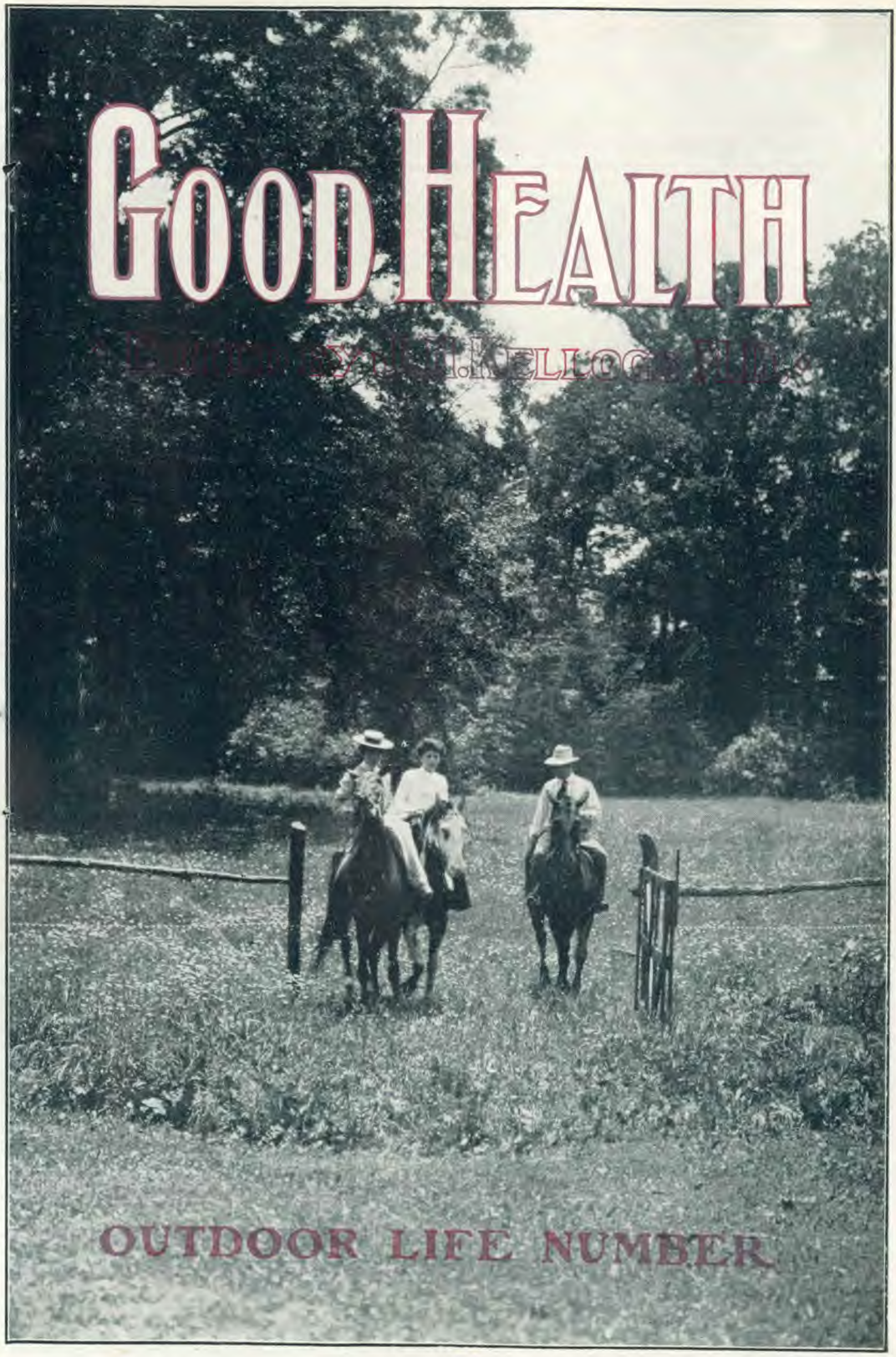
GOOD HEALTH



OUTDOOR LIFE NUMBER

For the Children's Sake

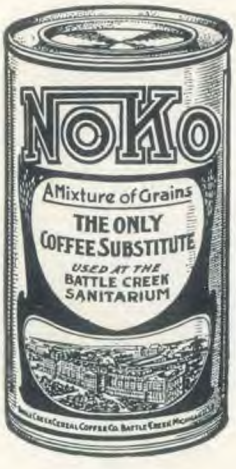
Is it fair to your children to give them the expectation of some day having coffee with their meals? When they see you drink it, they look forward to the day when they will have it.

You know it will hurt them—as you know it *harms* you now.

Why not, for the children's sake, cut coffee from the daily bill of fare and place there instead the delicious new food-beverage.

NOKO

The REAL Substitute for Coffee



Noko is a three-meal drink for those who *think*. It is the climax of 30 years of research on the part of the Battle Creek Sanitarium Food Experts for a healthful beverage to take the place of tea and coffee.

It is the *only* coffee substitute used in the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

The "Thirty-Day Book" contains a remarkable offer to coffee drinkers. It can be had free from your grocer or from us.

Read The Thirty-Day Book for Coffee Drinkers

THE BATTLE CREEK CEREAL COFFEE CO.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

How to Sell Goods

—How to ginger up a sales force.
—How to drum business in dull seasons.
—How to route, handle and check salesmen.
—How to train, develop and coach a sales force.
—How to secure and organize salesmen and agents.
—How to m et objections and how to be a good "closer."
—How to work the "big stick" plan of selling goods to retailers.
—How to handle wholesalers and retailers to the best advantage.
—How to judge a good salesman—how to hire and how to be one.
—How to analyze your proposition and pick out its selling points.
—How to make the consumer influence dealers to buy your goods.
—How to get out of the ranks of the "clerks" and become a salesman.

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—How to trap a lying salesman.
—How to close big transactions.
—How to prevent extravagant purchasing.
—How to handle men and make quick decisions.
—How to know to a nicety what stock is on hand.
—How to avoid penny-wise pound-foolish purchases.
—How to play one salesman against another and take advantage of every opportunity to get a lower price.
—How to devise a simple system which will bring to your notice automatically, all data, prices, etc., about a given article.
—How to formulate a complete purchasing and record system for a mail-order house, a factory or a retail, wholesale, or department store.

And other priceless pointers on purchasing, beyond description, that every business man, employer or employe, ought to have constantly at his finger ends.

How to Collect Money

—How to judge credits.
—How to collect by mail.
—How to handle "touchy" debtors.
—How to be a good collector and how to hire one.
—How to organize a credit and collections department.
—How to weed out dishonest buyers from the safe risks.
—How to get quick, accurate, inside information about a customer's ability to pay.
—How to write smooth, diplomatic letters that bring in the money without giving offense.
—How to organize your own collection agency and force worthless debtors to pay without suing.
—How to devise a simple a d effective system of insuring prompt and periodical collections of all your accounts.
—And valuable information obtainable in no other way, for credit men, collectors, accountants, and every business man interested in this vital department.

Men have sweat blood and spent fortunes to learn these very business secrets which now you may read at your leasure and master at ease. The crystallized experience of practically the whole world of business is placed now, and for the first time at your instant disposal by the Business Man's Library, described below.

This library is, in reality, a complete correspondence course under the great Master Minds of Business. Six beautiful volumes, 1,263 pages, crammed full of ways of making money. Not theories or mere advice, but actual working business plans, which you can put into operation in your own work tomorrow morning.

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To the man in the private office, this six-volume, Morocco-bound Library is welcomed as a guide and constant advisor. To the man in charge of other men, either as employer or superintendent, it offers practical, working, business methods, tried and proven, which he might never have the opportunity to find out himself. And to the worker—the man who has hopes above his present position—it shows the short road to better days—better salary—more power—eventual success.

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SYSTEM has 300,000 regular readers. It has helped many of them to better salaries, bigger profits, that would have been impossible, undreamed of, without SYSTEM.

Don't waste time and money and effort studying over business problems which other men have solved. Don't be content to plod and blunder along—to spoil opportunities and waste chances through business ignorance—when practical help, such as this superb Business Man's Library, is yours for only six cents a day.

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> "I don't care how smart or bright or clever a man is he can learn a great deal from these six books. I will never part with my set." —TOM MURRAY
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—How to keep track of stock.
—How to train and test employes.
—How to hire and direct employes.
—How to figure and charge estimates.
—How to check deliveries and mistakes.
—How to detect and eliminate needless items of expense.
—How to get the most out of those under and around you.
—How to size up the money making possibilities of new ventures.
—How to get up blanks, forms, records and simple systems for all kinds of businesses.
—How to devise a perpetual inventory system that will tell you every day the value of material on hand.
—How to turn a losing business into a profitable one—how to make a profitable business more profitable.

And countless other things, including charts, tabulations, diagrams, plans and forms that every man in an executive position needs in his daily work.

How to Get Money by Mail

—How to write ads.
—How to begin a letter.
—How to turn inquiries into orders.
—How to get your reader to ACT.
—How to formulate a convincing argument.
—How to write trade winning business letters.
—How to cover territory salesmen can't reach.
—How to key ads., circulars and all mail sales.
—How to prepare an enclosure for a business getting letter.
—How to keep complete information about mail customers at your finger tips.
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—How to keep close watch on material and supplies.
—How to apportion the right number of employes to a specific job.
—How to decide between piece-work, day wages and bonus systems.
—How to ke[illegible] tab on the productive value of e[illegible]hine and employe.
—How to fi[illegible]den, indirect [illegible] loss and [illegible]
—How to [illegible] details [illegible] losse[illegible]

And [illegible] less [illegible] of bu[illegible] syst[illegible] suc[illegible]

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Conducted in harmony with the methods
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Between Ourselves

A Chat with the Editors and Managers of GOOD HEALTH

Another thirty days has rolled by, and we find ourselves again in the month of roses. The summer is about to begin, and magazines generally are preparing to fold their arms and gaze complacently out of the windows, for summer is a dull time.

One Jerome K. Jerome, sometime humorist, struck the nail squarely on the head when he remarked: "People read now-a-days to keep from thinking." And so it is when the apple trees begin to lose their blossoms, the prices for short stories are high, and the writers of applied philosophy and such are planning their summer vacations.

But with GOOD HEALTH the summer season means more in a great many ways than any other portion of the year. These are the months, indeed, in which people come closer to the ideal, so far as right living is concerned, than at any other time. Their doors and windows are wide open, their clothing is lighter and freer, their food is simpler, and their diet more rational. They get into the parks, the meadows, the woods, and in these few months, at least, they know a little of what outdoor life means.

Some one from the South has remarked about the people of the North, that they *live* only in the summer time—that in the winter they merely *exist*. And in a large measure with a great many people—perhaps it might be said with the great majority of people— it's true.

Is it any wonder, then, that in the summer months GOOD HEALTH comes in closer touch with the people, and the people come closer to GOOD HEALTH?

Thus it is that especial pains are taken in making GOOD HEALTH for June, The Outdoor Life Number for 1907, the most attractive issue, in a great many ways, of the entire year. We believe you will say, after looking through this number, that you have not seen a better GOOD HEALTH. From one cover to the other it has been the endeavor of the editors to fill it with the most valuable material that could be obtained.

The May number, too, was a complete success throughout. The entire edition was exhausted before the end of the month, although the printing order had been considerably increased over that for April. And this month, again, it is necessary to print about fifteen per cent more magazines than were published in May.

The editors of GOOD HEALTH are extremely desirous of obtaining good pictures this summer, illustrating the improvement of conditions as affect health. Such pictures are not so easily obtained as one may be inclined to think, and it will be considered a distinct favor on the part of any one supplying material along this line suitable for publication. The object, of course, is to show what can be done in the removal of unsightly and unhealthful features, and thus lend an incentive for such efforts on the part of others.

Owing to the press of other matter peculiarly adapted for the Outdoor Life Number, the instalment of George Wharton James' Simple Life Biographies was omitted from this issue. This excellent series will be continued next month, however, with a sketch of the life of Richard Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," the great book which brought the phrase into such general usage.

On the twenty-first of May, the editor of GOOD HEALTH and his companions were expected to sail on their return from a visit of several weeks to medical and scientific centers of Europe. While abroad Dr. Kellogg has been giving a great deal of attention to gathering suitable material for GOOD HEALTH from fresh sources, and as a result a steady diet of good things may be expected in the numbers to come.

COPYRIGHT NOTICE.—Through a regrettable error, the picture entitled "Fast Friends," used as the frontispiece in our May issue, was not credited to the photographers who made it. This splendid illustration was from a stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York, and was copyrighted by this well-known firm.

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WE SHIP ON APPROVAL *without a cent deposit*, **Pay the Freight** and allow **10 Days Free Trial** and make other liberal terms which no other house in the world will do. You will learn everything and get much valuable information by simply writing us a postal.

We need a ***Rider Agent*** in every town and can offer an opportunity to make money to suitable young men who apply at once.

$8.50 PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES ONLY $4.80 PER PAIR

Regular Price $8.50 per pair. ***To Introduce We Will Sell You a Sample Pair for Only*** **$4.80**

NAILS, TACKS OR GLASS WON'T LET OUT THE AIR

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NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES.

Result of 15 years experience in tire making. **No danger from THORNS, CACTUS, PINS, NAILS, TACKS or GLASS.** Serious punctures, like intentional knife cuts, can be vulcanized like any other tire.

Two Hundred Thousand pairs now in actual use. Over Seventy-five Thousand pairs sold last year.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. That "Holding Back" sensation commonly felt when riding on asphalt or soft roads is overcome by the patent "Basket Weave" tread which prevents all air from being squeezed out between the tire and the road thus overcoming all suction. The regular price of these tires is $8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C.O.D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a **cash discount** of 5 per cent (thereby making the price **$4.55** per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump and two Sampson metal puncture closers on full paid orders (these metal puncture closers to be used in case of intentional knife cuts or heavy gashes). Tires to be returned at **OUR** expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination.

We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. Ask your Postmaster, Banker, Express or Freight Agent or the Editor of this paper about us. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a small trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

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DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it **NOW.**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. L 105 CHICAGO, ILL.

CONTENTS

JUNE, 1907

Entered at the Postoffice at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter, by the Good Health Publishing Co.

The Nearest Thing to Mothers' Milk

Lacnut, the new food for infants, more nearly approaches the nutritive elements in mothers' milk than any other food. It is a complete, well-proportioned food, abounding in body and brain building properties. Years of time and many thousands of dollars have been expended in the development of this product of Battle Creek food experts. A liberal supply will be sent to any mother with the distinct understanding that if the child does not gain, the purchase price will be returned.

We Want Every Mother to Read This Book:

"Our Children: Their Care and Feeding"

This ninety-page book was written by authorities on the care of children. It contains much scientific information on the hygienic requirements in food and clothing. It was prepared with the intention of placing it on sale, but we have decided to send it FREE to any mother who is anxious to know what to do to develop sturdy childhood.

Among the subjects treated are: What the Mother Should Do During Pregnancy, The First Days of the Baby, The Baby's Bath, Short Coating the Baby, The Nursery, Giving the Right Trend to Physical Development, The Care of Convalescent Children, Food, etc.

Any mother seeking the information contained in this book would gladly pay the price we intended to send it for, but to obtain a wider circulation, we will send it free to all mothers who have children from one day to three years old or to a prospective mother. To others a charge of 25 cents will be made. Address:

LACNUT FOOD COMPANY,

Battle Creek, Michigan,

U. S. A.

COUPON

Please send, without expense to me, your book, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

Name_____

Address_____

My baby's name is_____ Age____

For

Every Man that Earns a Dollar
Every Man that Spends a Dollar

The vital public questions about which every wide-awake man is now thinking will be threshed out in *The Reader Magazine* by the two men—President Roosevelt excepted—who have, to the greatest degree, the confidence of the rank and file of their parties.

¶ These brilliant papers are of tremendous importance. They will continue for a full year and will discuss every important question now before the people, including The Trusts, Labor, The Tariff, Railroad Regulation, Imperialism, Swollen Fortunes. They are straightforward and complete. They indicate evils and offer remedies. Every reader will gain from them a clear understanding of the things he must help decide.

What the Whole Country is Saying:

The announcement of these debates swept over the country like wild-fire. The declaration was received everywhere with an interest so intense as to be phenomenal. The great newspapers of the Nation have announced it in column after column of despatches and editorial comment.

Washington Herald:
Because of the prominence of the debaters, these notable articles will play an important part in shaping issues for the coming presidential campaign.

San Antonio Express:
Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is quoted as saying that unless Senator Beveridge out-argues Mr. Bryan in the magazine discussion, Mr. Bryan will be elected to the presidency.

Philadelphia Press:
One of these brilliant men has twice been a candidate for the presidency. His able handling of these big questions in these debates will place the other in the list of Republicans available for 1908.

Chicago Evening Post:
Each of these statesmen speaks with the authority of one of the great political parties. These articles are of direct and vital importance to the whole country.

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	$4.00		

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Send us your order AT ONCE and get the March *Reader* containing the debate on The Nation vs. State's Rights.

ONE OF THE BREATHING SPOTS OF A LARGE CITY

GOOD HEALTH
HOME-HEALTH MAGAZINE
Vol. XLII JUNE, 1907 No. 6

Tainted Air

By David Paulson, M. D.

The last few years have witnessed an enthusiastic agitation against the use of "tainted" money, and the national conscience has been vigorously aroused in reference to the use of tainted foods. The time has now arrived for a much more earnest and energetic crusade against the use of tainted air; for, where poisonous foods have slain their thousands, tainted bedroom climate has slain its tens of thousands.

The man who is sixty years old has spent twenty of those years in his bedroom. If his mind has been saturated with the old-time delusion that night air is dangerous, he has probably proceeded to make it a hundredfold more dangerous by breathing over and over again the poisons that have been thrown off from human lungs.

Those who sleep in stuffy bedrooms, inhaling air that is so thick that one could almost cleave it with a sword, and who awake feeling as if they had been reciting mental arithmetic all night,—if they would only mend their ways and breathe the air as pure as God made it, they would awake feeling as refreshed as one does after enjoying a delightful sleighride, and they would begin each new day feeling that life is a song.

I have frequently been in the bedrooms of even the well-to-do where the paint line on the windows had never been broken since the house was painted. Such people nearly always suffer with colds, influenza, or more serious disorders, for their lack of vitality makes it an easy matter for even the ordinary microbes to waylay them.

