

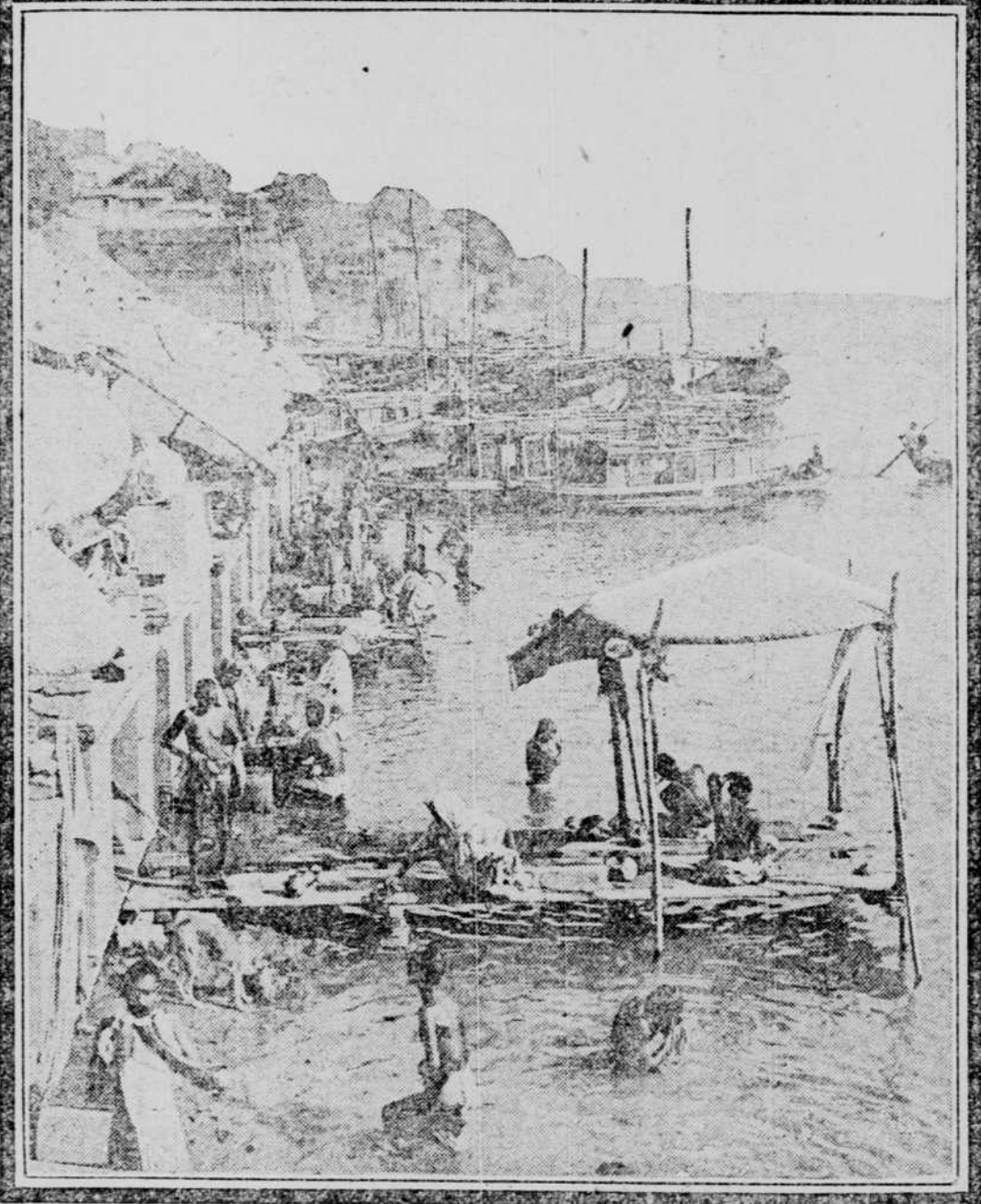
# Miracle Working Resorts

WILL THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TRY TO SHUT UP THE MOST FAMOUS CURE IN EUROPE?

