DROUGHT driving AMERICAN Colonists HOME from CUBA

CATTLE DYING By THOUSANDS And Irrigation MAY Have To Be RESORTED To.

By Lewis R. Freeman.

If there is another thing in which the difference between theory and practice is so great, the hitches between the working out of the plan on paper and in the field so many, and the disillusionment in the transition from anticipation to realization so complete, as in the colonization of a new country, it has yet to be heard of. The large body of American colonists now in Cuba may in time furnish some exceptions to this, but probably not more than enough to prove the rule.

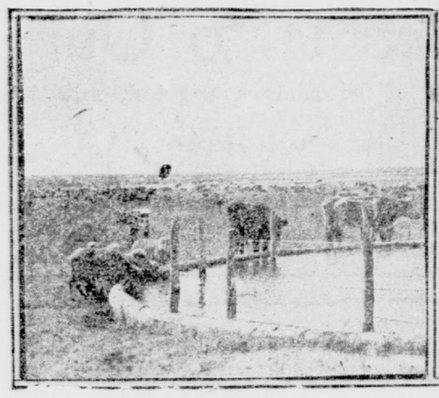
Prior to the war of 1898 the Americans living and following agricultural pursuits in Cuba—not counting managers and assistants on sugar and tobacco plantations—could almost have been told off on one's fingers. Immediately following American occupation the great exodus of Spanish residents threw a large amount of good land on the market at low prices, and this, in connection with the glowing reports circulated through the states regarding the island's agricultural promise was the magnet which drew the first American colonists to the older and more settled parts of Cuba. Later, the opening of the vast central plains through the building of Sir William Van Horne's Cuba Railroad from Santa Clara to Santiago attracted others, while, still more recently, the extensions of the Cuba Eastern in the vicinity of Guantanamo have kept the tide of immigration steadily flowing. As a result of these movements the number of American colonists in Cuba to-day must be considerably in excess of 30,000, distributed through every one of the six provinces of the island.

Among these American colonists may be found families from every state in the Union, the greater part of them, however, coming from east of the Mississippi and most of the latter from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and the New England states. Most of them were farmers before emigrating, but many mechanics and tradesmen of every class may also be encountered. Those who have had previous farming experience in the states have done rather better than those totally without agricultural training, but even the farmers have met with an endless lot of difficulty through their slowness in adapting themselves to changed conditions.

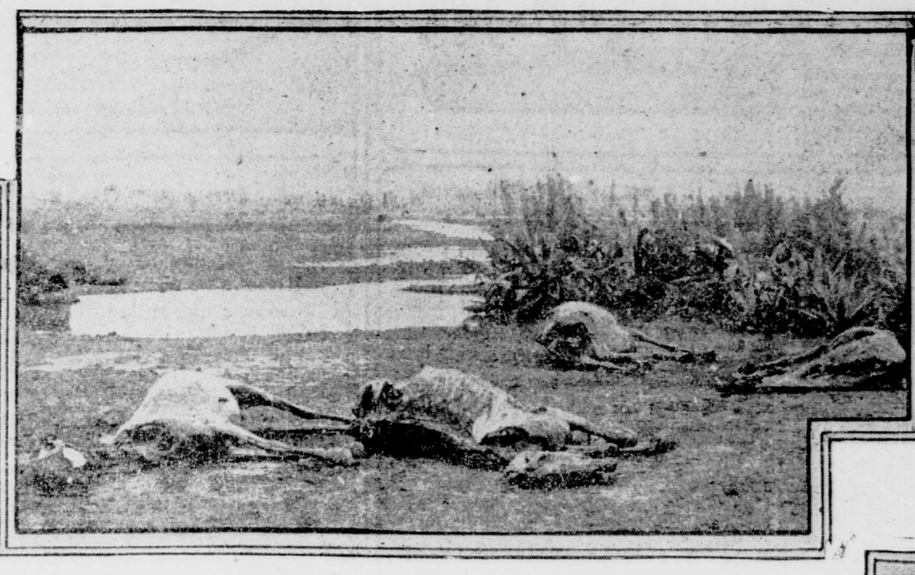
Thus I met one colonist who, having always run his 50-acre Pennsylvania farm with the help of a "hired man," who was at his orders for sixteen hours or more out of the twenty-four, still has difficulty in understanding why he cannot keep up the same area of oranges and pineapples with the help of a single Cuban peon who takes at least two of his ten working hours for his noonday siesta. Another, who went to Cuba with a large sum of money and bought land in the Vuelta Abajo district in Pinar del Rio, was so sure that he could double his crop by ploughing to twice the usual depth that he dropped $10,000 a year for three years before he was ready to acknowledge that the regular practice—the result of a couple of centuries of experience—was the best. Others have starved out their young orchards of citrus fruit by crowding in bananas between the rows in a well meant effort to have something that would be yielding returns while their trees were coming to bearing, while many more have made the fatal mistake of setting out their hard won acres to seedling oranges of the class that Florida and California growers years ago tore out and destroyed because its fruit was unmarketable.

