

We Also Have Dr. Tilden's 15 Books All on 1 DVD, Waiting — Just for You!

A Stuffed Club

By

J. H. TILDEN, M. D.

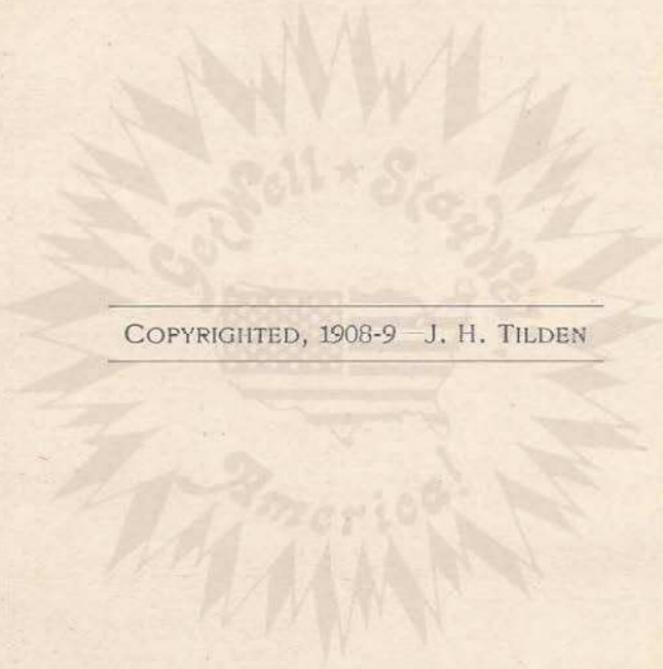
VOL. IX—1908-1909



DENVER, COLORADO

Please click on www.Health4TheBillions.org for our 1,000 Natural Hygiene titles!

We Also Have Dr. Tilden's 15 Books All on 1 DVD, Waiting — Just for You!



COPYRIGHTED, 1908-9 — J. H. TILDEN

Please click on www.Health4TheBillions.org for our 1,000 Natural Hygiene titles!

INDEX OF VOLUME IX.

	Page
Appendicitis	52, 90, 137, 393, 725
A Curing System Should Not Be Unilateral.....	65
A Letter of Inquiry.....	111
A Successful Man.....	121
Acids and Starches Don't Agree.....	105, 555
Asthma	137
A Few Monistic Conceptions.....	152
And You, Too, Brutus.....	191
Atoms—Lightest and Heaviest.....	203
Adenoids	214
Air Bathing	235
A Little Nectar of Life.....	243
A Wise Man from Denver.....	252
Advice to People Starting in Life.....	273
Advising Business Men.....	278
Alsaker's Reply to Goldman.....	368
A Study in Mental Elephantiasis.....	351
Astrological Delineation.....	377
All Aboard	382
Apoplexy	397
Appendix	402
Alcohol and Ptomaine Poison.....	415
An Appreciative Relation.....	438
A Good Dinner for Five Cents.....	414
Another County Heard From.....	427
Antitoxin	471, 761
A Friend Will Criticise.....	488
A Scientific (?) Treatment.....	507
A Golden Opportunity.....	510
Attention, Club Readers.....	511
Acid in Stomach Disorders.....	515
A Letter from a Chicago Doctor.....	534
A Twin City Rheumatism Cure.....	558
An Englishman's Opinion.....	594
Attention, M. D.'s, Etc.....	615
Astronomical Infinities	625
Ankylosis	645
Abortion	648
Atavism	663
A Roast of Buffalo Meat.....	701
Arterio Sclerosis	714, 739
A Modern Peter Cartwright.....	747
Appendicitis on Toast.....	725
Books and Magazines.....	60, 127, 156, 319, 443, 512, 635, 703
Breakfast and Lunch.....	83, 228
Baths	113
Blood Poisoning	148
Breast Abscess	396
Bowel Obstruction	398
Bacteria	411
Billousness	429
Bladder Trouble	429

We Also Have Dr. Tilden's 15 Books All on 1 DVD, Waiting — Just for You!

	Page
Belief Is Not Religion.....	418
Blood Impairment.....	514
Bubonic Plague Bacillus.....	586
Boils.....	624
Buttermilk.....	710
Belief.....	768
Brook Passes the Nuts Again.....	741
Children.....	13, 172, 334, 390, 685
Chorea.....	18, 119, 322
Club Blinding.....	9, 151, 723
Cancer.....	69, 392, 397, 542, 617, 668, 713, 726
Coffee and Roll Breakfast.....	82
Consumption.....	101, 387, 485
Cholera.....	104, 483
Coffee, Tea, Tobacco and Whiskey.....	112
Cold Baths.....	113, 232
Chicago Vaccination Ordinance Held Void.....	125
Catarrh.....	137, 214, 397, 594
Change of Life.....	169
Colds.....	235
Cures Are Limited.....	250
Care for the Babies.....	207
Crowded Nutrition.....	225
Caught Napping.....	239
Consultation With Family Physicians.....	267
Collier's on Hubbard.....	317
Cod Liver Oil.....	387
Chancere.....	391
Constipation and Appendicitis.....	397
Cold Storage Chicken Poisoning.....	414
Christian Science.....	430
Cold Feet and Hands.....	455
Capital and Labor.....	493
Carbuncles.....	624
Christmas Remembrances.....	629
Constipation.....	662
Child Discipline.....	688
College Education.....	734
Captain Diamond.....	740
Dropsy.....	113
Dog Bites, How to Treat Them.....	149
Dinner.....	228
Diet for Dysaemia.....	233
Diphtheria in Montrose.....	248
Dr. Tilden's Fight With the Profession.....	269
Disease Defined.....	277
Drug Superstition.....	298
Dr. Hercules Sanche.....	352, 427
Dr. W. C. Cooper, of Cleves, Ohio.....	425, 735
Dr. Wilder's Last Letter.....	431
Diphtheria.....	455, 469, 761
Diphtheria Treatment.....	481
Do You Want to Make Some Money?.....	571
Dr. Bull's Sickness.....	606
Digestion.....	714
Doctors Don't Discover Cures.....	753
Dr. Hendryx Is a Logician.....	765
Eight Years Old.....	1

We Also Have Dr. Tilden's 15 Books All on 1 DVD, Waiting — Just for You!

	Page
Eugenics	113
Equalize Opportunity	115
Educating Children	132
Edison on Health	161
Epilepsy	322, 622
Everything That Comes to Our Mill Is Grist.....	441
Elimination of the Unfit.....	536
Enuresis (wetting the bed).....	622
Education	693
Fear	19
Fortune Telling Is Largely Suggestion.....	43
Fasting	37, 460
Funds To Prosecute Quacks.....	126
Feeding Children	210, 334, 475
Father Klarinan's Letter.....	243, 590
Fibroid Tumor	400
Fifty-seven Days' Fast.....	423
From Pigeon Roost.....	505
From Dr. Cooper	508
Fall in Line.....	533
Forgetfulness of Surgeons.....	603
Fatty Degeneration	674
Fletcherism	679
Food Fermentation	710
Gall Stone	419
German Appendicitis	393
Gravel	455
Growths	455, 595
Germ Diseases from Our Standpoint.....	469, 585
Gastronomic Aestheticism	600
Gonorrhea	646
Gas in Bowels.....	662, 670
"Good Health and How We Won It".....	705
Germes	715, 750
Heart	11, 14, 169, 232, 308, 674
Hemorrhage After Typhoid.....	24
Honest Doctors	47
How to Produce a Scar Resembling Vaccination.....	56
Haphazard Thinking and Speaking.....	118
Hot Flashes	170
Hydrophobia	143
Hot Bathing	234
How to Read the Club.....	242
Headaches	455
Hereward Carrington's Book.....	449
Holiday Greeting to Club Readers.....	501
Headache Powders	577
How to Lose Flesh, and Then Some.....	634
Hyperchlorhydia or Stomach Trouble.....	697
Imprudent Eating After Confinement.....	47
Importance of Vital Resistance.....	11
Insomnia	137, 735
Insect Bites, How to Treat Them.....	151
Inconsistency of Some Drug Nihilists.....	181
Infinite	193, 491
Infantile Paralysis	322
Incorrigibility	322
Ivy Poisoning	623

We Also Have Dr. Tilden's 15 Books All on 1 DVD, Waiting — Just for You!

	Page
Ignorance Killed the Man.....	577
Is There Any Difference?.....	620
Jealousy Is a Form of Insanity.....	384
Kidney Trouble.....	397
Letters from Clubites.....	63
Learn to Avoid Abridgements.....	129
Liver.....	397, 429, 739
Lemon Juice.....	429
Lincoln on Temperance.....	493
Leprosy.....	588
Labor Pains.....	621
Locomotor Ataxia.....	647
Malaria.....	13
Malnutrition.....	76
Mrs. Glenn's Letter.....	119
Mastoiditis.....	163
Men, Women and Progress.....	176
Mind and Matter Again.....	185
Meat for Impaired Digestion.....	219
Meat Eating.....	301
Mellow Meat.....	415
Maxim Explodes.....	410
Make Friends of Books.....	485
Morphine Habit.....	561, 738
Medicinal Colleges.....	686
Metchnikoff's Theory.....	710
No Breakfast Fad.....	80
Nervous Dyspeptics.....	84
New York vs. Chicago.....	187
Neurasthenia.....	233, 322
Negro Problem.....	362
Neurasthenia in Childhood.....	322
Nausea and Vomiting.....	398
Nuts.....	551, 741
Nasal Obstructions.....	597
Nervous Bankruptcy.....	718
Ovaries.....	94
Overweight.....	234
Overwork.....	275
Overeating and Alcoholics.....	417
Oranges as Medicine.....	428
One Man's Meat Another's Poison.....	462
Osteopathy and Diphtheria.....	469
Our Dr. Wilder.....	567
One Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes.....	628
Obesity.....	673
"O, It's All Born in 'Em!".....	729
Penalty for Shortening Labor.....	129
Penalty for Preventing Conception.....	130
Penalty for Not Nursing Babies.....	131
Punctured Wounds.....	148
Plain Talk by a Doctor to Doctors.....	229
Pain.....	278
Pasteur Serum.....	293
Pike's Peak and Heart Disease.....	306
Psycho-Personality of Disease.....	385
Pneumonia.....	455
Pylorus, Contraction of.....	517

We Also Have Dr. Tilden's 15 Books All on 1 DVD, Waiting — Just for You!

	Page
Pecan Nuts for Seed.....	584
Psychic Treatment	606
Poise	689
Pork and Beans.....	720
Prolapsus of the Stomach.....	762
“Positive Knowledge”.....	795
Quiet Is the Greatest Remedy.....	51
Quackophobia	728
Religions	88
Rheumatism	25, 138, 429, 455, 558, 641
Raw Foods	73, 745
Rest in Bed	390
Rabies	287, 285, 439
Race War	361
Rheumatic Heart Trouble.....	397
Roosevelt Disposed of.....	550
Raw Vegetables	745
Skin	11, 586
Swimmer's Cramps	18
Stimulants	23, 712
Suggestion	44
Summer Eating	123
Snake Bites, How to Treat Them.....	151
Sleep	166, 261
Scientific Serpentry	189
Space Filler	200
Starch Poisoning	216, 698
Stomach Trouble	219, 513, 697
Sanitarium	285
Small Eaters and Gluttons.....	302
Spinal Curvature	322
Sexual Perversion	327
Socialism	339
Syphilis	390
San Francisco	419
Sore Throat	455
Stone	455
Surgery for Morals	519
Self Protection	572
Sequel of “A Little Nectar of Life”.....	589
Sciatica	659
Sand Eating Fad.....	665
Suicide of a Prominent Educator.....	683
Surgery	725
Starches	739
Typhoid Fever	29
The Three States of Man.....	41
Tilden Is Not the Only Knocker.....	28
The Happiest Man On Earth.....	37
Tumors.....	95, 139, 455, 500, 543, 726
The Result of Some More Superstition.....	88
The Club's Astrological Diagnosis.....	106
Toothing	172
That Tired Feeling	226, 455
The Infinite	193
The Art of Living in Good Health.....	218
Temperance	303
The Parting of the Way.....	257

	Page
The American Medical Association.....	297
The Desert—Poem	321
The Other Side	367
Tetanus	385
Tonsils	400
Thanksgiving Dinner	422
Tongue Red, Acid Indicated.....	429
Tongue Pallid, Avoid Acids.....	429
Tonsillitis	429, 726
The Space-Filler	405
Thanksgiving Day	421
Truth, Is It Safe?.....	492
Tobacco	598
Thirty-two Million Quarts of Beans.....	610
Toothache	650
Tuberculin	652
Tuberculosis	750
Underwear	11
Uncle Eh's Philosophy	27, 180, 509
Uric Acid	138, 455
Underweight	233
Ulceration of Stomach.....	397
"Unknowable" Not in Our Vocabulary.....	491
Urticaria (Nettle Rash).....	596
Uterine Diseases	620
Volume Eight	251
Vegetarians	304
Vaccination	386, 585, 732
Vegetables and Cancer.....	617
Varicose Veins	700
Value of Stuffed Club Sets.....	724
Warm Baths	113
What Medicine Owes to Robert Koch.....	97
Wounds, How to Treat Them.....	149, 485
Wiping Away a Few Cobwebs of Medical Sophistry.....	163
Water	302
Whiskey	307
What's the Matter With Kansas.....	315
Wetting of Bed by Children.....	326
What Right Has One Man to Live Off Another?.....	339
What to Eat.....	676
What if You Should Find Tuberculosis Germs?.....	750
What's the Matter With Dr. Vaughn?.....	763
Yes, Man Can Eat Decaying Meat.....	581
Yogurt	710

This index compiled by W. W. Weltling, who says it is a labor of love.

