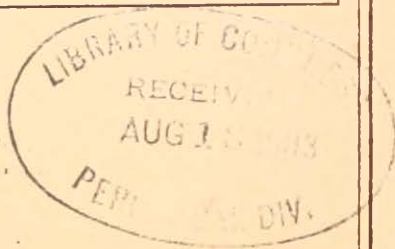




Ye Quaint Magazine



Vol. 3

AUGUST.

No. 6

YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

03.



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The Quaint Magazine

For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things.

VOL. III.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST, 1903.

No. 6

JOHN HUXFORD'S HIATUS.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST MONTH.]

THERE were few who grudged John this rapid advancement, for it was obviously due to neither chance nor favoritism, but entirely to his marvelous powers of application and great industry. As he rose from one post to another his salary increased, but it caused no alteration in his mode of living, save that it enabled him to be more open handed to the poor. He signalized his promotion to the managership by a donation of £1,000 to the hospital in which he had been treated a quarter of a century before. The remainder of his earnings he allowed to accumulate in the business, drawing a small sum quarterly for his sustenance, and still residing in the humble dwelling which he had occupied when he was a warehouse porter. In spite of his success, he was a sad, morose man, solitary in his habits, and possessed always of a vague undefined yearning, a dull feeling of dissatisfaction and of craving which never abandoned him. Often he would strive with his poor crippled brain to pierce the curtain which divided him from the past, and to solve the enigma of his youthful existence, but though he sat many a time by the fire until his head throbbed with his efforts, John Hardy could never recall the least glimpse of John Huxford's history.

On one occasion he had, in the interests of the firm, to journey to Montreal, and to visit the very cork factory which had tempted him to leave England. Strolling through the work-room with the foreman, John automatically, and without knowing what he was doing, picked up

a square piece of bark, and fashioned it with two or three deft cuts of his penknife into a smooth tapering cork. His companion picked it out of his hand and examined it with the eye of an expert. "This is not the first cork which you have cut by many a hundred, Mr. Hardy," he remarked. "Indeed you are wrong," John answered, smiling; "I never cut one before in my life." "Impossible!" cried the foreman. "Here's another bit of cork. Try again." John did his best to repeat the performance, but the brains of the manager interfered with the trained muscles of the cork-cutter. The latter had not forgotten their cunning, but they needed to be left to themselves, and not directed by a mind which knew nothing of the matter. Instead of the smooth graceful shape, he could produce nothing but rough-hewn clumsy cylinders. "It must have been chance," said the foreman, "but I could have sworn that it was the work of an old hand!"

As the years passed, John's smooth English skin had warped and crinkled until he was as brown and as seamed as a walnut. His hair, too, after many years of iron-gray, had finally become as white as the winters of his adopted country. Yet he was a hale and upright old man, and when he at last retired from the managership of the firm with which he had been so long connected, he bore the weight of his seventy years lightly and bravely. He was in the peculiar position himself of not knowing his own age, as it was impossible for him to do more than guess at how old he was at the time of his accident.

The Franco-German war came round, and while the two great rivals were destroying each other, their more peaceful neighbors were quietly ousting them out of their markets and their commerce. Many English ports benefited by this condition of things, but none more than Brisport. It had long ceased to be a fishing village, but was now a large and prosperous town, with a great breakwater in the place of the quay on which Mary had stood, and a frontage of terraces and grand hotels where all the grandees of the west country came when they were in need of a change. All these extensions had made Brisport the center of a busy trade, and her ships found their way into every harbor in the world. Hence it was no wonder, especially in that very busy year of 1870, that several Brisport

vessels were lying alongside the wharves of Quebec.

One day John Hardy, who found time hang a little on his hands since his retirement from business, strolled along by the water's edge listening to the clanking of the steam winches, and watching the great barrels and cases as they were swung ashore and piled upon the wharf. He had observed the coming in of a great ocean steamer, and having waited until she was safely moored, he was turning away, when a few words fell upon his ear uttered by some one on board a little weather-beaten bark close by him. It was only some commonplace order that was bawled out, but the sound fell upon the old man's ears, with a strange mixture of disuse and familiarity. He stood by the vessel and heard the seamen at their work, all speaking with the same broad, pleasant jingling accent. Why did it send such a thrill through his nerves to listen to it? He sat down upon a coil of rope and pressed his hands to his temples, drinking in the long-forgotten dialect and trying to piece together in his mind the thousand half-formed nebulous recollections which were surging up in it. Then he rose, and walking along to the stern he read the name of the ship, *The Sunlight, Brisport*. Brisport! Again that flush and tingle through every nerve. He walked moodily home, and all night he lay tossing and sleepless, pursuing a shadowy something which was ever within his reach and yet which ever evaded him.