A PLUCKY FIGHT.

In spite of mistakes and disappointments, however, and setbacks, from whatever causes, American pluck was fighting a good battle in Cuba, and there were many who were looking for the year 1907 to bring them their first substantial returns from nearly a decade of unremitting and unrewarded labor, when what proved to be the greatest drouth in Cuban history set in. Excepting the ravages wrought by her years of warfare for independence, this seven months' drouth, which it is hoped has been brought to an end by the rains of the last week or two, inflicted the most serious blow that the island has ever received. From November to the middle of May the average rainfall for all parts of the island was little more than an inch, and such showers as have fallen since the later date have been not nearly as heavy as in normal years, which, following so protracted a period of dry weather, means that the precipitation has been by no means adequate to meet the exigencies of the situation.



WATER IN THE WELL, BUT GRASS ALL KILLED BY DROUTH.



BODIES OF HORSES KILLED BY DRINKING BRACKISH WATER.

SKINNING CATTLE KILLED BY THIRST.

HIDES OF CATTLE THAT DIED IN ONE DAY FROM THIRST AT SAN CARLOS.

A drouth in a tropical country, where the vegetation has always received and is practically dependent upon almost daily showers of rain, is a far more serious matter than in semi-arid regions, like Southern California or Arizona, where a dry season of at least six months is the regular thing. Moreover, in countries of the latter character elaborate irrigation systems are maintained to tide over the rainless spells, whereas in the tropics—and in the West Indies, in particular—artificial watering is rarely resorted to.

Some idea of the condition of things in the large American colony of La Gloria, on the north coast of the province of Puerto Principe, may be gained from the brief story told me by one of its members with whom I shared my seat in the Havana train one day. He had been a barber in Springfield, Mass., and in 1900, having saved $1,000, invested it in forty acres of uncleared land in La Gloria. Leaving New York with a surplus of $100, by the time he had landed his wife, child and household goods at their destination he was $25 in debt. Before the end of the first week his wife wanted to return, to provide funds for which he sold the most of their household goods. Then the next sailing of the steamer was cancelled, and in the month of enforced delay they became reconciled to the situation and decided to stick it out. Improvising a barber shop by inclosing his little front porch with canvas, he worked there at his trade every morning, drove a team for a land company in the afternoon, and at odd times and in moonlight nights worked at grubbing out trees and clearing his own land. His wife took in washing and dressmaking.

A FINAL BLOW.

At the end of three years he had his place cleared, fenced and set to oranges. For the next three years he "barbered" and drove team and tended the orange grove, which was due to come into bearing in the spring of this year. But the drouth had set in, the trees were dying, and, because there was no more "barbering," teaming or washing or dressmaking to be done, he was using his last money to return to the States, there to get work at his trade and save up enough to take up the fight anew when the rain came again. The fact that there was no "barbering," washing or dressmaking to be done will give some idea of the condition of the other colonists.

The American settlers in the great tobacco province of Pinar del Rio are largely persons of considerable means, and partly to the fact that their deep wells have held out longer than in other places and partly because the drouth has been slightly less severe in that region, is due the fact that conditions are not quite so bad there as in the central provinces. Nevertheless, there is a pathetic as well as a funny side to the incident I am here recording.

I was being driven around the Herradura colony by Fred Holt, an ex-Illinois farmer, when we came to a well grown but terribly dry looking orange grove. "Buenos dias," shouted Holt in a jocular tone to a deeply bronzed fellow in tattered khaki who was walking dejectedly about among the dying trees. "Fine orchard you have there, Doyle; what do you expect to pick this season?"

"Nothing but my teeth; and if returns don't come in pretty promptly from my last shipment of pines I won't have occasion to do that oftener'n once a week," came the quick reply from Doyle, who, as his name and answer would imply, was of Irish extraction.

