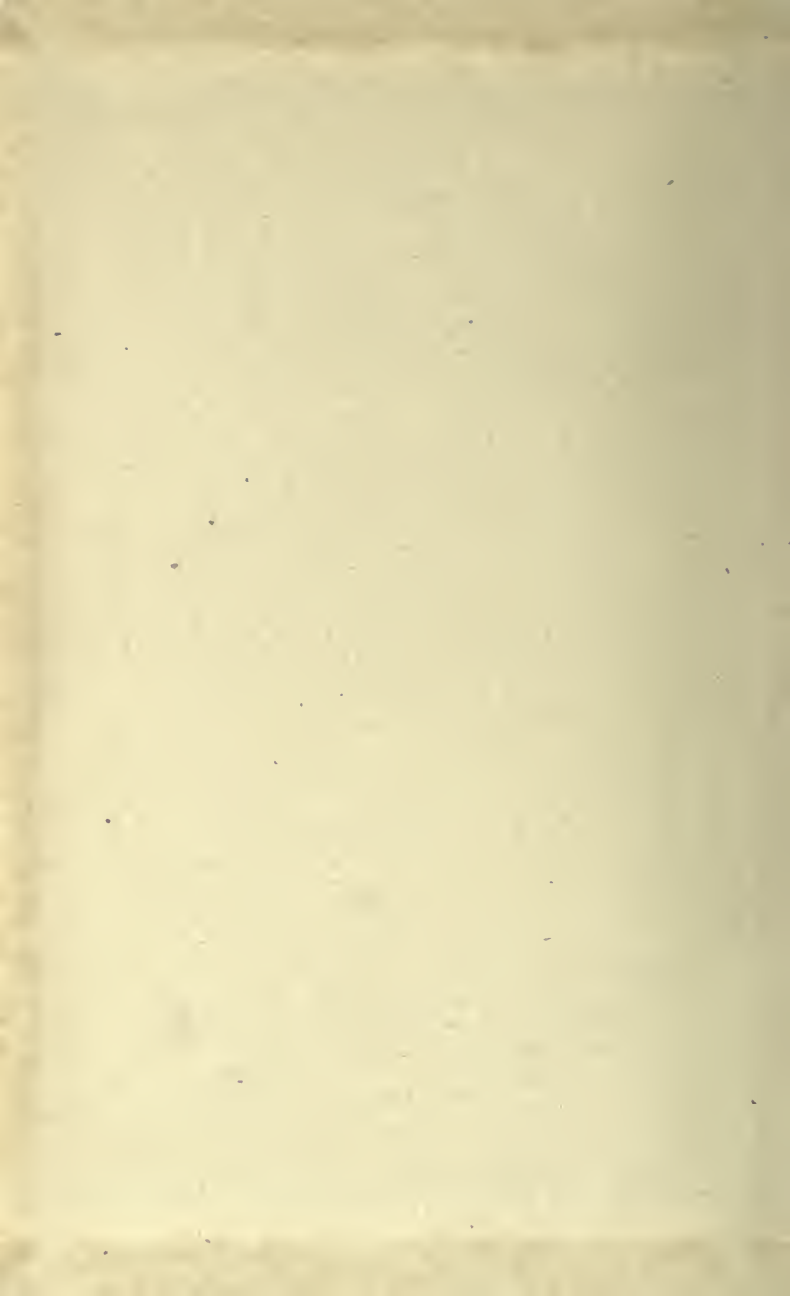


How to Live 100 Years

By
G. M. Lockwood



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J. H. Lockwood -



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HOW TO LIVE 100 YEARS

Dedicated to my best chum, comrade
and sweetheart, my wife

BY

G. H. LOCKWOOD

Editor of

"THE BILLY GOAT"



THIS IS MY DUTY

"To use what gifts I have as best I may;
To help some weaker brothers where I can;
To be as blameless at the close of day
As when the duties of the day began;
To do without complaint what must be done;
To grant my rival all that may be just;
To win through kindness all that may be won,
To fight with knightly valor when I must."

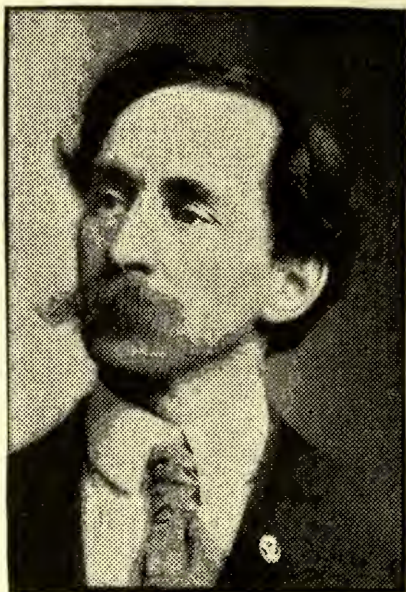
By S. E. KISER.



LOCKWOOD PUBLISHING CO.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

SBC



G. H. LOCKWOOD

A PERTINENT QUESTION

After reading the title, "How to Live One Hundred Years," you may feel a mental urge to ask the author if he expects to live that long.

I am going to reply candidly that I do not.

I will qualify this reply, however, with this statement, that had my parents and my teachers understood this problem of health as I now do, and taught me what I now know and have put in this book, I would then be reasonably certain, barring accident, that I would pass the one-hundred-mile post. The physical machine that I am now running had some very rough usage before I got sense enough to take care of it properly, and before I could have taken care of it, during the period of infancy it was probably injured even more.

Just recently on a warm and very pleasant day in mid October I was riding on a street-car. A young mother was on that car with her baby, perhaps two months old. She had the poor little fellow all wrapped up in a heavy woolen shawl which was drawn over its face and the corners carefully tucked in so that not one bit of fresh air could reach her precious darling. Every once in a while she would take a peep inside to see if it was alive—a very wise precaution, for I dare say that had she not done this, allowing a little fresh air to enter occasionally, that baby would have been smothered. I don't expect that child to live one hundred years, in fact, it will be a miracle if he passes thirty-five.

What I personally contend in this matter is this, that because of my present knowledge of how to live right I will be able to live many, many years longer than I otherwise would live had this knowledge not come to me—and this is all that I can offer to you. But we can make it possible for our children and our children's children to live their full allotted life, live it in possession of vigorous manhood and womanhood, live it in the joy that comes from health alone, which is more desirable than rubies and diamonds and fine gold.

G. H. LOCKWOOD.



Eat, drink, and be merry—and die tomorrow!

ENVIRONMENT;



The Individual Struggle For Supremacy

INTRODUCTORY

In spite of the fact that the Bible gives many accounts of people who lived to be far past the century mark, even Christians of this day are inclined to question the correctness of the statements.

In Genesis 5:5 we read: "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and he died."

Seth, Adam's first son, is recorded to have lived nine hundred and twelve years. Enos, Seth's son, lived nine hundred and five years, while Methuselah broke the record at nine hundred and sixty-nine years—whatever else may be said regarding the matter; he was certainly old enough to vote.

If you accept this record as authentic, the claim that I am making that the average life of the race today should be not less than one hundred years is indeed modest. But if you choose to question the matter of the Bible record and ask for some proof that is

more related to our own time, this can be furnished in abundance.

If no one had ever passed the one-hundred-mile post except in Bible history, there might be some ground for the skeptics to question my claim that men should live to that age. In an article in the November, 1912, issue of *Technical World Magazine*, by Dr. F. C. Walsh (read by the author after the manuscript for this book was in type), we find numerous modern instances of longevity cited.

Dr. Walsh states that in France alone there are over one hundred and fifty people each year who celebrate their one hundredth or more birthday. In Greece, he states, over fifteen hundred people are reported to reach annually the age of one hundred years. I am quoting directly from this article:

“There are conspicuous instances of individuals who have lived far beyond the century mark. Take the case of one Drakenberg, a Norwegian sailor who followed the seas for ninety-one years, and then, becoming tired of a sea-faring life, retired to a fishing village, where he stubbornly held on to life until he was a hundred and forty-six. In Hungary, a farmer named Pierre Zornay superintended his crops until he died at the age of one hundred and eighty-five. Thomas Parr, an English peasant, worked hard until he was a hundred and thirty, and then continued to live until he reached a hundred and fifty-two. This instance was vouched for by Dr. Harvey, the eminent discoverer of the circulation of the blood. He examined old Parr’s body after death, and could find no traces of any organic disease. Just there lies an important point. Scientific hopes are based on the fact that if we can escape the accidental diseases of life,

such as pneumonia and tuberculosis, and that by following a special course of régime planned for the sole purpose of arriving at a vigorous old age, there will be no reason to doubt that the average person will live to be a hundred, at the very least."

"Neither a wonderfully endowed constitution, nor heredity, explains such instances as that of Thomas Parr, though he left a son who attained the ripe age of one hundred and twenty-seven, retaining all his mental faculties to the end. *But environment and the same habits and mode of living would seem to count for more than anything else.* All through Europe, and particularly in eastern Europe, old couples are numerous, and the fact that two very old people attain old age together, even when their parents died young, eliminates the hereditary factor, and points very strongly to habit and dietary influence."

The statements above quoted strongly substantiate the claim of the author of this book that the race is committing suicide by living in an unhealthy environment and by disobedience to known laws of the physical organism, and that the average life of man should not be less than one hundred years, with "old age" passing close to the two-century mile post.

With such positive proof as this, is it not worth while, dear reader, that you take heed and give the ideas herein presented your most thoughtful consideration?

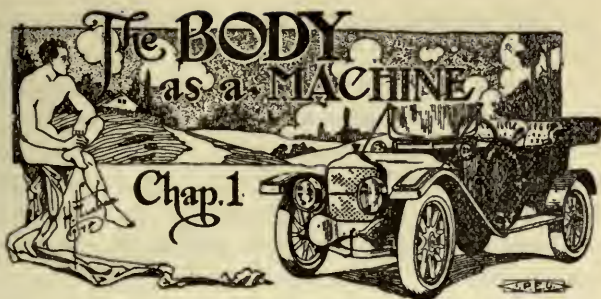
If life is at all worth while, the older one grows the more worth while it should become. Men should be in their prime, both physically and mentally, at from sixty to ninety years. Just think of the race of intellectual giants we would be if all these mature years beyond the miserable average stint of thirty-

five, as it now is, would be added to our lives. Just think of an Edison at ninety or one hundred years in the full possession of his mental faculties.

This idea that the "good" die young is foolish; it is the ignorant that die young, or at least it is through ignorance and a wrong environment that the race dies young; and it must be through intelligence and obedience to the physical laws of our being that the race will attain to its full stature of development and its full average years of life.

That there must be some decided *changes in the methods of living* in order to reach the desired goal is apparent. We certainly can't keep right on living the way we have been living, and not expect to keep on dying the way we have been dying. If some of the rules of health given herein seem drastic and startling, let it be known that the situation demands drastic and startling changes. The matter of adding sixty-five years to the average life of the race is no small proposition, and it is no joke; it is a possibility that should be made a reality, and it is the hope and the expectation of the author of this book that it will help to make this realization matter of immediate concern to all earnest men and women.





PART ONE

The human body is a wonderful machine.

If you have driven an automobile, you understand there are certain things you need to do in order to keep out of trouble: you must "feed" the engine properly, keep all the wearing parts tightened and lubricated, and exercise a reasonable amount of care not to overload your car or subject it to unnecessary strain. In other words, you must use good judgment, supplemented by knowledge and forethought, or else you will need a mule team occasionally to pull you back to town where some one has brains enough to fix up what your stupidity has put out of "whack."

Did you ever think of running your body like an automobile ought to be run? Did you ever take just a little time to study and understand the mechanism of the wonderful human body? Do you, right now, understand that it is necessary to run your body properly in order to keep it out of the repair shop—the doctor's office? And if you do realize this, do you understand how to do it? If you do, you are lucky. Millions of people do not understand even the first

principles of health and hygiene. They violate every law of their physical being every day they live. They go through life, part way through only, full of sickness, pain, and disease—all the result of their disobedience of the very simplest rules that any one may understand who will give the matter as much attention as is needed to understand and run an automobile.

Proof of broken laws is found in the thousands of human "repair shops" that are working overtime, all the time, trying to keep the human machines in motion. In order to understand properly any subject one must begin with fundamental principles. To know how to work the levers and steering apparatus of an automobile isn't all that is necessary,—almost any fool can do that,—but to know how to keep the levers and steering apparatus working is a "hoss of another color" requiring "inside information."

Even a baby can operate most of the "levers" of the body—he can kick and cry and use his hands to grip, and in a few short years is able to run and play and climb a tree, and has quite as much knowledge of his body as his father and mother, which, in the majority of cases, is very little. "Inside information" is generally entirely lacking.

Speaking of "inside information," this does not refer to "dissecting tables" or a "technical" knowledge of anatomy or the internal structure; it has reference to a general understanding of the principles involved in the feeding and operating of the human body, the most wonderful machine in all the world.

If the chauffeur puts water in his gasoline tank, what think you would be the result? If he puts sand

in his crank case instead of oil, what effect do you think it would have on the "life" of the machine? You easily appreciate the fact that an automobile needs proper food; that is, you do if you have ever run one.

Now an automobile, as compared with the human body, is a very simple and imperfect machine. An auto must have gasoline of a certain grade or it won't run at all. The human body needs a certain grade of food, but it is so wonderful that it will run a long time on improper food, with improper care; so wonderful that it can be abused and misused and treated in a most shameful manner, and still live. A fool can run a human body much longer than he can run an automobile—but there is a limit.

Perpetual motion has not yet been discovered.

Some people treat their bodies as if they thought they were machines built to run forever without any care or attention, but this is a mistake, the worst mistake that can be made. There is a "jumping off place," and the great majority of people are headed straight for it.

If the chauffeur hears a "squeak," he stops the engine and investigates. If he is a good chauffeur, he soon finds out what is wrong and rights the wrong. If he is just one of these kind that knows how to "pull the levers," he probably don't hear any "squeak"—all sounds are alike to him, and he puts on the "high speed" and soon the "squeak" is lost in the roar of the car as it shoots forward. But that don't cure the "squeak," and twenty miles ahead there is an awful jolt, and a "hurry-up" call is sent in for the ambulance.

Many a human chauffeur, when he hears a "squeak," refuses to pay any attention to it, puts on high speed and—soon after the undertaker writes it down in a little book, "To funeral expenses of High Speed Jones, Umpty um dollerines."

One of the first things a good chauffeur does is to learn the sound of his engine, to tell from the "feel" of his car whether it is working right. A good driver immediately fixes everything that is out of "whack." There is one thing sure: an automobile won't fix itself, but it will "fix" any one who refuses to attend to it properly, and fix 'em good and plenty.

This wonderful human machine, however, is very different from an automobile, for if let alone and the cause of the trouble is removed, it will fix itself.

But to remove the cause of the trouble—here is the rub.

A machine that is properly constructed is made so that the parts that have the most "wear and tear" are either stronger or else they can be easily replaced. If properly cared for, it never gets out of running order unless it meets with an outside accident.

It is the desire of automobile designers to construct a machine in accordance with the above theory; they are making good headway, but they never will be able to construct a machine that is "fool-proof."

Old Mother Nature, however, has actually done what the most skilled mechanics only dream of doing—she has built a physical machine that is absolutely perfect in the adjustment of its parts and, like the deacon's old one-horse shay, will run till it all goes to pieces, until every part is worn out; will run in good

condition for at least one hundred years, and then some.

There are just two ways to die properly—either from old age or from being hanged—and some of us question the latter. We think, in the first place, that a man should not do anything that would even suggest such a punishment, and in the second place, that no matter what a man does, such a punishment is not justified, so this leaves only one way to die properly.

Strange to say, however, while most people seem to want to live as long as they can, and many are afraid to die, very few go anywhere near the limit of longevity, not one in a thousand passes the one-hundred-mile post.

Why is it that so few people die of old age?

The answer is twofold: one is that society does not know how properly to take care of its component parts, and the other is that the individuals, the component parts, do not know how to take care of themselves.

A great many people are killed by accidents.

Where one person kills himself through accident, a thousand people are killed by society; the toll of the railroads alone amounts to many thousands each year; the mills and factories kill people like flies, and the mines are veritable morgues. That most accidents are preventable is a plain statement of fact. In nearly every instance the hand of Greed is the cause of the harvest of Death. Just how to take the hand of Greed from the throat of Society is another question not to be discussed in these articles.

Running, as he does, such a risk of being killed by

outside causes; taking his life in his hands, so to speak, every time he steps on board a railroad train or enters a shop or mine or factory, the individual should at least take proper precautions not to lose his life from "inside" causes wholly within the jurisdiction of the individual sphere of action.

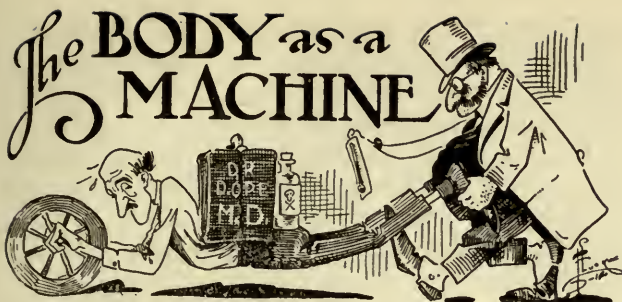
Even though society be a perfect organism, instead of just a beginning, a mere suggestion of what it ought to be; even though every safeguard against accident be applied, and every workshop made safe and sanitary, this would not necessarily mean that disease, sickness, and pain would be banished from the realm of the individual's internal anatomy.

The man who blames society for things that are the result of his own ignorance is playing the baby act. Society has enough to answer for without trying to make her responsible for your sins.

When something goes wrong, it is a common habit to pass the blame along to the "other fellow." A great many "blames" can be placed at the door of society, and that means the other fellow; but a great many more "blames," when it comes to the question of physical health, need not be passed along; they should properly lodge with the individual who is sick.

Health is the normal state. If your body is not well, there is some definite reason, some cause for your being diseased—out of ease, unwell, and in nine cases out of ten the removal of the cause will effect a cure.





CHAPTER I, PART II

Any machine to run properly must be clean, well oiled, with no parts out of adjustment. Any body to run smoothly, to obey the master mind with precision and despatch, must be likewise clean, well nourished and with no parts out of ease, or dis-eased.

A gasoline engine requires water, lubricating oil, gasoline, and air instead of food; these are vitalized into life by an electric spark. With a proper mixture of air and gasoline, proper lubrication, cooling, and a fat spark, an engine will run smoothly and continuously until the natural and unavoidable wear brings it to old age and decay. Let the lubricating oil give out and the cylinders are soon cut to pieces. Let the water give out and the engine soon becomes overheated. Let the gas or spark give out and the engine must inevitably stop. Feed too much lubricating oil and the engine becomes foul, soot accumulates in the cylinders and soon the spark plugs are covered and the engine misses its strokes and eventually stops. Feed too much or too little air and the engine will run unevenly and without power, if at all. The entire

mechanism requires careful adjustment and a proper regulation of its "food" supply; the result is a smooth, even, and powerful stroke of the piston that sends the wheels revolving with irresistible force.

The human body should be viewed as a machine, an instrument through which the soul manifests. The soul might be likened to the electric spark from the battery or magneto that supplies the life to the machine and vitalizes it into action.

Without proper food, clothing, and shelter this human body must get out of ease, or diseased. But food, clothing, and shelter are not all that the body needs; with all these things it can become diseased through the power of the mind, for it is a more delicate mechanism than the engine of steel, and it is responsive to more than mere physical substances. With a perfect adjustment of food, clothing, and shelter, and a wrong mental attitude this wonderful machine would soon be out of running order. The mind has the power to make the body sick or to keep the body well, for the mind can and must regulate not only the food, clothing, shelter, exercise, etc., but also the thought waves of health, disease, hope, fear, joy, sadness, anger, envy, despondency. All these varied vibrations play upon the sensitive body, quicken its different organs to action, cause the blood to rush to the brain, the heart, or the stomach, cause perspiration to come to the surface of the body, the face to flush, the feet to grow cold, or any of the various manifestations that come merely as a response to mental impulses.

If you can once get the proper viewpoint concerning your body, as a delicate mechanism which you are



Outdoor life the hope of health.

to run much as a machine, though a mechanism so wonderful that the most complicated machine that man has ever built is but a child's toy in comparison; that this body of yours must be cared for, fed, clothed, sheltered, and mentally nourished and directed along right channels of manifestation; you will find that if you have not perfect health there is some good reason for its lack.

In the rules I am going to give you I will present nothing new. For many centuries wise men have regulated their lives thereby, but the masses of the people have been slow to accept, though in recent years great progress is being made along proper lines.

The average man today uses the body as a means of physical gratification of the appetite and "lusts of the flesh"; a great feast is his ideal of a "good time," and not a few think they are having a good time when they have paralyzed the brain with intoxicating drink and descended to a plane lower than the beast. All manner of poisons are used to lull the body into a state of partial paralysis—tobacco, opium, morphine—millions of dollars are spent in their production, and millions of lives are made waste by their use.

