In The Literary World

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION, by Herman Harrell Horne, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy in Dartmouth College. Price $1.75. Publishers: The Macmillan Company, New York and London.

This book may be said to contain the foundations of education in the related natural and mental sciences. The author has sought to remove the veil from the face of educational truth, so that teachers may find the way to appointed tasks. Amid the Babel of voices and the conflicts of systems he has not sought to wage any new battle, but his purpose "has rather been to do the more serviceable, if less spectacular, thing of passing on to willing ears the word of the still small voice as it has vouchsafed to speak to me, listening, as I watched the educational combats. The artificial manufacture of educational systems is noisy in our day; the natural growth of the educated life is always noiseless." His word to the warring sects is "peace with unity." The book is a result of a course of lectures at Dartmouth College Summer School and to the students in the Graduate Department in the college; in the Summer School of the University of North Carolina; and in the Harvard Summer School. It is a work that ought to be read and kept in the library of every teacher in the United States. It establishes Dr. Horne's ability as a writer and thinker as well as a successful and accomplished teacher and lecturer. The book is as interesting as it is valuable and instructive, and would enlighten every parent concerned about the best system of education for his children.

This book will have special interest for the North Carolina public, because its author is a native of this State, a graduate at the University of North Carolina, and a former instructor in that institution. The inspiration of the work and his large success in the educational life of New England is traceable to the year spent at his North Carolina alma mater. He recognizes this in his dedication of the book:

TO
HENRY HORACE WILLIAMS
WHO
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
FIRST TAUGHT ME
THE PLEASANTNESS AND THE PEACE
OF THE PATH OF PHILOSOPHY.

James Sprunt Historical Monograph, No. 4.

The "James Sprunt Historical Monograph No. 4," has just been issued from the University Press. This number consists of letters and documents relating to the early history of the Lower Cape Fear, and is edited with an introduction and notes by the distinguished Professor of History in the University, Dr. Kemp P. Battle. The interest and importance of this number is well vouched for by the name of its editor and by the subject with which it deals. Of the former nothing need be said to a North Carolina reader. Dr. Battle's vast store of knowledge about North Carolina history, his accuracy, his clear and concise style, and his enthusiasm about anything concerning his State are too well known to need comment, and any historical publication that goes out under his guardianship needs no further introduction.

At the same time it may be of interest to the News and Observer readers to know something of this new number of the James Sprunt Monograph. Your readers are already familiar with the patriotic generosity of Mr. Sprunt, by which this series of invaluable publications are made possible.

The contents of the present number are as follows: Extracts from the papers of the DeRosset family, of Wilmington; Extracts from the Journal of the Board of Commissioners of Wilmington, dating from 1743 to 1778, with an introduction by Captain Samuel A. Ashe; Journal of Joshua Potts in regard to the location of Smithville (Southport); Letter from Capt. Samuel Ashe, son of Governor Samuel Ashe and a soldier of the Revolution; Journal of Gen. Joseph G. Swift, U. S. A., who was stationed on our coast about 1807; Extracts from an oration by Col. James G. Burr, giving important information of Cape Fear history. The material is all now published for the first time, and throws a great deal of light on the history of the Cape Fear section. Obscure references are explained in interesting notes by Dr. Battle. A few quotations from the Monograph may be of interest as showing the character and value of the publication.

The brief but brilliant introduction is by Dr. Battle himself. He pays a deserved tribute to the patriotism of the Cape Fear. "This section of the State," he writes, "has been conspicuous from its first settlement for the wealth, the intelligence, the hospitality, the elegant manners, and public spirit of its citizens. One of its earliest settlers, Colonel Maurice Moore, was a chief factor in crushing the Indian rising of 1711. Another, Col. Hugh Waddell, did important services in the French and Indian war. Its Ashes, its Moores, its Harnett, its Hooper, its Howe, its Lillington, and other strong men were among the foremost in resisting oppression and securing independence. Its civilians have in a large degree aided in moulding our institutions." The introduction is devoted to a brief summary of the history of the section with which the Monograph deals, introducing the reader to the patriots who made that section, and contributed in no small degree to the making of the State.

