THE REAL KU KLUX KLAN

GENERAL N. B. FORREST, C.S.A. FROM "BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR." COPYRIGHT 1884-1888 BY THE CENTURY CO.

FEW of those who have heard the appellation "the Wizard of the Saddle," applied to General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the prince of Confederate cavalrymen, are aware of its origin. It is commonly supposed that the wonderful dash and daring of the great Memphian, which led naturally to the almost uninterrupted success of his exploits at arms, and which inspired the unquestioning devotion of his men, was primarily responsible for it. But such is not the case.

The truth is that it came from his connection with the Ku Klux Klan, of which organization it is asserted definitely that the big hearted, big brained and mighty thewed Confederate was commander in chief. The title which the Ku Klux Klan applied to its head official was simply "the Grand Wizard."

What was the Ku Klux Klan? No authentic history of the organization has ever been written. Much has been hinted at. More has been suspected. But of definite and authenticated information there has been a sorry dearth.

And there was a good and sufficient reason for the fact. It was one of the articles of the oath to which every member of the Ku Klux Klan subscribed before being received into the ranks of the membership of that mysterious body, that he should never admit being a member of the order, or that he possessed any positive and definite information concerning it or the works which it wrought. And it has not been until the passage of years has thinned the ghostly ranks of the weird brotherhood and until, seen in the perspective of the past, the reasons which underlay the obligation to secrecy were recognized as dwindling and passing away—nay, not until a new reason arose with the flight of years cogently commanding speech in order that by the few remaining survivors of the order the memory of one of the most worthy of secret organizations might be cleared of the unjust aspersions of its calumniators—that there have been found among its members those who are willing, speaking in quasi-confidential terms to those who love and respect the memory of their departed comrades, to voice at length the inner history of this uncanny brotherhood. And these speak only with quietly smiling faces of the things they have "heard." Not one of them will say to you: "I belonged to the order. I saw these things done. I know whereof I speak." Nor does one of them consent to have his name given even in this oblique connection with the matter.

A mystery the Ku Klux Klan was born; a mystery it lived and died, and a mystery shall forever haunt its grave. This is the dictum of its votaries. They have nothing to fear from disclosures of its secrets, either from the Federal authorities or from the social world. In fact, throughout the Southland today the leaders in professional and business life, the chief personages in social life, the best men in the churches and in every department of life are among the members of this weird organization, which appeared, acted out its little career and disappeared as inexplicably as it came.

This much, nevertheless, is assured: The Ku Klux Klan came into being in the year 1867, for a definite purpose. It passed out of actual organization in the year 1869, dying as soon as its purpose had been achieved.

That purpose was the restraining of the mistaken and misdirected enthusiasm of the negroes at a time when, shortly after the close of the Civil War, the white men of the South were practically disfranchised. At that time the organization known as the Freedmen's Bureau located a representative in every county seat throughout the reconstructed States. This representative was almost always a discharged Federal soldier. His ostensible purpose was to see that the freed negroes had the contractual and other rights guaranteed them under the fifteenth amendment and the laws passed by Congress for their benefit subsequent to its adoption.

One of the means by which these representatives of the Freedmen's Bureau sought to accomplish their avowed purposes was the organization of the negroes into a secret order known as the Loyal League. The organization had its ritual and regalia, held its secret and its open meetings, fostered the idea of independence of his former master in the mind of the negro and was leading to irregularities which called for suppression with a strong and certain hand.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Out of the necessity of the times the Ku Klux Klan was born. The superstition of the negro was then, as now, one of his pronounced characteristics, and it was decided by those who had the matter in hand to play upon this rather than resort to arms or show of force to subdue the dangerous tendencies which were being fostered by the Loyal League.

The Ku Klux Klan was one of the most perfectly organized bodies that ever assembled. It was lawless in no sense of the word. Not only was every form of lawlessness proscribed, but its members were prohibited from the performance of any act of irregularity and required to conform strictly to the orders of their superiors in office. One of the first articles in the obligation which was taken enjoined obedience to the constitution and laws of the United States and to the State in which the member lived.

The methods of procedure employed by the Ku Klux Klan were very simple. They were organized under the control of the Grand Wizard, whose authority extended over the entire "empire," as it was called. Immediately subordinate to the Grand Wizard were the Grand Dragons of the various "realms," as the State organizations were denominated. Under these were the Grand Titans, each of whom ruled over a "province," corresponding to a Congressional district. The next lower official in the Klan was the Grand Giant, whose authority extended over a single county, while the Grand Cyclops ruled over a "den," comprising a single local organization. There might be one den or there might be a hundred of them, according to conditions, within the jurisdiction of a Grand Giant.

