

THE YOGI

Published on the first day of every month

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Carson City, Nevada

GUY GUINAN, Publisher
Carson City, Nevada

Subscription Price, 5 cents a copy 50 cents a year, in advance

Vol. I

OCTOBER

No. IV

EDITORIAL NOTES

By SYDNEY FLOWER

[The editor of *THE YOGI* was arrested in Chicago, Jan. 15, 1910, on a charge of misuse of the mails in connection with mining stock. His experiences in a Chicago jail were given in the July number of *THE YOGI*.]

CONFUSED THOUGHT Scarcely any one of us is in the habit of following a thought to the end. We rest content with partial solutions of matters that are well within the scope of our powers would we but take the trouble to apply them. The distinguishing quality of the thought of such men as Stuart Mill, Huxley, Spinoza, and, in fact, of all those whom we call "great men" is its thoroughness. They pursued to the end. They went as far as they could go. But we stop short of the

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final effort, content to have only a fairly clear idea. John Burroughs, a modern philosopher, with whom we shall hope to make you more closely acquainted in these pages shortly, has laid stress upon this point in so far as it refers to the habit of continued observation. He has pointed out that accuracy in any study is only obtained at the cost of protracted research; and that most of the error given to the world under the name of knowledge was the fruit of insufficient attention to the matter in hand; the result being wrong deductions regarding the thing seen, and a whole chapter of errors for posterity to upset and rewrite.

A very good way of beginning now to cultivate in yourself a habit of seeing to the end of a question, in other words, a good way to accustom yourself to exact thought, is to begin a certain elementary course of self-examination with regard to your present habits and customs. For example, there are many things that you do daily as a matter of habit, but if you should ask yourself with regard to one of these, "Do I do this because there is a strong desire in me to do it, or do I do it because I did it yesterday and the day before?"—if you would ask yourself this apparently simple question, you would find that most of the impulses which express themselves in you in action are not desires at all, are not even volitions, but are habits, which have fastened unobserved upon the mind as barnacles fasten on a

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ship's keel, impeding its progress. The immediate benefit to you of this self examination will lie in the fact that, perhaps for the first time in your life, you are making an attempt to get at an exact understanding of yourself, and are demanding a reason why of yourself. This is very healthful as a course of training to the mind, which, led by this easy beginning into the channel of accurate investigation, insensibly progresses to the habit of giving sustained attention to matters outside of itself. So that, from such a simple beginning as this springs the quality of thoroughness in thinking. It will be worth your while to make this quality yours.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT I never write the name of Thomas Paine without calling to mind the uncomfortable memory that our delightful ex-president, T. R., once referred to Paine as "a dirty little atheist." I wish it might prove to be only a "canard," but it is more than likely to be true that our Theodore really made the remark. It is perhaps idle to affirm at this day that Paine was no more an atheist than Mr. Roosevelt himself, and it is foolish to call attention to what every school boy knows, that Paine was not only the friend of Jefferson, but actually had more to do with the revolt of the colonies from Great Britain than any of the men whose great names are honored today as the inspiration of the movement that made the United States a

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nation. In order to understand how a President of the United States could be guilty of the gaucherie and crude idiocy of the above remark it is necessary that you understand something more of the nature of T. R. than you are likely to find in the adulations of the Insurgent press or the cold dislike of such bulwarks of the conservative spirit as the New York Sun. I have often thought that the truth is never to be found in these extremes of opinion.

The explanation of our Theodore's slur on the memory of a really great man is to be found in the fact that he is himself a troglodyte; a throw-back to prehistoric days, when the highest type of man would necessarily combine the virtues of courage, honesty, determination and practical efficiency, with the faults of obstinacy, empiricism, and short-sightedness. In one of this type the ability to see two sides to a question of right is lacking. Necessarily so. It was because of his singular directness and want of hesitation that T. R. gripped the affections of the American public, who, above all else, love the man who "does things." And the man of action as Roosevelt undoubtedly is, troubles himself very little about the abstract right or wrong. His idea is to "get action." Such men not only make the kind of leader that the crowd will follow to the death, but they succeed where the higher type of mind, the statesman-mind, fails. They establish order where riot was. They correct abuses that flourish under

