WILLIAM STEVENS FIELDING

By H. F. Gadsby, in Canadian Magazine.

William Stevens Fielding is 55 years of age. His white hair is the only badge that time has insisted on to indicate that he has lived every minute of a highly useful life, has thought hard, and has borne great responsibilities. He is young at heart. He has never had an idle moment in which to harbor taedium vitae. From his sixteenth year he has been in the throb of large affairs. He has the zest and alertness of a man of 40. In short, the Minister of Finance is in his prime.

Doubtless the secret of this perennial youthfulness is the fact that Mr. Fielding has all his life been occupied with matters which do not allow of a dull moment. He was first a newspaper man, after that a politician. He could not have chosen two businesses in which he would have had to work harder. On the other hand, he could not have chosen two businesses which are less routinary. They are in a way allied. Both of them permit very little freedom from work, but a large amount of freedom while at work. Both are concerned with a tremendous, shifting scene. Both subsist in an element of novelty and surprise. Man and his doings are uncertain. The question of the newspaper, as of politics, is continually, What Next? Both keep a finger on the pulse of the world, the newspaper because it must relate the symptoms intelligently to its readers, the statesman because he must diagnose symptoms and apply remedies or prophylactics. When a man happens to be a leader writer on an influential party organ, as Mr. Fielding was, it is part of his duty to suggest treatments for national ills. He does it as a logician might who has certain leanings, and the thing end there. The politician reasons it out, too, but with him the remedy is a more ticklish performance. His risk is bigger because his career is at stake. He must consult expediency and walk, oh, so carefully, on the eggs of public sentiment. He must learn his country, not as something detached and self-centered, but as an integer in a universal scheme of things, likely to be affected by a wave of opinion which starts in a remote corner of the globe. Both the newspaper man and the politician who aspire to great roles must cultivate this bird's-eye view. Both must enlarge their minds to take in the whole field of human interest. Both must be able to seize the moment and make the most of it. Perhaps the newspaper man who intends to remain a newspaper man looks on his business more in the light of an intellectual pastime, but the leader writer who speaks conscientiously finds party conviction, and often, too, party dictation entering so much into his work that he is a politician before he knows it. Statesmen, nowadays, get many of their ideas from the newspapers. These ideas would not be worth taking if they were not written by men who are statesmen in posse, politicians who will not come into the open, preferring to remain in a profession that charms them, where they are neither mute nor inglorious. If a leader writer is, like Mr. Fielding, brave and active, if he prefers the clash of battle, if he is not averse from the sweaty contacts of the hustings, if he wants to be making history instead of investigating it, if he cares to be doing things instead of writing about them, then, like Mr. Enough his been said to show that the two things are very near together, and that transition is easy.

We have seen that Mr. Fielding remains young because he has always been engaged in something that took him out of himself. He has worked hard, but hard work is the elixir of life when the heart is in it. He left school at sixteen years of age to enter the business office of the Halifax Chronicle. There is a story that he helped his education out by selling papers after school. It is probably true. Self-reliance is one of the Finance Minister's supreme characteristics. In the business office of the Chronicle he acquired that practical experience of figures which would have made a sound business man of him had he chosen commerce as a pursuit. It was good training for the future warden of the public treasure. In those days the Chronicle was perhaps a risky venture. It was a daily in a weekly town. For a while, until the venture got on its feet, there must have been some close financing in that business office in which William Stevens Fielding had a stool. At any rate, he has never forgotten the lessons he learned there, to keep books legibly, to administer wisely, to explain clearly, to contrive boldly, to ballast every scheme with common sense and shrewd management. Mr. Fielding's imagination is not one that shoulders the stars, but if he ever had been given to purple thinking that training in the business office would have corrected it.