Forty-four pages are devoted to the letters and documents of the DeRosset family. The first member of this family came to North Carolina prior to 1735, and from that day to this, a period of 169 years, the family has been prominent in the social and business life of the Cape Fear. It is interesting to note the succession of physicians in this family. The first DeRosset to come to America was Armond DeRosset (1695-1760), an M. D., of Basle University, Switzerland; following him the following were members of the same profession: his son Moses John DeRosset (1726-1767); his son Armond John DeRosset (1767-1859); his two sons, Moses John DeRosset, (1796-1826), and Armond John DeRosset, (1807-1897). It thus appears that for a period of 162 years there was a physician of this family prominent in the community and in the State. One of the most interesting documents published in the Monograph—at least I imagine it is interesting since the substance of it is concealed in the Latin language—is a copy of the diploma granted to the first Dr. DeRosset by the University of Basle. Dr. DeRosset's eldest son, Lewis Henry DeRosset was a prominent Tory. He was appointed in June, 1759, a member of Gov. Dobbs' Council and a copy of his commission is published on pages 14 and 15. He became a Lieutenant General in the British army. In 1778 he left the State and, along with the other Tories lost all of his property. In 1783 he petitioned the King for indemnity. A copy of this petition, setting forth his services and losses, and attested by certificates of Gov. Tryon and of Gov. Martin, appears on pages 15-18. His brother Moses John DeRosset, M. D., was Mayor of Wilmington and figured prominently in many capacities in the early history of the Cape Fear. His son Armond John DeRosset, also a physician, was a man of exalted character and of prominence in his profession. One of the most interesting documents in the Monograph is a sketch written by him of the DeRosset family. He was trained for college partly by his step-father, the Revolutionary patriot, Rev. Adam Boyd, and at the age of 17 entered Princeton University, then College of New Jersey. He was graduated in 1785, having studied during vacations. He afterwards entered the University of Pennsylvania, and while in Philadelphia gained the friendship of Benjamin Rush, one of the most eminent men of his day. He was in active practice at Wilmington for sixty-nine years. His last case was that of a woman 61 years of age, who became the mother of a child. Dr. Battle in his notes pays a high tribute to his worth and character.

It would be impossible in a short review to give an accurate idea of the interest and value of the various letters and documents of the DeRosset family published in the Monograph. The letters are particularly interesting, newsy, gossipy, throwing much light on many interesting characters and events of that early period. An extremely pathetic letter is one from Lewis Henry DeRosset, the Tory, to James Walker. While in London, after being exiled from North Carolina, he had heard from James Walker, his brother-in-law of the death of his wife, whom he had not seen since he left Carolina eight years before. In acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Walker's letter Mr. DeRosset pays a beautiful and tender tribute to his wife and so plainly shows the bitter anguish he felt at his loss that one even now can but lament the hard circumstances which made such cruel separation necessary. Other documents of interest are letters from Mrs. Eliabeth Catharine DeRosset, wife of Dr. Armond DeRosset to John Burgwin; from Rev. Adam Boyd; the correspondence between Dr. Armond John DeRosset and Dr. Rush, and Dr. Moses John DeRosset and Dr. Valentine Mott.

The last extract from the DeRosset papers is the following beautiful paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, by Dr. Armond John DeRosset, the younger, written in 1889 in his 83rd year:

"Father in Heaven, to Thee we pray
That Thy great Name may hallowed be,
Thy Kingdom come—Oh! haste the day
When all the world shall bow to Thee,
When Thy blest will shall have full sway,
And Earth, like Heaven, from sin be free.

Sustain, Oh Lord! our bodies frail,
Preserve our souls with bread of life,
Forgive our sins, let us not fail
Our foes to bless, and keep from strife.

Whene'er the tempter's wiles assail
Do Thou be near, and keep us pure.
May Thy good Spirit never fail
To be our guide for evermore.

