

The Tallest Men in the World

THE tallest men in the world come from Indiana. This fact comes out of the records made in the war department during the war of the rebellion.

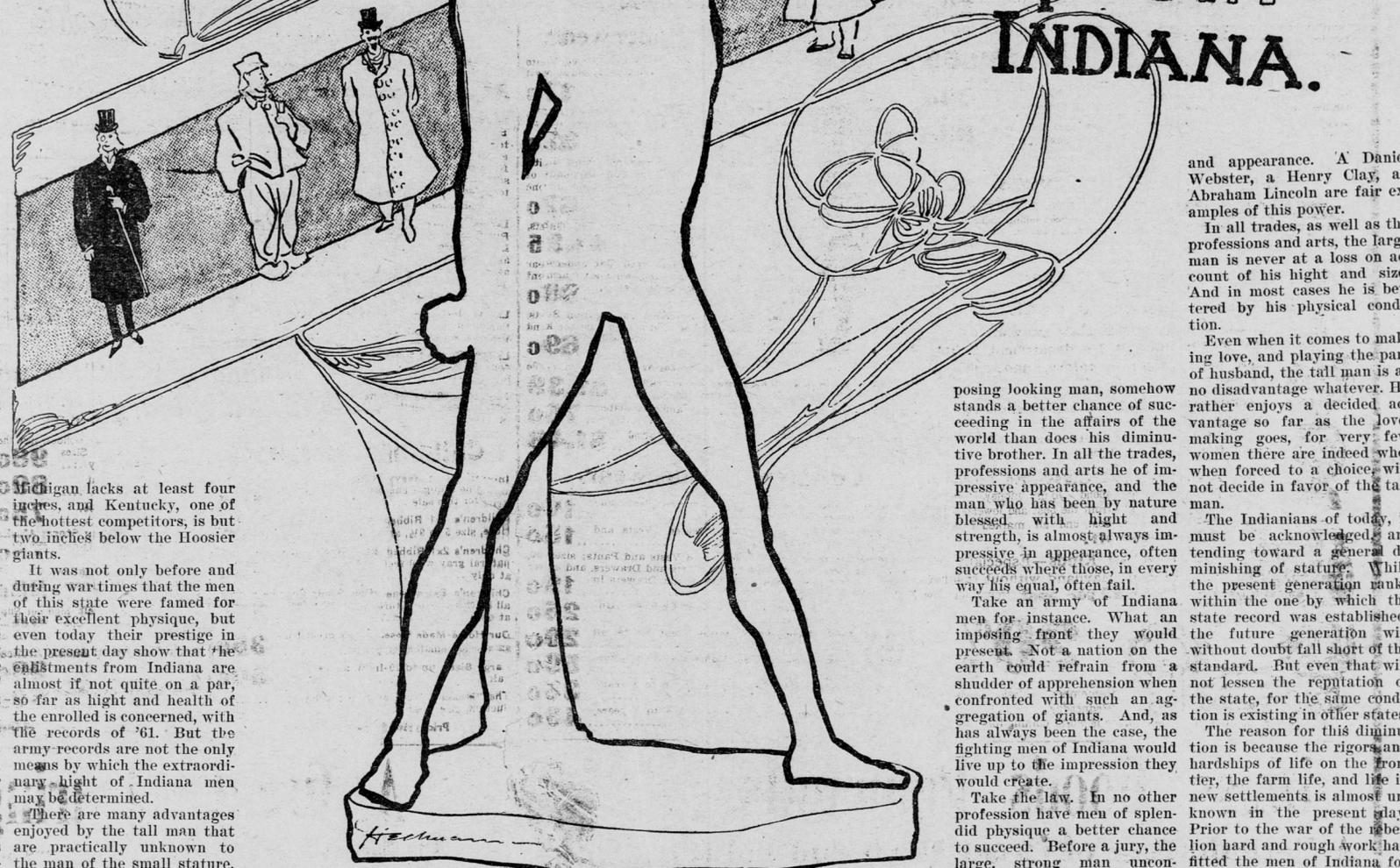
By carefully prepared statistics it is shown that out of 118,254 soldiers supplied by Indiana, 15,047 were 5 feet 10 inches tall, 8,706 were 5 feet 11 inches tall, 6,679 were 6 feet tall, 2,614 were 6 feet 1, 1,357 were 6 feet 2, 406 were 6 feet 3, and 330 were above this gigantic stature.