In spite of the fact that we call this a civilized age, it is in reality far from a state of high mental unfoldment; the race still lives to eat, instead of eating to live. Intellectually the race is but a babe in swaddling clothes, we have much to learn concerning the simplest laws of health.

Look at the situation: hundreds of thousands of books have been written about diseases and how to cure them; thousands of colleges and medical schools

are busy educating hundreds of thousands of men to cure disease; there is a drug store on every corner and a doctor's office in every business block, and a generous spattering of them in the residence districts; and still we are a nation of invalids. Nearly every man or woman you meet has an ache or a pain or a cough or a limp or a something-with-a-long-name-to-it the matter with him or her. Death walks boldly throughout the length and breadth of the land, his keen sickle ever red with the life-blood of countless victims—victims of ignorance and wrong methods of living.

A candid observer is forced to conclude that if it is really the business of doctors to cure disease, they are not making much headway; in fact, they are not keeping up with the procession, lame, halt and blind as it is.

The plain fact is that the doctor's "business" is not to cure disease, but to "doctor" it—and the unavoidable conclusion from this is that if people want to get well and stay well, it is about time they were understanding, not medicine, but the laws of health and hygiene. Once let right living walk in at the front door and the dope bottles will soon be found at the rear on the garbage heap—where they belong.

An ounce of prevention is worth a hundred weight of cure.

Did you ever stop and think, what would become of the physicians and hospitals and sanitariums and drug stores and undertakers, if an epidemic of health would sweep over this country? Did you ever stop to think that under the present industrial order it is to the

immediate financial interest of a great many people that sickness and ill health continue?

When you have thought this all out it will be a matter of wonder to you, as it is to me, that so many doctors and nurses are actuated by the highest motives. And even when it comes to the venders of patent medicines and drugs, few of them free from the worst of poisons, you must remember that self preservation is the first law of physical life, and that the race is still groping its way towards the light.

Neither wonder that the true laws of health are not given to the world, only through obscure sources, reaching as yet but a few people, and actually taking effect upon a few of the few that are reached. It is so much easier to follow the crowd, to eat, drink and be merry,—and die tomorrow, than to live the life of abstinence, the life of the soul instead of the life of the body.

Think these matters all over carefully for in what follows I have some simple rules of health for you that if you will observe them, will not only greatly lengthen the years of your physical life, but will make the mind supreme over the body and give the soul an instrument through which it can manifest with power and effect.





CHAPTER II

Before continuing this article I wish to again make clear that I shall expound no new theories, neither do I expect or desire that you, dear reader, will consider what I have to say as in any way authoritative, or to be followed merely because you have seen it here written.

They say, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison." I believe it to be true. We are undoubtedly made out of the same kind of soul stuff but in different degrees of development or unfoldment, and this pertains to the body as well as to the mind and soul.

The body is nourished by food, the mind by education, and the soul by aspiration, and these later in turn react upon the body, for, as a temple of the living soul, it is subject to mental and spiritual as well as physical laws. In the evolution or growth of the mind, the education that is needed at one time is not needed at another. The nursery tales that are used to kindle the imagination of childhood are

not the kind of mental pabulum that should nourish the mind in adult manhood. The aspirations of youth are not the outreachings of the full-grown man. The food that is used to nourish the body in its infancy is not necessarily the best for after years; we all started out on a milk diet, few would maintain that this is the proper food for the adult.

Now, let us see if we cannot get at this in an analytical way. Continuing our figure about the engine, the body, or human engine, is fed by three things: air, water, and vegetable growth, the latter term embracing fruits, nuts, and all manner of edible plants, cereals, etc.

By far the most important is air. The body can go for sixty or even ninety days without food, for many days without water, but, in its normal state, it cannot live for five minutes without air.

The blood is vitalized by passing through the lungs and coming in contact with the air; the more air, the fresher and purer the air, the more vitality. One cannot be healthy unless one breathes deeply, and breathes pure air. To live in small stuffy rooms with closed windows, especially to sleep in such rooms at night, is to commit suicide; the method may be slow but it is a sure one.

To live in a large city surrounded by smoke and dust, and often the nauseating stench of a "packing house," is to at once begin to weaken the physical body by impoverishing its main food which is pure air. You may not be able to move from the city, you may be compelled to breathe air unfit for the lungs, for you must breathe wherever you are—but

you can, in a measure, make up something of what you have lost by frequent excursions out into the open, the parks, the lake fronts, and the outskirts of the city where the air is pure and where you can fill your lungs, over and over, with new life that will send your blood tingling through your body carrying vitality to every organ.

Even though your environment is not a healthful one you can avoid much that is bad and find much that is good, and, through a knowledge of the laws of health, you can prolong your life many years.

The first law is deep breathing. To observe this law you must often use the full capacity of your lungs. Ordinarily but a small amount of lung space is used. Some people breathe in little short gasps that never half fill the lungs, in fact, normal breathing uses but a part of the lung capacity, the larger that part the better. It is easy to increase the amount of air used if one will give but a little attention to the matter. But in addition to increasing the normal breathing not a single day should pass without bringing the full power of the lungs into play. A short brisk run will do this nicely. You can accomplish the same result with a brisk walk, holding your breath as long as you can, and then taking in as much air as you can afterwards. Do this several times until every inch of your lungs is filled with air, and be sure this air is pure; go miles after it if necessary.

Avoid dusty places, walk on the windward side of the street. Hold your breath when you see a cloud of dust coming your way, in riding this is often desirable when passing other vehicles that raise the

dust. A little original thought applied to your own environment will help you to get the idea. If you live in a large city you are under some disadvantages, but it is better even to live in a large city and carefully observe known rules of health than to live in the country and violate them. The fact that pure air is all around you is no evidence that you are taking enough into your lungs to properly vitalize your blood.

The nose is the organ through which air should be taken into the lungs. Nature has graciously arranged so that, in case of emergency, the mouth may also be used, but it is not to be habitually used. If you are breathing through your mouth you are breathing wrong—quit it. Nature has purposely fitted the nose to receive the air, to filter it, and to protect the lungs as far as possible from impurities, both by its physical construction and its sense of smell.

One more thing about breathing; the clothing must not in any way interfere with the free expansion of the lungs. Deep breathing is abdominal breathing—nothing must restrict the waist. The logic of this is irresistible; the corset is a curse to the human race, one of the greatest curses of the age. By restricting the normal action of the lungs it strikes a blow at the very heart. It deforms the normal human body and is consequently a blow to art. This is not prejudice, but every word can be substantiated by positive proof, though this article is not the place to present it.

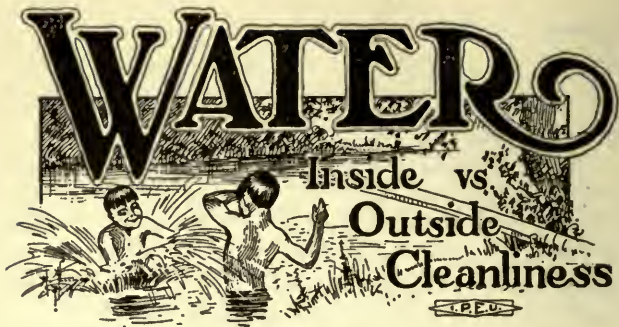
Consider this seriously, you positively cannot be healthy unless you breathe properly and copiously; it is the first rule of health—the most important—the easiest to observe. Cultivate at once the habit of deep

breathing and of often filling your lungs to the limit of their capacity. And the beauty of it is that it costs you nothing but effort, the price you must pay for everything worth while.

No matter what your aim or purpose in life, see to it that you are a strong, healthy, physical animal. The brain is nourished by blood, the blood is vitalized by air. When the body is in normal working order it is the real agent of the mind and all its powers are available for effort in any directed line of activity. You might be sickly, diseased, or an invalid and succeed, but you would succeed in spite of these disabilities, not because of them, and no one would be so foolish as to think that they are aids to success. I am sure you will see that it is very desirable to have the body in strong, normal working order, and this is possible only when you breathe properly.



Life's pathway is strewn with physical wrecks, the victims of bad habits and a bad environment in early life.



CHAPTER III

Next to pure air, pure water or water with no harmful ingredients or infusions in it, is important.

It has been demonstrated that the body can live without injury at least 90 days without solid or liquid food, but it can not live without injury twenty-four hours without water.

Some people like to disguise their water before drinking it by mixing it with rotten hops and barley, and in other ways too numerous to mention. It is better to drink lots of water this way than not at all, but for all that it isn't the right way, and the foreign matter in such adulterated water is usually harmful.

Fact is, you can't improve on Nature; she furnishes just the right kind of drink in its natural state, and you should use it that way and use it frequently and liberally and without fear of any harmful consequences.

I am reminded of a life story told me by an invalid. When she was a little girl, she read about some people who were out on the desert and who died from want of water. This story so impressed her child mind that

she resolved to try and live on just as little water as she could, so in case of a like emergency she would be prepared to go without it. She constantly denied herself this great essential of physical health, and became a chronic invalid. Not infrequently a mistaken idea like that will ruin a human life.

If you want an absolutely safe rule, here it is: Drink lots of water, and drink nothing else.

I consider it unnecessary to demonstrate that the drinking of alcoholic beverages is harmful to the human organism. Any drink that has the power to dethrone man's reason and make a maudling idiot or a raving maniac of him, is certainly not a good thing, nor can he indulge in such a drink even "moderately" without moderate injury, in proportion to the indulgence.

I once belonged to the temperance crusaders, a bunch of people who were very sincere in trying to cure other people's bad habits, and not conscious that they themselves had habits, almost if not quite as bad, that needed curing. The constant use of tea and coffee may be more harmful to the physical organism of the user than an occasional glass of beer or a highball. Although such drinks as coffee and tea do not fill one with a desire to go home and beat the brains out of one's children, or commit other acts of violence, nevertheless they have their positively injurious effects on the body and mind.

You may think coffee is not harmful; that will be natural to a coffee drinker. You will perhaps say, "I don't feel good without my cup of coffee each morning,"—neither does the alcohol victim feel good with-

out his dram, nor the morphine fiend feel good without his "shot," but that's no argument for whisky and morphine—nor will it hold for coffee either.

One never fully appreciates the effect of coffee on the body until one has taken the trouble to eliminate caffeine entirely from the system and then makes an experiment. The writer once made this experiment as follows: Years ago my wife had typhoid fever, a very severe case of it that required a constant watch by her bedside. Towards the end of this trying period after I had lost sleep for weeks, in fact had no chance for regular sleep, I found nature would assert herself and close my eyes when I was taking care of the patient. I was in danger of falling asleep at a most critical stage of her sickness. I had heard that coffee would keep people awake, and so I took a cupful one evening. I shall never forget the effect of that cup of coffee; it kept me awake, to be sure, but it made me very sick. I could actually "taste" that coffee out in the ends of my fingers, and feel its effect all over my body. Under my severe physical strain I perhaps felt this more than I would in a normal state, but it was conclusive proof to me that such stuff is not good for the human body.

(This is no ad for "Boostum." You may be "posted" on this subject; if not, don't try to cure one bad habit by getting into another one. I would not take the position here that these manufactured "excuses" for coffee are as harmful as coffee; for people strongly addicted to the coffee habit they might be an easy way of getting rid of it. I say "might"; I don't know; personally, I have no use for them.)

There are drinks besides water that are pleasant and helpful, such as are made from pure fruit juices—lemonade, orangeade, sweet cider, fresh grape juice, etc., a good plan is to make these yourself.

A very strengthening and satisfactory drink can be made by simply soaking oatmeal in water. It is good for workmen on hot days, and as we all ought to be workmen, it ought to be good for all of us.

As for bathing, it is a shame that our present civilization, so-called, pays so little attention to this part of social life; I say "social life," for I believe that there will come a time when the great public baths will be a general meeting-place for the people. "Society" gathers now at some seacoast and enjoys the daily plunge and promenade on the beach, but the working people stay at home and swelter through the hot summer days, cooped up in their little box-like homes (?) without even the convenience of a bathtub.

Is it natural for people to swim? Ask the first kid you meet if there is a swimming hole any place about; if there is one within five miles he will tell you, for he has been there. On investigation you may find the place to be some mud hole, but it beats nothing at all, at least so reasons the kid. I have seen the news-boys jump in the fountain in the public square at Cleveland, Ohio, jump in with their clothes on, and jump out and skedaddle as soon as a copper hove in sight. The normal boy is crazy about swimming, and there should be a good big clean proper safe place for every boy to swim in, and as we are all children grown up, this place should have room for the entire community.

Swimming is not only a cleansing process, but a healthful and natural exercise, one of the best, and it's a shame that so many have been and are being denied a chance to enjoy this great sport.

From the standpoint of cleanliness meat eaters should bathe very often. Vegetarians who live on clean food also need to bathe frequently, but their bodies will not be offensive even if the opportunity for bathing is very limited.

There is such a thing as taking too many hot-water baths, though few people ever hurt themselves in this way. There are not a few people, however, who "wash the outside of the cup" with great frequency and unction, but who are "full of dead men's bones" inside and all manner of uncleanness. Personally, I'd rather be dirty outside and clean inside—it's more important; but it's better to be clean both inside and outside.



FOOD;



WHAT Shall we Eat,
HOW Shall we Eat,
WHEN Shall we Eat?

CHAPTER IV

From an economic standpoint there is no greater question before the world today than this question of food.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to discuss the problem of raising and distributing food so that all people will have a sufficiency, but to discuss the matter from the standpoint of the individual with regard to physical health and longevity.

On the question of "What shall we eat?" different nationalities would supply different answers, largely governed by climatic and geographical locality. It is manifestly true that the food necessary to sustain physical life in the extreme north could not be the same as that consumed in the tropical regions, even though it were desirable to have it so. It is scientifically demonstrable that the human machine, subject to an extreme temperature of either heat or cold, is materially affected in the region of the fuel storage tank.

Briefly, the colder the climatic conditions, the more fat or oil is needed to supply heat. It is stated that in the extreme north, common machine oil is consumed with a relish, fat or oil is not only a luxury there, but an absolute necessity. While to eat a tallow candle in the extreme north is to enjoy a treat, to eat one in

the extreme south, would certainly be nauseating, and almost an impossible gastronomic feat.

I do not know whether the experiment has been tried, but in all probabilities the vegetarian, or frutitarian would find it difficult to survive the rigor of an extremely cold temperature, though the oily nature of nuts might suffice for a time. The argument of our fruit and nut-eating friends in this particular would probably be that for people who live in a climate beyond the limits of the normal human habitat, an abnormal diet might be excusable.

Taking a broad survey of the world, it will be found that different people under different circumstances consume as food a great variety of things, ranging from bugs, snakes, and bird's nests, through the animal kingdom, not excluding human flesh, to vegetables, fruits and nuts. Getting at the original source of things some people actually eat dirt.

That the necessity of eating has, in many instances, forced both individuals and entire races to adopt certain things for food, that are not really desirable as food, will be accepted by students of economics without argument. That appetite may be cultivated for undesirable things misnamed food, is also a truism.

That the question "What shall we eat?" up to the present time, has been largely superceded by the question "What can we get to eat?" seems equally true to the author. If true, it goes to show that habits of eating have been acquired by other than natural longings of the normal appetite, and this thought carried to a logical conclusion will easily account for the many

abnormal habits and appetites that are the heritage of the average mortal today.

Having acquired wrong habits, through necessity, these habits, like all habits, have become more or less fixed, after the necessity has gone the habits have remained. To those who understand how very many things we think and do, just because of custom and inherited environment, it will not be difficult to understand that very little actual attention has been given to properly answering this very important question "What shall we eat?" Most people eat what their parents have taught them to eat, or what their environment permits them to eat. Some people even try to make a social distinction between themselves and what they are pleased to term "the common herd" by what they eat. History has recorded banquets where humming bird wings have been served, and all manner of peculiar foods have been manufactured from Nature's store house by skilled cooks and caterers.

Both poverty and riches have served to give a wrong answer to this question "What shall we eat?"—the one compelling people to eat what is not proper for food, and the other impelling people to eat what is equally improper.

The true answer, may I make bold to suggest, must come from an actual knowledge of the kind of food best adapted to build up and sustain the life energy and physical requirements of the human body—considered, not as a medium for the gratification of appetite, but as a machine, to be kept in good running order.

That this answer will be gained through actual ex-

periment, not theorizing, is a sensible view of the matter—and that these experiments must be largely personal, and can be conducted by any individual sufficiently interested, is unquestionably so.

While the combined results of numerous individual experiments is desirable, to form a general conclusion, yet this proposition may be stated with scientific certainty—every human body is governed by certain fixed laws that are always operative in a like manner under like circumstances. To explain—two persons may be very differently affected by taking the same substance into the human organism. Supposing this substance to be morphine, one may be killed instantly, while another may seem even to be temporarily benefitted. The difference is not in organic structure, but merely in an acquired habit or a developed appetite. By gradually taking poison, one may prepare one's system for larger and yet larger quantities, until one can eat with seeming immunity, enough poison to kill a dozen people. But everyone can become accustomed to eating even poison and live—for a while, at least.

The above is not a proof that poison is a good thing to eat—it is merely a proof that old Nature fights a mighty battle to sustain the life of the physical body against the ignorance and abnormal appetites of its inhabitant. For all that, the fight is bound to be a losing one in the end, no one can take poison and not sooner or later suffer the inevitable consequences of disobedience to natural laws.

You may, perhaps, be shocked to know that most people are eating more or less poison all the time. In other words, they are taking into their physical or-



Eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around.

ganism either as food, or else for the gratification of acquired appetite, certain substances that not only do not build up the tissue or supply life energy, but actually tear down and destroy, and prepare the body for premature death and decay.

Granted, that a normal appetite will select food that is perfectly adapted to sustain the animal organism, we, as so called civilized people have long since passed the point where our appetites can be said to be natural or normal—and we must solve this problem of “What shall we eat?” if we want to solve it with a view to perpetuating the life of the physical body for the longest possible time, on the basis of analysis and experiment, and with a view to cultivating a normal appetite, regardless of the cravings and longings of our present abnormal appetites, the results of long years of acquired habits, mostly bad.

To claim, now, that because you like a thing it is good for you to eat it, would be to discard reason and acknowledge yourself the slave of appetite alone. Whether it is good or not good for you, depends not on your liking, but on the actual effect upon your physical organism with reference to sustaining its energy and longevity.

The whiskey toper likes his dram; the drug fiend likes his poison; the opium smoker likes his pipe; and these likes may be no different from your likes except in degree of injury resulting from their gratification.

The answer to this question “What shall we eat?” is really very brief, and some may think that the writer is joking when he gives it, but I assure you that it is no joking matter. The answer is—“FOOD”.

The fact is, that a great many things are eaten and drank, swallowed, guzzled and bolted, that are not food—and all that is not food is really poison, and, strange though it may appear on the mere statement, food itself may be poison if not properly eaten, or if eaten in improper quantities.

Food is required by the human organism to supply energy and perpetuate its life. There is no really pure food known in nature. In other words there is always a portion of what is taken in the system as food that has to be discarded as waste, matter that cannot be assimilated.

Food can properly be classed under good food, poor food, bad food, and poison, this classification also includes drinks.

The food that can be most easily assimilated, and will supply the most energy without injury to the organism, thus perpetuating its longevity, is the best food. Food from which the life-giving elements may be easily separated and the refuse easily eliminated from the system is good food.

Food that contains little life-giving force and much refuse and is not easily assimilated or expurged is poor food. Matter that contains no life-giving energy and elements that are harmful, is poison.

To answer this question "What shall we eat?" I say, considering climatic and other conditions normal, a simple fruit and vegetable diet with milk or pure water.

Any pandering to the appetite means suicide—long-drawn out, and often most excruciatingly painful. A healthy, normal appetite will enjoy normal food,

the very greatest enjoyment so results, but when one feeds one's appetite without care or regard to the actual requirements of the body, simply lives to eat, instead of eating to live, such a one is not going to live nearly as long as he ought to live; nor is he going to enjoy the time he does live nearly so well as the one who has learned the lesson that the body is like a machine, to be supplied with the things it really needs, and not to be insulted by stuffing into it a lot of things that it does not need, and that are a positive burden and injury to its normal manifestation.

And now I hear many of you who have just read the foregoing ask "Why don't you tell us just what to eat?"

I have! I'll repeat it:

Eat sparingly of raw fruits and nuts, natural sweets, such as honey, etc., drink milk, slowly, and you will have supplied your physical organism with the very best food, from which it can subtract the most vital energy with the least amount of energy expended in eliminating the waste.

