cremated." "What they goin' to do with it?" "His widow has him corked up in a fruit jar. Says it's the last of the family jars."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sir Thomas Esmonde on Irish Policy

At a recent meeting held at Enniscorthy, Ireland, in support of the Sinn Fein policy, the chairman read the following from Sir Thomas H. Grattan, Esmonde, M. P.:

Ballynastragh, 20th July, 1907.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for your invitation to your meeting at Enniscorthy. I am unable to accept it, but I will read the exposition of your policy with interest.

I think you stand for independence, for a virile assertion of Ireland's nationhood, for a broad-minded conception of the rights and duties of Irish patriotism, and with any body of Irishmen taking up such a position I have the greatest sympathy.

How far, however, my opinion coincides with yours I do not know. I will, therefore, be quite frank in my statement of my views.

I am convinced that parliamentary agitation, as now conducted, has spent its force, and that nothing more can be gained by it on its present lines.

Parliamentary agitation in the past has gained much for Ireland, and it is not for me to decry it, but there is nothing to be had from it under existing conditions.

For twenty years we have supported the English Liberal party. All we have obtained in that period—and we have obtained much—has been won from their opponents, whom we have persistently fought.

We have supported the English Liberals in the confident expectation that, when their day came, they would concede legislative and administrative autonomy to Ireland. Our hopes have been rudely disappointed.

The day of the English Liberal party came. They got into power—largely through our help—with an unprecedented majority. They sleep—we do nothing for us. Their day is already past. They are discredited in their own country.

For the failure towards Ireland they blame the English House of Lords. We are not concerned in their domestic difficulties; but it is permissable to point out that the English House of Lords could not prevent them from setting up responsible government in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State. Why, then, cannot they do the same in Ireland?

The present English Government are unable to establish a subordinate Legislature in Ireland either by Act of the English Parliament or by letters patent—and why? Because they know that the English House of Lords represents the feeling of the English people towards Ireland more truly than does the English House of Commons.

I do not believe that the English people will ever grant Home Rule; or anything like it, to Ireland, if they can help it. Why, then, degrade ourselves by begging for it? And why ask our people, who should be a proud and self-reliant people, to submit to the continuance of a policy of obsequious expectancy from the liberality of England?

Goodness knows, we have conceded enough to propitiate the benevolence of our English patrons! A statutory parliament! a legislature on the colonial model! These legislative makeshifts we have declared ourselves prepared to accept as a settlement of our national demand—we whose forefathers treated with England—"ard aequo!" And these have been contemptuously refused us.

What does the English Parliament offer us now in return for our concessions? The English Parliament offers us nothing, and the English people will support their Parliament in its refusal. As to this there can be no possibility of doubt.

Personally, I rejoice that this situation has arisen. It clears our minds of cant; and it will yet prove the saving of Ireland, if she will rise to the level of the occasion, as I am certain she will when she realizes the real facts of the situation and its possibilities.

I am as ready now as I was 22 years ago to use my best endeavors in the cause of Ireland a nation. But I am not prepared to act a part in which I do not believe. I am not prepared to further tolerate the dissipation in the quagmire of English party politics of the energies of Ireland—energies which as we are reminded by words that live, should be entirely braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

I have been a party, in a very minor capacity, to the acceptance of the Home Rule Bills proposed by former English governments. And I have been a party to supporting a present English administration during their long fight with the English Tories, and since they have been in power. But now my hands are free, and the hands also of everyone of my countrymen who is an Irishman first and a politician afterwards. We are back to our position of 1885, and I thank heaven for this relief.

I will be no party to any longer lowering of the national flag.

Some time since I read in the English "Times" that Ireland would eventually grow tired of asking for Home Rule, provided Home Rule was refused her long enough.

"The Times" was quite accurate for the nonce. Ireland—was tired of asking for Home Rule. Ireland—if she is wise will ask for Home Rule no longer.

Home Rule was a concession to England. The time for such concessions is over-past for us. We know our rights. Knowing them we should maintain them.

Our forefathers stood for their rights in 1782—in Ireland—and they won them. Their rights are our rights. They will never be admitted willingly by England. They will never be won in England. We have profited nothing by abating them. They will never be won until we take them—as of right—here in Ireland. And to husbanding the resources of the nation, to allaying her differences, to developing her strength, for this sole end and object, the partition and hatred of Irishmen should henceforth be devoted.

Ireland is no colony. She is no new creation of municipal fancy. Ireland is a sovereign nation, with a civilization more ancient than that of England, with parliamentary institutions far older than hers. Why, then, should we continue to beg with bated breath and whispering humbleness for a foreign legislature, from a foreign people for the restoration of our stolen liberties—liberties which come to us, not from England's parliament, but from Almighty God!

The miserable but inevitable failure of our old policy will be the making of Irish self-respect. We can inaugurate a new policy to suit our altered circumstances and in accord with the true instinct of Irish self-respect.

