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# A Stuffed Club

By

J. H. TILDEN, M. D.

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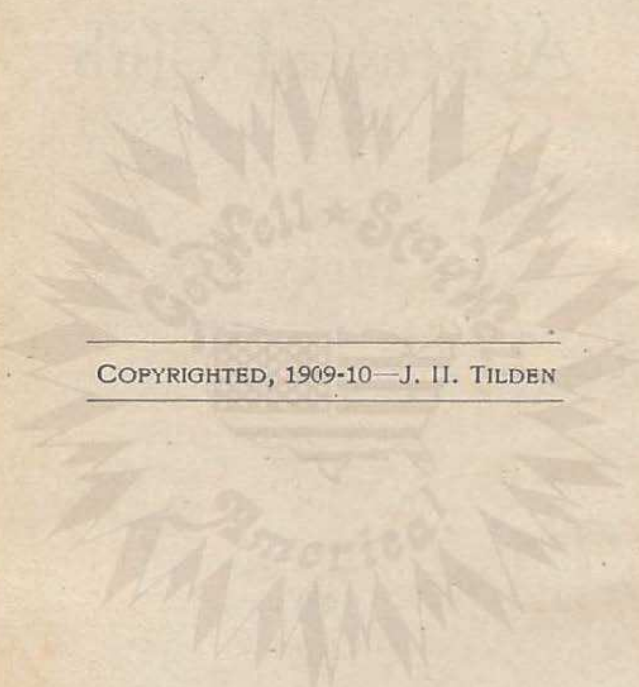
VOL. X—1909-1910

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DENVER, COLORADO

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This index compiled by W. W. Weittling of New York.





# A STUFFED CLUB

*Drugs and Superfluous Surgery Must Go.*

VOL. 10.

MAY, 1909.

NO. 1.

NINE YEARS OLD.



THE CLUB has rounded out its first climacteric\* period of life. The vicissitudes peculiar to this period I hope were withstood with becoming fortitude. Extremes have been avoided as much as possible. An endeavor has always been made to offset the depressing influences of unjust criticism by unreasonable flattery; and, while frankness (some call it brutal frankness) has been indulged in, there has been no desire to give pain, nor has there been, at any time, a desire to avoid the consequences of an unfavorable comment or a sharp criticism of popular fallacies. The dissemination of practical knowledge and rational ideas, on the subject of health and life, is about the only excuse for the CLUB's existence. That there is a yawning abyss in the mental wants and needs of the day is self-evident to all minds except those filled with the mental junk of other days. This being true, there is need of the CLUB—yes, a thousand CLUBS—to beat fallacies out of, and a little truth into, the popular mind.

CLUB CHANGES—I hope the changes which have been made in the personal appearance of the CLUB will please its read-

\*Nine years is the unit of measurement used by the Greek physiologists for measuring the grand climacteric periods of human life.



ers. So far as the subject matter is concerned, there will be no change. It shall be my endeavor to do a little better work every year. I shall improve my methods at every opportunity, and shall not feel under obligations to apologize for changing my mind regarding subjects on which I have expressed positive opinions in the past. I am so desirous of making advance that I stand ready to sacrifice my most cherished beliefs for better ones; but I positively refuse to go back and take up the beliefs I have outgrown and discarded, even if solicited and urged by friends to do so, or ostracized by the dames of policy and expediency.

No, I intend to move on in the even tenor of my way; hence, those who are acquainted with the CLUB know what they can expect, and if they can stand it, I shall be glad to have them as subscribers for another year, and as many friends as they can bring with them. The price is the same, \$1.00 for twelve months, or for twelve numbers; if out of the United States, add a quarter to that sum. Is the CLUB worth it? Lots of people think so.

Volume nine will be ready for delivery not later than the first of June. The price will be \$3.00, postage prepaid. The ninth volume is the best. Those who do not own it should secure it while it is cheap.

Volume eight was snapped up so quickly that those set apart to be sold singly were gone before the year 1908 had passed, and probably volume nine will meet the same fate; hence, if you intend to secure this volume you must keep this notice in mind and act soon, for if you wait you may possibly pay more for it, or fail to get it at all.

CLUB BINDING—*Do it now, or don't do it at all!* If you are going to have your ninth volume bound, read the following

instructions for mailing it, and attend to it at once, for if you get it here after the fifteenth of May, it will be too late:

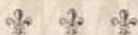
First—Tear off all covers and advertising matter; arrange the numbers (May, 1908, to April, 1909, both inclusive) in regular order so that the page numbers will read consecutively throughout the twelve numbers; tie them securely, neatly, and evenly together; then wrap in stout paper and address to "A STUFFED CLUB, 19 East Eleventh Avenue, Denver, Colorado"; prepay the postage, which should not exceed 6 or 7 cents. (Private mailing rate on second-class matter.)

Second—At the same time you mail the package, send a letter to the same address stating that the package has been mailed and enclosing 75 cents, P. O. or express money order, postage stamps, or currency at your own risk.

Third—Do this in such time that both the package and letter will *reach us by May 15th at the very latest*, as the books go to the bindery on that day.

Fourth—This does not apply to anything except *Volume IX*. Don't send any other volumes. If you do we shall be obliged to return them by express, charges collect.

We will bind *Volume IX.*, and pay the return postage, for 75 cents each, for those who comply strictly with the above directions.



How shall I a habit break?  
As you did that habit make;  
As we builded stone by stone  
We must toil unhelped, alone,  
Till the wall is overthrown.

—O'Reilly.

## SCLEROSIS, OR PREMATURE OLD AGE.



ALL diseases characterized by a hardening of glandular structure, or connective tissue, are indications of senility, it matters not what the age of the victim is, be he child or man. Instead of saying that a man is as old as his arteries, we should say that he is as old as his ability to renew his body. Sclerosis, cirrhosis and chronic indurations are forms of old age.

Dr. William T. Bull, the great New York cancer specialist, died at Wymberly, Isle of Hope, at noon, February 22, 1909. The readers of the CLUB will remember my comments on his case, under the head of *Psychic Treatment*, in the February CLUB.

At that time the papers were full of sensational statements regarding cures of all kinds that were being wafted to the sick man on every breeze. The Mental Scientists, Christian Scientists, and all sorts of absent treatment cults were exercising their skill (?) in curing the Doctor; and every time he had a little rallying for the better, of course, it was due to these absent treatments; and when he had a relapse it was due to pessimistic suggestion, etc., etc.

Professional men, who know anything, know that all diseases are accompanied by exacerbations and remissions; in fact, health is accompanied by these undulations—one day we feel fine and another day we are depressed—and unless we have given the subject of causation a profound study, we will not know why we feel good any more than we will know why we feel bad.

No one ever saw a chronic disease make a straight decline to death. Some days the patients are decidedly better, then



friends take hope, but it is always hope against hope with fatal maladies.

Cancer, under certain conditions, is as surely fatal as a gun shot wound through the heart, or the plowing of a bullet through the hemispheres of the brain. When cancer is situated anywhere in the viscera of the head, chest, or abdomen, it is almost always, if not invariably, fatal.

When cancers are located on the surface of the body where they can be treated locally and where their spread does not involve vital organs, there is great hope of an ultimate cure, if they are subjected to the proper treatment. Cancers located in the mouth are hard to treat, especially those of the tongue. Cancers situated at the pyloric orifice of the stomach, or anywhere along the alimentary tract, can't help but be fatal, for it is impossible for them to increase very much in size without producing fatal obstruction. Cancers of the womb are a little more favorable than cancers of the rectum.

Occupations and habits of the patients have a very great deal to do with the possibilities of recovery. People who are following occupations where they are subjected to bad air and bad home environments—those who have cultivated a careless habit of the body in regard to bathing and cleanliness, and a slipshod manner of eating, such as bolting the food and eating very coarse foods ill-prepared—are among those who go very rapidly when they are taken with this disease. Those who are fortunate enough to have the study habit—those who are easily taught—those who have self-discipline—are among the favorable cases, for they will follow instructions. When told to act in a certain way, or to live in a certain way, and given the reason for so doing, they can usually be depended upon to do it.

There are a great many people who die of cancer every year who would not do so if they were possessed of more general information in regard to the necessity of proper living. The universal practice of haphazard eating, overeating, and imperfect care of the body in bathing and clothing, is the cause of the development of all kinds of sclerosis. This, perhaps, brings us to the point where the reader will want to know what is the cause of cancer: A style of living that will cause sclerosis—a hardening of the tissues of any part of the body—will be manifested in one subject as cancer, in another subject as arterio-sclerosis, in another subject as hardening of the spinal cord, inducing ataxia, in another subject as hardening of the liver, in another subject as gall-stone, etc., etc.; hence, there must be a constitutional inclination for the localizing of sclerosis in some particular tissue or part of the body. If it happens to be in the glandular structure, then the patient will have cancer of the breast, of the glands in the neck, or in some other part of the body; if it takes place in the coats of the arteries, then the patient has arterio-sclerosis; if it takes place in the spinal column, then we have progressive paralysis, locomotor ataxia, etc.

This may not be orthodox, but it is a common-sense view based on personal observation. I am not writing for the edification of the profession; probably if you call an orthodox physician's attention to what I am saying he will pooh-pooh it and declare that I am an ignoramus, or give me some other pet name. I have been giving this subject very careful thought and attention for a number of years and I am prepared to jeopardize what medical reputation I have on the declaration that spinal sclerosis is a form of cancer; that hardening of the arteries is another form, and that chronic lymphatic hypertrophy of the breasts and other parts of



the body is another form; and I am ready to declare that it is nonsense to talk about cancer being caused by a specific anything; its causes are legion; the cancerous tissue is not more toxic than other tissue, and the disease is not communicable. Dr. Bull did not contract his disease from his patients.

Many cases of suspicious growth in the breast come to me every year; quite a per cent have had one breast removed and have been told by physicians (possibly by the surgeon who removed the other breast), that the remaining one must also be sacrificed. On careful examination I find a majority of these cancers are not cancers at all. Many of the cases who have been operated upon, and who believe their disease has returned in the remaining breast, and have been so told by reputable physicians, have all their scare for nothing, for they have not cancer and never did have it. Such mistakes are serious affairs and should be avoided, if possible. The very common practice of removing breasts and the performing of other operations, which are wholly unnecessary, come from too much haste—surgical mania.

I believe the majority of women have a sympathetic enlargement of the mammary glands at times. Some have a swelling at each menstrual period; others have more or less permanent thickening or hardening of the mammary glands, because of a chronic catarrhal inflammation of the uterus. All these cases can be cured without surgery—without the sacrifice of the breast—by correcting the disease on which the sympathetic irritation depends.

Doctors should learn, if possible, to discriminate between mammary gland enlargement and lymphatic tumefaction, for the latter is the beginning of cancer.

Dr. Bull was said to be a specialist in operating for cancer. It was announced several years ago that he had discovered that an



operation, followed by an injection of serum made from erysipelas, would cure cancer, if it had not gone too far. This proves that up to that time he had but very little idea about what the true cause of cancer is; and the fact that he continued to operate as long as he lived, and was operated upon himself, proved that he lived and died without having any very clear idea in regard to the cause of this disease. If his constitution and the location of the disease had been favorable, all remedies would have failed in his case, for he had a world of experience of a pessimistic character that was quite enough to inhibit all the curative influences that could have been brought to bear in his case. Those people who can be cured of cancer must be capable of being imbued with confidence in the remedy. Don't understand that I mean that faith, confidence, and a belief in getting well will cure, but they are necessary, for otherwise such cases will not carry out the instructions to the letter, and fear is one of the most pronounced inhibitors of remedial influence.