This will make the average of height of the Indiana soldier six feet and one inch.

No other state in the union is able to show such figures, and above and beyond that, no country on the civilized globe stands even a shadow of a chance when it comes to a comparison of stature. This is what Dr. Gould, actuary of the United States sanitary commission, commenting recently on these unique statistics, said: "It is evident from our statistics that the men of Indiana are the tallest of the natives of the United States, and these latter the tallest of all civilized countries."

These figures not only refute the claims of some of the adjoining states to the effect that the average height of their natives is greater than that of Indiana, but disproves that oft-repeated statement that in the standing armies of one of two of the European countries the average height of its men exceeds that of any other country in the world.

Figured from the same statistics, the men of Ohio are some three inches smaller, as a race, than are those of Indiana. Those of Illinois are at least three inches to the back;



Michigan lacks at least four inches, and Kentucky, one of the hottest competitors, is but two inches below the Hoosier giants.

It was not only before and during war times that the men of this state were famed for their excellent physique, but even today their prestige in the present day show that the men of Indiana are almost if not quite on a par, so far as height and health of the enrolled is concerned, with the records of '61. But the army records are not the only means by which the extraordinary height of Indiana men may be determined.

There are many advantages enjoyed by the tall man of the man of the small stature. In the first place, the tall, im-

posing looking man, somehow stands a better chance of succeeding in the affairs of the world than does his diminutive brother. In all the trades, professions and arts he of impressive appearance, and the man who has been by nature blessed with height and strength, is almost always impressive in appearance, often succeeds where those, in every way his equal, often fail.

Take an army of Indiana men for instance. What an imposing front they would present. Not a nation on the earth could refrain from a shudder of apprehension when confronted with such an aggregation of giants. And, as has always been the case, the fighting men of Indiana would live up to the impression they would create.

Take the law. In no other profession have men of splendid physique a better chance to succeed. Before a jury, the large, strong man unconsciously adds a power to his arguments by his very bearing

and appearance. A Daniel Webster, a Henry Clay, an Abraham Lincoln are fair examples of this power.

In all trades, as well as the professions and arts, the large man is never at a loss on account of his height and size. And in most cases he is bettered by his physical condition.

Even when it comes to making love, and playing the part of husband, the tall man is at no disadvantage whatever. He rather enjoys a decided advantage so far as the love-making goes, for very few women there are indeed who, when forced to a choice, will not decide in favor of the tall man.

The Indians of today, it must be acknowledged, are tending toward a general diminishing of stature. While the present generation ranks within the one by which the state record was established, the future generation will without doubt fall short of the standard. But even that will not lessen the reputation of the state, for the same condition is existing in other states.

The reason for this diminution is because the rigors and hardships of life on the frontier, the farm life, and life in new settlements is almost unknown in the present day. Prior to the war of the rebellion hard and rough work had fitted the men of Indiana for the establishment of just such a record as they hold today.

An Italian Miracle Which Undid Itself

ITALY had a miracle a little while ago that was as marvelous as the ordinary run of miracles—an apparition quite as effective in healing the sick, the halt and the blind as the more famous one at Lourdes. But, interesting as the miracle was, it had a sequel far more striking, for it throws a flood of light on the workings of those queer manifestations of the power of mind over matter that each of us possesses, and that each of us may be able to operate to his own advantage as soon as we know a bit more about such things.