Lieutenant Peary, living outdoors night and day, exposed to the fierceness of an Arctic winter, retained his health, but as soon as he returned to Washington and lived indoors a few days and nights, he contracted a terrible cold.

The members of Nansen's Arctic exploration party had a similar experience.

Investigators in the University of Wisconsin found pneumonia germs in the throats of nearly all those who lived indoors during the winter, while none were found in those who lived almost exclusively outdoors.

In the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City for two years past they have made it a practice to place their pneumonia patients in beds arranged upon the roof. Constant fresh air and proper nourishment were practically all the treatment they received. A series of fifty of these patients made splendid recoveries without receiving a single drop of medicine, while nearly one-half of the pneu-

monia patients in the Philadelphia Hospital died last year under the usual medical treatment.

Several years ago one of the New York insane asylums began placing its consumptive insane patients outdoors in tents. The surprising result was that the majority of them not only recovered from tuberculosis, but also made astonishing improvement in their mental condition, and not a single case of pneumonia developed in this large outdoor colony, while there were one hundred and thirty cases among those who remained in the hospital during the same length of time.

That the outdoor life endows the blood with healing powers is well proved by the results obtained at the Sea Breeze Hospital at Coney Island, whither a large number of sick children are sent from New York hospitals. These children are suffering with tubercular joints, horrible tubercular abscesses, and similar disorders. Breathing the fresh sea air, playing in the sand, eating wholesome food, and sleeping out-of-doors, they make the most marvelous recoveries. The same kind of blood that can heal such conditions can heal a diseased stomach, a disordered liver, or a wretched nervous system.

But the best time of all to utilize the benefits of the out-of-door life is *before* we have any of these diseases. Elbert Hubbard has arranged for half of his workers to sleep in out-of-door veranda bedrooms. He says that the "sleep-outs" do twenty-five per cent more work, and that they are twenty-five per cent better natured that the "sleep-ins."

A good way to keep ahead of the microbes, which, like the poor, we always have with us, is to take full, deep breaths a dozen times a day, while the chest is held well erect.

During the summer time do most of your kitchen work out-of-doors under the shade trees or under some canvas covering. Set your dinner table out on the veranda. Covet every opportunity to get out-of-doors. Never mind if your neighbors think you are foolish because you are endeavoring to live out the full measure of your days while they are cutting theirs short by their folly.

If some of your ancestors died of consumption, by rights you ought to die of the same disease. But instead, determine that you will not claim your inheritance. Bear in mind that no set of selfish men have a corner on the oxygen market. Economize your money as much as you like, but be extravagant in the use of fresh air, and that includes learning how to breathe properly. If you take a genuine full breath only once or twice in a week, the microbes will probably hold a council of war in the air-cells of your lungs and decide to stake out a claim; and do not forget that possession is nine points in law.

Are you looking through such a hazy fog that life seems hardly worth the living? Breathe more fresh air and you will soon wish that somebody had given you that advice a long time ago. But some will ask, "Do you advise us all to live outdoors?" No, not exactly; although that is where God originally placed man, and it would have been better for his health if he had remained there. If it is not convenient for you to live outdoors, move more of outdoors *indoors.*

IF YOU CAN NOT OPEN YOUR BEDROOM WINDOWS, SMASH THEM. Postpone your own funeral a number of years by having, if necessary, another window put into your bedroom, and do not forget to *leave it open* at night.

The Gladness of Nature

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping water and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—*Bryant.*

FARMING PURSUITS FOR WOMEN

Figures Show that Outdoor Employment is Claiming More of the Gentler Sex Each Year—Good Wages and Better Health the Prize

BY EMMA WINNER ROGERS, B. L.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once said that after a long life of business and political activity he esteemed the study and practice of agriculture the most useful, the most independent, and therefore the noblest, of employments. To-day we are coming to be wise enough to appreciate the truth of his words. Before the Civil War, agriculture was the occupation of most of our people, but with the growth of tariff—fostered industries and the mad rush for sudden wealth — country life began to be despised, and the varied occupations of farming to be scorned as unfit for young people with brains. Cities and towns began to fill up with deserters from the farms and villages. Our growing industries drew an annual army of foreigners to the cities and towns, and now whatever glory or good belongs to having vast populations crowded into cities, with the din, the smoke, the dirt of the modern city, its moral pitfalls and its high death and sick rate, we may lay claim to.

In the last ten years, a return to sanity has been apparent, and its most significant manifestation is the return to the country of many who might live in cities and towns. Nature's dominion over her children begins to reassert itself, and the moral and physical health of life and work in the country is more deeply recognized as the wear and tear of modern city life is seen and felt. Women are going into the country because here, in what the census calls agricultural pursuits, they find ample room in occupations where equal wages are paid for equal work, and good health and a living are assured to industry and a fair endowment of brains.

Agricultural pursuits offer peculiar advantages to women, and very quietly in the last few years intelligent women have taken up some one or more of these, until their numbers enrolled in the twelfth United States Census for 1900 mount up to 307,706 who have become farmers, planters, and overseers of farms; 2,860 who are gardeners, florists, and nurserymen; 1,588 who are stock-raisers, drovers, and herders; and 1,474 who are dairywomen and butter and cheese makers. In addition to this, about half a million people are employed as agricultural laborers. In the seven years since the census was taken, the number of women in these occupations has increased rapidly. The trend of women toward agricultural pursuits is indicated by the increase of women farmers, planters, and overseers from 57,000 in 1880 to 307,706 in 1900, twenty years later, or nearly six times as many.

Here, then, is a delightful and a wholesome field of labor open to women, for which the Almighty in the beginning endowed them, and to which he called them as helpmeets to man in subduing the earth. The blessed privilege of working with her hands has never been denied to woman, nor indeed of working with her brain if it does not interfere with Adam's prerogative and privi-

lege. Both brain and hand work are called for in agricultural pursuits, and to the trained mind and hand, no occupation offers a more delightful environment, or promises so much in health and content and reasonable prosperity. To make "two blades of grass grow where only one grew before" is a sane and profitable undertaking in harmony with the laws of God and the needs of men.

That there is much heavy work connected with agriculture in some, if not all, of its branches, seems to have been one of the obstacles held up to frighten would-be women-farmers from the field. This is practically no obstacle at all. The heavy work in a household is beyond the strength of all but a few of the most vigorous women. The average housekeeper does not think of moving the kitchen stove or the piano, or of shaking heavy carpets and rugs, or sawing the stovewood, or whitewashing the cellar. Nevertheless, she may be a highly successful housekeeper, simply relegating tasks beyond her strength to the people fitted to do them. So the plowing, the loading of hay, the cutting down of trees, and every task too heavy or unsuitable, may be given to employees to do. But there is a very mistaken notion that outdoor or farm and garden work is very much harder than indoor work. Pity is wasted on the women one sees bending over the potato or corn patch, or the strawberry bed. It is far more healthful work, happier, too, than making pies and keeping up the kitchen fire, ironing and scrubbing, which makes the eternal routine of many housewives.

Agricultural pursuits are especially suitable for women and girls, in the first place because they insure much outdoor life, which is favorable to robust health. The school rooms, the offices, the factories and shops, are crowded with girls and women living and working too often under conditions tending to sap their vitality and wreck their nervous systems. Bad ventilation, noise, long hours, contagion from incipient disease, eye and nerve strain,—all make the usual occupations of women very trying and often injurious to health and a menace to health of the next generation.

Another advantage of farming for women is that it may be a life-long occupation. Change of residence, marriage, the birth of children, need not shut them out of their chosen work if it be some agricultural pursuit. They can not move out of reach of the land, and whether it be Virginia or Dakota, Maine or New Mexico, good fertile acres, God's sunshine and rain, and the changing seasons will give the agriculturist an opportunity in any region. A right-minded husband would glory in a skilful farmer wife, whether she raised potatoes or violets, and would adjust his business, when possible, to the sharing of a country home. As for the children, it is their birthright to be born and reared in the country.

These and many other reasons have appealed to the intelligent women strongly, and account for their march countryward in the last few years. The wisdom of seeking training for agricultural pursuits, with a view to making them life-occupations, needs more to be set forth to the tens of thousands of girls preparing to crowd into the already overcrowded offices, shops, and factories in the cities, and into teaching positions. To turn their attention to happier, more healthful, and more profitable work in the country is very important.

The State Universities nearly all offer courses in agriculture in all its

branches, and certain other colleges do the same. This is generally at a cost within the means of thousands who now send their daughters to normal schools or business colleges. In connection with the State schools of agriculture, there are usually experimental stations or farms which provide a practical training-ground for the pupils. A number of schools of agriculture have been started in this country which provide training for pupils less advanced than those who may be admitted to the State Universities and colleges. And it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when in every county, facilities will be provided by the State for proper training of boys and girls in agricultural pursuits. Something of this kind is done in most European countries, and accounts for the success of intensive farming in these countries.

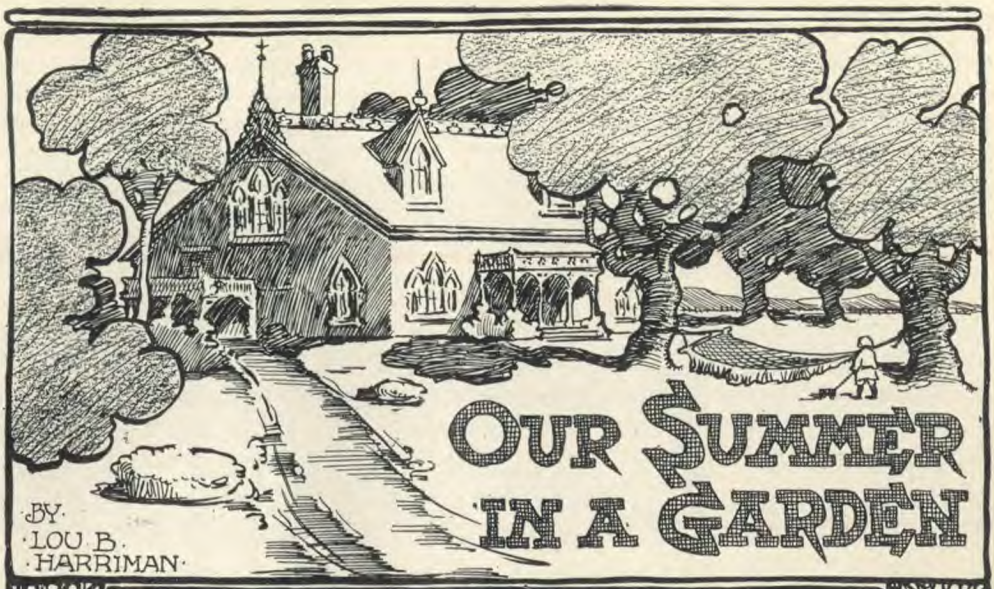
When regular school or college training is impossible for a girl, the next best method is to seek employment with a progressive farmer, and to piece out the practical knowledge by reading books and papers dealing with scientific agriculture. With the appalling scarcity of help on the farms, the intelligent and faithful services of a young woman to help care for the stock and chickens, for the orchards, gardens, and fields, would be welcome and well rewarded. Many farmers' daughters assist with the mowing and raking in harvest time, and can harness a team or milk a cow more quickly than the average farm hand.

The publications of the National Government and the States on agricultural subjects would provide a course of valuable reading, and recent literature deals with farming and gardening so attractively as to cast a romantic glamor over the fundamental occupation of humanity.

When practical work and sufficient reading have confirmed your choice of country life and work and given you a fair training in essentials of success, do not be afraid to rent or purchase a little place where you can work out success for yourself and make country life as rich and delightful as it should be,—a restored Eden.

Midway about the circle of the year
There is a single perfect day that lies
Supremely fair before our careless eyes;
After the spathes of floral bloom appear,
Before is found the first dead leaf and sere,
It comes, precursor of the autumn skies,
And crown of spring's endeavor. Till it dies
We do not dream the flawless day is here.
And thus as on the way of life we speed,
Mindful but of the joys we hope to see,
We never think, "These present hours exceed
All that have been or that shall ever be;"
Yet somewhere on our journey we shall stay
Backward to gaze on our midsummer day.

—*Andrew Bice Saxton.*



OUR SUMMER IN A GARDEN

BY
LOU B.
HARRIMAN

I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.
—*Tennyson.*

IT had been four years since Sidney had promised to "love, honor, and pay my grocery bills." They had been blissfully happy years,—years of sweet companionship and tenderest joy,—years without a shadow until that afternoon late in the winter when I came home and found him lying very limp and pale on the library lounge.

For weeks he had battled with insomnia and fought off the dizzy spells that meant threadbare nerves. I had watched the shadows deepen under the tired eyes, and knew, despite the fight he was making and his assurance that he would get rested as soon as "Barnes came back from Europe and the work lessened," that the end would come, and it would mean a long, long pull before strength would be fully restored.

That very morning he had crawled away, after kissing Buster and me good by, at a pace so different from his old elastic step that I had called after him to stop into the doctor's on his way down to the office, and had gone about all day with a shadow hanging over me.

And now it had fallen. I turned Buster and his Teddy bear over to Katy, and laid some very trembling fingers on the hot forehead, as I questioned him. It was as I had ex-

pected, and old Dr. Brown had predicted: A nervous breakdown, neurasthenia, he called it.

"Ridiculous," expostulated my very limp lord. "Nervous prostration for a man like me! Why, the fellows at the 'varsity would laugh if they heard their old quarter-back had gone to pieces after six years of work. Old Dr. Brown is getting 'dippy.' I'm a bit tired, that's all. Those auditorium plans have meant so much night work and I worried a good deal. But it's all over now; we've been awarded the contract and now I can begin to pick up. In a couple of weeks I'll be as strong as ever. Don't worry, girl." (I suppose he will call me "girl" when I am a white-haired grandmother.) "It isn't a breakdown, just—a—sort—of—" and the next minute he had fainted away.

When I followed Dr. Brown to the door that night, he told me I must be prepared to send Sidney away for at least six months. "Ocean voyage or a sanitarium and then let him take a good long cruise, anything to get him away from that deadly office work or he will kill himself."

For days Sidney was too weak to talk about it, but one evening, by the glow of the open fire, we talked it all over. Sidney was as loath to go away as I was to have him.

"It isn't absolute rest or quiet that I need, dear. I would go crazy hanging around all day with nothing to do but think. A change of work and less of it is nearer my idea of the right prescription."

Then the brilliant idea flashed over me that this was the heaven-sent time for us to begin our garden, a dream we had always cherished, but never in all our flat-encircled lives been able to fulfil. "I've got it," I cried. "Our garden, yours and mine. We will find a little place out in the suburbs. We will eat and sleep and live out-of-doors. It will be as good as a cruise and not nearly so expensive and we can all be together. If you are not strong enough to play Mr. Adam all the time, we will hire an undergardener to do the heavy work."

Sidney fell in with the plan at once, and we talked long hours over the location and desirability of the various suburbs. The next day we ordered a runabout (we had no carriage of our own then); bundled up small, fat Buster Brown in his warmest fuzzy coat and sat him, with his beloved Teddy, between us, and went out in search of our Eden.

It was the middle of March and the air was filled with caressing hints of spring. We were like children as we bowled along, growing enthusiastic over the sight of a flock of waxwings or the cheery note of a fat and pompous robin. Across the bare brown meadow there came the plaintive minor call of the meadow-lark for its mate. It had been years since I had heard one, and it sent a great longing surging through me, a longing to be back again amid singing and growing things, away from the toil and the bustle, the ceaseless din of the city.

"Great, isn't it!" was my lord's ungarnished comment, and I knew it had struck a responsive chord and that every mile we drove was helping to sever the ties between him and the exacting office. We had several addresses, and it was not until noon that we came to the place I had secretly set my heart upon. I had seen it one day the summer before, and had been struck by its home-like air and the possibilities for beautifying that it offered.

The house was a modest little two-story structure, painted white, with old-fashioned outside green blinds. The

little front porch had slender fluted pillars, around which some former occupant had trained a climbing rose. But it was the backyard that appealed to us, with its hedge of lavender and white lilacs on the north, and the two gnarly old apple trees that formed a natural arch midway in the deep yard, which ran back some two hundred feet. There was a disappointed strawberry bed in the rear, and beyond a row of currant and gooseberry bushes, while in the corner grew a tangle of red and black raspberry bushes.

The barn was a tumble-down affair and fit for little more than a tool shed; but forlorn and neglected as it all was, it won our hearts and held out promises that have long ago been fulfilled.

"I choose the back garden," cried Sidney, with a touch of enthusiasm I had not seen him exhibit for weeks. "Everything back of the apple tree arbor belongs to the master gardener. You can have the foreground for your flowers."

"And Buster, bless his little heart, shall have the lovely, shady in-between for his hammock, and he will rent his mother a nook for her garden chair. Here, too, we will set our table; for evenings we will have our strawberry suppers out here, and we can have our breakfasts, too, if it is dry enough; here I can bring my sewing on afternoons while you are raking and hoeing and gathering crops."

It was all settled that very week, and by the first of April we had bidden farewell to our flat and begun really to live. During the intervening two weeks the master gardener, as he styled himself, and I spent our time poring over books on gardening, seed catalogues, and agricultural bulletins. The evenings were given over to drawing our plans—for ours was to be no city man's garden, meet for our neighbors' mirth. We grasped eagerly at every practical suggestion. While my memories clustered around garden beds like little frosted cakes, I relinquished all desire for such when my husband read impressively: "The old-time garden bed consumes time and labor, wastes moisture, and is more trouble and expense than it is worth. The rows of vegetables should be long and continuous to allow tillage of soil with wheel tools."

"Rows it shall be," I answered meekly. "Radish row is alliterative, but it doesn't sound half so crispy as 'radish bed.' I dare say in the Garden of Eden they—"

"Listen to this," he interrupted. "I like his suggestion: 'It is by no means necessary that the vegetable garden contain only kitchen garden vegetables. Flowers may be dropped here and there in a vacant corner or as a plant dies.' I'll have pink Shirley poppies hedging my new potatoes, and hollyhocks among the currants. I'll cover the barn with morning glories, and the back fence with scarlet runners and fancy gourds, and I'll border the main path with nasturtiums and parsley."

I magnanimously gave up these flowers to him, for I was having my own problems trying to find places in my garden for all the hardy flowers I wanted to raise. Between bursts of enthusiasm the garden plans were finally drawn, and a distinct gain it was, too, when it came to the planting, avoiding much confusion and saving time.