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broader and wiser rule. They see only one side to a question; and they act at once. If they on occasion resemble a steamroller in their annihilation of whatever gets in their way it must be allowed that they do very thoroughly flatten out the obstacles in their path. And, so far as the success of their general policies is concerned, you can see how much more likely they are to make a ten strike by their single-minded vigor than is a man of the Gladstone type, for instance, a wise many-sided man, of such judicial fairness of temperament that he could look upon the woes of the Dutch Republics in South Africa with the eyes of a Boer, and recognize the rights of the Boers in preference to the wishes of those Englishmen who had enriched themselves through the diamond mines and gold mines of the Rand. But Mr. Gladstone's ability to see two sides to a question plunged England later into the sacrifice of life and money in the war that succeeded his timorous policy of concessions to the Boers. All of which only means that if T. R. had sat in Gladstone's seat as Prime Minister he would have managed much better than did that eminent statesman. And yet there is no one, familiar at all with the character of the two men, who will deny that in the essential things that constitute greatness Gladstone towered above our idol as the headmaster towers over the pugnacious schoolboy.

But it happens that this directness and force which are at times admirable in action are also

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to err in things that call for a wider sympathy of understanding. Roosevelt is, of course, a theologian of the old school. He belongs to some one or other of the established forms of Dissent, and having made his selection long ago, has never felt in any need of revising his choice, doubt being foreign to his character. Men of action seldom trouble themselves with speculative thought. To them a faith is a simple, easily accepted and sacred thing. To doubt or revise would savor of indecision, and they are not, at any time, either doubtful or undecided. But this very loyalty to his own Creed, whatever it may be, in Mr. Roosevelt, while it would make him an admirable Crusader were the necessity to defend his faith ever to arise, leaves him absolutely blind to the point of view of such a man as Thomas Paine, who was so saturated with hatred of all forms of human oppression, and so determined to right them, if he could, that he did not care in the least to concern himself with matters beyond the earth, except to point out a few of the absurdities existing in the popular Creeds of his day. To me, the example of such a life of pure human joy and happiness as that lived by Robert Ingersoll, for example, is of greater value to humanity than the pealing of a thousand organs in a thousand churches, but that would not be Mr. Roosevelt's opinion.

GOOD AND BAD—It is a pity that man is so much a partisan in matters theological that his heart clouds his brain. The words "good" and

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"bad" are in common use to express his feelings with regard to things that are in themselves neither good nor bad. For instance, they who refuse to believe certain things are said to be "in darkness," while they who do so believe are acclaimed as "blessed" and "enlightened," so that you might infer that there is neither blessedness nor happiness nor clear sight possible to the skeptic, the agnostic and the unbeliever. But the reverse appears to be the truth. This terminology is, in fact, mere poetic imagery. It is special pleading. It is the heart-moving appeal of eminent counsel, which sways the jury, but leaves the question of law untouched.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT And, speaking of law reminds me that the trial of C N Murdoch which was set for Sept. 7th. and later put off to Sept. 21st, has been again postponed till the end of the month, because a civil case comes up for hearing on the 21st. It would seem to an observer that a criminal case which kept a possibly innocent man in jail till tried should take precedence of any other kind of a case, but the government of the United States which can contemplate with equanimity the spectacle of a number of its citizens languishing in jail until such time, some six or seven months later, as it is ready to try these men to find out if they are in truth guilty or innocent, is in no hurry to terminate their confinement. The government argues, if it deigns to argue at all on

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a matter so slight, that since these men have grown accustomed to the twilight of their prisons, a few weeks more or less can make very little difference to them.

BARBAROUS AMERICA—Some months ago there appeared in the pages of an eastern magazine of large general circulation, a series of articles under the heading, **BARBAROUS MEXICO**. With that singular want of humor which is characteristic of the American public it did not seem to dawn upon anyone that the title was absurd when applied by the United States towards any other country not actually cannibalistic.

