

home, turns gloom into sunshine, and dispels darkness, doctors and the devil. "Laugh and grow fat" is as true as it is old. When William K. Vanderbilt went to Constantinople he one day visited Coquelin, the elder, to give a private recital on board his yacht. A few days later Coquelin received this account from the millionaire: For tears six times \$600; for laughter twelve times \$2,400. Kindly acknowledge the receipt of the enclosed check for the same. Making money was not the only thing W. K. understood. Vanderbilt wanted health, and he was willing to pay for that which would ensure it.

Now, I do not claim that laughter is a cure for every complaint, but it helps. It is greater as a preventative than a cure. I believe that the future triumph of medical science will consist, not in dispelling the germs of disease from the human system, but in preventing them from finding a lodgment there at ail. Mirth is a tonic rather than an antidote. To be able to cure a wound is commendable, but to prevent its infliction is eminently praiseworthy and vastly cheaper. My pill, therefore, will "purge melancholy," and melancholy once purged will leave behind it a "sound mind in a sound body."

In proof of my position, allow me to quote a few authorities. The Bible says: "Laughter doeth good like a medicine." Sterne contended that every laugh lengthens the term of our lives. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, after spilling buckets of medicine down people's throats—"Mirth is God's medicine." It is a pity that the doctor didn't know this when he was young—it would have saved many a "cultured" throat from a poisonous drug. The merry doctor with a kindly face has cured more patients than all the pills ever compounded. One physician was once sent for by another. "I am surprised you sent for me for such a trifling complaint." "It's not trifling either," said the ailing doctor, "for, by George, I have by mistake taken some