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FADS, FAKES, FREAKS, FRAUDS and FOOLS
By William Edward Shepard

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PREFACE

Our apology for writing this book is, the people need it. We are placing it before the public, because we know its truths will be eye-openers along lines much neglected, yet greatly needed.

We have endeavored to stick to the text, making the work to correspond with its title. We expect criticism, censure and possibly hatred from some sources; but we have the satisfaction, that we have written conscientiously and carefully, with the object in view to help in the right direction, but not to hinder.

Please read it with as little prejudice as possible, keeping your criticisms till you get through, and then possibly you may feel disposed to keep them still.

We have drawn our information from many sources. We wish gratefully to acknowledge the courtesy of the following for the use of copyrighted material: Collier's, "The Great American Fraud"; Dr. William S. Sadler, "The Physiology of Faith and Fear," published by A. C. McClurg, Chicago, Ill.; Robert E. Hicks, Specialty Salesman Magazine, South Whitley, Ind.; J. L. Nichols & Co., "Successful Business Guide," Naperville, Ill.; Joe Mitchell Chapple, "Heart Throbs," published by The National Magazine, Boston, Mass.; Samuel I. Jones, "Mathematical Wrinkles"; The George Matthew Adams Service of New York, three of Walt Mason's prose poems: The Ladies' Home Journal, extracts from the "Office Dog" page; Fleming H. Revell Company, "Is The Devil A Myth?" by Rev. C. F. Wimberly; A. L. Nichols, Capper's Weekly, Topeka, Kans.;

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Other acknowledgments are made in connection with material used. Many years ago Mr. P. T. Barnum wrote a book entitled "Humbugs of the World." We have drawn considerably from those pages.

We send forth the book with the hope that it may do as much good as possible, save many from the pitfalls which the title suggests, and point the readers to a better life.

If it proves beneficial to you, please assist in its circulation.

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PART I -- FADS

The New Standard Dictionary defines a fad as follows: "A matter of taste or pursuit that temporarily engages the attention mad interest; a passing fancy or fashion as in dress, amusements, social devices or diversions, etc.; a popular innovation; capricious hobby; whim."

We are living in a day of fads. Like Pharaoh's frogs, they cover the land. We do not have to hunt for them. On the other hand we have to run, or they will be upon us. They are in evidence all the time and everywhere.

I used to travel much from place to place in my buggy, and I was struck with the unity of sports among the children. Whatever the children did in one town they did in the next. If they flew kites in one place, it was kites everywhere. If it was playing tops, then tops was the game in other places. I wandered how it came about, whether it was in the air like an epidemic, or otherwise. Anyway the fad existed. So, today, whether in the sporting world, the fashion world, or otherwise, fads spread like a plague over the land. They are certainly ubiquitous. And if one has not unusual vitality and strong powers of resistance, the miserable microbes will settle upon him and in him and overpower him.

* * *

001 -- FASHION FADS

The fashion fad is both ludicrous and ridiculous. Time was when the hoop-skirt was in vogue, and women had plenty of room and to spare, with little danger of the lower limbs becoming entangled in their surroundings. Dame fashion afterwards decreed the hobble skirt, when the females appeared as if they had borrowed some man's pantaloons, confiscated one leg, and converted it into a skirt. It was certainly amusing to see how such a one maneuvered to get on a street car.

One time it was the bustle, something like the camel's hump; but afterward fashion said that the person must resemble as far as possible a bean pole.

One time the hats must bear the similitude of an inverted dishpan or parasol, and when one would look for the contents of such an overshadowing appendage, instead of discovering a well shaped and nicely rounded-out cranium, he would see something that had not yet come to a head. Afterwards, fashion decreed no rim at all.

One season the dress must mop the street, till ten million microbes would find suitable habitations within its folds. Then comes the short skirt, till one thinks he is seeing a girl of thirteen; when, lo and behold! it is a grandmother.

One season the sleeves of the dress are so enlarged and ruffled and puffed that it certainly looked as if Ezekiel had caught a vision of the coming wonder and pronounced his woe upon it. "Woe unto them that sew pillows to all armholes." But capricious humanity must always be jumping to extremes, so this fashion must be followed by absolutely no sleeves at all.

One year the collars and ruffles must be so high, that they can not stand up of themselves, so they are held in place with invisible stays. Then follows the utter elimination of collars, and everything else, to the extent, that the female form has become so exposed that it causes the lecherous onlooker to crane his neck as his wandering eyes follow the fool of fashion along the streets.

When secular newspapers have to turn their editorial gatling guns on such immodesty; when a Catholic priest refuses to perform the marriage ceremony and sends the bride home to put on enough clothing to make her decent; when another priest goes down the aisle of his church and hands a pin to each woman wearing a low neck gown, suggesting that it be used immediately, and announces that those who appear there next Sunday in such gowns will be sent home; when modest manhood feels that it is constantly insulted by the Open-and-above-board disgrace of undressed womanhood -- then it is time for pure-minded people "to cry aloud and spare not." Speaking of the fad of diaphanous skirts, Strickland Gillilan tells of traveling through a town at "about fifty-five knots per hour through the outskirts -- now, about those outskirts. I'm not sure I know what I'm talking about. I was in the town only a little bit, and my attention was attracted to many other things. I don't really know whether that town had on anything except its outskirts. And let me tell you now: if that town's outskirts had been as thin and as scarce as some I've witnessed since, that train would never have whistled for it. It would just have covered up the headlight and hurried by, blushing."

And where do these wicked and unsightly fashions originated. They tell us from the harlotry of Paris. I was told by a traveling man that one of the largest dry goods merchants of this country paid a certain person in Paris \$25,000 a year to exploit fashions for the women of this country. Then these poor, little, infinitesimal paris-ires must throw away their individuality, self-respect, and even their modesty in order to be in style and keep up with the craze of modern fads. Surely, the time has come when women ought in the proper sense to dress up -- and down.

One of the fads of recent days was the pasting on the face some little "beauty" spot, a little round, black spot, perchance on the neck, below the chin, a little black heart. Oh, that it were all on the outside! In what way this was supposed to add to one's beauty, we will leave that for the faddist to answer, for it is beyond our knowledge. Barbarians tattooed more or less of their bodies, because that was the fashion. But in these days when the civilized world is running mad over fashion, these beauty spots are tattooed permanently upon the face of young women by electric needles. No more trouble now pasting the beauty spots on; the trouble will be later on to get them off. London seems to have set the pace in this fad. Not being content with this initiatory

tattooing, the females of that burg are having a coat of arms tattooed upon their shoulders. Of course, there would be no use in such a style if the shoulders were not exposed. This is said to be London's latest fad, and it threatens to spread to America. When we read of anything being the latest on such lines, that may be true, but what else might be started within twenty-four hours, no one knows.

* * *

002 -- THE NUDE FAD

There is absolutely no telling where these ridiculous fads are going to terminate. Taking a look towards Paris we read "Zebra striped shoulders and neck watches led the list of freaks launched by fashionable women at Longchamps today. Mannequins paraded with their entire right shoulders bare, with orchid-colored stripes, which beholders first thought were ribbons. Closer inspection found them to be painted stripes, skillfully continuing the pattern of the robe.

"M. L____, called the most eccentric French woman, wore a watch fastened on the back of her neck by a black ribbon, studded with diamonds..."

"Even these styles, however, were put in the shade when P. M____, who started the sockless fad a fortnight ago, again leaped into the limelight with diamond and sapphire anklets, his trousers being cut extremely short so as to display the shapeliness of his gem clad limbs.

"P____'s eyebrows were carefully shaved, a line of blue paint drawn over them, while a heavy pencil-like mark appeared in place of a mustache."

The present-day women of short skirts are having artistic designs painted on their nether extremities. How beautiful this appears we will leave those who are running after such things to decide. It looks as if the world were hard up for fads, when the feminine sex has to go to such extremes(in reality) to exploit them.

But the limit comes when the "stage idol" paints herself over with gold paint, making a nightly occurrence of it, at the expense of sixty dollars for every coat. Then with only a small portion of her physical frame not covered, she is ready to be scanned with "eyes full of adultery." This is surely a fast age. We are thinking of Roman history. Rome had its day -- to die.

And now comes out the picture of an actress in the newspaper with her stockings rolled back some distance below the knee and a pipe sticking out from the roll. Smoking is becoming quite a fad with the lower element of the feminine gender these days, and of course there must be some place provided for the pipe hence, the stocking rolled down.

But the fads do not end there. Here is another actress on the same page of the paper with a cameo garter below the knee. This is jewelry with a vengeance. When there is not room enough to string the gewgaws on the fingers, the ears, and around the neck, then recourse to the leg is suggested. Where will the end be?

One of the moving picture stars lands in Chicago in weather so cold that furs are necessary, yet her foot apparel is such that it attracts the attention of the world, and the papers take it up and describe the perforated stockings and shoes till the pink toes can be seen. What wonderful charms! "When you see silk-clad ankles in weather like this, you wonder whether she is trying to catch a husband or pneumonia."

A Los Angeles paper tells that "a small band of squirrel was responsible" for a jam on Seventh and Broadway, when the multitudes were bent on beholding the spectacular. It was not because it was squirrel skin, per se, but the position of it. A young female was giving Los Angeles a glimpse of New York and Paris. Her overly short silken hose was topped with this squirrel skin, and her explanation was "all the girls are wearing 'em in New York. They refused to give up wearing short hose, and the fur was added to keep the cold-to keep -- anyhow, it is all the rage." It seems that the very aim of some of the immodest members of the feminine gender is to exploit their forms or nudity.

In a certain Texas city "skirts above the knees, stockings rolled below the knees and transparent bodices cut on a level with the armpits have been put under the ban in B____, by direction of City Manager, R____. Two young women were recently taken to police headquarters by R____, and a squad of policemen aiding him in the latest vice crusade. R____ explained they were improperly clad for the street. They were admonished, then discharged."

A picture comes out in the daily paper showing the half-tone photograph of a female's back. This female is one Madame somebody -- (let me not disgrace her further by giving her name). The little statement in connection with her picture and her name is -- "who has all Paris charmed by her perfect back." Certainly! The world is surely looking back these days.

Some one wrote to a Catholic priest, editor of a magazine, asking if it was a sin to wear a low-neck dress. His reply in the magazine was, that it all depended; if the neck was thin and bony, it was not a sin; it was an infliction on the public.

With the modern method of exposing the lower limbs, as well as the upper portions of the female form, no wonder we have the new disease called "ocularis delectante" (pardon me if it is not spelled right, for it has not yet found its way into the dictionary). This new disease translated into English means "the lure of the eyes." It seems to be incurable, and not only does the one afflicted have this trouble per g6 and suffers on account of it, but it leads to accidents many. Autos are said to collide, and pedestrians are being run into, all because of this peculiar disease caused by modern methods of exposing feminine forms. What a sight! A young lady (and perhaps not so young) so peculiarly dressed, or rather undressed, that the weaker sex (undoubtedly so in this respect) will crane their necks and strain their eyes, and stop and look and maybe get run over with a passing auto, and finally develop a strange and new disease. Well, "the world do move." I am reminded of a little rhyme which recently came out in the paper:

"Mary had a little frock.
The latest style, no doubt,
And when she got inside of it,
She was over half way out."

We quote from a secular newspaper the words of a certain revivalist: "The flapper will bring about this country's downfall just as surely as Delilah caused Samson's.

"When a woman shows her knees, you can see her finish and that of the nation as well. "Girls think more of their eyelashes and 'nude' hosiery than they do of decency; home life is broken up; respect for law goes with it; wholesale iniquity follows..."

"The modern girl is 100 times worse than the girl of the last century. And the country girl is just as bad as her city cousin. Once upon a time country girls were pure, but gasoline spoiled that. We have closed up our red-light districts and put them on rubber tires.

"Women smoking are indecent. The spark from a woman's cigarette is going to touch off a conflagration that will destroy this country within fifty years.

"Jezebel was the worst woman in the world. She was the first 'queen of the shifters.' The last thing she did before she died was to paint her face and then the dogs ate her."

A writer to a certain newspaper sent in the following -- it shows the trend of the times:

"Twelve or fifteen years ago the underworld sports wore red dresses as a sign of their character. Then later on they began to bob their hair. And the ignorant little style and fashion girls took it up. Later the underworld women took up short skirts and rolled their stockings down below their knees. Several years ago the low grade of women in Paris started the shadow skirt, and every stylish woman in America fell for it. It looks as though American women were trying to degenerate into heathen. A real Christian girl should shun such fashions and try to have a respectable character regardless of styles and fashions."

A woman physician of Boston gave an address before the International Conference of Women Physicians in which she said some striking things about the dress from stenographers and shop-girls to society queens. Among some of her charges are the following, as taken from the secular press: "Sex appeal is the key to all styles.

"Low cut gowns are worn to tempt a kiss on the neck. "Court plaster beauty spots are worn to entice pinches. "Legs are shown to get an invitation to dance.

"Clothes are not worn to keep warm, but to attract men."

A police superintendent in a Texas city gave his report and findings of a six months' probe of Southern crime causes, as follows:

"The 1920 girl's taste in dress is a form of insanity; 99 one-hundredths of all social evils in the world are due to the present day styles; modern mothers are letting their children go to the devil without so much as lifting a hand to stop them.

"Booze, environment and defective mentality have been branded as the causes of crime. It is a mistake. These three features play their part; they produce but one one-hundredth of the crime committed. Ninety-nine one-hundredths may be traced to women's clothes.

"It is possible to include everything from the divorce evil to the late world war to what women wear -- or don't wear.

"Our investigation has caused us to pause, worry, and wonder, "What is the world coming to?"

Personally, I think both the doctor of Boston and the police superintendent of Texas are too extravagant in their sweeping statements; but there must be something frightfully wrong in this realm, or these people would not feel justified in making such tremendous assertions.

Dr. John Stratton, of New York fame, is not sprinkling cologne water on his people or the world at large when he comes out in plain English ,and tells them what he think of the latest styles and procedures. Hear him:

"With ten millions of the human race rotting in untimely graves because of humanity's sins and war lust, and with such a saturnalia of crime and vice and shamelessness as society has never known before, surely some preachers are needed who will dare to speak the truth at any hazard -- yes, some who will cry aloud and spare not, even though they are quartered in the streets and nailed to a cross.

"We have reached a pass where messengers cannot step from a newspaper office into an automobile waiting directly in front of the door without being robbed of thousands of dollars.

"Peaceful merchants are murdered in their open shops. Many of the playhouses are so foul that our children cannot walk the streets without confronting veritable traps of hell, the vileness of which is reflected even upon the billboards.

"Our young men and women are jazz wild and dance crazy. Our school girls even, are poisoning themselves by smoking cigarettes. They have forgotten to blush and are being taught that the smart thing is to use the lipstick and paint pot and to swagger at least a little bit.

"A condition of undress that would formerly have caused a raid by the police even in the tenderloin, now is the accepted style in the hotel lobby, theater, ballroom and even in the streets. The flapper has taken the place of true femininity. Contemptible little doffs are in the arms of wives instead of babies.

"The marriage vow is being thrown aside like a scrap of paper.

"Our American home life is being broken up by a thousand outside attractions. The Sabbath day is being desecrated.

"The very foundations of our modern life seem to be trembling."

The Yard publishes some quotations from the Literary Digest which that magazine culled from various sources, showing the common opinion concerning the craze of fashionable fads of these modern times. We give some of these quotations here: "Satan is storming the Eye-gate of Mansoul today as never before... One of his most powerful battering rams is modern fashions." -- Sunday School Times.

"The sad thing about the modern modes of feminine dress is that our American girls are fast forgetting how to blush." -- The New Era Magazine. (Presbyterian.)

"After-war conditions have compelled us to face the demoralizing influence of a form of social diversion that not only makes impossible the development of a genuinely religious life, but also actually puts thousands of young women, at least beyond the pale of respectability." -- Christian Advocate. -- M. E. Church, South "The semi-nudity of the girls who walk the streets and mingle with men in social gatherings, raises the question whether the sense of modesty that once was a distinguishing mark of the pure woman is no longer a virtue, or whether the exposure of the person is meant to advertise an attitude that is inevitably suggestive." -- The Watchword. (United Brethren.)

"The dances young people dance these days, the garments young people wear or refrain from wearing, and all the other outward signs of the 'new freedom' felt by the generation growing to manhood and womanhood in these after-war years have occasioned grave forebodings on the part of teachers and legislators and social workers and editors, and have even been the cause of serious discussion, among the young people themselves." -- Literary Digest.

"The modern indecent dance is an offense against womanly purity, the very fountain-head of our family and civil life... Many girls who call themselves respectable, so dress, or undress, themselves as to be more acceptable to the amorous embraces of men. If this does not call for reprobation and reform, I do not know what does." (Dr. Frances E. Clark, founder and president of the Christian Endeavor Society.)

"There is an ugly, sinister wave of immorality sweeping over the country." -- Mission Herald. (Episcopalian.)

"There is not a feature of the modern dance that is not suggestive of sin... There are, in fact, some features so flagrantly violative of public decency that they would not have been tolerated in a free-for-all dance hall by the police as recently as twenty-five years ago. The music is sensuous, the embracings of partners -- the female only half dressed -- is absolutely indecent; and the motions -- they are such as may not be described, with any respect for propriety, in a family newspaper." (A Catholic periodical.)

"If the present mode of attire is not quite decent, it is because the parents of America have permitted and encouraged it. It is only when a pagan spirit is in the ascendency, that restrictions are necessary in such a matter as decency of attire." -- Reformed Church Messenger.

"With its unwholesome hugging set to music, its jungle jerks and sensuous twists executed either to the rhythm of weird oriental music or the clanging discord of jazz hands, the modern dance cannot fail to have an unwholesome and harmful effect... It dissipates the mind, sears the conscience, deadens the sensibilities, often destroys health, certainly tends toward the lowering of morals, is utterly incompatible with true holiness and separation from the world, burns up any right religious conviction, incites the lowest animal passions, and sends its giddy, godless devotees whirling down the broad avenue of lust, lewdness, divorce, broken hearts and wrecked homes." -- Den Kristelige Talsmand. (Scandinavian Methodist, Chicago.)

"The Alabama Christian Advocate declares emphatically that the dance is 'the most destructive agency known to the world, tearing down every vestige of purity, destroying the strongholds of morality, strengthening the bulwarks of sin, blighting moral character, destroying spirituality, increasing carnality, weakening the human body, causing religious doubt and indifference, and subjecting young men and women to the most fiery temptations known to history.'"

"Our nation may go the way of ancient Rome unless there is a check put upon the social indulgences that are sure to lead to immorality." -- The Biblical Recorder. (Baptist.)

"So it would seem they are going to reform the dance. About as well try to reform the Old Serpent. When they have eliminated all the objectionable wiggles, toddles, trots and shuffles and hugs there will be nothing of the modern dance left." -- The Cumberland Presbyterian.

What is the consensus of opinion concerning the modern dress and the dance? It leads to evil and immorality. Is it not time we were waking up and throwing ourselves into the breach and doing our best to head off this stampede for the pit?

"Fashions, for instance, permit a girl to make a grand display of her charms in public, but they do not compel her to do so. And no genuine manner can disguise any exhibitions of legs and shoulders and bust as 'innocence.' It's all a plain bid for getting the attention of men, and men are not fooled by it.

"What does all this flaunting of her beauty accomplish for a girl? It advertises her as a fair sport -- that's all -- and she has no right to resent being treated accordingly."

The following is from an editorial appearing in The Los Angeles Daily Times, under the heading of "Criminal Impropriety."

"We had supposed that the decadence obvious in the sartorial modes for society women reached their limit last year and that a saner and more decent sense of propriety would evince itself in the revulsion of public taste. But the tendency to bizarre indecency has increased so that now we are offered in our public ballrooms the spectacle of criminal impropriety -- of women's bare legs and painted knees, of naked backs and lewdly veiled bosoms, of transparent skirts and suggestive nudity, of decorated flesh and vulgar exposure generally -- the sort of thing that has ever preceded the downfall of civilizations. It has no relation whatever to the nudity of innocence, as is perfectly obvious with one glance at the type of dancing women that affects these disgusting

extremes, for their whole deportment is so entirely in accord with their scant covering and nastily conceived exposures. They are brazenly inviting a certain kind of attention, and they get only the sort of attention they invite. They are degrading all womanhood with their shamelessness at a time when the more worthy of their sex have striven to win and deserve that respect which should rightfully be theirs.

"The people are all overwhelmed by the appalling crime wave that has beset the world -- not only by murders, robberies and hold-ups, but by the ghastly increase of marital unfaithfulness which clogs the divorce courts, and the attacks against women and girls which have become a daily department of the news. The incredible and loathsome conditions cannot be overstated. They are widespread, staggering in their viciousness. And we unhesitatingly declare that the preposterous vulgarity and criminal impropriety of that vastly increasing number of women who adopt these indecent modes for 'party gowns' is, if not responsible for the dirty conditions, at least, a large and important factor. And it is deplorable, that as the extremists jump from extreme to extreme, the presumably decent women follow. They are slower to adopt the full measure of indecency, but each season finds them 'conservatively' following at a respectful distance, so that the modes for decent women today were the extremes of indecency a few short seasons back.

"Why do they do it? It is a poor explanation to declare that they thus become more attractive to men. If they are honest with themselves, they know very well that the sort of attraction thus engendered makes the lowest possible appeal. If they are honest with themselves, they know very well that masculine taste in such matters is absolutely in the hands of women, that the standard they set is the standard which will inevitably be adopted. It has been said that every country gets the women it deserves, but rather would we say, that every woman gets the sort of attention she deserves. Intelligent women know this, no matter what their argument to the contrary.

"But the women who are going to these disgusting and revolting extremes are not intelligent. Man may be vile, but he also has perception. Observe the women in any public ballroom today -- those who expose the most have the least worthy of exposure. These lewd revelations are certainly not in the cause of beauty. It is the fat and pudgy, or the lean and bony female, for the most part, one who has neither natural, physical, nor mental attraction, that resorts to this means of commanding attention. She makes one appeal, and only one, and that to the very lowest instincts of masculine human nature. No matter how she may deceive herself to the contrary, she is deliberately catering to the animal passion of men. Beautiful and charming women of mind and character do not feel this urge to trade upon their 'private charms.' But the unintelligent and dubious female is inevitably the one to make a bid for the only sort of attention she can hope to inspire.

"Theodore Maynard, now lecturing before the women's clubs upon the 'Imminent Break-Up of Civilization,' defines civilization as that condition of a people founded upon justice and honor. It is not a question of brilliant inventions, of motor cars, telephones, magnificent hotels, luxury and comfort. It is essentially a state of refinement, culture and HONOR.

"'I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more.'

"That HONOR which is the very basis of civilization is essentially chaste. And civilized women must be the essential guardian of chastity and honor. Where women eat to the dishonorable and unchaste, there can be no civilization, no sanctity of the home, which should be the very citadel of honor.

"Adam in Eden whined that Eve had demoralized him. Eve today whines that Adam and his war have demoralized her. They are both wrong and both culpable. And as in the old Biblical story, God will hold both Adam and Eve responsible, and both shall be driven from the garden of Eden, our great modern civilization that is gaining all save honor, that keystone of the arch without which it must fall to ruin.

"And the modern unchastity of women's clothes, the crude, lewd, wholly indefensible appeal to man's lowest instincts, the deliberate trading on the unclean and the lustful side of human nature, is, we repeat, a basic cause of that widespread dishonor and crime that are polluting civilization today. Surely there are enough decent, intelligent, noble-minded women left to halt this mad craze for criminal impropriety. Surely they can and will take the lead for purity, decency and honor, rather than be content to follow at long distance that road which leads to nothing but degradation for all humanity. Women, and only women, can halt this mad delirium -- this hideous craving for attention at any cost, at all cost. Where can it end, except in utter degradation, not only for their sex, but for their husbands and their sons?

"This utter debasement of that precious heritage called 'love' is the bitterest possible reflection upon our modern civilization. The sort of attraction these unchaste, nakedly adorned women 'of fashion' hold out can never inspire that precious, priceless thing which 'passeth all understanding,' which survives all the travail of tribulation, that beautiful emotion that 'age cannot wither nor custom stale,' which radiates the dark places with shining light."

What has this country to say when China steps into the arena and is determined to throttle the vulgarity of dress as exhibited here and in Europe? The following clipping will show her attitude towards this fashionable fad:

"In Shanghai, China, the chief of police has bravely tackled the problem of feminine wearing apparel as manifested in modern styles, and as a result has issued the following frank and positive decree, which is given here for the careful study of American readers: 'Women's wearing apparel is mostly too scanty, permitting an unbecoming, sensual display of the ankles and legs, and an exposure of the bare flesh of the arms and neck which is not within the bounds of propriety. This sort of clothing is an imitation of foreign styles, making the wearer neither a Chinese nor a European. The wearers are devoid of shame, and frequent public streets without the least embarrassment. In the future all such women will be summarily arrested.'"

When will Christians wake up to the crime against society this modern craze is committing? Why will they let the Devil set the pace for their fashions? As some one has said, "Under no circumstances would I dare invade the sacred precincts of a woman's dressing room to dictate what she shall or shall not wear; but, by the grace of God, I do not intend the Devil shall do so without my protest. What right has Satan to poke his deceptive head into my lady's boudoir and out of his black heart suggest styles for the defilement of her chastity?"

It is a question if the Devil himself could directly invent more deadly devices than the fashionable fads of these modern times. If a man should expose himself on the public streets as some of the fashionable women are accustomed to do, he would be heralded in the newspapers as a fool or a freak and probably get "run in" for his folly.

The Bible says that we shall reap what we sow. And when young women persist in the way that will arouse all the baser elements of a man's lower nature, who can wonder that so many of them are drugged, and then dragged into the life of shame!

If mothers have no better sense than to dress their girls in such indecency, and also set the example themselves, they need not wonder when their fair daughters take another step toward the loss of virtue and finally become a castaway.

The testimony of the Chicago Juvenile Protective Association is -- "Dress causes the downfall of the majority of girls who go astray."

Who has not seen big girls of a dozen or more years, on the streets with short stockings, and bare legs almost to their hips? But what can one expect when the mothers of those girls go about with gauze garments exposing their shoulders, back, chest, and arms in a really disgraceful manner?

Says a great writer and lecturer, "I have lived a continent life... as a husband, father, educator, and minister, I pledge you my honor that the greatest trials, the sorest temptations, I have ever met, have come from improperly dressed women and semi-nude pictures."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage said that he believed thousands of men are in hell whose eternal damnation is due to the improper dress of women.

John Wesley in one of his sermons on the dress question says: "You kindle a flame which at the same time consumes both yourself and your admirers. And it is well if it does not plunge both you and them into the flames of hell."

In closing this thought about the rage in shortened apparel, let me call attention to the recent change in insurance risks. Insurance companies are no fools, to say the least. The following is copied from the Associated Press:

"Geneva, Oct. 2 (1922). Low necks, short sleeves, short skirts and high heels in feminine apparel have increased women as an insurance risk, and several Swiss companies which insure against sickness have announced that their premiums are now raised 15 per cent for women, because of her curtailed garb."

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003 -- THE DIVORCE FAD

One of the most world-wide and disastrous fads extant is the divorce fad. If we have not seen a friend for a few months, we hardly dare ask about husband or wife, for fear it is the wrong one. Only the other day I found myself in an embarrassing predicament by my interrogation. No wonder there is chaos everywhere in the marriage relation. No wonder the children are running riot. No wonder the free-love-lust devil is having the time of his life. When will those in authority wake up and cease to make lax laws that throw down the bars for easy divorce? When will we swing back to God's law in the Bible and give no divorce except on the ground of adultery? Can't these divorcees see that to obtain unscriptural divorces and re-marry, that it means to commit adultery? Surely if either party is so wicked as to cause the innocent party to obtain a divorce, why does the law not punish the guilty party? If I had my way, I would put every guilty party in the matter of divorce in the penitentiary. I would protect innocent humanity from such lawless scalawags. And where do we see it the most prominent? The answer is -- in the moving picture realm. What an example these stars are setting to the world! Oh, the shame and disgrace and licentiousness of such business! Married today, and divorced tomorrow and soon married again! Where are we drifting! We are already in the breakers. May heaven help our country!

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004 -- THE HAIR FAD

But the dress is not the only department of female fads of the present day. Look at the hair. The time was when women arranged their hair in a nice, beautiful, plain, modest manner. Then they got to frizzing it. Then, like the aboriginal tribes of this country, they banged it. Finally, they got the curling iron, then the "rats" and now -- what is the name for it? The foolish flips have gone so far, that the appearance is like a muff hanging over each ear. Why cover the ears? Why not cover that which should be covered? I had one mother and only one; I have one sister and only one; I have one wife and only one; I have one daughter and only one; yet not one of these ever needed to cover the ears. Why Because, as a certain evangelist once said, "They are small and clean."

Strickland Gillilan most strikingly describes the way they used to fix the hair. He says, "And her hair -- well, whoever's hair that was she was wearing -- was done up in these little -- these little -- oh, you know what I mean! They don't wear 'era now, but some years ago they used to wear sled-loads of them. These little -- peroxide wieniewurts. Whenever I see a stack like that I smell a rat!"

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005 -- THE HIGH HEEL FAD

Now let us take a trip to the pedal extremities. See the stilts! Look at those pedestal heels! Talk about Chinese foot fashions! They are setting the example to our women, in that they have seen the error of their ways, repented, and reformed. Our women are retrograding. They are taking up with what China has thrown off. See that poor slave of fashion with her heels in the air and her toes on end, throwing the center of balance forward, till her head and shoulders stoop, her chest eaves in, a frightful strain on certain muscles, a tendency to tuberculosis, and other derangements of the human anatomy, and no wonder she is declining in health.

The following item is taken from a religious periodical: "A terrible fashionable craze has settled down over the country. Nothing equal to it for folly, pride, and extravagance has ever before been known in America. It is the shoe craze.

"The high, slender, French heel now so much worn, throws the body out of correct balance and is exceedingly injurious, causing many of the operations of these days. It is the cause, too, of many accidents.

"A lady and her husband were walking along the railroad when suddenly her fancy shoe heel got caught. Just then a passenger train was seen approaching. The husband tried in vain to get her loose, but the train hurled them both into eternity. The three little children and the husband's aged mother were left unprovided for, and all because of a fashionable, vanity shoe.

"Once it was fancy hats and expensive dresses, but now the great fad is fine shoes. The custom is not confined to the young alone. Is it not pathetic to see old women old enough to have been grandmothers, long ago, dressed like worldly girls with short -- short dresses and high, fancy shoes?

"Saddest and strangest of all is it to see this unwise and extravagant craze enter the Christian ranks... How sad to see a woman arise and give a good testimony, and at the same time show by her worldly attire that her heart is going out after the world! Let us take a definite stand against this growing craze, for it is a disgrace to Christian America."

Some one has said that those who wear such high heeled shoes ought to be arrested for having no visible means of support.

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006 -- THE MALE APPAREL FAD

But where will these fads end? Why the feminine form in masculine apparel? Oh, modest womanhood, what strange freaks you sometimes take!

I was sitting in a street car. A person stepped on and sat down beside me. I might not have noticed anything out of the ordinary; only a young man in khaki, had not my friend nudged me, when, behold, it was a female in pants. The very audacity of the thing! In broad daylight, in open public, and absolutely no appearance of shame. I am thinking of the boy's essay in school on "Pants." It was a question in his mind whether pants was singular or plural. Had he seen this sight, there would have been no question in this case about it being singular.

Overalls with women became quite a fad. But that might be better than some dresses, for overalls are true to their name, and that can not be said of all dresses. The young women, so I understand, went so far as to adopt the overall style for their bathing costumes. So much for fads gone to seed. But while we are on the bathing question, let me say, that of all the indecent exposures, and immodest behaviors, and shameless practices, the present female (and male, too)

bathing costumes cap the climax. I will not shock the modesty of the readers, who are so fortunate as to have their habitat in regions where such things do not prevail, to describe such lack of apparel. Shame on the coming generation!

It might be well for a part of the woman world to take a lesson from Moses where he says, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God" (Deut. 22: 5).

Please let not my sisters despise me for calling attention to feminine fads, for the other side of the house are not innocent. While there may not be such temptations nor opportunities for fantastic or foolish apparel among men, yet man can show his weakness in this direction as well as the fairer sex. "Diamond Jim" died some time ago, and was noted for his diamonds. "Him waistcoats and shirts were buttoned with diamonds, even his underwear was ornamented with jewels. His suspender buckles and garter clasps were diamonds and the ferrules of his umbrellas and walking sticks were set with jewels." Where is the woman that can beat that?

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007 -- FADS AMONG MEN

Fads so generally follow the path of the feminine gender that we naturally look in that direction for them. But here is one that involves the young man who is somewhat afflicted with femininity. "Silver-white hair for young men in their thirties! The ringside tables at the supper clubs are dotted with youths who have actually had their hair stained white and their eye, brows black. A well-known man milliner was the first to appear in this fashion. He formerly had red hair. Now all the Kampus-Kut-clothes boys are rushing to a celebrated wigmaker who has discovered a process of silvering the hair over night... They discuss the new fad quite openly. Most of the youths, of course, are world-weary young men, who have generous allowances and do not go to offices. The fashion strikes the hardest blow at the frosty-haired clubmen who came out of mid-Victorian retreats several years ago and began to dye their white heads black." The time was when the young man could wear his skin-tight trousers, till he could meet the description of Sam Jones' dude: "One who looks as if he had been melted and poured into his pantaloons." Then the poor dude swung to the other extreme, till one might wonder if he had borrowed two skirts from his sister and made a pair of trousers. One year they must be nineteen inches at the bottom, and the next year so small that his foot can scarcely pass through. Oh, yes, it runs with men as well as women. I have actually heard of men wearing corsets.

Now let us turn to the young men's hair. Look at the latest cut! It looks as if it might have started with some old backwoods grandmother, where necessity became the mother of invention, and not being an adept in the tonsorial art, stuck a bowl over his head and then whacked off all that stuck outside. Really, men, does it not look ludicrous? But anything for style and fashion! The young women aggregate their hair around their ears, and the young men segregate it.

I have often wondered and have made inquiries where this recent fad of hair cut for young men originated. One day in a barber shop in San Jose, California, I got my information. I was told that a student in a dental college of Chicago was having his hair cut, and had given the barber

instructions how far up he wished to have the clippers go in taking off his hair. He and the barber were conversing, and in the barber's absent-mindedness, he pushed the clippers up too far and took off too much. Of course it left the student in a peculiar plight, but he had to submit to the inevitable this time. In order to round the hair up, and make it as harmonious as possible, the barber clipped it around the best he could, taking it off in other places to even it up where he had over-clipped it on the back. Anyway, the student went back to college with a brand new style of hair cut. The other students felt they wanted to be in the latest style and so they put for a hair cut "up to date." This set the pace for this recent hair cut fad. Human beings are like sheep -- one follows another. So, by the barber making a botch of this student's hair cut, it established a fad which spread like wild fire and is in evidence all over the country, till a young man (and some older ones), feels that he is not in style if he does not look ridiculous too.

It reminds me of a story I once read of a lady whose hat fell off in the street, and a truck ran over it, naturally crushing it in great shape. Being a lady of some prominence) and having her hat in that shape, others concluded to be in the "latest style" and had their hats knocked in, thus leading to all sorts of shapes and styles.

A certain governor of one of our states had some boys going to the public school. He was a man of plain demeanor and not given to stylish fads in his home and family, and so chose to let his boys go to school with their overalls on. The other boys looked with envy upon the governor's boys and wanted to be in style with them, the result of which was, the other boys all came out with overalls. And so it goes -- a lot of sheep.

The men flaunt it into the faces of the women, that they are following the demimonde of Paris; but look at that young man's mustache. I mean look at part of his mustache. Does it not look as if one had stuck a gob of gum under his nose, or a daub of dirt, or a little smut just under his nostrils? I was sitting at a table the other day, when my friend called my attention to a young man behind me. He said, "There is a young man with a misplaced eyebrow."

And where did this beautiful (?) style originate? I confess I am not abreast of all the times, nor up in the moving picture realm, but I will make a pass at it, and say that it originated with Charlie Chaplin of the moving picture world. We may talk of our Christian girls covering their ears, but what about our Christian young men acting the fool about their mustache, and following the fashion set by such a character as a moving picture star? Shame on our Christian people who will fly in the face of the Word of God, where it says, "Be not conformed to this world."

After all, who follows the styles more, the women or the men? And may not much of the so-called styles and fashions of the day be termed fads? To be up-to-date almost means to be up to the latest fad. Why should we be in bondage to fashion? Why tie up to the latest style? Somebody started that notion; why not be independent and start your own notion? Why be in bondage, so that you would feel out of style if you wore a straw hat after the middle of September? Be independent. If you want to wear it on the sixteenth, wear it. I have just as much right to set my own style as the other fellow. Why be a bend-servant to the god or goddess of fashion? Be free. Be an example of liberty, instead of the latest style. Set me down as an old fogey and a last century fossil if you will, but I am actually headed for a realm where the latest style is "the ornament of a meek and quiet

spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," instead of the unscriptural tomfoolery of this present age.

I will not be in bondage to conventionalities. They may be proper, or they may not. They may help or hinder. Why should I tie myself up to something just because it is the latest style or foolish custom? See what convention has' clone to the "weaker sex." If I had my way I would relegate this "proposal" business to the ultima thule of customary nonsense, and give the young woman as good a right to a proposal to marriage as the young man. Why put a yoke upon our maiden sisters which they are not able to bear? We have given them the same chance at the polls that the men have; why not give them the same chance at the proposal business? Haven't they as good sense as a man? Haven't they as big a want in them? Then why be lopsided? Give them an equal show; the men do not have to accept if they do not want to; there is no compulsion. But there comes in the bondage of convention. Queen Victoria stepped over the line and did her own proposing; so did Ruth in the Old Testament. Now scalp me if you wish, but I am going to be myself anyway, and not ape some one else. We have too many people who ape others; too many preachers, for instance, who try to appear like another. If you did not see that one when he preaches, you would think by his voice it was that preacher of some note, for the tone of voice, accent, and all are in strong imitation. And if you could even see him, you might almost be mistaken in his gestures, or manners, and even in the cut of his hair -- or rather the un-cut of his hair. Oh, when will people be themselves?

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008 -- THE JAZZ FAD

One of the most ridiculous fads of modern times is the jazz music. It seems that people are running after anything and everything out of the ordinary, ultra and extreme. Anything that is different from everything, seems to be the order of the day. Who invented the jazz jargon I am not able to say, but that it became a fad no one will deny. Ragtime and jazz have sometimes supplanted the old-time melody in holy worship which so characterized and spiritualized the church services of a few decades ago. A certain song-book maker admitted he had to cater to popular taste.

To show the effect of this jazz jingle on the world we will call attention to an experiment on the animals of the Bronx Zoo in New York. A small orchestra went to this place to try out different kinds of music on various animals. Everything passed off nicely until they tried some jazz. This nearly started a riot in the cages and dens of the wild beasts. It especially affected the monkeys. They seemed to go wild with rage, tearing around the cage, giving every evidence of displeasure.

What a lesson this should be to the human species! Seeing that monkeys are supposed, by some, to be as closely related to the human race as any animal, the decided rejection of jazz by them, might serve as a guide to human beings. "Jazz, Bolshevism, free verse, sophistry and general topsy-turvey-dom came after the war when people did not know exactly 'where they were at'." The good Book tells us to "go to the ant" and learn lessons of industry; why not go to the monkey and learn something about proper music? One hopeful sign in this realm is the ban that is being put on jazz in certain directions. On with the reformation!

I have before me the printed statement of a pastor in a city church who introduced what he called "Negro jazz music" into his Sunday services to "wake up his people and keep them awake." I wouldn't be surprised if it succeeded with his somnific crowd, but did the end justify the means? This same pastor had a dog show in his church, probably for the same purpose, and following this was a write-up in the city papers, giving a long list of dogs exhibited. "How are the mighty fallen!" It is astonishing to what depths some preachers can fall away from the old land marks. How such a travesty can pass muster in an orthodox denomination seems remarkable! In this same city is a humble church society, which is indeed a live wire. They have a thriving Sunday school of hundreds, and a number of souls every Sunday seeking God at their regular church services, yet never resort to the worldly claptrap methods to "wake up" the people. The pastor lifts up Christ in His power to save to the uttermost, and He draws hearts to Him. This beats jazz music and dog shows.

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009 -- THE POWDER PUFF FAD

Now notice the powder-puff fad. Young women must carry their powder with them when they leave home to go shopping. If perchance they did not daub on enough before leaving home, they must stop on the street and open up their little hand bag, pull out their little mirror, take a squint at their ghostly physiognomy, and if there is not quite enough of the first coat, out comes the powder-puff apparatus and on goes a second layer of powder and -- pride.

Our grandmothers did not resort to this slavery. They lived more out of doors. If they had any grime on their faces, they gave them a good wash and did not cover it up. Compare their faces with the modern devotee to powder and paint.

If you want a good skin, keep it clean and quit the everlasting camouflage. It is hard to improve on Nature. Those beautiful rosy lips so true to natural health, stand out in bold contrast to the harlot-looking painted lips we meet on the street. Poor little pimple-headed slaves to modern fashion, when will they cease their foolish fads and learn sense?

I once saw an old lady, a preacher of the gospel, who looked about as much like a ghost as a human being. Her face was literally daubed over with powder of some kind. One would naturally suppose, if one had sense enough to preach, she would likewise have enough sense to avoid being so conspicuous with such nonsense. Look at the rough skin of many an otherwise good-looking young woman, but made homely by rouge. If you want your face to get rough, use rouge. Rouge and rough are twins. In a certain beauty contest, the prize winner had never used paint or powder. "It cost America \$75,000,000 to powder her nose last year."

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010 -- THE CHURCH AMUSEMENT FAD

The amusement fad in the church has gone to seed. The question, "How can we hold the young people?" seems to have been solved by providing worldly amusement for them in the churches. And opposition to the same will bring persecution and perhaps ostracism. A devout and aged brother put in his protest against the constant use of the church for entertainment, and was asked by the pastor to leave the church, and was threatened with expulsion.

Pool tables in the basement, and other forms of amusement are becoming the order of the day. A reverend (?) gentleman, pastor of a Kansas church said to his people: "You must be willing to find me in the dance hall, the club room, the pool hall, or even in the back alleys, where I can serve, if I am to remain your pastor." He further announced, so the Kansas City Star said, "If I had my way, half of C____'s fifteen church structures would be turned into dance halls, community centers, recreation rooms, gymnasiums, reading rooms, and billiard rooms." After a week's notice to see whether his congregation would keep him or not, 81 of his members asked for his resignation and 134 desired to retain him as pastor.

A prominent minister in one of the leading orthodox denominations rejoiced that the old-time revival had passed away. A district superintendent told a young preacher that the people would no longer accept the doctrine of the vicarious sufferings of Jesus; that he must preach to their intellect. A student from one of the leading Biblical Institutes of the country said to an able and devout minister: "You seem to believe the Bible account of Creation, and that there really lived a man and woman named Adam and Eve. Why, the whole thing is only a myth, and the tradition of those people of Old Testament times." He further said, "I suppose you believe in Jonah," and added that he "felt sorry for anyone who went out today to try to make people believe such 'rot'." And this was a young minister, going out to instruct the people in the Scriptures. He further said: "I am not interested in the blood of Christ. I am interested in the life of Christ. The blood of Christ is no more than the blood of a heifer taken from yonder pasture."

In a certain beautiful city of California is a church on the spire of which is an electric-lighted cross that throws its gleams out over the city at night. A notice in the paper was to the effect that a great motion picture would be given in this church on a certain night, and "in addition to this feature, a Mutt and Jeff cartoon entitled 'Wrestlers' will be shown, and will add much fun to the program. No charge will be made for admission, but a silver offering will be received for the purpose of meeting the necessary expenses."

In another beautiful city of the same state is another electric-lighted cross over a church, where they have dispensed with the preaching of the gospel on Sunday night and have instituted in its place the motion picture show. And does the reader think these are exceptions? Nay, verily. It has become a fad, a fad under the guise of religion.

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011 -- THE OPERATION FAD

It is hard for the people to believe that "tricks in all trades" refer to the doctors as well as to others. Deny it if you will, but the operation fad is in evidence everywhere in the medical world. Not ignoring the fact of the marvelous cures which have been wrought through proper and

well directed operations, yet who cannot see, if he would take time and pains to investigate, that many physicians are "practicing" surgery, and have in many instances brought it under the ban of a fad? If it were left for the layman to decide this, it might not have the proper weight, but when the physician himself decides the matter, then let us not make fools of ourselves through our credulity.

Dr. J. H. Tilden says that the cause of many supposed cases of appendicitis is colitis or constipation. "When it is severe, the bowel is sensitive, and the gas distention brings on discomfort. When the distention is acute, and located in the regions of the appendix, the diagnosis is too often appendicitis, and much too often the treatment is an operation. It is obvious that if the colitis continues pain must be duplicated, and the diagnosis the next time may be disease of the right ovary. Another operation is recommended, this time for the removal of the ovary, and, of course, is consented to. After the ovary is removed, the colitis, indigestion, and gas distention remain, with the accompanying discomfort, which is now attributed to adhesions by the surgeons. An operation for breaking up adhesions is consented to. After its performance the colitis, intestinal indigestion and gas distention continue with increasing discomfort, which from the first was sensitiveness to the pressure when the distention was least, discomfort when gas was moderate, but much pain when the gas distention was the greatest.

"At this stage the patient has developed a very large sick habit; besides, resistance is broken, and the patient suffers in mind as well as in body. For the suffering that develops at this stage surgery may offer drainage of the gallbladder, removal of the gall-bladder, removal of the remaining reproductive organs, operation on kidneys, or re-re-reoperations for breaking up adhesions, until the patient dies from exhaustion, or septic poisoning, as did a governor of one of the Northern states a few years ago."

Dr. Tilden continues: "In regard to operating, wait! Don't be in a hurry. If it is appendicitis, the best treatment is to keep in bed, and refuse to eat until comfortable. Water may be taken at pleasure, after the nausea has passed, but not food until the bowels have moved. One enema every night until the bowels move from above the abscess, which will happen as soon as the abscess breaks into the bowel, which it will do if not trifled with by frequent examinations. The pressure made by doctors in examining these eases often ruptures the abscess and forces a speedy operation. When not roughly handled, these abscesses will not rupture other than into the bowel -- the natural outlet."

"A lump in the breast," continues Dr. Tilden, "will often be mistaken for a cancer. Remember that these lumps are more often enlarged glands, accompanying menstruation, and are caused by imprudent eating and constipation. It is a crime to cut off such breasts."

We quote from Dr. C. S. Carr, of Columbus, Ohio, editor of health and medical journals, and a man of great experience:

"It has become the fashion nowadays for the up-to-date doctor to resort to surgery on very slight provocation. If a patient has a pain in the bowels, or an enlargement, the average doctor is inclined to cut in and see what the matter is. Almost any doctor who has graduated since 1890, from a so-called regular college, regards a physician as an 'old fogey' who hesitates to open the peritoneal cavity if anything is the matter there."

Editor T. B. Terry, a member of the American Health League, says that he lately met a classmate in a large city who, when asked how he was getting along, replied, "Finely; I sent thirty-six cases to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis during the last month."

"As this doctor works among the well-to-do, these operations mean a clear profit of somewhere near \$7,000," adds Mr. Terry, and further states that he said to a personal acquaintance, who is a first-class doctor, educated in America and Europe: "Don't doctors get about half the fee the patient pays when they take a case to the hospital for an operation?" His reply was, "As much as that, and often two-thirds."

These quotations are taken from a book written by Rev. E. E. Shelhamer and wife, entitled "How to Be Healthy, Wealthy and Wise." In this book the authors further say, "In the council of physicians in one of our largest cities, we are informed the slogan is, 'More dollars for doctors.' To this council are brought suggestions for new schemes for money-making. It was to this end they decided to furnish free medical examination for public schools, which has resulted in the removal of thousands of adenoids and tonsils. Another such plan presented to this congress was the recent appendicitis operation idea, and as a result, God only knows the number who are now in Heaven or elsewhere who should be on earth yet awhile. We now give the confession of a noted, successful surgeon, who, after performing hundreds of operations, made the following statement in substance:

I have come to the place where my conscience cannot stand the strain any longer. I must be honest, though it bring upon me the wrath of the medical fraternity. We, as a class, are swindlers in the matter of operations. Many a poor person is made to believe that he has but one chance of a hundred to recover, unless he submits to an operation, and that right away, when in reality, he would get well with a "little medical attention and good nursing."

'Very few people need operations for appendicitis. Yet our favorite scheme is to scare patients by telling them that they have but a short time to live, and their only hope is an operation. We very often do not remove the appendix, but put the patient to sleep, make a slight incision not much deeper than the skin, sew it up, and bring the patient out from under the anesthetic. We then bring forth to view a small bottle containing somebody's appendix in alcohol. This is shown the wondering patient, who is told that it had already begun to decompose, and if the patient had put off the operation an hour longer he would have been gone.

'Of course, we collect big fees for this work. The patient is well of his appendicitis by the time he is out of the hospital, for we cure him by dieting, etc. I have performed a great many of these operations, and have become wealthy as a result '."

A graduate nurse said, that if possible she never would submit to an operation, for more than once she had seen doctors sit around in groups and laugh over the non-necessity of this or that operation.

We would not repudiate operations where they become necessary, and neither would we dare to place all physicians and surgeons upon the dishonest list, for some are godly helpers of

humanity. Why not all of us have common sense and find out what is going on in the world, and if possible not allow ourselves to become hoodwinked. I know of a certain evangelist who was taken ill during a revival meeting, and a physician told him he had appendicitis and should have an operation at once, as the appendix was liable to burst any time. The evangelist closed the meeting and went home. He concluded to consult another physician before an operation, who diagnosed his case and said he had no appendicitis whatever, stating that it was some derangement of the bowel. He helped him out immediately and the man of God went on his way rejoicing. Many an operation for appendicitis has been avoided by the proper use of an enema. Surely that is cheaper and far better for the body.

Is there any place in all the realm of man where fads do not exist? The medical world is learning so much about microbes, and your crobes, and everybody's else crobes, and discovering so many different forms of bacteria, the good and the bad, and swinging the red lantern of warning so constantly across our path, telling us of the swarms of dangerous little animals which hibernate in our blood, that we wonder why this old world was not depopulated long ago. Sometimes we are prompted to think that many of these marvelous new discoveries are fads in the medical world. But perhaps that is our ignorance. But whether it is our ignorance or otherwise, we will make a pass at it anyway, and repeat it, that many of the surgical operations of the present day are fads. It is certainly very popular nowadays to be cut and slashed. Doubtless the wise and deft surgeon has saved many lives, but who does not believe that many operations are performed merely for the money or the experience of the operator? How was it that our fathers pulled through without this modern surgery? "But," says one, "so many of them died." Well, I heard of one dying the other day on account of an operation. But to be serious -- isn't it almost a fad these days concerning the operation for appendicitis?

Why is it that about every pain on the right side means an operation for appendicitis? Suppose the appendix, so-called, is somewhat sick; does that presuppose that it must lose its life? Nay, verily. By the way, why call it an appendix? That is no appendix. God put it in the human body for some purpose, and just because the wiseacres have not agreed as to its function, they decide that it is an appendix. That is a slur on the omniscience of God Almighty. He made no appendix to the human organism. There was no afterthought with Him -- no going over the ground and supplying something which He forgot. No, put it down right now, that the little pouch is there for its work, just as well as any other department, and it is not there for the experimenting of surgeons. Do not be in a hurry to have it eliminated. There are other ways for help besides the knife. That may be necessary in some cases, but look out for the experimenter.

Walt Mason struck the nail on the head in his droll poetic way when he wrote on "The Operation Fad": "When something hurt our well known dads, the doe prescribed his pills, or liniments, or liver pads, or compound juice of squills; but now, he'd take his saw or adze to cure us of our ills. There was some sense in being sick in brave old days like those, for then the tired and footsore hick in illness found repose; what time the doctor, summoned quick, prescribed the proper dose. I often sought the village doc when I had ache or smart, and he would give me pills of chalk that nearly broke my heart; but never did the healer talk of rending me apart. He gave me ten drops of melted wax -- much virtue in it lies; and stuff that tastes like carpet tacks and pills of giant size; but never did he shake an ax before my shrinking eyes. But now when to the doe I trot, because of ache or pain, he prods me in the tender spot and says that pills are vain; he wants to lay

me on a cot and split my form in twain. He says, ' Oh, thunder!' and ' Oh, pshaw!' when I old methods name; he says there ought to be a law against that ancient game; he wants to take his crosscut saw and push it through my frame. I have about a hundred ills and cannot have them healed, because, while I will swallow pills, I won't be sliced or peeled; I won't be cured of mumps or chills by tools the surgeons wield." (Copyright by The George Matthew Adams Service, 1921.)

Not only does the body swarm with microbes, enough to scare us out of a year's growth when we stop to read all the recent revelations, but the half has never been told till we run up the list of bacteria by the billions which infest humanity. Their very names are enough to turn one gray-headed. Hero are a few of the vegetables or animals or whatever they are: Micrococcus, diplococcus, staphylococcus, streptococcus, planosareina, sarcina, baaillns esterifieans, bacillus solanisaprns, bacillus mycoides. Is not this enough to depopulate the globe? How in the world did our forefathers live with all these herds hibernating in billions somewhere in their anatomy, without their knowing them by name? But where their ignorance was bliss, probably it was their folly to be wise.

* * *

012 -- THE HOLLAND TULIP FAD OF 1635

Whoever heard of a flower fad? More than that, have you ever read of a whole nation going wild over tulips? The craze is known as Tuliptemania. In the year 1559 a tulip was sent from Constantinople to Augsburg, and the bulb was planted in the garden of a lawyer. For four years following this the tulip increased in reputation and cultivation until the eagerness for very fine ones and the tremendous prices paid for them resulted in a tulip, epidemic. The mania began in Holland in 1635 and exploded some years afterwards. The speculative excitement ran high, and yet there was practically no intrinsic value in the commodity. To speculate on something, merely a short-lived blossom, just to look at for a little while, shows the foolishness of humanity. This tulip craze fastened itself upon the Dutch people, and the prices rose high, then struck the extravagant line, then went over the insane top. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, got into the swim and went wild over the fad. In order that all might have an opportunity for investment, a new weight was made, called a petit. This was so small that it took several thousand to make one pound. A single tulip root weighing half an ounce would be equal to two hundred perits. Those who were too poor to purchase a whole tulip or an ounce of a bulb, could handle a few perits and so have an undivided interest in a root. Imagine such a method of owning property! It finally developed into a code of business regulations to meet these special needs of the tulip business, so in the various towns were the tulip notaries to conduct the legal part of the business.

We talk about such and such a thing worth its weight in gold. Here we have it sure enough. It might be more the truth to say that they sold nearer for their size in diamonds. The most valuable species was called "Semper Augustus," and a bulb of this kind weighing less than half an ounce was considered cheap at \$2,200 in our money. Thus we see that this half ounce of tulip bulb would bring more than two hundred times its weight in gold.

Some people went so far as to invest whole fortunes amounting to forty or fifty thousand dollars in gathering up these roots.

Finally, tulip exchanges were established in several Dutch towns, where large business was transacted, and there the gamblers carried on their notorious trade, like our Wall Street of New York. People dealt in "futures" and gambled without owning any tulip bulbs whatever. If the prices went up, somebody would win, and if they went down, he lost, and so the transactions went on without any exchange of the commodity, like stock gambling today.

While this craze lasted, money flowed, people considered themselves rich, and Holland was having the time of her life. After a few years of this wild extravagance, the more sober-minded began to reflect that this could not go on continuously, but must come to an end, and when it did collapse, some folks were bound to be left in the lurch. So these long-headed ones began to sell out their stock, step out of the ring, and ceased to buy. Soon others caught on, and the caution quickly spread like an epidemic, and the frightful panic was on. The result was that all over Holland, rich people found themselves with their riches bound up in a few garden bulbs, tulip roots, with no sale, and no value.

People refused to carry out their bargains, quarrels ensued, bankruptcy prevailed, and people appealed to the courts, which refused to enforce gambling transactions. Thus, the bottom fell out in very short notice. Ruination and impoverishment prevailed in every direction. Holland received a shock and setback from which it took many years to recover.

It is said that a certain sailor upon conveying some good news to one of these Dutch merchants was awarded by a herring for breakfast. As the sailor passed out of the store, he spied what he took to be an onion on the counter, and slipped it into his pocket, and when he got down to the wharf began eating. As he was eating away on the strangely flavored onion, down came the merchant in excitement, asking him what he had taken besides the herring. Being told that it was an onion, the merchant demanded its return, and was told that he had just eaten it with the herring. The infuriated merchant apprised the poor sailor that he had eaten one of his valuable tulip bulbs, whereupon the sailor was seized, condemned and imprisoned for several months.

It hardly seems possible that intelligent humanity could be so swept from their mooring as to take up with such a gambling fad as this. And yet do we not see such things prevailing today? It is said that "A burnt child dreads the fire," but in spite of all the burns this world has received, it goes right on getting burned again. When will people wake up, quit gambling, and learn some sense?

Please do not suppose for a moment that the writer has tried to cover the whole ground of Fads. "The woods are full of them." If the reader wishes more, just look about with eyes wide open, and you will see them on every hand-and many which have been born since these lines have been written. They are like Jonah's gourd -- they grow in a night.

* * * * *

PART II -- FAKES

The definition of the word fake is as follows: "Anything prepared for the purpose of deceiving; especially fictitious or manufactured news printed in a newspaper; hence, any swindle or trick, or the person conducting it."

Fakes have abounded from time immemorial. Not that they have been printed in newspapers, for they were before newspapers. But papers are full of them and sometimes religious papers are not free from the same. Many years ago I saw in a religious paper an advertisement of a certain article for sale. I sent for it, and afterward made the editor of the paper a present of it, calling attention to the article which he was advertising. I considered it a fake. This was not the first nor the last time I was ever fooled. A part of this book is on fools.

* * *

013 -- THE FAKE CAT RANCH

"Glorious opportunity to get rich quick -- invest in the California Ranching Company now being organized to start a Cat Ranch in California. We are starting a Cat ranch in California with 100,000 cats. Each cat will average twelve kittens a year. The cat skins will sell for thirty cents each. One hundred men can skin 5,000 cats a day. We figure a daily net profit of over \$10,000.

"Now what shall we feed the cats?

"We will start a rat ranch next door with 1,000,000 rats. The rats will breed twelve times faster than the cats. So, we'll have four rats to feed each day to each cat.

"Now, what shall we feed the rats?

"We will feed the rats the carcasses of the cats, after they have been skinned.

"Now get this:-- We feed the rats to the cats, and the cats to the rats, and get the cat skins for nothing. Shares are selling at five cents each, but the price will go up soon. Invest while opportunity knocks at your door. California Ranching Company."

This ten-year-old fake advertisement was posted in the window of a banking firm with the picture of a cat on one side and a large rat on the other. It was done for the express purpose of warning the public against fakes. For fear that some passers-by would still be fools enough to bite at it, the banking firm put in large letters at the bottom, the following:

"Some gullible people will try to buy this stock. It is a foolish fake, of course, but no more foolish than many 'wild cat' schemes being promoted today. Investigate before investing. Don't hand your money over to any unknown, glib-tongued salesman."

Great crowds gathered in front of the bank. The public curiosity became intense. Some did not have the patience to wait till they could get close enough to read the advertisement, so they went inside and offered various sums to the employees to furnish them with a copy of the display

in the window. Others wanted literature concerning the wonderful company. The telephones began to ring, officers of the bank were interrogated in person, and also through the mail. The people were excited over getting rich quick.

In spite of the fact that this was labeled a fake, and was supposed to have been fool-proof, the gullible public, many of them, did not catch on, and only proved the statement of Barnum, that the American people like to be humbugged. The inquiries concerning this California Ranching Company became so great that the advertisement in the window became a real nuisance.

* * *

014 -- STOCK FAKES

One of the most gigantic fakes in this country comes under the head of the motion picture world. It is said that more than a quarter of a billion dollars of worthless stock is the annual offering of wild eat motion picture companies of this country to the American public. A certain committee of the national association of this industry, after a preliminary survey, have so declared. This committee investigated some seventy companies with a total capitalization of about \$180,000,000. It believes that when all the new companies of this character launched during the year are counted, it will be found that their total capitalization will reach a quarter of a billion dollars. The committee puts out their estimate of the multiplied millions of dollars worth of stock which the people of this country have bought, and which is not worth the paper on which the certificates are written. This has direct reference to the wild cat schemes promoted by fraudulent companies. Most of this money has come from small investors, such as clerks, stenographers, waitresses, boot-blacks, and other wage earners. Only two or three of these seventy companies investigated had anything like assets when they offered stock for sale, and only about half a dozen officers or promoters who had experience in any branch of the industry.

One young woman informed the committee that she had invested \$3,000, her whole fortune, in a company promoted by a former dancing school instructor. This young woman, the only support of an aged mother and invalid aunt, believed the marvelous story of great incomes by investing small amounts in a film producing company. This dancing master persuaded half a dozen of his former pupils to put in \$250 apiece in his company, promising to make them film actors. He also sold to waitresses and chambermaids stock to the amount of \$250 to \$300, promising them as he did his pupils. Finally, one of his poor victims put in a complaint to the district attorney, the promoter was arrested and charged with grand larceny, while the treasurer of the company became a fugitive from justice.

One motion picture company, trying to succeed with a film play, pushed up its stock in a similar manner, and when wage earners hesitated, they were promised engagements with good pay in the production of the company's play. In this way many contracts were made to purchasers of stock. When this company began to produce their film, barbers, bootblacks, waitresses, hotel porters, which comprised the swindled stockholders, and prospective stars flocked to the studio, and presented the contracts for their engagements. Some came from long distances. Upon their arrival they were apprised of a peculiar clause in the contract which called for it to be

countersigned by some certain one. It was so arranged in the decision that these were regarded as unfit to take part in motion picture production. So these victims came to a sad financial ending.

This investigating committee discovered that these wild cat promoters sold millions of dollars worth of stock through the mails. And thus the world is duped on the right and on the left.

It is stated on good authority that Americans squander \$500,000,000 every year on different wild cat schemes. Give me the money that religious people have lost in such investments, and I could astonish the world in missionary activities. Look at the hundreds of thousands of dollars God's people have poured into the treasures of these promoters, and then see how the cause of God languishes because of lack of funds. "My money is tied up, or I would like to help in the cause of God." I should say it is tied up. And the sad part is, that it is God's money. Christians, when you gave yourself entirely in consecration to Him, it included your money. It was then regarded as God's money, and you were the steward.

Stop right here and think over the different schemes that have appealed to Christian people, where they could place their money as a fine investment, and then take note of the different ones who have been so enticed, and see how it all came out. How much do you think it would all amount to? Then think how much could have been accomplished had this money been invested directly for God's cause. Really, is it not time for the people of God to rub their eyes, arouse themselves, and wake up? I wish my faith were stronger, but I am afraid that Solomon's words are only too applicable in this case: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done."

Situated in the Middle West is a religious school doing a fine work in their line. Young men and women are being trained for Christian work and for various avenues of service. The school was struggling against financial odds. Supporters of the school live in the village where it is located. These supporters had helped the school to materialize and keep up its existence. More money was needed to keep it afloat, and more money was right there, but somebody else got it. Who was it? Somebody with good reputation came by and called for the ready cash to be put in a copper mine in Montana, and into the Montana mining hole the cash went. I understand that one man put in about \$15,000, two about \$10,000 each, two about \$5,000 each. Others raked up smaller amounts and threw them down the hole. Approximately about \$40,000, I am told, went into stock from that small school community. The last my informant knew of the "dividends" to the stockholders, each one was being taxed so much on each thousand dollars every so often to pump the water out of the mine. Perhaps the reader has heard of "watered stock." Here you have it, and plenty of it, \$40,000 in the hole!

Walt Mason, the Poet Philosopher, made no uncertain pass in that unique rhyme of his entitled "Great Chances." If every would-be investor would sit down and carefully devour and digest this bit of wisdom found in his strange verse, it might save him from many a heartache and the loss of many a dollar:

* * *

015 -- GREAT CHANCES

The mails with documents are loaded, describing snaps I ought to nail; by glib-tongued salesmen I am goaded and asked to dig my hard-earned kale. For wealth untold I always hanker, and I'd be buying gold bricks strong, but for the wise old village banker who tells me when I'm headed wrong. He deals in coin, and coin's his study, he's wise to all investment tricks, and he explains, in language ruddy, how games are played on easy hicks. When I approach the paying teller, to draw out all the coin in view, the banner leads me to the cellar, and asks me what I plan to do. And when I say I am intending to buy an oil well down in Maine, he lectures me, much wisdom lending, until again I'm safe and sane. He knows I have distorted vision where money matters are concerned; I'm always having dreams elysian of troubles gained that were not earned. And so on me he's keeping cases, he shields me from the get-rich fake, when he beholds some hectic traces of punk investments I would make. Before the cold-eyed village banker the glib and oily faker squirms; he is my helm, my jib and spanker, if you'll forgive these sailor terms. He is my binnacle and anchor; my larboard watch and starboard clock; I owe it to the village banker that all my goods are not in hock." (Copyright by "The George Matthew Adams Service," 1921.)

If everybody would consult with the banker before he acted on the advice of his friend who was interested in some stock scheme, he would doubtless steer clear of many rat holes into which to pour hard-earned cash. The following bit of poetry comes pretty close to the head when it strikes this nail:

I HAD A FRIEND By Edmund Vance Cook

"I had a friend.
And he had a mine.
It was full of ore and the grade was fine.
He could show, by the map, a deposit of ore,
Which made it as safe as running a store,
Or a factory plant.
All there was to do
Was to put up a mill and run it through.
The assay plainly proved that the ore would run
Some several dollars to every ton.
If I wanted to win, here was one best bet,
So I put in my pile, and it's in there yet.
Oh, well, every golden dream must end,
And some dreams are short.
But I had a friend.

"I had a friend. He dabbled in oil.
And lived like the lilies, unstained by toil.
I liked the chap, and because of the like
He let me in on a coming strike.
The well was down seven thousand feet;

'They' had suffered the turmoil and the heat
Of the working-day, and, likely as not,
They'd be millionaires soon as the thing was shot.
They needed no money, but maybe could use
My little investment while waiting the news.
So I put in my pile, but the oil they got
Could be carried away in a watering-pot.
Well, who can tell what the gods may send
When you bore for oil,
But I had a friend."

-- (By permission of William Padget, Parlette-Padgett Co., Chicago.)

Just look over the field and note the get-rich-quick schemes. See the millions that have been poured into the oil wells by the sucker investors. They got in on the "ground floor" and never got any higher. The people went wild over corner lots in that prospective city. The lots are still there. Somebody has their money. Rubber companies were tremendous magnets to pull every stray dollar from many a pocket. Will the reader please note his dividends? Then comes that marvelous piece of machinery which "is destined to revolutionize the world" and anybody who wants stock in the company would better hurry up. And they hurried, but now are "repenting at leisure." That irrigation project is going to make the "desert blossom as the rose." But while somebody got your money, the desert is still covered with cactus. What marvelous real estate schemes have been pulled off in Texas, Florida, Oklahoma, and you know the other places, don't you? How that land was going to increase! And it did -- your sorrows. Is it not just as cheap today? Yes. Just about as cheap as you feel. What marvelous inventions have been placed before the people, showing the possibility of transferring the power of the ocean into manufacturing utilities! Harnessing the ocean waves along the beach and making them servants of man! I wonder how many bit at that. Gold mines, silver mines, copper mines, lead mines, other mines, have made their investors rich so quick it made their heads swim -- on the start, but in the end they reel. How it does put money in circulation! Look at the hundreds of millions of dollars of Liberty Bonds given in exchange for worthless stock.

After describing a typical letter, a confidential one from a friend, trying to induce him to get in quickly on some great opportunity of investment, Ralph Parlette says, "If you have a friend who gets feverish after reading such a letter, he has Get-Rich-Quick-itis, Something-for-Nothing-enza or Investorial Strabismus."

Ralph Parlette has put out a small pamphlet copyrighted and published by Farlette-Padgett Company, Chicago, and circulated through the bank, for customers, and it is well worth one's while to read, especially if he is troubled with any itching to invest in the get-rich-quick schemes promoted over the land.

Permission has been granted to quote some from their pamphlet entitled "A Wonderful Servant -- A Bad Boss." Following are some of the quotations:

"Good savers and fool investors make this world a paradise for grafters."

"I got enthusiastic over Florida. Who wouldn't in reading the seven-color book with arrows all over the map of U. S. A. pointing to 'Submarine, the coming center of America'? So I have an alligator ranch in Florida, below the frost-line, also below the water-line. I'll sell it by the gallon. Uncle Sam is trying to irrigate the arid West. I have sufficient water; all he needs is the pipe-line."

"I grow thoughtful as I note the stock certificates are all printed in green. Why did they print them in green? Did they wish them to harmonize with me? I look over that stock, my investment rosary, and 'count them over one by one.' I realize I have so much to live for; it is the dividends on all this mess of stock. I have been so near to the dividends I could almost smell them. 'Only one more assessment' -- dig up just once more -- 'and we'll cut the melon.' How often I have heard that and never got a piece of the rind!"

"The 'pirates of promotion' will pay more for a list of people who have been bitten, for they know they will bite again. The crop of suckers is large and luxuriant, one being born 'every minute.'"

"How often I have been rich on paper!"

"I used to wonder how I would spend my income. I q. do not wonder now."

"The law of compensation still holds. It was all schooling to learn sense. But in my case the tuition was so high."

"The World's Work for March, 1919, says one man made a list of 44,800 companies whose stocks and bonds had become obsolete or practically worthless."

"Where you see the cure-all ads, you see the 'get-rich quick' ads."

* * *

016 -- THE SOUP-STONE FAKE

I once heard of an agent who was selling a remarkable "soup-stone." This stone was represented to the women in their homes as capable of making very fine soup. And he demonstrated the same in their presence. The water was placed in the cooking vessel into which was put the "soupstone." The house-wife was then asked to supply some vegetables of various kinds, and as a last resort she was asked for some meat to go with it. So when the water, "soup-stone," various vegetables, and some meat were all put together, out came some really palatable soup. Perhaps this was only a fake story to show the gullibility of people. Had the "soupstone" been used alone, the soup would have been extremely thin. Had the combination of vegetables and meat and water been used without any "soup-stone" the soup would have been just as good or better. The catch-penny, get-rich-quick methods of present day promoters will get your money, and you will have very thin soup in return. Take your money and use the proper, sensible, tested-out combinations, without the soup-stone fake, and you will get the proper results.

* * *

017 -- THE STONE GIANT FAKE

The Youth's Companion tells of a great stone giant unearthed at Cardiff, N. Y. While digging a well, the shovels struck the massive form of the giant and finally there was brought to the surface one of the wonders of the age. Men of scientific research examined the giant and pronounced it a real petrifaction, among these being four physicians. Other scientific men came to examine it and without exception pronounced it a petrified man. It was the discovery of a wonderful race of men. The giant was sold for upward of \$40,000, and it was taken in charge by a showman. The great Cardiff giant was the sensation of the times. The people rushed to see it by the thousands. The prehistoric petrifaction was bringing in a revenue equal to a 7 per cent interest on \$3,000,000. Finally a Yale professor put his chemical interrogation point over against it and proved something that was inevitable. Some one then "squealed" and then people began to put two and two together. One of the parties had made himself rich, another had purchased real estate, all concerned were doing well financially, and the gullible public was being fooled.

It turned out that an immense block of stone twelve feet long, four feet wide, and twenty-two inches thick had been quarried, taken to a railroad station, a distance of forty miles, where it was shipped to Chicago. Here it was removed to a barn where sculptors chiseled out the giant. Through a certain process it was given a water-worn appearance. In order to represent the pores of the skin, it was pounded with the points of darning needles stuck into a lead hammer. When finished it was shipped to Cardiff, N. Y. A well had been started and in this well the giant was buried. A year had passed by, and while digging a well, the monster man was discovered. The fake was on the world, the people fell into line, and another demonstration was made in accordance with Mr. Barnum's statement, that the American people like to be humbugged.

* * *

018 -- MEDICAL FAKES

Look at the medical fakes in the world. Quack nostrums, quack doctors, and fake advertisements, and fools to believe them are in evidence everywhere. What marvelous remedies we have that will cure almost anything! What extraordinary physicians, with pictures in the papers, who are proving such a boon to humanity! And this has been going on since when? It only proves that the dupes are not all dead yet. See that line of intelligent men and women waiting their turn in the Chinese Herb Doctor's (?) office, waiting for the celestial wise man to put his finger on their pulse and locate any malady between the top of the head and the bottom of the heel. Then see them gulping down the frightful concoction by the glassful of the foulest admixtures, which, if the patients only knew the ingredients, they would doubtless feel sick indeed.

See that wise look on the great doctor who only needs to look in the palm of your hand and he immediately gives you a thorough diagnosis. Then comes his panacea of harmless (?) herbs, and the sick one is almost cured before the first dose is swallowed.

Is it any wonder that many lose faith in all the medical world when we see the bickerings and quarrels and differences among those who pose as healers of human ills? Where is the agreement except among those of like schools? We have the Allopath, the Homeopath, the Hydropath, the Natureopath, the Osteopath, and other paths that will soon appear, with pedestrians on all of them. Yes, I left out some. But I will desist. Each one of these is better than any of the others. Note the harmony among them all, and among the others who have some special way of curing human ills. The Allopaths ridicule the Homeopathic dose and describe it thus: "Put one drop of the medicine at the Niagara Falls and then go to the mouth of the St. Lawrence and take out a spoonful. That is the Homeopathic dose." But the Homeopaths declare that their doses do the work, and what is the sense of killing one half the body with poisonous drugs in order to help the other half. When the originator of Hydropathy died, it was wondered why his method did not save him. When the Osteopaths came on the scene, the old standbys ridiculed them, persecuted and prosecuted them, and tried to relegate them outside the whole physician realm, but they concluded to stay. They laid aside the internal remedies and took to external manipulations. The Chiropractors stepped into the arena and then the fur began to fly. Persecutions and prosecutions were the order of the day. But the persecuting doctors of older methods found out that they were dealing with considerable "back bone" and it was pretty well set for defense. So it looks as if the Chiropractors will continue to adjust the spinal column just as long as ailing humanity will apply. The Osteopaths say, "We know all the Chiropractors know, and much more." The Chiropractors say, "We began where the Osteopaths left off, and have gone on." So the Osteos and the Chiro are not any more harmonious than the law allows. Each is better. Certainly, from the very nature of things! The Eclectics see too much bad in all paths and some good in all, so they are wise enough to pick out the good and leave the bad, and are not any particular kind of a physician; they are simply physicians.

The Vegetarians cry, "No meat, no meat." A food expert in Washington, D. C., ridicules them and describes their looks. He makes meat his principal part of the menu, and sells his method for so much.

A great doctor in New York prescribes uncooked cereal food, and sends it out over the country. The hygienic writer of a leading paper takes issue with that kind of diet, saying that it is bad on the stomach, and hurtful to those who have dyspepsia.

Another leading writer in the magazines tells about dieting and gives his prescribed, menu, with so many calories. Forthwith comes out another article from another writer, taking issue with his method, saying it lacks the organic salts which are found in raw vegetables.

Drink milk, milk, milk! And so milk is prescribed for this and that, and many are put on that diet alone. Especially is it prescribed in the case of consumption, along with plenty of eggs. Then comes from another source, that the first step towards internal cleanliness is, that we not only eliminate meat from our diet, but also the products of the animal, such as milk, eggs, butter and cheese, and then adds that the cow is "the wet nurse of consumption."

One physical culturist advances a system of physical exercises which will greatly promote health. Another physical culturist repudiates this system because it injures the heart action.

One class of specialists advocates two meals a day, but the doctor who prescribed for a certain great railroad magnate who died, had him eating six or eight meals a day and beer in the bargain.

On every side we read of the bad effects of over eating; that "the American people are digging their graves with their teeth." Then, lo and behold! a magazine comes out with an article calling attention to the sad effects of eating too little, and showing the benefits of much eating. But in the case of the magazine we feel like saying, "The fools are not all dead yet."

An article comes out in a magazine advocating vaccination, and showing the great benefits of such prevention of smallpox. A physical culture magazine takes issue and repudiates the system, and brings substantiating proof.

In certain sanitariums they used the tuberculin test for tuberculosis. The hygienic department of a leading newspaper declares that test is exploded.

Doctors examine the sputum for tuberculosis germs to determine if one has consumption. Another doctor says if one has a cold, there will be tuberculous germs in the sputum, and calls the test "bosh."

In every city, town and hamlet, we see the doctor's sign. Doctors here, there and everywhere; doctors galore. But one of the leading doctors of the world declared, "If all the drugs were in the sea, the world would be infinitely better off, and the fishes infinitely worse."

And so it goes. Every system has its repudiation; it meets with opposition. Then what are we laymen to believe? Simply this: that God has endowed us with a degree of common sense. With our common sense we are to judge for ourselves and not be fools enough to believe every thing we read about the virtues of every nostrum, the advertisements of every doctor, or the propagation of all departments of every system. Neither are we to believe all the repudiating statements which one class may bring against another. Have not all of them some merits, and do not all of them claim too much? Where is the common sense with which God has endowed us? Give it a chance and it will instruct us.

Now for a little psychological reasoning! Say what you will in favor of this system or the other; this or the other remedy; where is the person that will say that the mind is not largely responsible in many of the healings of today? Put the mind at rest concerning the malady; let it work on the bright, cheerful, believing side; let it cease from worry and evil foreboding; let it be lifted from that everlasting concentration upon the trouble, be it actual or imaginative, and the natural tendency is to become well. Give nature a chance and it will work wonders. Then, whether it be the infinitesimal attenuation of the Homeopath, the dark and dreadful dose of the Allopath, the water bath of the Hydropath, the manipulations of the Osteopath, or the hand adjustments of the Chiropractor; whether the dose comes from the concoction of herbs, sugar-coated poisons, or simply bread pills; the invalid may have the uttermost confidence in the physician and the method, and it is almost sure to work in his favor, and the party will believe it was the physician and his remedy that helped him. Many are the cures through the operations of the mind, when the sick one thought it was the medicine or the method. Personally, we believe there is another method that far

supersedes them all, and that is the divine touch of the Great Physician. We would not feel free to repudiate the many good systems that have relieved suffering humanity; but we would feel free to point all to the greater privilege that was purchased through Christ -- "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8: 17).

Probably there is no field where the imagination has greater power than in connection with the body, in its relation to sickness and disease. Here comes in the ingenuity of the doctor, frequently, to keep the patient in the dark as to the danger of his disease at some critical point, and also to keep him properly encouraged, knowing that a cheerful mind goes a long way towards healing in times of sickness.