The Klan held its meetings in secret. It had its code of signals, written and verbal. It had its rules and regulations and these were reduced to most jealously guarded little "blue books," of which probably less than half a dozen copies are now in existence, and these so closely kept that none but their proper guardians may even now look upon their pages.

The manner of appealing to the superstitious fears of the negro was unique. On some dimly moonlit night the members of a "den," comprising possibly a hundred mounted men, would ride swiftly down the pike and call at the home of some negro whose budding impetuosity it was deemed wise to curb. He was hoarsely summoned to the roadside, where he would behold a ghostly train sitting in funereal silence upon white caparisoned steeds, each wearing a weirdly devised uniform of white trimmed with black, each visored and hooded until only the indistinct outlines of a grisly countenance, which might have come from the moldering trenches of a battlefield as easily as from elsewhere, were visible.

The negro was sharply and briefly commanded to bring a bucket of water. When he complied the leader of the mysterious troop raised it to his head and apparently drained its contents at a single draught. In reality he merely emptied it into a rubber bag concealed inside his flowing uniform. Then, handing back the bucket, he remarked in a hollow voice that this was the first water he had tasted since he fell in the battle of Shiloh.

That sufficed for the negro. The troop rode on its way and was heard of no more for weeks. No negro was interfered with or in any way intimidated who kept his proper place and whose words and deeds contained no menace to white supremacy.

That was one of the phases of the Klan's work. Another, no less important, was the protection of innocent men against whom the machinery of the laws was put in motion by unscrupulous carpet-baggers or their friends. A single truthful instance will serve to illustrate.

Soon after the organization of the Ku Klux Klan there appeared in the town of Holly Springs, Miss., a horse trader from East Tennessee. This man, going about his business, happened to recognize a young man from his own section of the country who had, during the exciting times of the war, killed a guerrilla in the mountain country. This guerrilla was ostensibly a Federal trooper. In reality he was one of that numerous band of harpies which hovered about the edge of the war to make prey of the defenseless on both sides.

The horse trader caused the arrest of the young man on the charge of murder. The arrested man refused to be taken from the State without requisition papers. The trader left to procure them. That night the Ku Klux Klan got busy. Before morning the accused man was on his way westward mounted on the best horse in the country. He was provided with relays and with refreshment until he was landed safely upon the west bank of the Mississippi River, with $100 expense money in his pocket and advised never to return to Mississippi. The Klan had saved his life. Had he been returned to East Tennessee in the agitation then existing they would have hanged him first and made inquiry forty years later.

In 1869 the Loyal League went into innocuous desuetude. It had literally been "haunted" out of existence. And with its passing the Ku Klux band disbanded, never to reorganize.

But there were plenty of unscrupulous characters floating about who recognized the opportunity to hide the commission of crimes behind the cloak of the defunct organization, and who conceived that its mystery would suffice to place an effectual bar to the legal investigation of their evil deeds.

In this they were for a time not disappointed. But their criminality became so flagrant and so bold that the matter was taken in hand by the Federal authorities, and secret service men thronged the South for months seeking to discover the responsible head of the reputed Ku Klux Klan and to bring the members of the organization to account.

For months they hunted down the members of this organization which had assumed the title and paraphernalia of the Ku Klux Klan. Occasionally they stumbled by accident upon a member of the genuine organization, but always without being able to force a revelation of any of the secrets pertaining to the real Klan. Enough was brought to light concerning the illegitimate successor of the Ku Klux Klan, however, to bring about the disorganization of that body and to cause thinking men on the outside to surmise that this was indeed, as the event has proved, a different organization from that which first assumed the name Ku Klux.

APPARENTLY DRAINED ITS CONTENTS AT A SINGLE DRAUGHT.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

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(Continued from Front Page.)

"There's a party at the Judge's tonight," said Mr. Bradbury—"kind of a ball Mamie Pike's givin' for the young folks. Quite a doin's, I hear."

"That's another thing that's ruining Canaan," Mr. Arp declared, morosely. "These entertainments they have nowadays. Spend all the money out of town—band from Indianapolis, chicken salad and darky waiters from Chicago! And what I want to know is, What's this town goin' to do about the nigger question?"