And now that I have answered this question, to my own satisfaction, at least, and after I have given several years to experimenting, I will not ask you to accept this answer, only in the good faith that it is given you. There is nothing like a personal demonstration, I am confident that if you make this personal demonstration, and make it with a sincere desire to adjust your physical body to the laws of its being, willing to eliminate all that pertains to acquired appetite, and to live normally, (and if you continue the experiment long enough to allow your organism to

adjust itself to your new mode of living, not less than a month, at least,) you will find that my answer is rational, sensible, and conclusive—and you will also find that your new mode of living will give you more life, at a cheaper cost than the old. Your longing for the flesh pots will gradually be replaced by a sense of gratification that you are living in a clean, strong, vigorous body, free from aches and pains and disease. Though it may take you much longer than a month to demonstrate all this, the demonstration is possible. Nature is wonderfully kind and even after years and years of abuse and wrong life she will partly make right old wrongs and repair injuries.

If you are not willing to live right you do not deserve to feel right—nor will you ever free yourself from disease until you learn the lesson that old mother nature has for so many centuries been trying to teach you and your forebears, who have largely made you what you are.

As to the question, "How shall we eat?" the answer is brief. Eat slowly, masticating well before swallowing, also drink slowly, especially milk, mixing same with saliva.

As to "When shall we eat?" here is the rub.

Cultivated habit answers, "Whenever one has a chance." This spells gluttony. No matter how good the food you eat, too much of it is bad. Once the body is supplied with the nourishment it requires, all else that you add is simply waste—and waste that must be eliminated by using the vital energy that should be used for other purposes.

Very briefly and shockingly stated, many people

are simply walking garbage cans. They keep their hides so stuffed with food that the better part of the energy of the body is consumed in eliminating the surplus. Every organ is loaded with effete matter to the point of breaking down, and disease is the logical and inevitable result—they simply dig their graves with their teeth.

Too much good food is far worse than a reasonable amount of bad food. The system is able to take care of considerable waste effectively, but no body can be used as a continual dumping ground for food, be it good, bad or indifferent, and not be injured thereby.

Most people eat too much. It is very easy to acquire the habit of over-eating. It is not easy to correct this habit, for a diseased appetite craves food all the time, this craving is itself an evidence of its diseased condition. And often from the superabundance of the food put in the stomach the body is actually starved for lack of proper nourishment. That old saying, often jokingly applied to some person, that "he eats so much that it makes him poor to carry it around," is often a fact. Every dyspeptic is a proof that it is not what the body takes in that helps it, but what it is able to assimilate into life energy.

Every particle of food taken into the system that is not assimilated, allowing a reasonable amount for normal waste, is a clog and detriment to the body, a cause of weakness, disease, premature old age and death. Most of you will be much surprised when you actually learn, by demonstration if you will, how very little good food is needed to supply your body with an abundance of life force and physical energy.

I recently made a lecture date in an automobile. The road was heavy after a hard rain, and in addition we encountered about two miles of fresh gravel. After making the trip of over twenty miles, and back, thinking that the hard roads had consumed considerable gasoline, I opened the tank to add five more gallons—I found, however, that not much over three gallons had been consumed. Three gallons of liquid to push a car weighing twenty-six hundred pounds, and with an additional load of four grown people, through the mud and wet sand and new gravel over forty miles of road. This is what a machine of man's construction can do, a machine that is not nearly so wonderful as the machine that you and I are driving every day, our bodies that are much better adapted than a gas engine, to manufacture vital energy from their food supply.

For most people two meals a day—light ones of fruit, nuts, and milk—are enough. A great many can live even better on one meal, and a very light lunch at supper time.

The man who works at hard physical labor may need more; it all depends on the amount of energy expended, how much must be replaced. But it is safe to say that nine people out of ten overeat all the time, and the tenth one part of the time.

It is no easy thing to conquer the abnormal appetite that is the heritage of the ages of wrong living, return to nature's food,—which is raw,—and learn to live right. But it is very much worth while, for it means abundant life and health, clear mental vision, and a sense of cleanliness and at-one-ness with old Mother

Nature that can only come to those who are willing to "live the life."

And now in conclusion, ask the toper to give up his dram. He has a thousand excuses and reasons why he should not comply; his case, as he sees himself, is invariably an exception to the rule, and he really prefers to keep right on tipping. I am not asking you to give up a single meal or a mouthful. When the conviction comes to you that you should do this and live for the sake of expressing your life in the terms of mental aspiration and moral as well as physical growth and unfoldment; then you will seek to know the laws of your physical being and obey. Until that time remember this: never were truer words spoken or written—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap".

A FRANK ADMISSION

And right here I am willing to confess that I am perhaps what might be called an extremist, and that an exclusive diet of raw food, or even vegetarian, is not absolutely necessary to health. I have found it works fine in my own case, and feel sure that most people who are willing to make the personal demonstration will find that after a month's trial they are able to live nicely on such food, and enjoy it. At first, I seemed to have very little to eat, that is, little variety to choose from. But I have come to see that with fruits and nuts and good milk, honey, etc., I have a great plenty, and that one does not need to eat very many things to satisfy one's hunger and one's physical

needs. I do not eat many vegetables; tomatoes, celery, etc., taste good to me, and I find I have cultivated an appetite for raw carrots that I believe are very good food. I tried fresh sweetcorn, and must confess that I like it cooked on the cob better than raw, though my normal appetite may some day return in full, and I may find that I can eat raw corn with relish—I can't do it now.

I do know that many foods are better raw than cooked, but there are other foods that may be improved with cooking. These foods, in my judgment, are not so good as those that are best raw, and that is why I am selecting these raw foods, and I feel well satisfied with the selection. Though this experiment with me at this writing has only covered about six months, it has enabled me to add twelve pounds to my weight over any point I have previously reached, for many years back. My muscles are firm and I feel full of vital force and in perfect health, and that is the way I want to feel.

Occasionally I am out on a lecture trip, or am invited out to dine. Then I go back to my ordinary vegetarian cooked diet. (I never eat meat, no matter where I am.) I find, however, that I can note the effect of even one ordinary meal, that I feel sluggish and—well it does not agree with me as does my raw food and I am glad to get back to my peaches and cream and honey. The fact is, I can't think of anything that sounds better than peaches and cream and honey, or that tastes better either.

And it's so simple to prepare, and so cleanly. I get my own meals, and when I'm through I wrap the

waste up in a paper, and there is just a knife, fork, and spoon, one dish and a glass to wash, and they are not greasy or dirty in the ordinary sense; a little cold water rinses them off quickly. How nicely does this fit in with the ideal of Robert Blatchford, the great English writer—"opulence of mind and frugality of body".





CHAPTER V

Next to food, clothing is of importance, or at least so considered by civilized races.

That this idea of clothing has been carried to an extreme can not be questioned by serious-minded people—in fact, it has been carried to an absurdity.

The savage wears a stick in his nose (and you may notice I said *his* deliberately) or a feather in his hair; other things are considered secondary in importance, if worn at all. The first idea of clothing was undoubtedly for ornament, and the idea has been a sticker for even unto this day the main idea of clothing centers around this word "ornament," though goodness knows that some of the duds people wear are far from ornamental.

As the necessity for enlarged territory urged the people from the warmer regions, the idea of clothing as protection obtained, but the idea of ornament also remained, and today the two are practically inseparable. Inasmuch, however, as ornament is not necessary to the life of the body, and protection in the severe climates is essential, logically, protection is of more importance.

In clothing the body the first thing to be considered is that every limb and muscle be left to act freely and without restraint. The next thing of importance is, that the clothing be evenly distributed, not thick in one place and thin in another. The nearest approach to the natural covering of the skin itself is logically the sensible idea of the matter, and in accord with nature's plan. It is likewise desirable that the covering be as light as possible, just adding to nature enough to counterbalance the climatic needs. Having complied with the above requirements the matter of beauty or ornament may be properly considered—and not before.

And another matter must also be considered, clothing must be ventilated to be healthful. The body needs air, and the more of it that is exposed and hardened to the elements the better, in spite of the dictates of Fashion and modern customs to the contrary.

Now let me ask you, dear reader, if the clothing you and your fellows wear will pass the test?

Has the clothing of the human race, up to this time, been constructed with a definite purpose of aiding nature by added protection to perpetuate the life of the body? Or has it simply come from an elaboration of the idea of ornamentation? No doubt, sheer necessity has required covering of some kind, whether ornamental or not, but the simple answer is that very little attention has been given to constructing garments that are properly adapted to protect the body, and still allow it perfect freedom.

One thing that today mitigates against this more than any other is the dictates of Fashion, whose other



name is Mammon, for the real purpose of the constantly changing styles is grossly commercial, though few of the walking clothes-racks know it.

Fashion does not change the styles in accordance with any rational law of adaptation of beauty. Her

creations are more often hideous and harmful than they are beautiful and comfortable.

Just how this old hag, Fashion, has held her sway over the world for so long a period is a story for the psychologist to tell, and in the telling will be unravelled the cunning designs of Greed, in partnership with Death.

Had this she-wolf, Fashion, been content with merely changing the garb that mortals wear, our censure would not be so severe, but she has had the audacity to attempt to change the physical form that the Great Creator himself has designed.

Not contented with putting the human foot in a tightly enclosed and unventilated leather box, she has insisted that the foot should be made to conform to the box, and not the box to the foot. And still not content—she has made the body conform to the box, by placing from a half to two inches under the heel of the foot, and thus throwing the entire body out of poise and necessitating that every muscle be strained to readapt itself to the unnatural position.

Not content with torturing the poor feet of her modern devotees, she has gripped the very vitals of the mothers of the race and condemned her victims to lives of barrenness, pain, and disease. To know the enormity of this crime, it has been estimated that over \$300,000,000 are spent annually for corsets, and this is but the beginning of the expenditure that results in untold misery to the living, and an outrage to the unborn who must enter this life handicapped at the outset, with a weakened, if not a deformed, physical organism.

The power of this she-devil, Fashion, can not be underestimated. She rules supreme; from the highest to the lowest we all bow before her blood-stained throne, though some of us unwillingly. Let one of us dare to disobey her slightest command, and the rest of us at once make life so miserable for the daring one that he or she is soon forced back into line. And just why we do this is another story for the psychologists to unravel.

Do you doubt it? If you are a man (I often write the word with a feeling that it does not yet apply properly to any of us), just let your hair grow beyond the usual "fashionable" length for men, and see what will happen. I will guarantee that some one will soon notice it and volunteer to loan you a quarter to have it trimmed. This will be done at first in a joking way; but should you persist, your friends will take the matter seriously, and you will shortly be accosted with the remark, "For goodness' sakes, Jones, why don't you get your hair cut?" If you still have courage, the boys will follow you around and "kid" you openly on the streets; and finally, if you refuse to come under, the police will take to keeping an eye on you—and eventually you may land in the "bug house."

Is it anybody's business how you wear your hair? Are you hurting anybody by wearing it long? Is it hurting you? Shouldn't you be permitted to wear your hair as you please? But are you?

Suppose your aching feet cry out for freedom, and you think of the time when you were a boy, and how when the warm spring sun commenced to melt the snow you counted the days that would elapse be-

fore you could go barefooted. And, oh, the joy of it, to unlimber the toes and feel the earth beneath your feet? And you think it over—you will at once conclude, no matter how much you wish to do so, that it won't do for you to go barefooted. You perhaps don't know just why you reach that conclusion,—this old she-devil, Fashion, however, is at the back of it. But you decide at least to compromise with yourself, and you buy a pair of sandals. You may be "permitted" to wear them around the house without serious consequences, but dare to be caught out on the public highway with them on and you will soon be whipped back into line, and conclude that it is easier to suffer the pains of corns and bunions than to run the gauntlet of ridicule.

Just wear a long-tailed coat when a short-tailed coat is "proper," and you will "get yours," full measure, packed down and running over.

And, Mr. "He-animal," will you kindly note that most of the above remarks apply to your sex, for you are as much in the net of this demon of Fashion as are the so-called weaker sex, though perhaps you do not go to quite the extremes they do in showing it? Aside from the corset and the extreme high heels, the female attire is not so very much worse than the male. It's a hot day, thermometer hovering around one hundred degrees in the sun. I look out of my cell window (no, I'm not in jail, just confined to an office), and see a lot of women daintily dressed in white gauzy material, light of weight and suggesting some evidence of their actually being "rational," in spite of their poor deformed feet and "hobbling" walk, and their

stiff, unbending, ungraceful, pinched, and tortured waists. I see a lot of men dressed largely in dark material, nearly every one of them wearing a coat and most of them a vest, all topped off with a heavy "skypiece" that is surrounded by a leather band and absolutely shuts off all ventilation from the top of the head—which may be the cause for the hot air that so frequently gets inside this peculiar enlargement on the top end of our spinal columns.

I guess the average woman, in spite of her frills and folderals, is about as comfortable as the average man, for she generally takes it pretty easy around the house in her loose flowing kimono and sloppy slippers.

But the fact is, that we are neither one of us really comfortable or well dressed, in spite of the pride we take in some of our duds. And the further fact is that as long as the race is ruled by commercialism, we will all of us conform more or less strictly to the dictates of this old hag, Fashion, and our poor bodies will suffer in the degree that we obey.

To be truly free, to live as we please, to dress as we please, to eat as we please, and to please to live and dress and eat in harmony with the fundamental laws of our physical being,—this is but the dream of an extremist today, but the possibility of its realization is coming tomorrow—that is, the writer hopes it will.

In the meantime please reread the fundamental principles governing the proper clothing of the body, as herebefore stated, and try to comply with them to the best of your knowledge, and your moral and mental courage, for they have to do with the lengthening of your years.



CHAPTER VI

Primitive man was a nest-builder.

For many centuries the human family lived in the treetops, making therein their nests, much like the birds. The treetop home was not one of choice so much as necessity, for primitive man was without tools or weapons, and a legitimate prey of all the beasts of the field. Even in their treetop homes they were not safe from the huge reptiles that were so feared that unto this day the race shudders at the sight of a harmless garter snake.

Did you ever dream that you were falling, falling? Ask the psychology man; he can explain to you how this dream comes from the distant past when your forebears lived in the treetops and actually took a tumble out of them occasionally. It was probably not until man discovered and tamed the fire that he dared to crawl down from his treetop home and live on the ground, in some sheltering cave or excavation of his own construction.

One of the sights that interests the northern visitor to the south is an occasional stone fireplace and chimney that stands out in the open without any house around it, the wooden structure having burned away. It may not be a fact, but I surmise that they frequently

rebuild a house around a good chimney of this kind; if so, they are simply following out the plans of the first architects, for the home, as we think of it today, was builded around the hearth.

With the development of the tools the homes developed, though it took many, many centuries for us to learn how to make a house that is really adapted to the physical life and comfort of the human animal. The fact is, that we have yet to learn a few important things, and to apply the many things we do know so that universal benefit will result.

Strange to say, with all our knowledge as to how to construct most wonderful buildings of stone, brick, cement, and wood, structures that rear their spires and turrets almost into the clouds, yet a great many people still live in shacks, and square wooden boxes with windows in them, that are little better than the early structures of the savages; and many thousands live in congested slum districts of the cities, in places that are foul and unsanitary and far worse than the treetop nests of our primitive ancestors.

There were undoubtedly serious objections to these treetop homes, and no one would advocate a return to this mode of living; yet with all these objections they were well ventilated, and that is more than can be said of many of our dwelling-places today. One thing is certain, every savage had some kind of a home, some kind of a nest or cave or hollow tree that was his, or that was tribal property and that meant the same thing. After many, many thousands of years of so-called "civilization" we have finally reached a stage where a majority of the race have no homes of their

own, and must pay tribute to those who own many homes in order to have a chance to live inside protecting walls.

It isn't because we, as a race, do not know how to build homes, beautiful homes, homes fitted with every convenience and adapted to shelter and prolong human life, that so many people are "homeless." Neither is it because these people are not industrious that they are homeless, for it is the vast working class, the real useful toilers of the world, who are the homeless ones today—but this is another question for the political economist to answer. It is my purpose here to state just what are the requirements of a shelter adapted to human habitation under modern conditions.

The first essential is thorough ventilation. This question of air is more important than most people understand it to be. A loosely constructed "shack" out in the woods is a far more healthful abiding-place than a closely walled-in mansion in the heart of the dusty, stench-reeking city, no matter how modern its structure or how beautiful and comfortable its equipment. With plenty of fresh air, especially at night, the body will gather in much strength and put up a vigorous resistance to any germ intruder that comes along.

The human animal needs sunshine just as much as a plant.

And right here is an idea I want to impress upon you very strongly: no structure can be built that is a proper habitation for man all the time. He must get out in the open, out where there is green grass and trees and flowers and water and nature. If he persists in shutting himself up inside, no matter how nice

his quarters, old Mother Nature will resent his slighting her in this way and soon send a messenger for him, no other than the Grim Réaper himself.

Herein has modern civilization reached a dangerous stage. It has compelled millions of men and women to spend their lives inside the various buildings it has constructed, its mills and factories and workshops and stores and offices and warehouses. It has even sentenced hundreds of thousands to live beneath the earth in its mines. Were these work-places carefully built with an idea of furnishing the maximum of air, and amid natural surroundings, it would not be so bad; but constructed as they are, jammed up one against another, with millions of feet of space where the sunlight can never enter, they are nothing but germ-infested death traps.

-I say it deliberately: no one can live in a modern city of any size, with its indoor life, its stench, its gassy, smoky air, and live anywhere near his normal years; it is simply slow suicide, and not so slow at that.

We are paying an awful price for this so-called civilization of ours,—a price in human life that is not to be reckoned from the long lists of murders, accidents, and victims of war and disaster, so much as from the shortening of the normal years that we all ought to live.

You can't possibly live and work in stuffy, restricted quarters and have an abundance of life and vital force. You can not occupy a little "two by twice" office in a modern skyscraper or a beautiful mansion near a city and escape the penalty of the law of nature,

for around you is the seething city air, full of dust and smoke and foul odors and death.

The sooner you, as an individual, learn that the normal, rational place for man to live is out in the open air, and that if compelled to work inside, his inside surroundings should be as much open to the air and "outside" as they can be, and that the proper way to sleep is with your head outdoors, in an outdoor bedroom (or this impossible, with windows wide open always), the sooner you will commence to store extra vitality for the days when you have past the zenith of your physical career and started on the downward decline.

While it is important that a home should have conveniences, a modern system of lighting, heating, hot and cold water, bath, etc., it is far more important that it should have lots of pure air all the time, and that every room should have sunlight. There should be no dark closets or halls. The ideal house of the future will be made of glass, or largely of glass, and so that every room can be frequently washed from cellar to garret, not only the floors, but the walls and ceilings as well.

In this matter of house-building we have certainly been doing a lot of experimenting, from the birds' nests and caves of primitive man, the skin tents of the Indians, the snow houses of the Esquimaux, the adobe houses of the Mexicans, the stone structures of the ancients, to the steel-frame, fireproof buildings of today, but we have still got another guess coming. From the standpoint of health the modern city is "impossible"—and some day people will think more of keep-

ing their body in a healthy state and prolonging its life than they will of making money.

Another thing: the people who are now forced by economic necessity to work long hours in crowded, poorly ventilated, unsanitary shops and factories are commencing to understand that these conditions are not necessary, and that they can, by cooperative action, be changed, and they are not going to stand for this program much longer. The right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" has not been safeguarded by modern commercialism, which has failed to construct either sanitary shops or homes for the workers, and even the master class must suffer from the general contagion and contamination, though they are able to escape much of it by taking to their summer resorts and woodland retreats.

It is not the masters about whom the writer is concerned, but the great masses of the common people who are not really living, but are existing under an environment that can yet be called "hostile," an environment that fails to shelter them properly, and at the same time provide the necessary fresh air, without which the human organism can not live its normal lifetime.

Between a mansion in the heart of the city's stench and a shack in the woods, the preference is in favor of the shack—but there should be no necessity of a choice between either of them. The race will yet solve the problem of living a normal human life without reverting to savagery, but it can not solve this problem by forming congested groups, such as our modern cities, neither is the isolated rural dwelling the solution.

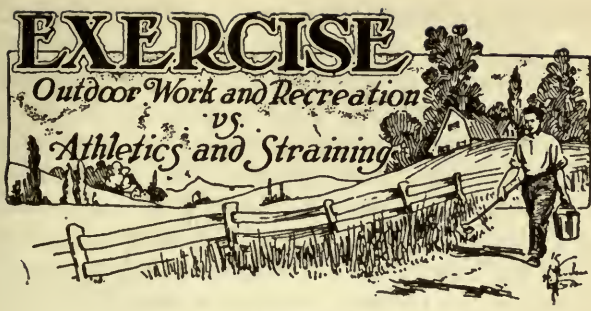
Thank goodness, there is still plenty of outside

room, and when we get really sensible, we will quit crowding and smothering the life out of each other.

In the meantime, spend as much time outdoors as you possibly can,—and spend it where there are flowers and birds and trees and fresh air,—fresh with the scent of the roses or the new-mown hay or the verdant foliage; or in the winter spend it in the snowdrifts, if necessary; but spend it outside some place, though it be in your own back yard or on a tenement roof.