Most people feel that they must have some real medicine, something they can taste and feel or they will not believe it will accomplish the desired results. Big doses and something horrible in taste, and then the patient thinks he is taking something sure to make him well. We do not infer that all medicines are back. In fact, some work like a charm. They are called a placebo, or something like a bread pill or colored water to make the patient think he is taking some real medicine, when, in fact, he is not needing any, his trouble being more imaginary than otherwise. This keeps the sick (?) one bolstered, till Nature can do something towards the real help that is needed.

The story is told of an old man in Paris who sold a famous eye-water and made much money thereby. He finally passed on to some other world and forgot to leave on record his recipe for the eye-water. But his widow was not satisfied to give up the practice and concluded to take it up where her husband left it off. Not knowing his recipe, she simply filled the bottles from the river Seine, finding out that the eye-water was as good as ever. Finally, her time came to pass beyond the line of worlds, and feeling the stings of a guilty conscience, she confessed her fraud to her physician. Said the wise doctor, "Be entirely easy, Madam; don't be troubled at all. You are the most innocent physician in the world; you have done nobody any harm."

How many there are who will put their very life into the hands of some imposing quack, and swallow down his poisonous concoctions by the quart! It is most astonishing to see how many intelligent men and women will line up at a Chinese doctor's office, and there sit, while the doctor's (?) finger is on the pulse. He looks wise, and pretends to locate the disease, whether it be in the head or the foot, or anywhere between. The disease once located, the dreadful doses are then administered, and if they only knew what the ingredients were, methinks they would then suffer worse from the remedy than the disease.

Quackery is one of the baneful fakes of the day. It is true, it is being more guarded than before, and the quack must pull his ropes with more caution, or intelligent physicians will get after his scalp. But their advertising humbugs will get into your homes in spite of everything, and continually flare up in the newspaper, and in the end beguile many a poor dupe. The quack gets his money, and the dupe gets experience.

The story is told of a prominent advertisement many years ago which ran like this: "A retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out," etc., had some recipe he would send gratis. All one had to do when he got the recipe, was to get from him an ingredient, which could not be had anywhere else. This sleek quack was dubbed "Old Sands of Life." The scalawag was

only about thirty-five years of age, and very lively at that. So sympathetic was some friend and given to philanthropy, that his feelings went out for "Old Sands of Life," and he accordingly sent him a large package by express "C.O.D." The express was considerable, but the quack paid it, whereupon as he opened the package he discovered half a bushel of very nice sand.

One time an Astrological Almanac was foisted upon the American public and sending forth the virtues of the author and his marvelous remedies. In the front was the picture of the great doctor (?) together with his six brothers, who stood around him, measuring only to his waist, looking up into his face with great reverence. This noted doctor was the seventh son of a seventh son. What a remarkable coincidence, and how smart it certainly must have made him! Other pictures embellished the booklet, only to show to the world the true greatness of this great doctor.

What were his claims? Simply this: to cure all sorts of ailments, discover stolen goods, insure young people's marriages, etc., and all this brought about by means of conjurations. He claimed also to be able to forecast future events. His specialties were to cure drunkenness and lying. How remarkable it would be for a liar who had reached the top. of his profession to be able to cure the same in others! Here he presented the testimony of a certain woman who claimed that her daughter was given to this habit, and that the doctor had so changed the nature of the daughter, that to the best of her knowledge she had never lied since. Here is quackery with a vengeance. And to think that one could, at any time in the history of this enlightened country, exploit his nefarious fraud and find enough open-mouthed dupes to swallow his lies and furnish him his livelihood thereby!

The patent medicine fake is a fright. He plays upon the fears of his dupes. After mentioning a long list of ailments, he will let his readers know, that if they have any of the given symptoms it is time for them to get busy before it is too late. And they must get busy in purchasing that particular remedy, as it is the only reliable remedy that will help them out.

And who has not had some of the symptoms mentioned? A man went to a practicing physician one time and asked for the loan of a book on diseases. He took it home and perused its pages. He looked into the book and into his own feelings. On his return the doctor asked him if he found anything that fitted his case, or in other words, if he had any of the troubles mentioned in the work on diseases. His answer was, that he thought he had about all of them. Certainly! When one lets his imagination run away with him, he can easily surmise that he has this and that disease. Much that is the matter with many is their imagination. This tends to create the very symptoms of the disease and may lead to it in reality. Much of the so-called cures from remedies are brought about from the standpoint of suggestion. The power of the mind over the body is tremendous, either in making one sick or well. Experiments have been tried out on people, where one after another would meet a certain person and comment on his looks, telling him how sick he appeared, until finally he believed he was sick, and then felt sick and then was sick. Let the conscious mind communicate to the subconscious mind that there is sickness anywhere, be it either by suggestion from others or by autosuggestion, and the subconscious mind will believe anything it is told. When a man turns his mind over to a hypnotist, losing his conscious mind, then the hypnotist can deal with his subconscious mind and tell him anything he wants to and he will believe it, A bachelor once was put under hypnosis and told that his wife and two children were dead and that they were buried there before him. The poor fellow broke out in lamentations and fell upon the supposed

grave and sobbed out his grief. The subconscious mind controls the circulation of the blood, digestion, breathing, the involuntary movements of the muscles. It keeps the heart beating, the processes of assimilation going and attends to the health of the body in general. But when this subconscious mind is told by suggestion or autosuggestion that certain parts of the body are sick, it simply believes it and proceeds at once in the direction of that sickness. Seeing that this realm of the mind controls so much of the body's organism, if it is constantly confronted with the suggestion or autosuggestion of disease along any given line, then the control of that part of the body under its supervision is not properly looked after. The subconscious mind has believed that something is wrong and proceeds at once in the direction of that wrong. And the very opposite is also true. Let suggestions or auto-suggestions be made to the subconscious mind concerning health, and this realm which believes what it is told, proceeds at once in the direction of the health of that part of the body. If this department of our natures were better studied and looked into, it would go far towards our own health and save from many a pitfall of trouble concerning sickness and disease. Let me illustrate this power of suggestion: A man with certain ailments consulted a physician who diagnosed his case and told him he would write him, giving him proper instructions. The letter came informing the patient, that inasmuch as nothing could cure him, the best plan would be to go to bed and rest and make the best of the inevitable. This he did. Some time afterwards the doctor called on him and found him in bed, in a very precarious condition. The doctor asked him what the trouble was, and the patient told him he supposed it was his heart. The physician examined his heart and said that it was all right. Then he supposed it must be his stomach or something in that direction, and upon examination it was found that was not sufficient to cause him to become bedridden. After the patient was through telling the doctor of his troubles, he informed the doctor that he was carrying out his orders to take his bed, etc. The doctor asked him for the letter he had sent him. When he read it, in utter surprise he declared that he had made a mistake and sent him the wrong letter; that he had got two letters mixed and sent him the wrong one. The one that he should have received gave him to understand that there was nothing seriously the matter with him, and for him to take a vacation, go off on a certain trip and he would be all right. But the letter he meant for the other fellow indicated that there was no hopes for him and for him to go to bed and submit to the inevitable. But what about the poor man that should have received the sad news of no hope? He got the other fellow's letter informing him that all he needed was a vacation and he would be all right. This he had acted upon, and was off on his vacation, and years afterwards was seen by the doctor doing well. Here lies the power of suggestion. Each man acted upon it, believed it, the subconscious realm took it up, believed it, and acted accordingly. One took his bed and would probably have died shortly had the mistake not been discovered. The other took courage, followed out the mistaken instructions, and got well. And who knows but what many have been helped, if not healed, through any old quack nostrum, not because of the properties of the nostrum, but through the powers of suggestion and autosuggestion.

Never be guilty of telling another how badly he looks. Years ago, the writer found himself failing in health, becoming emaciated and hollow-faced, with night sweats, and fever. Physicians told him that tuberculosis had set in. A minister whom he had not seen for some time met him on the street, and when that preacher got through with him, telling him of his great change, how frightfully bad he looked, as far as his feelings were concerned, he could see the coffin box only a little way up the road. About that time a nurse met him after some absence and her first expression was, "Why, you look as if you had consumption!" Of course improvement was not very fast under such suggestions. But I determined, by the help, of God, I was not going to die. I would look on the

bright side and look to God for help. I would constantly look towards health, and study the means of producing it, at the same time pray the Lord to help me through. I gave up my work, purchased a tent, went to the mountains and lived out doors. I had God in my heart and nature smiling all around. I went bareheaded, barefooted, bare armed and bare breasted. I took nude sun baths and fairly roasted myself. I purchased a cow and drank much milk. I slept out under the stars and studied astronomy at night, and my soul was flooded with the greatness and grandeur of God and His universe. I stayed there two months, and began to put on flesh, when I returned to Los Angeles, and continued much of the outdoor life. I put forty pounds of flesh on my bones, and in six months was at my accustomed work. I am still at it and that was twelve years ago. I never tell any one how badly he looks.

The power of suggestion is becoming more and more known in the medical profession and with others as well, in its relation to sickness and also in its relation to health. Whether that suggestion be autosuggestion (coming from one's self) or suggestion from another, the potentiality is practically the same. Many a person is sick because their minds have so constantly dwelt upon some imaginary trouble, that it finally became a reality. And many a sick person has become well by some cheering suggestion from the physician, or some other source, that completely took their thoughts from themselves, or caused them to believe they were not so bad, or were on the road to recovery, or anything that would change the thought life from the sickness to health.

Constant worrying thought toward a disease tends to aggravate it. Dr. J. M. Buckley, while editor of the Christian Advocate, made this striking statement: "The concentration of attention upon any part of the human system affects first, the sensation, next produces a change in the circulation, then a modification of the nutrition, and finally an alteration in the structure."

The following quotations are taken from "The Physiology of Faith and Fear, or The Mind in Health and Disease," by Dr. William S. Sadler, and published by A. C. McClure & Co., Chicago:

"The marginal consciousness (subconscious mind) is that great force of the mind which receives the suggestions of health and disease, of happiness and despair, and in turn is able to energize or weaken the body, in accordance with the suggestions it habitually receives."

"The author insists upon the importance of making all suggestions true. In our dealings with the sick we should make only those suggestions which are based upon good physiological and psychological law; thus the work can be built upon a sure foundation; it can then be carried forward with confidence and sincerity."

"The author has experimentally demonstrated that the healing power of electric belts and similar means of treatment is purely suggestive. In the use of therapeutic magnets, wooden magnets are often found to accomplish just as much for the relief of the patient as the real ones."

"Some people become possessed by some foolish notion and it becomes a habit, a religion, or a mania. Some lunatics in the asylum spend their time collecting pebbles and gathering twigs, even to the extent of wagon loads; on the other hand, many unbalanced business men spend their entire lives collecting dollars; and while they escape the asylum, they are none the less abnormal and unhealthy in mind -- they are slaves to money-making."

"The influence of the mind over the temperature sense is illustrated in the case of the chilly patient whose friends were told by the doctor to 'surround her with hot-water bottles.' The patient was immediately relieved, but the next day on calling at the house, the doctor discovered that his prescription to 'surround the patient with hot-water bottles' had been carried out by filling with hot water a score of empty bottles and glass fruit-jars, and putting them around the patient's bed on the floor."

"A Southern physician has reported an interesting case showing the power of fright profoundly to prostrate the individual. The case was that of a big burly Negro, who supposed that he had been shot -- fatally shot. Fear had seized him with tremendous power; he shook like an aspen leaf; he bordered on a state of collapse, and death seemed imminent. Not finding any blood, the examining physician ordered all his clothes removed, and while he was being undressed, a flattened bullet fell upon the floor. The doctor exhibited the bullet to the frightened patient, explaining that he had had a miraculous escape; whereupon his circulation was immensely restored; his countenance improved; temperature became normal; and the look of life returned to the eyes, which had been almost fixed with the gaze of death, while a broad grin crept over his face. The Negro got down from the operating table and dressed; apologized for the fuss he had caused, and walked home."

"The reputation of a certain liniment was so great that the English Government bought the recipe for a large amount of money, intending to give it to the public, so that all chronic rheumatic sufferers might be cured. It was subsequently analyzed and found to consist of turpentine and the white of an egg. The liniment's efficacy was destroyed. This would be true of many modern medicines and prescriptions, if the real ingredients were known."

"Several years ago the author had a patient, a broker by profession, who gradually became despondent. He became possessed by the fixed fear that he would some day die in the poor house: he seemed rapidly going into melancholia. All the medicine, baths, and other treatment seemed to help him but little. At last we arranged with his wife to try a plan of getting him interested in some one else. The author, through one of his nurses, selected a family in the stockyards district in Chicago, a deserted mother with five children, the youngest ten months, the oldest ten years. It was arranged that the patient was to come to our office just as we were leaving, one afternoon, and we would request him to go out to see this family, as one of the children was very sick. After remaining in the house but a few minutes, we came out to the automobile and asked him if he wouldn't like to come in and see the poverty and suffering that could exist in a great city abounding in churches and luxury. He readily consented, and as we began to give the history of the case, exhibiting the barefooted children -- one little fellow so devoid of clothing that his picture could not be exhibited in public -- a new expression crept over this patient's face. After I had left written directions regarding the treatment for the visiting nurse, he took me by the arm and asked the way to the nearest grocery store. To make a long story short, he purchased twenty-five dollars' worth of groceries, coal, and other necessities of life for this needy family. He returned with his wife the following morning and saw that the children were all well clothed. He called me up by telephone and asked if a trained nurse could be of service, and volunteered to pay for a nurse for two weeks, or until the sick child should fully recover. And what was the result of all this? He became a Good Samaritan; he sought out other families; and instead of expending thousands of dollars for doctor

Mils, he was soon out from under the care of all physicians, while spending his money in helping his fellows. In six months he became a new man; he was back at his desk, and we did not know until months later that he was aware that a therapeutic trick had been played upon him, if trick it may be called. Some time after he called up over the telephone, saying, 'I am sending you a patient, Mr. ____; he has the same mental disease coming on him that I used to have. You look him over and see if there is anything wrong with his body; leave this job of fixing up his mind to me. I will have Jim, that's my chauffeur, take him down into the stockyards district. I have another family down there that needs help, badly. I have tried your scheme on two or three different self-centered fellows, and it never fails to work. You know, a lot of these fellows are going crazy over getting a few more dollars; he is one of them, all right, but just as soon as you give me the word, I'll put him through; and I will guarantee that turning Good Samaritan will cure any poor devil who is headed for the lunatic asylum. What about me? Don't worry about me; once is enough of that kind of trouble for me; I will keep my trolley on the right wire, and you can be sure of it'."

"Numerous fake operations have been performed upon nervous patients in an effort to cure them of their imaginary troubles. One woman was sure she had a live lizard in her stomach; and not until she was taken to the operating room, a slight cut made on her abdomen, a few stitches taken, removed to her room and shown a lizard in a bottle, did she get over the notion she had a lizard in her stomach. It had been repeatedly explained to her that animals could not live in the stomach -- that the gastric juice would eat them up alive, but no scientific explanation would satisfy her. Again, a nervous woman was so thoroughly convinced that she had a foreign substance in her arm, that a sham operation was performed on her, and afterwards she was shown a piece of beef gristle, which set her mind completely at rest."

"To illustrate what a prominent factor suggestion is in the treatment of insomnia, the following case may be cited. The patient, a nervous woman thirty years of age, had been long troubled with insomnia, but had at last been greatly helped by daily treatment with high frequency electricity. After several weeks of this treatment a 'doctored' wire was substituted for one of the connections -- an electric cord, which, although it looked perfect to the eye, had some six inches of the inner wire removed. The method of procedure in this case was to begin the treatment with a real wire, and demonstrate, by means of the vacuum tube placed on the forehead, that the patient was really getting the electric currents then, before leaving the patient to rest on a couch while receiving the Cure rent, a switch was turned and the current was diverted from the real current to the false. The patient would lie there very quietly for twelve minutes, supposing that she was receiving high frequency electrical treatment (this particular mode of treatment produces no sensations in the bodies of patients unless some one touches them during the treatment), while, in reality, she was not getting a particle of electricity. It is interesting to record that she slept just as well after this procedure as she did when she had the genuine electric treatment. This is no proof that electricity does not possess power favorably to influence the body, it is simply another proof of the tremendous power of suggestion."

"A few months ago the author tried the following experiment on an audience of some three hundred and fifty people. At the beginning of our lecture we stated that we desired to make some tests relating to the purity of the atmosphere and the individual acuteness of smell on the part of the people in the audience. We exhibited a small bottle containing a clear liquid, and said that after we had sprinkled it on the platform, we desired each individual in the audience to raise the right hand

the moment he discovered an odor resembling that of steaming vinegar. We suggested that those on the front seats would naturally detect the odor first, but any one having an acute sense of smell, even if seated in the middle or back part of the room, might discover the odor first. We discussed the matter some fifteen or twenty minutes, then emptied our liquid, sprinkling it very carefully all over the rostrum. We then plunged into our lecture, having previously intimated that it might be five or ten minutes before the odor would be sufficiently diffused throughout the atmosphere to be detected. In twelve minutes after this, the first hand went up on the front row. This was immediately followed by a number of hands on the other side of the room. Within twenty minutes twenty-two hands had been raised. Within twenty-five minutes hands had been raised even at the back of the room. Within thirty-five minutes, the time the lecture had to be concluded, over one hundred hands had been raised; and then we acknowledged to the audience that what we had poured out over the rostrum was only six ounces of Lake Michigan water drawn from the faucet down stairs. Even this did not satisfy some. They thought it was a part of the experiment -- that we were trying to fool them again in some way. A score of people persisted in the belief that they had smelled odors resembling those arising from an open vessel containing steaming vinegar."

"A devout woman went to a physician to consult with him about her illness. He suspected that she had an incurable malady and told her so. She turned away with a sigh. 'All,' she said, 'if I only had some of the water of Lourdes, then I should be cured.' It so happened that a friend had brought the doctor a bottle of genuine Lourdes Water, that he might chemically analyze it to ascertain its medicinal properties. He told her that he had some of that water and promised to give her some of it, provided she would first try a more potent remedy, Aqua Crotonis -- ordinary drinking water brought to the city through the Croton Aqueduct. She expressed doubt that it could help her case. The doctor now gave her a small bottle of the real Lourdes Water, but labeled it Aqua Crotonis. She returned to his office in a few days no better, whereupon he gave her a little vial of the ordinary drinking water and labeled it 'Water of Lourdes.' She was completely and permanently cured."

These examples from this Chicago physician are given to illustrate the powerful effect of suggestion on the body. If more people knew of the baneful effects of wrong concentration of their thought life, and also the beneficial effect of proper thinking, they would certainly be much better off physically.

But some more regarding quack nostrums. If all of these fakes who are preying upon a believing public were put into the penitentiary, the world would be better off. The channels through which people get money by false pretenses are certainly great. How it must make these vendors laugh when they get testimonials from poor victims telling them how much good their medicine did them and what a God-send it was, and how they were cured! If there was any benefit at all, it was in spite of the dope. It was through the power of the advertising suggestions and their auto-suggestions. Had they known the powers of their own being, they could have accomplished the same thing and better, and saved their money besides.

A certain blood cure was advertised. It took out impurities of the blood, cured eruptions of scrofula, scalp trouble, and all forms of unhealthy and pimply skin. The contents were in the form of pellets. Careful analysis was made for any medicinal parts and absolutely nothing was found but sugar 100%.

Another much advertised pill was discovered to contain ginger, aloes, and soap with no other medicinal ingredient whatever. The bottle of pills was estimated to cost about one quarter of one cent.

A certain honey cod liver oil was put on the market. Examination proved that its contents were only one twentieth cod liver oil, mixed with raspberry syrup and oil of peppermint.

Certain cancer remedies were exploited. One of them was proved to be simply diluted alcohol, and that of an impure quality.

A so-called electric fluid, for the cure of cancer was boomed in a paper, purporting to produce marvelous cures, and although it brought a good price it consisted of nothing but water. Another cancer cure was made up of a certain brown liquid substance like syrup, and was found to be made of nothing but wood tar.

A whooping cough remedy, a complicated drug made only by the seller, and could not be obtained at any other place, consisted of twenty powders marked No. 1, and twenty marked No. 2. The analysis proved that each powder was made of nothing but milk sugar. Nothing else could be found in them.

These foregoing fakes were exposed by the British Medical Association. It is said that the people of England paid out more than sixty million dollars for patent medicines in 1908. But it is estimated that the American people pay out between seventy-five and a hundred million dollars for the same thing every year.

Note the number of people who are troubled with headaches. See them dope to rid themselves of the malady. Please observe the following quotation: "Headache Powders. Persons who may be disposed to resort to their use, should bear two facts in mind. The first is, that headache is not a disease, but a symptom, and that the only rational treatment is to ascertain and remove the cause; whether it be in diet, want of exercise, local irritation of some nerve as by unhealthy tooth, eyestrain, or some serious chronic nervous disease. The second is, that fatal results have been known to follow self-treatment with anti-febrin (acetanilide), which figures largely in most of them."

In this country a certain company sells a remedy to shorten the time of labor in confinement and to relieve the suffering in connection therewith. It also prevents the loss of shapely form and beauty in consequence of motherhood. Of what does this marvelous help to suffering motherhood consist? Simply oil and some soap.

The Government jerked off the mask of a certain beauty specialist, who had an ointment as skin food, something that fed through the pores of the skin, and was guaranteed to remove wrinkles and all traces of age from the face. This great beauty restorer sold for \$1.50 and was found to consist of pertained grease worth three cents. It was more than three-fourths grease. How nourishing that must have been!

The same specialist had a tonic for women, calculated to cure all their ills. It was found to consist of sugar, alcohol and water, with a little trace of plant drugs. Price, \$1.00.

Another company puts out an advertisement of a drugless system to reduce fat. It requires the use of a certain bath powder claiming to dissolve the fat. This marvelous bath powder in half pound packages, sells for \$1.00, and is worth less than a nickel. It consists of saltpeter, Epsom salts, glauber salts, and washing soda.

The soothing syrups, and syrups for teething and other baby remedies to keep them quiet are, many of them, directly harmful and dangerous. The fine effect which they have upon the babies is the result of alcohol and such drugs as morphine, opium, or chloroform. Oh yes, they will quiet the little youngsters, but they will do more; give them too much and you will have the expense of a funeral and then no baby. And if they do not kill, they produce actual victims of drug habit.

We read of one marvelous remedy sent out by one certain Professor (not doctor, the doctors got on his track) in which if a certain sum were sent by the credulous one, this eminent professor (?) would send a vial of clear liquid, and by placing a few drops in the eye, most wonderful results were claimed. Great columns of testimonials were in evidence. When hailed into court, he actually produced witnesses who claimed to have been cured by the drops of water in the eye. Upon analysis it was ascertained to have nothing but water and some alkaline substance, and possibly one other harmless ingredient. How astonishing it is that so many will be deceived by such things as thin as water!

A medical fake is a medical fraud. The two terms here overlap; but we have reserved another part of this book for frauds more particularly.

When was the world not humbugged with fake nostrums? Years ago we heard of a patent medicine vender who sent his advertisement to Australia to have it put in the papers in that part of the world. He enumerated the many diseases for which it was recommended, and it was perfectly marvelous how many it would cure. After naming the many ailments that would have to succumb to its magic powers, he instructed the advertiser as follows: "And if there be any other diseases peculiar to that climate, put them in also."

"From the days of the astrologers and soothsayers, anxious souls have been victimized by every fad, fake and fanaticism in their search for relief. The venders of pulverized snake skins and lizard tongues, in their day, found as willing a patronage as the cultured proprietors of sanitariums today. The long-haired man on a goods box can do a flourishing business, if he has the gift of gab to convince the crowd his stuff will cure.

"The quack doctor does not handle a variety of medicine; he knows just enough of anatomy and *materia medica* to make his speech sound scholarly, but his remedy, costing less than the price of one visit from a physician, will cure all the ills of the human body. Like De Soto, we are seeking the fountain of perennial youth -- the elixir of life."

The quotation above from Rev. C. F. Wimberly's book, "Is the Devil a Myth," published by Fleming H. Revell, puts the question in the proper light.

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019 -- FAKE NAMES

The name of an article ought to indicate something of the merit, but so many fakes have originated in the naming, that when we read of the "acme," or "climax," or "perfection," or "excelsior," or "XLNT," or "the best meal in the city," or "the cheapest place to trade," or "the finest suit for the price," as any other article of par excellence, we have seen so many of the same thing that were the same as they are, that we cease to believe the advertiser. I once lived in a large city, and on one of the streets near my home were a goodly number of groceries. One of these was known as the "Sanitary Grocery." There was no question but what this "Sanitary" (?) store was by all odds the filthiest store in the whole bunch. So we find fakes in advertising.

I had a friend who had charge of the basement of a department store in Los Angeles. He told me of a street faker who exploited his wonderful soap on the street. This wonderful soap was great on taking out grease spots, and other dirt deposits on clothes. This was in evidence, for he demonstrated it to the passing crowds and proved the value of it before their eyes. By bragging up the soap, and proving its efficiency, he would sell a piece about the size of an ordinary cake for twenty-five cents. He would stock up for the next day by going into this basement and purchasing a long bar of this soap at a small price, cut it up into slices, and sell each piece for a quarter. The soap and the seller were both fakes.

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020 -- RELIGIOUS FAKES

But when fakes enter the realm of religion, it makes the spotless banner of Jesus Christ trail in the dust. It is the business of the devil to stigmatize the Christian religion. When long-haired devotees walk the streets or harangue the crowds, professing to be followers of the "meek and lowly Nazarene," it is well enough to keep an eye on them. Why should they appear out of the ordinary and wear their hair long and attract attention? They might as well carry a placard announcing to the world that they are fakes.

In the religious world, we have in these days fake prophecies. More than half a century ago a fake prophecy threw a portion of the world under considerable excitement when it was announced that Christ would come on a given day. This probably was in good earnest by the one making the announcement, but that did not save others from losing confidence, perhaps, in any future teaching of Christ's coming. When the inspired Word makes prophetic announcements, the world would better take notice, for it will surely come to pass, but beware of the mere human prophecies. Oakland, California, was tremendously stirred (that is a part of it), a number of years ago, over the prophecy that the city would be destroyed on a given day. People lost interest in business, and some fled to the hills, and among the credible ones consternation was in evidence. But Oakland still stands.

These fake prophecies have been in evidence more or less all along the decades; anything to be a travesty on the religion of Jesus Christ. One utters a prophecy on the death of some certain person; another on the destruction of some city; another on the set day of the Lord's return to earth. Then the unbelieving world laughs religion to scorn, further entrenches itself in its unbelief, and settles down into deeper-dyed infidelity. But the Old Book prophecies stand out just the same, and one by one they are being fulfilled before our very eyes, and finally all will come to pass without the failure of one jot or tittle. If one wants to be wise in the present-day outlook and keep abreast the times, let him take the Bible in one hand and the daily papers in the other, and there he will read prophecy and fulfillment. Don't be led away with fakes, but do not make a fake of the Bible.

Atchison, Kansas, according to the papers, has a 17-year-old "psychic wonder." This prophetic psychic has predicted the destruction of Los Angeles on account of the sins of Hollywood, a portion of this western city. This is to come through an earthquake, probably, and is to level the city. "It will be a greater catastrophe than the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Los Angeles has had many warnings. Recent small earth tremors should awaken the city to its coming doom."

In spite of the many changes for the better in Hollywood, "this will not stay the destruction of the city."

This prophecy was made known in February, 1922, and its fulfillment is to be the result of Hollywood's wickedness-doubtless through the moving picture scandals. If all the prophecies of like nature had been fulfilled, well might we flee to the mountains, we who are residents of Los Angeles. After all, when we think of all the rottenness in connection with many phases of the motion picture industry, it may not seem strange that some psychic or somebody else would feel that it ought to be destroyed.

It is a sad thing when the religion of Jesus Christ is trailed in the dust by fanatical leaders, who turn people from the gospel of Christ, who otherwise might be reached. Yet these fake meetings abound over our land. In a certain mission hall in Iowa, the woman leader claimed to be the bride of Christ. Several people formed a circle about her, as she was dressed in white with a sort of golden slippers on, to ordain her as Christ's bride. But the work split into different factions. Splits usually obtain when Satan gets in his hand. Some went out to the cemetery in order to resurrect a dead person. One faction rented rooms and claimed the Lord would come on a certain day, and gathered to await His coming. This would-be bride of Christ, separated husbands and wives, claiming they were not soul-mated and must marry those who were properly mated with them according to her suggestion. One woman who had been separated from her husband by the leader's command, was heard praying in the basement, "O Lord, give me back my husband." Later on several of them were living in the same house, colored and white together. They were finally arrested and put in jail. There they claimed to have persecution for Jesus' sake. It is said some were sent up from three to ten years.

Probably the most fanatical, freakish, and outlandish fakes of religion live in Canada, if the report in the papers can be relied upon. How fanatical this weird class is, may be judged from the fact that on more than one occasion they have made midwinter pilgrimages while both men and women were absolutely nude. One of the duties of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police has been

to chase these pilgrims, wrap Buffalo robes around the women, and bring them back to their homes. Almost any small disaffection has been known to cause a pilgrimage.

Wholesale slaughter of children and aged and sick persons is contemplated by the leader of the community, so they can roam the country unhampered as a vagrant class in protest to high taxation.

All children under ten years of age, together with the maimed and infirm, who cannot travel far, will be thrown into the Columbia River, if this leader's terrible proposal is acted upon. This would represent nearly half the cult's population in Western Canada. They urge that the able-bodied go about the country preaching the coming of Christ and conducting themselves as "a vagrant working class."

They discussed the project of selling their lands and stock to pay their debts, if their idea takes root, and will then become wanderers.

One of the men says, that the women will probably oppose the killing of the children, and will protest against the throwing of the small bodies into the river.

It is hard to realize that anything so devilish and fanatical could go under the guise of any sort of religion in these days. And to attach the beautiful doctrine of the coming of Christ to such vagaries is most abominable. But fakes in religion and a hundred other places are extant.

A fake left New York some years ago and went to New Jersey. He was followed by others, from New York and other places, and founded a colony. The leader made himself a dugout for his domicile. The colony numbers about sixty, and they are leading the "back-to-nature" life. The two tenets of this fake colony are humanitarianism and vegetarianism. They claim that one dollar a week is all that is necessary for their upkeep of board and lodging. It is said that the leader was found "clothed in a heavy suit of tan," (his natural hide,) long locks and a beard, together with a suit of B.V.D.'s.

As the reporter investigated the situation, a male child, "in a pre-fall-of-Eden costume," came along. The leader was preparing his noonday meal. He explained that the menu consisted of a pound of raw oats a day or a pound of corn meal a day, and vegetables which they grow in their garden. If one was not satisfied to eat raw oats, he could go and pull a turnip or an onion and gnaw on that. Nothing coming from animal life passes their lips.

Bare footed and corsetless, the female contingency move about, but the boss does not approve of bobbed hair. "Long hair attracts magnetic forces from nature." His motive for living there in that condition, was "just to lead and help others to lead a natural life."

In the fall of 1920 the Denver Times aired one of the most outlandish fakes ever perpetrated upon a lot of fools. A certain leader claimed to have been commissioned by Jesus Christ to take the place of Christ on earth. Christ had appeared to him, laid His hands on him, and then and there he received the Spirit. He was given dominion over heaven and earth, and as soon as he had gathered in 144,000 disciples he would come into his kingdom as ruler of the world.

Denver was to be the New Jerusalem, and this fake was to be the head of everything. There was to be no more government except that which came from this impostor. Their meeting place was "The Tabernacle of David." This slick-tongued fake, so the paper stated, taught from the pulpit that all power was given to him in heaven and earth, and those who did not believe in him and turn over everything they owned to the order, were doomed to hell. At one certain meeting there was great enthusiasm. They were told that Ezekiel's stream flowed under the altar, and they would be among the 144,000 to be saved if they threw their possessions upon it. Then the congregation seemed to go wild. They threw money, jewels, and various sorts of possessions on the altar. They were told that everything they retained for themselves would bar their way into heaven. These dupes were persuaded that they would inherit the world, and soon have their choice of the finest homes on Capitol Hill. Is it not strange that intelligent human beings in this enlightened age, will allow themselves so to be swept away from their moorings and believe any old lie which an impostor may foist upon them? And note how these leaders get their possessions through the fear of the victims being lost if they do not give up their all. Subsequent papers stated that this notorious, self-styled Jehovah landed in the penitentiary, a most fitting place for such a one. I was told that they performed the rite of baptism by immersion in a bath tub, the baptized ones being in a state of nudity.

The modern Elijah springs up, and thousands of followers are forthwith at his beck and call. He in time builds a city, and it is said accumulates millions of dollars in property. He declares he wants to preach to the people in hell. Finally, the brain reels, and he dies under restraint. He crosses the great divide, while his sun goes down behind a cloud, and his flock begins to disintegrate.

Another Elijah is seen on the horizon about the same time. Elijah must have been somewhat ubiquitous. A large structure is erected on the sand hill at the cost of \$100,000. The followers thrived on persecution. He got people under his spell and strange tenets, and they were moved through fear to follow his precepts. It is said the state governor ordered an investigation and sent home some half insane people more dead than alive. The Elijah was finally indicted for breaking the laws of navigation on the high seas and was remanded behind the prison bars.

An angel from heaven reveals the spot where golden plates are buried, which are found and translated by the use of the urim and thummim, and a book equal in authority with the Bible is the result. A new religion is now formed, with enough infidelity to curse the world, with hundreds of thousands of foolish ones following on, all accepting the Book of Mormon equal with the Bible.

In Washington the Holy Rollers had their dispensation. The cult was born in New York. Their converts were made through fear. The penitent would lie on the floor at the end of the hall and roll over and over until those in authority were satisfied the devil had rolled out of him. Sometimes it would take hours to accomplish this. One sad thing now is that many good people are dubbed Holy Rollers, because they have real spiritual life in their meetings.

In Michigan we have another system of fake religion with its tribe of followers. They have converts from far away Australia where their missionaries are at work. At their purification meeting a great fire is built, where the converts throw their treasures into the flames, thus forsaking

all for the faith. An ark was being built to insure the faithful against the next destruction of the world by water.

And then comes the Church of Adam and Eve. The founder was apprehended in Idaho, without any clothing on, arrested, taken before the insane commissioners and placed in the insane asylum.

The Golden Rulers were led by a bare-footed, scantily-clad old man, who appeared in Oklahoma, declaring himself the New Adam. He gathered around him some foolish men and women and started for the Pacific coast to establish a New Eden. Their leader declared he would never die, but would disappear from earth in a cloud of fire. Some were arrested for vagrancy and others deserted.

The Brotherhood of Light lived in a colony several hundred miles from Denver. They had their abode on a ranch, living on apple sauce, dates and nuts.

Through special revelations from God (not the revamping of Old World theosophy, oh, no!), a new science dawns upon benighted humanity. People can now get rid of sickness which never existed, by the operation of mind upon matter, which does not exist, and also rid themselves of sin, which never did have any existence, and so escape the Devil and death, neither of which exist. Result: Look at the beautiful structures called "First Church of Christ Scientist" which, in operation, have no semblance of church, or Christ, or Christianity, or science -- the great quadruple misnomer of the latter times.

And the fakes and frauds and fools in religion have been in all the ages. A man goes through a series of fits, in which he is carried to the seventh heaven and gets his instructions from God himself and produces another Bible, the Koran, and in the course of time hundreds of millions of poor fools are ready to make the rest of the world Mohammedans at the point of the sword.

We were greatly impressed with an article in the paper concerning Lepaud, a member of the French Directory, who, after much study, had invented a new religion to be termed "Theophilanthropy." He became disappointed because it made no headway, and complained to Tallyrand, the great statesman of his time, of the difficulty in getting it started. Said Tallyrand, "I am not surprised at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is not an easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed."

"What is it? What is it?" asked Lepaud with eagerness. "It is this," said Tallyrand. "Go and be crucified, and then be buried, and then rise again the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end." And the philosopher, crestfallen and confounded, went his way.

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It is to be deplored that in the twentieth century of our civilization, people can still be found flocking to various noted shrines, depending upon charms for the protection of life and the maintenance of health, as well as looking to relics for the healing of disease. To this class of psychic deceptions belongs the whole category of Indian magic and Oriental psychic sophistry. It is nothing more or less than a gigantic system of trickery and humbuggery, which, whenever it works, is successful through the efficacy of suggestion. While a Hindu magician was causing snakes to crawl up a rope, an enterprising Yankee took a snap-shot of the performance, and on developing his negative, discovered only the picture of a rope -- there was no snake.

These various forms of occult teaching all depend upon their mysticism to hold the attention and reverence of the people. And it must be recognized that mysticism still possesses great power over the average citizen.

There can be little doubt that the majority of the prominent patent medicines on the market today, that do not owe their power to alcohol or some other deceptive habit-producing drug, owe their popularity and success to ingenious advertising and carefully prepared testimonials, all of which possess a high degree of suggestive therapeutic power.

Palmistry is more or less believed by a large number of people. A well-known professional palmist some time ago said that the only thing she could tell from looking at a person's hand, was whether or not he did hard work. She further explained that she made her delineations of character by looking at the face, talking with the person, and from her general impressions; that the practice of palmistry was merely a ruse for securing the attention of the people and getting their money. Certainly the study of the palms will not reveal the outcome of disease or the likelihood and character of future maladies. Palmistry, as it is professionally practiced, is a fraud from first to last.

Phrenology was never a science excepting in name. The term suggests a multitude of frauds. A professional phrenologist said he depended more upon the facial expression and the countenance than on the cranial bumps, when he tried to delineate character. Like palmistry, phrenology has been the means of separating many curious persons from their money. A young man was studying medicine when a phrenologist told him he would make a better lawyer. He gave up the study of medicine, and commenced the study of law, but made a complete failure of it. There ought to be a way of preventing these phrenological scalawags from misleading the unsophisticated and ignorant. The bumps on one's head might indicate something of what he had been, and what he had done, but they are of little value in determining what he can be or what he can do. It is true that when the brain has long been exercised and greatly developed at one particular point, the skull will protrude outward to accommodate this increased formation of brain substance, but it requires years to make these noticeable changes. The bumps on one's head can hardly be said to be definitely indicative of anything in the way of character or of specific mental powers. It is true only in the rough that a man can be judged by the form of his head.

Clairvoyance and fortune-telling are ingenious psychic fakes. Most successful clairvoyants are women who possess a keen sense of discrimination and discernment of character -- psychic gifts which are certainly worthy of better employment than in the ways and means commonly followed by professional clairvoyants.

The clairvoyants' advice cannot be true in the whole. Their claim of ability to predict events, to locate valuable mines, to settle domestic difficulties, to consummate love affairs, as well as to direct business policies, are all mere fraudulent pretensions. Sorrow of heart and pecuniary disaster have rewarded many an unsuspecting and trusting soul who attempted to follow their advice.

Fortune-telling and the use of dream books are other methods of confusing and confounding the minds of honest people. This whole nefarious scheme of keeping alive superstition is to be deplored. The time has certainly come when intelligent men and women should strike off these ancient fetters of psychic bondage.

Among the psychic delusions of the recent past which persist even to the present hour, are to be found the practices of crystal-gazing and shell-hearing. Certain persons with unstable nervous systems, when they have long gazed intently into a crystal, become, in a measure, auto-hypnotized. In such a state, groups of thoughts may be transmitted from the marginal consciousness to the central consciousness, with such a suddenness and vividness as to impress the crystal-gazer with the idea that they originated in the external world. These thoughts are suddenly projected outward from the consciousness, and take hold of the semi-hypnotized inquirer after the fashion of an ordinary hallucination. That is, the crystal-gazer has his subconscious images apparently projected into the crystal, so that he sees images, pictures, and other things, which, in his ignorance, he believes originate and actually exist in the crystal.

The old practice of shell-hearing is an instance of this same sort of reversion of psychic behavior. In this case voices originate in the marginal consciousness (the subconscious mind) and are projected outward into the shell, and thus the listener experiences auditory hallucinations. Crystal-gazing and shell-hearing are analogous to automatic writing and speaking.

In the cataleptic state, consciousness is diffused -- seems to be pushed far out toward the periphery. It is at a dead level of intensity. The mental life is largely in the dim marginal state. The physiological processes of the body are slowed down; in fact, they come to assume conditions very much like those which prevail in the hibernating animal. The body may become stiff and extraordinarily rigid. It is in this condition that the great trance mediums of history and of the present time usually are found when they receive their wonderful revelations and visions.

It is not uncommon for persons in a cataleptic trance to imagine themselves taking trips to other worlds. In fact, the wonderful accounts of their experiences, which they write out after these cataleptic attacks are over, are so unique and marvelous as to serve as the basis for founding new sects, cults, and religions. Many strange and unique religious movements have thus been founded and built up. It is an interesting study in psychology to note that these trance mediums always see visions in harmony with their own theological beliefs. For instance, a medium who believed in the natural immortality of the soul, was always led around on her celestial travels by some of her dead and departed friends. One day she changed her religious views -- became a soul-sleeper, and ever after that, when having trances, she was piloted about from world to world on her numerous heavenly trips by the angels; no dead nor departed friends ever made their appearance in any of her visions after this change in her belief.

Nearly all of those victims of trances and nervous catalepsy, sooner or later come to believe themselves to be messengers of God and prophets of Heaven; and no doubt most of them are sincere in this belief. Not understanding the physiology and psychology of their afflictions, they sincerely come to look upon their peculiar mental experiences as something supernatural, while their followers blindly believe anything they teach because of the supposed divine character of these so-called revelations.

As close of kin to trances and so-called visions should be mentioned the practices of automatic writing and speaking. The study of multiple personality has shed much light on the psychology of automatic writing. When practicing it, the patient may appear to be in his usual state; in fact, he may be conversing with some one in a perfectly normal and natural manner, when, if a pencil is placed in his hand, he will begin to write continuously, writing long essays which are carefully composed, logically arranged, and sometimes extraordinarily fine in rhetorical expression; and all this accomplished while the central consciousness is entirely ignorant and unconscious of everything that is going on.

This automatic writing is in no essential different from the experiences of crystal-gazing, shell-hearing, and hypnosis. In automatic writing the activities of the marginal consciousness are projected outward along the motor line of writing. In this case the subconscious activities are not sensory; the primary cause rests neither in auditory nor visual sensation, as in shell-hearing and crystal vision, but in sensations of touch and movement -- they are entirely motor. The central consciousness does not become aware of what is going on in the marginal consciousness until it sees the thoughts expressed by means of the words automatically written. It will be apparent that to the central consciousness these messages would indeed appear as coming from another world; and so many a psychically unbalanced person, who has been exercised by automatic writing, has been led in this way verily to suppose that these written messages were from the dead, or from the spirits inhabiting other planets.

The phenomenon of automatic speaking occurs in the same way. It is another case of a motor expression of psychic projection. This time the subject is concerned with spoken words, instead of written words. The speaking may take the form of meaningless syllables, which may sound like a new tongue, or the language may be entirely intelligible and logical. -- (Taken from "The Physiology of Faith and Fear, or The Mind in Health and Disease," by William S. Saddler, M. D.)

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022 -- NEWSPAPER FAKES

Fakes frequently find their way into the newspaper. It seems to be the policy of some newspapers to astonish the world by printing some startling and extravagant news on lines peculiarly interesting to the reading majority. How often we read of frightful disturbances in the sun, powerful influences of planetary conjunctions, affecting our world, the moon so many miles in acceleration, the gigantic sweep of the comet's tail, which might swish past this earth and who knows what consequences might follow! When Halley's comet was being announced in its last

advent, so much was pictured once in the sensational papers, that it caused the life of a number of the weaker minded and nervous readers. Some committed suicide, while others dropped off the stage of action through mere fright.

In 1919 there was great excitement, because of the most marvelous position of the planets in their relation to the sun. Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune on one side of the sun pulling with all their might, and Uranus directly in line on the other side, while the Earth was in position to get the full force of the gigantic sun spot at that time. Note the head lines: "Planets' Moving Into Huge Danger Zone; Earth Will Reel From Mighty Shock." Then follows some startling statements: "Owing to a strange grouping of six mighty planets, such as has not been in a score of centuries, the United States next December (1919) will be swept by the most terrific weather cataclysm experienced since human history began. It will be caused by the hugest sun spot on record."

"Such a sun spot will be rich enough in electro-magnetic energy to fling the atmosphere of our planet into a disturbance without precedent or parallel."

"Be warned in advance. Tremendous things are going to happen from Dec. 17, to Dec. 20, 1919, and afterwards."

"Such a grouping of planets has never been recorded before. The whole solar system will be strangely out of balance."

"Remember the date -- December 17 to 20, and after." These are only a few of the statements made.

And so I did remember. I clipped the article and kept tab on the date. I was in Idaho at the time of the "cataclysm." It was a time of real cold weather for that climate, the coldest of the winter. Outside of that I did not feel anything out of the ordinary, nor did I note anything in particular from the press. It seemed to be just one of those exciting fakes so prevalent in modern times. Look out for newspaper excitement. But when the old and thoroughly reliable book of prophecy foretells catastrophes, cataclysms, earthquakes, famines, pestilences and such like, then look out; not one jot or tittle of that prediction will fail; all will come to pass, It is well to post up on these points of eschatology and be prepared when they come to pass.

One of the large papers came out in flaming headlines, accompanied with startling pictures, concerning "The Mystery Of Jupiter's 'great Red Spot.'"

Then it stated that astronomers were watching eagerly the mighty convulsions on that giant planet, suspecting that they might be watching the birth of a new moon. Then follows a series of six pictures, the first showing the Great Red Spot as it appeared in 1879. The next picture showed the progress it had made up to 1916. The third picture shows a protuberance on the surface as it would appear in profile. The next picture shows the protuberance like a ball out a distance from the planet yet connected with the planet by a neck, and illustrating how the astronomers think it will shape itself in a few more years. The fifth picture in the series shows this ball just breaking loose from the mother planet, with the neck thinned out and severed. The last picture shows the ball a

new moon prepared to take its place in its orbit around Jupiter. Now this is quite exciting for those who are interested in astronomical information, but the thought comes to me, after reading so many fake articles here and there, is there anything in it, or is it just newspaper talk? Why is it that such things quiet down and that is the last of them?

One of the greatest fakes that was ever imposed upon a credulous public was the Moon-Hoax, and came out in the columns of the New York Sun as far back as 1835. It created a tremendous sensation not only in the United States, but practically throughout the civilized world. At this time astronomy was engaging the attention of the people, and much interest was being manifested in that direction. So much was being printed concerning this interesting science, that the people of this country to a very great extent had become "star-gazers." At the height of all the excitement along astronomical lines, one morning the New York Sun put out the startling announcement of "Great Astronomical Discoveries Lately Made by Sir John Herschel, LL.D., F. R. S., at the Cape of Good Hope," purporting to come from an Edinburgh journal. The excitement grew until the Sun office was crowded with people of high class and otherwise, all anxious for copies of the paper containing the marvelous news. The style of the narrative together with the amount of accurate scientific detail drew upon the people's credulity tremendously. The copy from the Journal started as follows:

"In this unusual addition to our Journal, we have the happiness to make known to the British public, and thence to the whole civilized world, recent discoveries in Astronomy, which will build an imperishable monument to the age in which we live, and confer upon the present generation of the human race a proud distinction through all future time. It has been poetically said, that the stars of heaven are the hereditary regalia of man, as the intellectual sovereign of the animal creation. He may now fold the Zodiac around him with a loftier consciousness of his mental superiority," etc.

It then went on to describe the younger Herschel as beyond anything which his father ever attained, who, by some achievement was about to unveil the stellar mysteries, and was fairly overcome at his own marvelous discoveries. Then came the following statement: "Well might he pause! He was about to become the sole depository of wondrous secrets, which had been hid from the eyes of all men that had lived since the birth of time. He was about to crown himself with a diadem of knowledge which would give him a conscious preeminence above every individual of his species who then lived or who had lived in the generations that are passed away. He paused ere he broke the seal of the casket that contained it."

It put the people all frantic, and it was impossible to supply the demand, for awhile, for papers containing the startling news.

The claim was, that the Edinburgh Journal got its information from one Doctor Andrew Grant, a man of much learning, who had been the companion for years of the astronomer, Herschel, and also of the son, and had made a trip with the younger Herschel to the Cape of Good Hope, where he had been sent by the British Government, and also working with the French and Austrian Governments to watch the transit of Mercury across the disc of the sun. This transit was not to occur before Nov. 1835, the same year that the Moon Hoax came out, but Sir John Herschel had gone nearly a year ahead, for the express purpose of putting to the test a new and great telescope

which he had devised through this special inspiration, which telescope was purported to surpass anything ever invented by any predecessor. It was discovered by previous astronomers, that objects of the starry world became dim in proportion as they were magnified, and beyond a certain limit the magnifying possibilities became nearly useless. Unless something could overcome this obstacle, a barrier lay in the way of future observations. It was claimed that by great research and application of previous improvements Sir John Herschel had succeeded in securing a most wonderful and magnified image of the moon, magnified six thousand times beyond its apparent size in the heavens. This would then bring the moon within a very short distance of the earth. The great object glass of the new telescope, twenty-four feet in diameter having been east, and weighing nearly seven tons, duly polished and without a flaw, was shipped to Cape Town. Here it was shipped thirty-five miles to the northeast, drawn by immense teams of oxen. Then came the information to the world of the wonderful success in obtaining a distinct view of the objects of the moon, settling the question beyond all dispute concerning the moon being inhabited and by what kind of beings. When this announcement was made the people went wild with excitement, and even more so when they read of the marvelous descriptions of pyramidal mountains, beautiful green valleys, and other scenic sights. So the excitement knew no bounds. Then followed a concise description of the animals of earth's satellite, "herds of brown quadrupeds," and "a quadruped with an amazing long neck, head like a sheep," etc.

But to cap the climax there came a fine description of the human inhabitants, "four feet high, covered, except in the face, with short, glossy, copper-colored hair," and "with wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly back upon their backs from the top of their shoulders to the calves of their legs," etc. After exploiting the beauties of these grassy swards, the account comes to an end by referring the readers to a work on the subject by Herschel, and for which they may still be looking, if they have not their eyes yet open.

It is said that the gravest and the wisest were taken in by this stupendous fake announcement, and the New York Sun gained more than fifty thousand to its subscription as over against twenty-five hundred when the hoax was first started. It was the making as it were of the periodical. The proprietors sold \$25,000 worth of the "Moon-Hoax" at their stand, selling an edition of sixty thousand in pamphlet form.

Who was the author of this fraud? He was a literary man along mathematical and astronomical lines, and at that very time was connected with the paper. He was a young man, who has since been known in politics and also literature -- Richard Adams Locke. He said his original object in writing such a story was to satirize some extravagances of a certain person and to make some astronomical suggestions which he felt diffident about offering seriously. It was so widespread here and also in Europe that Sir John Herschel had to write a denial of it over his own signature. Many languages printed it, some with beautiful illustrations. Papers all over this country where such were printed came out with their acceptance of the wonderful discoveries, and were eclipsed by the approval of scientific journals in other countries. So we see how easy the people are to swallow fakes. How blessed it would be if all would so easily believe the Book of books, the Bible!

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023 -- THE WATERLOO FAKE

Among the notable fakes palmed off on the public was that concerning the Battle of Waterloo. One party went there years ago and took in the sights. He was shown where the Duke of Wellington took his station during a great part of the battle; where Napoleon placed his favorite guard; the little mound used for a temporary observatory during the battle; and various other spots of great interest to the tourist. This traveler, feeling that much fiction was connected with the whole arrangement, asked the guide if he could tell where Captain Tippitiwichet, of the Connecticut Fusileers, was killed. "Oui, Monsieur," he replied, with perfect confidence, for he must be acquainted with every particular. He then indicated the locations where a number of other fictitious friends from Coney Island, New Jersey, Cape Cod, and Saratoga Springs, had fallen and died.

As the traveler was leaving the notable battlefield, he was accosted by a number of persons of both sexes with baskets or bags containing reliques of the battle for sale. They had a variety of implements of war, pistols, bullets, brass French eagles, buttons, etc. Accordingly a number of these notable reliques were bought.

Several months following this visit to the battle grounds, this traveler was in Birhampton and made the acquaintance of a firm who manufactured to order and sent to Waterloo barrels of "reliques" every year. At Waterloo these reliques are planted, and later on dug up and sold at high prices as remembrances of the great battle. His purchases looked rather cheap after that information.

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024 -- THE RIZA BEY FAKE

The reign of Louis XIV was one of gorgeous extravagance, beautiful structures, great festivals, high-toned equipage, wonderful campaigns and victories. He was the great aristocratic monarch of his times. His reign was noted for the special and high class embassies sent to the court of France by the foreign powers.

The significant motto of Louis XIV was, "I am the State." And that was about true, for in him were concentrated the powers of the realm, and it would not go well with one who dared to trifl with one so august. He had moved on from conquering to conquest, adding cities and provinces to his dominions, his name ringing throughout the world, as it were. From the far East the King of Siam sent a costly embassy carrying his congratulations.

Louis had moved the splendor of his household to the new and beautiful palace of Versailles where wealth and splendor had been lavished. And there in the beautiful Hall of Mirrors he received the homage of nobles and the foreign embassies. Something had to be out of the ordinary that would excite any particular attention. Stupendous displays elsewhere were only the ordinary at Versailles. But at last something did arise that made the monarch and the people sit up and take notice -- a Persian embassy, one from the great Eastern Empire, which had formerly controlled the Oriental world, still abounding in fabulous wealth and splendor.

One morning came the formal announcement to Louis, that His Most Excellency, Riza Bey, with his attendants and equipages, had arrived at the port of Marseilles, having come by way of Constantinople, to bring him congratulations and gorgeous gifts from the Shah of Persia. This was entirely in line with the proud French ruler, who was feeling that he was the greatest man on this mundane sphere. He was greatly pleased with this Persian demonstration, and gave his orders that no expense should be spared in giving the strangers a reception worthy of himself and France.

As the great Ambassador wended his way from Marseilles, it was one continued ovation. Triumphal arches, chiming of bells, bonfires, yelling crowds, military parades, etc., met these great people from the far East.

But Riza Bey and his attendants did not present so gorgeous a display as was expected. They were rather a dusky lot of Persians to behold, having with them some camels, antelopes, song birds and monkeys, like any caravan, and dressed in peculiar and outlandish attire. Their language was gibberish to the French, and they did things never seen nor done before in that section of the world. But this only delighted the people. The fame of the whole thing made it most wonderful.

After quite a while of slow travel, the Persian embassy arrived at their destination, where they were welcomed with much glory. Riza Bey loomed up in his tall rimless hat, his silk robes hanging to his heels, covered with painted figures and shining metal decorations of various shapes and sizes, unknown to those of Europe. A collar, apparently of gold, set with stones, encircled his neck, while huge glittering rings were on his fingers and even his thumbs. His train of servants were similarly decked out in fashion, but not so much with jewelry.

The great Ambassador and his suite were then housed in the old royal residence of Tuileries. Banqueting and music were the order of the first evening. The next day Louis XIV sent the most polished diplomatist of France to announce to the Ambassador and his retinue that he would receive them on the third evening. In the meantime, most extensive preparations were carried out, and at the proper time, the Gallery of Mirrors, with corridors and adjoining spaces were packed with the beauty and chivalry and intellect of France at that period of dazzling splendor. The gallery which is three hundred eighty feet long and fifty feet in height, gets its name from the expensive mirrors which adorn its walls, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The windows were hung with cosily silk curtains and adorned with historical statuary. Great marble vases lined the stairways, while twelve thousand wax lights in beautiful chandeliers shone upon the assembled nobility. It was a most dazzling scene of splendor. Louis appeared to fine advantage. His royal countenance shone with pride as the Envoy of the Oriental king approached the throne on which he was seated, and, as he descended a step to meet him, the Persian Ambassador bent his knee, and with head uncovered, presented his credentials.

A grand ball and supper were the conclusion of this night of regal splendor, and Riza Bey was properly received at the French court, all the members of which, in trying to please the King, tried to exceed the others in his attentions and the books, pictures, gems, etc., which they lavished upon the noble Persian, which he and his companions diligently packed away when they were left alone.

The presents of the Shah of Persia had not yet arrived, but were in daily expectation by way of Marseilles, and from day to day, the retinue was lessened by the departure of one of the number with his chest, on some special mission, so it was said, to England, Austria, or some other country. In the mean time Riza Bey was banqueted here and there, and entertained in various ways. The King gave the Persian numerous personal interviews, at which times the Envoy in broken French, laid before him the great schemes of Oriental conquest and commerce, stating that the Shah was willing to share this with his great brother of France. At one of these times, after the King had presented to Riza Bey his own portrait set in diamonds, and other valuable gifts amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value, Riza Bey gave to Louis several elegant pieces of opal and turquoise claimed to have been found in the country bordering on the Caspian sea, which abounded with these limitless treasures, and which the Shah proposed to divide with France for her alliance. This captured Louis, for these specimens, as they were deemed, must be worth, if they were genuine, a vast amount of money, and a country where they abounded, was something to consider. The sucker had caught on, and Riza Bey took his time. The presents kept flowing in, and his entertainment was all provided for at the Tuileries. The most expensive wares of various kinds were gathered without any payment at all. One by one the Persian crowd had separated for various parts of Europe until only two or three were left with the Envoy.

Finally, word came that the gifts from the Shah had arrived and a day was set for their presentation. The day arrived and all was jubilee. The King and his court waited, but no Ambassador, the Riza Bey was not, and no gifts from the Oriental Shah. That morning three men, without the usual robes of honor, but in other attire, had left their beautiful place of entertainment at daybreak and came no more. Riza Bey and his confederates had gone with their bundle which was small in bulk, but held the most valuable parts of their month's plunder. The valuable gems given to the king, turned out to be a new variety of colored glass, worth perhaps thirty cents, about like what the King felt when he discovered that it was all a fake from start to finish. They never got on the trail of these fakes. It was afterwards believed that a noted barber and suspected bandit, who had once traveled in Persia and there gathered the knowledge and money that made it possible for the ruse, was the perpetrator of this joke, as he had disappeared from his city about the time of the embassy in France and did not return.

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025 -- THE PRINCESS CARIBOO FAKE

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Bristol was the second city in Great Britain in commerce, having an extensive trade in the East Indies. Here were aristocracy, wealth, fashion, and shrewdness in business. One evening a leading hotel of that city was thrown into great excitement by the announcement that Princess Cariboo, a lady of fabulous wealth and great beauty had just arrived from the Orient by ship. This information came about through her agent, a small specimen like an Asiatic, who spoke some English, and ordered the finest suite of rooms in the hotel. Excitement and activity prevailed, which increased till the noted Princess arrived. She put in her appearance in great pomp, accompanied by two or three coaches loaded with servants and baggage. The servants were of dark complexion and clothed in fantastic style, while the luggage was a lot of curious bundles way out of the ordinary. The expectations of the people of the hotel were fully met in the great beauty of the stranger, her Oriental dress, together with its

magnificence, as also that of her attendants, and the great bulk of her baggage. The stranger was very liberal with her money to the servants, giving them nothing less than gold.

But the lady from the far East spoke no word of English, and her agent was none too fluent in his English vocabulary. This was the opportune time for the landlord to rake in the money by excessive charges for entertainment; so he laid himself out in the preparation of rooms, a sumptuous feast, and accompanying ceremony. But the Princess lady, while seemingly pleased with the layout, preferred her own cook, who looked like an almond-eyed Oriental, with his pig-tailed queue hanging from his head, who moved about in the yard with his little brass utensils, wherein he prepared his rice and curry powder, and various herbs, etc.

For a few days the hotel was in a frenzy of excitement over the actions of the Princess and her retinue of attendants. Nothing had ever been seen in those parts to equal the fantastic combinations of her apparel, while the gymnastics and strange chantings of the servants were deafening to those of near proximity. This was kept up during a goodly portion of the night. The agent failed to disclose the nature of this strange anomaly, and the city was in the dark as to the object of their visit, until a leading paper came out with the announcement, that it was pleased to make the public acquainted with the fact that a very interesting and eminent personage had come from her home in the far-off East to offer His Majesty the King unobstructed commerce, and also the friendship of her realm, remarkable for its wealth and beauty. The paper gave her a most fitting send-off, which was taken up by other papers even more extravagantly. One journal gave a description of her wanderings and adventures in the far-off country, as it was obtained from the Asiatic agent. The particular spot of her residence was an island of great fertility, rich and populous, having beautiful arts which to the European nations were unknown. A certain young Englishman of great rank had been shipwrecked near her home, and she had become desperately enamored of him, but he had escaped to a Chinese port and afterwards had come to Europe. The Princess was in search of this object of her love. In order to accomplish her desires she had made up her mind to break over the customs of her own country and form an alliance with the country of the one whom she loved.

These were the statements spread broadcast. The stories did not lessen by travel, for monstrous diamonds and great pearls were said to be used as buttons in her paraphernalia, while her silks and other finery were fabulously expensive. These marvelous announcements of wealth and beauty and peculiar mission set the upper-crust of society in a perfect furor of excitement. The floods of attention poured in by the higher classes. The aristocracy of Bristol tried to outdo each other in their attentions and demonstrations. The street in front of the hotel was daily lined with magnificent carriages, while her reception rooms were thronged with the bon ton of the place. Milliners and dress makers presented to the Princess Cariboo their finest hats and dresses, to show her the fashions and obtain her patronage. From the dry-goods stores came beautiful patterns, perfumers gave her toilet-eases with sweet odors, jewelers lavished their gems, florists piled around her their finest flowers. Pictures, oil paintings and ivory portraits were among the gifts, and her own beauty was reproduced by the artists. This kept up till she was the talk of the town -- yes, of the Kingdom. Great entertainments were given in her behalf in the private mansions. Finally, a leading man in the city succeeded in getting up a grand reception in the town hall, which was attended by throngs from far and near.

While this was going on, the question in the minds of the people was, Where is this Cariboo country, this mysterious island?

All this excitement continued for about two weeks, until the city and surrounding country had made fools of themselves.

Finally, all the luggage of Princess Cariboo was shipped on a small vessel to be taken to London, while she gave out, through her agent, that she would go by coach. While the best carriages were placed at her disposal, she very courteously declined their offers, and started out in the night with a hired turnout, attended by her servants.

Weeks rolled by and yet there was no announcement of her arrival at London, or at any of the intervening cities, after the first two or three near Bristol. Due inquiry was made, but after all search was in vain, it finally dawned upon the dignitaries that they had been duped. The landlord at whose expense the company had been so grandly entertained had accepted the agent's order on a Calcutta firm" in London for one thousand pounds, and found himself out of pocket. The one who got up the great reception at the town hall and who lavishly spent his money in connection therewith, came in with his share of shame. The merchants and all who lavished their wares on the Princess, felt that they had been fooled. The great Princess Cariboo had disappeared about as mysteriously as she had come.

Years following, the inhabitants of Bristol were ridiculed throughout the Kingdom, and songs of burlesque concerning the fake were the order of the day. One of these claimed that the Princess was only an actress, born near that city where she practiced this fake, and was assisted by a lot of dissolute young noblemen and actors, who furnished her with the money for the occasion, got up the Oriental costumes, published the lies, thus promoting the hoax. Anyway, it probably netted them considerable of a sum in the long run.

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026 -- THE BUM FAKES

Three bums met in an old, windowless shack in Lynn, Mass., and there concocted plans to "take in" the pastors of the place and get money for booze. After considering the scheme from their standpoint, they concluded to put up a pitiful story, work upon the pastors' sympathy, and thereby pull from their pockets enough to tide them over in their dire need. The first victim was to be the easiest mark, and they settled on the Nazarene pastor, Rev. T. E. Beebe. Accordingly, one was dispatched to visit said pastor, while the others waited around the corner to watch developments. Mr. Hobo appeared at the parsonage and was soon informing the tenderhearted clergyman of his misfortunes, and occasionally gouged out some crocodile tears from his eyes. Pastor Beebe listened attentively, and finally, looking the measly mendicant in the eyes, said, "I know all about this plot. You three men met in an old shack, and put up this scheme to do every preacher in town, and you would take the easiest one first, and come to the Nazarene church. Now I am going to call up the police and have you arrested." The poor fellow dropped on his knees and begged for mercy. Finally, after the fellow had begged again and again for clemency, the pastor told him he would let him off, if he would make good. At this the now happy hobo left, and when he got out of the house

ran in the opposite direction from which he had left his accomplices. These saw him running, and evidently thinking he had accomplished his purpose and was running away from them so that he could keep all the money himself, they took after him at full speed. We have no information as to the distance they ran or what was the final outcome, but it may be of interest to the reader to know how Pastor Beebe so successfully hit the nail on the head. It came about in this way: Someone was reading a paper close to this shack and overheard the conversation of the hoboies, and at once called up the parsonage, right while the fake was giving his pitiful story. The pastor's wife answered the phone, got the information, and immediately called her husband out of the room and posted him of the plot. In that way the pastor was ready for him at the "psychological moment."

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027 -- THE STRANGER FAKE

In Ft. Worth, Tex., one night, a gentleman and his wife returned home from a prayer meeting. On entering the house they saw that it was lighted, and a stranger sitting at the supper table, making himself at home as he ate of the food which had been left from the evening meal. When the owners of the home entered, this stranger looked up with a smile, and said, "I'll bet you don't know who I am! Guess." They guessed, but did not get it right, and were kept guessing for some time as the stranger kept on eating. Finally, when they had guessed out and failed, he told them he was not going to tell them just then who he was, but that his mother was down at the depot waiting, and he would go down there and get her and bring her up. At that the mysterious man disappeared, and the folks are still guessing who he was.

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028 -- THE GOLDEN PIGEON FAKE

One day a German walked into Barnum's Museum in New York and asked Barnum if he would like to buy a pair of living golden pigeons. Mr. Barnum replied that he would like a flock of golden pigeons, if he could purchase them for their weight in silver, stating that there were no golden pigeons in existence, unless they were made from the pure metal. The German walked into the office, closed the door behind him and removed the lid from a small basket which he carried, and there in it was a pair of beautiful, living, ruffnecked pigeons, yellow and bright as pure gold. Mr. Barnum was rather staggered at the sight, and inquired from whence they came. The German asked him what he thought of them, and Mr. Barnum said he thought it was a humbug. The Teutonic gentleman saw that he could not fool Mr. Barnum, and admitted that he had colored them. He was a chemist, and had the art of coloring birds any hue he wished, and yet hold the natural gloss of the feathers, which gave them the appearance of reality. Mr. Barnum purchased the pair of golden pigeons for ten dollars and had them placed with the "Happy Family," marking them "Golden Pigeons from California." Mr. Taylor, who had charge of the "Happy Family" soon came down all excited, stating to Mr. Barnum, that he could not think of placing such beautiful golden pigeons with the "Happy Family" for they were too valuable and might get hurt. They were by far the most beautiful pigeons he had ever seen, and he did not want to jeopardize their lives. They were then placed in a cage by themselves.

The taxidermist and naturalist of the Museum had been there for a long time. He was a Frenchman and well versed in Natural History in his own and the English language. He was seventy-five years old, yet took a most lively interest in Natural History. He was greatly astonished over these golden pigeons from California. He looked them over for half an hour in much delight, talking of their beautiful color, and their close resemblance to the American ruff-neck pigeon. After awhile he came into Mr. Barnum's office and declared that they could not be from California, that a certain author mentioned no such bird in his work upon American Ornithology. Barnum asked him to take the book home with him that night and maybe by studying it closely he might change his mind.

The next day the naturalist came to Barnum's office declaring that the birds were more rare than Barnum imagined. They were not mentioned by Cuvier, Goldsmith, or any other writer on natural history so far as he had been able to learn. He thought they must have come from some unexplored region of Australia.

On Fourteenth Street was a menagerie run by "Old Grizzly Adams," one-half interest of which belonged to Mr. Barnum. The grizzly bears and other animals of this menagerie had been captured by "Old Grizzly Adams" himself, and he was in the habit of telling Munchausen tales about his marvelous exploits in California; in fact he was simply a base fabricator. Mr. Barnum was desirous of showing him up and humiliating him somewhat on account of this sad propensity, and it was with this in view that he purchased the golden pigeons. The old prevaricator soon spied the beautiful "Golden California Pigeons" and told Mr. Barnum that he must let him have them, that all the birds and animals from California should be together. Mr. Barnum hesitated on account of the rarity and value of such birds, and that they would attract much attention in the museum; whereupon, Adams declared they were just as common in California as any other pigeon. He said he could have brought a hundred from California, if he had thought of it, but he did not think they would be any curiosity in New York. He had eaten them in pigeon pies hundreds of times and shot them by the thousands. Mr. Barnum was about to burst with laughter to see how readily Adams had taken the bait, but he held in.

Finally, Mr. Adams was allowed to take the pigeons, with the statement that he might write to California for a half dozen pairs for the Museum. Mr. Adams said he would write to a friend in San Francisco and would have them in two months.

Several weeks after this incident, Mr. Barnum was in the menagerie and noticed that the golden pigeons had become frightfully mottled in appearance. The feathers had grown out and were half white. Adams had been so busy that he had not noticed the change. Mr. Barnum called him up to the cage and told him that they must be very sick; that they were turning pale. Adams looked at them a moment in astonishment, and then seeing that Barnum could not hold back the smile, he indignantly exclaimed: "Blast the golden pigeons! You had better take them back to the Museum. You can't humbug me with your painted pigeons." That was too much for Barnum, and he laughed till he cried, as he took in the look of astonishment and vexation upon the face of Adams. Then said Mr. Barnum: "These 'Golden Pigeons' are very common in California, I think I heard you say. When do you think my half dozen pairs will arrive?" With the word "humbug" lingering upon his lips, Adams disappeared behind a cage of grizzly bears. While it did not seem to cure the fabricator entirely, after that he seemed to be more careful about telling his tremendous tales.

Before closing this fake incident of the golden pigeons, let me add in connection with it an amusing incident. Mr. Barnum had some "Golden Angel Fish" in the aquarium. These were real nature-colored fish and not a fake. A lady friend of Mr. Barnum's saw the fish and told him that he could not humbug her, that the fish were painted, he tried to show her how impossible that could be for paint to adhere thus in water, and if it could, it would kill the fish. She was finally nearly convinced of her misjudgment and left. The afternoon of the same day, Mr. Barnum met the same lady in the menagerie. Knowing that he owned a share of the menagerie, the lady came up to him with glistening eyes and in great excitement, telling him that she had never seen anything so beautiful as those elegant "Golden Pigeons," and wanted to secure some of the eggs and let her pigeons hatch them at home; that she would prize them beyond all measure. Mr. Barnum informed her that she did not want them, for they were painted. "No, they are not painted," she said, with a laugh, "but I half believe the 'Angel Fish' is." Mr. Barnum could not control himself at the curious coincidence, and he roared with laughter, assuring her that the pigeons were really painted, and that they were nothing more than the common ruff-necked pigeons of America.

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029 -- THE ADVERTISEMENT FAKE

Many years ago a new kind of fake advertisement came out in the newspapers and handbills, which at once created much attention on account of its novelty. The article in question was "Pease's Horehound Candy." It was a good specific for coughs and colds. This method was doubtless original with Mr. Pease, and all down the advertising age it has been imitated. His method was to choose some leading topic of the day and write up something interesting on that line, covering from fifty to a hundred lines, and then gradually shift off to the praises of "Pease's Horehound Candy." The result was, that the reader would be entirely misled by the beginning of the article, and before he was through, his mouth would be watering for some of that candy. It was hardly possible to pick up a newspaper and begin to read the news of the day, without running into a package of the horehound candy advertisement. After reading a quarter of a column on some interesting line of news, it would be often vexing to find oneself trapped into reading Pease's horehound advertisement. While one might feel like throwing down the paper in disgust, yet the novelty of the thing would tide the matter over, and probably end in a smile. Of course it resulted in the purchase of the remedy when the readers would find a cold on hand.

A low-down rascal in Philadelphia had pulled the wires and been elected as an alderman. He was wild and eccentric, and extravagant in his vociferations against the "infernal tories" of his day. Trouble was brewing in the state of Rhode Island, and it looked as if there might be precipitated a civil war. It looked as if blood might soon begin to flow. One day standing out in front of his office, this alderman began a tirade against the tories down at Harrisburg. He declared that they would see blood running down the streets before a month. This caused his friends to laugh heartily. "Oh, you may laugh," said he, "but you will see it -- see if you don't." Just then a newsboy passed. The alderman purchased the paper, opened it, anxious to see what they were doing down at Harrisburg. "Ah! what is this?" said the excited alderman, as he read in the paper: "Blood, blood, blood!" Aha! laugh, will you, gentlemen? Here it is." He then proceeded to read: "Blood,

blood, blood! The Dorites have got possession of Providence. The military are called out. Father is arrayed against father, and son against son. Blood is already running in our streets'."

Said the excited alderman: "Now laugh, will you, gentlemen? Blood is running in the streets of Providence; blood will be running in the streets of Philadelphia before you are a fortnight older! The tories of Providence and the tories of Harrisburg must answer for this blood, for they and their unconstitutional proceedings are the cause of its flowing! Let us see the rest of this tragic scene."

He proceeds to read further: "Is there any remedy for this dreadful state of things'?"

Answering the question himself, the alderman said: "Of course not, except to hang every rascal of them for trampling on our glorious Constitution."

The Alderman continues to read: "Is there any remedy for this dreadful state of things? Yes, there is'."

Said the very excited alderman: "Oh, there is, is there? What is it? Let me see," and he proceeds to read: "'Buy two packages of Pease's Horehound Candy'."

With words of contempt he threw the paper upon the pavement, amid the shouts and hurrahs of a score of men who had gathered around the excited alderman.

This method of fake advertising has certainly been a bore ever since Pease originated it. The reader of these lines doubtless has had his individual experience of disgust more than Once as he has been trapped.

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030 -- THE MERMAID FAKE

The fake world is some world indeed. Into every crack and crevice where it is possible to project itself, there it is to be found. It is so akin to fraud that it is hard to differentiate. When Barnum discovered the marvelous mermaid fish, he purchased it, and astonished the world with it. There it was on exhibition -- the body of a scaly fish, and the head, arms and upper portion of a being very similar indeed to a human being. Certainly the world had read of the mermaid, but here it was right before their eyes. Finally, the curiosity wore off. Then in different places over the country this strange, lifeless, dried creature appeared. Barnum's was not alive. And so for many years it has been on exhibition in show windows all over the country. Probably the mass of the people have little idea where this fake originated. To make the story short, it came from Japan. The Japs manufactured it, Barnum bought it, the people believed it, and so the story and interest spread. It was a simon-pure fake.

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PART III -- FREAKS

Here opens a realm of interesting curiosities. ,Freaks, like fakes and fads, abound in every direction. We hardly know where to begin, and when we get started it will be hard to quit. Let us first get a proper definition of the word "freak."

1. A sudden causeless change of mind; a capricious prank; whim; vagary.
2. A marked deviation from the normal type; malformation; monster; as, a freak of nature.
3. In the show business, a monstrosity or living curiosity of any kind; as, the freaks in a museum.

Let us first notice some freaks of nature.

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031 -- VEGETABLE FREAKS

A potato was exhibited in Tacoma, Washington, called the "Prize Pig Potato." The farmer built a pigsty around it and exhibited it to the neighbors. Nature had produced a freak potato which looked like a pig. It sold for \$150 to a dime museum.

Near Cairo, Ill., was raised on a farm, a yam, or kind of sweet potato, eighteen inches long, with a reptilian body, spreading head like an adder, a ferocious face, and three legs. It was called the "Gila Monster." Of its own accord it began to sprout a tail. It was quite popular.

"Great Snakes!" cried a California farmer, when he beheld a freak of nature in his cucumber garden. It looked more like a long gopher snake than a cucumber. It was about a yard long, and an inch and a half thick, and tapered to a pointed tail, with many wriggings and convolutions on the way.

A man planted a squash vine alongside a ditch, and as the vine grew across the ditch one squash concluded to grow in midair. Not having anything below for support, its weight pulled it downward as it grew until the end of the squash touched the bottom of the ditch. This pull of its own weight elongated the squash, but towards the end where it was supported it got thicker, so that its shape when fully grown was almost that of a baseball bat. To see the photograph reminds one at once of a baseball bat indeed. A freak squash was this.

Near the city of Monterey, Calif., is the celebrated Cypress Forest. Here is seen the Ostrich tree. It is about fifty feet in height and more than sixty feet in length, having two trunks. Located on a bluff, overlooking the ocean, to the spectator, its dark-colored trunk and foliage contrast against the light blue of the sky, and give it very much the appearance of a gigantic ostrich. It is a marvelous specimen of one of Nature's freaks.

A number of miles north of San Bernardino, Calif., in the Big Bear Lake country, is the noted Picture Frame tree. It is one of the mammoth pines, one of the oldest in that section, about

eighty feet in height and six in diameter, at the base. This picture frame, formed by the branches of the tree is something like twenty feet wide, by thirty-five or forty in height, the branches running out straight from the body of the tree, forming the top and bottom of the picture frame, while the main body of the tree, together with a near-by tree form the two sides. This is one of the popular objectives for tourists in that section.

Near Victorville, Calif., is the Star Fish Cactus tree. It stands out like a sentinel in this great desert country, where it can be seen for a great distance in all directions. At its thickest portion the trunk is about two and one-half feet in diameter, and its height about twenty-five. The arms or points of the star extend out from the trunk some ten or twelve feet, and form the shape of a great star fish.

In Arizona is a giant cactus which is in the shape of a spur. The curious form is caused by the wind bending the top over until it touched the earth and took root. This makes a great arch with the spur part growing up from near the center of the arch. A horse standing in the arch with head erect would scarcely reach one-third the distance to the top, while the spur projection reaches probably twenty feet higher.

The great cactus "hand" is also found in Arizona. This giant cactus looms high in the air, and assumes the form of a hand with numerous fingers and thumbs. A man on horseback alongside of it is a small object indeed.

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032 -- GEOLOGICAL FREAKS

Nature has produced some marvelous freaks in the mountains. One great rock looks like George Washington. Another is called "The Old Man of the Mountains." The Garden of the Gods in Colorado presents many freaks in the form of the toadstool, the balanced rock, weighing 500 tons and balanced on a base of only four feet, the ship's deck, the cathedral spires, the bear and seal, and many other curiosities. In the great underground caverns, such as the Mammoth Cave, are many striking freaks in the shape of pulpits, caskets, etc., attractive to the tourist.

Way up in the Rocky Mountains is to be seen the wonderful Holy Cross. This is formed by the white snow which lodges in the cations of those high elevations, which happens to intersect in a way that resembles a cross. Only in the hottest seasons does the cross disappear.