Holt laughed as we drove on, and then looked serious. "Not so wild a statement as it sounds, that of Doyle's," he said. "It was somewhere about the first of the month that he told me that he had been on a diet of pineapples for a week, and that his supply was beginning to run low even then. It's lucky he hasn't a family like the rest of us."

One of the saddest sights I saw in Cuba was in Southern Santa Clara at the rancho of C. B. Foster, formerly of Sioux City, Iowa. Mr. Foster, who is a man of some wealth, has gone in for fancy stock raising as well as fruit, and his latest importation was a bunch of twenty blooded mares from Kentucky. These, together with a number of other highly bred animals, when the grass began to dry up from the drouth, were transferred to a remote but supposedly well watered inclosure for better pasturage. When the stream that ran through this inclosure ceased flowing the herder in charge did not report the fact because he thought the sink holes would furnish fresh water for a week or more longer. These latter, however, rapidly settling, turned bitterly salt in a short time, a fact which was not discovered until all of the animals, crazy from thirst, drank deeply from them and went mad as a result. In spite of all efforts to relieve them, the frenzied beasts dashed themselves against the barbed wires of the inclosure and continued galloping madly about until death put an end to their sufferings.

DRINKING FROM NUTS.

It was on Mr. Foster's large ranch that I took a photograph of a Cuban family of eight, which, because its well had turned brackish, had used no water for a week, but quenched thirst with milk of the cocoanut. Rightly calculating that several dozen trips to the tops of their cocoanut palms could be made with less exertion than a single one to the mile distant ranchhouse, where drinking water was still to be had, this care free little bunch had calmly suspended cooking operations and followed their new form of total abstinence until their last cocoanut was cracked and emptied. At the time of my visit things had come to a pass where the water wagon had to be brought out again, and because all the barrels about the place had dried up and fallen apart for lack of moisture they were hollowing a water butt out of the trunk of a pot bellied royal palm.

In cattle, the heaviest loss on the island has probably fallen on the big American owned San Carlos rancho, near Camaguey, in the province of Puerto Principe, fully half of a herd originally numbering several thousand having died between the end of January and the middle of May. In this instance starvation rather than thirst was the cause of the trouble, for while the cisterns and water holes held out fairly well, the parched, ashen dry ranges were gnawed to the very grass roots by the hungry cattle. At the time of my visit fifty animals a day were dropping off, with prospects of worse to come, and the vaqueros were engaged at about the only work that was left for them to do, that of killing the dying animals and skinning the dead.

The only bright feature of the whole sad affair has been the fortitude displayed by the sufferers and their unshaken faith in the country, in spite of all the misfortunes that have befallen them there. Many are returning to the states, to be sure, but in every such instance that has come to my attention it is invariably with the intention of going back to their island home as soon as things take a turn for the better. The principal concern of all of them is in regard to taking precautionary measures to insure against similar disaster in the event of another drouth, and to this end the example set by the American farmers in and about Guines will prove a valuable object lesson to their brother colonists.

Guines, a fertile and long settled district in the south central portion of the Province of Havana, was the only part of Cuba provided with an irrigation system when the dry spell set in, and, far from suffering loss through the drouth, it actually reaped a rich harvest of profit throughout the long period of high prices that followed the failure of all crops at other points.

This irrigation system, while originally constructed by the Cubans, has been largely extended by, and owes its present state of efficiency to, the American farmers who bought land and settled in that district after the war, prominent among whom is William Ward, a former Californian. It was the lesson in regard to the importance of a steady water supply at all seasons, learned by Mr. Ward while making a fortune raising muskmelons on the border of the Colorado Desert, that led him to urge irrigation upon his neighbors and thus bring them dollars instead of disaster when the drouth came. Mr. Ward's experience will also undoubtedly play a leading part in putting the other American colonies as nearly as possible on an equal footing with Guines in the matter of water supply.

The topography, as well as the general meteorological conditions, of the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas and Santiago is favorable to the comparatively inexpensive construction of dam and ditch systems by which the surface water now flowing to waste may be conserved and diverted for irrigation purposes. On the plains of Santa Clara and Puerto Principe deep wells and steam pumping plants will have to be resorted to, the general slope of the country being too slight to permit of the utilization of a surface flow which is probably insufficient in any case. Many of the shallow wells in that region turned salty in the recent drouth, but at from one to two hundred feet an inexhaustible supply of clear, fresh water may be struck at any point. Pumps of the type of the great 25,000,000 gallons-a-day one in use in irrigating the Hawaiian cane fields will be necessary. Their cost of operation will be considerable, but, even in normal seasons, the benefit would warrant the expense.

