

# DEATH BEFORE 100 YEARS IS SUICIDE

Prof. Munyon Says Ignorance of Laws of Health Explains Early End of Life.

## NOTED SCIENTIST HAS ENCOURAGING WORD FOR DESPONDENT MEN AND WOMEN

"Death before 100 years of age has been reached is nothing more or less than a premature death," says Professor James M. Munyon, the famous Philadelphia health authority, who is establishing health headquarters in all the large cities of the world for the purpose of getting in direct touch with his thousands of converts.

Professor Munyon is a living embodiment of the cheerful creed he preaches. Vigor, well poised, active and energetic, he looks as though he would easily attain the century age limit which he declares is the normal one. He said:

"I want the people of the world to know my opinions on the subject of health, which are the fruit of a life-time devoted to healing the sick people of America. There isn't a building in this city big enough to house the people in this State alone who have found health through my methods. Before I get through there won't be a building big enough to house my cured patients in this city alone."

"I want, most of all, to talk to the sick people—the invalids, the discouraged ones, the victims of nerve-wearing, body-racking diseases and ailments—for these are the ones to whom the message of hope which I bear will bring the greatest blessing."

"I want to talk to the rheumatics, the sufferers from stomach trouble, the ones afflicted with that noxious disease, catarrh. I want to tell my story to the women who have become chronic invalids as a result of nervous troubles. I want to talk to the men who are 'all run down,' whose health has been broken by overwork, improper diet, late hours and other causes, and who feel the creeping clutch of serious, chronic illness."

"To these people I bring a story of hope. I can give them a promise of better things. I want to astonish them by showing the record of cures performed through my new system of treatment."

"I have taken the best of the ideas from all schools and embodied them in a new system of treatments individually adapted to each particular case. I have no 'sure all,' but my present method of attacking disease is the very best thought of modern science. The success which I have had with these treatments in this city and all over America proves its efficacy. Old methods must give way to new medical science moves. I know what my remedies are doing for humanity everywhere. I know what they will do for the people of this city. Let me prove my statements—that's all I ask."

The continuous stream of callers and mail that comes to Professor James M. Munyon at his laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa., keeps Dr. Munyon and his enormous corps of expert physicians busy.

Professor Munyon makes no charge for consultation or medical advice; not a penny to pay. Address Prof. J. M. Munyon, Munyon Laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

### When the Minister Scored.

In a contribution to the Christian Register, Thomas R. Slicer tells this: "Some men the other night, in conversation with me, knowing I was a minister—and it is the spirit of this time to put it up to a minister in terms at least of gentle satire—said: 'We have been discussing conscience,' and one of them said, I have given a definition of conscience; it is the vermiform appendix of the soul," and they laughed. And I said, 'That is a good definition in your case; you never know you have it until it hurts you. Then they did not laugh.'

### A Senate of Lawyers.

In the senate of the United States there are 61 lawyers, five bankers eight business men, four farmers, three journalists, two mine operators, one doctor and four members whose callings are not given. Of the four farmers, two are from the same state, South Carolina. They are Tillman and Smith. The lawyers clearly outnumber all others.

### Megaphones in Oil.

Robert Henri, the painter, was discussing in New York a very mediocre "old master" for which a Chicago promoter had paid an exorbitant sum.

"The man is content with his bargain," said Mr. Henri. "I'm sure of that. To a millionaire of that type, you know, an 'old master' is merely a megaphone for his money to talk through."

**Try For Breakfast—**  
Scramble two eggs. When nearly cooked, mix in about a half a cup of

**Post Toasties**  
and serve at once—seasoning to taste.

It's immense!

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Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,  
Battles Creek, Mich.

# BLACKFISH and the SALT SEA

BY L. DE B. HANDLEY  
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AMONG the gamiest of salt water fish and the one that affords great sport to the angler is the blackfish of eastern waters.

There are those who claim that salt water fishing lacks one of the essentials of true sport, there being no casting or other fine rod work to be done. They maintain, and not unjustly, that as much skill is needed to lure some of the fresh water varieties to the bait as to land them after a strike, and that one misses the keen battle of wit against instinct and natural wariness. All of which, while true, does not alter the fact that surroundings play an all-important part in the full enjoyment of a day's outing with rod and reel, a thing even the most enthusiastic angler would soon come to realize were it possible to catch the highly prized varieties from the unpicturesque docks along the water fronts of our cities.

There is inborn within all of us a keen love of the beautiful in nature and in the appeal made to it by the country into which we are taken lies much of the fascination of angling. We are stirred by the swish of the wind through the swaying trees, the murmur of the brook, the silence of the deep pool among the rocks, the placid lake, the fragrance and mystery of the wild woods.