Above San Bernardino, California, is a most remarkable freak in the mountains. It is called the Arrowhead, and is caused by a bare place on the side of the mountain, having the appearance that everything had been cleared off, brush, obstacles and all, leaving a large area very bare, and that area in the exact shape of a great Indian arrowhead. Below this strange freak is the famous hotel named from the arrowhead. It is said that when the Mormons came from Utah to settle this part of California, they were told to go on till they came to the arrowhead in the mountains.

The Rocking Stone of Tandil was one of the curiosities of South America, and located in Argentina. Although it weighed hundreds of tons, it was balanced so well on a sloping surface that

it could be moved by the hand or rocked by the wind. It is claimed that the top would sway twenty-four inches in a breeze. A few years ago it fell from its balanced position where it had been for centuries. Authorities claim that the cause of its falling was due to the wearing away at the point of contact on account of swaying for centuries. -- (Current Events)

In some places along the ocean shore, through long ages, the waves have washed away portions of rock till they have left fantastic shapes. A rock on the Newfoundland coast is so much like a man, that visitors have difficulty in believing that it is not the work of an ingenious sculptor. The nose, mouth, eyes and forehead are almost perfectly formed, while the very expression is extremely thoughtful.

In my boyhood home near Santa Barbara, California, is what is called Abe Lincoln's profile. There in the mountains forming a skyline, is the head and chest, very much in appearance to Honest Abe.

On the Aegean Sea, an arm of the Mediterranean, is a splendid timepiece provided by nature, and when the sun is shining, there is no need of a clock. Though the centuries roll on, this faithful timepiece never changes. It is Nature's largest sun dial. From the waters of the sea projects a large promontory which lifts its head three thousand feet above the waters. The hour marks for this great dial freak are islands in the sea which are an exact distance apart, and when the sun swings around, the pointed shadow of this great promontory just touches these islands one hour apart. This is a most remarkable freak of nature.

We have all had our fun making bubbles, but we have never made one so large as Nature did in Iceland known as Surtur's Cave. This is an immense bubble of lava hundreds of feet in length, formed during some volcanic eruption when lava filled the floor of the valley. There it cooled off on top and the lava drained away to some lower level. It has numerous side caverns, and once the stronghold for a band of outlaws. Way back within this arching bubble are some wonderful ice chambers. From its crystal floor, rise groups of transparent icy pillars, while ice pendants drop down from above to meet them. When travelers explore it, their candle lights reflect from these brilliant formations till the whole cavern bubble shines with wonderful luster.

In the San Bernardino mountains, just north of the city of San Bernardino, and a mile or more above the sea level is Heart Rock. When viewed directly from above, the hole within the rock is a remarkably accurate reproduction of the figure of a heart. The hole is about four feet in length and three and a half feet in width. The rock has been in this shape as long as the oldest residents can remember. It was doubtless worn in the granite by the constant pounding of the water falling over the ledge just above. Heart Rock is one of the places of visitation for campers and tourists in those parts, and hundreds go yearly to see this freak in nature.

A beautiful suburban town in Los Angeles is called Eagle Rock City. It derives its name from a mammoth rock near by, pushing its precipitous side out from the mountain slope, and standing perhaps a hundred feet high. On the face of this great rock, Nature has chiseled a great eagle with wide-spread wings as if taking a flight; hence, the name Eagle Rock. The people gather there on Easter morn for a sunrise service.

We have the Natural Bridge of Virginia, a curious freak of Nature, where is "a bridge not made with hands, which spanned a river, carried a highway, and made two mountains one." But the largest natural bridge in the world is found in Utah, called the Rainbow Natural Bridge. It is 309 feet high with a 279 feet span. This is certainly some wonderful bridge cut out by nature. The United States can boast of upwards of fifty of these natural wonders.

On the Santa Fe railroad is a station called Wagon Mound. It is evidently named from a great rock near by, some fifty or a hundred feet high and in shape is like one of the old-fashioned covered wagons or prairie schooners now about obsolete.

There is a weather-worn rock in Corsica, in the form of some great animal lying down. Its giant head projects out in bold relief, and Nature has even remembered to carve an eye with the white spot and the dark in evidence. One questions what kind of an animal it represents, whether a hippopotamus, a crocodile, or a cross between a camel and an ox. It is truly a freak specimen of geology.

On the Yorkshire moors are to be seen the "dancing bear," and the monkey-faced rocks. These are grotesque and funny indeed.

One of the most remarkable likenesses of a human being in stone is the Mark Twain rock in Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The wonderful profile is a fine representation of the great humorist as seen in a hearty laugh.

In Southern California are some of Nature's finest carvings. There the massive cliffs and rocks have been shaped by winds, rains, and the elements in general, so that they present the most wonderful likenesses of both ancient and modern buildings and even animals. These are also endowed with the most gorgeous colorings. "There are pillars and columns, plain, fluted and chased; pilasters and colonnades, tiny and titanic, rising tier upon tier, mile after mile, far skyward; arcades, balustrades, corridors, temples, castles, cathedrals, towers, domes, spires, sphinxes, gargoyles -- all perfectly molded and exquisitely adorned in Nature's silent studio."

On an eminence at the head of the cation stands the Temple of the Sun, 125 feet in height, approached through terraced entrance-ways where the crumbled walls form an enclosure 150 feet in diameter -- an ideal amphitheater. It looks as if it was really made by human hands. Near by is the commanding Sentinel Tower.

Here is seen also the "Buried City" the sculptured effects of which are so marvelous that it is hard to realize that human hands had no part in shaping them. They are like temples carved out of the great rocky cliff. The "White Chapel" is another wonderful piece of sculpture resembling the front of some great chapel.

Another masterpiece is the "Closed Cathedral" gorgeously colored and magnificent. It is of great size, with an entrance twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet wide, and solidly blocked to a depth of twelve feet. White, deep blue, yellow, red, green, and intervening shades call for their share in the decoration, and in places suggest stained window glass. The whole aspect suggests

antiquity. It is said that the cathedral effect is so realistic, that one involuntarily listens for the bells to call to worship.

Also in the mountains of Southern California is the "Devil's Post Pile." It is not a timber yard as one might think at first, but immense columns of basalt standing together on end, some sixty or seventy feet high, like a mammoth pile of posts, six-sided in shape. In front of this post pile is a great yard full of the broken pieces and piled over each other in chaotic mass.

One of the strange freaks of nature and natural wonders of the world is the Moaning Cave near Vallecito, Calif. This cave has been known for many years, but only recently explored. It is a mammoth cistern-like opening in the bowels of the earth, with two openings, or holes from the top. From its depths comes a moaning sound like the gasps of a dying person, which gives rise to its name. The warmer the weather the louder the moan. During the winter months it is not heard. It is difficult to locate the place from which the moan comes. As one changes his position the place of moaning seems to change. It is thought that the moan is caused by a rush of wind passing through a narrow passage end striking against a stalactite or something which vibrates, then echoes in the large chamber.

At present those who explore it are let down by ropes into this vast subterranean bottle or cistern. The cistern cave is probably about 120 feet across and as many feet in depth. At the bottom are other openings, gruesome and narrow, and no telling what caverns may yet be found.

Down at the bottom of this opening is a narrow passage through which one can squeeze and come out into another opening wherein were found human skulls and bones, and the mystery is, How did they get there, and whose bones are they? They are doubtless those of Indians.

In this mysterious cavern are those freak formations of nature, which the owners have named after the things they resemble. There they have the "mushroom patch," "Eskimo house," "giant cigar," "Capitol dome," "volcano," in shape and appearance of a volcano, "folded angels' wings," and the "Siamese pagoda."

The owners expect to open this up to the public and make a descending stairway leading down to the bottom. The two openings at the top are small and some distance down to the big cavern below, and it took some nerve for these recent explorers to descend into the dismal depths.

Scattered over the world are giant caves of vast proportions. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Luray Caverns of Virginia, and the Cave of the Winds in Colorado are visited by many travelers every year. It is said that the finest and grandest caves in the world are found in Australia. The trip is made from Sydney by rail to the Blue Mountains in New South Wales. ,Here are scores of great caves, the best known of which are the Jenolan group consisting of twelve caverns. They contain miles of underground chambers containing wonderful stalactite and stalagmite formations in the form of columns, domes, pinnacles, minarets, temples, cathedrals, canopies, shawls, draperies, and other objects, with such wonderful and delicate coloring that it baffles description.

It is said that some of these caves are so immense that a good-sized town could be tucked away in their hollows. Some of them have deep, wide lakes, and others strange underground rivers, with boats to carry visitors. Many of these caves have been only partially explored, and every year more wonders come to light.

The caves were discovered in 1841, but were neglected for years till the government took them over in 1866. Now hotels and boarding houses are there to accommodate the tourists.

No two of these caves are alike, each one boasting of its distinctive beauty. In the center of the Arch Cave is a slender column extending from roof to floor. At one time there were several others, but some one took them down to use as verandah posts in front of his log cabin. People have observed the growth of stalactites in this cave and it was discovered to be only three-quarters of an inch in thirty-five years.

One of the largest stalagmites is known as the Commonwealth Pillar. Beyond this a beautiful white stalagmite and a graceful curtain partly hide from view the Indian Chamber, which has a mass of columns and draperies which remind one of a cluster of Hindu temples.

In another cave is Lot's Wife, a remarkable imitation of the pillar of salt, while close by is a white stalagmite which very much resembles a cockatoo.

In addition to the Jenolan group, there are four other groups as extensive and beautiful, and Australia thinks it has reason to be proud of her caves. Probably these caves are not generally known, so we feel like giving them a space in this book.

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033 -- A FREAK CARGO

A most remarkable account of a freak cargo came out in the paper. It was entitled a "Demon Cargo." It came before an English court and the testimony was to the effect that the vessel set sail carrying a large consignment of mineral water, and, incidentally, a quantity of metallic sodium. Some of the cases were broken during the voyage and the water reached the sodium, setting it on fire. The sailors, being ignorant of the nature of the sodium, turned the hose on it, the most natural thing for them to do, and to their utter astonishment the more water they turned on, the bigger the blaze, and finally the sodium began to explode. Then the captain ordered the sodium to be thrown overboard. This caused further explosions, some of which were so great that some of the cases jumped back on board the vessel, and set fire to the ship itself, and finally another explosion caused the boat to break amidships, and afterwards it sank.

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034 -- ANIMAL FREAKS

Nature is producing abnormal freaks more or less all the time. We find different animals subject to this, and forming strange curiosities. In a museum I have seen the stuffed two-legged

colt, the three-legged dog, the four-legged chicken, the five-legged cow, the two-headed calf, and the double cinnamon bear. That such freaks should be entailed sometimes upon the animal world is strange, but such is the fact. The inexorable laws of nature hold to their regular rules,: and when circumstances interfere with their regular course of action, nature is not responsible for the twists and turns and eccentricities and malformations and strange deformities.

One of the strangest freaks of nature of which I have read is that of a two-headed snake which travels both ways, although it is stated that it does not travel both ways at once. This zoological freak comes from South America and can be seen in the London Zoological Gardens. It is a snake without a tail, but has a perfectly developed head on each end of its body. It can travel either backwards or forwards at will. "Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede 's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. "Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?"

"Darwin looked at the bug and then at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked. "'Yes,' they answered, nudging one another.

"'Then,' said Darwin, 'it is a humbug.'" -- (From Heart Throbs)

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035 -- FREAK HUMAN BEINGS

Nature did not stop with the lower animals in its freaks, but it breaks out in human beings. We have heard of a Chinaman with a finger nail something like a yard long, which he kept in a prepared case lest it get broken. Some women have hair that will reach to the floor, but what about a man with whiskers seventeen feet long! This is not a fake, but it is a freak. The long-bearded gentleman is named Hans Langseth. His photograph was taken in Sacramento, California, and appeared on the street of an eastern city, and probably all over the country.

I have before me the picture of George Washington Tecumseh Sherman Jackson Simpson, of Avalon, Catalina Island, California, a porter in a local hotel, showing that he can put a regulation baseball in his mouth "without batting an eye." Not only can he do this, but he can put six golf balls in his mouth and then close his lips. This is certainly some freak.

One of the greatest physiological freaks in the history of the world is the man with two hearts. "Michael Chiaventone, twenty-two years old, who puzzled the medical profession because of having two hearts, is dead at his home here. (Kewanee, Ill.) He had complained of heart disease since boyhood, and eight months ago he was examined at Rush Medical College, Chicago, when it was found he had two hearts, a large one on the left side and a small one on the right side."

The Siamese twins were a great curiosity for many years. Others have been born, joined inseparably together, and become great curiosities to the world. Some children have been born, and then have grown to maturity, covered with hair like an animal. Some women have long beards; some men have none. In the Medical Museum at Washington, D.C., are exhibited freaks in human nature beyond anything the most of us ever dreamed of. I do not feel free to describe the monstrosities I saw there preserved in alcohol; but the Siamese twins were almost no comparison with some of them. While the writer was in the South last summer, he was shown the photograph of a beautiful child of seven months. The physician who was present at the child's birth showed it to me. The body seemed perfect as far as it went, but it had no sign of an arm or leg. It had one tiny foot, but it was joined closely to the hip.

There may be proper reasons why some of these freaks exist. Some freaks are in the physical, some in the intellectual, and some in the moral realm. Napoleon was a military freak. Bob Ingersoll was an infidel freak. Jesse Pomeroy and Guiteau were criminal freaks. But there may have been a reason for this divergence of nature in all these cases. Had the mother of that child in the South not watched the butchering of hogs, her baby might have been formed and born natural. The mother of Napoleon engaged herself in military tactics and planted ante-natal desires and determinations in her offspring. The father of Bob Ingersoll, it is said, although a preacher, acted so ugly about the house, and made it so uncomfortable for his wife, that she fairly got disgusted with religion, and under such conditions the son Robert was born. Jesse Pomeroy killed children when he was only a child himself. He is now an old man in Sing Sing prison, having spent nearly his whole life there. What entailed such heredity upon him? His mother watched the butchering of cattle before he was born. What made Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield, what he was? His mother tried to murder him before he was born. But it is said that science does not agree with these statements. Maybe not, but the remarkable coincidence remains just the same.

If nature responds to conditions which will produce frightful results, why should not all parents plan for placing the best physical, intellectual and moral heredity upon the offspring?

Regarding size, there is no telling the height one may reach when we see the little babe in its mother's arms. Jan Van Albert, who is said to be nine feet and five inches tall, was only a babe once like the rest of us. To be nearly nine and a half feet tall certainly puts one in the freak class.

This surely is a freakish skyscraper of humanity, but what about one who takes on other dimensions? Quoting from the account in the paper: "Perplexed trainmen finally hit upon the plan of loading somewhat buxom L____ M____, a Shelby County Negro, upon a truck and putting her in a baggage car, because she couldn't get through a passenger coach door when she made train connections here on her way to Evansville, Ind. Miss L____ is said to weigh 750 pounds and to have a waist 'about nine feet.'"

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"In Lincoln hospital, New York City, a boy baby was born weighing 2 pounds and 1 ounce. It is the record in smallness for New York hospitals. Strong, well built, the tiny baby began to breathe and cry at once, as babies should, and will live to weigh, perhaps 100 times his birth weight.

"The real human creature born in that little body is a soul, weighing nothing at all, not even the ten thousandth part of a grain. Size does not count."

"A baby weighing only 2: pounds and 1 ounce is born in a New York hospital. It is described as the smallest perfectly formed normal baby on record. This baby's diminutive size is due to some peculiarity of its pituitary gland, a pea-sized lump of tissue in the base of the brain. That is knowledge that has been discovered within the last few years. Gradually we are learning about that most intricate of all machines, the human body."

Doubtless more than one baby has had the honor of breaking the record for its diminutive size. I am personally acquainted with a lady whose brother weighed only one and three-quarter pounds with clothing on. He is a strong man today.

The smallest twins on record seem to be those of a Louisiana family. One weighed eleven ounces and the other seventeen ounces at birth. Six other children in the home are of normal size. The little midgets seemed to be in perfect health.

Doubtless the most remarkable set of children born in one home, was that of a New Jersey woman. She had eight sets of triplets, so the papers said, making twenty-four children. All of her children were triplets.

It is said, "Everything is divided equally. The rich man has the twin-six and the poor man has the six twins."

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037 -- TWINS

This is one of the most interesting freaks in Nature's realm -- twins in the human family. Twins which look exactly alike are known as "identicals." Some have resembled each other so exactly that their parents got them mixed. No doubt a number of them have lost their identity, because they lost the ribbon which distinguished one from the other. Then all through life John would be called Jim, and Jim called John. It would be too bad for one not to know which one he was. I was once entertained in the home of a preacher wherein there were twin boys, and the father could not tell them apart, except by lifting a lock of hair in order to see a scar on the forehead of one of them. One time the mother asked the father to wash their faces. After the ablution, the mother remarked to one of them, "Your face is not washed," whereupon the other spoke up and said, "He washed my face twice." These same twins would argue over their photographs, not knowing who was who.

In Southern California lived twins by the name of Smiley. They built the beautiful Smiley Heights at Redlands, and owned the famous resorts at Lake Mohonk and Minnewaska in New York. These brothers were of the identical order. They evidently could not tell themselves apart, for one time, when one of them had been away for a season, the other walked into a store and saw himself in a large mirror. He was so pleased to see whom he supposed was his brother, that he walked up with extended hand to shake hands with him.

Physical Culture gives some interesting points on twins. James and William Farmer who are now seventy-eight years old, live in New York City. They are as much alike as in their childhood. Each one has a wart or mole on the left eyelid. If one should close his eyes and hear them talk, he could not distinguish from their voices when one stops and the other begins. They have corresponding peculiarities in the palms of their hands. They are builders and construction engineers, and their own workmen cannot tell which one is superintending them. Their own children always got them mixed.

One mother declared she had to drop her work more than once and go to the school building to help the teacher decide which one of her twins ought to be spanked or which one had already been spanked.

There is a certain pair of twins, young ladies, who have similar tastes in food and dress, and likes and dislikes for people. They are like two identical people in every way. Their very thoughts seemed at times to run in the same channels, even though separated from each other. At different times their letters to friends would seem almost like copies, without the knowledge of each other. The same thing would occur in their school compositions. Teachers would accuse them of copying each other's essays when the mother had been careful to have the girls write in separate rooms. On a certain occasion they were given four subjects on which to write compositions. When they were through, they were instructed to write on a fifth subject. The girls tried to conceal the subject from each other. The mother put them in separate rooms, and they were surprised themselves when one wrote on "An April Shower," and the other "A Midsummer Shower." They would often express the same desires to each other, stating they would like some ice cream or a certain kind of pie, or a new pink frock.

Other noted male twins were studied by one of the leading scientists for the purpose of telepathy. They were often examined by scientists while in separate rooms. At these examinations they were found to be thinking what this leading scientist at least regarded as exactly the same thoughts. They often asked the same questions, and made the same replies to questions when interrogated not in each other's hearing. When sitting at the table talking with different persons, they would often simultaneously say, "Please pass the salt," or make the same remark about the weather, or call to mind some recollection at the same time.

The following is a clipping from a newspaper:

"With tears streaming down her face, the mother of twins reached the police station here (Baltimore) only to find she did not know which one of the pair was lost. Edwin and Milton are twin sons of Mrs. P____ G____. Edwin got lost. Mrs. G -- hurried back home to ask the other

which he was. He said he was Milton, so an alarm was spread for Edwin. Two hours later he was found."

In the old country some twins fell in love with a Hungarian officer, who was unable to distinguish the girls, and courted both, thinking that he was always with the same one. When the officer discovered the situation, he asked the twins to decide which should marry him. They solved the problem by preparing a glass of water and a glass of poison. They drew lots and the loser drank the poison and died. When the surviving sister was arrested, the officer disappeared. She was tried for murder, but was acquitted after she told her story.

It is said that twins are born in a general world average about one pair in every eighty births, Irish women having them more frequently than any other nationality. Twins are born in Dublin about once in every fifty-two births.

Stephens College, Missouri, the "Vassar of the West," is being called "The college of twins," for eighteen pairs of twins were in attendance, and efforts being made to enroll more.

It is on record that thirty people identified a certain person, and then found that they were all mistaken; that a mother failed to recognize her own offspring; that a wife claimed a certain man as her husband who had left her, and it was proved that she was mistaken; but when a certain man failed to know himself, and took the photograph of another for himself, that is the jumping off place. The American Magazine tells of a Negro by the name of Will West taken to a Federal prison, measured and photographed. The clerk thought he recognized the prisoner, but the prisoner declared he had never been there before. In the files was found the name of William West and his photograph. The measurements also corresponded except a small difference in one place. The new prisoner agreed that the photograph was his, but denied that he had ever been there before. Upon investigation, it was discovered that another prisoner was at that time in the prison by the name of William West. They were both Negroes and when standing side by side it was impossible to tell them apart. Could identical twins beat that?

Who are the oldest living twins in the country? The title was claimed by William H. and Henry Burns of Woodville, Ohio. Their age was eighty-eight. But it seems that the friends of James and Joel Cheatwood, near Leavenworth, Kansas, do not let it pass unchallenged. These twins celebrated their ninetieth birthday anniversary. Their recipe for longevity is "work." Each of them owns a farm and works on it daily. So strong is the resemblance between them that when they put on their Sunday clothes and have their beards trimmed, it is difficult to tell them apart. It is marvelous how twins can hold to such likeness for nearly a century.

Two remarkable twins, widows, live in Pittsburgh, Kansas. Their names are Mrs. Mary Rector and Mrs. Nancy Taylor. They are eighty years of age. They were born on Christmas day and twenty years afterwards on Christmas they were married under the same ceremony. Both of their husbands died in 1919, both having fought in the Civil War. They sometimes wonder of they will die the same day.

Those that had the honor of being the oldest triplets in America are named Aldrich, born in Massachusetts. They were sixty-eight years old before death entered their ranks, and the second

one died eight months following his brother. The remaining one is living in Stockton, California, being at this time (1922) seventy-four years of age.

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038 -- FREAK SIZED FAMILIES

At this point we shall call attention to some freak sizes in families. From a clipping, I have this information: Thomas Ellison, of Newton county, Arkansas, is ninety-five years old. Married three times, and is the father of 50 children, grandfather of 126, great-grandfather of 60, and great-great-grandfather of 27. His youngest child is 11 years old, and his oldest 65.

R. C. Bland, of North Carolina, is the father of thirty-four children. Twenty-six of the Bland children are still living, and the present Mrs. Bland, who is the second wife, is the mother of nineteen, nine of whom were born during the last ten years, including one set of twins. Eighteen children still live at home, but Mrs. Bland declares she sometimes gets lonesome because so many have gone away.

In all the realm of prolific women I have never heard of the equal of a certain Italian woman. Whether the account of the newspaper from which I get the information is reliable, I will leave that for the reader to judge. I will simply give the account as the paper has it.

"The Italians are discussing the advisability of pensioning Mrs. Maddalena Grannatta, a lady of fifty-seven years, who lives near Naples. Her husband has been dead ten years, but during the nineteen years they lived together as man and wife they had sixty-two children born to them, fifty-nine of the lot being males. Eleven different times in nine years triplets were born, and on three different occasions four boys were announced, and once there were four boys and one girl."

An article recently appeared in a city paper, stating that a certain woman gave birth to six children. While all seemed to be physically normal in a sense, yet none of them lived.

Probably there are few families more prolific in a given time than one we recently read about in a daily paper. The article is as follows:

Five sets of triplets and two sets of twins have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott in ten years of married life.

The Scotts, parents, and thirteen living children, boarded a west-bound train in search for enough land to provide sustenance and employment for the whole family.

"We can't carry a Sunday school class, Madam," remarked the conductor to the mother as she offered one fare.

"But they're my children," Mrs. Scott replied. The family Bible was produced and disclosed the record. They were Ashbel, Archer, and Austin, each four and one half years old;

Arthur and Arnold, each three and one half; Allen, Almon and Albion, each two and one half; Alfred, Albert and Adolph, each eighteen months; Abel and Abner, each six months.

The mother is thirty and the father thirty-one. They lived near South Whitley, (Ind.). The father humorously remarked that they started the first children's names with the letter "A," intending to go through the alphabet later.

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039 -- FREAK MEN

Cupid has performed some strange freaks in the nuptial realm, but we find that they did not all stop there. We have heard of men-haters among the women, but what about the women-haters among the men? Here are some curious examples taken from Every Week.

"In a wild corner of far-off Alaska lives Timothy Dermaid, better known as" Time O'Day Tim," a one-time well-to-do farmer in Maine. Years ago Tim had an unfortunate experience with one of the marrying sex; whereupon he vowed never again to look at the face of a watch or clock or -- voluntarily-at the face of a woman. He withdrew into the fastnesses of his farm; and then, finding it still too accessible to the outside world, he sold out and migrated to Alaska, where women are few, angels none, and the water too cold for mermaids."

"High in the tower of his castle, E. A. N____ of Oakland, California, gazes out upon his fellow men harnessed to baby carriages, and emits one terse, staccato laugh. The lower story of N____'s house is of solid concrete, and from the walls protrude fourteen six-inch cannon, lest the maddening girls should come in torrents. 'I have never married,' says N____, 'because I would lose my individuality and become a hypocrite, a liar, and a slave. N -- s never shall be slaves,'"

"It is said of John M. Montgomery that he has not spoken to a woman for sixty-one years. His antipathy towards the fair sex goes back to the day when his brother was thrown over by his bride-to-be on the wedding morn. The brother felt badly for awhile, but soon found consolation in another match. John W., however, was not to be so easily cured of the distrust which the incident had bred."

"When Will C. Dixon was stricken with diphtheria in 1909, a nurse -- not particularly young or handsome -- tended him through his illness. All went well until he was convalescent, and then a horrid, haunting fear took hold of Dixon's mind. The nurse wanted to marry him. In terror, he fled not merely from her, but from the whole sex, locating himself on the wildest part of his farm and protecting himself effectually from all attack. His groceries, clothing, etc., are all secured for him by his neighbors. No tender hand will darn his socks; no lily touch caress his brow."

"Time was when he (Tom Richards of Rockport, Mass.,) was the Beau Brummell of his college class; but, since a disappointing experience in love, his ambition has been to dress so badly that no woman would ever pay the slightest attention to him."

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040 -- A FREAK HOBO

The Dearborn Independent tells of "A Highbrow Hobo, Whose Specialty Is Dates." This gentleman is certainly a freak in his line. The article states that he pays no railroad fare, wears no socks, and lives on sixty cents a day. He is extensive in his travels, and knows more dates than any other man in the world. He goes by the name of "Railroad Jack." He tells the people to give him any date in history and he will name the famous men who were living at that time, and their age to the year. He makes his challenge on the street corner or a college campus. The collections taken up wherever he gets his crowd made him quite rich and famous. He offers a dollar to any one who can "stump" him or prove him mistaken. Once when he was accepting quizzes from a bunch of college students, one gave him the date -- 1820. At once he replied, "Daniel Webster was thirty-eight years old; King George III died that year at the age of eighty-two; Queen Victoria and her husband were seven and nine months of age, respectively, at that time; Pope Pius IX was thirty years old; Robert Fulton was eighty-five."

Another student cried -- " 1850."

Instantly came the reply: "Champ Clark just dropped into the world; Darwin and Lincoln were forty-one; Spencer was thirty; Ruskin thirty-one; Leo III, thirty."

The questions continued and were answered without hesitation.

For twenty-five years this strange freak for memory has hoboed his way through thirty-eight states, giving lectures on historic characters, with curbstones for his platform. He knows ten thousand dates on five thousand noted characters in history. At the mention of any great person, he will state the "high spots" in his career. Twice a year he visits Ann Arbor, where he is always received with enthusiasm. He has traveled 50,000 miles by freight trains, but does not pay his mileage. Since the coming of automobiles he has depended on their kindly help, riding an average of six cars and thirty-six miles daily, carrying his bed with him.

Detroit is his headquarters, but he has no post-office address. He sleeps out doors the year round, and through a standing order of the police department is the only man officially privileged to sleep out-of-doors in that city.

He says, "Oddity is my long suit, and I wear it every day. My specialty in life is to attempt to do something that some one else has not thought of."

He lives on sixty cents a day, having done this for twenty-five years. He eats two meals a day, at twelve noon, and twelve midnight. Sometimes he wears a silk hat, but never silk socks, nor any other kind.

He attributes his remarkable memory just to bulldog tenacity of purpose. He says that when he has arrived at the age of sixty, in four years more, he wishes to be regarded as the "human encyclopedia of useful knowledge."

Eight years ago, in Ann Arbor, Mich., he spent ten hours a day in the university library for eight months.

Each year he gives a thousand dollars in prizes to Michigan school children who pass the best examinations in history. Years ago he published a paper in Chicago called the North Shore Eccentric. The closing words of his first article he still quotes as follows: "Then friends, as we go through life, let us remember the old advice, that 'with all thy getting, get knowledge,' for 'knowledge is power.' 'Twas good advice years ago, 'tis good advice today."

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041 -- A FREAK TRAVELER

A unique globe trotter recently put in his appearance in Los Angeles, by the name of Joseph F. Mikulec. He was on the last leg of a tramping tour covering twenty-six countries and lasting since 1901. He had in his possession an album weighing fifty-seven pounds, and autographs of noted characters to the amount of fifty thousand. You autograph collectors, can you beat that? Among the celebrated autographs are found the names of Li Yuan Hung, President of China; Admiral Count Togo, Baron Saito, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, President Harding, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab, General Pershing, Jusserand of France, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Lloyd George and others of his cabinet. A number of prominent citizens of Los Angeles had the honor of placing their autographs in the great Jumbo book.

A thirst for knowledge and to see the world, induced this remarkable pedestrian to take the longest walk ever undertaken by man. He was left homeless at the age of eleven. When he began his globe trotting trip, he could not even sign his name, but made up for it by getting fifty thousand others to sign theirs.

This freak traveler's itinerary, where he has traveled on foot, embraces Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, South Africa, the South American Republics, New Zealand and Tasmania, the Philippines, Japan, Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Russia, Germany, Austria, Canada, British Columbia, United States.

He expects to write a book of his travels, for which he has been preparing himself for the last twenty-one years.

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042 -- MENTAL FREAKS

There are some real intellectual freaks in nature. We have read of mathematical calculators in youth that have astonished the people, and they themselves do not know how they solve the problems. I have in my possession the clipping and picture of a girl of twelve years, who writes books and speaks eight languages. She astonished a gathering of educators by her wide knowledge of literature, reciting an oration from Cicero, and stating that she knew Latin as she did English. She talked at six months old. She could recite Cicero's orations at five, and had a host of classical

poems at her tongue's end. She had published nine books, two of which had run into the third edition. She passed the entrance examinations for Leland Stanford University when she was nine years old, and at the writing of the article when she was twelve years old, she had finished her college education, with the exception of receiving her academic degrees. These could not come until she is older. She is like other children in fun and frolic, and can perform on five musical instruments. Her home is in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Some children are precocious in spiritual things, and astonish people with their knowledge on Biblical lines. Spirituality seems to be the predominant feature of their lives. Converted almost in babyhood, purified and Spirit-filled soon afterward, they forged ahead on spiritual lines that were amazing. How do we know but what some event or careful training along these lines produced such a marked heredity It is my humble judgment that if there were as much care and caution used in the rearing of children as there is in raising cattle and hogs, we would have a far better race of human beings. I have met many human beings in my travels, where the stock seemed to have about run out.

Perhaps the most noted mathematical freak that ever lived was Zerah Colburn, born in Vermont in 1804. His was a most phenomenal mind, and attracted the attention of the philosophical world. Before he was eight years of age, without any previous knowledge of the common rules of arithmetic, he was possessed, as by intuition, of the faculty of solving great mathematical problems by the mere operation of his mind. Before he was six years of age he began to show this marvelous power. The discovery came by accident. His father was struck with amazement one day when he heard him repeating the products of several numbers. He then proposed a variety of mathematical problems to him, and the child answered with remarkable quickness and correctness. The news of the young prodigy was soon circulated around the neighborhood, and people came from a distance to witness the singular circumstance. The father was encouraged to undertake a tour of the United States and put the child on exhibition. Everywhere they were received with much flattery, and in several towns plans were suggested to educate the child without any expense to the family. Yielding to the pressing solicitations of his friends, and urged by strong recommendations and in connection with the desire for the son's more complete education, the father took him to England, when he was eight years old. Many people eminent in the mathematical world, and well known for their philosophical investigations, made it a point of conversing with him and were greatly astonished at his marvelous powers. He could determine with facility and promptness the number of minutes or seconds in any given period of time and would solve any other question of a similar nature. He could tell the exact product of multiplying any number consisting of two, three or four figures, by any other number consisting of the same number of figures. He could take any number of six or seven figures and tell with ease and promptness all the factors of which it was composed, and also determine whether it was a prime number, which means that it is incapable of being divided by any other number. He could raise numbers to higher powers and extract the square and cube roots of the same with great rapidity and ease. He took the number eight and raised it progressively to the sixteenth power and named the result correctly. It consists of fifteen figures and is up in the hundreds of trillions. They tried him with other numbers of one figure all of which he raised by actual multiplication and not by memory, as high as the tenth power, and doing it so rapidly that the person taking down the results was obliged to ask him not to be so rapid. He could even take numbers of two figures and raise some of them to the sixth, seventh and eighth power, but not always with equal facility, for the larger the products grew the more difficult he found it to

continue. He was asked the square root of 106,929; and before the number could be written down he had answered 327. He was then asked to take the cube root of 268,336,125; and with the same promptness he replied, 645. One of the parties asked him to produce the factors which make the number 247,483; whereupon he immediately gave the numbers, 941 and 263, which proved to be the only two numbers that will produce it. Another person proposed 171,395, and he named the following factors as the only ones: $5 \times 34,279$, $7 \times 24,485$, $59 \times 2,905$, $83 \times 2,065$, $35 \times 4,897$, 295×581 , and 413×415 . He was then asked to give the factors of 36,083, when he immediately replied that it had none, which is true, it being a prime number. Other numbers were given him indiscriminately and he always succeeded in giving the correct factors, except where they were prime numbers, which he detected almost as soon as they were given. Someone asked him how many minutes there were in forty-eight years, and he immediately gave the answer, and also instantly told the number of seconds in the same period.

It was the desire of the learned gentlemen to ascertain the knowledge of the method by which this freak prodigy was enabled to answer so correctly and quickly the questions put to him; but to all their inquiries, he was unable to give them any information. He persistently declared that he did not know how he did it. When he would multiply two numbers together, and in the raising of powers, it was evident not only from the movement of his lips, but also from some other peculiar facts, that some operations were going on in his mind, yet this operation could not, from the very readiness with which he gave the answers, be connected with the usual method of proceeding with such things. And moreover he was utterly ignorant of the common rules of arithmetic, and could not work upon paper a simple sum in multiplication or division. But when it came to the extraction of roots, and determining the factors of high numbers, it did not appear that any operation took place, as he would give the answer either immediately or in a few seconds, where it would require one, according to the ordinary method of procedure, a long and laborious calculation. But how did he ascertain when a large number was a prime number, when there was no knowledge of a prime number to be obtained by any known rule?

It was hoped that the remarkable powers of this child would develop with education, and so he was placed in school and trained in the methods of mathematical calculation. They believed that when he became mature he would be able to impart to others the peculiar process by which he worked; but they were disappointed. His powers, not only failed to improve, but on the contrary they lessened in proportion to the efforts in that direction, and others derived no benefit from his extraordinary faculties, which has been the rule in similar cases.

We find freaks also in the musical world. Probably the most noted of these was the colored idiot, Blind Tom. This freak prodigy was not only born blind, but was not far above the brute as far as real intelligence was concerned, or the capacity of receiving instruction. Yet in his capacity of music he was phenomenal. Almost in his infancy, it was discovered that he could duplicate on a piano about any piece of music he ever heard. No matter how long or difficult the music, when once he heard it, he could usually produce the same with most surprising accuracy. His own music was also marvelous, and discordant notes seldom marred the harmony. He was taken over the country and put on exhibition, entertaining large audiences, with his extraordinary powers.

The account is given in one of the Los Angeles papers of a most precocious child, which might be termed a freak, in that while he is only three years old he speaks four languages; viz., French, English, Swiss, and Italian.

The Denver Post describes a most remarkable freak who is an inmate of the Industrial Home. This boy is seventeen years old and is feeble-minded; yet he can read people's minds. He has the mentality of a boy ten years of age. He can tell almost instantly in three cases out of four what number any one is thinking of. In the class room, he will take the answer right out of the mind of a brighter boy sitting near him and give it in as his own. He would go out into the hall while a number was written on the blackboard, and with the others in the class thinking intently of this number when he came in, he would repeat the number put on the board. Sometimes he would miss it, but generally got it correct. In experimenting with the boy, when the instructor would give him a question, and then think hard on some incorrect answer, he would give the incorrect answer which the instructor was thinking about. For instance: if the psychologist asks him what large river is in northern Africa, and then he thinks of Ohio, the boy will reply "Ohio." His is one of those developed cases of telepathy or mind-reading which is such a phenomenon of these days. The Spiritualists would like to get hold of this psychological power and attach it to their system and try to make out stronger proof in favor of their cult.

At Enid, Okla., is a child three years of age. The paper states that this remarkable child at eighteen months started reading a primer. Now at the age of three, she has finished four primers, two first readers, two third readers, two fourth readers, and is versed in geography, physiology, and history. She can repeat by heart what she reads, counts in English and Latin, and is starting in music. Her thirteen-year-old sister is a senior in the high school.

One of the most noted freaks of genius in modern days, is that of the child chess player who is astonishing the world. He plays with the noted chess players of the world, and can play several games at once, keeping tab on all the moves of the different players. His remarkable feats are so astonishing, that current literature is making considerable out of it.

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043 -- FREAK HUMAN NAMES

The world abounds in freaks. One of the peculiar fields where they obtain is in human names. I have often wondered where some of them originated. In Bible times names stood for something. A child was named because of some providential circumstance occurring at his birth, or little happening, or possibly some prophetic vista of the future. All Bible names have a meaning. The Indians of North America as well as some other nationalities have carried out a similar method. Some of them have very peculiar and amusing cognomens. But from what sources all of our strange and sometimes most ridiculous names come, I will leave that for men versed in such lore to declare.

Having traveled a great deal over the country, I have gathered from friends, and reading, and personal knowledge, and various sources, a large number of these freak names. Allow me to say, that none of these names are fictitious, all of them as far as I know, being actual names of

individuals. They have been given me by friends who knew the parties, from my own acquaintance, from reading and searching, and from those who likewise had picked them up in their reading. Not one is manufactured for the occasion, and if I did not believe that every name was one in fact, I would not allow it a place here.

Miss Young married Mr. Trees. Probably ere this they have a nice lot of saplings.

Owen Moore went through bankruptcy. That explains why others took the same course -- owing more. He was less fortunate than the hotel chef at Cincinnati, whose name is Fortunat Mann. Christian Bumb lives in Evansville, Ind. Rev. Burden is still supported by the church in Lindsay, Calif. Christian Shirks wrote on Religious Dynamics. Swindler was president of an Omaha bank. Thomas Bugg is insane. Leo Neck is a barber. Jacob Violin is a musician. Deep Seigh is a grocer in Nashville, Tenn. Martin Mund and Mund Martin were neighbors.

At the Mountain Lake Park, Md., camp-meeting, were four preachers named respectively, Bacon, Hyde, Salt, and Pepper.

I heard of a firm of lawyers by the name of Doolittle and Steele.

Another firm that went the rounds in print was I. Ketchum and U. Cheatham. How marvelous they ever got together to pool their powers. I wonder what their business was.

Neal and Pray was another firm; but it was said that neither one was noted for his piety.

In New York City, side by side were two names over stores; one was D. Ackus and the other J. Onkey. Had it occurred that each had the other's first initial, it would have made a strange combination -- Jackus and Donkey.

"The Y. M. C. A. had some men overseas with illuminating names: Mr. Sentinel Hill; Mr. Garland Flowers; Mr. Moses Paradise; Mr. Day Knapp, and Mr. Day Knight. Mr. La Rogue was a bank examiner, and Mr. Beddo Goodnight lived on Sunset Avenue."

Mr. Cottonbloom was once paying his regards to Miss Peablossom. But that is not strange, for cotton and peas should bloom or blossom well together.

In Richmond, Ky., Mr. Hogg married Miss Pigg. They never ran out of pork in that family and don't forget the little shoats.

In a certain city of the Central West are four persons named respectively, Root, Hog, Orr, Die.

In Blackwell, Okla., Mr. Christian and Mr. Sinner lived in the same house. Mr. Sinner became a Christian and joined the church. In spite of this, there was always one sinner in that church.

In a Pasadena, California, school, a young man student was introduced to a young lady student. Said the young man, "I am pleased to meet you Miss Paine; I guess that is the reason I am Akey."

A certain newspaper stated that John Corn married Sarah Wheat. The audience got excited and the wedding march played "What shall the Harvest be?"

In an eastern boarding school for girls, the music teacher was Prof. Beans. The Principal was Miss Pease. Prof. Beans fell in love with Miss Pease and in time they were united in marriage. An informant stated that she supposed the result would be succotash.

A religious school in the Middle West, scrupulously opposed to worldly ways, had on its faculty a Prof. Waltz and a Miss Dance. Certainly it was a strange occurrence that such a conscientious school and of such high religious order should allow the waltz or any other dance in its midst.

In Morgan Hill, California, lived a family by the name of Hyde. A nearby neighbor was named Hair. In the course of time there moved into that neighborhood and right between Hyde and Hair a family by the name of Soule. Where is that doctor who claimed he had dissected many human bodies, but had never located the soul? Let him know that at Morgan Hill there is one Soule between the Hyde and the Hair.

Many years ago two men with their wives registered the same day at the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, California. One of them was Whitehead and the other Redhead. It was quite a coincidence.

An evangelist was conducting revival meetings in Iowa. In the pulpit was the pastor by the name of Snow. To the right in the congregation was a member of that church by the name of Ice. To the left was another member by the name of Winterwinger. Over on another part of the pastor's circuit was a man by the name of Hale. Had Mr. Frost lived there it would have been replete with frigidity. The Frosts lived in Kansas City. A family of six brothers were named respectively Jack Frost, Winter Frost, White Frost, Early Frost, Cold Frost, and Snow Frost. I suspect they needed no refrigerators in that home.

In Pennsylvania was a family named Flower. The three children were called Wheat Flower, Rye Flower, Buckwheat Flower.

A preacher in Colorado had in his congregation two men by the names of Payne and Akes. One time while the pastor was discoursing on the beauties and glories of heaven, he said he praised God there would no pains and aches there. A testimony meeting followed and Brother Akes arose and informed them, that by the grace of God one Akes was going to try to be there.

A friend of mine by the name of Loveless told me this amusing incident: He and his wife once went to church in a town in Iowa, and sat down in a pew wherein sat three ladies. These ladies were all strangers to each other and also to Loveless and his wife. After the service, a lady who was acquainted with all five of them, came up and said, "This is the most Lovely, Loving,

Lovett, Loveless set I ever saw," and then proceeded to introduce them to each other. Their names were Lovely, Loving, Lovett and Loveless. I consider this a most remarkable coincidence of loveliness.

A minister was once preaching in Chicago. It was Sunday morning. He was speaking of Christ being born King of the Jews. He said he had heard of some who were made kings very young, but whoever heard of one that was born a king? At this juncture, a long, lank, listener deliberately walked down the aisle and stood before the pulpit and preacher and said, "I was born a King and my name is King." He then quietly took his seat, more quiet than the congregation at this time. But no one questioned his statement nor disputed his claim.

In Milan, Ohio, at the top of a certain hill was a family by the name of Lower. Down near the bottom of this hill and across a river was a family by the name of Higher. Then came another hill at the top of which was a family by the name of Upper.

At Dill, Oklahoma, Mr. South and Mr. North traded farms. The papers said, "The directions have changed."

In Norwalk, Ohio, Alice House married Ed Shedd. She parted with her House for a Shedd; she ought to have received a mansion.

In Ireland was a tall pastor of a church by the name of Walker. Following him as pastor was a short man by the name of Trotter. He ought to have been able to catch up with his predecessor.

Three friends sailed on the same steamer from London. They would have made a fine addition for any camping outfit. Their names were Kitchen, Cook and Kettle.

In my earlier days I taught school. One of my pupils was named Frank Nidever. When Frank grew up, he married a young lady by the name of Frankie Nidever. Surely this was a case where the twain became one -- but which was the one?

Mr. Redwine was prosecuted for violating the liquor law in Indiana. "Look not upon the wine when it is red."

"Mr. Jumper and Mr. Hopping are among those who have just arrived in Los Angeles to make their home. Now we understand what the papers down there mean when they say their town is going ahead by 'leaps and bounds'."

"Our greatest inventor seems to be an Irishman named Pat Pending."

A certain man has the honor of having the shortest name in America. In spite of its shortness it is one of the most well-rounded out and symmetrical names in the world. It has the distinction of having but one letter. The name is O. The gentleman is William O. His mail comes addressed to Mr. O, and always reaches him, for there is no other one by such a name.

There lived a man in Missouri, who was the father of four Million children. If all families should increase and multiply like that, we would soon be calling for more room. And yet he was the father of only four after all, his name being Mr. Million.

This was something like one house covering seven Akers, or a family with a bushel of children, consisting of four Pecks.

It is said that a governor by the name of Hogg had two daughters named Ima and Ura -- Ima Hogg and Ura Hogg. To use the name of another lady we could say, this May B. Strange.

We had hundreds of thousands of our men in the American Expeditionary Forces during the war. Some of these were named after great men. There were seventy-four George Washingtons, seventy-six Robert E. Lees, two Abraham Lincolns, one Woodrow Wilson, four Bismarks, seven Grants, twelve Caesars. The first name on the list was Private Aaae, and the last one was Corporal Zzeppenfeit.

Figuring up the common names, it was reported that there were 51,000 Smiths, 39,000 Johnsons, 22,500 Jones, 22,500 Greens, 10,500 Sullivans, 9,000 Browns, and 4,500 Cohens.

In tabulating the peculiar names I find that the three great kingdoms of the world come in for their share. Let us notice first the mineral kingdom and see how many names can be dug up from its depths. Here we find Rock, Stone, Flint, Marble, Sand, Glass, Dust, Clay, Mudd, Coal, Tart, Slate, Gold, Silver, Brass, Copper, Steel, Diamond, Ruby, Jasper, Jewell, Land, Knoll, Hill, Cliff, Peake, Mount, Mountain, Crater, Cliff, Grounds.

Then we come to the vegetable kingdom and from its luxurios growths. We discover Wheat, Rye, Rice, Corn, Tassell, Bean, Berry, Coffee, Coco, Sugar, Thistle, Thorne, Turnipseed, Woods, Forrest, Tree, Grove, Timbers, Logg, Root, Stump, Bough, Twig, Sprig, Leaf, Stem, Rind, Hay, Timothy, Clover, Grass, Straw, Weeds, Moss, Reed, Bush, Brush, Budd, Burr, Thorn, Mustard, Curry, Cinnamon, Cloves, Camphor, Spice, Pickel, Fruit, Apple, Sweetapple, Crabtree, Orange, Lemon, Figg, Date, Palm, Peach, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Raisen, Vine, Vineyard, Orchard, Melon, Huckleberry, Oak, Pine, Maple, Elms, Pecan, Willow, Nutt, Cotton, Bloom, Cottonbloom, Peablossom, Flower, Bouquet, Pollen, Posey, Pink, Poppy, Lily, Rose, Primrose, Holly, Ivy, Sunflower, Cabbage, Beets, Wines, Beers, Popp, Sap, Cobb, Cork, Pipe, Tobaco, Garbage.

Then we come to the great animal kingdom, and note that it is ransacked to find human names. Here is indeed a human menagerie. In this realm are to be found all sorts of animals, big, little and indifferent. Some of them are really Savage. If names were any indication of character, we might well shun some of these, but happily they are not. Here we have the museum, and when we see them all together, it would look as if the Millennium had come, when the Lion and the Lamb, the Bear and the Bullock, the Hawk and the Hen, can intermingle without fear of molestation. Note the different kinds: Wolf, Lyon, Lamb, Fox, Coon, Bear, Tiger, Beaver, Badger, Buck, Bull, Bullock, Calf, Camel, Deer, Moos, Steer, Studd, Colt, Jack, Veal, Mutton, Hogg, Shoat, Pigg, Piggee, Barrow, Porke, Ham, Bacon, Fry, Grease, Tallow, Rabbit, Hare, Catt, Kitt, Kitten, Curr, Puppe, Fish, Salmon, Trout, Bass, Carp, Pike, Perch, Herring, Sturgeon, Eels, Turtle, Crab, Oyster, Whale, Shark, Seal, Shadd, Dolphin, Bird, Eagle, Hawk, Crane, Swan, Stork,

Snipe, Swallow, Peacock, Parrott, Dove, Wren, Robbin, Lark, Jay, Finch, Bulfinch, Martin, Nightingale, Canary, Turky, Gobler, Goose, Goslin, Drake, Hen, Chick, Chicken, Cockerell, Fowl, Eggs, Feathers, Quail, Pidgeon, Mole, Batt, Rats, Toad, Bugg, Beetle, Roach, Spider, Ant, Leech, Grubb, Worm, Bee, Fly, Moths, Skeeters.

It would seem that man had nearly run out of names when he had to delve into the human body and ransack his anatomy to find something by which to be distinguished one from another. But out of the human organism we find the following: Body, Soule, Heart, Head, Pate, Skull, Brains, Lung, Blood, Bowels, Kidney, Liver, Gall, Gut, Ponch, Belly, Colon, Skinne, Pores, Nerve, Waist, Ribbs, Spines, Back, Bones, Hipp, Legg, Knee, Ankel, Foot, Heal, Shinn, Shoulders, Mussel, Arms, Elbow, Rist, Fist, Hand, Palm, Knuckles, Nail, Finger, Thumb, Neck, Face, Cheek, Chin, Nose, Lyp, Tooth, Eye, Pupel, Tongue, Palate, Gum, Temple, Brow, Beard, Wart, Mole, Boyle, Bump, Blain, Bunyan, Dimpel, Gash, Searr, Spittle, Swett, Breath, Tear, Taste, Hair, Hide -- yes, hair, hide and all. And I might add Longnecker, Yellowneck, Deadeye, Heiferfinger, Toothacher, and Backich.

Man is certainly a peculiar being. Not being content with using the component parts of his anatomy with which to name himself, he seems determined to stick to his own genus as long as possible. Hence, we have Man, Human, Allman, Newman, Foreman, Hindman, Sevenman, Youngman, Oldman, Poorman, Fatman, Tallman, Overman, Hartman, Toothman, Liverman, Gutman, Gassman, Goodman, Grossman, Harshman, Crossman, Warman, Gentleman, Sissman, Shurgarman, Sourman, Pickleman, Sellman, Stickleman, Wiseman, Singerman, Oatman, Cheeseman, Silverman, Goldman, Pearlman, Horseman, Cowman, Gooseman, Whiteman, Blackman, Brownman, Blueman, Greenman, Redman, Grayman, Clayman, Weatherman, Wellman, Sickman, Deadman. Then we have that nice name Prettyman. We think of a bill of fare when we see Friedman; but who wants to turn cannibal and eat him? We prefer not to eat a Deadman. By the way this Deadman was my neighbor and was still living when I moved away. What a paradoxical misnomer -- a live Dead man! So whether men are dead or alive, sick or well, they seem to be well adapted for names; but when a man has been dead as long as the first settlers of Egypt, it is certainly ransacking archaeology with a vengeance to name himself Mumney.

Not being satisfied with securing names from the human organism and from humanity itself, we try a hand at our apparel. In this clothing department we find Coate, Pantz, Vest, Frock, Cloak, Cape, Cap, Collar, Shirts, Waist, Dress, Silk, Lace, Shawl, Hood, Hatt, Bonnet, Furr, Muff, Wig, Pillow, Sheets, Feathers, Leathers, Boots, Shoe, Sandall, Slipper, Socks, Stocking, Hose, Garter, Mitton, Belt, Buckle, Band, Patch, Button, Pin, Needles, Bibb and Tucker.

A drygoods store in London had the following freak sentence made up of the clerks' names in the establishment: Johnson Passe Fox Moore White Cotton Cloth.

Now comes the beautiful blending of colors to harmonize our apparel. The display is in White, Black, Brown, Blue, Violett, Vermillion, Purple, Scarlett, Slate, Green, Gray, Pink, Redd, Orange, Lavender, Yellowly.

Then man is lined up to have his measure taken, and some are found to be only an Inch, some a Foot, then a Cubit, others a Yard, and still others a Rod, once in a while one is actually

Miles, and I once knew an isolated case who was a Furlong. Thus, some are Long and some are Short, some Farr and others Near, some are Small while others are Bigger, and I once knew one who was a Bluster.

Names not only figure in linear measure, but time calls for a portion. It starts in with a Moment, passes on to an Hour, then a Day, and a Doubleday, and on into the Week. Then we find him in the days of the week, such as Sunday, Monday, Friday, and Satterday, and also the Sabbath. Not being satisfied with a Weakly name some have actually gone into months:, January, March, April, May, June, July, August, November, and on into Christmas, and back into Easter. Some are Daily, some Weakly, some by the Month, and some are Yearly, and one came around in a Century.

This variety of times and seasons would necessarily carry him into all kinds of weather, from Spring to Fall, from Summers to Winters. Out from these intermittent weather conditions come Weathers, Hale, Frost, Snow, Ice, Rains, Storms, Gales, Blizzards, Breeze, Freeze, Thaw, Sleet, Fogg, Flood, Winterwringer, and Weatherwax to put on the seal.

These variable conditions may come from the four quarters of the earth -- East, West, North, and South, and find men by such names.

Some are not content with small names, but we find them running to all quarters of this mundane sphere to name themselves after the various peoples or countries. Peculiar enough, but here he is: American, English, Irish, Dutch, Dutchman, French, German, Prussian, Austrian, Dane, Sweed, Finn, Lapp, Portuguese, Italiana, Chilian, Brazil, Spain, Scotland, Holland, Poland, Portugal, India, China, Canada, Europe, and Asia.

But perhaps the most freakish place to find human names is in their antipodal relations. Here we have the extremes with a vengeance. Mark them well for they are all human names. First and Last, Early and Late, Long and Short, High and Low, Little and Bigger, Runt and Buster, Weak and Strong, Fat and Lean, Fatman and Poorman, Wellman and Sickman, Chill and Fever, Work and Play, Boys and Gurles, New and Old, Newman and Oldman, Younger and Older, Youngson and Oldsen, Youngman and Oldman, Newmark, and Oldmark, King and Queen, Lady and Gentleman, Henn and Cockerell, Rich and Poor, Humble and Pride, Richman and Pauper, Begg and Borrowe, Money and Miser, Plus and Minus, More and Less, Few and Many, Penn and Paper, White and Black, Free and Bond, Fast and Loose, Law and Outlaw, Judge and Jury, Best and Worst, Grace and Sinn, Friend and Foe, True and Faltz, Truman and Lyman, Sharp and Dull, Strait and Bent, Skewes and Hawes, Yesser and Noser, Smart and Looney, Lively and Slow, Still and Noise, Singer and Whistler, Sweet and Sour, Salt and Pepper, Dare and Fear, Bravo and Coward, Gentle and Savage, Waters and Fires, Swim and Drown, Land and Sea, Earth and Sky, Day and Knight, Light and Dark, Spring and Fall, Summers and Winters, Near and Farr, Over and Under, Upp and Down, Upper and Lower, Top and Bottom, Fore and Aft, Tubb and Boiler, Mitton and Slipper, Head and Foot, Blood and Bones, Body and Soul, Hide and Hair, Shirts and Pantz, Buy and Sell, Lock and Key, House and Barn, Garrett and Cellar, Chew and Gumm, Hug and Kick, Joy and Grief, Love and Haight, Christian and Cuss, Pray and Dam, Paradise and Hell.

Some people love to run down the alphabet with their initials. A. B. Cee lived in Kansas. A.B.C. Clark teaches school in California. J.K.L. Maynard was my neighbor in Iowa. X.Y.

Zimmerman lived in Wisconsin. Then we have S. X. Hall, O. K. Jones, and I once knew a man who had no given name except his initials. His name was A. L. Wilson, and his only given name was A. L.

Surely man is an enigma. He searches the kingdoms of the earth, travels the countries of the globe, ransacks the human body, goes through the clothing store, lays under contribution the colors of the rainbow, follows the different points of the compass, into all sorts of time and into any kind of weather, hunts for the most outlandish extremes, and even then is not satisfied with the names he finds. He seems actually to be hunting for some outlandish name to hitch to himself. I will just throw in a little of this class for good measure as I pass along: Smallpage, Greathouse, Grabhorn, Teagarden, Hornblower, Mutterer, Mummery, Jawer, Overend, Overbottom, Sidebottom, Firehammer, Firestone, Shehe, Middlemiss, Sonnyborn, Bratt, Fretwell, Whybrow, Tryaway, Goforth, Gotoff, Goto, Wanderer, Lust, Dance, Jump, Roost, Cooprider, Sitright, Liveright, Muss, Musser, Mushrush, Kiss, Kissler, Spanker, Whatmouth, Skourup, Stinkfield, Nostrum, Moneypenny, Necessary, Greenwart, Greengrass, Cowherd, Skimmings, Papa, Papageorge, Mothershead, Motherhood, Motherspaw, Motherall, Motherway, Motherwell, Motherville, Mothersill, Manspeaker, Mobbs, Tough, Swear, Swearer, Stillwagon, Fatjo, Toadvine, Drybread, Pancake, Pie. In Los Angeles I once saw a saloonkeeper's name over the door of his saloon, and it was Barrel. Consistency was a jewel that time. A joint in Chicago that served drinks was owned by a man named "Hell" -- but one drop of water in Hell is at a premium.

It has seemed beautiful to me to see children with first names after those of the old Bible saints, but it seems rather odd to have the last name such as these: Sinai, Olivet, Pentecost, Paradise, Pilgrim, Christian, Gentile, Divine, Proverbs, Scripture, Bible.

But when humanity has to ransack a community, and then delve into family relations to hunt names, that is the jumping off place sure enough. But that is what has been done. Here we have actual names on these lines: Family, Parent, Father, Muther, Papa, Husband, Son, Dotter, Child, Baby, Babes, Infante, Triplett, Youngson, Boy, Ladd, Gurles, Sissy, Kidd, Shaver, Bratt, Brothers, Cousin, Niece, Unkle, Uncles, Ant, Kin, Neighbor, Maiden, Lady, Gentleman, Peoples, Friend, Fellows, Bachelor, Widdows, Servants, Hee, Wee, Him, Herr, Man, Workman, Youngman, Youngerman, Younger, Youngling, Youngblood, Oldman, Wedlock, Wedmore.

Now note the marvelous coincidences that had to take place in some of these unions: When that young lady married Mr. Family, she had a Family on her hands right on the start. When the other lady married Mr. Father, it certainly would seem odd to be recognized as a Father in that home. When that lovely bride stood before the Husband bridegroom, she was instantly turned into a Husband herself. So there were two husbands in that match. Some wives drive their husbands tandem when they have more than one, but here were two Husbands in one, driving two abreast. When the firstborn came into the home of Mr. Son, that made the Son the father or the mother either one, as you like. It would seem strange, that when a baby was born into the home of the Babes, that its parents were both Babes at the same time; all Babes together. But whoever heard of every child being a triplet? Yet such was the case in the Triplett home. No matter if the child happened to be a girl, she was bound to grow up a Boy in the family of Mr. Boy. And if others were all boys, they grew up Gurles in the other home. No matter if they were all females, they were actually Brothers in one home, in another every one was a Cousin in the same family, in another each one was a

Niece, male and female, in another their own mother was an Uncle, and in another their father was an Ant. It would seem strange to see a young man who was a Maiden, or a single person become Peoples. I am wondering where the feminine part of the Hee family would come in, or how one could tell one from the other when both were Wee. She loved Him, and got Him and became Him herself when the knot was tied. There are some remarkable changes constantly taking place, but what reflection on a young man to know that he was a born Sissy! and what a transformation it must have been when a young lady was turned into a Gentleman! But when the other young lady was turned into an Oldman, that was the climax.

I hardly like to close this department without calling attention to the fact that the emotions have not been overlooked in naming mankind. Together with these let me mention music and character. Here we have Love, Joy, Bliss, Bless, Blesser, Blessed, Blessing, Lovejoy, Gay, Excell, and Jolly. Then come Fine, Good, Best, Worst, Goodenough, TooGood, and I even knew one man by the name of Sinn. But transcendantly beyond other names would you not like to be named Music, Melody, Harmony, Medley, Voice, Sing, Hosannah? The sweetest name in all the world is Honey.

Let me repeat it, that as far as I know, all of these names are spelled correctly, and none of them are fictitious. They have been gathered in my travels over the country. I will not vouch, however, for the names of the two sets of twins said to be named as follows: The first set was named Kate and Duplicate; the next set Peter and Repeater.

Inasmuch as this is all the reader would probably care to know about freak names, and it might be getting bedtime, I will say in the language of a man's name in Illinois, Gotobed, and in the name of another person, Goodnight.

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044 -- FREAK HABITS

Different classes of people have freaks. Babies and little fellows have them. The baby must have its "pacifier" to suck or it can't go to sleep. Others suck their thumbs. I knew one child who got its pacification by putting its thumb of one hand in its mouth, and with the other hand it would reach around and grab its ear. Then it was in clover and perfectly contented. I do not want to call the parents of such children fools, but really is that not about right? What an abnormal condition into which such a child is trained! Some children have their mouths disfigured for life by such a habit. Their upper jaw and teeth stick out as if deformed, and they are. It is said that these "pacifiers" tend to produce adenoids.

I knew quite a chunk of a child once that could hardly go to sleep unless he had some bundle in his arms which he considered his necessity for such an occasion.

But grown up babies sometimes have their freaks. I have seen preachers with a sort of sniffle freak. They were everlastingly sniffling. I saw one preacher who would be carrying on a conversation, when suddenly his mouth and throat would take on a small spasm, and jerk and sputter almost to the alarming of the listener. I knew another preacher who had a nonsensical freak

of having by his side when he was studying, a little swish of cloth like a cat-o'nine-tails attached to the end of a stick or handle. In the midst of his studying, he would pick up this little fool thing and give it a shake and then lay it down again, and keep this up at frequent intervals. Who was it that said most everybody had some crazy streak in him? I was acquainted with another preacher who had a freak way of saying "Amen!" while he was testifying. I was leading a testimony meeting in the town where this preacher lived, and did not know of his freak, while my evangelistic friend who was in the same meeting did. The "Amen" brother was testifying, and was quite close to me looking right in my direction. The evangelist was expecting the explosion and was watching what effect it would have upon me. Finally, at his psychological moment, off went that pent-up "Amen." As to manner and force, I will not attempt to describe. Neither will I describe how I jumped, nor the effect it had on my friend and the meeting.

Another preacher, a great friend of mine, always fumbled in his vest pocket whenever he arose to speak. But if I were to write of the various freaks and foolish habits and obsessions in preachers and others and describe the tithe, it would require another book. Let me call attention to one more in connection with a public speaker who always had the habit of reaching for a button on the back of his coat, when he came to a conclusion in his speech. One time debating with another, his opponent discovered this freak of grabbing the button at the back of his coat on reaching his conclusion, so he concluded if he could eliminate that button, he might spoil his conclusions. He accordingly clipped off the button, and when said buttonless speaker climbed to his first conclusion and reached for the button, he found it not, and the conclusion of his sermon was gone. Again, when the proper moment came for another climatic clutch, his helper failed him and down he went, till finally his speech failed to bring him out conqueror.

But these freaks are not confined to preachers and public speakers. We find them in the musical world. Some of the leading musicians of the world were possessed by some foolish freak. Let us notice some of them. Mary Hamilton Talbott tells about them in the New York Tribune.

Beethoven would write his music in all sorts of conditions -- in conversation with a friend, walking along the way, or while eating. Frequently, while walking along the jostling street he would stop and write on the back of a letter or envelope, and pay no attention to those around him. Some of his best compositions were made on the street in the rain, and he was often the object of ridicule, but he would be so taken up with his music that he did not notice their gibes. Sometimes after playing for hours, in order to cool his hands, which would become feverish, he would take a jug of water and pour the contents out on his hands, ignoring the fact that there was nothing to catch the water. For this cause he changed his lodgings frequently in haste, as the smallest complaint would cause him to quit, so childish was he at times. Sometimes he was paying for three different places at once.

Meyerbeer caught his inspiration in the lightning flashes, the roar of thunder, and the falling rain. In order to catch the full stimulation of the elements he had built on the top of his house a room, the sides of which were constructed entirely of glass, and when the approach of a storm would come, he would hasten to this retreat, and in the fury of the lightning and thunder his music would rush forth for utterance. It is said that on one occasion while he was entertaining some friends at the evening meal, just as soup was being served, he heard the roar of thunder in the

distance, and without regarding the astonishment of his guests, he left the dining table and hastened away to his inspiration room, allowing them to look after themselves the remainder of the evening.

Wagner had, a mind that took a different channel. He had his grave constructed in a garden at the rear of his home, where he often went to view it, lest he might forget that he had it. And he constantly insisted that his friends should know of it also. While entertaining them at dinner he would suddenly change the subject and talk about the grave and eternity, assuring them that they all must die, and adding that he would like to show them his grave. So leaving the dinner table, he would take his friends to the place in the garden, wherein was to be his final resting place, and then he would give them further truths on eternity.

Haydn was in bondage to everything being in its exact place. Beethoven's study was disorder and confusion, but Haydn could not work in such surroundings. Everything in the room must be right where it belonged. He declared he did not have a musical idea unless he put on his full court dress, his bob wig, ruffles and hat, and on his finger a certain ring.

Donizetti, the Italian composer, got his inspiration from the coffee cup. He would shut himself in a room with paper, pen and ink, and several pots of strong coffee. He would then write and drink and write and drink. He supposed that coffee added to his inspiration, but it was his expiration; it proved to subtract from his life. His complexion turned yellow, his lips black, his nervous system broke down and he passed off the stage of action.

It is thought that Rossini was the laziest musician of all who became famous. He would seldom get up till noon, and sometimes when the weather was not inspiring and he did not feel the musical inspiration, he would tell his servant to call him the following day and so would take another round of somnific rest for another twenty-four hours.

Most of his composing was done in bed. In order not to be compelled to move, he would place his paper and pencil by the bedside for ready use. It is said that on one occasion after he had written part of a certain composition, the paper on which he was writing fell to the floor and the wind blew it beyond his reach. Too lazy to get out of bed, and not wishing to disarrange the bedclothes, he went to work and wrote another as he could not remember what he had written.

It is said of Liszt that he was probably the vainest of the great composers. He would play only when in the mood for it, and if urged against his will, he would be almost insulting. One story is told of him when being entertained at dinner, he was asked by the hostess to play the piano, he refused. When asked again he walked to the piano abruptly and hurrying off a fine piece of music, he hurried out of the room saying, "There, madam! I have paid for my dinner!" On an occasion similar to this he was pressed to play and not being in the proper mood he refused. Thinking that he needed some urging, he was asked again. He then went to the piano, and turning his back to the keyboard he played a popular air. So much for the musician.

A young man in Kentucky could quote whole chapters out of the Bible; but at the same time he had to have a little prop -- it might be termed a psychological prop. When he quoted these lengthy portions of scripture, he would pick up a chip and hold it up before his eyes. Unless he had that chip before his eyes, he would fail in the undertaking. Now what the chip had to do with it,

might be hard to solve, but probably he got used to it in some way when he first learned to quote the Bible, and this habit may have so fastened upon him that he found it difficult to proceed without his chip. Sometimes a very trifling thing either helps or hinders.

In England was a school boy who was a most excellent speller. In his recitations he was wont to fumble a certain button on the front part of his clothes. In the spelling class his fingers would be on this very helpful button. He always stood at the head of the class in spelling. One time a certain aspirant was determined to get to the head. Unbeknown to this champion speller, the magic button disappeared. When the spelling match came off the next time, up came his fingers to fumble the button, and finding no button there, he became confused and lost his spelling crown. His freak habit got him into trouble.

A certain blind man was noted for his accuracy in locating any Scripture text which might be given him. He had the reputation, it seems, of being able to give the chapter and verse of any text cited. Whenever he was doing these remarkable exploits he would always twirl an old-fashioned door key on his finger. A certain man declared this prodigy could not locate the texts which he could give him. They went to the blind man's house and tested him out. First, his questioner asked for the big key. When it was turned over to him, he propounded the questions, and the blind man utterly failed. Something had gone wrong. After awhile he was handed back the key, and then he could answer them as he was accustomed to. That freak habit was the secret of his success; at least he had no success without the key.

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045 -- FREAK OBSESSIONS

Obsession means the act of besieging or besetting. The thought is, beset by a spirit from without. "By obsession we refer to those constantly recurring ideas, feelings, or emotions which present themselves so insistently and automatically in our consciousness, and which always lead to the performance of certain useless actions or the thinking of certain foolish thoughts. These needless actions and thoughts are oftentimes injurious to peace of mind and health of body. Our obsessions are not useful and they are otherwise inharmonious with our useful mental experience and modes of acting. They are troublesome interlopers which have chosen our minds and bodies as their regular playground. Their conduct results in constantly interfering with the normal work of both mind and body."

Some people have an obsession that they are always right. It is the other one who is wrong. It has ruined the happiness of thousands of people. They feel as if they were somewhat of a pattern after which others must shape their conduct. Following this, come wrangles and fusses forevermore. Some people have the reputation of never apologizing, never acknowledging their blunders or wrongs. It would be a fine thing if such would eat some "humble pie," get down off their self-righteous stilts and confess up sometimes.

Some people are living in constant slavery to fashion, to the opinions of others, to the fear of man and the conventional way of doing things.

Some have an obsession that they must, against all odds, carry out every thing they undertake. Their very life is devoted to carrying things through. They try to patch up their blunders and make successful their repeated failures.

Then we have those who are obsessed with the notion that they must set other people right. They must reform the world. They live in a constant state of irritation because their hobbies are not properly recognized and accepted by the rest of the world. This throws them out of gear with other people and many look upon them as sort of nuisances.

Some people are obsessed with the notion that they are constantly persecuted. They feel that they are living martyrs. They are the victims of imaginary sufferings and slights. Their feelings are so sensitive and they are so constantly on the lookout for these things that they imagine these persecutions are in evidence all the time. It would seem that they finally get into a place where they choose and love this false martyrdom.

There are some who make life unbearable for themselves and their families because of being obsessed with the idea that they must accept no favors, allow no one to assist them, and be under no obligations to anybody. Surely one can "run this into the ground."

The obsessions mentioned above are psychic. There are others called motor obsessions. These motor obsessions effect our nervous system and fasten themselves upon one's behavior in some form or other.

The boy is sent on an errand, and while he forgets the thing for which he is sent, he does not forget to kick all the hitching-posts he passes on the way.

A person is walking along the sidewalk and carefully tries to avoid stepping on the cracks or seams of the sidewalk on his way down the street. Such awkward and uneven walking is liable to attract attention from others. A young lady was once followed for fourteen blocks, and was observed that the poor obsessed soul never once let her feet fall upon a seam in the cement walk. What slavery this must have been!

There are people who cannot put their hands in their pockets without continuously counting the pieces of money contained therein. A certain person could not go out for a stroll unless he had some money to count in his right, hand trousers pocket. If he did not have any change when he started out, he would have to go home and get some. He knew just how many pieces of money he would have, and if at any count, he failed to have the right number, he would often have to stop dead still and carefully recount the coins and make sure that none had been lost. Then he could resume his stroll.

How strange that some people cannot sit in a public auditorium without counting the stripes or something else on the wall or ceiling, and then settle on some central figure and watch it with an eagle eye! If for any reason the attention is broken, the whole thing must be repeated, until the person settles down again to the central figure.

An intelligent looking lady told a Chautauqua lecturer that she had counted every seam in the tent, knew the middle seams, and likewise had counted the stripes of all the other tents on the ground. She said this was her favorite pastime, counting the stripes, figures, and other objects. If nothing else presented itself, she would count the pickets on the fence.

A certain young man, when not otherwise employed, would go to the railroad and read the numbers on the freight cars, taking great delight when he would discover a number which he had previously seen.

A lady school teacher of middle age consulted the physician to see what help he might render for her obsession. She was everlastingly counting her steps. She said it was 19 steps from her front porch to her gate, 555 steps to the grocery, 21 steps up the first flight of stairs of the courthouse, etc., etc. One day she made the trip from her house to the gate one step short of the usual count, and was so disturbed that she had to go back to the house and make the trip over again.

Look at the people who twirl their thumbs while their fingers are interlocked, cross their legs and toss one foot, or tap the floor with their foot. Some part of the body must be in regular incessant motion. Some people are constantly twisting their mustache, or fumbling their hair, or beating a tattoo with their fingers on the chair. Some seem never to be able properly to arrange their toilet, but must be constantly adjusting their necktie, or other part of their clothing.

What a strain on one's nerves and constitution it must be to keep up these needless maneuvers! It is a constant leakage of nervous force and energy. -- (The foregoing thoughts on obsessions are taken from Dr. William S. Sadler's book -- "The Physiology of Faith and Fear, or The Mind, in Health and Disease.")

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046 -- FREAK CUSTOMS

Probably the greatest country for freak customs (according to our idea of proper customs) is China. They are on the opposite side of the world from us and their ways are opposite. Horses are put in the stalls with their heads outward instead of inward. The Chinaman mounts his horse from the right side and holds the reins in his right hand. The Chinese woman sews by pushing the needle from her instead of pushing it toward her. The Chinese carpenter pulls his plane towards him, and sets his saw teeth the opposite of ours and cuts the wood by drawing the saw instead of pushing it. When the Chinese boy recites in school, he turns his back to his teacher. The Chinese reader reads down the line instead of across the line. When a boy in China is puzzled, he scratches his foot instead of his head. In the study of fractions, their numerator is our denominator, and their denominator is our numerator. Instead of having it quiet around the sick bed, they hire a band to beat drums and clash the cymbals to scare away the evil spirits which they suppose cause the sickness, and when one is dying they set off fireworks. The soles of the Chinaman's shoes are white instead of dark. When he rows a boat he stands up and faces the front, and hauls the boat ashore by the stern instead of the bow. They say "west south" and "east north" instead of southwest and northeast. Chinese doctors are paid to keep their people well, and when they get sick the doctor's pay ceases. It is quite the opposite in this country. In mourning they put on white instead of

black. Yes the Chinese have some wonderful notions, yet they have their reasons for these as we do for ours.

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047 -- FREAK ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

We have heard of freaks of memory, but we also have the opposite, -- freaks of absent-mindedness. In my early boyhood days, an old friend of the family was walking along the road with a gentleman who asked him his name. The man pretended not to hear the question, but he had heard it just the same, and had forgotten his own name. After a little it came to him, and he said, "By the way, you asked me what was my name; my name is Wheeler."

Probably all of us have undergone the embarrassment of forgetting the name of a familiar friend at the moment of introducing such a one to another.

When a man leads his neighbor's cow to water instead of his own, and folks are smiling at his absent-mindedness, probably "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." This is not a made-up illustration, but real fact.

Some of us have reproached ourselves when we discovered that we had failed to be social and cordial to people, but on the contrary had simply passed on and never noticed them. This was our infirmity and embarrassment. Doubtless in this way entering wedges have gotten between very friends. How careful we should be to weigh motive rather than appearance before we allow such things to sever friendship!

Someone who was frequently heard to be talking to himself was asked why he did it so much. His reply was, "I always enjoy talking to an intelligent person, and having an intelligent person talk to me." Quite so!

Probably the climax of absent-mindedness was capped when a man, as the story goes, thought he had left his watch at home, and then proceeded to take it out of his pocket to see if he had time enough to go home and get it. Or, if that was not the limit, perhaps it was the man who went out of his office and put up a card on the door saying he would be back at three o'clock and finding that he had forgotten something, went back to the office, read the notice on the door, and sat down on the stairs to wait until three o'clock. What is your greatest freak of absent-mindedness? Do you remember when you hunted for your glasses and discovered you were wearing them? or searched the house for something else and it was on your person?

A certain man in Connecticut, fearing holdup men, stuffed \$3,000 in a pair of shoes. Then he absent-mindedly sent them to be shined. He and the police of two towns were still on the trail of that shoe shiner.

Perhaps the limit of absent-mindedness is the following from the professor on meeting his son: "Hello, George, how's your father?"

It is said that the great English mathematician, Isaac Newton, in fixing a hole in the barn door for his cat and her kitten to pass through, made a large hole for the cat and a smaller hole for the kitten. How is that sort of figuring for a noted mathematician? It sounds akin to the man who sawed off both ends of the board to make it shorter.

Strickland Gillilan tells about some cases of absent-mindedness. There is no law to compel you to believe them, however. One was the case of a fellow "who went out camping for several weeks among wood-ticks, leeches, chiggers, and other penetrating and investigative fauna, and the first morning he was at home for breakfast he poured maple-syrup over his ankles and scratched his pancakes." Another fellow went home one rainy night and put his wet umbrella to bed and then went and stood in the sink all night. He also tells about the man who went to milk one night, hung the pail up in the cow-stall and milked in his lantern.

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048 -- FREAK ACCIDENTS

Many years ago the writer was standing at the corner of Spring and Second streets, Los Angeles, California, and witnessed a most remarkable runaway. A horse, which had become detached in some way, came along Second street apparently as fast as he could run. An old humped-back man was leisurely riding along the same street on a bicycle, and I was intently watching him to see if the wild runaway would knock him down and kill him. But a miss was as good as a mile with him, so he escaped with his life. Just after passing the old man, the horse attempted to cross Spring street. At this juncture a gentleman and lady came along in a covered buggy. The horse with his buggy and the runaway horse at this point intersected and then things got exciting. The runaway rushed with fury right in between the other horse and the buggy. The impact was so terrific, that the horse in the buggy was entirely cut loose and immediately ran away, leaving the runaway horse flat on the street, practically where the other had been. In a sense they exchanged places. The parties inside the buggy stepped out, without showing any signs of being hurt in any way. It was the most curious runaway I ever witnessed.

One time while I was walking along a business street in Denver, Colorado, with a minister friend, he pointed to a ten-story building with quite a high fire wall on the top, and said that one day a young man was walking along on top of this fire-wall and lost his balance. It would certainly keep one guessing how he could fall all those ten stories, practically eleven, without being dashed to pieces; yet that was the case. Had he the proper foresight and endowed with the optimism of the one the public speaker told about, he might have truthfully said as he passed on down to the second story, "I am all right so far." Well, he fell upon the bunch of telephone wires, and this resiliency broke the force of the fall, and with a rebound he landed clear across the street, where his next station was on the back of a horse. The force of this part of his fall knocked the horse down, but it saved the young man's life. It is not always that a long fall like that can be had in relays so fortunate. Probably such a one was never known before.