SOME HARD FACTS ABOUT SOFT DRINKS

Board of Health Promises to Punish Those Who Adulterate Soda Water.

The soft drink dispenser, whether he deals out foaming soda from behind a glistening counter or hands dripping glasses from a hokey-pokey wagon, is doing a rushing business in New York these days. At fashionable soda fountains women are standing three deep imbibing fancy drinks, while children swarm like bees around the street pedler, whose customers want the worth of their money in quantity, and are by no means particular as to the quality of the goods they pay for.

The fashionable woman pays 10 or 15 cents for her glass of cooling nectar; the woman with a shawl over her head pays a penny, but she is happy in that she doesn't know that her ginger is often a decoction of cayenne pepper and her fruit syrups a skilful mixture of glucose, synthetic flavors made from ether or chemical acids and a liberal supply of water. Sometimes she pays three cents a glass, and then she can see for herself the strawberries floating in her tumbler or reposing upon the top of her ice cream. True, they may have been picked days ago—they wear the marks of age and strife with an unkind world—but she doesn't know the difference and she swallows them and hands her baby a delectable morsel, satisfied that her thirst has been quenched for the moment and that she has got a good sized glass of strawberry soda for a few pennies.

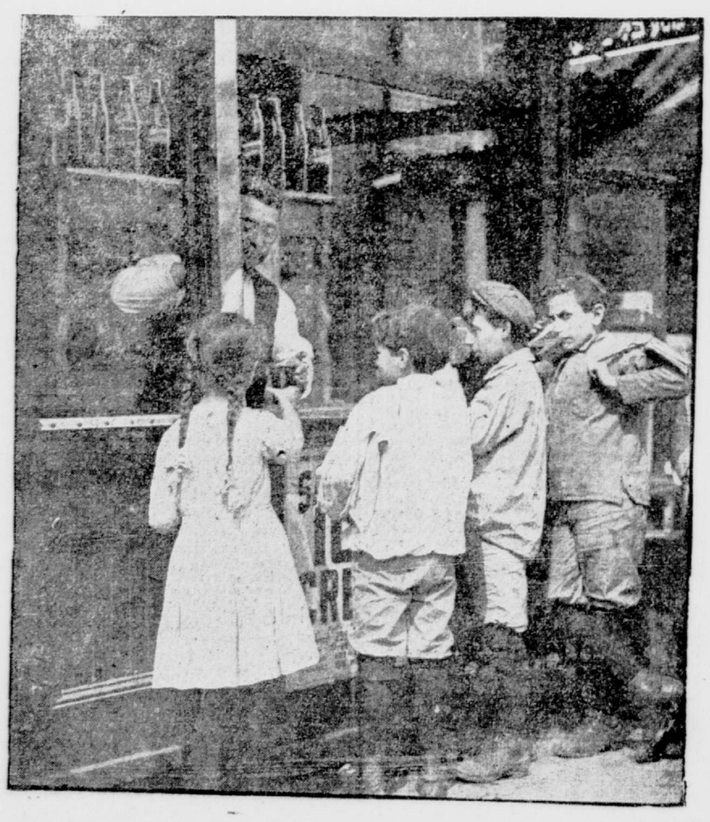
Greater New York drinks between 30,000,000 and 35,000,000 gallons of soda water in a year—principally in the three summer months. This is less than half the quantity of soft drinks consumed by the same thirsty population, for every dealer in soft drinks sells a lot of decoctions in which no soda water is contained. Sixty millions gallons of soft drinks sold in public places alone sounds pretty big. Yet that is a conservative estimate for thirsty, heat ridden Gotham. In Manhattan alone there are over three thousand druggists actively engaged in dispensing drugs and soft drinks in summer time, and their rivals of the confectionery store, pushcart and street stand variety outnumber them considerably.