A STUFFED CLUB

A Journal of Rational Therapeutics

VOL. 9

MAY, 1908

NO. 1

Eight Years Old



THE CLUB is eight years old. It was born the first of May, and according to a Birthday Key*, which destiny or coincidence turns up just at this moment on my writing desk from some exchange matter, I find its Astrological diagnosis to be as follows: "Solid, stubborn and practical. Great endurance. Conservative, matter-of-fact and rather dogmatic. Love ease and creature comforts. Firm and unrelenting. Usually fond of animals, especially dogs. Utilitarian and materialistic. Intuitive financiers. Natural business ability."

That isn't bad: "Solid, stubborn and practical!" Fits pretty well, don't you think, Mr. Reader? "Great endurance!" More than friend or foe predicted. Indeed, most people recognized it as an interloper—a "*butlinsky*" without claim to a *long-felt-want* or *need* awaiting it—and so far as type or species is concerned, pronounced by all creeds and convention, A Monstrosity. "Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring," and should have died long ago. But it didn't and it has passed through its first climacteric period without a qualm, and now on its eighth birthday it is sound in wind and limb, and good for as hot a pace as is

*Compiled by Frank Theodore Allen, Watsonville, Berlin P. O., N. J.

required to keep head and neck in advance of all would-be rivals or obstructionists.

“Conservative, matter-of-fact and rather dogmatic.” Conservative? Yes and no. A lover of truth, but decidedly revolutionary to the false. When customs and conventions rest upon a fallacy, the CLUB will not be found conservative in its treatment of them. “Matter-of-fact?” Indeed yes! *Reality* first, last and all the time, in preference to the intangible and non-get-at-able. “Dogmatic?” Yes, when fundamentals and general principals are involved.

So far as ease and comfort are concerned, the CLUB, no doubt, would enjoy them if it had a chance. It can't speak from experience, however, for it hasn't had an opportunity.

“Firm and unrelenting?” Yes, in opinion, but not in social intercourse.

“Fond of animals?” Don't know, haven't taken time to enjoy their friendship. The under dog always has the sympathy of the CLUB, everything else being equal.

“Utilitarian and materialistic?” Yes, if the CLUB may explain what these terms mean to it. If by utilitarian, is meant the common, vulgar understanding—the understanding that fires the mind of every *non compos mentis* with a desire to kill those who are in office or those of wealth, the CLUB is not utilitarian. If it means the developing of all the highest selfish nature of man—if it means helping man to help himself—if it means the developing of the finest types of health for the purpose of securing the greatest mental expression—if it means the sacrifice of the ephemeral pleasures of today—refusing to gratify the appetites of today for a greater physical and mental development for tomorrow, then the CLUB is utilitarian.

“Materialistic?” Yes, first, last and all the time. The CLUB

does not believe there is something in the universe that is not anything, hence, everything that is, is something, and something must be matter. Matter may be intangible to our senses, yet *it is*, hence it is matter.

As to being a financier, the CLUB hasn't shown any great traits in that line. It pays as it goes and if every one who is under obligations to it would liquidate, it could do more business than it does do.

The CLUB hopes to live long enough to train people into such good health that they will be normal. A normal human being is too proud, too self-reliant, and possessed of too much self-respect, to desire something for nothing. A normal individual will not allow himself to owe any one small accounts. The little accounts should be settled *instantly!* and the larger ones, if they can't be paid at once, should be secured by notes drawing legal interest.

Honest people will not keep any one out of his just dues, or, if circumstances are such that bills can not be paid, the honest debtor will explain the matter to the creditor and pay for the accommodation of an extension of time.

There is a class of people who believe as the woman does who wrote to me as follows: "I know that you do not need the money as bad as I do." This is bad reasoning. It is not a question of whether those we owe need it as badly as we do, or whether they will ever need it. The fact is, we are under obligations, and if we would retain our self-respect we will discharge the debt as soon as possible. Self-respect is the question involved. At how much do we rate ourselves? Bradstreet and Dunn to thunder and back, it's the estimate we place on ourselves which makes us honest. A good "mercantile rating" says only that: "So far as ascertainable this man is so many dollars to the good."

or, in other words: "This man possesses about so much more than the law allows him as exempt in the event that he wishes credit." There are many people on earth who are honest because their money makes them so. If stripped of their wealth they would have nothing left. The best credit rating on earth is the one we make for ourselves. Character that is made by commercial reports may hold water today and be shot full of holes tomorrow.

We must leave the creditor out of the question entirely. We may admit that he has forfeited all our social respect; and that we do not like him; and we care not for his opinions; that he may think well, or not, of us just as he likes; that we have no interest in his welfare, and we would be as well pleased to see him suffer financially as to see him succeed; and we may even think that he has come into his belongings unjustly, yet with all these excuses to justify us in holding back what we owe, they are not enough to erase from our conscience the fact that we owe him and there is but one way to settle any debt, and that is to pay it. It is not a question of beating the creditor, it is a question of beating ourselves. If we don't pay him he is simply injured a trifle financially, while we are selling our honor and self-respect. The bard of Avon wisely said: "He who steals my purse steals trash; but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed."

When we do not pay what we owe, we filch from ourselves our good name and we become poor indeed.

Those who go through life beating all sorts of bills—changing doctors rather than paying up—moving rather than paying rent—refusing to pay small as well as large bills, and even accommodation loans, are, indeed, unfortunate in their mental make

up, for there is not a surer or a more expensive way to secure a life failure. There can't be a better illustration of the old saw, namely: "Penny wise and pound foolish." Selling one's good name at any price is a cheap-John transaction—it's a fool's traffic.

The deadest of all dead beats is the man who loans money that he should use in paying his debts. Such men are quite given to saying: "I'm good for it." "You see you can make me pay you if you wish to be ugly about it." "I'm a business man and you know business men have times when they have no ready cash." There are thousands of excuses for the rich dead beat, but in spite of his financial worth he is a dead beat all the same. Such a man will make life a weary dream for the man who owes him a dollar—it makes a mighty sight of difference which ox is being gored, with these never paying but "good for it" dead beats.

There is something dead wrong with people who never pay except when forced; and there is no hope of such people living out their full expectancy, for dishonesty is a disease and it is a law of nature that the longer a disease is allowed to prey upon the body the more complicated it becomes, until the constitution is completely undermined and death ends all. Those who take advantage of the statute of limitations and the bankruptcy law to protect them from paying just debts, may get into an orthodox heaven, but the supreme laws in my world will consign them to the hottest hell that dishonesty evolves.

I've had people apply to me for a cure, and I have given them relief, but because of a great streak of dishonesty in their natures they were unable to get well.

There are a few people who succeed in beating me out of a consultation fee, but they get nothing out of it. Of course, they rob me of my time, but they can't get any real benefit

out of the advice, for every time they apply themselves to the instructions their minds revert to their dishonesty and there is no such thing as building health by putting it together with a cement of dishonesty.

People who never pay have no scruples about how large they run their bills. I often suspect dishonesty when I see individuals carelessly swelling a bill with seemingly no concern about how large it is getting to be, and these suspicions prove true ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

People who pay the best and the promptest are those who follow instructions the closest and get the best results.

The law of compensation sits in judgment and we may beat everybody, but most of all ourselves, for we will be held to strict account by this great law of justice and our accounts balanced exactly.

For every gain that is made unjustly, or prematurely, we will be compelled to bear a loss equally as great somewhere else.

This is no foolish sentiment nor whim of mine. I have watched people for years and helped them to adjust and readjust, and I want to say that there are causes for disease that can not be found in the text books of medical colleges; causes that are not talked about and not often thought about when the subject of ill health is under discussion.

There are people sick unto death, their friends and doctors say they are suffering from nervous dyspepsia, or liver derangement, or chronic grippe, etc., but the true cause is dishonesty, envy, jealousy, disloyalty, hate, uncontrolled temper. Can they get well? Yes. Not from dope; not from baths or changing climate, but by removing the cause. It is positively necessary for the liar to stop lying; the dead-beat to begin at once to pay

his debts; all the habits that create nervousness, self-condemnation, a loss of self-respect must be overcome; the joy that comes from self-approval will cure all the ills that come from onerousness.

Correcting the life in every way will cure any disease that has not been neglected until fatal organic change has taken place.

We have come to the last of the CLUB's characteristics, according to the birthday key, namely, "Natural business ability." So far the sphere of action has been small; it has always got out on time and given more than the promptest-pay-subscriber has paid for. If giving more than it receives is an evidence of business ability, then the CLUB is a success.

The material with which the CLUB has been stuffed has been made up in tail ends of time picked up here and there with some very large chunks dug out of the very heart of the night; this appeared to be unavoidable and it remains to be seen if such a policy is an evidence of good business ability or not.

There has been some carelessness in the past eight years in collecting; from now on this will not be. Just as fast as possible all those who are behind on their subscription will be invited to pay up, and if they do not they will be dropped, and from now on those who fail to get their remittance in on time will fail to get the CLUB. (Read the Information Page.)

Those who change locations and fail to notify us will be expected to pay for all extra numbers of the CLUB they require to make up for their loss. These are a few reforms the CLUB will make, and from month to month it shall be its endeavor to become worthy of the name of having natural business ability.

The policy of the CLUB, during its ninth volume, will be the same as it has been from the first, namely: Do its own thinking

and speak its own mind without apologies to any. It will not fail to lambast medical, religious and other superstitions without fear or favor, and it would be a pleasure to know that all who read the CLUB are wise enough to distinguish between general and personal criticisms.

When I condemn a belief I do not wish what I say to be personally applied. I have no fight to make on individuals.

Some read much in what I write that I do not mean, and it is common for people to fail to get the best of my meaning. I know no way to avoid these misunderstandings, and I shall waste no sleep trying to do so. My advice is to read on and on and on, always believing that the writer is as honest as you are, and if you are not quite as honest as you should be, improve yourself and as you improve, my word for it, you will find the CLUB improves.

Friends, please hold your opinions, and suppress your irritations, for a few months and read the CLUB with charity, believing the editor would do good and only good to those who agree or who do not agree with him; and bear in mind that no one can make any mental advance who has his mind hedged about by fear, and remember, if you have a knowledge that is not safe except when it is safe-guarded by avoiding the investigating of other opinions, that what you know isn't worth keeping. A knowledge worth having is the kind that keeps pushing us on and on to a better, if possible. The right spirit is one that is willing to give up any and every belief for a better one now, today, tomorrow and always.

To those who have been helped by the CLUB, let me say: Don't be selfish, there must be one other person you know who would enjoy the CLUB, tell him about it, get him interested. Don't you think the CLUB is worth what it costs? Then won't you help to double the circulation this year?

Club Binding



WE HAVE been importuned by so many CLUB subscribers to have their eighth volume bound with ours that we have decided to do so, and here and now serve notice that we will bind the eighth volume and pay the return postage for 75 cents each, for subscribers who comply strictly with the following conditions:

First—Tear off all covers and advertising matter; arrange the numbers (May, 1907, to April, 1908, both inclusive) in regular order so that the page numbers will read consecutively throughout the twelve numbers; tie these securely, neatly and evenly together; then wrap in stout paper and address to "A STUFFED CLUB, 19 East Eleventh avenue, Denver, Colo."; prepay the postage, which should not exceed 6c or 7c. (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 or postage stamps, or currency at your own risk.

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

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

The CLUB is unique; contrary to the general rule, it is worth more when the last number is out of the bindery than the subscription price. The rule is that old magazines are worth

nothing except to be bundled off to a paper mill to have the mental junk they are contaminated with soaked out and washed into the sea to contaminate the fishes; and still we wonder why fish decompose so readily.

This volume, when bound, will never be sold for less than \$3.00 each, hence, it is worth while to bind it. The supply of Vol. VIII, like Vol. II, will be exhausted very soon. Why? Because the demand for its various separate numbers has been so great during the year that our supply is small, hence, we will have but very few full sets left to bind.

Do it now, and be sure you do it right.



Read the INFORMATION page carefully and save trouble for yourself and for us.



I am in receipt of your July and August "A STUFFED CLUB" and enclose my check for \$1.00 for one year's subscription. I read with much interest your article, "Something for Nothing," also "Nature, and Nature Only, Cures," those two articles alone are worth a year's subscription.

It takes one a long time to get away from the notions of our early environment, and you are to be congratulated as one of the great helpers in that direction.—J. S. M., Newfoundland, N. J.



Dear Doctor Norton—I had one tumor. I took two bottles of your tumor medicine, and now I have two more tumors.—May Snowball.



Errata—April, 1908, page 730, line 15: "vitreous" should be veterans."