As I prophesied in the February CLUB, the Doctor died, and I believed when I wrote that article that there wasn't any hope for him, for the condition of his mind was quite enough to kill him. In all his years of experience he had seen so many die that there was a doubt in his mind, as there is in every other conscientious, knowing physician's mind, as to the malignancy of many cases successfully operated upon for cancer. If we select a hundred cases of cancer and subject them to the regular professional treatment, so many of them will die that it will cause the very best physicians to doubt the curability of the disease, and this doubt will be confirmed, positively, if the physicians happen to take the disease. They may have a lingering hope for a patient, but if they are convinced that they, themselves, have cancer, the success

they have met with in the cure of the disease will fail to save them from utter despair. This was the terrible condition of Dr. Bull.

I say that cancer can be prevented and cured by diet and proper hygiene. Does this mean that I believe that any case of cancer can be cured? I suppose my enemies will put this in my mouth. I do say that the disease, under favorable conditions, can be cured; but when the location is unfavorable, the deterioration of the patient's system is very great, the daily habits are bad, and ignorance regarding how to live is pronounced, it is only a question of a short time until the patient dies. Operating upon and the removal of cancers without attention to diet and other matters pertaining to good health, are child's play and not worthy of a great profession. Too much attention can not be given to the details of a prospective operation, in the line of putting the patient in the most favorable physical and mental condition. Before an operation is performed, if one is to be performed at all, the patient must be put under a regimen that will thoroughly eliminate and deplete the by-products of an imperfect digestion; in fact, the patient must be made as near well as possible, then there may be some hope in an operation.

Those people who are looking for a stereotyped plan of treating cancer are too infantile in their conceptions of causation to ever hope to work out a plan of cure for any disease; and I am sorry to say that almost the entire medical profession takes a very childish view of the subject. It is wholly a matter of perverted nutrition, and until this is recognized and thoroughly worked out, there will be many false rumors of cures launched. It will be on the order of the old Biblical declaration regarding war: And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.—Math. 24:6.



SCLEROSIS—I had a friend to die in January—one of the friends of my boyhood—a man for whom I had as much respect as for any man I ever knew. He was a pure boy and grew into an ideal manhood; so far as morals were concerned, he was a perfect type. He never had a bad habit in his life; he never used tobacco or alcoholics. He was raised with a good, strong Presbyterian bias, and was a very successful business man. If he ever overindulged in anything, speaking from a conventional standpoint, it was in hard work; he was what could be called an absolutely clean man, yet he died at the age of fifty-eight from sclerosis—hardening of the arteries—premature old age.

I saw him about nine months before he died, and I gave him a little warning. At that time I was of the impression that spinal induration was threatening more than anything else, and gave him my opinion, that he was probably developing locomotor ataxia, and advised him to *quit dissipating*. His dissipation was not of the kind that is barred by the rules of ethics or religion; it consisted in the eating of bread, butter and jam, and living in a mental atmosphere conducive to contraction rather than expansion. He really thought he was not having anything to eat unless he could have his bread and butter and some kind of fruit; he also had a decided fondness for cookies and for foods generally that were made up of flour or of the grains. I corresponded with him for two or three months, and, during that time, I think I did not receive from him to exceed two weekly letters with his daily reports, that I did not have to criticise him for this error. It is true that he cut down from his former quantity, but it seemed impossible for him to refrain from taking altogether too much of the cereal products into his system.



It is almost impossible to convince people that the staff of life becomes, under special circumstances, the staff of death. When people have been poisoned by the fermentation of the starches, which are taken into the system in the form of cereals and bread, they cannot understand or believe that this food poisons them, and the poisoning is similar to that of alcohol. After this constitutional poisoning has once been thoroughly established, such patients make a great deal of complaint when they are deprived of this particular kind of eating; they declare they are very weak, and unless they are permitted to partake of some form of the starchy foods, they will surely collapse. When the disease has taken on that particular phase which is marked by hardening of the arteries, unless this food is almost entirely eliminated, there is absolutely no hope. The same is true of so-called cancer, and every form of chronic induration, which, of course, according to my idea, are only differing types of the same disease.

My friend developed symptoms of such a character that a nephew of his wrote to me some time last November asking me to give him my opinion of his uncle's disease, or what I thought of it at the time he visited me. He stated in the letter that his uncle was showing strong symptoms of absent-mindedness and was acting peculiarly.

I heard no more until I received a newspaper clipping, in January of this year, which stated that he was in the hospital and was not expected to live over night. A day or two afterwards I received another newspaper notice telling of his death.

As soon as his people became thoroughly aroused about his condition they got very busy and took him to one of the leading specialists, who admitted him to his sanitarium, and in two weeks after he was admitted he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died.

Two weeks after coming under the constant observation of one of the most distinguished nerve specialists in America, he died of apoplexy! A sad travesty on ultra-professional ability.

Here was a patient with hardened arteries. What did that mean? Lost power for arterial expansion. And what does that mean? It means that if such subjects eat according to popular ideas and professional insistence—eat good, nourishing food and plenty of it—the circulating medium is increased beyond the resisting capacity of the disabled blood vessels; hence, there must be head pressure, heart pressure, and pressure anywhere and everywhere; and because of the lost elasticity and increased friableness, these vessels must give way under continuous pressure, and as the blood vessels of the brain receive indifferent support from their environing and contiguous structures they are more liable to give way than arteries situated in other parts of the body.

A crowded viscular system, under such circumstances, must be accompanied by many symptoms. Giddiness, headache, and pains of a neuralgic and rheumatic character are almost, if not quite, constant. Our friend had been treated a great deal for rheumatism; not by *quacks*, but by first-class professional men. He had been treated for malaria and had spent many winters away from home. When I saw him his symptoms pointed to a slowly developing paralysis from a perverted spinal nutrition, but from the few facts I've been able to gather, I learn that my unfortunate friend was killed by the rupturing of a blood vessel in his brain, brought about by friends and doctors urging him to eat to keep up his strength. If, when he was admitted to the sanitarium, he had been put to bed and fasted—yes, *starved!*—until all blood pressure had been overcome, then fed a diet that would not have increased blood pressure or caused further hardening of the



arteries, he might have lived several years, but so long as reason shall be an unknown quantity in the professional mind and the laity think that eating and praying are the saving requirements, we must expect deaths of this character. There isn't any question but that my friend was fed good, nourishing food—crowded to the food limit—and no doubt was compelled to eat, notwithstanding he was being killed when he entered the hospital by an excessive amount of arterial pressure. 'What he needed was anything but food. He should have been fasted rather than fed.

I understand that his people were very much opposed to the advice I gave him, and he received no encouragement at the time he was taking it; but, in fact, was discouraged by all of them. One of the unfortunate features connected with this friend's case was that he lived with his people, or rather his people lived with him; but he had no voice in the matter of food and its preparation, and being of a very unobtrusive and gallant disposition, he did not contend for or demand his rights. He was a very loyal man to his family and sacrificed his life for his people. He was really the only one possessed of a progressive and enterprising spirit, but on account of family loyalty he was held below his mental possibilities, preferring to defer rather than differ.

He was such a busy man, and we were separated by hundreds of miles, so that we had not met to exceed three or four times in thirty years; hence, we could not keep in close touch. On account of his loyalty to his people's religious superstition he became offended at some of the Club's outspoken remarks on the subject, and ordered it stopped three or four years ago, and from that time until he called on me, about a year ago, we had no medium of communication.



His last visit was all we could ask in the line of pleasure. We lived over our youth, and renewed our acquaintance, and he appeared to be unable to drink in the contents of the Clubs fast enough—those he had cut off. When he left my home we understood each other much better. My heresies had no terrors for him, in fact he remarked often, while with me: "Your religion, like your medicine, is good enough for any one. The trouble is people don't understand you." Why? Because they cultivate a prejudice they are pleased to call religion, which is no more religion than ignorance is intelligence.

The dear boy left me with the determination to keep in touch with me, but old environments soon took possession of him, for when a man is not pugnacious he quickly tires of keeping up resistance, and it is perfectly natural for most people to drift in the line of least resistance, especially when the resistance must be made against home environments.

My friend had an unfortunate marriage experience, which did not last to exceed six years. Before and after those six years he was subjected to about the same domestic environments, always living with his mother, and after her death with a widowed sister; hence, food, cooking, and psychological influences were about the same, and were first, last, and all the time of a character to develop nervous and circulatory diseases.

Perhaps it is well to say, in this connection, that we have found that there is about as much degenerating influence coming from a monotonous environment of the character of mental dank as from inter-marriage influences—consanguineous marriages.

There is often physical and mental salvation in breaking the ties which bind us to our parental homes and the influence of relatives. It often proves developmental to get away from father,

mother, brothers and sisters, and to establish on new lines. Especially is this necessary in families of a nervous type who are suffering with some form of religious dementia or new thought idiocy. It is necessary for the mind to be freed from the adhesions which the passivity, the submission and the acquiescence of youth grow in deference to religio-family authority. Mind will not expand as it should until such family influences slough off. When the mind is held throughout life under a psychic control agreeable to such inheritances, there will be, must be, and is, early degeneration, for of the many first laws of nature we must not forget that variety, variation, and differentiation are positively necessary to wholesome growth and mental expansion, and where, from any cause, they are prevented, degeneration must follow. Hence, my friend, in spite of his spotless life, died at least twenty to twenty-five years prematurely because he did not pension his people, go away from them, and break the oppressive influence of the same style of cooking, the same style of gossip, the same style of praying, and the same musty, dank brand of religion.

Frequently the question is asked: "Why is it that good men die and bad men live?" This question, of course, is in line with a stereotyped morality—a religion that is moulded. The standard with which society measures good and bad usually sorts the weak, spiritless and degenerates with the good. Many people are good because they haven't the energy to be bad. A depressing home influence that would cause early degeneration and death can be exchanged for a life that would cause all the good sisters and brothers to go into mourning for the sinfulness of a wild brother, yet the profligate, by breaking away from family influences, will live to bury all of his people. Nature will reward a drunk, a theft, or almost any sort of an immoral or disorderly life, if it



means a graduating out of a nerve-destroying, soul-stifling, musty, dank Puritanism.

Nature has no respect for the dark, sunless, sepulchral, airless church and mind, any more than she has for a musty, dank, depressing malarial marsh, even if said mind and church are mother's, father's, sister's, or friend's. If we would live and live well we must have wholesome minds to live with.

All explosions are purifying in their nature. The lightning, the storm, the mind explosions, are nature's way of purifying. Some men say damn and immediately the mental atmosphere clears, while those who expect to be damned in the hereafter if they say it, pen up all their dynamite and die of cancer, hardening of arteries, strictures, etc., etc.

I suppose there are a lot of goody-goody, damned fools who will cut off the CLUB because of this heretical doctrine; if so, all right, go ahead, you will lose more than I will, for the getting of this stuff out of my system will give me a year or two of life, whereas the refusing of it, on your part, will contract and pinch one or two years off of your life, thereby satisfying the law of compensation. If we would live long and unfold—get the benefit of our possibilities—we must get rid of the influences which produce indurations of soul and body.

I don't say that it is necessary for every one to get drunk, steal, hold-up or go into the leg pulling business. Oh, no! neither is it necessary for lightning to come out of a clear sky, or for an explosion to take place in a well ventilated mine. But I do say, if you don't want to die of paralysis, apoplexy, hardening of arteries and petrification generally, you must work your minds on new propositions; you must change your style of preying as well as praying; you must cultivate enough horse sense to know when it



is the proper thing to see that strangers take care of old saintly mothers and sisters, and when it is a good time to stay away from the moss-grown, vine-covered, dank, little old church with its depressing memories.