Early next morning he was up and down on the wharf, listening to the talk of the west-country sailors. Every word they spoke seemed to revive his memory and bring him nearer to the light. From time to time they paused in their work, and seeing the white-haired stranger sitting so silently and attentively, they laughed at him and broke little jests upon him. And even these jests had a familiar sound to the exile, as they very well might, seeing that they were the same which he had heard in his youth, for no one ever makes a new joke in England. So he sat through the long day, bathing himself in the west-country speech and waiting for the light to break.

And it happened that when the sailors broke off for their mid-day meal, one of them, either out of curiosity or good nature, came over to the old watcher and greeted him. So John asked him to be seated on a

log by his side, and began to put many questions to him about the country from which he came, and the town. All which the man answered glibly enough, for there is nothing in the world that a sailor loves to talk of so much as of his native place, for it pleases him to show that he is no mere wanderer, but he has a home to receive him whenever he shall choose to settle down to a quiet life. So the seaman prattled away about the Town Hall, and the Martello Tower, and the Esplanade, and Pitt Street, and the High Street, until his companion suddenly shot out a long eager arm and caught him by the wrist. "Look here, man," he said, in a low, quick whisper. "Answer me truly as you hope for mercy. Are not the streets that run out of the High Street, Fox Street, Caroline Street, and George Street, in the order named?" "They are," the sailor answered, shrinking away from the wild, flashing eyes. And at that moment John's memory came back to him, and he saw clear and distinct his life as it had been and as it should have been, with every minutest detail traced as in letters of fire. Too stricken to cry out, too stricken to weep, he could only hurry away homewards wildly and aimlessly; hurry as fast as his aged limbs would carry him, as if, poor soul! there were some chance yet of catching up the fifty years which had gone by. Staggering he hastened on, until a film seemed to gather over his eyes, and throwing his arms into the air with a great cry, "Oh, Mary, Mary! Oh, my lost, lost life!" he fell senseless upon the pavement.

The storm of emotion which had passed through him, and the mental shock which he had undergone, would have sent many a man into a raging fever, but John was too strong-willed and too practical to allow his strength to be wasted at the very time when he needed it most. Within a few days he realized a portion of his property, and starting for New York caught the first mail steamer to England. Day and night, night and day, he trod the quarter deck, until the hardy sailors watched the old man with astonishment, and marveled how any human being could do so much upon so little sleep. It was only by this unceasing exercise, by wearing down his vitality until fatigue brought lethargy, that he could prevent himself from falling into a very frenzy of despair. He hardly dared ask himself what was the object of this wild journey? What did he expect? Would

Mary be still alive? She must be a very old woman. If he could but see her and mingle his tears with hers, he would be content. Let her only know that it had been no fault of his, and that they had both been victims to the same cruel fate. The cottage was her own, and she had said that she would wait for him there until she heard from him. Poor lass, she had never reckoned on such a wait as this.

At last the Irish lights were sighted and passed, Land's End lay like a blue fog upon the water, and the great steamer plowed its way along the bold Cornish coast until it dropped its anchor in Plymouth Bay. John hurried to the railway station, and within a few hours he found himself back once more in his native town, which he had quitted a poor cork-cutter, half a century before.

But was it the same town? Were it not for the name engraved all over the station and on the hotels, John might have found a difficulty in believing it. The broad, well-paved streets, with the tram lines laid down the center, were very different from the narrow winding lanes which he could remember. The spot upon which the station had been built was now the very center of the town, but in the old days it would have been far out in the fields. In every direction lines of luxurious villas branched away in streets and crescents bearing names which were new to the exile. Great warehouses, and long rows of shops with glittering fronts, showed him how enormously Brisport had increased in wealth as well as in dimensions. It was only when he came upon the old High Street that John began to feel at home. It was much altered, but still it was recognizable, and some few buildings were just as he left them. There was the place where Fairbain's cork works had been. It was now occupied by a great brand-new hotel. And there was the old gray Town Hall. The wanderer turned down beside it, and made his way with eager steps but a sinking heart in the direction of the line of cottages which he used to know so well.

It was not difficult for him to find where they had been. The sea, at least, was as of old, and from it he could tell where the cottages had stood. But alas! In their place an imposing crescent of high stone houses reared their tall front to the beach. John walked wearily down

past their palatial entrances, feeling heart-sore and despairing, when suddenly a thrill shot through him, followed by a warm glow of excitement and hope. For, standing a little back from the line, and looking as much out of place as a bumpkin in a ball-room, was an old white-washed cottage, with wooden porch and walls bright with creeping plants. He rubbed his eyes and stared again, but there it stood with its diamond-paned windows and white muslin curtains, the very same down to the smallest details, as it had been on the day when he last saw it. Brown hair had become white, and fishing hamlets had changed into cities, but busy hands and a faithful heart had kept Granny's cottage unchanged and ready for the wanderer.