Is there any more reason why office rent should include janitor service than for Pullman fares to include porter service?

Importance of Vital Resistance



POWER to resist disease is the only reliable immunity. It is said that people with "poor health, cardiac weakness and alcoholism, stand electric shocks badly; that the alternating currents are more fatal than the continuous; that the thicker, dryer and cooler the skin, the less danger there is of a fatal result."

"Six hundred is considered a low voltage to produce death; however, much depends upon the length of time the victim is submitted to the current. Ninety has been known to kill an inebriate. Authorities are divided in opinion as to the cause of death; some say that death is brought about by suspended animation, while others say that it is due to heart paralysis."

Lost resistance always means heart weakness, and there is usually a relaxed, clammy or damp skin accompanying.

The habit of wearing heavy underwear, and especially woolen underwear, cultivates a relaxed, moist skin.

Ninety-five per cent of first-visit consultants to my office, in the winter time, wear either the heaviest woolen, wool and cotton or cotton underwear that can be found on the market. Their skins are always damp, and the majority of these people complain of being cold—they suffer unnecessarily from cold, and it is due to the weakened skin function brought about by pampering and protecting it. The principal function of the skin is to protect the body. When it is normal it has the power to quickly adjust itself to the vicissitudes of the weather—alternations of heat and cold—that the winter and summer months subject us to.

Dampness always means coldness. The individual who has a dry skin, unless the dryness is caused by fever, is always

more comfortable in cold weather, and can stand more cold than those who have a damp or moist skin.

We always sponge or tub bathe fever patients to cool and relieve them of the discomfort accompanying increased temperature.

It is a demonstrable fact that people who wear the heaviest underwear complain most of cold feet and of being unable to keep warm. People who eat three times a day—three heavy meals a day—have relaxed skins, hence they do not stand cold weather well. The popular opinion is that alcoholics enable one to stand cold weather, but this is not true, for it relaxes the skin and weakens the heart function, thereby rendering those who indulge in stimulants unfit to withstand heat or cold. Chronic alcoholism (I mean steady drinking, not necessarily drunkenness), removes all natural resistance; it makes one subject to rheumatism and gout. The alcohol subject dies when he takes pneumonia—he has no resistance.

It is not an uncommon thing for consultants at my office to be required to leave off two heavy suits of woolen underwear and put on medium weight to light open-woven cotton or linen. *Yes, in the coldest weather that Denver has*, and, strange to say, we write as few burial certificates as any other legalized homicide expert.

A dry skin has the power of resisting all kinds of electrical shocks; those from batteries, electric wires, lightning or those coming in the form of heat and cold waves, also those of a more subtle character, such as those that are generated in theatres, churches, lecture halls and crowded assemblies, and which carry disease-producing impulses both of a mental and physical character. If the matter were investigated it would be found that those who can trace their illnesses to crowded houses are

those who wear heavy underwear and suffer from a damp, relaxed skin.

It is probable that endemic and epidemic diseases are carried on the wings of electrical currents and only affect those who are susceptible to the electrical influences—those with poor health—those with a relaxed, clammy, damp skin.

Children that are fed irregularly, and allowed to eat too much starch bearing foods, cereals, milk, sugar, confectionery, and are allowed to sleep in bedrooms devoid of fresh air, and whose bodies are overheated by being over-clothed, will have weak hearts and relaxed skins and will be more subject to sickness than children brought up in a more rational and sensible way. Contagions find these children easy victims, if, indeed, crowded as they are in school buildings, they do not furnish the necessary element to start a spontaneous outbreak. This suggestion will grate on the nerves of the orthodox germ theorist, but some time it will be proven that so-called contagions are of our own making.

No, I do not believe in spontaneous combustion, in the sense of something coming out of nothing, but I do believe in metamorphosis and that innocent germs are made virulent under environments favorable to the change.

Heavy eating always impairs the bodily resistance. Gluttons stand cold weather badly. Excesses of all kinds break down the resistance.

In malarial countries those who are said to suffer from chronic malarial poisoning, can be found, if examined for the purpose, to be imprudent eaters, and wearers of too heavy underclothes, and those who sleep in either poorly ventilated bedrooms or who have no ventilation at all, and their skins are relaxed and clammy.

To sum up: People who stand electrical shocks badly have

poor resistance and they are susceptible to all sorts of detrimental influences.

The heart has much to do with our power to live. Our very "strenuous" civilization is making sad inroads on the normal resisting power of our people's hearts. It is reasonable to believe that this is one of the causes of the splendid showing of the Japanese in their late conflict with Russia—their hearts were stronger. Overeating, drugs, tobacco, tea, coffee, cold bathing, worry, competition, social and business strain, all make serious demands upon the heart, and as a result there is a general loss of heart resistance.

The probability of recovery in any given case of disease is directly in keeping with the amount of heart power possessed by the invalid. This is also true of reaction from shocks of all kinds. Occasionally we see quite old people recover from severe attacks of disease; the cause is made clear by the finding of a strong heart. This is why coffee drinking should be discouraged. It is running an account with nature that must be paid sooner or later. It is no uncommon thing to see old people so heavily in debt to nature because of coffee drinking that they have to die to pay the bill. Young people go down and die frequently from apparently slight illnesses. The reason for it is weak hearts. It is not uncommon for men and women in middle life to go down and die, in a few months, after losing their companions; the cause is a weak heart. Frequently the wife or the husband dies and the companion follows immediately—so soon that they are buried together—the cause is always heart weakness.

We frequently hear of people dying of a broken heart. It does not require a great amount of trouble to break some hearts, for they are worn out beforehand by wrong life.

When we remember that the heart is taxed by everything that affects the emotional nature, and then add to this great tax all that comes from artificial stimulation, such as coffee, tea, tobacco, alcoholics and the habitual use of drugs to ameliorate the irritations and pains brought on from nerve exhaustions, we will not be surprised when we hear of frequent deaths from heart failure.

Nearly all, if not all, suicides, and the homicides committed by those who commit suicide, are due to mental impotency accompanied by heart weakness. The brain is not well nourished when the heart is weak.

Preceding murder and suicide there has always been a season of longer or shorter duration, of uncontrolled emotions and passions; the symptoms accompanying this life are nervousness, suspicion, jealousy, envy, spite; some subjects will be enthusiastic, even fanatical, in their religious devotions; not a few think they are called, or inspired, to preach, proselyte or do propaganda work. Just what form the mania will take, depends upon the temperament, education and social environment.

Lovers will kill, suicide, or both; political fanatics may kill rulers of governments, or high officials; some may nurse a supposed injustice, and when the mental resistance is all gone, kill the one who offended or some one in the same line of work.

We had an example of this sort here in Denver in the person of an insane Italian who killed a Catholic father. The noise went out that it was an anarchistic plot, or a conspiracy to kill priests, but it was easy, from the first, to see that the Catholic father was a victim of an homicidal maniac—one whose mania possibly runs in the line of thinking he had a grudge against priests.

The husband who kills his wife may and he may not have

a reason for his insane jealousy. I have seen many cases of insane jealousy where there was not the slightest excuse for its existence. Can there be any possible excuse for an insane man believing that he is some great personage, such as a ruler, or a Christ, or The Christ? Insanity needs no excuse except an overindulged life—overindulgence to the extent of bringing on physical and mental impotency, and the degree of impotency or lost resistance varies all the way from a slight deviation from normal health to insanity or a complete physical wreck.

It would be well for lay people to realize that there can not be a mental derangement without a physical basis, neither can there be a physical derangement without a mental basis.

Eighty per cent of human ills are evanescent; they will pass away without treatment, and even with almost any incongruous and contradictory treatment. There are mild derangements, however, perpetuated by fear-suggestions. Occasionally a benign disease will be pronounced malignant disease—a simple tumor called a cancer—the dread and fear created by the erroneous diagnosis creates, through the mind, a physical disease that resists all treatment except one that restores confidence and negates previous diagnosis and treatment.

Frequently we are told that Christian Science, Mental Science and Divine Science have cured cancers. Because an M. D. or a dozen M. D.'s have diagnosed and treated such cases as cancer, and have declared that the patients must die, does not make it true that the patients *had* cancer or that they were to die. Frequently about all that is the matter with such cases is the treatment. As soon as they get away from the doctors and their pestilential suggestions, and have time to forget that they are sick they will be well.

I have known of many breasts being amputated unneces-

sarily—a simple glandular enlargement being mistaken for malignant disease.

Fear coming from an erroneous diagnosis is often the only excuse for the continuance of a disease. Fear and anxiety can and do destroy all vital resistance.

The fatality in all diseases is largely increased by giving drugs that inhibit heart action, to subjects already suffering from heart weakness and lost resistance. It is, and has been, considered good practice for many years, to use drugs to tone up—tonics—and control heart action. Aconite, belladonna, veratrum, the various coal tar remedies, strychnine, chloroform and others, are and have been in daily use by the profession, and even laymen resort to them without advice or prescription.

The drug habit, added to wrong eating, and the strain peculiar to our social and business life, more than counterbalances the good coming from our increased knowledge of sanitary science. The medicine chest is as common among some people as is the prayer book; on the order, I presume, of the very heretical adage: "Trust in the Lord, *but keep your powder dry.*"

Such drugs as aconite, belladonna, nux vomica, and tablets composed largely of coal tar products, quinine, bromo-quinine, and many other so-called tonics, headache and cold remedies are known to effect the heart through the nervous system; besides these, drugs that act on the bowels, plus all sorts of enemas, effect the heart through shock. These so-called remedies are in daily use, and they slowly but surely undermine the heart. The American stomach is notorious, and the American "heart failure" is a legitimate sequence.

A mother says: "I've used aconite for years for every little cold and fever that any member of my family has had, and I have failed to see any detrimental influence." This mother can

not see the possible relationship between her family drug habit and the death of one child by drowning; albuminuria in another, and chorea in another. The boy that drowned was an expert swimmer, yet he took cramps and drowned. Why did he take cramps? Because his heart was not equal to the task imposed. Albuminuria is almost synonymous with impaired heart function. Probably the time will come when Bright's disease and diabetes will be recognized as two different indications of heart disease, and heart disease, in turn, will be recognized as lost vital resistance. Chorea, undoubtedly, is nerve impairment, but what sort of impairment? Nerve hunger—the nerves are in need of oxygen—the circulation is imperfect, the capillaries fail to carry enough oxygen to secure the combustion necessary to generate the nerve energy required by the body to control or coordinate locomotion.

In considering the heart it should not be separated from the blood vessels; indeed, the heart is related to the veins and arteries much as the trunk of the tree is related to the limbs and branches.

Anything that impairs the muscular power of the body generally affects the whole circulatory system. Why? Because the heart and blood vessels are made up of muscular, fibrous and serous tissues, and anything that impairs these tissues deranges the functions of all organs composed of these tissues. It is well then to examine the heart when a patient is afflicted with muscular impairment, such as rheumatism, also when the serous membranes are deranged in such diseases as peritonitis, dropsies of all kinds and joint affections.

The heart is more or less functionally impaired by indigestion; especially by those stomach impairments which are accompanied with much gas distension. The bloating presses upward the diaphragm, which crowds the heart, and this, of course,

interferes with its normal action. In some subjects this heart interference is kept up so long that the organ undergoes structural change.

When the heart action is impaired, it matters not from what cause, it will not be long until the mind becomes involved.

Worry, anxiety and fear usually accompany heart troubles, and these emotional states join, as allies, with original causes, complicating and rendering the cure just that much more difficult. Nothing inhibits enterprise and ambition as does heart weakness. There are people who are charged with being stupid, lazy and shiftless; if they were cured of their heart weakness they would be full of energy and ambition.

School children are frequently dull because of an overworked heart. They are fed too much starch bearing food; they then are troubled with acid fermentation; this causes abdominal distension from gas; the bloating interferes with breathing and heart action. With an increased heart action there will be nervousness, irritability and an indifference as to obedience; this, in turn, brings frequent corrections from parents and teachers, and possibly punishments, and these, of course, react on the child to make it more nervous and irritable, and more inclined to be revengeful and disobedient; then add to this a *budding sex development*, over-stimulated by inappropriate foods, and you have the common formula for building incorrigibility.

Go to our industrial schools and get the history of the unfortunate inmates and the above analysis will fit the most of them.

Wrong food, nagging, scolding, criticising and ignorant management generally make incorrigible children.

As hinted at before in the CLUB, FEAR is one of the most important causative factors in all diseases; and in many func-

tional derangements, the removal of fear is the first and last requisite; that is the reason why so many contradictory, illogical and incongruous remedies bring about favorable changes; they remove fear and carry the *suggestion* of cure. A lie will cure if it restores hope and dissipates fear.