"What about it?" asked Mr. Davey, belligerently.

"What about it?" Mr. Arp mocked, fiercely. "You better say 'What about it?'"

"Well, what?" maintained Mr. Davey, steadfastly.

"I'll bet there ain't any less than four thousand niggers in Canaan today!" Mr. Arp hammered the floor with his stick. "Every last one of 'em criminals, and more comin' on every train."

"No such a thing," said Squire Buckalew, living up to his bounden duty. "You look down the street. There's the ten forty-five comin' in now. I'll bet you a straight five-cent Peek-a-Boo cigar there ain't ary nigger on the whole train except the sleepin' car porters."

"What kind of a way to argue is that?" demanded Mr. Arp hotly. "Bettin' ain't proof, is it? Besides that's the through express from the East. I meant trains from the South."

"You didn't say so," retorted Buckalew triumphantly. "Stick to your bet, Eskew, stick to your bet."

"My bet!" cried the outraged Eskew. "Who offered to bet?"

"You did," replied the Squire with perfect assurance and sincerity. The others supported him in the heartiest spirit of on-with-the-dance, and war and joy were unconfined.

A decrepit hack or two, a couple of old fashioned surreys and a few "cut-unders" drove by, bearing the newly arrived and their valises, the hotel omnibus depositing several commercial travelers at the door. A solitary figure came from the station on foot, and when it appeared within fair range of the window Uncle Joe Davey, who had but hovered on the flanks of the combat, first removed his spectacles and wiped them, as though distrusting the vision they offered him, then replacing them scanned anew the approaching figure and uttered a smothered cry.

"My Lord A'mighty!" he gasped. "What's this? Look there!"

They looked. A truce came involuntarily, and they sat in paralytic silence as the figure made its stately and sensational progress along Main street.

Not only the aged men were smitten. Men shoveling snow from the pavements stopped suddenly in their labors, two women talking busily on a doorstep were stilled and remained in frozen attitudes as it passed; a grocer's clerk crossing the pavement carrying a heavily laden basket to his delivery wagon halted half way as the figure came near and then, making a pivot of his heels as it went by, behaved toward it as does the magnetic needle to the pole.

It was that of a tall gentleman, cheerfully though somewhat with ennui enduring his nineteenth winter. His long and slender face he wore smiling beneath an accurately cut plaster of dark hair cornicing his forehead, a fashion followed by many youths of that year. This perfect bang was shown under a round black hat whose rim was so small as almost not to be there at all, and the head was supported by a waxy white seawall of collar rising three inches above the blue billows of a puffed cravat, upon which floated a large hollow pearl. His ulster, sporting a big cape at the shoulders, and a tasseled hood over the cape, was of a rough Scotch cloth, patterned in faint, gray-and-white squares the size of baggage checks, and it was so long that the skirts trailed in the snow. His legs were lost in the accurately creased, voluminous garments that were the tailors' canny reaction from the tight trousers with which the eighties had begun; they were, in color, a palish russet, broadly striped with gray, and, in size, surpassed the milder spirit of fashion so far as they permitted a liberal knee action to take place almost without superficial effect. Upon his feet glistened long shoes, shaped, save for the heels, like sharp racing-shells; these were partially protected by tan-colored, low gaiters with flat, shiny, brown buttons. In one hand the youth swung a bone-handled walking-stick, perhaps an inch and a half in diameter, the other carried a yellow leather banjo-case, upon the other side of which glittered the embossed silver initials, "E. B." He was smoking, but walked with his head up, making use, however, of a gait at that time new to Canaan, a seeming superbly irresponsible lounge, engendering much motion of the shoulders, producing an effect of carelessness combined with independence—an effect which the innocent have been known to hail as an unconscious one.

He looked about him as he came, smilingly, with an expression of princely amusement—as an elderly cabinet minister, say, strolling about a village where he had spent some months in his youth, a hamlet which he had then thought large and imposing, but which, being revisited after years of cosmopolitan glory, appeals to his whimsy and his pity. The youth's glance at the Courthouse unmistakably said: "Ah, I recall that odd little box. I thought it quite large in the days before I became what I am now, and I dare say the good townsfolk still think it an imposing structure!" With everything in sight he deigned to be amused, especially with the old faces in the "National House" windows. To these he waved his stick with airy graciousness.

"My soul!" said Mr. Davey. "It seems to know some of us!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Arp, his voice recovered, "and I know it."