The clerk's stool soon became too small for him. He had come under the spell of Joseph Howe. The lad of 16 became for the time an anti-federalist because, perhaps, there was no man on the other side who could vie with Howe in eloquence. Young minds are often dazzled by the splendors of oratory into convictions that their riper judgment rejects. At any rate, young Fielding ached to be molding public opinion. He left his business office for the writing end of the paper. He did not become a leader writer all at once. He had the hardest kind of a hard time. He did six men's work because in those days on a Halifax paper one man had to do six men's work to hold down his job. The construction of a staff was then very simple. There was the managing editor, who directed the policy of the paper, wrote a column of triple-leaded thought every day, mixed with the big fellows at the club, spoke at the public meetings and drew all the salary. There was also The Other, who was police reporter, marine reporter, city hall reporter, court reporter, special writer, city editor, telegraph editor, news editor and proofreader. For this he had the satisfaction of seeing his copy in print, large slices of praise from the managing editor, and four dollars a week. In looking back on those happy, strenuous days, Mr. Fielding must take comfort from the thought that he was a good proofreader and caught all the mistakes. Ask any lazy reporter on a modern newspaper what he thinks of proofreaders, and he will say they ought all to be killed. Mr. Fielding wasn't that kind of proofreader.

Mr. Fielding, it will be observed, learned his Nova Scotia by actual daily contact with its men and institutions. When he came to write editorials this intimate experience was of great service to him. It gave his work a personal and authoritative touch. He knew what he was writing about, and he could always select the illuminating adjective. We hear a great deal nowadays about what the university can do for "journalism." It can do something in the way of courses in political economy, constitutional history, English literature, and so on—no scrap of knowledge ever comes amiss to the newspaper man—but it cannot give that personal acquaintance with the men who are behind great questions which constitute the salt of journalism. Mr. Fielding got it in the only way possible. He rubbed against them. He got his political economy that way, too, and his constitutional history and his English literature, and the other things that go to making a great editor. He met the men and the institutions in his daily rounds; that aroused his interest; his interest broadened; it took in Halifax, then Nova Scotia in the large, then Nova Scotia in the detail of the blue books; then the Dominion of Canada; then the world and the grand principles of political science. The young journalist had proceeded from the particular to the general, absorbind all the minutiae that comes between, and making it his very own. The advantage of this method is that one learns not to despise the small things, and not to desert the multitudinous, dry, little facts for glowing generalities. Mr. Fielding achieved the grand view only after hard climbing. On his way up the mountains he had time to examine the strata. They, too, claimed his attention. As a consequence he has never been a rainbow-chaser.

Mr. Fielding wrote his first editorial when he was nineteen years old. He was 19 years old in 1867, the year of Confederation. That is to say, Mr. Fielding began to take a direct, daily and continuous interest in national affairs, not only at a time when his mind was fresh and his impressions vivid, but at the very time when all our national affairs started. From 1864 to 1867 he had the great Confederation movement under his eye. This boy of 16 saw the beginning of the movement; he watched it shift and change, go forward, go backward, fall, rise, wane, glow, finally culminate. And the boy of 19 was asked to write about it. Since that time every political question in Canada has had its birth, and Mr. Fielding has been present in spirit at the accouchement of all and the death of many. In a word, he has lived all the history Canada has as a nation, knowing it, not as we do, imperfectly from books, but congenitally and intimately from experience. In those affairs in which he did not take part, he had the accurate, intellectual interest of the leader writer; and in those in which he did take part he had the responsible interest of a statesman. In this way Mr. Fielding's life covers the Dominion of Canada from the outset to the present day.

Mr. Fielding remained twenty years on the Chronicle. For two years he tried to be a newspaper man, and a working politician at the same time. He found his task too much for him. It was in 1884 that he abandoned the editor's chair for the chief seat in the Nova Scotian Cabinet. Since then he has been true to politics.

Of course, all Mr. Fielding's newspaper training had tended towards a political career, but his emergence from the editorial cocoon was sudden and spectacular. In 1882, being 34 years old, he was a candidate in the Liberal interest at the Provincial general elections. He was elected, and the Pipes-Thompson Conservative Government, which was considered by many an impregnable administration, was turned out of office. The Thompson part of the administration was Hon. John Thompson, afterwards Premier of Canada, at that time regarded as the strongest man in Nova Scotia. To make the Pipes-Thompson defeat more notable, it fell on the same day as the general elections for the Dominion, and was inflicted at the same polling booths. In other words, the people of Nova Scotia turned away after electing a largely Conservative ticket to Ottawa, stepped into another compartment, used another pencil and another ballot, and elected a Liberal Government in Nova Scotia. The explanation of this mystery was on every tongue. It was stated everywhere that Fielding's pen did it. From this it must not be imagined that Fielding was another Dean Swift come to judgment, a literary man in politics with the acerbity of a Juvenal and the style of a Goldsmith. The young politician was simply a ready-writer who knew the facts that most concerned the people, and used them ingeniously. Doubtless his editorials were like his speeches in Parliament, adroit, brisk, not merciless or crushing, but dealing many a shrewd blow and getting away before anger had time to mount. The Minister of Finance is not a great orator, but he is a clever debater.