In Riverside, California, a lady was driving an auto and accidentally ran into another lady. It was done very suddenly, and just as suddenly the run-over lady disappeared. The motorist was frightened until she was actually wild. She began to scream, "Oh, I have killed a woman! I have

killed a woman!" Rushing the auto alongside the curbing as quickly as possible, and feeling that the poor woman was either caught underneath or left behind mangled and dead, the frightened woman kept yelling, "Oh, I've killed a woman and I can't stand it to look at her!" As the auto stopped at the curbing, the dead (?) woman quietly stepped off her impromptu seat on the front of the auto and walked off apparently unhurt. She had taken a little free transit on the bumper.

A Methodist preacher once told the story in his sermon, of a sailor who was working very high in the rigging, during some rough weather. For some reason or other he lost his hold and began to fall. At a time like this one certainly would feel like praying if there was any pray in him. Of course when accidents come, one does not always have time to say his prayers, so he would better keep prayed up all the time and be ready for any emergency, when it comes. Well, this sailor was ready to pray when he found himself falling from such an elevation. He began his prayer with, "Oh, Lord have mercy!" But it will always remain a mystery concerning what that sailor would have said, had he kept on falling; but when he got out his first spiritual S.O.S. he suddenly caught in the rigging, and immediately told the Lord, "Oh, that's all right!" But is not that prayer typical of many? In danger, how they call upon God; in safety, "Lord, that's all right; I can get along now without you."

Years ago I was on a steamship passing through the Golden Gate into San Francisco harbor. Standing on the deck and talking with one of the ship's officers, I was told that there was a peculiar accident happened to one of the passengers on the trip before. It seems that the waves were rolling quite high as the vessel was coming through the Golden Gate, and one of the passengers was caught by a rolling breaker and washed clear overboard. Of course in a time like that and a place like that it would seem imminent drowning would be the result; but the next billow caught the struggling man and tossed him clear back on the deck. The way some people escape death, would indicate that the day of miracles was in operation now as well as of yore.

A very amusing incident occurred once in the city of Rockford, Illinois. A minister was discoursing one Sunday morning in a mission hall. Right back of the pulpit platform was a board partition. In this board partition was a place where evidently a stovepipe had passed, but the hole was closed and the covering looked as if it was a board. The preacher reached a sort of climax in which he quoted a text of scripture, saying, "But now we see through a glass darkly." Acting on the impulse of the moment, and apparently to give emphasis to his thought, but not knowing himself just why he did it, he suddenly whirled around and with his clenched fist struck the place where the stovepipe had passed through. It proved to be a glass covering painted over, and when he said, "Now we see through a glass darkly," he struck the glass and smashed it to smithereens. The congregation burst into a roar of laughter, but the preacher had practically demonstrated that "Now, we see through a glass darkly," at least they were looking through that dark glass somewhat better than they were before.

A mission may be a novel place for freak accidents, but here is one that really shows a providential accident. A stranger was passing a city mission while services were in progress. As he came near the door, a member of the "traveling club" stepped up to him and asked for a donation. This so incensed the passing stranger, that quick as a flash his biceps were brought into requisition and a stupendous blow was landed upon the seeker for alms. It was a most providential blow, for it landed the hobo clear inside the mission hall, sprawling on the floor. Before he could

regain his equilibrium, the mission ushers had gathered around him, and without his consent they had him down at the altar, and were praying for him. Conviction then seized the poor fellow, he felt himself a sinner, and yielded to the God of mercy and found salvation through Jesus Christ. This was the only case I ever heard of that was practically knocked into the kingdom of God.

Perhaps one of the strangest surgical accidents that ever occurred is one that took place in Berlin. Mr. Cyril Scott, an English writer, in his book entitled "The Philosophy of Modernism" in its connection with music, quotes the incident from "The Law of Rhythmic Breath" by E. A. Fletcher. We give it verbatim: "In Berlin an operation was performed upon a man's brain which required the severing of both the auditory and the visual nerves. When the nerves were reunited they were mismatched, the upper portions of the optic nerves being joined to the under sections of the auditory nerves, and vice versa. The result of this distressing blunder is that the man sees sounds and hears colors. Looking at a red object he heard a deep bass tone, and when blue was shown, the sound was like the tinkle of electric bells; but the ringing of an electric call-bell produced the sensation of blue light, and listening to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony caused a vision of green meadows and waving corn." Surgeons would better be careful or they will be reversing the laws of nature.

Many years ago a young man got tired of his quiet, rural life and longed for something more exciting. He decided to enlist in the war. His Christian mother, solicitous for his salvation, gave him on his departure, a pocket Bible requesting him to read it daily; The young man carried the Bible in his breast pocket. In one of the severe engagements, when the enemy's bullets were flying thick and fast, one bullet came straight toward his heart. Instead of entering his body it entered the Bible and saved his life. After the battle, his curiosity was aroused, and he said to himself, I wonder how far the bullet entered the Bible. He then began to trace the course of it. He was anxious to know the exact verse where the bullet stopped. After following the path down through a goodly portion of the Bible, tracing it from book to book, he finally came to the verse of which his curiosity was in search. It was this: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Ecclesiastes 11:9.). Do you ask, What is the meaning of this verse? Simply this: As free moral agents you have the power to do as you please. You can throw yourself into the frivolities and pleasures and sins of the world, smoke your tobacco, drink your whisky, play your cards, desecrate the Sabbath, gamble, live your licentious life, all you will; but remember while you are doing it, that later on God will bring you into judgment. You will have to face the whole life thus misspent at the judgment bar of God. When the young man read that verse it went home to his heart like a dagger. It brought him to repentance. He yielded himself to Christ and found salvation. Then holding up the Bible, he said, "That Book saved my life, and now it has saved my soul.

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049 -- FREAK MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES

In the city of Los Angeles a marriage took place one evening conducted after the usual manner of such events. About one hour after the knot was tied another young man put in his appearance with a marriage license to marry the same young woman. Imagine his surprise when

he, learned that she was already the bride of another. The early bird got the worm that time, but oh, what a worm! The latter bird was the lucky one in that case, for who would wish to be tied up for life with such a thing? Some disappointments may be keen at first; but prove real blessings in the end.

There are some freaks in the marriage relations by way of marvelous disparity of age. In the city of Santa Cruz, California, was a couple whose disparity was about fifty years,, and the peculiar part of it was that the younger was the man. Think of a thirty-year-old man marrying an eighty-year-old woman! I was somewhat acquainted with this couple myself. What was the underlying cause of this match? I was told that it was money; many dollars, but no sense. Then no wonder such folly reaps its sorrow in the end. What was the end of this marriage? It was separation, and once more the sacred relation of marriage trailed in the dust.

Probably the most outlandish freak of disparity in ages in the marriage realm was that of a woman who married a baby under one year of age. This was done in order to settle some property transaction, and when the property was adjusted, a divorce was obtained between the two parties, and the matrimonial life between that husband and wife ended. But what about a country and laws that would grant such proceedings T What about the blight on the future of that baby? What about the record that woman will have to meet at the final settling up time at the judgment bar of God?

A girl in Texas married at the age of nine. Her husband was twenty-seven. The mother of the girl was twenty-five. When the girl came to be married, the mother swore she was fourteen, which is the marriageable age in Texas. The mother and husband were both arrested.

A Mexican in Wichita, Kansas, made application for a marriage license for six months. He evidently wanted to walk cautiously in such a dangerous pathway. Probably he was observing the thorns which lay in so many bridal paths and saw the frightful number of divorce suits, or perhaps he would rather experiment and go softly before he ventured for the long voyage across life's tempestuous sea.

Among the freakish reasons for a divorce suit is the one given by a man in Memphis, Tenn., who alleged that his wife "was wasteful with sugar and sealing wax." She had insisted on canning enough fruit to last through the winter, and kept on putting up jellies and apple butter. What next?

A New York girl at the age of fifteen was married in November, 1920 to a young man aged nineteen, and soon they were separated. The following April she was married again to a young man aged twenty-three. Both husbands thought she was eighteen. She was married twice within five months and then sought to have both marriages annulled on the ground that she was under age when married. She was placed in the custody of the Children's Society. This is an illustration of the fast life some of our young people are living.

It is said that in the later days of the Romans, a certain woman married her twenty-third husband, and she was his twenty-first wife. But it is to be remembered that Rome fell. So will any other country fall when the home disintegrates, and lax divorce laws will disintegrate it as fast as anything.

A paper comes out with the statement that a father finds his seventeen-year-old daughter has acquired the title to two husbands. This came about in a little more than six months as it developed in court where the father of the young girl sought to have the marriage annulled. Her first adventure on the matrimonial sea was when she was fifteen years and two months old. They did not live together long. Under an assumed name the young woman was betrothed to another. Soon she was without her second husband. Then the father was apprised of the serious facts and sought the help of the court.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," might well apply in such cases. It looks as if there was something wrong in the moral fiber of social life and home training or somewhere when so many of our young people strike out on such escapades.

But when the old ones set the example, it is hard to stem the tide against such demoralizing influences. Here comes the statement of an old man ninety-one years of age, being divorced for the third time. He says, "my first wife was pretty good, my second was just medium, and the third no good at all." He declares that he is through with them all.

And now comes out a large half-tone picture in the daily newspaper of a young bride married at sixteen and whose husband is the same age. "In addition to being sued for divorce, the boy-husband, still in knee pants, is in jail, while juvenile authorities investigate the charges of W____ F____, another boy-husband, who alleges that young It -- alienated the affections of his wife, seventeen."

"He charges that R____ took his wife to the movies and parties while he sat at home and Mrs. R____ waited patiently in her one-room apartment."

"We were married in January, 1920,' Mrs. R____ relates. 'I met Homer at a church social. He was such a nice looking boy, that I liked him right away. In three days we were in love and he asked me to marry him. He went away for a month while we thought it over, and when he returned, my answer was yes. We rented a one-room apartment and started house-keeping, but Homer couldn't earn enough money to pay expenses. Mama and papa took care of the grocer and gas bills. Homer wanted to go out at night. He played with other boys and went to dances. He said he didn't like a girl like me who couldn't dance. I tried to be brave while waiting in the room late at night, but I was afraid and so I came home to mother.'"

The paper then goes on to say that in Oregon, where this escapade took place, a girl becomes of age at marriage, but the man must wait until he is twenty-one. Therefore, this divorce case is held in abeyance until a guardian is appointed for the young man.

Is not this an example of consummate idiocy, and of the trend of the times? Here is a youngster, in short pants, getting married, then flirting around with other girls, and then a divorce suit. Where are we drifting? What about our laws that make it possible for such notorious folly? What about the minister or judge or justice of the peace who would lower himself to such a plane that he would perform the ceremony? Senator Capper of Kansas gives the number of 15-year old girls married, 13,000. Number of 15-year old boys married, 1,600. 16-year old girls, 50,000, 16-year old boys 3,000. What a shame!

Mathematics sometimes figures in the marriage relation: "Two's company, three's divorce."

The Cincinnati Inquirer tells of a most remarkable quartet that sauntered into the court house for marriage licenses in Indianapolis. It seems that they had negotiated a swap -- a former couple swapping partners with another couple -- two couples swapping partners. Due to matrimonial difficulties, one of the couples became divorced five days before, and the other couple had been divorced that very afternoon. When life's knot had been severed by the decree of man, the four went arm in arm into the clerk's office and sought two marriage licenses, for the two men to marry the other's former wife. They all chatted merrily together. Approval was obtained by the judge and the four began another voyage. where? Time will tell. The old Book that knows all about the future of sinners points out very plainly where adulterers go. Sodom and Gomorrah went down under the ban of unchastity. Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under the wrath of God and blotted from the earth because of sensuality. It seems to me that anyone who can even squint out of one eye ought to see where this country is headed in its mad rush through divorce courts.

A certain motion-picture actress was married in Hollywood, California. You know Hollywood is quite a noted place. Both the contracting parties were divorced people. The groom received a message from his ex-wife, wishing him well in his second venture. And what is this more than experimenting in marriage,: and legalized adultery? Is there any plane any lower than this? No wonder some one said of certain persons, that when they got to hell they would have to look up to see the bottom.

"Over one hundred thirty-three thousand American faroflies split up last year (1921) in the divorce courts. It has been computed that every four minutes of the day and the night a mated pair of American citizens are seeking separation. In the last twenty years 3,767,182 men and women secured divorces. The enormity of this cannot be appreciated until the influence of such action is seen on the five million and a half children of minor age who are left without a home. Father and mother fall out. The nest is torn up and the fledglings are pushed over the edge as orphans, with the most sacred thing in all the world, 'love between father and mother' shattered."

The marriage relation is fast running into an experiment. It would seem that the man had it about right when he asked to be married for a certain number of months. He would then know how he liked it. Look at the divorce statistics in this fair land of ours. The average in the United States in 1916 was about one divorce in ten marriages. In twenty-two of the states where it ran the highest, it was one to every six marriages. New York has one to every 29.81 marriages, California one to every 5.54 marriages, Oregon one to every 2.52 and Nevada one divorce to every 1.54 marriages.

Lax divorce laws, is one thing that encourages so much of this wide-spread havoc; and disintegration of home and family life. We cannot improve on the wisdom of Jesus Christ, who gave only one-ground for divorce, which is adultery, infidelity in the marriage life. No one should ever apply for a divorce outside of this. If the law of our land should get back to the law of our God in this respect, it would save us from many broken hearts and broken homes and wrecked lives both of parents and children. Let us not be wise above that which is written.

"Many a divorce has started with the bread mother used to make."

One of the jokes which came out in Judge hit the nail on the head on the modern divorce craze. If the fad was not running rampant these days, no one would have imagined such a joke on the situation:

Doctor -- No, you'll not be able to leave the house for a week at least.

She -- Oh Dear! Then I sha'n't see Emily married! I've missed two of her weddings already, and it may be months before she's married again.

A man fell from a building in construction in Indiana and was killed. The coroner found himself in a strange predicament when two women claimed the man as their husband. One claimed that she married him in Kansas City and the other married him in Louisville, Ky. Both knew of his double life, and both said they loved him. Said the coroner, "I must know who is who before I can turn over the personal property of W____ D____ to one of his wives." He said the body would be held till it was determined which of the women had a right to it. This is only a straw showing which way the corrupt winds of the day are moving.

One of the strangest marriages, doubtless, that ever occurred, was that of a couple in which the ceremony was performed by a special friend of mine, who recently told me of the freak. To all intents and purposes it was like any ordinary marriage, the two appearing before the minister, answering the proper questions, getting the knot tied, and the marriage was recorded. There was nothing strange in all this. But later on it came out that both the participants of the marriage were females. The object of such a sham and the final outcome was afterwards discovered. The pretending bridegroom was the wife of another. She and her husband concocted this plan in order to get the other's money. The husband came and lived awhile in the new home and was called a brother.

Along with this I might mention a strange occurrence that happened in my own town. The minister went to a certain home in Los Angeles and performed the ceremony in which a young couple were united in marriage. Shortly after this an article came out in the daily Examiner with good headlines to this effect: "Married His Own Mother." Then it went on to state particulars more or less, telling who the officiating clergyman was. He had not married the young man to his mother, but the license had so indicated. After the ceremony, the clergyman had the young man sign his name on a certain line, which the law required, and then the young lady signed her name. He noticed that the name she put down was not the name on the license, and asked for an explanation. It was discovered that the young man not being quite of age, his mother had gone to the clerk's office to give her consent to the marriage, and the clerk had got his wires crossed, putting the mother's name in the license instead of the young lady's name. When the minister took the license to be recorded he called the attention of the clerk to the mistake, who took his knife and scratched out the mother's name and placed the bride's name in her place. It is supposed a newspaper reporter heard the conversation and concluded it would be good reading for the public.

Within the last few weeks the papers exploited the marriage of two theatrical followers, the bride weighing 750 pounds and the bridegroom 150. Anything for notoriety and to increase the shekels!

But what are all these marriage freaks compared with the celestial marriages of the Mormons? Let me stop here before I consume too much time hunting words to express my utter contempt for such blasphemy under the guise of religion.

The limit is reached when a man will marry a woman whom he had divorced several years previously, failing to recognize her as the one he had formerly married. So states a newspaper, but we will not vouch for the truth of it.

It would seem that someone was about right when he made "A brief summary of life: Hatched, matched, dispatched."

It may seem a little out of the ordinary, the Los Angeles Minister's strange Ten Commandments concerning the method of holding a husband, but is it not well spoken? It doubtless could be changed a little and very well fit the other side of the house. We will give them for the benefit of the reader:

1. Thou shalt have no other man except thy husband; neither shalt thou eye another.
2. Thou shalt not neglect thy home for a bargain sale or club or suffragette propaganda.
3. Thou shalt not be a peach on the street, a pippin in society and a lemon in the house.
4. Thou shalt not wear \$50 bonnets and imported lingerie when thy husband wears 5-cent socks and hand-me-down trousers.
5. Thou shalt not play bridge whist for gain, neither shalt thou sip the sparkling glass.
6. Thou shalt use the same blandishments on thy husband as thou didst use on thy sweetheart and he shall always be thy lover.
7. Thou shalt not nag thy husband, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy servant.
8. Thou shalt suffer little children to come, for thy greatest name is Mother.
9. Thou shalt not neglect to pray for thy children, neither shalt thou neglect to spank them.
10. Thou shalt not rear thy children by proxy, but thou thyself shalt be their mother.

Before leaving this subject let me mention some freak places in which some have been married. It seems quite a fad these days to be married on the dance floor. This was carried on to such an extent in Los Angeles, that the Church-Federation passed resolutions condemning the whole affair, after the city attorney ruled that an ordinance prohibiting such marriages would be

unconstitutional. Through advertisements in the newspapers and from other sources of information it was brought to the attention of the Church Federation that a certain specimen of humanity was advertising the performance of marriage ceremonies at his public dance hall as a part of his program of entertainment, and offering certain inducements to those who would consent to be married at his place of business. This Church Federation took a stand against such conduct on the grounds that it suggests the marriage ceremony, "the most binding of all human relations, is a mere joke."

There seems to be tendency in the world to run after the strange and outlandish. To have something or do something different from everybody else seems to be the order of the day. What strange freaks in marriage ceremonies nowadays! Here is the case in Oklahoma of the marriage taking place in a bathing pool, where bride, groom, minister, and all concerned were in bathing costumes. How a minister of the gospel can put himself on such a plane is almost beyond comprehension!

Then a couple of freaks take another extreme, and, instead of being in the water, they ascend into the air. One is indeed watery, while the other is truly airy. "While floating in a balloon thousands of feet in the air, the couple are married by a minister on earth. Before the clergyman is his ritual, and he is marrying the couple thousands of feet in the air. A wireless telephone is in operation and when the two stepped foot on terra firma again they were husband and wife. They went up two and came down one. It probably was one of the most sudden and precipitous drops that ever happened in the marriage world.

Sailing five thousand feet above New York City, a marriage ceremony took place in an airplane, and the ceremony broadcast to others below. A certain Lieutenant known as the "flying parson" tied the knot. "Each detail of the ceremony, except the blush, was transmitted to radio fans by apparatus on the plane."

After the births and marriages come deaths. Then we have the tombstone and the epitaph.

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050 -- FREAK TOMBS AND EPITAPHS

While walking through a cemetery in a Wisconsin city, I observed on the tombstone of a former mayor these words: "This world is my home. To do good is my religion. Why did a good God create a bad Devil?" I was told that the public was so incensed over the occurrence that the grave had to be guarded to keep them from doing violence. A most striking thing was observed in connection with smaller tombstones in the same plat -- the graves of his children. Five children had been born, and the records of their birth and death were given. All of them had died the following year after their birth. Then I did some thinking. What a merciful heavenly Father to take these infants to heaven and save them from the teachings of such a blasphemous parent! Personally, I am persuaded that it is a merciful providence that so many die before the age of accountability. So few ever get saved, and these dying so young are saved from eternal damnation. Parents, do not harbor rebellion against God when your baby dies.

Only recently, on a tombstone in the state of Illinois, I saw the following:

Gone before us, Oh, my husband,
To the spirit land.
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.

The freakishness of our language could easily make this sorrowing wife to mean what she had no thought of.

I was told of this epitaph in the cemetery of Lone Grove, Okla.:

"As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

Someone wrote beneath these words:

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Till I find out which way you went."

The story is told of a peculiar epitaph on the tomb of some dear companion who put it there to express the sad loss. But when the mourning one married again, someone evidently thought he would clear up the situation. Here was the epitaph: "The light of my life has gone out." After the next marriage someone wrote underneath -- "But I have struck another match."

A citizen of an Indiana city created quite a sensation some years ago, when he erected a monument for himself in the cemetery with the following inscription on it: "My only objection to religion is, that it is not true. No preaching, no praying, no psalm-singing on this lot." Some years after this he was found dead in his room, asphyxiated from an open gas jet. He probably was buried like a horse, with no preaching, prayer, nor song; but he is not an infidel now. There are no infidels in the beyond. They all know.

A certain notable personage was determined to be buried so securely that the blasts of the judgment would not awaken him. He ordered solid concrete to be built around the casket so securely that God Almighty could not burst it open. The judgment has not yet come. His body is still entombed. But it took only a tiny acorn to lodge in some crack, and in its growth into an oak, the concrete tomb has already been burst open. Oh, the folly of foolish man!

A man in Massachusetts made a dying request that his body be buried away out in some lonesome woods, with a forlorn hope that the resurrection angel might pass him when he came to wake up the dead. What a surprise when this man leaps from his grave to the judgment of the great white throne!

There are some strange things in connection with the Arlington cemetery, Washington, D. C. A tomb was built in honor of a man by the name of Glover. It was afterwards discovered that he

was not dead, and he did not die until 1919. One tomb was built for Corporal Tanner. He is partly in that tomb, and the rest of him is about doing, well. His legs are in the tomb. This is a true record where both feet are in the grave. General Miles has his tomb in this beautiful cemetery, but the general has not occupied it yet. Admiral Dewey is there at present.

On the tombstone of the founder of Christian Science are these words: "Mary Baker Eddy." Nothing more nor less. It looks as if it might be rather consistent. As the Christian Scientists disclaim any belief in materiality, it would not be consistent to say anything, about her body. As they have torn the atonement from the sacred page, and as no one can be saved except through the atoning, blood of Jesus Christ, no truthful epitaph could be written about her soul in heaven. As they do not believe in death, so it would not do to give that date. So whether she was ever born, or had ever died, or was ever saved, the reader of the epitaph must make his own conjecture. Mary Baker Eddy -- who, when, how, where, why? Decide for yourself.

Andrew Carnegie ordered his own epitaph for his tombstone. Here it is: "Here lies one who knew how to get around him men who were cleverer than himself." That is one secret of his great worldly success. He was humble enough to appropriate men and means for his advancement. It is said he had his private tutor in his home to teach him what he had failed to get in his early life.

It is said that on the tomb of a certain maiden lady by the name of Mann appears the unique statement:

"Here lies the body of Ann Mann. She lived an old maid and died an old Mann." And who could say that it was not paradoxically true?

It is written that the only man who ever guessed his death is laid away in an old graveyard at Amsterdam, in the Netherlands. On his tombstone is engraved the word, "Exactly," and under it a pair of slippers. The man was wealthy, and made a calculation just how long he would live. Then he divided his income into yearly installments and spent it. The day before the date he had set for his death he had spent all his money, paid all his debts, given all his possessions away, and had left only a pair of slippers. The next day he passed away.

Doctor William S. Sadler tells of waiting for a train in a Southern city, and while doing so, he visited a large tombstone factory. While there he saw an old gentleman drive up, come into the office, and proceed to order his tombstone. He gave his name and other data for the stone; stated that he was born in 1841 and died in 1910 (this was in the month of August, 1910). Here the clerk interrupted him saying, "You are not yet dead, sir, and this is already the last half of 1910." Whereupon the old gentleman in a most emphatic and decisive manner replied, "No, young man, of course I am not dead, but I will be dead before this year is over." The probabilities are that he did die on time. It seems when one gets possessed with the idea that he is going to die, nothing will then keep him alive.

In a New England cemetery is the following epitaph:

Here lies an old woman who always was tired.
She lived in a house where no help was hired.

She is now up in heaven where anthems are ringing,
But having no voice, she will get out of singing.
Don't mourn for her now, and don't mourn for her ever;
She has gone to do nothing, forever and ever.

In a certain cemetery where the venerable Bishop Hamline is buried is a marvelous example of extremes. Bishop Hamline was a most godly man, and I understand left word for a very simple announcement upon his tombstone. It certainly could not have been more simple and convey any thought at all. Here is the statement: "L. L. Hamline, Born ___, Died ____." Here was placed his day of birth and day of departure. About twenty feet from, this spot is a shaft some forty or fifty feet high, whereupon the epitaph of a mayor is carved, recording the good deeds of his life, achievements, education, etc. What a difference between the two!

Near where the battle of Saratoga occurred during the Revolutionary period, is a place where the honored heroes of that illustrious battle are remembered to the world. There are three noted niches or places for the occupancy of the busts of the officers of that battle. In one of them is the bust of General Gates; in another, the bust of one of the other generals, while one of the places is empty in dishonor of Benedict Arnold, the traitor of his country; yet he fought valiantly at this battle and was wounded. He finally died "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

In Florence Italy, is a tombstone on which is written, "Here lies Estrella, who has gone to heaven to enjoy a fortune of fifty thousand florins, which she sent ahead of her in good deeds." How much has the reader sent on ahead in the same way? Where are your treasures, on earth or in heaven? Are you leaving them for children to quarrel over and to curse them by making them wealthy and worldly, or are you making the world better by your means, and laying up treasures beyond?

More than fifty years ago a farmer planted in his garden a walnut for the purpose of raising a tree to furnish lumber for his casket. In 1916 he had the tree cut down and sawed into boards to let the lumber season. In about three years after the tree had been cut down he got a cabinet maker to make his casket, passed upon it himself, had his photograph taken standing beside the casket, and then within a few days he was laid away in it.

When I was a young man I called to see an old man who was a distant neighbor lying on a bed sick. He lived in a small shack of a building by the roadside. When I entered his one-room apartment, it was a rather gruesome sight which met my eyes. On the rafters, above his head, was his coffin. He had a neighbor make it for him, so he would have it handy for his burial. In the intervening time it was utilized for holding beans.

While it may seem strange for one to have his casket on hand before his death, how much more strange would it seem, to have one sing at his own funeral! Such was indeed the case. Records had been made in a phonograph of one's own voice, and while he lay in his coffin his voice sang "Rock of Ages," and "I'm a Pilgrim."

Perhaps one of the strangest post mortem freaks is that of an unpaid tombstone. In New York state one man's financial difficulties have followed him to his grave. A statement was made

in the paper that his tombstone would be sold at public auction unless an unpaid balance of \$1,526 was settled. This claim due to the monument company was approved by the Bronx Supreme Court.

Probably the most freakish tombstone in the world is to be found in Marion, Ohio. The monument consists of a large, substantial, polished sphere supported on a marble base. This beautiful round ball of granite sitting on top of its marble base, is observed actually to be turning day by day, as if turned by the hands of a "spook." It is certainly weird and strange that this round ball should be turning slowly from day to day, and no human hands to do it. The movement is almost imperceptible, but was discovered when a small unpolished section where the sphere at first rested on its base slowly came in sight. It takes about a week to notice any change in position. This unpolished spot has now traveled almost around the circle.

Now put your wits together and scientifically explain this strange phenomenon. The fact is there, but how is it explained?

The scientific solution to this is found in the fact, that one side of the granite sphere is protected by trees, while the other side is exposed to the heated rays of the sun. The result is, that one side is heated day by day, while the other side is kept more or less cool. This uneven contraction and expansion causes the stone slowly to revolve.

Before we close this department of freak epitaphs and tombs we wish to note a striking occurrence not really under this head, but in connection with this subject. It is the marvelous results following the reading of a stanza chiseled upon a tombstone. A certain young man, careless in matters of religion and indifferent towards the need of his soul's salvation, one day was sauntering through an old church graveyard near Wolville, Nova Scotia, in the land of Evangeline, and there he saw a fallen gravestone. Out of mere curiosity he overturned it. At the foot, engraved on the stone, was a verse of four lines that took such a hold upon him, and so clearly explained to him the way of salvation, that it was the means of his conversion.

The words of the stanza were these:

In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

For nearly fifty years this man led a Christian life, as the result of discovering those lines on the tombstone. Out from that place of death came to him eternal life. At his final sickness, realizing that he must soon pass over, he made a dying request that at his funeral and over his coffin the story of those lines of poetry be told, with the hopes that the prayer of a dying man might be answered, and that it might be a blessing to many other souls. At the funeral his request was carried out. It was attended by a large and representative body of men, the story of those lines was told, not only in connection with the life of the deceased, but how those same lines had transformed so many others whose pathway they had crossed and brought to Christ. At the close of the funeral it was stated that the dying wish of the old saint was, that the words might be printed on a card and distributed at the funeral. As the people passed from the house of mourning each one was handed a

card, on one side of which was elegantly printed in purple the name, age, and burial date of the departed, and on the other side the beautiful stanza.

In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

One of the heroes of the battle of Waterloo saw these same lines fastened over the mantel-piece of a man's study. It so impressed him that he was led to Christ and became a Christian. While this old General Taylor lay dying, his last words were those of this stanza. Years afterwards the story of these lines was told in connection with the Waterloo hero, and a young officer in the British army heard it. He was careless at the time, but those words fastened upon him and when he died they were the pillow of peace to his soul.

The secret of power of those lines may not be told, but they were probably written in prayer and watered in tears of love. Other people as the story of these lines has been told have been awakened, and who knows but what some reader of this book will see the way to God and yield his life to Christ. May it be so, and so I pray.

A lady had written on a card and placed on the top of an hour glass in her greenhouse the following simple verse, from one of the poems of John Clare. It was the season when flowers were in their highest glory.

To think of summers yet to come,
Which I am not to see;
To think a weed is yet to bloom,
From dust that I shall be.

The next morning she found the following lines on the back of the card:

To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And time and seasons o'er,
When all that dies shall then be dead,
And I can die no more!
Oh! where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend Eternity?

* * *

051 -- FREAK TOWNS AND PLACES

Among the freaks of the world are some towns. There is an annual town without any name, on one of the arms of Lake Huron. Each winter this town appears, consisting of about five hundred wooden shanties, and during the summer they are hidden away, unoccupied in some clearing on the shore. When the lake freezes over, the owners of the huts come in from every direction, put their

houses on the ice, remove a part of the floor, cut down through the ice, and proceed with their winter occupation of catching fish. This fishing is done without leaving their sitting rooms.

On the borders of Russia is an Asiatic town called Maimatchin. The inhabitants are men only. No woman is allowed inside its precincts. Isn't that the limit?

A few years ago a town sprang up as if by magic in Texas. Out on a certain railroad where no town was in sight, the inhabitants came pouring in till thousands of people were assembled. Improvised places for carrying on business were put up in a day. It was all bustle and excitement, It sprang up like a mushroom and faded away as quickly as it came. What was the cause? Two railroad locomotives were to have a head-on collision on that certain day, and the thousands of sightseers were there to witness the spectacular. Anything for excitement!

Way up in the mountains of California some years ago (and doubtless it is there yet) stood a deserted town. There were streets, business houses, private dwellings, everything but people, furniture, and provisions. Not one solitary soul in that lonely little city. How strange, lonesome, awful to pass through it! You ask, What was the cause? The mining boom was on, and the people rushed in. But the mining proved a failure and the people rushed out -- that is all.

Near the mouth of a river in Chesapeake Bay, on a certain island called Tangier, is a town by the same name. Fishing is the only industry. The front yards are very small, not much larger than two good sized rooms, but in them are graves, numbering sometimes four or five up to nine or ten, where the family dead are buried. Elaborate monuments and customary headstones are in evidence. The lawns are green and well kept, and flowers grow around the graves. This is one town without automobile, horse or wagon, for there is no place for them. The single street of the town is only six feet wide. The only way to reach the burg is by flat bottom boats, for the water is too shallow for others. There are no docks. It is said the people are so good they do not have any officer of the law, and there has not been a murder there for more than forty years. There is no race suicide. Some idea of the number of children can be had by the fact of there being only one hundred fifty voters out of a population of eighteen hundred inhabitants.

A certain town by the name of Ingersoll, (we withhold the name of the state, not wishing to embarrass it), was founded by infidels. After their noted leader in infidelity they named the burg. This freak town must be infidel from start to finish. So intent were the founders, in their consistency, that they would not sell a lot to any one who was not an infidel. But trouble was in the air. Things did not run as smoothly as they anticipated. Various kinds of difficulties arose, wickedness was rampant, and murders blotted its name. When matters became unendurable, they felt that they must have a change. Infidelity was not working as they supposed. What did they do? A preacher was sent for, that he might change the order of things. That town today, is probably as decent a place as ordinary towns in the same state.

Among the very strange towns in the world is Hibbing, Minn. It is not a strange town in itself, but strange in that it is being moved in its entirety. It is called the "world's largest and richest village," and is being actually moved to a new location a mile and a half from its old site. This is done in order that a mining company which owns the land on which the town was formerly built, can obtain the rich iron deposits underneath. It is said the transfer of the town will take about

two years. The cost of constructing again the streets, sidewalks, watermains, sewers, lights, and other necessary things will approximate fifteen millions. All this is outside the cost of moving the buildings.

I am now writing in a large city. In this city is a freak city. It is the only city of its kind probably in the world. It is a city within a city. I am speaking of the city of Norwood which is entirely surrounded by the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. It will not merge into Cincinnati, so has its own individuality, government, and all that goes to make up any ordinary city of its size.

On the island of Saba, of the Dutch West Indies, is a town of about thirteen hundred inhabitants, called Leverock Town. Probably of all places on this whole world of ours, there is no more curious place for a town. We have heard of the bird building its nest in the mouth of a cannon and this is somewhat akin to it. This town is located literally in the crater of an extinct volcano.

The island of Saba is volcanic, about two and one half miles wide by three and a half long, rising very precipitously out of the Atlantic ocean. There are only two places that people can land from the ocean and get on to the island.

This island was originally the home of the pirate, and is now peopled by the Dutch, forming about sixty per cent of the population. On this island is an extinct volcano rising up very precipitously about eighteen hundred feet. Inside of this old volcano and down about eight hundred feet below the rough mountainous rim of the crater, lies this little town of thirteen hundred people. It is very much like a teacup, except at the bottom of the crater where the town is situated, is an opening or low place through which the people go in and out. The crater is somewhat round. The town is probably one half a mile across. They bury their dead principally in their front yards.

In this strange little city is a mission church operated by the Pilgrim Holiness Church, which has built a beautiful stone structure from the boulders taken from the crater wall. The people live in small, white frame houses, with red roofs.

The whole island has about four thousand people, the men of which are mostly sailors, having the reputation of being about the best sailors in the world. They make long sea voyages and are gone away from their homes generally about four years at a time, when they return and stay at home some six months or a year. The young men come home after a long sea voyage, get married, stay at home for perhaps a year, then out on the rolling deep for several years. Sometimes their ships will pass within sight of home, but no opportunity to stop at that time. It is said that the wives of these sailors are very true to their loved ones.

On this island of Saba is no well nor spring of water, except only one sulfur spring which oozes out in a certain place, and is called Hell's Gap, because of the supposed death fumes emitting therefrom. All the water for domestic purposes comes from the sky in the form of rain, which is caught in cisterns.

Reader how would you like to spend the rest of your life way down eight hundred feet in the crater of a volcano?

A very unique church has been built at Tacony, Pa., from old grindstones taken from the Disston saw works at that place. These large grindstones were used for many years in the saw works, but had been discarded because they had been worn off beyond the point of usefulness. These old grindstones were bought and cut down into building blocks, and built into what has become generally known as the Grindstone church.

The Ladies Home Journal tells of the most curious church in the world. It is found at Bergen, Norway. It is built entirely of paper. Here is quite a contrast; one church built of grindstones, and another of paper. This paper was saturated with a concoction of unslaked lime, curdled milk, and the whites of thousands of eggs. The church seats a thousand people. Paper, lime, eggs, and milk! This is certainly a freak combination for a meeting house.

In Santa Rosa, Calif., is a Baptist church built entirely from one redwood tree which grew not many miles from Santa Rosa. After they had used all the lumber desired for all purposes in the church building, there were a great many cords of wood left. In some of the gigantic redwoods of California there is enough lumber to build a good-size town or city.

In the city of Tacoma, Wash., is one of the strangest and oldest of church towers in this country. It was never built; it grew there. High up on the top is the bell, which calls the worshippers to come to the place of worship. That strange belfry is covered with green, climbing vines, and practically hides the real nature of the tower. It is the trunk of a tall tree.

One time, I was riding through Greensburg, Indiana, and saw a most peculiar sight. It was on a court house with a tower of stone, running up to an apex, the whole wall and slanting roof being of stone. Out from this slanting stone roof of the tower was growing a tree, probably ten or twelve feet high, with a number of branches. How in the world it ever got started in the crevice of those stones, or how it gets soil and moisture to keep alive, I cannot tell; I simply know that I saw this as I passed through, and purchased a post card with the picture of this freak on it. Formerly there were two of these trees, but one died, doubtless from lack of moisture and soil. The living one is said to be fifty years old.

One of the strangest places, doubtless, in the world is the sky-scraping monastery at Meteora, Thessaly. This monastery is built on top of a mammoth and almost perpendicular rock or crag. Perched way up in those upper regions, the lonely inmates live, where the scenery must be transcendent and the air bracing and pure. But one would wonder how those inmates ever ascended to their home in the skies. There is no winding auto road, no foot path, and no chiseled steps for weary feet. Access is by means of ropes and ladders. Is not the whole thing freakish?

But probably the most freakish place on this mundane sphere on which to place a building is on a rocking stone on a high range of hills in Burma. This great rocking rock is on top of another great rock and really right on the edge, and the picture would indicate that it was liable to slip off at any time. On top of this rocking stone is built a pagoda, while in strong winds the rock sways, but seems to be quite secure. Personally, I would prefer a building somewhat better anchored to this earth.

While we are on the subject of strange places, let me not overlook the spot that is called the loneliest place in the world, which place is Pitcairn Island, a British possession in the Pacific Ocean about midway between Australia and South America. The island is about two or two and one half miles long by one mile wide. It projects very precipitously out of the ocean and has only two or three places where a boat can land. It became inhabited a goodly number of years ago by some mutineers who took with them some native women from the island of Tahiti. These became wives of the English whites who mutinied, and from them sprang the present inhabitants, in number something between 150 and 200. Among them are three Americans. These half castes speak the English language and have a government of their own, a sort of parliament, a president, vice-president and a judge. They have a school and kindergarten. The chief product of the island is fruit. They love music, and have an old organ presented to them by Queen Victoria. No stranger can marry one of their number. Sometimes the islanders get no mail from the outside world for a whole year. Mail from the United States goes by way of San Francisco and Tahiti, and at this latter place it stays until some passing vessel which is to call at Pitcairn takes it, which is very seldom. Once in awhile England has one of its war ships call there, which occurred in 1907 and 1911. Once during a time of 26 years only two ships touched at Pitcairn, so it is said. A goodly number of years ago the Seventh Day Adventists sent their missionaries there and the inhabitants became Adventists.

In the state of Washington is a freak stream, called Bear Creek, flowing from the glaciers of Mount Adams. The laws of Nature seem to have been reversed in this marvelous freak of flowing water. Rocks float on its surface, while logs sink to the bottom. Instead of ice being on the surface, it covers the bed of the stream nearly the entire year. It plays hide and seek -- sometimes slipping into a cave or crevice and being lost to sight, and then appearing again. In one place the water is bright yellow, red in another, and light blue when it flows into the Columbia. The freezing of the bottom is caused by a rocky formation similar to a washboard, which retards the water's motion making the surface to move swifter. Air bubbles are shot downward carrying freezing temperature to the water below. The logs which sink are of specific gravity heavier than water, while the rocks which float are sort of pumice or lava clinkers, lighter than water. The yellow color comes from the glaciers, the red is caused by red clay bluffs, and the blue by a deposit of copper quartz through which the stream has cut its bed.

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052 -- FREAK PREACHERS

The ministry of Jesus Christ has certainly found a trail in the dust when the pastor of a certain congregation in Kansas gives his parishioners a yearly choice of accepting his advocacy of boxing bouts, dancing and pool, or hiring a new pastor. The vote each year is not unanimous for his continued pastorate, yet it is large enough to keep him, which shows the frightfully low level to which a congregation can fall in spiritual things. The paper from which I gleaned the information put it thus: "You will find me in the boxing ring, the dance halls, the lodge halls, the pool halls, perhaps in the alleys, or wherever men congregate, if I continue to preach," was his ultimatum contained in his recent resignation.

The congregation not only rejected his resignation, but increased his salary. This increase he rejected, stating that he was amply paid, and earned something in addition to his salary by refereeing boxing bouts. It is said his services as referee are in demand in Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. His influence in making boxing popular has been felt over a large section.

It is such pastors as this that lower the standard of the gospel to the level of the world. "Come out from among them," has no place in such a pastor's life. He will drag his congregation with himself to the place where all sinners will ultimately land. "Though hand join in hand, they wicked shall not be unpunished" (Prov. 11:21).

Akin to this so-called minister are those who rely upon sensationalism to draw the people to the house of worship. "What is more deplorable in our church life than the methods many of the clergy are employing to secure an audience? Whistling women, free lunches, shady politicians (posing as brilliant statesmen), moving pictures, with an inoffensive smear of religion on them, represent some of the offerings in the church notices. And the topics of the sermons! What poor, benighted heathen would even guess these performances have anything to do with Christianity?"

The writer of the quotation above said he spent nine months in Los Angeles and observed the following announcements as topics for the pulpit: "Has God got your number?" "The Wild-west Man," "The Man in the Moon," "Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?" "A wonderful invention -- a lunch box, hand mirror and bath tub in one." The writer then mentions the churches which these pastors represent, and states that the pastors are prominent in their respective denominations. No wonder there are no revivals! No wonder that the sinner has no fear of sin! No wonder the world has not the respect as it once did for the church and its ministry! Oh, for the old times when sinners quaked and cried to God for salvation, and revivals were in evidence! Thank God all ministers are not of this stripe!

"According to Dr. A. T. Pierson, the Bishop of Wakefield, England, is responsible for the following unique and somewhat witty classification of the sermons commonly preached in modern times:

1. The 'Sesquipedalian'; big words hiding little thoughts.
2. The 'Wishy-washy'; no explanation required.
3. The 'Pyrotechnic'; blazing with brilliant metaphors and illustrations, and finishing with a faint odor of gunpowder.
4. The 'Anecdotal'; teeming with stories -- some of them good enough once, but gone bad by keeping.
5. The 'Flowery'; in which rhyme is of more importance than reason.
6. The 'Mellifluous'; with calm, unbroken flow.

7. The 'Paregoric'; against which the powers of wakefulness fail; like a roll of ribbon, so much alike at all points that a yard can be cut off anywhere.

"A very good classification this, although no mention is made of the Sky-scraping, Fulminating, Cyclonic, Acrobatic, Lachrymose, Lopsided, Dilletante, and Slam-bang styles of sermonizing -- possibly because these styles are not common in Europe, or else because the good bishop would include them as sub-classes in the sevenfold grouping he has so skillfully wrought out. Preachers acquire one or another of the foregoing styles according as their tastes, temperaments, idiosyncrasies, egotism, or conceits incline them, and that usually with little effort and less of moral and spiritual effect upon their hearers. The direct, simple, sturdy, manly, common sense style which characterized the Old Testament prophets and the early apostles of our Lord seems to be more difficult to acquire, and is therefore comparatively rare. It can be acquired, however, and its mastery should be the constant endeavor of every ambassador of Jesus Christ."

But look at the low level of the ministry that will leave the old gospel methods of saving grace, and become merely pulpit charlatans, exploiting "all sorts of homiletical degeneracy" in order to be sensational. Is there not enough in the gospel to interest men and draw them without going to the sensational? There might be some excuse occasionally in order to draw a few who might otherwise pass by, to frame the announcement of a discourse in a way that would catch the eye or ear, and then give such the real plain Word of God, but to leave the gospel and turn to topics of the day is reprehensible. Here are some of the announcements in city papers of late, as published in a religious journal: "Love, courtship and marriage," "The value of football," "The automobile as a social and religious force in the community," "Thought power -- its control and culture," "Break the news to mother," "The extraordinary power of veneer in modern society." These announcements were heralded as being "full of resistless attractions." Has the gospel lost its resistless attraction, that ministers must leave the old paths and seek out new ones? Must we cease to lift up Him, who said He would draw all men unto Him, and resort to sensationalism and give the carnal tides of humanity an emasculated gospel, yea, no gospel at all! Nay verily!

The sacred pulpit is not the place to exploit philosophic discussions, the latest and most popular novel, travelogues, and trips into great scientific fields. It is related of a Western minister who attempted to stir his congregation with a scientific sermon, that he gave them to understand our old world was speeding on to destruction, and that the final catastrophe might come in any one of nine different ways. There might be a sudden change in the axis of the earth, and drown the world; we might collide with some dead star and have a smashup; the internal fires of the earth might fail, and our water and air being absorbed, people would perish; we might become enveloped in the tail of a comet and become asphyxiated. Other dangers were pointed out, but the main fact was, that the earth was taking a straight course towards Hercules, speeding at the rate of 600,000 miles per day, and when we got there, it would be the end. I reckon it would!

This reminds me of an Irishman in court, who gave several reasons why another person was not present. After enumerating a number of good reasons, he gave for his last, the fact that he was dead. He surely had one good reason.

The reputation of a certain minister was being attacked, and the scandal made its rounds through the country. It was stated that he entered a theater, and, in a very cruel manner ordered his

wife out of the place, and not exhibiting the proper spirit of a minister of the gospel. He let the gossip go the rounds for a season gathering all the force it could. Then he made his explanation. He declared that he never interfered with his wife in any thing of her choice in such matters; that his wife never attended theaters; that himself never attended them, neither of them ever having any inclination in that direction; that he never entered one and ordered his wife out. And in the last place, he never had a wife. This was doubtless a most conclusive array of arguments, especially the last one.

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053 -- FREAK LANGUAGE

The English language is noted for its freaks. Some of these are comical indeed. The double meaning many times is laughable. A humorist was stopping at a Saratoga hotel and was asked, on leaving, to write something in the hotel register, whereupon he penned the following:

"I came to this hotel for a change and rest. The landlord got the change, and the waiters got the rest."

When a departing guest from a Washington hotel read the caution on the door of his room -- "Have you left anything?" he surveyed his bill, explored his pockets, took a pen and changed the card to read, "Have you anything left?"

When the Frenchman on the train in this country was looking out of the car window, and another passenger seeing the danger of said Frenchman getting his head taken off by something in close proximity to the train, yelled out "Look out!" the Frenchman thought it very strange that when he wanted him to look in, he would say "Look out."

The following will illustrate this freakishness: "Now, John, did you ever see a saw?" "Yes, sir, I saw a saw."

"What saw was it you saw, John?"

"It was a see-saw, sir."

"A sea saucer! Why, John, what do you mean?"

"I mean see-saw, sir."

"And when did you see the sea?"

"I didn't see the sea, I saw the saw, sir."

"But how did you see the saucer?"

"Why, sir, I never saw the saucer! I saw the see-saw, sir."

"Well, my boy, if that's the way you see saw, the less saws you see the better. You may take your seat."

This person must have misunderstood the question as seen in the following:

"Don't you find it hard these times to meet expenses? " "Hard? I meet expenses at every turn." It certainly must be hard for those foreigners, whose language, like the Spanish, for example, is so dependable, to untangle some of our peculiarities.

An unknown poet has pictured this to perfection in his witty rhyme.

"We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese;
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a vow if repeated is never called vine;
And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If the singular is this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one would be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose;
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of brother, and also of brethren;
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim!
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see."

The Literary Digest has this spicy freak in our English language, showing how easy it is to mistranslate an overheard remark:

Said Mrs. A, one of the overhearers: "They must have been to the zoo, because I heard her mention 'a trained deer.'"

Said Mrs. B: "No, no. They were talking about going away and she said to him, 'Find out about the train, dear.'"

Said Mrs. C: "I think you are both wrong. It seems to me they were discussing music, for she said, 'A trained ear' very distinctly."

A few minutes later the lady herself appeared and they told her of their disagreement.

"Well," she laughed, "that's certainly funny. You are poor guessers, all of you. The fact is, I'd been out to the country over night and I asked my husband if it rained here last evening."

The Ladies Home Journal has the following: "The late John G. Johnson, the great Philadelphia lawyer, was one day pleading a case in court, when he addressed the bench: 'Will the court bear in mind, please, that this man on trial is not so great a scoundrel as Your Honor' here Mr. Johnson stopped for a moment with a twinkle in his eye, while the courtroom roared with laughter, and then he added -- 'takes him to be.' ""Will the counsel be so kind hereafter,' said the court to Mr. Johnson, 'as to put his words a little closer together?'"

We sometimes find freak blunders in the English language. While the writer was in a certain town in Arkansas, a young man where he was entertained had recently returned from the war. This young man had to do with allotments and insurances of soldiers and their wives, and frequently there would come into his office some side-splitting statements from anxious inquirers. As these extraordinary statements would come in, he would write them down for future reference. He turned them over to me to copy and the following are some of them:

"I ain't got no book learning and I hope I am writing for inflamation."

"Just a line to let you know that I'm a widow and four children."

"I am a lone woman and parsely dependent."

"As I needed his assistance to keep me enclosed." (Meaning, in clothes.)

"Owing to my condition I haven't walked in three months for a broken leg which is No. 75."

"I am left with a seven months old child and she is a baby and can't work."

"Your relationship to him? Just a mere aunt and a few cousins."

"Both sides of our parents are old and poor." "Please send me a wife's form." (Meaning blank.)

"Please let me know if John put in application for a wife and child."

"You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best fighter I ever had."

"Previous to his departure we were married to a justice of the peace."

"I am discharged from the army for a goiter which I was sent home on."

"I received my insurance polish and have since moved my post office."

"I am his wife and only air."

"You asked for my allotment number. I have four boys and two girls."

"Please correct my name as I could not and would not go under a consumed name."

"I am writing in the Y.M.C.A. with the piano playing in my uniform. I am pleating for a little more time."

"I am writing to ask why I haven't received my elopement." (Allotment.)

"My son is in C-158th Infancy." (Infantry.)

"Please tell me if he is living or dead and if so what is his address."

"I do not receive my husband's pay. I will be compelled to live an immortal life." (Immoral life.)

"My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon. (Platoon.) Will I get any more pay?

"Please send me my elopement. (Allotment) I have a little boy and I need it every day."

But freaks are not confined to "the ignorant. Sometimes they take the opposite extreme. It seems to reach the ultimate when some doctor, who has more room in his head than brains, tries to appear great. How is this for simplification?: "The streptococcus erysipelatis proliferating in the interspaces of the connective tissue is the etio-logic factor in the erysipelatous toxins."

Or, that a man "died of a colossal carcinomatous degeneration of the hepatic mechanism."

There are two ways of telling a thing: one is to say it with high-sounding words which not one in a thousand would understand, and the other way is to simplify it so that the most ignorant can understand. For instance: "Gastronomic satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at a state of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity." In other words -- "I have had plenty."

When an employee desired a vacation for certain reasons instead of asking for it in plain terms he used words as follows:

"Most Exalted Sir: It is with most habitually devout expressions of my sensitive respect that I approach the clemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteem, and also forgotten-by-myself assurance that in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions; indeed, a fortnight's holiday, as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin. I have the

honorable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence as servitor. (Signed) Jonabol Panjamjaub."

One thing sure his boils did not lessen his vocabulary, nor help him to boil it down.

While we are on this line we might give the longest twelve-word telegram ever written, so says the Ladies Home Journal, winning a prize in competition, and was accepted by an English telegraph operator as a proper twelve-word message.

"Administrator General's counterrevolutionary intercommunications uncircumstantiated. Quartermaster General's disproportionableness characteristically contradistinguished unconstitutionalist's incomprehensibilities."

It has been a question which is the longest English word. While the long ones range from twenty-one to twenty-six letters, probably the longest (and doubtless it will continue so), is this: "Necrobioneopaleonthydropothanthropopithecology." Only forty-eight letters. Please pronounce it and take your place at the head.

The English language is taking on more and more proportions, expanding, it is said at the rate of five thousand words a year. When Samuel Johnson's dictionary was published in 1747 it contained fifty thousand words, and was considered so perfect that previous attempts were cast in the shade. This was the standard till Noah Webster's came out in 1828 with one hundred sixty thousand words. Towards the close of the nineteenth century the dictionaries passed the three hundred thousand mark and dictionaries today nearly half a million.

A man boasted that he had mastered the English language, whereupon he was challenged to write the following sentence from dictation:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue, came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?'

"If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

One of the most paradoxical mixtures in our language is the following: "Good morning, John. I see you are here first at last; you used to be behind before; but now you are early of late."

The Epworth Herald prints an amusing item relative to some fine points in our English as follows:

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a Pullman berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the man.

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher is lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper, you have to get up to go to bed, and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower, because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower." But the poor man had fainted.

A lady once told me that she had so mastered grammar that a sentence could not be produced which she could not analyze. Had I known then of a certain sentence, I would like to have asked her simply to try to write a very simple one. There is a sentence of four simple words, not one of them over five letters, all easy to pronounce, and yet no one can write the sentence. It never has been done and it never will be done. No matter how long one may try, no matter what his education, no matter how efficient in the art of writing, he can not write this sentence. It can be spoken, but absolutely impossible to put it in writing. I can not tell you in print what the sentence is, for it can not be printed. Then how can I make it plain to you what the sentence is? I will at least attempt it. There are some words pronounced the same, but spelled differently. For instance, we have the word "two." That is a very simple word. Then we have another word pronounced the same, but it is spelled "t-o-o." This makes two of the words pronounced the same. But that is not all. There is another word pronounced the same as these two, but spelled differently from the others. It is spelled "t-o." Now we have three words pronounced just the same, but spelled differently. Now for the sentence: "There are three --." What word should I put in that last space? If I put it "twos" that would not be correct, neither would "toos," nor "tos." You can say the word, but you can not properly write it. So there is such a thing as speaking a sentence, when it can not be written.

Through the freakishness of our language some one has propounded the following riddle: "There was a man who had no eyes, and he went forth to view the skies. He saw an apple tree with apples on it; he took no apples off, and left no apples on it." All of this could actually be done in fact, literally. We will leave the reader to puzzle it out.

Some things are both comical and witty when the party never meant them to be so, nor knew they were. In that manner they became doubly humorous. It is said at an examination for girls, one of the tasks was an essay on boys, and this is one of them, just as it was handed in, by a girl of twelve.

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard from a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

How different from the spread eagle pomposity of some who desire to show their learning by their verbosity, is that noted speech of Abraham Lincoln, delivered at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863! This address is generally accepted as the greatest single

piece of American literature ever produced. Let us carefully note some particular points in this marvelous address. It has in it two hundred sixty-eight words. Two hundred of these have only one syllable each. Forty-nine have two syllables. Twelve have three syllables. Seven have four syllables -- four of which are the same word, "dedicated," the other three being "consecrated," "proposition," and "altogether." All of the larger words are very simple and common. May we not learn a lesson of simplicity from this? President Lincoln was not the orator of the day on this great occasion. The orator had his great speech prepared, and Mr. Lincoln was somewhat embarrassed to find himself speaking in connection with such an event and such an orator, when he had nothing prepared. So, as the train sped along towards Gettysburg, he took out a slip of paper and hastily scratched off these immortal words. In his address he says, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here," but Abraham Lincoln here made one mistake of his life. The words of the orator of the occasion are practically forgotten, but this marvelous piece of literature never. Abraham Lincoln has been dead for more than half a century, but "he being dead, yet speaketh."

The story is told of an old lady who went to hear John Wesley preach. She had never heard him preach before, and had her mind made up to hear something grandiloquent. After the sermon, she inquired, "Was that the great Wesley I heard preach?" On being answered in the affirmative, she said, "I understood every word he said." And is not that one thing that made him great?

* * *

054 -- FREAK ANNOUNCEMENTS

"A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymnbooks, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he announced: 'All those who have children they wish baptized, please send in their names at once.' The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn-book notice, immediately arose and said: 'And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each.' -- (From *Heart Throbs*.)

What freak turns our English language sometimes take! It is said of a certain woman who was traveling in the interest of "Woman's Rights," and being anxious to have proper announcement of her lecture in a certain place, ordered placards to be printed. The copy handed the printer contained the following: "Woman, without her, man would be a barbarian." What was her chagrin, on entering the city to find her advertisement reading: "Woman, without her man, would be a barbarian." It is said that the poor printer had made his escape for his life.

A woman, whose husband was going to sea, handed to the minister this notice, which she desired him to read in church. "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The minister, punctuating in his own way, read it thus -- to the obvious amusement of his flock: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

The following announcement appeared in a newspaper: "For sale -- A full-blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stoves." This must have been a most remarkable cow sure enough. A cow that would produce milk, hay, chickens and stoves ought to have found a ready sale.

A most unique sign appeared on one of the streets of New York City:

"Cup of coffee and a roll down stairs for 15c." It might have cost more than that.

When a lady asked the depot agent what time the train arrived and left, he responded, "Two to two, to two-two." Her next question was, "Be you the whistle?"

A certain pastor in the Methodist church residing in Redding, California, told the writer a very amusing thing that came in connection with one of his announcements. He had announced that on Sunday night he would preach on "The Biggest Liar in Redding." This peculiar topic naturally drew on the curiosity of the people and accordingly a full house was present. Afterwards the paper came out with the statement: "The biggest liar in Redding drew a big house at the Methodist Church last night."

I have heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey County, Indiana, to Pike County, Missouri. He was starving to death on donations of catfish, 'possum, and a hundred-dollar salary. Finally, he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer-meeting, to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandanna handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much, for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other, for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me, for you don't pay me my salary -- and your donations are moldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye can not come; but I go to prepare a place for you.'" -- (From *Heart Throbs*.)

"Mike, Mike," called Mike Delaney's wife, Bridget, when he came home one evening. "Run over to the Mack's and see what's the matter with Pat. He's been running up and down the yard since breakfast, these two days; and the weather's bad for shirt sleeves. I'm thinking he's either lost his mind or training for a policeman."

"Whist, woman!" said Mike. "Let him be. He's got a wife of his own to worry him."

The next evening she met Mike at the door.

"Sure," said she, "his brain's gone entirely, or it must be dancin' lessons he's after takin', for he's prancin' about the yard all this blessed day, he is."

So Mike thinks he would better look into the matter, and he goes to Pat.

"Man, man!" he said. "Can't your wife jaw at you enough without all the neighbors taking a whack? What are you making a spectacle of your feelin's in the back yard for? Are you crazy?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "I'm only followin' directions. It's a bit sick I've been and the doctor left some medicine He told me to take it two days runnin' and then skip a day." -- (From Heart Throbs.)

* * *

055 -- LIFE -- A LITERARY CURIOSITY

[This poem about "Life" consists of numerous quotations, each line being taken from a different writer. -- DVM]

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? -- Young.
Life's short summer -- man is but a flower, -- Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die. -- Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh. -- Prior.
To be is better far than not to be. -- Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; -- Spencer.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb -- Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. -- Sir Walter Raleigh.
Thy fate is the common fate of all; -- Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here no man befall; -- Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere, -- Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. -- Churchill.
Custom does not reason overrule, -- Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. -- Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven. -- Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. -- Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face -- French.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place; -- Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear, -- Thompson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. -- Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay, -- Smollet.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray; -- Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; -- Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise. -- Crowley.
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem, -- Beattie.
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream. -- Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave, -- Sir Wm. Davenport.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave, -- Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, -- Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great. -- Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? -- Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. -- Francis Qwarles.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell; -- Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well. -- Herrick.
Make, then, while ye may, your God your friend, -- William Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. -- Hill.
The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just, -- Dana.
For live we how we may, yet die we must. -- Shakespeare.

-- (Heart Throbs.) The statement is made that a year was occupied in searching for and fitting the lines in this remarkable mosaic from English and American poets.

* * *

056 -- A FREAK POEM

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from being nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well! Alas! Alas!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to read but words,
Nothing to cast but votes,
Nothing to hear but sounds,
Nothing to sail but boats.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but commonsense
Can ever withstand these woes.

-- (From Heart Throbs.)

* * *

057 -- FREAK TOASTS

Freaks, frauds and fools sometime overlap. One does not have to look around very much nor look very far to see such a medley. In this fair land of ours, and we think it the best the sun shines on, yet what extremes exist! What freaks in the machinery and men who make up the warp and woof of our moral fabric! Some years ago W. T. Andrews, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in a toast, spun off the following appeal to the Filipinos:

"You Filipinos don't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to see us; the land of the free; land of fine churches and 200,000 licensed saloons; Bibles, forts and guns; houses of prostitution; millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; libelists and liars; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain-gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; virtue and vice; a land where you can get a good Bible for fifteen cents and a bad drink of whisky for five cents; where we have a man in congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows, and corpses out of people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support, and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we have a congress of four hundred men who make laws, and a supreme court of nine men who set them aside; where good whisky makes bad men and bad men make good whisky; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they draw their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000, a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts 'hold up' and poverty 'holds down'; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they won't get what they want by voting for it; where bums can vote and women can't; where women wear false hair and men 'dock' their horses' tails; where the political wire-puller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one day and 'cuss' it 364 days; where we have prayers on the floor of our national capitol and whisky in the cellar; where we can spend \$500 to bury a statesman who is rich and \$10 to put away a working man who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be honest is to be a crank; where we sit on the safety-valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is substance the one thing sought for; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and fifteen cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored' Indian eternal life from the Bible and kill him off with bad whisky; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in congress for stealing a railroad; where the check book talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and

political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us Philies! We've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes, varieties and colors ever exhibited under one tent."

And who dares say this was not true? Some things have changed since then, but what room for greater changes!

At the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together, at Versailles, a toast from each was called for, and agreed to. The British Minister began with:

"George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout, and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies; who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him." -- (Heart Throbs)

* * *

058 --A MARVELOUS SONG

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact, that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in the cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line. showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush.

At length one man protested. "Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this..." He too began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly -- a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished. (From Living Illustrations By Beverly Carradine)

* * *

059 -- FREAK ADVERTISEMENTS

A man was passing along a street in Los Angeles when an auto swept by, carrying the statement in good sized letters, "This Car Is Driven By A Blind Man." It was very astonishing to this man to learn that a car could be so driven. It rankled much in his mind from time to time. Finally, the same car passed him again, and again he meditated long on the marvelous statement. He tried to ferret out what such an advertisement could mean. He was at his wits' end. Finally, he saw a man, a walking advertisement, carrying a Window blind on each side of his body; and yet no solution of the sign on the auto— "This Car Is Driven By a Blind Man." Later on it dawned upon him that he sold window blinds.

In a certain city two men were walking along the street and one of them noticed a large sign reading thus: "50,000 Men Wanted to Unload Schooners." Thinking it might mean an opportunity for work, he went inside to inquire. He discovered that he was inside a saloon, and the schooners were not ocean schooners to carry cargo, but beer schooners to carry beer. His friend who concluded to wait outside, was engulfed in laughter as the inquirer came out rather crestfallen over the joke.

In the city of Oakland was a vehicle with covered top, on which was printed the following unique advertisement of the man's business: "We Live To Dye, And Dye to Live" -- a very pointed method in letting people know that he was in the dyeing business.

The story is told of a showman who began operations in a certain city and went to a great preacher offering him a thousand dollars if he would preach a sermon against his show business. The great preacher spurned the thought of being hired to do such a thing, but concluded to preach against the circus and show, "without money and without price," and told the showman if he would have his employees present he would take up the subject. Accordingly, when the crowd had gathered, the show employees in the congregation, the preacher discoursed against such worldliness and sinful pleasures, as any real Christian minister would do under the circumstances. When the message was over, the showman had a conversation with the preacher and presented him a check for a thousand dollars. The minister was not inclined to accept it, but the showman stated that the people would now attend the show, as that advertisement from the preacher, and the additional publicity were well worth a thousand dollars to him. It would seem that the preacher had unwittingly played into the hands of the showman.

Let me call attention to a marvelous freak of advertising many years ago by a maker of shoe blacking in London. He evidently had a very long head on him, and could foresee way into the future of his success. He sent his agent down into Egypt, and had him write in great letters on the pyramids -- "Buy Warren's Blacking. 30 Strand, London." But who were in Egypt to become interested in some blacking made in London? The blacking was all right, no cheat in it at all. Why that freak way of advertising? Just as he expected, the English travelers in Egypt, became indignant at the awful desecration of the tombs of the early Egyptian kings, and accordingly wrote out their protest and sent it to the London Times for publication, denouncing such disfigurement of the ancient pyramids in such a wanton way. These letters of protest were published in the Times, and were added to by scathing rebukes editorially, in which Warren's name, address and business were heralded far and wide, advertising "Buy Warren's Blacking. 30 Strand, London." These searing articles were soon copied in all the journals, and the result was, that the papers of Great Britain were loaded with Warren's Blacking advertisement, free of charge. This is just what the long-headed Warren was after. Of course the curiosity of the public was tremendously aroused and they wanted to try the article. Finding out by actual experience that it had real merit, they continued its use, recommended it to their friends, and Warren was made rich by his freak advertisement.

People sometimes go wild over notoriety, whether it is for simple notoriety 's sake, or for the advantage in some way that it will bring. When the Atlantic cable was finished across the Atlantic Ocean, Mr. P. T. Barnum was in Liverpool. He offered the company \$5,000 for the privilege of sending the first twenty words across the cable to his museum in New York. This was simply for the sake of notoriety. He felt that such notoriety was worth more to him than \$5,000. But Queen Victoria had the preference, and Barnum had to forego his notoriety.

Doubtless Barnum was one of the greatest freak advertisers in the world. He certainly capped the climax in some of his strange methods. He owned The American Museum in New York City and was bent on calling the attention of the people to his institution. One morning a hearty-looking man came into the ticket office and begged Mr. Barnum for some money. He was asked why he did not work and earn his living. He said he could get nothing to do, and would be glad of any job at a dollar a day. Barnum said he would employ him at a dollar and a half a day. He was given five common bricks and told to lay one of them at a given corner across from the Museum; another close by the Museum; another diagonally across the way at another corner; the fourth was to be put in front of a certain church on the opposite side; then, with the fifth brick in

hand he was to take up a rapid march from one point to the other, make the circuit, exchange bricks at every point, and say nothing to anybody.

The fellow inquired what was the object of this. He was told that it did not matter, and all he needed to know was that he was getting his pay. He was informed that in order to assist properly he must appear as deaf as a post, look serious, answer no questions, pay no attention to any one, attend to his work faithfully, and at the end of every hour by the clock he must show his ticket at the Museum door, enter and walk slowly through every hall in the building, pass out and resume his work.

The man then placed his bricks and began his rounds. In about half an hour several hundred people were watching his mysterious movements. He had taken on quite a military step and bearing, and looking as sober as a judge, he made no response whatever to the continued inquiries as to the object of his peculiar conduct. At the end of an hour the sidewalks in the vicinity were packed with people all wanting to solve the mystery. The man according to directions then went into the Museum and devoted fifteen minutes solemnly surveying the halls and then returned to his work. This was repeated hourly till sundown, and whenever the man went into the Museum a dozen or more would purchase tickets and follow him, hoping to satisfy their curiosity regarding the object of his movements. This kept up for several days. Those who followed him into the Museum more than paid his wages. Finally the policeman complained that the crowds obstructed the sidewalks. It had become so serious that he had to call in his brick man. The incident excited considerable talk and amusement, advertised his place of business and advanced his purpose of making a very lively corner nearby.

Barnum's Museum attracted much attention in those early days, and the people went in crowds, many of them taking their lunches prepared to stay all day. The building actually became overcrowded, while hundreds stood at the front entrance waiting their turn to enter when they could. Barnum sauntered around almost in despair at this state of affairs, when he happened to see his scene-painter at work, and a happy thought struck him. He ordered him to take a piece of canvas four feet square and paint in large letters -- To The Egress. In fifteen minutes the sign was made and the carpenter was directed to place it over the door leading to the back stairs. This was done and the crowd after making an entire tour of the establishment, surged down the main stairs from the third story and stopped and looked at the new sign. Some of them read it audibly: "To the Egress." Some said, "Sure that's an animal we haven't seen," and the throng began pouring down the back stairs to find that the "Egress" was all out doors. This enabled him to accommodate those who were waiting at the front entrance.

One time Barnum heard of a diminutive little fellow in Bridgeport, Conn., and concluded that he would be an asset to his finances. The little fellow's name was Charles S. Stratton. He was only five years old, not two feet high and weighed less than sixteen pounds. After seeing and talking with him he determined to secure him for exhibition in public. He was engaged for so much a week and taken to New York City. After exhibiting him in America for some time he concluded to take him to Europe, which he did. His method of advertising his dwarf, whom he named at the beginning General Tom Thumb, was certainly well planned. To make the story short, he schemed and planned to show his little dwarf in the Queen's household, and finally succeeded in his undertaking. He knew if he ever had that opportunity, the whole realm would fall into line. He

succeeded most admirably. The Queen and royalty were much taken with the entertainment. Barnum then made it a point to get the account put in the proper paper, and so it got before the people and there was no trouble after that in securing vast audiences, making his business a great success.

At one time this showman owned an elephant. He conceived how he might use this beast in advertising his American Museum. He accordingly had his keeper take him to Bridgeport, Conn., and put him on the farm. A portion of this farm lay close to the New York and New Haven Railroad. He had the keeper dress in Oriental costume and take the elephant out on a six acre tract and plow with him just as the trains would pass by. The keeper was furnished with a time table of the road, and whenever the trains passed, here he was plowing with an elephant. Of course this was out of the ordinary. The strange performance soon came out in the papers, went the rounds of this country, and then came out in European papers. The articles announced the fact that it was the proprietor of the celebrated American Museum that was doing his plowing with elephants, and using them for heavy draft work. Hundreds of people came many miles to witness the strange and novel sight. Letters poured in from the secretaries of hundreds of State and County agricultural societies throughout the union, stating that the president and directors of such societies had requested them to propound a series of questions regarding the power which was put in operation on his farm. The questions had a wide range, but generally took the following trend:

"Is the elephant a profitable 'agricultural animal?'"

"How much can the elephant plow in a day?"

"How much can he draw?"

"How much does he eat?" This question was invariably asked.

"Will elephants make themselves generally useful on a farm?"

"What is the price of an elephant?"

"Where can elephants be purchased?"

Then would come inquiries if elephants were easily managed; if they would quarrel with cattle; if it was possible to breed them; how old calf elephants must be before they would earn their own living. And the interrogations poured in. The owner of this far-famed elephant accordingly had a general letter printed and mailed to all his anxious inquirers. It was headed "strictly confidential," and begging the correspondents not to mention it, that the elephant was a valuable agricultural animal, because it was an excellent advertisement to his Museum, but that to other farmers it would prove very unprofitable for many reasons; that such an animal would cost from \$3,000 to \$10,000; that in cold weather he could not work at all; in any weather he could not earn even half a living; he would eat up the value of himself every year. He begged his correspondents not to be so foolish as to undertake elephant farming.

Newspaper reporters came from far and near and wrote... the stone wall on the farm, made all the rail fences, planted corn with his trunk, and covered it with his foot, washed the windows, sprinkled the walks and lawns, by taking water in his trunk, carried all the children to school, put them to bed at night, tucked them in with his trunk, fed the pigs, picked fruit from branches too high to be reached otherwise, turned the fanning mill and corn-sheller, drew, the mowing machine, turned and cocked the hay with his trunk carried letters to and from the post-office, did all the chores about the house, including milking the cows and bringing in eggs. Pictures of the plowing elephant came out in illustrated papers at home and abroad, and as the trains passed the scene of performance, people poked out their heads to see the sight extraordinary. One man was heard to say, "Well, I declare! That is certainly a real elephant, and any man who has so many elephants that he can afford to work them on his farm must have lots of wild animals and curious 'critters' in his Museum, and I'm bound to go there the first thing after my arrival in New York."

A farmer friend of the owner of the elephant came one day to investigate the utility of the great animal. He asked questions that the owner was loath to answer and tried to sidetrack them, but the shrewd farmer would not be sidetracked. After learning something of the eating powers of the beast, the farmer finally made the remark, that he could not draw as much as two pair of his oxen and would cost more than a dozen pair. Mr. Barnum replied that the farmer was mistaken; that he was a powerful animal; that he could draw more than forty yoke of oxen, and paid well for bringing him there. When he said forty yoke of oxen the farmer was simply stirred to his depths, and declared that he did not want to doubt his statement, but would just like to know what he could draw. This was the answer: "He can draw the attention of twenty millions of American citizens to Barnum's Museum." This was the object of the whole scheme and his freak advertisement was a complete success.

One time while Barnum was president of an agricultural society, which held its fair annually, he made use of a very unique method of attracting the people there the last day. Pickpockets abounded in those days, and they are not all dead yet. One was caught in the act of taking the pocket-book from a farmer. He was accordingly arrested, and proved to be a celebrated English pickpocket. The fair was to close the following day, and as most of the people had already been there, they expected small receipts for the last day. Early that morning the pickpocket was examined, plead guilty, and was bound over for trial. Barnum obtained consent from the sheriff to put the culprit in the fair room so that any who had been robbed might identify him. He was accordingly handcuffed and placed in a conspicuous place for all to see. Handbills were then issued, stating that it was the last day of the fair, and that the managers had secured extra attractions for the occasion, and would exhibit, safely handcuffed and without extra charge, a living pickpocket, who had been caught in the act of robbing a farmer the day previous. Crowds of people came to see him. Some mothers came with their children for ten miles to see the sight. It was a financial success for the closing day.

One of the most novel freak advertisers is the case of C. W. Post, of posture and grapenut fame. It is said, that when he purposed to go into business he had no money, no goods, no establishment. But he had gall, grit, and go-aheaditiveness. He went into the business of advertising on a heavy scale before he had the goods to sell. He informed the people doing his printing that he had no money, but if they would keep it up for a year, he would pay them; otherwise, he would not pay them at all. In order to save themselves, they kept it up. He had no

establishment and no goods with which to answer the calls coming from the advertisements. But money began to flow in from his advertising. Hammers and saws then got to work, an establishment was put up, goods were put on the market, his business increased rapidly and Post finally died a millionaire.

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060 -- FREAK MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS

In "Mathematical Wrinkles," by S. I. Jones, are to be found some fine problems for those who are given to such things. In looking them over I have taken a few freak examples which I will give to the reader.

With six matches, form four equilateral triangles, the sides of each being equal to the length of a match. This is quite a problem and will probably tax one's ingenuity to the limit; but when seen, it is very simple. The problem is to lay three matches on the table, forming an equilateral triangle; that is, a triangle having three equal sides. Then, with the remaining three matches, placed in connection with these, form three other triangles exactly the same size as the first one. Do not give it up too soon; it can be done.

A teamster brought five pieces of chain of three links each to a blacksmith, and asked the cost of making them into one piece of chain. The blacksmith replied, "I charge two cents to cut a link, and two cents to weld a link. The teamster remarked, that as it would require four cuts and four welds the charge would be sixteen cents. "No, you are mistaken," said the blacksmith, "I figure it but twelve cents." Who was right?

How many cubic inches of dirt in a hole the dimensions of which are one foot? That is, a cubic foot. The answer is -- none. If it was a hole, the dirt would not be there,

Why does it take no more pickets to build a fence down a hill and up another, than in a straight line from top to top, no matter how deep the gully? This is an actual fact.

A philosopher had a window a yard square, and it let in too much light. He blocked up one-half of it, and still had a square window a yard high and a yard wide. Show how he did it. This can actually be done.

A hunter walked around a tree to kill a squirrel. The squirrel kept behind the tree from the hunter. Did the hunter go around the squirrel?

In the bottom of a well forty-five feet in depth, there was a frog which commenced traveling towards the top. In his journey he ascended three feet every day, but fell back two feet every night. In how many days did he get out of the well? The answer is not forty-five.

Here is a marvelous freak of figures:

Put down the number of your living brothers. Double the number. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Add the number of your living sisters. Multiply the result by ten. Add the number of dead brothers and sisters. Subtract one hundred fifty from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths. The middle figure will be the number of living sisters. The left hand figure will be the number of living brothers.

A banker going home to dinner saw a \$10 bill on the curbstone. He picked it up, noted the number, and went home to dinner. While at home his wife said that the butcher had sent a bill amounting to \$10. The only money he had was the bill he had found, which he gave to her, and she paid the butcher. The butcher paid it to a farmer for a calf, the farmer paid it to the merchant, who in turn paid it to a washer-woman, and she, owing the bank a note of \$10, went to the bank and paid the note. The banker recognized the bill as the one he had found, and which to that time had paid \$50 worth of debts. On careful examination he discovered that the bill was counterfeit. Now what was lost in the transaction, and by whom?

Suppose Cook was within ten miles of the North Pole, and Peary was also within ten miles of the pole, but twenty miles from Cook. What direction was Peary from Cook? Suppose Peary threw a ball at Cook and hit him. In what direction did the ball go?

Two persons were born January 1, 1830, and both died January 1, 1885; yet one lived ten days longer than the other. Explain how this could be possible. Answer. -- One traveled ten times around the world, and the other remained at home.

For the sake of the mathematical trend of some of the readers I will call attention to a few more freak thoughts on these lines.

A tramp came to a merchant and purchased a pair of blankets for \$8.00, and gave the merchant a fifty dollar bill. The merchant, not being able to change the bill, took it to the bank and got it changed. After the tramp had gone with his blankets and change, the banker called and informed the merchant that the bill was counterfeit, and he would have to make it good. After the merchant had made it good with the bank, what was the total loss of the merchant? When you have figured it out satisfactorily to yourself, ask somebody who knows, and see what a mistake you made. Tell it in company with several others and note the difference of opinion as they discuss it.

Now we will try one with a watermelon. Two boys, "A" and "B," bought a watermelon for eight cents, "A" paying five cents and "B" paying three. When they went to eat it, "C" came along and they all ate it together, each eating the same amount. When they had finished, "C" gave "A" and "B" eight cents for what he had eaten. How should this eight cents be divided between "A" and "B"? How much should each receive? If they could not settle it satisfactorily, and it was taken into court, how would the court decide it? Your first impression is entirely wrong. It would not be proper for each one to get the same amount back that he first paid! Try it again, and when you fail to get the answer, give the problem to a good mathematician.

Now we will take a trip to the hotel. Eight men went to a hotel for rooms. They said that they wanted separate rooms. The proprietor informed them that he had only seven rooms, but would accommodate them all right and give each one a separate room. He accordingly placed two

of the men in the first room, then he placed the third man in the second room, the fourth man in the third room, the fifth man in the fourth room, the sixth man in the fifth room, the seventh man in the sixth room. He now had one room, the seventh, left, and he accordingly went to the first room where he had placed the two men, took one of them out and put him in room number seven; thus, as the example states, putting eight men in seven rooms and giving them all separate rooms. When you have had the fun of puzzling it out satisfactorily, you will laugh at yourself because you did not "catch on" sooner.

