E0841

Biogenetic Marvels

The ROMANCE *of* BIOLOGY

Disclosing Man's Infinite Potentialities

WITH APPENDIX:

Pertinent Probing of
"Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation"

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

PART TWO

"Truths would you teach to save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

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1049. In entire good faith I concluded this perennial theme many moons since, as indicated in "Section Twenty-four." But typographical adjustments perplexed; the stream continued to flow; the old wheel to turn and more grist is the sequel—as the survivors will doubtless contemplate with dismay, bordering on despair.

1050. The saintly Richard Baxter departed this life in fullness of years, yet greatly lamented. And I am reminded of the enterprising publisher who speedily reaped a golden harvest by issuing a brochure, entitled *"Baxter's Last Words."* But the climax came when, erelong his cupidity, forced the appearance of *"More Last Words!"*

1051. With exceeding charity I have omitted names in quoting authors; but in fairness will more specifically give the latest, perchance, from Professor John R. Murlin, at Cornell University Medical College: "This lecture opened with emphasis upon the independence of the embryo. The enzymes which enable it to secure materials for its own nourishment, from the mother, are really a part of the mechanism of heredity.

1052. "After producing the ovum, the mother has no further influence on the hereditary factors. The enzymes of the embryo, however, can act only

on certain proteins of its own species. After a period which may well be called *parasitism*, the new and the old organisms become accommodated one to the other, and enjoy a period of what Bar has denominated 'harmonious symbiosis,' of both substance and energy—metabolism." And this address was delivered before the *Harvey Society*, at the New York Academy of Medicine. Is it our duty to piously forget the decades of abuse heaped, in sundry tongues, upon this benefactor of his race—Harvey—by the wiseacres of his day; or, should we keep a weather eye open to guard against a repetition of such disgraceful enormities?

1053. Medical science freely concedes the *nutritive* relation of mother and fetus—the *physical aspect* — because of the umbilical cord, but haughtily repudiates any *mental influence* because there are no connecting *nerves*. Many of my paragraphs might warrant the assumption that fetal nutrition is a very simple matter, hence I should give a glimpse of its mysteries, as well as of the inconsistency of human nature. Doctor J. Morris Slemons, with his collaborators in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Yale Medical School, makes a notable report from which I will now quote.

1054. "Pregnancy is essentially a problem of nutrition...'Does the material provided for the

growth of the ovum come from the mother's tissues, or from her blood,' is a quest which physiologists have often submitted to experiment... At first it was believed that for the mother, pregnancy constituted a period of sacrifice; and that the fetal growth occurred at the expense of her tissues...With data at hand to support it, the current view holds that pregnancy, for the mother, is a period of gain...It increases her weight from ten to fifty pounds—thirty being the average; and but half of this is accounted for by the fetus....

1055. "The obstructive action of the placenta was demonstrated by Doctors John and William Hunter, who proved — 1750 — that the mother's blood never enters the fetus; and also that the reverse is impossible...How substances pass thru the placental partition is answered thus far only *hypothetically.*

1056. "There has been no lack of speculation on the subject. In the main, two antagonistic theories have been developed; one of these, the *vitalistic,* assumes that the wall of the chorionic villus takes an active part in the placental interchange; the other, the *mechanistic,* regards this wall as a passive, semi-permeable, membrane, conforming with the laws of osmosis and diffusion ...*Cohnstein,* and *Zuntz* found that sodium chloride passed the placenta by osmosis...

1057. "One fundamental fact regarding placen-

tal transmission was established by Gusseron—that no insoluble substance may pass it...for, when introduced either into the mother, or fetus, they are effectually confined within such circulation...On the other hand, soluble substances injected into the mother, may be detected later in the fetus...

1058. "The suggestion of *Halban* and *Fleck*, that the chorionic villi elaborate an internal secretion which controls fetal excretion, proceeds entirely from theoretical considerations. 'At present' —1915, says *Doderlein's Handbuch der Geburtshulfe*, 'it is impossible to say more than that fetal waste products make their way to the placenta, and thru it reach the maternal organism.'

1059. "Since so little is known of the principles involved in the placental interchange, and direct study of the problem by means of animal experimentation is limited by almost insurmountable difficulties, we have turned to clinical observations in the hope of learning what is the character of the mechanism in question...

1060. "Perhaps it is fair to regard the blood protein as reserve material, and the non-protein compounds as those momentarily engaged in nitrogenous metabolism...There must be a regulatory mechanism which maintains the same concentration of non-protein nitrogen in the two circulations....Without further evidence, however, it

would be hazardous to announce a final conclusion —for each should be studied separately...

1061. "Until very recently, it was not suspected that amino acids, supplied by the mother, are the material out of which fetal protein is constructed ...These findings were accepted in support of the view that the placenta is a digestive organ...But this hypothesis was never satisfactory...At present, there is not the slightest excuse for assuming that the placenta synthesizes protein for the fetus. This function the fetal tissues themselves perform.

1062. "We are sure that amino acids from the mother are available in the fetal blood; but how do they pass the placental partition?...What part these facts may ultimately play in the detailed explanation of tissue metabolism it is impossible to predict...Furthermore, while many technical intricacies could be enumerated, it is sufficient to state that no analytical method at hand includes all the amino acids in the blood...

1063. "Finally, the evidence regarding creatinine and creatine, studied by *Hunter, Campbell* and *Pless,* agrees with these conclusions; hence we are confident of the passive role of the placenta in the transmission of all nitrogenous waste products...

