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RADIATION OF BRAIN FIBRE.

Mind manifests itself in accordance with development of brain matter, whether in men or animals. The finer shades of intelligence in men is determined by Temperament and Texture of the organic structure, but the higher manifestations of intelligence is never seen when the distance is short from the *Medulla Oblongata* to the anterior cortex, or to be untechnical, from the opening of the ear to the forehead.

Intelligence corresponds with brain, and form and shape of brain is indicated by form and shape of skull.

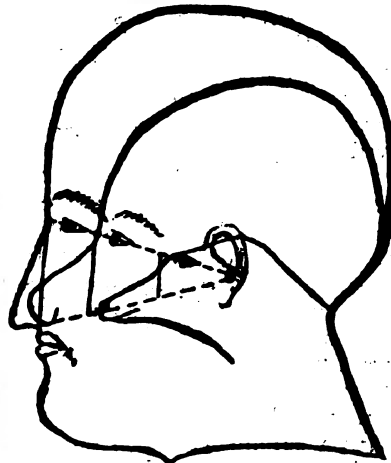
The smallest of the above three outlines is that of a dog. It possesses all the faculties found in the base brain of man, has in a degree the same affectional nature, love of home and friends, sufficient of the selfish propensities to provide for its animal desires, and the lower convolutions in the Perceptive group, (situated immediately over the eyes), endow it with knowing faculties. It knows its master and friends, can find its way and learn much, but cannot draw logical conclusions or solve philosophical problems because it is deficient in these higher faculties of reason found in man; nor can a dog have any conception of spiritual life, or any code of morals—it can have no sense of moral obligation because it possesses none of those higher developments of brain matter found in man.

It can be controlled by love and fear, and possessing a lower order of the knowing faculties, it acquires knowledge of its surroundings, but its intelligence is limited by extension of brain fibre from the opening of the ear to the top part of the forehead.

The middle outline is that of a negro in whom the distance from

the ear to the root of nose is short and shallow, betraying a deficiency of Perceptive and Reflective intellect, also a lack of moral nature. When the coarse Texture and Temperament of the typical negro is taken into consideration, together with the forward projection of the chin beyond a vertical line drawn from the root of the nose, it will be seen that this class of men are only a little above the highest type of animals.

The third and largest outline is that of the Caucasian, endowed



with a high grade of intelligence. In this diagram it will be observed the distance from the opening of the ear to the front head, both upper and lower, is much greater than in the outlines of the dog or the negro, indicating a greater amount of brain in that part of the head where reside the knowing and reasoning faculties.

If therefore, the texture be fine and the organic quality be high, and the body supporting the brain be well developed, strong and healthy, with well-balanced temperaments, the mental temperament predominating, the person thus endowed will betray such in-

telligence to completely eclipse that of the negro and dog and enable him with Selkirk to truthfully exclaim:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the mountains clear down to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and brute."

Intelligence in man or brute is shown at a glance and even the child or those having no knowledge of the principles herein illustrated instinctively associate intelligence with a prominent frontal brain. It is a simple matter of measurement, but the mistake must not be made to suppose because the perceptive faculties are very large that the reasoning brain is therefore small, even if the lower part of the forehead juts out beyond the top-head. Let the measurement be from the opening of the ear to the cortex, and as the distance is, so is the measure of brain power.

Upon the principle of radiation of brain fibre from the medulla oblongata to the cortex is based the secret of correct phrenological diagnosis. A sloping forehead often accompanies the most practical intellect. The best illustration of this is seen in the portrait of the Marquis de Lafayette, whose sloping forehead was very pronounced, but whose intellectual ability and sound judgment distinguishes him in two hemispheres. A measurement from the opening of Lafayette's ear to his top forehead shows great distance, while a like measurement to the lower forehead indicates immense perceptive intellect or knowing faculties. Sometimes the social brain organs may seem small, but measurement will reveal them well developed.

The tape line and callipers are indispensable to the phrenologist who would be accurate in his delineations of character.

Seeming Contradictions.

Phrenology appears somewhat contradictory to those who have not given it a thorough study. They do not understand why many persons with sloping foreheads are intelligent, and perhaps talented, while some other persons possessing high and jutting foreheads are lacking in common sense.

The explanation of this seeming contradiction is found in the fact that in the case of the sloping forehead, the distance from the opening of the ear to the lower part of the forehead where are located the perceptive or knowing faculties is great, while the reverse is true in the case of those persons with jutting foreheads.

The faculties that gather and store up facts are situated immediately over the eyes, and when very large, the forehead will appear to taper, while the distance from the opening of the ear to the forehead where reside the reasoning faculties may be considerable. It is a case of immense intellect coupled with fair or good reasoning faculties.

In the case of the jutting forehead the distance from the opening of the ear to the lower forehead being short, causes the top forehead to appear more pronounced than it really is.

Novices in Phrenology also discover a person with a large head and infer that according to Phrenology he ought to be intelligent, but he proves to be stupid. Per contra, a person having a small head, (like Byron and Gambetta), may be talented. From this it is inferred that Phrenology is untrue and contradictory and is denounced as delusive. A better knowledge of the first principles of the science would save the critic of Phrenology the mortification which comes from criticizing from mistaken premises.

One principle of Phrenology is that, "Size, other things being equal, is a measure of power." Size alone is not a measure of power, but a larger head, coupled with a *fine* and *active* organization, possesses greater power than a smaller head of the same size and quality.

The Value of Phrenology.

Daniel Webster said in answer to a young man who inquired if there was any room in the profession of law, "Yes, there is always room at the top."

But how many come to the top in any profession? Only those who have *natural* talent for the occupation they have chosen. A young man with only moderate intellect and the organs of Eventuality and Language small, had better not choose Law as a profession, however ambitious he may be to become a lawyer. If he does he will be disappointed.

An hour with a reputable phrenologist will point out his natural abilities and direct him toward a vocation in life wherein he may meet with success. His strong points of character will be explained and his weak ones shown, so that he may be armed for the battle of life. Phrenology shows to us the difference of character and capacity of each individual, and that if one adopts a trade or occupation in harmony with his nature, he will succeed. If he tries to follow an occupation to which his nature is *not* adapted, he will surely fail.