BY E. S. MERRIAM



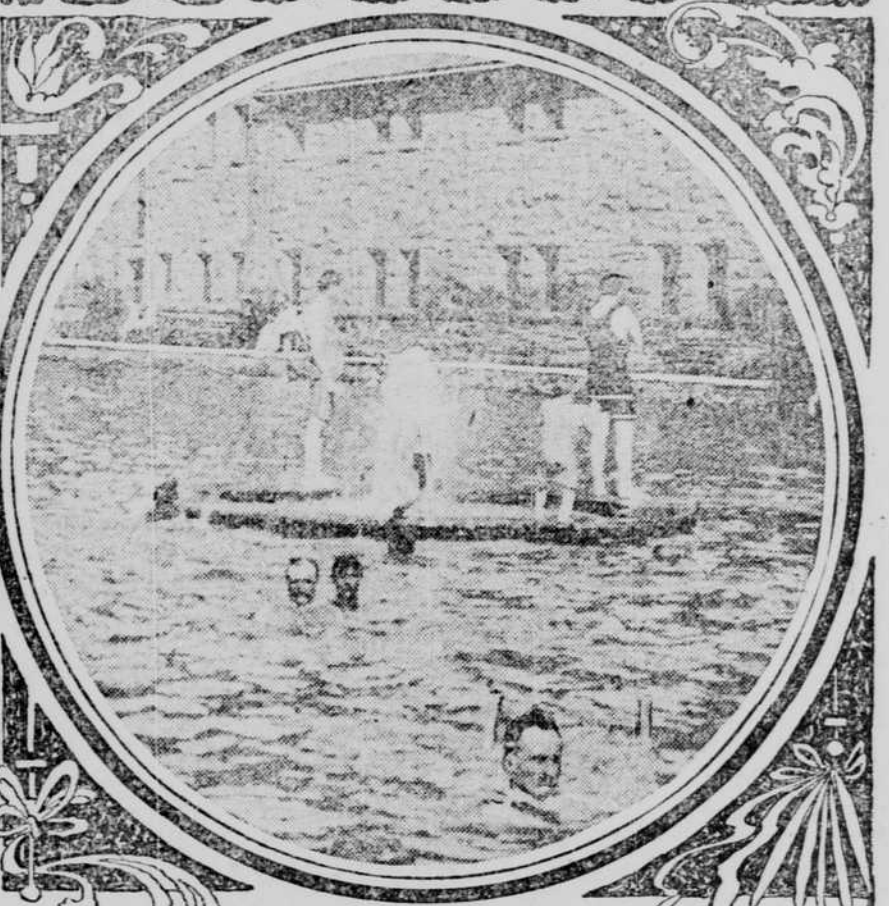
THE GREATEST CENTER OF HEALING ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT  
SAINTE ANNE OF BEAUPORT, CANADA



HINDU INVALIDS MAKE DESPERATE EFFORTS TO JOURNEY TO THIS BATHING PLACE ON THE GANGES IN INDIA



WHEN GRANDMA'S RHEUMATISM IS BAD IN JAPAN SHE STROKES THIS BRONZE BULL ON THE PLACE WHERE IT HURTS



ONE FAVORITE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS GLENWOOD COLORADO



GOVERNMENT SANITARIUM GROUNDS AT ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

ONE of the unsettled questions of this year is whether the most famous health resort in Europe will be forcibly closed, as another episode in the lively war between the French government and the church. Such action has been threatened. If the government does forbid organized pilgrimages to Lourdes, a little provincial town away up in the southwest corner of the country, at the foot of the Pyrenees mountains, its action will be received with a chorus of protest in all sorts of keys. Devout invalids and their friends will lament in genuine distress. Hotelkeepers and souvenir vendors, who have been making a good living out of the visits of a quarter of a million pilgrims every year, will groan for reasons of their own. And hardly a railway in France, in spite of having always made special rates on round-trip tickets to the place of cure, will fail to use its own influence for the continuance of so profitable a custom.

No wonder! As many as 40,000 pilgrims have gone to Lourdes in a single August day. The crowds are always biggest in mid-summer, though, in fact, there is more or less travel to the shrine all the year round.

The treatment at Lourdes is more through the spirit than through the flesh—that is to say, prayers—not medicine nor surgery—are the main dependence, though the water of a spring in the Virgin's Grotto is eagerly quaffed by invalids and used for bathing suffering bodies. And the poor souls who so there are often in wretched condition; many of them have to be carried or helped about by relatives or nurses. A good many of the attendants are well-to-do women, who volunteer for a certain number of days or weeks, toiling without any payment. Doctors are always on hand, too, but only to examine cases and record results. The treatment is not in their hands. They look with skeptical or puzzled wonder at the immense numbers who go away apparently well, after a few days' share in the very picturesque devotions of the place.