We hear of improved methods of treating disease; in fact, there is much boasting by the profession; but the mortality report is in sad contrast with much professional pretention. Typhoid fever continues to reap its victims, and we hear of professional men of the first order stuffing these patients with milk, eggs, broths—demanding that the stuffing shall be pushed every hour or two, night and day. When we hear of a case that successfully resists such treatment and ultimately gets out after three or four months of tedious convalescence, we are confounded at the stupidity of the people who will stand for such practice, not to say anything about the professional obfuscation displayed by such practice. Typhoid fever is not hard to handle, and if there is not a serious heart weakness, every case should be convalescing after the end of the second week, without one dose of drugs or an ounce of nourishment. Those with weak hearts from tobacco and alcohol may consider themselves in great luck to get well at all, if treated with drugs and the usual feeding, and “regular” medicine has a penchant for drugging and stuffing these patients. Why not? *Such cases must be fed to keep up their strength; and heart stimulants must not be neglected, for the heart must have support.* Belief in such treatment is an indication that the physician is thoroughly scientific. A man without this scientific hoodwink is not fit to be recognized as a safe physician. Thirty-five years of experience makes me bold to declare that such practice is not rational or sensible, but positively dangerous to life, and if death does not result in cases so treated, chronic

invalidism usually does. Physical wreck, consumption and Bright's disease are frequently the sequels.

It is difficult for the people and the profession to grow out of the fallacy that diseases can be cured. The malpractice referred to in connection with the treatment of typhoid fever is wholly and entirely due to the idea that diseases can and must be cured. Young men are graduated and sent out from medical colleges imbued with the idea that they are possessed of a knowledge of how to cure disease. Time and money have been spent to secure the right to practice the healing art. Their diplomas are their license, and their license—right—is vouchsafed to them by their college, and the college is backed by the state. The right to practice medicine is exclusive—the state laws grant this exclusive right in return for a given number of years devoted by the student to a special study and training.

The college is run by a set of men—professors—for the money there is in it; the students pay their college fees and spend a required time in study, because they are promised certain rights—the right to practice the profession of medicine. The reader will see why the superstitious idea of curing is so hard to do away with. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in colleges, hospitals and chemical laboratories; there are other hundreds of thousands of dollars invested by the members of the profession for their education and right to practice their profession. If the truth should become generally known—if the public could be convinced that there is no such thing as doctors curing disease—that drugs do not, and can not cure—there would be thousands of men thrown out of employment, and millions of dollars, now invested, would either be lost or depreciated to such an extent that it would mean bankruptcy to the owners.

When superstition has crystallized into fallacy, and fallacy

into lies, and the lies are entrenched in our commercial system so strongly that the substitution of truth for them would mean financial disruption to thousands, it does not take a very wise person to see that the world will not be in any great hurry to enthrone truth.

In the small matter of reforming the treatment of typhoid fever, so as to do away with the mortality, which, by the way, *is not a point lower than it was fifty years ago*, we meet with the opposition of capital which has a special treatment to *sell* to the owls and asses of the profession who can't, or won't, do any thinking for themselves. Almost every day in the year there are representatives of drug houses calling upon doctors for the purpose of introducing drugs—*teaching doctors how to treat disease!* Is it any wonder that bad habits are allowed to progress until functional diseases become organic diseases and society presents the disgraceful condition that it now does, of its members falling sick every little while, with no knowledge of the cause or of how to avoid it—no knowledge of why they are well or why they are sick, nor how to maintain health and avoid sickness? If the profession is called upon for an explanation, it will go into a pedantic dissertation that leaves the layman as ignorant as before the explanation, and the more profound the doctor's knowledge is of the subject, the more impotent he is to help those who look to him for advice.

The time will come when every part of human knowledge can and will be interpreted in terms comprehensible by any and all common, rational minds. We are past the days of mysticism and of the belief that everything worth knowing is beyond the ken of common minds—that only those possessed of great knowledge (possibly inspired knowledge) are given the key to the mysteries of the universe. This belief was born of selfishness—

it is part of the fundamental principles of slavery. It works equally well in business and religion. It gives the professions their control over the layman and enables the priest and doctor to get something for nothing. The priest is paid for something he will deliver after death, and the doctor is paid for something he agrees to deliver at once, but which he can't deliver at all. The only reason both these grafters are not repudiated by the people is because the people still believe that these professions enjoy a knowledge of the mysteries of the universe that they are shut out from because of their ignorance.

The CLUB has endeavored ever since it started to persuade the people to have faith in their own minds—to allow the mind to grow and expand and lead the way.

There isn't anything mysterious about being good—just be good and you are good.

There isn't anything mysterious about being sick—if one is sick, a little common sense will help one to find out the cause. The mind must first believe that sickness comes from breaking the common every day laws of health—the laws around and about us—not some law way off in space, non-come-at-able or non-understandable; but laws that live with us and are a part of us. It is understandable that our bodies possess all the curing power that can be enlisted in our behalf, and that correcting errors and overcoming obstructions to natural operations is a part of the natural function of our bodies and we can not add to this power except as we wisely or ignorantly remove an obstruction.

The medical opinion, that those with heart weakness from alcohol, tobacco or rheumatism, require special bracing up with stimulants and food, is a fallacy, for the truth is, no class of patients require a more skilful letting alone. All sick people should be allowed rest, and especially those lacking vital resist-

ance. It is most valuable and important to know enough to let alone a badly broken down subject and to know *how* to let him alone. It is criminal to be shocking a very weak heart with strychnine, under the pretext or mistaken belief that it is giving the weakened organ strength, for as a matter of fact, nothing but food can impart strength to a weak organ or organs, or the body, and before food can impart strength it must be digested and assimilated, and in many cases, presenting greatly impaired heart function, the quickest and only way to impart strength by securing nourishment for the heart, is to fast the patient; in other words, the only way to feed the patient is to fast him. This paradox needs a little explanation. There are times when people suffering with chronic diseases must either fast or starve to death. Under these circumstances the more food given the greater the impairment, because the constructive side of metabolism is suspended, and the more food taken into the body the more obstructed the various functions become, and unless the patient loses his appetite and refuses to eat, or takes a volunteer fast, the system will be overwhelmed by food or nourishment and the patient will die because of his inability to secure nourishment from the food ingested; but if a fast be taken it will not be long until the obstruction is overcome, which will give the whole body rest; the heart soon shows that it is getting rest and nourishment for it slows down. Within a week equilibrium will be established between constructive and destructive metabolism. The surplus tissues of the body become food and in ten to twenty days the heart that was starving to death will be well fed.

One of the most remarkable cases that I have ever had, illustrating the necessity, sometimes, of *fasting to nourish*, has been referred to before in the CLUB. A boy eleven years old had an almost fatal bowel hemorrhage from typhoid ulceration.

His pulse was almost imperceptible, and as near as I could make out, from 160 to 180 per minute.

Nothing but water was given him for ten days and he was otherwise handled much as a premature infant would be cared for in an incubator. His pulse gradually slowed down and in eleven days it was from 100 to 120. He made an uninterrupted recovery.

Popular practice would have been hypodermics for heart, normal salt transfusion, rectal feeding and a funeral.

Frequent heart action means that rest is needed, not stimulation. Lost resistance of the whole body means rest, and rest don't mean hypodermics or tonics, feeding and stimulation. *Rest* is the cure and the rest must be from food just as surely as from labor.

The drugs usually given for rheumatism are *stomach destroyers*, and how an intelligent physician can hope, or expect, to correct a badly deranged constitution by using drugs that will impair the digestive function, is more than I can understand.

Whatever speculation and theory may make of the cause of rheumatism, there is one thing that is more important than anything else, and that is that in all cases of rheumatism there is impairment of the function of nutrition, and there is much retention in the body of waste products—lots of devitalized, dead and unoxidized debris—and before a rational hope of cure can be held out to the patient, all this waste product must be got out of the body. Yes, some of it can be boiled out at some hot springs, but such cures are not cures, they are *tricks of palliation* that run the heart greatly in debt.

A cure consists of a greatly reduced dietary, and a correct adjustment of food to patient. In other words, the patient must abandon his old plan of living and adopt one more suited.

Some will ask: "What is the proper cure for lost vital resistance?" "If tonics and stimulants are not to be given, what is to be done?" Stop the life that brought about the disease. "But, what are people to do when they do not know what or which habit or habits brought on the disease?" Employ a physician to instruct you, and if you can't find any one who can, try what you can do for yourself. If you use coffee, tea, tobacco or alcoholics, stop them. "How are we to know that these habits are causing the trouble?" It is safe to stop any habit when the health is going down.

When men and women come to me to be advised how to live, and they have such habits as above mentioned, I can't help believing them inexcusably senseless.

If one desires to have health, and power to live and make the most of life, one must keep the body as pure as possible, and a body is not pure when it is full of decomposition and the nerves deadened by a lot of stimulation; then it must not be forgotten that the mind must be kept pure and free from excesses of all kinds.

A correct life is antidotal to all diseases due to Lost Vital Resistance.



Read the announcement, Publicity Page VII.

* * *

If you have them please send 50 cents worth of A STUFFED CLUB for March, 1908. We are right in the midst of a fight against vaccination, our children are expelled from school; this is but a small village but we are in earnest and it will be fight to the death. I wish N. Y. State was organized.—J. W., Staatsburg-on-Hudson, N. Y.

* * *

The scarcity of June, 1907, issue is holding back the binding of Volume VIII. Can you help us out?

UNCLE EB'S PHILOSOPHY.

It ain't no use a-whinin',
Kase de clouds shet out de sun;
On de udder side he's shinin',
An' he kaint please eb'ry one.
Fo' de good Lawd made de sunshine,
An' de good Lawd made de rain,
An' he mix 'em up togedder,
Jes' ter gib us joy an' pain.

It ain't no use a-frettin',
When de rain comes pourin' down,
Kase de trees an' grass need wettin',
So de sun kaint parch 'em brown.
Don't you meddle with de wedder;
We must take it, rain er snow,
Fo' de man dat makes de wedder
Am above and orter know.

It ain't no use ter berrer,
Tel you scrape de meal-bar'l clean;
Lib ter-day, don't mind ter-morrer,
Tho' you habn't got er bean.
Ef de good Lawd feed de sparrers,
So de li'le fellers fly,
Jes' you hol' yo' han's an' trust Him,
An' he mebbe feed you pie!

Dey ain't no ha'm in prancin',
When de ban' mawch down de street;
When you jes' kaint keep f'om dancin',
Den it's time to shake yo' feet.
Ef you nebber trouble trouble
Ontil trouble trouble you,
Yo'll find life's jes' a bubble,
Wid de rainbow's shinin' hue.

—J. Gordon Temple.

Tilden Is Not the Only Knocker



HAT the people may know that Tilden is not the only “knocker” on earth, I submit the following *good stuff* from Dr. Thad. W. Williams of Milwaukee, Wis., and immediately following Dr. Williams’ article, one from the pen of Dr. George M. Gould, one of the big doctors of Philadelphia and one of the elite; also a little spice from the editor of *Colorado Medicine*, the official organ of the State Medical Society.

It is such a common thing to have the CLUB statements decried, and the force of its accusations neutralized by such remarks as: “Tilden is a knocker.” “He’s not reliable because he is prejudiced.” “*He’s an advertiser!* That CLUB is nothing but an advertising scheme.” Indeed it is an advertising scheme, it not only advertises Tilden, but it gives considerable notoriety to false schemes of cure, both regular and otherwise.

Some of the pet beliefs that pass as the “real thing” in everyday life, get some advertising.

The object of the CLUB is to acquaint the public with Tilden’s way of thinking, and inasmuch as his beliefs are not very popular, especially with good orthodox people, isn’t it a rather strange and unusual way to advertise? Isn’t it a fact that orthodoxy and convention employ an exactly opposite style of advertising?

Because of my very unpopular views in the pre-STUFFED-CLUB days, I became the object of all sorts of misrepresentations until a time came when it was necessary to do something in self-defense, or be annihilated. Then it was that A STUFFED

CLUB was conceived and born, on the order that necessity is the mother of invention, and from the time the CLUB became my defense, the warfare has not been so unequal.

It is now not quite so easy to make the public believe that I am a quack, an ignoramus, a cabbage doctor; that I am a dangerous fanatic, a faddist, and, to sum up, a good fellow to avoid.

These quotations are from men who are in the profession and belong to the organization. They surely have no object in blacking the eye of people who think as they do.

Whether the old adage: "When thieves fall out honest men get their dues," applies to exposures made by professional men or not I leave for the reader to decide:

MEDICAL GRAFTERS VS. SPECIALISTS.

By Thad. W. Williams, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.

A specialist is one who devotes himself to any special pursuit. A medical specialist is a physician who limits his practice to some particular class of disease. He is supposed to and should know more about the ailments he treats than the ordinary physician who only occasionally meets these cases, and is more proficient in their treatment, because he makes a special study and has more experience with them and has his hand in.

There is no particular reason why a properly qualified specialist who limits his practice to any particular class of diseases should not let the people, upon whom he is dependent for his bread and butter, know that fact.

Some specialists are fakers and frauds? Sure thing. Why? Because they are dishonest and incompetent. How dishonest; do they steal? Not exactly, as the statutes define theft, but by pretending that they know it all and that they can and do do things which they can not and do not do. You might call it getting money under false pretenses. Are they alone in this kind of business? Have they any monopoly of it? By no means. Some physicians in general practice do exactly the same thing. Not all the good ones, nor yet all the bad ones belong to either class.

A specialist is not necessarily a quack because he makes a specialty of some class of ailments; nor because he advertises. A majority of the quacks do not advertise, at least in the papers, unless they manage in some way to work in a notice of their superior qualifications free. It is not unethical or quackish to advertise if you can do that. But if you walk up to the captain's office and settle for your press announcement, like a man, you're a quack.

