

SENATOR TILLMAN'S WONDERFUL THREE YEAR FIGHT AGAINST DEATH

Sixteen Simple Exercises of Physical Culture, Combined With Deep Breathing and Hot Water, Have Made a Well Man of Him, and Now He Is at Work



Senator Benjamin R. Tillman.

If anybody doubts that a sixty-three-year-old paralytic can hold death at bay; if anybody doubts that by a strenuous system of physical culture the lame and the halt can learn to pick up their burdens and walk, just let that person read the statements of Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina concerning his own restoration to health.

Former Immigrant Makes Comparisons

Many emotions possessed me the other day when I passed through the various buildings of Ellis Island. As I looked over the railing of the magnificent gallery in the building where the immigrants are first assembled my thoughts were transported back a quarter of a century and more to the time when I myself was an immigrant. The magnificent conglomeration below me seemed to awaken a responsive chord in me, and while exciting my curiosity, it also made me realize the same sight which I had seen in the past. It was the main to be witnessed, but with a difference there was in the treatment of the immigrants? As compared with those days the immigrant of today is in luxury. The most surprise occurred when I looked at Ellis Island. The imposing structure that greeted my gaze were the thoughts of such as immigrants, and the immigrants were really there, and started on their journey in the country with joy and curiosity; and the low perhaps with sorrow. The panoramic view of the island was a most pleasing and attractive, the buildings well balanced and harmonious, and the large building where the immigrants are assembled. The immigrants sat under the long benches and moved on to the stages up the aisles to the platform where sat the inspectors. They passed upon their eligibility, and the process was necessary, it could easily be seen that the process was wasted. The second room was the scene of the same and noise, yet the operation was systematic and time saving. The third room where the immigrants met their friends in this community center of attraction. Here all the feelings of humanity commingled in a most touching and touching manner. Tears and laughter, and sorrow, betrayed themselves in now and then apparently is even lurking on the outside. The blind, only there were no raised letters. The quarters of the third class passengers were surely the epitome of everything undesirable and unhealthy. And you had to stand for it for some time like sixteen days, whereas now you can make it in eight. Double torture, double time.

the shadow of death. His friends and family lost hope. His colleagues expected to be summoned to his funeral. The newspapers prepared their obituary sketches, making ready for what seemed the inevitable. This was back in 1910. But the Senator refused to yield. The same grim determination that marked his long political career led him to make another fight. And he won again, as he had won so many times when the odds against him were not so great.

He won too by a system of exercise that is astonishingly simple, yet wonderfully effective. Moreover, he has gained thirty pounds—not ordinary fat.

Colorado's Woman Senator Tells of Her Work in Public Life

Mr. Helen Ring Robinson Was Able to Help Men Lawmakers in Matters of State Housekeeping—A Distinct Field of Usefulness for Her Sex in Legislatures, She Found.

SENATOR HELEN RING ROBINSON, who has come from Colorado to study economic conditions in the East, has had some amusing questions put to her by the many persons in this part of the country who had never seen a real woman Senator before.

"They tell us that you saved the State of Colorado considerable money by killing a Senator's pathetic idea for more money to feed the prisoners with the simple statement that you could feed the whole Senate on the allotted 25 cents per man per day and feed them well. Now we want to know how you can do it," eagerly announced a group of New Jersey business men the other day. "You have converted us to the suffrage cause, now convert us to the low cost of living."

"Use plenty of nourishing soups and cheap cuts of meat," answered the Senator. "For example, I can make a piece of round steak more tender than any piece of porterhouse you ever ate."

"Just wait a minute," they interrupted, rushing off in search of their various partners in view of the high cost of living. Returning with their wives they declared they wanted the other side of the house to hear what she had to say.

"To begin with," Senator Robinson resumed, "I found that round steak full of flour on one side till I can't pound any more; then I turn it over and pound on the other. I fry it in a little olive oil, smother it in water and green vegetables, onions, bay leaves and so on, and put it in the oven for an hour or so. It is delicious. Try it," urged the Senator, who knows all about housekeeping.

"Evidently the low cost of living requires time in the same ratio as the high cost of living requires money," observed the very interested payers of the household bills.

"Now, Mrs. Robinson, do you believe that giving women the franchise is going to bring political dissension into the family life?" one man inquired.

"Speaking from experience, I should say not," smiled Mrs. Robinson. "Personally Mr. Robinson and I have only one cause of disagreement and that is not politics, but the size of my hats. Mr. Robinson votes for small hats, I vote for large."

"What do you do about it?" asked

mind you, but thirty pounds of good, hard muscle.

He is back in Washington doing business at the old stand. He is chairman of a powerful Senate committee. He can walk ten miles a day and do hard work. All this has been made possible through a combination of will power and well planned exercises.