When news of this peculiar miracle first came from Milan I sent to a quick-witted observant magazine writer and correspondent in Italy and asked him to go to the scene and gather the whole story. His report, which I give mostly in his own words, would make capital comedy if tragedy did not lurk so close behind the laughter.

A few weeks ago the whole of central Italy was electrified by the news that the Virgin had appeared to a little shepherdess of Sassoferato, who had climbed to the foot of a high peak of the Apennines called "La Strega" (the witch) to look for some stray sheep.

The ancient town of Sassoferato, and Fabriano, near by, have been known up to the present as the classic land of art, artists, two great masters, Giovanni Battista and Gentile, who both took the names of their birthplaces, making them famous throughout the centuries by their brushes. The district where the two small but interesting and picturesque towns exist is also known as one of the loveliest in the central Apennines, and the brigand Giuseppe Musolino was arrested while trying to escape by the audacious plan of crossing Italy from one end to the other on the top of the mountains.

The highest peak in the district is the "Strega," on which our very up-to-date miracle took place. The name Strega comes, I hear from the people, from another miracle which had the mountain as its scene but was brought about by quite different agencies. In fact, the devil himself had more than a little to do with it. One dark night, centuries ago, a poor charcoal burner, who was sitting at the door of his hut nodding over thoughts of his last bit of rascality, heard a rattle and saw the whole top of the mountain in flames, and above it all a witch of the most pronounced type, who swooped down upon him, took him by the hair of his head and cast him into the fire, two hands appearing to catch him. When

the witch and the devil had thus played ball with him for some time all disappeared, presumably into lower regions, and the mountain returned to its normal calm. It must be true, for the charcoal burner was never again seen! However, the mountain remained a cursed place, full of writhing serpents, so much so that if you even raise a stone there a snake will wriggle out and bite you if it can.

Our present day miracle developed in this wise: Bettina Baldassari, a pretty little shepherdess of ten, was at the foot of the "Strega" looking for her sheep, when suddenly her eyes were blinded by a flash of light, and she heard a voice saying, "Bettina, Bettina, come up. I will protect you from the snakes; I have need of you." Looking up, Bettina saw a great white light with a lovely figure of a woman in the midst.

Feeling that it must be the Holy Virgin she ran up the steep mountain as though on wings until at the top she was stopped by the figure, who touched her on the head, saying in a sweet, soft voice: "My child, why do you fear? Trust in me and I will never forsake you! I addressed myself to you because you are good. Go down to the villages," continued the voice with a tone of irresistible command, "and spread the news that I have come to abide here, but must have an altar and others. If the people are generous I shall amply reward them by curing all their ills."

Away Bettina sped, and before many hours the whole countryside knew that the Madonna had condescended to them. From that moment pilgrimages began, which grew and grew in numbers, while the offerings to build the altar and church became more and more considerable. After a while an altar was erected on which the offerings were laid, and others intent on building the altar took care of, for they were never seen again.

The pilgrims went in procession, usually at night, when the scene was really impressive. Each carried a light of some kind, either candle or torch or three wick lamps, the gleaming, flickering light throwing out in charming fashion the pale, intent faces, and the picturesque peasant costumes as each devoutly chanted: "Evviva Maria, Maria evviva, evviva Maria e chi la creò," while at the same time they carried a light of some kind, which was held high and shone brightly with which many were afflicted. When one thinks of what the poor, tortured creatures went through climbing an almost inaccessible mountain one can only admire the religious conviction which carried them through it.