The faculty certainly have hold of the hot end of the poker, when you come right down to the cold facts. Their prejudice against honest advertising is a relic of mediaeval intolerance, bigotry and ignorance, just as it was profanation for one not of the elect to minister before the altar of some impuissant deity, now dead and gone; so was it a loss of caste for one of the disciples of Aesculapius to let folks know what his business was—what he did for a living.

In other lines of business, these days, such a man is arrested and made do time in some penal institution for having no visible means of support! According to medical ethics a man who hangs out a shingle and prints his name on it, with "M. D." after it—so long as he does not affix any limitation as to what "M. D." covers—is supposed to know it all, whether it is tuberculosis, scarlet fever, cataract or appendicitis. Now, we all know that any man who makes such pretensions is a falsifier, fake and fraud. Mr. M. D. doesn't mean it, either. He simply lets us know he is a doctor of medicine. That went in Egypt some 4,000 years ago, but in our day a physician must specialize, because he simply can not cultivate all the fields at once. And if he specializes, why not say so? It is only fair and square dealing with the people upon whom he is dependent for a living to let them know what his specialty is.

There is really no valid reason why a physician who has devoted his time and attention exclusively to some particular line of practice, found out things and become expert in handling them, should not advertise unless he is ashamed of his business, so long as he is honest about it, does not claim what he does not possess, and can deliver the goods. The world is much too busy, has too many troubles of its own, to go out of its way to hunt down and reward "modest merit." The profound thinker and scholar, the apt, talented, resourceful physician, the surgeon who is a genius, will starve, die and rot in ethical obscurity and the world be no better for their having lived and labored, unless they let the world know that they can do things.

The truly great and good are tolerant. Only those of small mental calibre and limited ability sneer and slur the legitimate specialist. The other class takes off its hat to him, because it knows that all the grand discoveries and improvements in science, medicine and art have been made by him. If there are quacks, frauds, fakers and grafters among specialists, advertising has not made them so, else there would be none of these undesirable citizens outside the advertising class—and who will claim that they do not infest every profession and line of business? They would be the same that they are whether they advertised or not. As a matter of fact, the biggest quacks, the most conscienceless grafters and the worst non-electrocuted frauds do not advertise. They are too shrewd, small, mean, cunning and narrow-minded to come out into the open. Their "lay" (a la Fagin's pupils) is to bundle unsuspecting and confiding patients off to the hospital or "sanitarium" and pocket a rake off from those institutions, and use their influence to induce these poor devils to submit to unnecessary, life-imperiling or fake operations for the sake of half the fee!

A doctor at the head of one of these popular institutions told me confidentially that in order to get business from some of these non-advertising quacks he was compelled to give them 50 per cent, sometimes amounting to \$150 or \$200, on a single patient. Another one enlarges his field of practice by bribing his patients to send him cases. Another physician expressed the belief that there was not a single surgeon in this state who would not divide the fee with any physician sending him a case, and that when the "unfortunate case" once got into the operating room it was a cinch that it would be cut, whether an operation was necessary or not—if only a superficial incision had to be made and sewed up—because they "needed the money." I believe it, too. But none of these fakers would come out into the open, advertise and pay for it. Oh, no, that would be so "un-ethical." But if they could get a free, fulsome, laudatory notice from some struggling, overworked newspaper man, would they blushing decline? Oh, no, modest worth is so timid! (Isn't this "hot stuff?"—Ed.)

Here are two contrast cases: Some twenty years ago a young physician who had been in general practice for five years located in Milwaukee, with a view to devoting himself to a specialty of his own selection. He studied hard and worked hard, was a good citizen and husband and paid his honest debts. He advertised his practice in a legitimate, honest way, and was educated, talented and became an expert in his specialty.

Some years later a poor, obscure and far from brilliant young doctor of limited acquirements, but shrewd business acumen, came here from the rural districts, a perfect stranger, and flung his shingle to the breeze. He did not know anything then, and a physician on one or two occasions made the remark in good faith that he would not give \$11 for all he knows now. But that fellow is today doing a practice from which he actually collects \$10,000 a year! Think of that! While the specialist who has been here twice as long is barely making a comfortable living. The difference is here: the specialist is a student, scholar and worker—no sharpness in the business end of his work. The other fellow is neither a student nor a scholar, and what he does not know about medicine does not cause him any insomnia, but he is a "crackerjack" when it comes to gathering in the shekels. It would have been all the same if his lot had fallen beside a peanut and candy stand. His talents are confined to the money end of it.

Any one must know that no young doctor without superior qualifications or opportunities in a city of 350,000, containing many really good, competent physicians, could make such a rise in the short space of eight or ten years in any other way than some of those herein rather broadly hinted at. He is a sample of a lot of others "tarred with the same stick," and I have purposely introduced him side by side with the specialist in order to contrast them and their methods and ask you which of the two is the quack and faker; which the more deserving of the respect and confidence of the "dear people," whose good-will we are all so desirous of gaining?

* * *

Dr. George M. Gould, Editor of American Medicine.

Our professors and big-wigs have played the game of strutting before the groundlings and of demanding many-thousand-dollar fees for cures that often never cure, and for operations that frequently were unnecessary. The medical profession should long ago have stopped this quackery of \$5,000 and \$10,000 fees. Everyone of us knows it is charlatanism.

When I was a student we all had the same lectures repeated each year, and we knew exactly to a day and minute when that old story, effete joke, or eloquent admonition would invariably appear. [Well do I remember.—Ed.]

Within twenty-four hours after securing his professorship, for which he had fought and chicaned for years, a medical politician had closed a

contract with a layman whereby, because of that professorship, the professor received another salary much greater than that his medical college gave him. Sometimes the bitter personal rivalry of two teachers, for instance of surgery, results in a bifurcation of the professorship. Each professor of course must have a ponderous textbook and teach a different surgical practice and philosophy from that of his hated rival. The poor boys are sure to fail in their examination if they answer a question as the rival would have it answered. The divided-skirt professorship of course does not last long, for the "worse" man is certain finally to kill off his colleague by some method—usually by the football tactics of hitting when the umpire is not looking.

Surgery is the despair of curative medicine, and must be appealed to only when therapeutics is absolutely impossible.

I was offered two hospital positions which were avidly sought by others. After accepting one, I found men were using their positions to feed their surgical fame, and that the "clinical material" of hospitals was considered as vivisection material, stuff to practice upon to turn over to the underlings if not wanted by superiors, etc. [Doesn't that sound familiar?—Ed.] Indeed, I was advised by my superiors to have the poor dispensary patients come to my office and sit about the halls and waiting rooms to make an effect upon private patients and the rest. Moreover, I could get some money out of the poor if I worked the affair cunningly.

Every doctor in a large city knows that the staff members of dispensaries and hospitals are using the charity clinics as feeders of the private office, and that good incomes are secured by the trickery.

A world-famed surgeon was to read a wonderful paper on a miraculous operation at the great medical association held in a distant city. The famous one had given copies of his paper to the daily newspapers of his city with his photograph, etc., to be reproduced the next morning after its reading before thousands of doctors in the far-away city. [And the regular profession doesn't advertise! O! No! It's a mistake. They know that I do. Of course! What's A STUFFED CLUB for? To advertise Tilden. Any fool should know that.—Ed.] Something happened so that the reading of the article had to be postponed until the next day. At once the telegraph wires were heated with messages to postpone the newspaper publication for a day. It was too late, and so the newspapers had to say that they had just

received a full account from their correspondent of the following marvelous discovery divulged to the scientists of — the day before in a paper, of course, not read. The fun was frightful—for the great professor's enemies! One of these, a great L.L.D. and rival, got hold of the facts, wrote up a full account of the scandal and published it to the medical world. But, most cunningly, he published it anonymously. Today these two great rivals entertain each other with profound bows and play into each other's hands just as if they didn't hate each other with adorable bitterness.

The end of the beautiful story is that the proposed miraculous operation was like the L.L.D. proposer—a fraud. Not one of you could ever guess what it was. But the patients! Oh, they never were considered. A rich patient recently paid, in all, some \$20,000 to have removed, what one of the consultants told me was "as pretty a little healthy pink appendix as he had ever seen!" [How's that? It would be a lie if told by the CLUB, but how about the authority of American Medicine?—Ed.]

Now, the men who do these things are they who make of medicine an avocation. But all good physicians feel it to be a calling, a vocation.

The worst abuse is being officially poured upon good drug manufacturers by men secretly in the secret-drug business, and who are carrying on far more degrading businesses than those derided.

With open eyes read the official address of President Bryant, before your own State Medical Society, and note the implication, and the between-the-line protests—protests hampered and modified by many and powerful necessities and limitations. When you have finished this reading get and read last week's address at Atlantic City of the same president. It is the most amazing mass of bombastic fudge and ungrammatical mystification.

If one looks at them discriminately, these big medical gatherings are pretty bad and more silly. The big non-leading leaders encourage them in order to show off; the me-toos imitate their leaders; science is made the excuse for a lot of crass advertising, and worst ethics.

The rise of the social diseases called eddyism, osteopathy, and the rest, show how far we have all gone. The luxuriant growth of crude quackery outside of the profession is the direct result of subtle quackery within it.

[Dr. Gould is editor of American Medicine, author of the latest and best medical dictionary, besides other books. He is one of the big men in the drug profession, that is why I quote the foregoing.—Ed.]

IS IT POSSIBLE!

To the physician who carefully observes the things that go on about him, there is much material for reflection, and which, if true, will make the "man" in him shudder and the "physician" in him feel chagrin and shame at the practices which are besmirching that which should be the most honorable of callings.

If time is taken to observe with care the many cases which are sent to the hospital in a state of fear and trembling lest they might die from the serious appendicitis from which they are told they are suffering, the shock will reach even the most imperturbable.

There are but few conscientious physicians but will reluctantly admit that there are today more operations on, than diseases of, the appendix vermiformis. To gainsay is but to confess a lack of observation, or a wilful avoidance of the facts.

It would seem that with some surgeons, any pain referable to the abdomen furnishes a sufficient basis for the diagnosis of appendicitis and to the degree of requiring immediate operation.

Not only has one to rely upon his own observations for the appalling facts, since they may be supplemented by the statements of those who frequently administer anesthetics, that as high as 70 per cent of the cases of some surgeons do not warrant operation, by reason of the absence of disease. Yet the statement may be solicited with a frequency sufficient to justify the blush.

It is stated by Morris that "surgery was first heroic, then anatomic, then pathologic, and we are in the fourth stage of surgery, that of physiologic surgery." It would be as difficult as lamentable to find a fitting term for the operation done because the patient can be made to believe that the condition requiring it exists, when it must be known from the first that the indication is quite doubtful if not entirely wanting.

The recognition of the normal appearance of the appendix and that under pathologic condition requires but little on the part of an observing physician, and if the attempt is made to convince one that there is present an enterolith, a constriction, a beginning peritonitis, or gangrene, or, that if left alone a marked appendicitis would develop within 24 hours—a "pre-appendicitis," as it were; and if one's eye, one's tactile sense, or one's judgment fails to perceive or recognize it, would it be surprising to find the man in the physician in shuddering revolt? Indeed, we should feel grateful

if we were not forced, by the very truth of these facts, to give them utterance.

When human life is jeopardized through such procedure by men who are known to be too competent to admit of being excused through ignorance, there can be but two motives inferred—the desire to operate, and the fee—and in all spirit of fairness, and, judging the race under the influence of the times, the latter overshadows the former. The physician who refers the patient for such operation for commission or percentage of the fee rather than a pathological condition is even more culpable than the surgeon who operates.

With the evidence repeatedly brought before us and with the appreciation of our own visual impressions let the inner man in us look seriously at the conditions, and it need not be surprising if the query chokes upon the conscientious utterance, Good God, is it possible?—Colorado Medicine, March, 1908.



The INFORMATION page is important.

* * *

I think I will not take another month's treatment at present as I am getting along so well. We appreciate very much what you have done for me and will try and help your good work in this section.—W. E. T., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

I expect you think I have vanished from this earth, but not yet awhile, for I am feeling and looking too well to leave it now. And I certainly owe more than I can ever be able to give to you for teaching me how to get good health and keep it hereafter.

There are quite a number of magazines that come into our little home, but there is not one of them that is welcomed like the "STUFFED CLUB," for it is read through before it is put aside. It is worth a dollar per year sure. Yes! I would take it if it were that per copy.—Mrs. L. B., Wichita, Kan.

* * *

Mr. — and I are both more grateful than we can express in words for the benefits we have received from your teachings.—I. O., Denver, Colo.

* * *

Is it *Business?* Read Publicity Page VII.

"The Happiest Man On Earth"



ENEVA, March 21.—Johann Schmid, who lives in a cottage in the village of Suhr, in the canton of Argovie, has had painted across the front of his dwelling in large letters the sentence:

"Here lives the happiest man on earth."

Schmid, who is 55 years of age, said to an interviewer: "I defy you to find a happier man than myself. I have never worked, never married, never been ill, and have never been anxious for the future. I eat well, drink well, and sleep well. What more would you have?"

