# The Last Shot

By FREDERICK PALMER



19

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

In the inner room, whose opening door gave glimpses of Lanstron and the division chiefs, a magic of secret council which the juniors could not quite understand had wrought the wonder. Lanstron had not forgotten the dead. He could see them; he could see everything that happened. Had not Partow said to him: "Don't just read reports. Visualize men and events. Be the artillery, be the infantry, be the wounded—live and think in their places. In this way only can you really know your work!"

His elation when he saw his plans going right was that of the instrument of Partow's training and Marta's service. He pressed the hands of the men around him; his voice caught in his gratitude and his breaths were very short at time, like those of a spent, happy runner at the goal. Feeding on victory and growing greedy of more, his division chiefs were discussing how to press the war till the Grays sued for peace; and he was silent in the midst of their talk, which was interrupted by the ringing of the tunnel telephone. When he came out of his bedroom, Lanstron's distress was so evident that those who were seated arose and the others drew near in inquiry and sympathy. It seemed to them that the chief of staff, the head of the machine, who had left the room had returned an individual.

"The connection was broken while we were speaking!" he said blankly. "That means it must have been cut by the enemy—that the enemy knows of its existence!"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps an accident—a chance shot," said the vice-chief.

"No, I'm sure not," Lanstron replied. "I am sure that it was cut deliberately and not by her."

"The 53d Regiment is going forward in that direction—the same regiment that defended the house—and it can't go any faster that it is going," the vice-chief continued, rather incoherently. He and the others no less felt the news as a personal blow. Though absent in person, Marta had become in spirit an intimate of their hopes and councils.

"She is helpless—in their power!" Lanstron said. "There is no telling what they might do to her in the rage of their discovery. I must go to her! I am going to the front!"

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A young officer of the Grays who was with the signal-corps section, trying to keep a brigade headquarters in touch with the staff during the retreat, two or three miles from the Galland house, had seen what looked like an insulated telephone wire at the bottom of a crater in the earth made by the explosion of a heavy shell. The instructions to all subordinates from the chief of intelligence to look for the source of the leak in information to the Browns made him quick to see a clew in anything unusual. He jumped down into the crater and not only found his pains rewarded, but that the wire was intact and ran underground in either direction. Who had laid it? Not the Grays. Why was it there? He called for one of his men to bring a buzzer, and it was the work of little more than a minute to cut the wire and make an attachment. Then he heard a woman's voice talking to "Lanny." Who was Lanny? He waited till he had heard enough to know that it was none other than Lanstron, the chief of staff of the Browns, and the woman must be a spy. An orderly dispatched to the chief of intelligence with the news returned with the order:

"Drop everything and report to me in person at once."

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"For this I have made my sacrifice!" Marta thought. "The killing goes on by Lanny's orders, not by Westerling's, this time."

Leaving her mother to enjoy the prospect, a slow-moving figure, trance-like, she went along the first terrace path to a point near the verenda where the whole sweep of landscape with its panorama of retreat magnetized her senses. Like the gray of lava, the Gray soldiery was erupting from the range; in columns, still under the control of officers, keeping to the defiles; in swarms and batches, under the control of nothing but their own emotions. Mostly they were hugging cover, from instinct if not from direction, but some relied on straight lines of flight and speed of foot for escape. Coursing aeroplanes were playing a new part. Their wireless was informing the Brown gunners where the masses were thickest. This way and that the Brown artillery fire drove retreating bodies, prodding them in the back with the fearful shepherdry of their shells. Officers' swords flashed in the faces of the bolters or in holding rear-guards to their work. Officers and orderlies were galloping hither and thither with messages, in want of wires. Commanders had been told to hold, but how and where to hold? They saw neighboring regiments and brigades going and they had to go. The machine, the complicated modern war machine, was broken; the machine, with its nerves of intelligence cut, became a thing of disconnected parts, each part working out its own salvation. Authority ceased to be that of the bureau and army lists. It was that of units racked by hardship, acting on the hour's demand.

