

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

Book Canvasser and Insurance Agent Meet and Practice on Each Other—Insurance Man Now Paying \$1 a Month for Forty Years on a Set of "Seventeen Unimportant Events in History."

MUCH less activity is noted in certain trades than in former days, but we recall with pleasure the scene a decade or so ago when an insurance agent entered the office and tackled a book canvasser sitting there waiting to get at us to sell us "The Seventeen Greatest Events in the Universe," a set bound in half horsehide morocco in seventeen volumes.

Army recruits find that cigar smoking has unfitted the boys in the south for entering the army. Uncle Sam does not wish an army that can be detected for several miles by its effluvia. The enemy's general might remark:

"Seems to me I smell the foe. Captain, order the gunners to drop a few shells in the direction of that packinghouse odor."

Then the first thing our gallant boys would know, shells would be dropping in their midst. Plainly cigars, like gaudy clothes, will have to be barred if the boys do not wish to be shot to pieces.

The fool joker is a dangerous person. The usual number of deaths have occurred this summer from his efforts. Poor old Peter Kuhn, who believed in ghosts, has gone to be a ghost himself owing to the fool joker's activity. Kuhn was frightened to death by weird noises in the night at Norris City, Ill. His body was found in bed in the morning with a look of horror on his face. A nail driven in a triangle of the roof above the head of his bed held a tin can, to which a long string had been attached. The "practical" jokers, by rubbing this string with rosin, produced sounds in the air over Kuhn's head. Kuhn knew it was spirits and so very properly died. Funny, wasn't it?

D. B. Messer, a farmer, 65 years old, at Huntington, W. Va., is hopelessly insane as the result of a joke by his grandchildren. At a family reunion, six of his grandsons, ranging from 16 to 30 years of age, residing at a distance, planned, as a joke, that each should write the old man a letter the following week. Each was to express solicitude for his safety, claiming that he had dreamed that his grandfather had died. The letters arrived one by one. On Monday came the first, Tuesday the second, Wednesday the third, Thursday like letters followed, all with the same dark foreboding. The matter preyed upon the old man's mind so heavily that by Saturday he lost his reason.

The grandchildren were very much annoyed at the outcome of their witticisms. It is sometimes well to give "practical" jokes a little thought.

Probably no better man to succeed Dr. Dowie could be chosen than Brother Bills of Miller, S. D., who is one of the candidates for election to the prophethood. Brother Bills is regarded in Miller as an able man and a financier. He is at all times bubbling over with zeal. When holding sunrise prayer meetings at one time in Miller, to attend which the sleeper brethren neglected to arise from their flowery beds of ease, Brother Bills loaded a cannon to the muzzle and touched it. It awoke not only the town, but the entire countryside. Bills ran a Poor Man's Bank at Miller and ran it honestly. If he gets control of Zion it will be honestly and shrewdly administered.

Why does a rooster hold up one leg? This seems like a simple question, but it carries with it some of the profoundest problems of our complex nature. The general opinion is that the rooster holds up his limb to rest it, but there are observers who claim that such is not the rooster's method of obtaining repose. The elevation of the bird's limb occurs at intervals that show it to be rather a mark of chestiness. In holding up one leg the rooster is in fact performing an act analogous to that of the Daniel Webster orator who tucks one hand ostentatiously between his shirt front and his vest and swells out his chest. The rooster having neither shirt nor vest does the thing mentally analogous.

Study the rooster. In these smaller things sometimes lies concealed the key to profound mysteries.

A legal fight at Higginsville, Kan., has attracted notice in the press of the southwest. A young fellow bought 2,000 extra fine cigars and had them insured for their full value, smoked them up and demanded the insurance, claiming that they had been destroyed by fire. The case was taken to the court and the judge decided in favor of the young man. The insurance company then had the young man arrested for setting fire to his own property, and the same judge ordered that he pay a fine and go to jail for three months.

What the Market Affords

Flour, 15 cents a pound. Mackerel, 60 or 80 cents each, according to size. Lake Superior trout, 13 cents a pound. Eggs, 20 cents a dozen. Damson plums, 15 cents a quart. Lemons, 20, 25 and 30 cents a dozen. Concord grapes, 35 cents a basket.

Damson plums, now on the market, are said to be very good for making jelly. Concord grapes, too, have made their appearance, and are not expensive.