Mr. Fielding became Premier and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia in 1884. He was 36 years of age, quite youthful as Premiers go in Canada. His life, which had up to that time been all hard work and comparative obscurity, now became conspicuous. He carried his industry with him. Success did not turn his head. All the friends he has made he has kept. Those who came in contact with him were quick to discover that he was honest, straightforward and sincere. His promise was as good as gold. If a man came to him with a plan it was Fielding's habit to raise objections. The man got warm, probably, and talked strongly. He would go away disappointed, but when he found out afterwards that the Premier was doing all he could to help him, he realized that the little show of opposition was just Fielding's way of drawing him out and ransacking the merits of the case. In Nova Scotia Fielding's Premiership is associated with these great matters, the fight for separate schools, the consolidation and development of the coal business, and the establishment of the iron industry. While he was working for his own Province he did not lose track of Dominion affairs. He took such a distinguished part in the Liberal convention at Ottawa in 1893 that Sir Wilfrid Laurier put him down in his book as a future colleague.

His performances since he was translated to his larger field at Ottawa are well known. The country has prospered under the Fielding tariff of 1897; the British preference has helped the cause of empire. Mr. Fielding is a safe and cautious Minister of Finance. If he is not a brilliant, eye-filling statesman, he has still many of the useful, plodding gifts of a Walpole. He is mentioned as one of the three candidates for the Premiership when Sir Wilfrid Laurier retires.

H. FRANKLIN GADSBY.

Sis Hopkins.

PICKING A LOCK.

A VICTIM OF DROPSY

Cured After Doctors Pronounce His Case Hopeless.

Limbs Swollen Until He Had Become a Bloated Helpless Mass—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought the Cure.

In the little village of Rodney, not far from the mining town of Springhill, N. S., lives Mr. James Stevens; a quiet, middle-aged man, who though living an unobtrusive life, has lately been much talked of as having been the subject of a cure pronounced by all familiar with the circumstances as scarcely less than miraculous. The disease, which some two years ago prostrated Mr. Stevens, came upon him gradually. There was an increasing feeling of general lassitude; the kidneys did not rightly perform their function, and then the body began to bloat. This feeling continued extending to the extremities, until Mr. Stevens became a helpless, bloated mass of flesh. A finger pressed upon the bloated flesh would leave a mark all day. The urinary weakness became painful and distressing, the passages beoming very frequent. Doctors diagnosed the trouble as dropsy, but as their remedies failed to effect a cure, they pronounced the trouble incurable. At this stage, the case of a neighbor who had been cured after a long and painful illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was recalled, and it was decided to give the pills a trial. By the time the second box was used, the swelling began to decrease, the passage of the urine was less frequent, and the patient was inspired with fresh hope. The use of the pills for some time longer set Mr. Stevens upon his feet again a cured man. The limbs were restored to a healthy condition, his weight became normal, the kidneys resumed their functions healthfully, and today Mr. Stevens goes about his daily work a good specimen of hardly, healthy Canadian manhood. His restoration is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he does not hesitate to strongly recommend them to other sufferers.

To the casual reader cases like this may seem remarkable, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have, in reality, cured thousands of cases pronounced by doctors to be incurable. These pills make new, rich blood with every dose, and in this way tone and strengthen every organ in the body, driving out disease and restoring the patient to health after all other means have failed. Those who are weak and ailing, or who suffer from chronic diseases, should not waste money and valuable time experimenting with other medicines, but should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, if they wish to be restored to full health. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A western man of wealth bequeathed a fund of $5,000, the annual interest to be used for the care of two favorite trotting horses.

Iron-ox Tablets are Very Highly Appreciated in Kingston.

January 17, 1903.

It is with real pleasure that I certify to the efficacy of Iron-ox Tablets. No tablet that I know of better serves the purpose of an effective yet gentle liver pill and regulator of the bowels, while at the same time acting as a tonic to the blood and nervous system. As a regulator of the bowels they are all right.

JNO. H. JARVIS,
7 Ann Street,
Kingston, Ont.

