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HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

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JAPANESE ALLIANCE AGAINST U.S. OPENLY URGED IN GERMANY

"What Does It Matter if Yellow Race Should Establish Itself in America?" Asks Naval Expert in Prominent Berlin Newspaper.

Dr. Graves, Recently Released Spy of Kaiser, Has Documents to Prove His Charge of Secret Compact Between Two Empires.

Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, June 14.—That the idea of a closer understanding between Germany and Japan, first hinted at in the revelations of Dr. Karl Graves, the former confidential agent for Germany and England, to The New York American, has been receiving the thoughtful attention of German publicists is shown again in an article in this week's Die Zeitung by Count Revolver, the foremost naval expert in Germany.

Germany, the writer urges, should refuse to allow consideration of race sentiment to lead it into taking sides with Western nations against the Yellow Peril.

"Suppose Japan really became master of the Pacific," he says, "it is scarcely likely, Germany's economic interests would suffer thereby. Equality little could be injured by a partial weakening of American influence in foreign affairs."

"Great Britain would be forced to transfer its attention to the Far East as the chief center of its interests. This also would be scarcely likely to injure German interests."

"If the other hand, what does it matter to the German Empire if the yellow race establish themselves on the American Continent? Even the wildest fancy can not perceive a menace to German interests in this. Taking all these considerations into account, in connection with Germany's political situation, it appears, on the contrary, that any such alliance would have every reason to come to an understanding."

Urging Ignoring of Race. "The more fact of such an understanding would have extraordinary influence on the international situation."

"This influence would be favorable to Germany and Japan, and in proportion as ground for a Japanese-American conflict broadens, just so much more urgent becomes the necessity for Germany ignoring race considerations and holding herself free to act according to the dictates of her own interests."

The German press has thus far had little to say regarding the sensational disclosures of Dr. Graves. Most of the newspapers maintain the strict reserve which they usually assume when the hint is passed that there is discussion of certain matters considered objectionable to authoritative quarters.

The Vossische Zeitung reproduces the story printed in The New York American from Dr. Graves, but refrains from making any mention of his reported investigations into Germany's negotiations with secret envoys of Japan.

The Lokai Anzeiger, which not infrequently acts as spokesman for Government officials, publishes The American's report more fully. It states that Graves for some reason was mysteriously released before the expiration of his term.

Wanted Graves in Japan. It expresses some surprise that unusual, also, about the reasons for his release, but it does not attempt to investigate the nature of German-Japanese negotiations so indirectly admitted by The Lokai Anzeiger.

"There is a document," it says, "which all events true," the paper declares, "that the British authorities allowed themselves to be deceived by Graves."

GRAVES PRODUCES DOCUMENT. NEW YORK, June 14.—Documentary evidence of the relations between Dr. Amargard Karl Graves and the British Government has been put into the possession of The American.

These documents consist of verbatim copies of cable messages exchanged between Graves and the British Government, with whom he was "flirting," with whom he dealt in British intelligence information.

It was recalled that Dr. Graves in his first exclusive statement to The American had said that he had been released from Britain on his own terms, after the British authorities had been deceived by him.

Continued on Page 10, Column 4.

MRS. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, prominent in Washington society, who is active in campaign for eugenic marriages.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The National Society for the Promotion of Practical Eugenics, whose platform organization, endorsed by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. John Hays Hammond and other prominent women, is the talk of Washington society, will strive to spread education looking to: Restriction for children.

The demand that marriageable men should have "not worldly capital only, but biological capital."

Bestowing on woman a voice in the selection of a mate.

Legislation against the marriage of persons physically unfit.

Segregation and sterilization of the unfit.

A single standard of morals.

Meet With Mrs. Hammond. The society probably will be launched this week. The homes of leading women have been thrown open for meetings relative to problems of eugenics. The most significant meeting was held last Saturday in the home of Mrs. Hammond, the wife of the famous mining engineer.

It was then that plans for the organization of the society were worked out. Mrs. Wilson was present, giving sanction to the movement and offering her support. The President's wife is known to have expressed herself as being strongly in favor of this phase of social reform.

Prominent in the organization will be Dr. Hays Hammond, who is in fact, the leading spirit. Dr. Hammond has given over his career, it is announced, to working reforms.

"My other hand," he declared, "the purpose of the proposed organization."

"It is time that the old patriarchal idea of society were abolished," he said. "It is time that boys and girls should be taken into our confidence with regard to those matters upon which their future happiness and welfare, as well as that of the race, depends."

"How much longer, I wonder, will we sit idly by and watch the propagation of blind, feeble-minded and epileptic children? How much longer will we permit men to wreck the lives of innocent and unsuspecting women?"

Education Bure Thorough. "Believing that a thorough system of instruction, in the fields of hygiene and the eugenics of heredity, is the surest means of remedying present evils, the National Society for the Promotion of Practical Eugenics will undertake an educational campaign by means of literature and lectures."

It will strive to impress upon parents the importance of their children, and open dealing with their children.

Our educational campaign is well under way in this city, the forming of eugenic societies in other cities will be the next logical step. Later we intend to get legislation which will prohibit the marriage of the unfit.

Supporting Dr. Folkner in every move, is Mrs. Hammond, one of the acknowledged leaders of Washington society. But Mrs. Hammond to-day sounded a note of warning against such practical eugenics. Love always must play part in perfect union.

Love Must Play Part. "A mere physical union, made for the sake of producing perfect offspring, would not be a desirable ideal for individuals or nations," she said.

The problems of eugenics alone are actively interested. John Hays Hammond, Arthur J. Parsons, Commissioner Cuno H. Rudolph and other men have signified their intention of co-operating in the work.

Dr. Hammond has introduced into Congress a bill providing for the issuance of eugenic licenses in the District of Columbia. Dr. William C. Woodward, who is in the city, is in favor of such a bill.

Washington society, through its leading men and women, is taking lessons in eugenics.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Representative Underwood, Democratic House leader, denied to-day the statement of Jules Goudchaux, the Louisiana cane grower, who testified before the Senate labor investigation committee.

Underwood had said he did not favor free sugar because the sugar tax was most easily collected and least burdensome to the people.

Goudchaux said that Underwood had made this statement at Baltimore at the time of the Democratic National Convention. Underwood said he was not at Baltimore at that time, never met Goudchaux, never made any statement to him, and that previous to the time in question he had publicly advocated free sugar.

EUGENICS NOW SOCIETY WORK IN WASHINGTON

National Society Being Fostered by Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. J. H. Hammond.

WOULD CENSOR MARRIAGES Bill Will Be Prepared to Prevent Physically Unfit Persons Joining in Wedlock.

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Opera Postponed When Mary Garden Is Too Ill to Sing

Divas Have Been Shut in Her Apartment Since Middle of May. Health Is Impaired.

PARIS, June 14.—Mary Garden has been lying ill and confined to her apartment here since the middle of May and fears are entertained that her illness is of a serious nature.

When her indisposition began it was announced that she was unable to sing "Salome" because she had the grip, but today the opera management stated that she was too ill to sing in "The Jewels of the Madonna," in which she was scheduled to sing at its first performance here, and consequently the production has been postponed indefinitely.

At Miss Garden's apartment no visitor is admitted, but her sister, who is the word that Miss Garden "is getting better."

In opera circles the nature of the illness is unknown, but the management's announcement to-day gives rise to fears that the case is more serious than an attack of grip.

Palace Will Be of Delicately Carved Vermont Marble and Cornices of Beaten Bronze.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—"The House of the Deaves of Gold," Such is to be the popular designation of the home that James H. Flood is building in Broadway, between Webster and Fillmore Streets in the heart of the city.

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BAN OF POLICE ON 'SEPTEMBER MORNS' DEFIED

Atlanta Art Dealer Refuses to Take Copies of Nude Paintings From Window.

SHOPPERS ARE SHOCKED H. S. Cole Declares, However, That Famous Canvas Has Sanction of Highest Critics.

"September Morn," the famous painting which caused New York and Chicago to blush and finally had to be draped with treacherous, artist up a temple in Atlanta Saturday when H. S. Cole, of the Cole Book Company, Whitehall Street, defied the sudden edict of the police that the beautiful maiden must not be exposed to the vulgar gaze of downtown shoppers.

For some days now the city, litigant daint has turned the eyes of passers-by to the book shop window—where, for more than a week, it should be said, for copies hung everywhere make of the window a regular bazaar of beauty undressed.

Serene and untroubled, the charming young woman brought into a room by the artist, who, in the face of the artist, has gazed through her eyes more into the hush and hush of Atlanta with a pensive gaze that seemed to express longing for a cool brook in placid fields.

Woman Gaze, Falls Police. As unassuming as the model, she stood upon the sidewalk, the blow fell. A woman shopper passing the window, she could not resist the form of the girl, who, in the face of the artist, has gazed through her eyes more into the hush and hush of Atlanta with a pensive gaze that seemed to express longing for a cool brook in placid fields.

Defective Show, who has an eye for eye as well as other things, was dispatched to the scene. He viewed the picture with cold, calculating eyes, and it was only a moment before he had the "but" sealed the lady's fate as far as the police were concerned.

Shaw noted Mr. Cole that the young woman would have to keep more sheltered quarters, in British she could thus desert herself, yet but on the main street of Atlanta.

Mr. Cole was indignant. He cited authorities to show the canvas was a masterpiece and that only prudish, evil minds could see evil in it. Shaw called up an inspector, Acting Chief Jett.

For vulgar Public? Never! The Chief ordered a formal call on Miss September and branded her an undesirable citizen—just as undesirable in Atlanta as in Chicago, New York, Washington and other places.

For private inspection and appreciation she must call, but for the vulgar public, no.

Chief Jett ordered her called, Mr. Cole refused to obey. He was chairman of the Carnegie Library board of trustees, which also controls the Atlanta Art Club, and Mr. Cole that Mr. Chas. had performed an immortal feat when he gave his September life, but—and there you are.

"I sincerely shall resist any order to remove September from the window," said Mr. Cole. "There was a great deal of determination in his eyes."

"That is a beautiful piece of artistry. There is nothing indecent or suggestive about it. I do not understand that there is any ordinance which can prevent me from displaying it in the window. If there is, I will have to learn of it in court."

"Mr. Shaw, one of the city detectives, told me that a woman of some society had complained to him of the picture. I told him 'nothing doing,' that the picture was going to remain."

He took it to a woman, Chief Jett and the latter, in turn, passed it on to the censor.

ERWIN, DOG CATCHER, FRACTURES ARM IN GAME

CHICAGO, June 14.—Catcher Erwin, of Brooklyn, suffered a fractured right arm this afternoon in the fourth inning of the game between the Cubs and the Cardinals.

The accident came when Zimmerman, of the Cubs, attempted to steal home and was caught by Erwin.

In spite of the injury Erwin made the put out. His arm was broken between the wrist and elbow.

MISS BROWNE RETAINS HER NATIONAL TENNIS CROWN

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—Miss Mary Browne, of Los Angeles, again won the national tennis crown today by defeating Miss Dorothy Green, of the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, in straight sets 6-0, 7-5, at the Philadelphia Cricket Club.

Asa Candler Sees REAL Prosperity 'Not a Disturbing Element in Sight'

Far from being on the verge of disaster, as some pessimistic persons insist, we are, I think, on the verge of the greatest era of prosperity this nation has ever known.—ASA G. CANDLER.

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Atlanta Financier, About to Depart on European Tour, Declares There is No Cause for Apprehension.

Believes Era of Unprecedented Wealth Will Come to the Nation as Soon as Tariff is Definitely Settled.