Now we will take a trip to the barnyard. If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take fifty hens to lay a hundred eggs? If you are simply guessing, you will doubtless have to guess again. But get right down to hard thinking and study it out. It is very simple when you see it.

While I hesitate to say anything about a bottle, yet let us suppose this is a good one. A bottle and a cork cost a dollar and ten cents. The bottle cost one dollar more than the cork; what did the cork cost? If you answered this right off-hand you will doubtless have to try it again.

Ten men enter a saloon and every man pays for the drinks. It is only in a case like this that men are big enough fools to do such a thing; hence, we use a saloon example. They sit at two tables, five at each table. Each man pays for the drinks all around at each table, costing each man twenty-five cents, the total for both tables amounting to \$2.50. The next time these men came to do likewise, they were seated at two tables, one with four men and the other with six men. After paying for the drinks as before, the proprietor had ten cents more out of them than before. How could that be? Of course, the more men hang around such places, the more the saloon gets.

We will now take one more so you can study on it as long as you wish. But do not work too hard at it, or your head may swim. You know a snake is so peculiarly constructed that it is able to swallow an animal about as large as itself. Suppose two snakes of equal size and length should start in to swallow each other, beginning at the tail. By the time each snake has swallowed the other, how much of itself has it swallowed? Two snakes were actually seen trying to do this very thing. My friend saw them near San Bernardino, California..

A freak letter came into a Post Office one time with the word following written on the envelope: _____. No one in the Mass. Post Office could ferret out such a name and address. It was finally turned over to an expert who discovered in that abbreviation a man's name consisting of the given name and surname in full, the city in full and the state in abbreviation. What was the man's full name, city, and the state? For fear that you will waste too much time over it and then blame me for not telling you, I will say that the whole reads thus: Mark Underwood, Andover, Massachusetts. I will let you figure out how it all comes in.

While I am on such freaks, let me put this problem before you: How would you address an envelope so that it would go to some certain man in some certain city and state, and on the envelope use only four letters? These letters would all have to be capitals, with a period following each one. You may puzzle over this one till you get it.

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061 -- SUPERSTITIOUS FREAKS

And where shall the freaks end? Their name is legion who are devotees of superstition. Ghosts, ghouls, spooks, spirits, hobgoblins, phantoms, apparitions, bugaboos, witches, all these call for poor little dupes to impose their faith in them.

Impostions, superstitions, signs, omens, dreams, absurdities, and all sorts of follies and foolishness are foisted upon the credulous, keeping some in absurd bondage, others in horrible fears, and occupying the careful and faithful attention of thousands on other lines.

People want dream books, books on astrology, "On what day were you born?" fortune-telling books, palmistry, Gypsy nonsense.

Look at the "ads" in the daily papers of those purporting to tell you something of the future.

Look at the superstition of the present age. Be careful and not look at the new moon over your left shoulder. Look out that you do not spill salt. Never start on a journey or business enterprise on Friday. Be on the alert that you do not sit in a room or at a table with just thirteen in all, and look out for that room No. 13, and do not marry on the 13th of the month.

A friend of mine, traveling on the train, was worn and weary as night approached, and went to the Pullman conductor inquiring if he could get a berth for the night. The disappointing answer was, that he could get nothing on the train. Loath to give up so easily, he told the conductor that he was too tired to sit up all night, and he felt he must have rest. Finally the conductor informed him that he had upper 13, but that several others had turned it down before him, refusing to sleep in a berth with that number. The way-worn traveler gladly accepted the hoodooed berth, got his night's rest, nothing happened, and he is still living to tell of his escape.

A gentleman was invited to take dinner at a certain place. When the guests were invited into the dining room, this gentleman glanced at the plates and discovered the number to be thirteen. He accordingly refused to eat.

What bondage it must be to, an intelligent man to have such a foolish thing tied on to him! Many a person is in more or less misery on account of the incubus of superstition.

The number 13 may be just as well called a lucky number as an unlucky one. The following is taken from a newspaper clipping:

"The coming arrival of the president at Brest on the 13th recalls the president's trip from New York to Sea Girt, September 13, 1912, when he was making his speaking tour just preceding his election as president. He sat in chair No. 13 in the parlor car. Mr. Wilson said:

"Thirteen is my lucky number. I usually get seat: 13 or room 13 wherever I go. The number 13 has run through my life consistently. When I was in my thirteenth year as a professor at

Princeton, I was elected the thirteenth president of the university. There are just thirteen letters in my name. I am not afraid of the number 13."

"Thirteen played a prominent part in the inaugural plans in 1913. Thirteen governors were in line; militia of thirteen states were represented, along with thirteen educational institutions. The Princeton students traveled to the ceremony in two trains of 13 cars each.

"When Miss Jessie Wilson and Francis B. Sayre were married at the White House, it was the thirteenth wedding in the historic building, and the names of both bride and bridegroom contain thirteen letters each."

Now you superstitious people take your choice; call it unlucky and dread it, or call it lucky and welcome it. For my part, I call it nothing but coincidences, and neither fear nor welcome it.

"Superstition has made much of our history and literature, and created one-half of the world's belief."

"Superstition created witchcraft, spiritualism, hobgoblins, harpies, hags and spooks."

When some people see a cat cross the road as they start out on a journey, how uncomfortable it makes them feel!

"How careful some are, never to cross others hands when they handshake! Did you ever carefully avoid paying a debt on Monday? Why were you not willing to set that old hen on an odd number of eggs?

Why did you feel that it was almost a death knell when the dog howled under the window of the sick room?

How many matches and marriages have been made over a wishbone?

Did it not cause a pain at the heart when the young lady counted the apple seeds and said, "One I love, two I love, three I love, I say," etc.

The mascot must not be forgotten, else there will be a hoodoo.

If it rains on Monday, of course it will rain three days in succession. "Sing before you eat and you will cry before you sleep." "We must lay his head towards the east; my father has reasons for it." -- (Shakespeare.)

Do you remember about the wart you had charmed away? "A captain refused to go out of port, because he saw a mysterious shooting star."

"A prominent lady refused to embark on a trip across the ocean when all arrangements had been made, because there was a death on board that day."

Speaking of the hags of fortune tellers, "In Boston 15,000 people visit these frauds. They pay \$500,000 annually for prying into the future." -- (From Religious Delusions, by J. V. Coombs.)

Among the old superstitions in the royal family in England, is that concerning the signing of the Princess' name on her wedding day, before the wedding ceremony. This would be a very unlucky thing to do. On the wedding day of the Queen of Norway, which took place in Buckingham Palace, it became necessary for her to sign her maiden name to some legal document in connection with her private affairs. She had intended to do this the day before her wedding, but forgot it. She refused to sign it on her wedding day until after the wedding, thus incurring much trouble and legal expense over the signing of the document.

Another superstition prevailing in the royal family is, that it is lucky for the royal bride to be able to see the sun on waking on her wedding day. This also prevails in Spanish royalty, and it is customary for the members the night before the wedding to sleep in the open, if it is good weather. It is unlucky for the Princess to see her father before her mother on her wedding day. The mother comes in before she arises and kisses her and wishes her all prosperity and happiness.

It is an unlucky thing in the English royal family to make use of a wedding present before the wedding.

The following is current among the royalty:

"With the loss of the shoes, gloves or veil of her wedding day,
The luck of the bride will soon pass away."

Queen Victoria's shoes, gloves, and veil worn on her wedding day are still preserved.

In a certain portion of England, the young girl who tastes the first water of the well on New Year's morning, is insured the best husband of the parish.

In another part of England a fire is kindled on New Year's eve and kept burning till daylight. It is considered unlucky to give out a light to any one on New Year's morning, and so if the fire in the house has gone out, the parties must kindle from the fire which was burning through the night.

At midnight on New Year's eve in many parts of Scotland, the doors are thrown open and the people wait anxiously for the first caller. The superstition is, that if the caller happens to be a woman, the year will be one of bad luck.

In northern England it is unlucky for any inmate to go out of the house until some one from the outside has come in. The first foot to enter is watched with great anxiety, for the good or bad luck for that year depends on the first comer being a man or a woman.

In different parts of England it was customary to open the Bible at random and try to discover the events that would come to pass during the days of the coming year.

In the Isle of Man the people scan the ashes of New Year's morning. If they can distinguish a footprint, real or imaginary, they have the key to the year's fortunes. If the heel of the print is toward the door the family will be increased; if the toes are toward the door, there will be death in the family before the year is out. -- (Culled from Youth's Comrade.)

What consummate foolishness for intelligent people to believe such superstition!

Sailors are tremendously superstitious. Many ships carry the "good luck" horseshoe. The horseshoe has been their fetish since Nelson nailed one to the mast of the famous Victory.

If the wedding day is rainy in India, it is believed to be unlucky.

The custom of throwing rice at a newly wedded couple had its origin with the Hindus. Rice, which is so often used as an offering to the gods, when thrown over the married pair, is believed to please their holy ones and cause them to smile on the wedded ones.

Some folks carefully avoid walking under a ladder. If this is doubted, watch a janitor in the hallway of some great building, doing some work up on a ladder, and notice how the people passing along avoid going under it.

Railroad engineers have been known to wring their hands in agony when they saw a black cat cross the track, believing that it was a forerunner of impending evil. If the mirror breaks, prepare for a funeral at once. The man of the house where I am now writing, once turned pale as death on seeing a pitchfork in his kitchen. To him it meant death in the home inside a year.

The pin that you pick up must point in a certain way, or trouble is ahead.

If your nose itches, somebody is coming to visit you. If your ear burns somebody is talking about you.

Be sure and hang an old horseshoe over your door for good luck.

The Los Angeles Express tells of a couple about to be married by a justice, and evidently had reached the jumping off place in their wild superstition. The groom had asked the justice to perform the ceremony at exactly ten o'clock, as he was a believer in signs, and it was unlucky if the marriage was not on the dot.

As the clock on the wall struck ten, the marriage started, but that was all, because the clerk came in with a dripping umbrella and proceeded to open it so it could dry. At once things were on the rocks.

"Didn't you know that you should never open an umbrella in the house?" yelled the groom as he grabbed the umbrella. The clerk decided to retire till the ceremony was finished.

Finally the knot was tied, and the justice held open the back door for the couple to pass out. The groom started to make his exit that way, but that was not the reckoning of the bride, who

hurriedly caught his arm and walked him out the way they came in, exclaiming as they went out, "Don't you know that it is bad luck to go out a different way than you came in?" Isn't this the limit for superstition?

If the new moon tilts, look out for a dry spell; if on its back, it will hold the water. Observe the changes of the moon, for it may rain when "the moon changes." Say, what kind of a change does the moon frequently make? Does it suddenly flop over and cause sudden changes in weather? If I understand the moon's changes, its revolutions on its axis, and trips around the earth, it is always changing, and no more one week, or day, or minute, than at other times. This moon changing business, as if it suddenly turned over and caused sudden changes in temperature or weather, is all nonsense. But let me get a little nearer home. Now watch the old grandmothers and grandfathers sneer at my idiocy, when I say that all this planting vegetables according to the moon; certain kinds growing above ground at one phase and those growing under ground at the other phase of the moon, is simply hereditary superstition. It is all folderol -- simply nonsense. "But," says one who knows by experience, "I have tried it, and it's so." Yes, and others have tried it otherwise and proved that it was not so. I once asked a man if he ever tried out this business of planting vegetables according to the light of the moon, and he replied that he never did but once, and that was when he lived next door to one who always observed the moon in his planting. He watched his neighbor studiously planting his seeds in harmony with the old superstition, and for experiment, he took the very opposite course; when, lo, and behold, his vegetables were better than his neighbors.

When the Government of the United States in its Agricultural Department undertakes to investigate on any line, you may depend upon it, it is going to be thorough. Some years ago the Government sent out investigators over the country to search out the truth or falsity of this "moonshine" influence. They reported that about three, fourths of the farmers believed in the theory in question, but that there was absolutely nothing in it. Now, please do not relegate me to the jumping-off place of agricultural insanity, for when you do, you should be consistent and do the same with the Agricultural Department of the United States.

One time the writer was sitting at the dinner table in company with some friends, when this question came up. I took the stand that I have always believed ever since I have thought at all on the subject, but I discovered that the rest were all against me. Everything was said with good humor, but I found that numbers were against me, and in order to extricate myself, I adopted the cudgel of irony and explained their situation thus: "The word lunatic, comes from the Latin word luna, moon, and means one who is influenced by the moon; therefore, seeing you are influenced by the moon, you must be lunatics." It was my turn then to laugh.

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062 -- SUPERSTITIOUS REMEDIES

Ancient wonder-workers claimed great ability in curing diseases by their supernatural methods. Alexander the Great is reported to have always had one of these medicine-men on his personal staff, while Nero was a pupil of the magi. While these religio-medical frauds claimed to effect their wonderful cures through the working of the gods, yet they made use of all sorts of drugs, bone powders, and unmentionable things, and ropes that hung criminals. Their victims were

instructed to swallow these medicines while standing at the crossroads at midnight, repeating prayers to the gods and saying over certain magic numbers as three, seven and nine.

For warts and cams. Lie on your back along a boundary line on the twentieth day of the month, with the hands extended over the head. With whatever thing you grasp while so doing, rub the warts and they will immediately disappear. After seeing a shooting star, immediately pour vinegar upon the hinge of a door. This is a sure cure for corns.

For headache. Tie a piece of rope that hung a criminal, tightly around the forehead.

For stomach-ache. The sufferer must sit down on a chair and repeat to himself a certain formula of words (different formulas according to the pains) or take certain parts of a wolf, bind them together and wear them on the right arm or hip.

For gout. Take a gold leaf and write upon it certain formulas when the moon is on the wane. This must then be covered with the tendon of a crane, enclosed in a capsule, and worn by the patient about the heel.

For diseases of the eye. Rub the diseased eye with the eye of a wolf, or of some other animal having a cunning look.

The priests of ancient Greece had their "temple sleep" during which sleep they claimed to get prescriptions from their gods for the curing of diseases.

From time immemorial relics have been associated with the curing of disease. Even to touch certain tombs was reputed to cure. A concoction made of the tombstone of a good man was supposed to cure malignant diseases when all else had failed. To kiss temple floors was supposed to bring benefit. The relic superstition is still in use with many today.

Sometime in the long ago, medicine got mixed up. with astronomy, so that the treatment of disease and the preservation of health came to be determined by the flight of stars. The Assyrians and Babylonians figured out a real system of astrological medicine.

The west wind at the new moon meant disease during the month.

If Mercury arises on the fifteenth day of the month, it means many deaths. If Mercury comes in conjunction with Mars many horses will die. If Mars and Jupiter come in conjunction, many cattle will die.

If an eclipse of the moon comes on the twenty-ninth day of the month, there will be many deaths on the first day of the next month; while an eclipse in the morning is sure to produce disease.

If a halo is observed around the moon, women will bear male children.

Surgical operations must never be performed on certain days of the month.

Purgings were supposed to be difficult and dangerous during or just before dog days.

The appearance of comets was regarded as a sure forerunner of far-reaching pestilence and calamity.

Acute diseases were supposed to be controlled by the moon, and chronic troubles influenced by the sun.

It was taught that each part, or organ of the human body was subordinate to a distinct sign of the zodiac. For instance, the sun controlled the right eye, the moon the left eye; Saturn hearing; Jupiter, the brain; Mars, the blood; Venus, the taste and smell; Mercury, the tongue.

An emetic or a purge could be safely given only when the moon was in a certain relation to certain stars.

The ancient astrologers prepared elaborate tables which indicated just how each physical function and mental faculty was subordinate to a certain star.

During the Middle Ages, when the science of medicine had begun to take definite shape, the almanac was gotten out as a sort of compromise between the astrologer and the doctor. This peculiar volume gave the signs of the zodiac, so that the astrologer was able to know the fate of mankind rapidly and easily, and the doctor who had not yet found deliverance from the superstition of the day could also have recourse to its teachings in connection with the practice of his profession. And thus science has ever advanced with one hand upon the new truth ahead, and the other upon the errors and superstitions of past teachings -- practices holy and hoary with age.

These tables based upon the signs of the zodiac explained the proper times to have the hair cut, when it was safe to draw blood or draw teeth. They also carefully indicated the days on which it was safe to take a bath; and even the best times to pray were indicated in the almanac, it being taught that when the moon was in conjunction with Jupiter, you were sure to receive an answer to your prayers.

And so the ancient almanac proves to be a monumental exhibition of the combined medical and religious superstitions of the Middle Ages, and it was not until a later Christian idea of a God of love in control of the universe became widespread and still later the scientific teaching of the regulation of health and disease by the rulings of natural law, became generally accepted, that this blinding belief in the fate-ruling power of the stars was shaken. At one time all the great courts of Europe had their astrologers.

We can not yet regard ourselves as entirely free from the deceptions and delusions of astrology, as long as intelligent farmers continue to plant potatoes by the light of the moon, and otherwise gauge their agricultural pursuits by the phases of the moon, or the flight of the stars. -- (Taken from "The Physiology of Faith and Fear, or The Mind in Health and Disease," by William S. Sadler, M. D.)

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063 -- GHOSTS AND HAUNTED HOUSES

Thousands of people believe in haunted houses. All over this country are communities where there is a so-called haunted house. Strange noises, moving objects, groans, lights, apparitions, spooks, my, how the blood fairly curdles at the thought of them! These "haunted houses" have come on down the ages, and obtain in other countries as well as this. One "haunted house," a fine structure, remained empty for a number of years on account of certain knockings in it. It was finally sold for very little, whereupon the purchaser discovered that the ghost came through a broken window in the form of a draft, which caused the banging of a loose door.

When a certain Englishman died, his heir, after a day or two, heard of mysterious knockings, which the scared servants thought to be the spirit of the deceased. Upon proper investigation, it was discovered that a rat in a store room, was attempting to get out of an old-fashioned trap. It being able to lift the door only in part, it would drop back again. This was the spook in the Englishman's house.

In the days of Louis IX of France, there was a most impressive ghost in one of his houses. This king was considered so pious that he was called Saint Louis. The haunted house in question was so situated, that it was very much desired by certain monks. So, at the proper time, there came forth from its rooms, shrieks in the night, different colored lights shone through its windows, and finally a great green ghost having white whiskers and the tail of a serpent, presented itself from night to night at the midnight hour, shook its fist and raised a howl at the passersby. Of course the people were scared, the King as well as others. Then at the "psychological moment" the monks proposed if the King would give them the place, they would dispatch the ghost in proper order. This he was very glad to do. When the monks moved in, the ghosts of course moved out, and were seen no more.

The spooks of Woodstock in 1649 certainly made it inconvenient for the Puritan Commissioners who went there to dispose of the place for the benefit of the Commonwealth. What a time the poor men had! It is said that a disembodied dog growled under their bed and bit the bedclothes. An invisible something walked around. Tables and chairs danced. Dishes were thrown about. Logs were put for pillows. Brickbats were thrown around. Windows were broken, pebbles were thrown at the Commissioners, and something ran off with their pants. Dirty water was thrown over them in bed and something banged them over the head. Finally, the poor sufferers gave up the job and hiked back to London. This house must have been haunted with a vengeance. Afterwards, it came out that it was all done by their clerk, who was secretly a Royalist, but whom they thought to be a Puritan. He knew all the ins and outs and secret places in the old palace and knew just how to pull the wires for a ghostly time.

Probably one of the most real haunted houses ever in existence was in Yorkshire, England. It was an old solid stone mansion. It had long had the reputation of being a haunted house. Just one lone man had the watch-care of the place. He was an old gardener, the servant of the family who had formerly lived there.

One time an intrepid character determined to ferret out to the bottom the ghostliness of this haunted palace. This fearless man was an American and asked the old gardener the privilege of staying all night in the palace with the ghosts. The old gardener told him it was a dangerous spot, but he could stay there if he wanted to. He gave the old man a sovereign and asked him to show him about the place. The poor old fellow warned him against going too far. They passed into an ancient library where everything was covered with dust. The aged guide informed the ghost hunter that he never came in there alone. He said that when he was much younger the master of the estate became frightened by mysterious appearances and noises, and so he left the place, letting it out to small farmers of the neighborhood, and was now supposed to be dead. The old guide left the man to stay there alone, giving him to understand that he would not stay there himself for all the wealth of the Bank of England. The explorer had candle, matches and two Colt's revolvers, and felt he could cope with hobgoblins in proper shape, which had terrified others far a number of decades. After he had lain for some time on a dusty lounge, thinking he would get some sleep, he was disturbed by clanking chains, peculiar noises, shrieks and groans coming from various parts of the mansion. Sometime after this, as he was about to go to sleep again, a peculiar line of light burned around the room. It zigzagged along the walls, but did not smell of sulfur. Then came the ringing of bells, clanking of chains, flashes of light, knockings and noises of different sorts, with shrieks and groans intermixed. With pistol in hand he surveyed the room. No person was visible, but the infernal noises began again. Then he started towards the door to unlock it. Suddenly the door opened and behold a man or something the size of a man standing right in front of him. Thinking there was something human about the ghost, he pointed a Colt's revolver at his head, and told him to stand still or he would blow his brains out, if he had any. He then grabbed him by the arm and told him if he was a ghost, he would have a hard time of it, and if he was a humbug, he would let him off if he would disclose the whole secret of the haunted house. The spookman begged him not to shoot. He was brought into the library and put through a close examination. The spook was clad in a mailed armor, with breastplate, helmet and sword. He promised upon condition of his life being saved to tell the whole story. He confessed that he had been a family servant of the place, and had been employed by an enemy of the property to make it so uncomfortable that the place should be sold for much less than it was worth; that he had secured an ingenious machinist and chemist to arrange the contrivances so that it would render it intolerable for any one to remain there. One after another the family left. They had remained away for many years on account of the terror going on inside. It was the old gardener himself that had been caught. He said he expected his own granddaughter sometime to become the lady of that house, after the property should become so long neglected and the place so fearful in the neighborhood that no one would purchase it.

Here we have the outcome of a tremendously haunted house, with the whys, wherefores and exposure. But people will go right on believing in these frauds.

In the fall of 1918 while the writer was in the town of Trappe, Md., he visited the remains of an old tumbled-down church and graveyard in a clump of woods a couple of miles out in the country. This cemetery was one of the oldest in the country. I noticed a slab lying over the grave of the father of the Mr. Morris who financed the Revolution under George Washington. In the years that were past, things got very spooky around this weird and lonesome place of the dead. Folks were scared passing it in the night. The story was told, that after a certain burial some ghouls had come to rob the grave. When the body of the deceased was brought to the fresh air it came to life.

Evidently mistaking her condition for real death, the person was buried alive, and came to when the casket was opened. She then went home and lived for some time. All this would tend to increase ghostly conditions around that spot. Finally, a man was driving past this lonely place just before daylight one morning, when something in white began to move about. Surely it is some white-clad feminine ghost! Of course a wonderful story of this haunted spot could have gained credence, but the man driving past did not happen to be of the timid kind, so he stopped and gazed. Soon he discovered the nature of the phantom. A woman of weak mind had wandered off from her place of keeping and found her way to the graveyard woods and was loitering around in her nightrobe. The gentleman took her into his buggy and carried her home.

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PART IV -- FRAUDS

According to the dictionary, a fraud is "a deception deliberately practiced with a view to gaining an unlawful or unfair advantage; artifice by which the right or interest of another is injured; injurious stratagem; deceit; trick."

The great instigator of frauds is the Devil, and as long as he is outside the bottomless pit we may expect that frauds will abound. He practiced the first fraud on humanity when he deceived our first parents in the Garden, and the fraudulent stream has been flowing through the world ever since.

The inordinate love of money has opened up avenues in the business world, so that frauds are in evidence everywhere. As we walk along the street our mouths Water for the beautiful oranges or luscious grapes, and we purchase, expecting to secure some like those on exhibition; but the fruit vender picks from the back of the pile and we go off disappointed. Bananas are shown for so much a half dozen, and when we purchase a half dozen, there are eight on the bunch, and the vender pulls off two -- the largest two, and sells us the smallest. Enough of these largest could then be placed together, and a higher price per half dozen could then be asked.

The sack of potatoes or the box of apples look so tempting on top, and unwittingly the purchase is made, and so is the discovery -- the runts are on the bottom. A young man once working for his father in the apple business was too conscientious to place the best ones on top of the barrel, but rather scattered them throughout the barrel, making a good average wherever they were seen. As he closed up the barrels he put in each one a card or something on which were these words, Holiness Unto The Lord. They finally reached their destination, and the purchaser was much delighted both with the quality of apples and also the method of honest packing. On seeing the card, he concluded that was the name of the apple, and forthwith came back another order, "Please send me some more Holiness apples." Honest packing did not cause a falling off of trade.

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One of the greatest and most wide-spread frauds of our country is that which takes advantage of the privileges of the mail, and thus through mail order schemes they get in touch with people all over the land and foist upon them their tricks of trade. Papers and magazines by the hundreds take these advertisements without properly looking into the merits of the same, and thus put their patrons in touch with these miserable schemers and robbers. These mail order robbers could not continue if it were not for the publicity they get through the periodicals of the land, and so, by these "go-betweens" they are enabled to sweep in the shekels, and leave their dupes wiser and poorer for their experience.

Any paper or magazine that will knowingly print an advertisement of some piratical mail order firm is on the same low-down level as the fraud himself. Thanks to some mail order firms and thanks to some periodicals that will not stoop to these low levels.

A certain man who claimed to be a great mail order expert during a number of years, carrying on his fraudulent methods, put in the hands of mail order aspirants a great many different prepositions, all of which, it is said, were total failures. He got their money, and they got valuable experience with a fraudulent enterprise. This gigantic swindler has spent most of his life in fraudulent mail order schemes. His latest scheme was a certain mail order association where a membership fee of five dollars was charged. Among the benefits of the association, a mail order magazine was to be published. When some victim sent in his money for membership, he was offered an exclusive agency of certain territory for the sale of the magazine and of memberships in the association, for which he must pay \$600. A correspondent of the Vigilance Committee made a first payment of \$25 for an exclusive agency, and when the magazine did not materialize, the party asked for the return of his money. Complaint was made to the Vigilance Committee, whereupon an investigation was made which resulted in the mail order schemer hiking for parts unknown.

A certain man was arrested after he had been indicted by the Federal grand jury on the charge of using the mails to defraud. This man was an old hand at such games. Once he got into trouble for having sold a preparation that he claimed would make hair grow on bald heads. Now, when such a discovery is really made, no doubt a fortune is in store for the discoverer. But he would better not lay claim to too much till some competent witnesses are on hand to substantiate his claims. This same schemer once sold a certain solution made of cocoa butter as a bust developer. This late adventure which resulted in his indictment was the sending out of his literature stating that he owned a farm in a certain section of the country, and his business was raising a superior breed of Belgian hares, Flemish giant rabbits, guinea pigs, and white mice. He specialized in Belgian hares. He stated that large sums of money could be made. He represented that he would buy the young animals, paying a large price for the same from those who bought their breeding stock from him. The amount of money which he said could be made by such if they would follow his instructions ran into the thousands of dollars a year. After his arrest, this rare specimen of a fraud was brought before a Federal judge and bail was fixed at \$10,000.

Doubtless the reader knows of other Belgian hare and guinea pig frauds scattered over the country. One time when this writer was a small boy, not being professional at lying himself, and naturally believing that others were given to telling the truth, he found himself scurrying over the field to find a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. The rainbow was there in plain sight, but it kept

just so far ahead of him all the time. He did not reach his goal, nor the gold, but it helped to furnish one little lesson along the pathway of life, that all statements could not be relied upon.

Here is a man who sends a company three, dollars to learn "How to Succeed in the Mail Order Business." Later on he sent them \$32.00 for a stationery outfit with certain information. Later, he sent them \$10.00 for advertising in papers. Then the party did other advertising. Some forty replies came to him as a result of these advertisements for agents. Not a single one of them ever replied to the literature he sent them. The party then wrote to headquarters stating the failure he had through their literature and asked them what success others were having. He received an evasive answer. He tried to find some clew by which he could prosecute them, but failed. They get the money, and the dupes get fooled.

With multitudes out of employment, it comes in very handy for some company to run a mail order employment bureau. A firm down South sends out very attractive literature to decoy the unwary. Their fee is only \$3.00, but only \$1.00 is to be paid down, the other \$2.00 to be paid after employment is secured. Who would not be willing to pay \$1.00 for a fine job if he were out of work and the wolf hanging around the door? In their literature they list "just a few" of the positions they have open. One of them on their so-called list calls for a distributor for every town -- \$300 to \$500 per month. Isn't that alluring? Another offers \$72 a week-automobile furnished. Another begs men to accept \$100 and furnish a Ford car together with \$26 worth of supplies. Now see how they hide behind the Post Office Inspector: "We want to call your attention to the fact that we have no corporation, company of any kind, or individual, on our list that does not in some way use the United States mail for securing help needed to carry on their business. Our reason for this is solely for your protection. The United States mail is not only denied those who willfully misrepresent, but they are liable to prosecution under the Government law for 'Using the United States mails for fraudulent purposes.'"

Does this mean that everybody using the mails is doing a square business? If so, why is it that the government lands so many of these sharks in the penitentiary? One by one Uncle Sam gets on their track, but so many cover their slimy trail that they remain hidden for a long time. This mail order employment bureau may well be satisfied with the \$1.00 sent in from hundreds out of employment and wait for the other \$2.00 after employment is obtained. It is the \$1.00 they are after; you may rest assured you will keep the other \$2.00.

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065 -- SONG PUBLISHING FRAUDS

Probably there is no slicker fraud palmed off on self-inflated people, than in the song-writing realm. We have music companies and studios in our great cities whose business it is to beguile amateur song-writers into the belief that they can do great things with their writing, and having been relieved of their cash, they finally wake up to the fact that they have been duped. Where are the songs that have become popular without first having large sums of money paid out to make them so? Are these companies going to expend these large sums? Have the song-writers this money to lavish on their songs to get them before the public? Then take a good long look into the hole where you pour your money before risking too much in this direction. Beware of these song

promoters who hold out flattering inducement to amateurs by giving them great hopes of success if they place their songs in their hands. They will take your money and you will get experience. Golden hopes are held out by these promoters, that large sums of money might be made if they are paid a certain amount for the promoting. They will set the song to music, print some copies, perhaps secure a copyright, and carry out in a sense what they say they will, but the poor little song-writers "come out of the little end of the horn." Ask the hundreds of these victims how much they ever got out of their songs as compared with what they paid these fraudulent promoters and note what they say. These places could not afford to keep up the expenses of rent, advertising, office help, etc., unless they had thousands of these foolish song-writers pouring their hard earned money into their coffers.

Mr. Robert E. Hicks, editor of the Specialty Salesman Magazine, once sent one of these fraudulent concerns a silly little poem just to test them out. In printing the incident he could not remember how he worded it, but it was about like this:

"I love my love, because she loves me,
And if I didn't love my love,
I do not know what would become of me.
And I am sure if my love didn't love me,
That she would come to grief,
And maybe it might be some relief."

When this nonsensical stuff was sent in, having been made as ridiculous as possible, forthwith came back the usual answer that there were great possibilities for the poem. It was only about \$40.00 the firm was after, and if too poor the person could send it in on installments, but so arranged that the installments must all be in before returns were made to the sender.

These robbers can well afford to promise so many cents royalty on your music when they never intend to sell any. They might as well make the royalty twice as much while they are about it. Their money comes from the song-writer's purse and not from the sales of the music, for they fail to sell.

A certain woman, working for small wages in a factory, was led to believe through the advertisements and correspondence of one of the fake music companies that she could make much out of royalties on one of her songs. She paid the music company the sum of \$56.00 out of her hard earnings. As per agreement, fifty copies were sent her of her song after she had waited in great suspense for several months. She thought her song was great. (I suppose they all think that.) She wrote the company expressing her thanks. This was before she received her royalties. Finally, the royalty money arrived—royalty on three copies, amounting to nine cents. This is the royalty this company generally pays their dupes.

A man living in Japan had sent his little poetry to one of these music sharks and was carried clear off his base with high expectancies of great wealth in store for him. So great was his optimism, that he changed his plans for the future and wrote the company as follows: "With reference to the song, 'Hollywood, the Movie Town,' the first edition of which I presume has already been published by now, as I contemplate big things of it and several other of my songs, I

have decided to sail for the States this fall instead of early spring, as I had previously anticipated. I hope to secure reservations across the Pacific in October. As I had planned to sail next year, I have arranged my monetary affairs accordingly, and I am thus unable at this time to place my hands on any available funds which are required to secure passage, etc., for self and wife.

I am writing this letter to know if, in the circumstances, you will be good enough to let me have the sum of \$1,000 by return mail, which amount would be deducted from your first royalty payment on October 1st." This music company had led him to believe there would be large sums in royalties coming to him, the first quarterly payment due in October. That company seldom pays over nine cents to any one. It is not so much what these fraudulent companies agree to in their contracts -- it is what they lead their victims to believe they will do. They are careful to cover their tracks, but they rob the unwary just the same.

Some of these companies guarantee that all songs passing through their hands will be published by either a New York or Chicago music publisher. Now no publisher would go to the expense of publishing a song unless he intended to push it and make it a success. And he would not do this unless he believed the song had real selling qualities. Then how can the music company get a publisher to handle the song? Because this same music company is itself the publisher acting under another name, and they get enough out of their victims to put out some cheap edition, pay a few cents royalty, and put the bulk of the proceeds in their pockets, and leave the silly song writer to busy himself or herself with the tumbled down air castle.

When the music company receives their fee which is something around fifty dollars from one of their deceived victims, they write informing him that they have secured a certain company to publish the song. Now this same company is operated by the one who has secured the fifty dollars, under another name. At this same time the publishing company informs the song writer that his song has been received and they have decided to accept it and take great pleasure in sending a royalty contract for signature. In this contract they agree to pay a royalty of three cents on each copy sold, but reserve the right to discontinue further publication of the song after its first edition, if, in their opinion the sales do not warrant further editions. A number of copies are sent to the writer, and he feels very comfortable over the outlook. On the receipt of the printed copies, the writer is liable to get a notice that the song ought to be arranged for band or orchestra music, and so the skinner goes in for an extra twenty dollars.

When royalty time comes and the few cents are sent, imagine the feelings of the expectant song-writer when he gets this notice:

"Dear Writer: This is October royalty and commission day! Enclosed find statement and amount due you on all copies of your song that have been sold during the last quarter. On the showing that your song has made, it does not seem to warrant further editions. We are willing to continue it in our catalog and we certainly hope that you will do everything you can to increase the sales during the next quarter. If at any time you believe you can make better arrangements with some other publisher, we will gladly release you from your contract with us and send you the engraved plates of your song."

After getting from \$47 to \$56 out of the songwriter, this letter is sent out with nine cents royalty, and now the publishers are all through, and inform the little deluded songwriter, that in their judgment it would not pay to do anything further with its publication. Is this not a slick and slimy way of relieving many poor people of their hard-earned cash? Frauds and fools!

A poor, needy woman in Wisconsin entered into a contract with a song publishing company, whereby they were to publish her song free. All they wanted was \$12 for listing the song -- the publishing was to be done free. This is what they wrote her: "It is possible to receive advance orders for 15,000 copies between now and the spring opening, which, in that event, you would clear from \$500.00 to \$800.00 inside of the next 60 or 90 days, and a much better income than this during the spring and summer." The woman sent the \$12, but her song was not published.

Just to show the idiocy of some of these song-writers, we will give the first verse of this woman's song entitled, "Oh, Whenever I Look at You I Think of a Rose."

"Oh, Rosie, my Rosie, my dear little Rose,
When first we met, the stars were set.
Oh, the days gone by, I can ne'er forget
You are like the sweetest flower that grows.
Oh, just an emblem of the rose hues;
Oh, will you please take away those blues."

Now is not that fine poetry for which to make a silly woman believe she will receive a fortune? I have more respect for a highway robber than such a hold-up company.

This fraudulent company wrote the author of this silly twaddle the following letter: "We especially have great faith in being able to get a good demand for this number right away here in this big city, which, in that event, we would clear thousands of dollars from its sale here in the city alone, to say nothing of what our outside advertising should bring.

When months had passed by and the poor woman became impatient with weary watching, she wrote them concerning her song. This is the answer received: "Your letter received and contents noted. We have not as yet received a sufficient number of advance orders to justify publication, but we are hoping to have good news to report to you soon. We will notify you the minute we have anything definite to report. You know it takes time to get a song advertised well enough to attract the attention of dealers, and that is what we are trying to do right now with your songs." Is it not strange that such sharks can thrive in our country and not be apprehended?

The editor of the Specialty Salesman Magazine says: "A celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through the nethermost regions of Gehenna, would have a better chance of catching it, than would your composition, as completed and marketed by them, have a chance of success."

Technically, these concerns are careful to cover their tracks and keep within the law, but occasionally they wax bold, and then the Federal Government steps in and makes things interesting.

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066 -- STORY PUBLISHING FRAUDS

Akin to the song publishers, we have the companies who deal in the promulgation of story writing. They induce men and women to submit to them stories, which they will revise and put in shape to sell to publications over the country. They do not bind themselves to sell any story for those who pay them for looking it over, changing a word here and there, and do a little punctuating, but they lead them to believe they will do this and go still further and leads them to believe that any story which passes through their hands will be sold. Here is their statement in one of their letters: "When this Bureau submits a manuscript, editors know that it is right in every detail. This is one of the reasons why acceptance may be expected when your story is offered to the publisher by us. Our reputation is back of each script. We must, however, be faithful to our reputation, and submit work of the high standard established by the -- Bureau." This is part of a letter written to a man who submitted to them a story. Note another paragraph in their letter: "We prefer to receive scripts that are ready for publication, without any alterations, but when work has such merit as yours, it deserves to be put into better form than it is now written." This is a quotation from a form letter, indicating that the same statement is sent out to every one who sends them a manuscript, whether it is good or bad. When the story writer receives the statement, "But when work has such merit as yours," and then reads, "When this bureau submits a manuscript, editors know that it is right in every detail," he is very willing to pay for correcting his manuscript, for, according to their cunningly devised statements he may rest assured that his story will pass muster and be sold to some publisher. In their correspondence, they will tell the optimistic story writer of the wonderful possibilities of being a great writer, and add, "Do not let a little investment of a few dollars prevent you from getting ahead. Your work needs our assistance. We are ready to provide it. We count on you to succeed quickly. Our Placing Department is ready to help you to the substantial success you are making."

They led this man, who sent them his manuscript, to believe before he sent them his money, that it would be easy to dispose of it, but after they got his money and made some changes in his manuscript, they wrote him as follows: "You should not become impatient if it is not sold immediately, as good stories are usually retained by editors for a second reading."

A number of months afterwards they again wrote to the watchful writer the following: "Replies to your recent postal card, would advise you, that while we have not as yet disposed of your script, I am instructing our Placing Department to make a special effort to effect an early sale."

After their deluded victim became impatient and wrote them again, they then made this statement: "I wish to have you understand, that we do not guarantee the sale of any manuscript. The fee which you sent us was for services; that is, revising and typewriting your script, which was performed."

And that is the manner in which such concerns conduct their fraudulent business. They simply hold their victim off as long as they can, and finally, they give him the finishing stroke and come out plain and inform him that they do not guarantee the sale of any script. Had they not held

out strong inducements and made him believe that a quick sale would be made they would never have obtained his money.

It is Simon pure fraud from start to finish.

Now let us notice the work of another company which claims to help amateur writers to become great authors, and short story writers and correspondents for newspapers. One of the victims of this firm sent them a story to be revised and here is a part of the letter in return:

"I have just finished reading your manuscript. It contains an unusually attractive idea. But it absolutely is not salable in its present form. It needs revision from beginning to end. A number of vital improvements must be made before we can offer your work for sale.

"I am happy to say that I can make a fine production from your material -- one that will merit your enthusiastic approval, I am sure. Then, after your work has been revised and typewritten, we shall be pleased to enter it in our Placing Department and direct our very best efforts and utilize our best facilities and experience toward obtaining a big price for it." Probably a letter of this kind is sent to nearly every one who submits a manuscript for their approval and revision. It is not to their advantage to turn down manuscripts. They get a fee for revision. This fee is only six dollars, but as a special inducement to this particular writer it was to be only three dollars. Now, how many of these manuscripts do you suppose are ever sold? How much of the money paid into these firms is ever brought back for their writings?

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067 -- MOTION PICTURE FRAUDS

"Wanted New Faces for the Movies." This heads a display advertisement taking up a large space in a number of publications throughout the country. The advertisement states that three hundred characters are necessary for the new love story, giving its name. "Fascinating Work -- Big Pay," is another heading under which the statement is made that they "will arrange for the careful accompanying and chaperoning of members of their cast. Characters selected will have all their expenses paid to this city and to the mountains where the film is to be made. The experience, the costumes, or the traveling will not cost you a single cent from the time you leave home. In fact, every member will be well paid for their time and work." The circular sent to those who answered the advertisement is as follows: "Dear Friend: Your application has been selected, from those received, as promising material, and we are sending you herewith the Official Characterization Blank which you are to fill out."

They state that "your application has been selected from those received." But the one who sent out a spy letter got the same thing, which would indicate that all applicants got the same.

Now there were to be no expenses connected with this arrangement. They were not after money -- they were going to pay out money. Let us see the underlying stratum of the whole structure. The party sending out the spy letter knew very well they wanted money and so found out their excuse for wanting it. When he sent for their proposition, this is the answer received: "We

have made arrangements with the Editorial Department of _____ Magazine to have that publication act as official medium and to allow space in their columns each issue to print instructions in makeup, face culture, and photoplay acting, which should be of genuine interest and benefit to every entrant. The _____ Magazine will also keep the entrants posted on the progress of the scenario, final castings of characters, and other items of general interest. For these reasons we ask that you secure a copy of the book as soon as possible. This you can do by filling out the part of the characterization blank below the perforated line and sending in with a remittance of three dollars." There you have the fraud laid wide open. What are they after? They are after the three dollars from the thousands of silly people who answer the advertisement in the papers. In all probability the whole thing ends when they get the subscriptions to the magazine. No doubt but hundreds or thousands sent them the three dollars on the strength they had been "selected from those received." Of course there is a possibility in order to save themselves, that a few friends and other women will be chosen from different parts of the country and sent on such a trip as planned. They might well afford this out of the thousands of dollars received from those who believed they had been selected.

With the awful craze in the motion picture realm, it is no wonder that fraudulent concerns spring up all over the land to catch the unwary and filch their filthy lucre. A certain company hit upon a new idea to capture foolish aspirants for moving picture fame. They charge a fee of \$5.00 for placing the picture of anyone in their Circulating Motion-Picture Portfolio, which they claim are in constant circulation among the different directors, who are in cooperation with them and who are anxious for new screen faces. They lead people to believe that photoplay directors select their characters from photographs; that no experience is necessary to go on the moving picture stage; that when a manager sees the face that suits him, he sends for the original of the photograph and trains him or her for the position. All this firm wants is \$5.00 to place a photograph in the Circulating Motion-Picture Portfolio, but when a position is secured, and the person receives the first week's salary of \$100.00 a week or more, the party is to pay one-half of this first week's salary to the company. It is the first five dollars these shylocks are after, and they never expect any half week's salary, and some folks are just big enough fools to send them their picture and part with their money.

A man in Los Angeles, who claims to be president of a film company, sends out a letter with this statement: "A chance has just been offered me whereby I can either make a lot of money or lose a little. I haven't enough capital to swing the particular deal referred to alone, so I invite you to join with me and share with me in the profits. Will not need the bulk of the money until fall, but just now I can profitably employ a small amount of capital.

"What I want you to do is to send me \$10 at once, and I will invest it for you. Don't send more than \$10 at this time; if you do, I'll send it back. I want to invest this money for you to show what I can do for you in the way of profits. After we are better acquainted and you are satisfied with what I have accomplished for you, I will give you the first opportunity to make a more substantial investment.

"What is my project? There are reasons why I cannot disclose it at this time. To do so might interfere seriously with my plans." Is it possible that anybody on terra firma would be big

enough fool to send money under such circumstances? There must be, or such schemes would not be extant.

A man in Chattanooga, Tenn., called for \$10 in a manner about like this Los Angeles man. He would not take more than \$10. He led people to believe that each \$10 would grow tremendously. The editor of Specialty Salesman Magazine furnished the government evidence that helped to send him to the Atlanta penitentiary, where he died. Before he died he wrote this editor, stating that he was the best friend he ever had; that if the editor had not exposed him, he would doubtless have gone through life, robbing by dishonest methods.

If you want to learn the art of photo play writing, go to Los Angeles where a goodly portion of the movie scum of the world has floated. You who imagine you can write for plays, take advantage of some of these advertisers and become first class writers in almost no time. Get the system in a dozen lessons and get rich so quick it will make your head swim. Note how a certain one made thousands of dollars for an idea. They do not state how many hundreds lost their money for the lack of an idea. Put down your first \$15.00 to become a member, and then an extra two dollars for the examination of each article sent in, and if perchance there is merit in one of them it passes up for sale. And of course they are sold -- that is, the writers. It is said that one school charges \$100.00 for their instructions, which consists of a dozen printed lectures taken from books in the public library. Another company put up a cut rate proposition, but warned them of an increase shortly, to scare up the slow of heart. Another company first charges a reading fee for the writing. The writer hopes to secure a sale, but the frauds get out of it by a most unique method. If the play is a comedy the writing is returned, with the statement that dramas are the ones in de, hand. But if it is a drama, it is likely returned with the statement that only comedies are desired. But the two dollars must be in evidence with the script. It is said that any day dozens of women and young girls are seen in the public library copying plots and dialogues from plays.

The Specialty Salesman Magazine gives a most astounding revelation of fraudulent advertising as seen in a certain Chicago periodical, having a two-column section of classified advertisements, in which were found seventeen from firms doing a legitimate business, two which were questionable, and forty-two from firms doing a fraudulent business. Among the frauds were song promoters, motion picture promoters, writing for newspaper promoters, and different schemes for doing work at home, sixteen matrimonial frauds, such as, "If you want a healthy, wealthy, loving wife write" -- giving name and address and asking to enclose a stamped envelope. There were also fraudulent detective agencies. In the display of advertising were also a large number of medical advertisements that no publication of self-respect would accept.

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068 -- WHOLESALE GROCERY FRAUDS

Occupying more than half a page is the advertisement of a Wholesale Grocery Company, advertising sugar at three cents a pound, uneeda biscuits, twelve packages for thirty-five cents, Quaker oats at four cents per package, and flour at \$7.98 a barrel.

These so-called wholesale grocery houses, who usually condone their fraudulent enterprise in one or two rooms in some office building, hoodwink the public by selling a few articles at less than half the price to manufacture, and then palm off on their victims a lot of practically worthless goods of an unknown quality at exorbitant prices.

The periodical advertising these fraudulent concerns goes into the rural districts and thereby connects their readers with these fraudulent advertisers, and thus becomes a partner in the nefarious business. Such a periodical is an enemy to the commercial interests of the country. These mail order bandits could not keep going if they did not have channels through which to exploit their business,

A certain Chicago company advertising to be the largest exclusive mail-order grocers in America, when a certain man was sent to spy out their business, had moved their quarters elsewhere, and it was found they had been doing business in one small room. He was told by a party in the adjoining room that while this wholesale company was there but a short time they did an extensive business, there being a continuous stream of people coming with their baskets for groceries, and another stream coming with baskets full of goods to return which they had purchased. The search was continued till they were located in a small space in a store room in a one-story building. This was the quarters of the largest exclusive mail-order grocers in America." And yet they were doing a tremendous business. On the cover of their catalog was a picture of a large ten-story magnificent structure with a sign across the top of the entire building.

These grocers send out combination orders, with some staple goods which everybody knows, and marked way down, but the rest are unknown goods and marked way up, so that in the end the customers are paying much higher than they would have to pay the legitimate retail grocer. After listing sugar way down, it is quite customary to answer those sending in orders, that they are entirely out of sugar, and with their next order the sugar will be included, or that they will refund the amount that was paid for it.

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069 -- FRAUDULENT CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Correspondence schools abound in our country. Through the mails, instructions will be given which will prepare students for the various avenues of life. Anyone with a little money who is contemplating sending it to one of these mail order schools, should look well into the merits of such school and' know that he will get his money's worth, before he engages with such. Many of these schools have a good commercial rating all right, but that does not prove them to be above suspicion. They may pile up large bank accounts and be of the most fraudulent kind. They may be prosperous because they give so little for the money which they receive. So many will send out to their students what is called "canned" instructions or what is known as "ready made" instructions, which they print in large quantities, costing them a few cents and for which they get from \$25.00 to \$40.00 in sections, or what they term as "lessons."

Possibly these instructions may contain some valuable information that would be of assistance to men who want to engage in certain work, as railroad work, for instance, but what

railroad employer would take a man on the strength of his correspondence school education? Of course a railroad correspondence school can easily hold out wonderful inducements in procuring positions up to \$200 per month, but railroads are looking for railroad trained men and not correspondence trained men. Out of scores of men in railroad employment, some of them high up, who were interrogated in regard to their positions, not one of them secured his position because he had studied any of the "ready made" instructions of schools, colleges, or institutes. It is said that the New York Central officials will not employ men who apply for positions stating they took a course of instruction by mail. This is not saying that all correspondence instruction is worthless, but many of these schools will get your money and give practically nothing in return.

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070 -- FRAUDULENT DETECTIVE SCHOOLS

Another fraudulent channel in operation these days, is certain so-called detective schools or colleges, which purport to make detectives out of those who will send them the cash for such education.

These schemers will interest young men from farms, factories, and shops, give them a correspondence course in the detective art, send them a diploma and a star, and the would-be detective is now qualified to do great exploits.

It stands in hand all fraudulent operators to cover their tracks as much as possible to avoid being caught by inspectors, and many are so adroit that the inspectors have passed them up as all right. These so-called graduates from detective schools are sometimes a real menace to the people. Not long ago a doctor was shot by one who claimed to be a detective. This so-called detective made the attack on the doctor for the sole purpose of robbing him. When he was arrested and searched at the police station there was found on his person a revolver, and also a card from one of these detective schools.

A Negro graduate from another school, and two companions sallied forth one time in the South, to do some detective stunt in the way of confiscating some liquor supposed to be in the care of a certain individual. It was said that a nickel badge with "Special Officer" engraved on it, and a ragged sheet of paper with an impressive blue seal stating that the bearer was an officer in the foreign secret service, was the defense the Negro had to offer after the officers had arrested him for killing his victim. The parchment cost three dollars and a human life, and two others sentenced to death. The Negro had bargained for the liquor, and when it was set out, he displayed his badge, told the liquor owner to throw up his hands and surrender to an officer. Instead, the man reached for his revolver but the Negro got him first. The whole thing was a plot to get some liquor, and done under the guise of his detective diploma and badge.

Hundreds of young men who can scarcely write, and utterly illiterate, apply for this course in these schools, and this very fact of their ignorance would preclude any possibility of becoming a proper detective. This is proof why they would become victims of such fraudulent concerns. From day to day these dupes go to the police stations and report for duty claiming to be full-fledged detectives, and want or demand to be assigned to duty.

A Negro in Kansas City was seen one night going from house to house, getting down on his knees on the steps, taking out a flash light and magnifying glass and making examinations for finger and other prints. After awhile detectives were looking over his shoulders. The Negro explained that he had recently received his diploma from the detective correspondence school, that he had offered his services to the chief of police and had been informed that the city was in need of such service as his for which special education had qualified him. He was simply out studying the neighborhood with the hopes of catching some criminal. He was in possession of a complete finger print layout, the manual, tube of finger print ink, ink pad, roller, magnifying glass and a compass. He had a big star, his diploma and a revolver. The officers held him for carrying a concealed weapon. Think of people all over our land carrying concealed weapons under the delusion of being graduated detectives!

It is said that the young graduates from these detective schools are actually getting in the way of the regular detectives of our cities, and hindering them in their work. In Philadelphia the detective work was so hampered, that the Director of Public Safety deemed it advisable to consult the postal inspectors, and it is hoped that a check will be put upon this public menace.

Many of these poor dupes, taking lessons from the detective schools are so ignorant they can scarcely write. Here is a letter written word for word just as it was sent to the Northwestern Detective Agency of Minneapolis, Minn.

"northwood 7-12-20

"i like find out if i could be at you service i like to get place somewhere, i been taken up. corse, as to my ability i refur you to _____ Detective system new york i shall be glad to answer inquirur"

Evidently that detective school led this chap to believe he was ready for business. Think of the fraud!

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071 -- MATRIMONIAL BUREAU FRAUDS

Then comes that glorious opportunity of matrimony, through beneficent helpers of humanity, stepping in where fate leaves off and opening up a vast realm for matrimonial engagements to those who have been so unfortunate as to miss their match in the past. For one dollar and fifty cents sent to the proper bureau, you will receive a list of names and addresses and descriptions, together with the photographs of ladies who are seeking for kind and affectionate husbands. These ladies range in age from nineteen to seventy-two. On certain occasions the best looking photographs are sent out, with the statement that these women are worth from \$10,000 to \$100,000, and they want good husbands to take care of their money. Wouldn't that be a snap? There is many a "kind and affectionate husband" that would be delighted to undertake such a proposition as that. Now, when the money is sent for these names and addresses, etc., it is much like the one who holds the bag in snipe hunting. He simply spends his time in waiting. If he gets any returns at all, the women are not

up to par in beauty, there is disappointment as to age, the large sums of money are not in evidence. Oh, some may get matched if not mated, but in such a union for life, who wants to play "out of sight, unseen," like swapping jackknives?

One poor dupe sent his \$1.50 and received his list of names and addresses, and, writing to these ladies (?) he got no answer whatever. Later he sent for another list which arrived, and after writing to a number of these, he received no answer. Personally, I believe there is a better method in the matrimonial world.

A young man of the age of twenty-three was arrested in Chicago and brought before the judge of the Federal court. It was said that this young man had used the photograph of his wife as one who wanted a kind husband to love her, and take care of a large sum of money in her possession. Of course it is not hard to find some one who is willing to lay himself out to do this kind of work, and soon there was a sucker nibbling at the bait and got hooked. Money was sent to the forth-coming bride to come to the village in another state. The would-be bride got the money, but the would-be groom did not get the wife for some reason -- I wonder why. The disappointed man made a trip to Chicago and related his troubles to the Federal authorities, which resulted in the arrest of the matrimonial exploiter, who plead guilty in court.

"Marry within sixty days. Pay when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America." Doesn't that sound fine to one who is hunting for a wife? You may depend upon it, that advertiser will get your money in the end if you dabble with him, but you may just as well depend upon it, that you will not get any wife in the end.

It is most astonishing that so many beautiful women over the land that have multiplied thousands of dollars, are so anxious to get married and have some one to take care of their money. Isn't it really strange? These matrimonial bureaus are all over the country. They must find plenty of dupes, or they could not continue. What are the inspection doing that more of these frauds are not put out of business?

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072 -- ONE-SIDED CONTRACT FRAUDS

Among the swindling schemes of today, are the one-sided contracts. They operate in this way. Some one has a great seller (?) and sends out his literature and advertisements over the country, getting people interested in coining money. After one becomes excited over the tremendous prospects, and feeling that he can handle a whole state, a contract is submitted to him, in which he agrees, in order to obtain the exclusive right of selling the product in that state, to buy within a year's time, a certain large number of the articles in question, taking no less than some other large number during any one month, at a certain specified price. Now, for this great privilege granted the salesman of having a whole state, the seller must have proper protection, for how does he know that the buyer will take so many in one year and no less than so many in any one month? He must have protection. Hence, the agent is asked to put down the cash for the first year's layout, whereupon the agent informs the seller that it is impossible to do so. The next proposition is for the agent to send a given amount on each article for the entire year, which in itself amounts to

a large sum of money. But this proposition is so much better than the former one, and the prospects so very encouraging, of course he will have no trouble in disposing of the amount during the year, so forthwith comes the money. But whether the one signing the contract understands it or not, this really does not purchase one article in question. It is merely an advance of so much an article which is to protect the seller of the goods. On the contrary, for every article purchased the agent must send the full amount, minus the average amount sent in on each article, to protect the company, the money sent in on the initial payment. Now, what is the agent up against? He has contracted to sell not less than so many each month. This is found to be an up-hill job, and the agent soon falls down on the proposition. He is at once notified that he has fallen short on the contract, which gives the company the privilege of calling the contract null and void. As there are several men wanting this same state right, the agent is notified that his contract is considered void. The agent then writes asking about the initial deposit, the large sum paid down when the contract was signed, and he is informed that he did not live up to his part of the contract, while the company did carry out theirs.

They were in a position to carry out their part, but the agent fell down on his part, and as the company must have their protection, the result is, the company keeps that large, initial payment, sells the state right to the next fellow, or fool, and so on they go gulling the people with their one-sided contract and defrauding short-sighted people everywhere. Now, if a company is really honest and would actually refund this initial payment in case of failure to make good on the part of the agent, it certainly would be an easy matter to make such plain in the contract.

It is said that a certain Chicago firm has become rich by selling on this form of a contract, and actually have not manufactured more than a dozen machines: They use this dozen machines to demonstrate, selling state and county rights in rapid order. The victims must send in so many orders per month in order to keep the contract good. Being unable to do this, the contract is made void, the territory is then sold again, and again.

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073 -- HOME WORK FRAUDS

A man in New Jersey, put out the information that he can send a prepared list of names of firms who employ women to do home work and who pay good wages. After much trouble and spending of time and money, he has collected the names of reliable firms who need home workers. They are much in need of women for such work as home sewing, decorating pillow tops, knitting, crocheting, weaving, addressing envelopes, fancy work and many other kinds of work. These firms will furnish the work, and when it is done, cash will be forthcoming by return mail. He states in his circular letter that there are thousands of women who feel the need of earning money in their spare time, or wish to add to their income, but do not know how to go about it. He then goes on to say, that no doubt the person reading his circular letter has answered ads for home workers only to find there was some string attached. He also states that after answering several ads of this kind one begins to feel discouraged, and no wonder, for who would not? Then comes this paragraph: "Here is the whole trouble. You do not know how to go about it. There are hundreds of strictly reliable concerns throughout the United States who want women for home and spare time work and pay well for the work done for them. The question arises -- where are these firms and how can I get in

touch with them?" This benefactor of poor women will furnish these names for fifty cents. If he has any list at all and some poor woman sends him the fifty cents, she will probably get in touch with some firm who will rob her of her money and in the end it will be all out go and nothing coming in. Look out for these home work schemes, unless you know them.

Now note the scheme of a certain tapestry paint company. They sell an outfit of cheap paints which would probably not cost them more than a few cents, and charge for the same six dollars. They claim that beautiful designs on pillow tops, piano scarves, center pieces, pin cushions, photo holders, can be made with these paints, and they will pay good prices for the work that is done. A certain woman who was in great need of home work and could not well part with the price of the paints wrote the company this question: "Will you refer me to a successful worker who has made a little money doing work for you?" Notice the reply: "No. We have assured them of privacy, just as we assure you that you will not be disturbed by letters or callers. All communications are confidential." Is this an excuse or an evasion? The probability is, that they could not refer to one person who had made anything out of it; hence, it came in very handy to treat all their dupes as confidential. The bad part of this arrangement is, that only those women, as a rule, who are in straightened circumstances will apply for the work, and they can ill afford to lose their money.

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074 -- KNITTING MACHINE FRAUDS

A great opportunity is held out for people to make money right at home knitting hose with a knitting machine purchased from a certain firm. These cheap machines are held out as fine money-makers, and great inducements are pictured out for home work. The merits of the machine are not in evidence in the advertisements, but prospects of women making money at home. This machine is purchased with the understanding that the women can knit stockings, and the machine company will purchase these at a price, making it possible for good returns for their investment and service. Now does it stand to reason that some cheap hand machine can put out hosiery that is really marketable? The poor women pay out their hard-earned cash, and how much do they get in the final outcome? How many of these poor deluded people would do it over again? Multiplied thousands and thousands of dollars are paid to advertise, and they certainly must sell great quantities of the cheap machines, to cover this expense, but what about the poor people who find themselves "in the hole" as a consequence of their purchases?

Here is the statement from one who was beguiled into purchasing a hose knitting machine. "In reading your magazine, Specialty Salesman, I ran across that part pertaining to _____ Hosiery Company of Buffalo. I was one of their suckers. I paid them almost \$90 for the machine and yarn. My wife has had no success with it; it is simply a time waster and a source of annoyance when trying to operate it. Do you know of any way of getting any of my money back at all? I would gladly sell the thing at half price and would then feel thankful to get the thing out of our sight. We certainly will appreciate any suggestions you might offer."

A woman in California who had hoped to make more money than she was making working by the day for families who needed her service, sent this knitting company \$50 for one of their

machines. She not only lost her money, but her time. She could not make a success at it; the machine would not work right, as she stated, getting out of order continuously. She wanted any part of her money returned, but the company refused to make any kind of a settlement.

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075 -- MISCELLANEOUS FRAUDS

How is this scheme for poor, worthy women? A certain company induces women over the country to accept a position with them for a certain number of days. A salary is guaranteed, something like two dollars per day. But payment is made at the expiration of time for which they are hired. Great inducements are held out to these poor women. They are made to believe they can make up to ten dollars a day. If, for any reason, they should fail to make good money, they are guaranteed to have it made up to two dollars per day. But these poor women must purchase a sample outfit of a certain hinged box covered with paper, resembling leather, which, together with its contents is not to cost more than two dollars. But they must deposit ten dollars for the two dollar outfit. The outfit comes, and many of the articles are to be sold at ridiculously exorbitant prices. For instance, a pair of shears that can be bought in stores for fifty or sixty cents are to be sold for \$1.80. Another article is a paring knife to be sold for twenty-five cents, and the same thing can be bought in stores for ten cents. The poor women must pay the company sixteen cents for theirs. An egg substitute is sold for thirty-five cents, and the same thing is being sold by other firms through salesmen for twenty-five cents. Unless these women can force some sales upon their friends, the odds are certainly against them with these prohibitive prices. But as a rule, sales can not be made. What is the result? It is, that these women, not being able to make good after a few hard days' work, and as they cannot get any money from the company till their time of employment is expired, they ask the company please to take back the sample case for which they deposited ten dollars, and this is refused. This same company professes to be Christian, the party at the head of it actually claiming Jesus Christ as his partner. Now, if Jesus Christ is a partner in such a fraud, we have certainly been misinformed all these years as to the true nature and source of Christianity.

Not only do we find sharks over the land that will rob poor women, but some will stoop practically to rob little children. These "trust schemes" are operated to induce children to sell cheap jewelry or other wares. For instance, twenty stick pins, of the cheapest type, are sent to some child to sell for ten cents apiece, the money collected to be sent to the company, and on the receipt of which the child is to receive a valuable premium. The child acts in all good faith, sells the pins, forwards the money, when lo, and behold, the child is terribly disappointed at the valuable (?) premium received. Is not this real robbery? Where is there one of these schemers that ever dealt satisfactorily with the children? Here is a concrete example: A certain manufacturing company put out an advertisement something like this: "Boys, sell 25 packages beautiful post cards and receive one talking machine free. This machine actually plays any records up to ten. Send for post cards, return \$2.50, and receive this wonderful machine." Two brothers sent for the cards and had them all sold within twenty-four hours. The boys sent the money, and as requested, added ten cents extra to insure proper care. A special slip came with the cards, stating that if money was sent in a few days' time, a beautiful stick pin would be given. In the course of time the reward arrived. The stick pin, it was said was the kind which could be purchased twenty-five for three cents. The "marvelous talking machine" was a certain combination of rubber bands and spools, a horn, place

for a record and needle, and made a wonderful screechy, grinding noise when the wheel was turned. Instead of using the ten cents for packing, safe delivery, etc., the machine came by express, and the poor little deceived boys had to pay thirty-seven cents charges. How many boys over this country, I wonder, have been deceived by this very company? They fix their ad in a catchy manner to attract these little fellows into their net, get their money, and the boys get their disappointment. It is Simon pure fraud.

A great manufacturing company advertises to start people in manufacturing toy soldiers. The one who wishes to engage in this quick money making business must purchase the proper outfit from the great company, and pay an enormous price for the advertising circulars, which is about ten times as much as they are worth. Then certain dies must be purchased with which to start in business for oneself. The inducement is, that anyone can start his own manufacturing plant and make his thousands every year. Of course it can be seen that the real business of the head corporation is to sell these dies and these circulars, and the purchasers may "root hog, or die," after that.

The advertising columns of periodicals are teeming with startling revelations how to make money quick, how so-and-so made his hundreds in a few days, and eye-opening information will be furnished for a very small sum. For only three dollars, instructions will be sent to anyone how to make large sums of money supplying names and addresses. I have wondered before now when this name and address supplying proposition is exploited, if names were of such purported value, why do the parties who need them, not go to the great city directories over the land and collect them by the millions for nothing? No sir, There's a concealed fraud here.

It sounds very alluring to get a question, asking if some business you could attend to in your home, and fifteen or twenty dollars a week the year round would appeal to you'. Certainly it would appeal to many a person. But the trouble is, many of these frauds get your money and you get absolutely nothing in return to benefit you.

One flaming "ad" fairly foams and froths at the mouth in its word-picture of the startling and most wonderful discoveries, where thousands are going wild with delight, and science is baffled, and thousands are getting rich. Some fool sends in his dollar for the startling information, and that is of course what the fraud is after. After the dupe has invested his dollar, then he will have to invest another in his own advertising, and then the world will be running after him for information and tumbling in their dollars. Look at the dog after his tail.

A party doing business in a Western city, advertised that he made \$120 in one day, \$1300 in one month, and is willing to divulge the secret how he made this money for the small sum of \$2.50. Here is one of his circulars sent to a prospective victim: "Dear Friend: Have you ever made as much as \$120.00 in a single day? I have and have also made more than \$1300.00 in one month. If some one would step up to you and offer to give you a business that you were positive you could make from \$10.00 to \$40,00 per day, with the possibility of making more, you would surely be interested in knowing how, wouldn't you? Now listen -- that is just what I am going to offer you; a business that is now paying me more than the above amount. I am running the business right now and I make the positive statement, without fear of contradiction, that from raw materials, that cost me only \$1.15, I manufacture 90 household labor-saving articles that retail for 25c each,

or a total of \$22.50, and am manufacturing and selling them by the thousands, and have made as high as \$120.00 in one day, and over \$1300.00 in one month and put the money in the bank."

The seeker after the pot of gold sends his \$2.50 after signing the application blank, and after he has tried the business for sixty days and it is paying at least \$25.00 per week, the victim is to send \$7.50 more, making a total of \$10.00. If it is not paying \$25.00 or more a week, he will owe nothing, but the schemer keeps the \$2.50. Of course this looks enchanting to many; away goes their \$2.50 and in comes-nothing. The schemer is after the \$2.50.

A man sends out a circular asking that one dollar be sent him, and he will disclose to the one sending the dollar how to manufacture an article costing only five cents, which can readily be sold by hundreds of thousands for one dollar each. The fraud asks that one dollar be sent for the secret. He does not say anything about what the plan is, simply send the dollar and find out. And some fools will do it.

Another swindle peculiar to the West is locating people on desert lands. Advertisements indicate that much government land has been overlooked by the surveyor and, hence, is not on the market. If anyone wants to get in on the ground floor, he can be put there all right, and after properly located he can apply for his patent. But in order to bring this about he must pay \$1.25 an acre. He pays this money to the exploiter, and is given the name of the "desert locater" at a town on the desert who will put him on to the land. Then the "locater" is notified to be on the watch for this certain described man. If the dupe insists on seeing the land first, he is sent on just the same, and he can pay the money to the locating agent. He is not informed of the exact location of the land, for in that case he might go and take it up himself, without seeing the agent. If he pays the Los Angeles faker, he is finally shown a sandy waste, miles from water, a most fitting place for cactus and horned toads. If he waits and pays the agent, he may be shown a fairly decent piece of land, which may belong to another party, at least is not government land. The faker thrives, but the fool survives, and thus "the world do move."

And now comes the most remarkable formula the world has heard of for some time. It is a cream formula for self-shaving. You can compound it at home and it does away with razors, soaps and brushes. Just put the remarkable cream on the beard, let it stay for a few seconds, then wash it off, whiskers and all. This tested formula is perfectly harmless (?). Isn't this a most wonderful discovery! This formula costs the sum of one dollar. Send the dollar and learn how to make the cream. If I had such a wonderful secret, I am thinking I Would mare the cream myself and sell it to millions of men instead of selling the formula. It looks strange that the formula of such a marvel could be purchased for such a sum, when the discoverer could have made himself wealthy by its manufacture. But anything so powerful as to eliminate a hard beard in a few seconds, I would be afraid that it would eliminate something else at the same time.

Did you ever try "love powders"? These powders were for the purpose of making anyone love you. Here was a magic perfume, if directions were properly followed, that would make anyone love the person who was in possession of the perfume. They were to be suspended from the neck and worn close to the heart. When in company with the one whose love was desired, the wearer must hold his mind on the magic powder, and the person in his presence would

involuntarily put herself under its magic influence. So many people conducted this fraud for so long that it lost its profit, and the fakes had to turn to other employment.

A certain firm advertised for students to take courses in salesman's training, preparing them to become salesman, stating, that while they were learning the art, they at the same time could be earning from \$100 to \$500 a month. This certainly looks nice, and a golden opportunity for energetic young men who wish to become salesmen. A certain student paid in part his tuition in this training school by correspondence, with the hopes that he might be able to pay the balance from his position so nicely pictured by the advertisement. This he failed to do, and the firm, through their lawyer, demanded the balance or they would, bring suit accordingly. The firm holds out fanciful openings, free employment bureau, special notices of openings, and all they can do to assist in good positions. They get the tuition all right, but the question is, Do the students get the proper returns? No doubt the great majority of the students of such a correspondence school are induced to take it by the golden promise of high salaried positions, this golden pot at the end of the rainbow seeming to be the main feature of the advertisement, rather than the worth of the course of training.

The information and thoughts in these concrete examples of frauds have been gathered from Specialty Salesman Magazine, which has given me the privilege of using such in this book. This magazine is hot on the trail of these serpents and is making it very interesting for many of them. I have not given the names or addresses of any of them, but if the reader desires them, write to Robert E. Hicks, Editor Specialty Salesman Magazine, South Whitley, Indiana, and doubtless you can obtain the desired information.

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076 -- STOCK-SELLING FRAUDS

One of our leading state men, Mr. Arthur Capper, publisher of Capper's Weekly, Topeka, Kansas, wrote an eye-opening editorial, and entitled it "The License to Steal." Mark well his statements.

"The late P. T. Barnum of circus fame is reported to have said, 'One is born every minute.' The word 'one' meant 'sucker.' The saying has long been a chronic witticism. It is the general excuse for and the explanation of the one and one-half to two billion dollars loot that every year is stolen from one of our thriftiest, most industrious, most desirable classes, the small investors.

"In a time of world stress, when every dollar is needed to keep legitimate industries going, when all resources are absolutely essential in restoring a war-torn world and in feeding starving millions, in such a time this great American public -- the fairest, most enlightened public in the world -- permits this continual robbery and excuses it with a silly joke. But the joke is no longer on the sucker -- it is on the great American public.

"The starving millions in Russia and Armenia could be taken care of with the money that Americans give to swindlers not in gambling, but for fraudulent securities that will not possibly return a penny. The soldiers' bonus could be taken care of without a cent of public expenditure, if the money that swindlers steal from small investors annually were put to that use. If the money that

Americans put into fraudulent stocks and bonds, wildcat and blue sky ventures were turned over to the United States Treasury, virtually all our war taxes could be abolished and the war debt could be paid off without burdening the people.

"That figure, one half billion dollars, is given by the Federal Trade Commission as the size of the annual loot that 'financiers' of the Ponzi type steal from small investors, every cent of it taken by fraud, chiefly through the sale of fraudulent or worthless securities...

"In one day in February more than 200 complaints were made to the additional grand jury in New York City which was making a special investigation of the enormous business of swindling that has grown up in New York and other cities. A majority of those complaints, it was said, were from poor losers, whining, amateur gamblers who had taken chances on the other fellow's game and had lost. But scores of the complaints that day, and on previous and on subsequent days were from honest men and women, whose only fault had been they were so honest they had no suspicion of the swindlers who robbed them.

"In four months in New York City more than 50 brokerage firms failed. Some of them probably were legitimate business houses. But the whole financial system of the country's greatest money market had become so honeycombed with swindlers that when the New York district attorney began an investigation and dozens of fake brokerage houses and bucket shops were driven out or indicted, the effect extended to legitimate business and wrecked legitimate firms. There is no end to the harm that swindlers do; they rob the poor and unprotected, divert capital from honest uses and then, when belated and timid punishment arrives the innocent bystanders usually get a large share of the punishment, if not all of it.

"Ponzi, of Boston swindling notoriety, had hardly become acclimated to prison atmosphere, having swindled 10,000 persons by promise of 50. per cent dividends in 60 days, than another, Raymond J. Bischoff, 25 years old, began operations in Chicago. Before the lead-footed law interfered Bischoff had taken four and one half million dollars, chiefly from wage-earners. So great was Bischoff's harvest that his employees left him to organize financial raids of their own.

"It is not these rich women, and some rich men, whom the swindlers victimize, that concern me. It is the great army of honest, hard-working men and women who take the little family nest egg, the money saved for a rainy day or for a home, and who, because they are honest and unsuspicious, put it in the hands of swindlers. They aren't to blame. We're to blame, the rest of us, farmers, bankers, ministers, merchants, editors, Congressmen, who sit idly by and see these gigantic frauds perpetrated year after year.

"What is the remedy -- more law? No, not to a great extent. Right now the federal courts are cluttered up with 480 stock-swindling cases involving \$140,011,000 and 874 persons arrested or indicted. And that is only a small fraction of the stock-swindling cases; most of them never get into court. Probably there should be a strengthening of the law here and there. But the greatest remedy must come from a universal educational campaign. More effective National laws against swindling are needed, but more effective still will be an active public opinion, which can and will abolish stock swindling and wildcat financing just as effectively as it abolished piracy and privateering.

"I have spoken chiefly of the fraudulent stock schemes. In addition this same class of investors annually lose one to two billion dollars in wildcat investments, such as oil stocks, straight-out gambles, that may be legally honest but which rarely have the shadow of a chance of paying out. The one half billion dollars of straight loot and the billion to two billions in wildcat investments can eventually be headed off by but one thing education. If pulpit, press, Government and legitimate business will undertake the job, swindling as one of our profitable industries can be abolished. But law alone won't do it."

One of the latest frauds uncovered, was the selling of stock in the League of Nations at ten dollars a share. That sounds pretty big, doesn't it? Certainly that ought to be a great company with tremendous dividends. Just to think of owning stock in the League of Nations! This was offered to Chicago's investing public. The league was represented as the greatest organization in the world, and the prospective purchasers were informed that large dividends would be forthcoming on account of the tremendous value of the league to humanity. The Department of Justice began a search for the frauds who victimized numerous persons by selling them stock and collecting 25 per cent of the selling price in advance of its delivery. What will be on the market next?

"On the first day of the month a new stock, 'American Fire Protection,' but listed as 'A. F. P.' made its appearance in the stock market and there followed spirited trading, although no one seemed to know anything about it. The new stock opened at 6, shot up to 12, dropped suddenly to 2, then skyrocketed to 8. While some of the traders were figuring up their 'profits' inquiry developed that 'A. F. P.' stood for 'April Fool Preferred.' The exposure came in time to avoid a stampede of suckers."

If there is anyone who ought to know the stock markets and how to speculate in stocks, it certainly ought to be the members of the brokerage houses. They are on the inside of things if anybody is. Why do they not "plunge" and go into wild speculations? Why is it that they have more or less made agreements among themselves that none shall enter into speculations? Long years of experience taught these men something.

Thousands of poor foolish investors every year pour their money into investment rat holes, only to lose it. Yet when they pass off the stage of action with their hard-earned money gone, there are always plenty of other foolish ones to step into the ranks and take their place.

Those who have made a study of this business, know that the easiest victims to draw into these nets are women, preachers, doctors, teachers and professional men generally. Many small investors will put in a very small amount, with the thought that it may possibly succeed, and in that case they will be glad of the investment; but in case it fails, they have not lost much. Right here is where the cheap, fraudulent schemers, frequently rope in their thousands.

Said one of the leading men of our country, Mr. Moody, known throughout the financial world, as a great financial expert, "I hope I, for one, shall never have the misfortune to make a lot of money quickly."

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077 -- THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

The notorious "South Sea Bubble" came about in the year 1720 and lasted a good portion of the year. It shows how gullible poor misguided humanity is.

The South Sea Company was organized in 1711. At first the stock was about \$30,,000,000, made up by public subscriptions and turned over to the English government to meet certain public debts. As a return for this, the Government guaranteed the stockholders a dividend of six per cent, giving the Company certain important duties and a monopoly of all trade in the South Sea. This went on with some success from a financial standpoint until the "South Sea Bubble" arose in the horizon. Finally, the Company put up a proposition to the English Government to put the financing plan on a larger scale. The proposition was accepted by the Government. The Company was to assume the whole public debt, and be guaranteed a certain per cent dividend by the Government. For this privilege, the Company agreed to pay outright as a bonus a number of millions of dollars. It is said that this scheme was originated and carried out by one of the Company's shrewd directors. After a couple of months' discussion in Parliament, it was accepted, and all that time the excitement was growing.

The tremendous profits expected by the Company were to accrue from the monopoly of the South Sea trade. This long-headed schemer of the Company circulated extravagant stories about free trade with Spanish colonies in the Pacific, importation of gold and silver from Peru and Mexico, in return for dry goods and other commodities, all of which would produce double the amount of the Company's stock yearly. By the time the bill authorizing the arrangement had passed, the stock had already risen four hundred per cent. The enchanting prospects of the Company were painted in such, glowing colors, and swelled to such vast proportions, that it completely turned the head of John Bull. The directors issued more stock at high figures and John Bull subscribed a large share. In a short time the stockholders were selling at double what they paid. A ten per cent dividend was voted, then followed other millions of stock, which was taken in one day. Stock arose to fabulous figure. The keen schemer of a director kept blowing it up to the skies and keeping the people excited. People of various grades and standing, high class and low class, went wild with speculation. It is said that the stock reached one thousand per cent when it was worth about twenty-five. The crowd was doing business at Exchange Alley, and the rush was on. So greedy were the fools and so reckless, that the same stock was sometimes at one end of the alley ten per cent higher than at the other end.