"I didn't mean to let paralysis kill me," says the Senator. "I proposed to get well and stay here a few years longer. I did both by a simple plan of physical culture, and here is my system:

"1. Before getting up in the morning, take the head off the pillow and stretch out straight. Begin by kicking backward with first one foot and then the other, fifteen times each. During this and other movements, where counting is required, I draw in the breath to the limit and hold it while the movement is on, from ten to fifteen times.

"2. Put the heels upon the bed with the knees drawn up, then throw the knees apart as far as they can be carried, repeating twenty times.

"3. Throw first one foot and then the other toward the headboard, keeping the knee joints as straight as you can.

"4. While still lying on the back, kick out with both feet as wide apart as you can and do the kicking with emphasis, so as to strain the muscles of the calf and soles of the feet. Elevate both feet at once toward the headboard and then the spine as much as possible by using the abdominal muscles to pull up the lower extremities three times. If the hands are placed under the small part of the back and the arms are used as a lever to help elevate the legs and feet it is very much more effective. If in an iron bed this can be facilitated by grasping the railing above the head with the hands and pulling up the legs and feet by the use of the muscles of the back and belly. This is very fine for reducing the paunch as it substitutes muscle for fat and hardens the abdomen.

"5. Fasten the trunk under something and pull the feet up to a sitting position, drop back and repeat four or five times. This is very straining at first and one ought to go about it cautiously until the muscles have become accustomed to the strain.

"7. Throw the head back with the feet on the bed and lift the body clear so that the shoulders do not touch. This will form an arch. Repeat two or three times. This is enough in bed in the morning.

"8. Take a cold bath and rub down briskly, unless you do not like cold water or have not the facilities to do it. Put on underwear and take a light pair of dumbbells (3½ pounds), to give momentum to the movements. Begin to

exercise the other muscles which have not yet been used.

"9. While standing flatfooted throw the arms down by the thighs backward. Straighten up and repeat ten times. Continue in the same motion, bend the trunk forward as nearly horizontal as you can maintain it and let the arms swing as near the floor as they can go. This brings up the muscles of the back.

"10. Now keeping the knees stiff, try to punch the big toe of each foot with both fists. Repeat five or six times.

"11. Using the dumbbells, pass them to the right and left, one arm going by the belly while the other is extended as high above the head as possible, and as one goes down elevate the other. This will lubricate and loosen the joints of the shoulders.

"12. Throw both arms behind the back so as to bring both hands as near together as possible with the dumbbells clinched hard. Try this ten times.

"13. Still holding the dumbbells, throw one to the rear and the other to the front and twist the spine by first looking over one shoulder and then over the other. This is to loosen the spinal column and make the vertebrae twist each on the other.

"14. Swing the dumbbells backward, forward and downward until a circle is performed by returning them to the starting point. I do this five times backward and then five times forward with each arm alternately. This lubricates the muscles of the shoulder and arms, producing circulation of the blood.

"15. Any time you feel the need of it and think of it straighten up, elevating the hands above the head, then bend forward and try to touch the floor with the tips of the fingers, the knees being held stiff. By repeating this straightening up and bending I can usually go to the floor the third or fourth time. At first I could hardly go lower than my knees and then the muscles of my back felt as though I would wrench them apart.

"16. Catch hold of the bed or a chair and squat as low as you can and then straighten up six or eight times. If you have hold of the bed so that you can bend backward as far as possible each time that you squat and straighten up it will assist you in loosening the vertebrae and bending the spine backward throughout its length. This is an excellent thing to do, as it relieves the nerves from the pressure of the vertebrae. It is the use of this exercise which enables me to mount my horse, although I am so weak otherwise."

After detailing these exercises the Senator went a little further and discussed their effect. He said:

"I practice these motions morning and night, before dressing and after undressing. It takes about ten minutes, not including the bath. I feel a very

marked difference in my strength as well as otherwise.

"I have found that deep breathing adds very much to my strength. It has facilitated my return to health as far as I have climbed back."

"First by compression of the diaphragm drive all the breath out of the body that you can. This is what the doctors call dead or residual air and it remains in the lungs unless they are compressed. After you have exhaled all you can then hold the lips together and inhale to the limit. This is the best thing I have ever discovered for insomnia, as almost before you know it while you are counting the inhalations you are asleep. I never re-

member having done this more than ten times without going to sleep.

"Another aid to my restoration to health has been hot water. I drink all the water I can and as hot as I can bear it, and when I think I have taken enough I drink some more and still some more. The average stomach has become accustomed to cold water and will reject the hot at first unless it is very hot. After drinking it persistently it becomes very acceptable to the stomach and no nausea results.

"I owe my restoration to the health I now have to four things: careful diet, drinking hot water, deep breathing and physical culture exercises I have outlined."

Men Who Have Broken Laws to Do Good

VICTOR HUGO'S story of the wonderful change of Jean Valjean from a convict to an honored public official has been paralleled so many times in actual life since the French author's great novel was published that fiction readers of a new generation have begun to think that after all there was nothing so remarkable about the character creation of the great "Les Miserables." In fact the other-day story of Charles L. Goldberg of New York may be set down as a much greater source of interest than Valjean's sufferings and sacrifices were.

