

bles, and fin'ly found myself at a little flag station where I'm claimed by a yap with real stage chin whiskers, who said he was Mellick from Hickory Sides, the air had got raw and soggy. I remarks on it to Mellick.

"Feels like rain, eh?" says I.
 "Or snow," says he. "Gid-dap!"
 "Tush, tush! You don't mean it, Mr. Mellick!" says I. "Rain at the very worst."
 "Huh!" says he. "Gid-dap!"

Not what you'd call a free converser, Mellick wa'n't; but he was long on accuracy. Before his old plugs had dragged us up the last long hill I was shieldin' my face with a newspaper, to keep the big flakes out of my eyes, and when I appears in the big livin' room at Hickory Sides, where the maids was just servin' after dinner coffee, I was as white all over as a Christmas card Santa Claus.

"What! Snow?" exclaims Sadie.
 "Eh?" says Tucker Belmont, inspectin' me disapprovin'. "Snow? Oh, I say, now!"

The others follows suit, until I'm the center of a kind of indignation meeting.

"What's this?" demands Pinckney. "You don't mean to say it's snowing?"

"Not if you're goin' to lay it up against me," says I. "Oh, no! This is a new kind of breakfast food I'm demonstratin'; or maybe I've been out in the orchard de-

oratin' myself with cherry blossoms. Take your pick; only don't forget that I'm still shy a dinner."

Course, they didn't exactly blame me for it; but they couldn't get over the fact that it was really snowin'. If it had been the middle of August instead of late in March, they couldn't have been more surprised. That didn't hinder the snow from keepin' right on the job, though. It fell faster and faster, and the wind got huskier and huskier, until by ten o'clock it was howlin' for fair and the window sills was piled high with the white stuff.

Seems they'd been plannin' all sorts of outdoor stunts for next day, and this quick change left 'em sort of stunned. The card tables was brought out; but somehow they wa'n't feelin' like bridge, and the games broke up.

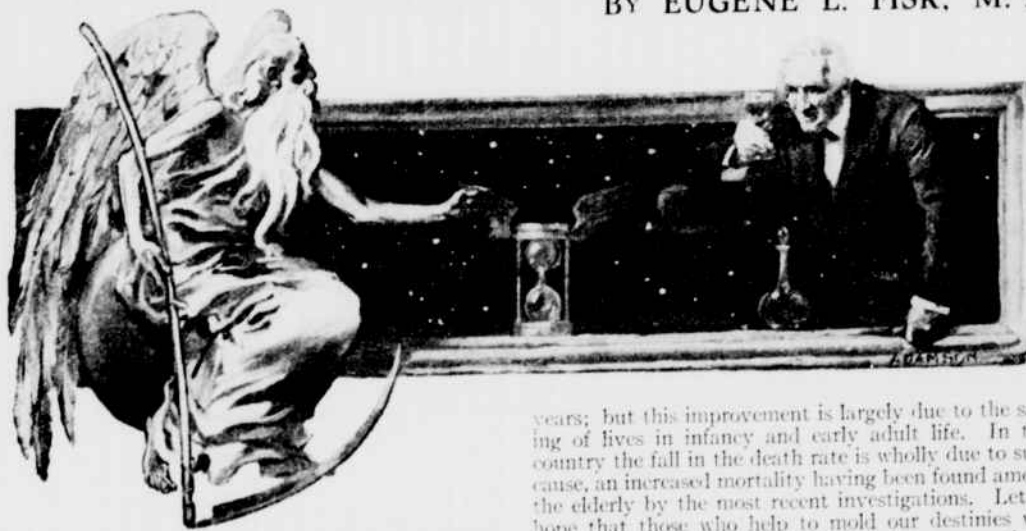
Señor Del Riano said the wind made him too nervous to play. He'd spent a couple of winters in Washington too; but he'd never seen anything like this. Little Prince Singh, who I understand is gen'rally a great cutup, seemed too dazed even to flirt with any of the ladies. Guess it was the first real snowstorm he'd ever seen. The Countess Colonna acted peeved. Every once in awhile she'd go take a squint out of the window, shiver, and beat it back to the fireplace, remarkin', "Such white coldness! Ugh!"

But there they all was, delegates from Italy, and

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HELPS TO A LONG LIFE

BY EUGENE L. FISK, M. D.



O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
 —SHAKESPEARE.