Asa G. Candler, of Atlanta, banker, millionaire, manufacturer, real estate magnate and capitalist, one of the foremost financial figures in the nation, is entirely and altogether optimistic and cheerful as to the business outlook.

Just before sailing for a three months' tour of Europe, Mr. Candler gave The Sunday American a ringing interview on the business situation as he sees it.

There is not one apprehensive note in it. "Far from believing the country on the verge of hard times, any such serious financial depression, Mr. Candler believes the horizon to be abundantly rainbowed and promising nothing but good things."

"If I did not believe things were in shape at home, if I were not sure in my own mind that there is not one bit of reason for anxiety, would I be leaving Atlanta for a three months' pleasure tour in the Old World?" inquired Mr. Candler of an American reporter after he had discussed conditions at length.

The reporter promptly asked if Mr. Candler's latest view of the business situation in Atlanta wasn't appear to be built that way.

"Far from being on the verge of disaster, as some pessimistic persons insist, we are, I think, on the verge of the greatest era of prosperity this nation has ever known."

"Conditions are all right, absolutely all right."

"This country is developing very rapidly. It takes a lot of money to handle our business—more of every year. The money never is to a time when financiers will not feel the necessity of looking ahead of making loans more or less alive in money matters. But there is no necessary distressing the business."

"The south, where we come to consider our immediate prospects, is in absolutely magnificent shape. I know much of conditions in Georgia of my own knowledge."

"The farmers have planted great crops, and they have planted them intelligently and well. They are unusually well-fertilized, and are in good shape."

"It has taken more money than usual to meet the farmers' needs this year—but for the matter of that, it likely will take more next year, and still more the year after. We are growing and prospering by leaps and bounds in this country. I think the banks anticipated this demand months ago, and in a large measure prepared for it—I know my bank did."

"We have taken care of every legitimate demand—and we are going right ahead doing that same thing every day. We feel that things are all right ahead—and we prove it by our actions."

Farmer to Get Wealth. "The farmer is a producer. So long as he is all right, we may well consider ourselves safe in this country. The great wealth of the South's wealth is in its soil, and the farmer this year is in the most magnificent position of his life. He is getting more out of the soil."

Now, I do not deny that there is, in the money market, a feeling of hesitancy about letting money out. This is I personally in line with the feeling. But while there is a hesitancy, there is no alarm or apprehension. I have been that many times this year, and I know what I am talking about."

"Indubitably, the tariff question is a disturbing element, a friction of less depressing, it brings in, in some directions, the very best of things. This, too, there is a feeling of hesitancy, but it is not a feeling of alarm. The present Democratic control of the tariff in Washington is a source of less doubt than there."

"They call attention to the fact that the tariff is a source of less doubt than there."

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Family Locked Up As Burglars Loot Home

Jewel Thieves Imperson All Members of Household While They Took \$20,000 in Gems.

CHICAGO, June 14.—Burglars took possession of the residence of William Yager early to-day and, after locking the family and the servants in their rooms, cutting the telephone wires and snatching off the electric lights, stole \$20,000 worth of jewelry which had been hidden in a closet.

Police are seeking a butler and maid who left the employment of Yager a few days ago.

Yager is president of the Armory Police Horse Car Company. The stolen jewelry consisted chiefly of diamonds, rings, necklaces and brooches belonging to Mrs. Yager.

Woman in Flames Saved by Seltzer

A Neighbor Summoned by Her Screams Employ Siphon As An Impromptu Fire Extinguisher.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Seltzer was played upon by Mrs. Lillian Brach, found by her clothing enveloped in flame in her home at 3 Jefferson Street, Yonkers, saved her from being burned to death yesterday, but not for free sugar because the sugar tax was most easily collected and least burdensome to the people.

If Monkeys Had Become Men



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HUMAN beings KNOW that they are the successors on this earth of some animal line lower than themselves.

Life on the planet has been continuous, an unbroken chain of gradual development, from the single cell smaller than a pinhead lying in the ocean to the most highly developed human being.

Science shows how men have come up, gradually developing and progressing, the body and muscles becoming less important and the brain more important, until finally man, who had been a weak animal, found himself ruler of the world.

But we do not know just exactly WHO our ancestors were, what kind of queer man-shaped creatures preceded us.

We know that the animal most like us is the highly developed ape. We know, for instance, that the difference between a high grade white ape and the lowest savage is much greater than between that lowest savage and an intelligent ape.

But just what animal was our forefather, what particular animals were the ancestors of the various great branches of the human race, we don't know.

This, however, we do know absolutely. MAN IS NOT THE DESCENDANT OF ANY KIND OF MONKEY OR ANIMAL NOW LIVING.

The animals that were men, and that grew by development of the mind to be rulers of the earth, have disappeared entirely. All of our old great-grandfathers that lived in the trees and in the caves have gone.

It will probably take centuries of research to establish our genealogy.

It is interesting, studying this picture curiously conceived, to ask ourselves what the race would have been, and what the earth would have been like, if the monkeys that we know had developed and become rulers, instead of ourselves.

In considering the monkey and his character, and what he probably would have done had he been the final ruler of animals on this planet, the artist whose picture we reproduce gives fanciful sketches of monkey life—and incidentally makes fun of our own human ambitions and weaknesses.

A monkey king and queen would look silly with crown and veil, and royal seal and ermine fur. But they would not look very much sillier than a human king and queen, playing the part of monkeys, imagining that fancy clothes can lend dignity or confer superiority.

The monkey painter, drawing hideous de-

What Should We Human Beings Be if Monkeys Were Our Ancestors?

And What Is There About Us Which Proves That We Are Actually NOT the Descendants of Monkeys or Like Them? We Have One Quality Unlike the Monkey, and That Is THE POWER TO STICK AT ONE THING.

signs upon the wall, with his monkey friend looking in contempt and wonder at real art on the floor, would be a pitiful sort of a thing—but he would not be very different from some modern painters, whose work is a little more preposterous than anything that a monkey mind could conceive.

Our social idleness, our foolish social ambitions and strivings are not so different from life in a monkey cage, where the powerful baboon drives the little, feeble monkeys around with the superiority of muscle, as the social baboon in human life drives the weak monkeys of humanity around with the superiority OF MONEY.

If monkeys were capable of thinking and planning they would probably develop a "civilization" not very much unlike our own.

Some big, powerful monkey would get for himself more than he could possibly use, and thousands of little, weak monkeys would worry and starve.

The powerful monkey's wife would make a fool of herself in many kinds of monkey extravagance, vanity and folly—and the wives of weaker monkeys would worry their husbands and fret themselves trying to do everything done by the rich monkey's wife.

We should probably have in a "civilization" of developed monkeys very many of the things that we have now, cruelly, dishonestly.

We are NOT the descendants of any monkey that we know. But our so-called civilization thus far is not so different from that which monkeys might have created, IF IT WERE POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO CREATE ANYTHING.

But here is a lesson for young men who want to succeed, a lesson that is emphasized in the life of every monkey—monkeys can never do anything worth while. Monkeys never could

have become rulers of the globe, as men have become rulers, for the simple reason that monkeys CANNOT STICK AT ONE THING.

Watch a monkey in his monkey home some day for five minutes—and you will see why it is that monkeys remain monkeys, and could not become anything better.

The monkey looks fixedly into space, and you say to yourself, "He is thinking very earnestly." In a quarter of a minute his earnest look is gone and he is inspecting his left foot with care.

Another quarter of a minute and he has made a wild leap for the bars and is shaking them violently.

Then he drops to the floor, casually scratching around among the empty peanut shells.

Then he sees another monkey, pulls the monkey's tail and a race begins that lasts ten seconds. Both stop as they began, without apparent object.

And so the monkey's day and week AND LIFE pass.

The monkey is a monkey, he remained a monkey, he lost his chance of being ruler of the globe BECAUSE HE COULDN'T STICK AT THE SAME THING MORE THAN TEN SECONDS.

And you young men that WANT to succeed, and you older men that wonder why you DON'T succeed, ask yourselves whether you are suffering from the monkey's infirmity—the inability to stick at anything for more than ten seconds.

Going to your work every day and staying for eight or ten hours isn't sticking at anything.

To be a real worker, to be one of those whose qualities made the human race, the ruler of the earth, you must be able to do "THAT WHICH YOU ARE NOT COMPELLED TO DO."

You must have in yourself a driving power, the power to concentrate, to stick at one thing until the thing is done.

We don't know what kind of animal gradually developing through millions of years finally gave man control of this planet.

But this we do know. Whatever that animal was who stands back of us as our ancestor, he was an animal capable of exercising will power, and of sticking at one thing until the thing was accomplished.

All the newspapers in the United States have recently told the story of a man who killed five wolves and received a hundred dollars from the State, bounty offered for wolf-killing.

The wolves were in a hole in a rock, and they knew that there was a man outside with a gun, and that their lives were in danger.

The man knew the wolves were in there. The question was, which would win, the man, by getting the wolves, or the wolves, by keeping away from the man.

The man MADE UP HIS MIND TO GET THE WOLVES.

He stayed there one hour, two hours, ten hours, twenty-four hours, and one day was passed.

Then he stayed another day.

Then he stayed a fourth day AND THEN THE WOLVES CAME OUT AND THE MAN KILLED THEM AS THEY CAME OUT AND GOT THE BOUNTY.

The man was hungry and thirsty, and the wolves were hungry and thirsty.

The man was outside and the wolves were inside.

The man got the wolves and got the bounty BECAUSE HE WAS ABLE TO STICK AT A THING, IN SPITE OF HUNGER, IN SPITE OF THIRST, DETERMINED TO GET THOSE WOLVES AND GET THE BOUNTY.

There he STAYED—AND HE WAS A GOOD TYPE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THAT PRIMITIVE ANIMAL WHO WAS MAN'S ORIGINAL ANCESTOR.

You may be sure that when men were animals, with long arms and short legs, and big feet and little foreheads, a million years ago, they were like the men of to-day—here and there one could stick at a thing, and a hundred could not.

But the one who could stick, SURVIVED, the one who had patience to sit up in a tree until the animal he wanted came along, and who then had the determination to kill that animal—THAT ONE ALWAYS HAD FOOD, AND HIS YOUNG ONES GOT WHAT THEY NEEDED.

Whereas those that could not think, those that could not stick and keep at a thing died off when famine came—they did not survive.

There was a cruel application of the law, of the survival of the fittest in those ancient days, those days of a million years ago or more, five thousand centuries before the first real man had lighted the first real fire, before any animal had learned to make a weapon by fastening a sharp stone to the end of a stick, tying it on with the entrails of a killed enemy.

The snow would fall, or the intense heat would dry up the springs. Of a thousand of the animals that were destined to become men, nine hundred would die of cold or of thirst.

The hundred that lived WERE THE HUNDRED THAT WOULD STICK AT WHAT THEY UNDERTOOK.

They were the hundred that would keep on going through the deep snow until they found a refuge. They were the hundred that would keep plodding over the hot sand in spite of the dust and scorching sun until they found another water hole.

And their descendants are the men of to-day, men who have conquered all the animals, traveled all the seas, planted a flag at the North Pole and at the South Pole, BECAUSE THEY COULD STICK AT A THING ONCE BEGUN.

The monkeys never could have become men and rulers of the world, because a monkey can not stick at anything.

And a great many of us human beings never can become rulers, even of ourselves, or succeed in the world, BECAUSE WE CAN NEVER STICK AT ANYTHING.

But even the weakest of us has some will. AND THE WEAKEST WILL CAN BE DEVELOPED BY PRACTICE.