Fish pie, always served in the French and English inns, is not difficult to make at home, and it is a variation of the ordinary preparations of fish that is much relished. Dip one-half pound of stale bread crumbs in enough milk to moisten, add one ounce of butter, a little salt and pepper and beat until smooth over the heat of a gas stove, thyme and a bayleaf and take off to cool. Skin and bone the flounder, mackerel, cod or bass, scrape and

soak half the flesh and add it to the bread mixture. Season the rest, cut into slices and arrange in layers in a deep dish with forcemeat of the fish and bread between, and dropping bits of butter here and there. Have ready one cup of fish broth or consommé of veal stock, rather thick and well-seasoned, pour it over and arrange slices of bacon on the top, under a lid of fine puff paste. Leave a hole in the middle for the steam to escape, cover with a layer of butter paper and bake three hours in a slow oven. Take off the paper, and when the pie is brown, fill the hole with one-half cup of stock mixed with a tablespoonful of sherry or white wine, and serve cold. To make lemon soufflé, beat the yolks of four eggs until thick and light-colored. Gradually beat into them one cup of sugar, then the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Lastly, out and fold into the mixture the white of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a buttered pudding pan set in hot water about half an hour. Serve with or without sauce, fruit syrup or foamy, frothy sauce.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

To Remodel a Gown.

Dear Miss Lee: Having read so many of your valuable suggestions in The Journal, I decided to ask your advice in regard to remodeling a last winter's costume of green check material like enclosed sample. The skirt consists of two circular flounces. The first flounce extends from the belt to knee, the second flounce from knee to floor. There is also ample material in waist. How could I make a becoming, up-to-date dress of it? I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, bust 34, waist 24; have dark hair, blue eyes and can wear almost any color. —Mrs. C. D. C. Fargo.

What a pretty sample of green and black check plaid. I take it that the circular flounces are applied to a drop skirt, so my idea would be to rip both flounces, then join together, making one long skirt. Cover the join with a row of rather wide braid, running it up on the skirt at intervals in pointed tabs, and then run a row of soutache braid parallel with the wide row, taking it up around the tabs. Finish the bottom of the skirt as a trim way with the braid, and I am sure your skirt will be a success, that is, if my

suggestions are found to be practicable. If, however, this will not answer, and the skirt must needs be recut, if you would like to write again, giving details, I should be glad to help you if I can. The braid should be black. I suppose it will be necessary to rip the waist, and this done, I should lay in a round yoke, not too large, say extending about half way along the shoulder seam, of velvet in dark green or black, or else panne velvet in pale blue, depending upon the need of the gown and personal taste. Outline this with a flat shaped bertha of the plaid, edged with braid, and running up into tabs as on skirt. Have the sleeves as full as the material will allow, bringing into velvet cuffs, or in the case of blue bertha, cuffs, then I should have cuffs of the plaid trimmed with braid and piped with the blue only. —Elizabeth Lee.

"Mackinac Island and Return, \$25." Every Thursday and Sunday during August the Great Northern Railway will sell tickets from Minneapolis to Mackinac Island and return via Duluth and the Booth line returns via "Easton" and "Soo City" for \$25, including meals and berth on steamers. Tickets are sold on Thursday good returning the following Wednesday. Those sold on Sunday good returning the following Saturday. City Ticket Office, corner Third and Nicolet, Minneapolis, Minn.

Getting Even

MRS. TALCOTT stood up in the sailboat and laughed down into the surprised face of her husband. Ever since they came to the resort she had been trying to overcome the deep aversion to sailing which Professor Marcus Talcott had acquired as a lad, during a terrifying experience in a sailboat. Until this time she had always been obliged to give up and leave him at home whenever she went sailing. Now, as the canvas was up, she laughed merrily.

But Professor Talcott watched his pretty wife in her white sailor gown, with the dark blue tie fluttering at her throat, and his heart refused to soften. He had been tricked. She knew very well that corn roast was one form of festivity he could not resist. For, however they might differ on the subject of sailing, these two were absolutely one in their enthusiasm over roasted corn.

She knew exactly well, too, that he had expected the corn roast to be held as usual on the safe and sandy home beach. Not a word had been said to him about crossing Pine lake to Holy island until, at the last minute, this sailboat had been unexpectedly displayed. Then everybody had been "so surprised" that he had not understood the plan!