My friend was one of the best young men, from every point of view, that it has been my pleasure to know. His death depressed me much. He died young in years but old in body—that is in some parts of his body. If he had found a congenial wife, who would have established a home as nearly opposite that of his mother's and sister's as it would be possible to make it, he would have seen eighty or possibly one hundred instead of fifty-eight. It is not always well to establish mother's regimen after marriage.

If he could have been kept on a proper diet, he would have lived for some time, but to cure him and divert his fate, was impossible, with his sense of duty to his family.

To show what he was up against, and also to show the imperviousness of the minds with which he lived, I have been told since my friend's death, that his people are stupid enough to declare that he was hurried out of the world because he had, for a very short time, partially followed some of my suggestions. Little do they know that when they packed him up and shipped him into the hospital, where he was fed good, nourishing food, that they sealed his doom. If they had telegraphed me asking what they should do, I should have said, put him to bed and take away all food, except a moderate amount of water, and don't give him any nourishment whatever until all symptoms have passed, then I should have given him an exclusive non-starchy diet for an indefinite period.

I believe if he had been taken care of properly, from the time I saw him, last April, and he could have been guided without family opposition for two or three years, he might have been given ten or twenty years more of life, and this would surely have been worth something to a man who had been industrious enough to earn a competency of several hundred thousand dollars.

Cause must always be removed; if it is domestic environment, as well as wrong food and care, it must be gotten rid of if full restoration be expected.

I give this sketch of my friend's life and death for the benefit of the readers who think that if they have none of the faults that are proclaimed against by the social moral code that they necessarily should live well and long. More people are killed by improper food and improper family and social relations than by alcoholics, tobacco or any of the pronounced vices. I do not say this with the desire to be interpreted as recommending young men to take to tobacco and liquor, but I say it for the purpose of giving people to understand that there is just as much danger in haphazard thinking, loving and eating as there is in any other crime against nature, and that it is high time that the profession, as well as the people, should sit up and take a little notice in regard to how we should think and eat, what we should think and eat, and when we should think and eat.



Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward push  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

*Shakespeare.*

## FEEDING IN TUBERCULOSIS.



ALTHOUGH in some things the different schools of medicine disagree, on the subject of feeding consumptives they, as schools, stand united, with here and there a member dissenting. The principal instruction may be summed up as follows: First, eat; second, stuff; third, gorge.

The patient is advised to eat plenty of meat and eggs; to partake liberally of milk, cream, butter, olive oil and perhaps some cod liver oil. Of course, the customary amount of other food is to be eaten. A few years ago I read in a Denver paper that one physician recommended thirty eggs a day per patient; this is heroic treatment, so called because the patient has to be a hero to bear it.

It is true that most cases of tuberculosis can be fattened up for a while by this procedure, but fattening is not curative. I have heard doctors in charge of tuberculosis institutions rant about the good and noble work they are doing and telling how successful they are, and I have beheld their patients waste away as soon as their systems were thoroughly broken down by the extended forced feeding. I have seen "cured" people from Asheville taking on a very suspicious bark after only two weeks of Ohio November. I have seen people from Nebraska and Minnesota, apparently getting well in Colorado, and then go into a very rapid decline. These all went through the forced feeding treatment. On the other hand, I have seen people who were supposed to be in the advanced stage of tuberculosis, and treated for that malady for some time by specialists, get on the road to Wellville in a surprisingly short time when the seat of the real trouble was properly treated. Certain stomach troubles, accompanied by a peculiar cough, are sometimes mistaken for tuberculosis of the lungs.



The sun is a very big body; yet a small object held before the eyes hides it from view. Tuberculosis is such a great subject that a doctor who solves it and its treatment has about solved all other diseases and their treatment; in fact, if we are willing to go deep enough into the subject we are forced to admit that all disease is one, though the manifestations be different. The head of a tuberculosis institution is so blinded by his fattened up cases that he can't get a good view of the whole subject; he lacks perspective. Some of the cases do not have tuberculosis to start with; some that are fattened up soon begin to lose again, but fail to report to the institution. Therefore, our statistics on the cure appear more cheerful than the real facts warrant.

A common statement is that every pound gained by a tubercular patient is that much on the way to a cure. You could not live in Denver many years with your eyes open without seeing the fallacy of this. I heard one prominent physician tell about a case that was cured in Colorado, but on returning to Ohio she died in about two years of tuberculosis. Cured! If the word cure really means anything like that, curing is easy.

In the first place, in order to take tuberculosis the victim must be in poor condition bodily, and this generally comes on from lack of self-discipline. Many of these people have been and are very large eaters, but still they lose weight. As Franklin said, it is not what a person eats but what he digests that does him good.

Probably no organ suffers more in this disease than the stomach, due to the bad habit of forcing it to do more work than it is intended to do. Any suffering part needs rest, but in these cases the patient is advised to eat more, for he is losing weight, eat all the albuminous food possible, and fats to supply heat and waste. Consequently, the more the digestive apparatus needs rest

the more it is overworked; now there is less digestion and less assimilation and the patient still loses in weight, though he is eating enough to keep three or four robust people well nourished. Tuberculosis is a sort of smoldering fire, being accompanied by a low grade of fever, but the body is never allowed to be put in a favorable condition to rid itself of the debris, for the forced feeding keeps the slow combustion going. The result is just the same here as in tending a fire, if you put on too much coal the fire dies; here you put in too much food and the patient dies. The more heroic the treatment the quicker the death.

What is the proper and reasonable thing to do? To feed the patient in moderation. What the food is to be in each case can't be told till the patient is seen, for perhaps the only thing in which two cases of tuberculosis exactly resemble each other is in having tuberculosis. To give every patient the same kind of food is about as sensible as it is to give antikamnia to all who suffer from headache. The most important thing about feeding tuberculosis patients is to get away from the idea that they are to be stuffed. Milk is all right in moderation; eggs are good, but thirty a day is over two dozen too much. Fruits and vegetables should not be overlooked. Some patients digest steamed rice very well. In fact, these patients can eat most foods if they are properly prepared, but the meals should be very simple, only a few varieties at a meal.

Of no other disease can it more truly be said that the victims dig their graves with their teeth. The advanced cases die in spite of Christian Science, medical treatment or even the best hygienic measures, but they can be saved much suffering by being guided into lives of moderation in everything, diet included.

There is one cure for tuberculosis which probably never fails, namely: Get in line with nature before tuberculosis sets in. The finding of a few bacilli in the sputum is not conclusive evidence that the patient has the disease, nor is the absence of the bacilli from the sputum proof that the patient is not afflicted.

Consumptives suffer enough without being overfed; let those who can't be cured die as comfortably as possible.

R. L. ALSAKER.



## QUACKOPHOBIA.



THE Food Science Charlatans.—A druggist, who had the misfortune to become infected with syphilis some three years ago, applied to me recently for treatment. His condition was truly deplorable. Influenced by the blatant newspaper advertisements of the notorious \_\_\_\_\_, he applied to him for treatment, and that worthy gent agreed to cure him by regulating his diet (without the use of any drugs) for one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in three installments. He received the first and second installments; the patient was getting gradually worse and at last discontinued treatment. And Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ had the hardihood to threaten to sue him unless he remitted the balance of fifty dollars (which the patient on my advice did not). Now, libertarian as I am, it is my sincere belief that any medical or non-medical quack who would meddle with a serious disease like syphilis, undertaking in his crass ignorance to treat it without the use of those measures which have *proved* curative or at least undubitably useful in the hands of *thousands* of physicians with *hundreds of thousands* of cases, should be given a long term in jail, or should otherwise be rendered innocuous. It is a terrible thing to consider. Syphilis is now one of the most easily treated diseases if it is taken in hand at the very start. But if the patient gets into the hands of a quack, valuable time is lost, the disease is permitted to get headway, the brain (tumor) and the nervous system (locomotor ataxia) may get affected, and the patient comes to us for treatment when in many instances we can accomplish but very little,



and that with great difficulty. Human health and human life should be too precious to permit ignorant pretenders, plausible charlatans and self-assertive greedy quacks to endanger and ruin it. And this leads me to say a few words about the "food science" experts or diet charlatans in general.

The quacks follow the tendencies in scientific medicine very closely. They are unable to follow the real progress of medicine, for they have not received a solid enough education for that; but they can graze the superficialities, they can see the tendencies, they can feel which way the wind blows.

Several years ago we began to perceive and to proclaim to the world that in many diseases drugs played but a secondary part, and that in some diseases a properly regulated diet (or fresh air, or massage and exercise, and what we say about diet will apply to these as well) was paramount to everything else. Presto! At once there sprung up a lot of ignoramuses, who, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, physiology, biology or anatomy, declared themselves to be food experts, food scientists or food chemists, and proceeded to cure and prevent disease by regulating—juggling is the more correct word—or by pretending to regulate the patient's (the victim's) diet. This diet business was a god-send to the quack. The drug treatment of disease they could not handle with such impunity. First, because most states have laws against the prescribing of medicine by quacks or unlicensed practitioners. And, second, drugs and chemicals were a dangerous business, anyway. Some knowledge was indispensable; for without any knowledge an overdose might readily be given which would send the patient to his forefathers too suddenly, and the quack would find himself face to face with the law, for malpractice. But with diet—anyone could prescribe uncooked bread, or cabbage, or salad, or peanut butter, or nuts and grass, or sawdust, without coming in conflict with the law. And so, as we said, a lot of drugless "doctors" sprung up. Their name is legion, and it would be a waste of good paper to enumerate them all. Among the most prominent quacks of this type are: \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, of New York, and J. H. Tilden, of Denver. They work the diet or "scientific food" racket for all it is worth, and the poor gullibles—a sucker is born every minute, according to the high authority of P. T. Barnum—part with their money cheerfully and readily—until they finally discover that they have been taken in by bunco-steerers.

Let me state right here, and in language which admits of no equivocation, that he who claims that he can prevent or cure such diseases as cancer,

syphilis, malaria, specific urethritis, fibroid tumors, stone in the bladder, etc., etc., by "ordering" your diet, by making you eat Tilden Salads, or nuts or potatoes, or uncooked bread, little or no meat, 2 or 5 meals a day, etc., etc., is a fraud and a liar. In morality those fellows are beneath the pickpocket. The pickpocket takes your money, the quack doctor or "food expert" takes your money and your health; he takes the latter by preventing people from getting proper medical attention when such attention is most valuable. And nothing makes me feel more bitter towards the present iniquitous social system than the spectacle of men of the type of Dr. Tilden prostituting their talent for the sake of filthy lucre, for the sake of money, money, money.

We needn't bother with such fellows as ———, ———, etc. They have neither knowledge nor talent; they are ordinary quacks, and of those we have always had a goodly number, and always will have—at least as long as human ignorance lasts. But Tilden, while his knowledge of physiology and medicine is of the crudest and most elementary character (his knowledge of chemistry is *nil*), does possess a good deal of talent; many of his ideas are excellent and some of his writings are brilliant; and to see him exaggerate, prevaricate and prostitute his talent for the sole purpose of attracting patients does make one feel sore at our present social system, which is responsible for such types. If such men were not kicked and buffeted by fate, if they did not have the fear of poverty in their bones, if the spectre of starvation had not at some time stared them in the face, they would use their talent and ability for the welfare of humanity, instead of working all the time for self and self.