Comparatively few Americans go to Lourdes, but there is within 24 hours' journey of New York another miracle-working resort, second only to the French shrine in point of popularity. It is at the little Canadian village of Beauport, on the left bank of the St. Lawrence river, a few miles below Quebec, or rather it would be more correct to say that the village is at the church of St. Anne de Beauport, for the shrine is the only reason for the existence of the village, with its half-mile of convents, inns and shops.

All the year around people make special journeys there, but the great season for the devotion of the sick is in mid-summer. Excursion trains run from all parts of eastern Canada; invalids make journeys from every state in the Union, and even go up from Mexico. In August it is no uncommon sight to see a train of 12 to 15 cars and two or three river steamers, crowded to their utmost capacity, carrying to the little riverside station a new swarm of pilgrims. Some of course, go just for the fun of the trip, but most of the party are in sober earnest. Follow the crowd from the station into the great church, a few rods away, and, no matter what your own faith may be, you cannot help being profoundly moved. The air is full of eager longings and implorings, even though not a voice be heard except that of the officiating priest or some singer in the choir loft. At your right is a grizzled workman, so stiff with rheumatism he can hardly bend his poor old legs to kneel. At your left a prosperous young married couple, with honest, troubled faces, have brought their sick child, a blinking baby, too little to realize that it needs help at all. And around you are all other ages and conditions in life—all conditions except the thoroughly well and happy.

Then, when you make ready to go, you notice near the main entrance two huge stacks of what look at first like broken furniture and torn upholstery. You look again. Each heap—high enough to reach the ceiling of an ordinary house—is composed of crutches, canes, splints, trusses and bandages, left behind by those who came suffering and went away cured! In another part of the church are a bushel or so of spectacles and eyeglasses, abandoned for the same reason. A unique bit of circumstantial evidence certifying to one cure is a huge double-pointed carpet-tack, framed, under glass, with a record of its having been swallowed by a little child, and, by St. Anne's assistance, voided without doing any harm.

The United States itself does not appear to be the right field for just this sort of cure for the sick. Though certain places have a small local vogue of the same sort as Lourdes and St. Anne, none of them become widely celebrated. Americans more often take things in a matter-of-fact way and flock to centers of healing where scientific men point the way. But the M. D.'s themselves keep changing their estimates of curative value, so the crowds pour first in one direction, then

in another. Only a distinctly elderly person can have known Saratoga Springs in its palmy days as the greatest health resort of the east. Its supremacy of prestige long ago passed away. The Hot Springs of Arkansas are still largely frequented, but more and more people are turning to places of comparatively recent vogue, like the sulphur baths of Colorado, the sea-beaches of southern California, or the high, dry plateau camps of Arizona, where the sun makes the only outside application and clean, dry air constitutes the only dose to be swallowed.

If an invalid has money enough, he usually turns to Europe. J. Pierpont Morgan thinks Aix-les-Bains is the place of all others for undoing the effects of strenuous life on Wall street. Queen Victoria used to have a fondness for the Riviera, and spent months regaining strength and serene poise in a sunny villa on a flowery mountainside at Mentone. Edward VII. some years ago "discovered" the Rhineland resort at Homburg, so far as English visitors were concerned. The place had been fairly popular before that with the Germans themselves, but after the (then) prince of Wales found its spring water a panacea for liver trouble and indigestion, troops of moneyed Britons had indigestion, too, and the place became almost as much English as German. Of late years Great Britain's arbiter of fashion has largely transferred his affections to Marienbad, and, naturally enough, that Austrian mountain village is now a sort of Mecca for those who suffer from the same romantic ill as the British sovereign, namely, overweight. It is now declared by enthusiasts that the fountain of youth, which a sixteenth century Spaniard sought in Florida, is really bubbling up at Marienbad. Middle-aged persons with undesirable waist measures are confidently encouraged to believe that the Marienbad regimen, if "followed faithfully," will restore long-lost slenderness and grace. But it is not an easy regimen. This miracle must be earned. You rise at six a. m. or earlier, dress and go out, fasting, to the promenade, where other early risers are flocking to the springs. A king, a grand duke, a Parisian butterfly, a Chicago business man, no matter what your worldly estate may be, you meekly drink a certain prescribed quantity of spring water and walk up and down long, tree-shaded promenades to the encouraging accompaniment of a really fine band concert. Sometimes you sip your dose as you walk along. Even if it rains, your devotions to the goddess of health must be duly paid, though the walking may be done under cover in a long colonnade. The prescribed distance accomplished, you go to breakfast—literally to break your fast, but (if you take the thing conscientiously) by no means to feast. Diet is supposed to be strictly ordered and limited, but as the flesh is often weak, though the spirit be ever so willing, some pilgrims to Marienbad sell their purpose, as Esau, his birthright, for good things to eat, and go away as portly as ever, to complain that, in spite of spring-water drinks and baths, the cure isn't what it is cracked up to be!