And now, when he had reached his very haven of rest, John Huxford's mind became more filled with apprehension than ever, and he became so deadly sick, that he had to sit down upon one of the beach benches which faced the cottage. An old fisherman was perched at one end of it, smoking his black clay pipe, and he remarked upon the wan face and sad eyes of the stranger.

"You have overtired yourself," he said. "It doesn't do for old chaps like you and me to forget our years."

"I'm better now, thank you," John answered. "Can you tell me, friend, how that one cottage came among all those fine houses?"

"Why" said the old fellow, thumping his crutch energetically upon the ground, "that cottage belongs to the most obstinate woman in all England. That woman, if you'll believe me, has been offered the price of the cottage ten times over, and yet she won't part with it. They have even promised to remove it stone by stone, and put it up on some more convenient piece, and pay her a good round sum into the bargain, but, God bless you! she wouldn't so much as hear of it."

"And why was that?" asked John.

"Well, that's just the funny part of it. It's all on account of a mistake. You see her spark went away when I was a youngster, and she's got it into her head that he may come back some day, and that he won't know where to go unless the cottage is there. Why, if the fellow were alive he would be as old as you, but I've no doubt he's dead long ago.

She's well quit of him, for he must have been a scamp to abandon her as he did."

"Oh, he abandoned her, did he?"

"Yes—went off to the States and never so much as sent a word to bid her good-bye. It was a cruel shame, it was, for the girl has been a-waiting and a-pining for him ever since. It's my belief that it's fifty years' weeping that blinded her."

"She is blind!" cried John, half rising to his feet.

"Worse than that," said the fisherman. "She's mortal ill and not expected to live. Why, look ye, there's the doctor's carriage a-waiting at her door."

At this evil tidings old John sprang up, and hurried over to the cottage, where he met the physician returning to his brougham.

"How is your patient, doctor?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Very bad, very bad," said the man of medicine pompously. "If she continues to sink, she will be in great danger; but if, on the other hand, she takes a turn it is possible that she may recover," with which oracular answer he drove away in a cloud of dust.

John Huxford was still hesitating at the doorway, not knowing how to announce himself, or how far a shock might be dangerous to the sufferer, when a gentleman in black came bustling up.

"Can you tell me, my man, if this is where the sick woman is?" he asked.

John nodded, and the clergyman passed in, leaving the door half open. The wanderer waited until he had gone into the inner room, and then slipped into the front parlor, where he had spent so many happy hours. All was the same as ever, down to the smallest ornaments, for Mary had been in the habit, whenever anything was broken, of replacing it with a duplicate, so that there might be no change in the room. He stood irresolute, looking about him, until he heard a woman's voice from the inner chamber, and stealing to the door he peeped in.

The invalid was reclining upon a couch, propped up with pillows, and her face was turned full towards John as he looked round the door.

He could have cried out as his eyes rested upon it, for there were Mary's pale, plain, sweet homely features as smooth and as uncharged as though she were still the half child, half woman, whom he had pressed to his heart on the Brisport quay. Her calm, eventless, unselfish life had left none of those rude traces upon her countenance which are the outward emblems of internal conflict and an unquiet soul. A chaste melancholy had refined and softened her expression, and her loss of sight had been compensated for by that placidity which comes upon the faces of the blind. With her silvery hair peeping out beneath her snow-white cap, and a bright smile upon her sympathetic face, she was the old Mary improved and developed, with something ethereal and angelic superadded.

"You will keep a tenant in the cottage," she was saying to the clergyman, who sat with his back turned to the observer. "Choose some poor deserving folk in the parish who will be glad of a home free. And when he comes you will tell him that I have waited for him until I have been forced to go on, but that he will find me on the other side still faithful and true. There's a little money too—only a few pounds—but I should like him to have it when he comes, for he may need it, and then you will tell the folk you put in to be kind to him, for he will be grieved, poor lad, and to tell him that I was cheerful and happy up to the end. Don't let him know that I ever fretted, or he may fret too."

Now John listened quietly to all this from behind the door, and more than once he had to put his hand to his throat, but when she had finished, and when he thought of her long, blameless, innocent life, and saw the dear face looking straight at him and yet unable to see him, it became too much for his manhood, and he burst out into an irrepressible choking sob which shook his very frame. And then occurred a strange thing, for though he had spoken no word, the old woman stretched out her arms to him, and cried "Oh, Johnny, Johnny! Oh dear, dear Johnny, you have come back to me again," and before the parson could at all understand what had happened, those two faithful lovers were in each other's arms, weeping over each other and patting each other's silvery heads, with their hearts so full of joy that it almost compensated for all that weary fifty years of waiting.