Glory—Power to Thee belong,
In Thy dread presence we appear,
Only in the Name of Christ Thy son,
Who taught us to make our prayer."

Of the author of this, Dr. Battle writes: "Dr. DeRosset, in all public and private relations, was approached in excellence by few and excelled by none."

The character of a community, whether large or small, is dependent upon the character of its citizens. Few families in North Carolina have made as large or as good a contribution to the State as the DeRosset family.

Following the DeRosset papers come 31 pages devoted to the "Early Years of Wilmington—Extracts from the Old Town-Book and Letters of a Royalist," with an Historical Note by Hon. Samuel A. Ashe. Capt. Ashe in his account of the founding of Wilmington, goes more into the details of that interesting story than any other writer I know. He draws his information from the old Town-Book, from which he copies a large number of valuable extracts bearing on the early history of Wilmington. These extracts cover the period from 1743 to 1778, from which much important information is gathered. As I now have before me the book from which these extracts were made I can vouch for the fidelity of Capt Ashe in making his copies and admire the care and historical discrimination with which he has made his selections.

The Journal of Joshua Potts gives an interesting account of the location of Smithville, now Southport; while that of Gen. Joshua G. Swift, covers the period extending from 1804 to 1823, and in it we catch many valuable glimpses of the men and women of those days on the Cape Fear. Of this diary Dr. Battle writes as follows: "His memoirs, or rather his diary, is valuable and exceedingly interesting, and his descriptions of social life on the Lower Cape Fear in the long ago are simply charming. There is a quiet dignity in his style that is very attractive, and his statements regarding individuals and events are calmly and forcibly expressed, and bear upon their face the stamps of undoubted truthfulness." I regret that it is out of the question to make extract here from this diary that would help give an idea of its interest and importance. It would not do to make this rapid review too long.

The extract from Col. Burr's address, which bring this number of the Monograph to a close, while of course not of the historical importance of the other documents, not being original material, are yet of no less interest. Col. Burr takes his audience on "a ramble to our oldest city of the dead, the venerable churchyard of St. James." There he reveals the history and traditions connected with the silent inhabitants of that city. He takes his listeners to the grave of Thomas Godfrey, author of the tragedy "The Prince of Parthia," the first dramatic work written in America, and reveals interesting facts in the life of this first American dramatist. From this grave he goes to those of the parents of the gallant and unfortunate Johnston Blakely, who electrified the world in 1814 by his brilliant victory in the sloop Wasp over the British sloop Reindeer. The tomb—the neglected resting place of the martyr to the liberties of North Carolina, Cornelius Harnett, is next visited and an eloquent tribute paid to this noble and devoted patriot, who paid for his devotion by a cruel death. Besides these and other historical bits of information, Col. Burr gives as facts well vouched for, two most startling and exciting traditions connected with some of those who sleep under the shadows of St. James. It would be impossible to give an accurate idea of these two stories without giving all the details, and as that would make this article too long, I find it necessary to resist the very strong temptation. There can be nothing more startling nor more tragic than these two miraculous stories, both of which are supported by unimpeachable testimony. Those who find interest in the marvelous would do well to get copies of this Monograph and read at least Col. Burr's address.

Few, if any, publications on North Carolina history have been of more importance than this Monograph. It is a pity that a number of errors crept into it and were not discovered until too late to correct them. But an "errata" which accompanies every copy prevents the reader from falling into any of these errors and keeps them from detracting from the value of the publication. The future historian of the Cape Fear, will find it necessary to have a copy of this Monograph at hand when writing his story.

R. D. W. CONNOR.
Wilmington, N. C.

From "Dust to Dust."

How dark, how rich and full the summer night,
What warmth about them brooded, while the sea
Murmured low song, and passion throbbed to peace!
The soft airs curled around them, the great boughs
Swayed slowly with long rhythms of delight,
And sleep was but unconsciousness of joy.