Fifty Iron-ox Tablets, in an attractive aluminum pocket case, 25 cents at druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

ROADS ARE ALIVE; HAVE PERSONALITY

And None in England Is More Engaging Than Telford's.

Roads, for those who know how to use them, are alive, and have personality, says the London Mail. And of all the roads that ribbon England none is more alive or has a more engaging personality than Telford's great road from London to Holyhead.

Made for endurance, it has long outlasted its first purpose, until, in the fullness of time, that purpose has been restored to it, and once more it is in use from end to end. No longer a mere chain of short links connecting hamlet with town, and village with city, it has come again, by wonderful revolutions, to its ancient dignity. Modern ingenuity has breathed on its slumbering spirit, which in these last few weeks has waked again to the bustle of life, the song of wheels and the great business of travel.

So many roads set out bravely enough and lose themselves in a tangle of crossways and bypaths, all their purpose dissipated. But this is a road that sets out and arrives. Even while it is still within the influence of London, its purpose is obvious to the traveler. Or, rather, it is obvious that it has a purpose, a mysterious and yet a determined purpose, as of one who would say: "I have set out upon a long journey; follow my guidance to the end and you will see what my purpose is." Even in these early stages, when its milestones bear such a legend as "Potterspury, two miles," the noble breadth and long, straight bearings give the lie to an inscription so local and so petty.

Obviously it has no concern with Potterspury. It does not go to Potterspury; it passes straight through it. Its purpose is serious and ultimate; but not until you have followed its every mile and the road stops on the edge of a sheet of green harbor wave do you realize what that purpose was—why the road ran so straight through Daventry, why it did not mind going through Birmingham, to be soiled by the dust of the Black Country. But even when it was at Stony Stratford it was the Holyhead road, the road to Ireland.

I could not give a more concise description of this road than it contained in one word—purpose. In its most dallying moments, looping round some pretty tree-clad hill or dipping into valley sweet with sheltered flowers, it still means to arrive; the dalliance is only momentary, only apparent; the ultimate purpose is continually present and manifest. I speak as if the road moved, and not the wayfarer; and, no doubt, the accurate man will fall foul of me for my paradox. Nevertheless, it is one of the simple truths which the merely accurate man is apt to miss. It is the road that really moves forward; at most, the traveler accompanies it, lagging ever a little behind. He never overtakes the road; it is always before him, just round the next corn, wriggling away like a snake from his pursuing wheels, always cheating, always beckoning, always eluding him.

The spirit of Telford, the man who dealt with stones and flints, hills and valleys, fields and rivers, and turned them all into miles, resides in his Holyhead road. So much of honest labor does not die, but takes in the passage of years a character and personality of its own. One is tempted to moralize about the travelers upon the road; all the toiling feet, all the dusty wheels, all the hearts, sad and joyful, that have passed that way. But these have vanished out of life and memory, leaving not a scratch on the surface; the road is a monument only to those who made it. It is Telford's road.

Secure in its purpose, the Holyhead road can afford to take on the color of its surroundings. When it is at Dunstable it does as Dunstable does, spreading itself as though land were of no value, and as though sunshine and a reposeful expansiveness were all that a road could desire. But it wears a different face far away in bleak Anglesey, where its miles are laid as a thread over stony moorlands.

Strong in the sense that it is a national and not a local road, it speaks different languages in the course of its varied career. It can be as British as Barnet, and as foreign as Pentre Voelas; it can be as dignified as Dunstable and as mean as Weedon; it can be as terse as Chirk or as redundat as Llanfairpwllgwyngyll.

FLICKERS DESTROY TELEPHONE POLES

Mistake the Hum of the Wires for the Sound of Insects.

Owing to the ravages of the yellow-hammers, or flickers, workmen have been kept busy repairing and replacing the posts of the new telephone line here ever since the birds arrived in the spring, says the Eddington (Me.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

While the posts of the telephone and telegraph were confined to the cleared land away from the woods, there was no trouble in keeping them in good condition for fifteen or twenty years, but when private and public enterprise extended the telephone to remote sporting camps and fishing grounds, the flickers began to peck holes in the soft arbor vitae wood, digging galleries far into the heart and making the sticks so weak that they broke off in high winds.