It is hard to say how long they rejoiced together. It seemed a very short time to them and a very long one to the reverend gentleman, who was thinking at last of stealing away, when Mary recollected his presence and the courtesy which was due to him. "My heart is full of joy, sir," she said; "it is God's will that I should not see my Johnny, but I can call his image up as clear as if I had my eyes. Now stand up, John, and I will let the gentleman see how well I remember you. He is as tall, sir, as the second shelf, as straight as an arrow, his face brown, and his eyes bright and clear. His hair is well-nigh black and his moustache the same—I shouldn't wonder if he had whiskers as well by this time. Now, sir, don't you think I can do without my sight?"

The clergyman listened to her description, and looking at the battered, white-haired man before him, he hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

But it proved to be a laughing matter in the end, for, whether it was that her illness had taken some natural turn, or that John's return had startled it away, it is certain that from that day Mary steadily improved until she was as well as ever. "No special license for me," John had said sturdily. "It looks as if we were ashamed of what we are doing, as though we hadn't the best right to be married of any two folk in the parish." So the banns were put up accordingly, and three times it was announced that John Huxford, bachelor, was going to be united to Mary Merton, spinster, after which, no one objecting, they were duly married accordingly. "We may not have very long in this world," said old John, "but at least we shall start fair and square in the next."

And there in their snug new home, sitting out on the lawn in summer time, and on either side of the fire in the winter, that worthy old couple continued for many years to live as innocently and as happily as two children. And when at last John and Mary fell asleep in their ripe old age, within a few hours of each other, they had all the poor and the needy and the friendless of the parish among their mourners, and, in talking over the troubles which these two had faced so bravely, they learned that their own miseries were but passing things, and that faith and truth can never miscarry, either in this existence or the next.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

If any of our readers have ever passed through any strange, peculiar or curious experience, we would like to have them write out the facts for this magazine. You may not lay any claim to being a writer, but never mind that, the facts are what we want.

Writing While Asleep.

The strange experience of James Sills Buckingham in this way is worth relating. Buckingham was an Englishman who gained popularity as a politician, but his early life was spent at sea. On one voyage from the Island of Trinidad, Buckingham was serving as mate, and the captain got so drunk on the sailing day that the management of the ship to sea fell entirely on Buckingham. For nearly thirty hours he worked incessantly, and had almost gone to sleep on his feet when the welcome summons "Starboard watch, ahoy!" ended his long vigil. He went below and sat down in his berth, and the log slate was handed to him to note the usual statements for subsequent entry into the permanent log-book of the ship. Buckingham, though half asleep, made the proper notes on the slate and then fell asleep with the slate and pencil still in his hands. Four hours later when he was again called to go on watch, he was found in the same posture sleeping so soundly that it was barely possible to arouse him. Upon going on deck to resume duty, the second mate accosted Buckingham, showed him the slate and asked him if he wished to keep the verses. "Verses!" said the chief, taking the slate in his hand, "what verses?" There in his own hand-writing was a song of two verses with two choruses, entitled "Starboard watch, ahoy!" Buckingham was perfectly amazed as he read the verses, for he could not recall having composed them. "The words forming the heading of the verses, 'Starboard watch, ahoy!'" said he, "I well remember as having caused me a thrill of inexpressible delight. But of the lines that followed I had not the most distant recollection. They had emanated, it was clear, from my brain, and expressed, no doubt, the genuine feelings of the moment."

Subsequently Buckingham showed the poem to a music seller in the Poultry, London, named Dale. Dale regarded the poem with favor and

entrusted the work of setting it to music to a composer named Charles Horn. The song was very favorably received and for a considerable time was quite popular. Few, however, if any, knew that the verses had been composed by a sailor while sitting fast asleep during a cruise in the Caribbean Sea.

It should be said that Buckingham had a natural talent for fluent writing and his gift of oratory was of no mean order.

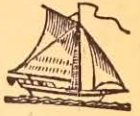
The song which he wrote is given as the "Quaint Poem" for this month.



Combustion of Drunkards.

The bodies of some drunkards have been so thoroughly steeped in spirit, as literally to take fire and consume to ashes. It is said that no case of this combustion has ever occurred except among hard drinkers, and it is altogether probable that, in every such case, an inflammable air has exhaled from the lungs or skin, or both, and has been kindled by the too near approach of a lighted taper, or some ignited substance. A French chemist, it is said, after drinking a pint of ether during the day, used to amuse himself in the evening, by lighting up his breath, directed in a very small stream upon the flame of a lamp. Alcohol, taken in large quantities, would probably, in some constitutions at least, occasion a similar vapor to be thrown from the lungs; and there is doubtless more danger than has been imagined, in a deep drinker's bringing his mouth or nose close to a lighted taper at evening. The wonder is, that instances of combustion of drunkards should so rarely have occurred. Plouquet mentions twenty-eight cases.—Dr. Mussey.