We knew twin brothers who resembled each other as much as two peas until eighteen years of age. One went to college for three years and at twenty-one was as tall and as straight as an arrow, with a pale face and had the appearance of a close student and scholar. The other became a tailor, and began to keep company with a saloon keeper's daughter. This led him to drink and carouse. At twenty one he was gross and stout, whiskey and tobacco sodden, and looked the picture of depravity. To a Phrenologist there was a wonderful difference in these twins, although to the world they looked so much alike. One had a high development of the moral and ambitious faculties, the other had a somewhat low top-head and still lower crown, therefore was not so moral or well-behaved as his brother and had little or no ambition to excel in any undertaking. He was careless and paid no attention to our warning advice for providing against a weak groveling nature, otherwise he might have been saved from a drunkard's

death and a pauper's grave. We advised him to become a mechanic for which occupation nature had adapted him, but our advice was unheeded and disaster followed.

His brother took our advice and studied for the ministry, and today is a prominent minister in the Episcopal Church and an earnest advocate of Phrenology. We correctly predicted the *probable* destiny of each.

Biped and Quadruped Rabbits.

When we lived in Fresno County we attended a Jack rabbit drive. A big triangular pen was built, with wings stretching a half mile on each side. A big crowd of people formed a semi-circular line about six miles long. The crowd began some six miles from the pen to beat up for rabbits. Soon a flock of rabbits were running ahead. Some tried to break through the lines and were beaten to death. After a while the ground was covered with rabbits, who would rush first in this direction, then in that, in desperate fright, and as the crowd closed in, the poor creatures gave the most piteous of cries, until a person with any sympathy could hardly keep from wishing that they would point their noses straight from the crowd, and make a quick run for safety, which would soon put them out of danger. But they didn't do it, and in a little while they were huddled in the pen, where 8,000 of them were clubbed to death.

That Fresno rabbit drive was fairly typical of the political round up going on in this country constantly. The rabbits stand for the voting rank and file, and the people with the clubs are the politicians. There goes the flock scurrying toward the Republican party; here they come scurrying toward the Democratic party, but they are huddled into the pen at last and meet practically the same fate as the rabbits.

Really, we had no right to expect anything better from the rabbits than that they would allow themselves to be penned up and slaughtered. But we have a right to expect something better of human beings, endowed, supposedly, with the power to think and reason. But a rabbit is a rabbit whether he runs on two legs or

four.

One thing we noticed at the Fresno rabbit drive. There were quite a goodly number of big old rabbits who took to their heels and never stopped running while in sight. No pen for them, thank you, and to avoid the pen they separated themselves from the herd. So there are a goodly number of voters, separating themselves from the voting herd each year, and taking themselves out of the reach of the political club. Political independence of capitalism is the only thing that will bring economic independence and prosperity to the workers.—*The Class Struggle*.

Whose Was the Sin?

In the October "Cosmopolitan" H. P. Spofford tells the following story, to which Lucifer has added some pertinent comments. There is food for thought in this tale, which is being enacted every day, in every civilized land. Let the readers of *Human Nature* try to discover "whose was the sin."

C. P. H.

"The story referred to is a terribly dark picture, yet it is true to life. Ellis Goff and Judith love each other. But Ellis is married and is the father of a child. At the time the story opens his wife has left him and gone to her mother. He has given her the home and she has sold it and is living on the money.

Judith is living alone on a little farm, which, together with a small income, has been left to her by her parents. He pleads with her to give up the world, and let him come to her, and because their love is so intense she finally yielded.

They were entirely cut off from the rest of the world. Yet they were happy with only each other. "It was a long day-dream of joy. They looked neither backward nor forward; they were in a radiant present."

"It had taken many weeks for the virtue of the town below to discover and realize and resent the outrage that had been done it. But at last it had become penetrated with the consciousness of sin in the neighborhood; and it had taken punishment into its own hands."

A mob gathered one January

night, "hooting and hallooing, beating on drums and gongs, blowing fish horns, singing ribald songs, filling all the place with an incredible foulness of outcry. Perhaps it was the fit way to characterize guilt—it seemed to Judith suddenly as if she were the virtue and they the vice."

How hopeless must be the warp in the minds of those who could see vice in this strong, brave, loving woman, and virtue in the coarse, worse than bestial mob! But the mob was "respectable" and she an "outcast."

Judith and Ellis outlived the shock and terror of that night, and gradually found happiness again, and though all alone, "forgot the world that was well lost."

But peace was not for them. Our author says: "Dusk and dawn now, for many days it had been hot and dry; and the corn was high in the field, when the virtue of the town happened to remember itself, and a crowd, fed largely by the deed of excitement and the inherent love of persecuting the defenseless, visited the farm, with horns and cat-calls as before, with showers of stones and outcry of obscene railing. When the mob had gone, there was scarcely a whole pane of glass left in the house, the live-stock were scared away, the corn was trodden into the soil and the fire that had destroyed the crop of grass was still pouring down the slope in billows only to be quenched in the brook."

Judith and Ellis heard the mob coming and made their escape, so no bodily injury was done them. Again they took up their struggle for existence, repairing what they could of the damage done by their virtuous neighbors. And they still found some happiness in their love for each other and their, passionate enjoyment of nature.

The two had but little more than repaired the mischief of the last rain," continues the author, when they were again assailed by that element of the town which found the thing not only good sport but a sort of sop to conscience. This time they caught Ellis before he could make shelter. They subjected him to the horrible indignity and torture of a coat of tar and feathers—"The burning barn, with its occupants, lighted them upon their hideous work."

Judith nursed him night and day through his long illness of

wounds and bruises and shattered nerves. "He was dearer to her than ever now," we are told.

The minister came to preach to them of their sins, but he found his task difficult. Judith would not admit that the community—"The people that destroy crops, who burn buildings with animals in them, singing vile songs, calling vile names, subjecting a man like Ellis to the most infamous torture short of crucifixion"—was right and herself wrong. "It seemed impossible to the minister as he looked at the splendid creature flaming there that she could be a thing of shame. She was, rather, like some great angel of succor to the suffering.

Except so far as the earth is beautiful, the earthly and the animal had no part in her just then."

If Ellis had been as strong and as brave as she, they might even yet have conquered. But he was broken, both physically and mentally by the terrible experience he had passed through. She had to do all the work outdoors as well as within. By and by she lost her little income through the rascality of the trustee—presumably a very respectable member of society. Yet she loved and worked bravely and uncomplainingly for Ellis. And so time went by until both were old and he imbecile, and still she worked steadfastly on and never yielded, though all the world was against her.

Judith's character was one of the most admirable possible, and had she endured all that, had her love and tenderness survived, with only the difference that she and Ellis were married and had undergone these persecutions through adherence to the "true faith" in religion, she would be upheld as a model of all that is highest and noblest in womanhood. Yet after undergoing the most horrible persecutions and privations of all kinds until she was a gray-haired, feeble old woman, the curtain drops on her life with the judgment, "The wages of sin are death!"