In point of fact there are more atrocities committed in these United States every year than would supply Mexico for a decade. And our atrocities, be pleased to observe, will not be corrected by our government even when they are brought to that government's attention unless there is some kind of political capital to be made out of a move on the part of the officials concerned. For example, in the August number of the Yogi I gave the full details of the abuse of government prisoners in the County Jail at Reno, Nevada, in the matter of food. I sent a copy of the paper to the Attorney General's office at Washington, together with a letter calling particular attention to the abuse, and urging that action be taken to right it. In course of time a reply came back saying that the matter would be called to the attention

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of Mr. Wickersham on his return from Alaska. Is there no one in the office of the Attorney General during the absence of the chief who has sufficient gumption or authority to stop an evil that is ridiculously simple? Here is no abstruse problem calling for the exercise of high diplomatic talent. It is simply a dirty little graft that should be stopped, with or without Mr. Wickersham. The facts are these. Pardon me if I go into them again at length, but the government attaches a singular importance to mere repetition, and is more impressed by noise than by reasoning. Once more then, the facts.

The prisoners in the Reno Jail are fed upon the slops collected from the tables of the Riverside Hotel, although the government pays for each of its prisoners the sum of 25 cents per meal. These men are not prisoners who have been sentenced, after being tried and found guilty. On the contrary; at least half of them are men awaiting trial, who may be turned loose when their trial does at last take place. The reason why their food is so bad is that the Riverside Hotel only receives from the Commissioners of Washoe County the sum of 12 1/2 cents for each meal per prisoner, and it stands to reason that no one could cook and serve anything like a decent meal for that sum. So the authorities, either the County Commissioners, or the City Fathers, or Sheriff Ferrel, or Marshal Humphries, are actually stealing half the money that is put up by the government to feed these

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men. It is not likely that the money actually finds its way into the pockets of the County Commissioners, but when the manager of the Riverside Hotel was asked by Marshal Humphries at the request of a prisoner in the Reno Jail why the food was so bad, the manager spake as follows: "I'm running a highclass hotel here, and I do not propose to try to serve a meal for 12 1-2 cents. You tell the County Commissioners to come through with the full amount that I ought to get, 25 cents, and I'll have a separate meal cooked twice a day for the prisoners." This conversation was reported by Marshal Humphries to Walter Saling, the prisoner who had complained to the Marshal, and Walter Saling reported it to me. Now I report it to the government, in the feeble hope that it may occur to the representative of that government sitting in the Attorney General's office at Washington, that this abuse should be stopped. I would suggest to the government also that if it is desired to get the facts it would not be wise to do as the Federal Grand Jury in Reno did recently in their alleged investigation of the conditions at the County Jail. The Grand Jury, in fact, signified its intention of looking into the matter of feeding the prisoners, having heard rumors to the effect that all was not quite as it should be. With this end in view they sent to Mr. Ferrel, the Sheriff, to ask him for the loan of a couple of prisoners to testify before their honorable body with respect to these matters. Ha,

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wouldn't it make a cat laugh? Sheriff Ferrel released unto them two men, one of whom had been in only two days, and was not likely to peril his comfort by telling the truth, and the other a natural-born boarder at the jail, who, of choice, spent the greater part of his life behind the bars, and who could not be driven away by anything short of a conflagration. Might it not have occurred to this intelligent body that by calling the manager of the Riverside and asking one question "Do you get 12 1-2 cents or 25 cents a meal from the County Commissioners for these prisoners?" they could have settled the whole affair in two minutes. Will it occur, I wonder, to the intelligence of the Attorney General at Washington that he might perhaps get at the facts as simply? Or, I should say, that he might at one time have got at the truth thus. At present I am not so sure that the manager of the Riverside would admit that he was only getting 12 1-2 cents per meal per man. Suppose YOU were a County Commissioner, and you were about to be hauled up by the government for a graft of the cheapest and dirtiest kind, would you not be likely to go to the manager of the Riverside and say, "Why, Tom, or Bill, we don't want to get the town into bad repute by letting this lunatic chap at Carson have his own way about this food in the jail. Now, if they strike you about it, you just say that you're getting the full 25 cents, will you, like a good feller, and I'll appreciate it, Tom, I will sure. The

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town's got to stick together, Tom, you know that. And, if there's anything I can do for you, Tom, I'm not likely to forget it.' Yes, you might fill in the details of the probable conversation in this case. But we'll hope for the best. We'll hope that the government will really do something, and that the manager of the Riverside is really an honest man, and will tell the truth. It's a pretty forlorn hope, but such as it is we must cling to it. It seems to me that the guilty parties in this case should serve a period of their lives in jail, and if it could be so managed that their food should consist of just such mess as they are today compelling the prisoners to eat, the claims of justice would be met in full. Personally I think their heads should be rubbed in jail-stew every morning for a year, but this is perhaps a sentimental weakness.