Before there was time to resist he had been coaxed aboard and the next thing he noticed was the sparkle of triumph in the eyes of his wife.

It was an exciting sail over to the island. Even reckless Mrs. Talcott glanced uneasily at her husband several times, but whatever his tremors, he kept them to himself. They landed at last, much to his secret relief, and the men were ordered to gather driftwood and build the fire for corn roasting, while the women, marshaled by Mrs. Talcott, set about unloading the baskets.

But that was the moment when Professor Talcott's wounded dignity became visible to the naked eye. Instead of helping with the fire, he moped on the beach. When Mrs. Talcott rallied him he strolled away—and he stroled so far that he quite missed the commotion caused by the discovery that the butter had been left behind.

These are farmhouses on this island," said young Morton, tossing another log on the blazing fire. "I'll go forage for butter if you'll keep me company, Mrs. Talcott."

She cast one glance at the professor, sauntering up the beach. Really, he was acting like a child.

"Well, we can't eat the corn without the butter," she responded. "And it serves me right to have to go. I'm the one who forgot the butter. With that she looked again at the professor and then hurried away with Morton.

They did hurry, too, for there was one girl in the party who will never believe it. The first house was a half a mile off, and the road lay thru soft sand. There was no butter there, but they were told of a place farther on, where butter could be found; so on they trudged.

Part of the way lay thru the woods, and there perspiring Morton would have lingered, but Mrs. Talcott sternly refused. Once they missed their path, but she was as openly annoyed about the time they lost as if Morton had been the professor himself. Altogether, it was a prosaic journey. In the end, it was at the fourth farmhouse that a Mr. Morton was privileged to buy a pound of butter for a \$1 bill. They had then been gone from the party over an hour.

"Well, we've got the butter, anyway," said Morton, after a discouraged glance at his watch. "And remember that corn!"

It was this reflection that comforted them all the weary way back, and it was the pound of melting butter that Morton proudly waved as they drew near the campfire at last.

"Where on earth have you been?" was the chorus that greeted them.

"Say, we couldn't wait that long, you know," one of the men apologized, "so we ate our lunch. Hurry up. It's almost time to start back."

"You see, we thought you were having such a good time you'd forgotten all about luncheon," laughed the girl who would have liked to go after that butter with Morton herself. She was laying out sandwiches and asking for the lady's opinion as she spoke. "And please forgive us, but we've made a dreadful mistake. We thought that other basket was full of corn, and before we found out it wasn't, we had roasted and eaten every bit there was!"

"Without any butter!" gasped Mrs. Talcott.

"Oh, no; we found that your sandwiches were spread dreadfully thick, Mrs. Talcott, so we each opened ours, and rolled our corn across them, and it was splendid! But it's sad there isn't any left for you!"

"Well!" ejaculated Morton, eyeing the pound of butter dismally. "Pity somebody hadn't thought of that before we started, isn't it, Mrs. Talcott?"

But she was looking at the girl. "Such a bright idea—buttering the corn that way! Was it yours, Marie?" she asked.

"Oh, no; it was your husband's. Isn't he the most resourceful man?"

Mrs. Talcott darted one glance across the fire at her well-fed husband. His eyes had borrowed the sparkle of triumph from her own. "That's for get-



ting me out in a sailboat?" his look seemed to say.—Chicago News.

A HINT FOR DOLL-BUYERS.

"DOWN at the seashore," said an old bachelor book-keeper, closing his ledger with a bang and swinging round on his high stool, "I fell in love with a sunburnt little maid of 4 or so. Every day I saw her, and every day I gave her a dime. She quite got to know me."

The old man chuckled. Then he resumed: "One day I decided I'd buy her a doll. I ransacked the town, and I bought the finest doll money could procure. I gave it to her on the beach that afternoon."

"With her little bucket and shovel she was playing with four or five other small girls. She welcomed the new doll delightedly. She took it from me with a radiant smile. And then she turned it up on end—stood it on its head in the air—and her face fell."

"The other children, one by one, folded the doll tenderly in their arms, and then they, too, stood it on its head, and with a disappointed look, relinquished it. 'Too late I perceived the error I had made. I had bought a doll that didn't close its eyes.'