This mushroom bubble gave encouragement for other speculations and frauds. A sympathy was aroused in the stock market enhancing the value of sound concerns, and at the same time flooding the market with swindles and impositions. Anything calling itself stock went. So wild were the people that they did not stop to investigate the integrity of the promoters. Nearly a hundred schemes were being foisted upon the public at the same time. Perpetual motion stepped into the arena for recognition with its capitalization of five million dollars. Another was for the importation of walnut trees from Virginia capitalized at ten million. Brazen-faced and ridiculous were many of the schemes. One was advertised as a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but no one to know what it was. A deposit of ten dollars per share was required of each one taking stock. It was to take two and a half millions for stock in shares of five hundred

dollars each. Each stock holder was promised five hundred dollars per share per annum, and all the particulars were to be given in one month, when the remaining part of the subscription was to be paid. The great financier put forth his prospectus, opened his office and the crowds came. By the middle of the afternoon John Bull had paid his deposits to the amount of ten thousand dollars for the hundreds of shares he was to take. That night the shrewd fraud of a financier left for other parts of the world, the fools wondering where he had gone.

The more level-headed members of the Government soon threw their influence against these swindling concerns. The South Sea Company, it was said, grew jealous, when it saw these side concerns piling up to a billion and a half dollars, and took legal steps to down them. Soon they were squelched.

After a while it leaked out that the long-headed promoter of the South Sea Company and others on the inside had sold out their stock, together with a charge of unfairness in the management. The time came for reaction and collapse. Stock began to fall in spite of all the directors could do to the contrary. The Company met to fix matters up, but to no avail; the stock fell lower and lower. It had received its staggering death blow. Consternation was on the people and poverty staring them in the face. The people raged, but what good did that do? Bankers absconded and business corporations went down in a crash, while credit was about paralyzed. The people feared riots. The directors could not walk the streets without being insulted. So great was the losses and so widespread the wrath of the people and so many the public gatherings on account of it, that Parliament saw the necessity of conceding to the demand of the public, and starting a formal inquiry into the whole business. The swindled dupes vented their spleen upon the persons and property of the managers and officers of the South Sea Company. They were forbidden to leave, their property was held for settlement, and they were put in custody for examination. Some of the Company were in Parliament. There they were insulted to their face, some of them expelled, and charges made against all of them. A committee of secret investigation was put on foot to get to the bottom of the whole business. The treasurer, who had the secrets of the concern, escaped to the Continent. The books were put out of the way or mutilated. It was found that leading men of the kingdom had been bribed with stock, and many noblemen and merchants were disgracefully entangled. The trials which followed, resulted in imprisonment or degradation or other calamity to a number, while the long-headed chief director with others had their wealth taken from them, which was used partially to relieve the ruined ones, except enough left to start in over again. About one-third of the money lost, was made up to the losers.

It was a long time before proper credit was restored to the public. Of course this was a long time ago, but it only shows to what extent the speculative, gambling spirit can possess the human heart and lead it astray.

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078 -- THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME

One of the biggest business humbugs in the history of the world was the Mississippi Scheme exploited by one John Law, and took place in France in the early part of the 18th century.

Law was a shrewd Scotchman, a good financier for those days, but unprincipled and liable to wild schemes. He had accumulated considerable property, had traveled over Europe, was witty and entertaining, and had become a favorite with the Duke of Orleans and other French nobles. When the Duke became Regent of France at the death of Louis XIV, France was greatly in debt, and the people in great misery owing to costly wars and terrible taxations. When Law went to Paris with a most promising scheme of finance, the Regent was particularly glad to see him both as a financier and as a friend.

The Regent at once took up with Law's plans and the first step towards the Mississippi Scheme was taken, though not so intended at the time. This was the establishment by royal authority of the banking firm of Law & Co., consisting of Law and his brother. This bank, by judicious organization and issuing of paper money, quickly began to help the distressed finances of the kingdom, and to stimulate trade and commerce. This success which seemed to be proper and legitimate, made one bad impression on the Regent, which was the foundation of great trouble. The shallow-minded ruler reasoned if such a quantity of bank bills could do so much good a great many times as many would do a great many times more good. He seemed to think that issuing the bills was creating money. He paid no attention to the necessity of providing specie for them on demand, but supposed he had a sort of unlimited money factory at hand.

The next thing with Law, with the ready consent of the Regent, was to put in effect an enlargement of the business of the bank based on the delusive riches of America and exploited as the Mississippi Company. This company was closely connected with the banks, and to begin with, received the monopoly of all trade to the Mississippi, and west of it. It was expected to obtain vast quantities of silver and gold from that region, and so make large dividends on the stock. At home, it was to have the sole charge of collecting all the taxes and coining all the money. Stock was issued to the amount of one hundred thousand shares at \$100 a share, and Law's help to the Government funds was continued by permitting this stock to be paid for in those funds, at their par value, though worth in market only about one third of it. Subscriptions rolled in rapidly. The French were more ignorant of resources of far away regions than we might imagine now. The Regent, and it seemed about all the people except a few hardheaded skeptics, believed all Law said. Soon the Regent gave the associates -- the bank and the company -- two other monopolies, that of tobacco and refining gold and silver. He soon made the bank a state institution, naming it the Royal Bank of France. Having done this, the Regent could control the bank in spite of Law; for in those days the kings of France were quite despotic and the Regent was acting as king. No sooner had he the bank in his power than he added to the \$12,000,000 of notes already out, the issue of \$200,000,000 worth in one great batch, with the conviction that he was adding so much to the money of France in par currency.

The Parliament of France, mostly of lawyers, wise and conservative, was hostile to Law and his schemes. When this mighty expansion of paper currency began, the Parliament put up a great fight against it, petitioning, and threatening to hang Law, and indeed frightening him too. At last the Regent, by virtue of his power, stuck some of the opposers in jail and so silenced the disturbance.

Then things went lovely. More grants were made to Law's associated concerns. The Mississippi Company was granted the monopoly of all trade to the East Indies, China, the South

Seas, and all the territories of the French India Company, etc. It took a new and imposing name: "The Company of the Indies." They had also obtained the monopoly of the Canada beaver trade. Of this colossal corporation, monopolizing the whole foreign commerce of France with some two-thirds of the world, its home finances and other important interests besides, on the strength of this, fifty thousand new shares were issued. Law was bold enough to promise annual dividends. The people believed him. More than three hundred thousand applications were made for the new shares. Law was besieged with applicants, and the humbug was now in full blast. The very street where he lived was filled and crowded. Accidents happened daily on account of the excessive pressure. From princes of the blood down to the cobblers, men and women crowded in to subscribe and pay in their money. Law moved to a street where there was more room, and the crazy crowd pressed in harder than ever. The din was so great that the Chancellor, who held his court of law close by could not hear his lawyers. So again he moved. This time to the great Hotel de Soissons, a vast palace, with a garden of some acres. Here was the wild rush of speculation. The nobility rented rooms near Law's abode in order to get at him. Rents in that neighborhood increased to twelve or sixteen times their usual amount. A cobbler in that locality made \$40 a day by renting his stall and furnishing writing materials to speculators. Thieves and disreputable characters of various sorts flocked there. Riots and quarrels obtained. Often a troop of cavalry had to clear the street at night. Gamblers were present with their instruments of gambling. One hunchback fellow made money by letting the people do writing on his back. When Law moved into the great hotel, the owner reserved the gardens, and procured an edict confining all stock dealings to that place. He then put up five hundred tents, leased them at so much a month, and thus made at the rate of \$50,000 a month. Law became the most important person in the kingdom. Great and small, male and female, high and low, hung around his office and hunted him down, to get in a word with him and purchase stock. The highest nobles would wait half a day for the chance. His servants received large sums to announce some visitor's name. Ladies of the highest rank would give him anything he asked for the privilege of buying stock. One of them made her coachman upset her out of her carriage as Law came by, so she could get a word with him. He helped her up; she accomplished her purpose, and got her stock. Another lady ran into the house where he was at dinner, and raised the cry of fire. The rest ran out, but she ran further in to reach Law, who discerned her intent and ran away.

As the craze climbed towards its height, the Regent took advantage of it to issue more stock, enough to pay the whole national debt. 300,000 new shares were issued at \$1,000 each. They were taken at once. So violent were the changes of the market, shares rose or fell twenty per cent in a few hours. A servant was sent to sell two hundred fifty shares of the stock. On reaching headquarters he found since he had left his master's house that the shares had risen from \$1,600 to \$2,000. Par value was \$100. The servant sold, turned over to his master the proceeds at \$1,600 a share, put the remaining \$100,000 in his own pocket and left France that evening. Law's coachman became so rich that he left his job and got his own coach. When he was asked to find a successor, he brought two candidates, and told Law to take his choice and he would take the other himself.

The stock of the Company of the Indies, though it rose and fell ten and twenty per cent from day to day, was from the first immensely inflated. It climbed higher and higher till its pinnacle height was 2,050 per cent, that is, a hundred dollar share would sell for \$2,050. At this pinnacle it hovered for a little while and then the bubble received some punctures. Prince de Conti, became angry because Law would not send him shares on his own terms, and sent great loads of bills to

Law's bank demanding specie. Law paid it, and complained to the Regent, who made him put two-thirds of it back again. A shrewd stock gambler drew specie by small sums until he had about \$200,000 in coin, and for fear he should be forced to return it, he put it in a cart, covered it with manure, disguised himself like a peasant, and carried his fortune over the borders into Belgium. Some others quietly turned their money in the same way by smaller amounts and sent it abroad.

Coin gradually became quite scarce, and there were signs of a panic. The Regent tried to adjust matters by decreeing that coin should be five per cent less than paper. This did not work well, and it was decreed that coin should be worth ten per cent less than paper. Then he decreed that the bank must not pay more than \$22 at once in specie. Finally, by a bold stretch of authority, he issued an edict that no person should have over \$100 in coin, on pain of fine and confiscation. These laws created much trouble. They aggravated the difficulty they were meant to cure. The price of shares in the great company began to fall steadily and rapidly. Law and the Regent began to be hated, cursed and threatened. Vain attempts were made to stem the tide of ruin, by renewing stories about Louisiana sending out a lot of conscripted laborers, ordering that all payments must be made in paper, and printing a new batch of notes to the amount of another \$300,000,000. Law's two corporations were also doctored in a number of ways. The fright and distress grew worse. An edict was issued that Law's notes and shares should depreciate gradually by law for a year, and then be worth but half their face. This created such a tumult and outcry, that the Regent had to retract in seven days. On the seventh day, Law's bank stopped paying specie. Law was turned out of his public employments, but still well treated by the Regent in private. However, he was mobbed and stoned in his coach in the street, and had to have a company of Swiss Guards in his house, and at last had to escape to the Regent's own palace.

Law's paper and shares speedily went down to entire worthlessness. Misery, tumult, loss and confusion attended the disaster. Thousands of families were made paupers, while trade and commerce were awfully broken up by the frightful process. Law himself escaped out of France a poor man, and later on died in poverty in Venice.

I have gone into these schemes at length to show how a people can turn fools and go wild over a paradise of imaginary wealth, and then find it all exploded, leaving them and the exploiter utterly financially ruined. Oh, the folly of mere speculation without a real business basis and a real business method. Why do not all speculators in oil, mines, new inventions, get-rich-quick schemes weigh matters properly before losing their money?

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079 -- THE CALIFORNIA COAL MINE

In the early days of the settlement of California, a United States officer was on his way somewhere into the interior of the state a few miles from Monterey, with a party of men on a surveying expedition. They had with them a forge, some coal and other articles. While crossing a tule swamp their wagon got stuck, and in order to expedite matters the greater part of the coal was thrown out, and left. Years afterwards the rule swamp dried up, leaving parts of the coal sticking up through the mud. Some prospectors happening by, saw this coal, when, lo, and behold, a coal mine! The elated coal mine discoverers hurried into town, and at once a coal mining company was

organized. The matter was kept secret, except from a few friends who were allowed to purchase stock for cash as a real favor. Arrangements were properly made with the owner of the land much in his favor, and when all things were ready, specimens of the coal were put on exhibition at Monterey. Great excitement prevailed. Shares began to soar. While par was one hundred dollars, yet it seemed that twelve hundred dollars in gold coin was sneered at.

While this excitement was running high, a Dutchman, living in that vicinity, passing by the marvelous "mine," and seeing the coal sticking out of the ground, very innocently picked up the whole "mine" and carried it off. The stockholders quickly saw the fraud, and were not careful in their expressions of dissatisfaction. But the original discoverers declared they were fooled themselves, and it was a misfortune they all had to share. Fakes, frauds and fools! How they do abound!

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080 -- INVESTMENT FRAUDS

One of the most notorious frauds in the country was arraigned before the courts in Chicago in which it was ascertained that one had induced great numbers of people to place investments in his hands. It seems that the people had implicit faith in this man and trusted their all with him for investment. He showed them the tax stamps on the documents as proof that the United States government was back of all his dealings. Into his talons fell all sorts and conditions of peoples; executors of little estates, guardians of minor heirs, widows, priests, paid in their money or the money intrusted with them, but it soon disappeared. One man who had lost everything left the Federal Building vowing to kill himself and wife as the result of his losing all. This fraud began his speculations when a friend gave him \$200 to play on the Board of Trade in order to meet a second mortgage. His success in this venture led him to continue his speculations on a larger scale, so he chose the ignorant people as his fruitful field of operations.

He stated that he was only twenty-five years of age and had accumulated liabilities estimated by a receiver appointed as totaling approximately \$5,000,000 in less than two years. He described the business in which he was engaged as "general financial business, brokerage and oil." He said he started it with \$10,000. He got this start by working in the stock yards in which he earned part of it, and the rest was obtained by stock speculations. He declared that he had had no previous business experience. His magnificent home in the suburbs of Chicago went into the hands of the receiver. It is admitted by the authorities that it would be unsafe for him to appear on the streets. He was a deserter from the United States army during the late war, according to the papers.

And so the easy marks are fleeced from their hard earnings and others get the money. When will people get their eyes open regarding speculative schemes?

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him. An investment in knowledge pays the best interest." -- Franklin.

One of the latest frauds perpetrated on a gullible public has just been discovered in Boston. This is known as the German mark swindle, and thousands of credulous investors have been

swindled out of about \$5,000,000. These frauds manufactured counterfeit marks and passed them off as legitimate. The appeal was made to the poorer class, those who had saved a few dollars, and were anxious to double the same.

Investment sharks are on the alert to spot those who happen to have some money fall into their hands. It is said that "the tremendous waste in life insurance in a lump sum is beyond comprehension. A very large percentage of widows lose every dollar of life insurance left them in this manner. First, because, not having the proper training in investing sums of money, they invest and lose. Second, because, not being accustomed to having such large sums of money handed them at one time, they spend it foolishly. Third, by having some unscrupulous person get it away from them."

"A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining shark." -- (American Magazine.)

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081 -- THE CONFIDENCE MAN

The following sad incident taken from Rev. C. F. Wimberly's book -- "Is the Devil A Myth?" Fleming H. Revell, publisher, shows what is going on in the world of fakes and frauds.

"An honest old farmer, whose horizon had not extended beyond the obscure Indiana neighborhood, sold his little home and started for Kansas, hoping to enlarge his possessions and give his sons and daughters a larger sphere of opportunity. That they might see the wonders of a great city, arrangements were secured for a three days' stop-over in St. Louis. The confidence man saw them pass through the iron gate into the lobby. He first noted the train on which they had come to the city. With great enthusiasm he greeted the old gentleman, introduced himself, extending a business card of his 'firm.' With cunning palaver, and the guilelessness of the farmer item after item of information as to name and where they came from was obtained. The man who said he recognized the gentleman soon became satisfied of it -- having an uncle living in the same county -- and 'I have often heard him speak of you, etc., etc.'

"It required only a short time, not only to gain the confidence of the whole family, but also to get all the facts concerning their business affairs; how much the little farm brought, and how much they had left to begin life in the West, and actual cash on hand. There was not a hitch in the scheme. The new friend (?) loaded them with kindnesses and courtesies, paid all the bills at lunch and theater -- took the young people into the mysteries of the great wonderland -- all so new and strange.

It was the last afternoon. Father and Mr. Confidence Man were returning from a tour of sightseeing. They met a man walking in great haste. Looking up he saw the two men, and suddenly laid violent hands on the 'farmer's friend,' demanding the payment of a note three days overdue. They quarreled. All manner of apologies were made, that he was 'entertaining an old friend, etc.,' all of which caused the Shylock to grow more enraged and unreasonable. They almost came to blows.

"Finally, the old man's benefactor asked to see him for a moment alone. Then meekly humble, and with many regrets, asked for a loan of enough to pay the note. 'We will go right down to my office, and I will reimburse with big interest for the kindness.' The honest old man was only glad for an opportunity of returning, by such a little act, the kindness which had been shown him. The note was almost one thousand dollars. When the bills were counted out, less than ten dollars remained in his purse the savings of a lifetime.

"Proceeding on their way until they reached the first saloon, 'It is my treat, uncle,' said the man. After the drinks were served, he asked to be excused for a moment, and stepped into a back room from the bar. He was seen no more. After a long time, the barkeeper informed the old man that his friend was one of the worst crooks in St. Louis. With less than ten dollars, he staggered out of the saloon, wandered over the city dazed and half insane. On the following day he was found down on the wharf crying like a child. What had happened? He had been in the hands of a confidence man."

Florida tourists have had their fill of being fleeced by "a gang of confidence men, bunco steerers and wire tappers," who employ" high-priced lawyers to circumvent laws recently passed against them by the legislature." These Florida resort tourists have been relieved of more than \$1,500,000 this season. There is evidence that the gang employ a banker to handle their banking business. Many men of wealth and prominence have been the victims of this enterprise, but they are reticent in letting it be known that they have been "easy marks." One man lost \$75,000, his life savings. This criminal syndicate employed small town officials and county officers. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of ferreting out these schemers is the reticence of the victims themselves. They simply return home in silence, not willing to have it known that they were "suckers." A city attorney of a coast resort estimates that no less than \$300,000 have been taken from visitors to his city. "The spoils of the syndicate, as it is called, are said to be divided at the end of the season in the following proportion: "Five per cent for rentals; 20 per cent for protection, which includes attorney's fees; five per cent for 'fall bank,' a crooked banker through whom drafts and checks are regularly handled to bring money of victims to the fake stock or race horse exchange; 40 per cent to the steerer, less any money advanced to carry him along and 25 per cent to the big storekeepers who very seldom consist of more than three men. The former is the dapper or elderly man of means who offers the victim a chance to make some easy money and steers him to the camouflage exchange. The big storekeepers are the treasurers of the syndicate."

One of the cleverest frauds in modern days came out in the Toledo Blade of July, 1921. The victim was a member of a tailoring firm of Toledo, O. A "government agent" came to him asking help in selecting a site for a government airplane factory. The tailor gladly rendered his services. He refused any compensation for his services.

He was then brought to Cleveland where he met the leading one from Washington. Conferences were held behind closed doors where secrets concerning the government were laid bare. Bell boys, telegraph messages, long distance calls to the White House, and such like were in evidence for several days.

Then something happened! Inside the entrance of Hotel Cleveland where they stopped lay a wallet on a rug as the tailor and the other two came along. It was an "accidental" find. The wallet

contained \$300 and among other things a card showing that the owner was a member of the New York exchange and stopping at the Hotel Statler.

The tailor was given in charge of the wallet and they went to the Statler and found the owner occupying an elegant suite. He was most grateful indeed. They would not accept \$50 reward, so he concluded to show them how to make something on the stock exchange on the strength of his "inside tips."

Then followed a series of stock transactions in which a "messenger" from the exchange at The Hollendon hotel and another from a national bank played important parts.

In the meantime the airplane proposition passed out of sight. But it had served its purpose all right. The tailor watched with interest how the New Yorker played the stock market for thousands with the money offered them as a reward for finding the wallet. An order for \$100 was placed to buy on margin. Returns came with \$200. Their money had been doubled. \$200 was played and back came \$400. It had doubled again. This continued until the winning sums amounted to \$25,000. Then they decided to play it all. The tailor was urged to take the money to the exchange, but declined. One of the "government agents" then went, and following the New Yorker's directions returned with a certificate for \$50,000.

But it seems there was a slip somewhere. The "bank messenger" who had been introduced to the tailor in the lobby of the bank, brought word that the bank would not pay the money until a deposit equal to this amount was made.

Then the New Yorker stormed and the "government agents" swore. But the messenger held his ground. The bank had its rules and would stick to them.

Then they concluded to pool their money and make up the \$50,000 deposit. But they were short \$13,400, and if the tailor would help them out he would share equally in the winnings, and there was nothing to lose. The tailor then furnished \$10,400 in cash and \$3,000 in Liberty bonds, rushing off to Toledo for the money. He accompanied the New Yorker to the bank to make the deposit. He saw him at the teller's window.

On returning to the hotel the New Yorker said, "Now I'll show you how to make a real clean up. We'll play the whole \$50,000. You gentlemen have nothing to lose and all to gain."

The money was sent to the exchange by "government agent No. 1," with the New Yorker's instructions. But there came another slip. After a couple of hours had elapsed the "government agent" returned very crestfallen. He had played wrong and lost all the money. He tried to explain, but the New Yorker broke in _____. "Why didn't you follow my instructions? I told you to sell and you bought. You have ruined us."

Then the New Yorker walked the floor in his rage, cursing, and tearing his hair, while the "government agent" tried in vain to explain and the other one was trying to be peacemaker.

Finally the New Yorker thought of a plan in which to save their money. This involved going to another city. The New Yorker would call in a certain one from Chicago to accompany him on the trip and would meet the tailor in the city agreed upon at a certain hotel. The tailor went to the city alone, and found no hotel 1W the name given. After awhile he concluded he had been fleeced. He returned finally to Cleveland, but the New Yorker and the "government agents" had fled. The poor tailor had lost his life's savings. These fellows had played their snipe hunting well and the tailor was a wiser and a poorer man.

A Hungarian was working in a Denver restaurant supporting his wife and little children. He had \$3,000 laid away. A fellow countryman went to the place where this Hungarian worked and they talked of Hungary and sights familiar to them both. They became fast friends and soon the restaurant employee was invited to the other's home. This "friend" claimed to be in the fruit business, making good profits from his fruit stand, and finally asked the other if he would not like to enter into partnership with him.

The restaurant porter thought this a great opportunity, and a good place to put his savings. The proper arrangements were made and the money was drawn out of the bank, and they both started for the fruit stand, which was to mean so much in future prosperity. On their way, they were stopped by another countryman who inquired where he could find a certain Catholic cathedral. He was told accordingly, but before they parted, the stranger dropped some remarks which interested the man with the \$3,000. Said the stranger, "I am going to die; my lungs are gone. I want to see the priest at the cathedral, for I have \$100,000 to leave behind me, and I want it in good, safe hands. I want to give it to charity."

The stranger seemed so very sincere, that the man with the \$3,000 suggested that they accompany the man to the cathedral. On arriving there, the man of charity went in. On returning, he declared that the particular priest he wanted to see had died. The stranger seemed very sad; but he must have some one to look after his money when he was gone. He suggested that perhaps these who had so kindly conducted him to the cathedral knew of some one who had several thou, sand dollars, were reputable, and able to care for the money.

The unsuspecting restaurant porter gave him to understand that they were just starting in business worth \$6,000, and they would care for his money.

The stranger was well pleased, and for their kindness, they were to receive \$11,000 to place with their \$6,000. The porter was likewise delighted. Why not? So they were told to wait till the stranger should return with the \$10,000, which he did soon. He brought the \$10,000 sure enough.

The stranger suggested that they get a box in which to put all the money. This was obtained at a nearby store, and the man with the \$3,000 stood, by and watched the stranger count his \$10,000, fold it up and lay it inside the box. The partner in business then placed his \$3,000 in the box, and last the porter put in his.

Now of course the restaurant porter being honest, he was allowed to take the box with its \$16,000 home with him for safe keeping. He accordingly did so, took the box, said good-bye to the

others, and left for his home a happy man. He was a rich man indeed! Rushing up the steps, he hurried into the presence of his wife, anxious to impart the good news.

Said the cautious wife, "You have been swindled, I'm sure. "

But he stoutly informed her that he had the \$16,000 in the box; that the others kept the key, and would come that night to open it. When it got late, and the men failed to materialize, at the wife's command, the box was opened, and there were three dollars inside. How was that for a fraud?

* * *

082 -- COUNTERFEIT FRAUDS

One of the greatest frauds in the country is counterfeiting money. Coins of various denominations and bills are counterfeited. Organized gangs of these swindlers are here and there carrying on their nefarious business. And who of us have not been handling such money innocently? I can remember four times in my life that I tried to pass counterfeit coins and did not know that I had them till they were returned to me. Once I handed a railroad conductor a quarter, once I gave one to a preacher, another time I turned a coin in at a bank along with other coins, and once I gave a ticket agent a fifty cent piece. Of course it does not bring the happiest sensation when such coins are returned, but I had the inward satisfaction of knowing that it was not intentional, and I think all parties felt the same. I do not remember the times when I detected the counterfeit and did not try to pass it. These coins and bills are floating around, and we get our share if we are not posted. We are told in "The Business Guide or Safe Methods of Business" by J. L. Nichols: "Notes are altered by raising the denomination by taking out the genuine with acid and printing in a higher denomination with a counterfeit die. They can be easily detected by the stain which the acid produces with which the figures are taken out."

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083 -- GAMBLING FRAUD

Speaking of gambling the "Business Guide" says: "Shun the monster. Let me entreat all to shun the monster, under all his borrowed and deceptive forms. Remember that gambling for amusement is the wicket gate into the labyrinth and when once in, you may find it difficult to get out. Ruin is marked in blazing capitals over the door of the gambler; his hell is the vestibule to that eternal hell where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

"The youth should not forget that if he is once taken in the coils of this vice, the hope of extricating himself, or of realizing his visions of wealth and happiness is exceedingly faint. He has no rational grounds to expect that he can escape the terrible consequences that are inseparably connected with sin. If he does not become bankrupt in property he is sure to become so in character and in moral principle. He becomes a debauched, debased, friendless vagabond."

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084 -- SWINDLING FRAUDS

Under the head of "Swindling Schemes" the Business Guide gives these practical rules to remember.

"1. Beware of the swindler. He is everywhere and in all kinds of business.

"2. Never sign a paper of any kind for a stranger. Make every man unknown to you, who desires to do business with you, prove to you, beyond a doubt, that his business is legitimate and that he acts within the limits of his authority.

"3. Never try to beat a man at his own game. The sharpers at every fair and circus and other places where people in large numbers congregate, will always offer you great inducements with cards, dice, wheels of fortune, etc. They will urge you to bet on a certain card or number and show you how one dollar could have won \$20.00 or \$100.00; but when you bet your money you never win.

"4. Never bet or gamble. In trying to get something for nothing, we too often find ourselves the victims of confidence and swindling schemes. Honesty is the best part of policy, always has been and always will be.

"5. Never try to get the best of a sharper by buying a box, watch-case, or anything else in which you have seen him put a \$10 or \$20 bill.

"6. Deal with responsible parties, or see that the article is worth the price before paying for it, and you will never suffer the mortification of being swindled."

"The Patent Fence Swindle. It is an old but true maxim, that 'experience is an expensive teacher,' but many will learn in no other way. The wire and picket fence combination is a good article for fencing gardens, etc., too expensive, however, for general use.

"An agent, very nicely dressed, meets you in your garden or field, and shows you extensive engravings of the patent combination fence. He warrants the fence to be just as represented, 44 pickets to the rod, well painted, firmly fastened by six galvanized steel wires, etc. All of this he agrees to furnish at the low price of 20 cents per rod.

"After convincing you of the cheapness of the fence, which is easily done, he offers you a special discount to take the agency for your township, for which you are to advance your credit to the amount of \$128. After securing your note he sends you a sample of the fence. But you soon find that the fence cannot be made for any such a price per rod, and you are out of the amount of credit advanced. The note has been sold, and after passing into the hands of an innocent party it can be collected.

"The fence is a patent right fraud. Any man who asks you to sign a note to secure an agency is a swindler, or is acting the part of a rascal for some one else.

"If the fence were not a fraud, our hardware merchants would long ago have investigated it, and if a good thing, would have it in stock. It must be a poor concern that necessitates such an unbusinesslike introduction.

"Whoever deals with an agent deals with him at his own risk, for an agency can be revoked at any time.

"Most of those swindling contracts are for no specific time and consequently the agency can be terminated at the pleasure of the swindler.

"Never sign a paper for an agent without satisfactory knowledge of his character, or of his business."

"The Farm-Machinery Swindle. The latest scheme for fleecing unwary farmers is as follows: A plausible, well-dressed fellow drives up to the farmer's house with two or three kinds of farm machinery, and asks permission to store his machines in the farmer's barn, and the accommodating farmer usually gives his permission.

"After the machines are stored away, the sharper remarks that they are the last of a large lot that he has been selling through the country, and that he is anxious to close out the consignment, and if the farmer will sell two or more of the machines while they are stored in the barn, he shall have 50 per cent commission on the sale. The offer is a tempting one, and the farmer usually accepts. He is then requested, merely as a business form, to affix his signature to a document, specifying the terms on which the machines are stored on the premises. The farmer signs a lengthy printed document without reading it, or perhaps if read, without understanding it. At the expiration of thirty days he is astounded by finding himself called upon by another stranger to pay an exorbitant price for the machines stored in his barn. When the farmer objects, he is shown his signature attached to an agreement, which agreement, his lawyer tells him, is drawn in good legal form. The victims of this game usually lose from \$200 to \$500.

"Always read before signing... It is astonishing how many people there are, including good business men, who attach their signature to papers or documents whose contents may have a serious bearing upon themselves or their affairs, with scarcely a glance at their contents. Carelessness in failing to acquaint themselves with the contract of a paper before signing it has worked incalculable harm to thousands of well intentioned people."

"A Swindling Note:

Naperville, Ills., Oct. 20, 1918. One year after date, I promise to pay Fred J. Davis or bearer Ten Dollars, when I sell by order Four Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars (\$475.00) worth of Patent Fanning Mills for value received, at ten per cent per annum. Said ten dollars when due is payable at Naperville, Illinois.

C. E. Selby, Agent for Fred J. Davis.

Witness: M. J. Moyer.

"Although the above scheme of the confidence man has been exposed time and time again, yet it still continues to add yearly to its list of victims. A paper is drawn up wherein a farmer agrees to pay ten or twenty dollars when he has sold goods to a given amount.. By tearing off the right hand end of this paper, what is apparently an agreement for a small amount, becomes a promissory note for a considerable sum. This note is sold at a bank, thereby becoming the property of a third and innocent party, and the signer of the agreement is called upon to pay the note. Never sign a paper without carefully reading and examining the same. It is dangerous to sign a paper for an unidentified stranger."

(The foregoing note is so worded and the words so placed, that the right end reads as follows:

Bearer Ten Dollars, when I sell by
worth of Patent Fanning Mills
Said ten dollars when due is
Agent for Fred J. Davis.

When this right hand end of the note is dipped off, the remainder reads as follows:

Naperville, Ills., Oct. 20, 1918.

One year after date, I promise to pay Fred J. Davis or order Four Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars (\$475.00) for value received, at ten per cent per annum... payable at Naperville, Illinois.

C. E. Selby.
Witness: M. J. Moyer.

This leaves a well written note and properly signed and can be collected.

"Counterfeit Money Swindle. This scheme has long been practiced in different parts of the country, yet the victims are numerous, hundreds being added annually to the list.

"It is simply a shrewd system of blackmailing, and worked as follows: The swindlers or blackmailers (as they can more properly be called) get together, make up plausible circulars, and secure advertisements in local newspapers in the territory which they intend to work up. The 'gang' has a number of schemes, but the favorite one is to send some person who has answered their circulars a genuine new bill, and to get him on pretense to see if it is good. As the bill is genuine there is no difficulty in passing it. The dupe is then informed that he will be supplied with any amount of similar good money at a trifling cost.

"If the man bites the tempting bait placed before him, he is made to sign a document which he is told admits him to membership in a secret society known as the Y. F. A. R., and the money is to come in a few days. Instead, however, a man makes his appearance who represents himself as a United States officer. He shows up the document signed by the poor fellow, which practically

proves to a confession of circulating counterfeit money, and calls attention to the bill which he passed.

"The victim is told that he must go to Washington and be tried by a United States Court, and the penalty for making and passing counterfeit money is also read. He is cleverly told the long delay at heavy cost and the sure penalty.

"When the victim is sufficiently wrought up, the officer offers to compromise for all the way from \$200 to \$2,000. The money is paid or secured, the document torn up and the dupe released.

"A man who is caught in a swindling scheme of this kind is utterly helpless and at the mercy of his captors. He cannot go to officers and make complaint against the rascals without exposing himself, because he never would have been caught in a trap had he not shown a willingness to handle and pass counterfeit money, and consequently is as guilty as the swindler in the eyes of the law."

"The Barb-wire Swindle. The 'wire fence man' is a new swindler working the farmers. The scheme is a shrewd one and is executed as follows: A nicely dressed man, very pleasant in his manner, meets the farmer in his field or at his home, and desires the privilege of exhibiting his wire fence stretcher machine, for which privilege he will build the farmer thirty or forty rods of good fence for exhibition. All the agent asks is board while he is at work on the fence, with the understanding that the farmer is to go after the machine at the nearest depot and pay the charges, not to exceed \$3.00 for the fence, all set up where he wants it. In order to have everything understood, and as a warrant of the farmer's good intentions, he requires him to sign a written order on a postal card, which he mails (as he says) to his partner, which proves to be a written contract for the machine, price \$200.00 (worth less than \$25.00). After the machine comes a new man turns up with the postal order for the machine, and requires the payment of \$200.00 as per agreement on the card. He claims to be an attorney for the company and threatens to sue in the highest courts until he secures the payment of the order."

"The Lightning-rod Swindle.
Naperville, July 8, 1918.

Mr. F. J. Betchtold, please erect at your earliest convenience your lightning rods on my house according to your rules, of which said house I am the owner, for which I agree to pay you __ cents per foot and \$3.00 for each point, \$4.00 each for vanes, \$5.00 each for arrows, \$1.50 each for balls, and \$2.00 for braces, cash, when completed, or a note due on the first day of January next, 1919.

F. Housewirth.

"In the blank for cents, the canvasser or agent puts in some single figure, say 7, that being understood to be the regular price per foot, but after the contract is signed, the agent at his leisure quietly inserts a 6 before the 7, or some other figure, making the amount 67 cents per foot instead of 7 cents as signed and as agreed upon.

"A swindling note is generally obtained, and the contract is kept in the background; but when the collector comes along and presents the note backed by the contract in plain figures, the farmer sees that he himself has been struck by lightning while trying to protect his house. The note is generally in the hands of an innocent party, and according to law may be collected.

"The agent canvassing the victim generally promises that the rodding of the house shall not cost over \$28.00 or \$35.00. But the man, however, never appeared on the scene again.

"Never deal with irresponsible persons. If you desire rods, employ your hardware merchants; or if you desire anything in the machinery line, patronize honest and trusted dealers, and take no chances of 'being taken in.'"

"The Cheap Jewelry Swindle. The auctioneer starts out, after getting a crowd about him, by giving back to the purchasers more money than they paid for the article, but this does not generally last long. Higher priced articles are soon put up, such as watches, etc., and the price raised from 50 cents or \$1.00 to \$10.00 or \$20.00. The purchaser sees the seller stick a \$20.00 bill or a \$50.00 bill into the watch and close it up, and so sure are the spectators that they saw the money go into the watch, that there is no lack of purchasers. But when the watch is purchased and opened it contains a \$1.00 bill instead of a \$20.00, and the purchaser is a wiser, but not a richer man."

While some of these swindles mentioned in the "Business Guide" are those operated in the past, and have been dropped for more modern methods, yet it shows how humanity can be taken in. And everywhere the crooks are at work today decoying the unwary. I would recommend the reader to purchase this Business Guide, by J. L. Nichols & Co., Naperville, Illinois, and have a ready reference book on all up-to-date business methods.

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085 -- FLOATING FRAUDS

Little do we know of the festering, fraudulent schemes which lie hidden beneath the clothing of humanity around us. This was brought out one time when a certain man, desiring some respectable and permanent business, advertised for a partner, stating that he had \$2,500 to invest and would also give his personal attention to the capital and business. That advertisement gave the man a new insight into humanity. If one wishes to ascertain what is going on in the hearts of men, let him advertise for a partner, stating that he has some money to put into the business. This man was flooded with answers, and the number totaled ninety-three different prepositions for the use of his capital. It seemed that about a third of the responses came from liquor dealers. Lottery men, pawnbrokers, brokers, patent medicine men, inventors, were in evidence. Some declined to state specifically their business, but promised an open door to great wealth. He had interviews with some of these mysterious money-makers. One of them was a counterfeiter, who, after considerable hesitation and promise of secrecy, showed him counterfeit coin and bank notes. He wanted that \$2,500 with which to purchase paper and ink, and new dies, and proposed that they join in business which promised a safe and rich harvest. Another sedate gentleman dressed like a Quaker -- (that was quite a while ago) -- wanted a partner in oats speculation. By buying a horse and

wagon and selling oats bought at wholesale and sold by retail in bags, he thought a good business could be done, especially as people would not be particular to measure their oats after purchasing them from a Quaker. He was asked if he meant to cheat in measuring the oats. He answered with a leer, that he would probably make them hold out.

One application came from a wool merchant who failed in business a month afterwards. Another was a "perpetual motion" fellow, who had a machine for making a fortune; but a mainspring was discovered hidden somewhere causing the "perpetual motion" till it ran down.

Finally this gentleman with his \$2,500 went into partnership with a man who was a manufacturer of certain articles, and they opened quite a manufacturing establishment. This partner manufactured and sold the goods at wholesale, and the man who put in the \$2,500 kept the accounts and attended to the sales in the store. For awhile the business seemed to prosper -- at least till the \$2,500 was used up and notes for stock began to come due with nothing to meet them, seeing the goods had been sold on long credit. Finally he sold out to his partner for \$2,600 on credit. The fellow ran away without paying his note, leaving him nothing but a few recipes. He stated that the fellow was "a good-looking, plausible, promising-scamp." The swindled man was no other than P. T. Barnum.

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086 -- BOOZE FRAUDS

Since prohibition went into effect, bootlegging in the United States developed into one of the most gigantic conspiracies in the history of this country. This Goliath of conspiracy wielded a power little dreamed of by the people at large. The crimes laid at this door took in bribery, blackmail, forgery, counterfeiting, wholesale burglary, arson and murder. The profits of this gang of outlaws were said to be more than \$150,000,000 in less than twelve months. Steamboats, private yachts, airplanes, automobiles and motor trucks were in requisition. It seems that unlimited capital was in their hands. In some sections sheriffs, court officials and political leaders connived with them. Great counterfeitors and forgers were employed by them. When necessary to carry out their nefarious business, even fake letter heads of the United States treasury department itself were used, and so well did they carry out their underhanded crimes that even the watermarks of the paper were reproduced. Even their envelopes were imitated. Where bribes, threats and blackmail failed in their operations, the outlaws resorted to murder. Twelve federal prohibition agents were killed by these bootleggers in six months, some in battle and some in cold blood. At least three dozen other agents were wounded.

One of their methods of operation was smuggling. A great combine was engaged in distributing whisky along the eastern coast from Florida to Boston, getting their liquor from the Bahamas, Europe, and some from Cuba. The motor trucks of the combine ran as far west as St. Louis.

Another lawless method was the obtaining of whisky and alcohol out of bonded warehouses under faked or forged permits or by real permits obtained under false pretenses.

The third phase of the program was the making of moonshine and other illegal concoctions. In this, the public faced the problem of poisons which are causing blindness, insanity and death itself.

Wealth and brains sat in their high places, and in secret directed gigantic operations, making fortunes themselves and big money for many others of their agents who carried out their orders. These master minds were fully supplied with credit, and so could get all they wanted legitimately from the banks. This money was then used to charter ships, buy cargoes of whisky, finance certain fake patent medicine concerns and manufacturing schemes, and assist the moonshine operators on a large scale. They supplied large sums for corruption and bribery in behalf of their henchmen.

Many ships and power boats plied between the Atlantic coast and the Bahamas. The southeastern coast is dotted with navigable inlets, into which these boats went into secret landing places, and unloaded direct to motor trucks which transported the liquor to distant warehouses and hiding places.

Thousands of individuals and fake business concerns engaged fraudulently in getting alcohol from bonded warehouses. They usually worked under the guise of legitimate enterprises, patent medicines being a favorite method, some being the flavoring extract manufacture.

Moonshine stills were once confined to mountainous regions, but now are in operation everywhere. Storage and transportation make quite a problem for the law breakers. Trucks operate in the darkness of the night. With a camouflage of cabbage and other vegetables, they have been loaded with whisky underneath. A freight carload of imported whisky was shipped from Florida en route to Chicago, carefully covered up with tomatoes. It was seized by federal authorities. -- (This information was culled from articles which appeared in The Daily Oklahoman.)

Some very ingenious frauds have been perpetrated in order to get liquor. A brief notice will suffice to show the schemes devised to hide their crime. There was found on a certain man's back, under his outer clothes, an ordinary hotwater bag. Connected with the bag was a rubber tube, reaching down through his coat sleeve to his hand. When he wanted a drink, he opened the end of the tube and there it was.

Another device was to blow out the contents of eggs and then fill them with whisky.

Automobile radiators have furnished means of carrying whisky. Water is drawn off to a large extent and whisky put in its place. Who would suppose that this commodity would be found in radiators? But, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The detectives are on their tracks.

One man was found carrying the "fire water" inside his leg. Yes, literally, inside his leg. They knew well enough that he was carrying it about him, but could not locate it. Finally, it was discovered that he had hollowed out an opening in his wooden leg, and placed the beverage therein and cleverly concealed the opening, but not well enough to avoid detection.

In New York they intercepted an alleged shipment of fish from Canada. The fish were there all right, but something else was concealed in the center of the cases. \$1,600 worth of brandy was hidden inside. Liquor has been found in various shipments of merchandise, even in carloads of baled hay.

One time a man was seen driving an automobile, having in the back of it some blankets and a mattress. When questioned, he replied pleasantly that he was touring the country, and had his bedding with which to camp out at night. The car was searched and sixty bottles of whisky were discovered.

In one city the agents took hundreds of suit cases which seemed indicative of bootlegging, and made a mistake in only one case. The weight of a suitcase full of whisky tells on the handle, and causes a bulging at that point. Then again, it swings differently from the ordinary case, and hits against the legs.

Sometimes fake prohibition officers take advantage of the situation, and with fraudulent official badges, they prey upon the bootleggers, and make them pay for the promise of protection. So, there are "tricks in all trades." -- (These fraudulent methods of concealing booze are culled from The American Magazine.)

It seems that the ingenuity of man has been taxed to the limit devising means by which the gauntlet can be run in order to get whisky into this country. In a crate of eggs on board a Japanese trans-Pacific liner, every third egg was discovered to contain Scotch whisky. Officers thought they may have discovered the reason why importations of eggs from China have doubled lately.

Many are the schemes devised by the bootleggers for disposing of their booze. One ingenious device was a manufactured cow, to all appearances a real cow tied out in the brush. This bovine was daily milked, and thus the booze was secured. We have known of cows which gave very watery milk, and some which gave exceedingly rich milk, but this was the first cow which ever gave booze.

Large numbers of accordions were sold in New York for four dollars each, and returned seemingly for repairs, but a rebate was received if in good condition. Camouflaged bootlegging!

Probably the most outlandish method of carrying this product was discovered by a railroad man. A certain female, to all appearances in a "delicate condition," wherein most women would feel some embarrassment in being too much before the public, traveled up and down the railroad day after day and stopped at the stations. Finally, suspicions were aroused in this railroad man, when he ventured to ask the female what was the matter, at the same time putting his hand on her body, when he discovered that she was carrying a rubber bag of liquor. Out from this bag of booze were tubes leading, to supply the customers. This seems to be the limit.

A dozen bootleggers posing as actresses were used by a whisky ring in the South in getting whisky into Chicago. Their wardrobe trunks were filled with liquor.

Here is a case where "Booze attends its own funeral with flowers and everything."

The following is taken from the daily press:

Detroit, Sept. 17. -- The dust of a little funeral cortege rose slowly in the dead silent air of the countryside. The black hearse rumbled along in grim relentlessness and the flowers that covered the coffin jerked their heads in answer to the sway and jolt. Behind the hearse were two motor cars, the seats filled with silent, sad-faced men.

As the parade reached the Detroit city limits and took the road toward Elmwood Cemetery, a small car swinging in from a side street halted and the driver stared at the funeral car with a puzzled look. Then he turned and followed it. Approaching the first car, he called out: "Say, excuse me, I'm a deputy city physician. Have you folks got a death certificate and burial certificate to bring that body into Detroit?"

The men looked alarmed. The physician suddenly became suspicious.

"I want to see that body," the official said.

The mourners protested. It was wrong, sacrilegious, infamy. But the deputy opened the hearse, pushed aside the flowers, raised the lid of the coffin, and -- gazed with triumphant eyes on 24 quarts of whisky and nothing more.

Deputy sheriffs were called and the hearse, coffin, mourners and all were taken back to Monroe, where a fine of \$50 each was imposed. All the men were former Detroit saloonkeepers, and all paid.

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087 -- FOOD AND LIQUOR FRAUDS

"There are tricks in all trades" is a common expression. Frauds abound everywhere. The time was when they could be better put over on people than now. The law takes things in hand now and prosecutes the swindler who gets money under false pretense -- if it can apprehend him. Pure food laws protect those who would otherwise be victimized. But who has not heard of the paper soles in shoes, chicory in coffee, flour in sugar, water in milk, sausage with something else in it besides pork, real estate agents with fine diagrams of city additions -- of what? Then we have the merchant selling his damaged goods on account of fire and water. The sale was so great, that he had to take fresh goods and damage them somewhat to meet the demand. Here comes the agent of some new magazine or paper. He gets your money for a subscription, but you are looking yet for the paper.

What we need are more prophets to shout out, "There is death in the pot." A hundred years ago the country was stirred at the revelation of food and liquor adulterations when some one wrote explicitly on that subject. Sometimes these adulterations were harmless, but often positively deleterious and poisonous. People may be willing to invest in fraudulent enterprises, but when it comes to putting frauds into the stomach, that is quite another thing. It has been the common custom

for bakers to put alum in the flour to make the bread white and nice. Who would choose that ingredient to eat? Various ingredients have been known to have been mixed with flour to increase its bulk.

The time was when the Chinaman would take black tea and stir into it quantities of Prussian-blue and something else to give it the appearance of a higher-graded tea. It is said that one time in eighteen months there were shipped into England seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of adulterated tea made up of a motley of admixtures.

Coffee is quite expensive; so cheaper materials, such as chicory, peas, beans, wheat, rye, acorns, carrots, parsnips, horse-chestnuts, and other things have been used to help out.

Honey has been humbugged by adding sugar and molasses; and today, if one is not on the alert, he will purchase so-called honey from the store, when it never saw a bee.

One thousand dollars was continually offered to any one who would prove that a certain maple syrup was not "absolutely pure"; but it was laughable how quickly this offer was eliminated from the cans when the pure food laws took effect. Now the claim is that it is maple syrup and corn syrup. I am wondering now why I did not get that thousand dollars.

Pepper has been known to be mixed with fine dust, ground rice, mustard, meal of linseed, etc. Cinnamon would sometimes be a small quantity in comparison with the cassia bark, or flour and ochre. Cornmeal and salt formed a part of cayenne-pepper, together with a portion of Venetian-red, fine sawdust, brick dust, and mustard. The bright-colored candies were made thus by poisonous materials utterly unfit to go into one's stomach. Pickles had a portion of verdigris in them to lend color.

More than fifty years ago a man in London employed a very able man to analyze the different foods, drugs, etc., and purchasing many samples at many places, he analyzed them. When he had finished the work, it was published, giving the names and places of business where the adulterations were found. It created a tremendous furor, threats were made against the editor of the paper who had the work done, but no one sued him. The truth had been told.

I think it is generally understood that the liquors of a few decades ago were much purer than of recent years. Possibly this was true, if so, pity the poor dupes who drank them. It was said, that one might possibly get pure wine in France by going directly to the vineyards; but if it ever reached a dealer, it was all off. Port wine was imitated in Oporto, and it was said there was a competition in the log-wood trade between the dyers and the wine makers.

It is stated on good authority that the following ingredients were used years ago in the various liquors of that day: "Aloes, alum, calamus, capsicum, coccus indicus, copperas, coriander-seed, gentian-root, ginger, grains-of-paradise, honey, liquorice, logwood, molasses, onions, opium, orange-peel, quassia, salt, stramonium-seed, sugar of lead, sulfite of soda, sulfuric acid, tobacco, turpentine, vitriol, yarrow." And it is further stated that more than half of the whisky was poisoned with strychnine.

Besides these frightful adulterations, the following concoctions were used in various ways to give coloring to the poisonous potions: "Alkanet root, annatto, barwood, blackberry, blue-vitriol, brazil-wood, burnt sugar, cochineal, elderberry, garancine, indigo, Nicaragua-wood, orehil, pokeberry, potash, quercitron, red beet, red cabbage, red carrots, saffron, sanders-wood, turmeric, whortleberry." Who can wonder that spirituous liquors have wrought such havoc in the past? Some of these ingredients are rank poison. Liquor drinking is poison drinking. It is said, that many have made fortunes by sending whisky to France, where it was doctored up by flavoring, coloring, refining (?) and then shipped back to this country and sold as French brandy. In a certain place in France, a certain kind of wine was made, adulterated with red-lead; and year by year people in that vicinity had "leadcolic" by drinking the poisonous draughts. People have supposed they were drinking real champagne over the world, when they in reality were drinking some adulterated mixtures, while the real champagne found its way into the courts of Europe. Thousands of gallons of so-called wine were sold for good wine, and never saw a grape. We certainly have reason to be thankful for a change in the affairs of liquor selling today.

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088 -- BEGGAR FRAUDS

We are living in days of marvelous learning, with schools for every phase of occupation. Probably the most curious of the schools extant are those which teach the art of begging. Here they teach the pupil who desires to pose as a deaf mate, how to make the peculiar stare which evidences such a one. These "dummies" can stand up under severe tests when people have suspected them. Shocking noises and peculiar questions, they become accustomed to, and continue to deceive, but when they are subjected to anesthetics and put under ether, if they can talk at all, their tongue will be telling the tale then. This is the infallible method of proof.

In these schools the various kinds of beggars get their individual training, the peculiar method of each. They are taught how to produce sores to exhibit to the sympathizers, sores caused by acid and covered with Vaseline. Legs and arms are arranged in plaster casts, so fixed that they can be easily removed when business hours are over.

Some beggars imitate paralytics. They suddenly camouflage their appearance as they enter the street car or other place. Here they will limp through the car, hand out cards to the passengers, and then take them up, together with the money which each kind-hearted passenger is willing to give. Thus they rake in the shekels.

Some sweet-faced woman gets on the car, having her little hand bag on her arm. She is lame. When the conductor comes around for her fare, she excitedly locks through her pocketbook, then makes the sad announcement that she has been robbed, and tells the conductor that he will have to put her off. Tender-hearted passengers gather some more of her pitiful story and she cleans up a nice pile of money; for who would allow her to be put off under such conditions? Some professionals know just how to fall into a fit on the sidewalk. This evokes sympathy and money, and from one good spasm will come considerable silver.

Other professionals have a scheme of sending out begging letters, with unpaid grocery bills inclosed, or perhaps some ejectment notice. These frauds have studied their scheme well; for they search the newspapers to find the names of people who have fallen heir to fortunes, or who have sold property and are likely to have some cash. Many a dollar has been turned over thus to these vampires.

Beggars will sometimes rent out their babies to other beggars so that the babies will excite sympathy from the passersby. If the baby does not cry enough of its own accord, it can be easily pinched, or dropped, or hurt in some other way to keep up the crying.

Hundreds of city beggars have been followed up without being found to be genuine, but frauds. When given proper employment for a season, they drift back to their easier method of making money. They do not need to ply their trade but a few hours daily to make many more dollars than those who give them money. Cities have organizations of charity to handle cases of poverty, and to provide necessities, and if these mendicants had to, they could be helped in such organizations; but such help would be small indeed compared with what they receive by begging.

These fellows on the streets, if you will watch them, seem to have an intuition as to whom to approach for help. Notice how many and whom they pass by without approaching them, and then ask from another. Of course they often get turned down, but they seem to become adept in their art after all. They learn whom to ask.

Beggars get the names of pastors from the church bulletin board. They all have a nice tale of woe. If they had a little money they could get to their family -- somewhere. Some tools are in the express office; they have a job, but cannot get their box of tools out. They have just got out of the hospital and are trying to get on their feet. They know some one in some other state whom the pastor knows and that of course gives them prestige, etc., etc.

In San Francisco a man met me on the street who put up a pitiful tale and I gave him a pittance when he promised me he would not spend it for drink. After a few minutes of careful watching, I spent some time in preying upon his conscience as I "delivered my soul" with him in a saloon. Another time a rather decent looking fellow walked up to an aged gentleman on the street of the same city, and was accordingly handed a quarter. I watched the fraud, but the philanthropist took no more notice of the mendicant. When I saw the fellow in the saloon across the street with a plate of food in one hand and a glass of beer in the other, I felt that I was justified in informing the donor who was still standing on the street corner, of the man's whereabouts. He was quite surprised at the news I brought him.

Only a few days ago while I was in Upland, California, there was a man claiming to be a Canadian soldier. He had his credentials, and claimed to have been shell shocked and as a result was deaf and dumb. He used his pad and pencil for communication. But the poor fraud forgot himself when he walked up to the post office window and said, "Give me a special delivery stamp, please." He then was sent to a place for ninety days where he had free board without begging.

There are some novel methods of fraudulent livelihood. A certain street beggar became wealthy by his imposition on the public. A merchant who had befriended him failed in business, and the rich beggar offered to assist him in getting started again.

This very morning I clipped an article from the newspaper telling of a man who made his living through banana peels. He had a companion who went before him and dropped the peel in some trolley car. He would slip on the peel and then appeal to the company for damages. He tried this game successfully in different companies. But his sin finally told on him and he slipped into jail.

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089 -- A RELIGIOUS FRAUD

Have we not been sickened with frauds in our own midst? A preacher dropped in upon a certain section, like a meteor. The power of his eloquence captured those who heard him. He came to a church college and held them spellbound for a little while. The meteor then fell in with their yearly concourse, but was filled with another spirit. Later on in another state he found his way to an altar, got reclaimed -- maybe-and the revival was then conducted by this Rev. Meteor. He went to a nearby community and was called as pastor. Money was paid to bring his family from another state and to meet certain expenses. He never materialized, except at a leading hotel in a nearby city, sitting at the dining table with a woman -- not his wife.

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090 -- A MORMON FRAUD

A noted expose of a Mormon fraud came out a few years ago and was given to the world through the Christian Herald. Among the sacred books of the Mormons is one called "The Pearl of Great Price," in which is the "Book of Abraham." This book claims to be a translation by Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, and was some ancient record taken from the catacombs of Egypt and the writings of Abraham while down in Egypt, written by his own hand upon papyrus. It was said that Smith was inspired to make this translation. At that time scholars were not so versed in the translation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and there was not one to say whether Smith was right or wrong. These documents which fell into Smith's hands were genuinely Egyptian, as any scholar could see 'at a glance. It seems that Smith had obtained them from a sea captain. The hieroglyphic inscription was very short, but Smith's translation of it covered thirty pages of printed matter.

A few years ago the Mormon leaders were persuaded that it would be well if the Egyptian scholars could see these inscriptions, the supposed translation of which is the "Book of Abraham." These leaders, fully convinced that Smith's translation was correct, turned over the inscriptions which were submitted to several Egyptian scholars for translation. It seemed to the Mormons that Smith's translation must be verified, and so prove to the world the truth of the book, and so mankind would turn to Mormonism.

The translators saw at once that Smith's translation was all imagination, and a direct fraud. The inscriptions were not upon papyrus, but rather upon small clay objects, which the Egyptians placed as cushions under the heads of mummies. They are among the most common of ancient antiquities, can be seen in the museums, or purchased in Cairo for a small sum. So it was proved beyond doubt to any reasonable person that Smith had palmed off a Simon pure fraud on the people. Thus, instead of substantiating the claims of Mormonism, it knocked out their props and brought their doctrine into great disrepute. Would not this prove that if Smith was a fraud in this, that he would be in any part of Mormon teaching? What then about the Book of Mormon, upon which they place as much inspiration as they do the Bible? Surely it was fraud from start to finish!

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091 -- THE FRAUD OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT

Joanna Southcott lived in England in the eighteenth century. She was a farmer lassie, and toiled in the field. She became religious and joined the Methodist church. After awhile she began to see sights and dream dreams, and a certain man was ever ready with an interpretation. Sometimes she was transported to the celestial world and sometimes to the opposite. After a number of these visions and certain gymnastics performed during the services, it was thought best to exclude the prophetess from the church. Considerable numbers seceded with her and became her followers. With this nucleus she began to be known, and her fame went out over England. She proclaimed that she was to become the mother of the second Messiah, and although illiterate, she picked up enough Bible knowledge to assist her in publishing several works, one of which was, "Warning to the whole world, from the sealed prophecies of Joanna Southcott, and other communications given since the writings were opened on the 12th of January, 1803." This foretold certain closing scenes and the birth of the "man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron." Somebody built her a chapel at his own expense, which was filled with eager worshippers. She exhorted and prophesied, and raved and carried on, and the people came from all over to listen and become sealed for heaven. The sect numbered many thousands as it progressed. After awhile she put out "The Book of Wonders," and later on "Prophecies Concerning the Prince of Peace." In this came the announcement that the second Shiloh would be born of the prophetess at midnight on October 19, 1814. She expressly declared she was a virgin and in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The sect went into ecstasies of delight, while it excited the ridicule and disgust of the thoughtful and pious. On the appointed night the "faithful" gathered in crowds on the streets awaiting the marvelous birth of the coming one. Psalms burst forth from the expectant crowds. Midnight came and the night passed, but no Shiloh. Little by little the throngs dispersed. Poor Joanna kept her bed, and after other prophecies, died on December 27th of dropsy. This sect had such tremendous vitality that remains of it continued till near the close of the nineteenth century.

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092 -- HEATHEN FRAUDS

From the days of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, when the devil foisted the first fraud on humanity, till the present times, the world has been flooded more and more, as ages rolled on, with deception, imposition, falsehood, hypocrisy, bigotry, superstition, fakes, frauds, false

pretenses, false appearances, and every conceivable humbug imaginable. The heathen world is literally loaded down with these things. Paganism, heathenism, and idolatry in general are all one great humbug to damn the world, perpetrated by the father of lies, the devil.

Heathen humbugs are carried on by the priests, the shrewdest of the people, and in the most solemn manner. This solemnity was maintained from the very nature of things. It appealed to their desire for something marvelous, and kept them in a state of pious terror. Dark sayings, awful sights, terrible noises, wicked threats, frothing at the mouth, secret processions, fierce priests, all these augmented the solemnity and gave the religion prestige. Heathen religions hold to mysteries. Oracles, augury, sibyls, occultism, superstition, mysteries in general, these all come in for their part of recognition in the religious quackery of heathenism.

All the heathen oracles, past and present, show how world-wide and helpless human nature is, longing to peer into the future, hoping for help and light from sources higher than themselves. All of this ought to show us that there is in man an inborn natural recognition of God, some responsibility to some higher power in authority. This should be proof of the revelation of Christianity, which actually fills the demand in the human heart and satisfies the longings, and saves the soul from the former life of sin, and prepares it for the heavenly abode in the hereafter.

Sometimes, like the shrewd fortune-tellers of modern times, the oracle managers would gather material for the answer from the appearance and question of the customer. But many times it was the sheerest of nonsense, while sometimes it was so shaped that it would mean either a good or bad result, one of which would be very likely to come to pass. One of the oracles answered a general who inquired after the fate of his campaign in the following manner: "Thou shalt go thou shalt return never in war shalt thou perish." There being no punctuation marks in those days, it is easy to see that the answer might be construed in his favor or against him, according to where one would put a comma, either before the word never, or after it. When Croesus inquired at the Delphian, he was made to understand that if he crossed the River Halys he would overthrow a great empire. His interpretation of this message was that he would overthrow Cyrus, whom he was to fight. But it turned out that it was his own empire which was overthrown. But the wisdom of the oracle, however, was respected in consequence. When Pyrrhus set out against the Romans, the oracle was this: "I say that you Pyrrhus the Romans are able to conquer." Pyrrhus made it to read in the way that suited him (as many do their impressions today), and the result was his utter defeat by the Romans. When Trajan was advised to consult the oracle at Heliopolis concerning his expedition against the Parthians, the custom was to send the question in a letter. Trajan sent a blank note in an envelope. The god returned a blank note in reply, which was considered very bright. Then the imperial questioner sent a point blank question: "Shall I finish this war and get safe back to Rome?" Then there came a reply in the form of a piece of old grape-vine cut in pieces, which could be construed, either "You will cut them up," or "They will cut you up." Trajan could take his choice in the translation.

It is strange how long these humbugs were practiced, and how far reaching they were, and how much authority they carried. And yet in this day of enlightenment in our own country, we find people consulting the spiritualist, the fortuneteller, the crystal-gazer, the Gypsy, the long-haired fake, the short-haired rake, the no-haired freak, and so the fools come following on.

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093 -- HEATHEN SUPERSTITIONS

Let us examine a little into some of the superstitions of the heathen. In the dark tribes of Africa they abound. We see, for instance, the fetish. This is an inanimate object, supposed to possess magic powers, as in preserving from injury and disease. These fetishes are worshipped, because supposed to be inhabited by some god. Sometimes they are a sort of guardian divinity. This fetish may be a stone from the street, a chip, a tree, or a rag. It may be some wooden or stone image, a knife, a pot, a feather. Before this precious divinity, the poor deluded blacks bow down and worship and sometimes offer sacrifices. Some important fetishes have priests. And right here is where the fraud comes in. The priest can live on the offerings made to the fetish.

Obi is the name of the witchcraft or sorcery of Negro tribes. The practitioner is called an Obi-man or Obi-woman. They practiced it in Africa and took it with them when they became slaves in other lands. It was practiced in Cuba, the West Indies, and even in the United States. Even white women were inoculated with the belief in this Negro witchcraft. Obi is used to injure, and the method of performance was to hire the Obi man or woman to concoct some charm, then hide it or cause it to be hidden in some place about the person or his abode, where he will run across it. He is then expected to become sick, to wither away, and die.

Is anyone saying this is most absurd? But it had its effect just the same. When these poor superstitious wretches would run across this Obi, only two or three inches in diameter, hidden in their bed, or in the roof, or in the earthen floor, or wherever it might have been placed, the deluded wretches would become dejected, lose appetite, their strength would go, their spirits fail, they would get thin and sick, and wither away, and die. This proves the power of suggestion, and the awful ravages of worry on the human system. Many a person has been made sick through suggestion or auto-suggestion, and worry has turned many a person into the grave. On the other hand, other suggestion has turned the tide of many a person, and stopped his worry, and made him well. If, at any time, one of these poor Negroes would become acquainted with the grace of God, and become a Christian, in the midst of his malady, he would immediately be relieved of its power and become well.

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094 -- MAGIC AND WITCHCRAFT FRAUDS

Few people but what believe in some supernatural power, yet why will they not seek it in God, who alone can supply the soul's need? Spiritualism, palmistry, fortune-telling, necromancy, soothsaying, magic, witchcraft, enchantment, incantation, divining, conjuring, astrology, hypnotism, the black art, occultism, ouija boards, anything to satisfy man's curiosity, but very little is sought from the proper source to satisfy the heart's hunger. Magic and witchcraft have their history in an unbroken line from before the days of writing till now. If the reader wants to be posted about the whole matter, go to the libraries and pile up the books on the subject.

It was the belief for a long period that the old university at Salamanca, Spain, established in the thirteenth century, was the principal school of the magicians, with regular professors and student body. The devil was supposed to be the chief patron of this magic department, and he had a most peculiar method of collecting fees, which he looked out for on commencement days. It seems that the last part of the exercises of the graduating class was to run across a cavern underneath the university. The devil always being on hand at this time was privileged to grab at the last man of the runners. If he caught him, the student's soul belonged to the devil. From that came the expression, "Devil take the hindmost."

An ancient doctor was very sure of curing fevers by using what he called abracadabra. This was a kind of inscription written on something to be worn on the person of the sick. It is said that many of the ignorant German peasantry believed that to write that name -- Abracadabra -- on a piece of paper and keep it with them would protect from wounds, and if their house was afire, to throw the slip of paper into the fire, would put it out.

Witchcraft, silly, debasing, disgusting witchcraft has existed since how long? We read of the witch of Endor to whom king Saul went for consolation and did not get it. But long before her, the slimy trail is exposed in the Sacred Book. Nor is it dead today. All over the world we see its deadly doings. Barbarians, Hottentots, Indians, people of various countries have their witches, but of course our own enlightened country is too far advanced. Only a few decades past they had their very advertisements in our newspapers. A witch is a woman who practices the black art, or magic, or sorcery, in partnership with the devil who helps her. In more modern times the witch has degenerated into a sort of poverty-stricken, low-down specimen of a conjurers. They usually live in filth and untidiness, on some back street, and serve their patrons with their wise (?) information for fifty cents or a dollar. They practice their divination .with cards, or studying the palm of the hand, etc. And what a garble of nonsense is their wonderful revelation to the truth seeker for his dollar!

But the great sweep of witch mania went over the world some hundreds of years ago, engulfing England, Scotland, Sweden, France and Germany. Here in our own fair America the mania left its blight. The writer well remembers the hill that was pointed out to him in Salem, Mass., where the witches were hung. One of the peculiar traits of this witchcraft was the voluntary selling of the witch to the devil forever, in order to secure power in the few years of this life, to inflict some pains on the people she hated, or to cause them to lose some of their property. The mystery is, that one in order to accomplish such small results as they claimed, would be willing to sell herself for all eternity to the devil and lose her soul forever, and also have poverty, persecution, and torment in this present world, and for their amusement things on low degraded planes, unfit for print. The wholesale murdering on the grounds of witchcraft was astounding right here in America. Many witches made confession in other countries and through these they suffered the consequences of the law. One magistrate wrote a book telling how he condemned and burned nine hundred witches in Lorraine in sixteen years, yet blamed himself for causing the children of these witches to be whipped naked, instead of burning them. At another place six hundred persons were burned in five years, and in another nine hundred in two years. Five hundred persons were burned in Geneva in 1515 and 1516. In a certain district of Italy a thousand were burned as witches in 1524 and a hundred a year for years following. Seventeen thousand were executed for witchcraft in thirty-nine years about the closing of the sixteenth century. Forty thousand were put to

death in England from 1600 to 1680. Some one announced that doubtless there were three hundred thousand witches in France in those days.

Those who dared to argue against the tide of delusion were accused of witchcraft themselves, and when once accused the odds were against them. In a certain book published in 1599, the author defies opponents to disprove the existence of witchcraft, and then shows that the denial of witchcraft is the worst of heresies and should be punished by death.

"Sir Walter Scott says that similar manifestations of Satan as were witnessed at the time of the Salem Witchcraft occurred simultaneously in every country on earth. He writes again: 'Anna Cole, living at Hartford, was taken with strange fits which caused her to express strange things unknown to herself, her tongue being guided by a demon. She confessed to the minister that she had been familiar with a devil.'"

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095 -- MEDICAL FRAUDS

Among the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated upon an intelligent people are the medical nostrums, and the fakes connected therewith. Some years ago Collier's put out a number of startling articles exposing this evil, and afterwards the articles were reprinted in book form by the American Medical Association, entitled "The Great American Fraud." There was an awful squirming among the fake vermin of this country, with threats of lawsuits for libel, but the expose kept right on, and the magazine is still published. In the following pages I shall draw from these writings and use quotations by permission from Collier's.

"Gullible America will spend this year some seventy-five millions of dollars in the purchase of patent medicines. In consideration of this sum it will swallow huge quantities of alcohol, an appalling amount of opiates and narcotics, a wide assortment of varied drugs, ranging from powerful and dangerous heart depressants to insidious liver stimulants; and, far in the excess of all other ingredients, undiluted fraud. For fraud exploited by the skillfulest of advertising bunco men, is the basis of the trade. Should the newspapers, the magazines and the medical journals refuse their pages to this class of advertisements, the patent medicine business in five years would be as scandalously historic as the South Sea Bubble, and the nation would be richer not only in lives and money, but in drunkards and drug-fiends saved."

"Laxatives perform what they promise; but taken regularly, as thousands of people take them (and, indeed, as the advertisements urge), they become an increasingly baneful necessity. Acetanilid will undoubtedly relieve headache of certain kinds; but acetanilid, as the basis of headache powders, is prone to remove the cause of the symptoms permanently by putting a complete stop to the heart action. Invariably, when taken steadily, it produces constitutional disturbances of insidious development which result fatally if the drug be not discontinued, and often it enslaves the devotee to its use. Cocaine and opium stop pain; but the narcotics are not the safest drugs to put into the hands of the ignorant, particularly when their presence is concealed in the 'cough remedies,' 'soothing syrups,' and 'catarrh powders' of which they are the basis."

"A majority, and a very large majority, of the sick recover, anyway. Were it not so -- were one illness out of fifty fatal -- this earth would soon be depopulated.

"The ignorant drug-taker, returning to health from some disease which he has overcome by the natural resistant powers of his body, clips his pen in gratitude and writes his testimonial. The man who dies in spite of the patent medicine or perhaps of it -- doesn't bear witness to what it did for him. We see recorded only the favorable results, the unfavorable lie silent."

An agent for a certain nostrum called at a prominent Chicago newspaper office and gave out the information that if they could secure testimonials from four or five local politicians, that paper could have their ad. Reporters were accordingly assigned to secure such testimonials with photographs, which came out in the full-page advertisement as promised. Some of the men who permitted the use of their names afterward admitted that they had never tasted the remedy, but were willing to sign the testimonials for the joy of appearing in print as "prominent citizens."

People become so charmed by the widespread advertising of these nostrums that they will not listen to any warnings against them, even from experts. A certain Chicago drug store displayed a sign in the window, arranged in a manner to catch the eye, and read thus: "Please do not ask us, 'What is any old patent medicine worth?' For you embarrass us, as our honest answer must be that it is worthless. If you mean to ask at what price we sell it, that is an entirely different proposition. When sick, consult a good physician. It is the only proper course. And you will find it cheaper in the end than self-medication with worthless 'patent' nostrums."

This was followed up by the salesmen informing all the applicants for prominent nostrums that they were wasting their money. Yet that store could not get rid of its patent medicine trade, and so nostrums comprised about one-third of its entire business, which was less than the average small store.

"It is impossible, even in a series of articles, to attempt more than an exemplary treatment of the patent-medicine frauds. The most degraded and degrading, the 'lest vitality' and 'blood disease' cures, reeking of terrorization and blackmail, cannot from their very nature be treated of in a lay journal... The alcohol stimulators, the catarrh powders, which breed cocaine slaves, and the opium-containing soothing syrups which stunt or kill helpless infants, the consumption cures, perhaps the most devilish of all, in that they destroy hope where hope is struggling against bitter odds for existence, the headache powders, which enslave so insidiously that the victim is ignorant of his own fate, and, finally the system of exploitation and testimonials on which the whole vast system of bunco rests, as on a flimsy but cunningly constructed foundation," are among those exposed.

* * *

096 -- BOOZE REMEDIES

"Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell of New York City, who has made a statistical study of patent medicines, asserts as a provable fact that more alcohol is consumed in this country in patent

medicines than is dispensed in a legal way by licensed vendors, barring the sale of ales and beer."
(Written in 1905.)

One of the greatest so-called catarrh frauds on the market claims that catarrh is the one disease for which it is a cure. Its reputation rests upon catarrh. In reading their literature, no matter what disease one may really have, it would not be difficult to diagnose one's case as that of catarrh somewhere. If one has pneumonia or consumption -- why, that is catarrh of the lungs. Dyspepsia is catarrh of the stomach. Enteritis is catarrh of the intestines. Appendicitis is catarrh of the appendix. Bright's disease is catarrh of the kidneys. Heart disease is catarrh of the heart. Canker sores is catarrh of the mouth. Certainly! Why not? And there is no question but what the frightful alcoholic percentage in this monstrous fraud of catarrh cure has started many a one towards inebriety.

A lady in the middle west visited her brother whom she regarded as dissipated, having smelled liquor on his breath. Much sorrow filled her heart because of this condition. One day this brother declared to his sister that she was drunk, whereupon she went into hysterics. A physician diagnosed her case and discovered she had consumed about half a bottle of a well known kidney remedy that afternoon. The brother was at first amused, till he discovered that his sister, so opposed to liquor, could not get along without her patent-medicine bottle. She was in a fair way of becoming a drunkard herself.

A certain clergyman got sick and a physician was summoned and diagnosed his trouble as coming from chronic alcoholism. On interviewing the son, the physician was told that the clergyman had never drunk a drop of liquor in his life. But the doctor insisted that was the trouble, and that the man was drunk at that very time. Upon further inquiry it was learned that he had been taking a certain nostrum for that tired feeling of which he complained, and had taken bottles of it.

Another remedy, indorsed by "distinguished divines" and exploited all over the country as a medicine, found its true place among other brands of whisky in a saloon window in Auburn, N.Y. It was all whisky together in that saloon.

But who were those three preachers who indorsed this whisky and whose pictures accompany their indorsement? One ran a get-married-quick matrimonial bureau, while another was a deputy internal revenue collector, collecting Uncle Sam's liquor tax. The other lived in a little wayside town up north, off the railroad. He was called to trial by his church for this indorsement and was allowed to resign from his church fellowship. How it must please the devil for clergymen to help boom his Satanic schemes!

The analyses of a number of these so-called remedies for human ills revealed the fact that they contained respectively the following per cents of alcohol: 44%, 26%, 25%, 21%, 20%, 18%. So when the poor deluded victims were swallowing these marvelous cures (?) they were really gulping down alcohol.

* * *

One noted nostrum advertised that fifty members of Congress had sent letters indorsing the remedy, and quoted thirty-six of them. When these letters were analyzed it was discovered that in twenty-one out of the thirty-six there was no indication that the writer had ever tasted the remedy which he was praising.

Some of these quack remedies axe direct poisons palmed off on a gullible public. "Recent years have added to the mortality record of our cities a surprising and alarming number of sudden deaths from heart failure. In the year 1902 New York City alone reported a death rate from this cause of 1.34 per thousand of population; that is about six times as great as the typhoid fever death record. It was about that time the headache powders were being widely advertised, and there is every reason to believe that the increased mortality, which is still in evidence (1905), is due largely to the secret weakening of the body by acetanilid."

A physician was called in to see a young lady, and discovered that she had been taking certain powders. She was warned of continuing the indiscriminate use of the remedy; but she insisted that many of her friends had used them and that they were harmless. Three days later the young lady was found dead in her room. The coroner's verdict was as follows: "Death was from the effect of an overdose of Orangeine powders administered by her own hand, whether accidentally or otherwise, unknown to the jury."

Another young lady got a box of powders from a drug store, having been told that they would cure headache. There was nothing on the label or on the printed matter inside, warning her of any danger. Following the printed advice she took two powders. In three hours she was dead. The Coroner gave the following verdict: "Mary A. Bispels came to her death from kidney and heart disease, aggravated by poisoning by acetanilid taken in Orangeine headache powders."

In this "Great American Fraud" expose, is a list of twenty-three names and addresses of people who had died by taking some nostrum containing acetanilid. These names and addresses were taken from newspapers, and in every case the person who died had taken the medicine to relieve headache, or as a bracer. Besides this list was that of a prize Collie dog "which died immediately on eating some sample headache powders. The dog did not know any better."

"Some of these victims died from an alleged overdose; others from the prescribed dose. In almost every instance the local papers suppressed the name of the fatal remedy."

Notice the clipping from the St. Louis Chronicle:

"Huntington, W. Va., Aug. 15, 1905.-- While Mrs. Thomas Patterson was preparing supper last evening she was stricken with a violent headache and took a headache powder that had been thrown in at her door the day before. Immediately she was seized with spasms and in an hour she was dead."

When will people wake up to the danger of swallowing everything that has a lying label attached to it? Look out for sample remedies thrown into your yard! Rochester, N. Y., passed an ordinance forbidding the distribution of sample medicines, except by permission of the health officer. An agent for certain headache powders called on the health officer with the request for

permission to distribute 25,000 samples. He was asked concerning the formula, and was told that it was salicylate of soda and sugar of milk. The doctor said he would look at it. Analysis showed that the powders were an acetanilid mixture. The sample man did not wait for the result, and has not been back to that city since.

Another headache powder advertised in magazines was distributed at a house party. The one who handed them around declared they were perfectly harmless, etc. Being at a late dance the night before, the party felt the need of a bracer "for that tired feeling." That night the doctor was rushed to this house party and was well satisfied to pull all the patients through. He had never before seen acetanilid poisoning by the wholesale.

A Chicago druggist states that the wife of a prominent physician buys this same dope of him by the half-dozen lots secretly. She has the "habit."

A superintendent of the American Detective Association, a strong man and apparently in good health, got still another kind of headache powders, and took a dose. He then boarded a car and shortly after fell to the floor dead. The coroner rendered a proper verdict.

A merchant, fifty years of age, had been running down without any apparent reason, from 140 to 116 pounds. He finally fell into a stupor, his pulse barely perceptible, skin dusky, and blood of a chocolate color. When he revived he was asked if he had been taking headache powders, for several years he had been a victim, sometimes taking plain tablets and sometimes with codeine. (Codeine is obtained from opium.) The man said his doctor had given it to him for insomnia, and it seemed that he had never been warned of the danger of the drug. Shame on such doctors! This company putting out these poisonous headache concoctions sent through the mails little sample boxes containing tablets enough to kill an ordinary man. These samples were sent to doctors, lawyers, business men, "brain workers," and other prospective purchasers. And yet the box bore the statement: "No drug habit -- no heart effect."

Here is an item from the secular paper:

"Farmington, Iowa, Oct. 6. -- (Special to the Constitution-Democrat.) -- Mrs. Hattie Kick, one of the best and most prominent ladies of Farmington, died rather suddenly Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from an overdose of Antikamnia, which she took for a severe headache from which she was suffering. Mrs. Kick was a subject to severe headaches, and was a frequent user of Antikamnia, her favorite remedy for this ailment."

"Pain is a symptom; you can drug it away temporarily, but it will return, clamoring for more payment, until the final price is hopeless enslavement. Were the skull and bones on every box of this class of poison, the danger would be greatly minimized."

* * *

Then we have the opium-laden soothing syrups. Some consider these fine for pacifying their babies; but the foolish mothers seem not to know that their children more or less become addicted to the opium habit.