Then, sphered in light, at last the great god came—
The god who gives the sweet o' the year to earth,
Who guards the world-wide curve of lovely lines,
Ripens the white wheat, pulps the purple grape,
God of the sacramental bread and wine.
The leopard-skin upon his shoulders hung,
The ivy twined his yellow locks, and like
The sunshine splintering on a spear his eye,
And like the sunshine on the heart of a flower
His smile. As beautiful as dawn he stood,
And called with strange compelling melody
This woman cast aside of dust that dies.
And lingeringly, like one in dream, she came
And found his arms a fastness. Lifted then
She lay within the heaven of his heart,
Suffused with all the godship of his love.
The winds less free throughout the courts of space,
Far from the doors of death he went with her,
Filled her with essence of immortal life,
And crowned her with a crown of seven great stars.
Yet in the tenderest moment of his care,
Though fragrant fire ran through her with his touch,
Earth in her trembled to the pulse of earth.
Old thoughts, old memories stirred the soul that bore
The pearl's dim flaw, the clay in the opal's grain.
And as black lightnings rive some growing thing
She shuddered back among her clods once more,
Sighing through silent hollows of her heart,
"Theseus! Where art thou, Theseus! Love, my love!"

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the May Atlantic.

The May Atlantic.

The opening chapters of the May Atlantic are made brilliant and entertaining by the first installment of Professor Norton's series of Letters of John Ruskin, illuminated by his own delightful and illustrative comments and explanations.

Colonel Higginson continues his recollections with a paper entitled Intensely Human, which contains many salient and pathetic reminiscences of the characteristics of the negro race, more especially of the days before and during the War of the Rebellion.

The Atlantic's series of articles on Advertising, which has been so favorably received, is continued with a paper on The Humors of Advertising, amusingly treated by Rollin Lynde Hartt. Other delightful essays are An Hour with our Prejudices, a characteristically humorous paper by Samuel M. Crothers; The Work of the Woman's Club by Martha E. D. White; and Bliss Perry's screed on Fishing with a Worm, a very Waltonsey chapter from the pen of a worthy disciple of the Gentle Art of Angling.

Professor Frederick J. Turner contributes the opening paper of a historical resume of The Diplomatic Contest for the Mississippi Valley, preceding and leading up to Jefferson's historic Louisiana purchase; and Alvan F. Sanborn sends from Paris a valuable and interesting letter reviewing The Year in France.

The Common Lot, Robert Herrick's notable serial, increases rapidly in interest and complication. Single stories are The Bachelors of Braggy, a quaint episode by Seumas MacManus; The Law of the Soul, a lynching story by Isabel Bowman Finlev; and The Judge, a New England sketch by Harriet A. Nash.

Poems by Madison Cawein, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Francis Sterne Palmer, literary reviews, Books New and Old, and an entertaining Contributors' Club complete the number.

John Ruskin's Characteristics.

Ruskin's kindness had its roots in the essential sweetness of his nature. Everything in life had conspired to spoil him. He was often willful and wayward and extravagant, but the better elements of his being prevailed over those which, to his harm, were to gain power when he was released from the controlling influence of his father's good sense and his mother's authority. The extraordinary keenness of his perceptions of external things, the vivacity of his intelligence, the ardor of his temperament, the immense variety of his interests and occupations, and the restless energy and industry with which he pursued them, made him one of the most interesting of men. And combined as they were with deep poetic and deeper moral sentiment, as well as with a born desire to give pleasure, they gave to intercourse with him a charm which increased as acquaintance grew into affectionate friendship. His mind was, indeed, at this time in a state of ferment. He was still mainly busy with those topics of art and nature to which his writings had hitherto been devoted. But his work in that field had led him into other fields of inquiry, which stretched wide and dark before him, through which no clear paths were visible, and into which he was entering not without hope of opening a way. Henceforth his chief mission was that, not of the guide in matters of art, but of the social reformer.—Charles Eliot Norton, in the May Atlantic.

Spencer's Pen Portrait of George Eliot.