The other famous health resorts on the continent are usually more or less like Marienbad, though some are on a much larger scale. Aix, Spa, Wiesbaden, Karlsbad, Baden Baden, each has its specially promised, or at least hoped-for, cure to attract the afflicted. The winter resorts in the Engadine valley, away up on a lofty shoulder of the Alps, just above the Italian frontier, hold out the hope of a new lease of life for sufferers from lung diseases, and the popularity of St. Moritz, Davos and other Swiss towns in that vicinity is increasing at a tremendous rate. People have a good time there, too, if they are at all equal to active sports, for skating, coasting, tobogganing, ski-running and every sort of snowy fun are so much in vogue one would almost think staid, grown-up men and women really had found the fountain of youth up there among the ice-sheeted mountains.

"Newest England," as a recent writer cleverly called New Zealand, is ahead of Europe and America in so many lines of political and social interests, one is prepared to find it also well toward the front in the matter of considerations for public health. A large district in the beautiful mountain region which they call the "Swit-

zerland of the Pacific" is reserved for public benefit, and the government itself maintains an exceedingly attractive health resort near the famous geysers. Only, as New Zealand is about as far south of the equator as Italy is north of the equator, its seasons are precisely the reverse of ours, with Christmas set in midsummer. That turns the calendar of a health resort, like Rotorna, the upside down; but health comes, all the same, and the wearied makers of Neweast England go back to town refreshed and braced up for another year of business, politics and sport.

Oriental people take to the occult as ducks to water. It is not surprising to find lower-class Chinese and Japanese resorting to marvel-working centers of one sort and another to drive away sickness. The degree of education reached by the individual makes a great difference there, just as it does here. As the whole world knows, Japanese surgeons and trained nurses are second to none in the whole world in their practiced familiarity with all the best modern methods of work. On the other hand, a large constituency of common people cling to curious superstitions of their own. In the garden of the Shinto Temple of Kitano Tenjin, at Kyoto, there is a certain favorite image of a bronze bull, which many believe will cure all sorts of aches and pains if a person rubs or strokes the part of its body corresponding to the one where they are ailing. The treatment has at least the merit of being simple and cheap, and there are plenty of old women in Kyoto ready to testify that it is efficacious, too.

If you are inclined to think contemptuously of pagan granny in Japan, remember how many people you yourself have known who ran on wood whenever they mention that they haven't had a bad cold all winter! We do not average so far ahead of the east, after all.

The very oldest of the world's resorts for marvelous cures is in India, at Benares. Compared with the prestige of that spot on the left bank of the Ganges, even the most time-honored resort in Europe or America is a mere fad of to-day. The great German scholar, Max Muller, who devoted years to the study of oriental thought, once declared: "When Babylon and the early Jewish heroes and kings were welding the Israelitish tribes into a nation, while we're welding the Israelitish tribes into a nation, while thought of, hither toiled streams of wistful pilgrims." And to Benares they are still toiling, even in this year of grace, 1908. India is considerably bigger than the whole United States, so that the distances to be traversed are often hundreds of miles, but at the very time when this article is being written sick folk from every part of the land are making slow, painful journeys on foot to reach that particular place on the Ganges where the gods have cured so many ailing ones. Swarms of pilgrims constantly fill the riverside temples and line the ghats where bathers undress and dress again. Rich and poor jostle each other on the bank. Clean and filthy stand side by side waist deep in the ill-smelling water, taking it up in their hands, snuffing it up their nostrils, in sublime indifference to the fact that only ten feet away a corpse is soaking in the same holy water, preparatory for the funeral pyre, and that many dogs are wading into the same fetid bath, on indescribable errands of their own. British authorities say that, while great numbers of cures are claimed to be worked at Benares, the place is actually one of the worst distributing centers of germ diseases in the whole empire.

