

Is Disease a Crime?

Not so very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which disease should be regarded as a crime. Writing it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of Nature's laws, which, if understood and implicitly followed, would result in the prevention of much of the sickness and suffering of humanity. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as a crime, must, on a little sober reflection, appeal to every reasonable and intelligent individual as radically wrong.

Thousands suffer from contagious and infectious diseases most innocently and unconsciously contracted. Other thousands suffer and die of cancerous affections, the cause of which no medical man has yet been wise enough to ferret out and determine, and which can not, therefore, be avoided. Then, too, many times stress of circumstances compel people to expose themselves to various disease-producing agencies, such as malaria, bad air in over-heated factories, coal mines, and many other situations, and surely those who suffer therefrom should not be branded as criminals.

In so far as disease is contracted or brought on one's self from harmful excesses, over-eating, intemperance and other like indulgences and debauchery, we think with our editor friend, that it should be regarded as little less than criminal. On the other hand, we think it would be harsh, unmerciful, and, yes, criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens which she is obliged to struggle along under until she succumbs to the strain and over-exertion, and suffers from weakness, various displacements of pelvic organs and other diseases peculiar to her sex.

The too frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system, coupled with the care, worry and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weakness, derangements and debility which the mother has to bear and which are aggravated by the many household cares, and the hard, and never-ending work which she is called upon to perform. Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famed remedy for women's peculiar ills—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says that one of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife can not get the needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to abstain from hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapsus, ante-version and retro-version of the uterus or other displacement of the womanly organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" which obtains relief very much or for long periods on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much out-door air as possible, with moderate, light exercise is also very important.

It is Dr. Pierce's observation that many housewives suffer much in weakened condition of their system from too close confinement in doors. Often the kitchen, where they spend most of their time, is ill-ventilated and the bad air and overheating thereof act most unfavorably upon the woman's strength, until she finds herself suffering from various weaknesses attended by backache, bearing-down pains, and dragging down sensations that are extremely hard to bear. A catarrhal, pelvic drain, of most debilitating and disagreeable nature, is a common symptom of the congested or inflamed condition of the lining membranes of the pelvic organs, attended, perhaps, with tenderness and pain in these regions.

Now with all the foregoing disagreeable symptoms and sensations will generally yield to the faithful and somewhat persistent use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to realize the very best results from its use, the patient must, as far as possible, abstain from over-exertion, and too close confinement in doors. To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household duties or in social duties and functions which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, the "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon, restoring tone and invigorating nerves. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would, it is believed, seldom have to be resorted to if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good season. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering the child-birth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Hear in mind please, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite generally aroused because of the uncertainty as to their harmless character, but is a medicine of known composition, a full list of all its ingredients being printed in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-toxic in its composition, chemically pure glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, that is thoroughly guaranteed that it does not contain alcohol, and that, too, in large quantities. Furthermore, it is the only medicine for woman's special diseases, the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, postpaid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't forget that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for woman's weakness and delicate ailments, is not a patent or secret medicine, being the "Favorite Prescription" of a regularly educated and graduated physician, engaged in the practice of his chosen specialty—that of diseases of women—that the ingredients are all in plain English on every bottle wrapper; that it is the only medicine especially designed for the cure of woman's disease that contains no alcohol, and the only one that has a professional endorsement worth more than all the so-called "testimonials" ever published for other medicines.

Craig's Plan for Cleansing the Stage

LORANCE, Nov. 21.—Learning the other day that Gordon Craig and his associates were reforming the stage just across the Arno, I took the tram and looked the matter up. Generally such news would hardly have stirred me, for a long experience with reform and reformers has taught me that usually these benefactors of the race know nothing practically about their affair. Do not total abstinence make up the temperance societies? Is not the social evil dealt with by those who know the scarlet woman only academically? Are not the missionaries of the world cheerfully attacking venerable religions which they profess only under the generic condemnation of heathenism or idolatry?