(From Herbert Spencer's Autobiography.)

In physique there was, perhaps, not a trace of that masculinity characterizing her intellect; for, though of but the ordinary feminine height, she was strongly built. The head, too, was larger than is usual in women. It had, moreover, a peculiarity distinguishing it from most heads whether feminine r masculine; namely, that its contour was very regular. Usually, heads have here and there either flat places or slight hollows; but her head was everywhere convex. Striking by its power when in repose, her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smiles of many are signs of nothing more than amusement; but, with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy, either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with. Her voice was a contralto of rather low pitch, and I believe naturally strong. On this last point I ought to have a more definite impression, for in those days we occasionally sang together; but the habit of subduing her voice was so constant that I suspect its real power was rarely, if ever heard. Its tones were always gentle, and, like the smile, sympathetic.

Of course as we were frequently seen together, people drew their inferences. Very slight evidence usually suffices the world for positive conclusions; and here the evidence seemed srong. Naturally, therefore, quite definite statements became current. There were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports was true.

What Women's Clubs Have Done.

Even without the personal enlightenment that counts for so much, women's clubs have been a potent factor in determining public opinion. As organizations, they have realized that "in public opinion we are all legislators by our birthright." And in practice, they have found that they could actually legislate by means of this power. Legislative work is undertaken by all the State federations, in urging and securing the passage of laws that deal with the condition of women and children. In Massachusetts, Connecticut and Ilinois, the State federations have promoted the passage of a bill giving joint and equal parental guardianship to minor children. The Juvenile Court Law has been secured in California, Illinois, Maryland, and Nebraska. The Louisiana Federation has worked successfully for the Probationary Law, and in Texas an industrial school has been established. Laws to raise the standard of public morality, to segregate and classify defective and delinquent classes, to secure the services of women as factory inspectors, police matrons, and on boards of control, are other measures for which women's clubs have successfully worked.

Mrs. Martha E. D. White, in the May Atlantic.

The May Century.

Of the nine pieces of fiction in the May Century, the regular reader will doubtless turn at once to the conclusion of Mrs. Goodwin's "Four Roads to Paradise,' the continuation of "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London, in which the heroine comes aboard the "Ghost," and the second part of Dr. Mitchell's experiment in historical fiction, "The Youth of Washington," told in the form of an autobiography. The shorter stories are "The Autobiography of Aureola," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with pictures by Jacobs; "A Mission in Macedonia," by Stephen Bonsal, with a picture by Ivanowsky; "Little Dog," by Gouverneur Morris, with a picture by Sterner; "In the Arena," a school boy's story, by Edwin L. Sabin, with pictures by Steele; "The Education of a Butterfly," a take-off on the new nature study, by Charles Battell Loomis and "The Last of the Crocabiches," a story of the Latin Quarter, written and piquantly illustrated by Leon Guipon. There are editorial articles on "St. Louis and Her Festival of Peace" and on "Progressive Italy," and in the Lighter Vein Department some nonsense verses by Carolyn Wells, entitled "How to Tell the Wild Animals."

In the May Century.

The May Century's features of war interest will be "Unhappy Korea" and "Korea, the Bone of Contention," both from authorities. The Rev. Arthur Judson Brown, D. D., author of "The New Era in the Philippines," is secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. He has traveled in Korea and knows the conditions whereof he writes, conditions which may well make Korea unhappy. Homer B. Hulbert, who contributes the account of "Korea, the Bone of Contention," will be remembered as author of "The Sign of the Jumna" and narrator of "In Search of a Siberian Klondike." He has been editor of the Korea Review of Seoul for some years and has made a study of Korean history, ethnology, etc. His article will discuss the probable fate of Korea in the event of either Russian or Japanese victory; and will touch upon how the result of the war must affect America and American interests.

What Russia Will Do.

