My Skirmish With Madness

(Continued from Page 4)

Now I received one that sounded

"Here, OLD SOUL," she said, in her rich, musical voice, "is something to eat. Will it be enough?"

It was a good invalid's supper, but I've been a lifelong meat eater, and I asked for meat. She brought it. Then I wanted to hold hands again, but all got was that gentle jiu jitsu grip. However, I was given a smoke next day, which, as I had been forty-eight hours without one, did me nearly as much good. The house doctor took me into the office, and noticing my impatience while waiting for my pipe and tobacco, gave me a cigar. "Kind-ness to the damned," I mused, gloomlly, as I puffed.

But I was mistaken. And I want to say before going further, that while in that place, I received nothing but genuine sympathy and genuine kindness from every member of the staff, from the head doctor down to the cook, and not one word of criticism or admonition. Meanwhile, my health was improving, so much so that I began to take an impersonal interest

in the Annex. The Annex is a small ward in the rear of the large one, separated from it by a locked door at the end of that long fiber mat. It is where the vio-lent cases are placed as soon as admitted, and is a place of punishment for those who break out occasionally. From it emanated the whoops, yelps, shricks and screams I had heard the first day and night, which sounded like the barkings of a ken-nel full of collie dogs, and which I had now grown used to. It was given me to watch, on my first day out of bed, the skill and celerity with which those trained orderlies could shoot a "nut" into the Annex, or, as I called it, the Booby Hatch. A tall, serious, intellectual looking patient left his intellectual looking patient left his bed clad only in pajamas; then seeking the middle of the ward, lifted his right hand high above his head and began the Lord's Prayer in a loud, sonorous voice. He had got as far as "Thy Kingdom come!" when, at a signal from the Chief Mate, two orderlies seized him by the collar and arms, one each side. They pushed him ahead, and naturally his knees stiffened; then they tilted him back until fened; then they tilted him back until he raked like the mainmast of an old-fashioned schooner-of-war, and they slid him, feet first, the prayer still going, and the little Chief Mate running ahead with her keys, until, with a final roaring "AMEN," he shot into the Annex and the door closed on him. I never saw him again. It would have been ludicrous had it not

On the next day I was allowed lib-erty to go out in the grounds and smoke all I wanted to and as often. I'm afraid I was somewhat of a trial to the nurses, who alone had keys to the locked doors, for, clad only in pajamas and slippers, with the uniform bath robe, I could not stay out long on account of the cold, nor indoors long on account of my craving for a smoke. I would stand near the rear side door of the ward, waiting for a nurse to come near and see me. Once, a nurse spied me from far up the ward and called out to another, nearer to me: "Miss —————, let the dog out," and the door was opened for me with injunctions not to bark loud or chase cats. Again, one of them passed close while I patiently waited, and eyeing me with mock sternness, opened the door, and as I slipped out remarked, "Shases scat!"

been so pathetic, and no one seemed amused but a defective boy beside me

on a settee. He snickered, and I looked reprovingly at him.

Outside, running along the full length of the two wards, was a covered runway, floored with smooth planking and lighted by windows. Though cold as outdoors, it was shel-

An Old Man at Fifty

A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett. San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Perpetual Youth

By C. E. PAGE, M. D.

Author of the "Natural Cure for Consumption." Flow to Feed the Baby," etc.

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America, by San-ford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person.

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body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished, anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame.

I haven't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Ben-nett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book, It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one-hundredth milestone of life, should read.

For the purpose of spreading broad-

believes, the one-hundredth milestone of life, should read.

For the purpose of spreading broadcast the methods of promoting health and longevity developed by Mr. Bennett an interesting eight-page bookiet which is, in effect, a summary of his system, has been prepared by the publishers of Mr. Bennett's interesting book—the Physical Culture Publishing Company, 2704 Flation Building, New York City.

This bookiet they will send free to anyone sufficiently interested to write for it.

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