It is about time the human race crawled out of their holes into the sunlight.





CHAPTER VII

There is, perhaps, nothing that has been carried to a greater extreme of tomfoolery than this question of how to keep the muscles of the body active and alive.

The caged animal solves this problem by walking back and forth in his cage. Possibly if he had dumbbells he would use them, or he might be induced to work some kind of "apparatus," but even if he could be trained to do this, I doubt very much whether his problem would be solved better than he attempts to solve it by his restless walking.

No better exercise has been invented than walking, unless it is running. The "physical strainer" who spends his time in some stuffy room going through a lot of fool contortions, when he might take a brisk hour's walk out in the open air, may succeed in raising "bumps of muscles" on his carcass, but this does not necessarily mean that he has increased his vitality or lengthened his life.

Here is the idea: one thing that is abnormal can not be corrected by adding another abnormal and unnatural thing to it.

The people who live an indoor, inactive life, that so many live; the office workers (who frequently work the other workers), and the ladies and gents who don't need to work at all, may hope to escape the penalty of their inactivity along productive lines by resorting to "artificial" work. They may take the "absent work" treatment; that is, they may bend their weak backs and grasp an imaginary weight and lift it above their heads, but it isn't half the real exercise that a ditch-digger gets by actually throwing a shovelful of dirt up on the bank; neither is it as dignified, for the ditch-digger is doing something useful while this "absent worker" is simply trying to fool himself, and succeeding admirably.

There is nothing like the real thing. No man or woman who is not physically injured and thus incapacitated, should go through life without actually doing useful physical labor. I do not mean by this that every man should be a ditch-digger; in fact, I do not believe in any man doing this kind of labor, that can be performed by machinery better. I have no objection at all to a machine taking the place of a man; what I'm kicking about is this idea of a man making a machine of himself.

Some day a lot of people are going to wake up and realize that this idea of forcing part of the people to do all the useful productive labor, while another part does no labor at all, has resulted in great injury to both. The manual laborers being forced to do much more than their rightful share, and much more than they ought to do, drain their vitality and shorten their lives, while the so-called "brain workers" by doing no

work, suffer from the lack of healthful physical exercise.

Every man and woman should be both a brain worker and a manual worker, and until a system of industry is worked out that combines the two,—and this is altogether possible,—we will have overworked and underworked human beings; and the underworked will probably continue to devise ways and means of getting their normal exercise in more or less abnormal fashions.

Under present conditions I shall not blame any one for not wanting to go down in the ditch, so to speak. Say what we wish about the “horny-handed sons of toil,” we all know that this is but political buncombe, and that the man who does useful hard manual labor today is looked down upon by the brain workers, as they in turn are scorned by the few who have succeeded in getting out of all work and are living on the backs of the many (in blissful ignorance of the fact that old Mother Nature is not going to permit that sort of thing to go on indefinitely, and sometime they are going to get an awful bump).

If you really are a “brain worker,” don’t continue to work your alleged brain for “exercise,” by lifting tons of imaginary nothing. If you want to lift, go right out in the open air some place and lift something real; there is many a tired, fagged-out working man who would be pleased to have you “spell” him for a time—it wouldn’t take you long to get all you want of it. But if you refuse to do this, and you are convinced that you need exercise, then get it in some sensible fashion.

As before stated, walking is one of the very best forms of physical exercise. Don't drag along one foot after another, but strike a good brisk pace, breathing copiously, and hike for the country as fast as your legs will carry you.

At least once a day your entire system should be vitalized by some exercise that will send the blood tingling through your veins, and a little vigorous "run on the bank"—sand bank—will accomplish this trick in fine order, and won't cost you a cent for "apparatus" either.

Outdoor games are good; but here, again, don't take the "absent" treatment. I never could understand how people get so much joy out of seeing the "other fellow" play a game,—the fan is a joke to me. If there is anything "doing," I want to be one of the doers, not sit around like a hump on a log and yell my fool head off watching the "other fellow" have a good time out on the diamond—that is, I suppose they have a good time, though I surmise that this all play and no work is as bad for "Jack" as the idea of all work and no play. You can't commercialize sport without taking the sport out of it.

This is just another evidence of the absurdity of our present way of doing things. Some fellows get all of the play in such large "chunks" that it makes "work" out of it, while the rest of us don't get a chance to bat a ball, or play tennis, or play at all,—we just sit around and watch, and sometimes even pay good money to do that.

I'd like to see the "professional sport" driven out of business, and a new era inaugurated where all the

people would have a chance to play healthful outdoor games. Every city, town, and school district should have its public playgrounds, and every citizen should be something of an amateur athlete at putting the shot, jumping, running, ball playing, or something. These playgrounds should be either grass covered, sprinkled or oiled, so no player would breathe dust, the great destroyer of human life.

Between honest, hard, manual labor, under right conditions, and walking, running, and healthful outdoor sports the body can get plenty of normal exercise without apparatus of any kind, and without studying out some new kind of "motion" to keep your liver working. Just be natural in your exercise and you will make no mistake, though special exercises may be devised for special cases of disease, and are here proper and far better than "medicine."

Much of what passes for physical training is simply physical straining; it is the using up of surplus vitality that should be used in old age. It's all right to be strong, but there is such a thing as being too strong; any good healthy billy goat is a proof of that, and the early demise of many of our professional athletes is another proof.

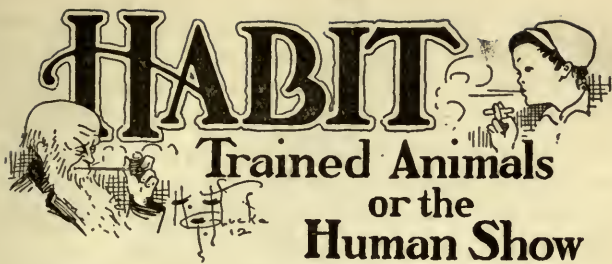
The muscles should be soft, flexible, and evenly developed; hard, "bunchy" muscles are not desirable, and herein is the danger in the usual methods of special training. Walking is a perfect exercise. Horse-back riding is fine—for the horse, gives him just the exercise he needs—and is also good for the man, but not so good as walking, but it beats staying inside and punching a bag or pulling an "imaginary" row-boat

across an "imaginary" lake; even automobiling beats that, especially so if you are the driver and can succeed in occasionally bursting a tire. There are some kinds of "blow-outs" that are not altogether pleasant—but they are very good for weak backs.

In conclusion, take this as good advice: get out in the open air as much as you possibly can and walk several miles every day, not forgetting to breathe copiously, and you will never feel the need of "apparatus" or special instructions about bobbing up and down or wiggling sidewise or anything of that sort. Or play games, for it is natural for men to play games; if you don't think so, watch the monkeys,—and this isn't intended as a reflection on your ancestors. If men came from monkeys (which I do not believe), they have come a long ways from them, and it wouldn't hurt them much to retrace some of their steps. I consider that the poor monkey is very often abused by this common insinuation; it is not fair, and I hereby cast my hat in the ring as the monkeys' champion. Until men live as naturally as monkeys do, they have no right to boast of any superiority, and until they straighten out their economic relations and divide the work so that each will do some healthful manual labor, human beings have some things yet to learn from their little brothers who live in the woods, and who never dream of monopolizing the cocoanut crop or building fences around nature's food supply.



HABIT

An illustration at the top of the page shows a man on the left and a woman on the right. The man is depicted with a large nose and is speaking, with a speech bubble containing the word 'HABIT' in large, bold letters. The woman is also speaking, with a speech bubble containing the words 'Trained Animals or the Human Show'. The style is a simple line drawing with cross-hatching for shading.

Trained Animals
or the
Human Show

CHAPTER VIII

If we will give a very little careful thought to the subject, we will soon see that most everything we do is more or less a matter of habit. Any one can eat in the dark, with a sharp knife at that and never cut his mouth. For some years we have cultivated this habit of finding our mouth; it is one of the very first we acquire, but it is "acquired." I have watched with amusement a baby trying to find his own mouth,—his mouth, at first, is better at finding things than his hands.

Children often learn to suck their thumb. I have a sister who held on to this habit for years, in fact after she was married she could occasionally be caught sucking her thumb—silly, wasn't it!

You have heard of people biting their finger nails, or pulling out their hair, or some other foolish thing, and you have said, "Why don't they stop it?" But if I should suggest something that you have been doing, or you should turn the tables on me and tell me of some peculiar habit of mine, we would both find that it isn't so easy to stop a habit as one might suppose.

Many habits are harmless; they simply open one

to ridicule, or make one an object of pity, or furnish a topic for discussion between people who never rise to the point of talking about anything really worth while. I suppose one could suck one's thumb, occasionally, until one was gray-headed, and still have a perfectly good thumb, and be a good sucker—and I don't know as it is any person's particular business but the party affected or effected.

There are some habits, however, that are positively injurious, and the sooner we discover these and eradicate them the better it will be for ourselves and the race.

I could mention a number of bad habits that would be admitted as bad by most of my readers without any argument being necessary: say drinking intoxicating liquors, or smoking opium—you would say, "Of course they are bad!" These, probably, are not your bad habits; you see them in the "other fellow," and you are very frank in your analysis of the other fellow's bad habits.

But suppose I tell you that eating, as commonly indulged in, is a bad habit, you would exclaim, "Preposterous, unthinkable, ridiculous!" And you would at once start in to tell me about the Dutchman who had the horse that he was training to live without hay or oats, and just before he got him completely trained the horse up and died,—and then you would laugh, Ha, Ha! just like that, and feel immensely pleased.

You, perhaps, did not notice that I said "as commonly indulged in," and if you will read it again, it won't sound quite so bad. But we will come to this later.

As for drinking, we will also come to that later on, though I wish to quote here an eminent English physician on this subject (you will note I occasionally quote physicians if they are in line with my own views, otherwise never—I am just like other people in such matters, excepting that I am willing to admit it). Dr. Johnson says: “I have come to the conclusion that more than half of the disease that embitters the middle and later part of life is due to avoidable errors in diet; and more disease is brought on by erroneous habits of eating than from habitual use of alcoholic drink.” (Quoted from Milwaukee Health Department Bulletin, a very interesting and helpful little publication sent free to all Milwaukee citizens who ask for it—great idea, that!)

Now let us take up one of these “habits” that is common, and much defended—the smoking habit. It has been stated that the discoverers of America took the report back to the fatherland that they found natives who were “smoking like devils.” The fact is, that most of the adopted Americans very soon acquired the habit and have also been “smoking like devils” ever since.

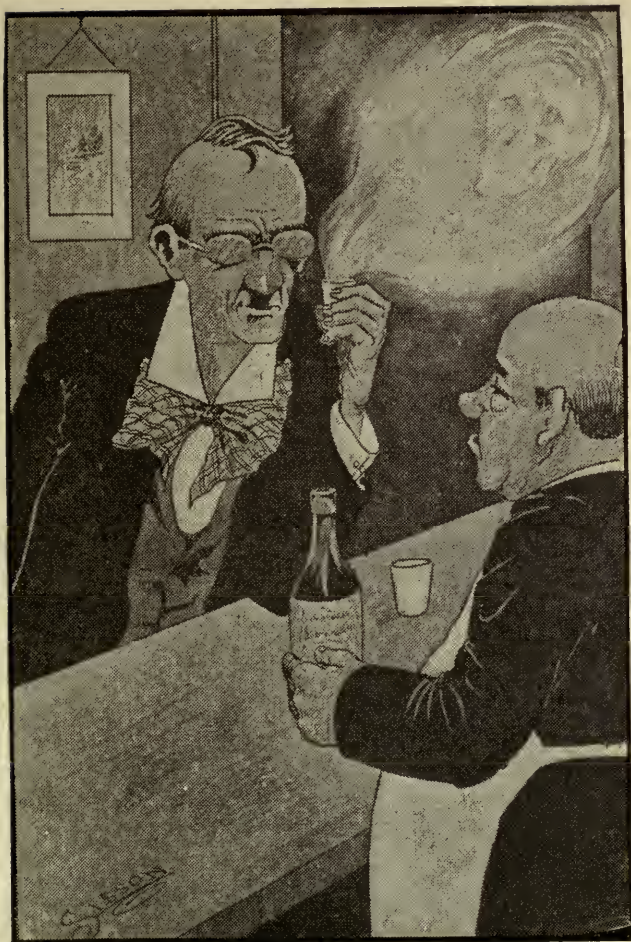
That this is an acquired habit no one will deny. That nature rebels at the point of acquisition, all who have gone through the ordeal will admit. There is a time after the boy smokes his first cigar that he feels very much discouraged, like “throwing up” everything, so to speak. But he knows that Pa and Uncle George both persisted and learned how, and so he heroically sticks to his job, acquires the habit, and lives to tell about it, jokingly. And then, when he

grows up and has a little boy of his own, he licks him soundly for doing the same thing he did when a boy.

Did you ever see a smoker who would not tell you that he could "smoke or let it alone, just as he pleased"? And this is so, perhaps, for he generally "pleases to smoke," and seldom "pleases to let it alone." And it is really so, in a deeper sense, in that the soul of man can do whatever it starts out to do, given time enough to accomplish the task. But, oh, what a task it is for a person who has fully acquired the nicotine habit, either smoking, chewing, dipping, or snuffing. To unfasten its grip from their body requires a degree of grit and determination that few slaves of the nicotine habit possess. Any victim of the tobacco habit who does not believe in hell can very soon convince himself that there is such a place, and the location of it will be very close by; all he has to do is to stop his habit—and that's much easier said than done.

"But why stop it?" the nicotine slave remarks, "it is a great pleasure to me; it soothes my tired nerves; it makes the hard places soft, and helps to make life worth living. Why stop it? Besides, it don't hurt me in the least. Of course, I know what 'tobacco heart' is, and how old Bill Jones died of a smokers' cancer and all that, but I am moderate. Why, just look at Farmer Brown; he has smoked all his life, and he is hale and hearty at eighty years old; and there is Peterson and Jacobs and Ostrander, they all smoke and chew and drink, and yet they are alive and seemingly healthy, and well along in years."

Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?



Death lurks in every glass.

But for all that, here is the explanation and the warning:

The human system is built on the "surplus energy" plan. For instance, the lungs have many cubic inches of capacity that are not used on ordinary occasions. Sad to say, some people never use their full lung capacity, and this means that the normal lungs are weakened by non-use. You are not supposed, however, to use your full capacity in ordinary breathing; the surplus is for an emergency, when, for instance, you have to run for your life. Now the savages had to make this "run for life" quite frequently, and there is no evidence that they were ever bothered by the white plague; in fact, all the "plagues" in those days were black. Civilized man has protected himself to some extent on this "running" business; one's life these days is comparatively safe from physical assault unless one has to make a short sprint occasionally to avoid a passing automobile. The human race today is not a "running race"; man seldom runs; in spite of the idea that we are hitting a pretty high pace, we are walking through it all the time.

Every organ has a surplus power, a reserve force. The strength of the average man, when taxed to its utmost, is really marvelous. Perhaps you have heard of the wonderful stunts a man will do in cases of excitement,—say a fire,—when he will lift and move things that he otherwise couldn't budge. The strength of a crazy person is phenomenal; it is concentrated energy, because the mind of a crazy person is fixed on just the one thing he is doing, and he can muster all his power at that point.

Now this is what I'm driving at: I want you to know that you have "surplus energy" that is not used on ordinary occasions; it is really "stored energy" that carries you forward after you have crossed the meridian of life and have struck the down grade.

Up to a certain time the body continually stores this surplus energy; for a considerable period it holds its own, and then comes the autumn days when the surplus should be gradually used up in a ripe old age.

Every wrong habit, every broken law of nature, every excess, extracts its tribute from the surplus vitality.

In the case of a normal manifestation, such as a run, the surplus energy is not depleted; while the full capacity of the body is brought into play, it gains strength by this full use. A good brisk run, with copious breathing through the nose, is far better to tone up the system and send the blood tingling with new life through every part of the body, than all the medicine in Christendom.

But there are many "runs" that are made on the system that simply enter into the reserve storehouse and sap the surplus strength without giving anything in return.

Oh, no, Mr. Smoker, you don't feel the drain! The surplus supplies it readily. But for all that you are using up your old age and burning your candle at both ends.

You may say it does not harm you to smoke or drink or take morphine or dope coffee, but be not deceived—"whatsoever you sow, that shall you also reap." The law is inexorable, the penalty is not to be

escaped, and the Grim Reaper will mow you down many years before your allotted time. No matter how many doctors you call in to try and cheat old Mother Nature, they can fool no one but themselves, and you—and the undertaker is certain of his job, and the coffin trust has the last whack at you.

It's very easy to blow a few dozen years of your life into soothing rings of tobacco smoke, but is it really a sensible thing to do? And this is but one of the many habits that tend to shorten life by using the surplus energy and by incapacitating the body to store energy.

It's not an easy thing to break a habit, but it's a mighty easy thing for a habit to "break" you, both financially, which is comparatively unimportant, and physically, which is of great importance and some day will be so considered.

Among smokers there is a general feeling of "I don't care" in regard to this entire matter. Though some men knew that every puff of their cigar would take a day from their lives, they would puff on complacently and say, "What of it? life is of small consequence anyway!" And they would not understand that this very nicotine habit that deadens their nerve sensation would dictate this answer.

The normal man holds to life tenaciously. When the body is in a healthy state, the mind is apt to be healthy, and to view the world as full of latent possibilities and unexplored resources. Health and Hope walk hand in hand.

The ethical mind sees in life a vast opportunity for unfoldment and character-building. It views life

as an intellectual battlefield, and bravely faces up stream and against the tide.

Habits are good and bad, the good ones are the result of earnest striving towards the light, the ever outreaching of the soul for knowledge, and the application of this knowledge to life itself. Bad habits are the result of inactivity, the acceptance of things as they are, without question; the result of conformity to environment, instead of struggle against it, for all environment is in a degree "hostile," and no soul that goes down stream is making real progress.

To know a thing is wrong and to continue doing it is to acknowledge you are licked without even a fight.

To continue doing a thing just because you are in the "habit of it" is to refuse to make progress, to drift with the tide, though the word might well be spelled "tied," for one held in the clutches of a bad habit is truly tied, bound, and often gagged.

The best proof that one is in the clutches of habit is the fight one will put up in its defense. It is right at this point that the same fight put up against the habit would conquer it. Later the victim of habit gradually understands its debilitating and damning influence and power over him, but then the habit has sunk its fangs into his very vitals and almost a super-human effort is needed to shake it off, but the victory is worth the effort.

From the broader viewpoint life is not a narrow span between the cradle and the grave; it reaches out into a vast eternity of possibilities,—and would you limp through future centuries of manifestation,

bound and gagged and helpless because in the grip of habit, or will you rise and fight a good fight and become the master of yourself?

From the narrow viewpoint, all there is to life is its present manifestation: today we eat, drink, and make merry; tomorrow we die. Yet even from this narrow point of vision the one who has the most abundant life lives most, and one can not have abundant life without health, and one can not have health and be the slave of bad habits.

Even though there are no open doors to the tomb and the soul sleeps through eternity in its "windowless palace of rest," yet is it worth while to live right, in accordance with nature's laws, that one may have the fullest expression in the physical realm of which the body is capable. From the physical standpoint there is no joy that can equal the normal, healthful expression of the physical organism along right lines.

A bad habit is as a fence that shuts one out of the really good things, though it is admitted that it is hard for the soul in the grip of a habit to comprehend this viewpoint.

A bad habit is as a weight that holds one down to a lower plane of expression, and trends ever to drag one still further down.

Bad habits are hard to cure in proportion to their long continuance, and the weakness of the character of their possessor.

Many bad habits are acquired because of lack of understanding and without any knowledge of their baneful influence. With many people when knowledge comes in at the front door, the bad habit is imme-

diately kicked out at the back. Many bad habits of eating, breathing, etc., may well be classed here. We have had very little chance to learn how to live right; the "doctors" have been so busy "doctoring" that they haven't had time to tell us how to keep well, nor could they reasonably be expected to do so, and we haven't taken the trouble to find out these things for ourselves, which is the sensible thing to do.

Many bad habits are wilfully acquired, and wilfully retained, even after full knowledge of their "badness" is present. In such cases the problem is not an easy one for an outsider to solve; in fact, the individual himself must ever be the arbiter of his own fate.

Habits are not to be cured in a day, even when one earnestly desires to be cured, for a cure can not be said to be effected until every vestige of "desire" has been conquered, and that's no easy matter.

Here is the psychology of it. Do not wait till the desire is on, until every nerve and fiber of your being seems to be demanding the particular indulgence that you are striving to overcome. Commence at once to fill your mind with "counter suggestions." Fill it with firm resolves backed up by good arguments and solid facts why you will no longer continue to be a slave. Fill it full of loathing for this habit. And when the habit tries to storm the citadel of your soul, fight from the very start by refusing to think about it. Fill your mind with SOMETHING ELSE. Do something, play a fiddle, dance a jig, sing a song, or get out in the open and run, run like the very devil himself is after you (and this is the "realest" devil you'll ever meet), and keep running till you have conquered.