"You do?" exclaimed the colonel.

"I do, and so do you. It's Fanny Louden's boy, 'Gene, come home for his Christmas holidays."

"By George! you're right," cried Flitcroft; "I recognize him now."

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Bradbury, eagerly. "Has he joined some patent medicine troupe?"

"Not a bit," replied Eskew. "He went East to college last fall."

"Do they make the boys wear them clothes?" persisted Bradbury. "It is some kind of uniform?"

"I don't care what it is," said Jonas Tabor. "If I was Henry Louden I wouldn't let him wear 'em around here."

"Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you, Jonas?" Mr. Arp employed the accents of sarcasm. "I'd like to see Henry Louden try to interfere with 'Gene Bantry. Fanny'd lock the old fool up in the cellar."

The lofty vision lurched out of view.

"I reckon," said the colonel, leaning forward to see the last of it—"I reckon Henry Louden's about the saddest case of abused stepfather I ever saw."

"It's his own fault," said Mr. Arp—"twice not havin' sense enough not to marry. Him with a son of his own, too!"

"Yes," assented the colonel, "marryin' a widow with a son of her own, and that widow Fanny!"

"Wasn't it just the same with her first husband—Bantry?" Mr. Davey asked, not for information, as he immediately answered himself. "You bet it was! Didn't she always rule the roost? Yes, she did. She made a god of 'Gene from the day he was born. Bantry's house was run for him, like Louden's is now."

"And look," exclaimed Mr. Arp, with satisfaction, "at the way he's turned out!"

"He ain't turned out at all yet; he's too young," said Buckalew. "Besides, clothes don't make the man."

"Wasn't he smokin' a cigareet!" cried Eskew triumphantly. This was final.

"It's a pity Henry Louden can't do something for his own son," said Mr. Bradbury. "Why don't he send him away to college?"

"Fanny won't let him," chuckled Mr. Arp malevolently. "Takes all their spare change to keep 'Gene there in style. I don't blame her. 'Gene certainly acts the fool, but that Joe Louden is the ornerliest boy I ever saw in an ornery worldfull."

"He always was kind of mischeevous," admitted Buckalew. "I don't think he's mean, though, and it does seem kind of not just right that Joe's father's money—Bantry didn't leave anything to speak of—has to go to keepin' 'Gene on the fat of the land, with Joe gittin' up at half-past 4 to carry papers, and him goin' on 19 years old."

"It's all he's fit for!" exclaimed Eskew. "He's low down, I tell ye. Ain't it only last week Judge Pike caught him shootin' craps with Pike's nigger driver and some other nigger hired men in the alley back of Pike's barn."

Mr. Schindlinger, the retired grocer, one of the silent members, corroborated Eskew's information. "I heert dot, too," he gave forth in his fat voice. "He blays dominoes pooty often in der room back off Louie Farbach's saloon. I see him myself. Pooty often. Blayin' fer a leedle money—mit loafers! Loafers!"

"Pretty outlook for the Loudens!" said Eskew Arp, much pleased. "One boy a plum fool and dressed like it, the other gone to the dogs already!"

"What could you expect Joe to be?" retorted Squire Buckalew. "What chance has he ever had? Long as I can remember Fanny's made him fetch and carry for 'Gene. 'Gene's had everything—all the fancy clothes, all the pocket money, and now college!"

"You ever hear that boy Joe talk politics?" asked Uncle Joe Davey, crossing a cough with a chuckle. "His head's so full of schemes fer running this town, and State, too, it's a wonder it don't bust. Henry Louden told me he's see Joe set around and study by the hour how to save three million dollars for the State in two years."

"And the best he can do for himself," added Eskew, "is deliverin' the Daily Tocsin on a second-hand Star bicycle and gamblin' with niggers and riff-raff! None of the nice young folks invite him to their doin's any more."

"That's because he's got so shabby he's quit goin' with em," said Buckalew.

"No, it ain't," snapped Mr. Arp. "It's because he's so low down. He's no more 'n a town outcast. There ain't ary one of the girls 'll have a thing to do with him, except that rip-rarin' tomboy next door to Louden's; and the others don't have much to do with her, neither, I can tell ye. That Ariel Tabor—"

Colonel Flitcroft caught him surreptitiously by the arm. "Sh, Eskew!" he whispered. "Look out what you're sayin'!"