The above is a literal quotation from the *March Critic and Guide*, except where editorial blanks have been substituted for the names of two men in New York, whom the author sees fit to castigate, but against whom I have no desire to help circulate his inane mental venom, even if I have a publisher's license for quoting.

I might safely leave *The Food Science Charlatans* to the CLUB readers, without a comment, as we sometimes see in courts of justice, cases are submitted to the judge without argument. But there are some valuable lessons to be learned, and as the CLUB

is strictly educational, it is not expedient to allow such opportunities to slip.

Perhaps it will be well to start our round-up by explaining in what way I gave offense to his majesty, the prince of the house of Robinson (?) Turn to the February and May issues of 1907 and read the articles entitled, *Have Drugs Any Value?* and then turn to the February CLUB, 1909, and read *Is There Any Difference?* In addition to these offenses I have committed the unpardonable sin of staying alive and endeavoring to think without a censor—of course, a man ought to be *crucified* for such effrontery and offending.

Dr. Robinson's endorsement of himself, as a chemist, is very strong, almost as strong as his endorsement of his ethical virtues. Let us hope that the dear Doctor is not laboring under an hallucination. Perhaps the CLUB readers need to be reminded that our present day chemistry is an evolution out of the alchemy of the olden days. I believe every one will agree that it would be natural, hence, to be expected, that some of the fundamental traits of the old system should cling to the new; or, in other words, the laws of heredity are strong enough to make the child, chemistry, look like its father, alchemy.

One of the peculiar traits of the old order was a disposition to operate under closed shop rules—a desire to be very exclusive. Alchemists were advised to be particularly select in the choice of their assistants. Secrecy was always urged upon students. The following is advice from the celebrated Chaucer:

“Make privy to your dealing as few as you maie,  
For three may keepe counsell if twain be awaie.”

The alchemists were a very conceited class of people, and this is one of the most pronounced inheritances; and next to this



trait of character was their readiness to take on delusions. This last trait we find in many of our present-day, boasting chemists. There is something about the study of this subject, reaching from the olden days to the present, which makes many of the devotees egomaniacs. The present-day mind looks upon the delusions of the old alchemists as extraordinary and inconceivable.

The favorite pastime in ye olden days was endeavoring to transmute the base metals into gold; to-day this trait is seen in the endeavor to transmute the base moral principles into filthy lucre, and when not practicing this art, the creating of prejudice against those who question their theories afford them much occupation.

That the origin of our present chemistry was in ignorance, egomania and superstition, any one can prove for himself by going back to the old records. The following is a sample:

Elias Ashmole, who styled himself Mercuriophilus Anglecus, has collected together in his "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum" (London, 1652) many curious poetical pieces on alchemy. He states that his adopted father, Backhouse, an astrologer, bequeathed to him, *in syllables*, the true matter of the philosopher's stone as a legacy; by which, as D'Israeli says, "we learn that a miserable wretch knew the art of making gold, yet always lived a beggar; and that Ashmole really imagined he was in possession of the syllables of a secret;" thus verifying Ben Jonson's lines addressed to the alchemists:

"If all you boast of your great art be true,  
Sure, willing poverty lies most in you."—*Pettigrew*.

These lines might well be paraphrased to fit the modern Robinsons:

If all you boast of your curing powers be true,  
Sure, the willing manufacture of invalids lies most in you.

The old chemist looked for gold in everything; the present day chemist would like to make believe that his superior knowledge enables him to concoct remedies that will cure anything, notwithstanding he may be, and generally is, as ignorant as a lout in reading and interpreting physiological deviations, which are usually regarded as pathological symptoms. Many are of the caliber of Dr. Robinson; they haven't a universal conception, hence, they attribute to special conceptions general influences; for example: Hyperacidity of the stomach is looked upon by the regular physician as an excessive physiological function, and such patients are fed accordingly—given more food for the purpose of using up the surplus of acid.

Nearly all diseases are believed, by the schools, to be local, and auto-organically evolved—developed in the organ itself—which means an organic isonomy that would be anarchistic, positively the opposite of organic evolution and antidotal to synthetic development or the differentiation of organic life. We can not lose sight of the fact that the one thing needful in organic life is central control, or one over-all guiding and controlling power.

What would become of an army if every captain or colonel could act independently of the commanding officer?

What would become of the harmony of the community of organs which go to make up the human body if one insignificant organ, like the prostate, ovary, uterus, eye or appendix, could act independently of the community laws and set up a mutinous inflammation just any time?

It is true individual organs are diseased, but the disease comes from injuries from without the organism or it is symptomatic. The first is readily corrected, by removing the cause, the

ter must be cured by correcting the errors that are producing systemic derangements.

The theory and practice of regular medicine is based on an etiology (cause) suited to a unitary organism, or poly-organism with organic isonomy which is contrary to the laws of nature. It is true, the smallest heavenly body has an influence on the larger bodies, but it can't dominate them, neither can it take on a local condition which will derange the planetary system.

The reciprocity of organs and the systemic compromise that must take place between the various organs and tissues of the body before all can be united into one being with one single interest, precludes the possibility of independent organic action, either physiological or pathological, and on the soundness of this theory I take my stand and am willing to be abused by novices who haven't yet developed the power of reasoning.

For what does *Critic and Guide* stand? For what does this man, Robinson, stand? He says: "From the day the *Critic and Guide* took conception in our mind, we determined that as long as edited by US, the journal should be distinguished by these characteristics: unswerving honesty, fearless, truth-telling and never flagging *interestingness*. We believe we have fairly well succeeded in our determination."

His organ, the *Critic and Guide*, is issued under the following declarations of principles: "The Editor of this Journal writes his own editorials. He says what he wants to say and in the way he wants to say it without reference as to what Mrs. Grundy will say or think. The Editor is responsible for his own opinions only. He always tells the Truth or what he considers to be the Truth, but as he lays no claims to infallibility, he will be grateful to his readers if they will take the trouble to point out his errors."



I have heard of people who bite off more than they can chew, and I am reminded of this when I trifle my time away reading this man's drivel. Let us analyze some of these pretensions. To be able to criticise one must know enough to do so justly, and to be able to guide, one must know more than such guides as the editor of *Critic and Guide*.

The editor says of himself and his literary work that he stands for unswerving honesty, fearless, truth-telling and never flagging interestingness.

If Dr. Robinson is unswervingly honest, will he call me a fraud and a liar for declaring that I can do certain things that he does not believe can be done? If he is honest he will first prove what I say to be false. If Dr. Robinson is as fond of the truth as he declares that he is, why will he not investigate and *prove beyond the possibility of a doubt* that I lie when I say that cancer, syphilis, malaria, specific urethritis, fibroid tumors, stone in the gall-bladder, etc., can be prevented and cured by diet? And I will go still farther and say, that correcting the life of the victims of these diseases is the only cure and the only correct treatment (slip that under your sombrero, Dr. Robinson, *if there is room*; if not, smoke it in your meerschauum); and what is still more of the same kind of truth is that, judging from your writings, you haven't the slightest conception of the real cause of these diseases; hence, the treatment that you use and recommend, and declare is correct and should be protected by law, is untrustworthy and, at the most, simply palliative.

Is it an evidence of unswerving honesty to treat an organ for an idiopathic disease (an innate organic evolution), when it is symptomatic (generated outside the organ)?

Is it an evidence of unswerving honesty and fearless truth-telling to declare that I am worse than a pickpocket when I give hope to cases of cancer that have been operated upon by first-class surgeons and afterwards abandoned as absolutely hopeless by these same first-class surgeons?

Am I beneath the pickpocket when I snatch beautiful young women and bright, intelligent young men out of the hands of the operator, three hours before they are to be landed into the hospital to be operated upon for appendicitis, floating kidneys, ovarian diseases, and other diseases which are not necessary to mention?

To-day a lady, who was suffering with a malady which her doctor declared would require the removing of six inches or more of her large intestines, was brought to me from a neighboring state. The doctor is regular, ethical and would be admitted to membership in good standing in Dr. Robinson's ideal social system. Why? Because he is not a quack. Oh no! Regular doctors "be" not quacks, they *jest 'ope to be some time*.

What was the matter with the woman? Spinal irritation. The disease was so severe that she had a lot of reflex symptoms, such as rectal disease, bladder irritation, falling of the womb, et al., all of which were being administered to by doctors who belong in the Robinson class.

The Doctor will squirm out of this *pinch* by saying that they were poor doctors; I will parry that suggestion, however, with the belief that the only reason these doctors were poor was because they were caught with the goods and didn't happen to be the editors of *Critic and Guide*.

I shall select another case that can't be excused on the plea of poor doctor: A gentleman called upon me, who had given up hope and only came to please his wife. Besides many failures



by many doctors, he had taken his last round-up from the regular profession's acknowledged leading clinician of this city and state. The eminent doctor informed his patient's wife that her husband could not live longer than four months; that he was dying of cancer of the stomach. I found the poor, miserable wretch suffering from one of Dr. Robinson's pet diseases, namely, prostatic enlargement. I discovered that the unfortunate patient was carrying *only thirty-eight ounces of residual urine!* That was all. Just think of it, readers of the CLUB! The man came from the leading clinician of this city, and, according to that eminent physician, he was due dead in three or four months from cancer of the stomach, and I found thirty-eight ounces of residual urine! That was two years ago and the patient is one of the healthiest looking business men in this city to-day. In spite of such facts, Dr. Robinson declares that I'm a liar when I say I can cure cancer. I either cured a case of cancer in that man, or the greatest clinician of this city lied about what the disease was.

"That doesn't amount to anything," do I hear my critic say, "people are not supposed to know anything in the *Wild and Woolly West.*" Then let us go to Father Knickerbocker's town. A gentleman fresh from the office of New York City's greatest clinician (I do not mean Dr. Robinson)—the American physician who is recognized by the foreign profession as our greatest diagnostician—called upon me a short time ago desiring me to relieve or cure him of disagreeable symptoms. I found him encumbered with about seventy-five pounds too much weight. Because of his perfect early life, which was spent in the open air, close to nature, and with no bad habits, and very plain living, he had passed middle life with every organ sound; and this was what the eminent New York doctor told him in exchange for a twenty-five dollar



fee. It was nice of the great physician to tell the man that he was as sound as a dollar, and not attempt to graft him as some of the weaker sisters of that city would have done; but isn't it a little strange that the first physician of this country should pronounce a man, whose gross weight would be seventy-five pounds lighter than his present weight, as sound as a dollar? This agrees with what I frequently say, namely, doctors don't know anything about anticipating what is in store for their patients. If a disease is not in existence they wait until it shows up and then they get busy. This must change. The doctor of the future must know enough to tell his people, months and years ahead of schedule time, what they are coming into, and then give the information that will side-step the possibility. This is what I have been busying myself with ever since I began to forget what Dr. Robinson knows and thinks is so important that the laws of the country should put their stamp of finality upon it.

Is it an evidence of great wisdom on the part of Dr. Robinson to declare that my knowledge of physiology and medicine is of the crudest, and of chemistry *nil*, and at the same time give no proof except to declare that I am a fraud, a liar, worse than a pickpocket, a quack, and a usurper of the valuable time of patients who might be securing good health from first-class doctors, if our social system would only do its duty in locking such quacks as I am safely behind the bars? Or is it another evidence of Dr. Robinson's great love of truth?