The above article is set down in sober earnest in *The Christian Almanac* of 1836 furnished by one of the readers of "Ye Quaint." All Dickens readers will call to mind the case of the "Lord Chancellor," the keeper of the rag and bottle shop in *Bleak House*, who was excessively fond of gin and who finally perished by "spontaneous combustion." In his preface to the book Mr. Dickens claimed that there had been authenticated cases of the kind.



Starboard Watch, Ahoy!

At midnight's dark and dreary hour,
Deserted e'en by Cynthia's beam,
When tempests beat, and torrents pour,
And twinkling stars no longer gleam,
The weary seaman, spent with toil,
Hangs on upon the weather shrouds,
And Time's slow progress to beguile,
Sings, as he views the gathering clouds,
"Starboard watch, ahoy!"

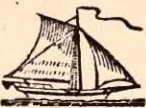
CHORUS.

But who can speak the joy he feels,
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
As his tired eyelids slumbering fall,
He rouses at the welcome call
Of "Starboard watch, Ahoy!"

With anxious care he eyes each wave,
That swelling threatens all to o'erwhelm,
And storm-beaten bark to save,
Directs with skill the faithful helm.
With joy he drinks the cheering grog
'Mid storms that bellow, loud and hoarse;
With joy he heaves the reeling log,
And marks the distance and the course.

CHORUS.

But how much greater joy he feels,
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
As his tired eyelids slumbering fall,
He rouses at the welcome call
Of "Starboard watch, Ahoy!"



ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

Contributions for this Department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

The Portland, Me., *Argus* publishes the following touching piece of publicity on behalf of the return of a lost dog. Certainly any dog so well advertised ought to return to his master without delay.

STOLE OR RUND AWAY—Been loose him bout two tree weeks, hees almost black and white dog him tail cut off pretty close to my body somebody find her keep it I belong to him.

JOE BORDEAM.

From the personal column New York *Herald*.

A.—Christian young man, practical business experience, wife and children, all girls but one, gentle folk, old English descent, affectionate, devoted Christian family, needs \$10,000 cash—to pay for beautiful home \$4,000, to engage in business \$6,000—desires acquaintance lady of means who would furnish him the amount of funds and become at once member of his family for life, share each their interest, welfare, sweetest, tenderest care, sympathy and love, just as dear relatives: ideal happy home: fine climate: city 18,000: best religious, social surroundings. Address L.

Only a plumber could have invented the following ingenuous appeal for custom, which appears as a "local" in a western paper.

Fitzgerald, of 547 South Clinton avenue, will take your house in part payment for plumbing done on it.

In the *Times* (London) June, 1892, a lady advertised for a position as managing housekeeper. She made a copious use of adjectives, having one for each letter of the alphabet. Here is how she described herself:

WANTED—by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy-faced, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful and zealous. Apply, etc.

In the Wiltshire *Times* (England) an advertiser—for, as Mr. Crummles says, "I don't know who puts these things in; I don't"—offers a great opportunity to photographers.

"NOTICE—Baptising by the Rev. A. E. J. Stermore Water next Sunday at 10.30 A. M. Photographers invited."

We read in the "Biglow papers" that "they didn't know everything down in Judee," and certainly among the things unknown to the early church were photographers. As it appears the reverend gentleman uses "total immersion," it will be impossible, even by a snap shot, to take the subjects at the most interesting moment: they will probably have two mementoes of their appearance on this unique occasion—when they are wet and when they are dry.



ASTROLOGY

CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI



Lucky and Unlucky Days for August-September

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course, to get at an individual experience and to take advantage of precise work a chart of each person must be studied.

AUGUST, 1903.

1. Day of mixed influences; rather better to close transaction than to begin. Safe for travel.
2. Sunday. Very strong. Both in social or in any way.
3. Go carefully if you are tempted to take big risks or to make very marked changes.
4. Poor day to begin a new matter in business but well enough socially.
5. Your mind will be bright: perhaps too suggestive. A safe day for conservative acts.
6. Same as yesterday. Keep in the open air.
7. Impulsive, unsafe. Don't lose your temper.
8. Full moon. Bad for dealing with opposite sex. Good vacation day but be amiable not critical.
9. Sunday. A fine day to be good. Tie up your tongue lest you say an unkind thing.
10. Safe but rather featureless.
11. Rash, impulsive, contradictory. Please be good, kind, considerate especially to those nearest to you.
12. Go fishing or do anything but undertake any important plans. Your judgment will be very poor.
13. This is all right. Put in your best work. Fine day for influence or personal contact. To ask favors, write letters or to ask her if she won't please to change her mind.
14. All right if calm. Don't get excited, don't get fooled into buying stocks because some one tells you a fairy story.
15. Just like yesterday.
16. Sunday. nothing special. Fairly good socially. Towards evening you can warm up a little and say it, probably the other party will listen.
17. If you travel move carefully. If you trade be very conservative. If you talk, be gentle.
18. Don't: you can finish out the sentence.
19. All right again. Now catch up. Use the day.
20. Same as yesterday.
21. If you could make this a holiday and take a rest you will make more money than by any new important move.
22. New moon. A day where you will spend money or lose it. Don't bet. Don't sweat. Don't drop your purse or your temper.
23. Sunday. This is a fine all around day. The social side ought to be encouraged.
24. You will be bright but dangerous. Be careful what you undertake and with whom you are thrown.
25. All right. Push things in any good direction.
26. Same as yesterday.
27. Watch your eating and drinking.
28. Bright, wideawake day. Good for almost all your plans.