The foregoing seems simple, but it is the key to the lock that chains you to a bad habit, for "as a man thinketh, so is he," and you are only bound to physical habits because you are mentally bound. Refuse mentally to entertain a bad habit and you become the master of it. Many people in the grip of some bad habit lose courage and cease to fight; they feel that it is not possible for them to conquer it. This is a serious mistake. There is no stage where all hope is forever lost. The quickened soul can rise triumphant over every obstacle that impedes its pathway. With some who still have strength of character the battle may be easily won, with others it may take weeks and months and years, but with every effort made towards a given goal one makes progress, just in proportion to the effort expended.





CHAPTER IX

To say that there is no use for medicine would probably be making an extreme statement that will not be seriously considered for perhaps another century. To say that the habitual use of medicine is very harmful to the physical organism, and that most medicines are without any real "curative" properties, is to state the truth—whether acceptable or not to the "doctors" or the "patients."

The absurdity to which this matter of medicine has come may be surmised when one goes into a modern well-equipped drug store and notes the thousands of bottles of extracts, lotions, and poisons that are used in the "mixing" of the concoctions that are put together "by order of the physician."

The man or woman whose hope of health lies in this direction is headed straight for the grave.

External applications in case of wounds or sores may at times be desirable. If I ran an old nail in my foot, I would wash the wound with some kind of anti-septic, turpentine is mighty good for such purposes, and the nail hole should be enlarged or opened so that the bruised flesh will be bathed. A poultice made of a scraped raw potato, or piece of fat pork, should

afterwards be applied. One of the best poultices for a thing of this kind is a fresh "cud" of chewing tobacco—it's about the only thing that the stuff is really good for. An injury of this kind should be watched very carefully, and if it does not heal readily and there is any indication that it is getting worse, a good physician should be consulted and the wound cauterized and properly attended to.

It is not, however, necessary to run for a rag every time one cuts one's finger with a penknife. The writer worked for years as a lather, and during that time very frequently cut and pounded his hands and fingers with a hatchet; they are covered today with scars, real badges of labor. I soon learned that the best treatment for these small wounds was to wash them out in clean water and then let them alone. Nature soon covers the wound with a clot of blood and starts the healing process.

In case of broken limbs or serious injury, the surgeon should be at once consulted, and in the meantime bandages should be applied that will stop, as much as possible, the flow of blood to the injured part, clothing loosened, and the patient made comfortable, mentally and physically. It is not in cases of accident where the body is apt to be injured by treatment, inasmuch as this treatment is of an exterior nature. It is when the "doping" process starts that the danger starts, and it continues as long as the "doping" is kept up.

Very briefly and distinctly stated, the writer does not believe in the "curative properties" of "medicine." The evidence that it does not cure is found in every



In nine cases of sickness out of ten a short fast will put you on your feet.

graveyard, and in the multitude of sick people that are continually under the doctors' care.

I do not even believe that medicine often assists in making cures, unless it is in such cases as the patient has "faith" in it, and hence it acts as a curative "suggestion."

In this last statement I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not believe in "faith cure," nor "mind cure," except for such diseases as are purely mental, and there are many such; neither am I a so-called "Christian Scientist." In the cure of any disease, or the recovery from any accident, however, the mind is a very important factor, and mental suggestion from a doctor or "healer" or friend, and auto-suggestion from the patient, must now be reckoned with as one of the most powerful assistants to nature in the healing process.

There may be some simple, harmless extracts from roots and herbs that have a helpful effect in restoring the sick or diseased body to its normal condition of health; I would not say that there are none such, but it is questionable, in my mind, if they are of any considerable importance.

Now, note carefully the position here taken!

Health is the normal condition of the human organism.

When the body is not in perfect health, there is some cause for the ill health.

You can not restore your body to perfect health without first *removing the cause of its ill health.*

By removing the cause of its ill health, if this cause has not been too long standing, nature will at once

commence to restore the body to its normal condition of health.

If the cause has been too long standing and the resulting injury too serious, all the physicians in Christendom can not make good what nature can not make good; they may kill pain by laudanum or opium or morphine, but they can not cure, nor does their "doctoring" assist nature to cure, nor will it prolong the life of the patient, but rather help to hasten the visit of the undertaker.

The real physician will locate the cause of ill health and, if possible, remove it, or teach the patient how to remove it, and after it is removed, how to live so as to avoid a repetition of the same condition.

Years ago, visiting a friend in Ohio, I saw his cow carrying a bone in her mouth. It was to me a very unusual and comical sight and I asked him for the explanation. He said: "The soil here is lacking in certain bone-making properties that the cow instinctively knows or feels she needs, and she recognizes these properties in the bone that she has found." In other words, the cow was not getting just the kind of food that answered her physical requirements.

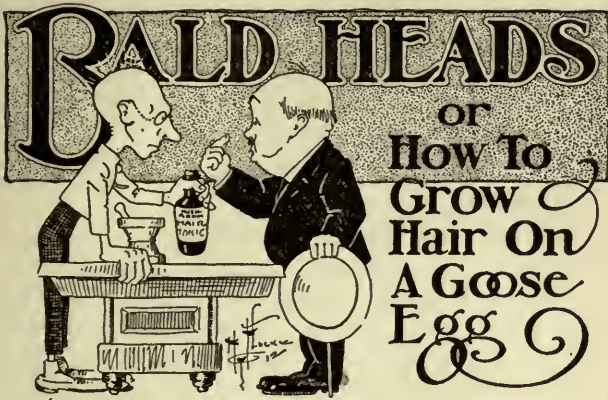
I anticipate that the time will come when physicians, real ones, will be able to analyze the exact physical requirements of building up strong bodies, or repairing weak ones, and instead of writing out a long list of Latin names of drugs, powders, and lotions for the patient to swallow in capsules and "doses," they will say: "What you need is to eat a little less starchy food and more muscle food; try eating raw carrots (or something) for a week." In other words, they

will prescribe the medicine, if we can call it such, in its *natural stage* in the food itself.

This is not a common, but a rational idea of medicine, and the day will come when it will be seriously considered by the teachers whose business it will be to keep the people well. In the meantime you consider this seriously right now.



May we all get just what's coming to us!



CHAPTER X

The spectacle of a bald-headed man buying a "hair restorer" from a bald-headed druggist is one of the sights that must make the gods laugh and all the little fishes in the sea wiggle their tails in ecstasy, but for all that, it is a thing that often actually happens.

We have become so accustomed to doing foolish things that we do them without any appreciation of the absurdity of the matter, though in reality it is not so very much more absurd to buy "hair restorer" from a bald-headed druggist than from a "hairy" one—you will get stung in the same place under either circumstance.

The fact is, the only way to buy hair is to buy a wig or a switch—it doesn't come put up in bottles. And right here I might remark in passing, that the men haven't much on the women who buy their hair in visible chunks and wads, while the men purchase

only a "hope"—and it's just as "false" as any rat or switch manufactured.

Of course, there is some good that may come from the use of a hair restorer; it takes some "rubbing" to apply it, and the "rubbing" is all right.

Now let's apply a little ordinary "hoss sense" to this question.

Men have bald heads, women don't. What's the answer?

Man's hair is short and woman's long. It is not found, however, that cutting the hair tends to destroy it, but rather the reverse. It is not, then, that the hair of man is short that his head eventually becomes bald, nor is it as many would like us to believe, because man works his brain unduly. The fact is that we haven't worked our brains enough or we would have solved this problem sooner and saved our hair.

Here is the solution in a nutshell. The fact that woman's hair is long requires considerable combing, and the length and weight of the hair itself means considerable pulling; this tends to agitate the scalp and feed the hair with blood. A man's hair being short needs little attention, and unless he is a married man it seldom gets pulled, and it is not long enough to "pull itself," so the scalp is not agitated and naturally gets thinner until it can't support a good crop of hair.

A bald skull has a thin skin stretched over it like a drum head; the thinness of the scalp is the cause of the loss of the hair; you can rub "ointments" and "hair food" and all manner of dopes and washes on such a scalp and not help a bit, except the good that comes from the rubbing.

The way to get rid of a bald head is to either cut it off, or cover it carefully with glue and paste a wig on it. I know this is not encouraging news to my bald-headed readers, but I'm not getting paid for telling them an untruth, nor because I know I can't raise false hair on their heads, will I raise any false hope in their bosoms.

The following remarks apply chiefly to those who still have their hair and who don't want to get bald headed. The only hope is that you at once start in to giving your scalp vigorous massage treatments and pull it frequently, eliminating every loose hair you can. Don't worry about the hairs you can pull out, new ones will grow in their place, but if you let them fall out of their own accord, your name is "baldy," whether you like it or not.

Get a couple of good stiff hairbrushes and give your head a very strenuous rubbing until the scalp fairly burns and is red with the new blood that is called up by the extra friction. This massage will thicken the scalp and the blood will feed the hair; but you can't feed what "isn't," and a bald head is past the feeding stage, unless there might be some live hair roots that could be coaxed back.

Another thing of importance: women seldom wear hats, and when they do, they are of some light material that is thoroughly ventilated. As a mere man, it has always been a mystery to me how these "flimsy" affairs could cost so much money, but aside from that, their flimsiness is a big point in their favor. Men's hats are, as a rule, stiff and without ventilation, and injurious to the hair, especially so in warm weather.

We do not wear hats so much for protection as because of habit.

A man will wear his hat out in the evening just the same as during the heat of the day. Now there isn't much danger of being sunstruck in the evening; the hat is useless then, if not most of the time. At any rate, if you want to save your hair, wear a light, well-ventilated hat, and that as seldom as possible.

While it is true we seldom see bald-headed women, a good many of them are traveling the right road these days, and if you could see them minus their "bought locks," you'd say I am hitting it pretty close.

A fine head of hair is one of woman's crowning glories—that is, if it is natural. But this thing of putting up a bluff that you have such hair is deliberate falsehood—and, mark it well, every daughter of Eve will pay the penalty for this deception sooner or later. Besides this, it is robbery; it robs the woman who has a fine head of hair, largely the result of care, from her deserved distinction.

These unnatural additions to the natural hair are not conducive to a proper growth, and the more artificial hair is worn, the more it will have to be worn, for the natural hair continues to grow beautifully less and less, because the owner pays more attention to combing her switches. Admitted that the deception will pass muster on us poor bald-headed men, for all that it is deception and leaves its scar in the character, and nature will some day even the score some way or other, take that for granted.

As for hair dyes, hair oils, and such—steer clear of them!

I know of an old woman who has been trying for years to fool people with regard to her age by dyeing her gray hair brown. She hasn't succeeded in really fooling anybody but herself, and has forfeited the right to grow old gracefully. Gray hair is often beautiful, and is always appropriate for old people. The most of us grow gray long before we ought.

I also know a young woman who had nice light-brown hair, but she was not a decided blonde, so she "decided" the matter for herself and dyed her hair. She perhaps did this in a moment of thoughtlessness, for since then she has thought some and "decided" that nature's light-brown hair is far more becoming to her than the manufactured blond variety, and now she is patiently waiting for the new brown hair to push the dyed blond ends out to the jumping-off place. It doesn't cost much to turn your hair to peroxide blond, but it takes a lot of courage to decide to go back to nature's own color and advertise to the world what a ninny you once was,—but even at that it is better than continuing to be a ninny.

I have known bachelors who dyed their moustache a nice shining black, but they usually either did not get clear down to the skin, or else they got some of it on their skin, and the result was not pleasing, and every one knew it was dyed; they simply made an ass of themselves and became a laughing-stock for the community at large.

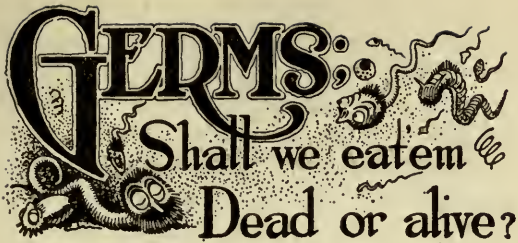
I have known old working men who dyed their hair, not from vanity, but pure economic necessity. Gray hairs are no recommendation to the "boss," and these men in some way had to disguise their age

to get a chance to live. If any tampering with nature is excusable, this perhaps would come nearest to it, but there is a better way. If the workers will get together, they can see to it that a sane industrial order takes the place of the present haphazard lack of method and system, and then gray-headed men will not need to work for a boss—and may wear their gray hairs in honor and self-respect.

In conclusion, keep your scalp clean with frequent washing, and well cultivated with frequent and vigorous brushing and pulling, and open to the wind and the sunshine with frequent outdoor airing—and trust Allah for the rest; for you have done all that mortal man can do to save what hair you have left, and by good behavior you can even hope to cultivate more, but this hope must be before you have neglected it too long.

If you already have a bald head, cultivate resignation, and learn to use a fly swatter gracefully, but don't waste any good money buying hair restorer from a bald-headed druggist.





GERMS:

Shall we eatem
Dead or alive?

CHAPTER XI

Time was when the human animal could not see anything smaller than a flea, and when his fears were confined to beasts and reptiles more powerful than himself.

Today we have subjugated the huge creatures of the forest, and, single-handed, our great and illustrious St. Theodore has tackled the very lion in his den and killed him by the score; he has marched into the jungle with more power than a million savages, but with a good deal of the same instinct and feeling that actuated men who lived in the age of tooth and fang.

At any rate, we no longer fear big things.

But now we lay awake nights trembling lest we be overcome by some invisible host of microbes and germs, of which our savage ancestors never dreamed.

And these germs are no joke; we can't see them with the naked eye to be sure, but we have manufactured powerful instruments that make little things look big, and so these creatures that dwell by the millions in a glass of water or a decayed apple, have come to have a real meaning and to present a real problem.

In fact, we have found that all nature is alive, and that life preys upon life in a most remarkable way, and a most uncomfortable way also, if it happens to be your life that is affected, or "infected," to use the proper term.

We find that a man's body is actually made up of millions of living organisms, that the blood is composed of living creatures, that some of these are white and some red, and that there is a constant conflict going on right inside our very veins and heart.

We are now taught that diseases are caused by tiny animals, that every breath of air we breathe may be infested with a deadly microbe which has designs on our life; in fact, we know that we are in a world that is teeming with myriads of invisible germs that are destructive to human life, and that we can not turn to the right or the left, or go straight ahead, without encountering an army of them; they fill the air of the city, take possession of the cellar and the garret and all the living-rooms of your home, follow you to the shop or the office, and while you sleep they hover around you, seeking a chance to sink their small fangs into your vitals—Ugh!

After a man has read a bit about these germs he walks around on tiptoe and dare not speak above a whisper for fear that some germ boy-scout will locate him and bring on the army of invasion, and come across and "possess" him. It's nerve racking, this dodging of invisible demons that we see in all their glory and power, thrown up in real life poses at the moving-picture show.

For all that, I've come to the sensible conclusion

that the healthy human organism is more than a match for any army of disease germs that ever came down the pike, and that as long as a man lives right and keeps his body clean and free from surfeit deposits, he need not fear if all the germs in Christendom come and roost on his back porch,—though a clean man's back porch should be no good roosting-place for germs.

Given plenty of pure air and sunshine, a simple diet and sensible outdoor exercise, the human organism will cast out any germ that seeks to damage its internal anatomy. The body is supplied with gastric juices and white blood corpuscles and other forces for just this purpose, and when the body is vigorous, all these repelling forces are vigorous, and woe be to the germ that is caught anywhere on the premises.

But if the body is stuffed full of food that it can't dispose of, and every organ is taxed with foreign deposits, the result of overwork, the germ finds an easy lodging-place and congenial soil in which to commence operations. The weakened body, weakened by overindulgence of appetite and bad habits, is the legitimate prey of the germ, for nature has evidently created these germs for just this purpose, the tearing down of an organism that refuses to obey her laws.


In this fight against the germs it is pretty hard to corner them and destroy them. They are so small, and they breed so rapidly, and they spread over the country so easily, that we can never be sure that they are not around us; as you read this you may be breathing in a million of them. It will be only after society takes the position that human life is more important

than profits, and commences a universal crusade against all dust and filth that the germs will be lessened in any considerable numbers, and even then we can expect to have them, they are a part of nature's plan.

The individual, however, may free himself from all anxiety if he will simply obey nature's laws and build up his body to a proper point of resistance. You can eat germs dead or alive with impunity if you will stop eating a lot of other things that furnish food for germs inside your body.

Eat little, breathe much, exercise moderately and keep cheerful, and if you can't keep cheerful always, keep as cheerful as you can, things are bad enough without you going around with a long face. But this doesn't mean that you should be satisfied. If things are not right, change them, and if you can't do this alone, get others to see what's wrong and lend a helping hand. Not all of the parasites are microscopic, some of them can be viewed easily with the naked eye. When the race locates a few of these large visible and powerful parasites that prey upon the body politic, then we will have a better chance in our fight with the little fellows that find such a congenial atmosphere in the slums of our cities.





ASSIMILATION and the Elimination of Waste

CHAPTER XII

In view of the numerous statements made by writers on economic topics, that there are vast numbers of people in this country who are actually starving, many may consider the information in these articles as contradictory and misleading.

While it is not unlikely that, for the sake of greater emphasis, the condition of starvation is overexaggerated, it is not the purpose of the author to deny that starvation exists, nor in any way to minimize the work of writers who are striving to eradicate the unjust economic conditions leading up to this most undesirable situation.

My position is this, that a man may actually starve to death when his stomach is full of what is misnamed "food."

I remember an incident about a horse. A man once bought a nice horse. He did not know much about horses, but he wanted to be good to that horse, so he fed him twelve large ears of corn regularly. The horse got along nicely for a time, but finally he com-

menced to run down, his hide got tight and his hair bristly, and he had a gaunt and hungry look in his eye. One night the master inadvertently left the empty bushel basket, from which he had fed the horse, in the manger. The next morning he found the horse had consumed the greater part of the basket, all that he could possibly masticate of it.

Now no one will maintain that twelve ears of corn three times a day is not sufficient food for a horse, but any horseman will tell you that without abundant "rough stuff," such as hay or fodder, that amount of corn will burn a horse's "insides" out. When the horse ate the basket, he was after "rough stuff," and he got it, but just a little too rough.

The point I wish to impress is this: it is not the quantity of food that nourishes and builds up the body, but the kind, and that a little good food is much better than a lot of food, either good or bad.

One's body may be starved by eating too much rich food as well as by eating too little or poor food, food that is adulterated,—and the extent to which food is adulterated, in spite of all the "startling exposures" that have been sprung on an unsuspecting public in the past few years, is little understood.

So great has been this practice of adulteration that even the capitalistic lawmakers have tried to check it, fearing, perhaps, that they themselves will be poisoned if they don't. But when it comes to the ordinary working man's "grub," this question has not yet been considered seriously, and it is here in the "cheap food" that the adulterations are the most flagrant.

I have taken the position that a very little good



Cultivate resignation and learn to use a fly swatter gracefully.

food will properly nourish the body. When the body has to consume a large quantity of "material" to get a little "food," the material that is consumed that is not food is injurious and destroys the organism and incapacitates it to assimilate the little real food that is contained in the "conglomeration," which is perhaps as good a word as can be employed to designate the average diet.

To paraphrase the horse incident, there are thousands of people who are eating "bushel baskets," in an effort to satisfy an inner craving for something that the system needs and can not subtract from the other material with which it is supplied.

Then here is another point that must be seriously considered, if you want to travel this road to Wellville. The body may be, from previous abuses, so put out of order that it can not assimilate properly even the very best and purest of food, supplied in the exact amount needed in a normal state.

Millions of people are troubled with chronic constipation. So common is this grievous disorder that but a very few really understand its symptoms or give any special thought to the question, and yet there is nothing of more importance.

You would not leave a dish of spoiled and stinking food on your table or in your cupboard, and most of you know better than to throw it out in your back yard. But many of you are actually carrying around inside of you food that is in a badly spoiled state, and some of it has been with you for weeks and months even, and is in such a state of decomposition that it is infested with worms, nature's scavengers.

Some of you have a bowel action regularly,—about once a week,—and some have an action each day; the fact is, that you must throw out the waste material sooner or later, and the fact that you seem to be doing this, satisfies many who have no specific knowledge of their internal anatomy or how and when it should be done.

Now put this down as an absolute rule of health: unless the bowels act regularly and normally, good health is an impossibility.

The fact that you have an action each day is not sufficient, that action must be a proper and normal one, and must cleanse the colon of its contents, not merely eliminate an “instalment” in the shape of dry, hard, blackened fecal matter that comes out only with much straining and even painful distension.

The full process of food digestion and assimilation is one that requires scientific explanation and the author hasn't any desire to tackle it, nor is it necessary to do so. Suffice to know that in some way nature takes the food that is put in the stomach and does her best to manufacture it into bone, muscle, blood, and physical energy. That the job is quite an important one must be admitted; and that by intelligent selection of what goes into the stomach we can very greatly assist nature, must also be admitted by thinknig people, though most people seem to take it for granted that any old thing will do, only so the stomach is filled.