When in his teens Schmid was left by his father an income of about \$5 a week and a small piece of land. He built his cottage on the land, and has occupied it ever since.—Rocky Mt. News, Denver.

Happiness consists of thinking so; so long as a man *thinks* he is happy, he is.

One of the principal mental constituents of happiness is small personal wants. The proverbial happy man—the one that had enjoyed unalloyed happiness from his birth—was a man who had never enjoyed the luxury of a shirt.

This story should not be taken too literally; it was, in all probability, brought to us with all the rest of our allegorical fables from the wise men of the past. It may belong to the category of our more modernized saying or adage, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Where the mind is in its virginity—where it has not become aware of its nakedness—where even the fig leaf has not become necessary—such a mind can be, in fact is, happy. How could we conceive of it being anything else?

The Garden of Eden—Paradise—if it means anything, was and is the physical and mental state of the individual before he comes into possession of his ego.

At the birth of mental awareness—as soon as the mind is capable of self-analysis—as soon as the mind eats of the “Tree of Knowledge”—it is damned until it works out its own salvation. It must earn its bread—knowledge—by the sweat of its own face. The mind can not be fed and clothed by anyone except itself. Charity and alms-giving, thanks to the blessed order of nature, is barred out; the individual mind must work out its own delivery from the curse of ignorance. If it would avoid great misery, great pain, great labor, it must not eat of the forbidden tree of knowledge, or if it does eat, it must eat much. “A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, drink deep or touch not the Pierian spring.”

There are many palliations—quack cures—offered for the relief and cure of the disease known in theology as the “Fall of Man,” but like all quacking, so long as the etiology and diagnosis are not understood, just so long must the cures be false and at best poor excuses at palliation.

There are thousands of so-called cures. The following lines indicate one way:

“There lies she with the blessed gods in bliss,
There drinks the nectar with ambrosia mixed.”

It has always been the nature of mind to either hypnotize itself into forgetfulness by introspection, auto-suggestion, or by the use of stimulants or narcotics.

Religions are a form of palliation. The devotees have worked out a formula by which they quite successfully palliate the sufferings of those who have discovered their mental nakedness. It's a species of auto-hypnotism, which causes the mind to believe that it is *en rapport* with “Universal Intelligence”—“God”—and because of this relationship, which they are pleased to believe

is a special favor vouchsafed to them because of their compliance with some special formula, creed or ritualistic form, they and they only are given the power to interpret "God's" meaning or what He would have the children of men know.

This species of mental jugglery works like a charm. If these people are unhorsed at every controversial combat they very nonchalantly and naively reply: "You will know better some of these days." "You are a thinker and you will come into the 'Light' by and by"; and probably end the controversy by referring to specific chapters in the Bible and suggesting that if they be read carefully and prayerfully, God will surely illuminate the understanding.

Do these people who are living under this particular form of mental delusion, understand or know anything about the peculiarities of the mind? Do they know anything about the laws of psychology—anything about the normal or abnormal life of the mind? No, no more than they do of the laws of health and life that they are breaking daily, and many of them have an idea that nature and God are separate dominions and the laws obtaining in each are separate, and the operations of each are distinctive and in no way reciprocal.

The possibility of this religious auto-hypnotism is one of the *kindest provisions of nature*, using a parlance in keeping with an orthodox understanding. If it were not for this refuge of the mind in its evolution from the paradise of ignorance, to the eating of the apple of knowledge—its banishment—and its struggle through the hell of ignorance until it solves enough of the problems of life to bring a normal, natural content, one that can complacently and uncomplainingly face the fact of personal annihilation, it would go mad. There is no rest after mental awakening until man finds his place in nature. Until this ques-

tion is solved he must suffer the pangs of growth, or submit to hypnotism, or deaden the growing pains with gluttony—intemperance in eating, drinking and indulging passion—or plunge into the world of business and have the struggle so fierce that he has no time for thoughts of a personal character, especially thoughts related to his part in the great universe.

Intense occupation in the working out of life's interests, with a little religion to soothe and quiet the restlessness of enquiry, helps many people to get through life in a fairly comfortable condition of mind. People generally are not happy, neither are they miserable, but it is a pretty generally conceded fact that the less people know the happier they are; as with the subject of the text, he had arrived at his fifty-fifth year and he defied anyone to find a happier man than he, and gave as his reasons: "I have never worked, never married, never been ill, and have never been anxious for the future."

This man was not strongly sexed, which accounted for his lack of ambition. Had he been he would have found a companion, or he would have worked—in all probability both. Ambition can not live such a life. People of strong sex natures can not be content to live such a life as did this man Schmid; they must expend their energies in some way. When it leads off to business, arts, the professions or trades, such people accomplish much; when it leads off to religion we have great preachers; when it leads off to licentiousness, society is poisoned—these are the people who corrupt everything. Great sex development, linked with ignorance and moral idiocy, evolves the rape type.

Natural impuissance is accomplished by a mental and physical state of indifference; people so endowed are incapable of strong feeling in any direction. A man born in this state and left with a small income and a piece of land might be inclined to

believe himself happy. It would not take a very ambitious person, however, to see that there isn't anything in such a useless hermitical life. The smaller the mind—the less the development—the easier it is to be entertained. Some people can give many hours a year to playing cards for just the pleasure they get out of it; others can spend much of their time in contemplating clothes, and entertaining and being entertained; and there are hundreds of other ways to *kill time*. Time is killed all right when it is spent in such a way that no one is benefited, and the reason so many spend time in this way is that they have their minds crowded out of the way, lulled to sleep, in order not to be annoyed by them. To counteract this state of artificial mental lethargy the world has always had agitators, propagandists and preachers to awaken it, and at the same time administer the mental hypnotism that is necessary to keep the agitation from leading off to madness or insanity.

There are three states, one of which we must be in, namely: Ignorance with its paradise; false knowledge with its hell of discontent, relieved only by the palliatives furnished by the church on one hand, or by licentious indulgences, which deaden sensation and put a dull edge on enquiry, on the other; or mental poise coming from a realization that man is a phenomenon of the infinite or noumenon and will last but a brief time, and then pass away; the noumenon neither losing nor gaining anything. Man is a possible mood or expression of the noumenon—he belongs to the noumenon—the noumenon does not belong to him, hence, when he has his evanescent, fortuitous appearance, he dissolves and all that is real in his appearance stays in the noumenon, and the phenomenon passes away forever.

Some do not like the word *fortuity* used in connection with man and nature, but it should be no great stumbling block when

it can be understood that phenomena are evanescent, capricious and accidental, because they only exist for us, in the manner in which they do, until we change our mental attitude, then these phenomena change to fit our understandings.

Annihilation does not appear so bad when we realize that we are only a part of the whole and that all we are we have been and will continue to be.



Is it *Professional?* Read Publicity Page VII.

* * *

"Diet," to many people (including many M. D.'s) means about as much as it did to the "end man," who said:

"I'm not feelin' bery well dis ebenin,' Mistah Johnson."

"Why, what is the matter, Bones?" said the interlocuter.

"Well, I don' feel jes' right since I drank dat bottle ob bluin' watah."

"Drank a bottle of bluing water—what on earth did you do that for?"

"Cause I had stomach trouble and de doctah tole me to diet (dye it). I couldn't affowd 'Green Ribber,' so I had to take bluin.'"

* * *

Your bundle of CLUBS reached me promptly, for which I cordially thank you.

After reading them once again for my own edification, I did a little missionary work amongst my friends. The trick was easily accomplished. I simply showed them what they got for a dollar, and the perusal of one May CLUB convinced them that it effused more up-to-date novelties in the way of fashionable living than the Ladies' Home Journal did in ten years.

I succeeded in separating one woman from the price for a year, which I hand you herewith. With kind regards to everyone, I remain—R. E. S., Saguache, Colo.

* * *

Charlie is feeling fine now. He says the more he works the better he feels. Thanks to Dr. Tilden, for if we hadn't met you I would have been a widow today and been out several hundred dollars, too, for operations.—Mrs. C. J. J., Rawlins, Wyo.

Fortune Telling Is Largely Suggestion



BERLIN, March 21.—How much mischief can be wrought by fortune telling is shown by the melancholy fate of Auguste Reitzenstein, a young Vienna ballet dancer, who had come to Berlin hoping to find employment.

The girl had been unsuccessful in her efforts in this direction, but had formed an acquaintance with a decorative artist, which rapidly ripened into a tender relationship. In an evil moment she consulted a fortune teller, who informed her that before reaching the age of 23 she would shoot herself in consequence of the infidelity of her lover. This dismal prophecy preyed upon her mind, and cast a shadow over her love affair.

Yesterday she paid a visit to her lover, and, after loading him with reproaches for his imaginary treachery, killed herself.—Rocky Mountain News.

Why shall not fortunes, as told by fortune tellers, come true? Most people who wish to anticipate their futures, by going to fortune tellers, are sadly lacking in education, and not only lacking in education, but also in logical reasoning power; hence, the suggestions, given by the alleged interpreter of fortunes, are, so far as can be, carried out by the ignorant victims.

People of the mental caliber of this ballet dancer can't be made to believe anything else but that the prophet knew all about this tragic ending; and the ignorant or knavish prophetess will use this girl's unfortunate ending (which to some is a coincidence, to others true prophecy, and to still others criminal suggestion), as capital to further her iniquitous business.

Just how far community laws have a right to interfere with individual rights, is a serious question. Whether the need of protection to ignorance ever justifies coercion, is something that the morality of enlightened selfishness—higher criticism—has not yet settled.

This business is now tolerated because the makers of our laws are believers in the supernatural and mystical; they may pooh pooh at fortune telling as so much harmless foolishness, but at the same time they do not know but that there is something in the pretensions of those who declare they have the gift of reading the future for their patrons, and they are also unable to understand that a certain per cent of the fortunes told must come true through the power of suggestion, the victims being unable to avoid the propelling influence; hence, the guardians of our public weal look upon fortune telling as an innocent and harmless amusement at the most, consequently natural laws are allowed to work out without interference, whereas, if the real harm was comprehended, force would be used—prohibition would be the remedy—the same as is used in many other ways, instead of conforming ourselves—our laws—to nature and recognizing the working out of all these things as wisely expedient, consequently natural.

The power of suggestion to bring about favorable or unfavorable results, is seen and felt daily. Prosperity and adversity are more under the influence of suggestion than they are under the influence of the laws of their existence, hence, the working out of natural law is delayed, frustrated and many times wholly inhibited by unfavorable suggestion, while on the other hand delays or threatened miscarriages of righteous purposes are avoided and the purposes accomplished by favorable suggestion.

The CLUB has so often called its readers' attention to the element of suggestion in all systems of cure. The most absurd and contradictory remedies often effect a palliation which is accepted as a cure, because of the optimism and hope resulting in the patient from the *suggestion* that the so-called remedies will cure.

Hope is such a power in the elimination of disease, that it is a serious question if a doctor ever has a right to dis-

courage a patient by giving an unfavorable prognosis. If there is a possibility of an error in diagnosis—if there is a possibility that the disease is something else—the patient should have the benefit of the doubt and be encouraged rather than discouraged.

Some temperaments will be ruined by fortune telling; they will soon fall into the habit of consulting mediums or fortune tellers before going into business ventures, before traveling, and before doing many other things of less importance, and, as most mediums and fortune tellers are ignorant and impecunious, their advice, to say the least, can't be of any benefit. It would be worth much more to these people to consult such men as Rockefeller or Carnegie, if they want to know how to invest their money; a first-class lawyer, if the question is a legal one, or a good sensible woman if it is a question of marriage.

If people must have their fortunes told, they should seek first an intelligent and successful business man or woman, if such can be found in the business they desire to go into. Why should the ignorant and unsuccessful teach others how to succeed?

The CLUB advice is: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." In the first place, the kingdom of heaven is within, not without—it is enlightenment. Every day one should add to his store of *useful* knowledge, not to the *trash*. It's a safe rule to believe in what one can see, feel, taste and handle, and not undertake to solve the mysterious until one has a good solid underpinning of truth—of positive knowledge—such as one each day has a chance to acquire or strengthen.

The world has been going after its knowledge at the wrong end. It is as foolish to undertake to understand the psychical before the physical is mastered, as it would be to begin the study of mathematics by taking up calculus. The pure—the real—must be understood before the abstract is taken hold of, and if our

children and our children's children are educated in this way, fortune tellers will be out of a job in two or three generations from now. The possibility of the perpetuation of such nonsense as reading the future will die from inanition. Instead of conforming to some ignorant suggestion about our future, we should make our future. When we are properly educated we can know our future, for we will make it just as we want it.



Didn't receive your CLUB? Perhaps the INFORMATION page will explain.



Enclosed please find \$1.00 for subscription to the "STUFFED CLUB" for one year. I wish you would let it begin with the February number. Unfortunately I did not know anything about your publication until a friend handed me the August number yesterday.

Have you condensed your ideas in any form or work? If so, what is the title and price of same?

I certainly admire your ideas. They are just what I have been looking for for some time. Though myself in the profession, I long since have cut loose from the old orthodox allopathism. It certainly is refreshing to find some one traveling the same road that you may have imagined yourself to be the only traveler on.—Dr. J. E. B., Arleta, Ore.