Whose was the sin?"

THE FACT REMAINS.

Men may hide and sneer, averring
 Rosy love is dead today
 Cupids sets their pulses stirring
 In the good old-fashioned way.

anon

Health Department.

What a Decayed Tooth Will Do.

BY DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

Decayed teeth are so common that it is worth our while to know what may result from them. The most common trouble from decayed teeth is toothache, faceache, or what is properly called neuralgia. When the nerve of a tooth is exposed, any hot food, cold food, or sweet food or drinks, may irritate it, cause inflammation of the part and great pain. The pain may shoot along the upper and lower gums, up the side of the face, into the head, down the neck, and occasionally as far as the chest. With this pain there is usually sympathy of the rest of the system, and we may have feverishness, headache, inability to eat, work or sleep. The pain may last for days and reduce the strength. If the system is laden with impurities, an abscess may form at the root of the tooth. Then the face swells, food cannot be eaten, no rest can be got, the tongue may be furred, the breath offensive, and the person out of sorts generally. If the tooth is an upper one, the eye on the same side may be closed up and an abscess may form in the cheek, burst inside the mouth, or even outside in the cheek, and cause a disfigurement. Unless a care is taken, a chronic abscess may be left and discharge matter for months, weakening the system and tainting the breath. An abscess at the root of the tooth usually causes the glands under the chin to swell and become less painful; when the abscess bursts, the swelling and tenderness of the glands will quickly go away. If a decayed tooth has a chronic abscess at its root, the glands may keep swollen, and in time gather, burst and leave scars on the neck. Or the glands may enlarge and remain swollen even after the offending tooth is removed. Another result of decayed teeth is offensive breath. One decayed tooth may make the breath offensive for years. Earache is occasionally due to a decayed tooth, and if the system is in a bad condition, an abscess may form and discharge itself through the ear-hole.

REMEDY.—If all would make a rule and keep it, to eat their food cool, then the enamel of the teeth would not crack and become the starting point of decay. If all made it a habit to eat raw fruit and hard foods like biscuits and crusts, then the teeth would remain firm in the gums, and no abscesses would form at their roots. When oatmeal or wheatmeal bread are eaten daily, the teeth receive the mineral matter they need and are little subject to decay. When a tooth is decayed, it may be pulled out, or there are two remedies; first, to have the tooth stopped; secondly, to live in such a way that there is no waste in the system to cause inflammation. I have two decayed teeth, but am too busy to have them stopped. As long as I live plainly they do not trouble me, but let me eat too many meals, too much food, or many sweets, and I soon suffer from toothache. An acute attack of toothache is best treated by taking nothing but a cupful of milk and barley water until the pain goes; and avoid all sweet foods and drinks, cake and rich foods. If one lives plainly and obeys the rules of health, he may have decayed teeth and not suffer from them. Persons subject to swelling of the glands in the neck should visit a dentist and have their teeth seen to; and if the trouble does not go away, further advice may be taken.

Del Monte Specialties

SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT FLOUR Is manufactured by the Del Monte Milling Co. out of the choicest buckwheat that can be obtained anywhere. It is guaranteed to be pure. The chemicals for raising are of the purest, and are scientifically combined. With this preparation of ours no trouble is had in making the most delicious Buckwheat cakes, as the former practice to set the buckwheat for raising over night is done away with, and if the directions are carefully followed, cakes far surpassing the old style can be had in a few minutes. Save time and labor by using this article. Be sure you get the Del Monte Milling Co's.—no other is quite so good.

IMPROVED FLAPJACK FLOUR

Is a combination of the flours of different grains, mingled in such

manner as to bring out the best qualities of each. It has a flavor peculiarly its own, which excels that of any other pancake flour on the market. Follow the directions closely and we guarantee the result. Any package of these goods affected in any particular may be returned and the money will be refunded. These cakes are healthful; can be eaten by the dyspeptic or those of weak digestion, without inconvenience in any manner. Their use, if once commenced, will be continued. It is put up in 2-lb. packages alone, and can be obtained from any of the principal grocers. If your grocer should not have it, insist that he get it for you. One package of this Flapjack Flour will make more pancakes than can be made from the same amount of any other pancake flour on the market.

Morning Meal, Semola, Cream Flake Oats and Flapjack Flour are put up only in pasteboard cartons.

Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour is put up in pasteboard cartons and in sacks, the sacks weighing 10 lbs., 25 lbs., and 50 lbs. as desired. Rolled Wheat is put up in 75-lb. sacks and 150-lb. barrels, branded Cream Breakfast Wheat. Rolled Oats are put up in 90-lb. sacks and 180-lb. barrels, but are not branded Cream Flake Oats. The Cream Flake Oats are the choicest product, better than any other oats in the market, packed in any shape. Full directions for use on each package; follow directions carefully.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Ladies are very anxious to preserve their beauty, but it is a sad fact that their lack of education in physiology causes them to do things that in a short time will ruin the best complexion ever seen. All powders, creams and lotions should be kept off the face for they close the pores of the skin and in a short time deaden the cuticle. Use our Vapor Bath every other night for a few weeks and you will have a beautiful complexion without any artificial makeup. Vapor, hot air, hop, sulphur, alcohol, witch hazel, medicated and delightful perfumed baths right in your own room. Our HOME BATH sent to your address, *expressage paid*, for only \$5. Address Human Nature Office.

Acquisitiveness and Benevolence.

We once knew a successful business man who was so economical as to border on stinginess. But at times he gave away considerable sums of money to deserving poor. Because of these peculiarities he was deemed penurious by those who dealt with him in business, but to those he had helped and their friends, he was known as a philanthropist. He had a wide head above and forward of the ears where the organ of Acquisitiveness is located, and the organ of Benevolence was large, hence he was Acquisitive when that organ was active, but generous when under the sway of the organ of Benevolence.

He was an exact accountant in all his transactions—once he found a cent on the sidewalk and dotted it down in his petty cash book. The same night he gave a poor, starving family \$2.50 for fuel. These traits of character were in accordance with his organization.

The function of Acquisitiveness is to acquire property, while Benevolence is to give. The former is selfish, the latter unselfish. When both faculties are equal in the same person there is a seeming contradiction in character—a miser and a philanthropist.

When large Acquisitiveness is not under the control of the moral sentiments, the person will either seek to obtain an advantage over his fellowmen in business transactions, or else steal outright; and when this faculty is not subordinate to the intellect, the person will reach out his hand for articles without regard to their value, as would a child or an idiot. All criminals are unbalanced and unsound in their judgment, but the law takes no cognizance of these things and treats wrongdoers, not as unbalanced, but as deserving of punishment in proportion to the deed. Such treatment never did and never will reform criminals.