"You needn't mind me," Jonas Tabor spoke up, crisply. "I washed my hands of all responsibility for Roger's branch of the family long ago. Never was one of 'em had the energy or brains to make a decent livin', beginning with Roger; not one worth his salt! I set Roger's son up in business, and all the return he ever made me was to go into bankruptcy and take to drink, till he died a sot, like his wife did of shame. I done all I could when I handed him over my store, and I never expect to lift a finger for 'em again. Ariel Tabor's my grandniece, but she didn't act like it, and you can say anything you like about her, for what I care. The last time I spoke to her was a year and a half ago, and I don't reckon I'll ever trouble to again."

"How was that, Jonas?" quickly inquired Mr. Davey, who, being the eldest of the party, was the most curious. "What happened?"

"She was out in the street, up on that high bicycle of Joe Louden's. He was teachin' her to ride, and she was sittin' on it like a man does. I stopped and told her she wasn't respectable. Sixteen years old, goin' on 17."

"What did she say?"

"Laughed," said Jonas, his voice becoming louder as the recital of his wrongs renewed their sting in his soul. "Laughed!"

"What did you do?"

"I went up to her and told her she wasn't a decent girl, and shook the wheel." Mr. Tabor illustrated by seizing the lapels of Joe Davey and shaking him. "I told her if her grandfather had any spunk she'd git an old-fashioned hidin' for behavin' that way. And I shook the wheel again." Here Mr. Tabor, forgetting in the wrath incited by the recollection that he had not to do with an inanimate object, swung the gasping and helpless Mr. Davey rapidly back and forth in his chair. "I shook it good and hard!"

"What did she do then?" asked Peter Bradbury.

"Fell off on me," replied Jonas, violently. "On purpose!"

"I wisht she'd killed ye," said Mr. Davey, in a choking voice, as, released, he sank back in his chair.

"On purpose!" repeated Jonas. "And smashed a straw hat I hadn't had three months! All to pieces! So it couldn't be fixed!"

"And what then?" pursued Bradbury.

"She ran," replied Jonas, bitterly—"ran! And Joe Louden—Joe Louden—" He paused and gulped.

"What did he do?" Peter leaned forward in his chair eagerly.

The narrator of the outrage gulped again, and opened and shut his mouth before responding.

"He said if I didn't pay for a broken spoke on his wheel he'd have to sue me!"

No one inquired if Jonas had paid, and Jonas said no more. The recollection of his wrongs, together with the illustrative violence offered to Mr. Davey, had been too much for him. He sank back, panting, in his chair, his hands fluttering nervously over his heart, and closed his eyes.

"I wonder why," ruminated Mr. Bradbury—"I wonder why 'Gene Bantry walked up from the deepo. Don't seem much like his style. Should think he'd of rode up in a hack.

"Sho!" said Uncle Joe Davy," his breath recovered. "He wanted to walk up past Judge Pike's to see if there wasn't a show of Mamie's bein' at the window, and give her a chance to look at that college uniform and banjo-box and new walk of his."

Mr. Arp began to show signs of uneasiness.

"I'd like mighty well to know," he said, shifting round in his chair, "if there's anybody here that's been able to answer the question I put yesterday just before we went home. You all tried to, but I didn't hear anything I could consider anyways near even a fair argument."

"Who tried to?" asked Buckalew, sharply, sitting up straight. "What question?"

"What proof can you bring me," began Mr. Arp, deliberately, "that we folks, modernly, ain't more degenerate than the ancient Romans?"

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT HAS BECOME OF MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN?

By Ida L. Brooks.

WE have the statement straight from a learned source that the middle-aged woman has disappeared from society. She can't be found anywhere; there isn't a trace of her. The author of the assertion is an eminent scholastic of Boston, who finds all women at the beginning of the present century to be either young or old.

As a matter of course the women of forty all over the land are curious to know what this means and where they stand, that is, if they have any standing at all. Are they old ladies or young in the eyes of this gentleman from Boston and in the eyes of the world? Not one of them feels old and yet, and yet—. But is it a fact that a woman's as old as she feels?

Here we have the whole matter in a nutshell. Neither you nor I would think of using the term middle-aged with reference to a woman whose age is admittedly more than 35 years and less than 50. Yet the term was thoroughly appropriate little more than a quarter of a century ago.

The disappearance of this class has been gradual and the knowledge of it has come to most of us perhaps subconsciously, which would make it appear that this dropping out, as it were, of a class of women whose numbers were a generation past not to be estimated has met with no expression of regret. And I can say with authority that such is the case.