Observation of this sort has made me content to forego the acquaintance of all reformers whose brass hands do not pass my garden gate conventionally. But Mr. Craig's venture was plainly of another sort. One may think it wise or foolish to try to clean up the stage by cleaning out the actor and playwright, but nobody can say that Mr. Craig does not know the stage as it actually is.

The son of the first English actress of our times, Ellen Terry, he was born to the theater. He has acted and served as stage manager. He has mastered the modern realistic method of stage setting before passing on to a more abstract manner all his own.

After nearly twenty years of experiments and various attempts at improving the theater as it is, he has arrived at the Ecclesiastical conclusion that it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. The institution is so corrupt and inherently defective that it needs not reform, but destruction. Knowing the drift of Mr. Craig's opinions from previous talks with him and from his interesting pamphlet, "A New Art of the Theater," I was not surprised when he early flung at me Eleonora Duse's famous taint that the stage might conceivably be reformed. If all living actors would first of the plague, he hastened to explain that he took no such lenient view of the situation.

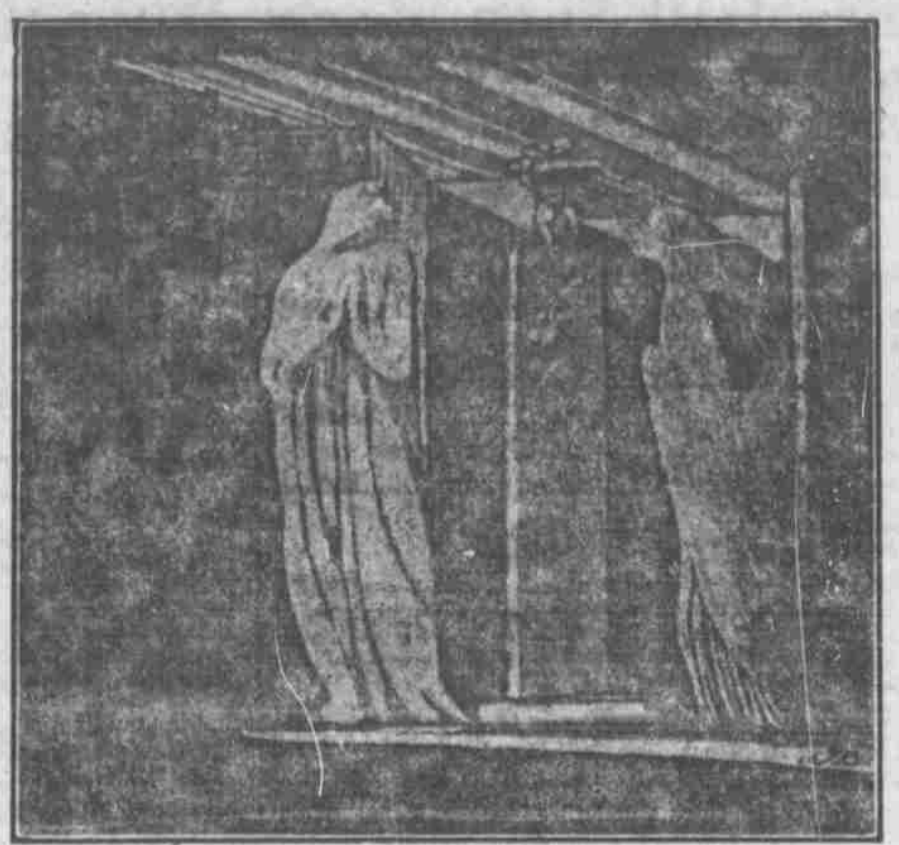
What we wanted was not simply a new and better crop of players, but to get rid of them once for all. What really ails the stage is the actor who is too poor for it, and the drama which is possibly too good, at least too complicated for it. Eliminate the actor and the drama and you will have left, what? Why the stage itself—a cleared foundation upon which one may reasonably hope to rebuild something worth while.