Marshal Humphries says he cannot stop this abuse. Has it occurred to Marshal Humphries that he is a sort of representative of the government at Washington, and that if he sees an abuse that demands correction it is his duty, and should be his business, to report the matter to Washington? Is this a difficult problem? If so, then God help us all, and save us from the intelligence of our marshals. Sheriff Ferrel says that he is not getting this graft money, and cannot stop the abuse, or improve the food. So? And how long, do you think, would Sheriff Regan of the Carson Jail stand for this kind of food for his prisoners.

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if such a proposition were to come up for adjustment during his term of office? How long? About a minute. I do not say that Sheriff Ferrel is getting this graft money, but I say that he knows who is getting it, and that he can stop it if he wants to.

Federal prisoners as a class are not of a molly-coddle type. They do not ask the Sheriff to tuck them up in bed, or supply them with napkins at meals. But they do ask that the food, if it is nothing but dry bread, shall be clean, and shall not be the refuse which some one else has already picked over and rejected. It is good evidence of the fact that they are not kickers as a class that this is the first time that this matter has ever been made public. And it has been going on for a great many years. Allowing an average all the year round of 20 Federal prisoners in the Reno jail, then the rake off on the food is 20 times 25 cents per day, or \$5 per diem. Pitiful, is it not? Would you think it possible that a man would do such a dirty thing as this for \$5 a day? A barbarous Mexican, perhaps, but surely not a citizen of the Home of the Free and the Land of the Brave. Oh, surely not.

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From those clear-sighted ones who have passed on we have gleaned much of ideal thought upon matters that are beyond reason.

Both Emerson and Thoreau, radiant spirits, untinged with superstition, believed absolutely in the nearness of Invisible Presences, and in the active operation of what may be called Divine Intervention in human affairs. But it must be added that they expressly denied the agency of what is called Luck, maintaining that all things proceeded in order under beneficent Moral Law. There is something very manly about Emerson's belief. It reaches aloft with its branches to the heavens, like a giant tree, scarcely bending its head to the tempests. It is a strong thing. It supplies a sturdy, wholesome, generous and sufficing faith in the Divine Pedigree and Destiny of Man. It was said of Emerson that he had "the faith of all out-doors." He was a joyous spirit, and seems to us today to have had very little of the animal in him. Thoreau, a serene and pure intellect, an interpreter of Nature, and lover of trees and animals rather in preference to his kind, seems to have been as sure of the actuality of the nearness of the Divine Presence as Emerson. From such men we learn gratefully. Both, it is well to remember, believed in the Guiding Hand, and were content to so believe without seeking to give concrete shape to something beyond the grasp of the finite mind. It was Thoreau who said: "I know that God is

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I do not know if that is the name. You will know whom I mean."

The Yogi believes that we can by degrees open certain channels in our natures into which may be suffused a consciousness of Life at present invisible to the senses of sight, touch or hearing, but which may in time become apparent to the senses, so that to "talk with God" may not be a physical impossibility for us.

The Yogi believes that man is at all times surrounded by invisible intelligences, whom we refer to as the Masters, who interest themselves in his destiny.

The Yogi believes that no act of ours, no thought of ours, is without its influence upon the invisible as upon the visible.

The Yogi believes that every human being contains the spiritual germ that may evolve into the powers of a Master: the germ of individual immortality.

The Yogi believes that Love is the key to knowledge. These things we believe, though these things are above and beyond reason as we understand reason.

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THE MEANING OF LIFE—Speaking generally, to the young life is a joke; to the old it is a tragedy. But not all the young find it a joke, and not all the old have found it a tragedy. It is not the least part of the debt that we owe to the brave souls who have gone before that we are able to gather from their writings their individual answers to the question. "What did life mean to **YOU?**" Thus, the life-philosophy of Robert Louis Stevenson—Robert the well-beloved—was something like this.—"To make my neighbor happy; not to try to make him better, but to try to make him happy; to be content to fail; to strive to win; to be glad to win; but, above all, to know that the important thing is the striving, not the success or failure that attends the striving; to take joy only in the doing, leaving results to themselves"—that is Stevenson's philosophy, and I wonder if any man ever formulated a better in the history of the world.