It used to be that, having arrived at 35, from that time on during the succeeding fifteen years the generality of women, irrespective of rank, fell into a sort of lethargy not altogether charming. This period was one of relapse and the victim found herself dropping into mediocrity all due to her own deliberate laying of herself upon the shelf, unconscious act though it were. She had made of middle age a dim border land unlighted from either direction. She was no longer courted for her youth nor was it yet time for her to reap the reverence of old age. Sometimes with artifice and folly she endeavored to bring back her youth, but it was already gone and she at last must admit it. She must bide her time.

To even whisper these things is only now possible. Were I living in the day when the middle-aged woman was ubiquitous, whatever my thoughts on this subject might be, I should guard my speech and so save myself from controversy, not to say vituperation. Now if I find myself pitted against a woman of 40, all I need say is, "But, my dear madam, you are not a middle-aged woman," and so close the incident.

To put it plainly, it is not now considered polite to become middle-aged, and, in consequence, those who have the leisure or are otherwise able to comply with the edicts of the day are not permitting themselves to display those properties recognizable as the inheritance of middle age.

Therefore, regardless of the fact that an entire species—to be unscientific—has disappeared, the superstructure of society, so far from becoming weakened by this knocking away of one of its props, has become strengthened and is pre-eminently the gainer, for youth and old age are beautiful, but not so middle age.

All sorts of idle speculations are being made as to the cause of this strange state of things. It has been suggested that we live so lively that our young women in the swiftness of the race cannot spare the time to lapse into the one-time ways of the middle aged, but keep on to the finish, giving up at last when old age is at hand, to be stood off no longer.

There is more or less truth in that theory, still we must get a solution for this strange twentieth century elimination in the body feminine which we can prove incontrovertibly. The reason cannot be found in superficial things. We must go to the very source of the life of the modern woman and see wherein it differs from that of her female progenitors.

During the last quarter of the last century, which has seen so marvelous a broadening of the interests and activities of women, there has been a development almost as remarkable in the physical life of women. Women of 40 today are swimmers, tennis-players, are oarswomen and athletes. They are good walkers, good mountaineers. And engaging in such pursuits as these, women maintain the youthful lines of their figures and the suppleness of youth; more than that and better than that, youth stays in their faces.

Women have learned the secret of youth, we might almost say, youth for their bodies as well as their souls; at least the knowledge of retaining youth until that perhaps equally enviable state called old age with its wealth of memories comes to them.

Mrs. Walter E. Magee, director of athletics for women at the University of California ever since the incorporation of that department, staunchly corroborates the statement that the passing bell has been tolled for middle-aged women as they were used to be known, and she more than any other man or woman in the State knows why it is, and has been instrumental in causing it to be.

Mrs. Magee says: "No really modern woman can grow middle-aged. She has too many other things to do. She is young as long as she is modern, and when she is no longer modern she is old. Middle-age was a dwindling off from the activities of youth to the inactivities of old age. Nowadays women are active not until their tale of years permits them to lay down their instruments of pleasure or of work, but until nature forces them to lay them down.

"The remarkable things that we have been able to accomplish for girls in the gymnasiums of this country have been winning over to athletics every thinking girl and woman who is cognizant of the facts. Not that they have—all of them—the advantages that are at the disposal of those who exercise in well-equipped gymnasiums, but there are innumerable cases within my knowledge of girls who with a little well directed general instruction have without any equipment at all beside their own wills and untold patience done their bodies wonderful service.

"Not only do our students learn to exercise, but they learn repose, a lesson quite as valuable. Moreover, they are taught how to sleep. I can't tell you how many girls I have taught to forsake the nightmare habit and wakefulness at night. We also teach our girls how to breathe. You will say that these are simple things, and so they are, but not unimportant for that. Knowing how to sleep is in itself invaluable. So many people tie up all their muscles when they settle down to sleep, and in spite of all nature can do those muscles continue unrelaxed throughout the night.

"At last women are learning to walk, and that was a thing in the knowledge of which middle-aged women were deplorably lacking. They were too apt to walk with the assistance of their knees.

"Repose of features we are aiming at continually, and that is also arrived at by women's greater interest in things that count. Today there is not so much worrying over matters of infinitesimal importance. As I said before, women are too busy.

"To sum all up, women have learned and are employing the only natural means of health, whose greatest benefit is a long youth. In our present scheme of things there is no place for middle age. We are a people of extremes."