Acquisitiveness in its normal action, when controlled by the moral sentiments adds to character, renders a man industrious in providing for his own wants and the wants of those depending on his industry.

No one should attempt to conduct a commercial business on his

own account if his organ of Acquisitiveness be small, otherwise he will surely fail. Such men had better be on salary for they do not possess the faculty of accumulating by engaging in mercantile pursuits on their own account. If other faculties that are required to make the salesman are well developed, they may sell for someone else, but they are better salesmen than merchants.

Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This indicates the function of Benevolence or the blessedness of giving, but Benevolence itself is purely an emotional faculty, and when not controlled by Acquisitiveness or the Intellectual faculties, would cause a person to give until he landed in the poor-house, like Mr. Goss of London, who gave away two fortunes and died a pauper.

He Had Them All.

Jerome K. Jerome, in his "Three Men In a Boat," says:

"It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therefrom dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond with all the sensations I ever felt. * * *

I sat for awhile, frozen with horror; and then in the listlessness of despair I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it, and wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus Dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift that to the bottom and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease I was relieved to find I had only in a modified form; and so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had with severe complications and Diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I had not got was Housemaid's Knee."

True Marriage.

What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities with reciprocal superiority in them, so that each can enjoy the pleasure of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and of being led in the path of development, I will not attempt to describe—to those who can conceive it there is no need, to those who cannot it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain with the profoundest conviction, that this, and this only, is the ideal of marriage, and that all opinions, customs and institutions which favor any other notion of it, or turn the conceptions or aspirations connected with it into any other direction, by whatever pretenses they may be colored, are relics of primitive barbarism. The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence when the most fundamental of social relations is placed under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and cultivation.—
John Stuart Mill.

KEEP OUT OF THE PAST.

Keep out of the past, for its highways
Are dark with malarial gloom;
Its gardens are sere and its forests are drear,
And everywhere moulders a tomb.
Who seeks to regain its lost pleasures
Finds only a rose turned to dust;
And its storehouse of wonderful treasures
Is covered and coated with rust.

Keep out of the past—it is haunted;
He who in its avenue gropes
Shall find there the ghost of a joy prized
The most,
And a skeleton throng of dead hopes.
In place of its beautiful rivers
Are pools that are stagnant with slime;
And these graves, gleaming in phosphoric
light,
Hide dreams that were slain in their
prime.

Keep out of the past—it is lonely,
And barren and bleak to the view;
Its fires have grown cold, and its stories
are old;
Turn, turn to the present, the new;
To-day leads you up to the hill tops
That are kissed by the radiant sun;
To-day shows no tomb, life's hopes
are in bloom,
And to-day holds a prize to be won.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Lawyer's Force.

By JOHN F. BERNARD.

Force of character is a necessary ingredient in the lawyer; and when it is conspicuously absent in a subject, the phrenologist does not call him to the law, unless he is willing to remain a lawyer's clerk.

When I was called to the law by Prof. Sizer, I had a friend, decidedly my dissimilar, who despised phrenology as devoutly as I worshipped at its shrine, and whose feelings of surprise and ridicule were disagreeably excited and expressed at the idea of my "good common sense" basing the fabric of a whole life career in such a flimsy foundation—in his opinion I might just as well have based it on the statements of a spiritualist or the toss-up of a coin. He felt the natural inference that if I was naturally fitted for the law, then he was not; and this excited his contempt, his position being that anyone with a head (meaning a good intellect), can study and practice law successfully, and he decided to study law, and predicted that he would excel me, notwithstanding phrenology. He was of superior quality, splendid intellect, physically slight and light with narrow head and small cerebellum, and all the basilar organs small. I began with shorthand: so did he. He attained a speed of two hundred before I got to a hundred and twenty. The twinkle in his eye might have annoyed me but for my knowledge of phrenology and confidence as to the general result. I prosecuted the study of law with vim; he with facility and brilliancy. He graduated before I did, brilliantly; I made a splendid showing on final examination. I still feared he had missed his proper calling; but he still maintained that twinkle of the eye. During student life I was head clerk in a large law firm, having been found to be an all-round man and fitted for every department; he was sole clerk in an office, but his intellect was so keen and clear that he was sought and consulted by old practitioners on law points. We opened office, each for himself, about the same time. He looked worried; I felt free and delighted. I entered the arena first, and won my first case, and my second and my third, and my first fifty. His first case was a beautiful one on law points, and,

though it was a close question, he had the meritorious side—for he said so, and that was sufficient. His preparation was perfect, like clock-work; and he had spent many and many an hour on it. I was not at the trial, but he described it to me. He had the misfortune (it being his first battle) to have for opponent one who was a leader at the bar, in both intellect and character. He was leonine, and had the roar and bluster of a lion; yet his intellectual operations would stand the highest test if stenographed and read by one who never saw or knew him. He had a grand forehead, a grand crown and a grand base brain; and he was splendidly balanced. He stood six feet, weighed two hundred, and had a pretty good working quality. My friend opened his case like a gentleman among ladies; and things went along nicely until, in questioning the witness concerning the fair defendant, he, knowing her character, referred to her as "that woman." About the third time he did so, his opponent sprang up like an enraged lion from his seat, and got off a series of roars that soon compelled the highest respect to be paid to his client, and the judge admonished my friend that he would have to proceed on the presumption that the defendant was a lady in every respect until found to be otherwise by a tribunal of competent jurisdiction. From this on my friend's courage failed to sustain his intellect; his poor little heart fluttered as frantically as a canary bird in a cage in apprehension of being devoured by an approaching cat. He was actually awed into silence, his intellect and flow of language stopped; and he realized that there is something daunting and fascinating when weakness of character is confronted by power and force of character. His very genius was entirely rebuked in the presence of that mighty opponent. He felt that though his opponent was right on the trifling incidental point, yet he had the meritorious side of the case; but that consciousness was not what was wanted to meet such a magnificent presence. Such a display of power was justified by the occasion, is always preferable to tameness in a courtroom, always commands the higher respect of men, as well as women and children, and of clients and spectators,