The lesson of this picture is:

Let us not live as the monkeys live, hopping from a peanut shell to a banana skin, from the floor of the cage to the top and back again, all in a half minute. Let us take warning by the monkeys, poor creatures, that never got anywhere in the march of evolution; let us try to find out what it is that we OUGHT to do, and then STICK AT IT.

Law Enforcement - - By Nash R. Broyles

Atlanta's City Recorder, Who Gains Fame in His Relentless War on Evildoers, Declares That Question Is More Important Than the High Cost of Living or the Tariff.

THE gravest question confronting the American people to-day is law enforcement.

In comparison, other important problems—such as the high cost of living, the tariff, the immigration question or the threatened rupture with Japan—pale into insignificance.

In many respects, the United States of America is the greatest nation on earth. Our climate, the extent and fertility of our land, the abundance of our gold, silver, coal and other deposits, our magnificent crops of cotton, corn, wheat and hay, our great mills and manufacturing and our extensive trade and commerce are unsurpassed, if equaled, by any other nation.

God has blessed us, and we have grown from a weak, insignificant country until now we are the richest, the greatest and most powerful nation under the sun. We are prospering in business and waxing richer and more powerful every day, and, to the careless observer, all seems well.

For some years past, however, our "watchmen on the towers" have observed, with growing alarm, a very black, ominous-looking cloud spreading over our horizon, and have repeatedly, but seemingly in vain, called to us in warning.

These faithful watchmen have seen this dark cloud growing rapidly in magnitude and blackness—they have heard the reverberating peals of thunder echo across the heavens, and have seen the flashes of lightning darting from it, threatening at any moment to hurl a bolt of destruction upon our defenseless heads.

Need I say that this black and threatening cloud upon our otherwise clear and peaceful horizon is the lawlessness that pervades these United States of ours?

No less distinguished a man and a thinker than Theodore Roosevelt declared in a recent speech that "the greatest danger to the future of our country is the lawlessness of our people." One of the most thoughtful students of affairs in this country, Dr. Andrew D. White, former Ambassador to Germany and at one time President of Cornell University, in a recent interview, said:

"The criminal conditions in the United States are startling, and I predict that during the coming year a total of 5,000 men, women and children in our country will be murdered! In Canada, England and Germany there are very few murders committed, because in those countries the people respect and obey the law.

And even Belgium, which has no capital punishment, and which is the worst of European countries in the matter of crime, is far ahead of us in obeying and enforcing the law. The deplorable conditions in this country, which are a constant menace to society, are due to flagrant abuses of the law, constant and irritating delays on mere legal technicalities, and the final failure properly to punish crime."

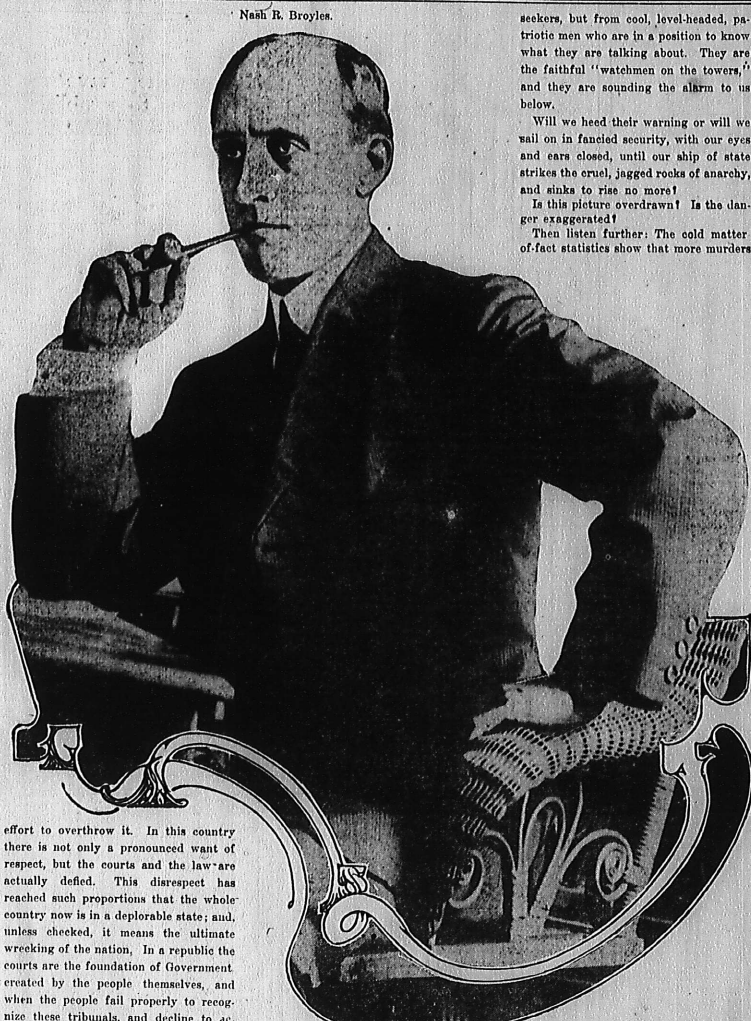
United States Judge Holt, of New York, in an article on "Unpunished Crime in the United States," says that "there are in rough estimate approximately 100,000 unhung murderers walking the streets of our cities and free to repeat the crime if the notion strikes them."

Coming nearer to home, our own distinguished Federal jurist, William T. Newman, said in an interview:

"The situation existing in this country in the matter of crime and the enforcement of law is serious—there is no question about that. There is no doubt but that far too many murders are being committed in the United States; human life is regarded too cheaply. Something should be done and at once to change this condition. At present there is too much reckless disregard of human life."

Listen to what Judge H. M. Reid, of the City Court of Atlanta, says:

"Public opinion in Georgia and the whole country, not the law, is the prime cause of the serious situation now existing in the United States in the matter of administering justice and enforcing law. It is the public opinion, formed by a wanton disrespect on the part of the people for the law and the courts, and its natural consequence is a maladministration of the law. We have ample laws on our statute books, but they are not properly enforced—public opinion prevents their enforcement. Of course, there are many features of the law that could be remedied which would prevent needless delays in the administration of justice, and this should be done. But I am satisfied that it is not the law itself that arouses a feeling of disrespect. We have simply been taught wrong and do not realize the great importance of the utmost regard for law and the courts. Take England, for example. In that country public opinion upholds the law, and the people have the greatest respect for the decisions of the courts. Whenever a decision is rendered by an English court, it is effective because the people make no



effort to overthrow it. In this country there is not only a pronounced want of respect, but the courts and the law are actually defied. This disrespect has reached such proportions that the whole country now is in a deplorable state; and, unless checked, it means the ultimate wrecking of the nation. In a republic the courts are the foundation of Government created by the people themselves, and when the people fail properly to recognize these tribunals, and decline to accept their decisions, the Government will finally strike the rock."

Joseph M. Brown, the present able and patriotic Governor of Georgia, has again and again, in his public addresses, and in written articles to the press, called attention to the supreme importance of law en-

forcement, and to the peril confronting our country because of the non-enforcement of our laws.

These quotations are not from excited alarmists, nor from demagogic office-

seekers, but from cool, level-headed, patriotic men who are in a position to know what they are talking about. They are the faithful "watchmen on the towers," and they are sounding the alarm to us below.

Will we heed their warning or will we sail on in fancied security, with our eyes and ears closed, until our ship of state strikes the cruel, jagged rocks of anarchy, and sinks to rise no more!

Is this picture overdrawn? Is the danger exaggerated?

Then listen further: The cold matter-of-fact statistics show that more murders

in Atlanta, there were less than 20 murders; while in Birmingham, Ala., with less than 150,000 population, there were over 800 men, women and children murdered! And the worst feature of this appalling situation is this: In Great Britain and Canada 80 per cent of their murderers are convicted and punished, while in the United States less than 20 per cent of ours are ever punished at all—the remaining 80 per cent being turned loose to walk the streets of our cities, and, in the words of Judge Holt, previously quoted, "free to repeat their crimes if the notion strikes them."

In Europe, Canada and Asia and Africa, lynch law is practically unknown, while in our boasted land of freedom and justice the wretched victims of "Judge Lynch" are yearly numbered by the hundreds, many of them absolutely innocent of the crimes charged against them.

We must look this situation squarely in the face. We can no longer delude ourselves by hiding our heads, like the ostrich, in the sand. The other nations of the world are not blind—they have seen the cancer of lawlessness eating into the very vitals of our Republic's life. To them we are fast becoming known as a nation of criminals—as a nation of murderers!

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Lord Macaulay, the great English historian and statesman, made a prophecy about the future of our country. Said he: "The Republic of America will be fearfully plundered and laid waste in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, but with this difference—the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, but those who will destroy the American Republic will be engendered within its own institutions."

The twentieth century mentioned by Macaulay in his prophecy is here, and unless we awake from our slumbers and by a more certain and impartial enforcement of the law repress and check the increasing lawlessness in our country, his prophecy may become a historical fact.

Patriotism is one of the finest words in the English language. It is defined by the Standard Dictionary as "Love and devotion to one's country. The spirit that, originating in love of country, prompts to obedience to its laws, to the support and defense of its existence, rights and institutions, and to the promotion of its welfare."

Let us, then, accepting this definition, be patriots. Let us love our country and obey her laws. Let us be lawbreakers instead of lawbreakers! The very life of our nation is in peril! Let us, as loyal patriots sons, do all in our power to save her! "He who saves his country saves himself; saves all things, and all things saved do bless him. He who lets his country die lets all things die, himself ignominiously dies; and all things, dying, curse him!"

Holding Fast to Youth - - - By James B. Nevin

MR. and MRS. TERENCE TREANOR—or, to state them in the order of their real relative importance, Mrs. and Mr. Terence Treanor—live in Baldwin County, Georgia, which is about the middle of the State, and as near the heart of the Central South as one might locate anything.

They have, I think, solved the problem of how to be happy, and for that reason they are most interesting people, and they set an example that other folks well follow to their abiding advantage.

They make themselves happy by the simple process of making those about them happy. That is the Alpha and Omega of their philosophy of life.

I know of no philosophy more sound, in so far as results are concerned, and that is why I think the case of the Treanors' might well go through looking into and considering this Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Terence live just outside the limits of the historic little city of Milledgeville. They have a farm of some 200 acres, and they conduct there a model dairy. That's the practical side of them.

Between work hours they find much time to mingle and mix with young people—and they get so much enjoyment of this themselves that it has kept them young, and sweet tempered, and gracious, and genuinely good to know.

They are not particularly different from other folks—that is, they are not particularly different from the sort of folks other folks might be, if they would—but they are, one might say, the epitome of the entire countryside.

nevertheless. If a picnic is arranged in the vicinity, the picnic is given at the Treanors'. If a barbecue is framed up, nobody thinks of having it anywhere but at the Treanors'. If a dance is in order, the Treanors' is exclusively the right place to have it.

If a candy pulling is in the program, they have the finest old candy pullings ever at the Treanors'. Now, there is a reason for this—and it is not hard to find.

The Treanors love young people, and make much of them. It is genuine, and substantial. It rings true.

The gentleman of the house is the welcome participant of every gathering of young men; the mistress of the house is the charm of all the girls she knows, and she knows them all for miles around.

Treanor is one of the boys, and "the Mrs." is one of the girls—and that's the story! Southern hospitality is famed in song and story. It is genuine, and substantial. It rings true.

It may be that back in the olden days it was more magnificent, more lordly, and more ostentatious than now-days, for the South of today is not the South of "yore" do you wah, but I think, perhaps, the same principle of hospitality obtains—and by hospitality I mean merely that sentiment which makes it a pleasure and a joy to throw wide open the home to friends and the strangers within the gates.