One thing is certain: the stomach is very often filled with undesirable material from which Nature has great difficulty in selecting for the use of the body such particles as will build up the tissues, replenish

the blood, bones, and flesh, and leave a surplus reserve energy stored in each organ of the body.

Once in the stomach, whatever food is placed there is apt to stay until the stomach, through its digestive process, is able to pass it down into the small intestines. Sometimes Nature rebels before this point has been reached and "passes up" the contents of a much-abused and insulted stomach; and in such a case you can be thankful, no matter how disgusting and painful the ordeal, for this "conglomeration" is better outside of you quickly than left inside to go through the rest of the process and poison the system in every department, as is usually the case.

Properly masticated, a small amount of good food is easily handled by the stomach and converted into a fluid state very much like milk, which is passed into the small intestines and here taken up into the system by a wonderful process of assimilation that subtracts the particles that go to sustain the different functions of the body. Properly digested, the intestines have no trouble in getting the nourishment that is needed and the waste matter is cast into the colon, and from there out of the body.

This entire process takes some hours. There are a great many feet of small intestines through which this food has to pass, for Nature has been economical in her plan and designs to get every bit of force she can possibly extract from the food given her. It is for this reason that a small amount of good food suffices, and is better than a large amount. A large amount of food can not be properly masticated in the first place, is not properly digested in the second, and so goes to the

small intestines in an improper form from which it is difficult to subtract the needed elements in the needed state, and hence it is pushed on down into the colon, where it again clogs and often stays for weeks before it finally gets out of the system.

With most people the body is in a chronic "stuffed" state, the stomach can not empty until the small intestines empty, and in turn the small intestines can not empty until the colon empties. Each is kept filled to its capacity, and immediately when the stomach is emptied, and is just settling down for a little much-needed rest, cerchunk!—in comes another gob of stuff that must be taken care of in some way. Many people don't even allow the stomach to get empty at all; they keep filling it up just as soon as there is a little space at the top.

It is a shame how we treat these faithful organs of ours in our selfish effort to gratify our APPE-TITES, which we invariably do at the expense of our bodily health.

Talk about an eight-hour day—some people work their internal anatomy an even twenty-four hours out of every twenty-four, and still we wonder why people die young. We better wonder how they live as long as they do.

But to return to our problem of digestion. I am not much of a "fan," but the stomach might be likened unto first base in a ball game. If the other three bases are open, there is a chance of making a home run, but if second and third—the intestines and the colon—are filled, the man has got to stay on first base longer than he should; he has to wait till there is a

vacancy, until some Ty Cobb comes to bat and lands the ball over the fence and cleans up all the bases.

The physical Ty Cobb that the human race has been playing has been a dose of epsom salts or castor oil, but the trouble is that it don't really clean up the bases, though it usually makes a hole through the mass of clogged-up matter. The situation is still wrong. In other words, "Ty" fails to land one over the fence; he just strikes a foul, and is caught out.

The idea I am trying to give you is that you should not let your system get clogged, that you should stop the "stuffing" habit. If, however, you do get clogged up, use the water enema; it is by far the quickest and most proper way of inside cleaning.

The habitual use of drugs, pills, etc., for causing bowel action is harmful in the extreme, and falls far short of accomplishing the needed results.

Now get this: you can't continually stuff your stomach and expect your body properly to eliminate the amount of material you put into it, even though you do this in an effort to supply pure food from a lot of rubbish; the effect on the system is the same. The system can take care of some waste, is built purposely to do this, but there is a limit to its normal capacity. A five-horse-power engine, speeded up to the limit, might do for a while the work that a ten-horse-power engine working normally ought to do, but the life of that five-horse-power engine would be greatly shortened,—and that's just the thing that is happening with the race today.

We have given our bodies impossible tasks, not in feats of strength and endurance along the lines of



Such "stuff" would make a well man sick.

outside activity, but in feats of strength and endurance along the lines of inside activity.

Now note again: if the food is kept in the stomach too long, it ferments, and instead of emptying food laden into the intestines, it fills them with a mess of matter in which the food properties have already been largely destroyed, some of them turned into poisons by the wonderful chemistry of the body. If the small intestines can not quickly dispose of this mess into the colon, these poisons are taken into the system and pass through the kidneys or are pushed out through the glands of the skin. Nature makes every effort to eliminate the poison quickly, but a continued congested state means that the kidneys and other organs also become overworked, and the flesh filled with putrid matter, until the body is filled with disease and fairly stinks. No wonder frequent bathing is necessary for some people to keep the body smelling sweetly.

But finally this matter, what is left of it, is pushed into the colon. Here nature has provided a large reservoir in case of emergency and to furnish ample room for normal operation. It is at this point, however, that some of the most serious complications result, for the colon, in spite of its liberal capacity, finally becomes clogged and its normal muscular action eventually destroyed by the hard feces that dries to its walls. Eventually there is just a small hole through this putrid mass that permits the egress of waste material, which, having no natural muscular action to eliminate it, is only eliminated by pressure, one wad pushing out another wad until, in the course of a week

or so, the matter gets through the colon and is deposited in a dried hard chunk of blackened excrement,—and some people call this a healthy action, or fail to take any cognizance of it at all.

Human excrement should be light in color and soft in consistency. It should be deposited without straining, and regularly in the morning. The colon should be entirely cleaned by this process each day, as should every other organ of the body be permitted to do its task and have a proper rest period.

Try this test: stop eating for a week; it won't hurt you a bit. You will find if you have not been living properly that you will keep getting refuse out of your system for days and days after you stop putting anything in, and if you are observing, you will be surprised, almost dumbfounded, to know where it comes from. In such a case you are just giving your body a chance in this way to get rid of a lot of material that you have forced upon it, and that it could not eliminate in the ordinary run of the tasks assigned it.

Many of you who read this have something like a bushel of waste matter stored away in your system right now, matter that is harmful, that ought to be eliminated, that is stopping up different organs and keeping them from functioning naturally, that is causing you aches and pains and distress.

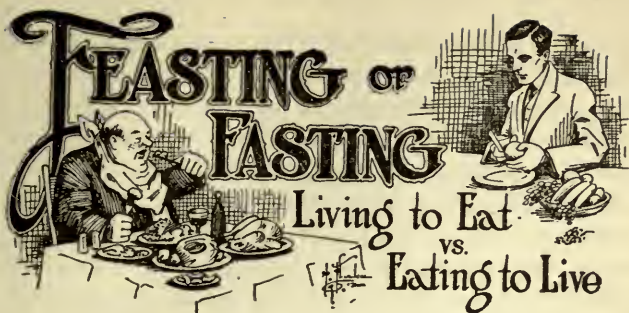
Why not be sensible and have a good inside house cleaning?

Now house cleaning is not a pleasant time of the year. When you come home some night and find the carpets all up and the rooms full of dust, and everything upside down, your easy chair in the woodshed,

and your slippers in the coal bin, if a mere man, you are apt to remark, "Darn this house-cleaning business, everything is dirtier now than it was before." And this remark would hold true, if you judged by the visible dirt at hand. But the house cleaner does not bring into the home any new dirt, she just digs it out of the corners and from behind the pictures and other places where it has lodged. And so with your internal house cleaning,—it will not be a pleasant time, and your entire system will probably be turned upside down, and you will feel, oh, so miserable! during this period of going without food; but old Mother Nature will improve every moment you give her to set your house in the best possible shape.

And after it is all over, you will feel like a new being, and the little flesh, not counting the rubbish, you have lost in the fast will come back to you a pound a day or more, and you will be very glad indeed that you cleaned out your internal house. But don't forget at this point what got the house dirty, and be wise to the point of keeping it clean ever afterwards. Also do not try an experiment of this kind until you know just what you are doing and why you are doing it.





CHAPTER XIII

Very few people starve to death.

Many people, however, suffer from malnutrition, lack of proper food, and a great many more from over-eating.

Now here is a bold statement, one that will be disputed at once by those who have not given thought to the subject: one of the greatest causes of disease is overeating.

I trust my readers will give me at least a chance to prove this assertion, and, better still, will take the trouble to prove it for themselves through individual experimentation.

In the first place, very few people understand the actual requirements of the body as to the kind and amount of food needed to replace its waste tissue and supply it with vital energy.

The average person has been "brought up" on at least three so-called "square" meals a day; some have habitually "pieced" between meals; and most all have naturally, or at least easily, assumed that this is the proper procedure.

To miss one meal seems to these people to be a severe privation, a matter for interesting conversation for days afterwards, and to be forcibly deprived of food for twenty-four hours is often considered "dangerous," while to be without food for several days, say entombed in a mine, this is not only considered dangerous, but abundant proof can be furnished to show that it is dangerous—to people uneducated regarding the real power of the human body to go without food. Under such circumstances people very often are supposed to starve to death, but this is a mistake; it is not starvation, but fright that kills them.

Here, then, is a most wonderful demonstration of the power of the mind over the body. And it will be well for you, dear reader, to remember this statement, for you may sometime be placed in a similar condition and be compelled to fast a considerable length of time; in such a case I am sure that what follows will be very valuable information to you, and may enable you to save your own life and the lives of many around you.

Of recent years a great many people have fasted. There are now a number of books written on the subject. These fasts have been entered into for various reasons—some for notoriety, some for scientific experiment, and many for the cure of various diseases and disorders of the body. Whatever else may have resulted, this is certain, that it has been absolutely proven beyond a doubt that the body can live for thirty days without one particle of food; in truth, thirty days is now a short fast, for cases of ninety days' fast are on record, and forty and fifty days are not unusual.

Now I can hear you say, "Well, some people might

be able to do that, but I can't." To be frank, should you not say, "I won't"? There is no question but that you could if you would. There is a question, however, whether it would be desirable for you to do this.

It is not normal for man to fast; he is naturally an "eating" animal, and a certain amount of proper food is desirable each day. But neither is it natural for man to be sick; the normal condition is health. If one is sick, then it is sensible to find out why one is sick, and having found out why, to remove the cause and take such measures as will assist nature in traveling the road back to health and strength.

When one is sick, the usual thing is to call lustily for a "doctor." So constant and numerous are these calls that in this country we have thousands and thousands of "medicine men," hurrying around with automobiles, trying to "call" on every caller—with the result that the more doctors we have the more we seem to need, and we have established medical colleges that are now turning them out by the hundreds.

Fact is, it's quite a "business" these days, this "doctoring business," and along with it the business of the undertaker, the coffin maker, and the sexton.

Now suppose you are sick; it's not necessary to make any "supposition" with most of you; very few people are actually well, in perfect health. Most of us are just able to crawl around, our ailments are often so protracted that they become chronic, and many thousands never know what it is to be free from some kind of ache or pain, unless the "doctor" dopes them with something, often morphine or worse.

But we will say now that you are suffering from

some acute and manifestly distressing disease; old Mother Nature is trying her best to tell you there is something wrong—that's PAIN, and the purpose of pain, which is the "guardian angel" of the body.

You've tried the old ideas a long time, and you have never been permanently bettered. Of course you have been sick and got well, or so you are able to "get up and around," but you haven't been actually well for years,—that's the condition of millions of people today. Now suppose you try something new.

I understand that few people want to "experiment" on themselves, but it's about as safe as letting some "doctor" experiment on you, and much cheaper.

Here is the idea: when you get sick, or when you know that you are not in perfect health, investigate the "fast cure."

Most ailments come from the different organs of the body being clogged up with foreign matter of some kind in the nature of poisons, gases, waste, or germs. (Perhaps I am not using the correct "medical" terms to make myself clear to the "doctors," but this article is not written with any idea that it will ever receive their attention, and the average "patient" will know, or be able to guess, what I mean from my "unprofessional language.")

If the sewer system of a city gets clogged up, they don't give it a dose of pills, they flush it with water; if your system gets clogged up,—and that's the matter with most of you most of the time,—do the same thing. To do this properly, first stop putting in any more clogging material; in other words, stop eating, and then drink plenty of water often, and take internal

baths (which are absolutely necessary in a fast) regularly once or twice a day, until every particle of matter is eliminated.

The idea is this: the fast gives nature a chance to clean you out, clean out every diseased organ, and stop feeding every abnormal growth.

The beneficial results from fasting are little less than marvelous. The cures from so-called "incurable" diseases border on the miraculous. It's like putting an old and much-abused automobile into a good workshop and having it completely overhauled; it runs like a new car when you take it out, but of course it isn't a new car, nor will you have a new body, but you will come very near to having one, if you take a complete fast and get rid of the old one almost down to the bones and skin, and this can be done without injury and with positive benefit, startling as it may appear.

And now I suppose you recall stories of shipwrecked crews and the story writers' vivid pictures of the awful agony of "hunger pangs" when people are starving, and you shudder and say, "Not for mine, thank you!"

Strange to say, there is very little inconvenience from hunger during a fast, and this chiefly at the very start of it. At the second, or third day at the most, all desire for food usually disappears, and until it reappears naturally, the fast should not be broken.

Strange again, but many people while fasting are not inconvenienced by physical exhaustion, and after the system has become in a measure accustomed to the fast they find their strength, lost in the first part of it, and are able to do vigorous physical feats. For in-

stance, an authentic case is recorded where a young lady walked twenty-four miles on the twentieth day of her fast without any serious fatigue.

As a rule the first and second days of the fast are the hardest; the craving for food will be very noticeable, especially at meal times; the stomach will be all upset; the tongue will commence to get a thick coat, the breath to be offensive, and you will literally feel "all in." It is about this point, possibly the third day, that most people with weak backbones stop, and forever after they go around telling about how they "fasted" and how it did them no good, etc.

Fortunately there are many who, when they go into a thing, go in to win out, and refuse to give up until they have made a thorough attempt according to the requirements. These people first study up on the question to the point of convincing themselves that others have been greatly benefited by fasting, that it is not dangerous, that one can easily go a month without food and without any serious consequences to the body,—and so they stick through the first few disagreeable days, stick until old Mother Nature says to them, "Having made a thorough job of my house cleaning and put this body in the best possible shape, considering the previous injuries done to it, now I'm ready for business again."

The only danger from fasting comes in breaking the fast. The fast can be broken at any time, but if broken before hunger appears naturally, the beneficial effects will be only partial, though even a short fast is helpful. No matter how miserable you feel, and many do feel miserable all through this ordeal, for

in a sense it is an ordeal, you need not worry as long as you are drinking plenty of water and taking your enemas regularly. Not until the tongue cleans up should you take food of any kind; it will start around the edges first, a nice little red band, and keep working inward until you have the nicest little soft red tongue, full of "taste" for the food, that you will soon be eating with a relish that you have not known since the days when you were a barefooted kid.

There are several ways advocated to break a fast. The writer broke a fast once by using grape juice, just a tablespoonful to start with, and increasing the dose gradually each hour up to a glassful. The second day he started on milk and gradually kept increasing the quantity for several days. Many "fast experts" advocate living on an exclusive milk diet for a week or so after the fast. Milk does not agree with some people, and in such cases this would probably not be best. Broths and easily digested solid foods can be quickly substituted, though one must ever bear in mind that after the fast is broken the appetite is ravenous and must be controlled until the body becomes normal weight.

In most cases the lost weight is regained inside a couple of weeks, and usually to people who were under weight before the fast several pounds of good clean tissue is added. In cases of overweight the fast always helps to bring the body back to its proper normal weight.

Here is the entire situation in a nut shell: if you have lived right and are in perfect health, as you will be, then there is no sense in your fasting, unless you

do this as a "spiritual experience," and there are some interesting results in this particular. But if you are not in perfect health, fasting will give nature a chance to clean out the impurities from your system and give you a new lease of life in a way that only a personal experience can convince you is possible.

I know of a certain lady whose health had run down to an alarming point. She finally could stand the strain no longer, and went to a physician who diagnosed her case as pronounced diabetes. Not satisfied with the one examination, she went to two other physicians and received the same report; this threw her into a frightened state that immensely aggravated the difficulty and she was constantly up and down, up and down, throughout the night, and the urinal discharge was very copious; it was a mystery where all the water came from. The lady had a floating kidney, and the physicians all advised an immediate operation. The matter looked very serious, so serious that she took a trip to Battle Creek to have an examination there at the sanitarium. The result of this trip was not satisfactory, and she came back more discouraged than ever. At this time I had been reading up on the matter of fasting, and also had taken a short experimental fast of seven days, and I advised that this lady take a fast. She had not studied the matter herself, but on the promise of a trip to the Southland, her home (for this lady happens to be my wife), she finally consented and the fast began.

It was a very trying ordeal for both of us. The amount of matter that was thrown out from the system was unbelievable. It seemed that the little woman

would actually turn inside out, and the vomiting spells were very frequent and very painful. She was soon so weak that she took to the bed. On the second day the desire for food left her, and later when she found she had no desire to eat, she became frightened, and on the fifth day this grew upon her so that she felt that she was going to pass in her checks right away. Her nervous mental condition became so serious that we decided to break the fast, though it had not really a good start. For all that, she soon found she could eat, and in a remarkably short time she was strong enough for her trip South, and when she returned a month later, she was almost one of these "new women" we read so much about, having added many pounds of good healthy flesh and having completely eliminated, for the time being, her old complaint. I verily believe my wife would be dead today if we had followed the advice of the three physicians, and if she had not taken that fast; and that's recommendation enough to convince me that fasting beats filling one's hide with a lot of "dope" called medicine, or cutting out one's internal organs.

An anticipated question,—and a frank answer:

"For what kind of diseases do you advise fasting?"

I do not advise fasting at all. All I do advise is that you carefully study into the subject and decide the matter for yourself on the merits of the case.

I will say this, however, that there is good evidence to prove that even cancer can be cured in this manner; and I am personally convinced that any disease that the doctors can even "better," can be completely cured through fasting.

And this in parting: if you ever decide to go through a fast, also decide that when you get through you will start in at that point to live right, for unless you do the fast will be but a temporary freedom from disease. You can't disobey nature's laws and be healthy. If you are determined to gratify your appetite and follow your bad habits, what's the use of fasting at all? The sooner the fool-killer gets you the better it will be for the race.



A FRANK STATEMENT OF FACTS

Patient—"Is it absolutely necessary to operate on me, doctor?"
Doctor—"Well, ahem, not exactly necessary, but customary."

PIGS OR FIGS!

Must we eat hog
to live?



CHAPTER XIV

Many people are psychologized with the idea that one can not live without animal or flesh food.

To prove the contrary requires no argument; it is merely a matter of fact that millions of people live on a vegetarian diet all their lives.

It is also a clear matter of historic deduction, that for countless ages our prehistoric ancestors lived on what is termed "innocent" food—fruits, nuts, vegetables, cereals, roots, etc.

It may be argued that they had no weapons and were not able to procure flesh food, and it is true that man in his most primitive condition was weaponless, but nature provided him, as she provides every animal, with just the food he needed.

The using of fish as food came only after the fear of fire had been conquered and mankind had learned to control and use it to his own advantage,—a long and interesting chapter in human history not to be told

in this connection. (Read "The Story of the Giants and Their Tools," by same author.)

To get right down to brass tacks, all animal organisms are sustained by the vegetable kingdom. It is only a question as to whether you will eat "first hand" or "second hand" vegetables—most people draw the line on "third hand" vegetables.

Here is the idea: if you eat a chicken, the chicken ate corn, and it is the corn, not the chicken, that is the original source of life-sustaining energy; as stated above, the chicken is only second-class vegetable matter.

If you eat cow, the cow ate grass, and you are eating second-hand grass.

Now, from this, you may argue: "Seeing I am not able to eat grass first hand, and seeing I am able to eat cow, then is it not wisdom for me to let the cow eat the grass, that I may eat the cow?"

The logic seems to be good, at least it has convinced many who wanted to be favorably impressed, but it is not conclusive.

Why does the cow eat grass?

The answer the cow would give, were she able to speak, would be that she is hungry, and grass satisfies her appetite, it is her natural food.

The answer science gives is that the grass supplies the cow with *energy* which she consumes, and while some of this energy is still in her body when she is killed for food, in the form of new life cells, there are also dead cells that are not food, but refuse that the cow can't use, or rather that the cow has used, and that the human who eats the cow must use over again.

By the above is meant that in every animal organism there is a constant process of decay going on, dead cells are being replaced by live ones, and flesh is composed of both.

Flesh food, then, is not the best food, because the energy has already been used by the animal, and the flesh is full of waste that can not be utilized, nor is it good for other reasons equally important.

In the first place, it is not the natural food of man, for man is not naturally a carnivorous animal, but belongs to the fruit and nut eaters.

Flesh alone will not sustain human life. The dire results that come from a purely flesh diet, when such a diet is enforced, are a matter of record, and horrible to contemplate. Flesh can only be used in connection with other vegetable and real food, and when used a great many undesirable if not serious physical results are sure to follow.