There was a time when even some of the largest dispensers of soft drinks mixed at their counters cheaper imitations of the goods they were supposed to sell. That time has passed in conformity with regulations made by the Board of Health, and the druggist who dispenses pure soda has only one evil left to correct—that of slovenliness and uncleanliness on the part of the clerks behind his soda fountain. He does not, perhaps always cannot, watch them to see that they preserve the maximum of cleanliness, and so sometimes they slop out soda water from a most disgustingly dirty undercounter, in glasses not half cleaned and with spoons and other articles which they do not trouble themselves to wash well, to a class of customers who, looking at the fair exterior of the fountain, never dream what they are drinking. This condition, a man who has studied these places says, obtains in a great number of drug stores properly equipped and merely needing clerks with habits of cleanliness.

FACTORIES IN STABLES.

It is a long jump from a big, wholesome manufactory of soft drinks, whose operations are controlled by the new federal pure food law, to a smaller manufactory situated in a stable which, even as stables go, is the reverse of wholesome. Dr. Betz, of the Department of Health, disclosed the fact some years ago that there were some small manufactories of soft drinks situated in tenements and stables whose condition was bad, and others of a similar character which, so far as cleanliness went, could be described only as "fair" and relatively fair at that. That the same conditions obtain to-day is stated by Mr. Keller, of "The National Bottlers' Gazette."

"The Board of Health has not the money nor the men to follow up the stable and tenement bottle factories and see that they are closed or cleaned," said Mr. Keller, "and public sentiment is not sufficiently aroused against these places to make people take the trouble to see that their conditions are changed." Another man thoroughly familiar with these conditions states that not only are large quantities of soft drinks and syrups bottled in stables, but that sometimes a factory is situated in a tenement basement living room where a family resides and takes in boarders. Here it does not matter whether the bottles are clean or not. What difference does a little dirt make when there is so much to spare? The materials from which the drinks are made are handled in a manner better imagined than described. The owner of the corner stand and pushcart and his customers of the street are not particular. A little extra coloring matter will do much toward disguising dirt; a little extra acid acts wonderfully in promoting a distinct flavor.



CHILDREN OF THE POOR BUYING CHEAP SUMMER DRINKS THAT OUGHT TO BE UNADULTERATED.

In his report Dr. Betz said that he found in the stable and tenement house bottlers' factories "saturated, filthy floors; the ceilings and walls stained and dirty, and offensive odors from the stable permeating the entire premises." It was discovered that most of these small bottlers owned filters—apparently as part of their outfit, since they were kept in a condition calculated to contaminate rather than improve the condition of the water used. Bacteriological tests revealed the fact that a dangerous number of Coli communis bacillae dwelt in the liquids bottled in such factories for the consumption of the children of the tenements.

Many small bottlers and dispensers of cheap drinks to the undiscriminating poor buy from some reputable house a few gallons of good syrup and an outfit for dispensing drinks. In this way they secure the advertising matter of such houses, and this they use freely. It inspires confidence in their customers, and their pockets are the heavier and their reputations the lighter for such business enterprise.

It has been proved to be an utter impossibility, said one expert to a Tribune reporter last week, for any one to sell a glass of pure fancy flavored drink for a penny or two. Such drinks never see a drop of the juices of the fruits whose names they bear. Pineapple sounds better, and isn't such a mouthful, as butyric ether, while tartaric acid wouldn't tempt half the customers who swarm around the stand which bears the legend that strawberry and raspberry soda waters are to be had there. Neither do citrol oil and citric acid appeal to the common fancy. Wholesome in themselves, they deceive the multitude into paying the price for a glass of orangeade or lemonade which has had no real acquaintance with those fruits. Citrol oil is made from lemon grass, and citric acid is the crystallization of the juice of lemons or limes.

Sulphuric acid, which small dealers use in soft drinks, is employed in such small quantities that it is said no harmful results could follow from drinking it unless it was contaminated with arsenic. Most manufactures now eliminate the arsenic, but all do not, and the average hokey-pokey man doesn't care whether it has been eliminated or not.

HOW THEY MIX IT.