29. Same as yesterday.
30. Sunday. Bright and nice in all of its influences. Be as good as the day.
31. Nothing bad about this, only don't be rash.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

1. A good start for this month. Safe for any legitimate uses. Don't speculate in stocks.
2. Just like yesterday. Promising, helpful, good, don't speculate.
3. Better for business than social duties. Saturn and the moon do not work well in love.
4. Not strong for social attitudes, fairly good in business matters. Keep conservative.
5. Wide awake day. Don't get fooled by great stories of stocks, wealth and ventures. Carefully and safe, is all right for you.
6. Sunday. A fine day for all good things. If you have done any one a wrong now is the time to undo it.
7. Full moon. Fine day for new and important decisions and acts, decide, act. Have confidence. Exercise in open air.
8. Danger of impulsive acts. Don't get hasty in your words. Keep the brake on your tongue.
9. Featureless. Your only danger will be that you want everything in one day.
10. Tip-top day up to nine in the evening. Then go to bed and don't argue.
11. Fine day for strong purposes but poor for ventures. You will be tempted to do a rash thing.
12. First-class for social or business. One of the best. Don't give her any rest till she says yes.
13. If she did say yes this will be a great day for you. It's a great day for all good deeds.

14. This is a poor one. Don't undertake great duties and keep from all risks.
15. Safe if you are not rash. Keep cool. Go slowly.
16. Excellent for business, for writings, asking favors.
17. Saturn opposes moon. This is not good. Better be cautious.
18. Here you are doing better again. Good day to clean up old matters or in a conservative way begin new.
19. All right. Don't buy stocks unless you want to lie awake nights.
20. Just like yesterday.
21. New moon. Good day, judgment and acts quite safe.
22. Bright, safe. Use your best thinking on conservative lines and you are safe.
23. Another good one. Use it.
24. So is this, make these days tell.
25. Another excellent opportunity for safe, careful work, good in your harmony with people.
26. Fine again, particularly to begin a matter that you have thought over carefully.
27. A day of rest. It had better be, for it's unsafe for new acts. Go carefully.
28. Here it is unsafe for any new and untried venture. Go carefully in thought, word or acts.
29. Fairly good, particularly in dealing with the opposite sex.
30. Rather poor. Meditate rather than act.

The weather predictions for the months of August and September, compiled by Dr. Derolli, will be found on page 25.



Good Health Department.



EATING FOR HEALTH.

BY AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT.

W W W

A SUMMING UP ON VEGETARIANISM.

It is in order for me to say a parting word to my opponents. All of them have been very courteous and kind. But there is a great disposition I find on their part to say I have misunderstood them. Thus Traubel assures me that he did mean to accuse a hunter or a flesheater of being a murderer. Crosby seems to think that when I understand his position I have no controversy with him. Salt says I have misunderstood humanitarians, who do not stand for equal rights of men and animals or for the univereal sacredness of life. To admit that I have misunderstood these gentlemen is to practically array them to that degree on my side. When one considers the great disagreement among vegetarians, and the fact that many who do claim to be humanitarian vegetarians assert the universal sacredness of life, I may perhaps be excused if I have taken for granted, sometimes, that the views of one man were shared by another.

I was educated in vegetarianism by Dr. Trall and his cult, who claimed that to be a vegetarian was to use no animal product for food whatever—milk as bad as flesh. Crosby says the word means the exclusion of fish, flesh and fowl, but admits dairy products and eggs. Thoreau and William Sloane Kennedy enlarge the gates a little more and include fish.

I roughly divide vegetarians into two classes—those who exclude flesh from hygienic reasons and those who exclude it from humanitarian or moral reasons. There are all sorts of hybrids and my classification is only for my own convenience.

I have not read Sylvester Graham for many years, but, if my memory does not deceive me, a perfect reply to the hygienic vegetarians is to be found in his pages—a testimony which they cannot but accept as dis-

interested and authoritative. The Indians of the pampas live exclusively on jerked beef. Graham says with enthusiasm that they are of such pure blood that their most frightful wounds heal without suppuration. Probably these are the most purely carnivorous men in the world, barring the Eskimos. Thus by the testimony of one of the greatest vegetarians who ever lived these exclusive flesheaters had pure blood.