Until the white cedar, or arbor vitae, poles began to be employed for holding the wires aloft, the flickers did not disturb this species of trees. Most of the work performed by these birds is done upon the trunks of white birch, which is soft and easy to penetrate, and upon such other aged trees as had partly rotted, the decaying wood furnishing homes for the insects upon which the flickers subsist.

One may search the woods all day and never find a flicker nest in any arbor vitae, spruce or pine. No sooner, however, had the cedar trees been felled and set up along the sides of the roads to hold the wires for the sound of insects inside target for industrious birds, which not only dug holes for their nests in the soft trunks, but tunneled the wood in every direction.

Men who have observed flickers at work on the telephone lines say the birds mistake the constant humming kept up by the wires for the sound of isects inside the wood, and that the poles are ruined out of misdirected zeal in pursuit of grubs which do not exist.

A flicker on alighting on the side of a pole will give a few taps with his bill against the dry wood and then cock his head on one side to listen for borers. Hearing the wires singing and humming in the breeze, and feeling the pole tremble slightly from the pulsing sound, the flicker reasons that the whole stick is filled with toothsome grubs and at once begins to cut away the wood.

After working until he is tired, the bird seems to listen again, and, finding the sound is as loud as ever, and apparently deeper in the wood, he resumes his labor, penetrating deeper and deeper, until he has bored a hole clear through the stick.

In this manner the flickers have worked day after day, until there is not a whole pole left on any telephone line which runs through the woods. As a new pole is worth $3, and as the cost of cartage and setting is $2 or more, the expense of keeping a backwoods line in repair is more than the companies can stand, and double rates are charged to patrons who desire telephone communications from resorts that are far from open fields.

A REFORM TO BE MADE IN DANCING

The Masters Do Not Like the Young Man's Carlessness.

Dancing masters throughout the country have risen in their might, decisively and unanimously against the way the modern young man holds a girl when he is dancing a waltz or twostep, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The recent convention of the International Association of Masters of Dancing, held in Pittsburg, Pa., had little other important business to discuss. Hours that the professors of terpsichore annually spend, movements, all went this past month in heated debate as to how "ladies" should be held. There was not one dissenting voice as to the bad manners and bad form of the youth of today. Each master of dancing was agreed that the evil must be stopped. The only question was how best to stop it.

The way of the day is carelessness on the part of the young men, all the "professors" concede. These youths simply do not think, and their arms and hands, once conventionally placed, slip around to easier and more natural postures. In consequence, all over the country, in every town from California to Maine, "nice" girls are being held in positions that would do discredit to the toughest dance. The dancing masters say that unless something is done quickly dancing among good people will get a black eye. They have had to take the initiative for the reason that the young folks, men and girls alike, do not seem to realize this.

So out in Pittsburg the dancing men established a new position for the two-step and the waltz. Just what they agreed upon, just what evil they had to break down has been given in a series of pictures. One picture gave the new standard that is to be strictly adhered to and is to be taught all over the country from now on. Woe to the man or girl, the dancing teachers say, that will not adopt this. They will from henceforth be tabooed as "tough," and nothing but that.

The official posture of a year ago was an excellent one, just so long as it was not abused. But abuse and exaggeration of it came quickly. The two guiding arms, that of the man and that of the girl, instead of remaining down, stretched out, fingers simply lightly touching fingers, gradually drew up, crooked, in a manner never intended by any one, until at last they were bent double, up almost (sometimes quite) on a level with the faces, and crowded in between girl and man. In proper dancing fingers should only lightly touch. With these new developments, however, the girl's hand became awkwardly and roughly gripped and twisted backward, so that it could be tightly clutched when raised on high between the two young persons.

Of course, there are many public dancing places and balls, not only here, but in all the other cities of the country, as well, summer and winter, where dancing of this order is the common thing. In such assemblies it is expected, and only when seen by strangers who are unaccustomed to it is there comment and criticism. What has horrified the "professors" and incited them to hurried action this summer is that all this winter, in city after city throughout the country, their pupils have broken away from orders and directions and are dancing with a decided tendency towards the worst in position.

Orders have gone out that all this summer the masters of ceremonies at the big summer resorts, who are nearly all dancing masters, shall exert their influence towards this reform. In every dancing school from Maine to the Pacific coast proper position is to be vigorously preached all next winter. The dancing masters are a unit in saying that the situation is extremely critical. The evil is so widespread, they say, that correcting it is going to be most difficult and decidedly uphill work.