"You, if you ever do any doll-buying, take warning by me; get a doll that shuts its eyes and goes to sleep, and then, when the youngster you present it to stands it on its head, she won't be disappointed and grieved, and you won't, either."

A VERY CAUTIOUS DIPLOMAT.

SIR THOMAS HENRY SANDERSON, who retired a few months ago after having been for over eleven years permanent under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, always declared that the essential qualifications for a young man entering upon a diplomatic career were "the ability to remember all he hears and the sense to keep it to himself." A standing joke among those intimate with the under-secretary was that he never answered the simplest remark without carefully turning it over in his mind and examining it in all its bearings. On one occasion, it was said, he met a well-known politician in the corridor of the foreign office, who called out genially, "A very fine day, Sir Thomas." "Is that so?" responded Sir Thomas, deeply meditating. "I will have inquiries made and let you know about it."—Westminster Gazette.

ON THE FRONT PORCH

A SOFT air shook the honeysuckle vine, and puffs of delicate perfume floated to the young lovers. Clarence's tone was reverent and hushed. It was as though the slim and beautiful girl were in his eyes a goddess.

"Darling," he said, "each time I kiss you it makes a better man of me."

A voice from above cried harshly: "What are you by now, then—saint or archangel?" A burst of ribald laughter, the rattle of a closing window, and once more the night was bathed in holy calm.

IT RATHER FLATTERED HER.

"THIS is the third year I've worn this bathing suit," she said.

"It's rather small for its age, don't you think?" the young man asked.

She blushed faintly, but, being beautiful, she was not displeased.

Curios and Oddities

"Tis Passing Strange!"

AVERAGE LENGTH OF SENTENCES.

"THE English sentence grows shorter and shorter," said an essayist. "Spencer, Sir Thomas More, Lyly and Sydney used sentences of the average length of 55 words. Nowadays the sentences of the average journalist are only 15 words long."

"Bacon introduced the short sentence. At a time when everybody else was using 50 words, he took to 22. Praise be to Bacon.

"Macaulay used a very short sentence. Its average length was 23 words. Dickens' average was 25. Thackeray's was 31.

"Matthew Arnold's sentences are long, but beautifully balanced. They are 37-ers. Henry James' are longer, and the intricate, graceful and well worth puzzling out, for in each of them a wonderful meaning is concealed. They are 39-ers.

"Kipling's sentences are 21-ers. George Moore's are 25-ers. H. G. Wells' are 23-ers. Upton Sinclair's are 22-ers."

FOR SWIMMERS' SAFETY.

THE physician, slim in his blue flannel bathing suit, had his ears stuffed with cotton.

"This cotton," he said, "should be used by all those who swim out beyond their depth. You know how often good swimmers of that type drown, don't you? Their drowning is imputed to cramp, but you will never find one of the drowned with his ears stuffed with cotton.

"Why? I'll tell you why. Because it isn't cramp that causes these drownings. It is a perforation of the ear-drum, followed by unconsciousness, due to the pressure of the water.

"Cramp isn't, after all, the deadly thing it is made out to be. If you get a cramp in your leg while swimming, it is easy enough to roll over on your back and float. The cramp, when the water is actually shallow, where every day barrels of delicious peaches were thrown to the fat and pampered hogs.

"The market, you see, was so glutted with peaches that it didn't pay to haul and ship them. Hence they went to the pigs.

"I know places in California and in Florida where oranges are used as soap to scrub the floors. The fruit, cut in half, is rubbed like soap over the boards, which it cleans and whitens beautifully, for orange juice is a great destroyer of dirt.

"If we had a Standard Oil system of economy in our agriculture, too, I don't think that we would see peaches fed to hogs, or oranges used as soap, would we?"

USING ORANGES AS SOAP.

"PEACH-FED PORK" would sound well on a menu," said a San Franciscan. "Quite as well as the familiar 'celery-fed duck,' eh? I once passed a season on a ranch where the pork was actually peached, where every day barrels of delicious peaches were thrown to the fat and pampered hogs.

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TWO GOOD VACANCIES.

THERE are always two good vacancies which either a man or a woman is fitted to fill. One is the post of hair-dresser. The other is the post of coffee-maker.

The speaker, an employment agent, went on hurriedly: "If I had sons or daughters, they should all be apprenticed to hair-dressing or to coffee-making. He or she who can undress the hair in the Marcel wave, or he or she who can make clear and rich and aromatic coffee may always be sure of a good job at a high salary.