We have all heard of the Abyssinians and their love of raw flesh. Hughes Le Roux says of them in his *New Trails in Abyssinia*, in *The Century*:

When we were hunting I used to enjoy watching them descend at an unheard of speed into the valleys and climb up the opposite hillsides, bare-footed, over the stones, with an agility which was fatal even to the antelopes. Add to their accomplishment as racers the habit contracted by these mountaineers, from there infancy, of walking daily ten, twelve or fifteen hours at a stretch, often without food, and one is not surprised that the Italians were unable to get the better of them.

What vegetarian endurance could beat this? Was it not this people who whipped the Italians, who are in a sense of more vegetarian stock? Le Roux again says:

The bullet had shot off his left thumb and had fractured his right arm at the biceps. I was obliged to amputate on the spot this pulp. I had never seen an arm cut off nor a bone sawed away. Nevertheless the binding of the arteries and the operation were performed in the dim lantern light as best I knew how. Not only did the man not complain but he seemed perfectly insensible to the pain. He recovered. . . . Another time I took care of a gold miner whom negroes had attacked. . . . Himself they had left for dead, pierced through and through with lance wounds. In this condition the poor wretch dragged himself along without food for two nights and a day over terrible mountain roads. When at last he fell supplicatingly at my feet he was a mere mass of mud, blood and flies: yet even he did not utter a murmur. He wanted life and he lived.

It is a favorite shibboleth of vegetarians that pure food makes pure blood and that vegetable food is pure food, but this is little better than a falsehood, alluring as it sounds. It is the perfection of the vital processes that chiefly determines the quality of the blood. Let the food be what it may, weak, imperfect digestive and eliminative work will leave the system

clogged with rottenness. The turkey-buzzard living on carrion is as healthy a creature as the turkey living on corn. With sufficient integrity of the vital organs a man can eat practically anything and keep pure blood. The things that chiefly keep the vital organs in tune are exercise, outdoor life and mental cheer. Vegetarians continually remind us of the blood-rotting diseases of cattle, sheep, etc. But how is it that these creatures, eating nothing but vegetable food in its purest forms, are so prone to foul blood? Vegetarians suffer and die like others, from boils, abscesses, tumors, cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis, leprosy, bubonic plague, small-pox, *id genus omne*.

Crosby has well stated the chief objection to animal food—that flesh contains a certain proportion of broken-down tissue, matter on its way to excretion. But in an ordinary meal of flesh, from a healthy animal, this amount is small and easily dealt with by the system, and I suppose may even subserve some uses in the vital economy. And every article of vegetable food is objectionable also from some view point, or with regard to certain temperaments or certain diseases. Thus, tomatoes are accused of promoting cancer, strawberries and tomatoes are objected to in rheumatism, beans and apples are flatulent, oatmeal promotes eruptions of the skin, wheat ossifies the arteries, corn and potatoes are too fattening, a certain disease in Japan is attributed to rice diet, and so it tabulates as far as you choose to read.

Why do I say we must not injure men, but may aggress upon the lower animals? The first law of the individual is selfpreservation and the second selfexpression or development. So far as the lower faculties are concerned these are best attained by conflict, all through the lower kingdoms of life, even the lower stages of human life, but when a certain stage of human life is attained it is found that selfpreservation and development and expression of the higher faculties are best attained by human sympathy, peace and federation. But why not extend this sympathy and peaceful federation to include all nonhuman life? It is only possible to do this to a very limited extent without human loss and limitation of development. If it were possible to establish a universal peace among all forms progress would instantly stop. Battle and death must go on, and

the most that can be hoped for is the federation of man and his more or less benevolent empire over other forms of life. The life of a farmer is perpetually that of a slave-driver and warrior to almost all animal and vegetable life. He may love all forms of life but he is obliged to master and kill, and that continually or he fails. And if he can make it economically to his advantage to eat what he kills he is foolish and wasteful not to do so.

Kennedy's sophistry that a horse owes gratitude and service in return for the comforts of his bondage would make a mule grin and applies just as aptly to negro slavery. And the argument that cattle dying of disease and old age would furnish all needed leather is, unique. The world is now shod with calfskin and kid, but young animals seldom die. Will Crosby and Kennedy and their wives take kindly to bullskin and cowhide boots wrought mightily from ancient and rinderpest hides fit for the armor of Ajax?