A railroad man had a daughter troubled with summer diarrhea. A patent medicine for such trouble was given the child. It at first controlled the trouble, but when the remedy was withdrawn it broke out again. At every withdrawal the trouble began anew, and the final outcome was that they never succeeded in curing the daughter of the opium habit which had fastened upon her. When the physician took away the remedy and gave the girl morphine, the same results were experienced as with the patent medicine. When the girl was nineteen she was a complete wreck as the result of the opium habit. The father said he would rather she had died with the original illness than to be in the condition she then was.

A New York lawyer was asked by his office scrub-woman to buy a ticket for something, and he asked her how she could go to these affairs when she had two young children at home. She replied, that they were all right, that just one teaspoonful of the soothing syrup and "they lay like dead till mornin'."

An Omaha physician reported a case of poisoning from a compound, purporting to be the baby's friend. It was made of sweetened water and morphine. The child after taking four drops went into a stupor at once. The case was treated as one of opium poisoning and it took twelve hours before the little one was out of danger.

* * *

099 -- CATARRH AND OTHER CURES

A number of catarrh powders and cures are made up principally of cocaine. "The other ingredients are unimportant-perhaps even superfluous." And these cocaine catarrh cures and powders are the ones most in demand.

"Whether or not the bottles are labeled with the amount of cocaine makes little difference. The addicts know. In one respect, however, the labels help them by giving information as to which nostrum is the most heavily drugged."

Said a New York City druggist: "People come in here, ask what catarrh powders we've got, read the labels, and pick out the one that's got the most cocaine. When I see a customer comparing labels I know she's a fiend."

The proprietor of a large downtown drug store in Chicago noticed, a number of years ago, that at noon numbers of shop girls from a great department store purchased certain catarrh powders over his counter. He had his clerk warn them that the powders contained deleterious drugs. The girls continued to purchase in increasing quantity. He sent word to the superintendent of the store. "That accounts for the number of our girls who have gone wrong of late," said the superintendent. Analysis showed that the powders were nearly four per cent cocaine, whereupon these and similar powders were thrown out of stock. The girls then went elsewhere. They were traced, and the result

was, that a general movement was started against this class of remedies, which resulted in an ordinance forbidding their sale. For weeks thereafter the downtown stores were haunted by haggard young men and women, who begged for "old powders; these new ones don't do any good."

What a blight upon the human race are those who deliberately foster in the mind of unfortunate sufferers, as considered incurable, the belief that they can be saved by the use of some absolutely fraudulent nostrum! "Many of these consumption cures contain drugs which hasten the progress of the disease, such as chloroform, opium, alcohol and hasheesh."

Some one comes out with a new discovery for consumption, and proclaims that it is the only cure. It is found out that the cure consists of a morphine and chloroform mixture. "It is a pretty diabolical concoction to give to anyone, and particularly to a consumptive. The chloroform temporarily allays the cough, thereby checking Nature's effort to throw off the dead matter from the lungs. The opium drugs the patient into a deceived cheerfulness. The combination is admirably designed to shorten the life of any consumptive who takes it steadily."

Then notice the claims of another cough syrup as found in a booklet in connection with a sample bottle: "There is no case of hoarseness, cough, asthma, bronchitis... or consumption that cannot be cured speedily by the proper use," etc.

A baby two years old, swallowed a large amount of the "medicine" put up as a cough syrup which was left within its reach. The doctor reported that in an hour when the baby was first seen, symptoms of opium poisoning were present, afterwards it had convulsions, and finally died with cardiac failure. Had the bottle been properly labeled with a skull and cross-bones, it probably would not have been left within the reach of the child.

"There are being exploited in this country today (1906) more than 100 cures for diseases that are absolutely beyond the reach of drugs. They are owned by men who know them to be swindles, and who in private conversation will almost always evade the direct statement that their nostrums will 'cure' consumption, epilepsy, heart disease and ailments of that nature. Many of them 'guarantee' their remedies."

"Without the columns of newspapers and magazines wherein to exploit themselves, a great majority of the patent medicines would peacefully and blessedly fade out of existence. Nearly all the world of publications is open to the swindler, the exceptions being the high-class magazines and a very few independent spirited newspapers. The strongholds of the fraud are the dailies, great and small, the cheap weeklies and the religious press. According to the estimate of a prominent advertising firm, above 90 per cent. of the earning capacity of the prominent nostrums is represented by their advertising. And all this advertising is based on the well-proven theory of the public's pitiful ignorance and gullibility in the vitally important matter of health.

"Study the medicine advertising in your morning paper, and you will find yourself in a veritable goblin-realm of fakery, peopled with monstrous myths. Here is an amulet in the form of an electric belt, warranted to restore youth and vigor to the senile; yonder a magic ring or mysterious inhaler, or a bewitched foot-plaster which will draw the pangs of rheumatism from the

tortured body, 'or your money back'; and again some beneficent wizard in St. Louis promises with a secret philtre to charm away deadly cancer, while in the next column a firm of magi in Denver proposes confidently to exorcise the demon of incurable consumption without ever seeing the patient. Is it credible that a supposedly civilized nation should accept such stuff as gospel? Yet these exploitations cited above, while they are extreme, differ only in degree from nearly all patent-medicine advertising... His (Ponce de Leon's) thousands of descendants in this country of enlightenment, painfully drag themselves along poisoned trails, following a will-o'-the-wisp that dances above the open graves."

It is stated that one chain of newspapers alone reaps a harvest of more than half a million of dollars annually from advertising these remedies, while one Chicago paper, though it treats the advertising independently and sometimes with little courtesy, yet it receives over \$80,000 a year (1906). Many of the lesser journals actually live on patent medicines. What wonder that they are considerate of these profitable customers! Pin a newspaper owner down to the issue of fraud in the matter, and he will take refuge in the plea that his advertisers and not himself are responsible for what appears in the advertising columns."

When so-called Christian newspapers load themselves down with the preposterous claims of these notorious fraudulent nostrums, filling their columns with the lying advertisements, no wonder that quackery finds easy sailing in our midst! It is through church papers that the quacks and frauds find a large share of their gain. A certain denominational paper printed an editorial defending the principle of patent medicines. In this paper is one humbug which announces itself as "a certain and never-failing cure" for rheumatism and Bright's disease, dropsy, blood poisoning, nervous prostration and general debility, among other maladies. In the same issue is the consumption cure, the cancer cure, the female remedy, the soothing syrup, the pills, to cure human ailments. When a paper "sells itself to such an exploitation, it becomes partner to a swindle not only on the pockets of its readers, but on their health as well."

Another so-called Christian paper takes pleasure in calling the attention of its readers to the high grade of advertising which it does. It then flaunts out before its readers three cancer cures, a dangerous heart cure, a charlatan eye doctor, a consumption cure, rheumatism cure, and one noted remedy which is said to be mostly water, yet in its list elsewhere of cures are thirty-seven ailments such as fevers, consumption, blood poison, goiter, gallstones, influenza, cancer, etc., etc.

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100 -- TESTIMONIALS

Again referring to the testimonials in newspapers concerning these remedies the "Great American Fraud" says, "Many, in fact, I believe I may say almost all, of the newspaper-exploited testimonials are obtained at an expense to the firm. Agents are employed to secure them. This costs money. Druggists get a discount for forwarding letters from their customers. This costs money. Persons willing to have their picture printed get a dozen photographs for themselves. This costs money. Letters of inquiry answered by givers of testimonials bring a price -- 25 cents per letter, usually."

One firm selling a kidney remedy ran an advertisement in a Southern city embodying a letter from a patient of that city who had been dead nearly a year, and who had died of kidney disease.

In regard to the matter of testimonials from public men, "these are obtained through special agents, through hangers on of the newspaper business who wheedle them out of congressmen or senators, and sometimes through agencies who make a specialty of that business. A certain Washington firm made a 'blanket offer' to a nostrum company of a \$100, job lot of testimonials... Congressmen are notoriously easy to get, and senators are by no means beyond range. There are several men now in the United States Senate (1906) who have, at one time or another, prostituted their names to the use of fraud medicines, which they do not use and of which they know nothing."

"Some years ago, so goes a story familiar in the drug trade, the general agent for a large jobbing house declared that he could put out an article possessing not the slightest remedial or stimulant properties, and by advertising it skillfully so persuade the people of its virtues that it would receive unlimited testimonials to the cure of any disease for which he might choose to exploit it. Challenged to a bet, he became a proprietary owner. Within a year he had won his wager with a collection of certified 'cures' ranging from anemia to pneumonia. Moreover, he found his venture so profitable that he pushed it to the extent of thousands of dollars of profits. His 'remedy' was nothing but sugar."

There is being advertised now (1906) a finger ring which by the mere wearing cures any form of rheumatism. The maker of that ring has genuine letters from people who believe they have been cured by it. Would anyone other than a believer in witchcraft accept those statements? Yet they are just as 'genuine' as the bulk of patent medicine letters, and written in as good faith... I have looked over the originals of hundreds of such letters, and more than 90 per cent. of them -- that is a very conservative estimate -- are from illiterate and obviously ignorant people. Even those few that can be used, are rendered suitable for publication only by careful editing."

"An admiral whose puerile vanity has betrayed him into a testimonial, an obliging and conscienceless senator, a grateful idiot from some remote hamlet, a renegade doctor, or a silly woman who gets a bonus of a dozen photographs for her letter -- any of these are sufficient to lure the hopeful patient to the purchase. He wouldn't buy a second-hand bicycle on the affidavit of any of them, but he will give up his dollar and take his chance of poison on a mere newspaper statement which he doesn't even investigate. Every intelligent newspaper publisher knows that the testimonials which he publishes are as deceptive as the advertising claims are false. Yet he salves his conscience with the fallacy that the moral responsibility is on the advertiser and the testimonial giver. So it is, but the newspaper shares it... Take from the nostrum venders the means by which they influence the millions, and there will pass to the limbo of pricked bubbles a fraud whose flagrancy and impudence are of minor import compared to the cold-hearted greed with which it grinds out its profits from the sufferings of duped and eternally hopeful ignorance. "

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One cancer curer claims to have discovered not only the germ of cancer, but also a sure cure for it. It seems that any kind of cancer is easy for him. "Worst cases cured in twenty days. To use other treatment simply invites death." Now what would some other cancer doctor say of this? Wouldn't he brand him as a fake?

Another cancer doctor endeavors to frighten women into taking his treatment by advertising in the papers, "In woman's breast any lump is cancer."

A certain company "which preys on impressionable women, has organized an elaborate 'lecture bureau,' mostly women and clergymen, to spread its doctrines, the chief of which is, that every woman has something wrong with her, and that whatever it is, -- preparations alone will cure it. A Chicago woman, who received an invitation to one of these lectures, through a friend, lays bare the whole 'game' in a few sentences:

"After the lady lecturer finished her course, it became evident to me that there was no one present who was exempt from the need of _____, from the actions and words of the lecturer, and also, I am sorry to say, from the words of the ladies.

"The same old skin game; get your victim to worrying and she'll buy your medicine."

"A certain hospital sells diplomas to quack doctors. Most of those whom I have visited have its parchment framed on their walls, notwithstanding that the institution has passed out of existence, its two founders being at present fugitives from justice."

One promoter of quack medicine sold certain waters which he claimed flowed from the Scriptural rock which Moses smote. Huge advertisements came out in the New York papers, in which he exploited himself and his spring, declaring that he had a scheme for abolishing poverty and suffering; that he had been in personal consultation with the Deity about it, and that the waters would cure rheumatism in seven days, cancer in thirty days, Bright's disease and diabetes in thirty days, would stop hair from falling out in three days, and would grow a crop on the most sterile cranium.

But these waters came from some point in California, and when the noted quack was questioned as to how he knew the waters are from the rock which Moses smote, his answer was, "How do you know they aren't?" He then proceeded to explain that all the waters of the earth, being in constant motion, eventually find their way to all parts of the earth, and that this spring was just as likely to be the Mosaic article as any other.

A certain "Doctor" of Baltimore, claiming to be the president of some college of science, by ingenious advertising of a sort of book of knowledge, he worked up a business which produced from 500 to 1,000 letters of inquiry a day. The book told how to heal oneself and others of all diseases, and to perform other useful and surprising things, and was also the key of everlasting life, and a godsend to suffering humanity. The Post-Office Department became interested in the scheme which resulted in prosecution and conviction. So he had to relinquish his presidency (?) to take up his abode in the Federal jail for fraudulent use of the mails. It seems that his previous career was an oyster-shucker, spiritualist medium and patent-medicine agent.

It is marvelous since the discovery of radium as a curative power how many nostrums have arisen with that name attached either in part or whole. The waters, and wells, and rings, and remedies which have radium in them are something wonderful if we believe the advertisements, and yet when pinned down to acknowledging the truth they will admit there is no radium in them.

* * *

102 -- BATTERIES

Then look at the marvelous foot-batteries! Note the wonderful cures coming from something in contact with the sole of the foot! How they draw the rheumatism and such like from the system!

Then come the electric belts and pads and outward applications to cure the inside of you. Attach one to your solar plexus and get well quick. Put on the belt and feel the electric currents play throughout your body! Yes, it is simply wonderful the cure-alls that come from electric belts and plasters.

Notice the blatant statement of one Chicago fake doctor with his magnetic something advertised in a New York paper: "I want to say to every man, woman and child within my reach that I can cure any disease that afflicts the human race. I make that statement just as broad, sweeping and all-inclusive as I know how. I don't care what the disease is, nor how bad it is, nor how many other diseases are complicated with it, I am as positive that I can cure them with the famous _____ as I am that the sun will rise in the morning."

* * *

103 -- ADVERTISING SPECIALISTS

The world abounds in humbug specialists. Sailing under the guise of specialists, they capture the unwary. "He diagnoses by mail, and doses by express." "Blindness and deafness are fattening afflictions for the medical guerrillas. With a little learning, a few borrowed scientific phrases and illustrations wherewith to garnish his booklet, and an apt catchword for his advertising, your eye and ear specialist for some of them combine the two -- is ready for business. To get his patients, he appeals to a deep-rooted and universal instinct, the piteous shrinking of the flesh and spirit from cold steel, so often the cruel necessity and the merciful hope of the afflicted."

"The average advertising specialist concern would work just as well if the 'doctor' himself spent his time fishing for finned suckers and left his trained stenographers to attend to the human variety."

One specialist put out his modest statement thus. "How I Make the Blind See and Cure All Eye Diseases in Patient's Own Home Without a Knife." This ad came out in a religious journal. With his marvelous treatment he claimed to have cured cataract, optic nerve paralysis, granulated lids, pannus, pterygium, glaucoma, weak, watery eyes and all other eye diseases.

"The man who attempts to 'doctor' his own eyes for anything more serious than ordinary irritation is running a risk. As for 'absent treatment' there is just one kind of eye that can be successfully treated by mail, and that is a glass eye."

"The superintendent of a great institution for the deaf and partly deaf states that nine-tenths of those who come there do so only after having spent from three hundred to one thousand dollars each on quack treatments, vibration methods and mechanical ear drums."

Note the follow-up letters of one of these quacks:

Letter I. Addressed "Dear Friend," assures the patient of complete cure at home.

II. Admits the case difficult, but refers to a similar case, whose address was unfortunately lost. Price of treatment \$100. Reduced to \$30 because of "special interest" in the case.

III. Warning that the \$30 price lasts only fifteen days.

IV. Expressing surprise at failure to answer. Firmly believed if party had ordered at once, would be well on road to recovery. Terms \$5 down, \$25 after trial. Could not do better by his own brother.

V. Price drops to \$25. "Should you place your case with me I will cure you." No doubt about the case this time, if it is difficult.

VI. Expressing great wonderment why party has not availed himself of the opportunity. Many cases similar to his have been cured. Professional honor is at stake, and no false or misleading statement will be made to secure party as a patient. Terms -- \$25 cash, or \$15 cash and two monthly payments, of \$7.50 each.

VII. and last -- "Fortune is now knocking at your door." A "special and confidential price of \$15" is now made to so cure a cured patient in his neighborhood right away.

This is a fair sample of quack letter-writing. Of seven letters from which this has been culled, six are form-letters, sent just alike to all patients, abounding in general promises. How could they apply to all cases? On the very face of them is seen quackery pure and simple.

One marvelous invention foisted upon the people was a device with two apartments. With one end eye ailments could be cured, and with the other end ear troubles. They work simultaneously. Isn't that wonderful and helpful and economical. Wouldn't it be fine if a blind person could get at one end and a deaf mute at the other and see them both cured? Poor credible humanity pays the price, loses the money and gets nothing in return.

"The doctor who advertises secret powers, or newly discovered scientific methods, or vaunts a special 'system' or 'method,' is a quack. The doctor who offers to sell, at a price, the cure for any ailment is a quack, and if he professes a 'special interest' in your case and promises

reduced rates, he's throwing in a little extra lying for good measure. Finally, the form-letter is a sure sign. You can tell it because it begins with 'Dear Friend,' or 'Dear Mr. So-and-So,' or 'My Dear Correspondent,' and contains promises that will fit any case. If, however, you are determined to give a trial to one of these 'specialists,' suggest these terms: that, since he promises to cure you, you will deposit to his account the full price of the treatment, to be paid him as soon as you are cured, or substantially benefited, and not before. Then and there negotiations will cease. The promising quack will never stand behind his promises. Through this simple expedient he may guard himself against the whole army of medical scamps, for this is the final test of quackery which none of the ilk can abide."

* * *

104 -- DRUG HABIT CURES

"No more vivid illustration of the value of the patent medicine clause in the Pure Food law, requiring that the amount of habit-forming drug in any medicine be stated on the label, could be found than is furnished by the 'drug habit' cures. Practically all of these advertised remedies are simply the drug itself in concealed form. No effort is made to save the patient. The whole purpose is to substitute for the slavery to the drug purchased of the corner pharmacist, the slavery to the same drug, disguised, purchased at a much larger price from the 'Doctor' or 'Institute' or 'Society.' Here is a typical report from a victim: 'When I tried to stop the remedy, I found I could not, and it was worse than the morphine itself. I then went back to plain morphine, but found that I required twice as much as before I took the cure. That is what the morphine cure did for me.'

"Investigations into the mail order drug cures have been made on the basis of a pretended morphine addiction. In every case the 'remedy' sent me to cure the morphine habit has been a morphine solution. Sometimes the morphine was mixed with other drugs, to produce greater effect and fasten more firmly upon the unfortunate the habit of the remedy, as a substitute for the criminal drug habit. All these concerns advertise to cure also the cocaine habit, the chloral habit, the opium habit, etc. As they covertly give morphine to their morphine victims, it is a just inference that they treat the cocaine habit with disguised cocaine, the opium habit with concealed opium, the chloral habit with hidden chloral, and so throughout the list."

I have before me sixteen purported morphine cures, and according to the article in Colliers all of them contain morphine.

A certain Doctor of Divinity sent forth his pious advertisements of cure for all drug habits, and posed behind religious journalists in his scheme. He also had the picture of another preacher on his circulars. When one hides behind the religion of Jesus Christ and covers his tracks with the ministry, he is certainly making some strides in his quackery. He advertised "No substitute." Said the correspondent, "After procuring a sample of the output, I wrote, under an assumed name, saying that it, produced the same effect as morphine, and asking if it contained any of that drug. Here is the reply: 'There would be no special advantage in our denying or asserting the use of morphine or opium in the remedy.'... Their sample, on analysis, contains 2.12 grains of crystallized morphine per dose."

Writing of a certain institute the article goes on to say, " Within recent years three of its ' medical directors' or' medical advisors' have been under treatment at a reputable and prominent Eastern sanitarium for drug habit. It is an interesting and significant fact, by the way, that a large proportion of the morphine and opium cure quacks are themselves ' fiends'. "

A certain drug-cure quack who operated in the South, advertised to eradicate the crave and the cause for its use. In correspondence he was asked if the cure contained any morphine, and the answer was: "I do not think it is to the interest of you or any other patient, to inquire particularly in regard to the character or make-up of the remedy." It was found that the treatment contained 57 grain of morphine per teaspoonful. Nothing harmless about that, is it?

Another firm advertises "Opium, morphine, cocaine habits absolutely cured." This is carried on by mail orders, and when the victim gets his cure, he is taking 2.5 grains of morphine per dose, and it bore no poison label. What a day of reckoning is coming by-and-by!

Then come circulars from another Institute: "My treatment is the only absolute specific and cure for drug habits. It is the only one that contains the vital principle." It then goes on to say that many cures are "simply morphine in solution. They dupe their patients into paying exorbitant prices for the identical drug they are seeking to be rid of."

But look at the duplicity of it. This is the "only absolute specific." Many others "dupe their patients," etc. One fraud crying down other frauds. On being asked if his cure contained any morphine in solution he replied, "The only narcotic contained in the remedy is bi-maconic acid. This is a bi-product of opium, but is not as injurious as morphia, nor is it as strong." But strange to say, the regular chemists were not acquainted with that new word "bi-maconic." His sample contained 65 grain morphia per spoonful dose, and was advised to repeat as often as one felt like it.

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105 -- STOOL PIGEONS FOR QUACKS

Another of the same stripe says, "My social and professional standing protects me from the insult of being classed with advertising quacks." So instead of doing his personal advertising, he gets his stool-pigeon to do it for him in the Sunday paper. A woman advertises that herself having been cured, she will gladly inform anyone else of a never-failing, harmless home cure. This woman then refers the inquirers to this "ethical" doctor who does not advertise. She does this out of gratitude for her own cure. Then the "doctor" takes hold of the victim with his follow-up system of form letters, and so it goes. He is sure he can cure you by mail. The treatment he sent to the inquirer was about two grains of morphine to the maximum dose, to be repeated three or four times a day.

"The man who advertises a sure cure for any drug habit is a swindler. Ten to one he is also a substituter and will push his victim further into the depths for the few dollars to be got out of it. Reputable sanitariums there are in plenty for this purpose; most physicians know of them. The

addict who cannot be cured in them cannot be cured anywhere, and might better buy his poison at the regular rate than at a fancy price from the vicious quack of the advertising school."

It must be remembered by the reader, that the Pure Food Law had not as yet come into effect. It only shows how the conniving rascals over the country took advantage of their liberty to hoodwink their victims.

Look out for these stool-pigeons who have been cured themselves or have cured their husbands of drinking, and want to tell how to cure yours free. They have absolutely "nothing to sell." All this is true, but somebody else has something to sell, and when you answer the stool-pigeon's advertisement, the next step is a letter from the one who has the dope to sell.

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106 -- PRIVATE DISEASES

Then we have the vast field of private diseases of men. "All this class of practitioners are frauds and swindlers. Many of them are ex-criminals of other fields... Blackmail is the underlying principle of this business. These treatments cannot cure. Ten to one they only aggravate the disease and render it dangerous or even deadly. But once they have a man in their clutches, they need not help him in order to get his money. If he demurs at their charges, a threat to expose the nature of his ailment to his family or employees is enough. Some firms of this sort send a \$25 treatment C.O.D. by express, as soon as inquiry is received, without any order. If the addressee refuses to accept it, they write him saying: 'Another gentleman in your town has also written us. We will turn over your shipment to him, explaining the circumstances.' The unhappy dupe, realizing that the knowledge of such a remedy having been sent him may prove ruinous, pays the price to preserve his wretched secret. Every advertisement of 'private diseases,' or 'men's specialist,' ought to be a danger signal, pointing not only to wasted money, shame and misery, but often to invalidism and a dreadful form of death, where in 90. per cent. of cases, reputable treatment would have brought the patient through. In some localities it is against the law to publish advertisements of this class. "

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107 -- THE PURE FOOD LAW ENACTED

The articles which came out in Collier's, and then in book form, and from which I have culled the foregoing information, and made quotations, were in 1905 and 1906. Then came the Pure Food Law, which provided that the habit-forming drugs should be definitely stated on the label of the bottle or package; that no false nor misleading statement whatever should appear on the label. "Foremost in the fight against its passage had been the allied 'patent medicine' interests. Up to that time floods of potions, avalanches of pills and powders, had been pouring out from the various nostrum shops, without let or hindrance, to overflow the land. Seventy-five million dollars a year is a moderate estimate of the volume done by pseudo-medical preparations which 'eradicated' asthma with sugar and water, 'soothed' babies with concealed and deadly opiates, 'relieved' headaches through the agency of dangerous, heart-imparing, coal-tar drugs, 'dispelled'

catarrh by cocaine mixture, enticing a habit worse than death's very self, and 'cured' tuberculosis, cancer, and Bright's disease with disguised and flavored whiskies and gins."

Immediately after the passage of the Pure Food Law, the fake nostrums slackened. For five years the law was in force. "Then the United States Supreme Court, by one of those decisions which are the admiration of lawyers and the despair of every one else, pronounced that the prohibition of falsification referred only to the ingredients of the medicine; that quacks might proceed, as theretofore, with their labeled promises to cure the incurable; and thus licensed any lie, no matter how murderous, provided it were not technically medical. Meantime, however, up to May, 1911, the proprietary medicines had adjusted themselves as best they might to the painful necessity of telling the truth on their boxes and bottles."

"Opium and morphine blossomed forth into print on bottles of innocent-sounding 'baby friends'; alcohol appeared in strong percentages upon quarts of medical "bracers" dear to the hearts and stomachs of those communities which harry the Demon Rum with unflagging fervor. The deadly warning 'cocaine,' sprang into light on little boxes of catarrh powders, which thenceforth ceased to be sold in many states and cities having a cocaine law. But the really interesting and significant betrayal of the fraud medicines lay not alone in what the label told, but chiefly in what, under the new requirements, it was obliged to cease to tell -- that is, untruths. In short, the 'patent medicines,' one after another, came forward and made confession; some indirectly, by hasty alterations of the language on their labels; some directly, by pleas of guilty when haled into court."

One old-time cure for some sixteen ailments with one herb mentioned from which it was made, now comes out with the proper ingredients including opium and also forty per cent. of the whole business being alcohol. Somewhat of a change from the former label!

"On the two vital points of ability to cure, and of harmlessness, the representatives of the 'harmless' headache 'cure' industry broke down and practically confessed that they had lied in both respects."

Firm after firm, dealing in harmless headache powders, and leaving no bad after effects, yet whose ingredients were acetanilid or other coal-tar products, were haled into court, plead guilty and were fined; thus showing that they had been lying concerning their cures and the harmlessness of their drugs.

"The Great American Fraud," which is the combined articles printed in Collier's, gives the names of all these quack nostrums, and their proprietors. Why did not these concerns sue Collier's for libel if the statements were not correct?

One noticeable remedy which "Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two Days," suddenly changed its notice after the Pure Food Law, and behold, no claim of cure on the label.

"Be it understood that the ,Food and Drugs Act concerns itself with the label alone. It has never restricted the nostrum vender from lying to his heart's content in his newspapers or circularized advertisements. Except on the package which contains his medicines, the quack may guarantee to cure cancer, restore amputated limbs, and revive the dead. (He may now make these

claims on the label, since the United States Supreme Court has come to his rescue.)" -- (Collier's, 1912.)

One noted cure for many years past, and in unrestricted newspaper print would seem to be almost a miracle-worker, curing blood diseases, catarrh, nervous troubles, debility, etc., does not so state on label after Drugs Act. How is it on the label? "We recommend," etc. If it cures, why does it not say so on the label? If it does not, then why lie in the newspapers?

It looked encouraging for suffering humanity when they read of a certain blood cure, eradicating syphilis and scrofula from the blood, curing enlarged tonsils or glands, ulcers, and all forms of sores and eruptions, syphilitic diseases of the bones, and other results of syphilis, etc. Who would not give a couple of dollars to have such removed if it were in his body? But when the Bureau of Chemistry analyzed this marvelous mixture and found it to consist of iodide of potassium and milk sugar with a trace of corrosive sublimate, it did not seem so miraculous after all. Another blood cure from the same firm went even further. It is said on analysis that this elixir was simply sugar. Result -- the quack was fined.

"Those bottled infanticides, the baby-soothers, have not escaped the notice of the government." A certain firm put out for public sale a teething syrup, and this is what was on the label: "Contains nothing injurious to the youngest babe. Mothers need not fear giving this medicine to the youngest babe, as no bad effects come from the continued use of it."

"If a man bore a commission from the devil to deprave and slaughter helpless infants, he could hardly devise a more skillful method than this label embodies. For this non-injurious medicine, innocent of bad results, safe to give to the youngest babe continually, is a composite of alcohol, chloroform, and morphine. It is hardly necessary to state that any baby brought up on such an infernal concoction would almost infallibly develop a craving for morphine, if indeed, it survived the repeated doses indirectly advised on the label." The fraudulent concern was fined \$100. Other people are serving terms in the penitentiary for less crimes against humanity.

One party wanting to engage in the patent medicine business got up a diphtheria "cure" and put it on the market giving it the very descriptive title, "Humbug Oil." The authorities took no exception to the name of the preparation, but they did cite the party to justify the labeled statement that the remedy "relieves diphtheria of the most malignant type." The quack did not justify, but confessed that the truth of the label was in the name and not in the claim. But what about a public that will purchase a nostrum announcing itself a "Humbug"?

Another teething syrup for children was discovered to be misbranded: "The best medicine for diseases incident to infancy... Will positively cure every case if given in time. Cures diphtheria."

"All of these statements were found by the court to be false and misleading, in violation of the law as then interpreted, and the defendant was fined."

Another firm put out tablets for dyspepsia and for catarrh. "To read the firm's advertisements, one would suppose that their pills could repair a disordered stomach with the case

and certainty of a tinker mending a kettle. In the advertising booklet the tablets would "cure dyspepsia in all its varied forms." Knowing that this was false, and appreciating the value of the Food and Drugs Act, they made no claims of cure on the label. It offered merely to relieve. In the mean time the same firm was exploiting a catarrh cure, something "new and effective." "We know that the regular daily use of these tablets will cure catarrh." Now positive sureness was rather dangerous during that time, till the time when the supreme court made the change licensing such things on the label. So the government invited this company to explain how it could know that a mixture of talc, calcium carbonate, sugar and starch will cure catarrh. Having wisdom, if not honesty, the company didn't try to explain. They answered in a way which might as well have said that they were lying and knew it, and wouldn't oppose the case. "The company then instituted the most useful reform that I have noted in any cure. It withdrew the preparation from the market. But the stomach-swindling tablets still remain."

The new order of things instituted by the Food and Drugs Act brought one of the most conspicuous whisky dope cure-alls to quite a humble frame of mind. This disguised booze had gone forth in the unregenerated days to the temperance trade, with its far-reaching promises including conspicuously the cure for rheumatism and dyspepsia. When the Food and Drugs Act came into being -- presto, change! A new formula, a new label and a radically new advertising now appear. Note the humble confessions:

"No one claims _____ is a cure for dyspepsia." "It is not claimed that _____ will cure dyspepsia." "_____ does not cure."

If that last statement had been on the bottle a number of years ago, see the hundreds of thousands of dollars gullible America might have saved.

The advertisement of this nostrum fake remedy, when it had to be changed took the form that the remedy was "helpful"; that it "assists nature," and that "slight derangements can be averted by the judicious use." While this is false, yet how mild compared with the glaring falsehoods of the old advertising! It seems that the firm putting out his fake cure avoided definite claims of promises to cure, "and sheers off pretty generally from the direct lie. And with what result? The proprietor of a large wholesale drug house in the Middle West tells me:

"_____ is nowhere. We used to get a carload or even two in a month. Now we hardly handle a carload a year."

What then is the road to success in these nostrums? Simply by the most positive claims of cure. When such claims diminish, the sales do the same.

"It is essential that the breach made in the Food and Drugs Act by the decision of the supreme court be repaired: lies of whatever kind should be prohibited on the label."

One of the most widely advertised medicines in the whole list of quackery, marvelous in its cure of kidney troubles, was analyzed by the government chemists, who reported that it was "a syrup liquid containing 8.55 per cent. alcohol by volume and 43.3 per cent. total solids including 42.6 per cent. sugars with a small amount of an aromatic balsam and a laxative principle. There

were also present wintergreen, juniper, and cardamon." This sham kidney remedy made its exploiters rich off the gullible public.

The question then is asked, What is this notable remedy? The answer is, "Essentially it is alcohol, sugar, water, and a flavoring matter, with a slight laxative principle." Some of the ingredients claimed by the owners "are of such inconsiderate potency in the small amount contained, that they are practically negligible. Alcohol is the chief drug constituent of the mixture, the alcoholic strength being (nearly) 9 per cent., about that of champagne." When a person takes the prescribed dose several times a day, he is getting a goodly portion of alcohol. This is for his kidneys, bladder or liver. To a physician who had large experience in this class of ailments was put the question:

"In what kidney diseases is alcohol given?" Answer: "None that I know." "In what bladder troubles?"

Answer: "Alcohol increases every form of bladder trouble."

"Is that the opinion of the profession in general?"

Answer: "Certainly. A physician who would give alcohol in kidney or bladder trouble is either a fool or a rascal." "What about affections of the liver?"

Answer: "Caused by excessive use of alcohol, many of them. Cirrhosis of the liver, for instance, is commonly known as gin-drinkers' liver. To prescribe alcohol for that would be like trying to put out fire with kerosene."

A statement of the alcohol content of this particular nostrum was then made to the doctor, together with the prescribed dosage and the question was asked:

"What would be the result of that treatment in Bright's disease?"

Answer: "It would kill the patient before his time." This remedy is especially recommended for Bright's disease.

The principal solid of this remedy is sugar, constituting about one third of it. Stating this percentage of sugar in the remedy, the question was asked what would be the effect of the prescribed dosage on a case of diabetes mellitus.

Answer: "Malnutrition would follow, and the patient would waste away and die."

This medicine is on record as promising to cure diabetes. So while there is nothing in the remedy which will cure the diseases specified in its promises, "there are at least two main ingredients which will, in afflictions for which the nostrum is prescribed, give the sufferer a helping hand toward the grave. "

Under the former interpretation of the law, forbidding false representation on the label, the owners dropped their kidney, liver, and bladder cure. This claim of cure was untrue and they did not dare to face the issue.

Note the message that this company sent to prospective patients: "Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling usually indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys."

Where is the person who ever tried this that did not find a sediment? Yet this fraudulent concern circulates this falsehood over the country, endeavoring to frighten well people into believing themselves ailing with kidney trouble, and thus getting their money. And what is more, one's very fright may have a tendency toward creating the ill.

As analysis of urine is the accepted method of determining kidney trouble, some years ago this quack concern offered to make such analyses. Accordingly a certain post-office inspector from different towns mailed samples for analysis, some being from tea and some from horse urine. On all these he got an analysis announcing a dangerous condition of the kidneys, and an earnest recommendation to take their remedy and be saved.

When this inspector visited the headquarters of this kidney remedy, and asked to see the laboratory where the analyses were carried on, he was taken to a small room on an upper floor, in which a number of employees were handling form letters, and pointed out a girl apparently 18 or 19 years of age, as being in charge of the analytical work. Rigid questioning failed to get any satisfaction as to the process by which the analytical work was carried on. The inspector went away and recommended the issuance of a fraud order. But the fraud order was never issued. Some of these fraud concerns have great pulls.

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108 -- THE THROTTLE ON THE NEWSPAPERS

The Patent Medicine Trust throttled the newspapers of the country. Their attitude toward the press is about as follows:

"We are your chief support. We pay you more money for advertising than any other form of industry. Therefore you owe us special consideration. We expect you to give us special business favors; to fight our battles in the legislatures; to publish tainted news and canned editorials; and to suppress such news about patent medicines as might injure our business."

But how did this trust gain such power over the press? By getting a noted Red Clause Contract inserted in their advertising contracts with the papers. The "red clause contract" provided that the patent medicine advertiser might withdraw his advertising from a newspaper if any legislation detrimental to patent medicines was passed by the state legislature. This scheme just about compelled the newspapers to fight the battles of the patent medicine men. However, this is not true of all the publications. Many of the standard publications refused to bow to this kind of tyranny.

To show how this "red clause contract" was used on the newspapers who accepted it in their contracts, note a telegram sent out when a patent medicine bill was up before the Massachusetts legislature.

"House bill eight hundred and twenty-nine discriminating against proprietary medicines passed lower house. Up in Senate Monday. Quick work necessary. Use your influence." This telegram was sent by one of the leading nostrum venders of the country to the newspapers carrying his advertising.

In 1905 there was a debate in the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature which lasted one whole afternoon, engaging some twenty speakers, on a bill providing that every bottle of patent medicine sold in the state should bear a label stating the contents of the bottle. More was told that afternoon concerning patent medicines than often comes to light in one day.

When anything exciting comes up in the legislatures, the newspapers usually come out in glaring headlines announcing the fact. But this debate was not announced in big headlines or any other lines. Yet in Boston such things figure very largely in public interest, more so than in many other places. Had that debate been on some other reform, or subject, the papers would have given verbatim reports of it. Cartoonists would have been busy in their line of art. Now why were all references to the patent medicine debate conspicuous by their absence? Why did the legislature reporters fail to find their work in print? However, there was one exception. One paper, on two occasions gave several columns to the proceedings on the patent medicine bill. But what caused the silence in the others?

"The patent medicine business in the United States is one of huge financial proportions. The census of 1900 placed the value of the annual product at \$59,611,355. Allowing for the increase of half a decade of rapid growth, it must be. today not less than seventy-five millions. This is the wholesale price. The retail price of all the patent medicines sold in the United States in one year may be very conservatively placed at one hundred million dollars. And of this one hundred millions which the people of the United States pay for patent medicines yearly, fully forty millions go to the newspapers." It is said that one company pays out \$100,000 per month, \$1,200,000 a year. Other companies pay more than this. "Certainly there are at least five patent medicine concerns who pay out to the newspapers more than one million dollars a year." When a certain company in Boston went into bankruptcy, its debts to newspapers for advertising amounted to \$535,000. When a certain obscure quack in New York, doing simply an office business, was raided by the authorities, among the papers seized were contracts showing that within a year he had paid to one paper for advertising \$20,000 and to another \$5,856.80. One of the best known patent medicine makers said to his fellow-members of the Patent Medicine Association: "The twenty thousand newspapers of the United States make more money from advertising the proprietary medicines than do the proprietors of the medicine themselves."

What light does this throw on the action of the Massachusetts papers when that bill was brought up?

Let us notice two clauses in contracts drawn up between newspapers and the nostrum venders:

"First -- It is agreed in case any law or laws are enacted, either state or national, harmful to the interests of the -Company, this contract may be canceled by them from date of such enactment, and the insertions made paid for pro-rata with the contract price."

Then comes the second clause:

"Second -- It is agreed that -- Company may cancel this contract, pro-rata, in case advertisements are published in this paper in which their products are offered, with a view to substitution or other harmful motive; also in case any matter otherwise detrimental to the -- Company's interest is permitted to appear in the reading columns or elsewhere in the paper."

This agreement is signed in duplicate, one by the Company and the other by the newspaper.

Such clauses with forty million dollars are what muzzled the press of the country. What other company or companies on the top side of earth could muzzle the press, binding them in contract that no matter detrimental to their interests be permitted to appear in the reading columns or elsewhere in the paper?

With this iron-clad contract, the paper itself must not print, nor allow any outside party, who might wish to do so, to pay regular advertising rates and print the truth about patent medicines in the advertising columns.

"Just after Mr. Bok had printed his first article exposing patent medicines, a business man in St. Louis, a man of great wealth, conceived that it would help his business greatly if he could have Mr. Bok's article printed as an advertisement in every newspaper in the United States. He gave the order to a firm of advertising agents and the firm began in Texas, intending to cover the country to Maine. But that advertisement never got beyond a few obscure country papers in Texas. The contract of silence was effective; and a few weeks later, at their annual meeting, the patent medicine association 'Resolved' -- I quote the minutes -- 'That this Association commend the action of the great majority of the publishers of the United States who have consistently refused said false and malicious attacks in the shape of advertisements which in whole or in part libel proprietary medicines'."

Back of this patent medicine business is a powerful organization. They have their annual meetings, annual reports, constitution and by-laws.

"By organization, the full effect of this money (forty millions of dollars) can be got and used as a unit in preventing the passage of laws which would compel them to tell the contents of their nostrums, and in suppressing the newspaper publicity which would drive them into oblivion." Hence, we can see that it was a bright scheme on their part whereby the newspapers were made active lobbyists for their association.

This, bear in mind, was in vogue before the law which provided for the proper labeling of the poisons and shams. But it only shows how the press fell into line, placed their necks in the yoke and were tied up to secrecy.

Newspaper proprietors, individually, were doubtless unaware, that this scheme was concocted to throttle the press. So secret was it that it was thought best not to have it placed in their proceedings. They did not want it to get to the public. But "murder will out," and this got out.

Here is the way the scheme of the contract worked. One of the leading patent medicine men states it thus: "In the state of Illinois a few years ago they wanted to assess me three hundred dollars. I thought I had a better plan than this, so I wrote to about forty papers and merely said: 'Please look at your contract with me and take note that if this law passes you and I stop doing business, and my contracts cease.'

The next week every one of them had an article... It throws the responsibility on the newspapers."

This patent medicine association maintained a lawyer in Chicago, a permanent secretary, office and staff. In different states it maintained an agent whose business it was to watch during the session of the legislature each day's batch of new bills, and whenever a bill affecting patent medicines showed its head, the agent was to telegraph the bill, verbatim to headquarters. There scores of printed copies of the bill were made and a copy sent to every member of the association. Then each nostrum maker would look up the list of papers in the threatened state with which he had contracts signed. To these newspapers comes a peremptory telegram calling the publisher's attention to the obligations of his contract, and telling him to go to work and defeat the anti-patent medicine bill.

This is the way they worked to defeat the public health legislation introduced by boards of health in different states every year. This is what the Massachusetts papers did when the bill came up in their Legislature. And not only did they refuse to print the proceedings of the Legislature, but instead, they printed many bitter partisan editorials against the public health bill, and against its authors personally, threatening with political death those members of the legislature who were disposed to vote in favor of it, and even in the persons of the editors and owners, went up to the State House and lobbied personally against the bill. One publisher put out a strong editorial against the bill denouncing it and its author in vituperative language, and sent a marked copy to every member of the Legislature. But he did not stop there. "He sent telegrams to a number of members, and a personal letter to the representative of his district, calling on that member not only to vote, but to use his influence against the bill, on the pain of forfeiting the paper's favor."

"Now this seems to me a shameful thing -- that a Massachusetts newspaper, of apparent dignity and outward high standing, should jump to the cracking of the whip of a nostrum-maker in Ohio; that honest and well meaning members of the Massachusetts Legislature, whom all the money of Rockefeller could not buy, who obey only the one thing which they look on as the expression of public opinion of their constituents, the united voice of the press of their district -- that these men should unknowingly cast their votes at the dictate of a nostrum-maker in Ohio, who, if he should

deliver his command personally and directly, instead of through a newspaper supine enough to let him control it for a hundred dollars a year, would be scorned and flouted."

"The newspaper which refuses to aid the patent medicine people is marked." One time a certain doctor connected with this patent medicine business gave in his report to the association as follows: "We are happy to say that over a dozen bills were before the different State Legislatures last winter and spring, yet we have succeeded in defeating all the bills which were prejudicial to proprietary interests without the use of money, and through the vigorous cooperation and aid of the publishers."

A certain newspaper in one of our large cities indulged in sensational writing concerning the patent medicine drugs. What was the result? One of the men concerned in the business wrote a letter to fifteen manufacturers of patent drugs asking them to use their influence against such writing. As a result of those letters, there came inside of forty-eight hours six telegrams from manufacturers canceling thousands of dollars worth of advertising. It resulted in a loss to one paper alone of over eighteen thousand dollars in advertising.

The same thing that happened in Massachusetts happened in more than fifteen states. "In Wisconsin the response by the newspapers to the command of the patent medicine people was even more humiliating than in Massachusetts." A certain press association which includes the owners and editors of most of the newspapers of the state held a meeting and passed resolutions that they were opposed to the bill which provided that hereafter all patent medicine sold in the state should have the formula thereof printed on their labels. The larger dailies in the cities drummed up the smaller country papers to get them to write editorials against the formula bill.

In a certain western state, a board of health officer made a number of analyses of patent medicines, and tried to have these analyses made public, in order that the people might be warned. It is said that only one newspaper in the state was willing to print results of these analyses, and this paper refused them after two publications in which a list of about ten was published. Five thousand dollars worth of patent medicine advertising was withdrawn in a week.

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109 -- CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS

We do not want to close this department of frauds without calling attention to those "strictly confidential" letters received by these human vultures from confiding patients. What becomes of all those letters from suffering humanity wherein are told all sorts of secrets about themselves, and which the medicine men promised to hold so sacredly confidential?

When one quack has led the dupe as far along the pathway of death as possible and pulled from his purse all the shekels that he can, then his letter is sold to some other quack who pretends to cure the same disease. This second vulture then gets all the money he can out of his victim and then turns him over to the tender (?) mercies of the third, and so the poor deluded health seeker is passed along sometimes for a number of years.

To make it easy for these quacks to carry on their business, there are actually several so-called letter brokers, which are a sort of clearing house where these frauds of doctors exchange, sell and rent letters. One of these letter brokers had a warehouse in New York wherein were over seven million letters. It is quite possible that the letters of anyone inside of several years written to a quack doctor would be in that warehouse and could be found by those familiar with the business. If your letter had reached some quack several years ago, it has probably been sold time and again, rented and rerented to all the quacks who fool with all the victims of your particular ailment.

One large letter broker issues a circular describing the letters he has for sale. If the reader has ever been foolish enough to write to any of these patent medicine frauds, of certain kinds, you may rest assured that your letter wound up in the list for sale. You may also know that all the secrets you divulged in that letter, which perhaps were kept from your very nearest friends, became the property of those who were willing to purchase the letter from the broker.

But the selling and renting of these letters is not the end of the nefarious business. These "strictly confidential" letters in which the patients tell all about themselves, describing all about the symptoms they thought they had, may be bought by some institute with a high-flown name: This institute then sends you a circular letter stating that it is in the business of reading your past, present and future -- that they sell astrological readings of your life. And just to show you their good faith, they would send you a sample reading: without charge. Cheered over getting something for nothing, you write them for a sample reading. And what do you get? To your astonishment you get a reply that is really amazing. They tell you of those pains you had, your poor appetite, and other details you described in your letter which you had entirely forgotten you ever wrote confidingly to the quacks. This marvelous disclosure of the past from the institute being such a proof of their ability to do as they claim, you send them, say ten dollars, for a "larger and fuller reading." All of this is the outcome of the strict confidence promised by the quack.

A mail order medical concern, seeking investors to purchase shares in it, uses the following argument:

"We are now able to purchase medical letters in lots of 100,000. These letters are from people who have been patients of other advertising doctors. These names we thoroughly circularize with our attractive and convincing booklets and follow them along for several months, and they always produce extra good results and at a very small cost."

A certain Chicago Brokerage Company sent out a circular, a part of which was as follows: "We have over one million letters in stock and are constantly buying more. If you have any letters for sale, send us full particulars and lowest cash price. Many parties using our letters are getting rich quick quietly working some good legitimate schemes. With attractive, convincing literature, they circularize 100,000 or more people who are directly interested in their line in two weeks. Returns sure and quick. No expensive newspaper advertising. We shall be pleased to give you any pointers asked for. Our prices for rental of letters are lower than elsewhere. Our word can always be relied upon. Write us or call." Then follows the advertisement of multiplied thousands of letters formerly received by different nostrum venders, and which had been gathered together by this

brokerage firm. This shows where the letters from you, my reader, have gone, over this land, if you have fallen a victim to these vultures.

In those "Great American Fraud" series of articles which came out a few years ago in Collier's, there were two hundred sixty-four patent medicines, quack doctors, firms, individuals, institutes and institutions attacked and denounced. After ample time had elapsed after the exposure, Collier's goes on to say, "Out of all the two hundred sixty-four concerns and individuals attacked, just two suits for libel on the docket and two personal protests filed with us. These are all that now remain; the scores of threats, lawyer letters, and loudly proclaimed suits which never materialized -- they only remain as an amusing recollection."

"Some of those with whom we have dealt have been called, without qualification, murderers. We used the word because we knew them to be taking their profits at the cost of human lives. Several we have specifically designated as thieves, because no other term describes them. And almost all we have denounced as fakers, quacks, and swindlers."

But Collier's kept right on in business, and it would seem that such wholesale denunciations of the frauds exposed would have brought some libel suit that would have done them irreparable damage; but no, it failed to materialize.

The Pure Food Law a number of years ago brought about some splendid changes for the better, and made the patent medicine men toe the mark to a certain extent, but in spite of all that was required, even now we have so much fraud and fakery over the land as to make a nation blush for being such fools to patronize them as they do. In spite of the fact that bottles of dope may have the name of the poison or per cent. of poison in the mixture, they find an ever-ready market for their drugs.

As will be noticed, we have not mentioned the names of these nostrums or nostrum venders in our writing, but if the reader is interested enough to investigate further and learn all about these quacks and their fraudulent medicines, their names and addresses, write to "The American Medical Association," 535 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., and get their book, "The Great American Fraud."

It is the hope that all who scan these pages will get their eyes open, if they have been duped into paying out their money for worse than nothing, thus filling the coffers of these quacks over the country.

When we come to the medical field, it seems that the whole thought of this book is revealed. Here we find fads in various lines. People running after some particular nostrum that has just been thrown on the market. Then we see the fakes, purporting to do what they cannot do, and some of these, actually freaks in their line, some on the street corners telling the people wise things which they have picked up here and there, and how like sages they appear, with their long locks. Then we have the frauds in the form of patent medicine venders and wonderful specialists, astonishing the people with their wonderful tales of healing, and then the droves of fools running after them. So we feel that we have no misnomer in the name of this book.

* * *

110 -- ADVERTISING SPECIALISTS

In San Francisco an advertising "specialist" was convicted by a jury, of trying to obtain money by false pretense. This occurred in 1910 and was the first case in the United States where an advertising specialist was so convicted. A young man from the country suffered with a pain in his back, and seeing the doctor's sign went in. The quack told him, after doing some massaging, that he had an abscess in a certain place, and it would cost \$200 to cure him. The young man was persuaded to send for the money to his aunt and have it come in care of the doctor. This was done, and the money received. Evidently, this money was so easily gotten, that the scoundrel wrote to the aunt telling her to come to San Francisco, that the boy had another serious trouble. She came, but first went to see some friends. The doctor said that he had a valvular lesion of the heart and was liable to drop dead any time, and it would cost another \$200 for this treatment. This treatment was very expensive as he had to use a German serum imported at great expense.

Before the heart disease information came up, the young man happened to see a reputable physician, who was satisfied that he did not have any abscess whatever as indicated. Then he was examined by other physicians who saw that he was perfectly free from both afflictions as stated by the quack. The fraud was arrested, tried by jury and convicted.

Two advertising "specialists" operated separate institutions in New Orleans. They concocted a scheme to have a notable fraud pose as a "noted London specialist" who was visiting New Orleans, and had offered to assist these local specialists in giving professional advice to the victims which they might secure as patients. The mailing lists of these two doctors were looked over and a personal circular letter was sent to hundreds of their past and prospective patients. This circular informed them that they had now an opportunity of securing the noted visitor's opinion on their cases if they would call at the office. This was a "form" letter made to appear that it was typewritten and exclusively personal, but sent to two thousand or more individuals, some of whom had been former patients and had ceased coming, and others who had only called, but had never taken treatment.

In the personal letter, attention was called to sincerity and honesty of the doctor, the deep interest in the patient, the careful study made in the individual's case, and trying to act out the Golden Rule. He was having some worry over the fear of not curing his patient. Meeting this "noted London specialist" who was just now visiting the United States, with whom years ago he had a very close acquaintance, he took the liberty of consulting him about the patient's case, who gave him much light and assured him that a safe and permanent cure could be accomplished. Arrangement had been made with the London specialist to be at the office on certain days and would give consultation and advice without costing the patient anything whatever.

The letter went on to say, that when the patient stopped to think that the London doctor's charges for consultation alone ranged from \$100 to \$1,000 he might understand what it would mean to get the great doctor's services without any charge, all this because of personal friendship existing between the specialists. A limited number of patients could be seen "of whom you are one."

This letter was evidently designed to deceive the recipients into believing that it was a special letter to each of them. It so indicated when he expressed to the individual that he was worried by the fear that he had not cured each of the two thousand individuals or more, and further that he had consulted the London doctor in regard to each of the cases to whom the letter was sent, and further still that much light had been given and assurance of a permanent cure.

Now this "noted London specialist" in question, just then on a visit to the United States, had operated a certain institute in Jackson, Michigan, for lost manhood, and had been prosecuted and his institute closed. He then began an itinerant career as the "noted London specialist." In spite of the fact that he was "one of the greatest living specialists," the physicians around those parts of the South had not heard of him. Proof came up, indicating that he had been indicted in the United States District Court in Denver, for using the mails to defraud. After this indictment, it seems that he had fled to England, for there he was indicted for fraudulent practice of medicine, and sentenced to the penitentiary. After the expiration of his sentence, he returned to the United States, was arrested under the Denver indictment, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. After the expiration of this sentence, he went to New York where he was indicted in connection with another for grand larceny. He told a certain man that he was suffering from a serious kidney trouble from which he would soon go crazy or die, and of which he would cure him by certain means, and charged the victim \$1,500 for a small vial of medicine. He plead guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary.

This was the "noted London specialist" secured to give advice to all the two thousand or more patients to whom the personal letter was sent. The outcome of the whole affair was, that the two New Orleans specialists and this noted character from London, were sentenced to pay fines from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and to serve terms in the federal prison.

A certain company in New York City carried on a mail order business as pretended specialists, treating sexual diseases of men. The patients were given blanks on which they were to write a description of their trouble, and these blanks were to be examined by their "specialists" who would prescribe for them.

When investigated by the authorities, this concern was found to have a supply of stock remedies, which the so-called specialists prescribed to their patients as many as they considered possible to sell.

In order to secure business this company bought lists of names from letter brokers, and to these persons was mailed their literature, offering one months' treatment for \$1.00. Accompanying these circulars were printed testimonials and a book on their special treatment. When the patient sent his dollar, the order was not filled, but the money was held and he was sent a circular letter with a question sheet where on he was to write a description of his complaint. The reason for holding the dollar, was, that "treatment must be prepared to suit each individual case." The truth was, that the company simply sent their stock remedies. If the poor dupe filled out the blank, he received a letter purporting to diagnose his case and recommending a number of their stock remedies. At the same time he was shipped by express a package of these remedies C.O.D., the price ranging as high as \$40.00, credit being given for the dollar already sent. The Assistant

Attorney-General reported on the case, and it was shown that the advertising regarding the \$1.00 treatment was absolutely fraudulent, such treatment was never sent, nor was it intended to be sent, the object being for the company to get in contact with their victims and then ship to them thirty or forty dollars worth of medicines. In addition to the pills and tablets, the company sold a vacuum appliance for \$10.00 which cost them but a few cents.

In addition to this, the company printed what it termed an "editorial endorsement" from a publication called the United States Health Reports. This of course was to give great prestige, coming from the United States Health Reports. This proved to be a fraudulent advertising concern, and not from United States reports. They would publish "editorial endorsements" for any disreputable concern that would pay for the same. This company was denied the use of the mails.

A certain quack doctor, posing under an assumed name, and doing a land-office business in St. Louis, seized the opportunity when radium got before the public, of exploiting a remedy claiming to have radium properties in it. He was said to have been connected with a college of Electro-therapeutics and occupying a chair of Radio-therapy. That is certainly high sounding, but mythical as his name, all being advertised simply for business purposes. He advertised in church papers as a profitable field. By virtue of his profound studies in the administration of radium at the college where he is professor, he can cure consumption and cancer, by a method which he wishes to tell you about free, consisting of the internal and external application of his remedy which is radium in fluid form, which he himself has discovered, and by which he has effected many cures. He sends to the patients a fluid to which he claims to have imparted the radioactive properties of radium. This is sent by mail, or express, which he will send for \$15.00 a month, and if the party does not respond with the money, he drops down to \$10.00, then to \$5.09 and then to \$2.50. He claims that the liquid containing the radium-impregnated fluid will not retain its radioactivity more than forty days. The Department of Agriculture made an analysis of his remedy. That for internal use was "essentially a weak acidulated solution of quinine sulfate in water and alcohol in the proportion of one and one-fourth grains quinine to the ounce of the fluid solution and about seven per cent. alcohol. The fluid for external use was found to be a watery solution containing about ten per cent of glycerin and a small quantity of inorganic salts. Both solutions were tested for radioactivity. No such activity was detected in an amount appreciably greater than is to be commonly found in ordinary hydrant water."

It seems that this noted fraud sent out about twenty-five treatments a day, some of which he stated were free. It was thought his income might have been in the neighborhood of \$70,000 a year. This cancer cure fake had a fraud order issued against him and was denied the use of United States mails. -- (These concrete examples were taken from a book published by the American Medical Association exposing quacks and quackery.)

"My boy," said the elderly physician, "I'm afraid you will never get rich in the profession." "Why not?" asked the young doctor.

"You told one of the richest women in town her complaints were imaginary." "And so they are."

"To be sure, but you should have told her so in medical terms she couldn't understand and put her down for at least two visits a week."

Here we have the tricks of the profession. And people seem to be satisfied to have it so. "Dr. Pillers seems to be a very fashionable physician." "I should say so! He has patients at some of the most expensive health resorts in America, and a waiting-list of people whose health will give way as soon as they get enough money to consult him." -- Birmingham Age-Herald.

* * *

111 -- THE MISCEGENATION FRAUD

In the days of extreme anti-slavery agitation one of the most ingenious frauds was put over on the opposing side, that ever came out in print. It was put out in order to secure the indorsement of absurd theories; that it might produce the wildest notoriety, and thus gain the day in the political world. It was to make use of the extreme ideas of the Anti-slavery party, in order to get them to accept doctrines which would bring them into disrepute with the masses, and thus draw them into the political swim which was coming. It was intended that the Democrats should be made to believe that the writing came from the Republicans. The whole thing was suggested by an address by Theodore Tilton before the Antislavery party, concerning the Negro, in which the great orator argued 'that some time in the future the blood of the Negro would be one of the mingled bloods of this great American nation. This mixing was known as amalgamation, and to put out a book advocating amalgamation would prove abortive, so some new word must be coined which would not be so obnoxious, yet mean the same thing. The ingenuity of the authors of the novel book got to work and coined the word "Miscegenation" from the Latin miscere, to mix, and genus, race. This would serve their purpose better and be really more correct. Thus it came into modern language and is found in our dictionaries. It advocated the blending of the white and black people of this continent not only as the inevitable result of the freedom of the Negro, but desirable from the standpoint of producing a more perfect race than any at that time.

Of course such a book must have the appearance of great learning, and a knowledge of ethnology must figure largely in its pages. As the authors were ignorant along these lines, they had to dig it out of encyclopedias and reference books. Soon a fine array of arguments on scientific lines was compiled in favor of Miscegenation. The rest of the book could be well supplied in the way of argument and sentimentality which the authors already had concerning politics and their knowledge of the fanciful freaks of visionary reformers, and also drawing from their own fund of native wit.

The object in view being a serious one, it was evident, that to begin where they expected to leave off would be out of the question. They must approach the objective gradually. So the question was first introduced scientifically, and was made as sober and logical and unobjectionable as they were able so to do, showing by scientific and historical proof how the blending of different races had resulted in better offspring. As they proceeded in their proof upon proof and logic upon logic, before the book closed, it was suggested that the very fact of the statue on the Capitol building being of bronze tint was a precursor of the color of the future American.

The book written, it was then necessary to obtain endorsement of the people who were to be fooled. It was not only necessary to beguile these of the reform party, but so to present it that the Democrats should believe it to be a real revelation of the design of their opponents. While the mass of Republican leaders utterly ignored the production, yet quite a number of the Anti-Slavery men were completely beguiled.

Before the book was published, advance sheets were sent to all the prominent abolitionists, to prominent spiritual mediums, and to these who were known to be easily taken in on reformation lines. Together with the advance sheets were sent requests for their opinions as to the arguments used and the desirability of the publication of the work at once. It proved to be a flue bait and was swallowed at once. Responses came in from prominent people endorsing the book. One man wrote, "Your work has cheered and gladdened a winter morning, which I began in cloud and sorrow. You are on the right track. Pursue it, and the good God speed you."

Having secured the approbation of prominent men in the reformation, the next step was to get the public ear. A statement came out in one of the great papers known to be of the sensational order, that an accomplished and beautiful mulatto girl was about to publish a work on the blending of the races, etc. This was copied by the papers all over the country. Other fabrications were foisted upon the public and their curiosity and expectations were centered on the coming book.

The book finally made its appearance, copies of which were sent to all the leading papers. The organ of the colored people of New York lengthily and heartily endorsed it.

Theodore Tilton was the first to call it a hoax. Sumner, when he read it, at once pronounced it the same. The authors tried to get the endorsement of President Lincoln, but that man of brains was not easily fooled.

They got the controversy into Congress. Afterward, it was the subject of much conversation in the Capitol city.

About the time the book came out, a Miss Dickenson lectured in New York. The authors showed their ingenuity and tact and impudence in taking such an occasion to have small hand bills printed, with the endorsement of the work, and then scattered by boys throughout the audience. Before the speaker appeared on the platform, the crowd was reading the hand bill on "Miscegenation." The reporters seeing what had taken place used the same in their reports. Out of this event it was circulated that Miss Dickenson was the author.

Many papers here and some in England were completely sold, believing the production was put forth with honest intent, and forthwith it met with their scathing denunciations. "Miscegenation" was republished in England and large translations from it went the rounds of French and German papers.

So there passed down the stream of history one of the most ingenious and also impudent literary frauds ever perpetrated. Probably not a newspaper in the country then existing, but what had something in its columns about it, either pro or con. The book had several editions. The great

mass of America's intelligent men rejected such doctrine, and saw in it either some political dodge or the musings of some maniac; but the authors got their notoriety all the same.

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112 -- THE \$500 BILL FRAUD

One of the most notable frauds that I ever chanced to see is the five hundred dollar bill to be seen in the Treasury Department in Washington, D. C. All worn-out and dilapidated bills are redeemed at Washington if three-fifths of the original bill is present. The five hundred dollar bill in question consists of several strips, perhaps a half dozen, pasted on a background, indicating that the original bill had been cut into so many pieces, cutting these strips clear across the bill. These strips put together make the present five hundred dollar bill. The fraud in the affair consists in the fact, that some bank clerk took a good five hundred dollar bill and cut off about an inch of it, and there being enough of the bill left it would pass all right. Then from another bill of the same denomination he clipped out about another inch clear across, which likewise left sufficient of the original to be redeemed. In like manner he cut off strips from about a half dozen of these five hundred dollar bills, leaving enough from each one to be redeemed, and in the end, having enough of these inch strips to make an extra five hundred dollar bill. These strips were all placed properly together and stuck to something to hold them in place. But the bank clerk was up against one serious difficulty. On these bills can be seen the two numbers on each, consisting of quite a number of figures, and these numbers are the same, one of which is seen in the lower left hand corner, and the other in the upper right hand corner. In clipping off these strips the clerk would naturally clip off parts of these numbers. He could easily place these numbers from the lower left hand corner together in making a new bill, but when he needed the duplicate number for the right hand corner, it would be impossible to get it. So the question was, How was he to get the corresponding number for the upper right hand corner? This being absolutely impossible, and all money being redeemable that was three-fifths of the original, he simply tore off the upper ends of the strips which had the figures on them, indicating that that part of the bill had been torn off and lost. So, when it was presented to Washington to be redeemed, here was a bill which looked as if some one had inadvertently cut it to pieces with a pair of scissors, excepting some of the upper right hand corner had been lost. Of course the experts would soon discover the mysterious fact of the portion which was lost was the part where the duplicate number would have been. They ran the matter down, apprehended the fraud and placed him where five hundred dollar bills were scarcer than where he had formerly served.

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113 -- THE \$500 CHECK FRAUD

A man stopped at a hotel for a certain period and then settled the bill. He paid the proprietor in a \$500 check written by himself. The balance was given the boarder who disappeared and was seen no more. When the check was turned in it was discovered to be worthless; the man had no money in the bank. The hotel proprietor, in order to impress upon others the uselessness of turning in checks, had the check framed, hung up in the office, and a statement written underneath that the check could be purchased for a given sum, something less than a dollar.

After hanging there for some time, another boarder saw it and asked if it could really be had for the price stated. The proprietor assured him that he could have it for the price indicated. Said the boarder, "I know that man who gave that check, and he is all right. I will buy it." He bought the check, and when it was turned over to him, the purchaser said, "The check will do me no good as it is, seeing it was made out in your name. You will have to endorse it in order for me to get the cash." The hotel man then thoughtlessly signed his name on the back. The purchaser then took it to the bank, and by virtue of the proprietor's signature on it, made it good as far as the purchaser was concerned, but when it reverted back to the indorser, he had to make it good. Thus he lost another five hundred dollars by his foolishness.

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114 -- THE COUNTERFEIT \$1,000 BILL

A woman purchased a bill of goods in a large department store in Toronto, Canada, and handed the clerk a thousand dollar bill. In order to make sure of the bill being good it was sent to the bank for examination. The woman became angry at this delay and declared she would not take the goods; that the thousand dollar bill was good, and she did not propose to lose her time that way. They tried to show her that it was important for them to know if the bill was good, and in as much as the goods were already done up, she would better take them. The banker had passed on the bill. Finally she consented and reached in her handbag for the thousand dollar bill, where she had put it away. The bill was now accepted, the difference in cash handed the woman, the goods sent to a place designated which proved to be an empty lot. It was then discovered that she had exchanged the good thousand dollar bill for a counterfeit as she reached in her handbag. The first bill was good, but the one the store got was counterfeit. A sleek fraud indeed!

* * *

115 -- THE MONEY MAKING MACHINE

A most ingenious fraud was uncovered recently in the discovery of a machine to turn out money. The man who was buncoed out of \$650 by thinking he had purchased the machine, found out that the suitcase in which he supposed was the machine he purchased, contained nothing but potatoes. When the buncoed man faced the swindler, the swindler offered to pay him back the \$6.50 if he would furnish another victim. A brother-in-law was suggested as the proper "sheep for the financial slaughter" and so the trap was laid. But the brother-in-law was simply mystical and suggested only to catch the fraud. The owner of the "money making" machine suggested that the buncoed man should manipulate the machine for the brother-in-law, which was very acceptable to him. Accordingly, he gained possession of the mysterious money manufacturing device and took the same to detectives of the district attorney's office. Sure enough, here was a fine looking instrument, a variation of the familiar double-compartment receptacle used in connection with slight-of-hand tricks. A beautifully ornamented cover was added to the machine, with the intention of properly impressing the unwary. The object of the contrivance was actually to manufacture real money in appearance. A package of parchment was introduced into the machine, into the only visible compartment, the lid was closed, a lever was turned, and a current of electricity was switched on to a vibrator. There was a humming sound in the box. When the cover was taken off,

there was a package of bills. On examination, it was discovered that the parchment was still in the machine, and the bills of real money had been placed there beforehand in order to appear to be manufactured from the parchment. The officers then arrested the man and his wife for their bunco swindle.

* * *

116 -- SWINDLING PASADENA BANKS

In the city of Pasadena, California, a gentleman of fine appearance entered one of the banks and made a deposit of cash and opened a checking account. From day to day he appeared at the bank making small deposits, and also checking out small amounts. This kept up for quite awhile, till he was more or less acquainted with the tellers and different ones. Being a man of nice demeanor and always smiling, he won his way into the confidence of the bank. When this had kept up something like months, occasionally adding to his deposit, one day he turned in a large check for \$1800 drawn on a Louisiana bank. He was accordingly given credit for the same. A day or so after this he came to the bank with another check calling for \$480 and he asked that this be cashed. The cash was handed to him and that was his last trip. Word came from Louisiana that the check was no good. It was ascertained that he had played the same game on the other banks of Pasadena, also on a number in Los Angeles, and my informant, who was in one of the Pasadena banks, thought that some of the Long Beach banks had likewise been defrauded. He used the same tactics on all, finally turning in the large check and then asking for the cash for a \$480 check.

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117 -- THE PARCEL DELIVERY SWINDLE

An intelligent young man in Los Angeles bought out a parcel delivery, paying several thousand dollars for the whole business, autos, etc. Soon after he had purchased the business, people began coming to him with coupons calling for deliveries of packages. These coupons had been sold to these parties, a large number of them amounting to eighty dollars' worth, which were prepaid deliveries. So many of these had been sold by the previous owner and were held good by the law, that it drove the young man to the wall, financially. He lost thousands of dollars by this fraudulent deal.

* * *

118 -- THE FOREIGN IMMIGRATION FRAUD

Thousands of immigrants have been swindled of their homes and all their belongings, as the result of certain bogus relief organizations, which have sprung up in this country since the signing of the armistice, for the announced purpose of aiding immigration. While these poor people were trying to rebuild their homes in Poland, the bogus agents would persuade them to come to America on the grounds of golden promises and opportunities. These credulous people then sold their homes and turned their belongings over to the immigration agents, generally a few hundred dollars, which was much more than the cost of the passage to this country. When these poor

deluded and robbed immigrants landed here, they had to face deportation on the grounds of illiteracy.

* * *

119 -- CHARITY SOLICITING SWINDLE

Look out for strangers coming to your door soliciting funds for charitable purposes. Be sure you are satisfied with their credentials before parting with your money. Two foreigners were on a collection tour in Pennsylvania, in behalf of the orphans' home in Turkestan. A pastor of one of the churches, in making inspection of their credentials, discovered that the letters were all written on American-made paper and with American typewriters. The pastor called the attention of the collectors to this oversight, whereupon there was a quick departure of the Orientals from the town, and the police began a search for them.

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120 -- FRAUDULENT MERCHANTS

Four men were charged with defrauding merchants in the Middle West, by purchasing clothing and merchandise through mail orders under the name of well-rated houses. These men were arraigned before the United States Commissioner. Their arrest was brought about through the New York Credit Men's Association and the postal authorities. It seemed that they had rented offices in St. Louis in the name of a certain merchant of good commercial rating. Orders were then placed by mail with New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston houses for goods. Because this merchant's credit was good, the orders were filled accordingly and shipped to St. Louis. From St. Louis the merchandise was re-shipped to another party, and sold for fifty to sixty cents on the dollar. Post Office inspectors said they had evidence that business houses had been defrauded of more than half a million dollars.

* * *

121 -- SELLING DAMAGED GOODS

Then we have the merchant selling damaged goods, on account of fire and water. The sale was so great that he had to take fresh goods and damage them somewhat to meet the demand. This fire sale has become a most popular fad, it seems. The story is told of two stores selling damaged goods, while between the two was a Jew store and no damaged ware. Not willing to see the crowds rushing in on either side of him, he heads them off by placing over his own door this conspicuous sign, "Main Entrance."

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122 -- RAISING ONE DOLLAR BILLS

A very ingenious method of defrauding, is by raising a one dollar bill to the amount of ten dollars. Some of these dollars are raised to five dollars. Raised bills are easily detected, however. The usual method is to use a one dollar bill and put a cipher after all the ones, raising them to figure ten. The bills which are the most frequently raised are the series which have the picture of George Washington on the face. The picture of Washington appears only on the one dollar bills. Some of the bill raisers scratched the face of George Washington so it cannot be recognized.

* * *

123 -- GOLD SWINDLING

In the early days of California, the Chinese had a method of obtaining gold fraudulently. It is said they would purchase a goodly number of gold coins, put them into a buckskin sack and then toss them about through the day in order to wear a portion of the gold off, and then use the gold, turning in the coin for business purposes and getting more coin for their scheme.

Another method of the Chinese was to take twenty dollar gold pieces, bore into the edges and take out the inside gold, fill up the inclosure with other metal, and make the opening as invisible as possible, and then exchange it for other money.

Another process with some people is to sweat the gold, by using certain chemicals, thus reducing the coin uniformly, making it hard to detect. After this sweating process, the coin would be exchanged for other gold and so on.

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124 -- THE BURGLAR POLICEMAN

A Chicago policeman committed burglaries on his district and reported the same to headquarters, stating that he was on the track of the burglars. This was carried on for a number of years till the policeman became rich. Finally, as he grew bolder, he attempted to hold up a man on the street. In the tussle, the holdup lost his mask and was recognized by the man being robbed. The result of the whole proceedings is, the policeman is now spending his time in the penitentiary.

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125 -- MODERN METHODS

Surely the world is awake these days to ways and means of robbing the people, in one way or another, of their money. A lady was walking along the street in Los Angeles and heard a little boy crying as if his heart was breaking. On approaching the little fellow and asking him his trouble, he told her that his mother had sent him to the store for something and he had fifty cents with which to buy it, but had lost the money, and his mother would whip him when he got home. The lady's tender heart was touched for the little fellow and she gave him another fifty cents. He went on his way rejoicing, but it was not long till the same lady heard the same little boy crying the

same way. She ascertained that he had put up the same deception on another party. Evidently he had been trained in the art, and doubtless during the day he could clean up a nice little sum by his unique method.

Not far from this same place a gentleman was riding along in his auto and heard a woman screaming as if in great danger and fear. He stopped his machine, went to the place of trouble and found a woman in company with one or two men. The men accordingly robbed the man, did something to his auto to hinder immediate running and then went their way. It was all a put up game for robbery.

It seems to be quite customary these days for some weary traveler to stand in the road and solicit a ride from an autoist. When inside, he takes possession, robs the kind-hearted autoist and sends him on his way a wiser man.

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126 -- THE CRIMINAL DIPLOMA

A man was discovered while at work drilling holes in a safe. Police were notified and surrounded the criminal and captured him. He had in his possession what purported to be a diploma from a certain school for burglars. Among other possessions claimed to be the burglar's, were several correspondence course lessons on how to be a burglar. The criminal had a diploma, signifying that he was a graduate.

This is a day of education. We have schools for every branch of service imaginable; now we have the criminal schools. We have also schools for begging, but the criminal school caps the climax.

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127 -- MANUFACTURED MUMMIES

In the Old World we find idolatry gone to seed. But what about the New World augmenting this idolatry by sending beautifully manufactured idols and putting them on sale there. Egyptian mummies can be purchased in Cairo, Egypt. But the buyer of such commodities must be well versed in mummy affairs or he will get fooled by mummy frauds. It might be a bit of news to the reader to know that mummies are manufactured in Boston and exported to Egypt, so that Americans can purchase them and bring them back to Boston.

* * *

128 -- PAYING FOR EXPRESS PACKAGES

Here is a sharp method to catch fools. Some one gets a notice that a certain package is in some one's care, but addressed to him, and there is so much charges for carriage. If the party will

send the money to pay for the carriage, it will be forthcoming. When the fools sent their amount to the unknown informant, they wondered why the package was not sent.

* * *

129 -- BOGUS JEWELRY

In a certain town a certain personage drove into the principal thoroughfares for the purpose of disposing of cheap imitation jewelry. He promised to return the customer's money if required. Then he asked who would give him four dollars for a five-dollar greenback. He soon had his customer. It was a bona fide sale. Then he sold some half dollars for only twenty-five cents each. Finally, he threw a handful of money out amongst the crowd and what a scrambling to get it! The strange faker then drove slowly along a little further, and the crowd like animals coming to the slaughter followed along. He then began without any further promises, to dispose of a lot of bogus lockets at five dollars apiece. He soon sold about forty. With about two hundred dollars of the fools' money in his pocket, and sales slackening, he very coolly informed the purchasers that he had sold them the goods at his price; that he is a licensed peddler; that if he gave them their money back, they would think he was a lunatic. Then wishing them success he bade them all good morning, and drove off.

This same rascal made a fortune out of his dupes. He was a regularly licensed peddler. Although more than once arrested he was not found legally punishable.

* * *

130 -- GYPSY CHARMS

One of the worst frauds with a constituency of the silliest fools was circulated under the guise of "The Gypsies' Seven Secret Charms." The charms consisted of a sort of concoction with which the purchaser was to wet his hands and forehead, and thus he could ascertain about what any person was thinking. Taking one by the hand, he could control the mind and will of such a person. These charms would enable one to buy the lucky lottery ticket, discover lost articles, have correct dreams of the future, increase in intellectuality, and secure the affections of the other sex. It was claimed that these charms were used by the Antediluvians; were the secret of the Egyptian magicians, and the heathen conjurers in general.

The point was for the purchaser to send the money for one of these charms, as they were for sale separately. In return the fool would receive a second circular stating that they work much better all together, and the whole number of charms would be forthcoming when the purchaser sent all the money.

Does it seem possible that such a swindle could receive any patronage in the history of our country? Yet such did once exist.

* * *

131 -- SPECIALTY GAMBLING DEVICES

In the cities of San Francisco, Chicago and New York are houses where they deal in special gambling devices, selling various articles made to aid the gambler in his fraudulent plays. Among these specialties are loaded dice, so made that they will inevitably turn up in favor of the gambler; special cards made so the gamblers can become expertly acquainted with them and know the hand the other fellow has; mirror rings, which look like some ordinary ring on the outside of the hand, but inside the hand is attached a small mirror so held that when the gambler deals out the cards he can see by the mirror what his fellow gambler has received; fraudulent coins, such as two coins ground down to the thickness of one, and then cemented together, having a head on each side or otherwise as they may choose to make the coin. And through these specially prepared gambling devices, these frauds fleece the fools who begin to gamble.

* * *

132 -- SQUELCHING GOOD INVENTIONS

When one puts upon the public a production which is no benefit, we stamp it as a fraud. All this cheating, conniving, trickery that is going on, getting people's money without a proper return, is in the very nature of it, fraud. But there is another side to it. What about hindering the public from having the behest of various things which would be helpful? What about the many inventions of the past, that would have been a boon to humanity, had not some firm, seeing that it would interfere with the sale of their article, simply bought it, and squelched it. Which is the worst, to put upon the public a fraudulent article and thus fool the people, or blockade a good article which would benefit the people? Have we not read time and again of some discovery or invention whereby the use of gasoline could be reduced to one half or such a matter, or possibly could be eliminated and some cheaper material used with the same results? Now listen, while I ask a plain and pointed question. Where are those discoveries, or inventions? Why is it that we are not having the benefit of them? It seems that they were tried out and the operations were successful, but when our expectancy was at the high water mark, all of a sudden, the whole thing passed into oblivion. Why was this sudden annihilation? Where are those discoveries whereby we could run our automobiles on one half the amount of gasoline, or with some substitute? Echo answers, Where?

One long-headed man, so I was told, had foresight enough to take advantage of this method of elimination by superior powers. He had vast possessions in a certain state, but they were useless. His acreage consisted in low tule lands, covered with water and tule grass. It was perfectly worthless unless drained. To drain, it would cost a fortune. But the fortune was spent and the work was accomplished. It came about in this way: A great bank was built along the proper side of this estate for a number of miles, and by proper manipulation the great work of draining the vast area was scientifically accomplished. But this embankment was too expensive for the owner. He evidently could not afford such vast expenditures. Looking down the vista of time, he conceived the idea of using this embankment for a railroad which he did, when, presto! Something was in the air. The great railroad of that country would never sit by with folded hands and see a little dinky competitor like this on the map. Accordingly, the swamp railroad was purchased by the greater, the tule land had been converted into fields of agriculture, the great railroad paid the expenses, and the stratagem worked to a finish.