Of course the Madonna did not appear privately to every one, but there were several companions of Bettina who declared that they had seen and spoken with her in the daytime, while of a group perhaps one or two would see her and the others proclaim that their eyes detected nothing. A certain Maria Fioretti, the daughter of the village blacksmith, seemed to become the favorite of the Ma-

donna, and was empowered by her to give the benediction, which she did with great fervor. Antonia Rossi, the newly married wife of a carter, declared that she had seen the Virgin four times, surrounded by a vivid white light, and thus herself attained such sanctity that she performed several miraculous cures. Rosa Ambrini, a pretty girl of nineteen, the village belle, went still further, and affirmed that she held several conversations with the Madonna, who communicated her desires to the people through her, which desires were generally found to be that the faithful should be generous in their offerings to build her temple. The most frequent vision was a female figure draped all in white appearing and disappearing above the altar after dark. Sometimes she extended her hands in blessing, at others she was a female figure draped all in white appearing and disappearing above the altar after dark. Sometimes she extended her hands in blessing, at others she was a female figure draped all in white appearing and disappearing above the altar after dark.

The miracles performed were many and wonderful. Several who had been blind received their sight, not a few cripples walked, while a woman bedridden for years rose and went about as ordinary people. Giuseppe Ippoliti, for many years a paralytic, regained the use of his limbs. His parents, who had long before given up all hope, thought that they would try the Sassoferato Madonna as a last resource. They had a litter made, and with their own hands and the help of friends carried him up the fearful mountain. No sooner did he see the altar than he cried: "Madonna mia!" and sprang to his feet as though galvanized, laughing and embracing his friends. Vittoria, an old woman,

an of sixty-five, who always used a crutch, although she apparently had no malingering, walked with its help to the top, but came down cured and unaided. One poor woman had a child who was suffering intensely from an inherited disease. "I will lay my Clara at the feet of the dear Virgin," she thought, "that she may choose either to cure her or take her to herself." and forthwith wrapped her in a shawl and set out to climb the mountain. This was accomplished with much pain after several hours, the child growing minute by minute worse. "Help, help, Madonna mia!" groaned the poor distracted mother, and the help was accorded, as while she was kneeling at the altar the child gave a gasp and died. The miracle had been performed, the Madonna had taken her.

So excited were the people that it was not an uncommon occurrence for one or more suddenly to become pale and fall to the ground, with all the symptoms of an epileptic fit. Afterward they were taken by a lethargic sleep, which usually lasted four or five hours. On awakening they cried, "Viva Maria!" and almost invariably declared that they had been in paradise.

An "unbeliever" went to the spot from curiosity, and, seeing an old man kneeling, candle in hand and with eyes fixed on a tree, addressed him saying: "My good man, can you tell me where this blessed Madonna is to be seen?"

"Look at that tree," was the reply, "and where it is white is St. Joseph on one hand and St. Anthony on the other, with the Madonna in the center."

"I can see nothing but two white points formed by the flowers of the tree."

"Then you are an unbeliever."

The unbeliever moved forward and with a knife managed to cut off some of the blossoms, which fell to the ground, whereupon the poor old man cried out hoarsely: "You are damned! You have cut off the head of St. Anthony!"

The culminating point of the reputation of the Madonna in question was reached when the pope was reported to be much impressed by the cures and said that if he were not a "prisoner" he would certainly go there himself.

However, as is always the case, in a time of all this felicity and fervor there were not found wanting those who declare that they did not believe a word of it, and the vision seems were hysterical girls, in many cases afflicted with epilepsy, and that the cures could only be traced to natural causes. A certain Clocchi, a carpenter, having succeeded in going behind the altar in the dark without being caught, saw little tapers being lighted and thrown into the air, while a stick hung with white was waved. But when he rushed into the crowd, announcing his discovery, he was seized by the angry people, who called him a blasphemer and

Tragic-Comic Story of a Cure that Worked Backward.

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A Town Where Workmen Share Profits With Millionaire

A SUCCESSFUL co-operative community has been in operation for sixteen years in a few miles from St. Louis.

The community is LeClaire, eighteen miles from the Missouri metropolis. Its population is made up of the employes of N. O. Nelson, the multi-millionaire plumbing manufacturer, and their families.

From the start the employes were made to share the profits of the business. For a few years these profits were paid to the workmen in cash, but now he has decided to give it to them in stock, as he is growing old and wants them to take charge of the factory when he quits the business world.