Gorged was the pass road, overflowing with the struggling tumult of men and vehicles. Self-preservation breaking the bonds of discipline was in the ascendant, and it sought the highway, even as water keeps to the river bed. Like specks on the laboring tide was the white of bandages. An ambulance trying to cut out to one side was overturned. The frantic chauffeur and hospital-corps orderly were working to extricate the wounded from their painful position. A gun was overturned against the ambulance. A melee of horses and men was forming at the foot of the garden gate in front of the narrowing bounds of the road into the town, as a stream banks up before a jam of driftwood. The struggle for right of way became increasingly wild; the dam of men, horses, and wagons grew. A Brown dirigible was descending toward the great target; but on closer view its commander forbore, the humane impulse outweighing the desire for retribution for colleagues in camp and mess who had gone down in a holocaust in the aerial battles of the night.

Under the awful spell of the panorama, she did not see Westerling, who had stopped only a few feet distant with his aide and his valet, nor did he notice her as the tumult glazed his eyes. He was as an artist who looks on the ribbons of the canvas of his painting, or the sculptor on the fragments of his statue. Worse still, with no faith to give him fortitude except the materialistic, he saw the altar of his god of military efficiency in ruins. He who had not allowed the word retreat to enter his lexicon now saw a rout. He had laughed at reserve armies in last night's feverish defiance, at Turcas's advocacy of a slower and surer method of attack. In those hours of smiting at a wall with his fists and forehead, in denial of all the truth so clear to average military logic, if he had only even a few conventional directions all this disorder would have been avoided. His army could have fallen back in orderly fashion to their own range. The machine out of order, he had attempted no repair; he had allowed it to thrash itself to pieces.

The artillery's maceration of the human jam suddenly ceased; perhaps because the gunners had seen the Red Cross flag which a doctor had the presence of mind to wave. Westerling turned from a sight worse to him than the killing—that of the flowing retreat along the road pressing frantically over the dead and wounded in growing disorder for the cover of the town. Near by were Bellini, the chief of intelligence, and a subaltern who had arrived only a minute before. The subaltern was dust-covered. He seemed to have come in from a hard ride. Both were watching Marta, as if waiting for her to speak. She met Westerling's look steadily, her eyes dark and still and in his the reflection of the vague realization of more than he had guessed in her relations with him.

"Well," she breathed to Westerling, "the war goes on!"

"That's it! That's the voice!" exclaimed the subaltern in an explosion of recognition.

A short, sharp laugh of irony broke from Bellini; the laugh of one whose suspicions are confirmed in the mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. Marta looked around at the interruption, alert, on guard.

"You seem amused," she remarked curiously.

"No, but you must have been," replied Bellini hoarsely. "Early this morning, not far from the castle, this young officer found in the crater made by a ten-inch shell a wire that ran in

An Insulated Telephone Wire at the Bottom of a Crater.

a conduit underground. The wire was intact. He tapped it. He heard a voice thanking some one for her part in the victory, and it seems that the woman's voice that answered is yours, Miss Galland. So, General Westerling, the leak in information was over this wire from our staff into the Browns' headquarters, as Bouchard believed and as I came to believe."

So long had Marta expected this moment of exposure that it brought no shock. Her spirit had undergone many subtle rehearsals for the occasion.

"Yes, that is true," she heard herself saying, a little distantly, but very quietly and naturally.

Westerling fell back as from a blow in the face. His breath came hard at first, like one being strangled. Then it sank deep in his chest and his eyes were blood-shot, as a bull's in his final effort against the matador. He raised a quivering, clenched fist and took a step nearer her.

But far from flinching, Marta seemed to be greeting the blow, as if she admitted his right to strike. She was without any sign of triumph and with every sign of relief. Lying was at an end. She could be truthful.

"Do you recall what I said in the reception-room at the hotel?" she asked.

The question sent a flash into a hidden chamber of his mind. Now the only thing he could remember of that interview was the one remark which hitherto he had never included in his recollection of it.

"You said I could not win." He drew out the words painfully.

"When you said that you brought on this war to gratify your ambition, I chose to be one of the weapons of war; I fought for civilization, for my home, with the only means I had against the wickedness of a victory of conquest—the precedent of it in this age—a victory which should glorify such trickery as you practised on your people."

"I should like to shoot you dead!" cried Bellini.

"And you let me make love to you!" Westerling said in a dazed, groping monotone to Marta.