The garden was spaded up by a stout farmer lad who knew well how to wield the garden fork. It was fascinating to watch him dig down, deep as the fork would go, and deftly turn in the barn manure, the bone-meal, and the wood ashes that meant breakfast, dinner, and supper to the soil, and incidentally to

the gardeners. He would spat each forkful as he turned it, breaking the lumps that the raking might be made easier.

The raking and the pulverizing, the marking into long rows running north and south, that the plants might receive the benefit of the morning and afternoon sun, was accomplished by aid of the same sturdy boy. It would be too detailed an account to describe the fascinating process by which the tumbledown, neglected place was transformed into a garden of beauty, which gave back not only wealth of its own maturing, but doled out, with no niggardly hand, health and strength to the gardener.

The total expense of our garden, both flower and vegetable, including tools and labor hired, did not exceed twenty-five dollars. In all our married lives we had never spent that sum so advantageously nor had such prodigal returns. Our vegetable garden yielded all the vegetables for our table the entire season through, and filled great hampers for city friends, who drove out to commiserate and remained to admire, and frequently to lunch off our crisp radishes and cucumbers, our great pink-red tomatoes weighing a pound apiece, the great ears of sweet corn, and the sugary peas of which we had a succession from the first of July until into September. When served with the blushing little new potatoes, they were fit for a king, and were the *piece de resistance* of our summer menu. We grew egg plant and cauliflower and celery as interesting experiments, and they were huge successes; the celery gracing our Christmas table and remaining sweet and crisp to the last.

My flowers were my especial pride, and although the first year was necessarily an experiment as regards soil and location, I had a succession of blooms from May until October that might well have puffed with pride an older and more experienced gardener.

I let "Adam" have his way in scattering the hardier, quick-growing flowers among his vegetables. Poppies grew in every available corner, shedding their delicate ephemeral petals with gay indifference upon cucumber vine or garden path; two-year-old roots of hollyhocks —pink, deep red, and double white— made an effective background for the low currant shrubs; nasturtiums (dwarf) bordered the path, alternated with spicy mignonette. A few mammoth sunflowers o'ertopped the corner bushes and made a bright patch of color. I even relinquished my aster plants to him at the last. I grew them from seed, choosing the Comet, the Ostrich-plume, and the branching varieties. Cigar boxes made convenient planting boxes; later I transplanted into larger boxes, and in June they were put in a long drill south of the lilac hedge, far enough away to escape the shade and just where they would get the full sweep of the morning sun. Such beauties as they were—white, lavender, shell pink, and the deeper purples and reds, they bloomed from August until October, and were as handsome as chrysanthemums and no more trouble than a row of beans. They were hoed when the other "truck" was hoed, and the only extra care they got was a sprinkling of ashes (wood) to protect them from the insects.

My sweet peas grew against a trellis of galvanized wire at the south end of my garden, blossoming well into September and gladdening the hearts of dozens of city friends and hospital patients each week. The colors, pink, pink and white, pure white, and the deep scarlet, and palest lavender, were

planted separately, making the arrangements for bouquets much easier.

Inside the sweet peas I had a border bed, three feet wide by thirty long. At the back I planted my cosmos, pink, white, and crimson. It grew from four to six feet in height, and blossomed from the middle of the summer until frost. In front of it was a row of phlox in many shades—pink, crimson, lilac, pink with white eye, and snowy white with scarlet eye, and purest white. These are perennials and multiply rapidly, so that this year I have nearly double the number of plants. They are easy of growth, and for beauty of color and general effectiveness of their great masses of bloom they can hardly be equaled.

In front of them I had a row of petunias, mostly white, with the lavender and purple heliotrope alternating, and the whole bordered by candytuft. Such a riot of lovely color as it was!

At the opposite end of the garden I planted my dahlias. And right here I want to say, that she who has never raised a dahlia, is to be pitied. For gorgeous color, wide variety in blossom formation, and possibilities for graceful arrangement, they have no equal among the hardy flowers, especially here on the lake shore, where the days are cool, for intense heat is death to them. I bought the tubers of a wholesale grower and took his advice as to varieties when I made my purchases. While they can be planted with splendid effect as shrubs, here and there about the lawn, I planted in a long hedge or border bed, three feet wide. The soil was not enriched, else they would grow to plants and have few blossoms. Of the cactus varieties, with their Japanese-like quilled petals, I had the Kreimhilda, a beautiful pink; The Queen, white; Countess of Lonsdale, apricot; Uncle Tom, black; Hohenzollern, an orange red, and the Queen Wilhelmina, a purple. Of the decorative or show varieties, which are my favorite, so rich and full are the heads, I had Mrs. Roosevelt, pink; Mrs. Winter, white; Bruton, a rich yellow, and the Agnew, a fine, deep, velvety red. The single varieties are preferred by many, as they are more delicate and permit of artistic grouping. Of these I grew the Twentieth Century (crimson and white, very large and fine), King George, yellow; Maroon Century and White Century. They bloomed until the heavy frosts came in October, and grew to be over five feet in height. The stalks were cut down when the frost had done its work, and the tubers taken up and dried off carefully; then stored in the cellar to be divided up and set out again nearly double in number this year.

My other border bed was filled with brilliant hardy zinnias, that bloomed through July, August, and September, making up in rich coloring what they lacked in delicacy. In front of these I planted snapdragons, yellow, scarlet, and white, and pure white with a foot-wide border of starry sweet alyssum.

A gift of a plant of the English Delphinium (perennial larkspur),—the Coelestinum variety—a heavenly shade of light blue, with large double flowers, proved a source of pride and joy. I shall use it for a background this year or plant with Lilium Auratum.

My rose garden ran north and south between these two long border beds. I planted only the hardy varieties: of the reds, General Jacqueminot, General Washington, and Ulrich Brunner; the pink La France, and Mrs. John Laing, the white Madame Plantier and the yellow Soleil d'or. My monthly bloomers were the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Clothilde Soupert, and Mrs. Robert

Garret. For quick-growing border I used forget-me-nots and candytuft. For this bed the soil was made very rich and finely pulverized, and by constant watching and an occasional spraying early in the season with a kerosene emulsion, the bushes were kept free from pests.

This year I shall plant a number of climbers and add to the monthly varieties and start a lily bed. I intend to bury our little house in roses and other vines, for it is ours now. After that summer of joy we decided that we never again could find happiness in a flat, so we purchased the place, rebuilt the barn, remodeled the house, and are making preparations to spend another summer in "pink and purple peace."

Sidney says he has begun to compile a dictionary of words in common use often wrongly defined. I have torn a page from his note-book. Here it is:

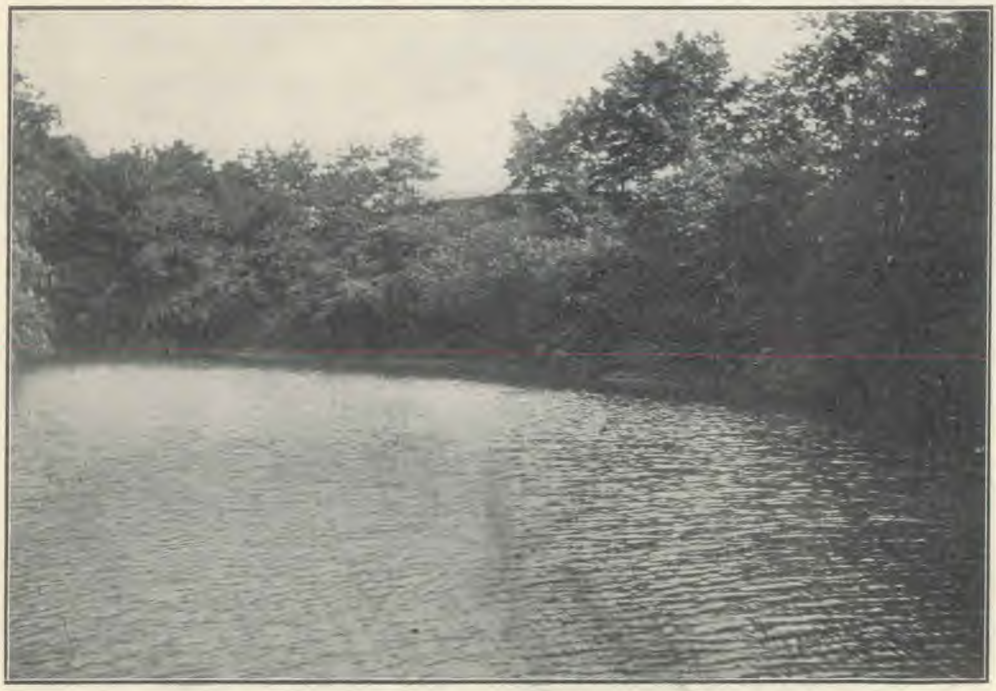
Happiness. Two people in a garden.

House. A place in which to store furniture.

Hunger. A sensation pleasurably appeased by fresh, home-grown vegetables and fruits.

Health. Nature's gift — to be found by digging (in a garden).

Garden. The original home of the race, to which we must all return if we would avoid the consequences of the strenuous life.



THE CAMERA AS A COMPANION

A Hobby Which Usually Repays the One Who Rides It, and How It Forms an Incentive for Out-of-Door Recreation

BY MARY HEATH

"Work when you work,
Play when you play!"

IS the advice of Gelett Burgess, in one of his inimitable verses—sound advice, truly, and worthy to be followed. Perhaps we need not concern ourselves with the first half of the suggestion; for we work all too feverishly in this day of untiring ambition and close competition, but the last line bears food for reflection. We do not play half enough—we seem to be losing the faculty, and that will not do. Play we must, if we are to lead sane, healthy, helpful lives, and play heartily. We must not let our mental joints get stiff; an interest in life aside from our work is absolutely necessary.

Probably the best way to achieve that interest is to have a hobby. A good, live hobby, energetically ridden, furnishes the best of mental exercise, and if one happens to choose the camera as the object of his enthusiasm, it furnishes physical exercise as well. For there is no end to the effort a true "camera fiend" will make to procure a picture. He will walk miles, with the lure of "something better" cunningly held before him; he will stand in the sun, wind, even rain, if necessary. The camera calls him away from business whenever occasion permits, drives cares and worry from his mind and fills it with pleasanter and more profitable things. For surely the best of life is not to be found in the daily struggle for a living—the "demnition grind" so distasteful to Mr. Mantelleic. How much

"That Village Road"

A cool, secluded nook at the water's edge

poorer had we been if dear old Isaac Walton had devoted himself to his stuffy shop in Fleet Street, instead of running off now and again to enjoy his hobby. And we lesser mortals, though we may not have records of our play hours so valuable to our fellow-men as the delightful fisherman's have been, will have some souvenirs which will prove very dear to ourselves. Ask any amateur photographer if he has not a pile of old prints knee high which he just can't bear to throw away. Each picture, be it good, bad, or indifferent from an artistic point of view, recalls some pleasant memory. That village road! How often we strolled down its shady path after the mail, that summer—! Even the "groups," atrocities for the most part, comprised of solemn, pained, or long-suffering individuals, have their value to him who "snapped" them!

The camera encourages one to study Nature, to learn her lessons, to love her many moods. And a love of nature draws us away from the artificialities of civilization, broadens our spiritual life, enriches us in every way. The charm of the woods, the spell of the brook, the glory of the sunset —these are the things which count, after all.

Of course, the best place to study Nature is in the country, but there are pictures to be had everywhere, once the eye is trained to see them. Even the unfortunate individual who lives in the city has his opportunities. There are the city parks, full of charming nooks and corners,—and, by the way, do not try to get the whole park in one plate; a very small bit will make a picture, while too much will make only a photograph. There are the streets, the picturesque gamins for genre studies. Even a tiny city garden will furnish material—particularly with a small boy or girl to enliven it! Moreover, the country is within reach of most of us, in this day of the ubiquitous trolley. The suburban trolleys are particularly delightful, not only because their routes are more picturesque than the city cars, but also because they are more unconventional; as it were, less hidebound. I recall with peculiar delight a ride I once took in New York State, picture hunting. The wild, swift flight over the countryside was so inspiring that for a time I quite forgot my camera. Then the car slowed, and the beauties of the

"That bit would make a picture"

region we were passing through appealed to me.

"That bit would make a picture!" I exclaimed to my companion. The conductor, standing in the doorway, overheard me.

"I'll stop a minute, if you want to snap it, Miss," he volunteered politely, and proceeded to hold the car while I took my picture!

The camera, unlike rod and gun, does not sacrifice life for one's pleasure. You may shoot with your camera and still leave your wild friend on the wing to enjoy his little span as you are enjoying yours. Yet, hunting with a kodak is intensely interesting, exciting work. It requires skill and patience and an intuitive quickness to think and act not given to all.

"Try to catch them when they are unconscious"

If you prefer, you may study men instead of animals. Many of your friends will good naturedly supply models, and if you are so fortunate as to have a chance to take children, the results should be especially attractive. In taking children, try to catch them when they are unconscious. Do not fuss over the posing, as they get tired or look stiff and self-conscious. Spontaneity is one of the chief charms of childhood. Snapshots are often the best pictures of children.

Of course, practice makes perfect, but a few simple directions followed carefully may save some plates. First of all, unless you have a natural intuition for timing, get a book of exposure tables. Then, if you want to get the best results, take a tripod on your tramps, and do not attempt snap-shots in all kinds of weather. Focus on the ground glass, and look carefully to the composition of each picture you take. Study all the books and magazines on photography you can get hold of. Keep your wits about you and take plenty of time for each picture, lest when you get the plates developed, you find you have taken two views on one plate—or film,—that your trees are apparently toppling over, or that the very bit you desired to get is out of the picture. Many are the photographic tragedies I have known, and great was my despair over them—so great that I would save my brother beginner some of them if I might! I have had landscapes which appeared to have trembled violently while I photographed them—the result of using a tree stump as a tripod for time exposures. I have lost many a plate by underexposure, and some from overexposure. Overexposure, except in marine scenes, is not so liable as underexposure, nor so fatal. If you are uncertain about the time, allow plenty. It took several blank plates to teach me always to open my plate-holder before pressing the bulb, and several "twin" films to impress on my mind the desirability of winding up a taken picture.

But enough of trials and difficulties! The joys and benefits of possessing a camera far outweigh them. There is no more delightful companion for a pleasant out-of-door afternoon. It is possible for a human friend to bore one occasionally, but a camera—or a book—never!

"The Tyranny of the Roof"

We think of the savage tribe as living outdoors and free from the restraints which come with civilization—the garment, the house, and the cook. But there is a barbarism which spends its winters in huts and holes from which every breath of fresh air is shut out, and where the stifling atmosphere is heavy with "old shapes of foul disease."

Akin to the life of the hut and the slum is the life of the home of whatever grade where cold is dreaded more than bad air. The farmhouse, the millionaire's palace, and the village grocery—alike shelter miserable sinners against nature's laws.

The crusade against the ravages of consumption has awakened thousands to the fact that the need for pure air is more imperative even than the need for good food, although it speaks with a less insistent voice. But hundreds of thousands of housewives yet need to learn the danger of the comfortable double window and the air-tight stove, and the healing power of pure, cold air, steeped in God's own sunshine.

A woman who was known as the Queen of the Gipsies died recently in England. She was of great age and amazing vigor, and a real "character" in her reserve and her hatred of modern conditions. She seldom talked, but it was known that she considered education as rubbish, houses as no better than prisons, and the persons who died in them as the victims of their own effeminacy. In a phrase both telling and memorable, she boasted herself "free from the tyranny of the roof."

That is truly a noble freedom and one which every wise woman may covet for herself and her children. Perhaps another hundred years may see the stuffy bedroom everywhere supplanted by the airy porch, and find civilized man again sleeping under the sky.—*Youth's Companion.*

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
  Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
  Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
  Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
  Than alive when his work is done.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE OPEN-AIR-REST TREATMENT

Life in a Great Consumptive Colony and the Principles and Methods That Have Brought Continued Success

BY CHARLES STANILAUS GILL

(*Concluded*)

PATIENTS of the Adirondack Cottage Sanatorium are not compelled to sleep outdoors in winter, but are permitted to do so if they find it beneficial, and sleep as well as indoors with windows open. Comparatively few sleep indoors even on the coldest nights, and think nothing of "sleeping out" in a temperature twenty degrees or more below zero. These "dress for bed." The quantity of clothing required varies with the individual, but here is what one patient wore during several winters of "sleeping out": Suit of underwear, heavy bed socks, sweater, pajamas, bath-robe, and woolen helmet or cowl to protect his head and ears. With this outfit and the five or six double blankets on the bed, the patient was quite comfortable in the severest weather. Of course, dressing and undressing was done in a warm room. In cottages unprovided with facilities for pushing the bed indoors when not in use, a hot-water bag may be put in the bed a few minutes before retiring, to remove the chill. Linen sheets are never used in winter, blanket sheets being necessary for warmth.

An Adirondack open camp—general view
Camp fire in foreground

Of course, the bed is sheltered on one or two sides by glass or wood partitions, not only from the wind but from snow and rain as well. A moderately thick hair mattress will be found sufficiently warm, especially if a blanket or layer of newspapers be spread under it. Feather beds, while undoubtedly warm, are now quite generally condemned as unhygienic. Some sleepers-out spread on top of the regular bed blanket a horse-blanket, fur coat, or fur robe, but the objection to these is their heavy weight. The pillows may be arranged in the shape of a V with the apex at the top. In this way one pillow will protect you in front and the other in back from drafts. Not until one has tried it will he believe how comfortably he may sleep outdoors, with proper precautions, in the coldest weather. At first so much clothing will seem awkward and unpleasant, but this feeling does not last long.

A word of warning, however, to the prospective sleeper-out. It would be better to sleep in an ordinary, well-ventilated room if you find your rest disturbed after

a fair trial outdoors, or if you are inclined to make a mistake somewhat common with sleepers-out, that of poking their noses under the bedclothing and inhaling rebreathed air all night, thus defeating the very purpose of sleeping out.

An Adirondack open camp-facing camp fire on the left

Regardless of whether he or she sleeps out at night, the patient in the Adirondack Cottage Sanatorium must be in the open air practically all day, winter and summer, rain or shine. Shirking the cure is not tolerated. Here is an outline of the open-air cure for a day, for patients not in bed at the Adirondack Cottage Sanatorium:

7 A. M.—Rising bell. Cold sponge.

8 A. M.—Breakfast.

9 A. M.—Out-of-doors for morning. Patients must sit in their reclining chairs unless they are permitted to exercise, and then they are supposed to take only such exercise as prescribed. The "sitters out" need fur coats and horse-blankets or robes to keep warm.