What they are most astonished at is the number of seemingly nice young men and girls that have fallen into these ways.

The movement for this reform is so definite, though, and so strongly backed that the coming year is certain to see improvement. If improvement does not come and speedily it is altogether likely to be as the Dancing Masters' Association fears, that many mothers and fathers will set their faces plainly against their daughters and sons dancing at all. The new "position" is to be fought for definitely and thoroughly. It will be strange if the dancing teachers do not carry their point conclusively before many months have gone by.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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"'Housekeeper' wishes to know the best soap for washing linen and white things generally. You could not have asked me an easier question, 'Housekeeper,' for I can say unhesitatingly that the very greatest satisfaction can be got out of Sunlight Soap in this respect. It makes and keeps all cottons and linens a beautiful white color, with a remarkably small amount of labor. Follow the directions printed on every package."

"Domestic Science," The Ladies' Gazette

SUNLIGHT SOAP

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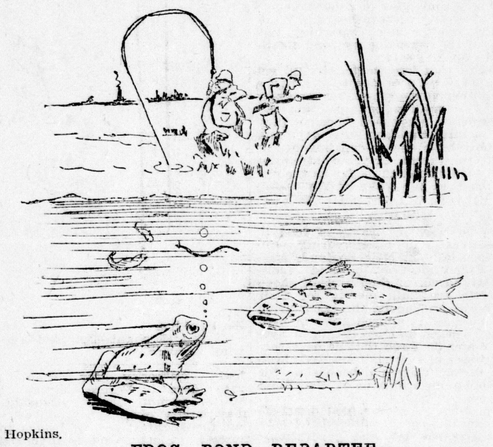

Sis Hopkins.

FROG POND REPARTEE.

Mr. Frog—I hope none of those fishermen wil catch you today.
Mr. Fish—Oh, I'm toc fly for their flies and too sharp for their hcoks. But you don't want to let that fellow with the gun see you.
Mr. Frog—Oh, I'm not so green as I look.

MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE

St. George and His Eight Hundred Microscopic Dragons.

Once there was a thoughtless Man who had been plugging along, eating three Square Ones each Day, gaining about a Pound a Month, and not taking any Care of himself at all.

One night he happened in on a Lecture Course to find out about the Germ Theory of Disease. When the Pictures were shot on the Screen he learned that ordinary Drinking Water and Many Kinds of Foods, such as he had been using, were chuck full of 3-eyed Dinguses with Curly Tails and long Feelers. The Lecturer explained that when a few Flocks of these Organisms moved into a Gentleman and began to play House and Nibble around it usually meant that there was going to be another Order for Satin Lining and Silver Handles.

The man who had been knocking around for Thirty-eight Years, drinking out of Hydrants and Troughs and eating any old Thing that could be Masticated, was Scared stiff when he realized how many thousands of times he had flirted with Death.

From that moment he decided that he would not touch any water unless it had been boiled and skimmed. When he could't get Boiled Water he would demand Vichy or Deep Rock or a certain Lithia containing .007 parts of Sillykilate of Polarium, which is Good for whatever you happen to have at the time.

Occasionally he would forget and take a Swig of Plain Water, the same as other People were drinking. Then when it was too late, he would recall those pictures of the Germs and he could imagine a whole menagerie of these little animals grazing around through his Inwards and leading Bold Expeditions into the most remote Corridors of his being. After he had thought about them for a while they would seem to be about the size of Oyster Crabs, and sometimes it seemed to him he could feel their little Claws tickle when they were doing a Mobile Buck on the gleaming Surface of his Diaphragm. He wondered what would happen to him when all of them started to Gnaw their way out.

He began to wear a haggard, persecuted Look. The Microbes were hiding at every Corner, waiting to pounce out at him. In order to be able to stand them off he consulted the Authorities and found that it was No Use. The crafty little creatures were floating around in the Air and the only way to baffle them was to breathe through a Sieve. They were camped out by the Millions on a mouldy Piece of Bread, while one Cubic Inch of Roquefort Cheese contained 14,500,000 of them, many of them Bearded and wearing curved Horns, the same as a Billy Goat. He began to drink Carbolic Acid. It is horrible to know that one is Slumbering the brutal Bacilli are climing up the Brass Bedstead and over the flowered Spread and tunneling into the System from all directions. When a Man begins to realize that he is merely a Repository for a large Zoo of Micro-Cannibals he feels Unworthy and Discouraged.