and of one's self; and in this instance, it commanded my friend's admiration, while it so shocked him that, had he been obliged to go on, he would have done so at the hazard of losing a meritorious case from want of a vigorous prosecution of it. But, fortunately for him, the judge knew him well, having often had the benefit of his advice, and perceiving the true state of affairs, continued the hearing. So great was my friend's chagrin that when he got to the office he leaned on his arms on his desk and just wept; he wept to think he was disgraced, to think that had it been a strange judge his client's case would have been lost on account of his failure of heart in the presence of such power, and to think that he was indeed doomed to remain the salaried clerk of some other, or else fail. And, O, what a bitter reflection this was to him, after so much hard work, and now that he was too old to change his calling. This reflection crushed him. Never after was he able to enter a courtroom, even to make a mere motion; for the very idea raised a bitter recollection and a feeling akin to horror. He is now an able salaried clerk; but that to him is no enviable position, and the spirit of his ambition is broken and crushed. The case was finished and won by another, also a leonine character, whom I suggested as the best match for the other. He had a trifle less power of physique, but much finer quality, than the other; but the case went on its merits, while the two powerful lawyers wrangled and blustered and roared and made a fine intellectual display, yet with the greatest mutual respect and deference. So tell me not that every man with intellect can practice law successfully. I know better. Let anyone who doubts this try, and he may obtain the experience of my friend, and reach the phrenological conclusion that force of character is a necessary ingredient to the lawyer, or, to put it in another way, there must not be too great a lack of it. I will also qualify the statement by admitting that a trial lawyer needs more of it than a purely office lawyer. But the object of my friend's ambition was to be an orator and trier of causes, like Webster and Choate and David Paul Brown.

Puget Sound Department

Firmness.

BY PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR.

This organ is situated directly on top of the head straight above the ears. When large it gives determination, will, steadfastness, pluck, the ability to hold on long and faithful, to never give up the ship, like Gen. Grant when he said, "We will fight it out on this line, boys, if it takes all summer." All persons that have accomplished great things in this world have had firmness large or very large. It gives the will and won't quality; it gives pluck; endurance and like the everlasting hills, the ability to stand alone. Nothing can change one's purpose. They have an iron will, like Bismarck, and they will be willful, stubborn and dogged in nature, and are alike indifferent to argument or force, reason or ridicule.

When Firmness is small, the head is low and flat at the crown and the person will be fickle and changeable, and cannot be relied on, and is apt to be "all things to all men," and when among Romans will do as the Romans do, they generally make good servants, for having no will of their own, they are quite willing to obey the stronger will of their employers. Such people are not fit to lead in life or to be leaders anywhere. Perhaps most of the failures in life of men and women come from lack of this organ, Children and grown people so organized are easily led off into all kinds of vice or crime—they can't say *no*—and stick to it and they are tossed about by every wind that blows and their work of all kinds will lack stability and solidity.

On the Trail.

I stepped off the steamer *City of Denver* at a small city known as La Connor, lying on the eastern shores of the Sound and on the famous tide lands of Skagit County. La Connor proved to be a very

live and busy place—one sees very little of the hard times there. The town is built all around and over a large mound or rock that is several hundred feet high. The business houses are all around the base, while many of the residences, churches, saloons and houses are on the top. The lowlands were formerly covered with the waters of the sea, but dyking and ditching has here driven back the rapacious maw of the sea and redeemed hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest land in the world, all of which is occupied by happy and prosperous farmers. 100 bushels of oats here to the acre is a very common thing, and all other crops are as good on an average. The salmon fishery business, the lumbering and shingle making and fruit culture, creameries, etc. are simply immense, two or three lines of competing railroads, with several lines of steamers, and the healthiest climate in the world. What more could puny mortals ask than to have their lot cast amidst such an abundance of good things? These tidelands around La Connor are the garden lands of this far-away region, in the land of the setting sun. All Nature seems to have united here in building an ideal place for mankind to build a home. There are a large number of these rock mound islands standing here in the shallow waters of Puget Sound, that geologists claim were once part of Cascade range, fifty miles away.

I gave four lectures in Masonic Hall at La Connor, examined a good many craniums filled out a large number of charts and took a long list of subscribers to HUMAN NATURE. I also made a large number of friends and acquaintances. I rode about five miles in the stage, to Whitney on the rail road, and taking the steam cars was soon crossing a wide arm of the sea, called a slough, then whirling along by ever changing scenery.

I soon arrived at Anacortes, which at one time was thought to be the coming New York of this coast. Millions of dollars were expended here in trying to build a western metropolis. Ten years ago Anacortes was in her glory and no one thought at that time that it took the eye of a prophet to foresee another Chicago or Denver. There are miles and miles of paved streets with wide sidewalks, that

Canada thistles now occupy supreme. Some of these streets look as if no one had traveled over them since Commodore Noah put to sea with his collection of wild animals. There are hundreds of fine brick blocks, all unoccupied, except by surging winds that are crying in their midnight wail:—"Look at the puny works of man. Give us time enough and we will return them to the dust of earth, from whence they came." I noticed a fine hotel all deserted that must have cost at least \$50,000. As I walked the almost deserted streets, it almost seemed that I must be in the land of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, and that I was promenading in old Montezuma's halls.

Anacortes is situated on the western end of a large island and its streets reach from shore to shore. The town site is quite level and with a harbor of beauty and breadth lying all around. Several very large fish canneries with dozens of wharves and steamers coming and going at all times of day and night—what they come for I cannot see, but I judge it is habit. But while the business part of the twice doomed city is well nigh deserted, there is still quite a population living "roundabouts," in the outskirts and suburbs, and I found many splendid people among them. I found here Prof. Mutch of California, a noted scientist, giving a course of lectures on "health by common sense," which I attended. My health seems to be Mutch improved. I judge the professor's pocket book is not Mutch improved by Mr. Mutch's lectures as the attendance was not large. If there is anything the average mortal does not want to hear, it is, "how to keep well," especially if it interferes with their daily habits. Mr. Mutch is an able man and a fine scholar, and will do much good in the sick world. I delivered a course of five lectures in O. K. Hall to large audiences.

If one wants to dream his life away in the far and holly West, where the winds from the Orient and the Occident meet, and the waves and tides of the sea sing their sweet refrains brought from the old Pacific western shore, here in Anacortes he can find his ideal rest.

PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR.

San Francisco, Cal., November, 1898

Human Nature

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Phrenology, Physiognomy, Health,
Medical and Social Reform

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ALLEN HADDOCK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

C. P. HOLT,

Associate Editor

D. C. SEYMOUR,

Editor Puget Sound Dept

Professor Haddock is the author of and accepts responsibility for all unsigned articles and paragraphs. The moral responsibility for signed articles devolves upon the writer whose name is attached.

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At Home For a Nickel.