And is not the sea every bit as fascinating? Indeed, once experienced, one never again escapes the subtle spell it weaves about one with its salt-laden breezes, its wonderful skies, the great body of water sparkling in the sunshine, the silvery beaches, rocky ledges and luxuriant green shores.

The blackfish inhabits localities that show the sea at its best and he is so game and crafty a fighter as to leave nothing to wish for on this score. It is not for nothing that he has won for himself the name of "bulldog of the sea." His large, powerful jaw is of iron, and he will dispute every inch of line, resorting to all manner of clever tricks in order to free himself. He is never caught until you have him safely in the boat and the skirmish between you will likely end in his getting away with the best part of your tackle unless your hand is skilled and your attention unwavering.

The blackfish is to be found along the shores of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Old fishermen claim that his appearance north of Rhode Island is comparatively of recent date. In days gone by, when the Indians roamed the territory at will, he had place among their choicest table delicacies and we are told that the Mohegans, who called him "tautog," held him in high esteem as a spring and fall food.

The name of blackfish, evidently due to the fish's color, is not a particularly fortunate one. Though the black is of a dark gray and mottled, the sides are decidedly lighter and the under part almost white.

The blackfish inhabits the vicinity of rocky ledges, reefs and rough bottoms and shows a decided preference for places where the tide runs swiftly. Here he will lie in ambush behind some sheltering rock and await the passage of shrimp and small crabs carried down by the tide. When he spies his prey he darts out with lightning rapidity, pounces upon it and darts back to cover. This predilection for tidal flues has won him the name of "tide runner" in certain localities. He is also found inside the sandy bays along the southern shores of Long Island and on the ocean banks of Sandy Hook. In fact, the largest specimens are to be caught in these localities, and this, added to a slight but noticeable difference of color between the rock and the sand catches, has led to the belief that there are two distinct varieties of blackfish, which is not the case. Only one exists.

Wondrous tales are told in the eastern fish market regarding the size of some of the blackfish brought in from the banks and there are those who will swear to having seen 50 pounders weighed. Like the majority of extraordinary fish stories they cannot be credited. No specimen tipping the scale even at 20 pounds is authentically on record, and ten pounders are considered a wonderful rarity. Men who fish constantly claim that the season's average shows a preponderance of two and three pounders, with a few five, six or even seven pounders to boast of. The number to be had depends a good deal on the locality, of course, but a string of 30 to 40 is by no means exceptional in the best waters.

New Yorkers are quite partial to blackfishing and regular excursion boats are frequently run to the banks with large parties on board. They generally return laden with spoils. Launches and sailboats are also used, and along the coast skiffs carry out many fishermen. On Saturdays and Sundays, from April until November there can be seen issuing from every harbor hundreds of little craft bound



LANDING A BIG ONE

for the haunts of the blackfish. Here they anchor and remain all day, seldom failing to land a good catch.

Small launches make the best means of conveyance, because they enable one to reach the likeliest ledges (those near shore are pretty well fished out) and because their shallow draft permits of their running safely into the rocky places inhabited by the fish. Sailboats are rather dangerous in this respect and it is no rare occurrence to see one hung up high and dry by the falling tide. Rowboats are very convenient for near-shore fishing, but rather risky. Squalls are likely to come up at any moment and make matters more than interesting to the fishers.

The blackfish is said never to desert his home waters and it is a fact that he never visits the rivers like do the salmon and the sturgeon to lay his spawn. At the advent of the cold weather he becomes torpid and goes into hibernation, not emerging again into life until spring. April marks the return of his appetite and fishermen time the period of his reappearance with the flowering of the dogwood. From then until November he can be caught, though there is a time in mid-summer, during the excessive heat, when he will only be tempted by the daintiest of delicacies. By September he is feeding voraciously again, however, so the slack season only lasts a few weeks.

The bait commonly used for blackfish is the soft-shell clam and the fiddler crab. Knowing anglers swear variously by shrimp, hermit crab, sandworm, hard clam and the tail-end of a chicken lobster as irresistible morsels when the fish are not biting well, but, as a rule, there is no necessity for special bait.

The securing of a soft-shell clam on the hook is a task that requires consummate skill. Wherever lives the blackfish is to be found also in great abundance the small fish called the bergail or cunner, and the bergail has a particular fondness for clams and fennish cleverness in separating them from a hook. While he is about it you feel a few gentle nibbles and then motion ceases. You pay no attention, of course, but after waiting vainly for a bite you decide to inspect the bait and find to your surprise that it is gone. The hook is picked as clean as a whistle. A motionless line, free from nibbles has come to indicate a baitless hook to the seeker of the blackfish.

The most effective way of checking the predatory instinct of the bergail is to bait with the entire clam, shell and all. This is done by inserting the hook into the protruding neck of the clam, twisting it around until it is firmly imbedded into the hard muscle of the bivalve and then cracking the shell lightly. Prepared this way the clam is easily taken into the big mouth of the blackfish, but presents an armored surface to the bergail which he attempts vainly to break through.