The war between Russia and Japan has set the world asking what Russia would do if she were attacked on the European side. How she behaved in the Crimean war just half a century ago is described by an eye-witness, Major Arthur Griffiths in the forthcoming volume (volume two) of Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Charles Welsh and published by A. Wessels Company of New York. This volume covers the period from the Waterloo to the outbreak of the Civil War and besides the famous battles of the Crimea it tells of the leading incidents in our Mexican war, of the terrible scenes in the Indian Mutiny, of the early fighting in the Far East, and of the first exploits of the famous General Garibaldi.

The last two volumes of the series, covering the period from the Franco-Prussian war to the opening of the Boer war will be issued in the fall by the same house.

They are all uniform with the two already issued and will be fully illustrated.

No "American Novel" Possible.

William Dean Howells has fallen into the hands of the English Reviewers in London, and has delivered himself on the present state of fiction in America. "There is no such thing as a great American novel and never will be," he said. "Novels I hope will be plenty and I hope to write one myself. But no American novel is possible. As a people we are absolutely decentralized. Our people can never fuse into anything that could be called a composite American type." On the general subject Mr. Howells said: "There are some very bad signs, but in spite of them I see great reason for gratification. The most obvious thing with us is the immense amount of trashy fiction being manufactured, a glorification of the dime novel. Take the ordinary dime novel and sell it for $1.50, and there you have the bulk of the ficion read in America today. But what is satisfactory is that the success of the bad novels does not interfere with that of the good ones."

The publication of another volume of "Historical Studies" by Richard Green calls for the following observation from the London Atheneum:

"Green was a great writer and a real historian. Yet in many respects his work belongs to a past age—the age in which men like Macauley, or Grote, or Hallam studied the past, not so much for the sake of presenting it as it was, as for the selection of just those pictures which harmonized with their own political ideals. He did, indeed, widen the conceptions of the historian, and greatly deepened the realism of our historical pictures. But his standpoint was rather political and literary than scientific and philosophical. The truly great historian never feels it necessary to get angry with his character. Green did. This, more than anything else, puts him in a class below many writers who, in literary gifts and imaginative power, are far his inferiors."

Mr. Henry W. Elson's "History of the United States," which The Macmillan Company will publish next week, is described as a compendious, authoritative, and thoroughly popular history of our country from the days of Columbus to the present time, complete in one 12 mo. volume. A popular and entertaining history, up-to-date in its facts and its estimates, has long been wanted; and Mr. Elson's book is sure of a hearty welcome.

A notable feature of great current value in The World To-Day for May is the grouping of seventeen pictures in color illustrating various points of interest in connection with the Siberian Railway and the Russo-Japanese war. This issue is one of the finest in color effects yet produced, forty of the one hundred and fifteen pictures having tint plates. There are several beautiful portraits of children among these.

(By Joseph Holden.)

Oh, is there no home for the wounded and weary,
The heart that is broken, and the eye that is teary?
The mind that is sad and the soul that is dreary?
Oh, is there no home in some planet on high,
'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky?

Yes, God hath provided a mansion above
Whose timbers were grown in the garden of love:
Whose walls are as bright as the sheen of the snow—
As the sheen of the shield of the sun in its glow,
He hath built me a home in some planet on high,
'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky.

He gave to my fathers a home on this earth,
But sin has discovered the ties of my birth,
And life is a shadow—a mist of the morning—
That fades from the hills with the light of the dawning;
Yet still there's a home in some planet on high,
'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky.

I know not the orb that will be my abode,
But I know it was formed by the finger of God.
That my mansion is empty, and I must await
'Till he shall command me to enter the gate—
'Til the angel of death in mercy shall come
To bear me to dwell in my beautiful home—
My home that is built in some planet on high,
'Mid the numberless stars of the beautiful sky.

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Hitherto Incurable Diseases of Hopeless Invalids Healed

IN THEIR OWN HOMES BY PROMINENT PHYSICIAN WHO GIVES SERVICES FREE. CURES THOSE HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY AS EASILY AS THOSE WHO CALL IN PERSON.