The purest cheap goods sold to small dealers in soft drinks contain saccharine, a chemical which is five hundred or six hundred times as sweet as sugar; glucose, a sugar made from corn, and cane sugar, the purest sugar there is and little of which is known to the small bottling trade. These sweeten the water, and to the sweetened water are added aniline dyes or coal tar colors, in the proportion of one-five-hundredth of a grain to a glass of soda, and citric acid and synthetic decoctions of ether, which resemble the flavors of strawberries, raspberries, cherries, pineapples and the like, when properly mixed. Put up of pure qualities and in the right proportions the amount of deleterious matter taken in each glass of soda water is too small to affect, it is said, a child, but the average small dealer is not a chemist, he has no sense of proportions not governed by the cost of the article, and he buys the cheapest materials to be had from small supply houses, which furnish him with chemicals, and adds to the cheap and pure material purchased from some reputable bottling house his own ingredients, according to his own judgment as to profits. When he puts the strawberry color into ice cream he takes care that enough is there to add a true strawberry or raspberry color—as the case may be—to the lips and fingers of his customers. What the color does to the child's stomach is a matter that occasions him no concern. The proportion of good syrup to his own concoctions is about that of one gallon of the pure to ten of the amateur chemical mixture, says a student of the methods employed.

Syrups made from fruits, if heavy and thick, do not spoil under ordinary conditions, but syrups made very thin for the sake of economy will quickly sour. Syrups flavored and without fruit will sour if very thin, and how much fermented and sour stuff is mixed into glasses of soft drinks retailed at a penny or two a glass can never be computed. Salicylic acid and benzoate of soda are the chief preservatives used in syrups, and the question has never been determined how much of these preserving substances may be indulged in with safety. It is positive, however, that the large quantities of either would prove injurious to the human system.

Children, flies and dust hover over and around the peripatetic refreshment counters of the street, and the hotter it is the more the children demand ice cream and flavored drinks. They or their parents may have heard that some of the gelatine in the cheap ice cream was prepared on Barren Island and in scarcely more wholesome places, from cast off bits of hide, bone and other material from a carcass; that cream does not play any more important a part in the cold lump before them than does vanilla in its flavoring or strawberry in its color; that cornstarch forms the most wholesome part of the feast; but they know nothing of the sources from which cheap gelatines are derived; they are ignorant of the adulterations practised in making vanilla flavoring, and they are more accustomed to cornstarch than they are to cream. It is cold and sweet, and the palate of the tenement dweller is none too critical as to the nature of the article which pleases it.

One dispensary on the West Side, in the tenement district, has had annual cases of illness on the part of little ones who have indulged too freely in tempting and economical soft drinks and ice cream. At one time an epidemic of ice cream poisoning took place near the doors of this dispensary, and it is, therefore, greatly interested in having the sale of injurious stuff to children stopped.

BOARD OF HEALTH PROMISES.

The Board of Health states that it means to keep a sharp lookout this summer for offenders against its regulations as to the purity of food and drinks, so far as these regulations cover the subject, but one well acquainted with the habits of the foreign population in the regions where these abuses exist says that it will be a difficult task. In connection with summer drinks the Board of Health has a knotty problem on hand, that of fixing the status of druggists who sell calisaya over the counter to people ignorant of the fact that they are not taking a strictly temperance drink. Such druggists must, in future, take out a liquor license, a rectifier's license or else discontinue the sale of calisaya, which is a decoction of cinchona bark and alcohol which is declared to be just as strong as and more injurious than straight whiskey. Astonishing facts have come to light as to the great number of women who drink calisaya to freshen themselves up and brighten their eyes and complexions, and of the many temperance men who drink freely of calisaya and denounce the habit of drinking intoxicating beverages. The Board of Health wants these happy innocents to understand that when they buy calisaya they get, practically, whiskey, just as those who buy penny-a-glass lemonade get only a metaphorical lemon.

"SCIENTIFIC LOVE."

Its Details Set Forth by Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Worcester, Mass., June 29 (Special).—Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, of this city, who recently created something of a sensation in an address at Baltimore when he put forth statistics showing that college women are less prone to enter wedlock than girls of lesser education, has come out with a remarkable interview on "Scientific Love." Dr. Hall, it may be remembered, some years ago wrote "Adolescence: Its Psychology." On the subject of love Dr. Hall says:

"As to the typical development of love or sentiment in the individual, we still know too little. An infantile form of it is often seen between boys and girls under the age of eight years. It has been transparent with no self-consciousness, and appears in fondness for each other's company, taking the shape of gifts and often embraces and kisses.

"Jealousy is often well developed, and there is no mutual shyness or fear of ridicule between little sweethearts, who sometimes assume that they will marry, and even prattle of life together. In rare cases such attraction has culminated in happy wedlock. From the age of eight to fourteen boys and girls show another form of juvenile love. This boyville and girldom re-enact in pantomime a love life that was old when history began.