I believe the Treanors are prompted, unconsciously perhaps, to their fine attitude toward life and the things that one may get out of it, by one thing alone—the love of young people and the delight of having them about.

When one comes to think of it, the famous hospitality of the Old South revolved largely about the young people. It was the open homes on the big plantations that drew to and fro in social intercourse the chivalry and the beauty of Dixie—and while the lace-capped grandmothers and the mildy mint-juliped old grandpas molly have looked on in marked approval, as they most surely did, it was, after all, the young folks that ran the show!

Youth, of course, is the Maytime of life. We lead up to it through monotonous days of drudgery, and we slip away from it—we hardly know how.

It is either the goal of our hopes and joys or the shrine of our dearest recollections. Few people hold fast to it very long—and yet it is the most precious possession vouchsafed mankind, and, like every blessing, it brightens as it takes its flight.

How long-headed, how wise, and how surely right, therefore, is the man who keeps his youth, and who is misted to one as wise as he. Such a man is Terence Treanor, of Baldwin County.

To let the sunshine and rejuvenating fresh air into the house, one must open the shutters and throw up the awah. To let the sunshine of youth into hearts past middle age, one must open the shutters and throw up the awah.

The Treanors keep the shutters open and the awah thrown up—and the sunshine abides. There isn't a young man in Milledgeville who will hesitate an instant to tell you who is the "best fellow in town!" There is only one "best

fellow," and that is "Old Terry Treanor." "A friend," said a certain person, once upon a time, "is a fellow who knows all about you and likes you just the same!"

That's the sort of friend Terence Treanor is to the young men of Baldwin County. They tell him their bad news no less than their good. They seek his advice in bewilderment, and they find a willing and sympathetic ear, attentive to their stories. They unfold their conquests to his mental inspection, and he doesn't disappoint them with the quality of his comment. He is both friend and guide—he views with alarm or points with pride, whichever seems most suited to the necessities of the moment.

Mr. Treanor is to the girl of the end of the equation precisely what her husband is to the other end. She is a clearing house for youthful troubles and a specialist in mending broken hearts. No spot between sweethearts is so unimportant or inconsequential in her eyes that it does not require instant and detailed attention.

If Mr. and Mrs. Terence Treanor should tell all they know about Milledgeville youth and beauty there wouldn't be anything left worth telling that anybody would delight to hear! But they will not tell—not they!

When the Treanors take over a party, whatever they are doing—just now, they are apportioning barbecues, as is fit and proper at this season of the year—things somehow, not just themselves without question to the desires and inclinations of the young folks coming.

They know how to proceed, for they have been proceeding along that same line so long.

Nobody knows so well as they who would like to sit beside who at the long table set out there under the big oak trees.

It is one of the famous Treanor barbecues, say, that is on for the evening. There is plenty of light, but not too much light; there is plenty of negligence in the table arrangements, but not too much negligence.

You do not eat Brunswick stew from a wooden tray at the Treanors', nor do you line up against a table minus a table cloth. As a matter of fact, the Treanors always dress the table with the best their home affords, and at one of their barbecues one has the privilege of using the family silver. Just the same as if it were the most formal banquet imaginable.

There is one ironclad rule Mrs. Treanor insists upon, and that the gentleman of the household enforces. If potato salad be served with the meat, which generally it is, and that potato salad is made appetizing with fresh spring onions, everybody about the table must eat some of that salad.

There's no getting away from this rule—it is inviolable! Why? I shall not attempt to say. The Treanors have some excellent reason for it, of course—and one may half-way suspect what it is, if it does not say that right out loud in meeting.

I believe the Treanors have solved the problem that for years so unnecessarily vexed and fretted Fonce DeLeon.

The Treanors are twenty-one to-day because they have kept the buoyancy of youth alive in their hearts—and they have done this by making youth the constant companion of their lives. They have kept their own lives sweet and

fresh by drawing from the abundance of sweetness and freshness about them.

They have found that two and two makes four—which is a simple thing to do, even if thousands and thousands of people never have been wise enough in their day to discover the truth of it for sure!

They ought to be more Treanors in this world. They are the sort of folks that make life the most worth living. They are the people who keep their eyes toward the rising sun and they pass through the shadows now and then. Nevertheless, they pass through courtship and with stout hearts, for they know the sunshine again is just beyond.

Happy are they if among your friends there be a Terence Treanor and his better half.

There ought to be at least one couple like this in every neighborhood—they make neighbors hoods the real thing!

Their names decorate no Halls of Fame, and few are writ in history nationwide. Generally they move simply in their own spheres of activity, brightening and bettering all with whom they come in contact.

They are people of balance and poise, they go to extremes in nothing.

They are just common sense folks, optimistic and firm in their faith that the world is a pretty good place and ought to be very happy, indeed.

This old world were living in a mighty hard to beat!

We get a shrew with every rose, but ain't the roses sweet?

Frank Stanton writes that an everybody grows—and it is the abundance and abiding in mind.

OTHELLO

Shakespeare's Famous Tragedy as Retold by Charles and Mary Lamb

BRABANTIO, the rich senator of Venice, had a fair daughter, the gentle Desdemona. She was sought to by divers suitors, both on account of her many virtuous qualities and for her rich expectations. But among the suitors of her own class and complexion she saw none whom she could affect for this noble lady, who regarded the mind more than the features of men, with a singularity rather to be admired than imitated, had chosen for the object of her affections a Moor, a black whom her father loved, and often invited to his house.

Neither Desdemona to be altogether condemned for the unsuitableness of the person whom she selected for her lover. Bating that Othello was black the noble Moor wanted nothing which might recommend him to the affections of the greatest lady. He was a soldier, and a brave one; and by his conduct in blood wars against the Turks he had won the rank of general in the Venetian service, and was esteemed and trusted by the State.

He had been a traveler, and Desdemona (as in the manner of ladies) loved to hear him tell the story of his adventures, which he would draw through from his earliest recollection; the battles, sieges and encounters which he had passed through; the perils he had been exposed to by land and by water; his hairbreadth escapes when he had entered a breach, or marched up to the mouth of a cannon; and how he had been taken prisoner by the insolent enemy and sold to slavery; how he had redeemed himself in that state and how he escaped; all these and many more, added to the narration of the strange things he had seen in foreign countries, the vast wildernesses and romantic caverns, the quarries, the rocks, the mountains, whose bases are in the clouds; of the savage nations; the cannibals who are man-eaters; and a race of people in Africa whose heads grow beneath their shoulders; these travels, which he would recount to the attention of Desdemona, that if she were called off at any time by household affairs, she would despatch with all haste that business, and return, and with a greedy ear devour Othello's discourse. And once he had advantage of a plant hour and drew from her power, that he would tell her the whole story of his life at large, of which she had heard so much, but only by parts, to which he consented, and bewailed her of many a tear, when he spoke of some distressful stroke which his youth suffered.

His story being done, she gave him of his pains a world of sighs; she swore a pretty oath, that it was all passing strange, and pitiful, and wondrous pluff; she wished (she said) she had not heard it, yet she wished that she had, and then she thanked him, and told him, if he had a friend who loved her, he had only to teach him how to tell his story, and that would win her. Upon this hint, delivered not with more frankness than modesty, accompanied with a certain bewitching prettiness and blushes which Othello could not but understand, he spoke in the openness of his love; and in this golden opportunity gained the consent of the generous lady Desdemona privately to marry him.

Neither Othello's age, nor his fortune was such that it could be hoped Brabantio would accept him for a son-in-law. He had left his daughter free, but he did expect that, as the manner of noble Venetian ladies was, she would choose for a husband of senatorial rank of expectations; but in this he was deceived; Desdemona loved the Moor, though he was black, and devoted her heart and fortunes to his valiant, parts and qualities; so was her heart subdued in an implicit devotion to the man she had selected for a husband, that his very color, which to all but this discerning lady would have proved an insurmountable objection, was by her esteemed above all the white skins and clear complexions of the young Venetian nobility, her suitors.

Their marriage, which, though privately carried, could not long be kept a secret, came to the ears of the old man, Brabantio, who appeared in a solemn council of the senate as an accuser of the Moor Othello, who by spells and witchcraft (he maintained) had seduced the affections of the fair Desdemona to marry him, without the consent of her father, and against the obligations of hospitality.

At this juncture of time it happened that the State of Venice had immediate need of the services of Othello, news having arrived that the Turks with mighty preparation had fitted out a fleet, which was bending its course to the island of Cyprus, with intent to recapture that strong post from the Venetians, who then held it; in this emergency the State turned its eyes upon Othello, who alone was deemed adequate to conduct the defense of Cyprus against the Turks. So that Othello, now summoned before the senate, stood in their presence at once as a candidate for a great State employment, and as a culprit charged with offences which by the laws of Venice were made capital.

The age and senatorial character of old Brabantio commanded a most patient bearing from that grave assembly; but the incensed father conducted his accusation with so much intemperance, producing thereunto an allegation for proofs, that when Othello was called upon for his defense, he had only to relate a plain tale of the course of his love; which he did with such an artless eloquence, recited the whole story of his wooing, as we have related above, and delivered his speech with so noble

a plainness (the evidence of truth), that the duke, who sat as chief judge, could not help confessing, that a tale so told would have won the daughter too, and (as he spoke) and confidings which Othello had used in his courtship plainly appeared to have been no more than the honest arts of men in love; and the only witchcraft which he had used, the faculty of telling a soft tale to win a lady's ear.

This statement of Othello was confirmed by the testimony of the lady Desdemona herself, who appeared in court, and professing a duty to her father for life and education, challenged leave of him to profess a yet higher duty to her lord and husband, even so much as her mother had shown in preferring him (Brabantio) above her father.

The old senator, unable to maintain his plea, called the Moor to him with many expressions of sorrow, and, as an act of necessity, bestowed upon him his daughter, whom, if he had been free to withhold her (he told him) he would with all his heart have kept from him; adding, that he was glad at soul that he had no other child, for this behavior of Desdemona would have taught him to be a tyrant, and hang close on them for her desertion.

This difficulty being got over, Othello, to whom custom had rendered the husband of his military life as natural as food and rest are to other men, readily undertook the management of the wars in Cyprus; Desdemona, preferring the honor of her lord (though with danger) before the indulgence of those idle delights in which new-married people usually waste their time, cheerfully consented to his going.

No sooner were Othello and his lady landed in Cyprus than news arrived that a desperate tempest had dispersed the Turkish fleet, and thus the island was secure from an immediate apprehension of an attack. But the war which Othello was to suffer was now beginning; and the enemies which malice stirred up against this innocent lady proved in their nature more deadly than strangers or infidels.

Among all the general's friends no one possessed the confidence of Othello more entirely than Cassio. Michael Cassio was a young soldier, a Florentine, gay, amorous, and of pleasing address; favorite qualities with women; he was handsome, and eloquent, and exactly such a person as might alarm the jealousy of a man advanced in years (as Othello in some measure was), who has natural youth and beauty; yet by Othello was as free from jealousy as he was noble, and as incapable of suspecting, as of doing, a base action.

He had employed this Cassio in his love affair with Desdemona, and Cassio had been a sort of go-between in his suit; for Othello, fearing that himself had not those soft parts of conversation, those pleasing address, and those qualities in his friend, would often deliver Cassio to go (as he phrased it, according to him) such innocent simplicity being an honor rather than a blemish to the character of the noble Moor; so that no wonder if, in the confidence of Othello himself (but at far distance, as became a virtuous wife), the gentle Desdemona loved and trusted Cassio. He frequented their house, and his free and rattling tongue was no unpleasant variety to Othello, who was himself of a more serious temper; for such tempers are observed often to delight in their contraries, as a religious man in the oppressive excess of his own; and Desdemona and Cassio would talk and laugh together, as in the days when he went scurrying for his friend.