Cure of Consumption

By SYDNEY FLOWER

Suppose you should find in your mail today a letter addressed to you by a man whom you did not know, setting forth the bald fact that he (your unknown correspondent) had cured a hundred people of consumption, in all stages of the disease, and that one year's time—one little year—would suffice to drive out Tuberculosis from the world's stage, if his simple directions were followed—what would you do about it?

What would you do, if his letter also contained those directions in detail, and if you saw clearly that he was not looking for any profit to himself whatsoever, and if you noted that the total cost of the treatment to the patient could not exceed one dollar—what would you do?

You would throw the letter into the waste-basket, mutter "Some crank!" reflect that the medical profession was making great strides in the curing of consumption, touch the thought that it was none of your business anyhow, and so dismiss the matter.

Nevertheless, I propose to do that very thing, namely, call your attention to a new, simple, inexpensive and certain cure for consumption, and,

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after you have read what I have to say, I shall expect you to see to it that the matter does not end here.

That old cry of Cain's "Am I my brother's keeper?" will not pass muster. You are responsible—**YOU**. You are one of a community, one of a civilized people, and if you know anything that will assist that people to improve its standard of health it is your duty to spread the knowledge. Of a surety this matter **IS** your business. I come of a consumptive race. My father and elder brother both died of tuberculosis of the lungs at less than thirty-five years of age. When I was twenty-five I had the "earmarks," namely, emaciation of body, night-sweats, cough, expectoration, and rise of temperature in the afternoon with a chest-expansion of only two inches. I took up certain breathing exercises, made a study of diet, lived as much as possible out-of-doors, and eventually cured myself, reaching a normal weight, and having today a chest-expansion of five inches.

I tell you this much about my own case, not because it has any bearing on the new cure, but that you may see that I have had good reason to pay close attention to Tuberculosis all my life. And, if through the knowledge I have become possessed of, this dreadful scourge may be checked and driven off the field, if others are fortunate enough through me to save the stricken in their own families, it would seem that those near to me have not died in vain.

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We will not waste any time in defining Tuberculosis. You know it well enough. But certain of the effects of Tuberculosis we must examine. Speaking broadly, then, a consumptive is one who is burning up faster than he can repair himself. He is consuming his own tissue. His temperature is above normal, rising to feverish.

Now what we have to do to cure this man—**ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO CURE HIM** is to increase his weight, and clean his blood.

It will render more vivid to you this story, if we change the form of address and pretend that you who read are a victim of tuberculosis, and that I am telling **YOU** what you must do to be cured.

First, it is immaterial whether you have tuberculosis of the glands, or of the lungs; whether you are in the first or last stages; whether you have cough and hemorrhages, and are reduced to skin and bone. If you have only half of one lung left, that half lung will carry you through some years yet of tranquil life. If you have as much as one whole lung left you should live to enjoy a green old age, if you will do what I tell you to do.

First of all, you will send out to the drug store for 10 cents worth of Croton Oil. Taken internally Croton Oil is a poison. Taken in very small doses it is used by the profession as a powerful cathartic. But you will not use it internally.

Now get from a dry goods store a 10 cent roll of that unbleached cotton used for padding quilts

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or mattresses. Don't get the sterilized, medicated cotton from the drug store, because that does not carry the heat of the other and cheaper kind. Now get a 25-cent bottle of sweet oil. That's all you need.

Some time after breakfast, say 10 a. m., get a friend to rub this Croton Oil on your back, using his hand to rub the oil in well, from the top of the spine to the small of the back—don't go as high as the neck, and don't go lower than the kidneys. He should rub it in especially well between the shoulder blades. The best way is for him to measure with the cotton roll a space narrower than the cotton by three inches on each side and rub the Croton Oil evenly and thoroughly into this space, going over every inch of the surface several times.