TO some vast intelligence, engaged in billion-year tasks of world building, the most extended human existence must seem like a mere flash of time. Even the human philosopher, attacking the problems of the infinite with daring and insatiable curiosity, often takes little reck of time, the call of the unknowable excluding the claims of everyday life. Nevertheless, our philosophers and great scientists live long. It would seem that they cling to life, not for its own sake, but, like Archimedes, in order to solve just one more problem.

It is a humiliating fact that reptiles far exceed the human race in longevity. A turtle has been known to live one hundred and fifty years, showing a tenacity of life inherited from remote ancestors. The dinosaur, gigantic lizard of the Jurassic Period, which has not been seen alive these six million years, lived much longer than the turtle or other modern reptiles, judging from the physical structure of his remains. With a tiny brain case and enormous body, he wallowed in the Jurassic shallows and took in daily an "uncarned increment" of seven hundred pounds of leaves and twigs by simply stretching out his long neck or rising on his stupendous tail. He was the largest physical expression of the long and simple life that has ever existed; but his life was narrow.

So far as known to the writer, no fossil remains of philosophers (or Supreme Court Judges) have been found in the Jurassic; so that contemporaneous comparison of giant lizards with humans is not possible. Yet from these animal documents we may draw the lesson that mere length of life is not the *summum bonum*. Perhaps some of our famous loafers, who believe that "to loaf is to live," would like to hark back to the Jurassic and leaf eating; but not the average wide-awake American.

It has been estimated by Professor Irving Fisher that by reasonable precautions and the full utilization of the resources of science, the mean duration of life could be extended about fifteen years; and that this slice of longevity which is now wasted costs the nation some fifteen hundred millions of dollars annually. These figures are, of course, estimates only; but they serve a useful purpose in giving concrete expression to the possibilities, however remote, of the future, and afford a stimulus to the stupendous task of overcoming the inertia of prejudice and deep rooted custom. Why take a hundred years to do what can be done in a generation?

There is a prevalent idea that under modern conditions the span of life is lengthening, and that old people live longer and more effectively than formerly. It is true that all over the civilized world there has been a steady fall in the general death rate for several hundred

years; but this improvement is largely due to the saving of lives in infancy and early adult life. In this country the fall in the death rate is wholly due to such cause, an increased mortality having been found among the elderly by the most recent investigations. Let us hope that those who help to mold our destinies will awaken to the fact that, blinded by the success of science in saving the unfit, we have permitted our people to become weakened by overrapidly of social development,—by the extraordinary multiplication of the sources of nervous strain and the excessive demand for nervous expenditure which is reflected in the increasing death rate from degenerative maladies.

To sum up, we are, temporarily at least, out of adjustment with our environment. We have outpaced our adaptability, and must allow it to catch up with us.

Influence of Heredity

IN planning for a long life, or rather in planning to live well, the first step should be an examination of your ancestry.

We have referred to the inherited advantages enjoyed by the turtle. Unquestionably his racial vitality is a greater protection to him than his carapace. The man with a sound, resistant ancestry has a head start in the race. He enjoys greater liberty of action than his less fortunate neighbor who comes of weaker stock, although liberty should not be confounded with license.

On the other hand, there is no reason for the individual who finds consumption, cancer, insanity, apoplexy, or some other degenerative strain among his forebears to get into a blue funk and continually look for the handwriting on the wall. Such a man simply needs to realize his limitations. What would be liberty for the well endowed may be license for him; and yet there is no family history so bad that it need debar the man of fairly sound physique from the enjoyment of all that is most worth while in human existence.

Heredity exerts its influence chiefly by transmitting a lack of resistance to some particular class of diseases or to the general wear and tear of existence; but individual resistance may be built up in a surprising way by persistent effort.

As we all know, the body is a community of cells, each cell analogous to the one-celled organism found in our ponds, the amoeba. The combined lives of these millions of nerve, muscle, liver, kidney, blood, and other tissue cells make up the "life" of man. Although we are supposed to be born but once and die but once, it is a fact that birth and death are constantly going on within us. Long after the official death of the body, cellular activities may continue, and be prolonged by artificial means. These body cells, and especially the brain and nerve cells, may be trained to remarkable performances, good and bad.

The man who must have his cocktail at eleven A. M. every day has trained certain cells to clamor for this indulgence. But how about the man with the aggressive abdomen, who takes his "three squares" daily with "lashings" of meat that would put to shame an animal in the zoo? Is he just gratifying a natural and normal cell demand, or has he educated his cellular army to

demand this supply of nutrition, far in excess of its requirements?