The Goldberg story was just the opposite of the Hugo tale. In the latter a convicted man escapes from prison to live a blameless life and improve himself that he may do others good. In the Goldberg case the man was living a blameless life—apparently—as a bookkeeper. He longed for an education in medicine for two reasons. He wished all things to be a doctor and next he wished to be a doctor in order that he might take up a special practice at low fees among the very poor. So Goldberg stole to accomplish his end. He added the payroll of the concern he worked for and used the money to pay for the completion of his studies at the Long Island Medical College. He was truly penitent for his misdoing and his employers agreed to let him pay back his stealings at the rate of \$10 a month. The court dismissed the charge against him because of this adjustment.

Goldberg is not the first case of the kind where men have stolen to accomplish what would be considered the aim of a very laudable ambition if the means of furthering such ambition had not been so questionable. It is estimated by the very prosaic heads of detective bureaus who have had charge of the "spotters" employed to catch railroad employees stealing that hundreds of men have systematically robbed the railroads, banked the money and after a certain amount has been saved have received their positions, received an honorable discharge, and then opened up a business of some kind with the proceeds.

A curious case became known to one or two churchmen in Chicago a year or so ago. A young man had been chosen chairman of the board of trustees of a church not now to be designated. Older men than he had chosen him because of his high character and because as superintendent of the Sunday school he had demonstrated in a high pressure, nervously aggressive way how things could be done. There was a debt of \$10,000 on the church that must be met within a short time. The young man was hailed as the exact person to devise the plan to get the money.

The young man tried a number of ways to raise money but did not succeed. At last he went to a notoriously

fight fisted old man of money on the North Side. He pleaded eloquently for first a contribution from a fund that would loan at low interest. The old fellow eyed him coldly and at last said:

"I doubt that you can raise that money any way or shape, smart as you are reported to be. I tell you what I'll do. If you come to me next Friday night and show me \$5,000 in cash—not promises—I'll loan you the other \$5,000 for ten years at your own rate of interest. Let's see if you're the man they claim you are."

The young man's pride in his reputation led him to err. He was employed in a bank. He had five days to meet the old man's offer. In four days he had coaxed and cajoled church folk into handing him \$1,500 cash. Not another cent could he raise, even with a fine tooth comb. He grew desperate through pride of his reputation and took \$3,500 from the bank from a fund that would stand the withdrawal for just one week.

Friday night he went to the old man and displayed the \$5,000. The old man kept his word and wrote him a check for \$5,000 more forthwith. The \$10,000 was taken to the church's creditor, who received it with great surprise, as he expected excises and pleas for time. Said he:

"I pressed you for this money because I needed it badly and would have made trouble for you if I hadn't received it. But that was a week ago. I am out of financial difficulty now. I congratulate you on your energetic raising of the amount."

"Then—as it has been an awful strain on some of the donors to contribute this money—let me have \$3,500 back at your usual rate of interest, payable in two years. Some of the men from whom I got the money let me have it as a favor to me alone and are depriving themselves greatly. We can make up this amount in two years easily."

"Most assuredly," said the church's creditor. So the trustee's obligation was met and the young man got back the \$3,500 in the fund from which it was taken. His immediate trustees praised him to the limit and worked with tenfold vigor to clear up the short time \$3,500 debt. It was paid off in one year. The identity of the unknown donor was never asked. It was a sacred secret. The conscience of the young trustee bothered him at times, but as he never did anything like it again he came to believe that in just this one instance the end justified the means and that pilfering for a laudable object might not be so sinful in the long run. Just before the young trustee died of a sudden attack of pneumonia he told the story to the rector of the church. The one or two who heard it afterward quoted a text: "Judge not lest ye be judged."



Senator Helen Ring Robinson.

on the Governor-elect and asked his advice in regard to my work in the Senate. He advised me that generally when I had a good speech on the end of my tongue I should keep it there. I've always been grateful for that advice, for I saw several excellent bills killed during the session by too much oratory."

The personification of everything womanly, Senator Robinson does not appear at all like the imaginary woman politician. She wears trailing gowns, takes pains with her hair, just as any other woman does, and has a pet cat, a tawny Persian named Periwinkle. There is not a better known cat in Denver. In truth he has had an ode written in his honor by

Howard Sutherland, author of "Idylls in Green." Here it is:

Not thine to slumber by the drowsy Nile, O Periwinkle of Shubhan smile! Thou carest not if Isis or if Bhud Or God exist—so thou get'st thy food, Soft mice or goldfish from thy lady's hand.

Or lesser tidbits—these suffice thy soul, Thy Nile glides on, thy Sphinx staves stonily Above the dust of cats unwept, with thee— Cats swathed in linen sweet, with thee— myrrh!

What carest thou? Thine amber eyes on her Who sits and writes are fixed with sleepy gaze.

Thou knowest full well she'll feed thee all thy days.