New York—(Special Correspondence.)—"Where I cured one with drugs, medicines, and surgery, I now can cure a thousand by means of this wonderful discovery I have made," said a certain famous scientist and physician of this city during a recent interview that he gave me. "Can I raise a man from the grave and restore him to life, after death is certain and beyond question? No, not that. But many times when death is apparent, a feeble spark of life still lingers, although its dim flickering is beyond the sight of any but the most skilled physicians. When this remarkable fluid of mine is introduced into the body it feeds that spark as new oil does a lamp, makes it blaze up strong and steady until warmth and vitality are restored to the blood and tissues, and conscious life returns. It is cases such as these that have made unthinking people look upon me as a miracle worker, medical wizzard, possessor of supernatural power, etc. That is nonsense, of course. I am a scientist and my discovery is purely scientific, based on unmistaklable laws of nature.

It is this discovery of mine that you have come to learn about? This wonderful fluid that will combat any and all diseases, that will prolong life and restore the vigor and vitality of youth, that has absolutely revolutionized the theory and practices of medicine?

At first, I began by thinking that it would cure only a few diseases, that its chief value would be in stopping the terrible inroads of consumption and other of the most deadly maladies But I soon was shown my error. My patients themselves were the ones to convince me of its almost unlimited powers. As I tried it in case after case I found that the results were the same, that even diseases supposed to be incurable yielded to its strange and mighty power, that it was just as good for cancer or rheumatism or catarrh or stomach troubles, as it was for any one of the twenty-four hundred diseases known to medical science. I have taken hopeless invalids whom other doctors had utterly failed to cure with all their drugs, medicines, and knives, and restored them to perfect health so quickly that both patients and doctors said it seemed like magic. The doctors themselves come to me when they are sick, confess that their own pills and squills are comparatively useless, and I cure them in the same way by introducing this marvelous fluid into their bodies. One of them said to me not long ago that it was almost worth while being sick in order to be cured so quickly, easily, and pleasantly, for one of the beauties of this preparation is that, instead of being disagreeable or bothersome to take, it is very pleasant to taste and acts at once, the good effects being marked from the very first dose. I use the word "dose" though I do not like it, for this fluid is not, strictly speaking, a medicine but more truly the embodiment of nervo-vital force, life itself in liquid form, distilled and quivering with dynamic power. When news of the wonderful cures I was making in this city reached to other parts of the country and abroad, I was almost overwhelmed with letters from every State in the Union and from foreign countries. I was offered all kinds of money to go to this, that, and the other place and rescue suffering hundreds, but in every case I replied that I did not need to visit the sick ones personally, that I could send a supply of the fluid with directions for its use that would do just as much good as if I went myself, that I not only could, but would be only too glad to do so merely for the asking. I told the writers, as I tell you, that my discovery is for saving life and restoring health, and not for making money. I give my services entirely free of charge to rich and poor alike. I sent these people a course of home treatment free, as I have done to all who have written since. Where I formerly received hundreds of letters, now I get thousands calling upon me for the aid I am so glad to be able to give. One came not long ago from one of my former patients, Mr. George Kling, of New Bloomfield, Pr., who is today a strong and well man, but who, when I took his case, was on the verge of death and in despair over the fruitless efforts of the doctors to cure him. You may read his letter if you so desire." I did read Mr. Kling's letter, and made a word for word copy of it, which is: "You can write 'cured' opposite my name. The effects of your remedies are astonishing. My entire recovery is the more remarkable since I had a complication of diseases: organic heart disease, degeneration of the liver, and severe kidney trouble. In addition, I suffered terribly and almost constantly from articular rheumatism that gave me no peace of body or mind. I could not lie on my back for as long as fifteen minutes at a time. Sometimes I could not lie down at all on account of the sharp pains at my heart. When I did lie down to rest I would roll and toss for hours before dropping into a broken sleep. I would wake up more tired and disgruntled than I was before retiring. Now all my pain is gone. I eat regularly and heartily, and can turn myself in a heap and sleep until morning, and then wake up as refreshed and strong as I did when young. Refer to me any one who doubts the marvels you accomplish, for I feel it my duty to mankind to bear witness to the wonders of Force of Life."