If the Doctor cared to investigate he would find that at least seventy-five per cent of the people who employ me have been abandoned by the profession; not by the weak sisters of the profession, no, not by a long shot, but by the best—the *elite*—the very best clinicians of New York, Boston, Chicago, San Fran-

cisco—many of them the peers, if not the superiors, of Dr. Robinson, according to professional standards. The Doctor will take exception to this, of course, but he has a kick coming and we will grant it.

Is a man unswervingly honest when he declares, in one breath, that I am ignorant of the fundamentals—absolutely *nil* in some—yet that I do possess a good deal of talent? This statement smacks of compromise. Is it possible that the Doctor has heard my cause advocated by some one whom he would not offend by annihilating me?

I will give the Doctor credit, however, for not damning by faint praise, for after he tells us that some of my ideas are excellent, and some of my writings are brilliant, he proceeds at once to collapse my conceit by saying that I prostitute my talents by exaggeration and prevarication, for the sole purpose of attracting patients. The cause, he says, is that I have been kicked and buffeted by fate and haunted by the specter of starvation, etc.

Really, it would be interesting to know where the dear Doctor learned so much about me. What he says must be true, for does he not declare that his creed is unswerving honesty and fearless truth-telling? Isn't it just barely possible that what he knows about me is on a par with what he knows about real curing?

The Doctor says I don't know anything. I have said that people only begin to know something after they forget what they were taught in college. This being my belief (of course, I may be lying to myself), what the Doctor says about my crudeness is the most pronounced compliment. However, it's a small matter whether I am a quack, from Dr. Robinson's standpoint, or not; the great question to be settled is: What am I to myself? If I know myself to be what the ultra-professionals and their apes



declare me to be, I am most miserable; but I am not fully convinced, and so long as I am not, I manage to stay on pretty good terms with myself.

The Doctor has been misinformed about the specter of starvation chasing me out of the regular ranks into prostituting my talents for gain. The reverse is the truth. I sacrificed a large and rapidly growing *medical* practice, and took great chances on starving to death while I was beating into submission the combined forces of medical and religious superstition.

When I started the CLUB such friends as Dr. Robinson were heard to say: "Look at the damned fool starve himself to death." Many physicians have said to me since: "Doctor Tilden, I believe as you do and I wish I had the courage to do as you do, but I can't take chances on starving to death!" How does that agree with Dr. Robinson's declarations that the fear of poverty drove me into prostituting my talents?

This explanation is superfluous. In spite of the Doctor's love of truth he has the faculty of believing what he likes, and it's only an hallucination of his to believe that he loves the truth.

So far as money is concerned, I must acknowledge that I have given my attention to my profession and have permitted the dear people to beat me on every hand rather than usurp my time in chasing the filthy lucre. I haven't had time to make money. I will say, however, that I have always had enough to eat, have had fairly respectable clothes, have paid my way one hundred cents on the dollar, have always had more credit than money, and have never had occasion to *change my name* for the purpose of hiding my identity.

Quackophobia, the disease with which Dr. Robinson is suffering, is one that has always worked mental hardship to the



regular profession. There are few who are immune. The reason that the editor of *Critic and Guide* suffers with the most virulent form is because he belongs to an inferior type of the Jewish race. No one would suspect his Semitic origin from his name; the fact of the matter is, his true name is not Robinson. He, no doubt, belongs to a family whose ancestry has been unfortunate—possibly the Doctor has been kicked and buffeted by fate and perhaps the fear of poverty and the specter of starvation have some time stared him in the face and caused him to be such a coward that he hid his identity by adopting a name that completely wipes out the old nightmare—and as a result we see the former, cowering, abused slave of fate, a would-be, towering, tyrannous monster—a human animal of the most pronounced type of bigots. The unfortunate fellow is not to blame for his bullying disposition. The transition from slavery to freedom can be so rapid in this country that the erstwhile slave will frequently be heard to say: “It does make one feel sore at our present social system.” The slave, serf, and mudsill, when advanced too fast for adaptation, make the worst forms of rulers and slave-drivers.

There is one Hebraic characteristic in this pronunciamento sent out against me by this would-be mental Tzar, by the assumed name of Robinson; namely, the Trinitarian methods of punishing criminals. The reader will call to mind the crucifixion of Christ between two thieves. The Christian religion is of Jewish origin and it is full of trinities. It appears that this is rather more than a peculiarity; it is a characteristic of the uncultivated Jewish mind, and when it crops out in as *highly an educated and cultivated man* as Dr. Robinson, it can't be accounted for, unless it be due to atavistic tendencies, which manifest when the mind is dethroned by such diseases as manias and phobias.

True to these ancient racial characteristics, when the Doctor made up his mind to *crucify* me, he went out of his way to secure, according to his statement, two ordinary quacks between whom to nail me; his object may have been subconscious, but it was, nevertheless, the working out of an ancient, vulgar custom of humiliating as well as punishing. There are unmistakable earmarks which point back to an origin that ill fits the name Robinson.

Isn't it rather strange for a man, who boasts of unswerving honesty and fearless truth-telling, to take upon himself a name that is entirely misleading? It is true that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name; and a man can be as disagreeably malodorous, but, notwithstanding, there is an everlasting fitness to everything. If we should name our Chinese laundryman, Johnson; our Tipperary Irishman, Mr. Schmidt, or our Mr. Levy, Brown or Robinson, what think you, readers, anything incongruous? Is a man distinguished for his unswerving honesty and fearless truth-telling when he will deliberately place himself in so false a position? Is a man fearless and fond of truth-telling when he will try to hide his relationship to as noble a race of people as the Israelites?

If the Jews stand for anything—any one thing more than another—it is religion. They may be abused and humiliated by every other race, yet they stand for religion. We owe to them all we have of a reverential nature. If there is anything in Unitarianism we owe it to the Jews? They destroyed polytheism—they were really our first successful *Iconoclasts*—for they tore down and pushed over on their impotent faces the gods of wood and stone, and pointed to a place, where only imagination can run, as the home of the *Only Living God*. It was they who discovered a *Living God*. That is enough to immortalize a people!



That is enough to put them at the head of the races of men in spite of the fact that they have been the most despised!

Need I interpret this great racial paradox? It is not strange, in fact it is according to the working out of natural law, that a great, strong, invincible people should not only be possessed of the best minds, but the worst as well. Not all Jews can be Abrahams, Christs, and Renans; there must be the Judases, Fagins, and those who live under assumed names. As this is the working out of natural law, we should respect the process even if we shun the products; however, when we understand all, we will not despise the low any more than we will worship the high; it is the law behind all that must receive our homage.

The foregoing must stand if we love the truth; hence, to the Jew we must go for religion; to the Greek for our art, and to the Roman for our law; not for the purpose of worshipping these people *per se*, but to learn of these vassals the peculiarity of the law—to learn of the law's selective affinity—why certain phases work out through the Jews, others through the Greeks, and still others through the Romans.

When the working out of the various phases of natural law is understood, and we have learned of the evolution of races, we will not be in a position to entertain small and petty prejudices against a people because of their weaker vassals. We will not be so stupidly ignorant as to point, with sneering cant, at a macaroni-eating Dago and say, "There is a sample of your noble Romans—your Antoninuses, your Cæsars!" Nor will we point to the boot-blackening descendant of Demosthenes and Cicero and say, "There is a sample of your great and glorious Grecian statesmen!" Neither will we declare, when we have found a descendant of David—the sweet singer of Israel—or a son of



Solomon—the wisest of kings—so lacking in loyalty and patriotism to his race as to undertake to hide his racial identity by an assumed name, “There goes a sample of your God-beloved Israelites—one of the discoverers of God—a father of your religion!”

There is but one just way of learning of a people, and that is to select the best types. That is the reason I have selected Dr. Robinson against whom to lodge my criticisms of the modern medical practice; and before I really got personal the poor fellow was thrown into a violent attack of quackophobia, proving that education masks many minds that have not evolved beyond the aboriginal savage.

This is distressingly true of this great medical writer. A little of the venom of envy and jealousy unmask the old type of mind, a better description of which cannot be found than was shown by the accusers and high priests before whom Christ was brought. They, like Dr. Robinson, boasted of their unswerving honesty, fearless truth-telling, etc., but they, also, like the Doctor, were thrown into a phobic state of mind by the mention of a truth not yet their truth, following which they were transformed into fiends.

It takes much education, and by far more cultivation, to expunge the venom of superstition and tribal and ancestral prejudice. The measure of a man's removal from mental serfdom is evidenced by his treatment of those people and subjects against whom and for which he entertains prejudice; in fact, charity is the beginning of wisdom, and if this be literally true, and I have neither proof nor experience to the contrary, Dr. Robinson has not yet passed the stage of common knowledge. As proof that this is true, I will say that I will pay one thousand dollars cash to any one who will find one digested paragraph in all the mental excretions of which the Doctor has been delivered in the past year. If

one or more are found, I shall demand proof that he has not plagiarized them, and I stand ready to prove that they have been, by the simple laws of reasoning, founded on induction and deduction.

If a man writes wisely only occasionally, and the bulk of his writings can not stand the analysis of philosophic induction, it means that such a writer has not evolved beyond the novice and the stage of imitation. One of the most positive signs of this undeveloped state is hypersensitiveness—a disposition to mania—when the truth of his knowledge is questioned, and then instead of proving by convincing argument that what he stands for is true, he flies into a towering rage and covers his adversary with a mountain of impotent invectives and billingsgate, which never did and never will prove anything except to minds on a par with his own.

Now, let us see if this man, who boasts of his honesty and fearless truth-telling, in spite of appearances to the contrary, has a flawless medical education. The following is taken from the *March Critic and Guide*, page 79:

The Influence of the Prostate on a Man's Mental Condition.—We ask our readers to read Prof. Boehm's article on "The Prostate as a Factor in Nervous Disease," which we print in this issue, with particular attention. It is unfortunately only too true that even the medical profession is not fully aware of the important influence of the prostate gland on the physical and mental condition of the human male. We have in our own practice encountered a number of patients, who were suffering from headaches, anorexia, constipation, dyspepsia, insomnia, etc., and on whom the pharmacopeia had been exhausted to no avail. Recognition of the true etiologic factor—a diseased prostate—and proper treatment directed to that organ brought about prompt alleviation and ultimately a cure of all the symptoms. Particularly remarkable is the influence of a diseased, inflamed or simply irritable prostate on a man's nervous and mental condition. Here, for example, is the case of Mr. X., a newspaper writer. When he came to us he complained of being nervous—and he looked it—and irritable; he was unable to concentrate his



mind for any length of time, and he could not sit in one place longer than 20 or 30 minutes. He had to jump up and walk about. Ejaculatio precox was marked and contributed considerably to his nervousness and depression. He suffered with constipation, for which he took all possible cathartics, and with headaches, for which he stuffed himself with antikamnia, orangeine, etc., etc. (Newspaper men are great consumers of patent medicines, and are as gullible in this respect as old women.) When he put himself under medical care the results, we regret to say, were not much better, for none of the physicians thought of examining the prostate, and all satisfied themselves with treating the symptoms. On examination we found a distinct diffuse prostatitis, and in four weeks' treatment, directed exclusively to the prostate, all the physical and mental symptoms disappeared. He began to look so bright and buoyant that friends remarked the change at once and commented on it; and his mental power of concentration returned, and this could also be noticed in his articles.

This is simply one example, and an ordinary one, out of many.

Whenever a man complains of vague symptoms, of nervous irritability, of heaviness in the perineum, of a heavy coated tongue, of forgetfulness, of lack of power of concentration, etc., his prostate should be examined. It can do no harm, and may be found to be the sole cause of all his troubles.