10:30 A. M.—Glass of milk or egg, or both, for patients who are losing weight or who, in the physician's opinion, require extra nourishment.

11 A. M.—Exercise, if ordered.

12:45 P. M.—Indoors to prepare for dinner.

1 P. M.—Dinner.

2 P. M.—Outdoors for afternoon.

3:30 P. M.—Lunch, same as at 10:30 A. M.

4 P. M.—Exercise, if ordered.

5:45 P. M.—Indoors to prepare for supper.

6 P. M.—Supper.

7 to 9 P. M.—Indoors or outdoors as one may choose.

9 P. M.— Glass of milk. Sometimes a raw egg.

10 P. M.—Bed. Lights out.

There are many opportunities for mental diversion. Books may be obtained at the sanatorium library, and there is a large open-air pavilion where patients may play pool, billiards, and shuffleboard practically in the open air. Even when the temperature is below zero, these games are in progress. It is a curious sight, a man encumbered with a fur coat and heavy mitts playing billiards, but many become quite skilful under these adverse conditions. There is a skating rink for those who have the necessary allowance of exercise, and an open-air workshop where free instruction is given in book-binding, the illuminating of manuscripts, the making of picture frames, and in wood carving. Here, also, is a well-ventilated dark room for photographic work. There is a sewing circle, a Bible class, bird and botany classes, and various card, chess and checker clubs. Occasionally classes in astronomy, stenography, and telegraphy are formed. There is an infirmary where loving care is given to those who become acutely ill and where many men and women have been won back to life and strength by the skilful and devoted nurses, after some indiscretion had started them well on the downward track. There is also

a most picturesque chapel, where different denominations hold religious services.

In the early days, when the sanatorium's equipment was meager and unattractive, and many physicians considered it a rash step for a consumptive to attempt to lead an outdoor life, it was difficult to get patients to take the sanatorium treatment. Now not one in twenty applicants can be admitted, although there are accommodations for about one hundred and ten patients. There is always a large waiting list, and patients have been known to have to wait in the village for months before getting into the sanatorium. It would be unwise, therefore, for any one expecting to take advantage of the five-dollar-a-week rate to go to Saranac Lake without first having communicated with the resident physician. Board in the village may be obtained as low as seven dollars per week, but good board costs ten or twelve dollars per week.

One thing that can not be too strongly impressed upon a person with a persistent cough or who does not feel "just right," is the insidious progress of tuberculosis and the importance of an early recognition of the disease. The popular idea of a consumptive patient applies to what is usually a hopeless case. Unless the victim has become greatly emaciated, with hacking cough, hectic cheeks, night sweats, and fever, he is not thought to be consumptive. But it is now known that consumption, or tuberculosis, may have a strong grip on a person long before it manifests itself in such symptoms. The thing to do, therefore, is to have a thorough examination by a competent physician, preferably a lung specialist, as soon as the slightest suspicion is aroused. Often a general practitioner, who has made no special study of the disease, can not discover it until it is considerably advanced, and it often happens, also, that family physicians and solicitous relatives conceal the truth from the sufferer because they do not want to discourage him. It is a mistaken kindness to keep him in ignorance until too late or at least until what was a comparatively easily curable case becomes one necessitating a long and expensive fight. Prevention is much better than cure, and far less costly. Many patients sent to Saranac Lake by wise physicians have all the outward appearances of robust health. However, the patient in the advanced stage of the disease who faithfully complies with all the conditions necessary for a cure has a better chance of recovery than the incipient case who fails to realize his danger. Courage is important; for, as Napoleon says, "He who fears being conquered, is sure of defeat;" but there is a difference between a courageous view of one's affliction and a spirit of bravado that leads some patients to disregard

An Adirondack open camp—interior view
Camp fire on the right

all medical advice and do as they please.

One of the most difficult things to eradicate from the new patient's mind is the belief in the necessity of exercise —exercise in every shape, from complicated gymnastics to record-breaking

An Adirondack open camp—dining-room

walks. "Go and rough it" is the advice that is often given, with most disastrous results. "Roughing it" is no longer advised by the leading lung specialists, for it is known that the patient needs all the vitality he can summon to his aid to overcome the inroads of the disease. Every lung specialist knows of patients well on the road to recovery who received serious set-backs by too much exercise. Two short walks are better than one long one.

Many persons have an exaggerated fear of the danger of contagion in tuberculosis. It is not contagious in the sense that smallpox or scarlet fever is contagious. A tuberculous patient's breath does not spread the germs. These are contained in the matter raised from the lungs. This is dangerous only when dry and pulverized, and when mingled with the dust we breathe. Moist sputum is harmless unless coughed into the face, communicated through a kiss, or inoculated into an open wound. Consumptives should have paper spit cups, which, with the expectoration, should be burned daily. The cleanly consumptive, who is not careless about his expectoration, is a source of danger to no one.

The consumption germ is smaller than the minutest particle of dust, and it is estimated that a patient expectorates more than a billion of these bacilli daily. They are deposited in the dust everywhere — on the streets, in shops, school-rooms, cars, and homes. Many of these germs are destroyed by fresh air and sunlight, which are powerful disinfectants, but many retain their virulence indefinitely, lurking in dark and ill-ventilated places, awaiting to be stirred up with the dust and float around in the air. It will be seen, therefore, that few persons escape exposure at some time. Many inhale these germs without serious consequences, as *suitable soil* is necessary for their growth. This suitable soil is furnished by lowered vitality, from disease, bad habits, overwork, and unhygienic living. Heredity, which was once believed to be a cause of consumption, is now known only to increase the susceptibility to the action of the germs.

Consumption and some other diseases will disappear in proportion to the care taken to destroy the sputum by fire or disinfectants. This care would be more general did consumptives realize that the precautions which they are expected to adopt to protect others, are also sure to have a favorable influence on the course of their own disease. In other words, they may prevent their own constant reinfection.

No agent has been discovered that will destroy the tubercle bacillus in the

lungs of man, and consumptives are only wasting time and money by resorting to patent medicines. Many of these medicines and "cure-alls" contain large quantities of alcohol or stimulating drugs, which temporarily make the patient feel better, but do no permanent good, and often much harm. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, composed of the leading workers in the field, both lay and professional, says:

"Consumptives are warned against the many widely advertised cures, specifics, and special methods of treatment of consumption. No cure can be expected from any kind of medicine or method, except the regularly accepted treatment, which depends upon pure air, an out-of-door life, and nourishing food."

As has been said, the necessary daily regulations of a patient's life and habits can best be carried out in a sanatorium, but wherever the circumstances are such as to render sanatorium treatment or expert oversight impossible or impracticable, the patient may do much for himself if he will faithfully apply the remedial agents suggested—fresh air, good food, and as much rest outdoors as possible—merely these and nothing more.

And there is *one* thing the ordinary person can *always* do, and that is keep his windows open. If any encouragement is needed to do this or to live outdoors in winter, it should be found in the statistics of various sanatoriums, which prove that tuberculous patients improve more rapidly in winter than in summer.

As for becoming discouraged because of temporary set-backs, why, don't. Just "keep on keepin' on" and remember the jingle:

"There was once an old Greek of Decosis,
Who suffered from tuberculosis.
But he still kept alive,
At one hundred and five,
By taking fresh air in large doses."

An Adirondack open camp—kitchen in rear

Arranging where to sleep

MY SLEEPING-OUT EXPERIENCE

A Vivid Description of the Impressions Gathered by a Novice in Her First Attempt at Sleeping Out-of-Doors

BY CARINE CADBY
Illustrated by Will Cadby

"I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night."

I BEGAN my summer with these sentiments. I would get away from our artificial, complicated existence and live once more a simple, natural life. The rush in town might, this season, go on without me. The morning train might steam off to the great city, laden with my friends, but it should not drag me away to hurry and bustle, dust and heat, nor to any of those tiring social rites that we misname duties and pleasures. Instead, I would live in my garden, and, to be still more at one with nature, I would sleep out-of-doors. Such nights as we had been having were too glorious to waste indoors, and however much ventilation one has in a bedroom, it is still nothing but a cave, and I decided I would be a cave-dweller no longer.

The other inmates of my house have no leanings toward the simpler life, and when I asked our young housemaid, Ann, who arranged my bed for me, if she, too, would like to sleep out, she answered that it had always been her mother's prayer that she might never be without a roof to shelter her!

The first evening we were some time choosing a place for my camp, for I did not wish a trim lawn and cultivated garden to be the first objects to greet me on waking. So we pushed my little bed into the wild bit, where the trees stood sentinel round me and wild grasses covered the ground.

I had been reading that born gipsy, Stevenson, and so looked forward to the wonderful time he talks about that comes just before dawn, when the soul of Nature seems to wake and stir, and which only those who have slept out under the stars have ever experienced, and it was chiefly the thought of this delightful sensation that made me look forward so enthusiastically to my first night out.

I had not meant to go to bed before eleven o'clock, but so keen was I on my nocturnal experiment that somehow the time seemed to drag. It is a very ignoble confession, but perhaps the whole day alone with nature had seemed more than usually long. Anyhow, I found myself undressing well before ten, and presently slipping through the garden to my little camp bed.

How strange it was, but how delightful: "The summer night! the wind in the trees, and the moonlight!" What a different person I felt to the self-important little body sleeping in a big room among all its belongings; how insignificant I was out in the night, not to be compared to the trees, not even as important as the lilac bush, and not half so beautiful as the tall foxgloves so near my bed. Then to look up above the inky black branches and dark clumps of leaves and see the sky, and *such* a sky,—full of stars and with a gentle,

"I peered into the gloom"

silvery little new moon. What more beautiful sight is there in nature? As a rule, we glance up at a radiant summer sky and then look down and think little earthly thoughts or talk little homely chat, so that we are not so crushed with its magnificence. But as I lay out watching it, and wondering about the stars and systems, I felt very much alone and very, very small. This, however, was not the attitude of mind to encourage sleep, and, after all, my intention was to sleep out and not to lie awake feeling a worm. Besides, if I did not sleep, there would be no wonderful awakening just before dawn.

At last, the thoughts about the starry sky ceased to trouble me, and the little wind that blew on my cheek was no longer disturbing, and I sank into confused wanderings, and then dreams. But my sleep must have been light, for, when I woke, my spirit did not seem to come from very far. But surely, I

thought, this can not be the mystic moment just before dawn, for instead of feeling thrilled and exalted, I had a strong inclination to bury my head under the clothes, and instead of thrills of delight I felt distinct thrills of nervousness. I tried the effect of quoting poetry to myself to steady my nerves, and had just finished:

"The moon, like a flower
In heaven's bright bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night,"

when a really uncanny sound startled me again. The leaves rustled exactly like a footstep, and gone were all thoughts of peace. How far away seemed my house, and how dead asleep! I got up and looked in vain for some little friendly glimmer of light at a window. I peered into the gloom of the trees for murdering burglars, thinking never again would I leave myself so unprotected, and wishing I had overcome Ann's scruples about a roof and had her near me. Once again I distinctly heard

The gardener's surprise

Fresh morning thoughts

the footstep in the leaves and this time quite near.

And now I should dearly like to reward the patient reader, who has borne with me so far, by telling him a thrilling adventure, but alas! this is prosaic real life, in which we are so often made to cut a ridiculous instead of a heroic figure, and so I share his disappointment when I tell him that my midnight alarm came from the most simple and innocent of causes,—a fat old toad was doing a little moonlight traveling and rustling the leaves in his slow progress. After this ignominious discovery, I went back and slept soundly right through the mystic moment before dawn; in fact, till it was quite light and the birds had begun to sing and twitter in the trees. Although it was already morning and there were no more shades left among the trees for mystery to lurk in, it was yet a beautiful waking up. "The whole earth the beauty wore of

promise," in spite of its being nearly eight o'clock!

I heard later on that I had not been the only one who had suffered a scare. Old Higgins, the gardener, had been very much "took aback" at the sight of a "female sleepin' out-o'-doors" when he came at six to cut the long grass. Had it not been that ghosts "walked" instead of lying down, he would have explained the phenomena that way. Ann sympathized with him, for she has little patience with any departure from the beaten track. She murmured something to me about "making hardships," but I answered her from my book that "the true hardship is to be a dull fool and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull, foolish manner."

I sat some time busy with fresh morning thoughts, and it was with reluctance that I left the little camp bed and went into my cave-like room to dress and take up my work-a-day life.

From New York to New Orleans by Sea

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

I HAVE never been a good sailor. Though born on the historic "thirty-armed silvery Trent" of Milton,—in the town of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," and within forty or fifty miles of the two seaports of Hull and great Grimsby, I was never able to go out on the waves in any kind of boat without keenly suffering the pangs of seasickness. Every time that I have crossed the English Channel, I have been the first man sick on board, and generally the last to recover. In crossing from the main land of California to Santa Catalina Island, I invariably take an Indian blanket, a pillow, and an umbrella, and spread out the one as soon as I get on deck, stretch out at full length, and then, hiding everything from sight with my umbrella, read and forget my surroundings until Catalina is reached. In that way I have avoided the inevitable sickness.

I am constitutionally weak in this direction. As a child, I could never swing or ride on the round-a-bouts, as other children could, and every fresh attempt was but a new agony of dizziness, sickness, and nausea, followed by other nervously irritating symptoms. To dance would have been a physical impossibility had my religious training allowed me to look at it as a permissible amusement (which it did not), so that it is not to be wondered at that the unstable motion of a ship invariably produces ill and disagreeable effects.

Hence I looked with no particular favor upon the idea that I should take the trip from New York on my way home to Pasadena, Cal., by way of steamer to New Orleans. Yet a variety of circumstances arose which commended it as the best thing for me to do. When my mind is made up, it is not a small thing like *mal-de-mer* that will stand in the way of its accomplishment. The month was March, the day Wednesday, the date the thirteenth (therefore lucky), the ship the "Comus" of the Southern Pacific Company's line, the Captain, R. J. Post, and the weather decidedly "nasty." It was three days after a stormy blizzard which had emptied a large hatful of snow all over New York, and the melting process had begun. It was dirty underfoot, and very foggy in the river, so, after we were safely aboard,

we waited a full hour or more before it was deemed safe to venture out.

I was accompanied by Charles H. Grant, the marine painter, who had joined me with the determination of studying conditions on the Pacific Ocean which he could embody in his canvasses. While busy writing letters, awaiting the starting of the steamer, I was suddenly awakened to the consciousness that we were out in the river, the absolutely easy movement of the machinery having failed to disturb me. That factor in the ship's operation was a source of great comfort to me. Throughout the whole trip of five days I was never once disturbed, day or night, either by the sound or the vibration of the engines—a thing I had never before experienced and never deemed possible.

Through the fog we quietly glided along our passage made hideous by the fierce voice of our own fog siren, and that of the vessels we passed. Little by little we were able to see more clearly; the Goddess of Liberty loomed out of the haze, and as the westering sun caught it, we had an effect of glory and beauty that one seldom sees. Passing one of the municipal ferry-boats that plies between Manhattan and Staten Islands, and that is an example of the power of the municipal ownership idea, we were soon in the Narrows. Yonder on the right were Fort Wadsworth and the Quarantine Station, and on the left Fort Lafayette and the ancient Fort. What a vast difference between the two forts,—the one, ancient and old-fashioned, and the other hidden and undoubtedly modern, with its disappearing, rapid-firing guns of long range and perfect aim, handled by electricity and with the maximum of speed and efficiency, and the minimum of danger and effort. Yet one can not help the constant intrusion of the thought: What a reflection upon the truth of our Christian profession and that of other Christian nations — Christ, the exponent of peace—is our constant dependence upon forts and batteries and torpedo boats and warships and the like. Is it true that "in God we trust," or are we in reality self-deceived when we make such professions? I believe the time has come for the American nation to become Christ-like in its faith and real trust in the God of all men, and to say: "Henceforth our trust shall be in the moral strength of the right rather than in our physical power." I believe we could afford to take such a position now, and the world would follow our lead, and disarmament and universal peace would speedily follow.

While I have been preaching, however, night has come. We have turned or "rounded" Sandy Hook Light and passed the Twin Lights of the Highland of Navesiuk into the open sea where, shrouded by fog, feeling our way so carefully watched over by the careful eye of our captain—a man we were soon to learn to love for his sterling character as well as revere for his markedly conscientious adherence to his duty,—and ever sounding the warning growl of our fog siren, we eat dinner, lounge and chat on deck and then retire to our staterooms. Though space on board a vessel is limited, yet they are twenty—yes forty times more comfortable even than a drawing-room on a traveling Pullman, much less an ordinary berth.

The next morning we were off Cape Hatteras, plowing our way due south. The fog was left behind, but we were now on the great Atlantic, and I began to feel the roll and swell. A half an hour on my feet and I was ready to lie down again to overcome my dizziness, and all that day and the next I did not get out very much. I ate every

meal, however, and never lost one, making my principal articles of diet, oranges, celery, and dried toast.

But when Saturday morning dawned and I looked out of my port-hole, there was the smooth water, off the Florida Coast. I was out of bed and down to my gloriously invigorating salt-water bath in a minute. I felt my time of distress and nausea was ended. And so it proved, and until we landed in New Orleans on Monday night I never in my life had such days of enjoyment while traveling. Let me get back for a moment, however, to my bath. Every passenger may enjoy a salt-water bath if he cares to, as often as he likes. So at 5:30 each morning I had arranged for mine. Not only did I have the bath-tub filled, but the attendant, at my request, brought in a bucket of fresh, sparkling, cold water, which, when I was ready, he poured over me. Then, after a vigorous rub-down, how delightful I felt all over; how invigorated, how refreshed. A salt bath is a boon that one is privileged indeed to be able to enjoy.

Soon we approached near enough to the Florida Coast to be able to see with clearness the palmettos and other semi-tropical verdure, and by noon we were passing the monster hotels of Palm Beach, less than a mile away. We could count the doors and windows and see the visitors walking to and fro, yet we did not wish to exchange. We had the joy of an ever-moving panorama and at the same time could walk to and fro on the deck as the whim seized us. Then we began to see flying fish and schools of porpoises, and how graceful and beautiful the one as it skims over the surface of the waves, and how lazily sportive the other as it indifferently rises out of and falls over again into the water. On the land we could see the herons and geese and pelicans, while constantly following us were a dozen or so of gulls whose white wings glistened in the sun.