Finding my astonishment, Mr. Craig went back and explained. The actor is the base of the stage partly from his personal incapacity, partly in the nature of the case. Admittedly we have in any generation a handful of artists who are competent to interpret the play, and only a few dozen who are even tolerable in such a capacity. This remnant we necessarily enjoy under grave drawbacks. Their associates are often absurd and offensive. We may conceive of a worthy rendering of a great character, but hardly of a great play. In short, persons of taste who still endure the theater do so for the sake or in the hope of the rare actor of genius.

Mr. Craig protested against such an optimism as highly impracticable. We would never employ a piano that played in tune once in fifty notes, nor a clerk who slipped on a banana peel a year, and considered merely on the basis of common sense the modern theater scored so many losses to hits that patience with it was no longer justified. Artistically the stage is dead, why delay to carry out the corpse?

I demurred that in America at least the stage was very much alive. Yes, he admitted, but in a condition that means nothing for the theater or the drama as art. The popularity of the modern play is on the cheapest personal basis. Tom Brown of Clapham or East Orange likes of course to be admired. Will Eliza, of course particularly his admiration. Jenny Jones, appear engagingly in charades, but he likes them not for their cleverness in charades but because they are dear Will and Jenny. To this complexion are we come in the theater.

We go next to see, for example, John Drew Blanche Bates perform, in which it really doesn't matter. Partly the fault of the players, who naturally trade on a lucrative personal popularity, this state of things is even more the fault of our theatrical system itself. The human interest of a dramatist's creation remains hopelessly Mr. This or Miss that.



DRAWN BY JOHN BALANCE OF SAN LEONARDO FROM THE ACTUAL SCENE AND FIGURES AS THEY APPEAR IN THE VISION CALLED "THANKSGIVING."

wonder that a sensitive appreciation prefers a good recital of a play to any stage presentation, and possibly his own silent reading to either. The drama, in other words, in spite of century-long precedent, was really poor material for the stage, for it was material that was inevitably spoiled in the using. As to the real material of the stage Mr. Craig refused to commit himself definitely. He was experimenting to find it, he said, modestly. He surmised and hoped that it would be found in some rather simple and abstract form of motion and illumination, needing neither the presence of the actor nor any overt explanation in words. In short, the stage of the future, like the earliest we know, might turn out to find its true ally not in literature or declamation, but in the dance.

But I was welcome to see for myself his experimental stage as it was at present. The puppet, he explained, showing a number in their board, was the provisional substitute for the actor; a set of what might be called movements on the puppet stage, the trial substitute for the drama. For a moment my hopes of a novelty were dashed. Surely, I thought, nothing very new is to be made of the puppet stage. To begin with it is a vigorous institution here in Italy. We have had the remarkable Chinese at the departed Chai Noir, not to mention half a dozen recent attempts to revive the marionettes under aesthetic auspices.

But as I doubted the difference of Mr. Craig's undertaking emerged. The other puppets were either definite literal symbols or a recited text or else episodic illustrations for music or a fable. Mr. Craig's, I perceived, would have a sort of independent value. Their presence, motions, composition in groups, relation to the setting, would constitute less an accompaniment to a parallel performance than the very theater itself.

This is the gist of the endeavor—pure scene, or as Mr. Craig puts it, a series of movements that shall be beautiful in themselves and shall need no other interpretation than the imagination of the spectator. An inanimate pantomime doing many things that the modern theater vainly professes to do is the present form of the experiment.

The inspection of a sheet of puppets—I must not say the personages of the new drama, for Mr. Craig repudiates both words—easily convinced me that something interesting was in hand and that the whole scheme was more concrete than it sounds in the telling. These little figurines were like fine pre-Raphaelite sketches that had eaten their way into his mind. Each had a bold and expressive silhouette—a characteristic pose that the puppet holds for an entire act. They were boldly and simply scored with the chisel—affording splendid lines of delineating shadow when the puppet is swept by the strong side light. Their make may be inferred from the fact that two of the illustrations are printed on an ordinary press from the inked puppet itself.