If Dr. Robinson has one weakness that is decidedly weaker than another, it is his belief that he is democratic, tolerant, and liberal; that he says what he wants to say and in the way he wants to say it without fear of Mrs. Grundy; that he is responsible for his own opinions only, and that he always tells the truth or what he considers to be the truth. But after declaring his numerous virtues in season and out of season, iterating and reiterating them *ad libitum*, *ad nauseatum* and *ad disgustum*, he then, with the same kind of crass virtue strikes the humble attitude of Old Fagin and mechanically declares that he does not lay claim to infallibility. Oh, no! William Josephus is too modest for that!

Virtues that have to be fanned with a lot of hot air to keep them in evidence, are of doubtful existence. What would people



of average knowledge think of the virtue of a young woman who was declaring it on all unapropos occasions? What of the honesty of the man who embraces every occasion to declare it?

If Dr. Robinson were not a born coward and cursed with racial hatreds, without the ameliorating inhibition of its virtues, we could not feel very sorry for him; but he is to be pitied and our charity goes out to him.

Now that we have had our faith shattered in the Doctor's judgment of what truth is, when his selfish interests are at stake, I can't help but declare, when he says, "We have in our own practice encountered a number of patients, who were suffering from headaches, anorexia, constipation, dyspepsia, insomnia, etc., and on whom the pharmacopœia had been exhausted to no avail," that he brought about prompt alleviation and ultimately a cure of all the symptoms by local treatment to the diseased prostate.

After knowing the Doctor's egotistical nature—knowing how learned he is on all the phases of the diseases of the genito-urinary organs, and how anxious he is to have everybody know that he is a master of this specialty, as well as that of the æsthetic virtues—I am prepared to declare that such statements as the above are cut out of the blue ether of his imagination. I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that Dr. Robinson's knowledge of this subject is strictly text-book, and the text-books are just as far from the truth as the zenith is from the nadir.

I say, and I say it hard, because I am backed by more than thirty-five years' of service, as against Dr. Robinson's sixteen years, that the regular profession's opinion and treatment of the prostate gland are just exactly opposite the truth and what they should be. The disease of this gland, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is symptomatic and caused by the same constitutional

derangement that causes headache, anorexia, constipation, dyspepsia, insomnia, etc., hence, the treatment for curing the irritable prostate should be the same as for correcting all the diseases the Doctor is pleased to name as symptoms which depend upon a diseased prostate.

The regular profession, as wise as it is,—numerically representing the mob, so to speak, and boosted and rooted for by the scum and scurf of society, because said scum and scurf are protected and benefited and saved the trouble of thinking—I say in spite of all these advantages it spends nearly all its time in combatting entities and so-called diseases which have no existence except in its imagination; or if there is really a coloring on which to hang an excuse for an opinion, it will usually turn out to be about as real as its profound specialists, of the type of The House of Robinson, make out of prostatic disease.

When these professional parasites, who pretend to be the guardians of The Ark of the Professional Covenant—the keepers of the Profession's Holy of Holies—have been beaten into the absorption of a little truth, which should be palpable to any professional mind, then said specific professional cocci get busy talking as follows:

"Several years ago we began to perceive and to proclaim to the world that in many diseases drugs played but a secondary part, and that in some diseases a properly regulated diet (or fresh air, or massage and exercise, and what we say about diet will apply to these as well) was paramount to everything else. Presto! At once there sprung up a lot of ignoramuses, who, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, physiology, biology or anatomy, declared themselves to be food experts, food scientists or food chemists, and proceeded to cure and prevent disease by regulating—juggling is the more correct word—or by pretending to regulate the patient's (the victim's) diet."

Several years ago! What does that mean, my *nom de plumed* stickler for honesty and truth-telling? What does several



years ago mean to you? You were born only forty-two years ago and then you did not get into the profession until you were twenty-six years old; hence, your statement that you began to perceive and to proclaim to the world, etc., *years ago*, is on a par with all your other fearless truth-telling.

Now, my dear embodiment of honor, will you kindly refer us to when and what you proclaimed years ago on the subject of diet? Then tell us, if you please, how it is that you knew so much about diet years ago and you don't happen to know anything about it now, except in the way you know all about the prostate and its diseases?

Tell us, you *Honorable Man*, when you began to teach that drugs play only a secondary part! It's no wonder the Jewish race Jonahed you! A race, which if anything, is truth-telling and religious, could not contain such a Jonah as you in its maw. There is an eternal fitness and when nature discovers misfits such as you, she usually causes them to be excreted at one end or the other of the social maw.

Yes, the profession knows just about as much in regard to diet as it knows about the prostate. It knows how to operate and to give dope, but it knows nothing about curing.

Dr. Robinson doesn't know, and perhaps will never find out, in spite of all his knowledge of chemistry and drug action, that drugs used by doctors of his ilk, often, if not invariably, disable the sphincter muscle of the bladder and cause genito-urinary specialists, like unto himself, to believe that they have an idiopathic disease to contend with when in truth all the patient needs is some one who will kill his doctor and stop the use of stimulants, narcotics and sedatives. I dislike to give such information as this



to these specialists, but I can't weaken a good argument just for the sake of keeping these professional Yahoos in their ignorance.

Dr. Robinson, along with others of the profession, strikes about the lowest ebb of scientific puerility when he tells what he knows of the prostate gland and its diseases. It is an organ that receives much abuse, but it is also an organ that gives the moderate man—the man who has good habits of eating and drinking, and who is abstemious in the use of stimulants—no trouble at all. I am prepared to back anything I say with the proof. As I tacitly inferred in my little tilt with Dr. Robinson in the May, 1907 CLUB, I stand ready to compare the rational plan of treating disease with the so-called scientific plan, which Dr. Robinson assumes the responsibility of championing.

The Doctor says his treatment brought about prompt alleviation and ultimately a cure. Of course the story must round out well, and when the cases are strictly in the imagination, there are cures to be had from the same source.

Irritation of the urethra from a urine highly charged with acid, can be *alleviated*—palliated—by rubbing gently with an olive tipped sound, and the patient made to feel that the treatment is really curative; but there is no cure that can possibly follow a local treatment, and a professional man who declares that he cures in this way is either an ignoramus or a knave, I care not what his station in the profession may be, neither do I care if he makes a practice of all the Christian virtues or declares that he has a monopoly on truth.

The newspaper writer, referred to, was nervous and irritable. The Doctor says, "He suffered with constipation, for which he took all possible cathartics, and with headaches for which he stuffed himself with antikamnia, orangeine, etc." He was stuffed

by drug doctors—the kind that Dr. Robinson's *ideal social system* would allow the exclusive privilege of ministering to the sick—may his God spare the mark!

What the Doctor says of the gullibility of newspaper men is unkind, for the drug profession owes its perpetuation to this same gullibility. When the newspapers wake up to the truth of the drug superstition, it will be good-bye dope.

After this newspaper man had exhausted his own skill with dope, he went to the M. D.'s—those who receive the endorsement of *Critic and Guide*—and they doped him until his nervous system was in the condition the Doctor describes; and then what happened? He happened to strike Dr. Robinson, who is a specialist, and all specialists have hobbies; just at this time the Doctor's hobby was disease of the prostate, which four weeks' of local treatment fixed up. What about this cure? If this newspaper man had gone to Christian Science and that cult had cut out his dope, he would have been as well in four weeks, or sooner, as he was under the *great specialist's* treatment. What was there in the Doctor's treatment to admit of a change? The Doctor treated the case locally, which did not admit of as heavy medicating as the patient had been accustomed to; the change amounted to the cutting off of the belladonna and aloes in his cathartics and the nerve sedatives for headaches, and possibly strychnine for heart tonic. This rested his nervous system from his cat-o'-nine-tails drug-whip, and in due course of time, which was four weeks, he threw off the evil effects of overmedication and Dr. Robinson innocently appropriated the cure.

How do I know that this explains the cure? Because I have cured cases in the same way. I've gone through the whole business. I've medicated and created these states in confiding



patients, and then I've played specialist and cured cases that many others have made. I've gone through the complete evolution. Twenty-five years ago I was where Dr. Robinson is to-day. Then my mind took a tumble and I learned that the cures I had accomplished were not cures at all; I had simply been less obstructive to the natural reactive and curative powers of the system. After a few years of such knock-down arguments and proof against my will and my education, I allowed reason to have her way, and now I teach my patients to live normally and rationally, then all these diseases pass away when their cause—wrong life, perverted nutrition, and drug-poisoning—ceases to be.

The mental change that took place in the newspaper man's case is just exactly what may be expected in all cases when the drug habit is broken off.

In the same number of *Critic and Guide* from which the foregoing extracts were taken, there is a long article on *The Prostate as a Factor in Nervous Diseases*, by J. L. Boehm, M. D., St. Louis. The article was read at a meeting of the Tri-State Medical Society, Ottumwa, Iowa. Great specialists are given to writing long-winded articles; going to great heights and depths, and exploiting their subjects from aft to stern and back again, and then reading them to the state medical societies. This is a way they have of drumming business. There is probably not a member of the society who is capable of giving an opinion on these papers, except to say that the doctors who present them must be very profound men, for they can discourse for hours on a subject that the members know nothing about. The common mind is always inclined to worship something it does not understand. It little knows that a part of the specialist's business is to bulldoze, browbeat, and force an overestimate of his ability.



Dr. Robinson is that kind of man; he has bulldozed many weak professional sisters, both male and female, into believing that he is *It*; but minds that have had much experience with men and things will always stand ready to meet his ante and raise his bets as fast as he wants to put them up, with full confidence that they will capture the jackpot. It does take a lot of gall to run a medical magazine and fill it *a la* Robinson; but if it is to be run successfully and its editor hopes to sidestep all threatening Waterloos, there must be something else besides conceit, bluff, and a corner on all the ethical virtues. A man ought to know something *per se*; borrowed knowledge can't save a conceited ass in an argument.

The article referred to above, by Dr. Boehm, is exhaustive from the regular medical standpoint, but the same comments I made on Dr. Robinson's article applies to this as well, for all the regular genito-urinary specialists see through the same eyes. Perhaps I may as well quote a few paragraphs and comment on some for the benefit of the readers.

"The prostate is to man what the uterus is to woman, in the sexes.

"The prostate is a *sine-qua-non* in man's potency to reproduce. Anatomically the intricate network of blood vessels and nerves surrounding and supplying the uterus and prostate bear some points of very close similarity.

"A diseased uterus commonly produces some functional or organic lesion of the nervous system. This fact has been recognized since the early days of neurology and gynecology. Not many years back it was common practice to make a snap diagnosis of hysteria in many neurotic females, without any endeavor being made to locate the exact seat of the trouble, whether intra or extra pelvic.

"To-day, however, neuroses in the female are treated scientifically by establishing the absence or presence of uterine or pelvic disease.

"By analogy in considering neuroses of the male sex I believe that very commonly the male pelvis is not thought of, and it is not a common practice to establish the presence or absence of an intrapelvic lesion. The principle of

determining if male pus tubes, pelvic adhesions or organic lesions of the prostate or rectum exist should be established."

When a woman goes to a gynecologist she must have uterine trouble. When a man goes to the genito-urinary specialist he must have trouble with the prostate. It is a positive fact that few men can ever hope to rise above the pettiness that a specialty brings them to. The real measure of a specialist is the knowledge he has of his specialty as compared with his knowledge of the body. So long as the specialist believes that the part of the body he treats is the center around which all bodily organs and their functions revolve, and that if any other part of the body is complaining it is due to the part he looks after, he is still in the nursing period of mental development; but, of course, like all children, he must be right and every one else must be wrong. A man who has gone through it all and knows every phase of the evolution will be branded a fool, a liar, a pickpocket, and a quack by professional men who probably will never extend their mental horizon to take in his meaning.