By next morning we rounded the southern end of the Florida Coast, saw a variety of lighthouses, one or two of them stuck up on stilts above the reefs from whose dangers they warned the passing mariner, and then Captain Post showed us how he avoided this current by hugging this bank of a reef or island, and took advantage of that current by steering in some other direction. As we saw these shoals and reefs and islands and watched the white lights and the moving lights and the red lights and the alternating lights and the flashing lights of the different lighthouses, we realized how much we trusted to the care and faithfulness of our captain. Now we were in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico,— the rich sapphire waters that no words can depict, no tongue describe. Curving and flowing in delightful motion under the impulse of our vessel, crowned with sparkling white foam, dancing and scintillating in the sunshine, we saw a thousand and one tints and glints and sparkles, but all of brilliant and exquisite sapphire blue. It was joy unspeakable to the eye, and seemed to rest the soul as well as give joy to the body.

What a difference from the cooped-up space of a railway car. How joyous this whole trip was now proving itself to be. Out in the sun, moving at will, with room to walk or run, to play shuffleboard or a score of other ship-deck games, fanned by the winds of the Gulf, it was joy unspeakable, fun and pleasure to overflowing. I am often carsick on the cars, and though some years I travel as much as 35,000 miles in a single year, I am often afflicted. And there is not much differ-

ence between carsickness and seasickness. One is disgustingly mean and the other meanly disgusting. That's all. But here was unadulterated joy, travel under conditions that were perfection.

It was Monday morning when we reached the mouth of the Mississippi. Here the fog again surrounded us for a while, in the which we began to hear the toot, toot, toot, of a vessel's whistle. Then for fully half an hour our siren and that whistle kept up an interesting dialogue, a sort of foggy courtship, one ship courting the other ship to complete its courtship. Soon, through the haze, we saw the dim shape of a small steamer. The tooting ceased, a boat was lowered, and in a few minutes the river pilot came aboard. Dressed in the trimmest of clothes, wearing a fashionable derby hat, and with kid gloves on his hands, he scarcely seemed the pilot of our imagination. We looked for a burly, bluff, hearty old sea dog, but in pilotage, as in everything else, custom and fashion have changed. The pilot, however, thoroughly understood his business, for, in a few moments, he had climbed one of our masts, and there, from that elevated height, was peering through or over the fog and determining whether to go ahead or wait. Other vessels were near by, as we could tell by their constant "tooting," some of them standing at anchor, as we were, and others creeping their way into the mouth of the river cautiously and carefully.

At last the command was given to weigh anchor, and at half speed we started ahead. Then the fog lifted and the clear morning revealed to us the mouth of the great Mississippi and the thousands of acres of land made by the mud washed down in the river during the course of the centuries.

We passed between the jetties constructed by the faith and genius of Eads, which keep the channel so scoured out as to allow free navigation by large vessels for eighty miles, up as far as the noted southern port, and how we enjoyed that eighty miles of river ride. There is not space now to describe it.

But I do want to commend this sea voyage to every person who can take it. Travel by sea is far safer than by rail. The losses of life are immeasurably less in proportion, and on this line not a life has been lost since the steamers began to run. Then, too, the freedom of the shipboard, the healthful walks around the vessel; no compulsion to sit still, hour after hour, as on the cars. And the pure, salt-laden air! How delicious it was. I believe in God's great out-of-doors. If one must travel, let him travel, if he possibly can, in a ship which gives him healthful contact with the air and the sea rather than in the stuffy and unhealthful cars of a railway train.

An old man in Washington sold 1,000 copies of the April Housekeepers' Number of GOOD HEALTH, and ordered 1,200 copies of the May issue. The circulation of the May number was nearly double that for November, showing unprecedented progress in the past six months. Agents' outfits are furnished free by the circulation department of GOOD HEALTH.

A Rustic Hammock-House

BY EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

Article and illustrations reproduced from "Suburban Life" by the courtesy of the publishers

As the little shelter appeared after it had been covered with a luxuriant growth of woodbine

HAVING no veranda where a hammock could be hung, and no large trees near the house except such as were too near the street to be enjoyable, we decided a place for the hammock where we wanted it, and as we wanted it.

Two large posts (with the bark left on) were placed fourteen feet apart; set very deeply to make them firm, and extending about seven feet above the ground. On these a frame fourteen feet long and nine feet wide was placed. Light poles were used for the double-sloped (gabled) roof rafters and allowed to extend well over the edge of the frame.

The roof was shingled, so that neither heavy dews nor any ordinary rain could drive the occupants to the house for shelter.

Roots of the common woodbine were planted at the base of each post, which soon sent up vines that hid the crudeness of the frame and transformed it into a "leafy bower" that has been one of the most enjoyed spots around the home during the last fifteen years—or longer.

This little retreat stands twenty feet from the side of the house and sixty feet from the street, so that it is secluded enough to be enjoyable without being too much so.

Usually several rocking-chairs and a small table keep the hammock company, and many a bit of household work is taken out there instead of staying in the kitchen to do it.

The place is really an ornament to the grounds, and one that the people pass-

ing often comment on, but it was built as a convenience for the housewife primarily, and for this reason it was placed within twenty feet of the kitchen door.

Whether working, reading, or idling, it has proved an altogether delightful place, which has well repaid the little work and less expense required to build it.

AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON ON VENTILATION

THE New York *Sun* tells a story of an old-time country doctor who had somehow learned of the efficacy of fresh air in the treatment of fevers. On entering the room of a certain fever patient, "Dr. X. raised both windows, ordering that they be left so.

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, but no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance away Dr. X. happened to look around and behold what they had done.

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, neither knocking nor ringing, mounted the stairs, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick-knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away.

"The patient recovered."

DUST shortens life is the opinion expressed by Sir Lauder Brunton, in an article contending that it ought to be the rule, rather than the exception, for men and women to retain their life activities for ninety to a hundred years. Dust, he declares rightly enough, is one of the greatest enemies of advanced life, since it is the frequent cause of colds and respiratory diseases. He has frequently contracted a cold in the head on taking a dusty book from a library shelf; this has occurred so regularly that he now resorts to sponging the dusty edge with a carbolic solution before disturbing the deposit.

'Tis spring time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through Winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Rushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses of the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine tree and the sassafras
Are with it on its errand going.

—*Whittier.*

THE PLACE OF THE OUTDOOR SCHOOL

The "Back-to-Nature" Idea in the Ascendancy—Statistics Regarding the Effect of Confinement of the Children in Schoolrooms Present a Startling Significance

BY E. A. SUTHERLAND

Of the Nashville (Tenn.) Agricultural and Normal Institute

IT was a great surprise to many when the editor of one of the leading journals of this country, several years ago declared that in five cities of our country alone, there were, during one school term, over sixteen thousand children between the ages of eight and fourteen who were taken out of the public schools because their nervous systems were wrecked, and their minds were incapable of going on any further in the infernal cramming system which exists in our schools. It was stated that conservative, medical men who have given their lives to the study of children, placed the number whose health is shattered by overstudy at more than fifty thousand each year.

A leading educator of the United States recently made the statement that the average child in the American public schools is, beyond doubt, being overworked. Few teachers realize that the dangers from overstrain are greatest during the period of the most rapid growth. During this time the developing body demands most of the nutrition. If the brain consumes it, the body suffers. The methods of instruction should just keep pace with the mental growth, and neither forge ahead nor lag behind.

It is apparent that meager results will follow the teaching of principles of healthful living as long as the bodies and minds of our children and youth are not properly treated while in school. We should seek to correct these conditions which are the cause of numerous physical and mental diseases. Parents and teachers should realize that the health of the child is to be as sacredly guarded as the character.

There is a strong move at the present time in favor of a system of education which develops and preserves the body as well as trains the mind. This movement, in many places, is fast taking the shape of a demand, and while many teachers still defend the old school system and its methods, the educational ideas of Bacon, Locke, Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Mann, and their long array of sympathizers and supporters, are being adopted by the more intelligent and better educated and trained teachers.

A noted writer has said that the modern city is the despair of the political economist. It is the center of vice, and the nursery of every variety of crime. Cities are plague spots on the earth, and they are no less so now than they were in ancient times. For the city-dweller the problems of education are more difficult and serious than for the one who lives in the country. Crowded and congested as the city schools are, however, much can be done to relieve the unnatural conditions.

Vacation schools are becoming popular in some of the large cities. The work for the children in these schools is done almost entirely outside of the schoolroom. Children are given simple

lessons to lead them to observe the objects of nature. They are taught games and plays, and taken to the parks and various places of interest in the city, where they are given daily lessons in the observation of things. Excursions into the country are occasionally taken.

School gardens furnish another means of giving children an opportunity for simple, varied, creative work. It is true that they are regarded as a substitute for farm life. They furnish an element of education in work possible to nothing else in the city schools. Some teachers who have taken a deep interest in this kind of outdoor study have revolutionized nearly the entire community from which their children were drawn. On a very small piece of land, instruction is given how to prepare the ground and plant the seed for particular vegetables. The children are then encouraged to urge their parents to secure vacant lots where they may plant the same crop on a larger scale. These lessons should be given frequently, and the children will continue to plant in their home gardens.

The efforts to have school gardens for city schools have aroused so many to see the value of this method of education that movements are being made in some cities to provide each school, as far as possible, not only with beautiful grounds, but with a garden where the children may learn to cultivate plants and flowers, and get something of first-hand contact with nature. Some schools might arrange conditions so that the children could have some experience in keeping and raising a few animal pets, for the moral good that comes from such friends.

If we can not bring the city children into contact with nature throughout the year, we may often do so for the most beautiful part of it. There is a growing tendency to take children to farms, camps, and villages for a part of the summer.

The ideal school must be held in the country. Man was placed in a garden in the beginning by God, and we must believe that God still regards the country as the ideal home and school. The most desirable form of work for children comes with simple farm life. Here is the ideal combination of variety and regularity of work that can be done under the best physical conditions. The care of animals, the work in the garden, the thousandfold opportunities of farm work—all teach the young heart the beneficent laws of nature, and slowly, but steadily, active harmony with them is built into the very structure of the child's instinct and habits. One writer says, "Blessed is the farmer's boy." The industrial feature, not limited to handicraft, but embracing all forms of useful exertion, is the essential basis of a true education. The boy who has constructed a wagon or a bureau, or raised a small crop, has gained in independence of mind and originality.

In many cities of Europe, the public schools have sections of land allotted to them, where children are taught to carry out in a practical manner what they learn theoretically. During the summer school the lessons in the books last about one hour, or sometimes two hours, but the practical studies occupy daily outdoors about six hours.

We believe in an education which will train the children to earn a living, and, if need be, to get this living straight from Mother Earth. Teachers should make an effort to arouse in children such a strong desire to live close to nature that they can be no more content to live otherwise than they could breathe impure air or eat unwholesome food.

AN ART SCHOOL ON A HOUSEBOAT

Students of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts Travel the Waterways in Search of the Picturesque for Summer Studies

THE idea of a houseboat as a means of assisting art students in their summer studies originated with Curator John D. Pierce, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce are enthusiastic houseboaters, and for several summers past they have found this method of seeking relaxation and health perfectly satisfactory to themselves. This summer they decided to invite a chosen few from among the students of the art classes to share the pleasures of the trip. Needless to say the applications for a place in the boat were far in excess of the capacity of the craft to accommodate guests.

As a result of this inspiration of the Curator's, there will be seen in the fall a large and varied assortment of paintings by art students, not the least interesting of which will be one depicting a party of seekers after art gathered on the deck of a houseboat, busily engaged in transferring to canvas a magnificent riverside view, while themselves serving as models for one of their number seated on the bank. The houseboat, according to the enthusiastic students, is the finest traveling studio ever thought of. Instead of being

Sketching from the boat

A few hours on the shore profitably spent

compelled to seek their subjects in the country surrounding some farmhouse or obscure inn, the houseboat colony moves from place to place as the fancy takes them, sketching or painting from the deck of the boat itself when the surroundings are suitable, making trips into the adjoining woodland when the river views lose their charm, picking up delightful models from among the amphibious mortals that frequent the waterways, and having at their command all the time the joys of the summer vacation,—bathing, boating, rambling or resting amid sylvan scenes unsurpassed anywhere; for the students always select their own scenery before they halt the boat.

It was originally intended to organize the class into the usual summer school with a teacher in charge. But it was decided after some discussion that this would deprive the trip of a good deal of its charm, by divesting the girls of their freedom, and causing the feature of work to predominate in a trip that was to combine work and pleasure in judicious doses. So the teacher idea was given up, and as the girls were all advanced students, it was decided that each should criticize the work of the others, to the mutual advantage of all. This arrangement was found to work admirably, and the students have continued their trip with perfect amity prevailing.

The houseboat owned by Curator Pierce is a commodious craft built for use rather than ornament. It is fitted with power of its own and is therefore independent of the method of traveling that many houseboats are compelled to tie up to, that of a tow from a friendly bargeman. The floating studio can be taken wherever its owner wills, and is ready to be moved at any time the party

Painting the lock-keeper in the act of opening the gate

agrees that a change of scene is desirable. Leaving Philadelphia, the party proceeded by easy stages Trentonward, transferring to canvas en route many of the dainty river scenes and the old stone buildings and quaint mills of this historical section. Resting by the peaceful banks of rivers that once ran red with the blood of Hessians and patriots, the little class of art students painted the beauties of rural life and depicted the splendors of summer scenery, scarcely aware that on the very spot where they set up their easels the life and death struggle for freedom was waged.

Towns have been avoided and even villages given as wide a berth as possible, for the idea was to get as far away from ordinary life as the exigencies of houseboating would permit, and seek in unexplored regions fresh and original subjects for the brush and pigments. For all-round enjoyment, for a combination of work and fun, for a continuous round of unexpected pleasures, it is difficult to imagine a more successful plan for a summer outing by students who must have recreation and yet must not be idle entirely, lest the hand lose some of its cunning.

To Supersede the Broom

Illustrations furnished by the Compressed Air and Vacuum Machinery Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE broom threatens soon to be obsolete, judging from the number of vacuum dust-removers which are being placed upon the market. The change is one which must meet with the unqualified approval of all who know what a breeding-ground of disease is the common dust of houses. Every housewife who is possessed of cleanly instincts should welcome an apparatus which removes dust, instead of scattering it in all directions; lost to the senses, so to speak, for a time by its attenuation in air, only sooner or later to settle again on the shelves, pictures, curtains, and carpets in a thin film. Moreover, the removal of dust and its collection in a receptacle by means of the vacuum cleaner permit of its absolute destruction by fire.

Bacteriological science can easily demonstrate the existence of disease germs in common household dust, and there is evidence of an eminently practical character that dust is otherwise a source of disease. There could hardly be a more effective means of spreading the in-

Showing the arrangement of a vacuum outfit in a modern home

fective and irritating particles than the old-fashioned broom. The method is not only insanitary, but absurd from the point of view of its application.

The broom may clean the surface of a carpet, chair, or curtain effectually enough, but the dust is only removed, to be scattered elsewhere and to be spread over an even wider area than before. The great and important difference between the cult of the broom and the vacuum cleaner may be summed up by saying that while the former is calculated to spread disease, the latter enables the dust and its pathogenic contents to be removed and destroyed by fire. The passing of the broom, the brush, and the duster, when it comes to be accomplished, will be a fact of great sanitary significance.— *Cooking Club Magazine.*

Beautiful Lake George

OF this lake it has been written, "Like a fair Naiad of the wilderness it slumbers between the guardian mountains." The southern end of the lake still shows the sites of old Fort Wm. Henry and Fort George which were established to protect the interests of the early colonists living below in the Hudson River and Mohawk Valleys. These forts watched over this important waterway, which was by far the most convenient thoroughfare through the then virgin forests traversed by both settler and savage. "No part of the country is richer in historical interest; no other American waters have seen so many armies pass up and down, gay with the brilliant colors of an 'old world and a past age.'" As time went on, these old war relics were gradually obliterated, and "peaceful pleasure parties only sought its waters, and summer homes grew up on its shores."

View of the lake from the sanitarium grounds

On a promontory near the old Fort George Grounds, and overlooking the lake and village, are located the buildings of the Adirondack Sanitarium, one of the many exponents of the Battle Creek System. Above the village towers Prospect Mountain, with its cable road and Summit House. The view from its observatory is rare and extensive. Looking southward is the Upper Hudson like a silver thread winding in and out among the thriving villages along its course. The church spires of Albany, seventy miles away, may also be

seen. Eastward can be discerned the verdant tops of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Stretching to the northward between its rugged banks can be seen the blue lake as far as "The Narrows." To the west and north, range upon range of mountains with their more or less wooded peaks, spread before you. Some of these in plain view are known to be eighty or a hundred miles distant.

The Sanitarium is nestled on one of the plateaus on the western slope of French Mountain. This mountain is very rocky and precipitous in some parts; while in others the ascent to the summit is gradual. It has many attractions for the nature lover. Its forests are made up of pine, spruce, cedar, birch, beech, elm, oak, maple, boxwood, poplar, hickory-nut, butternut, chestnut, hemlock, and fir-balsam. In this region are to be found many varieties of interesting birds and a profusion of wild flowers. The babbling brooks form frequent cascades as they dash from stone to stone over their mossy beds down the mountainside.

All during the year Nature seems to be in a most cheerful mood, and in every season there is much to enjoy. The beauties of the snow-covered mountain ranges, with their evergreen decorations, and the blue and purple haze which seems always to surround their summits, are seen miles away. This makes a vivid picture not easily forgotten.

The summer heat is rarely so extreme but that one can with impunity climb any mountain peak. Boating, rowing, bathing and swimming are thoroughly enjoyed throughout the summer months, but it is in autumn that Nature wears her gayest colors. The rare tints and combinations seen in the Adirondacks in the fall are seldom, if ever, surpassed.

Although the railroad facilities are excellent, a more detailed knowledge of the country can be gotten in going from place to place by the electrics; or driving by stage into the heart of the mountains.