This will use up about a third of your supply of Croton Oil, and the 10 cents worth should be about sufficient to see you through the second and third treatments, which follow this in ten and twenty days. Now unroll your cotton and tear out a small oval from one end to fit the back of the neck, so that the end in the form of flaps rests on each shoulder. The pressure of your clothing upon your shoulders will thus hold the cotton in place, and prevent it from slipping down during the day. Now put on your clothes and go about your business. From first to last there is nothing in this treatment that interferes in the least with

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your usual daily routine. Women can even wear a corset over the cotton if they wish.

Now, as to your food. You have been eating, probably, three meals a day. You must begin from this time to eat four meals a day, regardless of whether you have an appetite or not. Also, you must drink not less than five pints of fluid every day; tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, hot water, cold water,—anything and everything you like to drink you may drink, with one exception. You are not allowed while you are taking this Croton Oil treatment to touch alcohol in any form. That is the one and only exception, and a very easy thing to remember. As to exercise, take as little as possible.

As to air, take all you can hold. The windows in your room must never be closed, night or day. Sit outside the house in the daytime, well-wrapped up if it is cold, keeping in the sunshine if possible, and begin to teach yourself to breathe deeply. Avoid all set forms of breathing exercises. Have nothing to do with any system that advocates the holding of the breath for any stated number of seconds. Forget all that, if you ever knew it, and remember just one thing about breathing. It must be your constant ambition to draw more and more air into your lungs, at a breath, every day. That is your exercise. That is all the exercise you need to take care of the increased amount of food you are now eating. Do

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not worry about your stomach or your digestion. The fact that you have consumption means that you have a temperature above the normal, and when to that you add these steady and continuous breathing exercises, you can burn up twice the amount of food that a normal individual needs for his sustenance without any ill-effects whatever. Remember, you must eat four times a day whether you want to or not. Do what I tell you to do. You must sleep with the windows of your room wide open. Double the coverings if you feel too cold, and remember to carry on your breathing exercises in bed. At first, you won't sleep much. That is of no consequence. The increased oxygen in the blood will naturally cause activity of the brain, and that, of course, means wakefulness. Don't worry about insomnia; the time is coming when you will sleep like a baby.

The cotton must not be removed when you go to bed. Later, as I shall explain, it may be changed, but it must not be removed. You will carry it on your back for a week, night and day.

The first night, after the Croton Oil has been applied, you will not notice anything but an agreeable warmth on the back. The following morning, if you are curious enough to look at yourself in the glass, you will see that your back, from the top to the bottom of the spine, is covered with small papules, red, like the rash of scarlatina. Don't gaze upon it too long, but cover it up quick.

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It is at least my own discovery.

I know that it will cure Consumption.

I know that the Croton Oil treatment used exactly as given here will cure Rheumatism in its acute or inflammatory form; but not in that stage known as ankylosis of the joints. It is impossible for even pure blood to dissolve bony deposits. In the case of Rheumatism or Gout or Lumbago or any disease of that type there is usually present a torpidity of the eliminative functions; the liver and kidneys are sluggish, and the accepted theory of the cause of the Rheumatism is today that the uneliminated uric acid in the system causes the inflammation. It will therefore be evident to you that in the cure of Rheumatism you do not proceed as you would in the cure of consumption. You do not seek to make weight, and, while you should drink not less than five pints of fluid daily, you are not required to eat four meals a day, but should get along if possible to do so in comfort on not more than two. Moreover it will occur to you that for Rheumatism a diet of less than the usual amount of meat daily will be advisable. This is only common sense. But, with regard to the Croton Oil treatment, you are to proceed exactly as indicated for the cure of Consumption.

I do not know that the Croton Oil treatment will cure Malaria, but it should

I do not know that it will cure Anemia, but it should.

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I do not know that it will cure Syphilis, or that development of Syphilitic infection which is called Locomotor Ataxia, but it looks as if it should remove the syphilitic virus from the blood, if given in the early stages of that disease, and so prevent the oncoming of the Ataxia. In the latter disease there is a change of the spinal marrow from a fluid to a coagulated form, resembling the white of egg; and it is apparent that no blood medicine can alter this condition.