"The hairdresser who can put in a fine wave that will last five days is worth \$25 a week. The coffee-maker who can turn out coffee that is black, rich, clear, and shimmering on the surface, with an aromatic oil, should never be content with less than \$20."

CHEAPNESS OF SWISS TELEPHONES.

"I WAS in Switzerland in June, before the rash set in there," said a globe trotter, "and what most struck me there was the height of the mountains and the lowness of the telephone rates.

"The government owns the Swiss telephone system, and a phone costs only \$12 a year. This small fee gives you 800 calls, and for excess calls all you pay is 1 cent each.

"The Swiss telephone system is admitted to be the best and cheapest in the world."

ODDS AND ENDS.

PIGS have been known to kill and devour sheep. Thomas A. Edison never carried a watch. He never cares, he says, what time it is.

Diamonds, pearls and turquoises are the precious stones best imitated. False rubies and sapphires, on the other hand, may be detected with ease.

The hottest place in the world is in the southwest coast of Persia, on the Persian gulf. Here, in July and August, the thermometer climbs to 130 in the afternoon, and never, day or night, falls below 100.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

CROQUET REVIVAL

The ancient pastime of croquet was supposed to have passed to its final rest a generation ago, along with jacks, straws, tiddle-de-winks and authors. It died as it had lived, gently and peacefully, and was believed to be resurrected only by a few staid "old folks," who managed to find a very mild excitement in coaxing a wooden ball thru the wire wickets while they strolled about with an assumption of indifference not difficult to affect under the circumstances.

All of the revivals will not admit that the game is just the same as that of other days. "Lawn billiards," some of them call it, and insist that improved equipment has placed the pastime in the class of expert games. They play with "professional" mallets, longer and heavier than the old-fashioned sort, and having short handles. The balls are turned from liguim vitae and other close-grained woods, must be perfectly even in contour and of uniform weight. When the players talk of rules and play, their conversation is interlarded with highly technical references to "cut strokes," "kisses," "follow shots" and similar expressions calculated to leave the untutored hearer with the impression that the game is difficult and complicated.

"Croquet is a better game now than it used to be," declares its devotees. "It is less expensive than tennis, less fatiguing and requires a smaller court. We don't care anything about its being old-fashioned, long before it became popular in this country, to say nothing of the ancient pastime of quo. Croquet is all right."

WOMEN OF ROME

Women of ancient, luxurious Rome used to eat parsley as a mouth cleanser. Honey boiled in wine and aniseed was also a sweetener of the breath and pastils of myrtle were employed for the same purpose. Silver tongs and knives were employed in caring for the nails. No woman of social eminence cut her own finger-nails; those who had not skilled slaves employed barbers. Perfection in these respects was one of the thirty beauties attributed to Helen of Troy. Great pains were bestowed on the feet, for it was considered that the breeding was betrayed by them as easily as by the hands. They were

always much in evidence, the sandals worn not hiding the long, tapering fingers were highly prized. Various kinds of herb decorations were employed to beautify the fingers. Pliny gives recipes for removing any undesirable substance from the nails. Asse's milk contributed to the whiteness of the woman's skin. It was sometimes poured into the bath and the whole body laved in it, and sometimes the hands and face were sponged with it from a silver basin, the soft linen towel completing the process. The hair was delicately scented, and it took many slaves to bring the tresses into the classic braid or high pyramidal which were the fashion at various times. Perfumes were not only applied to hair, hands, clothes and the person generally, but pervaded the rooms, which were hung with garlands and decorated with blooms of many kinds. The dresses of Roman matrons were made brilliant with various precious stones and smoothing machines being employed for the purpose.

COLORS TO WEAR

Green sets off white and rosy skin. It should be relieved with white, red and rose. Rose color should not be against the hair, or white or green. Bright blue becomes the blonde. It should never have any relief of rose or violet, but yellow and orange have a rather good effect.

A brunette may wear blue, provided it is relieved with orange or yellow.

Dead white against the skin may be worn by the blonde or brunette, but the skin must be white or rosy.

Black relieved with white, red or rose, suits both blondes and brunettes, but the latter less than the former.

Red against the skin lessens the intensity of a very high color.