These profits in stock have already eaten a \$70,000 hole in the capital stock. He takes interest on his capital and thereafter divides all earnings on a basis of each man's wages. He lives in LeClaire and shares in the sorrows and joys of his men, takes part in their social life and helps them in their affairs. He buys every man when he starts to work at the Nelson factory a home, which can be paid

for on reasonable terms from the workman's salary.

What Mr. Nelson erected his four factories he took especial care to make them large and airy. A dining-room was provided in each one, and there were ample shower baths for the workers.

One of the adornments of Manager Nelson is that his men keep clean. He has surrounded the town with parks and wide driveways, beds of flowers and running streams. These vines hide the barren walls of the factory buildings, while flower beds offset the dingy appearance that usually surrounds such a place. To enter LeClaire one gains the impression at first that it is some botanical garden, where flowers are kept behind brick walls, instead of an industrial community turning out thousands of tons of lead pipe monthly.

No town governing board has ever been organized in LeClaire, nor do the citizens take trouble to vote at the county elections. Mr. Nelson has provided various forms of amusement at LeClaire, such as ball grounds, tennis courts, skating rinks, dancing halls and lecture courses, which keep the workers busy during their hours of idleness.

They do not court outside entertain-

ment, and while the stranger who lingers within their gates will be treated with due respect, he will not receive a cordial welcome. No man, for that same reason, can work at the Nelson factories if his previous reputation has not been altogether good.

The most recent addition to the town's advantages is a training school for the children of poor people. Through the offerings of spirit drivers and consumptives that they saw what they described as no doubt true, but it was merely a result of their diseased imaginations.

He ran great risk of losing his life from the popular fury.

Another skeptic, a certain Tomaso Diobelli, a shoemaker, swore that the stars which surrounded the figure were very ordinary lamps and that the Madonna herself was nothing but a woman dressed in white, who appeared and disappeared by putting a black cloak on and off. Tomaso, however, repeated his story only once, for he was stoned until he arrived at Sassoferato half dead and covered with blood. He said they might have tried their miracles if they wanted to; it was nothing to him.

The authorities, who had their hands full keeping order, being skeptical also, decided that the time had come to investigate, but it was easier said than done. Out of the 20,000 believers only six or seven dared to have doubts, and those, as we have seen, were soon silenced. They had got a Madonna and they were determined to keep her. "It must be true," they said; "can one not go up the Strega without being bitten by snakes, and is not that a miracle?" On being asked where all the offerings in money went to they replied: "Chi lo sa (who knows)? The Madonna will take care of her own!"

Finally one night with great secrecy several of the police disguised as peasants succeeded in getting behind the having given to the world, besides smaller scenes and capturing a handful of recalls who were producing the apparition with candles and a magic lantern.

Were the police thanked for their vigilance? Not at all. The people's anger was not turned toward the thieves, who had robbed them and outraged their religion, but toward the authorities who had deprived them of their "cure." "I don't care," said one, voicing the general sentiment, "they may say what they like, but the fact remains that Mount Strega has no more snakes, and who drove them away if it was not our Madonna?"

The thieves, who were lodged in jail, had pocketed some \$1500 in money taken from the poorest of the poor, besides all the offerings of household treasures laid on the altar by those who had no money. Most of those who saw the vision by daylight proved to be epileptic, coming from families of spirit drivers and consumptives; that they saw what they described as no doubt true, but it was merely a result of their diseased imaginations.

The sequel of the story is short, but instructive, and of considerable scientific interest. When those who had been "cured" so miraculously—and so genuinely, too—began at last to realize, in spite of themselves, that the Madonna had been bogus, the miracle began to operate backward. "I have been at some trouble," writes my Italian correspondent, "to ascertain the final phase of what were undoubtedly faith cures, and I find that ninety-nine out of every hundred have relapsed, and, like most relapses, are worse than before. One poor old woman said: 'Che vuole? When I thought the blessed Madonna was looking at me all the pains went out of me, but when I