There may be an objection in the minds of some readers, that by exposing these frauds and telling the methods, it will put the idea into the minds of some to become swindlers themselves, who otherwise would never think of such a thing. To this we would say, that we take it for granted that any reader of these methods who would have sense enough to adopt any of them, would likewise have sense enough to see that he surely would be caught at his game in the end. It is to be hoped that he would see the folly of such an attempt. Again, while there might be a possibility of one person attempting such a crime, on the other hand there will be a thousand others who will get their eyes open to what is going on in the world and be on the lookout for such things. If perchance one might be tempted to try his hand at some wicked game, a thousand will probably be saved from the snare of such frauds.

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PART V -- FOOLS

The dictionary defines fool as follows:

"(1) One destitute of reason, or of the common powers of understanding; an idiot. (2) A person deficient in intellect; one who acts absurdly, or pursues a course contrary to the dictates of wisdom; one without judgment; a simpleton; a dolt. (3) (Scripture) One who acts contrary to moral and religious wisdom; a wicked person."

In the Bible the word fool (singular and plural) is found 112 times, and with its derivatives, 185 times.

Proverbs is the book of wisdom, and in it the word is found fifty-nine times, and with its derivations eighty-one times.

In the Scriptures the word is used in many ways according; to the various Hebrew and Greek words from which we get the translation -- fool. Following are some of these shades of meaning as taken from Young's Analytical Concordance: "Self-confident, empty person, thickheaded, thoughtless, unwise, heedless, witless."

Let us notice some of the most striking statements in the Bible regarding fools:

"Fools despise wisdom and instruction."

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes."

"Fools make a mock at sin."

"A fool despiseth his father's instruction."

"He that uttereth a slander is a fool."

"A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards."

"A fool's voice is known by multitude of words."

"Anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

"I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly" (King Saul).

"He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

If one will take the pains to study the antitheses of these marvelous statements, he will see the wisdom of not being a fool.

When we study this word from every angle, turn on it every sidelight, take it in all shades of meaning, who of us can honestly say, "The word has never applied to me?" When we look at all our own mistakes and foolish acts, and what we have seen in so many others, do we wonder at Carlyle's concise census of the population -- "mostly fools"?

But after all, there is some degree of consolation when we think of the wise statement of Abraham Lincoln: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can not fool all the people all of the time." Thank the Lord for this ray of hope and cheer!

We shall have occasion a number of times to use the word fool in this article, yet we do not wish to be misunderstood and considered to be flying in the face of our Lord's admonition, where He says, "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." This is one of the peculiar statements in the Word which is much misunderstood. Matthew Henry, in his commentary seems to catch the proper meaning. "He tells them, that giving opprobrious language to our brother is tongue-murder, calling him 'Raca' and 'Thou fool.' When this is done with mildness and for a good end, to convince others of their vanity and folly, it is not sinful. Thus, James says, 'O vain man'; and Paul, 'Thou fool'; and Christ himself, 'O fools and slow of heart.' But when it proceeds from anger and malice within, it is the smoke of that fire which kindled from hell and falls under the same character."

The wrong sense in which to use the word is -- bemeaning one, calling him a fool in malice, running him down, slurring him through ill will. In no such sense will it be used in this book; but rather in the sense of showing up folly in a general way and not in a personal way through personal ill will.

So let it be understood, that when we use the word in any of its meanings we do not use it in the sense in which our Lord condemns.

If we apply the term to ourselves when we were tremendously fooled at different times in our lives, we may have more charity for others in some of their foolishness. Have we not been fooled in people many times? We thought they were pious, but they were frauds. We thought they were holy, but they were holy terrors. We thought they were blessed, but it was put on. They raised a hallelujah in the meeting and a hullabaloo at home. We loaned a preacher some money and proved the adage, "If you want to lose a friend, loan him some money." You recommended him as an evangelist, and wished a dozen times you could recall it. You called him to become the pastor and he split the church. You invited him to preach and then hung your head as he did so. You called him as evangelist, and he besmirched the church with his immorality. You thought he had never been married before, but later heard of the other wife still living. He joined the church and you thought you had caught a whale, but he was a sucker.

But it is not all in the religious world. The business world teems with those who got fooled. You had so much confidence in him, that you failed to have proper contracts drawn up, and he swindled you.

The young lady thought she was getting someone as pure as herself, but he had venereal poison in his veins, and her life and that of her offspring were blighted.

Another thought she was getting a man of sobriety, but she got a drunkard.

Another was sure she was getting a man of means, and he proved to be a man of meanness -- he was as poor as Job's turkey.

The wife thinks she has a husband who is true to her, but he is living a double life; he is a libertine.

There is no end to this. Go where you will, in all walks of life, those who have been fooled are in evidence.

Strickland Gilliland says, "And if there's anyone here who can't remember when he was a fool, he's one yet."

The agent after some psychological persuasion made you believe you would miss the chance of your life if you did not purchase right now, and you did so. Before he got out of the yard you felt like kicking yourself and him worse for making such a fool of yourself.

You invested money on the crest of the wave in speculation in houses or lots, and then the slump came and you got tremendously left. Then you felt foolish.

Gilt-edged stock was offered you and you had to buy so quick or it would surely rise, and you did not take time to seek counsel, but you had plenty of time afterward to see your folly.

You bought your clothes at the wrong time of the year; had you waited a little longer you might have saved about half.

The street faker handled the little article for sale so adroitly that you felt you must have one, and then you felt like me when I did it. How I longed for some invention that would help me in putting on a four-in-hand! I get so tired stiffening my neck, gritting my teeth, and setting my jaws (not in anger but in sheer necessity) when I put on my necktie, and then find I have either ripped the tie in two or pulled the collar loose. Well, I saw him do it so nicely on the street, using that little patent concern. He got my 35 cents and I felt like five cents less than that when I tried it all alone. I would be glad to get ten cents for the same thing now. I got fooled.

Thousands are following some cult to their doom. Some fraud or deluded person has a vision, gathers his dupes around him, and some new movement begins. No matter if the claim is the Messiahship itself, there are always enough fools to follow on.

The modern Elijah springs up and thousands of followers are forthwith at his beck and call, but after awhile he crosses the great divide, his sun goes down behind a cloud, and his flock begins to disappear. Another Elijah is seen on the horizon, but after awhile he drops out of sight behind the prison bars.

A special illuminating vision comes to some woman in which she sees into the ark of the covenant and beholds special light around the Fourth Commandment. This means that Saturday must be observed instead of the first day of the week, and hence, the thousands who worship at that shrine.

An angel from heaven reveals the spot where the golden plates are, which are found and translated by the use of the urim and thummim. Then a book, equal in authority to the Bible, is the result. A new religion with hundreds of thousands of foolish ones following on, all accepting the Book of Mormon equal with the Bible.

A man goes through a series of fits, in which he is carried to the seventh heaven and gets his instructions from God himself and produces another Bible, the Koran, and in the course of time hundreds of millions of poor fools are ready to make the rest of the world Mohammedans at the point of the sword.

Through special revelations from God (not the revamping of Old World theosophy, oh, no!) a new science dawns upon benighted humanity. People now can get rid of sickness which never existed, by the operation of mind upon matter, which does not exist, and also rid themselves of sin, which never did have any existence, and so escape the devil and death, neither of which exist. Result: Look at the beautiful structures called "First Church of Christ Scientist" which, in operation have no semblance of church, or Christ, or Christianity, or science-the great quadruple misnomer of the latter times.

And where shall we stop? The masses of the world have been fooled into false religions from time immemorial. The Orient is teeming with them. The Occident is about the same. Age-old cults and new-born cults and still they come! What fools mortals be! The great tidal wave of spiritism is inundating the world. The people are leaving the Old Book and the old paths which tell of the future existence, and have turned to "familiar spirits" which "peep and mutter," and rap and

tap, and kick tables, and turn ouija boards, and produce half-formed apparitions, and weird sentences, and silly statements, and devilish doctrines, and hellish suggestions, and the fools believe they have heard from "Summerland." If people would only take the time and trouble to investigate this occult department, they would easily determine that about nine-tenths of the whole business is simon-pure fraud and trickery, and nine-tenths of the remaining tenth can be accounted for through natural causes, such as suggestion to the subconscious realm of the mind, mental telepathy (thought transference), hypnosis, and such like, and the remainder the direct operation of the devil himself. Yes, the devil is the head of this cult and knows just how to manage the hypnotic idiots, suggesting to their subconsciousness what he will, and managing the whole realm of spiritism to suit himself. Don't tell me there is nothing in it. There is power enough in it to backslide thousands of those who once knew God, and every Christian who will dabble with any department of it. There is enough in it to fulfill the prophecy, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils" (1 Tim. 4:1).

We are certainly in times of peril. It behooves us to watch and pray. The devil is "going about seeking whom he may devour." False doctrines and "isms" are in evidence everywhere. The very elect will be deceived if not careful. "For the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

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133 -- STUNT FOOLS

One day I was walking along the business street of Camden, N. J., with a friend and observed people intently looking toward the top of a four-story building. We stopped and likewise gazed. On the top of that flat-roofed building was a man with common kitchen tables about three feet by four. Four of these tables were placed one above the other near the edge of the roof. The man mounted the topmost table and was handed two chairs which he placed face to face on the top table. He then stood on these two chairs and was handed the third chair, which he placed on top of the two. Then he stood on this top chair. He was then handed the fourth one, but there was not sufficient room to stand it up on the one top chair, so he simply put the back legs of this on the top one, then sat down and balanced himself on the two back legs of this top chair. His feet were clear off the chair, swinging in that awful space, and he balancing himself in that frightful position. It took about all my nerve just to watch him, and when he was through I turned to my friend and said, "That's a fool." Was I not right? There are many ways of being a fool.

Read again the definition in the dictionary and the Biblical application, and I shall try to keep myself within bounds.

That woman was a fool who went over Niagara Falls sealed up in a barrel. She took the awful plunge without losing her life, but showed to the world real consummate foolishness. She may have gained some notoriety, and taken in a few coppers through the sale of her picture, seated alongside of the barrel. I met her afterwards in Niagara Falls sitting beside her famous barrel, and purchased her picture. Then I asked her where she would have gone had she lost her life in going over the Falls. She seemed offended somewhat at the impertinency, and retorted that she was just

as good as some folks that talk so much about religion. But she has now passed beyond the line of worlds and testing the stern realities of eternity. I was recently told while passing through Niagara Falls again that she died a subject of charity in some institution.

Blondin was a fool for doing his marvelous exploits over Niagara Falls on the tightrope. Yes, he made the trip with a wheelbarrow, and also on stilts, to the wonderment of the spectators, even carrying a fellow on his back, but it only doubled up on his foolishness.

That man and woman in Columbus, O., were fools for walking the tightrope many feet in the air, and he standing on his head on the chair, and doing other hair-raising stunts. It would not take long to prove my statement had either of them slipped off the rope.

Now comes the most daring airplane performance probably on record. A man stands on his head on top of a six-foot pole mounted on an airplane. In spite of the wind caused by the swift moving airplane, this man stood on his head on the pole. Well -- let me forbear comments. Maybe he didn't know which end his head was on.

That was a fool of a girl, eighteen years of age, who dropped from an airplane, in a parachute, from the height of 15,200 feet, near St. Paul, Minn. It took her twenty minutes from the time she left the airplane till she struck terra firma, and during that descent she had time to consider what a fool she was making of herself, and decided then and there she would never attempt it again.

The man who dangles from an airplane and performs stunts to the astonishment of onlookers, and swings from one plane to another in midair, is a fool. Why trifle with one's life when he has only one?

The camera caught a man in his frightful and fool leap across a sixteen-foot chasm, and four thousand feet deep, so the article states. Popular Mechanics gives a picture of the fool in the air directly over the awful abyss. It was not necessary to take that chance. Notoriety causes many a one to take awful risks. It makes fools galore.

A picture is taken of a man driving his automobile across two metal bars connecting the roofs of two seven-story buildings. Had the poor simpleton wavered his machine he would have plunged to the depths below. Why did he take such chances? He was another fool.

A man writes: "The most hazardous stunt I ever did was to climb half way up the ice of Niagara Falls. Inch by inch, clutching at every piece of jagged ice that offered a firm hold, I pulled my way up a sheer 60-foot wall of rough ice. I was arrested for doing it." The picture of this hazardous climb is given in Popular Science Monthly, as well as that of one who was trying to out-stunt a rival, and by so doing he balanced himself on top of a flagpole on a Newark, New Jersey, skyscraper. There for eight minutes while the wind was blowing hard he balanced himself while the camera man took his picture.

One man who wanted to be famous, leaped to his death into the burning crater of Vesuvius. Did he discover afterwards that he had become famous? Could he read the papers and hear the comments and note the feelings of those who heard of the marvelous stunt? Was he wise or a fool?

The barber who shaved a man in the lion's den, and the man who showed off by putting his head in the lion's mouth, till he finally did it once too often, were both fools.

The man who toyed with his boaconstrictor, wrapping it about his body and performing with the great serpent, finally woke up to the fact that he was a fool, when he felt the huge reptile tightening itself around him, and the bones began to snap and break. He was a helpless victim and suffered death for his folly.

That man was a fool at the great Annual Roundup in Pemberton, Oregon, who covered himself with gasoline, got on his horse, lighted the gasoline in the presence of the concourse of people, and was about to strike out on horseback. Going at a rapid speed he expected the wind to carry the flames to the rear and thus escape being burned. But when the broncho balked, there was nothing left but to burn to death. What folly to trifle with flames!

Can the reader wonder that we have one department of this book on "Fools" when we see so many outlandish things done by people and for what? You may decide for yourself. Here is a man "dragged by an auto, flat on his back, from New York to Chicago, without stopping for the worst bumps on the roughest road. H____ R____, of the former city expects to complete the 1000-mile journey uninjured. He will be protected only by a football helmet and six thicknesses of leather. No skids will protect his body from the road. Tow ropes will be attached to a short cross bar under his heels." So states the Popular Science Monthly, which also gives the picture of another man flat on his back, using his nose for a tee, on which is placed a golf ball, ready to be struck. William Tell was forced into the predicament Of shooting the apple off his boy's head, but when a fellow deliberately makes a golf tee of the end of his nose, it looks as if he ought to have it snubbed for his folly.

A man who had gleaned in the public library some knowledge of navigation, concluded to take an ocean voyage all alone in his home-made yawl. He started from the Los Angeles harbor. He made a 3000-mile sea voyage alone. He glided out of Los Angeles harbor Nov. 18, 1921, after being familiar with the sea and sailing only three years. He carried three months' provisions and water aboard his yawl. He slept mostly at night, leaving his boat to wallow on the cross seas when the wind died out. He sailed six weeks, having sighted land only once, and that off the coast of Lower California, and had never since leaving that coast in the six weeks seen a passing vessel. In forty-three days he reached the Marquesas Islands. His plan was then to sail for Tahita and Samoa after the passing of the typhoon season.

Why am I writing this? To show what folly can be wrapped up in one human breast.

A Norwegian steamer caught in a 110-mile hurricane floundered and sank in mid-ocean. The S.O.S. calls went out over the deep. Each detail of the ship's distress, each call for help was supplemented with jests as if he was headed for a lark instead of the bottom of the ocean. Can one hardly imagine, when a vessel is caught in a wind blowing 110 miles per hour, and the vessel

sinking, that its wireless operator would jest and joke at the awful predicament? The call for help reached another vessel which rushed to the scene, but it was all over, the boat had gone down with all on board. What folly to jest in the jaws of death!

Recently the papers abounded with the account of "Adam and Eve" in the woods of Maine. A Boston couple, husband and wife, started out into the wilds of Maine, entirely nude, and were going to demonstrate to the world that they could thus survive for a given length of time, provide for themselves clothing, food and shelter, and the necessities of life. From day to day the papers reported their progress, their primitive dress, their starting of fire, the crude shelter, the scant food, how the first animal was caught and killed, and the terrible hardships of getting started. Finally, an account came out stating that they had been fined \$354 by a warden for violating the game laws of the state, in killing game out of season. "So the romance came to an abrupt end." Could intelligent human beings conceive of anything more silly and foolish? What if they had succeeded in their romantic venture, how much better off would it have made the world?

But how is this for a foolish stunt? A man played the piano for sixty-five hours and some minutes without stopping. All this time he never moved from his seat, nor took his hands from the keys. Sandwiches and black coffee were given him by an attendant from time to time. When the marathon race was ended he fell over exhausted. And yet he expects to try it again and make a bigger fool of himself.

"A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him." -- Boileau.

And now comes the Marathon dance, where young women vie for the honor of breaking the record in long endurance dancing. Some of these idiots kept it up for several days and nights without stopping.

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134 -- FOOL CHANCES

Among the most dangerously foolish acts in these modern days are the chances people take in connection with railroad trains. All over the country multiplied thousands of people men, women and children -- are taking chances, and thousands of them are being hurled into the next world for so doing. Many are killed by walking along the railroad tracks and being struck by trains, many working men are of this class, and many children. How many have lost their lives by jumping off the train, and how many have crowded too close to the passing train on the depot platforms! All of this is absolutely unnecessary and could have been avoided. But people take chances.

Look at the automobile passengers who are being killed from time to time at grade crossings. See that poor fool speeding his auto in order to beat the train to the crossing. He got to the wrong one; he crossed "the great divide." Then see how many come to the crossing and do not take time and pains to note the "stop, look, listen" sign. Had they heeded this "safety first" admonition, they would still be doing business in this world.

How many there are who take chances, when there is absolutely no occasion for the same. See them run in order to cross the track before the train gets there, or run in order to pass under the gates, and then stop to watch the train go by. That shows they were not in such a hurry. But it does not show that they were not foolish.

Children will stop on the track and see who dares to stay the longest before the train gets to them. How many have been killed in this way! Note those who stop and pretend they are going to stay, and just before the train reaches them, they step off and think it is a joke on the engineer.

It is hard to hear a train coming from behind when one is walking the track with the wind blowing in his face. The engineer then is full of anxiety, not knowing whether the pedestrian hears the train or not. Many times they do not hear it, and then lose their lives. What an awful strain this must be on the nerves of engineers!

One of the commonest ways of meeting death on railroad tracks is to drive the auto or team from behind a train, on to the next track and not note if there is another train coming. This often happens to the death of the careless driver.

* * *

135 -- EATING FOOLS

That young man in my native town was a fool who, on a wager, ate fifteen dishes of ice cream without stopping. But he was a bigger one who in Chester, Ill., consumed a gallon of ice cream in eighteen minutes on a bet, if the account in the paper is to be believed. I once attended the funeral of a man who died with hiccoughs brought on by taking too much cold into his stomach. It took him one week to hiccough himself to death.

Nobody but a fool will bet on how much he can eat or drink of a given article and then try it out. And yet that has been going on as far back as the oldest inhabitants.

On a wager a man drank nineteen glasses of whisky, but fell dead on the nineteenth. That seems awful and we naturally say "fool" when we read it. But was he more of a fool than the other fellow who drank nineteen hundred glasses and fell dead with delirium tremens? One simply finished the job quicker than the other.

Another man ate thirty-six fried eggs on a bet. He was another fool. All this nonsensical big eating on bets is consummate idiocy. How many there are who ate their last meal at that time!

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136 -- GASTRONOMIC JUNK PILES

But the biggest gastronomical idiot yet, probably, was that man who swallowed hardware. We will give the account verbatim.

"Discovery of a 'human junk heap' was announced by officers at the House of Correction at Deer Island today. Charles W. Buzzell, of Montreal, serving a sentence of one year for forgery, complained of indigestion.

"A surgical operation resulted in the recovery of two pounds of miscellaneous articles from his stomach. The collection, Dr. L. C. Rockwell said, included parts of a dog chain two feet long, a safety razor blade nearly whole, a suspender buckle and 179 fragments or pieces of glass, hay wire, staples, nails and screws. Relieved of these substances, Buzzell almost entirely recovered, it is said.

"The prisoner had been accumulating the collection with suicidal intent, according to Dr. Rockwell, since last December. He had previously made a similar cumulative attempt to end his life, but it was frustrated by an operation performed in New York, he said."

I have read of a similar diet before, but this seems to have capped the climax on dietetics.

In Kentucky, a certain insane woman was operated upon, and five full-sized teaspoons were taken from her stomach. She had often threatened to swallow them, but she was never detected in the act. When she was sent home from the hospital, she took "the spoons with her. Probably she will hold them as souvenirs.

The Literary Digest once published an article along this same line of freak eating. A boy had a mania for swallowing various sorts of articles as he could lay his hands on them. Later on in life, stomach trouble set in. No wonder stomach trouble put in its appearance: a greater wonder is that it was not the undertaker. A doctor being summoned gave him an examination and discovered a pile of junk inside. A surgical operation was performed and two hundred fifty articles were taken out, consisting in part of a number of coins, a safety pin and button hook. A picture in the Literary Digest showed the various articles hung up on a board. In all departments of life we find the foolish freaks.

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137 -- GREAT GORMANDIZERS

I have before me a statement that Tiberius, nineteen centuries ago, spent two days and one night at the table in a continuous feast. Of course it is hard to understand how this could be done unless he had a method like one of my neighbors when I was a boy. This neighbor lady would eat plums till she was full, or satisfied, and then tickle her throat and dispose of the contents of her stomach, then proceed to eat another batch. This article before me states that Roman gourmands ate continuously, delicacies being served to them as they bathed. It goes on to say that Conde, while entertaining Louis XV, spent \$45,000 for a single meal, and Julius Caesar gave a dinner party in Rome that lasted twelve days. The Roman emperor, Caligula, gave a few intimate friends a dinner which cost \$400,000, or \$100,000 a plate. If this be true it seems to be some square meals sure enough. Paul once said, "Whose god is their belly." The high cost of living evidently did not worry them. I wonder if the high cost of dying did.

Popular Science makes mention of some marvelous eaters. "The exploits of the gentlemen who eat ten dozen raw oysters at a sitting, or a dozen beefsteaks at a meal, seem moderate, even abstemious, in comparison with the food consumed by the greatest gluttons of medical records.

"A man who eats a whole leg of veal at dinner must have a fair appetite, but the records of the Royal Society mention the case of a boy ten years old who consumed sixty-four pounds of food a day for a week. Another case, also a young boy, averaged over 374 pounds a week for more than a year. Even then he was always hungry, and if food were not supplied him, he would gnaw his own flesh.

"Such appetites as these are a disease -- diabetes. In spite of the food taken into the stomach, the body gets no nourishment, and these boys were really starving while they sat at table with piles of food in front of them. Both died emaciated, as if they had starved to death."

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138 -- TOBACCO FOOLS

"Tobacco is the admitted cause of eighty diseases, including delirium tremens, palsy, heart disease, consumption, cancer of the lower lip and tongue, and kills 25,000 in our land every year."

"Nicotine, the essential principal of tobacco, is so deadly an alkaloid, that what is contained in one cigar, if extracted and administered in a pure state, would cause a person's speedy death."

"A drop or two placed on the tongue of a cat produces convulsions and death in the space of a minute."

"Put a victim of this habit into a hot bath; let full and free perspiration arise: then drop a fly into that water, and it dies at the instant of contact. Cannibals will not eat human flesh which contains the flavor of tobacco. Even the turkey-buzzards of Mexico refused the flesh of soldiers addicted to this indulgence. A thread dipped into the oil of tobacco and drawn through a wound made by a needle in an animal, killed it in the space of seven minutes."

"Two drops (oil of tobacco) on the tongue of a red squirrel destroyed life in one minute. A Hottentot placed the end of his pipe to the mouth of a snake. The effect was instantaneous. With a momentary, convulsive motion, the snake untwisted itself, and never stirred again. People at the Sandwich Islands, we are told, carry smoking so far, that they sometimes fall down senseless, and suddenly die. A German periodical says that of twenty deaths of men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, one-half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking."

"At Dartmouth Park, England, a boy three years of age was given an old wooden pipe by his father, with which to blow soap-bubbles. The father washed out the pipe before letting the child have it. After using it the boy was taken ill, and three days later he died, his death, according to the medical evidence, being undoubtedly caused by the nicotine in the old pipe which he sucked while blowing out the soap bubbles. Children have been sacrificed -- unintentionally, of course --

by a liniment of tobacco rubbed over the scalp; and one case is recorded wherein a father killed his child by applying tobacco spittle to an eruption on the head. Many an infant has been killed outright in its cradle by the tobacco smoke with which a thoughtless father filled an unventilated room. A very moderate quantity introduced into the system--even applying the moistened leaves over the stomach -- has been known very suddenly to extinguish life. We have heard of hireling soldiers who have brought upon themselves vomiting and convulsions by wearing tobacco leaves under their armpits, that they might be excused from duty."

"Dr. Twitchell found that nearly all the eases of death during sleep, which came under his observation, were of men who had indulged largely in tobacco; and the correctness of his statements was confirmed by investigations made by the Boston Society for medical observation. Says the late Rev. George Trask: 'I can give the names of scores of men who were found dead in their beds, or fell dead in the streets or elsewhere, who had been the victims of this poison.'"

"Many chewers of tobacco take enough every day to kill any three men who have never used it before, if compelled to use it the same way, for the same time. Take one man's twenty-four hours' quantum, cut it into three equal parts, and give them to three men, compelling them to use the article in the same way, and they would all be within twenty-four hours dead men."

"Such is the rankness of the poison of tobacco, that even to sleep with an inveterate smoker is very dangerous. Many a tobacco-user's wife, by constantly sleeping with him, has suffered ill health. No tobacco-user is fit for a bed-companion. He is giving pestilential vapors from all the pores of his skin."

"The use of tobacco creates a thirst for strong drinks. In a certain prison six hundred prisoners were confined for crimes committed while intoxicated. Five hundred testified that the use of tobacco led them to drinking." -- (The quotations above are taken principally from Rev. A. Sim's book on Bible Salvation and Popular Religion Contrasted.)

In the great cities there are people who go around and gather up the cigar stubs which have been thrown away. These are dried and sold and used again in making cigarettes. And who knows, when he is puffing away at his little cigarette, but what the very tobacco in it, was in the mouth of some rotten syphilitic, or consumptive, or cancerous-mouthed victim?

Am I out of the way when I apply the word fools to all who use this deadly poison? Who is a bigger fool than he who will rush headlong into such a whirlpool of death?

I once knew a preacher who sat on a platform within a few feet of an evangelist who used tobacco, and wrote a most scathing tract on this vile habit. He made use of language about like the following: "The railroads have caged the dirty beasts by themselves (put them in the smokers), and in every city and town they ought to be put in the back alleys with a herald going on before crying 'Unclean! Unclean!' so that every decent hog and dog could get out of the way. It is true that the Bible does not say anything about the use of tobacco, but what would be the sense of God Almighty saying anything about that which you can learn from any decent hog, dog or ass?"

But let not the filthy tobacco-user bolster himself up in the thought that no such word is found in the Bible, when enough can be found there that would condemn any user of the weed. Note the following:

"Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (2 Cor. 7:1).

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" (1 Cor. 6: 19).

"If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy" (1 Cor. 3-17).

"I will take away his abominations from between his teeth" (Zech. 9: 7).

"Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread?" (Isa. 55.. 2).

"From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you" (Ezek. 36 ò 25).

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10: 31).

"In everything give thanks" (1 Thess. 5: 18).

Could a filthy tobacco-user with the amber drizzling down his cheeks look up to God and honestly say, "Oh, Lord, I am chewing this vile cud to Thy glory, and I hereby desire to render unto Thee thanks"? Anything for which we could not consistently thank the Lord, and which is not done to His glory certainly ought to be dispensed with. Some one has said there is only one promise in the Bible for the tobacco user; the one in Revelation, where it says, "Let him that is filthy, be filthy still."

Some excuse themselves on the statement of Jesus where He said that it was not that which entereth into the mouth which defileth a man, but that which proceedeth out from the mouth. And right here is the pivotal point. If the users of the filthy weed would only observe this to the letter and keep it in the mouth; but they squirt it around and slobber it out, and drizzle it down on their clothes, and besmirch the floors, and puff the smoke out and defile the air. Jesus surely had it right; it is that which cometh out which defiles.

And there is no use in trying to palm oneself off on the public as being clean when he uses this beastly thing, for the Bible distinctly says that all animals which chew the cud and do not split the hoof are unclean. So the only recourse such people have to prove their cleanliness, is to expose their pedal extremities and exhibit their split hoof, if any. But in case this is done, do not be surprised if some of us link you up with old "Split Foot" himself, and feel disposed to believe that you are direct descendants. Pretty hard language, do you say? Then take your own medicine; for down the decades you have foisted yourself upon decent humanity, and entailed your wretchedness and disease upon your offspring, and spread the pall of death far and wide, till your curse is in evidence everywhere. If this is hard, where are you going to come off? Isn't it fair to even it up a little?

Let me shed a little light on the cigarette question. This is one of the great menaces of our day. What fools we are to let this gigantic fraud go on without our strongest protests and throwing our might against it. I quote from a clipping: "A careful chemist made an analysis of an ordinary cigarette. This is the result: 'The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proved to be the most ordinary quality of paper, whitened with arsenic. The two poisons combined were present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker the habit of using opium without his being aware of it, craving for which can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes.'

"The above facts open our eyes to the reasons that many give, even little boys, when exhorted against cigarette smoking. When told that it will kill them, they say, 'I can't stop it now.' It is the opium that is in them whose grip when once fastened is like that of a serpent's coil. Tighter and tighter it becomes until the victim is destroyed. Arsenic is a sure poison. A dose of two or three grains will destroy life in a few hours or days. The habit once formed is impossible to be given up, so good authorities tell us. Everything should be done that can be done to prevent this habit."

A friend of mine was told by a certain tobacco user, that one time he went to bite off a piece of plug tobacco and felt a hard substance through which he could not bite. On examination, he discovered a piece of toe nail. This had doubtless either been broken off or cut off and carelessly dropped into the tobacco in which the party was working barefooted. Isn't it a stimulating thought for the tobacco user to feel that his beautiful and delicious plug of tobacco may be flavored with African toe nails? Does it not make one's mouth water to anticipate it?

I was told that a train was wrecked in the South, smashing several box cars, scattering the contents around. These contents were consigned to a prominent tobacco establishment with which they were to make cigarettes, or to supplement the tobacco in cigarettes. What was this shipment that was wrecked and strewn on the ground? It was horse manure. Now isn't that a fine concoction? Young man, the next time you suck that cigarette, just dwell on the prospect of its ingredients. How ennobling it will make you feel! And how sweet it will taste, as the smoke enters your mouth!

"The fool is happy that he knows no more." -- Pope.

I have before me a tract entitled "What Fools!" written by Rev. E. P. Ellyson. I will take the liberty of using it to illustrate a certain particular class of fools.

"The other day we were making some calls. As we approached a certain home, we noticed there were no curtains nor blinds at the windows. An old bed quilt was hanging in one window to protect the inmates from the gaze of the passerby. When admitted to the home we found no carpets on the floor. An old dilapidated organ, all out of repair, and a small table were the only articles of furniture, chairs having to be carried in from another room for us to sit on. The woman came from the washtub and seated herself across the room from us. She was very busy, and we could not stay but a few moments. While we were there, several times the old ragged apron was brought to the face to wipe off the great beads of sweat which would break out. But it was not the sweat alone that brought the trouble. At the corners of the mouth a yellow-colored liquid would "keep oozing

out, which must be wiped away. I know the woman felt embarrassed and did not want us to know; but that yellow liquid told clearly the story of a snuff user. We did not see the father at this time, but knew him to be a tobacco user. They were both hard-working people, and had four children to care for.

"Will you think for a moment about this family? No window shades, no curtains, no carpets, very poor and scant furniture, hard-working, four poorly clad children to care for, and spending a surprisingly large amount of their hard earned money for spit! Was not the poet right when he said, 'What fools these mortals be'?

"If this spit-producing expense was eliminated, in but a short time the curtains, carpets and furniture could be secured, and life became much more enjoyable and respectable.

"Many would join in condemning these because of their poverty, but would try and justify themselves in the same habit because they have more money to spend. My friend, you are none the less the fool. The amount of money one possesses has nothing to do with the waste, and can not justify this habit. A dime is of the same value, and in itself will purchase just as much alone, as it will associated with a thousand. If you have so many you can be careless and wasteful of some of them, remember there are others who need them, and your waste is wicked. How foolish to use them for spit when they could be put to so many good uses!

"Not long ago a man died at the age of seventy-three. This man began to keep an accurate account of his expenditures at the age of eighteen. This record showed that during these fifty-five years he had spent \$10,433 just to suck smoke into his mouth and blow it out again. No wonder that near the close of his life he wrote, 'I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing.' He had the means, and might have accomplished Something. God will judge him accordingly. And He will judge all tobacco users. The tobacco waste is one of the awful wastes of humanity. Just watch the passersby and see how very many are thus criminal as God's stewards.

"What a shame that any one should ask, 'Is it right for a Christian to use tobacco?' If it is right for a Christian, then it would have been right for Jesus to use it under the same circumstances. Friend, do you think He would?"

What fools parents are to set examples before their children, which will lead them into the same paths of error with themselves! What fools parents are that will allow their boys to keep company with cigarette fiends, knowing well enough that soon the little chaps will be going around sucking the poisonous thing, with a little fire at one end and a little fool at the other!

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139 -- DOPE FOOLS

It would seem that a suicide is a fool. How foolish to think one can escape trouble and sorrow and pain by ending his earthly life! Could he get one peep into the world beyond, it would disclose the awful fact that he had "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire" sure enough. Do not think you can escape punishment or pain or sorrow so easily as that. The only way to find a haven

beyond is to find a Savior here, One who saves from sin and brings peace and joy to the heart. To go into the next world with sin and guilt upon the soul, will be to continue in that awful state throughout eternity.

But while there are people who would not deliberately commit suicide in one single act, yet there are thousands who are doing so step by step in more ways than one. Look at the booze victims everywhere. They are drinking themselves to death and to hell. How sad to think they will have to meet the terrible fact at the judgment, that they have practically committed suicide, and will have to be judged as murderers-murderers of their own bodies!

Then comes the army of dope fiends. It is said there are "two million victims of the most terrible, soul-destroying, body-wrecking, heart-breaking habit in the world," referring to drug victims. There seems to be a difference between a drug addict and a dope fiend. The drug addict would give anything in the world if he could break the habit, while a dope fiend would not be broken of it if he could.

When a certain board of health opened a "dope" clinic to help the addicts to "taper off" it was discovered that instead of the addicts decreasing they were actually increasing. They came from all over that part of the country for treatment. Certainly, for they could get it free at this place. In different places these clinics were opened, but without success. ",No wonder the Federal Government is looking in every direction for some solution to this appalling problem."

"Dope" sellers hang around the edges of soldier camps and navy yards to sell the soul-destroying and body-wrecking stuff. The statement was made by a penitentiary warden that six per cent. of those committed to prison under him a year ago, were dope addicts, and now he finds the percentage has nearly doubled, and at the rate it is increasing, in six months it will be trebled.

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140 -- UNCLEAN FOOLS

Then look at that other army numbering its millions more -- the venereal victims. Surely "one half the world does not know what the other half is doing." The unnamable diseases festering in human bodies today brand a goodly portion of its inhabitants as fools indeed. The ravages made in the ranks of our soldiers and sailors are fierce. If I were a young woman contemplating marriage, I would be alarmed. I would certainly hold myself aloof till I would know without a shadow of doubt concerning the life and habits and purity of the one with whom I was to yoke as life partner. Who is it but a consummate fool that will dabble in lechery when he knows that such a large per cent. become victims of disease? In my travels I had occasion one time to stop over a few days in Hot Springs, Arkansas. There I saw sights which linger with me yet. People go there to have their rottenness boiled out of them. Oh, this sin-cursed world! Why will people not have some sense? After my brother had graduated from the medical college, he told me how some of the medical students visited the houses of ill fame. He then added, "I would not touch one of those women for a thousand dollars, on account of the danger."

The government had a tremendous problem to face during the war, concerning the soldiers and sailors and the dreadful diseases on this line. Booze, dope and venereal virus are sending millions to premature graves. Mark on their tombstones -- Here Lies A Fool.

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141 -- MOTION PICTURE FOOLS

Could I consistently pass by and ignore the greatest cause of disintegration of our moral fabric, and not brand as consummate fools the parents who will deliberately send their children to low-down moving picture shows of the present day, and doubly worse, go themselves and take their children? There is no question but what this is the greatest cause of crime and sensuality in the world today. It sends the boys to prison, and the girls to the brothel. How can decent-minded young men and boys behold unchaste nudity upon the screens and keep within gunshot of pure minds? The shows that range from simply the unclean to the vulgarly lascivious are the ones which are attracting the crowd.

Mrs. Ellen O'Grady, a police commissioner in the city of New York, denounced the moving pictures as corrupters of youth. Up from the pit of picture promoters came the hue and cry, "We give the people what they want." Certainly! And the bestial department of humanity want the exploitation of feminine nudity, and gloat their "eyes full of adultery" over such lasciviousness till decent girls are in extreme danger when they pass an alley on their way home, or even on the sidewalk are liable to be dragged into an auto and drugged and disgraced. When the school teacher gives lessons on anatomy these days, it is plainly evidenced that the boys' minds run to the obscene.

In New York City there was a most indecent moving picture show. The advertisement was ostensibly for the purpose of protecting young people and especially young soldiers from the curse of loathsome diseases. But the cloven-hoof was there, though adroitly hidden in the advertising. The young man at the door handing out cards, spoke to a passerby to come in and get a thrill.

What do you think of parading the pictures of an absolutely nude young woman through the streets of town after town in our country, thrusting them before the gaze of pure-minded people and compelling them to see the notorious obscenity, and then to behold under every picture these words: "To the pure all things are pure." Thus the Word of God was used to palliate their indecency.

One time a man went into a high-grade (?) moving picture house, hoping against hope to find a decent show. He said the main picture was not entirely putrid, although it showed two scenes that might far better have been omitted. He further said when the inevitable "comedy" came, one of the labels was this: "The chorus girls have to bare a good deal." And the chorus girls bore it out in full, the filthy suggestive label, while all over the house young men and maidens from sixteen to twenty-one giggled and poked each other in the ribs.

If this nation had planned out a scheme whereby it could to better advantage corrupt our youth, it seems that they could not have hit upon a better plan.

Some years ago an awful crime was perpetrated in New York. The victim of the murder was not much more than a child. The murderer fled and was considered a low type of degeneracy. Soon after this he committed suicide, and left behind him a most remarkable letter. He declared that he had fought against his animal impulses, but the way the girls and women were dressing, made a beast of him. When a mission worker was asked how she explained the tendency of girls to go to such extremes in dress, she said, "Well, for one thing, they go to the moving picture shows, see the extremes exemplified by the screen favorites, and think it smart to be imitators."

The incidents above on the movies are taken from an article in The Light, LaCrosse, Wis., and may more such light shine into this old, dark, sinful world.

I feel loath to leave this subject. Are not our daily papers constantly telling of youthful escapades, and disappearing girls from homes? It seems to be keeping the policemen busy these days looking after such. But why all this running away? They catch the vision from the screens. It creates an unrest in their sinful breasts. The home life is too humdrum; they want something adventurous. Normal conditions are too old-fashioned and tedious. The moving picture show has incited them to joy rides, the low-down cabarets, and wild life in general.

Years ago, when the writer lived in the city of Oakland, California, a Christian man was riding in a street car, in the window of which was a picture of considerable size, consisting of a semi-nude female, used to advertise some theatrical in the city. Rolph Bird, the church member in question, deliberately walked up to the indecent picture, snatched it down from the window, crumbled it up and put it in his pocket. The conductor approached him rather excitedly and demanded of him what right he had to tear down the advertisement. Mr. Bird responded by saying, "I paid my fare in this car for a decent ride and I propose to have it." The conductor demanded his name, which was freely given, together with his street and number. Before the conductor could get around to report on the situation, Mr. Bird had reported himself. He went into the superintendent's office, explained what he had done, and showed him the picture. The superintendent said he was not aware of such advertising, and practically apologized for it being there. A few mere of such men might purify things around us.

But what about the boys? They are becoming criminals by the wholesale. Look at the hundreds of automobiles stolen by boys and young men, many times simply for a high time and joy ride, yet often to get into some other part of the country. Look at the youthful holdups in all parts of our land. A gang of boys, small boys, was apprehended for their thefts, and a plot was discovered in which they intended to shoot a certain grocer, enter the store and rifle the cash drawer, get away, with the contents, and _____. And there the little fools stopped, for they could not see a foot beyond their noses. And all this came about by attending the movies. This nation rose up and throttled the liquor monster; why are we so foolish as to let another great crime exist? "The crime wave" passing over our country is common talk now, but why not analyze it and get at the bottom of it? Blot out the criminal, the vile and suggestive from the motion pictures and see if there is not a letting up: of this monster evil.

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142 -- DANCE FOOLS

Shall I pass on without calling attention to the thousands of fools in the whirlpool of the dance, that indecent exposure and liberty taken with others which would not be allowed for a moment in the sitting room? Get the statistics from policemen, matrons of rescue homes, matrons of jails, Catholic priests, and you will learn that nearly all the young women who are fallen have done so through the dance. The lecherous libertines who follow up the dance, set their traps way ahead to decoy the unwary. The heated passions aroused by the improper contact of the dance, followed by the ride in the taxi or the outside supper, a little dope and the deed is done, and a poor soul is sent gliding down the toboggan towards the pit. When will mothers and fathers open their eyes and see what has been, will be, and will be more and more, as style and conditions cater to the voluptuous and sensual.

Dr. Richardson of Boston and Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, are reported to have said, regarding this subject: "It is war on physical health; a menace to men's moral nature; the avenue through which thousands pass to the brothels. The dance hall is the nursery of the divorce courts, and training ship of prostitution, and the graduation school of infamy."

Look at the heart-broken mothers and fathers who have seen their folly when it was too late. They let their giddy girl have her way, run into questionable society, dress according to the latest fad, (for fad and fashion seem to be about synonymous when it comes to dress,) learn to dance, stay out nights, and now she is in the brothel. And in a little while she will be in hell. It would seem that the derelicts scattered over this sea of life would open the eyes of more people to the danger of wreckage in their own homes; but "fools pass on and are punished."

A great dancing masters' convention was held in a foreign city. It was composed of dancing masters of several foreign nations. They adopted a resolution forbidding all American dances being used in the countries they represented. Yet these revolting dances with low-down and high-up dresses in America are patronized by the American people and thousands who actually belong to the church.

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143 -- TRADITIONAL FOOLS

To apply the word "fool" to intelligent people, seems really out of place; yet when we see what consummate foolishness has taken possession of some minds, otherwise intelligent, it seems that the word is not out of place. To become so settled in old ruts that absolutely nothing can change one, is certainly foolish. Such used to be the case with people years ago, and doubtless some of the same stock can be found today. To us who have such conveniences today for keeping warm in our comfortable homes, it hardly seems possible that people a few decades ago could be so foolish as to oppose a stove being placed in a church building to keep people warm. Yet such was the case. In the early part of the nineteenth century in a Connecticut town was an old meeting house where the people laid aside their differences in creed and all worshipped together. The building had neither steeple nor bell, and was very plain, comfortable enough in summer, but dreadfully cold in winter on account of having no fire. It seems that stoves in meeting houses in

those days were regarded as rather a sacrilegious innovation. The sermons were none too short for those who would rather have been home, but parental authority ordered otherwise. Some of the women carried foot stoves made to cover a few live coals covered with ashes.

After many years of shivering, one of the brethren proposed to have the church warmed with a stove. His audacious proposition was voted down with an overwhelming majority. Another year rolled around and in the late fall the stove proposition came up again. The excitement grew and the discussion was carried on in village stores and the juvenile debating club. The church members prayed over it, and finally in a general meeting of the church the question was carried by a majority of one, and the stove was introduced. The first Sunday thereafter, two old maiden ladies were so overcome by the dry and heated atmosphere occasioned by the awful innovation that they fainted and were carried out into the cool air where they were restored to consciousness, especially when they were informed, that owing to the lack of two lengths of stove pipe, no fire had yet been made in the stove.

The following Sunday was a bitter cold day, and the stove, filled with fine hickory, was very gratifying to many and displeased only a few. After the meeting an old deacon arose and requested the congregation to remain, when he called upon them to witness that he had from the first opposed the bringing in of a stove into the house of the Lord; but the majority had been against him and he had submitted. Now, if they must have a stove, he insisted upon having a large one, since the present one did not heat the whole house, but drove the cold to the back pews making them three times as cold as they were before. In the course of the week this deacon was made to comprehend that except on unusually cold days the stove was sufficient to warm the house, and, at any rate, it did not drive all the cold into a corner.

Can one imagine that such a state of affairs could have obtained in such a country as ours? Old, age-long ruts are hard to overcome, especially if they are religious ruts, handed down from past generations, and are not scriptural injunctions, but rather traditions. Christ used some severe language against those hypocrites who were clinging to their man-made traditions, and at the same time neglecting the commandments of God.

The consensus of opinion in these days is, that the bathtub is one of the necessities of the home. It would seem that if one had three grains of common sense he would know the value of this household boon. Yet only a few decades ago doctors, officials and people in general considered the bathtub as a dangerous innovation. In 1842 there was installed in Cincinnati the first bathtub in America, and it was a sensation. The doctors declared that to bathe in such a thing, especially in winter's cold, would cause inflammation of the lungs and rheumatism. Citizens wrote to newspapers that such an introduction showed how America was deteriorating and having a tendency to follow Europe's degenerate aristocracy.

The man who introduced the bathtub in Cincinnati got his idea from England, but those tubs were more like big pans, that flooded the floor with water when one would sit down in them. This Cincinnati man had something on a better scale. It was long and deep, made of mahogany and lead-lined. A tank was placed in the attic, and from there a coiled pipe ran down through the kitchen chimney and into the tub. This furnished the warm water.

It seems that the gentleman who introduced the wonderful innovation was very enthusiastic over it, for it is said that he took two baths on the day that it was completed. Following the Christmas dinner he led his guests to the bathroom, explained the use of the tub, and persuaded several of them to take a bath.

The news began to spread over the country. Philadelphia's Common Council voted on passing an ordinance forbidding bathing between November first and March fifteenth, and failed by only a couple of votes. Virginia flung itself into the breach and tried to stop the custom by placing an annual thirty dollar tax on every bathtub. But it had gotten too big a start and they could not stop it. In 1846 a plumber invented a zinc tub, but was denied a patent. New York City had its first bathtub in 1847 and by 1850 the citizens had bought a thousand. Is it not hard to imagine that people a few years ago could be so foolish?

One of the greatest studies of the human system today is the blood. Physicians everywhere write of the importance of good, healthful blood and plenty of it with good, red corpuscles. To drain one of blood is equivalent to draining him of life, for his life is in the blood. When consumptives have lost much blood by hemorrhages, frequently the doctor resorts to an introduction through the veins, of salt water to mix with the blood and help supply that which was lost. Many a time has some strong, full-blooded person bared his arm and allowed the physician to pump his blood into the anemic, watery-blooded patient. But what about a few decades ago? The common custom whenever one was ailing, was to make an incision in the arm, and bleed the patient, letting out the bad blood. My own mother was bled till she fainted for loss of blood. Sometimes leeches were placed on the body to suck the blood from the veins. In earlier days barbers were equipped with proper instruments to bleed people, and they were resorted to for such surgical operations. This was so common that the barbers hung out their bloody (red) sign, indicating that his shop was the place to get bled. Later, other colors were added to his sign, but the origin of the barber sign was the fact that he was prepared to do bleeding.

But where in the realm of ignorance was anything more foolish than to take the very life out of a sick person that so much needed his blood? Yet that was common custom.

Physicians have discovered in later years, that one common cause of taking colds is over-eating, filling the system with poisons, overtaxing the eliminating processes through the lungs, bowels, skin and kidneys. These avenues of nature, calculated to dispose of waste materials of the body, become overworked and unable to throw off too excessive quantities of poisonous matter which accrues in over-eating, and so a cold sets in -- nature's method of eliminating the poisons when other channels cannot take care of them. But what do we hear on every side even today? "Stuff a cold and starve a fever." Who, but an ignoramus or a consummate fool would say such a thing? One of the best ways in the world to stop a cold is to stop eating entirely till the tide is turned. This gives the system a chance to rest from its over-burdened work in taking care of its overplus of food, and turn its energies toward eliminating the poisons. Try it the next time you have a cold. This scribe knows the value of it by practical experience.

The time was when the poor fever-scorched patient with measles would have to drink only hot water. How they did long for a cool draught! But no; that might drive the measles in which might result in death. So during those long, wearisome days and nights the poor suffering children

were denied any cool water to slake their burning thirst. Folks have more sense now, when plenty of good cold water, and even ice cream are administered. When my child had measles, I made trips to the ice cream parlor, and fed her with that lovely pabulum.

Many years ago an epidemic of cholera was sweeping through Buffalo. Their only treatment was calomel and opium. Just think of it -- calomel and opium! Let me not get started to put in print what I think. I will desist. Water was strictly forbidden. The screams of the thirsty sufferers made the hospital wards most hideous. In spite of parched lips and their persistent cry for water, it was denied. That was all they knew. They did not realize that the "cry for water was the appeal of empty blood vessels for the circulation of life-giving cells. The poor sufferer's natural instincts knew more than we did," says one of the physicians. This physician tells of a young man who staggered into the hospital. The dreadful disease was far advanced in his case. He begged pitifully for a pail of cold water and a cup. The doctor, who was then an intern at the hospital, was disgusted at the failure of the treatment given the sufferers, and gave the fellow a pail of water, at the same time warning him of danger. Cup after cup the poor fellow drank it down, only to throw it up again. He kept this up for two hours, until half the pail of water was taken. Then his stomach got quiet, his thirst subsided and his pulse returned to normal. He then fell asleep and slept like a child. The next morning he was well. The doctors learned a great lesson. They made a discovery. They are not as foolish as they used to be. There is a chance for all of us to learn on all lines.

In our grandfathers' day people looked with great suspicion upon tomatoes. They were called "love apples" in those days, and were believed to contribute toward cancers. They were kept in the gardens more as an ornament, the same as we raise flowers. Inasmuch as people were not hankering after cancer, they generally kept aloof from "love apples" But somebody got to eating them and failed to die with cancer. Gradually the tomato became an article of diet, till now it is regarded as one of the most healthful of garden vegetables.

It hardly seems possible, when we look at the great opportunities of education of women, and note their capabilities, that in the early part of the nineteenth century such education was absolutely denied them. Boys could attend school, but girls never! If they received any education at all, it must be private tutorship in homes of the wealthy. In one school district when the question was being agitated concerning giving the girls an hour of teaching after the boys had been dismissed from school, one school trustee with a significant slur said, "What! Educate shes?" Surely we ought to be thankful that such traditional foolishness has forever passed from intelligent communities, for women have demonstrated the fact, that from the standpoint of real intelligence, scholastic attainments and capability, they stand abreast of the men right along, and often excel.

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144 -- THE OLD-TIME TEACHER FOOLS

That teacher, in my mother's time was a fool, who punished one of the boys by tying a scarf around his neck and hanging him up to a coat hook. The children got scared and ran out of the house, and the fool teacher after them. When he got back the child was dead. In those days a boy was punished by being made to sit for a given time on top of a stick with a sharp quill in the end. If he pressed his weight too hard the quill would run into him, and if he lifted his weight too much,

the stick would fall over, and this would demand worse punishment. Such treatment comes from educated fools.

The teacher who took a ferrule and pounded my brother over his hand till it nearly broke the bones did not know he was filling a young heart with revenge that stayed with him into manhood with the determination of threshing the pedagogue as soon as he was able. Manhood came and with it too much manhood to carry out such revenge, but he did inform him of his folly and told him what he thought of such fool treatment.

My mother's first term of school was one of terror. The teacher told her to study her letters. She came to the class to recite and was much frightened. He sent her back to her seat with the threat of a whipping if she did not get them. She got them all right, but was so frightened when she went to recite that her mind was a blank. Thank God such fools have passed off the stage and we have more sensible teachers today.

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145 -- FOOL OVERSIGHTS

Did you ever step to think how your foolish actions play into the hands of those who would rob you? Why did you not ask for that inspector's credentials when he called to inspect your plumbing, or telephone, or gas? He did not come to inspect that part of the premises, but to inspect what he could steal.

When the burglar came in contact with the padlock on your door, he did not want anything better, for that was a sign you were gone. It would have been far better had you fixed it on the inside, and fooled the fellow.

You left the information in writing on the front door, so your friend would know that you were gone and would not return for some time, but the other fellow read it, and walked in and helped himself. He likes to come in when he knows you are out.

You pulled the blinds down to keep the sun out, when you went away, but the burglar was not blind, neither did it keep him out; lint it signified to him that he would not be molested when he came in.

My parents lived in the country some ten or twelve miles from the city. Every week or so they went to the city to do their trading, and at that time they would leave the doors open, so that if any tramp came that way he would take it for granted that some one was at home, and so would not dare to enter.

The door mat is so handy under which to place the door key; or, perchance in the flower pot, or on the nail, or somewhere that makes it so easy for the other fellow to find it. Why not leave him a kindly notice to walk in and help himself?

How it does make the holdup's eyes sparkle when he sees you counting a nice fat roll of bills! You are so much wiser and poorer when he afterwards relieves you of your roll.

When the woman and her daughter were notified over the phone that tickets would be sent them to the theater, it was such good news, even if the party would not tell his name at the time. It was not so good news when they got home and found their house robbed, and robbed by the party who sent the tickets.

A nice place to carry money for the pickpocket is in the hip pocket of your trousers. Only a few days ago this writer was on a crowded street car in St. Louis, Mo. I did not have much money, but there was over twenty dollars in my hip pocket, and the pocket buttoned, making it, as I supposed, safe. As I was squeezing my way through the crowd in order to get off, I felt something going on around my person out of the ordinary. As I stepped to the ground I immediately placed my hand to my hip pocket and discovered that it was unbuttoned and my pocketbook gone. I cried out before the car started that someone had picked my pocket. The person just behind me, and the one I was quite sure had robbed me, pointed to the floor of the car and said, "There it is on the floor." Evidently, he feared to run the risk of being searched, so he dropped it. There are safer places to carry money than in the hip pocket or outside coat pocket.

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146 -- FOOLS IN FORESIGHT

A young man once asked a storekeeper to give him credit for a few weeks. Now asking credit is no new thing, nor is it considered a wrong thing by people in general; but in this particular case it certainly took the nature of a freak, and one might well dub him a fool for the asking of it. The article on which he had asked credit was a pocketbook. He was told if he wanted any article in the storekeeper's line which was a necessity, there was no objection in trusting him for a short time, but it seemed that a pocketbook was a superfluity for a man who had no money. He was declined the credit as the merchant could not see the necessity for possessing such an article till he had something to put into it.

Notice that I am not using very harsh language concerning this young man, for I am taking a retrospect of my own life. I did not ask credit, but well do I remember when I was a small boy, that I had a sort of mania to own a pocketbook. I finally saved up enough money to buy one, and I had it to myself, a real pocketbook all mine -- and not a cent to put in it. But is not this simply old human nature in its incipiency? Look over the business world and note people whose foresight was not half as good as their hind sight, and see some ventures they took. One of my neighbors in the years gone by took it into his head to make a fortune (I reckon) on strawberries. He rented a plot of ground and put out the plants. He looked into the future and saw the need of a "packing house," so to speak, from which he was to market the great quantities of berries. So alongside the road he built his "packing house," not overly large to be sure, but plenty large enough for his strawberry patch of perhaps a couple of acres. If ever one berry found its way into that house I do not know it, and am persuaded that it did not. In a little while the berry-raising had "fizzled," and there stood the "packing house," a silent reminder of one man's folly. I needed some lumber and so purchased the building by the roadside for forty-five dollars in cash, wrecked it and hauled it off.

Some one wrote a wonderful article showing how different firms forecast their increased business wrongfully, and in keeping with their air castles, they build on too big a scale for their coming business. They anticipate too much. They fail to keep in just the proper pace with their industry, but enlarge too big and get swamped. They fail to put out expenditures only as business warrants. How many large institutions over the land have started in very small, but increased and occupied larger buildings only as business increased, but no larger! Finally, the pictures showed the evolution from the old shack to the mammoth buildings covering acres. But too much optimism has caused many a one to fit up on a larger scale, with costly offices and furniture, and bigger buildings than business to put in them. Then when they saw their foresight had been terribly blurred, and their hind sight had become keenly bright, they woke up to see what fools they had been.

Among the many fools scattered over this country are those who have an opportunity of receiving an education and do not appreciate it enough to avail themselves of it. When some have to sacrifice as they do, work hard during school terms and harder during vacations, and scrimp in clothing and food to obtain an education, something they prize beyond words to express, and in after years see the wisdom of such a course, by being able to fill responsible and desirable positions, does it not certainly seem the mark of a fool when he will turn down an opportunity of an education when it lies right at his door? Come with me (and the trip will not be far) and let me show you people all around, who have spent more years in kicking themselves for the lack of an education than they would have had to spend in getting one.

Along with these foolish fellows are the next class who, though they missed their earlier education, still have not gumption enough to embrace present opportunities and educate themselves, in spite of the fact that they are not in school. With the thousands of good books, papers and magazines, proper correspondence schools and a thousand ways of receiving instruction and bettering one's mentality and usefulness, there seems to be no practical excuse for people to grow up and continue in ignorance. Yet some people haven't enough ambition even to learn to read, and some never learn to write their name. It looks as if they might take a few hours off some day and get started and create an appetite for learning.

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147 -- FOOLISH BLUNDERS

A little clipping is before me selected from the American Weekly, under the title of "Greatest Blunder of My Life." It seems that five thousand men had responded to some call to relate the greatest blunder of their life. Following are some of them:

"The greatest blunder of my life was gambling."

"When I left my church and mother."

"My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke."

"When I left school before I passed the fourth grade."

"Did not stick to my trade."

"Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work."

"Reading worthless books."

"Thinking that my boss could not do without me."

"Refused a steady position with a good firm."

"Would not hearken to the advice of other people."

"Not saving money when I was young."

"Did not stick to anything."

"Careless about religious duties."

"Did not take care of my money."

"The greatest blunder of my life was not accepting Christ and thereby avoiding many sorrows caused by serving Satan."

What fools all of us have made of ourselves at times! If we were to live our lives over again, and watch where we had acted so foolish, what a change it would make! Why not take a retrospect of our past and look down the lane of long ago and ask ourselves, What was the greatest blunder of my life? And while some one thing might have been the superlative blunder, were there not many others about as great?

Many young men wonder why they do not succeed better and faster. They see others promoted all around them, and wonder at their failure.

Success, in answering this question -- "Why you are not promoted," says:

"He watched the clock. He was always grumbling. He was always behindhand. He asked too many questions. His stock excuse was 'I forgot.' He did not put his heart in his work. He learned nothing from his blunders. He was content to be a second-rater. He didn't learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope."

Look at the countless throngs who have been too shiftless to "make both ends meet" in their life, and have to look to others who have been frugal and careful, to help them out. What extremes there are in this world! I knew a good Christian lady who told me that her husband (who was not living with her) had been trying for years to save up enough money with which to obtain a divorce.

And doubtless, had he saved it up, some fool court would have granted the same. And why did he want a divorce? Perhaps to get some fool woman that would support him.

When the great railroad magnate, E. H. Harriman, passed off the stage of action, and his wealth, or at least a large part of it, went to his widow, Mrs. Harriman in one year, received more than 5000 letters asking for money. Did these foolish creatures think that this woman was going to hand over the cash to them just for the asking? Would she pay out the money to total strangers? Oh, foolish generation! The aggregate amount asked for was \$110,000,000. Mrs. Harriman had this correspondence turned over to her personally, with the idea of making it the basis for study in sociology and psychology; but the work was so much more than she figured on, that she turned the letters over to the bureau of municipal research.

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148 -- MONEY FOOLS

We think Epicurean extravagance is folly personified, but what about the miserly fool who will hoard up his money and live in a shack and nearly starve himself to death because he is too stingy to use his filthy lucre in that direction! Oh, the love of mammon! What foolish things people have done to gain their coveted prize! During the Boxer Movement in China, the soldiers discovered an opportunity of grabbing quantities of gold owned by the Chinese. When the Chinese were pursuing them, one of the soldiers picked up a quantity of gold and utterly refused to drop it, knowing that it would mean his capture and death. Such is the folly of a fool!

A certain boat was foundering on the coast of South America, while on board were great quantities of silver dollars. The boat crew were making their escape when a man was discovered loading himself down with the money. He was entreated to drop it and escape for his life, but he persistently clung to it, till he went down to his death. He was determined to die rich. But he died as a fool.

In the excavations of Pompeii, a woman was discovered to have been in the act of gathering precious jewels, left by the rich. The volcano was belching out its contents of death, covering the city with its ashes, and the inhabitants were rushing out to save their lives, but this poor foolish woman was tarrying to fill her basket with the deserted jewels.

An old man was taken to the hospital in his sickness. It was thought that he was a man of poverty, but the nurses discovered a bag of gold securely tied around his body. When they tried to take it off, he would clutch the precious metal and hinder them. Finally, when the old miser was thought to have passed across the line of worlds, the nurses quietly untied the bag of gold and removed it. But the poor old man rallied for a moment, reached for his gold, and when he found it not he gasped the word, "Gone!" and he was gone forever.

"A certain copper king had removed to a metropolitan center with all his millions and found the rounds of life upon which he had entered most distasteful and burdensome. He was visited in his beautiful home by his old mine partner from the West, who said to him, after having

been conducted all over his magnificent mansion: 'Well, Tom, you surely cannot say you haven't everything you want.'

"'Yes,' was the quick retort, 'there is one thing I haven't got that I want. I want a parrot to hang up in a cage in my front hallway, that has been trained to say every time he sees me enter the door, 'Here comes the old fool back again'.' -- (Rollo Franklin Hurlbut in "Six Fools.")

The heart of man is never satisfied with riches. It takes something more than money to fill the longing of the soul. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is a problem which all would do well to ponder.

And look at the fools who are running the race to keep up in style, and at the same time their purses become empty. A book entitled "Sanctified Spice" hits the nail right square on the head in the following bit of irony:

"Gaudy parlors and empty kitchens! Wives and daughters covered with costly ornaments (more diamonds (?) are worn today than all the diamond fields of the world could produce in a century), living in fine houses on fashionable streets, while husbands and fathers are driven to distraction, many of them to prison, to obtain the gold to maintain the glitter. What shifts, what sleepless nights, simply that they might move in fashionable society and extract compliments and flatteries which axe as hollow as they are insincere. The gaudy, tinseled side out, rags and starvation within! Misery magnificent! Poverty gilded! Smiles abroad, tears at home!"

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149 -- FOLLIES OF HEATHENISM

Probably one of the most nonsensical delusions in the matter of religion to be found anywhere in the world, is that of the so-called 'holy men' of India. These poor deluded mortals, with the hope of bettering their spiritual condition, subject themselves to the most awful tortures. Some of them practice extreme seclusion from friends and associates, daily kneeling and lacerating themselves. Some of them keep one or both arms above the head till the muscles become so rigid and fixed as to be incapable of motion. Some keep their hands closed till their finger nails make their way through the flesh and thus perforate their hand. Others hold up their faces to the sky till the muscles of the neck contract so that the head is retained in that position. One sits on an iron frame in which are fixed iron spikes which pierce the flesh. Another has a pan of burning coals on the head and bears it along in the crowd. Another lies prostrate on his back, with a vessel of burning embers on his breast, while another is seated in the midst of four fires, with the fifth fire, the sun, pouring its hot rays on his naked back. Another seeker after peace has an iron collar around his neck, on the margin of which are planted iron spikes. Sometimes one of these devotees will lie on the ground on his back, and place a handful of moist dirt on his upper lip, having planted in it some grains of mustard seed, and then lie there perfectly motionless, without food or drink, exposing himself to the heat of the day and the dew of the night till the seed germinates, which it generally does about the fourth day. Some will take their place in cold water and remain there for a certain period, no matter how much they suffer. Some will take journeys, and instead of walking, they measure their length all along the way on the ground. Another places a large hook in

the muscles of his back, and with this hook attached to a rope tied to the top of a pole, he swings around this pole pulling and lacerating the muscles of his back. One poor fanatic placed on his hand an earthen pot and held it up till his arm became rigid and the plant grew around him, till one could scarcely tell which was plant and which was human.

These deluded victims train themselves to these tortures, and the crowds at the festivals look at these exhibitions of triumphs of the soul over the flesh as hilariously and complacently as others would the performance at a circus.

How little we appreciate in this land of enlightenment, our privileges in the gospel of Jesus Christ! There in that land of darkness and delusion, many a poor heathen will put himself to the most awful tortures in order to obtain peace of soul, but never does obtain it by such means, while here in this land of Bibles and gospel privileges, people are not willing even to humble themselves before God in penitential grief, give up their sins, and follow Him, who gave His life to save them. If people here were willing to do a hundredth part as much to reach heaven as these darkened heathen are willing to do to find peace of mind, revivals of saving grace would abound all over this country. But sinners love their sins and their own way, and are not willing to submit to the cross of Christ. Some day they will regret it.

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150 -- MOCKING FOOLS

It was in a saloon and the devotees were discussing a revival meeting in progress in the place. A half-drunken young man proposed to illustrate how they conducted the meeting. They prayed in derision for forgiveness, and simulated tears of repentance. They closed the blasphemous performance with the hymn "Rock of Ages." When they got through, they were alone in the barroom, as the rest had left horror-stricken. There were six of them in that mockery. The hotel keeper met a violent death in less than a year. He stumbled and fell, rupturing a blood vessel. Two years later the young man who had led the mockery got up in the night for a drink of water and fell to a lower floor, breaking his neck. The noisiest one in the awful service opened the wrong door in his house and fell into the cellar, breaking his neck. One of them went West. He became a conductor and was crushed between the bumpers, dying in agony. The fifth went down in poverty, his wife and family having previously died. One night a fall of six feet from a saloon door broke his neck. The last one was waiting to know how it would turn out with him. At last it came. It was some ten years since the mock revival meeting in that saloon. It was in a railroad wreck. While the poor victim was propped up in a broken car seat having had his back broken, he told the story of their blasphemous revelry. Thus the last one of those who sowed on that eventful night reaped in judgment. Think not, O sinner, that God is not keeping tab on you as well. He is a fool who thinks he can escape the eye of God, go on in his sins and never be apprehended, and never meet them later on. Beware how you transgress the laws of God.

A saloon-keeper amused himself at the door of a revival meeting in Chicago. That night after retiring to his saloon he was shot. Sometimes retribution follows quickly.

In the same city one time there was a street service. A certain man made fun of the meeting. That night he fell from the third story of his rooming house.

A young man scoffed at religion, and asked "Where is hell?" The pastor, as by inspiration said, "Just around the corner." As the young man left and rounded the corner he met with his death.

A young man came out of an inn and mounted his horse. He met a Christian gentleman on his way to meeting, and inquired, "Can you tell me how far it is to hell?" On reflecting a moment, the Christian said, "It is not far off; you may come to it sooner than you expect." The young man laughed and was soon out of sight. The Christian walked on and soon came to the dead body of the young man. His horse had become unmanageable and thrown him on his head and killed him.

An infidel in the presence of some others defied the God of heaven to show Himself in battle. He swung his sword and challenged the Almighty to meet him in single combat. Then a little gnat entered his wind-pipe and choked him to death. Be careful how you challenge God; He might accept it.

A wicked man made up his mind to get the best of God. He vowed he would put in his grain and gather it and do the work on Sundays and yet prosper. The grain grew and ripened. He began to boast. He gathered in his crop and discovered it was larger than his neighbors' crops. His boasting was short-lived. The Sunday he finished hauling in his grain, the lightning struck the granary and burned it up, together with the barn and house. Do not attempt to fight God Almighty; you will get the worst of it.

A man put in a crop of wheat and said, "There now, I will thank the Almighty to let that wheat alone. I have done my duty and I won't thank Him to be meddling with it." And it turned out that way. God did not meddle with it. At harvest time the prospects were as good for a crop as any of the neighbor's. When he came to reap it, there was not a grain in his field; it was all straw and chaff. The neighbors had a good crop.

Seven young men shook hands and covenanted during a revival meeting that they never would go to the altar of prayer without being carried there. The following day a boiler burst in the lumber camp where they were working and all of them were killed. No others were killed. Their dead bodies were carried to that altar and the funeral held in that church.

A wealthy, ungodly man was having a nice yacht built for Sunday pleasure trips. A minister said, "I fear your yacht will become a great Sabbath desecrator," whereupon the wicked man named his yacht "Sabbath Desecrator." Quite a number of pleasure seekers went aboard to enjoy the trip, it having been launched on Sunday morning. Music, drunken revelry, and song were on board. A sudden storm came up, capsized the boat and forty persons were drowned. The yacht went down, but the flag floated, bearing the words "Sabbath Desecrator."

A revival was in progress near Sarahsville, Ohio. It was a union meeting of the Free Methodists and the Wesleyan Methodists. Rowdies persecuted the meeting. At the close of the services from night to night three young men would station themselves from hilltops and yell to each other, "The Wesleyan Methodists and the Free Methodists ought to be made into mincemeat

and fed to the dogs." The clear air carried their voices far and wide. Some three weeks after the close of the revival a terrific explosion of an engine killed these three young men and another man, literally blowing them to pieces. Before the parts of their bodies could be gathered together, the dogs were eating their flesh. No one was there to preach the funeral sermon. At this time the two preachers who conducted the revival came by and some one inquired why they could not conduct the funeral. One of them preached the funeral sermon, and the other concluded the services at the grave.

I could multiply these sad occurrences, but suffice it to say, that men are fools to fly in the face of God Almighty with their blasphemy. Not always do we see judgment fall so suddenly and awfully, but remember, sinner, that God's word is true when it says, "Fools make a mock at sin," and "Be sure your sin will find you out."

What a fool that infidel was, who boasted in a published letter, that he had raised two acres of Sunday corn, which he intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adding, "All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some seventy bushels; so I don't see but that nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the Bible may say that work done on Sunday never prospers. My corn tells another story." But what wisdom came from an editor of an agricultural paper as he replied to this fool! This is his reply: "If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has the works of its opponents, he would have known that the Great Ruler of the universe does not always square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October." Just so!

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151 -- MISCELLANEOUS FOOLS

Did you ever see a man or read of him trundling another man through the streets of a city in a wheelbarrow? Well, that man made a bet on the election and lost, and his penalty was to trundle the other fellow through the street to the gaze of the passersby.

Only recently I saw the picture of a fellow pushing a baby cart through the city and leading or pulling a lamb along with him. He had lost out on a certain bet likewise. Now if these men were not fools, they certainly felt like one doing that ridiculous and nonsensical stunt and being made a laughing stock to all that passed by. Gambling and betting are the sports of foolish men in these days.

A man was bitten by a rattlesnake. There was nothing in that occurrence to show any folly. Having a hatchet he immediately cut off the bitten finger. There was no foolishness here; on the contrary it was a wise procedure to save his life. His life was more to him than his finger. So his life was saved, but his finger was lost. The doctor fixed up the wounded part and after two or three days had elapsed, the man went out and ran across the amputated finger. He accordingly put it back on his hand, wrapped it up, and -- was soon poisoned to death.

What fools parents are who will blandly sit still and fold their hands, and let their boys and girls stay out nights, and hang around the parks and others places and spoon! Don't they know

where it will lead or where it is very likely to lead? Take one broad sweep in your mental vision and note the unchastity in the youth of our time. See the pollution in some of our high schools. It seems that much of the fair maidenhood of our day is turning toward the brothel. Someone has put it thus:

"What is the difference between life and love?"

"Well, life is one fool thing after another, and love is two fool things after each other."

But this is not true of real life, or real love. There is too much veneer in this world.

Is not this the language of a fool? Note carefully the expressions:

"I am the instrument of the Almighty. I am still His agent, His sword. Woe and death to those who oppose my will.

"The triumph of Greater Germany which some day must dominate all Europe, is the single end for which we are fighting.

"We are the salt of the earth.

"Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for one another. Firmly and inseparably we will hold together, whether it is God's will to give us peace or storm.

"I welcome with all my heart those who wish to assist me in my work, no matter who they may be; but those who oppose me in this work, I will crush."

Thus the Kaiser vaunted himself; now he has time to review his folly.

"A man was complaining that he had insured his life twenty years before in a Mutual Benefit Company which promised all sorts of things, and now the time was up and he received less than he would have done if he had invested his money elsewhere. A wise Turk who was sitting close by, said it reminded him on a camel belonging to a friend of his. It was a most intelligent brute, and the owner was convinced that if he found a really good teacher it could be made to talk. Presently a Hadji appeared, who said he was of the same opinion, and would teach it, but it would take a long time, probably thirty years. The owner was delighted, and agreed to pay the Hadji a fixed sum per annum, and a big bonus when the animal talked, the Hadji promising to pay a heavy fine if it did not. A friend afterward went to the Hadji and said: 'What on earth induced you to make that agreement? You know that you can never teach that camel to talk. 'Oh,' said the Hadji, 'I know that, but during the thirty years either I shall die, or the owner, or the camel. Anyhow, I am all right, as I have my fixed income'." -- (From *Heart Throbs*.)

Wisdom is a rare jewel. How it should be coveted! Men have turned down the Book that has the concentrated wisdom of Eternity and taken up with their own wisdom, which, as the Book says, is foolishness with God. The half-wit who has found God in the salvation of his soul is wiser in spiritual realms than the university president who has relegated God outside his domain. We

may not be wise after the definitions of this wicked world, but some folks are going to find out that it paid to follow the Old Book, when the world is on fire. The wise men, those who are wise above that which is written, may figure out to a nicety how old this mundane sphere is. Lord Kelvin years ago concluded that it might be anywhere from twenty million to four hundred million years old. Later on in life he cut his maximum down to forty million years. That was real nice in him, wasn't it? Another wise (?) man reckoned that the ocean is eighty millions of years old. Coming so very close to the time that the sea has been in existence, will the venerable scholar now please tell the world about how long it will be before the same sea will give up its dead, and there shall be "no more sea"? We have had plenty of scientific guessing now for years. Will these geologists and cosmogonists now turn their eyes to the future and try to figure out when the end of these things shall be? Why not look the other way for awhile? Why not get ready for the future? We have puzzled over the old world, now let us think of the new world that is coming. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." This is good and I believe it; but I am a thousand times more interested in "the new heavens and the new earth" which doubtless is closer at hand than the beginning of the other. If we do not know so much about the first we may soon know about the second. "It won't be long; it may be soon." Let us be wise.

The Arabian Proverb has it put up in a unique package:

"He who knows and knows he knows, -- He is wise -- follow him. He who knows and knows not he knows, -- He is asleep -- wake him. He who knows not and knows not he knows not, -- He is a fool -- shun him. He who knows not and knows he knows not, He is a child -- teach him."

Here is foolishness personified.

He Found It

"A well known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

"John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

"A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

"A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full:
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)"

-- (From Heart Throbs.)

Look at that great throng of scores of thousands of fools hurrying to New Jersey from all parts of the country, spending \$1,600,000 for the privilege of watching two human beasts for about fifteen minutes, pound each other. Fifteen minutes of eyesight pleasure! \$1,600,000 wasted money! 90,000 fools! Prove my statements false if you can. But that was only the small end of the money gone. This was for gate fees, but note what it took for car fare, berths, meals and hotels, and wasted time.

Look at the great horde of chorus girls who have been drawn from good homes on the farms and other places, by the lure of vaudeville and movies, and later are thrown out of employment and are too proud to go back to the farm or kitchen, but would rather stare almost starvation in the face than humble themselves and return to their homes, and so have exposed themselves to the buzzards of white slavery, and will doubtless eke out their miserable existence in some harlot hovel and spend their eternity bewailing their foolishness.

Evangelist A. F. Balsmeier tells the remarkable story of one who, in his folly turned down his only hope for help:

He had murdered a beautiful girl and was tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang until "dead, dead." O.K. Nash was the governor. A petition was circulated and presented to the governor to change the sentence to life imprisonment. But the crime was so atrocious that the governor refused to consider it. When this failed, the mother of the young man went, and falling upon her knees, besought the executive to show clemency, or at least go and see her boy. To this, he consented, and without announcing his coming, he went to see the condemned man. The turnkey unlocked the large iron door and the little man dressed like a minister, stepped in. As he started down the long corridor toward the death cell, the young man said to himself, "There comes some preacher to pow-wow over me and I refuse to see him." As the stranger stepped up to the cell, he said, "Good morning, James." Instead of speaking, James turned his back and walked to the corner of his cell. "Your friends have been talking to me about you and I have come to see you." "I do not care to talk today."

"I am sure if you knew the importance of the message you would give me audience."

"I have told you I do not care to talk and you will do me a favor if you go away and let me alone."

"Very sorry; good day, sir."

Not long after the turnkey came in, and walking down to the doomed man's cell said:

"Well, Jim, how did you and the governor come out?" "The governor?"

"Yes, Governor Nash came to see you. Did you not see him?"

"You don't mean to tell me that that little man who looked like a preacher was Governor Nash!"

"Yes, he came to see if he could do anything for you."

"My God, what a fool I am! He meant to help me and I wouldn't let him."

He went into despair, but it did not keep his neck from breaking. The last thing he was heard to say as the black cap was being put down over his head and the hangman's knot was being tied was:

"He meant to help me, but I would not let him!"

And that is what the sinner is doing to the Christ who came to save him. You may scorn His love, turn your back on your best Friend, refuse His salvation, die and go to the judgment; but you will see like the condemned man with the governor that you made a fool of yourself by so doing.

And now, dear reader, you are about to finish this book. I have tried to make it interesting, instructive, educative, and profitable to you in more ways than one. I have tried to point you to the true riches which can be had only in Him who was made poor that we might be made rich in salvation. The Bible points out the way of folly to men, and it points out the way of wisdom. You are a free moral agent, a volitional, rational, responsible being, and must give an account to God for your attitude towards Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. You can be saved if you will; you will be lost forever if you refuse Christ the Savior. Do not be like king Saul, who gradually drifted from God's commandments, and fell into a state of hopeless rejection from Him, where He would not hear his cry. Then near the end of his sad career he testified thus: "I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly." He then fell into the snare of the spiritualist and the next day committed suicide.

And let me beseech you not to turn down the Blessed Book which is a "lamp to our feet and a light to our path." You may spurn the God who loves you, reject the blood which bought you, and deny the Word which would guide you, but remember, God knows just how to size one up, so beware lest it apply to you when in the Word it says: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

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THE END