The wisdom of wearing red against that comes arid in the fall is seldom to be decided offhand. A yellow face in which there are red spots will appear coarsely red when played on by a flood of red light. Then the blotches show up conspicuously.

The effect of blue upon yellow is to render it whiter. That is why "blue" is used in laundry work. Soap and starch, placed in a framing of blue look pale, but the blue should be relieved with red when the hair is black.

TO RELIEVE SUNBURN

Beauty doctors are telling remarkable things about the results of rubbing the face, neck and arms with watermelon rind after exposure to the sun or wind. As economical girls don't care to waste the fruit, there is an increase in the eating of melons. A maid may keep her complexion in good shape and at the same time give pleasure to her callers. Another expert says nothing is so good for sun blisters as to apply a slice of ripe tomato. The juice must be rubbed thoroughly and the vegetable must be bound in place. This use of the daily supply of vegetables for lotions instead of food may cause rebellion among the men of the family, but they should be pacified when they see the fair skins of the feminine contingent. Another complexion doctor advises the use of fruit juices as a morning drink instead of salts or hot water.

The woman who sunburns, not in the pretty tan way which is invariably becoming and makes you look fresh and young and full of life, but in the scariet way irresistibly suggestive of the most brilliantly hued lobster, is the one who suffers most from the burn. Frequently her skin even blisters, so sensitive is the skin that burns red.

When you burn that way, wring cloths out of water as hot as you can bear your hand in, and hold them to your face, keeping up the applications—and keeping the water hot—until the fire seems drawn out of your face. Do the same to your arms and hands.

And, by the way, an ounce of prevention of even more ills lies in not wearing sheer blouses when you are to be in the sun for any length of time, un-protected by a parasol. A sheer blouse ought never to be donned for a sail, for instance—the wonder is that they so often are!

To pack a bottle of liquid for traveling roll it in the corrugated paper that comes around breakables from the stores and leave a generous space inside the paper at the top for sawdust. If the liquid leaks out the sawdust will absorb it. Rubber caps with which to encase corks are also a safeguard.

To keep the sawdust inside the improvised tube it will be necessary, naturally, to wrap it with paper and string. For a long journey in a trunk bottles of liquid are safest packed in a big tin box, with sawdust for filling.

Massage

By ELEANOR MORRIS.

Massage is a system of scientific movements, and when intelligently given, has a direct influence upon the muscles, the circulation and the digestion; and since scientists concede that life is in the blood and massage has a direct influence on the venous flow, it must be acknowledged nature's own remedy.

The term rubbing is often used for massage. While massage includes rubbing, the latter is not always massage, and it should be the aim of the physician that prescribes it not to allow the name massage to degenerate into rubbing. As massage is a treatment that cannot be given to one's self, results depend entirely on the masseur.

The laws governing the treatment are few, but they are absolute. The operator must have a knowledge of anatomy, have good judgment, and an inexhaustible supply of tact. Firmness of touch is most essential. An unnecessary movement is most annoying and to a nervous person positive agony. In-maculate linen is obligatory, the hands soft and white, the nails filed evenly, leaving no little pieces of cuticle to worry the patient. The hands are washed before the work is commenced and on its completion.

During the treatment as each part is massaged it is carefully wrapped. A large Turkish towel makes a very suitable covering and is much more agreeable to the body than a blanket. No part of the body must be left uncovered, always, and the patient, if possible, of the patient, and the treatment will be thoroughly enjoyed and much better results obtained.

When the physician prescribes the rest cure for the poor, shattered nerves, massage plays an active part in the cure. Active exercise being out of the question, and health of muscles depending on action, the walking must be done for you; the masseur takes each muscle and set of muscles, rolls and kneads them softly, gently and deeply, and gradually coaxes back to health the weakened nerves. The treatment is usually given daily for four or six weeks, when it is supplemented by the Swedish movements, a bending of the joints, a stretching and over-stretching of the muscles which have been prepared for this work by the massage.

Massage will remove gummy deposits in the joints, and most efficaciously in the joints, and health of muscles depending on action, the walking must be done for you; the masseur takes each muscle and set of muscles, rolls and kneads them softly, gently and deeply, and gradually coaxes back to health the weakened nerves. The treatment is usually given daily for four or six weeks, when it is supplemented by the Swedish movements, a bending of the joints, a stretching and over-stretching of the muscles which have been prepared for this work by the massage.

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