Kraft-Ebing says: "Hyperesthesia, indicative of a cerebral neurosis, may be superinduced by prostatic disease, producing increased sexual desire or satyriasis." This is intense and at times there may be maniacal sexual excitation.

In these cases there is invariably a long history of abuse to the body from sensuality and the prostate is one of the organs which suffer, but it is cultivating fallacy to believe that the disease is primary in this organ.

White says: "Chronic prostatitis is a more frequent occurrence than the acute form of the disease, but it is less understood. A prostate gland, the subject of chronic inflammation, may be found larger or even smaller than normal size."

Why not? Overeating on meat, which is common to many, tends to excite the sexual nature and always affects the prostate



or neck of the bladder. The cure must come through correcting bad habits.

I would quote much of this article, but space will not permit further comment on the subject of prostatic disease.

To sum up: The medical profession holds an opinion on this disease (as well as on many others) of which I unfortunately must take an opposite view if I am honest with myself. If I am wrong, people have the kindness to get well for me after the best physicians, who hold opposite views, have failed to benefit them. Possibly, as has been suggested by medical friends, I hypnotize them.

I could give many pages of quotations from *Critic and Guide* to show how weak the theories are on which its author hangs his hopes and beliefs, but the above must do for this time. It is my intention to give a criticism of the mental pabulum of some one of the supposed best regular authorities in each number of the CLUB, and if all are thrown into such a fearful phobic state as my very slight criticism in the February CLUB threw the editor of *Critic and Guide*, the bacteriologists will have to get busy and discover a serum like unto the "good stuff" used in the treatment of hydrophobia.

Now, my dear Dr. Robinson, if you will lend me one of your ears and "make a noise like a listen," I will put the caudal appendage on this already too long answer to your very moral and ethical write-up of me in your Yellow Journal.

I would advise you to assume a role more in keeping with your nature. When a man has neither honesty nor love of truth in his nature, it is one of the hardest roles to fill; it fits like a saddle on a sow; it makes a ridiculous fool of the one who assumes it,



and is a constant advertisement of weakness, which might pass unnoticed if not constantly published.

You say my knowledge of chemistry is *nil*. Will you kindly tell me what your knowledge of chemistry has done for you? You advocate the same remedies, hygiene and *diet* that are found in the text-books, which have proven so ineffectual that the profession has lost at least one-third of its patrons in the past two decades, and, such *well informed men as yourself* have been compelled to hedge in proclaiming your beliefs, by making such inane statements as that several years ago you perceived and proclaimed that drugs played a secondary part in curing. If this is true, why do you spend all your professional energy in *perceiving* and *proclaiming* yet performing this secondary part?

If you are a representative of the best type of the regular physician, explain, if you can, why you can't hold the people. Why are they chasing after every old woman, male and female, who pretends to have discovered a cure in the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, or any other religious or ethical superstition? Or, if you will pardon, why do the dear people chase me—one whom you say got busy after you *perceived* and *proclaimed* from the loins of Professional Abraham that drugs played but a secondary part and diet was the *sine qua non*? I have been practicing diet since before you were born into the profession, and had a following that would make your teeth sweat long before I knew that you ever had a dietetic vision.

If your knowledge is so superior to the quack's, the pick-pocket's, the liar's, or the ignoramus's, why do you need laws to inhibit the latter and favor you? Do you hear any one, for instance myself, repining because the law does not inhibit you and your ilk from practicing? I should say not! My dear Josephus,

such professional people as you are an advantage to me. There are so many of you scattered over this country that I'm compelled to lock my doors, and stuff the telephone to get any relief from your *cured* people who are running away from the health you give them and who are endeavoring to get a little taste of the type of ill health and death I keep on tap.

Why do you call me a liar for saying that disease can be cured by diet and correcting the life, when you declare that *long years ago*, perhaps when you were still in the loins of Abraham, you perceived and proclaimed that drugs played only a secondary part in curing disease and that diet, etc., did the rest? Why don't you tell us something about diet? You are a renowned chemist and have been for so long, and you have known all about diet for so long, why don't you tell the readers of your *Yellow Journal* how to treat prostatic, urethral, and bladder troubles by diet? Perhaps you can't answer these questions. If not, I will answer for you. The reason is you don't know anything at all about the curing of anything, either by drugs or diet, or by any other means, except what you have read out of books. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact; hence, I will tell you that a physician does not attain to more than a slight perception of the need of a philosophic conception of the healing art until after he has been in the profession for sixteen years (the full length of time that the records show you have been in the profession), and if he has not had a world of clinical experience—been busy during those years with patients and not with pencil and tab—he will not then begin to realize this great need; and, judging you from your writings, I should say this necessity has not yet dawned upon you, for neophytes like you haven't the slightest idea that there is a medical

horizon out and beyond yours, which is infinite in size when compared with yours. This, of course, puts you in a ridiculous light.

Just hold your ear this way and continue that "noise like a listen" for a moment longer while I tell you something for your good, if you can receive it: Don't labor under the delusion—don't cultivate the hallucination—that you can ever become a physician by experimenting in the laboratory. It takes patients—human beings—and lots of them, and you have to give them your personal attention, if necessary nurse them through crises, stay with them all night and all day, to the neglect of other work, and with the full knowledge that *information*—yes, I say *Information!*—not *filthy lucre*, is all you will get for your pay. You may monkey with your test-tubes, your reagents, watch all sorts of animals suffering under experiments, have all chemical formulas at your command, yet you will not be a physician; you may be a doctor, I do not dispute this avowal, but I do declare that you can know everything there is to know about chemistry and all that is written in the text-books on diet, yet without an intimate knowledge of people, both sick and well, all claims to being able to heal the sick are the pipe-dreams of a blatant quack.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that a membership in the county, state and national medical societies is any evidence that a physician is not a quack. No, indeed! It is no more true than that a membership in a church is an evidence of an honest man.

Thank you for your ear; if you desire more of the same kind of entertainment you will know how to proceed. I can vary the program should you desire.

If the readers of the CLUB think I am inclined to make too much of my opportunities to criticise, and that I overstate the follies and foibles of the recognized authorities in the great healing



art, I can't do better than to quote one of the most knowing men of his time:

But I am over-tedious in these toys, which howsoever in some men's too severe censures they may be held absurd and ridiculous, I am the bolder to assert, as not borrowed from circumforanean rogues and gipsies, but out of the writings of worthy philosophers and physicians.—*Burton*.



### THE REASON FOR IT.

*Pick-Me-Up.*

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well?

New Cook—Shure, mum, Oi lay it t' not bein' able to rade th' cook books.

\* \* \*

Why don't you read the information page? If you read it you won't have to ask a policeman. What is a bureau of information for? See Publicity Page 1.

\* \* \*

A little learning is a dangerous thing!  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring.  
—*Alexander Pope.*

\* \* \*

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.  
—*Herrick.*

WHEN I AM WELL.

(Written for the CLUB.)

I care not what my neighbors say,  
When I am well;  
Or what of me, false or true,  
They choose to tell;  
I radiate a merry smile,  
And whistle softly all the while,  
When I am well.

I care not what the weather is,  
When I am well—  
Wind, or rain, or snow, or cold,  
Or "hot as hell";  
I think it will be better soon,  
And so prolong my merry tune—  
When I am well.

I care not what the postman brings,  
When I am well—  
A notice of a note past due,  
My Stocks just fell;  
I read the CLUB a little while,  
And it restores my merry smile,  
When I am well.

I care not what the furnace does,  
When I am well;  
Or for the lies "that plumber man"  
Seems bound to tell;

I do not chide him for the lie,  
But keep the twinkle in my eye,  
When I am well.

I care not if the Cook elopes,  
When I am well;  
Or if the baby feels disposed  
To scream and yell;  
"The exercise will do him good,"  
And I can thrive on "uncooked food,"  
When I am well.

I care not if the Parson calls,  
When I am well—  
An agent, having apple trees,  
Or books, to sell;  
I sit serenely in my chair,  
And hear the merits of their ware,  
When I am well.

I care not where the Doctor goes,  
When I am well—  
If "on a spree," or "crazy sure,"  
Or—"straight to hell";  
A smile is better than a Pill,  
So I contract no druggist's bill,  
When I am well.

—S. H. F.

\* \* \*

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of  
all societies.—*Dryden.*



## MASTOIDITIS.



THE following letter is from Mr. Howe, who kindly sent it to us with the request to put it in the CLUB:

My Dear Fellow CLUB Readers:

I thought possibly you might be interested in the following short history of personal mistakes and what came of them.

I arrived in Chicago in July, 1903, from the British West Indies, after a short visit with friends in New York.

Up to that time I had not known a day's illness; had been accustomed to a life in the open, with plenty of exercise, and paid no attention whatever to diet, but always tried to have enough to eat.

My employment kept me indoors from this time on, and, owing to the fact that I had a thin-blooded room mate that winter, there was absolutely no ventilation in my bed room, unless he happened to be away at night. Upon his return the windows were promptly closed, and the hot air turned on to warm the room. I began to suffer from headaches, and, of course, found temporary relief in headache powders; at first, one; then it required two, and then three, to effect a cure(?).

In February, 1904, I was taken suddenly ill with acute pain in head, accompanied with vomiting, and a high temperature. The pain was almost unbearable and seemed to be just behind the right ear. A doctor was called, and he stated that I had a mastoid abscess and must go to the hospital to be operated upon. I was removed that afternoon, and a surgeon examined me. I remember his asking me many questions, and what struck me as being peculiar was the fact that I answered all of them in the negative. Anyway, as soon as he was through, he turned to Dr. ——— and said: "You are right, Doctor; it is a mastoid abscess and I shall operate at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." That night the back of my head was shaved, and, as I had had no sleep, an opiate was administered. This not having the desired effect, I was treated to a hypodermic injection, which gave me several hours' relief. The following morning I was chloroformed with some difficulty. I was told to inhale deeply. I did so, but for a long time remained quite

conscious. The young doctor, who was administering the chloroform, asked me if I drank and smoked; I told him I did not; that I used to use these stimulants, but had not done so for a long time and never had used them to a very great extent. After awhile he said: "There is something wrong; I believe you are a hard drinker. Don't you like your beer?" I again told him I did not use alcoholics. Gradually I became dizzy, but, as I made slow progress, the doctor spoke to a nurse, who brought him something, and the last thing I remember was that she was holding my head while he forced a bag over it. When I recovered consciousness I was back on my cot and a nurse was in attendance.

There was a soreness in the head, but no pain, for which I felt deeply grateful. An hour later I had water, and, finding it did not cause vomiting, I was given milk soon after. A high temperature followed, and twice I was placed in a tub of very cold or iced water, besides being sponged several times. I was fed to the limit; milk, egg-nogg, beef and chicken broth, etc. As I had vomited quite a bit, something was put in the milk, so that I might keep it down.

A drainage tube was left in the wound, but something went wrong, and in about a week after the operation I was taken back to the operating room, and the opening probed and cut; then stitches were put in. I received a visit one day from the doctor who had given me the chloroform, and he said, "Did you say you neither drink nor smoke?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You are either not telling the truth or it is a most peculiar case, for I had to give you enough chloroform and ether for three or four ordinary men."

