

CITY NEVER SLEEPS.

RESTLESSNESS OF CHICAGO IS PRODUCTIVE OF INSOMNIA.

Social Enjoyment Interfering with Necessary Restoration of Energies Through Sufficient Slumber.

Chicago does not get enough sleep. Men, women, and even children ought to spend more time in bed for their own health and for the good of the race. This is the opinion held by intelligent observers of the city's life and especially by physicians with a large general practice says the Chicago Tribune.

"Chicago practically never sleeps," said one doctor. "It's not as bad as New York or Paris, as far as its night activities are concerned, but it is certainly not a somnambulist. The constant stimulus to the nerves which life here creates first deprives people of a desire to sleep and then of the power to sleep. Hence the flight to the suburbs of families with growing children.

"Every social enjoyment is apparently ingeniously contrived to prevent the present generation from obtaining a due amount of rest. The after-dinner cup of coffee, the supper after the theater, the hot, crowded ballroom, with its ventilated air, the saloon open till one o'clock by the kind permission of the city council—here we have a series of causes of nervous stimulation and exhaustion not followed by sufficient sleep. A vicious 'endless chain' is thus started, and it's pretty hard to catch up with it. Exhaustion prevents refreshing sleep, and the lack of sleep increases the exhaustion. To end this wearing round men take a cocktail or tonic, many of which contain strychnine, which notoriously has an after-effect of irritability and indisposition to sleep. There's a whole lot of truth in that song which asks: 'Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make?' The loss of a few hours of 'beauty sleep' is something that is as hard to make up as a shortage in the stock market.

"A well-known lawyer came to me the other day to find out what was the matter with his nervous system. While I was writing out a prescription he fell asleep in his chair. This at once gave me a clue to the real nature of his case. It was not drugs he needed. It was sleep. Thwarted and outraged nature was asserting herself. Since then I have seen many cases where the real cause of mischief was simply an insufficiency of sleep. The brain, with its multitude of delicate tentacles radiating through the tangle of gray matter, is the most easily fatigued portion of the body and the one upon which Chicagoans have the least mercy. Lawyers and merchants here work from eight o'clock in the morning till late at night. Can we wonder that the brain at last ceases to do its work satisfactorily and suspends diplomatic relations with its neighbors while it strikes for an eight-hour day and a decent period of rest? Remove the constant irritation we subject it to and see how speedily it recovers. The air of California or Florida is a good restorative, but country quiet is a far better one.

"Look at the way our college athletes sleep and look at the magnificent condition they are in at the end of the season. Even the cruel bruises of football fade away from their sleep-charged bodies with a rapidity that is astounding. I've seen black and blue marks disappear in two days which would last an ordinary man weeks.

"The training quarters of a university boat crew always remind me of a creche with its rows of pink giants sleeping in little white beds. That's the condition that prevails here at eight o'clock every night. I saw a man yesterday who pulled in the Yale eight of 1896 and the deterioration in his physical condition was something appalling. He'd make a good coxswain now, he's so small and light. He told me that he was too busy to get much sleep these days, but the information was unnecessary. His looks told the story."

Courtship Training School.

The training school in courtship, which is one of the institutions in the Salvation Army, has no counterpart in any other organization in the world. Indeed, it is so far removed from the ordinary that it is entitled to be described with that much abused and misused adjective "unique." There are three training schools in this country—New York, Chicago and San Francisco—and love-making is conducted by rule and regulation. Courtship is carried on in accordance with prescribed discipline. No barred windows and tinkling guitars, as in Spain, for Salvation Army lovers. No clandestine meetings, and no rope ladders, with fleet horses waiting at the lower rung, while Romeo carries his Juliet from her prison bedchamber. All the courtship is done in public—that is to say in the presence of other members of the army. Strangely enough, the girls appear to like these extraordinary rules.

RESCUE IN THE ANTARCTIC.

Dramatic Meeting of Noted Explorers Among the Icy Hills of the South Polar Circle.

As dramatic as the famous meeting of Dr. Naansen and Mr. Jackson on the ice of Franz-Josef Land in the summer of 1896 was that of Capt. Larsen, of the Swedish steamer Antarctic, Dr. Otto Nordenskjold, the Swedish explorer, and Capt. Irizar, of the Argentine gunboat Uruguay, among the icy hills of Louis-Philippe Land last November. The Nordenskjold vessel Antarctic, which left Sweden in October, 1901, and had taken on board a lieutenant of the Argentine navy at Buenos Ayres, had landed Dr. Nordenskjold and his party at Snow Hill, Louis-Philippe Land, in January, 1902, with provisions for two years. The steamer had then gone to the vicinity of Falkland islands for an extended cruise.