Such a wreck was he of his former self that she found it amazing that she could not pity him. Yet she might have pitied him had he plunged into the fight; had he tried to rally one of the broken regiments; had he been able to forget himself.

"Rather, you made love to yourself through me," she answered, not harshly, not even emphatically, but merely as a statement of passionless fact. "If you dared to endure what you ordered others to endure for the sake of your ambition; if—"

She was interrupted by a sharp zip in the air. Westerling dodged and looked about wildly.

"What is that?" he asked. "What?"

Five or six zips followed like a charge of wasps flying at a speed that made them invisible. Marta felt a brush of air past her cheek and Westerling went chalky white. It was the first time he had been under fire. But these bullets were only strays. No more came.

"Come, general, let us be going!" urged the aide, touching his chief on the arm.

"Yes, yes!" said Westerling hurriedly.

Francois, who had picked up the coat that had fallen from Westerling's shoulders with his start at the buzzing, held it while his master thrust his hands through the sleeves.

"And this is wiser," said the aide, unfastening the detachable insignia of rank from the shoulders of the great-coat. "It's wiser, too, that we walk," he added.

"Walk? But my car!" exclaimed Westerling petulantly.

"I'm afraid that the car could not get through the press in the town," was the reply. "Walking is safer."

The absence in him of that quality which is the soldier's real glory, the picture of this deserted leader, this god of a machine who had been crushed by his machine, his very lack of stoicism or courage—all this suddenly appealed to Marta's quick sympathies. They had once drunk tea together.

"Oh, it was not personal! I did not think of myself as a person or of you as one—only of principles and of thousands of others—to end the killing—to save our country to its people! Oh, I'm sorry and, personally, I'm horrible—horrible!" she called after him in a broken, quavering gust of words which he heard confusedly in tragic mockery.

He made no answer; he did not even look around. Head bowed and hardly seeing the path, he permited the aide to choose the way, which lay across the boundary of the Galland estate.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Retreat.

Marta remained where Westerling had left her, rooted to the ground by the monstrous spell of the developing panorama of seemingly limitless movement. With each passing minute there must be a hundred acts of heroism which, if isolated in the glare of a day's news, would make the public thrill. At the outset of the war she had seen the Browns, as part of a preconceived plan, in cohesive rear-guard resistance, with every detail of personal bravery a utilized factor of organized purpose. Now she saw defense, inchoate and fragmentary, each part acting for itself, all deeds of personal bravery lost in a swirl of disorganization. That was the pity of it, the helplessness of engineers and of levers when the machine was broken; the warning of it to those who undertake war lightly.

The Browns' rifle flashes kept on steadily weaving their way down the slopes, their reserves pressing close on the heels of the skirmishers in greedy swarms. A heavy column of Brown infantry was swinging in toward the myriad-legged, writhing gray caterpillar on the pass road and many field-batteries were trotting along a parallel road. Their plan developed suddenly when a swath of gun-fire was laid across the pass road at the mouth of the defile, as much as to say: "Here we make a gate of death!" At the same time the head of the Brown infantry column flashed its bayonets over the crest of a hill toward the point where the shells were bursting. These men minded not the desperate, scattered rifle-fire into their ranks. Before their eyes was the prize of a panic that grew with their approach. Kinks were out of legs stiffened by long watches. The hot breath of pursuit was in their nostrils, the fever of victory in their blood.

In the defile, the impulse of one Gray straggler, who shook a handkerchief aloft in fatalistic submission to the inevitable, became the impulse of all. Soon a thousand white signals of surrender were blossoming. As the firing abruptly ceased, Marta heard the faint roar of the mighty huzzas of the hunters over the size of their bag.

Some doctors of different regiments thrown together in the havoc of remnants of many organizations, with the help of hospital-corps men, were trying to extricate the wounded from among the dead. They heard a woman's voice and saw a woman's face. They did not wonder at her presence, for there was nothing left in the world for them to wonder at. Had an imp from hell or an angel from heaven appeared, or a shower of diamonds fallen from the sky, they would not have been surprised. Their duty was clear; there was work of their kind to do, endless work. Units of the broken machine, in the instinct of their calling they struggled with the duty nearest at hand. They begged her to go back to the house; this was no place for her.