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Clean the machine and the wheels will run smoothly. Take a bath. There are many kinds of baths, but for cleaning the body of dirt, a cold bath is not a success. It requires heat to open the pores of the skin, either dry heat or hot vapor.

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the bowels, the kidneys, the lungs and the pores of the skin. The skin is a perfect network of pores; if they are closed death ensues almost as quickly as if the mouth and nostrils should be closed. Drugs are deadly and should never be swallowed by civilized man, woman or child. A hot air bath will do the work without strain upon the nervous system. All sanitariums make use of the hot air bath as the principal remedy in curing disease.

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Dr. Burke has removed his city office to 715 Sutter St. He visits here every Tuesday and Friday. His patrons continue to have best results and entire satisfaction from his treatment by galvanism and mechano-therapy.

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Dr Burke's *Health* magazine is \$1.00 per year, *Phrenological Journal*, \$1.00, *Human Nature*, 50 cts.; total, \$2.50. We offer all the above for only \$1.50. Address *Human Nature* Office.

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For ten cents we will mail you one copy each of *Health*, *Phrenological Journal* and the *Popular Phrenologist*.

For one dollar, Dr. Forrest's dollar book on *Health and Disease* or *New Methods of Cure* without drugs; Dr. Gifford's *Mental Influences in Healing the Body*; our lecture at California Medical College on *How we Read Character* and the *New Phrenological Game*.

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On receipt of 50c for one year's subscription to HUMAN NATURE this month, or the price of the monthlies advertised on page 13, with the 25c additional, we undertake to send HUMAN NATURE to any address until the end of 1899. Subscribe now and take advantage of this excellent offer.

To Phrenologists.

One of our MAIL students who excels in reading character and whose work in this line we have had occasion to commend in these columns, wishes to engage as an assistant to some reputable phrenologist. We can recommend him as a thorough student, and feel sure he would please any phrenologist with whom he should associate himself. He is something of a linguist, speaking English, German and Polish. Address, John Blum, Pekin, Ill.

A phrenological examination cannot make a fool into a wise man, make a poor man rich, or tell him anything of the past, present or future; but it will point out his weaknesses, his strength and powers, physically and mentally, and how to utilize them to advantage, so that he may better his condition in life.

"Health."

You should see a copy of this excellent monthly magazine—you would see the mischief wrought by taking drugs and learn how to live hygienically. The price is \$1.00 per year; HUMAN NATURE is 50cts. Send \$1.00 to HUMAN NATURE Office and you shall have both magazines for one year. If you already subscribe to HUMAN NATURE you can have your term of subscription extended.

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OF PHRENOLOGICAL LESSONS

We have decided to send our \$25 Mail Course of Lessons in Phrenology in one package, instead of semi-weekly, as heretofore, and in order to enable every one to learn.

"How to Read Character" we have reduced the price to \$5.00.

It should not be forgotten that "Plain Home Talk" is to be had for only \$1.50, or with HUMAN NATURE one year, \$1.75.

Do not write to us, but to the publishers of any magazine you subscribe for through us, if it fails to reach you regularly. By this course you will have the error more quickly corrected.

We observe the custom of all business houses in declining to send goods C. O. D. unless a deposit accompanies the order sufficient to pay return Express charges in case of non-delivery.

It is discouraging to a Phrenologist to have a well dressed man come into the office for a phrenological examination, and desire to know if he is going to be "lucky" in a certain transaction he is about to enter into, or whether he should stay where he is and settle down and marry, and will the girl he is going to marry have money or not? With all the phrenological literature on the market, a few would suppose that a business man would ask such a question, but one did recently, and there are more in the world like him.

Your description of my son some years ago was remarkably correct. He is following your instructions to the letter, was very successful in the line of mental work you indicated and now is reaping a rich reward of his labors. He is successful and happy because his work is congenial, therefore he is prosperous. Joseph E. Terry, Insurance and Loans, Auctioneer, etc. 421 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

A dollar can never be so well spent as one invested in a phrenological examination by a reputable phrenologist.

We have been giving phrenological examinations in San Francisco now for fourteen years, and every day we hear of persons who have greatly benefited by our phrenological examination. This is not self-praise but the truth and our science should have the credit.

Dr. Dewey in *Science of Living* says, "There is no natural hunger in the morning after a night of restful sleep. * * * Sleep is not a hunger-producing process."

The Query Column in Dr. Purke's *Health* Monthly is alone worth the year's subscription to those who are in need of advice on health. Remember that in order to circulate *Health* and *Human Nature* we offer both journals one year for one dollar. Address *Human Nature* Office.

Defy Old Age.

Health and long life are secured by drinking pure distilled water. Too much cannot be said to emphasize this truth. Old age and decrepitude follow in the train of earthy deposits in the tissues and arteries. On page 16 will be found the advertisement of the Hygeia Distilled Water Co., 420 Eighth Street. "Take a drink."

Better Still.

Better still, buy one of our Home Stills, price \$3.00. Send for circulars. HUMAN NATURE Office.

Stubborn Facts.

The advocates of a flesh-meat diet have insisted that a diet of the flesh of animals is necessary to give strength and power of endurance, notwithstanding the fact that all animals that live long and endure great fatigue and bear heavy burdens are herbivorous, granivorous or frugivorous, being practically vegetarians, while those animals that are short lived and whose power of endurance is brief are carnivorous.

These critics of vegetarianism seem determined to shut their eyes to facts; they read history upside down, and walk through India, Japan and China blindfolded, oblivious to the fact that millions of the human race in those countries never taste flesh, and can beat these flesh eating travelers at any game, mental or athletic. They skip that part of history that relates to the vegetarian diet of the ancient Britons, Romans, Spartans and Greeks, people who subsisted upon grains, fruits and nuts and could take any of these modern flesh-eaters by their coat collar and shake them out of their patent-leather boots, and could run them a foot race, leaving them so far behind as to discourage their palpitating hearts.

The flesh-eating critic looks askance at the vegetarian and calls him a crank, pities him for his supposed feebleness, and avers that while a vegetarian diet may answer the purpose of a man who does no work, if any great physical exertion is required, resort must be had to pork chops and roast beef. In vain the vegetarian assures the flesh-eater that the facts are all in favor of a vegetarian diet, that dogs die at fifteen years of age while elephants live to be a hundred; that tigers, leopards and lions are never used to draw loads or plow ground; that flesh-eating animals are feverish, excitable and quarrelsome, while vegetarian animals are gentle, kind and agreeable.