According to the plan agreed upon, says Youth's Companion, the Antarctic was to return for the exploring party in January, 1903. On the fourth of that month, however, while passing between two ice fields in Terror bay, it was suddenly nipped and held fast. A hole was made in the quarter, through which water poured in a torrent. The steam pumps were started, and for more than a month kept the vessel clear of water while she lay in the ice. Meanwhile all on board were ready to abandon ship.

At last, on February 12, she went clear of the ice and headed for land, but began to fill quickly. Capt. Larsen ran her against an ice-field, and landed the men and stores just before the steamer sank. The party succeeded in reaching Paulet island, where the crew wintered with great hardships. One sailor died. Meanwhile, when the rescuers failed to arrive, Dr. Nordenskjold wintered on Louis-Philippe Land, only 60 miles away.

When the summer of 1903 went by without a word from the explorer, the Swedish government took alarm and fitted out a relief expedition. Before it could sail, however, the energetic Argentine Republic had commissioned Capt. Irizar, of the gunboat Uruguay, to sail at once for the south sea and find Dr. Nordenskjold. Accordingly, early in November—the opening of spring in those latitudes—Capt. Irizar landed on Louis-Philippe Land, and had the good fortune in the course of a short walk to meet two of Dr. Nordenskjold's men who were hunting for penguins for food.

Quickly they led him over the ice mounds to the camp where Dr. Nordenskjold and the others were. They had hardly exchanged greetings, and the leader was just saying that the Antarctic had not been seen, when over a hill on the other side came Capt. Larsen, the Argentine lieutenant, and five of his sailors, who crossed on the ice from Paulet island, seeking their leader or some rescuer.

The reunion was as joyous as it was dramatic. The Argentine lieutenant, bareheaded, roughly clad, unshorn, hailed as an old comrade and superior commander of the Uruguay, and was delighted that the rescue should have been achieved by his own government. The relief of each party on learning that the others had come through almost unharmed may be imagined. Two days later the rest of the sailors were taken on board the Uruguay from Paulet island, and soon from Southern South America news of their safety was flashed to the world.

Besides valuable meteorological and magnetic records, and notes and maps of canoe and inland explorations of the borders of Louis-Philippe and Oscar Second Lands, Dr. Nordenskjold brings back fossils which show that those now frigid regions were once possessed of a beautiful and bounteous vegetation.

SPARTAN JAPANESE WOMEN.

Send Their Husbands, Sons, Brothers and Sweethearts to War with Smiling Faces.

The letters sent by the war correspondents from Tokio are full of praise of the Spartan courage and resolution shown by Japanese women at the present crisis of their country's fortunes, says the Washington Star. They send their husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts to the front with a smile upon their lips; they tell them to be proud of the chance to die for the mikado, they tell them that they must think only of their duty, and not of the girls they leave behind them.

THE VALUE OF A BLUFF.

An Illustration of the Utility of a "Line of Sassy Talk" When Occasion Arises.

"That's my seat you've got there and I'll trouble you to get out of it," said the big beiligerent-looking man to the meek and undersized passenger on the suburban train, relates the Chicago Daily News.

"I beg your pardon," said the meek man, preparing to rise. "I wasn't aware that it was your seat."

"You knew it was somebody's seat. I left my papers on it to hold it."

"I assure you I didn't understand that the papers had been placed there for that purpose."

"You ought to have understood, then. A man can't get up for a moment and walk down the car for a drink of water without some little slip jumping in and grabbing his seat! You can't run over me."

"I don't want to run over you. I'd just as soon take another seat."

"That's lucky," growled the big man. "If you hadn't I'd have fixed it for you."

The meek passenger, having gathered his packages in his arms, moved across the aisle to the sunny side of the car. The big man seated himself heavily but continued to snort indignantly at the trespasser.

SOME FADS OF THE SEASON.

Feminine Fancies That Crop Out in the Costumes of Up-to-Date Dressers.

One of the pretty fads of fashion is the flat choux of ribbon with a porte buckle in the middle of it, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Another fad is the windmill bow, with a fancy rhinestone button sewed in the middle.

Still another fancy is a metal button, with a little frill of lace set around it. And there is also a ribbon choux which has wings like butterfly wings, with a long, slender pin fastened in the middle to represent the body of the butterfly.

The covering of button molds may make a very fascinating and wholly useful pastime for the woman who is ingenious. Button molds are covered with Japanese silk and are then touched up with water colors. Water color designs are seen upon many of them to make the colors more vivid.

Button molds are covered with velvet and these are set in the center of lace knots with lace tabs hanging from the lace knot. And there are molds that are covered with bright silk, with lace sewed over the silk.

Lovely ornaments are to be worn this spring, made of cotton. There are hanging balls and cotton loopings and all sorts of cotton braids. These braids are put on by hand in the old-fashioned way, in little twirls, just as one braided one's gowns years ago. The narrow white and colored braids are used and the designs are distributed over skirt panels, over yokes and over the caps and the cuffs and sleeves.