Othello had lately promoted Cassio to be the lieutenant, a place of trust and nearest to the general's person. This promotion gave great offense to Iago, an older officer, who thought he had a better claim than Cassio, and would often vilify Cassio as a fellow fit only for the company of ladies, and one that knew no more of the art of war, or how to set an army in array for battle, than a girl. Iago hated Cassio, and he hated Othello as well for favoring Cassio for an unjust suspicion which he had lightly taken up against Othello, that the Moor was too fond of Iago's wife Emilia. From these imaginary provocations, the plotting mind of Iago conceived a horrid scheme of revenge which should involve both Cassio, the Moor, and Desdemona in one common ruin.

Iago was artful, and had studied human nature deeply, and he knew that of all the torments which afflict the mind of man (and far beyond bodily tortures), the pains of jealousy were the most infernal, and had the most stinging. If he could succeed in making Othello jealous of Cassio, he thought it would be an exquisite plot of revenge, and might end in the death of Cassio or Othello, or both; he cared not.

The arrival of the general and his lady in Cyprus, meeting with the news of the dispersion of the enemy's fleet, made a sort of holiday in the island. Everybody gave themselves up to feasting and making merry. Wine flowed in abundance, and cups went round to the health of the dear Othello, and his lady; the fair Desdemona.

Cassio had the direction of the guard that night, with the charge from Othello to keep the soldiers from excess of drinking, that no brawl might arise to fright the inhabitants or disgust them with the new-landed forces. That night Iago began his deep-laid plans of mischief; and in the morning, when the general he enticed Cassio to make rather too free with the bottle (a great fault in an officer

upon guard).

Cassio for a time resisted, but he could not long hold out against the honest freedom which Iago knew how to put on, but kept exclaiming with glass after glass (as Iago still piled him with drink and encouraging songs), and Cassio's tongue ran over in praise of the lady Desdemona, whom he again and again toasted, affirming that she was a most exquisite lady; until at last the enemy which he put into his mouth stole away his brains; and upon some provocation given him by a fellow whom Iago had set on foot, the mischief, was foreman in spreading the alarm, causing the castle bell to be rung (as if some dangerous mutiny, instead of a slight drunken quarrel, had arisen); the alarm-bell ringing awakened Othello, who dressing in a hurry and coming to the scene of action, questioned Cassio of the cause.

Cassio was slow to himself, the effect of the wine having a little gone off, but was too much ashamed to reply; and Iago, pretending a great reluctance to accuse Cassio, but as it were forced into it by Othello, who insisted to know the truth, gave an account of the whole matter (leaving out his own share in it, which Cassio was too far gone to remember) in such a manner as, while he seemed to make Cassio's offense, did indeed make it appear greater than it was. The result was, that Othello, who was a strict observer of discipline, was com-

pelled to take Cassio's place of lieutenant from him.

Thus did Iago's first artifice succeed completely; he had now undermined his hated rival and thrust him out of his place; but a further use was hereafter to be made of the adventure of this disastrous night.

Cassio, whom this misfortune had entirely sobered, now lamented to his seeming friend Iago, that he should have been such a fool as to transform himself into a beast. He was undone, for how could he ask the general for his place again? He would tell him he was a drunkard. He despaired himself. Iago, affecting to make light of it, said that he, or any man, living, might be drunk upon occasion; it remained now to make the best of a bad bargain; the general's wife was now the general, and could do nothing with Othello, that he were best to apply to the lady Desdemona to mediate for him with her lord; that she was of a frank, obliging disposition, and would readily undertake the office of a friend, and that he, Iago, might be drunk upon occasion; it remained now to make the best of a bad bargain; the general's wife was now the general, and could do nothing with Othello, that he were best to apply to the lady Desdemona to mediate for him with her lord; that she was of a frank, obliging disposition, and would readily undertake the office of a friend, and that he, Iago, might be drunk upon occasion; it remained now to make the best of a bad bargain; the general's wife was now the general, and could do nothing with Othello, that he were best to apply to the lady Desdemona to mediate for him with her lord; 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NEW DISCOVERIES ALL OVER THE WORLD

Why YOUR BRAIN CELLS NEED Real EXERCISE

By WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M.D.

If we would take as good care of our brain stuff as we do of our muscles and stomach, there would be far less insanity and fewer mental breakdowns.

We are getting to realize the value of physical exercise and we take heed of what goes into the stomach to nourish the body and supply building material for the blood. But the brain is neglected and we force its function, the mind, to work under many difficulties. The brain must have exercise as well as rest. The average man believes that his daily labor, bookkeeping, selling, financing, or whatever he does for a living, is brain exercise. It is not. It is brain work. What is the difference? There is a great difference.

There Is a Vast Difference Between WORKING and EXERCISING Your BRAIN

In a man's vocation it is only a certain group of brain cells which work and develop. Among and alongside of these are millions ready to do other kind of work, and if they are allowed to remain idle they will, like unused muscles, shrink to uselessness. It is this one-sidedness of brain work which brings on nervous and mental exhaustion, not mental strain alone. Have you not at times when in a half waking state had thoughts and ideas strange and foreign to your daily work? You commence one line of thought which suddenly sends your mind upon an entirely different track. Then it occurs to you: "How did I reach this particular thought or memory?" Gradually you travel back over the same thought line, fact for fact, thought station to thought station, and reach the origin of the mind journey.

Now this is a normal mental process. Your ideas and words have literally gone over what we call "association tracks": cells and fibers which have been put into activity.

It is in such that portion of our brain which has been working all day; close it absolutely as we do the

workshop or desk and take up another line of thinking, we are exercising certain groups of brain cells and resting the others. If we read on subjects which apparently have nothing to do with our vocation, soon the "association

tract" will show us that there is nothing really useless to our daily work. We shall discover that what we thought was trivial is, indeed, of much value.

It is by such mental methods that progress is made: It is through bringing all brain stuff to work at our command that the man goes out of ruts, invents, goes ahead, keeps youthful and always has something ahead

in view. It relieves the tension of his brain, broadens his views, and really increases his efficiency.

Nobody would be so foolish as to try to run an automobile on one tire all the time and let the other three tires lie idle to grow stiff, worthless and lose their elasticity. And no one would think of trying to lunge down to business and back every day on one leg and let the muscles, nerves and blood vessels of the other leg become stiff, feeble and useless. And yet that is just what most of us do with our brains—over and over again, day in and day out we work and exhaust only one group of brain cells and let the others rest and deteriorate.

There are so many millions of brain cells, each capable of doing special work, that brain exhaustion is practically impossible for the healthy individual. But what can and does happen is exhaustion of certain groups of brain cells when the worker has not the others at his command to keep him happy and contented while the tired ones rest.

There is too much tummy rot about "the tired business man" needing exciting drinks or any milder place to rest his "tired brain." Of course, a little of this amusement does no harm, perhaps is a benefit at times, but it does not put into activity that brain material latent in every man and woman, and which, if stimulated, which leads to fame and fortune and redounds to the majesty of man.



Daily Labor, Like Book-Keeping or Drafting, Is Not Brain Exercise; It Is Brain Work, and Uses Only One Set of Brain Cells. It is as Foolish to Neglect Exercising Your Brain as It Would Be to Hobble to Your Office Every Day on One Leg.

The NERVE That Tells Us WHEN to LAUGH or CRY

THIS is one nerve in the body which may well be called the most wonderful, for it is the real index to the mental tone of the system, the actual indicator of the state of mind and controller of the most important functions. This is the vagus nerve, so called because of its wandering character, giving off branches to the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and kidneys. Almost every emotion may be expressed in terms of the vagus nerve, for it shows with unerring accuracy precisely how we feel at any moment, especially if we are excited or deeply moved. Where we say that a man's heart sinks within him for fear or apprehension, it is shown by the effect of this nerve upon the heart action. If his heart beats high with hope, or he sighs for relief, it is the vagus nerve that has conducted the mental state to the heart and accelerated its action or caused that spasmodic action of the lungs which we call a shiver.

If he is disgusted by some sight or the smell or taste of some food, it is the vagus nerve which impels the stomach to contract and throw out its contents in the act of vomiting.

Worry, as it well known, brings on kidney disease, but it is the vagus nerve, and especially that branch running to the kidneys which under undue excitement or worry or strain, brings about the paralysis of the kidneys in the performance of their functions and

ultimately causes a disease of those important sewers of the body. When they do not act the impurities are not carried off and the system soon becomes poisoned. The latest investigators of the activity of this vagus nerve are of the opinion, basing their conclusions upon very careful study of cases and effects, that through the vagus nerve the effect of mental depression is carried to the entire circulatory and nervous system. They have found that the effect of grief, worry and anxiety, especially in elderly people, is sometimes very marked, especially in the circulation. Our common expression "taking it to heart" is explicable in the light of the action of this nerve. A noted physician reports that he examined a patient and found him suffering from a diseased heart. He had, however, shown few outward symptoms and did not know that this important organ had anything the matter with it. After he was told his condition, so that he would not excite himself in any way, and would exercise due precautions, he "went all to pieces," as we say, took to his bed, and died within a few days. The change in him was so remarkable that it is cited as a historic case, illustrating the effect of nervous depression acting through the vagus nerve.

The reverse is just as true, for health and joy serve as active stimulants of the heart action through this nerve and often restore a person to health, even though

the tone of the system had been previously lowered to a considerable degree. This action is explained by the valuable aid rendered to the system through the action of all the aids to nutrition of the vessels and the return of venous blood and lymph.

The long-continued depression of the heart's action by grief may bring about a condition of malnutrition with no very definite organic change to explain it, and such a condition is frequently noted, not only in the old, but even in the young, where it sometimes produces a predisposition to tuberculosis. This is the explanation of that condition termed "going into a decline" frequently following a shock to the nervous system, or prolonged periods of grieving. The commonest type of the decline is that of the young girl deserted by her lover. Grief depresses the circulation, through the vagus, a condition of malnutrition follows, and tuberculosis, often of the bony type, follows.

The roots of the vagus nerve are in the medulla oblongata, at the base of the small brain or cerebellum, and explains why death follows the severing of the medulla. It controls the heart action, and if a drug such as aconite be administered, even in small doses, its effect upon this nerve is shown in slowing the action of the heart and decreasing the blood pressure. In larger doses it paralyzes the ends of the vagus in the heart, so that the pulse becomes suddenly very rapid and at the same time irregular.

Put WARNING PLACARDS Near ALL POLLUTED WATER

TO a great many people, perhaps to all, the majority of people, the water is water and that is all. Especially is this view held where the water is piped and comes from a faucet.

All that is piped is by no means fit to drink. In a great many cities and towns, and even villages, there are fire supplies water-piped from some box or such place, this water to be used only in case of fire, and to drink such water would be exceedingly dangerous.

Yet, let a lot of working men on a hot day happen near such a place, and unthinkingly they would go to the faucet and drink from it. To avoid such dangerous practices the Board of Health of Springfield, Mass., has passed an ordinance, demanding that all such places be placarded. Every faucet, hydrant or outlet for water that is not strictly up to drinking purity and passed upon by the Board of Health shall bear a large placard printed in brilliant red letters, saying in effect: "DANGER—This water is unfit to drink." In this way it is hoped to prevent people

from drinking the contaminated water and reduce the mortality from typhoid fever and kindred enteric diseases. The ordinance, in fact, goes a step further and requires that pipes and similar utensils for containing the river water be marked with the red danger sign. As for the placards at the faucets, they bear the legend: "Warning! Polluted Water! In case of fire only. Not for drinking." Duplicate systems of water piping, one for domestic use and the other for fire use, are not uncommon in cities where there are large numbers of mills and factories as at Springfield. This is a very wise and safe plan for domestic use, but it is difficult to make known to the majority of the people that the river water by telling them of the risk they are incurring. The placards and placarding of the faucets should act as a much-needed deterrent in the promiscuous use of such water, and factory owners are under a moral obligation to place a safe supply of drinking water in every room and reach of their employees. No man will drink impure water from a faucet, unless the pure supply is inconspicuously located.

