

Hale at Ninety-Seven. How a Spry Old Man Keeps Himself in Health.

ONE of the most wonderful old men living is Dr. John B. Rich. He is ninety-seven years of age, and is still as healthy and spry as any man of fifty. Rich was trained as a dentist, and practised his profession daily until 1898, when he retired at the ripe old age of eighty-seven with a competence, intending to devote the remainder of his life to the study of old age and the best way to live to be one hundred.

On the matter of health he has ideas of his own, founded on common-sense, and he snaps his fingers at dumb-bells and rowing machines, and thinks all college athletics are bad.

"To begin with," says Dr. Rich, "the common idea that rapid and violent exercise is good for one is all a mistake. Dumb-bells, weights, lifting machines, Indian clubs—all these things you find in the ordinary gymnasiums are useless, if not harmful. What little strength they give to one part of the body they take from some other part. College athletics, as they are now conducted, are wrecking the lives of hundreds of young men every year. It is cruel and criminal of the professors to let these young men use up all their brain energy on their studies at the same time that they are exhausting their vitality on the football field or on the river.

"Twenty minutes a day of intelligent exercise is all that one needs to keep his body in the highest health. The slow motion under high tension which I have practised every day for more than eighty years constitutes the best form of exercise.

"My system of physical development consists simply of a slow movement of the arms while the entire body is under a high nervous tension. I begin by taking a deep breath, pulling in strongly on the abdominal muscles, with the entire body perfectly rigid, every muscle at its highest tension. I move my arms slowly forward until they are extended straight from the body, after which, with the same slow movement, they are opened wide as far out as can be reached.

"Then come the downward movement, the most important of all. With this move-

ment the muscles of the back come into play, and the chest is thrown out to such an extent as to give the lungs the greatest possible breathing space.

"In performing this movement the fists, which are tightly clenched, should be turned slowly outward from the body as the arms move down. During all the time occupied in performing these motions I hold my breath. After the downward motion I slowly empty my lungs, maintaining at all times the same position—head erect, chin up, shoulders back, chest thrown out.

"And in letting the air escape from my lungs I am most particular not to allow myself to collapse. Three or four good, long breaths to the half-minute in that position, repeated for about twenty minutes, will raise a flat chest three or four inches within three months.

"To these simple exercises, taken daily for more than eighty years, I attribute my perfect health and long life. Other essentials are pure air, moderation in all things, quiet, no worry, and a rational use of my strength.

"Almost all men eat too much. Eating has become a habit, with our fixed hours for meals. I wait on hunger. I never eat until I am hungry, and then I eat all I want. But I never put anything in my stomach that it cannot easily digest.

"I eat sparingly of meat, not because I am opposed to it, but because I do not care for it. But I am not a vegetarian. I have never used tobacco in any form; it rather upsets me. I have taken liquor once in a while, never for pleasure, but simply as a stimulant when I felt I needed it. I occasionally take a little wine at dinner, however.

"I don't understand how city men of today live at all. They never exercise, or if they do, it is in the most violent way. It is hurry and bustle all day long, with strain and worry ever present. At night it is some sort of excitement—anything to drive dull care away. Then with the constant drinking and smoking, the great, heavy meals of most indigestible things, the late hours, the noise and the racket—I can't see how they do it."—*Scotsman*.

DOCTORS SAY "HER LUNGS ARE VERY SICK."

A. LEPASSEUR, Montreal, Que. I have seen advertised a free hospital for consumptives and I hasten to apply for a place for my daughter. Since six weeks she coughs, spits and has lost the capacity of her legs which necessitate her to keep the bed. Could you help me? I am a widow, a seamstress, can furnish all required references and will hope to receive a line from you. I have to leave her and go earn my living and am unable to get her into any hospital so do please let me know, I had three doctors see her and they say her lungs are very sick.