Flesh is not a "humane" food; it requires cruelty to procure it. The "butcher" business is not elevating or ennobling. The man who makes a business of striking helpless cattle in the head with an ax and then cutting their throats is brutalized by the work he does, and the society that requires this work to be done is also brutalized.

The ripe peach drops from the tree into the hand; its food element may be consumed, and its pit may be planted and bring forth another tree. In other words, by plucking and eating the peach you but assist the process of nature. To grow peaches, to make two grow where one grew before, this is ennobling; the man who works at it is a public benefactor. To

gather nuts, to sow and reap grain, to cultivate corn,—all these pursuits are pleasant and uplifting, they bring man close to old Mother Nature, they fill his lungs with the breath of life, and provide food for his body that is full of life-giving energy.

To “stick” a hog and listen to its piteous squealing and death gurgle is brutal; it deadens the faculty of pity; it hardens the heart of compassion; it sears the very soul and helps to make mankind what it is today, a community of carnivorous animals, preying upon each other, shrewd, cunning, merciless, bestial, and thirsting for blood.

If it were necessary, it would be different.

But it is not necessary, nor is it desirable, nor is it economic.

It takes about eight pounds of good corn to make one pound of what has been politely designated as “sow-bosom”; and any one of these eight pounds of good corn will supply far more life energy to the human body than will one pound of filthy flesh, for when flesh is considered in its proper light, as food it is really filthy in that it contains dead cells, and further, that it makes the body into which it is taken filthy and unclean.

If flesh is good food, why not eat animals that eat flesh, thus getting “third hand” vegetables? It must be admitted that many people do eat carnivorous animals, but they are generally eaten at a time when the animals are living on vegetable food. The darkey prefers his “possum” in persimmon time, and the white man prefers his “hog” corn fed, but he doesn’t always get him that way. I have seen hogs fattened

from the refuse of a slaughter house that were wallowing in blood and offal, and no more fit for food than the buzzards that got their food from the same supply.

A carnivorous animal brought up on milk and innocent food can be kept tame, but once he gets the taste of blood, he becomes dangerous. Carnivorous animals are supposed to live on flesh, we are making no argument to the contrary; but the fact remains that the kind of food that an animal eats affects its disposition, and this will apply absolutely to the human animal.

If you want to try an experiment and you have a tame, good-dispositioned dog, just feed him on raw meat exclusively. It won't hurt the dog, that's a natural food for dogs; but before long the dog will become cross and snappy and bite some one. So you better not try that experiment after all.

I'll tell you a better one. Perhaps you know some person in your family who is cross and snappy, and possibly you are just a bit cross and snappy yourself; well, in a case like this, where you have so much better chance to make a good experiment, spare the dog.

If the women only knew how much dirty work they could save themselves by teaching their family to live on innocent food, it would be a great point in their favor, and the average housewife has enough work to do without adding unnecessary burdens.

The very best diet is the cheapest and the easiest to prepare.

In fact, no preparation at all is needed.

Fruit and nuts are best eaten in their raw state, and with milk you have a perfect diet. It sounds so

simple that it staggers your credulity. You are used to coming to a table with steaming viands, slabs of greasy meat, gravies, pickles, and a variety of conglomeration, clear down to "hash"; in fact, it is all "hash" after it is thrown into the stomach in the usual manner.

Fruit, nuts, and milk may be a part of this layout, but these things are considered only as "accessories" of small consequence. You think you have to have something that will "stick to your ribs," as you express it. The fact is that a good many of these things stick to your liver, stick to your kidneys, stick to your colon, and the harder they stick, the worse off it is for you.

But, "Goodness, gracious!" you exclaim; you don't expect one to live on just fruit and nuts and milk? No, I really don't expect some of you to change your habits of eating one iota. You have become so thoroughly saturated with the psychology of your age and accustomed to the habits you have formed or that have been formed for you, that you are bound by them as with chains of steel. It is just here and there that one finds a human being that really wants to be human, and is willing to live human in order to grow into the full stature of normal manhood and womanhood as originally designed by the Great Architect.

For all that, if you will try this experiment of right living just one month, faithfully, conscientiously, and intelligently, you will willingly join the small group of mortals who are earnestly striving to live in accordance with the physical laws of their being, that they may by so living have more abundant life. You



The struggle for existence in an adverse environment.

will find you have not suffered in any way, unless merely through a craving of your abnormal appetite for abnormal things,—just the same way a toper will suffer when his dram is taken away from him. But your physical body will be in better trim than it was at the beginning of the experiment.

As a matter of fact, I am not asking you to give up anything that is really good for you, not even the gratification of your appetite, for you will find that the right kind of food for you is best relished, once you get your system straightened out and used to it. You will find—but what's the use telling you, when you can make the experiment and find out these things for yourself?

Listen! If people will live in accordance with the laws of their physical being, they will always be well, for health is the normal condition, and disease always comes from disobedience to law, usually through ignorance, but that does not save you from the consequences.

Listen again! If you will really apply some of these things I am telling you to your own life, you will soon forget the doctor's telephone number.

Maybe you don't think these things worth while, as compared with the extreme pleasure of eating pig,—and paying doctors' bills. Well, you may side in with the pig, to get the pig "inside" of you, but as for myself, I prefer health and strength, and to stop the sacrifice of the pig; and if you will leave it to the pig, you will find that even a pig can see the force of my argument, and will vote for the speedy coming of the day when no man will so debase himself as to seek

to draw his life energy from a poor pig, or a fat one either.

Joking aside—why not try it out, not the pig, but the one month experiment living on two meals of “innocent food,” fruits, nuts, and milk.

You need not confine yourself strictly to the above; honey, cheese, and vegetables may be added, celery, carrots, turnips, cabbage, etc.,—all eaten in their natural stage, and thoroughly masticated. You can add graham crackers also for the honey, and a fresh raw egg whipped in your milk. Oh, don't worry, you are not going to starve; you are just going to give your system a chance to straighten out and get normal.

Be very careful not to overeat, by thoroughly masticating everything; if you do this, you will never overeat. And don't forget this, that overeating good food is just as bad as eating poor food. To stop eating pig, and then make a pig of yourself,—that won't do at all. There are pigs enough already without your adding yourself to the list.

It will probably take some time to shrink your “tummy” down to normal proportions so that a reasonable amount of food will seem to “fill” it. It is really disgraceful how some people have stuffed and stuffed and stuffed their poor “tummies” till they have spread out all over the front of them, and they look like balloons with legs on 'em. We even find people who are actually proud of these abnormally stretched abdomens. If you have one, don't boast about it any more; it is simply the evidence of gluttony, if you will permit the plain statement, and also the evidence of disease. Some fat may be permissible as stored

food, but any amount of it that distorts the human form is not only undesirable but dangerous. The normal human figure is neither fat nor skinny, but well rounded and graceful, athletic, and mobile. Such a figure is best built and sustained on natural food, such as old Mother Nature herself provides ready, agreeable, nourishing, and procurable without cruelty or the shedding of blood.





CHAPTER XVII

There are people who maintain that three or four hours' sleep each night is sufficient, and that most of the race are wasting a good deal of valuable time in this manner. Examples of noted men are cited who have lived with just a few hours of sleep in the twenty-four,—but most of these men have died young.

The writer believes that at least eight hours, and in some cases more, of dreamless sleep is desirable. Sleep is the great restorer of fagged-out energy; during this period the body recuperates its strength and gets itself in trim for the wakeful period of activity.

The first hours of the morning after sleep are the best for hard mental and physical tasks. At this period the body is at the apex of its strength, and it is a shame that so many people insult it by this harmful "breakfast habit," and at once start the organs on their daily grind to eliminate the food that is stuffed into it, regardless of whether it needs food or not.

There is certainly much confusion of ideas on this

question of feeding the body. Some people seem to think that the body immediately consumes the food given it and transfers it into energy. This is a serious mistake. You get no energy from the food you eat at the time you eat it, or for hours and hours afterwards, and you consume energy in the digestive process, energy that you often might better consume in other ways.

Take this as a suggestion and work it out by experimentation. If you have a large task to perform, mental or physical, do it on an empty stomach. If you want to collect your thoughts and, say, write an article that embodies the best that is in you, do it early in the morning, and before you have tasted food, excepting a copious intake of the fresh morning air. If you are to deliver a lecture and wish to have the best command of all your faculties and vocal powers, do not eat for at least five or six hours preceding this lecture.

The business world is full of mental wrecks verging on nervous prostration; nine-tenths of this comes from the bad habit of working the brain and the stomach at the same time; it can't be done successfully and without injury.

Bear this in mind: whenever you have a mental task that is a severe strain: eat very sparingly, if at all, and you will come through it admirably. The reasons are that in great mental activity the blood and vital forces rush to the head, where they are needed, and if one has food in the stomach it is apt to sour or be very improperly taken care of, or if taken care of properly, the head suffers, on the basis that one can't do two important things well at the same time.



Never eat when worried or mentally distressed.

For brain workers this question of overeating is far more important than many will concede. The hard manual worker can use up a good deal of food in exercise, though he also has a tendency to overeat, because much of the food is not what the system should have, and a greater bulk is consumed in order to get the needed elements, and also because of cultivated habit. But the office and factory, clerks and indoor workers almost invariably eat too much, especially the sedentary brain workers.

People have blindly accepted the theory that food gives strength, without understanding that it is only under certain conditions that it gives strength, and these conditions are that it be properly assimilated. Any food that is taken into the system and not assimilated gives no strength and is an element of weakness, requiring the expenditure of strength to eliminate it.

A small amount of food may give more strength than a large amount, just the same as a small amount of gasoline properly mixed with air will give a stronger power explosion than a large amount. If you run an automobile, just cover the air intake on the carburetor and see how soon the engine will foul and stop completely. Here is the secret of food combustion as well: *we must learn to use more air and water and less solid food.* It is really remarkable when you know how very little food will supply the body with its maximum vitality and strength.

Nature does her best to take up the oversupply of material forced upon her. With many she manufactures this into fatty tissue, and as a result we see people whose abdomens are abnormally distended and

whose frame is covered with flabby tissue. Some fat is permissible, just enough to round out the figure in graceful curves, but too much is worse than none at all. Excessive fat is not an evidence of health but of disease. Most fat people could fast a couple of months with great benefit, and suffer very little, for they would simply consume the stored food of their bodies; as Upton Sinclair says, "This is hardly to be called a fast."

With most people appetite is altogether abnormal; the more they eat the more they want; they never feel satisfied until the stomach is filled to its fullest capacity, and extended far beyond its normal size. When the body is perfectly normal, just a very little food satisfies; there is no craving and no desire to fill up the stomach like a bag or a small balloon.

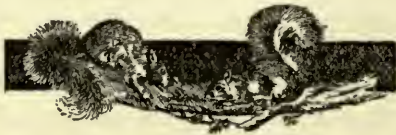
With many there is a constant craving for food, even a full stomach does not stop it. The system, starving for nourishment, has reached a stage of overstuffing that uses all its powers to eliminate the great gobs of food that are piled inside the stomach and from which no vital energy is assimilated. This is a serious state to get into; acute dyspepsia follows when finally the stomach refuses the food, or it causes great distress. The way out is simple enough: clean out and tone up your system by a thorough fast, and then live right when you start in eating again, eating moderately such food as is proper, and being careful to eliminate all waste regularly.

With regard to the question of sleep, by all means sleep outdoors if you can, or as nearly outdoors as you can, and this means have all the windows, and doors

too, open throughout the night. Sleep at least eight hours, and sleep at night—it is the natural time to sleep; only owls and bats and skunks prowl around nights. If you have any “prowling” to do, get through with it in the early part of the evening and see to it that you are snugly tucked away in bed at least sometime before midnight. This “open all night” stunt is just another evidence of how abnormal man has become. We are certainly “going some” these days, but we are headed straight for an early grave; it’s time to put on the brakes. Remember this: most any fool can run an automobile at high speed over rough roads for a short while, but it isn’t good for the machine, nor can one negotiate such roads as well in the night as in the daytime.

You may have to run your body over rough roads; if so, it needs all the more care that you may pull it through without injury. This body is indeed a wonderful machine, but the way some people run their bodies it is really a mystery to me that they last as long as they do.

If it’s worth while to live one hundred years in full possession of one’s bodily powers and mental activity, it’s worth paying the price in obedience to nature’s laws—at any rate, it’s the only way that will accomplish the trick, so you can pay your money and take your choice.





CHAPTER XV

From the standpoint of normal nature we have become so abnormal that there are some questions of fundamental and vital importance that have to do with the very perpetuity of the race itself, that are now considered indecent, improper, and "unmentionable."

Whenever the question of "sex" is raised in a mixed audience, the old grannies throw up their hands in holy horror, the middle-aged people look cold and unapprovingly at you, and the young people blush and look disturbed and silly.

You can talk on most any question but this one; here you are supposed to hold your tongue and keep whatever knowledge you possess, good or bad, to yourself.

I want to say right here that this attitude of mind is causing more trouble in the world than anything else I can mention; it is the height of folly, and it is time that sensible people refuse to hold their tongues

when the very heavens cry out against the evils of the abnormal sex expression that is undermining the very foundation of civic life and individual character.

I boldly maintain that the question of sex and the propagation of the race is NOT an indecent question, except in an indecent mind, that has become so perverted that it can not hold a pure thought. It is important that proper knowledge be no longer suppressed, but that we come out boldly and call a spade a spade. Men and women should discuss these questions rationally with each other and their children, that the race may be governed by wisdom, and coming generations saved from the folly and disease that comes from the abuse of the sex functions.

The subject of sex is one that permeates all nature. The neuter gender seems to be only a grammatical phrase, for wherever there is created life there is sex—in the animal, the vegetable, and its counterpart even in the mineral world.

The purpose of nature in this matter, the propagation of the species, is of no less importance with regard to man than it is with regard to animals and vegetables, and yet our government spends hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly studying the question of the sex and breeding of hogs, and not a penny in trying to discover how to raise a noble specimen of manhood.

Should a chicken or a calf break out with some vile or dangerous disease, the government sends a dozen experts to study into the matter and try to devise a remedy. But the human race is affected by a score of vile and body-destroying diseases that come

from the lack of knowledge of the proper functions of sex, and not a penny is spent in any systematic effort on the part of the people's representatives to find and eradicate the causes and get rid of the effects. The victims are left to the tender mercies of patent-medicine venders and quacks, not to mention the "regular" practicing physicians, who make a great part of their money in this way. There is no other class of disease where the victim pays so liberally for relief—and gets so little.

Admitted that the question is not an easy one to handle, this does not prove that no attempt should be made, and that helpful knowledge should be withheld, especially from the children, who contract all manner of wrong sex habits through *ignorance*, and through the harmful example and teaching of other children and grown people equally ignorant.

Admitted that if right knowledge was given out many would not follow it, still it would act as a check, and in the course of time right teaching will be followed by right acting. It could hardly be expected that a matter that has been permitted to grow into such grave and dangerous proportions is to be immediately brought back into right channels.

The start should be made with the children, who should be taught in the public schools the functions of sex and the danger of abusing the sex organs, and they should be taught this at a very early age, as early as the abuses commence to be manifested. The most careful text-books should be prepared and if necessary, special teachers employed who are capable of giving the proper knowledge on this most proper subject.

I once listened to a man who was lecturing under the auspices of "The League for Medical Freedom." I was much in sympathy with some of the purposes of the league, had even subscribed my name as a prospective member. After I heard this man, who was a high-up official in the movement, I was thoroughly disgusted. The greater part of his talk was taken up trying to prove that the movement to teach sex hygiene in the public schools is dangerous, and that such knowledge should be given children only by their parents.

Admitting that it would be desirable for the parents to give this knowledge, how are parents to give what they have not got. The parents of children are as much in need of being taught as the children, and the teachers should be given a chance to teach the parents through the children, if they can't be reached in any other manner,—and in my judgment the textbooks should be so designed that the interest and cooperation of the parents is also brought into action.

It could hardly be expected that in the brief space at my command I could go into an exhaustive treatment of this subject. There are numerous books that are procurable that will give any person desiring same the needed knowledge and warning regarding the sex nature. I would feel, however, that the purpose of these articles would not be subserved unless a few fundamental principles were elucidated.

In the first place there seems to be but one purpose of sex, as exemplified in nature, and that is the propagation of the species. If you will study through the animal kingdom, you will find that the sex functions

are only brought into play for this specific reason, unless it is among the animals that have associated with man. The domestic animals have been known to become abnormal along sex lines, in fact they have been taught by man to be abnormal. But with thousands of years of abnormal breeding the chickens still average about as many roosters as hens, and the same is true of other animals where one male serves a number of females. You can change the size, the color, and the general form of the species; you can develop an animal or fowl that has no seeming resemblance to its progenitors, but you can't change a fundamental law of sex or even modify it, though you can pervert its immediate expression.

This may be laid down as absolutely true: the sex fluid is more important to the male organism than many times its quantity in blood; that it has its function in building the character of the boy and making a *man* of him; it gives him the male voice and the male courage and the male strength. The loss of this fluid saps his very life energy and makes of him only a "*thing*" that might have been a man. And it is for this very reason, sex abuse, that we have so many "things" and so few men; and yet we are not saving our boys or making one sensible concerted effort to bring to them the knowledge that is of such very great importance to them, individually and to the entire race.

Let it be said with shame to us as a race that the practice of self-abuse at some time in life is almost universal with both sexes, and has led to untold misery and race deterioration.

One might live an otherwise model life, and

through this avenue of sex gratification tear down the body and the mind and the character as well; in fact, destroy all that is desirable in the human, that distinguishes it above the other animals. In this way the human animal descends, not to the plane of the beast, which in nature is normal and right, but far below the plane of the beast, for the depths of human degradation take hold of hell itself.

The sex appetite once started becomes an abnormal craving the same as the appetite for whisky or morphine, though worse. The victim, for one is certainly a "victim" in the clutches of any abnormal appetite, in this, as in all others, reasons with himself that it is natural, and hence excusable and right; thus is the pathway to reform blocked and the pathway to ruin made straight and wide. But with all his reasoning there is always the mental conviction that the thing is not right, and hence the secrecy that attaches to such matters.

Parents very often delude themselves into the belief that their children are safe from these bad habits, when at the very time their children's lives are being ruined. The need of knowledge, absolute, specific, strongly impressed knowledge, is universal; *no child is safe* without it, and not one in a thousand will escape the cultivation of these harmful, life-sapping, character-destroying habits unless they are saved from them. Oh the shame of it, that we have made so little effort to save the race right here at the fountain-head of its very being!

Politics is supposed to be a "bad" question, though why "the science of government" should be called bad

COMRADES



The human trinity divine—father, mother, child!

may probably be attributed to the fact that the so-called "good" people allow the so-called "bad" people to run things largely to suit themselves. Here "eternal vigilance" is still the price of liberty. The disposition of good people to let bad conditions alone does not help to make the bad conditions any better; and the disposition of all the people to keep from an open discussion of this sex question does not help the matter, but is a tacit acknowledgment that things are either right as they are, or else that people do not care whether they are right or not.

On this question, which is so rotten bad that politics smells sweet beside it, there seems to be a feeling of hopelessness,—that nothing can be done, that the wrongs will continue in spite of any effort to check them. This, in the humble judgment of the writer, is a sad mistake, and it is directly contrary to logic and fact. To allow people to remain ignorant of the normal functions of sex and the importance of obeying nature's laws is certainly no way to help bring about a better condition, and especially to withhold this knowledge from the children borders on criminal neglect.

There was a time when drinking alcoholic liquors was an almost universal custom; when every grocery store sold whisky the same as it sold sugar; when even the clergy had to make rules keeping its members from overindulgence. Education has brought the people to realize the injurious effects of alcohol on the system, and has hastened the day when alcoholic drinks will not be consumed by any one. Right now the majority of the people are opposed to the manufacture

and sale of such drinks, and even the victims are longing to be free.

The sex abuses are more deeply rooted and more harmful, making it the more important that the work of education be started at once and pushed with vigor, for the very life of the race is here at stake.

Even the marriage state today is little less than legalized prostitution. The male forces his abnormal attention on the female against every principle of animal ethics. Women are slowly and painfully murdered in this way, and the voice of protest is smothered in a "conventional modesty" that is false as hell.

How long it will take the race to cast aside its prudery and face this grave question of normal sex life, with courage and a determination to return to a proper exercise of the sex functions, I do not know; I only feel that the matter is of such grave importance that no one who believes in right living can longer keep silent.

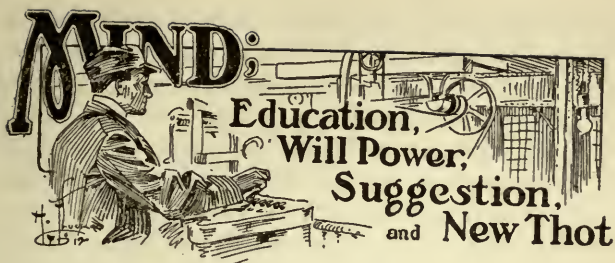
I believe in boys and girls and men and women associating together in the closest friendship and comradeship, and that the sex function should make the men gallant, courteous, and the courageous protectors of the women, and the women gracious and lovable. And I believe and know that through the cultivation of these higher feelings of friendship, love, and respect, and close comradeship, the grosser appetites will be retarded and a purer plane of expression be reached.