It seems impossible to convince these people that fruit and nuts

are the natural food of man, and when the anthropoid ape is mentioned as man's cousin, and his diet of fruit and nuts explained, the argument is met with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark that man is not a monkey. Nevertheless, the facts are all in favor of the vegetarian. One stupendous fact has just been thrown in the way of the flesh-eater. It blocks his pathway—there is no surmounting it, nor getting round it. Here it stands a colossus, what will they do with it? This is what happened—it is related in the London *Vegetarian* and copied into *Food, Home and Garden*. There is no mistake about the fact.

On Sunday, June 26, a 70 (English) mile walking race took place near Berlin, under the auspices of the Cycling Club of the well-known Berlin Union of Amateur Gymnasts. The starting point was Alexander Place, in the center of the Prussian capital, and the goal Schonholz, a village lying in a north-easterly direction from the city.

There were 25 entries, 17 Flesh-eaters and 8 Vegetarians. All left together at 4:13 in the morning. The weather was unfavorable, with heavy rain in the latter part of the afternoon. The first six or eight miles were over a good macadamized road, but afterwards the route lay mostly along poorly made country roads without foot paths. No pacemakers were allowed:

RESULT.

1. Karl Mann, Vegetarian, 14 hrs., 11 mins. 2. Emil Makowski, Vegetarian, 14 hrs., 32 mins. 3. Fritz Hadenstein, Vegetarian, 15 hrs., 34 mins. 4. Wilhelm Damm, Vegetarian, 15 hrs., 59 mins. 5. Paul Schirrmelster, Vegetarian, 17 hrs. 6. Hermann Zerdnt, Vegetarian, 17 hrs. 7. Friedr. Zahrt, Flesh-eater, 17 hrs., 32 mins.

There were no further arrivals. Nos. 5 and 6, it should be mentioned, missed the road, and walked *seventy-five miles* instead of only the seventy allotted. With the exception of Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, all competitors were gymnasts and members of the Berlin Union of Amateur Gymnasts.

Of the non arrivals, the two Vegetarians, Herren Puschendorf and Bertram, retired at 56 and 37 miles respectively; the failure of the former being caused by defective footgear. Eleven of the flesh-eaters had retired before or shortly after, completion of the 38th mile.

The six Vegetarians all came in, as certified by the judges, in ex-

cellent form. The only arriving flesh-eater, who finished more than half an hour after the two last Vegetarians (notwithstanding their having made five miles more than he), after calling for brandy, put up in the village for the night.

There appears to be no standard road for record for 70 miles; but the 56 mile (12 German mile) record has now been beaten by the winner, Herr Mann, by 20 minutes.

In an interview with a reporter, Herr Mann said.

"An enthusiastic wheeler. I have won some cycling races too. In September, 1896, there was the 31 (English) Mile Road Race of a local club here, and in spite of my machine being a miserable one, I came in first out of thirteen competitors. My time was 1 hour and 56 minutes. There was a dreadful wind against us, and I fell once. I was not paced. The 31 Mile Race, (also on road, without pacemakers,) of the Bicycle Club of the Berlin Union of Amateur Gymnasts, last October, I also won, on an ordinary touring machine. Of seven competitors, I was first with 1 hour, 55 minutes. I was not in the least tired, and even waited, just as I was, to see the others come in. This present walking race, you know, was not got up as a Vegetarian *versus* Flesh-eating competition. It originated with the Cyclist Club of Berlin Union of Amateur Gymnasts. Nineteen members of the Union entered, including Makowski and I, and then there were six non-gymnasts, all vegetarians, who were invited, as visitors, to take part. The original idea was to prove the advantage of gymnastics as a general training for the body, and to disprove the assertion that cycling incapacitates one for other kinds of muscular exercise. Both these points we have proved."

"Well, at any rate, gymnasts, or non-gymnasts, the flesh-eaters have been left in the cold!"

Will flesh-eaters still persist in asserting that strength and endurance comes from eating flesh meat and that vegetarians are puny and feeble? No doubt they will shut their eyes to this fact of vegetarian victory, but their fleet has been annihilated quite as effectually as was that of the Spaniards by Dewey and Sampson. They do not like such facts as this. Facts are stubborn things.

C. P. HOLT.

The Literary Grotto.

REVIEWS BY C. P. HOLT.

THREE JOURNEYS ROUND THE WORLD.

BY J. M. PEBBLES, A. M., M. D.,
PH. D.

There have been books of travel written before this one, and there have been great travelers before Dr. Peebles, but no such unique book, combining philosophy and travel, nor such an independent thinker and writer of a book ever interested the reading public as this book and man I am writing about.

The next best thing to traveling yourself, is to read a book of travels and see the world through the eyes of a traveler. Dr. Peebles sees everything worth seeing within the range of his vision, and tells it in so graphic a manner that the reader sees the thing just as it looks to him.

The author of this book began his travels over the kitchen floor up in Vermont, when he was only six months old. He had to creep then on hands and feet. That was a long while ago, more than three score and ten years. He has been globe-trotting ever since.

In this volume of 454 pages is the gist of all he has seen in these many years of travel in every land and every clime on earth.

Marco Polo did some extensive peregrinating in the good old days before the advent of railways and steamships, and told our great-grandfathers some strange tales of far-off India and China, but since this book of Dr. Peebles has been printed for us moderns to read, Mr. Polo must look to his laurels.

Three times round the world went our author. His first trip began at San Francisco, September 11, 1872, and his second trip occurred five years later; then one day about three years ago, he got it into his head that he would like to look the ground over once again before he quit Earth for Kingdom Come. He wanted to see the Kanaka boys and girls dive and swim once more, and to know if that little girl in Australia he had held upon his knee and told fairy stories on his first journey round the world was married yet;

but he was particularly troubled in mind about that fakir in India that he left on his last visit there holding his right arm up in the air and his finger nails growing into his palm. He wondered if the fakir had become tired of his contract to punish his flesh that his spirit might become purified. He wanted to know if sages and yogas were still performing wonders in necromancy. He wanted to see the sphinx once more and ask of it a few questions that he forgot to ask the other time he traversed Egypt's sands. He wondered if the Jews had got settled down to housekeeping in Jerusalem yet, and if he could be of any service to the Christians in deciding which of the many hundred sticks on exhibition was the true cross; then he had some friends in London who wanted to see him again and hear him lecture upon reform topics.

It was in vain that his friends tried to persuade him to stay at home, now that he was growing old. He brushed them aside with the remark that he felt as young as when he was thirty years of age, so on December 5, 1896, he packed his gripsack and went off on another tramp, from which he has but recently returned to print this book. He is a young man yet, only a little more than three score and ten years of age, and as he is a vegetarian and temperate in his habits, and don't stay out late o' nights, and keeps smiling when he feels like swearing, and *practices* Christian charity, the indications are that he will live to see his one hundred and twentieth birthday and journey round the world several times again before he goes to Jupiter.