As this is a season of ornaments one must not forget the little rosettes of lawn and of linen which are so plentifully used to trim the summer dresses. These are made of long strips of linen, doubled and shirred. The string is pulled up with a rosette is formed. Every woman knows how to make these rosettes. They are used in place of ribbon choux for trimming wash dresses. They are placed upon the cuffs upon the belt, the stock and upon the yoke.

The size varies from the button rosette for the stock to the rosette as big as a saucer, which is placed upon the side breadth of the skirt. This is vastly cheaper and much more durable than ribbon.

BLIGHTING SUNSHINE

THAT OF CALIFORNIA HARD ON THE SKIN AND EYES.

Woman Who Knows Says It Ruins the Sight, Destroys the Hair and Is Painfully Mootonous.

In southern California there are three kinds of "specialists" who flourish and wax fat in riches. They are the eye specialist, the hair specialist and the skin specialist. And they prosper all on account of the California sun.

Ask a Californian why he takes California and he will tell you because of the "glorious climate." If you say you do not like the climate, he says you do not like why Paradise is not good enough for you. It having been considered enough for Father Adam and Mother Eve.

If you are a woman with any sense of proper pride in your appearance, you will reply that the "glorious" climate is bad for the hair, the skin and the eyes, and that, therefore, you prefer a less "glorious" one.

For be it understood that southern California is the land of women grown old and ugly before their time—20 or 25 years before it, too, and a climate that makes women do that has either something lacking or too much of something in it. This is the land where one's hair falls out, where one's skin gets dry and wrinkled, and where one's eyesight grows dim with eyes blinking and winking and squinting all the live-long day!

It is all on account of the sunshine. I never would have believed until I had spent some weeks in California that the time would come when I would truly say that I disliked the sun and longed for a genuine London fog, waits a writer in the Washington Post. I have now, however, arrived at that state of mind. What would I not give for a nice black fog! Oh, the restfulness—aye, even the beauty of it!

At first when I came to California and began to complain of the "glare" old Californians told me I would have to wear a pair of dark green or brown goggles. Then I began to notice that more than half the inhabitants of this town seemed to wear spectacles. The colored glasses I found worn by these who had just arrived and the other kind of regular spectacles, held on by bow or nose-punchers, were worn by those who had lived here for years and had their sight ruined by the California sun.

At first people put on the colored things in order to tone down the too bright and glaring light, and after that they just took to wearing spectacles as a matter of course. Californians will admit that "it is bad for the eyes."

NAPOLEON CODE CENTENARY

Hundredth Anniversary of an Event Worthy of Celebration Accredited by French.

Voltaire used to say that a traveler in France had to change laws as often as he changed horses. Every district had different laws, and out of the variety their great confusion in the administration of justice. When Napoleon became consul he appointed a commission to codify the laws, and on March 21, 1804, about two months before he assumed the title of emperor he promulgated the first part of the code which has since been known by his name. The codification of all the French laws, civil and criminal, was not completed until six years later, says Youth's Companion.

This code, with various modifications, is still in force in France and in that part of continental Europe which Napoleon controlled at one time or another. Its provisions, relating both to civil and to criminal procedure, differ in many respects from the practices of the British and Americans. The difference is especially notable in its treatment of those who are accused of crime.

As every one knows, it is one of the maxims of English law that one who is accused is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. He may not be forced to testify against himself until a few years ago he was not even permitted to testify in his own defense—and he may not be convicted save on the testimony of two witnesses or on his own voluntary confession.

In France, on the contrary, the person accused is compelled to be a witness. There is a presumption neither of innocence nor of guilt. The prisoner at the bar may be backed and tracked into a confession. He may be contradicted by his self-contradictions. But at the same time, if he is innocent he has a fair opportunity to explain facts that seem to lead against him. He is not prevented from telling the whole story as accused persons in England and this country sometimes are, and he is not convicted unless he is proved to be guilty.

It is natural for those who have been trained to the principles of the English system of criminal law to regard the French system as cruel and to suppose that it is a less efficient method of dealing out justice, which includes clearing the innocent as well as punishing the guilty. Close students of the two systems are not so positive on this point.

The fact that the French method prevails in the largest part of the continent of Europe, the inhabitants of which are neither cruel nor unobservant of the merits of their system, may well lead to the conclusion that although their system is not ours it may nevertheless be a good system.

The code is Napoleon's most enduring monument. Its hundredth anniversary was an event worthy of the celebration which the French organized in honor.

MAP CARVED OUT OF WOOD.

Interesting Handiwork of Oklahoma Man to Be Exhibited at St. Louis World's Fair.

Secretary Edward Marchant of the Oklahoma Territory, Oklahoma, has had a map of the Oklahoma Territory carved out of a block of wood. The handiwork of S. O. Moreau of Shawnee.