A beautiful view of the opposite shore

A most delightful water-trip is up through Lake George with its "three hundred and sixty-five islands." Here and there along its charmingly wooded shores are nestled beautiful resorts and hamlets. The boat passes Old Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, gliding out of the "green waters" of Champlain, down the St. Lawrence, and along the Canadian shores to old Quebec. Soon we are on the crest of the Atlantic. Passing the Maine woods, Portland Isles, we arrive at the "Hub City" with its historical treasure-houses. Now come Plymouth Rock, Cape Cod, and then the Metropolis is reached. From New York City we embark on one of the many Hudson River steamers. Carried against the current and with the tide, we pass the Palisades, with their old and modern castles, Tarrytown and West Point.

Soon the magnificent State Capitol is sighted, and a pleasure ride by train or trolley takes us through Saratoga Springs, Glens Falls, and back to Lake George.

retreats, sheltered coves, and romantic glades, the diversity of its lovely vistas; the harmonious contour of its verdure-clad mountains; the charming gradations in color of the gentle slopes,—

Launch ready to leave the sanitarium dock

The invariable impression given is that of a ready writer who said, "Lake George is undoubtedly the most picturesque summer resort in America. Wherever the English language is spoken, its beauty has been sung. It has a poetic charm and a delicacy of outline that win the love and admiration of every beholder. Queenly in its majesty, peerless in beauty, with a wealth of historic facts and legendary lore, idyllic, dreamy, exquisitely lovely, it holds the mind and the senses captive within the magic circle of its mountainous shores.

"The islands that seem to float on its glassy blue surface, the crystalline purity of the water itself, the soothing atmosphere, the fairylike nooks, sylvan all tend to fit the sojourner's mood to his delightful surroundings.

"Lake George is the most frequented of all American waters, and it is generally conceded that it surpasses any of the famed Scotch or English lakes in every essential element of lake and mountain beauty. Its rolling mountain shores invite an intimate acquaintance with the woods and forest slopes."

"Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet."

A Commencement Breakfast

BY MRS. MINNIE EMMONS

Strawberries

Boiled Rice with Cream

Asparagus Canapés Scalloped Eggs Potato Cutlets Gravy

Bread Butter Currant Nectar

Cereal Coffee

Asparagus Canapés.—Prepare the canapés by cutting bread, two or three days old, into two-and-one-half-inch cubes. Remove a two-inch cube from one side, forming a square receptacle. Toast in a slow oven to a golden brown. Place in the canapé six or eight asparagus tips, fill the cavity with Cream of Tomato Sauce, and serve.

Cream of Tomato Sauce:

2/3 cup rich milk
1/3 cup strained tomato
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1/3 teaspoonful salt

Directions: Heat the milk to boiling, stir in flour previously rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; when cooked. add the hot strained tomato and salt.

Scalloped Eggs:

Yolks of six hard-boiled eggs
½ cup chopped ripe olives
1 cup cream sauce
1 cup breadcrumbs

Butter a baking dish, place in the bottom one-fourth of crumbs, three egg

Asparagus Canapés

Potato Cutlets

yolks thinly sliced, one-half of the chopped olives, one-half of the cream sauce made as above, omitting the tomato, and using one cup rich milk instead of two-thirds cup, then add one-half cup breadcrumbs, repeat the layers, finishing with a thin sprinkle of breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

Potato Cutlets:

2 cups mashed potato
2 teaspoonfuls grated onion
1 teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful mace
¼ cup farina
½ cup cream
¼ cup milk
1 tablespoonful butter

Heat the cream to boiling, add the farina moistened in the cold milk, cook in a double boiler three fourths of an hour.

To the hot mashed potato add the salt, onion, mace, butter, and farina, form in cutlets, roll in toasted breadcrumbs, beaten egg, crumbs again, bake to a nice brown, serve with the following gravy:

½ cup thin cream
1/3 teaspoonful salt
½ cup water in which the potatoes were boiled
1 tablespoonful flour
1 tablespoonful browned flour
1 tablespoonful butter

Directions: Heat cream and potato water to boiling; rub the butter, flour, and salt together; stir in the hot cream and potato water; cook five minutes.

June

The Walking Club

A Tramp to the Prehistoric Cliff-Dwellings

BY JAMES M. HUTCHINSON

MUCH has been written concerning the ancient cliff-dwellings found throughout the southwest, and many are the theories as to the nature of the people who lived there, whence they came, and where they went. Reading some of these interesting accounts gave me a great desire to see these prehistoric dwellings. The long-looked-for opportunity came in July of last year, when Edward Buckley and myself, both members of the Overland Walking Club, took a tramp through Colorado.

Mancos, Colorado

The guide's log cabin

After a pleasant walk through the northern part of the State, we went by rail to the southwestern portion, stopping off at Mancos, the nearest railroad station to the ruins of the cliff-dwellings. Mancos has several hundred inhabitants, and is generally the starting-point for those taking a trip to the ruins, for here a guide may be obtained and also all the necessary provisions and equipment for the journey. I would advise any one contemplating this trip to secure the services of a guide; for not only can a guide make the trip more interesting, but he is a necessity to one unaccustomed to this section of the country, where for part of the journey there is no visi-

ble trail. It would be unpleasant, to say the least, to be lost in this arid region, where one can travel for twenty miles without finding a drop of water. It is approximately twenty-five miles from Mancos to the ruins of the cliff-dwellings.

We started early one morning to make the trip on foot. Our guide, who had been conducting travelers to the ruins for fifteen years, said that we were the first persons he had known to walk there. I hope we have demonstrated the feasibility of such a trip on foot, and that in years to come, the people of this country will take many more such trips as this, for it is an undisputed fact that the best way to see the country is on foot, to say nothing of the sound health to be obtained from such a journey. Our guide rode on horseback and took along a packhorse to carry our provisions, water, haversacks, etc. Having nothing to carry except a small camera, we were well prepared for a hard journey if such it should prove to be. We were happily disappointed not to encounter the great dangers which we had read we would meet on this trip, and with the exception of a difficult two-mile climb to the top of the Mesa Verde, the journey was very easy. For ten miles after leaving Mancos we walked over a fairly good road and then it was a tramp of some five miles through sage-brush, knee-deep, interspersed with myriads of sunflowers. There was no trail here, and our guide said that he seldom went over the same ground twice. Reaching the summit of Mesa Verde, we ate a light lunch and sat under a beautiful pine tree for a few minutes' rest. Here we had a grand view of the Montezuma Valley stretching out below us for many miles. Our walk over the Mesa Verde (a Spanish name meaning "green table-land") was very interesting and pleasant. We were on a fairly good trail, which wound in and out among cedar and piñon trees, and occasionally we would be afforded fine views of the surrounding country. From the Mesa Verde one can see territory in Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. The cedar trees along the trail assume many fantastic shapes, and while small, they are very old, some probably being there when this country was first discovered.

The Cliff Palace

After a walk of three miles over the Mesa we came to the first evidence of ancient habitation, in the shape of an old reservoir. Nothing now remains

but a large pile of stones and débris, but one can see the original shape of the structure, whatever it may have been. Many believe that it was a reservoir to hold water for the Cliff-dwellers, but this seems rather unreasonable, as it is five miles to the nearest cliff houses, and if it had been built for the storage of water, no doubt they would have constructed it nearer to their homes. Then the ruins of this structure are on a high elevation, where no water could get into it unless put in by some one. If it had ever been used to store water, there must have been a spring there at one time. It is more probable that it was used as a place of worship, or as a place for storing corn or something of that kind. About the middle of the afternoon we reached the first of the cliff-dwellings, the Spruce Tree House, which is built on shelves of rock near the end of an arm of Navajo Canyon. Directly opposite these ruins on the Mesa our guide had built a log cabin which we made our headquarters during our stay. The Mesa Verde is interspersed with many deep canyons, and on natural shelves in the side of these canyons were built the cliff-dwellings. They are much nearer the top than the bottom of the canyons, and are protected by overhanging rocks, which in some instances project over the houses thirty or forty feet. It is this protection and the fact that the climate is unusually dry, that has kept the ruins from decay for so many centuries. The houses nearest the edge of the cliffs are nearly all in ruins, but some of those out of reach of the elements are well preserved. Many of the ruins it would be impossible to reach without the assistance of ropes or ladders.

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The Cliff-dwellers will always remain an unsolved problem. It is impossible to learn at what period the houses were inhabited. It may have been hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. Some adhere to the theory that the Cliff-dwellers were ancestors of the present-day Pueblo Indians, while others hold that the Moqui Indians are descendants from the Cliff-dwellers. There are many good reasons for believing that the Cliff-dwellers were the ancestors of either the Pueblo or Moqui Indians. The pottery found in the ruins is very similar to that made by the Pueblos, but it is possible and even probable that the Pueblos copied their patterns

Lunching on the trail

from the Cliff-dwellers. The habits and mode of living of the Moqui strongly resemble those attributed to the Cliff-dwellers, and in comparing the two tribes one can see much in common. On the other hand, there are facts to be considered that will hardly coincide with these theories. The hair on nearly all the mummies found in the Cliff ruins is soft, fine, and generally from brown to blonde in color, and the skulls resemble a white man's. Whether the Cliff-dwellers were Indians or a distinct race may never be known, but the fact remains that they did some fine work in building, and they must have been industrious and persevering to construct their homes hundreds of feet up from the bottom of the canyon and to haul all the stone up there for building. The Cliff-dwellers were supposed to have been of very small stature, and the small doors in the houses and some small mummies found in the ruins would lead one to this belief, yet large mummies and skeletons have also been found.

That the Cliff-dwellers were an agricultural people there is no doubt. In digging in any of the ruins, one will find corn cobs, pumpkin or squash seeds, and things of like nature. In one place I dug up a corn cob partly covered with clay, which plainly showed how they baked their corn.

The Cliff ruins have been thoroughly searched for curios of pottery, and many fine jars and pots have been found. We dug for several hours, and while not getting any very choice specimens, we were well repaid with many interesting ones.

The Cliff houses were all built of medium-sized stones put together with clay, which in this region is very adhesive. Some houses are only one story in height with but few rooms, while others have four and five stories with many apartments. The floors of the upper stories were made of wood boughs covered with bark and clay. The wood is very dry and brittle from age. The windows are few and very small, looking more like portholes.

The Balcony House

Perhaps they were used for purposes of defense more than for anything else. The doors or passage-ways are more numerous, and are only three to four feet in height, and very narrow. If the Cliff-dwellers were of medium or large stature, it must have been inconvenient to get in and out of the houses. The floors of nearly all the lower rooms are covered with broken rock and débris to a considerable depth. Inscriptions found on the walls in various places are of much interest. These drawings in some places are of Rocky Mountain sheep and wild turkeys. Others are simply rude drawings that mean nothing to us, but were undoubtedly full of meaning to them. In making these figures, red and white paint was used, which may have been made from vegetables. The natural rock formed the roof of most of these houses and the height of the house was made to conform to the distance between the rock overhead and that on which it was built. Many that originally reached the overhead rock do not now, owing to the ravages of time.

We spent nearly all of one afternoon in examining the ruins of the Spruce Tree House. This is one of the largest of the collection of houses found in the canyons, containing about eighty rooms. In the rear portion of the Spruce Tree House is a large room in which many mummies and skeletons were found. Evidently they used this room as a burying ground. Not far from these ruins and protected by a large overhanging rock is a fine spring of water. This spring was probably used by the Cliff-dwellers, as there is no other drinking water near.

There is a peculiar quietness about these ruins that impresses one deeply. With no habitation within nearly twenty miles and the surroundings the same as they were centuries ago, one is truly in "solitude where none intrudes."

Among other ruins of particular interest that we visited were the Cliff Palace and Balcony House. The Cliff Palace is the largest of these ruins, with 149 rooms, and is situated in Navajo Canyon, some distance from the Spruce Tree House. We descended

Spruce Tree House

to these ruins from the top of the Mesa Verde by some stone steps cut in the rock by the Cliff-dwellers and probably used by them for the same purpose. The Cliff Palace is nearly five hundred feet long, and in places several stories in height. It contains several large round towers that may have been used as watch towers. The Balcony House is located in the walls of Ruin Canyon, and was the most difficult to reach of any that we visited. It is called the Balcony House because of a projection from the side of one of the houses which resembles a balcony. If those who lived there had any appreciation of the beautiful, their gratification

could be easily satisfied, for the view of Ruin Canyon from the balcony is sublime. This house is the best preserved of any that we saw.

We left the cliff-dwellings with reluctance, and in less than seven hours were back at Mancos. We had no hills to climb on our return, but that part of the journey through the sagebrush was one of the hottest walks I ever took. Yet no matter how warm the days may be nor how strongly the sun's rays may beat down, the nights are always delightfully cool and refreshing.

To those desirous of seeing something out of the ordinary, something intensely interesting and instructive, I would suggest a trip on foot to the prehistoric cliff-dwellings of Colorado. This region, like many other wonderful places in the world, can not be reached by cars or carriages, but is easy of access either by horseback or on foot.

Homesick for the Hills

I AM homesick for the hills;
They call me all day long
To hear the music of the stream,
The pine tree's whispered song.
And with eager head uplifted
My nostrils scent the breeze,
For the clean, sweet, pungent fragrance
Of spruce and cedar trees.

I'm homesick for the hills;
My soul longs for the balm
Of their bigness and their majesty,
Their solitude and calm.
Oh, to be there among them
'Neath sky so blue and clear,
Where the world of men seems far away
And God so very near.

I'm homesick for the hills,
Green clad with spruces tall,
Where golden mists come creeping down,
And purple shadows fall.
And I long to sit at sunset
On high places that I know,
And watch the rose and crimson flush
Upon the banks of snow.

I'm homesick for the hills,
Where life is full and free,
Where the air is like a draft of wine—
There's where I want to be.
And my straining eyes look westward
And my heart with longing fills;
For I hear the pines a-calling,
And I'm homesick for the hills.

—*Florence M. Cooley.*

The Master Tissues

BY B. N. COLVER, M. D.

IN ancient times the chief men of the small nations were those who by muscular prowess won that rank. The same is seen to-day in the primitive tribes. That nation was supreme which as a nation was the best physically. The thinkers of early peoples, the poets, philosophers, and struggling scientists were honored, but the man of brawn was the mainstay of national life.

To-day the ideal of the leading nations is the mental giant. As Dr. Pope expresses it, "A man is estimated to-day by the energy he can discharge from the neuron batteries of the cortex." In other words, the greater the thinker, the greater the man. Those nations are the world powers that are most highly civilized. To civilize is to reclaim from savage habits and customs. To do this is too often to leave the animal man behind and develop to the extreme the mental.

By all mechanical, architectural, and social devices, man is "relieved" of the arduous manual labor of former times; protected from the rude blasts of the winter's gale; and instructed in the intellectual rather than the muscular diversions of the forefathers. This relief from the battle of brawn has in reality robbed man of a necessary part of life. The harmful effect has been seen, warned against, and heeded to a certain degree.

The tendency of an age is only the total tendency of the individual. In any unit there can the causes and effects be best studied, and the remedy for the whole mass applied. The body is in itself a complex community. Pawlow, in analyzing the wonderful digestive processes, speaks of the body as a "microcosm," or little world. The various organs and cells have tasks so different and yet so essential to the well-being of the whole that they resemble the different industries and artisans in the complex community of national life.

The "master tissues" are the central nervous system and the muscles. These constitute the true man. A man is known by what he does, what he really accomplishes. The acts of life are done by these master tissues. The ideas, the theories, the plans, are evolved in the wonderful nerve dynamo, the cortex of the brain. The decisions and orders are transmitted by the telegraphic system of nerve fibers to all parts of the body. The cooperating muscles seize, mold, and

perfect the crude material round about in harmony with the plan. Thus has the man done something.

The rest of the organs are but the servants of this little world. To nourish and strengthen the masters, the digestive organs and lungs dissolve and absorb food and air. The circulatory organs, the central pump or heart, the ramifying ducts or blood-vessels, and the carrying medium, the blood, distribute the liquid nourishment to the most distant cell.

In such an active community there is of necessity a vast amount of waste material. As in a large city ample provision must be made by the scavenger and reduction plants, so in the body the same need is met. The kidneys, skin, and lungs thus keep the rubbish cleaned away from the master tissues.

There is the same danger in such a complex arrangement as in any large community; namely, the pre-eminence of one of the ruling powers, or the abuse of the servant classes. If the man pander to the desires of the appetite, or by indiscretion overtax the eliminative organs, or by disuse weaken the circulatory mechanism, the function of the servants has been ignored, and a great wrong done the whole community. The abuse of the servant reacts on the master, and inability to think clearly, to move quickly, or to work vigorously soon hampers the whole being.

Or, on the other hand, the pursuits may be such as to develop great strength of muscle. The man may be a great muscular animal toiling day after day without much thought. The mental faculties are allowed to remain immature, undeveloped, dormant. This man enjoys vigorous health for a time. The lack of mental balance is bound to appear in his lack of judgment and self-control. He gives way to his passions and whims. He has merely been a splendid animal cut short by his own failure to understand himself and his possibilities.

The third possibility is very apt to lure many of the rising generation. The young man sees the superior place attained by brain. He thinks he must apply himself to learning all he can as rapidly as possible. He may enter the professional or business ranks after rushing through a maze of confining studies. Year after year he thinks, and thinks, and thinks. The amount of time spent out-of-doors, in the free, fresh air and life-giving sunshine, is a minimum. The amount of muscular work is summed up in his daily walks to and from the cars. Is it any wonder that nerve exhaustion and brain fag overcome such a weak, pale, unnatural class? The brain dynamo has been running at the expense of the brawn engine.

There is, however, a balanced mode of life which promises much for him who adopts it. Gladstone, wrestling to his last days with mighty problems, is an example. We see him molding the map and thinking out brain-racking complications for years. But in his other hours he kept his body at its best by vigorous manual labor. Our President is another example of the strenuous and simple life in combination. The vast interests of the country have evolved problems of amazing magnitude. Mr. Roosevelt has successfully mastered problem after problem. Not only has he treated the principles involved, but has been able to go into the puzzling details. To think that he always has kept this up, or could now constantly is a mistake. His former years and his vacation periods find him on the plains, in the pine forests, or among the mountains, working up his own store of vi-

tal energy. Much of his interview work is done on horseback, in the sun and rain.

Only by a proper understanding of the relation of body and brain can a balanced régime be adopted. When the various organs of the body are working harmoniously to assist the efforts of the man, he can do his best work. The possibilities and opportunities of life, the place and purpose in the world, the relationship to man and God, are clearest recognized when the senses are sharp, and the intellect at peace with its fellow tissues. Only by an all-round life can we have an all-round body. To favor any part is to develop a lopsided man.