In my opinion our new policy should shape itself on the following lines:

First—The promotion of unity among Irishmen—not sham unity, not machined unity—but a real and strong and abiding unity, irrespective of creed, class or previous political association, among all Irishmen who believe in Ireland, who hope for Ireland, and who are anxious to serve Ireland according to the measure of their opportunity.

Second—The formation in Ireland and the direction from Ireland, free from the cinema of English opinion, and free from the machinations of English politicans, of Irish policy at home and abroad.

Third—The abandonment of the request for Home Rule, and the reversion to our historic and constitutional demand for the repeal of the Act of Union. Your truly,

T. H. GRATTAN ESMONDE,

To John Murphy, Esq., Enniscorthy.

A New Science

Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, has invented a remarkable appliance, which, he claims, will enable all the emotions of a subject to be recorded, and all the secrets of his heart revealed, says the Central News. Dr. Munsterberg, who fills the chair of psychology at the university, describes his invention as a truth-compelling apparatus.

The contrivance consists of three separate machines, an automantograph, a pneumograph and a sphygmograph. The first is attached to the arm, and makes a record with pencil on paper. These involuntary writings are expressions of the emotions conveyed through the arm. The pneumograph which is a more delicate instrument still, takes a record of the breathing. Every variation from normal breathing, due to emotional suggestion, is marked by the machine. Each expiration, in a word, writes its own history. The third machine, the sphygmograph, is fixed to the wrist to observe the pulse beats. It takes another record of the emotions of the heart. A scientist who has seen the machines calls them "Cure-liars," because by them can be daily recorded all secret thoughts, mental reservations and prevarications.

The professor has asked permission to try his invention on Harry Orchard, the informer in the Boise murder trial, who told a sensational story of murders and other outrages arranged by the miners society. The professor wishes to fix his machine on Orchard, and then get him to retell his tale.

Whether the great increase in cases of appendicitis is real and due to some factor of modern methods of feeding and living, or apparent only, and due to greater skill in diagnosis, still remains an interesting question for debate, says the Hospital. In a case of appendicitis operated upon by Mr. Battle, a concretion was found to contain a small irregular fragment of iron, and Mr. Battle suggests that minute particles of iron finding their way into the flour milled by fluted steel rollers may account for this increase in appendicitis. He points out that the greater prevalence of appendicitis was first heard of in the United States, and only later when so much of our flour came from over the seas, and when our own stone mills could no longer be worked at a profit, was there any apparent increase of the disease in this country. Moreover, in America the increase in appendicitis occurred first in the towns where rolled flour was first used, then it spread to the villages, and finally to the negroes, when flour became so cheap that it was more profitable to buy it than to grind the corn at home. Should further investigation support this theory, it would become a question of public importance that proper methods should be adopted to secure the elimination of all iron particles from the flour.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby has an article entitled "The New Treatment of Cancer," in the September issue of the Contemporary Review. "My present warrant for writing," he says, "depends mainly upon the work which has been done in America since the beginning of April, 1906, upon work done in Italy, and upon the recent researches of Prof. Von Leyden and his assistants at the German Cancer Institute in Berlin. A wholly unwarrantable risk is undertaken at the present time," adds Dr. Saleeby, "by anyone who attempts to dissuade a cancerous patient from operation such as the surgeon believes will cure. I am editorially responsible for the production of a book (Mr. C. P. Crilde's 'Control of a Scourge') in which this has lately been demonstrated, together with the magnificent results of a rare surgeon here and there. But the unbiassed study of other methods of treatment must be pursued so long as as there remains the appalling mass of misery and loss of life which no surgery can avert."

A preliminary report of the results of the pancreatic treatment of cancer by Dr. H. Meggitt appears almost simultaneously in the General Practitioner: "After nearly nine months of the pancreatic treatment of cancer, as recommended by Dr. Beard, I wish to present a brief preliminary report, which may prove of interest in the present conflict between home opinion on the one hand and that of the United States and Germany on the other," writes Dr. Meggitt. "It illustrates certain of the results which may be expected, and the precautions without which no good results of any kind can be obtained. I should like to express my thanks to Dr. Beard and Dr. Saleeby. I am greatly indebted to both these gentlemen: without fee they have always been at hand with advice and help. Dr. Saleeby has taken the greatest interest in the cases, and on an average given up his work to spend one morning every week to come round with me to see the patients."

Professor Victor Hallopeau, of the Paris Academy of Medicine, according to the Reader, declares that the best intellectual work can be accomplished between midnight and dawn.

"The scholar, the inventer, the financier, the literary creator, should be asleep every night at ten o'clock, to wake at, say, two in the morning. Three hours' work, from two to five, in the absolute tranquillity of the silent hours, should mean the revealing of new powers, new possibilities, a wealth of ideas undreamed of under the prevailing system.