"The order of points specified as most admired in the other sex by the young men and women in their teens is as follows: Eyes, hair, stature and size, feet, brows, complexion, cheeks, form of head, throat, ears, chin, hands, neck, nose, nails and even fingers and shape of face. In Drew's census of 356 love poems of college students eyes and hair also lead; where kisses are often unreal, dreams fancied, charms of hands, sweetheart's songs, pouts, sighs, smiles, and even chewing gum, are also specialized fascinations.

"Eight per cent of the young men are susceptible to sloping shoulders; 7 per cent of the girls specify broad shoulders; 10 per cent favor regular and 6 per cent white teeth; long lashes charm 5 per cent of young men; long, clean or pink finger nails are often specified; arched eyebrows among girls find a special susceptibility in 4 per cent of the youths, while cowlicks charm 3 per cent.

"Often the specializations of taste and preference lay great stress upon the color of hair, slope of the hands or fingers, for a nose slightly retroussé, a long neck, prominent eyes, dimples, and even freckles have special erogenic power.

"Passing to movements or acts, the voice has by far the most preferences. Some are affected by a high, some a low, voice. The rising inflection, clearness, flexibility, a lisp, special intonations, accents, or even dialects are often prepotent. Mode of laughing comes next, while carriage, gait, gesture, movement or roll of the eyes, poise of the head and shoulders, mode of fanning, use of handkerchief, holding the dress, way of sitting or sighing may each have a special pre-eminence.

"In dress or toilet hair leads, and length, mode of parting, dressing, curling, bow catches, etc., are detailed. Rings, bracelets, ribbons come next with the girls, and with the boys clothes that fit, especially those at the shoulder and waist. Canes, glasses, furs, collars, teeth filled with gold, clean linen, white handkerchiefs, pronounced style in hats and even parasols, mode of wearing watch charms, style of collars, frizzes or coils, neatness.

"Conversely, dislikes are no less pronounced. Prominent, deep set eyelids, funess of neck, ears that stand out, brows that meet, broad or long feet, high cheek bones, light eyes, large nose, small stature, long neck, bushy brows, pimples, red hair and a score of other points. Of abhorred habits the following lead: Snuffling, lisping, rolling of eyes, loud voice, use of 'er' and 'um,' pausing in talk, gesticulations, sarcastic smiles, hard or tasteless laugh, stiffness in movement, swaggering, etc.

"In dress dislikes are earrings worn by men, lost teeth, neglect of style, bangs, thumb rings, hat on side in man, short hair in woman, baldness, ultra style, clothes that do not fit, monocles, flashy ties, untidy linen, handkerchiefs in colors, furs and rings for men, cheap and coarse dress, etc.

"Resemblances to animals play a great and surprising role in the adolescent among dislikes. Resemblances suggested by face, voice, motion or character of monkey, dog, parrot, pig, bird, peacock, cat, hen, donkey, sheep, rabbit, bear, fox, etc. Qualities disliked are as follows: Impertinence, flattery, affectation, boldness, complaints, bashfulness, languor, criticisms, deliberations, overgallantry and frankness. These are the alphabet or sociological material of which romantic love is so largely composed, where the trivial often eclipse great qualities, and one trait may be magnified beyond all bounds.

"We often see love charms dissociated from sex and become objects of independent attraction, and also how in degenerate sex feelings may be transferred to new objects with no change in the feelings themselves. If touch, smell, voice, eye, mind or body, dress automatisms, conscious acts, intelligence, are the decentric series, we can see now a change in fashion, now in manners, now in morals, and now in religion, which may each be only a change of fetich groups.

"Normally these special preferences, no doubt often consciously and still more unconsciously associated with liking for individuals, already well developed, are instinctively organized parts of a large whole, so that when one who embodies in his or her own person most of these fetichistic traits is met with, love may suddenly recognize and focus on its own. Love is in this view the practical culmination of self-knowledge which is aware of defects.

"In six leading contemporary alienists I find the following definitions of love as described in novels: Emotive delusion, fixed idea, rudimentary paranoia, psychic neurasthenia, psychic emotive obsession and episodic symptoms of hereditary degeneracy. In any case, æsthetic taste is unconsciously being cultivated over a wide range of topics.

"Female coyness and reluctance or refusal is so deep seated as to belie the Bible imputation that this sex made the first advances. The world owes to her the precious and primal motive of reserve. All through the animal series she leads.