How the Body Resists Disease

VI

BY WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

How to Increase Vital Resistance. It must be apparent from a study of How the Body Resists Disease that it is highly important that man should know how to cooperate with Nature in her efforts to overcome disease. This cooperation must be largely shaped and regulated by the immediate struggle in which the body may be engaged. But preventive medication is by far the most valuable. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure when it comes to increasing vital resistance. We should treat our diseases before we get them. By this we mean, develop such a store of "vital resistance" and acquire such a stock of "vital energy" as to make the physical constitution impregnable to the onslaughts of the microbe.

Briefly summed up, vital resistance is secured by living a natural life, the simple life, the obedient life. Study diligently to find out God's laws of life and their application to *you*, and then faithfully and conscientiously live up to your light.

Live the outdoor life as far as possible. Sleep out-of-doors if you can not work out-of-doors. Take regular and systematic exercise. Keep your dietetic habits in harmony with nature. Don't overeat. Eat foods that will increase the alkalinity of the blood. To do this, it will be necessary to carefully avoid an excess of proteid; that is, such substances as flesh foods, cheese, beans in excess, etc. Study well the food you require to keep up your weight and strength, then eat with a clear conscience, giving no thought whatever to digestion. Worry over one's diet is the surest way to get dyspepsia. Eat your bread as the disciples did theirs—"with gladness of heart" (Acts 2:46), chewing it thoroughly, and trusting the wonderful process of digestion to do the rest.

See that the bowels are kept regular and active. Constipation is responsible for a large share of headaches, depressed feelings, and, we may well say, failures in life. Don't allow poisons to accumulate in the intestinal tract, where they will be absorbed into the blood to exhaust the opsonins and irritate the nervous system and interfere with all the work and pleasure of life. The various means by which the bowels may

be kept active and regular can not be considered here, but one most valuable item may be mentioned, and that is promptness and regularity in attending to the calls of nature.

Conscientiously avoid taking into the body anything antagonistic to health, or that will lower its resistance. Such substances as tea, coffee, all poisonous drugs, opium, morphine, cocaine, tobacco, etc., including alcohol, lower the vital resistance of the body, and make it more susceptible to the attacks of disease. Alcohol paralyzes the leucocytes.

Anything which promotes the circulation of the blood and increases its alkalinity, is of high value in increasing the resistance against the invasion of disease germs. These conditions are best accomplished by means of the *short cold bath*,—the swimming bath, plunge bath, cold tub bath, cold pour, cold shower bath, cold spray, the rubbing cold wet sheet pack, the cold hand bath, or cold mitten friction, which consists of rubbing one part of the body at a time with a rough mohair mitten, dipped in cold, or, better still, ice water, thoroughly drying that portion of the body before treating another. This is especially adapted to bed-ridden patients, and those whose powers of reaction are somewhat enfeebled. Fruit also increases the alkalinity of the blood.

Keep the mind pure, peaceful, and the conscience clear. Keep the mental faculties working, at the same time resting in the full assurance and trust that belongs to the Christian who has made his peace with God, and who knows the truth of the divine promise that "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28).

All phases of fear, as well as all the passionate emotions in which fear is a factor, such as anxiety, envy, jealousy, grief, worry, hatred, despondency, revenge, remorse, etc., directly and powerfully influence the physical health through their depressing effect, primarily upon the cerebrospinal nervous system, and reflexly upon the sympathetic nervous system.

Every form and phase of fear has a tendency to markedly depress physical energy and all phases of organic activity. Therefore its influence is first and last to produce disease, depress vitality, and lessen resistance to disease. On the other hand, faith, which, according to the Bible definition, is "the assurance of things hoped for" (Heb. 11:1, R. V.), together with its kindred mental states of trust and contentment, confidence, peace, and a clear conscience, is a powerful promoter of physical health, and a direct source of nervous activity and increased physical resistance. Thus will appear the significance of such scriptures as, "Thy faith hath made thee whole" (Mark 5:34); "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" (Prov. 17:22); "Godliness with contentment is great gain" (1 Tim. 6:6), etc., etc.

Firm trust and conscientious belief in anything, coupled with an honest and earnest effort to meet one's standard of conscience, is always productive of increased mental and physical health; while condemnation of conscience, being productive of the worst kind of fear, is always depressing to the health of both mind and body. It must be evident, therefore, that whatever a person believes, that is, *provided he believes it so profoundly as to influence the mental emotions, the heart's action, respiration, etc.*, must have a direct effect upon the physical well-being. It matters not whether the thing thus believed in be true or false (we here speak of only the physical reward of faith). Both judgment and conscience are creatures dependent more or less upon heredity,

environment, and education. And this fundamental mental law will be found operating between the mental and physical realms, viz., to obey the conscience promotes physical health and mental peace; to disobey the conscience produces that state of mental unrest which, in turn, gives rise to fear and all its offspring of anxiety and discontent, which are directly productive of conditions favoring physical disease. It therefore appears that all the exalted and peaceful emotions are directly influential in promoting health, while the emotions which are the offspring of fear are all derogatory to the physical well-being.

Confidence in the ability of the physician to cure, or in the potency of a remedy to heal, is in itself a wonderful restorer. The patient who confidently expects to recover, has, in this very mental state, a most powerful remedy; and this undoubtedly explains why many patients have made apparently remarkable recoveries in the hands of charlatans, or while taking some nonsensical treatment or engaging in some other wholly useless practice. Their recovery was largely due to the fact that they had a confident expectation of getting well. This undoubtedly also explains many of the recoveries at the hands of faith curists and Christian Science healers. It matters not, so far as certain physical laws are concerned, whether the thing believed in is true or false, so long as the sick one *really* and *truly* believes that thing. It has a reflex physiological influence which is favorable to recovery, and, therefore, for the time being, yields favorable physical results.

The apostle Paul knew of this mysterious influence of mind over health when he prescribed for his Phillipian converts the following mental and moral prescription, found in Phil. 4:8:

"To all the saints at Philippi:

R/

"Whatsoever things are true,
"Whatsoever things are honest,
"Whatsoever things are just,
"Whatsoever things are pure,
"Whatsoever things are lovely,
"Whatsoever things are of good report,
"Whatsoever is virtuous and praiseworthy,

Directions: *"Think on these things."*

CAVE DWELLERS

THE modern civilized man is almost as really a cave-dweller as was the cave man of prehistoric times. He shuts himself away in an air-proof, water-proof, light-proof house, and wonders why he gets puny and sickly, wizened and consumptive. The reason is obvious, and the remedy is equally obvious.

A mild return to savagery, moving out-of-doors, a natural life,—these are the remedies for the degeneracy of our modern life. Nothing else can stay its destructive progress.

"To lengthen life, shorten meals. Dyspepsia is due, in nine cases out of ten, to too much food, too little exercise."—*Pleasures of Life. Sir John Lubbock, F. R. S.*

WHO soweth good seed shall surely reap:
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Home Treatments of Simple Fever

BY KATE LINDSAY, M. D.

SIMPLE fever is one of the most common and one of the most neglected of disorders. A fever is always an indication of some form of intoxication. The specific infectious fevers are due to toxins, or poisons, the result of some special germ or microbe getting into the body and growing at the expense and destruction of the cells and tissues of the organism. In this process of rapid increase of the infection, a special form of toxins is developed, which causes certain symptoms, and the disease runs a certain course, and is known by a special name; as, typhoid fever, measles, and like disorders. Typhoid microbes always cause typhoid fever. Measles and scarlet fever infection produce scarlet fever or measles. But simple fever is due to many causes, all of which produce an intoxication of longer or shorter duration. Thus we have several forms of simple fever, as what is known as ephemeral or a one-day fever, very frequent in children as the result of overeating some indigestible food, overexcitement, teething, overexercise, fright, overheating, or exposure to cold and dampness. The writer has seen cases of this fever from bee stings, from mosquito, flea, and other venomous insect bites. Then there is what is known as febricula, which lasts four or five days; and the continued form, where a simple fever may last from two to four weeks or more. The causes of simple fever are toxins absorbed from the cavities of the body, especially the alimentary canal. Simple fever is invariably attended with all the symptoms of intoxication.

A few examples of simple fever due to food spoiling in the stomach may serve as illustrations of the frequency and gravity of morbid food elements in the alimentary canal:

A four-year-old child on a visit from home wandered into a currant patch and ate heartily of the half-ripe fruit before dinner. He was taken ill, at the table, with severe vomiting and fever. He was restless and delirious all night; temperature 103° and over. Next day the child was feverish and languid, but with thorough elimination by a cathartic and emetic, in twenty-four hours the paroxysm of fever had subsided. Had the patient been given a proper diet, there would have been no more trouble, but meddlesome relatives were sure no child could exist for forty-eight hours on simple water gruel and strained fruit juice. Hot buttered toast, preserves, and a chicken breast were given for dinner the third day after the green fruit surfeit. As a result there followed violent headache, vomiting, diarrhea, and fever which lasted four days, the child being languid and ailing for several days after the fever subsided.

An infant of nine months put on the floor to play and amuse itself, crept to an open bag of dried beans. The child was unusually quiet for a time, much to its busy mother's satisfaction. When at last it was discovered, it was bolting dried beans as fast as it could put them in its mouth. That night it had two severe convulsions, and was relieved only by an emetic and purge, remaining in a stupor for almost twenty-four hours. Acute gastric catarrh followed and the fever in this case lasted fifteen days. The digestive organs were permanently dam-

aged, and for a time it was almost impossible for the child to digest sufficient food to keep up nutrition. For many weeks there was no gain in weight, and normal growth and development was at a complete standstill. The child, even after recovery, grew up delicate and fragile, always ailing, and handicapped at school and elsewhere by digestive disorders.

A rugged, healthy schoolgirl ten years of age, at a test of rope jumping, kept up the sport until from extreme exhaustion she fainted away. The exercise was begun soon after a hearty supper. This food fermented instead of digesting, and there was fever, headache, nosebleed, and severe vomiting. Under careful treatment the temperature became normal in five days. But all summer the patient was more or less ailing, and did not seem like herself until cool weather in the autumn.

Other cases might be enumerated where these simple fever attacks, due to some indiscretion in diet, to overexertion, mental excitement, and like causes, predispose to a future of ill health for the patient. The acute indigestion started by a surfeit on some festive occasion, and its future recurrence by repeated indiscretion, finally terminates in periodic attacks of sick-headache or migraine; or rheumatism, neuralgia, neurasthenia, or some other systemic toxic disorder may develop. The liver or kidneys may become functionally or organically diseased. The brain and nerve structure of the body may be seriously damaged, resulting in nerve storms in the form of hysteria, or, more serious still, epilepsy may occur which may become chronic, resulting at last in complete insanity and consignment to an insane asylum. The digestive organs deranged in function and damaged in structure, and the walls of the different cavities of the alimentary canal dilated, we get imperfect digestion and an enlarged, displaced stomach, duodenum or the small intestines, as well as a catarrhal inflammation of the colon or large intestine, which, terminating in an attack of colitis, leads to the operating table, and the surgeon is called in to execute the appendix, an offending member which has become so depraved as to threaten the destruction of the whole human organism.

The attack of smallpox or measles may run its typical course and the patient recover, with blood and tissue fortified by an army of protective antitoxins which will enable the body ever after to resist the inroads of the infection causing these disorders. But the patient suffering from periodic attacks of simple fever is undermining his health by the gradual demoralization of the blood from destruction of its elements, both of nutrition and defense, and by the constant influx of toxins through absorption. The excretory organs failing to do the necessary work of elimination, the wastes of the body are imperfectly excreted. The lymph spaces surrounding the tissue cells become filled with the retained débris from the food elements consumed in heating and keeping up the working energy of the body. The result of this continuous maltreatment of the living temple is an army numbering up to hundreds of thousands, even millions, of chronic invalids who flock to every health resort seeking relief from disease and suffering and to prolong life.

It is beyond the power of medical science to mend the leaking valves of a damaged heart or render flexible the hardened arteries of the arteriosclerotic victim of previous bad dietetic habits. The repeated attacks of indigestion, fever, and so-called bilious attacks were

neglected. No inquiry was made as to the cause of these toxic storms. No preventive measures were used to avoid the recurring paroxysms of simple fever which tortured the infant with restless days and nights. Later on the boy or the girl failed in his educational career and at last made shipwreck of any prospect for success in life because of poor health.

There is no fact more certain than that the foundation of health preservation is the knowledge and practice of preventive medicine in the home. The mother who, when her infant suffers from even one attack of simple fever due to indigestion or any other cause, seeks to find out what food disagrees with her baby either in quantity, quality, or method of administration, and avoid the cause of these attacks of illness for the future, will do vastly more than the physician can do for the little patient by washing out its stomach, giving a cathartic, and a cool bath at the time of the illness. She can by a rational system of feeding and other hygienic care of her little ones, prevent future attacks of fever due to indigestion. When some fast-growing boy or girl complains of legs and arms aching, the so-called "growing pains," is short of breath, has a coated tongue and an irregular evening rise of temperature, the parents should recognize an impending attack of rheumatism which may make an invalid of the child for months and leave it with a damaged heart for its entire life.

Then there is the fever and nervousness which so often precede an attack of chorea or St. Vitus dance; that which makes the infant kick off the bedclothes when rickets is threatening the developing skeleton of the young child; the rise of temperature from frequent taking cold and from overheating; also from toxins absorbed from bad teeth, a sore mouth, and chronically enlarged tonsils. All these disorders, due to the toxins of disordered nutrition, must be treated by improving the home hygiene of the young patients.

The child with rheumatic tendencies should have an aseptic dietary, warm clothing, protection from cold and dampness, and plenty of outdoor life, avoiding all test-strength games and nervous excitement, cold short morning baths and neutral evening full baths or sponges to tone up the skin and prevent taking cold through the day and to sedate the evening fever and nervousness.

The child predisposed to cholera should be taken from school. He should sleep in the open air and live outdoors as much as possible. He should have regular meals and plenty of sleep, ten or twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Tonic baths are useful in this disorder, as well as in treating rickets and all other diseases which demoralize the nervous system and cause wasting of the body tissues, and interfere with normal growth.

The point to be emphasized about simple fever is that it is a symptom of systemic intoxication, a danger-signal indicating the incipient stages of many serious disorders. Such fevers are most frequent in infancy, childhood and youth, and this symptom, when often recurring, should never be lightly regarded, but should be given prompt attention. Prevention is always more potent and efficient than cure, and can be applied only by the every-day practice of hygiene in the daily life.

SYMPATHY is two hearts tugging at one load.
—*Charles Henry Parkhurst.*

THE CHILDREN'S COOKING CLASS

CONDUCTED BY LENNA FRANCES COOPER

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE GOOD HEALTH FAMILY:

How happy we all are to think that winter is past and that we have come to the time of sunshine and flowers, when we can live in God's out-of-doors and enjoy the good and lovely things with which he has surrounded us. How lovely it is to go camping, cooking and eating in the open. With a little experience

Cooking in the open

one soon becomes expert in the art of building the camp-fire, which gives such a delicious flavor to the foods cooked over it.

The chafing-dish also is a very useful article on camping expeditions, and it is so simple that any little boy or girl can use it. It is especially nice for cooking eggs, custards, sauces, tinned goods, etc.

Since this is our Outdoor Number, we shall practice on egg dishes this month, as they are a most convenient article for such occasions.

Let us first classify our food substances or principles:

FOOD PRINCIPLES

Incombustible (non-heat-producing)	Mineral matter Water
Combustible (heat-producing)	
Special Heat Givers	Starches Sugars Fruit Acids Fats
Muscle Former and Heat Giver	Proteids

It is about this class of food substances, the proteids, that we will study this month.

In the first place, they are very much like the Special Heat Givers, in that they are a fuel food and are made up of the same chemical elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. But in addition to these they also contain the element, nitrogen, which is the distinguishing feature of the proteids. Hence they are also called nitrogenous and sometimes albuminous, because egg albumen is such a good representative of the class.

Nitrogen is called the fickle element, because its compounds separate and break up easily, giving off very unpleasant odors, which are the products of decomposition. Since heat favors decomposition, nitrogenous foods should be kept in a cool place.

The principal sources of proteid are as follows:

1. Eggs.
2. Milk and Cheese.
3. Flesh Foods.
4. Legumes (Peas, Beans, and Lentils).
5. Nuts and Nut Foods.

The chafing dish is a useful utensil in camp life

The cereals also contain proteid. Indeed, almost all of our food contains some proteid.

Of these the egg is one of the simplest, and, if properly cooked, the most easily digested. The digestibility depends very largely upon the cooking. Egg white hardens and toughens when cooked at a high temperature; hence that which is to be eaten should *never* be boiled. It is possible with a high degree of heat to make a cement for marble from egg white. If the whole egg is to be eaten, it should be cooked below the boiling point. But if only the yolk is desired, then the egg may be boiled, as the high temperature does not lessen the digestibility of the yolk, but makes it quite mealy, which is one of the most easily digestible forms. However, the whole egg may be cooked in such a way that the white will be soft and jelly-like and the yolk dry and mealy. This is done by pouring boiling water into the saucepan, then carefully dropping the eggs into it, and letting them stand covered twenty to thirty minutes at one side of the stove where only a moderate degree of heat reaches it. If hard-boiled egg

white is shredded by putting through a fine colander, it is not so difficult of digestion.

The egg is a very wonderful food. In the first place it was intended as food for a chick; hence it contains all the elements necessary for the maintenance of life and the growth of an animal organism. While it is a perfect food for the chick, it is not altogether so for the human being. But it is especially valuable for growing children, on account of the mineral salts of phosphorus, iron, and lime which are so necessary for the building of bone and nerve tissue, also healthy blood.

The composition of the whole egg is about as follows:

Water	74	parts	in	100
Proteid	15	"	"	"
Fat	10	"	"	"
Mineral Matter	1	"	"	"

The yolk and white are of very different composition. The yolk is more concentrated, containing only fifty per cent water, but about thirty per cent fat.

Both the yolk and the white are very complex substances. The white is composed of millions of cells in which is the proteid in solution. When it is beaten, the walls of the cells are broken, setting free the proteid or albumen; and since it is a viscous substance, as the beating takes place, a large amount of air is enveloped, thus producing the light, frothy appearance. It is on account of the large amount of air that is enclosed that renders them valuable as a means of raising or making light certain mixtures, such as cake, batters, omelets, soufflés, etc.