"From five to eight or 8:30, sleep again. Take up again the day's work; the brain will still be saturated with the mental friuts of the night vigil; there will be no effort in putting into practice or carrying further what was planned or begun those few hours before. The habit may be hard to acquire, but mechanical means of waking will induce the predisposition."

The Spanish Navy

The reorganization of the Spanish navy, which, according to official lists, only comprises one battleship, two armored cruisers and six protected cruisers, besides five torpedo boat destroyers, some gunboats and torpedo boats, will not only consist in the building of a number of up-to-date warships, but will also include the extension and reconstruction of the naval ports, and the construction of new naval fortifications. When the naval ports have been duly extended and enlarged, it is proposed to build the large ships at Ferrol, the smaller in Cartagena, and Cadiz is to have a large arsenal, more especially as far as artillery is concerned. Each of the three ports in question is to have its own floating dock. The ports of Vigo Mahon, Ceuta and Melilla will be fortified, but it is not proposed to make them arsenals. As far as the new fleet is concerned, the plan is understood to comprise six battleships, of 16,000 tons each, 10 fast smaller cruisers and 12 torpelo boat destroyers. The ships first taken in hand will be three battleships and three torpedo boat destroyers, and the armament will, it is understood, be specially adapted for coast defense. The reorganization of the fleet, and the works connected with it will necessitate a state loan of 430,000,000 pesetas, which it is proposed to raise by an internal loan. The naval budget for next year will, according to the present plan, be increased from 35,000,000 pesetas to 50,000,000 pesetas. A considerable amount of trouble is anticipated in connection with the manning of the new fleet, and the English system of training is likely to be adopted.

Canning of Gold

Big shipments of gold from Fairbanks for the outside continue to arrive in the mail, says the Dawson News. Each lower river mail boat brings from a hundred thousand to a quarter million or more. The gold is all shipped in four pound packages. Each package, in fact, is a can of gold. The Fairbanks News writes of the gold canning industry as follows:

The first canning industry Alaska ever knew was the canning of salmon. The canning industry, that is the very latest in Alaska is the canning of gold dust. It seems strange that this should become an industry in Alaska at present, but such is a fact, especially so as far as the city of Fairbanks is concerned.

Pound cans are used for salmon. The cans in which the gold dust is put are four pounds.

The canned salmon is shipped any old place all over the globe; the gold in cans is shipped just one way and just one place. They are shipped by registered mail to Seattle, and in Seattle the contents are emptied and taken to the assay office.

The real story behind all of the canning of gold is the gold dust robbery that took place on the steamer Tanana a year ago. When the insurance companies were forced to make up the deficiency caused by the robbery they at once got busy with the guarantee clauses in order to find out the extent of their liability. The attorneys of the banking interests in Seattle examined the contracts on the back of shipping receipts, and asked the express company to modify the objectionable clause. This the express companies refused to do. The attorneys then advised that the gold be shipped by registered mail and that no more shipment be made by express. The wires on the matter were kept hot for a day or two, and in the end the local banking institutions commenced to melt their gold into bars that weighed just four pounds or more properly speaking, a fraction less so that these could be put into packages the total weight of which would be four pounds.

The First National bank was the first institution in this city to undertake to ship gold out this way. It continued the gold brick form some time and finally devised the scheme of putting the gold in tin cans. The idea was no sooner conceived than executed, and in a day or two Charles Weber the local tinner, found that he had work enough to keep him and an assistant busy in making cans of a certain dimension. He has kept busy ever since.

The next institution to follow was the Washington-Alaska bank, then the Fairbanks Banking company, so that all three are now using the mails.

The process from the very inception of how the gold is handled is about as follows: First, the prospector goes out, sinks the hole and finds the prospect. Next he gets the outfit takes out the pay, has his cleaning, comes to the city and deposits the dust in the bank. Then it is carefully weighed and the miner gets his money. In the bank a careful assay value test has been made of all the gold that has come into the country and the banker in Fairbanks can tell you the moment he sees dust where it is from.

The dust is carefully weighed again after it is assayed, and then is put in separate gold boxes. Then comes the mailing clerk of the bank, who carefully takes the gold, weighs out just enough so that the entire package of gold dust, tin box, sack, tags and all exactly weigh four pounds. He then seals the box and the package, puts on the package $1.36 in postage and turns it over to the registry clerk of the post office, who makes out for every individual package of four pounds a separate registry receipt. Later the clerk takes the package and puts it in a sealed envelope and encloses a red registry return card and a grey package return card. Next the package, which is now sealed, and no one is supposed to know of it other than that it is a sealed registered package, is entered in a bill-book for registry. Then the packages are placed in a sack. A registry bill is made out and placed in a sealed envelope. Then the sack is closed and a rotary lock is placed on the sack. This rotary lock is not opened until it reaches its destination. The bill on the inside of the sack shows the number, and the card that is sent in ordinary mail shows the number of the lock.