But Marta did not want safety. Danger was sweet; it was expiation. She was helping, actually helping; that was enough. She envied the peaceful dead—they had no nightmares—as she aided the doctors in separating the bodies that were still breathing from those that were not; and she steeled herself against every ghastly sight save one, that of a man lying with his legs pinned under a wagon body. His jaw had been shot away. Slowly he was bleeding to death, but he did not realize it. He realized nothing in his delirium except the nature of his wound. He was dipping his finger in the cavity and, dab by dab, writing "Kill me!" on the wagon body. It sent reeling waves of red before her eyes. Then a shell burst near her and a doctor cried out:

"She's hit!"

But Marta did not hear him. She heard only the dreadful crack of the splitting shrapnel jacket. She had a sense of falling, and that was all.

The next that she knew she was in a long chair on the veranda and the vague shadows bending over her gradually identified themselves as her mother and Minna.

"I remember when you were telling of the last war that you didn't swoon at the sight of the wounded, mother," Marta whispered.

"But I was not wounded," replied Mrs. Galland.

Marta ceased to be only a consciousness swimming in a haze. With the


He Was Dipping His Fingers in the Cavity and Writing, "Kill Me!"

return of her faculties, she noticed that both her mother and Minna were looking significantly at her forearm; so she looked at it, too. It was bandaged.

"A cut from a shrapnel fragment," said a doctor. "Not deep," he added.

"Do I get an iron cross?" she asked, smiling faintly. It was rather pleasant to be alive.

"All the crosses—iron and bronze and silver and gold!" he replied.

All firing except occasional scattered shots had now ceased in the immediate vicinity, though in the distance could be heard the snarl of the firmer resistance that the Grays were making at some other point. The Galland house, for the time being, was isolated—in possession of neither side.

"Isn't there something else I can do to help with the wounded?" Marta asked. She longed for action in order to escape her thoughts.

"You've had a terrible shock—when you are stronger," said the doctor.

"When you have had something to eat and drink," observed the practical Minna authoritatively.

Marta would not have the food brought to her. She insisted that she was strong enough to accompany Minna to the tower. While Minna urged mouthfuls down Marta's dry throat as she sat outside the door of the sitting-room with her mother a number of weary dust-streaked faces, with feverish energy in their eyes, peered over the hedge that bounded the garden on the side toward the pass. These scout skirmishers of Stransky's men of the 53d Regiment of the Browns made beckoning gestures as to a crowd, before they sprang over the hedge and ran swiftly, watchfully, toward the linden stumps; closely followed by their comrades. Soon the whole garden was overrun by the lean, businesslike fellows, their glances all ferret-like to the front.

"Look, Minna!" exclaimed Marta. "The giant who carried the old man in pickaback the first night of the war!"

Minna was flushing, but the flush dissipated and she drew up her chin when Stransky, looking around, recognized her with a merry, confident wave of his hand.

"See, he's a captain and he wears an iron cross!" said Marta as Stransky hastened toward them.

"He acts like it!" assented Minna grudgingly.

Eager, leviathan, his cap doffed with a sweeping gesture as he made a low bow, Stransky was the very spirit of retributive victory returning to claim the ground that he had lost.

"Well, this is like getting home again!" he cried.

"So I see!" said Minna equivocally.

Stransky drew his eyes together, sighting them on the bridge of his nose thoughtfully at this dubious reception.

"I came back for the chance to kiss a good woman's hand," he observed with a profound awkwardness and looking at Minna's hand. "Your hand!" he added, the cast in his eyes straightening as he looked directly at her appealingly.

She extended her finger-tips and he pressed his lips to them.

"I kept seeing the way you looked when you belted me one in the face," he went on, "and knocked any anarchism out of me that was left after the shell burst. I kept seeing your face in my last glimpse when the Grays made me run for it from your kitchen door before I had half a chance for the oration crying for voice. You were in my dreams! You were in battle with me!"

"This sounds like a disordered mind," observed Minna. "I've heard men talk that way before."

"Oh, I have talked that way to other women myself!" said Stransky.

"Yes," said Minna bitterly. His candor was rather unexpected.