"If a man loses his cue and becomes overdocile, interpreting the woman's state of mind too subtly, playing female parts in her costume with oily voice and cadence, we have the germs of inversion.

"Modesty is at root, mode, and woman is its priestess.

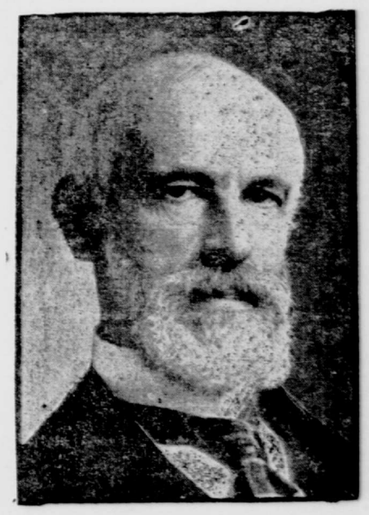
"It is on these laws written and unwritten that coquetry loves to play. It flees, but flees in a circle or to excite pursuit; it resists, but so as to provoke conquests.

"Healthful and sufficient society of noble women, communion with whom at a young age rapidly passed over to adoration, constructs nests of high and wholesome thoughts for old age.

"Love can include the whole body and soul. The fact that a woman is a more generic being than man, closer to the race, and less mutilated by specializations or by deformity of body or soul, makes it easy for man to see in his chosen Helen the entire sex. Every part of her body and mind is attractive. Marriage can now be ideal, infallible and impeccable without requiring any platonic supervision of elders. Each sex is conscious of its own good points, but still more so those of the other. Life, which has hithertofore been partial, provisional and preparatory, now becomes complete in mutual spiritual appropriation and mastery.

"Defects are balanced and two bodies and two souls are a finished nidus for the development of the new resultant life which can now be inaugurated.

"Without children love is incomplete. If woman is not satisfied and grows mannish and assumes the functions of the other sex as her right, it is because man is a failure. The fact that love centralizes the soul to the influences of nature makes it a generic factor in the evolution of art, literature, material religion and, to some extent, science. Love is moved not only by the mistress form, features and every act, but associates with her a large environment."



DR. G. STANLEY HALL.
President of Clark University, who has been studying love scientifically.

MOUNT CLEMENS'S MINERAL SPRINGS.

Detroit, June 29 (Special).—The first wells were drilled at Mount Clemens in 1864, boring for oil. At 1,200 feet mineral water was encountered. The presence of so many different minerals made it too costly to manufacture salt from the brine, but the mineral properties in the water were soon discovered. The water contains salts of calcium and magnesium, with chloride of sodium, sulphureted hydrogen and the valuable medicinal agent, iodine. The waters soon became famous for the cure not only of rheumatism and neuralgia, but all skin diseases, catarrh, metal poisoning, tedious convalescence resulting from grip and typhoid, and kidney and liver troubles.

Mount Clemens is really an older settlement than Detroit, the first cabin having been erected there in 1758. It is now a city of 8,000 population and the rest seekers and bathers make always several thousand more. It is situated on the Clinton River, two miles from Lake St. Clair and twenty miles north of Detroit, the busiest city in the Middle West. Two lines of electric road with half-hour service connect the two cities. The Grand Trunk Railway system affords excellent steam service between east and west. The city is beautifully laid out, all the principal streets radiating from Court House Square. It has every modern appointment, and the water used for drinking purposes is obtained from a series of artesian wells and is absolutely pure.

Down the Clinton River at Lake St. Clair are the St. Clair Flats, famed among sportsmen as unexcelled shooting and fishing grounds. Several clubs have their houses on the river near the lake, and there are a great number of beautiful summer homes.

Every amusement is available, especially boating, cycling, automobiling, fishing and driving. The climate is delightful; balmy breezes always blow on the Michigan peninsula. It is an all year round resort, having a cool summer and a winter tempered by the open waters of Lake St. Clair. As a place for health and rest it is not excelled in the country. The cures wrought in this bath city are many and the popularity of the baths is shown by the record for the last twenty-five years, which increased from 9,000 to over 360,000.

The hotel accommodations are not exceeded in comfort and elegance in any city in America. There are more than two hundred hotels and boarding houses, some of the former costing from $200,000 to $400,000. Every taste and purse can be accommodated, as prices range from $6 a week to $10 a day.

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