For our practice work let us first learn to poach an egg properly. For this we may use the chafing-dish. Heat the water to boiling in the pan called the "blazer." Break the egg carefully into a small dish. Turn the flame down very low, and then drop in the egg. Cover the pan, and let stand for three to five minutes.

Cream Shirred Egg.— Butter the desired number of ramekins and break gently into each one an egg. Salt, and cover each with two teaspoonfuls of cream, and lastly with one tablespoonful of bread-crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven until set.

Cream Shirred Egg

Spinach Soufflé.— Three eggs, ¼ cup flour, 1 cup cooked spinach, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2/3 cup hot milk. Rub the flour, salt, and butter together until smooth, then add, slowly at first, the hot milk, stirring continually that no lumps occur. Then add the spinach, which has been put through a colander. Beat the egg yolks until light and creamy, add to the mixture, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a slow oven fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

DRINKING AT MEALS

Some Important Rules Which Should Invariably be Followed Regarding the Use of Liquids at Meal Time

To drink or not to drink at meals is a question long and warmly discussed by dyspeptics, and one concerning which there is no general agreement among authorities in dietetics. Some dyspeptics have declared themselves much benefited by drinking a glassful or half the quantity of water at the close of a meal, while others have declared that a few sips of water within an hour or two after eating are sufficient to set up a whole train of woful symptoms,—acid, gas, eructations, heartburn, etc.

In other words, it has seemed that moderate drinking at meals has been beneficial to some, and equally harmful to others, so that the old rule forbidding water to dyspeptics at meals has been laid down a little less vigorously of late years. But no one has been able to say in advance definitely to one person, Drink, and to another, Drink not.

Recent experiments have thrown new light on the subject, and now we know the why and the where of drinking at meals. The great majority of dyspeptics are suffering from one or the other of two opposite conditions; viz., *hypo*hydrochloria or *hyper*hydrochloria. That is, too little gastric acid or too much acid. When too little hydrochloric acid is present in the gastric juice, the digestive process is too slow and the food remains too long a time in the stomach, giving opportunity for fermentation and the formation of lactic, butyric, and acetic acids.

When too much acid is present, the action of the pepsin is somehow interfered with and digestion is hindered, as well as when there is a deficiency of acid. This is the newly discovered fact which sheds light on the question of drinking at meals.

When there is a deficiency of acid, drinking aggravates the difficulty by diluting the gastric juice. When there is an excess of acid, however, the contrary effect is produced, for by the dilution, digestion is encouraged.

Here is the rule, then: Those who have too little acid, should drink very little or not at all at meals; those who have too much acid, may drink moderately at meals, and will be especially benefited by drinking one or two glassfuls of hot water two hours after eating.

One exception must be made. Persons who have dilated stomachs should at all times avoid burdening their feeble stomachs with large quantities of liquids, and will do best with a dry diet.

It is best not to drink while eating, but afterward. Drinking while eating interferes with mastication and salivary secretion. Liquids should be taken at the close of the meal.—*Modern Medicine.*

A CURE FOR LONG SKIRTS

German Government Imposes a Fine for Wearing "Dust Catchers" on the Streets.

THE German government has set out to cure the evil practice of wearing long skirts upon the streets. According to the *Woman's Medical Journal* for October, 1906, "one German watering place after another is posting ordinances forbidding women wearing long, dragging skirts. Fines are imposed for the women with temerity enough to defy the ordinance that has a fine penalty attached. The physicians in the employ of these 'cures' continue to publish analyses of the dust found on women's trains, and the germs, bacilli, and poison growths discovered make a list of portentous length. The heaviest fine imposed is $30 at Salzbrun, but the ordinary fine is $2.50. The women do not like it, but German laws are not made to be violated."

It is certainly most desirable that a similar movement should be set on foot in this country. Women who are silly enough to drag their garments in the filth of the street and then carry home the horrible accumulation of death-dealing germs to be distributed over the rugs and carpets for their families to breathe, thus inoculating their own homes and everybody who enters them, with disease-producing germs,—such women ought to be suppressed by law if there is no other way to bring them to an intelligent appreciation of their folly.

A woman who wears a long dress upon the street, in so doing advertises the fact that she is either lacking in good sense, or is sadly ignorant. We are often shocked with some recital of the gross and filthy practices of some degraded or semibarbarous tribe of human beings, and are stirred to send missionaries to preach to them the gospel of cleanliness and the habits of civilization, forgetting that we have among us right in the midst of our boasted civilization, carried on under the blazing light of the accumulated knowledge of all the ages, practices which could scarcely be exceeded for gross filthiness by anything which the explorers of heathen lands have ever pictured.

If we must have laws to make us clean and decent, the sooner we get them the better; and it seems that it is about the only way out. The fashion makers are never going to help us, for they are neither consistent nor reliable. One year the styles are short; the next year they are long,—anything for a change to make business for the manufacturers of dry-goods and the dressmakers. Education and agitation will help.

FOOD REFORM IN ENGLAND

Prominent London Physician Cites a Number of Eating Maxims That Are Observed by Arabs.

WE are glad to note the great progress which food reform is making in England under the stimulus of the Good Health League. Dr. A. B. Olsen, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., with the able assistance of his brother, M. E. Olsen, A. M., has made a great success of the English *Good Health,* and in the organization of good health leagues in various parts of that kingdom.

At a recent meeting of the Caterham branch of the Good Health League, Dr. Kenneth Scott, of Edinburgh, a prominent London physician, spoke very emphatically in behalf of food reform as represented by the Caterham Sanitarium and the Good Health League. Having traveled extensively in the Orient, Dr. Scott was well prepared to speak of the diet of Oriental people, which he described as much more simple than that of most civilized nations at the present time. He called special attention to the simplicity of the diet of the Arabs, and the remarkable health, endurance, and good nature of this interesting nation. According to Dr. Scott, the Arabs take but two meals a day, and never drink at meal-time, but only in the morning and evening. The following are some of the

maxims in relation to eating which, according to Dr. Scott, are current among the Arabs:

"Always begin and end your meal with thanksgiving to God."

"Wash your hands and mouth before eating."

"When eating, never put one leg upon the other, nor put your elbows upon the table, as this hinders good digestion."

"Never be a slave to your repast, never touching a meal unless you are hungry."

"Be ever content with what is placed before you, and never give yourself great pains in preparing choice dishes."

"Avoid blowing on a hot dish, but wait until it gets cool."

"Avoid at table drinking much water."

"It shows good upbringing, and is pleasing to God, ever to put into the mouth only small morsels, and never to make observations upon defective qualities of dishes."

"Your meal finished, use attentively the toothpick, gather up the crumbs, and wash again your hands and mouth."

"Lastly, render thanks to God."

Dr. Scott made an earnest plea for a return to the simplicity of our forefathers as the only means by which the human race can regain the vigor and stamina which characterized our ancestors.

Dr. Olsen gave a stirring address in which he called attention to the importance of consistency in reform, the absurdity of discarding alcohol or tobacco while clinging to tea and coffee, which he believes to be more harmful even than flesh foods.

Practical papers were presented by various other members, making altogether an interesting and practical program.

The work which is being carried forward by the Good Health League, with the Caterham Sanitarium as headquarters, is altogether the most important and promising health movement in progress in the British Isles at the present time. The zeal, energy, and perseverance shown by those at the head of this movement can not be commended too highly.

RESULTS ARE ENCOURAGING

Russian Government Diminishes Consumption Death Rate Tremendously by Close Attention to Food Supplies.

By giving attention to milk supplies, by inspection of animals used for food, by the disinfection of infected places, and by the education of the public respecting the communicability of this disease, the government of Prussia has diminished the death rate of consumption nearly one-third within ten years, and is thereby annually saving alive twenty thousand useful citizens who a few years ago would have been sacrificed.

This fact is one of tremendous importance. It demonstrates the possibility of eradicating this horrible malady by an effort sufficiently thorough and prolonged.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF HEALTH

Correspondents should bear in mind that no questions can be answered in these columns sooner than one month. Questions received in May, for instance, can not be answered sooner than June, and if received late in the month, may have to wait over two issues.

10,520. Burning of the Feet—Canning Apples.—J. B., Kansas:

1. "What is the cause of and cure for burning of the soles of the feet?"

Ans.—The cause of burning in the soles of the feet is a disturbance of the circulation and impairment of the nutrition of the nerves supplying the feet, especially those of the skin in the soles of the feet. This condition can be improved by alternate hot and cold foot baths taken every night before retiring, and by wearing an easy fitting shoe and using cotton or silk stockings next to the feet the year round.

2. "What is your opinion of the healthfulness of canning apples in this manner?

"Pare, core, and quarter. Put in an open basket and hang in a barrel, burning a cupful of sulphur under them, covering tight, and leaving for twelve hours. Pack in stone jars, covering with paper. They look and taste as when fresh."

Ans.—This method of preserving apples is one not to be recommended, as the burning sulphur leaves a deposit on the apple of sulphurous acid, free or combined, to the amount of one-half to one per cent of the bulk of the fruit. This preservative is used largely in preserving meats, prunes, evaporated apricots, evaporated peaches, etc., and is considered as an adulteration by most State authorities, and its use forbidden on the ground of its harmfulness. It interferes with the digestion of other foods, and is considered to have a harmful effect upon the kidneys.

10,521. Appendicitis — Throat Trouble. —C. W. M., New York:

1. "What causes appendicitis?"

Ans.—There has been a great diversity of opinion in regard to the cause of appendicitis. For a long time it was supposed to be caused by seeds, and some surgeons reported finding grape and raisin seeds in the appendix. This theory, however, has been exploded by the examination of the concretions found in diseased appendices, which proved to be, instead of grape seeds, merely small lime deposits, secreted much as pearl is secreted in the pearl oyster as the result of irritation. Molded to the shape of the lumen of the appendix and being stained with bile salts, the external appearance was a very close resemblance to grape seeds. One of the most prominent surgeons in the country stated a few years ago that he had operated on a large number of cases of appendicitis and had never yet found a raisin or grape seed in the appendix. The consensus of opinion is that appendicitis is due to an infection of the appendix caused by the contents of the colon being forced back upon the lumen of the appendix. The experiments of Canon, of Harvard, show that peristalsis in the ascending colon above the appendix is in the backward direction against the mouth of the appendix. The appendix seems to secrete a lubricating material for the digestive act when it is performing its normal function. In diseased conditions the material which should be passed on through the colon after being thoroughly impregnated with the secretion of the appendix is forced back in such a way as to force the infection into the lumen of the appendix itself, and sufficient irritation is produced to cause appendicitis, which is divided into two general classes—catarrhal appendicitis and suppurative appendicitis.

2. "What are the symptoms?"

Ans.—The most characteristic symptoms are constipation, and pain in the region of the appendix. This pain is so obstinate that ordinary methods furnish no relief. Even very hot fomentations, which relieve almost any pain of equal intensity, seem to have no effect. Sometimes cold applications cause slight relief. Deep pressure over the region of the appendix is so painful that it causes the patient to involuntarily flex the legs to relieve the pressure, and the muscles over the region of the appendix become rigid to protect the inflamed organ.

3. "How can appendicitis be prevented?"

Ans.—Appendicitis can be prevented by paying especial attention to maintaining a healthy condition of the colon. Metchnikoff's experiments and writings show conclusively that infection of the colon with colon bacillus and a great variety of other bacterial flora plays an important part in the healthy or diseased condition of the body. This can be accomplished by the liberal use of fruits and aseptic foods, which should be thoroughly masticated, so as to keep the whole digestive tract as free as possible from infection. There should be an evacuation of the bowels every twenty-four hours. If this is not obtained in a normal condition, the use of a warm enema should be resorted to, followed by a small enema of cold water to counteract the effect of the warm fluid.

4. "Can it be cured without an operation?"

Ans.—The consensus of opinion is in favor of an operation without delay where there is evidence of suppurative appendicitis. This is because of the danger of an abscess pointing into the surrounding tissue and infecting the peritoneum, which would mean almost sudden death. From the experiences of the past, it is considered better to liberate the pus, and thus be sure of providing an escape in a safe direction.

In the case of catarrhal appendicitis, however, the disease can be cured without an operation, and is frequently so cured by rational methods. Absolute abstinence from food is imperative in all these cases during the attack. Even the cases that are operated

upon show a much better percentage of favorable results where food is absolutely withheld during the attack. The reason for this is probably that the fasting causes a cessation of peristaltic movement of the bowel, and thus relieves further irritation of the already inflamed organ. In cases of appendicitis it is desirable to call in the best physician one can obtain, and have his counsel and advice in regard to the nature of the difficulty. The use of fomentations over the appendix, interspersed with the cold compress or an ice-bag between the treatment, revulsive compress to the spine, hot hip and leg pack followed by cold mitten friction, and Castile soap and water enema, will usually give excellent results in a case of this kind.

5. "What was the disease called before the cause was known?"

Ans.—The probabilities are that before the disease was as well understood as at the present time, it received various names. Inflammation of the bowels was a very common name applied to similar disorders, a certain percentage of which were undoubtedly appendicitis.

6. "What is the cause of one's clearing his throat about fifty times a day? What is the cure?"

Ans.—The cause of this throat difficulty is probably a relaxed or weakened condition of the mucous membrane of the nasal pharynx and throat. It is well in a case of this kind to determine if there is any mechanical obstruction, such as deflection of the septum of the nose, enlarged tonsils, long uvula so that it tickles the throat, or any inflammation of the larynx. If no obstruction is present, the probabilities are that breathing warm air too constantly is the principal cause of this difficulty. The cure will consist in accustoming one's self to be out-of-doors and breathe cold air constantly. Out-of-door sleeping, under proper precautions, would probably cure this condition in less than a year's time.

10,522. Unpolished Rice—Sterilized Cream—Cheese—Tunis Dates.—Mrs. M. B., Maryland:

1. "Where can unpolished rice be procured?"

Ans.—Almost any wholesale house in Louisiana can supply unpolished rice. We might mention the American Rice Brokerage Co., Crowley, La., and the American Rice Mill-

ing Co. of the same place. It can also be secured from H. M. Wagner & Co., Hamberg and Ohio Ave., Baltimore, Md.

2. "What is your opinion of cheese as a food?"

Ans.—Ripened cheese as a food can hardly be recommended, because in this condition such a large amount of putrefactive material is present, due to the action of germs upon the cheese in the ripening process. These elements of putrefaction have a tendency to cause inactivity of the bowels and constipation. Cheese is very apt to be infected with numerous germs and mites unless preserved with a preservative, and where a preservative is used, the putrefactive material is no less deleterious, and one has the additional evil of a harmful preservative.

3. "What kind is the most easily digested?"

Ans.—The only kind of cheese which is wholesome to use is the unripened cheese, known as *smirkase,* or Dutch cheese.

4. "Is sterilized cream a good substitute for fresh cream in case of acid stomach when fresh cream can not be obtained?"

Ans.—Yes.

5. "What are Tunis dates? Where can they be obtained, and how are they distinguished from ordinary dates?"

Ans.—Tunis dates are supposed to be prepared without cane-sugar, the natural sweet of the fruit being sufficient to preserve them when properly packed. They can be distinguished from ordinary dates by testing the washings from the surface of the dates with a little Fehling solution, boiling in a test tube and seeing if you get the reaction for cane-sugar. If the reaction does not follow, you are quite safe in believing that you have the genuine article. Tunis dates can be obtained from Reis & Brady, New York City, or Habicht Braun & Co., Chicago, Ill.

10,523. Dropsy.—O. F., Canada:

1. "What treatment do you advise for a woman of seventy-one with dropsy caused from weak heart action?"

Ans.—A case of this kind should be under the careful supervision of a competent physician. The use of saline cathartics, such as plain sedlitz powder, will help to deplete the accumulated serum, also the use of an ice-bag over the heart for fifteen minutes every three hours. Hot and cold applications, in alternation, to the spine are very excellent measures.

2. "Would you advise fomentations to the abdomen?"

Ans.—Fomentations would do some good, but fomentations alternated with the cold compress, and also the measures mentioned above, would be the most effectual.

3. "Is electricity good in such a case?"

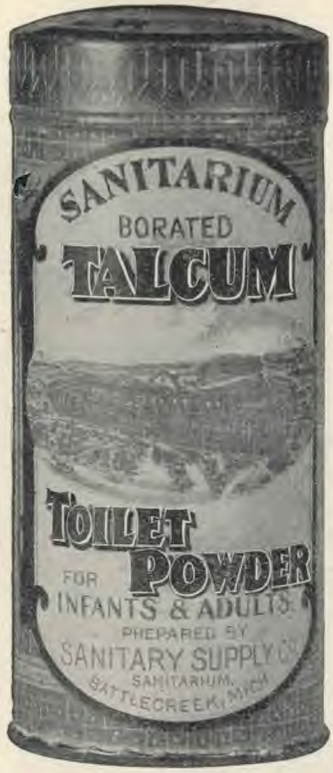
Ans.—The use of faradic electricity to the extremities and over the abdomen would be helpful, but would not give as marked results as the other measures mentioned.

The Playground Association of America is to hold its first annual meeting in Chicago in June, 20th, 21st and 22d inclusive. The program includes a comprehensive study of the play problem in its many features by such authorities as Dr. Luther Gulick, Dr. Stanley Hall, Jane Addams, Francis H. Tabor, and many other equally well-known authorities.

Concerning the importance of playgrounds President Roosevelt, writing to the President of the Association, says:

"Play is at present almost the only method of physical development for city children, and we must provide facilities for it if we would have the children strong and law-abiding. We have raised the age at which the child may go to work and increased the number of school years. These changes involve increased expense for parents with decreased return from the child. If we do not allow the children to work, we must provide some other place than the streets for their leisure time. If we are to require the parents to rear the children at increased expense for the service of the State, practically without return, the State should make the care of children as easy and pleasant as possible. If we would have our citizens contented and law-abiding, we must not sow the seed of discontent in childhood by denying children their birthright of play.

"City streets are unsatisfactory playgrounds for children because of the danger, because most good games are against the law, because they are too hot in summer, and because in crowded sections of the city they are apt to be schools of crime. Neither do small backyards nor ornamental grass plots meet the needs of any but the very small children. Older children who would play vigorous games must have places especially set aside for them; and, since play is a fundamental need, playgrounds should be provided for every child as much as schools. This means that they must be distributed over the cities in such a way as to be within walking distance of every boy and girl, as the majority of children can not afford to pay car fare."



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