"I have talked to others in passing on the high road," he continued. "But never after a woman had struck me in the face. That blow sank deep—deep—deep as what Lanstron said when I revolted on the march. I say it to you with this"—he touched the cross—"on my breast. And I'm not going to give you up. It's a big world. There's room in it for a place for you after the war is over and I'm going to make the place. Good-by till I'm back—back to stay! Good-by, little daughter!" he added with a wave of his hand to Clarissa as he turned to go. "Maybe we shall have our own automobile some day. It's no stranger than what's been happening to me since the war began."

"If you don't marry him, Minna, I'll—I'll—" Mrs. Galland could not find words for the fearful thing that she would do.

"Marry him! I have only met him three times for about three minutes each time!" protested Minna. She was as rosy as a girl and in her confusion she busied herself retying the ribbon on Clarissa Eileen's hair. "He called you little daughter!" she said softly to the child as she withdrew into the tower.

Marta remained in the chair by the doorway of the tower, weak and listless. Now her lashes were closed; again they opened slightly as her gaze roved the semicircle of the horizon. A mounted officer and his orderly galloping across the fields to the pass road caught her desultory attention and held it, for they formed the most impetuous object on the landscape. When the officer alighted at the foot of the garden and tossed his reins to the orderly, she detected something familiar about him. He leaped the garden wall at a bound and, half running, came toward the tower. Not until he lifted his cap and waved it did she associate this lithe, dapper artillerist with a stooped old gardener in blue blouse and torn straw hat who had once shuffled among the flowers at her service.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted in clarion greeting at sight of her. "Hello, my successor!"

Only in the whiteness of his hair was he like the old Feller. His tone, the boyish sparkle of his black eyes, those full, expressive lips playing over the brilliant teeth, his easy grace, his quick and telling gestures—they were of the Feller of cadet days.

"Wonderful—wounded! Wonderful! Was there ever such a woman?" he cried. "Destiny has played with us. It sent a spy to your garden. It put you in my place. A strange service, ours—yes, destiny is in it!"

"Yes," she breathed painfully, his suggestion striking deep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HE PANHANDLED THE COPS

**Pennsylvania Man Found Brooklyn Policemen Easy to Work, and Worked Them.**

Grant Flemming, who says he's thirty-five years old and hails from Harrisburg, Pa., of good appearance and with an ingratiating manner, hit on a new way of making a living without work, and introduced it to Brooklyn. Most of his tribe shun policemen, but Grant Flemming took the police force into his confidence. At night, when policemen are lonely and willing to talk to anyone for company's sake, the Pennsylvanian poured his tale of woe into the ear of some sympathetic "cop." He told how he was a member of a prominent family, and was stranded in a strange city. He wanted just a couple of dollars, or maybe three dollars, to take him home. He would return it with interest just as soon as he reached Harrisburg. Could the policeman let him have it? And it is said Flemming was successful; just how successful the records don't show.

Occasionally the stranger dropped in at a police station and told the desk lieutenant his "hard luck" story. Usually he asked for a "fiver," and it is said that he always got something.

But when Flemming tackled Patrolman Macdonald of the Bedford avenue precinct he made a mistake, and the nice, pleasant-looking person was arrested on the charge of vagrancy. In the Manhattan avenue court he was sent to the workhouse for three months.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Cow Secretly Adopts Fawn.**

Following a Jersey cow which had developed a habit of disappearing every morning and coming home in the evening without her usual supply of milk, James Wilson discovered that the cow is raising a motherless fawn.

Wilson followed the cow to the outer edge of his farm. He was surprised to see a pretty fawn come from among the underbrush and start to nurse at the cow's side. The cow seems well pleased with her charge and the fawn shows affection for its foster mother.—Greensburg (Pa.) Dispatch to New York American.

**Mineral May Be of Much Value.**

Virginia produced all the American output of rutile produced in 1913. A large part of the rutile produced in 1913 was used in the manufacture of titanium carbide electrodes for arc lamps. A part of the ilmenite found in the deposits and separated by means of a magnetic separator has been sold for use in making electrodes for electric lights, and the experiments with the electric furnace point to the possible use of ilmenite in the direct production of tool steel.

# Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.



THE THYROID GLAND.