BRASS FINGER BOWLS Found to Be UNSANITARY

THE Health Department of the City of Buffalo is making an effort to prohibit the use of brass finger bowls in that city. Of course, the Health Board officials know they cannot prevent their use in private families, but in public eating places they hope to succeed. The reason for this is the claim that the brass finger bowls are not sanitary.

Health Commissioner Fronsac declares that while the use of finger bowls is to be commended, the use of brass bowls is not, because of the danger to health from the china or porcelain, because the brass bowls, he insists, cannot be thoroughly cleaned. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, brass bowls are generally embossed or stamped or hand-tooled with

various designs that leaves hundreds of tiny crevices in them and in these places germs can get a foothold, or whatever it is they hang on with.

Again, the brass bowls are opaque and one cannot tell by looking into them whether they are quite clean or not. That is why the glass bowls are preferable to either china or porcelain, because with plain glass finger bowls one can tell by looking at them in the right light whether they have been thoroughly cleaned.

If the glass bowls are thoroughly rinsed in hot water they will be safe enough, the Buffalo health officials insist, but they propose to wage war against all public eating places that insist upon the use of the brass bowls.

To EAT as SLOWLY or RAPIDLY AS YOU LIKE Is Best

THERE is just one kind of person who is willing to chew each morsel of food thirty-two times before he swallows it, and that kind of person, a hypochondriac, always thinking there is something wrong with him. "Fletcherizing" one's food, as a prominent Atlanta doctor points out, is a piece of nonsense for the great majority of people, although in a certain number whose digestive tract works slowly, it may be a good thing. Fair teeth and an ordinary amount of chewing will provide the utmost of the food required by the mouth. The stomach and the digestive tract will take care of the rest.

In order to understand why one can stand at a lunch counter and bolt a meal in three or four minutes without any harm to himself, it is well to remember that the essence of the digestive process is performed by the saliva in the transformation of starch into sugar by the action of the ptyalin; but that is by no means confined to the salivary juices alone. As for the protein elements—which are much harder of digestion—they are not affected by the salivary acids at all. The

pepsin and the hydrochloric acid in the stomach and the trypsin in the intestine will change them into what is needed for the nutrition of the body. The pancreas, moreover, will see to it that starchy material does not get by.

It is really the business of the sense of taste to tell us when to eat, and immediately affected by food that some toothsome morsels are on their way, warning the stomach to be ready for work, and if the food be chewed too long and not swallowed, the stomach and intestines will rebel. Chewing, too, is a voluntary act, requiring the exercise of the will—particularly exaggerated long chewing—and this has the effect of making the diner think of his dining rather than of his dinner; or, as Dr. Niles phrases it, "causing him to have every waking thought concentrated on his stomach."

There is a natural speed in eating, which differs with almost every person. The alert, vigorous business man usually is rapid in all his actions, and his quickness with his external machinery is an index to

the promptness of his machinery within. Why should it be expected that his digestive workings are lethargic? As a matter of fact, they are not, and such a man usually feels far worse after a long banquet which he is compelled to attend than after his quick lunch, snatched in the press of a hustling business day. On the other hand, a man who is slow or indolent in his movements and habits of life should never try to eat fast, for the digestive conditions are probably regulated to much the same speed as most of his other actions, and fast eating would start various forms of trouble, and even result in such a condition as indigestion, which usually bolt food—seem to suffer but little from dyspepsia. It is bad, of course, to bolt food more rapidly than the stomach is able to handle, but there is less danger in a quick lunch than in a hasty meal.

Dr. Harvey L. Wiley, the recognized food expert, says meat should not be chewed except to break it into convenient sizes for swallowing. He holds that "Fletcherizing" makes meat more difficult to digest. He points out that the carnivorous animal, which eats meat exclusively, chews the meat, but bolts it rapidly, and such animals certainly have strong and healthy stomachs.

Why NAILS Should Be PLANTED in the Garden

BUT few persons know the value of old nails. They are worth more than new ones, when used for certain purposes. All forms of vegetation need more or less iron, and unless this is already in the soil or supplied, the tree or plant will be in need of a tonic that can easily be supplied by the use of old rusty nails.

All kinds of house plants soon exhaust the soil in which they stand and grow for months, and when other fertilizers are used the iron is apt to be overlooked. Place a few rusty nails in the earth about the plants. Simply press the nails into the soil, and the moisture will soon dissolve the iron to a certain extent and it will be carried to the plant through the roots. Most fruit trees need more or less iron. Trees that stand on city or town lots are apt to exhaust the soil about the roots, and when this occurs, the results are not as satisfactory as when the soil has a larger supply for the tree to draw from. Iron may be provided in two ways by the use of rusty nails. Old nails that are not rusty will soon become so if allowed to remain out of doors a short time. They should be buried about the base of the tree. A dozen nails buried in the earth at a dozen points will supply all the iron it needs for several months. This will take something like a gross of nails. They may be all sizes.

Fruit trees that have attained an age that should produce fruit, and which have seemed to lack something, should be given some iron by driving a number of rusty nails into the body of the tree. From twenty nails to a hundred nails of different sizes may be driven into a large fruit tree without danger of injury. Care should be taken not to strike the bark at the point where the nail is driven after the nail has been driven in. The nails should be pretty well distributed over the trunk of the tree.

Plum, peach and cherry need more iron than apple trees. A lot of old nails mixed with the earth in making a flower bed will assist greatly in producing a wealth of bright foliage, as well as more brilliant colors in the flowers.

A New SANITARY MILK-DIPPING Device

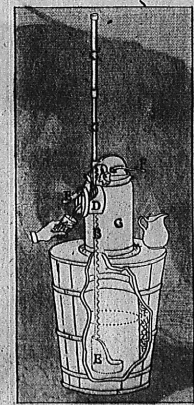
HEALTH OFFICIALS have long waged war on the old-style method of dipping milk from a tank to sell to the retail trade because of the many dangers that result from foreign matter getting into the milk and resulting disease.

In many cities the dipping tanks are not allowed, and the retail trade is supplied by the bottle; but this, it is claimed, works hardships among many because an extra price has to be charged for the milk, owing to the alleged extra cost of bottling, loss and breakage of bottles, etc.

A New York man has been working four years upon a device which he calls a "Sanitary Milk Dipping and Fluid Vending Apparatus." The inventor now holds seven patents, and claims to have already greatly interested the New York health officials in it. His claims are many and include, first, complete sanitation, as the milk is not allowed to come in contact with the outside air from the time the retailer starts selling it until the great can is emptied; second, accurate measurement, economy and saving of time; and third, the convenience of the device.

His patent consists of a wooden tub, such as is frequently used in dairies to keep the milk cans in. The ordinary forty-quart can of milk, just as it comes from the producers, is placed in the tub, packed with ice. The vending device fits on the tub cover in an airtight manner and everything is in readiness to sell the milk.

The cover of the tub (A) lifts and lowers the ratchet (B), to which is attached the dipper holding the milk. This ratchet rises in the



Dust-Proof Milk-Dipping Apparatus. (See Description.)

dust-proof telescopic tubing (C) and (C'). When the machine is at rest the dipper is in the position seen at (H); when the crank at (F) is given a couple of revolutions, the dipper, filled with milk, is hoisted until in position seen at (D). The dipper is automatically tilted and the dust-proof door at (E) is opened, allowing the milk to run out into the drinking glass, milk bottle or whatever the customer brings to take it away in. The casting over all (G) is of glass, so the purchaser may see the milk brought up and note the cleanliness of the mechanism.

The mechanism is all made of 70 per cent pure nickel and will not rust or corrode, being absolutely hygienic. For the ordinary small store a vendor with a pint dipper will serve, although the larger stores may have several of these machines with various size dippers. The inventor expects to have this machine used for soft drinks at fairs and in stores, making it much safer and freer from possible germs than under the present method of selling, but just now he is devoting all his time to the milk problem, and is anxious to market his device.

When the can is empty the ton can be removed and another can set in. After the dipper is emptied it goes back into position automatically and keeps the milk stirred up, assuring the customers of a fair amount of cream, whether they buy the first or last pint in the can. The mechanism comes apart easily for cleaning, and can be sterilized every morning without trouble or cost. The work of sterilization would not take more than ten minutes, and absolute cleanliness would be assured.

CARPETS Should Be BEATEN Out of Town

THOUSANDS of cases of illness are caused in cities and towns where carpets are beaten and the dust scatters the germs broadcast among the people living within reach of the deadly pests.

Nothing harbors these disease germs as much as a carpet that has lain on the floor of a room where all sorts of diseases and conditions of life have existed, and when the rugs or carpets are taken to the common, so open lot, or the park to be beaten, the disease germs are liberated and scattered all over the place.

The wind will carry the dust from a dirty carpet for several blocks, and the germs are lighter and more easily carried even on what seems to be a calm atmosphere.

Persons passing or residing near a carpet cleaning resort can smell and taste the dust from the filthy fibers as it is pointed by the breeze. The filth and dirt are moist, and the disease germs can collect and be inhaled by the nose and now until they have a chance to enter the system.

Instances are recorded where contagious diseases were spread throughout a city by carpet beating. Persons with a sore place on their face or hand are in grave danger when near carpet that is being cleaned, as there is danger of germs becoming lodged in the cracks that is apt to lodge in the affected parts.

Carpet beating is a filthy business, and when the dust from a dirty carpet is blown among the people and into open doors and windows, the germs lodge in the hair and remain until they get in their dusty work.

Carpets and rugs should be taken to an isolated spot in the country where no human habitation is near, and where grass and trees will, to a considerable degree, shield the people from the dust.

The life of a germ is short when it falls into the abyss of the air, and it is not long before it is blown away where some kind of insect is apt to pick it up.

An ideal spot for carpet cleaning would be on a small island where the dust would be carried away and deposited in the water that surrounded the tract of land. A shallow pond, into which the dust could not reach dwellings or passing vessels.

Why Crime Does Not Pay

No. 11 of a Series of Remarkable Revelations,
by SOPHIE LYONS, the Queen of the Burglars



Sophie Lyons

Surprising Methods of the Thieves Who Work Only During Business Hours and Walk Away with Thousands of Dollars Under the Very Eyes of Bank Officials

Written by SOPHIE LYONS

The Most Famous and Successful Criminal of Modern Times,
Who Made a Million Dollars in Her Early Criminal Career
and Lost It at Monte Carlo, and Has Now Accumulated
Half a Million Dollars in Honorable Business Enterprises.

On the day before I was as well known to the police as I later became. I was walking down Broadway in New York when I met a prominent citizen of the underworld with whom I had been associated in numerous burglaries. So far as I knew at that time, he was still a burglar. After we had stood chatting for several minutes I was surprised to have him press a hundred dollar bill into my hand and say:

"Just as the clock strike noon to-day, I want you to go into the Manhattan Bank and have this bill changed. Walk right up to the paying teller's window and ask for some silver and small bills. When he hands you the money take your time about counting it, and keep his attention engaged just as long as you can."

"But what do I get for running errands for you?" I jokingly inquired.