Bodily Conservation and Discipline

THE instinct of modern intelligence is against waste. This principle is being applied with increasing rigor in matters of business and government; but in the matters that most deeply affect our happiness and success in life—our bodily resources and expenditures—the systematic conservation and scientific development of efficiency are still woefully neglected.

How can one best utilize the resources now available for the development and improvement of the natural defenses of the body?

The answer should be obvious. Dig up your family history, take it to your doctor, and ask him to examine and size you up as a "going concern." If he shoos you out of his office because you have not the obvious signs of cancer or a broken down heart or kidney, go to a more progressive man, who is alive to modern ideas in medicine. Do not require minute information and fix your mind on the workings of your body; but put the responsibility on your doctor, and insist upon knowing the things that will injure you, and those which will specially benefit and strengthen you.

This is the simplest way to get in the right path; and the best way to keep there is to have your body periodically inspected, just as it is customary to inspect a well ordered business institution. Good habits are easily formed, and when once established life becomes a condition of moving equilibrium, free from fussy anxiety and uncertainty regarding what to eat, drink, and do. If your family history is sound, your doctor will tell you that a combination of sound stock and sane living is well nigh invincible and will put you well forward in the race, instead of among the "also rans." If your family history is "spotty," he will tell you to keep off the thin ice: there is plenty of room on the pond in the safe places.

This means cultivating self control, not only of appetites, but of emotions. The toxin of fatigue has been demonstrated; but the poisons generated by evil temper and emotional excess over nonessentials have not yet been determined, although without a doubt they exist. Explosions of temper, emotional cyclones, and needless fear and panic over disease or misfortune that seldom materializes, are simply bad cell habits. By proper ventilation and illumination of the mind it is possible to cultivate tolerance, poise, and real courage without being a "lobster" or a "bromide."

The man whose daily work interests him is specially fortunate. His only risk is that of being led into excessive and exclusive attention to his business or profession.

Contrariwise, the man whose work is monotonous and repellent is in a hard case. But, instead of accumulating the poison of discontent, an effort should be made to balance avocation against vocation. Aside from the ordinary, intermittent relaxations and amusements, many of which, by the way, are often injurious to the overworked and nervous, the steady influence of some harmless fad, sport, or mental pursuit dissociated from business or profession should be employed. Brainwork should be avoided when physically exhausted, and vice versa.

Diet and Exercise

IN early life an excess of nutrition is well borne; but as physical activities wane and there is less need for food the habit of eating heartily continues and often grows apace. The result is a steady departure from the proper balance of waste and repair. Depending on the amount of exercise taken, the supply of food should be cut down after forty years of age, and the proportion of meat in the dietary decidedly reduced. Meat is seldom required more than once a day except by the poorly nourished or consumptive, and after forty that should be the limit.

According to Metchnikof, microbes in the large intestine are responsible for old age as we usually see it,—in other words, as a diseased condition,—and to neutralize this tendency he advises the sour milk diet. Eminent authorities dissent from this view; but all agree that constipation is a life shortener, and in most cases is due to neglect of function or abuse of cathartics. The spinal center that presides over the bowel functions can be trained to do its work by regular habits, free drinking of water between meals, plenty of vegetables and fruit, exercise, bathing, massage, etc.; but the regular use of cathartics renders this center and the bowel muscle inert and unresponsive to ordinary stimuli.

No matter how "chesty" you may feel about your muscularity, remember that mere muscle is not health, and may be a burden. Moderate exercise at all ages is wisest, and after forty-five the man who engages in violent competitive sports is endangering his life. Walking, swimming, golf, hill climbing, billiards, pool, gardening, croquet, may all be indulged in by the elderly; but violent sports and prolonged physical labor search out the weak spots, and often hasten degenerative changes.

By leaving alcohol alone your chance for a long life will be about twenty-five per cent. better than that of the average "moderate" drinker. The drinking of alcohol is no more necessary to human well being and contentment than the drinking of chloroform, ether, or gasoline. Some day it may be kept only on the drug shelf; but in the meantime "they drink and they drink and they drink."

Less haste and hysteria, and more real, effective work, steady courage and patience in the daily conflict, the exclusion of baseless worry and needless fatigue,—these things are just as necessary for our health as the whole armamentarium of the microbe fighters.