Before the appearance of any central nervous system in the lowest organisms it is by chemical means, by so called automatic excitation through the action of products of decomposition by the organs in different parts of the body, that any co-ordination of function is determined, either among the different organs of a colony or among the various cells making up a multicellular organism such as a sponge.

The mechanism which determines the movement of phagocytic cells—a phagocyte is any cell possessing the property of absorbing and digesting—the chase of food, the escape from noxious environment or the approach of sexual cells, has been given the name of chemotaxis. The name signifies the attraction or repulsion exhibited by certain chemicals to living cells. Since the application of these chemical stimuli depends on their diffusion through the medium bathing the cells, the process very obviously must necessarily be both slow and lasting.

The most important and definite knowledge concerning the actions of these internal chemical secretions has perhaps resulted from work done on the thyroid glands, those shieldlike vesicular bodies filled with colloid material located on the sides of the trachea (windpipe) just below our "Adam's apple" (the thyroid cartilage). Carried by the blood to all parts of the body, the metabolic products of the thyroid gland affect every other gland and tissue and may act either to heighten or to reduce the activity of other organs, according to their specific function.

In 1856 Schiff showed that removal of the thyroid in dogs is followed usually by the death of the animals in one to four weeks.

The disturbances appearing after removal of the thyroid affect the most widely different organic systems of the body. The skin, especially that of the head and face, becomes greatly swollen because of an accumulation of mucin in the subcutaneous connective tissue. Subsequently the skin becomes hard, rough and dry; its secretion ceases; the hairs change and fall out; the visible mucous membranes become swollen and the voice becomes harsh and monotonous. The internal organs exhibit marked pathological changes; the kidneys and the liver undergo fatty and colloid degeneration and the arterial walls take on a hyaline (crystalline) degeneration. Metabolism is abnormally low; that is to say, not only is the appetite poor, but the ability to convert the food taken into the body, to break down and release the energy therein contained, is decreased.

Disturbances of the nervous and muscular system following removal of the thyroid are profound; not infrequently functional disturbances such as epilepsy ensue. All those parts of the brain which are active in the physical functions become functionally much reduced, and in myxedematous cases we meet with weak memory, extreme irritability, stupidity and the like; all of which in turn find expression in a marked decline of muscular tone and in vigor of the body movements generally.

In man any material disturbance in the function of the thyroid produces derangement in the temperature and heat regulating ability of the body; the subnormal temperature is one of the most constant symptoms and the patient feels cold constantly.

In the growing organism after suppression of the thyroid the bones fall considerably behind in their development and the ossification of the cartilages connecting bone processes is materially delayed. The physical disturbances in the young are generally more pronounced than in grown persons.

Schiff and many others have found that all these evil results of the complete or partial destruction of the thyroid in dogs might be obviated by grafting pieces of the thyroid into the body, and this knowledge was quickly applied with astonishing results to human beings in cases of myxedema and cretinism. Then, instead of grafting thyroid tissues, it was found that injection of extracts under the skin, or, better still, the simple feeding of thyroid material, gave similarly favorable results—the individuals recovered their normal appearance and mental powers.

But prevention is always better than cure and we are slowly coming to understand that anything that will cause a depletion of the thyroid gland will cause thyroid troubles and their train of ills. The chief factor in prevention is simply sane living. The depleting factors are overeating of improper food, the excessive use of spices, alcoholic drinks, tobacco or drugs; sexual excesses, too frequent pregnancies, worry, anxiety or excitement. Normal functioning of the thyroid gland is maintained by a natural diet containing what Funk has designated the vitamines, the mother substance from which the gland colloids are prepared, and by equanimity.

**WONDERS OF DUCTLESS GLANDS.**

It is well known that very often a medicine or other remedy, of itself absolutely without effect, produces a very marked improvement or perhaps even totally corrects all sorts of nervous and functional disorders of the human body, if only the patient is convinced beforehand that the remedy will be effective and that he will be "cured" thereby.

History, both ancient and modern, running even down to this present day, bears witness to many hundreds of authentic instances of such cases, and also it records wave after wave of belief in miracle working remedies and practices that have from time to time swept through the habitable globe "curing" the multitudes of their ills.