This man became so worried and apprehensive that he could not sleep of Nights. So he began to read up on Nervousness and learned that he would have to let up on Tea and Coffee and Cigars and Pastry and nearly everything else that he really liked. He put himself on a Diet of Asbestos Breakfast Biscuit and some other kind of Health Fodder which resembled the Excelsior Packing that comes around Lamp Chimneys. When he was Thirsty he had a little Sterilized Milk or a nice refreshing Cup of would-be imitation Coffee made out of parched Barley. He began to take his Temperature and examine his Blood under a Microscope. When he discovered that a minute form of Tadpole was playing hide-and-seek among the Corpuscles, he gave a low moan and ordered a fresh lot of Insect Powder.

Now it is well established that He who begins to scrutinize his Interior Economy and Brood over the conduct of the Germs that he happens to be Chaperoning will get ready, sooner or later, to do what is known as the Appendicitis Act. Every time this Man had a Stitch in the Side he went and Shaved himself and brushed his Hair and got ready to make a neat, respectable appearance on the Operating Table. Then the Doctor would come and go over him with a silver-plated tack hammer and try to locate the imaginary Lumpus. It would require an awful Argument to convince the Man that he was All Right.

As might have been expected, he began to get Daffy on the Subject of Nutritive Qualities in Food. This was another wild Tack for which the Scientific Works and the Health Hints in the Paper were responsible. At the Table he would poke suspiciously at the Dishes and would want to know how much Nitrogen, Carbon, Starch, Dextrine, Sugar and Albumen they contained. It took away the Appetite for those who had to associate with him. Instead of going ahead and Eating, he merely monkeyed with Chemical Compounds, and used his Stomach as a Retort. He began to exhibit the jerky Mannerisms of a Kansas Reformer, and it was whispered at the office that he was slightly Touched. But he was not. He was simply making a consistent Effort to conform to the new-fangled Science of Living, and it was wearing him to a Rack of Bones.

One day while he was in a condition of Panic from having, in an unguarded Moment, eaten some underdone Ham which probably contained the deadly Trichinae, in walked his Brother Thomas, who was traveling Auditor for an Investment Company. Thomas was Fat and Sassy, with a Patch of Red on each Cheek.

"Ah, Brother," said the Germ Gladiator, "I judge by your nippy Appearance you have been subsisting on Gluten and dodging the Bacilli."

"What in Thunder are Baccilli" asked Brother Thomas.

"Surely you are aware that the Universe lately has been overrun by small Bugs, invisible to the Naked Eye," said the Learned Brother. "If a Bulf Bacillus with a Blue Stinger gets into you it means Lumbago. If one of the Six-legged Fellows with a plaid Husk starts a Hatchery somewhere on your Preserves, then you may consider yourself elected for Spinal Meningitis, and so on. There are now over 500 Varieties running at large seeking whom they may Devour. I have figured that it is impossible for any Person to escape them for any Length of Time. Our only Hope is to prepare for the Battle by eating petrified Wafers, drinking Anti-Septic and keeping a private Drug Store in the Closet. For three Months I have been in a hand-to-hand Struggle. I am still in the Ring, but I am getting wobbly. I never can tell what minute a Germ is going to sneak up behind me and Soak me good. It keeps one pretty Busy when one has to have his Eye peeled for 860 different kinds, knowing that the whole Push has it in for One."

"That is strange," said Brother Thomas. "I have been all over the Country, putting up at bad Beaneries, eating and drinking everything I wanted, from Pie to Pilsener, drinking 87 different samples of Well Water in Country Hotels and raising Cain generally. I have not carried any Drugs with me. Neither have I sat up at night to throttle the Animalculae when they came in through the Window to do me Dirt. How does it happen that I, who have taken no precautions, am Strong as an Ox and feeling Boss, while you, who have been making such an intelligent Warfare on the little Rascals, look as if you were ripe for a plain white Cot in the Ward for Incurables?"

"It seems," said the Sufferer, "that the pesky things show a Spirit of Retaliation. They get after the People who are trying to Investigate them."

MORAL—Never arouse a sleeping Germ.

Some men are so busy reforming everything in general that they haven't time to reform anything in particular.

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