Then, to get further proof, I asked Dr. Hadley to let me make copies of the following, selected at random from the pile upon his desk. One from Mrs. C. A. Lester, of John's Day, Oregon, said: "I was impressed by the accounts of you read in the paper, and although I had tried other remedies without benefit, I determined to write to you. And very glad I am that I did. Just think of all that was the matter with me and how I suffered. I had heart, liver and kidney disease, catarrh of the stomach, intestines and bladder, and was almost a nervous wreck. I also had incipient dropsy. But just taking your treatment one month has cured me. I am quite well and have no pain at all. I can eat heartily and sleep soundly, and am a very different woman in every physical way. Am not bloated any more, and all my friends remark on how very well I look. And yet I was about as sick as woman could be and still live. Surely I owe my life to you, and if I can do anything for you in return, call upon me. I shall be very glad to tell all who are ill of the marvelous cure you have made in my case, and urge them to call upon you for help out of their misery. I am very thankful to you."

And another from Miss Amelia Blount, of Lumberton, N. C., reads: "I do not know how to begin to thank you for what your wonderful remedy has done for me. I know that if it had not been for you and your wonderful treatment I would have died. I had kidney disease, catarrh of the stomach and bowels, and neuralgia. I could not sleep night or day. I was racked with pain from head to foot and could not bear to lay my head upon my pillow. Every breath seemed as if it would be my last, and at times I would not have cared if it had been. I want to tell every one to write to you and be made well. I am sure that Force of Life is the greatest remedy for any disease of mankind. You may use my name in any way you please to convince people that you can and do cure cases that were given up as hopeless."

After reading these letters I expressed my surprise that the Doctor was not only willing, but able to afford to give his services to so many thousands without fees. "Yes," he replied, "it is, as you say, very expensive, but I shall continue to do so as long as I am able, whether that happens to be a month, a year, or longer. I tell you as I have told others, that the only thing necessary to be done by any one who wants to be restored to health, is to write to me at my laboratories, address Dr. Wallace Hadley, Office 968J, No. 708 Madison Ave., New York City, telling me the principal symptoms of their trouble, their age and sex, and I will make a most careful diagnosis of their case, prescribe for them, send them a course of home treatment, and supervise their recovery, absolutely without a cent of charge. When I have at my command something that will cure disease, and probably the only thing that can be depended upon to do so, I do not feel that I have the right to keep it to myself. True, I discovered it, but it belongs to all mankind. It was not given to me to use selfishly, but to devote to the cause of suffering humanity, and I am most thankful that I am able to do so, when I think of the many lives I can save. Consumption kills some one every four minutes in this country alone. Disease of the stomach and bowels is even more deadly. Heart Disease claims a victim every seven minutes, and kidney and liver trouble one in eight minutes. Bronchitis is nearly as bad, and rheumatism is a scourge in itself. Yet these are only a few of the specific diseases that make up the awful death roll of over a million a year, two every minute, in spite of all the doctors have been able to do heretofore. And one of the worst features of this daily slaughter is that a very large majority of these precious lives might be saved if proper medical treatment were taken in time. While disease is the cause of this awful mortality, carelessness and ignorance are responsible for the existence of this monster that takes dreadful toll from our nation, that takes fathers, mothers, children, young and old, weak and strong, rich and poor, from city and country. It saddens me, but at the same time it inspires me and strengthens my determination to redouble my efforts to same as many as I can. I, alone, expect to have a hundred thousand lives during the coming year, and, thanks to my wonderful discovery, I have every confidence and hope that I will exceed even that number. Just here Dr. Hadley was called away to attend a consultation, and I was advised that it would be useless to attempt to see him again that day, as when he once becomes interested in a case he thinks of nothing else. However, after talking with several of his assistant specialists and chemists, I came away doubly convinced that there is only one thing that equals his professional ability—and that is his personal charm.

J. F. T.