I am convinced that woman should be given a much broader freedom than she now enjoys and the right and power to control her own body, and this

means economic independence from man, who has degraded her to his wishes because of his economic power over her. The complete enfranchisement of the women is the first step, but there are many others that must be taken before the race reaches any right plane of expression on this very important phase of being.

I would like to say more, but having already said more than enough to everlastingly damn me in the eyes of the prudes, perhaps it is well that I desist before they have me arrested for using "indecent language" or on some other flimsy pretext that has been employed to smother the voice of intelligent protest against the wrong use of the sex organs. Thanks be, there are a few voices howling in the wilderness, and the light will yet dawn and men and women will walk together in purity and more abundant life, and children will be brought into the world who are the product of love instead of lust.

NOTE.—I am pleased to acknowledge that several cities and some state health boards are taking up some of these great questions in an educational way. The Indiana State Board of Health, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a pamphlet on "Social Hygiene vs. The Sex Plagues" that is most commendable, and can be had for a two-cent stamp for postage. Don't fail to send for one or more.



CHAPTER XVI

The failure of the old-line practitioners to cure disease, or to even materially lessen its hold on the bodies of men, has resulted in recent years in a general distrust of the methods of the "doctor." This has opened up a chance for new methods of treatment to get a hearing, and not infrequently a chance to demonstrate.

The old-line medical school instead of conquering old diseases, is finding new ones all the time, and "business continues to be pretty good, thank you,"—even though thousands and hundreds of thousands of people are really finding health in sane methods of living, such as taught by *Physical Culture* and other health publications, and by abstinence from medicines and the exercise of the power of the mind over the physical body.

The first break from the old school was Homeopathy. Briefly, it works largely on the same basis, only it believes in "small doses" of medicine,—may Allah be praised for even that concession from the "dope fiends."

I have already tried to explain that the body is a

machine, and that the machine must be taken care of properly, otherwise it will suffer injury. The machine of steel and wood may suffer injury and has no way to tell about it other than a squeak or a failure to operate; the physical body has a way to inform the soul, the driver of the machine, that something is out of order, and pain is the way.

There is never a pain in the body but that there is some cause for the pain; the pain is not the disease, it is but the evidence of it, the voice of protest, so to speak. For centuries the "doctors" have been trying to *stifle pain*. In this they are the worst opponents of "free speech" the world has ever known.

A large dose of morphine will put the body out of pain forever, a small one will silence this voice of protest, but morphine is a poison to the human machine and will never eradicate the cause of pain, and should never be taken; and yet it is one of the "doctors'" pet remedies.

Many quacks have built up great reputations on their ability to immediately stifle pain, the voice of protest. As soon as the body gets free from the effects of the "drugs" that have been administered, pain again speaks and tries to tell the soul that something is wrong, and the dear "doctor" is again called in to smother this pleading voice of nature that is trying its best to save the body from permanent injury or destruction.

Get this: when men and women learn to live right, they will cease to suffer from bodily pain, and not before.

One might also "deny" pain and succeed in psy-

chologizing one's body to the extent that the voice of pain could not be heard, but even that, while it has its advantages in that no villainous poisons are injected into the system, still has its disadvantage in that it borders on insanity, in fact is a mild species of mental disorder. While great results are seemingly accomplished through mental suggestion alone, it is not the rational or sensible method of getting the body rid of its physical disorders. These troubles are real, and have their cause in wrong living and disobedience of the great fundamental laws of our physical being.

If pain tells you that your body is ill, listen to its voice of protest and at once try to find out why it is ill. Here is the proper function of the mind; through your reasoning faculties you may be able to discover the cause of your trouble, though this is not always possible. Even though you are not able to definitely locate just what particular thing you have done to cause your distressed, dis-eased, un-easy state of body, your mind, if permitted to act normally, will at least reach the conclusion that you *have done something* sometime. The system may not enter its protest until some time after the cause, which may be cumulative, for you now know of the wonderful "surplus energy" that the body stores, and how it draws from this, and so the absolute location of the specific cause may not be possible. But here again "mind" can help you, for you can figure it out to a certainty that the pain in your body is the result of either some accident having happened to mutilate some part of the body, or else because of some improper foreign matter that can't be eliminated, or else because of an overworked and

tired-out state that has permitted nature's destructive principles to gain the mastery over the constructive principles of the body itself.

And be it known that these destructive principles are ever at hand in the form of disease germs, and that any body that is not kept tuned up to the proper health key is apt at any time to be subject to their attack. If the body has sufficient vitality, it will repel these disease germs without any harm to itself; not a day passes but that we take in enough germs to kill an army—provided that army is in such a weakened state of physical resistance that the men's bodies could not repel these invisible hosts.

In a depleted state of physical health the germs find an easy lodging-place, and a battle royal is the result. Sometimes the germs win, and then the body is dead; sometimes the body wins, and the germs are cast out, and then some "doctor" usually gets the credit, though he deserves none at all unless he has helped to build up the resisting powers of the body by sensible advice as to food, breathing, etc., which he seldom does.

Now listen again: germs will never find a lodging-place in a perfectly healthy body, unless that body is inoculated by direct contact or by vaccination, or some such process, and even then the bodily resistance being normal, the battle is usually one of short duration.

The body that is not in perfect health is always subject to disease germs; they find in the body the very food on which they thrive in the form of refuse that the physical organs have not been able to eliminate.

Now use the mind again and it will tell you that if germs are cast out of a healthy body without harm, and find lodging in the unexcreted refuse of a weakened body, that the thing to do first, when the body gets diseased, is to get rid of all refuse in the body. To do this "granny" used to give us a dose of castor oil or epsom salts, and she had the right idea, though her method of accomplishing it could be better served today by the water enema.

But granny's remedy did not go far enough, it only eliminated part of the waste matter in the intestines and colon, while every organ of the body needed cleansing. Here the fast is the only sensible solution, and it is nature's solution. Just as soon as you get sick nature tries her best to have you stop eating by taking away your appetite, and then the dear doctors come along and stuff you full of drugs, and your friends do their best to tempt you to eat in spite of the fact that you ought not to take a thing, thus giving your system a chance to clean itself out, as it will readily do if you just stop insulting it with food that it does not want.

The right function of the mind is to treat the body rationally, to discover its troubles and to eliminate the cause and give the body a chance to eliminate the effects. Here is a chance to exercise the will-power and refrain from things that have been found to be harmful, to correct bad habits and appetites, and live normally.

Here again, through auto-suggestion, is a chance for the mind to "suggest" to the body helpful thoughts, and give the body intelligent advice and direction.

The mind has a great power over the body. The mind can kill the body instantly if it so chooses. The mind can make the body sick by unhealthful suggestion, and make it well by healthful suggestion in line with the laws of the physical organism.

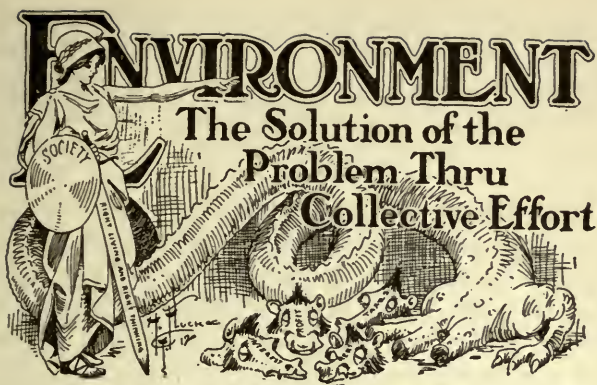
The mind can do wonderful things, but there is a limit to the power of the mind over this physical body, and if the mind does not work normally and discover the proper laws that affect the body in which it lives, or if it disregards these laws wilfully or ignorantly, the body sooner or later will suffer.

You can not disobey natural laws without paying the penalty in pain, disease, ill health, and eventually in death itself.

Live right and, barring accident, you may surely live a hundred years, and more; disobey the law and you will die young in spite of all the doctors in Christendom, and in spite of all the mental denials you make that you are not sick and that only your "mortal mind" is in distress.

Just in plain English language, let's quit our foolishness and through the mind learn the laws that govern our physical organism on the earth plane and through the will-power *obey them.*





CHAPTER XVIII

The normal animal in a normal environment functions normally; it lives its life according to its kind, eats its proper food, which nature supplies, and fights its struggle for existence with the elements and with its natural foes.

Not so man, who undoubtedly was once normal as an animal, but who was endowed with certain powers of mind that the other animals did not possess, and that have resulted in a wonderful mental evolution that has changed the environment and also affected the body,—advantageously in some respects as to its capabilities, its deftness, its cleverness, but that has not as yet generally bettered its health.

Primitive man lived in an entirely different environment from our present surroundings, an environment that differed mostly in that it was a direct contact with nature; he was out in the open air most of the time, air that was uncontaminated by dust or smoke

or any of the foul odors that civilization is constantly manufacturing; his body was free to move, because unhampered by clothing; his entire existence was one of physical activity, and we can logically conclude that most of this activity was of a healthful nature.

This is not saying that many of the things that we have today and that are the result of centuries of evolution in the making and using of tools are not desirable. But here is the idea: civilized man has divorced himself from nature, has put his feet in a leather box and covered his body with clothing, has built houses and shops, and is now living a "shut-in" life, shut in from the healthful outdoor air and contact with nature. And as a result, civilized man is living on an average about thirty-five years, and is sick a good deal of this time.

It is a sad commentary on the present age to say that there are thousands of children born in city slums who never see a spear of green grass, a flower or a tree, and who only occasionally get a glimpse of the blue sky through the dense clouds of city smoke. These children are the victims of environment, which moulds their young lives into ways of vice and crime, and disease is a natural result of their enforced separation from nature; even the savage of the forest had a better chance in the struggle for existence than they can ever hope to have.

To go to people in this situation and teach them that they should breathe pure air and live normal human lives is to add insult to injury. And this is largely true of millions of members of the working class who



A plea for the innocent. These can not change their environment, but it will change them.

are "sentenced for life" by the present industrial order to live beneath the surface of the earth, or in foul-smelling packing-house districts, or crowded in unsanitary factories, or in some way to spend their lives in nerve-racking and body-destroying toil.

To tell a man he should eat "pure food" helps him very little when his financial resources enable him to procure only the cheapest kind of food, and most of this adulterated with something cheaper.

The individual must ever be largely controlled by his environment, which will unquestionably tend to mould his life into certain restricted channels of occupation, and limit his mental horizon to a sphere not much greater than this physical limitations. The man whose life from early childhood consists in getting up early in the morning and going to work, tending a machine all day until physically exhausted, and going home for food and sleep, to enable him to get up again in the morning and go to work, can not be said to live at all; he merely exists for the purpose of exploitation.

Should he cultivate habits that are vile, should he drink and chew and smoke and swear and be bestial, who is to blame? Has not his environment been a hotbed for the development of abnormal habits and appetites that logically go with an abnormal life?

My little message, "How to Live a Hundred Years," will never penetrate into the depths and reach the victims of our present industrial order, not at least as long as they are "the victims," though the day of freedom has been heralded and the writing is on the wall. No civilization is worthy of the name that pays

so little attention to the safeguarding of the life of its citizenship as ours, nor can an industrial system that fairly reeks with wrongs to those who toil, perpetuate itself indefinitely, even though millions of the workers are crushed beneath the point of resistance and accept without protest whatever they can get to keep body and soul together.

Could I personally go to each victim of Mammon and teach him that by right living he could live one hundred years (the task would be indeed a stupendous one), after a conviction had been secured, few would care to prolong their miserable existence even one hundred days.

Life has become a burden to millions of people under the present capitalistic régime, so much so that many thousands end it. The papers are full of accounts of suicide, though scientists tell us that the "love of life is the strongest passion of the race."

In spite of the fact that occasionally some soul wiggles its way up through the muck and filth of a hostile environment, the natural law is that the majority will be subjugated by the environment. Individual man is largely the creature of his environment; it is *collective man* only who is the *creator* of environment.

It is collective man who has created the city and its slums, the workshops, the mills, and the mines. It is collective man who has created the political state, and the industrial system known today as capitalism, which uses the political state as a means of enforcing its industrial régime. It is collective man who can change what he has created or recreate anew a better industrial state founded on broader principles, and taking

into account the mental, moral, and physical welfare of all the component parts that go to make up the whole, society.

Until such a state is established the average length of years will undoubtedly keep on decreasing, even though at the present time there are thousands who are learning the secrets of how to live properly, and adding many years to their individual lives.

In spite of a hostile environment, an environment that should be changed by intelligent collective effort, it is possible for many to save themselves from early destruction, and eventually to save the race.

There is only one proper way to die,—of a ripe old age, like the ripe peach falls from the tree. Any person who dies younger than one hundred years is a victim either to the adverse environment of the age in which we live, or else to ignorance, which may easily result from a wrong environment.

For all that, having the knowledge that this little book has given you, there is no longer any excuse for you, as an individual, to continue to live in a way that is destructive of your physical body. You may not be able to undo all the wrongs of the past, but you can at least stop murdering yourself and live right from this on. You can easily add ten, twenty, or forty years to your life by right living, even in the midst of a hostile environment; and you can do better than that, you can become a definite factor in changing that environment and helping not only to free yourself but all mankind.

If this book has started you to thinking along the line of "right living," it has served the purpose of the

author. If you feel that you have received any benefit from the ideas expressed herein, he will be greatly pleased to have you pass them along to some person whom you think may be interested.

If you should be induced to practice some of the suggestions, such as the no-breakfast plan, raw food diet, or fasting as hereinbefore explained, the author will be very glad to have a personal letter from you giving the results of your experiment, which experiment should be sufficiently long to make it worthy of the name. He will not promise to answer such letters, which will not be necessary, but this information may be later compiled so as to assist others in reaching a logical conclusion as to the merits of the theories put forth, which are briefly summarized as follows:

That we should return as much as possible to a natural way of living, spending all the time we can out in the open air and breathing copiously. That we should sleep in the open, or at least with windows wide open, even in the winter time. That we should eat moderately, not over two meals a day, and that fruit and nuts should be our main food instead of meat. That uncooked food is better than cooked, and that the appetite should not be pandered to. That disease is a result of some cause, and that generally the cause is in wrong methods of living. That the removal of the cause is the first step in the cure of disease, and that nature will do the rest if given an opportunity to clean out the system, and that fasting affords this opportunity, while medicine adds new burdens and undesirable complications. That the people must learn to take care of their own health, and

that the doctors' position in modern society is such that it is against their economic interest to teach people how to live free from disease, and they can not be expected to destroy their own "business." That much that is wrong exists in the environment and that the environment can be changed by cooperative action.

Logically, the sensible thing to do, if you wish to live one hundred years, is to start at once to live in accordance with nature's laws, to be intellectually, morally, and physically clean, both inside and out. Next, to help to change the environment so that it will be conducive to the highest unfoldment of all the faculties of body, intellect, and soul, not of yourself alone, but of every child born into this world. In this way shall we realize a broader individual life and make possible the coming of the *Brotherhood of Man*.



Has he money enough for an operation, or shall we just give him a dose of salts?



A FAIR WARNING

And now a warning!

When you commence to study into these new-fangled health ideas, you will run into a vast network of contradictions. One fellow will say one thing and one another, and the "doctors" will consistently disagree with them all, as they do with each other on everything but the proper amount to charge for their services.

One fadist will tell you to eat prunes, and another that prunes are dangerous and that you should eat asparagus, while others will lead you this way and that on every point you take up. Listen to them all patiently and then do as you darn please. At least that's the way the author regulates his mental apparatus.

In the last analysis each tub must stand on its own bottom, even though it has the poor judgment to kick the bottom out that it stands on. The best way to know a thing is to *make a personal demonstration* of it; this thing of "trying it on the dog" may be safer, but the poor dog can't tell you about his "inside feelings," and even a dog has some rights that a human

being should respect. If you really want to know if prunes are good food, try them for awhile. If you have even the slightest suspicion that a raw food diet will sustain human life successfully and vigorously, give it a fair trial,—a month is all I ask for this experiment.

This does not mean that I would have you trying all manner of experiments that are suggested. First put them through the gauntlet of your reasoning powers, search them, sift them, run them to earth, but don't discard them until you have satisfied yourself by reasonable investigation and analysis that they are not worthy of your further consideration.

And in this connection do not forget that nearly all the great discoveries and inventions have been laughed at and ridiculed. Mathematicians figured it out to a certainty that the steam engine could not propel anything; religious teachers told us the world is flat, while the "doctors" pronounced the man crazy who first told them about the circulation of the blood.

A thing may seem to be very, very foolish, and still be very, very true; the "foolishness" may be in your own mind.

It is not safe to turn down any new theory these days, just because it is new. Listen patiently to the fellow who has a new message and try and set aside your preconceived notions and get his viewpoint; it may be good, and it certainly won't hurt you to be fair and open minded.

And when it comes to this question of right living, do not forget that the "doctor" may not take to it kindly for purely economic reasons, and again he may

oppose it from Simon pure ignorance. Perhaps you have been a good "customer," have regularly had your aches and pains, and have called for his assistance to fix up your old body and keep you in running order; and now you get the notion that you *ought to keep your own body in running order*, that nature intended it to run properly, and that by obeying certain simple laws it will run properly, and you go and tell the dear "doctor" about it; you need not be at all surprised if he goes straight up in the air. I can picture him now with hands raised in holy horror at your audacity, and I can hear his warning that you are running the gravest risks of doing yourself irreparable bodily injury. And I can hear the tone of sarcasm in his voice as he speaks of the "quacks" and "freaks" who have no "professional knowledge" and who try to "induce the unsophisticated to follow their brainless paths that lead to ruin and to death." Mercy me!

As for what the "doctor" tells you, I wouldn't let that worry me much; not that I would not listen, but after listening I'd use my think-box and analyze and dissect his statements; and then I'd keep right on seeking the road to health, which is not paved with pills and medicine bottles, but which leads along pleasant wooded fields and green pastures, out where the fruit grows and the nuts cling on the stems, out where the air is pure and the water is pure and *thoughts* are pure and acts are clean and wholesome. And when I found that road, I'd walk its pleasant pathway past one hundred mile-stones, walk with head erect and buoyant step well into the distance where unseen hands beckon me to lay down the well-worn

body of physical matter and take up the new life in that indestructible body not made of flesh, and on a higher plane of vibratory manifestation.

Whether or no, dear reader, you believe in the continuity of life in the astral world is a matter of comparatively small importance, but that you should believe in and have abundant life right here and now is a matter of the utmost importance. Right living not only means the extension of the years into a ripe old age, but it means that every day will be full of life, that the body will be the perfect tool of the mind, obeying its wishes with power and reserve strength, and that every task attempted will be carried through to a successful completion. Through a strong, clean, perfect body the mind can manifest the highest that is in it.

And one good thing about this entire proposition is that it don't cost you a penny to demonstrate the truth, and to know from personal experiment whether the road to Wellville lies along the pathway of copious breathing, abstemious eating, fasting when ill, and right thinking and acting. It will certainly cost you much to disobey the laws of nature and be "made whole" by "doctoring," admitting this to be a possibility.

I dream of an age when every man will be his own doctor, his own lawyer, and his own judge. I may be crazy, but for all that it is a pleasant dream, and I shall ever strive to make it a reality.

Tricks of the Trade



IN CONCLUSION

If you have enjoyed reading this book, you may be interested in other works of the author. "Pa and Young America" is an interesting series of dialogues on economic topics between a bright boy and his father, price 25 cents. "The Story of the Giants and Their Tools," an account of the evolution of the tool told in simple story form, price 15 cents. Both pamphlets are illustrated and paper bound. At this writing the author has "The Story of the Great Gold Mine" in manuscript. It will make a large book, at least 300 pages, and is an interesting account of how two people found and used a mountain of gold. Other manuscripts are in course of preparation. If interested, write for further information.

The Billy Goat is a monthly magazine by the author at \$1 the year, and has been designated by Jack London as a "live wire."

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KALAMAZOO
MICHIGAN

The logo is a black and white graphic design. It features a central oval shape with a stippled texture, representing an artist's palette. Two brushes are positioned diagonally across the right side of the palette. The word "Lockwood" is written in a large, decorative, blackletter-style font across the top of the palette. Below it, the words "ART" and "SCHOOL" are written in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font. To the left of the palette, the word "The" is written in a small, simple font, and a large, stylized letter "L" is integrated into the design. Below the palette, the words "KALAMAZOO" and "MICHIGAN" are written in a bold, sans-serif font, with "MICHIGAN" underlined. The entire design is surrounded by decorative lines and small floral motifs.

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