I need hardly say that the flatness, the pictorial quality of these marionettes—differences from those in the round, and requires a different sort of manipulation of the stage. Rather at a venture I have suggested pre-Raphaelite influence in the designs, but technically the linear pattern is akin to those strange drawings which Rodin makes with a single sweep of the brush, or, as it happens, with a finger dipped in the morning coffee. I urge these analogies merely to describe the work, if superficially. Blake, of whom Craig is a devout admirer, is the real influence behind it all. The coloring of Mr. Craig's puppets is still tentative, but he is moving away from a fully tinted scheme toward one that lets most of the white appear.

Indeed the experimental atmosphere pervades the place refreshingly. Looking about, I saw that the present simplified style of marionettes had been adopted only after many trials with more complicated

destined to supersede the present theater, or whether it is a little and precious thing, delightful in itself but leading nowhere, is the question that criticism will sooner or later have to answer. It evidently is premature to raise the question in advance of a performance, to answer it would be simply impertinent.

At Munich they have thought well enough of the venture to support a trial on a large scale. In Florence we are looking forward eagerly to the rehearsal which must soon come on the smaller stage. Bavarians and Tuscans, we are both right, for whatever the ulterior importance of the experiment the decorator of "The Vikings" and of "Faust" will not fail to give us something to delight the eye and the mind. I should be surprised also if these miniature performances should not afford valuable hints to the moribund stage of today. And this, I reminded Mr. Craig in parting, would be only fair; the cruelest pagans have never failed first to adorn the victim they destined for the immolating knife.

FRANCIS COTTON.

A Letter to Eleonora Duse From Gordon Craig.

"To save the theater the theater must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible, they make art that they play, but pieces for the theater." You have said this and more. You have spoken even greater truths, however, bitter they may be, about the theater and its art, revealing by many inspired flashes that you understand what is ill with the theater. But it is not enough to see, to speak, or even to destroy; one must reconstruct. It is not enough to say the actors and actresses set must all die of the plague; one must show what is to take their place. The entire world of intelligence is with you in your statement and expectant for the result.

They know that when you say the actors and actresses must all die of the plague you do not mean individuals, but you mean the entire family, and the entire family includes yourself. You say you all poison the air and you all make art impossible. Well, then, you would exterminate your profession, those only would survive who were more than "professionals," those who have the spirit woven into their bones, those who are without a grain of selfishness and those who desire nothing but the triumph of beauty and courage.

Let what you say be no longer a phrase or a fear. Do it! You who may perhaps fear all else in the world, cannot fear that, I who fear all things upon earth, have no fear of dying for my art. And as I have the liberty to choose the form which that death shall take, I will choose the most painful, the most long drawn out, the daily death, living but fighting every inch of the way and not giving in one-hundredth part of an inch until the last breath of me shall be consumed; neither compromising when alone in my room nor compromising before others; but deliberately undermining and destroying ugliness while constructing



ONE OF THE FIGURES CUT IN WOOD. The Figures Are of All Sizes. This Represents One of the Smallest. It Was Printed From the Figure Itself From an Ordinary Printing Press.

beauty—the most dangerous and difficult of all tasks. How right you are! "It is not drama that they play, but pieces for the theater." How right is this statement of yours! Make it more right by deed. Cease to play "pieces for the theater!" You have said, too, "I have tried, I have failed, I am condemned to play." Sardon and Finno. Some day another woman will come, young, beautiful, a being all fire and flame, and will do what I have dreamed; yes, I am sure of it, it will come. At my age I cannot begin over again.

You have not tried if you have failed; but you have not failed because you have only just begun; it is not a matter of beginning over again—you are now to commence for the first time. Another woman would not be able to do what you dreamed because of her youth or her beauty, but only because of her intelligence, and her intelligence will only be equal to the task when she is your age.

For it does not need youth and beauty to die for the art, and it does not need youth and beauty to cease playing "pieces for the theater." Both of these things need intelligence, sternest, gayest, youngest intelligence. "Which is the strongest remedy?" "Victory!" cries Nietzsche. How true this is. Victory the Remedy.