It is impossible to give even a slight idea of this excellent book by quoting from its pages. However, I copy at random the following account of his trip from Suez to Cairo, just as a specimen brick.

"The Dead, Red and Mediterranean Seas evidently constituted in the almost measureless past, one body of water. At a later period, the Red and Mediterranean Seas were united, as the sandy contour of the country each side of the isthmus plainly indicates. It is about one hundred and fifty miles, if memory serves me, by railway from Suez to Cairo, much of the way lying across vast sand plains, with only an occasional oasis. Let

us hasten. Here is a patch of palms, how drooping they look! There is a slow-pacing caravan, how patient the poor camels! There are tenting Arabs, there a lonely pelican, there camels and donkeys browsing on a sort of sage-brush, there a squad of Egyptian soldiers, there a storm of sand whirling across our track, and here a mud-built village, a very hive of squalid humanity. Around it cluster dates, figs, plums and flourishing vegetation, the result of energy and irrigation. Many of the desert tracts of the East may, by this and other methods, be reclaimed, and made to blossom as the rose.

But see! there are piles of old, mouldering ruins; there crumbling walls and prostrate pillars; What a field for exploration! How often ancient spirits have told us of sand-buried cities. Surely, this was not once the picture of desolation that it now is. Ah the sand, the scorching sand! On this August day the thermometer stands 136 degrees Fahrenheit. It is living at a poor dying rate!"

But we are on the way to the Nile.

Wonder if this is the route the patriarch Abraham took when going down to Egypt to escape the famine?"

And was it anywhere in this locality that, returning from the slaughter of the Kings, he met Melchisedec, the King of peace, the baptised of Christ.

Worn and weary, this day's railway travel across sands reminded me of the Arabian Shirk's prayer "An Arab," says Saada, journeying across a vast desert, wearily exclaimed: "I pray that before I die, this, my desire, may be fulfilled: That, a river dashing its waves against my knees, I may fill my leathern sack with water!"

This book is just brimming with such fine writing as I have quoted. HUMAN NATURE is limited in space or I would copy some more gems, but let everybody who cannot beg or borrow the book, buy a copy. If they will write HUMAN NATURE Office, we will try to get it for them.

The book is a thief of time, but I am determined to read it through, even if I have to sit up nights and lose a little sleep, it is a good thing to travel and see the world, and Dr. Peebles is a charming traveling companion.

A Psychological Wonder.

William Larsen is the medical mystery of the age. A few weeks ago, while working on the Cunard Company's dock in New York, a falling block shattered his skull. From the injury received he has forgotten his own Norwegian tongue, and when not speaking in better English than he ever used before, he talks softly in a mysterious language never before heard by man. And yet the injury to his skull was not of unusual severity.

A section of the large lobe of the brain, some three inches across was laid bare and that part of the substance known as the center of speech from which run all the nerves that control the talking apparatus of the human being was penetrated by several of the bone splinters.

In removing these splinters about two ounces of the brain itself at that point was destroyed.

When Larsen recovered consciousness, he could not speak. A few days later he began to articulate faintly at intervals. As his physical condition improved, it became possible for him to make known his wants in English. But the power to speak his native tongue was gone. It had perished with the lost brain substance.

And a still stranger phenomenon marked the case. In the intervals of his English conversation the man began to talk in a tongue that no one had ever heard before. His own Scandinavian relatives at his bedside could not understand it. By the intonation and manner of delivery they knew it was some systemized language but no one of them recognized it, nor had they ever heard him speak in it. When they addressed him in the Scandinavian tongue, the patient stared at them, puzzled in expression, and made no answer.

Physicians divide the material substance of the brain into areas, and give a name to each. There is the area or center of thought; the center of hearing, the center of sight; of self; of speech, and the sensory motor area. From the centers of sight, speech, hearing and the motor center radiate a set of nerves that run down and govern the muscles of the parts from which they are named.

Thus the marvelous func-

tions of the body are carried on by a mechanical action that forms the subject-matter of psychological investigation. Seldom, though, is it possible to study this wonderful connection of volition and resultant action in a living, palpitating brain laid bare to the eye of the observer. This brain is being studied so. Scores of men of science have gone to the ward of St. Vincent's Hospital where Larsen lies to observe the phenomena of his case.

The shattering of the bone of his skull had left Larsen's thought and other centers practically intact, but bereft him at first of the power of speech. Gradually, though, the tissue began, by the process of nature, to build up again. Then he began to utter words. As the brain tissue added to itself the man's words grew more frequent.

There was an exact proportion between the growth of the brain matter and the growth of the vocabulary.

Where the language that no one had ever heard him speak before came from, is the marvel of the case. Dr. Curtin, who performed the operation and has charge of the patient, has no theory to explain it.

"I have never heard of such a thing," he said. "There are several remarkable features in this case that make it appear unprecedented.

"A great area of the man's brain was laid bare by the accident, and the membrane was torn to shreds. Bone fragments penetrated deep into the brain itself. Had the skull been injured just a trifle higher up, the motor tract would have suffered, and the man's right side would have been paralyzed. As it was, the speech center lost tissue during the operation, and when Larsen recovered consciousness he could not speak any more than could a new-born child. But the cells of his brain repaired themselves with new tissue very rapidly, and power over the muscles of the tongue returned.

"He lost the knowledge of his native language, Norse, and began to talk in a curious form of words that no one understood. English, however, he has regained and is improving fast in his use of it.

"We shall not trephine his skull. The torn scalp has been returned to its place and a hard covering will gradually, in the

course of a few months form over the brain that will answer in place of the original bone.

"The patient is doing well and will undoubtedly recover.

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"Howde do," said one of these smooth-faced politicians the other day, "Le'me introduce you to my friend, _____, candidate for Justice of the Peace."

The candidate for Justice of the Peace had a smooth, shining, round face without a wrinkle, but his lips were red and his eyes heavy. He asked us to take a drink.

"Come in boys and have a smile," and the "boys" went in and had a "smile." More introductions of the candidate for Justice of the Peace followed. More hand shaking, coupled with compliments, and distributing cards of different candidates took place and the smooth-faced politician smiled a bland smile, because he knows how to get a living without working for it. For every five dollars he spends on whiskey or beer in treating the gang, he knows he will get \$10 back from the public crib and be voted a good fellow.

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