The uncultured mind has no conception of the quantitative relations of cause and effect, but the disciplined mind knows that there must be an adequate cause behind every phenomenon and it is ever striving for a comprehensive grasp on laws and principles; and civilization consists of the cumulative light of such knowledge.

It is quite generally known that a motion of the hand, or a glance of the eye, will throw a certain type of weak and credulous patient into a fit; and a pill made of bread, if taken with sufficient faith, will operate a cure as well, or even better, than all the drugs in the pharmacopeia. Such cases are generally assumed to be "hysterics." But we are beginning to understand that there must be always an adequate cause behind such manifestations; it cannot be the result of imaginations; it cannot be the result of the "supernatural, and modern physiologists and psychologists step by step are unraveling the tangled lines and solving the puzzles. They are proving these happenings to be neither freaks of the imagination nor the work of either benign or malignant "supernatural" powers, but rather due to an interaction, the perfectly natural results of adequate stimuli normally active within every human body, and amenable to personal development, and to individual control, proving thereby that in a very large measure every man makes his own disease.

In Van der Mye's account of the siege of Breda, in 1625, it is stated that the prince of Orange cured all his soldiers who were dying of the scurvy by a philanthropic piece of quackery which he played upon them with the knowledge of the physicians, when all other means had failed: "The garrison being afflicted with the scurvy, the prince of Orange sent the physicians two or three small vials containing a decoction of chamomile, wormwood and camphor, telling them to pretend that it was a medicine of the greatest value and extremest rarity, which had been procured with very much danger and difficulty from the East, and so strong, that two or three drops would impart a healing virtue to a gallon of water. The soldiers had faith in their commander; they took the medicine with cheerful faces and grew well rapidly."

Obviously these sturdy Netherlander campaigners of that day, possessed of the stamina necessary to enable them to defy and withstand the attacks of the most powerful and brutal of monarchs, could not justly be classed as weaklings, neurasthenics or hysterics.

Few minds possess talent for abstract thinking, but such ability is not necessary because all minds are capable of acquiring knowledge if only they remain open and are willing to be shown. Everybody can see an object when it is placed before him and all can observe objects in relation—if they will—and our scientists are slowly and systematically working out and placing before us the solution to our troubles for all such as have the wisdom to accept and profit thereby.

Fundamentally these ills of ours are proving to be functional, not organic, in origin, and they are very largely due to bad habits of mind, as careful investigation and thought will clearly show. They rest in the relationship between the primitive co-ordinating plan and power of our bodies as now manifested through the action of our ductless glands and that of our later acquired brain power which we have not yet learned to use only because we are not properly trained how to use it.

## SUGAR'S GREAT FOOD VALUE

**Constitutes One-Half the Nourishment That Man Needs, and Has Many Other Virtues.**

Sugar and sugar-forming foods constitute more than one-half of the nourishment needed by a healthy person. As a food it possesses well-known properties, being a nutrient to adipose tissue and a respiratory fuel, and it is decidedly diuretic in its action upon healthy kidneys. If sugar is withheld, as in diabetes, a person actually starves and undergoes progressive and rapid emaciation. The excessive use of sugar or sweets in the dietary is never advisable, but a judicious mixture of sugar with the general diet is necessary to maintain health. Anyone who omits sugar from his diet will lose in weight, become thin and have no muscular strength. Sugar gives one muscular strength. Eating candy is an agreeable form of sugar. It should not be eaten at all times; if taken between meals it is apt to cause indigestion. It is always best to eat candy after meals, with dessert. Growing children need sweet foods and candy to help build up their muscular strength. The child's longing for cake and candy is in reality a systematic demand for food to give it strength. Let the children have candy at meals, never between meals. Eating too much of the sweet things, particularly between meals, causes fermentation in the digestive tract, and sometimes a serious illness may result. Sugar is an antiseptic. Burning sugar on a shovel will destroy unpleasant odors. For hoarseness and weak voice there is nothing more comforting than something sweet slowly dissolved in the mouth.

**Habits of the Crocodile.**

Although the crocodile does not possess lungs of extraordinary size, it can remain beneath water for any length of time. It has the power of hibernating as well. In many parts of India these creatures are buried, during the hot season, beneath the dried-up mud at the bottom of the lakes. The mud hardens above them and they stay thus buried in a torpid state for long periods.