I was in the hospital five weeks, and came out so weak that my legs could, with difficulty, support me. Besides my nerves being shattered and my health greatly impaired, my pocket-book was almost empty. I was then told to go to California, which I did, and remained there for two months, trying to recover my health. I will mention here that the doctors guaranteed that the operation would be a cure.

Five years later—that is, on Sunday, January 3, 1909—I was again taken down with exactly the same symptoms and pain in the same spot. Fortunately, for nearly a year before, I had become a reader of A STUFFED CLUB, and the moment I was attacked I went to bed and cut out all food; the vomiting soon ceased. I prescribed for myself, my wife acting as nurse and carrying out instructions. I drank water at first only; kept the windows



wide open (and for two days the thermometer was below zero); took one or two hot baths daily, and applied hot fomentations to my ear. I was in terrible pain for several days, and on Wednesday I did not think I could stand it much longer; I was compelled to grasp the bars of the bedstead at times, and my wife states that my eyes appeared, that day, to be starting from the sockets. While I was suffering this terrible pain a friend called and implored me to take some nourishment, assuring me that a lady of his acquaintance had just tried the starving treatment; that she had felt fine for three or four days, and on the sixth day was taken to the insane asylum at Jacksonville. I thanked him for his kindness and consideration, but assured him that there would be no change in the treatment.

That night the abscess broke, and there was a discharge of pus through nostrils and mouth. I took absolutely no food for eight and a half days, and there was no day during my illness that I was not strong enough to walk from the bed room to the bath room; I took hot water baths without help, and on the morning after the abscess broke sat up in bed and wrote three or four business letters, besides writing to Dr. Tilden, asking him to give me special advice, so that I might know how to live to prevent a return of mastoiditis.

On Saturday I walked down stairs without help. I remained at home one week to rest, and on the following Monday, just two weeks and one day from day of attack, I resumed my duties as a traveling salesman. A little pus has been discharging from the right ear, which has caused a little annoyance and discomfort, but that has almost entirely disappeared. This plan of treatment, as contrasted with the former, has been decidedly more satisfactory. It is economical physiologically, and in every other way. I am beginning to feel like a new man. This time, instead of having my health in general impaired, and nerves shattered, I feel in some respects better than I did before my illness; in fact, better than I have felt since my arrival in America.

Now, which is the more reasonable and rational treatment? The old way I was treated, or the new? Is there any comparison? I ask all CLUB readers to join me in thanking Dr. Tilden for the wonderful educational work he is doing; and when we see the scales fall from the eyes of a duped—or “doped”—humanity, let us remember, with grateful hearts, him who has been one of the Great Pioneers of the movement; the one man strong enough to



defy authority; who has stood up single-handed against the medical world and *won*, because he had Truth on his side, and opposed Ignorance, Superstition and Avarice.

Yours Fraternally,

C. E. HOWE.

Mr. Howe may have had mastoiditis, and he may not have had it; if his first sickness was exactly the same as this recent attack has been, he did not have mastoiditis, for the description he gives is that of an abscess located somewhere in the tract of the Eustachian tube. The fact that the pus was discharged through his nostrils and mouth would indicate that the trouble was not in the middle ear or in the mastoid cells, but decidedly anterior to the location of mastoiditis.

No doubt there are a great many people who are operated upon for mastoiditis who haven't the disease at all. The same is true of every other disease for which operations are performed; and it is a very unfortunate thing to be compelled to go through an operation of this kind when it is not necessary.

I will say, for fear somebody will declare that I do not believe in operating for this disease, that I do. As soon as it is positively proven that a sufferer has an abscess in the mastoid cells, he should be subjected to an operation at once. But that is the only part of the treatment this unfortunate man received that I would agree to. The feeding, medication, iced water baths, etc., were wholly unnecessary. If such patients are put in a favorable condition for an operation, and then are taken care of properly after the operation, they should have no very lasting trouble. When sequels and relapses follow, it means malpractice.

Whenever surgery is really necessary it should be resorted to, but I say that it is criminal to feed such patients, and when people do not die when treated in this way, it is because they have power to resist both doctor and disease.

This gentleman has not told, in his letter, anything about how he managed to bring on this ear trouble. I have found, by corresponding with him, that he had formed, early in life, the habit of soaking his head every day in cold water. If any reader of the CLUB is in the habit of doing the same thing, let me say to you, stop that practice at once, for it is a very dangerous thing.

The advice we have given Mr. Howe, by correspondence, is nothing very remarkable; we simply told him how to live normally and naturally, and we are not publishing his letter because we think we have performed a miracle or that the service is deserving of any special mention. If it will help any reader to see the foolishness of overmedication, or doing too much for people when they are sick, it will have served a desirable purpose.



## THE HUBBARDS HAVE COME AND GONE.



TUESDAY evening, April 6, 1909, at the Woman's Club, Mr. Hubbard addressed the largest audience he has ever met before in Denver. All standing room was sold and people were turned away.

Did some one say that the Hubbard fad is waning? Right you are! The fad is gone! Mr. Hubbard has entered the fixed and staple period of his existence. From now on the people will take him, not as a luxury, but as a necessity.

We have had the pleasure of listening to him in every lecture he has delivered in Denver, and it gives us pleasure to state that each time we have been pleasurably and profitably entertained, and never more so than at the Woman's Club, on April 6th, 1909.

If the East Aurora lecturer continues to grow in popularity as rapidly in the future as he has in the past, he will either have to hold forth in our Auditorium, or meet his Denver friends in the open air, for they will not stand for being turned away, as many were the other night.

Mrs. Hubbard and the daughter were with Mr. Hubbard on this trip, just to add a suggestion of home comfort to the trip. Miss Miriam is enjoying the outing as only a young girl can, and the parents are having just as much pleasure out of the trip as she is having watching her enjoy it.

There are two ways of enjoying in this world; the first is where the individual seeks enjoyment for himself, and the second is where the individual gives enjoyment to others and then enjoys seeing them enjoy. The latter way is the better. True enjoyment is the attainment of a cultivation that enjoys seeing others enjoy. The Hubbards are fairly well advanced on this unique road.

The CLUB wishes to thank its Denver and Colorado readers for their generous turnout to hear Mr. Hubbard. If there is any one who regrets it, and who thinks he did not get his money's worth, he will please call at the CLUB office and get his money back.



### HIS AILMENT.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for?

Eminent Surgeon—Two hundred dollars.

Medical Student—I mean, what did he have?

Eminent Surgeon—Two hundred dollars.—*The Christian Register.*

\* \* \*

One truth is clear; whatever is, is right.—*Alexander Pope.*



## BOOKS.

### THE PRIMITIVE FUNDAMENTAL.

If CLUB readers would like to invest in one of the most profound books, written on one of the most fascinating subjects, they should send 50 cents to W. C. Cooper of Cleves, Ohio, and request him to send them a copy of his latest book, *The Primitive Fundamental*.

The little book has only sixty-three pages, but they are full, and if studied with the necessary collateral reading, a very liberal education will be had on the subject of man's destiny, the hereafter, and the unknowable.

I would not recommend Dr. Cooper's book as a text-book or as containing the last words on this ever interesting subject; but I recommend it as the mental gist of long years of hard thinking, by a hard thinker.

The conclusions of honest men who know how to think are always valuable, even if we can not agree with them, for they are thought provokers. After the reading of such books, every reader must settle the subject in keeping with his understanding, and it should not be forgotten that all we know and all we ever will know must be limited by our understanding; hence, it should ever be our strife to extend the scope of our mental horizon.

There must ever be the following mental difference between men, namely, one speaks out of the mouth of his understanding, the other talks automatically out of his memory. The former is a thinking individuality, the latter a talking machine.

Read Cooper—study him—in conjunction with whatever books are needed to bring out and illumine the subject from every possible standpoint of his meaning; by that time a reader should have an opinion of his own, besides the opinions of several other people, after which a desire for more information should spring up, and still other opinions will be desired and looked for, following which a study habit will be developed.

Happy is the man who has cultivated the study habit. It is the only road to reliable and continuous contentment.

Reading, or rather studying, the writings of such men as Dr. Cooper, is conducive to the development of an ambition to know something, and when the desire is strong to rid oneself of ignorance, it can be said of such an one: He has the study habit.

Dr. Cooper's other books are:

*Tethered Truants*, a collection of Essays, Sketches and Poems; price, \$1.00.

*Cooper's Immortality*, an affirmative of immortality; price, \$1.00.

*Preventive Medicine*. "The only adverse criticism to this book is that it is too far ahead of the age."

Address W. C. Cooper, M. D., Cleves, Hamilton Co., Ohio.



## TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY DAILY DRILLS

In the use of Correct English.

This is another book by Josephine Turck Baker of Evanston, Illinois, the woman who makes book that are as necessary to every self-respecting household as the Bible, Shakespeare or A STUFFED CLUB.

Mrs. Baker's magazine, *Correct English, How to Use It*, ought to be on the reading table of every family, and it should receive a reasonable amount of attention along with other necessary books and periodicals.

To get on in this world and receive a reasonable amount of the good things of life, we must know something, and to know something we must read the best books and periodicals that are published. If we start out in life by demanding the best thoughts of the best thinkers, and set our ideals high, refusing to be satisfied with second best, in time the best will come to us; and when our minds are stored with the best thoughts, we are in line for attracting the best of comfort, happiness and enjoyment generally. Correct information on all subjects flows to the one who wants it, demands it and works intelligently for it.

There is a very large and growing class of people who cultivate a great love for the "insel trappings" of life in every line. They prefer powder and paint to a real complexion; a flashy, showy exterior to a substantial simplicity. In the line of cultivation they prefer words which spell emotion, sensation, and mysticism before plain truth, for truth is neither sycophantish nor flattering, and it too frequently carries a balance in which real worth is distinguished from pretension. This is disagreeable, for it discovers them and their true worth to others. Such minds enjoy being over-estimated—being thought what they are not—and because of this cultivated mental perversion they attract the false, and repulse the true; and as a consequence when crises come, and decisions must be made, true to their development

they choose in keeping with their past lives and understanding, which, of course, is against their best interests.

Truth is always worth all it costs, for it gives a correct judgment, and success always requires correct judgment to make it lasting. Most people have met with success some time in life, but where it has not been nurtured by an educated judgment it is liable to take wings and fly away.

I hope all CLUB readers will miss enough dog fights, poor theaters, late suppers, stale beers, sour whiskies and Havana cigars to buy all the books and magazines they need, and when they do, everything Mrs. Baker has written will be in their library.

\* \* \*

### OAHSPE.

A NEW BIBLE OF THESE LATTER DAYS.

Revealed in the words of Jehovah, being a History of the Dominion on higher and lower planes, the Heaven and the Earth, and the Nations, during the past 24,000 years, dating from the submersion of the great continent of Pan in the Pacific Ocean, commonly called the Flood of the Kosmon Era, which began in A. D. 1848. Also a brief history of the preceding 55,000 years, together with a cosmogony of the Universe, the creation of suns and planets, the creation of man, and unseen worlds in Ethereal heavens. And also new commandments of Jehovah to Man, formed in words in the Kosmon Era, year 33.

This venerable book gives occult reasons for all events that occur, and have occurred, during historic ages, and reveals the career and destiny of man. It gives the origin of all great religions since the first days of Sun worship. It deals with astronomy, geology and science in a new and wonderful way, and is the most remarkable book in existence.

Price \$5.00, postage 50 cents, on receipt of which it will be mailed to any office in the World's Postal Union.

Make all orders for \$5.50 each, payable on Los Angeles, Cal., and address them to

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