Where the reasonable mean is recognized I am willing to concede much to vegetarianism. It is economical, and, in certain diseases, valuable. The abnormal and diseased conditions under which most domestic animals are now kept are enough to make anyone chary of flesh and milk and every animal product not produced by the user. Under socialistic auspices, where human good replaces sale as an object we may hope to see cattle wholesomely kept and killed without pain. I do not use much flesh myself and am probably nearer practical vegetarianism than many of my opponents. And I believe vegetarianism as a general and usual custom will become more and more the habit of the race, and this mainly for economical reasons. Men will increase and crowd off and exterminate the animals which are in their way or unprofitable. So long as any animals remain I think flesh and animal products will to some extent be used as food.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD in *The Conservator*.



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Printed things that have made for progress have usually been small affairs that were printed by somebody in a garret: as for instance Thomas Paine's leaflets or Wm. Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*.

The tendency of the Post Office Department to harrass small periodicals by withholding their second class privilege because they are devoted to some one thing is to be deplored. You will note that it is spoken of as a *privilege* but it is in reality a *right* which was granted to the periodical press of the country by Congress and the law has never been changed or repealed. Periodicals are carried in the mails in Canada at half the price charged here and no fuss is made about their being carried at a loss.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

BY QUAIN TICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

Cursed Before Birth, by J. H. Tilden, M. D. The author of this book is the editor of *A Stuffed Club* one of the brightest periodicals published devoted to health and hygiene. It is not a pleasant book and I question whether there is any benefit likely to arise from its publication. Those who ought to read it and heed the lesson will not do so and others have no occasion to distress themselves with it. The book is written with a high purpose, but I do not like it. The price is \$1.00 and it is published by the author at Denver, Colo.

The Hindu Yogi Science of Breath, by Yogi Ramacharaka. We have been almost surfeited of late with books devoted to the subject of breathing but this latest one appears to me to be more complete and comprehensive than any that have gone before. The book contains sixteen chapters, is handsomely printed and well bound. To know how to breathe properly is one of the most helpful adjuncts to good digestion—and by the same token to good health generally. I would recommend a careful study of this book to persons consumptively inclined, to those who are much in doors, in fact to any one who desires to make the most of life and not be filled with aches and pains. The price is 50 cts. Yogi Publication Society, Chicago, Ill.

Magic. (76 Solent Road, West Hampstead, London N. W.) Here's a novel publication. It is "the only paper in the British Empire devoted solely to the interests of Magicians, Jugglers, Hand Shadowists, Ventriloquists, Lightning Cartoonists and Special Entertainers." The June issue is number nine of the third volume. The idea is well carried out and it ought to be a useful periodical for those people for whom it is designed and it is worth more than a passing glance from anybody. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Single number 15 cts.

The Whim (Newark, N. J.) This handsome magazine is edited by the well known writer Mr. Ernest Crosby, together with Mr. Benedict Prieth. It is filled with interesting matter of the radical sort. Bolton Hall is a

frequent contributor. The typographical makeup of the magazine is very fine. Yearly subscription 50 cents, single numbers 5 cents.

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Weather Predictions.

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AUGUST, 1903.

Very warm weather should prevail from July 30 to Aug. 6. During this period the sun will oppose Saturn, and the moon conjuncts Mars. In some sections there will be quick but only a temporary fall of temperature, possibly severe thunder and lightning. From 6th to 9th probably storms. Towards the middle of the month we may expect some heavy rain: in southern sections more intense; with coast storms working north. Watch carefully for coast storms of considerable violence from 22 to 26th. Much colder weather will follow these disturbances. The closing days of August are liable to be full of quick changes with lively storms in many sections.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

During the early portion a warm wave will be in West and probably work East ward. The 6th and 7th should bring decidedly cooler days coming near to frost. The 11th to 14th will bring another warm wave with much electrical display. From 16th to 20th possibly 21st, severe storms of wind and rain and in south and west damage will come to property. Watch for these. The closing week will be one of heavy storms in many sections, a marked coldness and damaging winds. The month will bring disaster to many people. The ordinary weather forecasts speaks of these things generally after they have passed. There should be courage enough and science enough to speak of them intelligently before they occur. In time this will be done and people then will wonder at the ridiculous statements now sent out which are not accurate for even twenty-four hours ahead.

These weather predictions are made by **DR. DEROLLI, Scientific Astrologer,** Hotel Pelham, Suite 411-412, Boston, Mass. and are made expressly for Ye Quaint Magazine.

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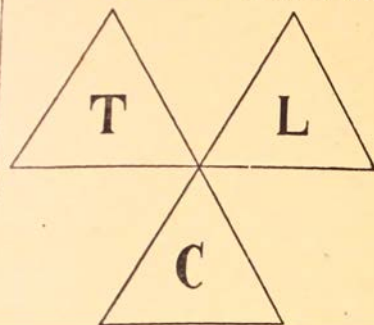
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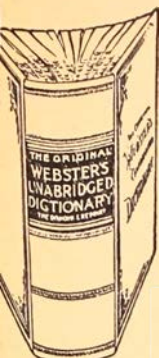
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