He refused to explain any further, and as I was just dying with curiosity to find out what sort of game he was up to I agreed to do as he was told. Of course, I knew it was some crime he was involving me into, but just what it was, or what idea that a babe unborn when I strolled into the bank promptly on the stroke of twelve.

The paying teller proved to be a very respectable man, and I found no difficulty in getting him into conversation. As there were few people in the bank at that hour, he was glad enough to relieve the monotony of his day's work by a little chat with a pretty young woman.

Well, to make a long story short, we talked busily for nearly fifteen minutes, and during all that time I succeeded in keeping his eyes riveted on me. When at last a man approached the window to transact some business I put my money away in my satchel, gave the courteous teller a parting smile and strolled leisurely out of the bank. While I was in the bank I had seen nothing of the man who had sent me on this mysterious errand, and I did not see him until I called at his hotel that evening.

"We've done a good day's work, Sophie, and here is your share of the profits," he said, handing me a fat roll of crisp bank notes that I had laid my hands on for several weeks. I hurriedly counted the bills over to be assured to find that the roll contained \$10,000.

"While you were sitting so delicately with the paying teller," my friend explained, "I slipped a key into the side entrance, reached my hand through a gap in the wire cage and grabbed a bundle of bills, which I found to contain \$4,000."

That was my introduction to the work of the "bank sneak"—a thief whose methods were then in their infancy, but who developed ingenuity and boldness so rapidly that he soon became the terror of the banks, and every business man who ever has to handle large sums of money or securities.

What I have to tell you to-day about "bank sneaks" is not of their methods but of the way in which I know of the fact that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

The stealing of a clever "sneak" often runs as high as \$100,000 in a single year. But what benefit does he get out of this easily acquired wealth? It invariably goes as easily as it comes, and after a few months he is as badly in need of money as he was when he could count on the fingers of one hand the "sneaks" who are getting any real happiness out of life—and they are all men and women who, like myself, have been the error of their ways and reformed.

If crime could ever prove profitable to any man, it would have proved so to Walter Sheridan in America. So varied and unobscured was his career that within twenty years the gains which he organized and led some of the million-dollar he was a past master in the art of escaping punishment for his crimes, and he was also a shrewd, close-fisted financier, who claimed the lion's share of the end of his career and used them to pick up bundles of money which were beyond the reach of his arms.

Awake away, and he finally died in the prison cell, to which he was sent when he was picked up staring in the streets of Montreal.

Sheridan introduced many ingenious new methods into the "bank sneaking" just as Mark Shindrum did in burglary. He was the first to conceal a pair of tweezers in the end of his cane and use them to pick up bundles of money which were beyond the reach of his arms.

This was a really wonderful device. To all appearances it was only a fine straight piece of bamboo, nicely polished and fitted with an ivory handle—the sort of walking stick any prosperous man might carry.

Only when you understood its heavy brass ferrule was the dishonest purpose for which it was intended revealed. The bamboo stick was hollow, and in it were two narrow strips of steel which dropped down below the end of the cane and could be operated like tweezers when you released the spring, which was concealed under a heavy hand of solid silver just below the handle.

When Sheridan was his natural self he was a stout, good looking man of dandified presence and refined manners who would readily pass for a well-to-do merchant or manufacturer. But when occasion required he could change his appearance so that even his closest friends wouldn't recognize him.

Once when he was arrested in New York he effected his escape by the use of his cane, and his transformation which mystified the authorities and nearly resulted in his release on the ground of mistaken identity.

He exchanged his expensive tailored suit and fine linen for the dirty rags of a tramp who was locked up in the adjoining cell. With a broken knife blade he hacked away bits of his long flowing beard. He dyed his reddish brown hair with coffee grounds and clipped and twisted it to make it look a life-long stranger to comb and brush. By eating soap he managed to reduce his portly figure to a thin, sickly shadow of skin and bones.

When the prison keepers came to take him into court for trial they were amazed to find in place of the well-dressed, well-fed broker they had looked up a few days before a repulsive, dirty, ragged, emaciated tramp whose actions indicated that he was not more than half-witted.

This trick of Sheridan's came, however, through the persistence of William A. Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Mr. Pinkerton, who had been on Sheridan's trail for years, identified him as the man who had changed appearance, and succeeded in having him convicted and sentenced to five years in Sing Sing prison.

It was from this wizard of crime, Walter Sheridan, that I learned the value of the clever disguises, which so often stood him in good stead and which enabled my comrades and me to get our hands on hundreds of thousands of dollars that didn't belong to us.

Early in my career I conceived the idea of furthering my dishonest plans by posing as a wealthy old widow, so crippled that she had to transact whatever business she had with the bank from her seat in her carriage. This plan succeeded beyond my fondest expectations, and I am ashamed to think how many thousands of dollars I stole through this device, but extremely effective little expedient.

One day, during the first time we tried it in the daylight robbery of a Brooklyn, New York, bank, where one of my companions, walked away with \$40,000 while I sat outside in my carriage listening to the old cashier's advice about investing the money, my lameness was made him left me.

But let me go back to the very beginning and show you just how this bold robbery was planned and carried out. We had had our eyes on the bank for a week—Johnny Meaney, Tom Bigelow and I. Between the hours of 12 and 1 each day a crowd there were few customers in the bank and the institution was left in charge of the old cashier and a young bookkeeper.

But the cashier, although over sixty years of age, was a keen-eyed, nervous man, whose suspicions would be easily aroused. And besides the window in the wire cage which was apt to be easily opened, the cashier was a man of the bank's customers so situated that he could always see out of the corner of his eye the vault and the long counter where the money was piled.

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"Poising as a wealthy, crippled old widow, I would induce the cashier to leave the bank and come out to my carriage to advise me about investments. In the meantime, one of my companions held the attention of the sole remaining man in the bank, while the third member of the party crept in at a side entrance and filled his satchel with bundles of cash and securities."

percentage of whatever we succeeded in stealing induced them to dress up in some borrowed livery and act as my driver and footman.

At last everything was arranged and the day was set for the robbery. The morning dawned warm and bright—just the sort of weather which would make an invalid widow feel like venturing out to transact a little business.

I had not seen Bigelow and Meaney since the night before. They had called at my rooms to go over our plans for the last time. Bigelow was to engage the attention of the bookkeeper who would be left alone in the bank after the cashier's departure while my little Johnny Meaney made his way through the side door and get the money.

At a few minutes past twelve my carriage drew up in front of the bank. Two or three of the officials were just going to lunch. If nothing unexpected had happened to change the bank's routine the cashier and one bookkeeper were alone in the counting room and the cash was clear.

Through my blue glass I could see our carefully laid plans. The cashier was standing down the street as unconcerned as if he had not a care in the world, and the bookkeeper, although I could not see him, I felt positive that Meaney was on his way to carry out his part in our crime.

The footman jumped down and stood at attention while I fumbled in my bag for one of my black-bordered cards. With hands which trembled as they went to give the last touch of reality to my feeble appearance I handed him the card and triumphantly whispered my instructions.

Would the cashier be good enough to step outside and discuss a little matter of business with a lady who was unable to leave her carriage?

The cashier was very sorry but he is extremely busy and as he is practically alone in the bank just now, it will be impossible for him to leave his desk.

Before the nervous footman has time to explain that the lady is a cripple and cannot leave her carriage, the cashier has taken another look at the card, has recognized the name and realizes that it is the widow of a millionaire who is waiting outside for an audience with him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he says nervously. "This light is so poor here that I could hardly see that name. Tell the lady that I will be out directly."

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for him to leave his desk. Can't the lady arrange to step inside for a minute? Before the nervous footman has time to explain that the lady is a cripple and cannot leave her carriage, the cashier has taken another look at the card, has recognized the name and realizes that it is the widow of a millionaire who is waiting outside for an audience with him.

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of stock I have invested in, his interest in me becomes all the greater.

Out of the corner of my eye I can just see Tom Bigelow as he stands talking with the bookkeeper inside the bank. And by the time, if no unforeseen difficulty has arisen, I know that Johnny Meaney is in the vault making a quick but judicious selection of the cash and securities which we can most easily dispose of.

After what seemed an eternity, but was in reality only four or five minutes, I saw Bigelow come out of the bank and stroll leisurely up the street. This was the signal that the money had been secured and that Meaney was making his escape in the opportune direction.

Now everything depended on my holding the cashier just as much longer as I could. Every minute he remained there talking with me meant that much delay in the discovery of the bank's loss and the starting of the police on our trail.

Another five minutes dragged along before I had exhausted the supply of questions which I wanted answered. Then I said good-bye, promising to return on the next day, and told my coachman to drive out to the cash room. I had hoped to successfully stand there on the sidewalk bowing and smiling as my carriage rolled down the street.

I went to the house of a friend where I exchanged my disguise for my ordinary clothes. Then I boarded a train for Montreal and there a few days later Bigelow and Meaney delivered with me booty amounting to \$40,000.

It was nothing unusual for the clever bands of "bank sneaks" with which I "worked" to steal as much or more than that in as short order. But as I have told you, a relentless crew followed our dishonestly acquired wealth and sooner or later caught those who would learn the lesson that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

SOPHIE LYONS.

The Deadly Perils of Being Married in June

EVER since the institution of marriage the woman who is married in June has been looked upon as the luckiest of mortals—one on whose future the fates can hardly best smile. "Happy as a June bride," "lucky as a June bride," and other familiar phrases express the almost universal belief that the woman who becomes a bride during the month of June is more certain of happiness than the woman who promises love, honor, and perhaps obey, at some other time of the year.

But now comes science with the startling announcement that all this is mere superstition and that, far from being an auspicious month for matrimony, June is, with possibly one exception, quite the worst in the year.

It is the French Society for Social Reform which thus shatters all our illusions regarding the desirability of choosing a June bride. From statistics recently submitted by this society to the Bertillon Bureau in Paris, men and women who marry in June are threatened by an appalling number of dangers which are entirely beyond the bounds of possibility in any other month except November.

Foremost among the perils which menace June brides and grooms, according to this authority are the toxic fungi which germinate in June during the late spring and early summer.

Newlyweds may be showered with rice at any other time of the year with impunity, but in June every grain that is tossed into the air is a deadly menace and is liable to bring them to the worst of misfortunes in the shape of a disagreeable disease.

Although the moon or fungus which brings rice during June is by no means as mortal as such neomorphs as the tubercle bacillus or anthrax, it is capable of producing extremely unpleasant effects.

If it finds a lodging on the human body it poisons the entire system and causes symptoms sufficient to change the best natured men and women into grouchy, nagging individuals.

These French scientists declare that a large percentage of divorces, separations, desertions, jealous quarrels and affairs with affiances can be traced to the fact that the husbands and wives were married in June and that they became hopelessly infected from the rice with which their friends innocently showered them.

But disease-breeding rice is not the only cause for dread in June wedding. Every blossom in the floral decorations conceals in its petals an equally serious menace. Icy pollen grains are contracted from

the bride's hair may make her a victim to the awful form of neuritis.

And if you escape all these fatal perils there still remains the danger of contracting from the blossoms of Pityrisia rosea—a disease which manifests itself in the most painful burning and itching all over the body.

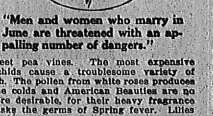
Even the old adage which dangle from the bridal couple's carriage or clatter on their carriage roof holds a special danger in the shape of the ferns which produce the dread seven-year itch.

Included in this damning attack upon early summer marriages, there is an analysis of the great number of suicides among those who were married in the month of June. A tabulated list of poisons and other methods used by husbands and wives to destroy each other is also given with suggestions as to their prevention.