Besides—and I am going to be bitterly critical—it is not you who have dreamed and it is not another woman who will come, and do. Others have dreamed for you—poets, painters, musicians. You shall not take it as your crown that you have dreamed while. Your crown you shall only win by doing, and when perfect enjoyment lies in the doing what should hinder the deed? Others have acted, others have failed, others have weared. But you, the youngest daughter of the Muse, shall justify her, your mother. Is not this a proud passion which contains divine pain and yet is all joy? A passion eminently creative only for the supreme intelligence. No one in our art dares to welcome such a joy. Are we not all of us cowardly in the theater? If we are actors we suffer just casual disappointments; we see our work spoiled; we find ourselves only able to portray certain round of emotions; we suffer because we are obliged to play this

Do You Hear Well?

A New Invention Used by Mr. W. Hoyt, the Millionaire Wholesale Grocer, and Other Prominent People is Highly Recommended.



Mail Electrophone Co., Chicago Gentlemen—I am pleased to say that the Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing quality, makes it preferable to any I have had since the first time I saw it. I am a grocer and have had many of my friends and business associates who have seen and heard me use it. I am a grocer and have had many of my friends and business associates who have seen and heard me use it. I am a grocer and have had many of my friends and business associates who have seen and heard me use it.

SPECIAL

Mr. Albert E. Coy, one of the inventors of the Electrophone, will be in Omaha at the Hotel Rome, Nov. 29th and 30th, Dec. 1st and 2d, and will give FREE DEMONSTRATIONS of the Electrophone to all deaf people who call. Satisfy yourself before you purchase. We cordially invite physicians to call.

'BOUT YOUR EYES!

EVER HAVE HEADACHE? SURE! Eyes ever weary? Ever ache? Why not have the print run through? Things look double—or do they seem to swim? Eyes inflamed or get tired after reading a bit? Bright light pain at Sun? Better get the printed form from W. F. Penfold, 11 Years with N. J. Penfold as Optician.

WURN OPTICAL CO., 1601 Farnam St., Omaha

Advertisement for Jetter's Gold Top beer, featuring a woman holding a glass and the text "The Perfect Beer Commands Attention".

or that stupid play, saying that the better plays do not make money.

We speak of the pains which come from being unable at times to do our work; we suffer a little in having to work under unpleasant circumstances. All this we can do. Is it not rather irritating, and does it not all spring from one source—compromise?

Pain is so great a joy that few of us have the courage to face it. Some poets have envied pain to their hearts, and from the embrace came forth joy unspeakably clear that they at last have sung. This matter of the death and rebirth of our art is not a matter to shirk or whisper about. It is a matter for the courageous nature to close with.

It is to be spoken about aloud and with truth. We must not begin to be sensitive at this time of day. That must be left in the schoolroom. We must speak of this awakening as one speaks of the awakening of some fierce thing which shall either become a horror or a beauty.

You have said the theater must be destroyed. You are right. I say that the independence of the art must be recognized and the poets swept out of the theater. Am I right? It is they who poison their work—and we, their slaves, always manage unconsciously to destroy it. What a tragedy.

Today without the poet it is held that the theater cannot open its doors, he who possesses an art independent of the theater, the art of literature. Robbery of the poet, the actor is unable to conceive the idea of a theater, for he leans on the poet, he draws his banal inspiration, every breath of it, from the mechanism of the poet, and he makes his money through the folly of the poet. We have lost our freedom. This is shame—our shame. Am I right? And I believe you will be the first to take the most daring step which leads to our freedom. Am I right again?

Y. W. C. A. Building (Continued from Page Three) only suitable space, might be converted into dormitories, but they would provide for not more than fifty women at most, while these two floors as planned will help thousands. The rest and class rooms, the gymnasium, the employment bureau, the reading room, the audience room, the model laundry and the space devoted to the baths are each equally important in the work of a city association and besides these occupy space wholly unutilized for the purpose. Experience in other cities has demonstrated that the boarding home is a distinct branch of work for women and cannot successfully be combined with another.

Advertisement for Kirkendall's Electric Welt Shoes, featuring an image of a shoe and the text "40 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE".

CHRISTMAS EXPOSITION WEEK Begins December 2d.