March "STUFFED CLUB" is certainly the goods.—P. W., Chicago.



I am going to try my hand at farming for awhile and want the CLUB to keep me in good working order. If I knew of some publication that would be as useful to the farmer, as a farmer, as the CLUB is to him as a man, I would subscribe for it at once. May you live long to continue your work.—W. S. D., Lynnhaven, Va.



For each copy of June, 1907, of A STUFFED CLUB sent to us we will give you *three others*, no two alike, or advance your subscription three months.

Honest Doctors



WE been criticized for saying hard things about doctors. Doctors, as a class, are neither better nor worse than any other people. Indeed, they are very human.

There are good physicians everywhere, men who are trustworthy, but they are good in spite of their intuitive, college and text book knowledge. They have learned by experience to trust to nature, and they stop drugs in time to save their patients. It is a notorious fact that when a good physician gets "balled" up in a case and doesn't know just what to do, he often stops drugs for a few days to allow the "smoke of battle" to clear away so that he can see where he and his patient are "at." He may be compelled to give a little sugar in the form of pills or powders, in order to hold his job, for the dear people must see that something is being done; the people have become educated to the idea that when they fall sick everybody must get busy.

When the subject of getting busy presents itself it is impossible for me not to recall the early days with many early tragic sick-bed scenes. When these days flash into memory and are viewed with a knowledge since gained, I am surprised that the mortality was not greater. From the beginning of an illness to the end of it, everything that was done by those who were with the patient carried an unfavorable suggestion.

For illustration we will relate the following case: The subject was a young mother, with a baby two weeks old. Up to this date, from the birth, everything had gone on fairly well. In spite of the physician's advice the patient had been imprudent both in eating and exercise. The old grandma (for there was

one in the family), had said time and again, "You need not pay any attention to that doctor, for he never had any children. If these men could have a baby or two they would know more. When I had my children I got up the third day and did the family washing, and from the first I ate just whatever I wanted to. These new-fangled ideas that mothers must be careful about eating, and must stay in bed for a week and then 'mope' around for another week, are nonsense." Encouraged by the mother, the patient had eaten pork and beans, fresh bread and butter, pickled beets, pumpkin pie and a glass of buttermilk, after doing laundry work for half a day. A short time after dinner she was taken very sick. Bowels distended, pulse very high and suffering great pain in the lower bowels.

Now was the time for the grandma to get in a little more of her wisdom; of course, she was the oracle of the household. John was sent for. John was the husband of the sick woman and he was in the field at work. A neighbor's child was hurried to him with the word: "Mary, your wife, is dangerously sick; fetch the doctor at once." John wasted no time waiting for further explanations; there and then, with a dexterity that would make a fireman envious, he stripped the harness from one of the horses, all except the bridle, jumped astride and headed a bee line for town. The work of throwing down a fence or two required less time than to go out of the way for gates. The three miles to town were gone over as fast as the horse could be made to travel, and when he reached my office his horse was wet with sweat, and where there was any chafing the parts were covered with a white lather. The frightened farmer told me, in a hurried and excited tone, to go at once to see his wife, the sick woman. To the inquiries from me of: "How long has she been sick?" "What's the matter?" "Has she been hurt?" "Did

she have a chill?" all I could get was: "She is dying." The messenger did not know if she had been scalded, or had fallen down the cellar stairs, or been choked on a bone. All he knew was that his wife was dying. This was the distorted shape that the word: "Mary is dangerously sick" had taken in John's frightened mind, and that was all he could tell. If the poor fellow had not been so panic stricken he might have told me that his wife had eaten dinner with him and that she appeared as well as usual. This would have given a most excellent hint that her illness was indigestion and probably not so serious as he believed. To him there was no difference between Mary being dangerously ill, and Mary dying. To any physician there was a great deal of difference, for if she was really dying there was no need of a doctor, but if she had been hurt, a little information as to how and the manner of injury, would enable him to go prepared, but no, country doctors have to go prepared for every emergency.

When I arrived at my patient's home the people, neighbors and friends, who had gathered in the yard, stepped off the walk to allow me to pass to the house; every face for the time, changed from anxiety and consternation to curiosity—curious to see what the doctor looked like.

In the sick room (a very small one) there was little space except for standing room, and everybody was busy, some making poultices, others rubbing, still others praying, and all with red eyes, if not crying. The patient was frightened as well as sick, cold perspiration standing on face and hands; the pillow and bed clothes wet with same. Before I had time to feel the pulse and take the temperature, some one near the bed, or sitting on the bed, asked in an audible whisper: "Is she dying?" Another: "She can't live long, can she?" I always believed in the power of

suggestion, and what I lacked in knowledge of what was really the matter with the patient I made up in good, strong, wholesome negative and affirmative suggestions. My answer was: "No, she is not dying, and she is not going to die, if the mob in this room will vacate and allow her a little fresh air." This was followed by the command, "Get out of here! Everybody get out of here! If you people will agree to give this woman more air and less praying she will get on all right, for there isn't much the matter." Some of the *real pious people* were insulted at my reference to their praying, but it "*cut no more ice*" with me then than it does now. I took notice in those days, as well as in these, that when pious people get sick they want to get well, and they will not hesitate to take their cures from any one; preferably, of course, from the doctor of their own church, but as a rule these goody-goody church doctors know more about theology than they do about curing the sick. Why not? Theology and creedal religions haven't anything to do with bodily health. The curriculum consists of teaching the anatomy and physiology of the soul, and the diet consists of transubstantiated flesh and blood. The laws of health for soul development do not apply to the body, hence these church doctors are often limited in their ability to cure the body.

As a result of fresh air and a good bowel washing, my patient was much better very soon; the gloom of family and friends was changed to hope and cheerfulness.

All cases in those days did not end so favorably. I found myself getting busy along with everybody else, and simple cases of sickness were converted into desperate cases. There is no question about the professional murders I was instrumental in bringing about in those strenuous days when I was in the curing (?) business.

There are all kinds of professional homicides. People are killed by unfavorable suggestions, and on the other hand there are people who die from lack of proper care, *plus favorable suggestions*. Our good Christian Science friends kill just the same even if there is no such thing as disease and death. We see people going down under that system who could be saved by a little common sense; and there are others going to them and being saved from the killing effect of adverse suggestions. In such cases as these a lesser error permits the case to recover; in other words, the patient gets well in spite of the remedy. This is oftener true than otherwise.

The representatives of all systems of cure are honest, with but few exceptions. We can all be honestly mistaken but, as I said in a former article, our honesty does not make what we believe true; if being honest was all that is necessary to make what we believe true, our world would be flat and its inhabitants heathens. No indeed! My honesty in belief and purpose never can keep a killing fallacy from doing its deadly work in spite of my best endeavors.

Going back to the fallacy of drugging; it is a little incongruous to think that doctors who profess faith in drugs will stop them when their patients get very bad and then resume their use as soon as the dangerous symptoms are past. Bear in mind only the best doctors do this, the mediocre professional men have their patients awakened for drugs at night, and when their patients get so low that they can't swallow, the drugs are given hypodermically, and the food is given by rectum. The average M. D. keeps things going. It never enters his head that *quiet is the greatest remedy in the world*. Thousands are killed every year by the modern practice of medicine. Nurses are trained to torture patients in the absence of the doctor.

We have a humane society that would interfere if any animal but man should receive the inhuman treatment that he receives at the hands of doctors and nurses in the name of medical science.

The doctor is matched by the average surgeon. Some of the best surgeons today say there is a time when it is too early to operate upon a case of appendicitis, and a time when it is too late. If a case can be trusted for nature to carry it through a certain crisis, it's my belief that nature can be trusted all the way through.

It is well to understand what is meant by trusting nature. It is not trusting nature, nor leaving nature alone, when the surgeon is suggesting the necessity of an operation; when the mental atmosphere about the patient is such as to cause fear, suspense and anxiety. An assumed professional solicitousness, out of keeping with the importance of the case, is one of the damnable *black arts* practiced by many professional men, and is the cause of generating a deadly fear in the minds of patients and friends. I will not contend that those who practice it know its detrimental influence.

The rank and file of the medical profession practices the art of creating fear in its patients. I don't know why this is so assiduously carried out, for it is anything but curative. Probably this is an inherited custom—a bad habit. In the first place fear was inherited, or brought over, when the schism between the healing art and the church took place. The church has always governed by fear. People have been good (?) because they were afraid to be bad, and that is just about as deep as most of the religion is today. People are unconscious of this fact, however, and because of this ignorance what I say will be branded a falsehood. The early doctors governed their patients by fear, and the

world of today knows no other way of controlling the lives of men.

To induce people to take dope, the profession has made a practice of telling the sick how near death they are; that if they do not take the medicine, or have the operation, they will surely die.

Then to impress the people with their wisdom, doctors often say to them: "I just got there in time, fifteen minutes later would have been too late to have saved you."

For the purpose of gain, or because of professional ignorance, people are often made to believe, by their doctors, that they have *specific* disease; this is criminal, for some temperaments are ruined for life when made to believe it. Such little falsifying as this is admissible, for the doctor must live, you know!

Competition is so great, and there are so many more doctors than there is work for, that the temptation to be just a little dishonest is very great; besides, everybody does it. Don't infer from that statement that the profession causes its members to be dishonest. It is probable that a man who is dishonest as a doctor would be dishonest as a lawyer or as a preacher, and small dishonesties are a part of business and conventional society.

Dishonesty, like all diseases, has many causes, one of which is defective anatomical construction. The remedy, or cure, like all cures, must be the correcting of all errors. And to make some people honest, the repair would have to begin with the great-grandfather.

A child that shows an inability to take hold of arithmetic, natural philosophy and physics, should have special attention given it; much attention should be given it in the line of correct bodily and mental development, for dishonesty, in any and every

way, shows an illogical construction, both physical and mental. *A properly constructed human being can't be dishonest.*

The time will come when the physical laws governing morality and ethics will be so thoroughly understood that a man's trustworthiness can be told by his anatomical measurements. Then parents will see that defects of construction will receive proper attention. When that time comes, instead of teaching creeds and dogmas for the purpose of saving people, attention will be given to physical development—not what is called physical culture, but to symmetrical development—with the view of securing the most perfect psychical expression. When that day comes the prospective husband and wife will ask to be shown physical measurements, not the bank account.

So long as the dogma of a future soul salvation is taught by orthodoxy; and so long as "all is mind" is the highest expression of the new thoughts; the above natural, rational and scientific plan will have to remain a deferred possibility; in fact it may never come to fruition during the fructifying life of this planet, but it appears, nevertheless, to be a possibility.

The old adage of "Honesty is the best policy," is not likely to become a living, active principle with any great per cent of humanity until the fundamental laws of development are understood, and are made to supplant our present emotional, hysterical, grotesque, haphazard, empirical plan, or no plan, of propogating our species—human species.

Ever since I started the CLUB I have insisted that the greatest hindrance to the perfection of a correct healing system is our religion—creeds and dogmas, and I have no reason to change my belief. I still insist that we can't make any substantial progress until we get our educational system on a basis that has excluded all our religious superstitions.

Any reasonable, rational CLUB reader should be able to see, as I stated above, that a correct human being must be logically constructed, and before we can go into the logical physical construction business, we must believe that a logical psychological expression waits upon physical perfection.

The world is not ready for this change. Contending for this is, perhaps, the greatest offense that I have been guilty of since starting the CLUB.

Honesty will be an ideal and largely an empty sentiment so long as it must be grown on a fallacious soil. So long as good must be cultivated on a soil of falsehood it will be a questionable variety. So long as religion is grafted on ignorance and superstition, it will furnish a very capricious variety of piety.

Doctors are as good as they can be, taking, as they do, their origin and very existence out of fallacy.

We can't rise much higher than our source.



We can't bind Volume VIII until we get more copies of June, 1907.

* * *

I would not willingly miss a number of it. Wishing you all success in your good work and that the STUFFED CLUB may find its way into every home, I am—Mrs. P. C. H., So. Penobscot, Maine.

* * *

My health still improves. I am a wonder to most of my friends who thought I could not live. Thanks to you for my present condition.—W. V. A., Washington, D. C.

* * *

We are still interested in the man who thinks and who is willing to express his thoughts in print for the help of the people.—C. O. M., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Bro. Tilden—Congratulations. Your pen is certainly a two-edged sword, cutting right and left. Keep at it.—W. E. B., M. D., Chicago.

"How to Produce a Scar Resembling Vaccination"



ET a little strong nitric acid. It can be gotten at the drug store. Get the arm ready and have a piece of soft blotting paper handy. Take a match or a toothpick, dip into the acid, so that a drop of the acid clings to the end of the match. Carefully transfer the drop to the spot on the arm where you wish the sore to appear. Let the drop stand a few minutes on the flesh.

Watch it closely. The skin will begin to turn red. It will produce a slight tingling sensation, nothing very hard to bear. After the drop has remained for two or three minutes touch it with the corner of the soft blotting paper, which will instantly absorb it, then the spot should be wiped off carefully and covered with a greased paper, or oiled silk will do just as well. After keeping it protected for a week or so the spot where the nitric acid has been will begin to turn dark, and in a week or so more it will likely slough out a little piece, leaving a granulated sore underneath. This sore will gradually heal by producing a scar so nearly resembling vaccination that the average physician can not tell the difference.