The newest American resort for the healing of mankind's ills is, as most people have recently heard, a Protestant Episcopal church in Boston, until lately regarded as a stronghold of conservatism. The work is intentionally limited to certain lines, especially to functional troubles like nervous prostration and hysteria.

The treatment is a combination of spiritual inspiration and encouragement with up-to-date twentieth-century medical science, and therefore differs fundamentally from "Christian Science," which puts a taboo on the educated physician. It is announced that the work begun in Boston is to be taken up and developed by certain churches in New York, where the still higher tension at which people live makes nervous disorders even more prevalent. Maybe we have here the establishment of new shrines of healing, even more far-reaching in their influence than those already famous. Time will tell.

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## MADE CHIEF BY WIFE

STORY OF RISE OF FRENCH REPUBLIC'S PRESIDENT.

Fallieres Was an Indolent Young Lawyer Till Wife, Stung by Sneers of Relatives, Planned Future for Gifted Husband.

London.—The recent visit to England of President Armand Fallieres of France at a time when the public hadn't ceased wagging about the rise of H. H. Asquith to the prime ministry and the amount of credit due his tactful and friends-winning wife, Margot Tennant that was, have given the active friends of the other sex renewed room for boasting.

President Fallieres isn't a self-made man. He lacks the initiative, the energy and the ambition for that sometimes sorely miscarried process. President Fallieres is the product, so you are told, of his ambitious and energetic wife, Mme. le Presidente. Madame is all that the president of the French republic is not, and it is entirely through her desire to be revenged upon certain sneering relatives that her distinguished husband is not to-day the mayor of the sleepy old world town of Nerac, in Gascony. Had it not been for Mme. Fallieres' force and diplomacy her gifted other half would now be leading the sheltered and stunted life of an ordinary legal practitioner in his modest country home instead of the luminous career of head of his nation, entertained by royalty across the channel, paid \$250,000 a year, forced to live in the great white Elysee palace and be shot at by anarchistic middle brains (in common with most of the blessed of modern greatness).

The true facts about Clement Armand Fallieres (sometimes also called Eugene) by those who know the fullness of his sundry egomaniacs, have been greatly exaggerated. You may be told, if you care to read, that Fallieres was born in a smith's shop, but



in the most straitened of circumstances; that he rose from the depths of poverty through his own efforts, and more of the usual exaggerated nonsense attributed to those who may rise from comparative obscurity to notability.

As a matter of fact, Fallieres was the grandson of the blacksmith in the myth, while his father was a thrifty (not to say wealthy) wine grower. The son had a reasonably complete education and was a law student in the little city of Nerac. He was by no means dull, but nature had insidiously into his bones a certain lethargic essence not a bit rare in a Gascon. Henry of Navarre knew the Gascons as poor swordsmen; a later generation may find them poor workers.

Aside from this indisposition for special efforts the young lawyer was distinguished as a dreamer. "Cracked brained revolutionist" and "feather brains" were some of the really fine epithets to which relatives of Mme. Fallieres treated the future president of a great people when they learned of the prospective alliance. Fallieres didn't mind much. In common with dreamers he understood his superiority and would have let it be. Not so Madame.

Once married to her brilliant but indolent barrister, Mme. Fallieres brought about a peace with her father and secured for her socially inferior husband the rich legal practice of the elder lawyer. She established a sort of provincial political salon at Nerac, had the happy faculty of making friends and the rare presence of distinguishing those whose devotion might prove disastrous. By herself always in the background she labored with the vim peculiar to a hurt, ambitious woman and she worked better than may be told in mere words.

To-day the spiteful relatives bow to the husband who has no social superiors in France—and possibly to the skill of his wife.

Not Much!

"So you are one of those who want to be let alone?"

"Yes, sir. What we want is a little sunshine and not so much tinkering with other people's business."

"What line are you in?"

"I am the owner of a number of buildings that my agents are renting to people who keep screens in front of the windows. It may be that they are not strictly moral—some of 'em—but it's not my business to go around looking through chinks for the purpose of trying to discover things I mightn't happen to like."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Path to Peace.

"Harmony is what I want," said the political leader.

"Don't go too far," counseled an adviser. "Let's not get rash. We can't kill all the fellows on the other side, you know."

The Final Test.

The angel was making up the list.

"Put me down," said the man, "as one who will admit that my dog bites and my baby cries."

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!