But there is a remarkably wide field open for experiment here and I am not prepared to say that the Croton Oil treatment will be found useless in the cure of Old Age, since the opinion of Metchnikoff, the eminent Russian, is now generally accepted to the effect that old age is merely a condition resulting from the superiority of malignant microbes in the system, and especially in the large intestine, over those other infinitesimal agents which he terms benevolent microbes, and which in youth and health are sufficiently powerful to rout the attack of the evil germs. It looks as if the Croton Oil treatment should lend valuable aid in restoring to the blood that quality of a dissolvent which is necessary to remove from the arteries those accumulations of foreign matter which accompany the wear and tear of a long life, and which manifest and crystalize into the specific disease known as Sclerosis or Hardening of the Arteries.

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It is at least my own discovery.

I know that it will cure Consumption.

I know that the Croton Oil treatment used exactly as given here will cure Rheumatism in its acute or inflammatory form; but not in that stage known as ankylosis of the joints. It is impossible for even pure blood to dissolve bony deposits.

In the case of Rheumatism or Gout or Lumbago or any disease of that type there is usually present a torpidity of the eliminative functions; the liver and kidneys are sluggish, and the accepted theory of the cause of the Rheumatism is today that the uneliminated uric acid in the system causes the inflammation. It will therefore be evident to you that in the cure of Rheumatism you do not proceed as you would in the cure of consumption. You do not seek to make weight, and, while you should drink not less than five pints of fluid daily, you are not required to eat four meals a day, but should get along if possible to do so in comfort on not more than two. Moreover it will occur to you that for Rheumatism a diet of less than the usual amount of meat daily will be advisable. This is only common sense. But, with regard to the Croton Oil treatment, you are to proceed exactly as indicated for the cure of Consumption.

I do not know that the Croton Oil treatment will cure Malaria, but it should.

I do not know that it will cure Anemia, but it should.

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But when Christian ministers degrade their exhortations to the level of electioneering abuse, they make a spectacle of themselves that fills the heart of the average citizen with inextinguishable laughter.

It is perhaps idle to suggest to the Rev. Mr. Hornaday that his Master's service calls rather for kindness, charity, and love than for bitterness and ill-nature, but he will perhaps bear in mind in future that the steadily increasing skepticism of the age with regard to matters theological is chiefly due to the intellectual and moral insufficiency of those who are supposed to be the mouth-pieces of divine truth—the clergy.

Moreover, it is a fair bet that Mr. Hornaday holds his present job just so long as he demonstrates his fitness to "win souls to Christ," as the saying goes, and it would seem to an outsider that his teaching is more likely to cause the Arch Enemy of mankind to chuckle than the hosts of heaven to rejoice.

If this is the case, Mr. Hornaday's bishop may interfere suddenly with Mr. Hornaday's bread-and-butter, and I accordingly entreat the reverend gentleman to be careful and walk, like Agag, "delicately."

To a very large number of people it is highly entertaining that a man who differs from other men only in the fact that he buttons his collar at the

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However, this is merely speculative. I offer you this treatment as a safe, simple, speedy and economical cure for Consumption on the one hand, and as the only known cure for Rheumatism in its inflammatory stage.

The treatment is absolutely safe. As a matter of curiosity I went through it myself three times before I considered that I knew enough about its detail to advise its use even for those who consider themselves in perfect health. It is certain to benefit even the healthy, and can be employed on the young as safely as upon the old.

Reverting again to Consumption I wish to say that there is a great deal of nonsense talked today about the fresh-air cure; the advocates of this method overlooking the fact that a Consumptive chills very easily, and must consequently never be allowed to sit at the window for the purpose of getting a plentiful supply of fresh air unless he, the patient, is wrapped up so completely that there is no discomfort whatever from the cold.

If there is anything in the above that you do not clearly grasp I wish you would write me for further information to Carson City, putting your difficulties in the form of a question. It seems to me, however, that the article is clearness itself, and I do not see why you should write me about it until you have some results to report.

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We have a number of physicians on our subscription list and I should be especially glad to hear from them after they have made trial of this remedy.

In conclusion let me ask you to read over the opening sentences of this article wherein it is asserted that it is your duty as your neighbor's keeper to pass on the tidings to some friend or relative of one afflicted.

Spread the good news. If this remedy were taken up over the United States, and applied as directed, there would not be found a case of Tuberculosis in the country after the lapse of one little year.