Be careful about the nitric acid. Do not allow it to get on any clothing, or any part of the flesh, as it will make a sore wherever it touches. After the vaccination has been completed it is best to throw away the remainder of the acid, as it is very strong and poisonous.

There is no danger of doing any harm in making this sore. It should be remembered, however, that this is not vaccination at all. It is simply an imitation.

Again, no pretense should ever be made that the child has been vaccinated. If a doctor wants to know whether the child has been vaccinated or not, simply show him the scar, and if he is satisfied with the scar, well and good. I would not advise any physician to give a certificate of vaccination after having performed this imitation, because the deception would be simply a lie, and lying is not to be approved of even to escape the necessity of being vaccinated.—The Liberator, March, 1908.

"It is to laugh!" If you don't see it just read that last paragraph again and then go to Webster's Unabridged and read

that a lie is “*the uttering or acting of that which is false for the purpose of misleading.*”

The woman who, when asked if her child has been vaccinated, bares the child's arm and exhibits the scar, says as plainly as words could say it, “Of course he has—there is the scar.” *She lies.*

The “physician” (?) who makes such a scar does so for a purpose, namely, to mislead some other physician, or the “authorities” into the belief that the child has been vaccinated. He performs an act with the intention of deceiving. *He lies.* He could tell no more of a lie by giving a certificate stating that the child had been vaccinated. The only difference would be that a certificate might lead more readily to detection and prosecution.

Our legal system has come very near losing us our ability to distinguish a lie. The law says “you may deceive all you please, so long as your deception does not result directly in measurable, financial loss (to the one whom you deceive), or violate some express provision of the statutes.” Our laws were originated and are continued in existence primarily for the protection of property rights. Even such now existing laws as appear to be for a higher purpose, have their origin in the idea of protection of property rights and, in case of controversy as to their meaning or application, the arguments always take such origin for granted and are based thereon. A parent's legal claim to damages for the death of or injury to a child is based solely on the right of the parent to the services (earnings) of the child and the loss of those services by the death or injury.

This legal idea of a lie has been kept up so long that it has finally come to be very generally accepted as correct. Lawyers who work for years under its influence become incapable of recognizing any other standard.

The Catholic church teaches its members that only that is a lie which injures some one else, and this idea also has been quite widely accepted. It is so convenient. When your conscience reminds you that you have lied, it is so pleasant to be able to dismiss the subject with "it did no harm," or "I told it for his good," etc., forgetting that the other fellow has some right to judge for himself what is for his good. Are you willing to let the other fellow decide what is for your good—when you should be lied to and when told the truth?

It is high time that we quit talking about the effects, for good or evil, that a lie has on the person to whom it is told. The up-to-date and important question is, "what are the effects of a lie on the person telling it?"

Here are some of them: First—Every lie, to some extent at least, dulls the liar's preception of and desire for truth. The lie comes easier next time. Second—You seldom stop with one. The first one usually requires a second to hide it, and a third to hide that, and so on *ad infinitum*. Third—If you are found out (as you are very apt to be), you will never be trusted again by the person (or his friends), to whom you lied. When you discover that a man has lied to you, can you ever trust him again? No! You may give him another trial, but it is always with fear and misgivings—not with trust. Fourth—Lying makes cowards of us. The doctor who makes a "fake" vaccination scar and the parent who exhibits it as a vaccination scar are cowards to start with, and are more cowardly afterwards—that which they find so easy to avoid they cease to fight.

I am informed by Dr. Tilden that he has frequently been requested to make "fake" vaccination scars and has always refused. In many cases the parent would later inform him that Doctor So-and-so had made the scar and given a vaccination certificate

for one dollar—a sum more than equalling the caliber of the M. D. who does such a job.

No one has less respect for vaccination than I, but I have far less, even, for the person so short-sighted, foolish and cowardly as to resort to pretense to avoid it.

The continued practice of this attempted deception will cause the vaccinationists to obtain the passage of laws providing for the appointment of public vaccination officers and requiring all children to hold certificates from those officers.

It will have another and much more serious result. The evil effects of vaccination on its victims, constitute the strongest card of the "antis." Every person who bears a "fake" scar is counted (if the trick be successful), as one of vaccinated. This person will, of course, exhibit none of the ill effects of vaccination and will thus add to the numbers of those pointed to by the vaccinationists as healthy (unharmd) "victims."

If every person who advocates or practices the "fake" vaccination would put the same amount of thought and energy into open warfare on the genuine article, it would take but a short time to stamp it out. Why weaken your own fighting force and at the same time furnish ammunition to the enemy?

The careful analysing of any other proposition for desecp-tion will bring you to the same conclusion, namely, that "Honesty is the best policy"—that a rational "enlightened selfishness" calls for absolute truth in all things. —*Carle Whitehead.*



BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Scarlet Shadow—By Walter Hurt. A story of the great Colorado conspiracy. Published by "The Appeal Publishing Company," Girard, Kansas. Price, \$1.50.

Walter Hurt is an interesting writer. His style is superb, and as an

advocate he is *dreadfully* convincing, even when one does not agree with him.

"The Scarlet Shadow" is the Western Federation of Labor's side—best foot foremost—of the great Politico-Mine-Owners-Labor Trouble, that put such a disgraceful blot on the history of Colorado.

The confession of Orchard told the truth about one side, but it will take the confessions of an orthodox judgment day to extract the truth from the other side.

Just about a dozen men taken from both sides and hung as "high as Haman," would have been a small compensation to decent society for the trouble heaped upon it by these human hogs that vandalize it, just for what there is in it for them.

"The Scarlet Shadow" is a sugar-coated bolus for the partisans of one side of this great state disgrace to swallow and look pleasant about.

Probably Mr. Hurt's book will not be read by any except non-partisans and those in sympathy with the side it advocates, but I can frankly say that "Scarlet Shadow" is equal to any of Dumas and should please any one large enough to put by his prejudice and read it as a *literary production*.

* * *

Across Lots to Success—Published by Winifred Fales. 871 East 170th St., New York City.

There is much of God-Wisdom, Divine-Wisdom, Deity, God-Power, Spirit, etc., talked in the 32 pages of this booklet, and for those who like to read about something that they know no more about than the writer, this little book is worth the quarter (25 cents) the publisher charges for it.

* * *

The Little Book—Published monthly in the interest of the School for Defective Vision, Hearing and Speech, No. 403 Newberry Boulevard, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price, \$2.00 per year.

So far as printing is concerned it is done *Roycroftie* by the Roycrofters. Also Elbert Hubbard contributed to the April number. Other prominent men will follow.

* * *

Farmers' Institutes in Pennsylvania—

This is Bulletin No. 158 of the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania. It can probably be obtained without difficulty by those interested enough to write and ask for it. The contents are of use to those not only in Pennsylvania, but elsewhere, who are interested in agriculture in an in-

telligent, progressive and business-like way, and especially to those trying to organize or perfect such systems of meetings among farmers. The "Institutes" are in the nature of "experience meetin's" under the leadership and guidance of picked local and outside speakers on the subjects of especial interest and importance at the time and in the locality of the "Institute." We are indebted for this copy to L. W. Lighty, East Berlin, Pa., lecturer at all Institutes in Section Three. W.

* * *

The Cradle—A monthly magazine edited and published by Mabel MacCoy Irwin, Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents a year; 5 cents single copy.

This publication is brought out to fill a long-felt want. Just two lines at the close of an editorial will give the discerning a hint as to the object of this publication: "Enforced motherhood will continue until free motherhood takes its place; in the meantime, 'race suicide.'" W.

* * *

Astrological Iconoclast—A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Presentation and Demonstration of Revolutionary Truths—Edited and published by Frank Theodore Allen, Watontown, Berlin P. O., N. J. Price, 25 cents a year and 5 cents a copy.

We are in receipt of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of Vol. I. The editor says this is his third attempt at establishing a magazine. He says: "I've got something to say." Let us hope that he will find lots of people willing to listen to him.

There is something required besides having "something to say." A parrot has something to say and usually says it, whether it has an auditor or not.

What one has to say must be of importance to more people than the one saying it; if not, the one who has a message must be possessed of infinite patience, industry and economy, and then have enough combativeness to fight in season and out of season, or he can't hope to win. Infinite tact is necessary. Just any old fight won't do. A little knocking down and dragging out occasionally is very good, just for an object lesson, but there is a time for fighting and a time for running away, but never a time for surrendering, unless it is the shortest road to victory.

To mould public opinion is easy enough when it is in the line of its ignorance and superstition, but if it is in opposition to established habits of thinking—in opposition to custom and convention—the one undertaking it

must be willing to face poverty, disgrace (it's considered disgraceful to be condemned by the so-called *best people*), and perhaps die of old age without succeeding.

It's easy enough to found a little two-by-four cult if it is sugared over with an inane, mysterious, non-understandable religious creed, or a cure that has a bogus name and has been imported from a people who have not evolved beyond the fig leaf period of either mind or body; but to hope or expect to attract any considerable per cent of humanity to take hold of a simple plan of health or morals—a plan that a child could understand—if said plan is in opposition to inherited beliefs, is to invite disappointment and ultimate failure; and it is right that it should be so, for the pace of evolution is slow and all short-cuts either forward or backward would be disastrous. Prohibition and evangelization are the processes by which man undertakes to give nature pointers, but nature smiles good-naturedly and retains her poise, while man beats his brains out against the Gibraltar of his own ignorance.

If our friend Allen has anything to say that it worth saying, he must be willing to say it, and take as his reward the satisfaction of knowing that he is in harmony with nature, and that when nature works out the ideal he longs for, he will then enjoy his share of the victory. When we don't win is when we undertake to beat nature to the goal.

* * *

The Discovery of the Soul—By Floyd B. Wilson. 12 mo., cloth, \$1.00, postpaid. R. F. Fenno & Company, 18 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

* * *

"*The Fra*."

"*The Fra*" did not get out in March; the reason was it was so overloaded with good stuff—brain pabulum—and the snow was so deep (the snow that fell on all other publications because of "*The Fra's*" prospective victory over them), that it was delayed; but it did arrive without any punctures, April first, and it is all that was promised. It has the rare quality of being both educational and artistic.

The CLUB gives "*The Fra*" a hearty welcome and a sincere wish that it may reap the success it deserves.

The Hubbards have done themselves proud in this last enterprise. Much was expected, and we are not disappointed. Price, 25 cents single copy; \$2.00 a year.

LETTERS FROM CLUBITES.

The "stuff" with which you stuff the "STUFFED 'CLUB'" is good stuff.
—B. C. B., Chicago.

* * *

One article in August, 1907, CLUB is worth to any one the year's subscription.—P. B. H., Montreal, Canada.

* * *

Enclosed am placing order for renewal of subscription to your indispensable publication.—Dr. A. E. T., Milton, Wis.

* * *

A copy of your magazine, A STUFFED CLUB, fell into my hands, and the result is I want to see more of it.—E. W., Genessee, Idaho.

* * *

The CLUB comes regularly. You continue to suit me; there are a few lines in many places in the book that are worth more than the \$1.00 I enclose.—J. L. B., Milford, Mass.

* * *

Please give me the worth hereof (with \$1 enclosed) in STUFFED CLUBS I mean at your regular rates. Of course, it wouldn't give me many copies at their real value.—S. L. R., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

I consider a year's subscription to the STUFFED CLUB a liberal education to either physician or layman. I only have pity and contempt for the consummate ass who hasn't got the moral and mental character to appreciate the very great truths brought out in the CLUB. I hope you will live 200 years and then some.—Dr. I. N. K., Mountain Grove, Mo.

* * *

Dear Sir—Enclosed please find money order for \$1.00 in payment for a year's subscription to your admirable magazine, to commence with the January issue. I have bought it month by month at the news stands for possibly a year, and it fills a keenly felt want all right. It is the only publication I ever struck that doesn't monkey with symptoms, but goes right to the bottom principles that we ought to perceive and observe. Good luck to you.—G. W. G., Los Angeles, Calif.

ATTENTION!
PUBLISHERS, AGENCIES, ADVERTISERS.

Publishers—Our *free* and *exchange* lists are cut off beginning with this number.

Please remember! You cannot club with A STUFFED CLUB for one cent less than 75 cents, and if you send us less we will send it back.

* * *

Agencies—The CLUB is not a catchpenny proposition! Our commission to you is 25 per cent. If you don't like it simply forget it. Don't bother us by sending 50 or 60 cents to pay for subscription, for we will surely return it to you. Save yourself the trouble of explaining that all the first-class and leading dollar magazines give you 50 per cent commission. The CLUB doesn't owe a dollar, and it pays spot cash for everything! Why? Because it knows what it is worth and insists on a living profit.

* * *

Advertisers—Our *exchange* advertising and *discounts* are cut out beginning with this issue. We are not genuflecting to advertisers. We go on the principle that they need us as badly as we need them—we can live without them just as long as they can live without us.

We do not believe that the seining methods commonly used to land a large subscription list are calculated to land a very choice class of subscribers. We prefer a solid growth of substantial people—people who know what they want when they see it.

The CLUB motto in this regard is: Quality rather than quantity.