The vast majority of blackfish anglers being fishermen rather than sportsmen, and counting the day's enjoyment only from the standpoint of the catch, scruple not to minimize as much as possible the fish's chances of escape. They use heavy hand lines provided with two or three good hooks, and when a fish strikes it becomes merely a matter of hauling it in, hand over hand.

There are others, though, who have the right sporting blood and believe in equalizing matters so that skill will have to be brought into play. They use light rather than stiff poles, preferably of split bamboo, and bass lines.

The blackfish, being a bottom fish, it is necessary to anchor the line. This is done by securing a small sinker to the end. Above it are spliced two leaders a foot or so apart, each bearing a hook, the size of which depends on the individual's idea of what is proper. These ideas evidently vary greatly, for a wide range is seen. To the writer a 20 has seemed to best fill requirements. The double leader has been universally adopted owing to the changeable moods of the blackfish. They will often refuse absolutely to even look at fiddlers and pounce

greedily on clams, only to reverse a few hours later. It has therefore been found wisdom to offer them both baits at once.

Landing a blackfish with rod and reel is an interesting and exciting pastime. His dash for the bait is so sudden and his retreat so swift that one is often taken unawares. There are no warning nibbles, no quiet swimming off with the line. It is a case of grab and run for cover. Therefore must one be ever alert and stop him as soon as he bites. Luckily, there is no fear of his spitting out the bait; he seizes boldly and generally hooks himself fast. The danger lies in another direction—in his great strength and wonderful cunning. He has you both ways. If you stop him too suddenly he will throw all his weight on the line and snap it off before you know it; if you try to play him loosely he will dart behind some rock, snarl the line, and it will either snap or saw off when you try to free it. One must know one's business thoroughly to be successful and constantly on the qui vive. And even then accidents will occur. The wise fisherman always has extra tackle with him.

It is generally conceded that blackfish bite best on the rising tide and one cannot deny that exceptions prove the rule, but in more than one instance the writer has hauled in good strings on the ebb tide, and the largest catch he ever witnessed—in number, not in size—was made during the first three hours of a falling tide.

Weather conditions are said to influence the biting of blackfish. A well-known writer on game fish gives it as his opinion that ideal conditions are clouded skies and sufficient breeze to just ruffle the water without stirring it. The writer's experience and that of several of his angler friends has been that weather makes very little difference.

A common belief, in no way substantiated, is that blackfish have a keen sense of hearing. Novices are always cautioned to make as little noise as possible. It is also said that thunder so frightens the blackfish that they will cease from biting at the first peal; and to this is added the legend that after sharp crashes of lightning a number are to be found floating around on the surface dying or dead.

Not the least good point of the blackfish is his toothsome flesh. Fresh caught and cooked on the embers, he offers a morsel fit for the gods. The flesh is firm, savory and possessed of a delicious flavor. But, to the writer, the greatest charm in blackfishing lies in the beautiful nooks and enchanting little islands about his haunts where one can go ashore either for a few hours or, if the spirit moves, for several days of camping.

Nothing is more delightful than to idle away the time in such pleasant surroundings, fishing, bathing and boating. And the catch will not be wasted, for the blackfish is strong and hardy and will suffer no ill effects from being confined alive to a tank or small pool for a few days.

### A Telephone Bluff.

At 101st street and Broadway a man was talking into a telephone, says the New York Times. Presently he was heard to say:

"All right, I'll come. I am now at 23rd street and Broadway. I'll be up in about half an hour."

"That chap seems to have lost his bearings," said a man who had overheard the error in locality.

"He knows where he is, all right," said a drug clerk. "He's just putting up a bluff. It is quite a common bluff. Men who have a mighty regard for truth at all other times do not hesitate to tell a whopper over the telephone. I have heard persons swear over the wire that they were telephoning from points all the way from Hoboken to Amityville. They were not reascened liars, either; just wanted a few minutes' grace, apparently, and thought the easiest way to get it was to make out they were a mile or two further away than they really were."

### MEAN MAN.

"Now, John, if I were to die you would weep over me and tell everybody what a good wife I was."

"No, I wouldn't, believe me."

"Well, I would for you, just for decency's sake. And that shows I'm not half as mean as you are."

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### A Humane Man.

Elderly Countess—Catch this big fly, Johann, but do it carefully, and put him outdoors without injury.

Footman—It's raining outdoors, countess. Shall I give him an umbrella?—Mergendorfer Blaetter.

### Following the Simile.

"Life," said John W. Gates, valliant lover of conflict, "is a gamble."

And death? Why, death is the hazard of the die.

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**Another Grateful Woman.**  
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