Finally there is a possible explanation offered why imbeciles, epileptics, alcoholics and insane persons are usually found to have a tendency to turn their thoughts of love to marriage in June. It would seem that this is the only month in which bodily functions in this class of incapables are in abeyance to some extent during the winter months.

As soon as the Spring thaws occur, these persons begin to go outdoors, and as a consequence their tissues become more active and aggressive, and they are stirred to imitate the brute world of birds and beasts, and seek their mates.

While healthy individuals subordinate their mating laws to convenience of time and money, those whose mental activity approaches more nearly the lower animals are not so easily controlled. It is this that makes a bird build its nest or a bear its cave in the early summer. Therefore, June marriages are almost certain to have a large number of those who are mentally below par among them.



"Men and women who marry in June are threatened with an appalling number of dangers."

"Your Dress is Your Morals" Stretch Off Your Fat

"Could one help being demurely coquettish when wearing this hat, with its malice, brim and rose-buds?"

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "lady of London," and famous creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest in Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.

By LADY DUFF-GORDON ("Lucile")

MODERN fashions, like modern dances, manners and morals, are the cause for much criticism, constant and carping. On all sides we hear strong condemnation of the present sartorial tendencies. We are told that our clothes are outrageous; that they are made only to appeal to the coarser instincts of man, and that our manners and morals are as bad as our clothes. Is this criticism uncalled for? Alas, not always, but I think that the most severe critics do not realize that our fashions after all but express the present unrest and excitement that dominate every phase of the modern life.

It is not immorality nor indecency that inspires the clothes of to-day. It is that woman being the harmonic half of the human race, needs to express her individuality, her personality on the world through her clothes.

"This is a day of excitement, a day when we have to have our senses titillated with a new sensation every hour, a day of extremes in thought and deed. Exaggeration is the keynote of the age; we meet it in the play, the fashions, in every phase of our daily life. Even our manners and morals are exaggerated, but this is not due to the fashions of the moment, although undoubtedly our manners and morals are affected by the clothes we wear. We have outgrown the day when handsome was as handsome did; we now apparently believe that handsome is as handsome dresses.

One of my theories is that a woman should dress up to her manners and morals. Now I do not mean by this that the members of the demi-monde should wear a certain uniform; neither do I believe that a mondaine should wear only quiet dress effects. No indeed. But really, fully that we are affected mentally, morally and physically by our clothes. I do believe that we should dress for us, as well as act, the part in which fate has us cast.

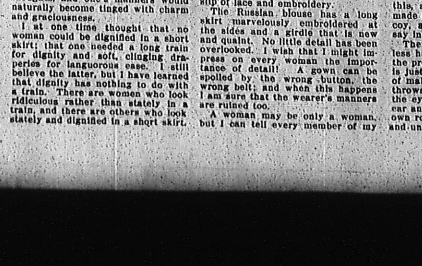
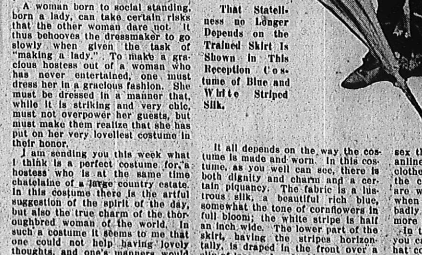
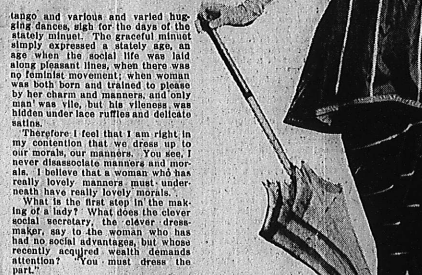
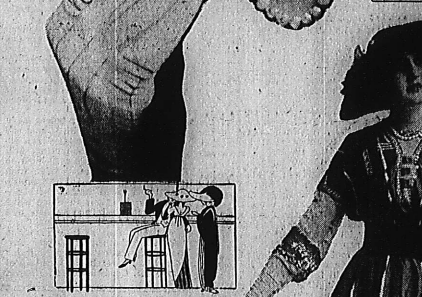
Fortunately for the future of picturesque fashions, the world is divided against itself. One-half of the maiden thrush at us that our standards of morality are low; that we are growing decadent. "It is your clothes; your clothes make you immoral!" they cry. But the other side comes back with: "You dress as you do because of your morals; it is your morals that make your clothes, not your clothes your morals."

To start at the beginning, I must say once and for all that the present fashions are not immoral; that they do not create immorality, and that in themselves there is nothing suggestive in the really lovely fashions created for the mondaines. It is possible for a lady—no, should be rather say, a gentleman—to wear any thing and still be a gentleman. It is, in war, not what he wears, but how he wears it, that marks the difference between the well bred woman, the woman of good manners, and the woman who seeks to attract through the suggestiveness of her clothes. Wearing the present fashions is like dancing the present dances—it is all in the manner in which it is done.

As I have often said, manners make the man, but dress makes the woman. No woman is ever at her ease who is not in command of her dress who must assume in her world. A woman not born or trained to that part can better assume it if she is dressed for it. It is far easier to act like a lady if one is like one.

During all save the clothes of the woman have remained the same of that day. Critics, looking on at the

Not Your Real Morals, Explains Lady Duff-Gordon, but Your Manners That Make Your Morals, Are Controlled by the Gowns You Wear



Four Stretches for Slenderness by the Only Girl Who Ever Swam the Golden Gate

MISS HAZEL BESS LAUGENOUR is the only woman in the world who ever swam the Golden Gate at San Francisco. She has started for England, where she will attempt to swim the English Channel. She is a California girl, a graduate of the University of California and of Salem College in North Carolina. Her figure is flawless. Once she was threatened with being fat. Then she discovered and invented stretching. "Here," she tells of it for the benefit of women who are too fat and women who are too thin, "for the exercise works both ways."

By HAZEL BESS LAUGENOUR

Stretch No. One—For Reducing the Waist Line.

TAKE a straight standing position on the floor. The feet are that you are standing straight and that there is no inward curve to the spine. Half of the people in the world who think they are standing "erectly" are actually doing themselves an injury by forcing the spine to bend forward.

When you have taken the straight standing position, draw your chest and upper body up so that you are stretching all the muscles from your waist line up. Inhale slowly as you draw up. Do it slowly, never do it in a hurry. As you do long distance swimmers. They never rush things. It is the secret of their endurance.

As you start to draw up, your hands are to be at your sides in an extended position. Now start to bring them up from your sides slowly, but stretch with them gradually. Bring them on up until your hands rest together high above your head. Now come up on your toes, up, up, up, as far as you can get with your toes from the floor. "That something that you can't quite reach and which isn't there at

all. Just picture yourself as being under a big cherry tree and that you are stretching on the tips to get two handfuls of cherries.

Keep up there without straining as long as possible. It won't be long at first because your muscles unused to this exercise, will ache at the outset and you will be glad to come down quickly to a flat-foot position on the floor. Try to come down slowly and gradually as you continue. Breathe deeply. When you get up to the top of the stretch try to hold the position and gradually inhale, easily, the idea being not to breathe according to count, but deeply, easily and naturally.

Come down slowly, but keep the hands up above your head, with the first finger of each hand just touching tips. That will force you to keep at balance, and besides, it aids the stretch.

Vary this stretch by going up on one foot, then on the other.

Then try it by bending at the waist line, first to one side and then to the other.

Then try it by extending the hands far out in front of you and bend as far forward as you can stretch. Do as far forward and down with the finger tips as you can and still keep your balance.

Another good way to vary this stretch is to keep the hands extended high above your head and to take short little steps sideways on your toes, much the way you have seen the dancers do. Then describe a circle in this manner around the room, always facing out when you start by adding the arm movement that I am now going to describe in Stretch Two.

Stretch No. Two—For Symmetrical Arms, Shoulders and Hands.

Hold your arms out horizontally with the fingers stretching as far out as they can. Now "move" the feeling down to the shoulder blades. Breathe that muscle that's there. The idea is that you want to stretch the muscles from your shoulder blades to your finger tips, and the way to stretch that muscle is to pull on it with the middle finger.

Now, when you have the movement down just as it is by working your shoulders much after the way they would work in a common breast swimming stroke. Combine these into a stretch and it won't be long before the benefits of it will be evident.

Now, don't think that because I mean for you to have your muscles at a tension. Nothing of the kind. In any stretch I describe, always remember to "relax." Relaxation is the secret of the whole thing.

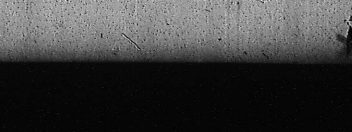
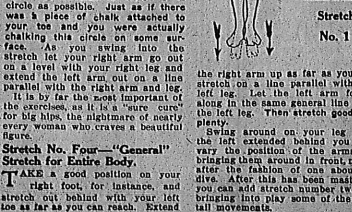
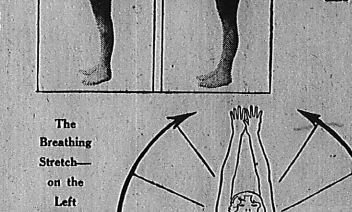
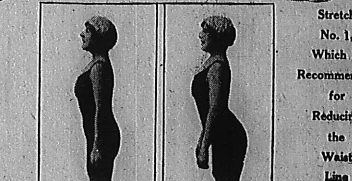
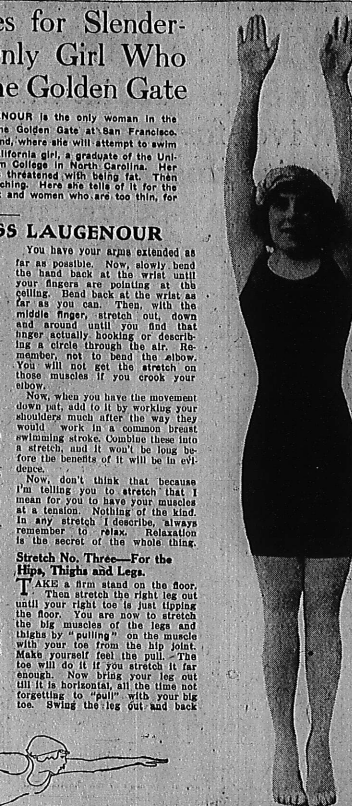
Stretch No. Three—For the Hips, Thighs and Legs.

TAKE a firm stand on the floor. Then stretch the right leg out until your right toe is just tipping the floor. You are now to stretch the big muscles of the legs and thighs by "pulling" on the muscle with your toe from the hip joint. Make yourself feel the pull. The leg will not be straight, but it is enough. Now bring your leg out until it is horizontal, all the time not forgetting to "pull" with your big toe. Swing the leg out and back

and then bend forward until all the weight of your body is on the left leg and your body and the right leg is almost on a horizontal line, while the position makes your right leg describe as much of a circle as possible. Just as if there were a piece of chalk attached to the end of the right leg, you were actually describing this circle on some surface. As you swing into the stretch let your right arm go out on the level with your right leg and extend the left arm out on a line parallel with the right arm and leg. It is by far the most important of the exercises, as it is a "cure cure" for big hips, the nightmare of nearly every woman who craves a beautiful figure.

Stretch No. Four—"General" Stretch for Entire Body.

TAKE a good position on your right foot for instance, and stretch out behind with your left toe as far as you can reach. Extend



Stretch No. 1, Which is Recommended for Reducing the Waist Line

Diagram of Stretch No. 4

The Breathing Stretch—on the Left the Relaxed Body; on the Right Every Muscle Tight

Diagram Illustrating Stretch No. 1

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