1064. "The results of blood analysis certainly do not indicate that enzymes are responsible for the transportation of glucose thru the placenta, but speak strongly against it. Thus, in a case of double

ovum twins,where each fetus had its own placenta, the blood sugar of one was 0.099% and of the other 0.096%, while that of the mother was 0.12%. Such findings are inexplicable except on the basis of diffusion...

1065. "Between the plasmas, a similar disparity exists; the difference betwen the maternal and fetal figures is so great, that we may not entertain the possibility of fat passing thru the placenta in the way other substances do. Two alternatives come to mind; either the fats and lipoids cross the placenta with the aid of an enzyme, or, they do not cross at all...

1066. "The fat of the body of the fetus is manufactured there, almost certainly from carbohydrate with which the new organism is supplied. In theory, then, there is no necessity for fats to pass the placental partition, and the biological and chemical evidence substantiates our conclusion that they have no part in the placental interchange...

1067. "It is impossible at present to affirm what arrangements are made for the transportation of iron thru the placenta. This intricate and unsolved problem occupies a unique position among the factors of fetal nutrition. Starch in the newly born infant has a comparatively excessive supply of iron, which Bunge assumes is to compensate for its lack in human milk....

1068. "Tempting as speculation is, at this moment we may go no further than the facts; there is a high fat content in the blood of the pregnant woman, a much lower one in the blood of the fetus, and between the two circulations there is no interchange of fats or related substances...

1069. "In the final analysis, the nutrition of the fetus, involves two factors, namely, the peculiar activity of its own organs, and the supply of food it receives. The first is the more fascinating, and also the more difficult of study, because the isolation of the fetus baffles the most ingenious experimenters.

1070. "In the absence of specific knowledge regarding the intermediary fetal metabolism, our nearest approach to the facts is to accept an analogy with adult nutritional processes. And, yet, in doing so, we are conscious of not being logical, for the usual prominence of certain organs, as the thymus gland, indicates the existence of radical differences between the metabolism of the immature organism, and that of the adult. The second factor in the nutrition of the fetus—its food supply—has been brought within the range of direct observation...Popular opinion holds, that, during pregnancy, the mother should eat for two! This doctrine is erroneous."

1071. Now, here should be noted that the latest and best world specialists, thru the use of the

Julia E. Brooker fund, have traced for us a little of the zizag line of demarcation between the field of our knowledge and the foggy expanse of mystery. I admire the skill and spirit manifest thruout the report. But how sharply it contrasts with the arrogance of those, who, while repudiating *maternal influence* during *gestation,* flippantly refer to the "nutritive relation," as if pregnancy merely caused the turning of a faucet to let the nutrient stream flow to the fetus, thru the umbilical cord.

1072. It was a Master Spirit—not a bone-head God—that framed the laws which govern fetal life! And pray, what is this *ten pound* gelatinous, fleshly lump being fashioned for? The setting of a *priceless jewel*—the *human intellect, soul* and *spirit!*

1073. But "Science" would have us believe that the fashioning of this triumph of Creation, was left to primordial protoplasmic ooze — or perchance to some remote simian ancestors! Just picture a Great First Cause, a Deity, projecting a humanity with no more autonomy or creative choice than a parcel of Punch and Judy puppets! And this absurdity is constantly reiterated, when proofs to the contrary saturate our racial history!

1074. I may have exposed myself to the criticism of having dwelt unduly upon the predetermination of sex; and, also, upon the elimination of

about eighty per cent of excruciating educational effort. Hence, to show the essential catholicity of our biogenetic evangel, I will now mention that racial color, stature, size of brain, lungs, stomach —everything, is subject to human discretion and caprice.

1075. There is practically no limit to our control of the mammalia, including ourselves—our appetites even, and dietetic preferences. Yet it would be cruel, almost criminal, for an edict to be promulgated to-day, that our people should partake of but *one meal* in *twenty-four hours*, with the beneficent aim of side-stepping fully *seventy* per cent of culinary drudgery, because the human anatomy is not at present attuned to such a regimen.

1076. But nothing is more feasible than a *one*-meal physical adaptation, having, withal, *twice* the *appetite* of that which actually prevails—and nothing is more certain than that this new order *impends!* Our racial decadence is nowhere more conspicuously and unmistakably indicated than on our cook-book shelves, in the usual fashionable menu, and the average dental equipment of its languid, consuming patrons! These several utterances may sound both bold and unbelievable; yet I have overwhelming proofs of their essential accuracy, plus an assortment of facts which warrant these fantastic forecasts.

1077. The difficulty with, what I may term, the

anti-prenatal innervationists, arises from their remaining culpably blind and deaf to sundry eternal verities. The anti-vaccinationists also revel in their purblindness, and are quite oblivious to the teachings of statistics. Then, in arguing the proposition, they assume a taintless physical frame; whereas, our bodies are more or less hereditarily corrupt; otherwise we should be immune to this variola pest. The vaccine virus "soft pedals," or neutralizes, the dormant poison.

1078. Matthew Arnold said, "Genius is mainly an affair of energy"—to which half truth I assent when the telling feature is added—*hitherto unwittingly exerted upon the fetus, by the mother, during the nine gestatory months.* Hence, our boundless potentialities, as soon as parenthood but awakens to this glorious, dawning, new era in mundane affairs.

1079. I have recently been reading how Mr. Harriman, the Railway Magnate, was killed, at the age of sixty-one, by unsuitable foods, due to the "criminal ignorance of doctors in the realm of practical dietetics—the darkest spot in orthodox, medical science, being caused by these outrageous stupidities." Another cult argues that Mr. Harriman's untimely collapse arose from the modern pace which kills; while, as I have elsewhere told, his amazing brilliancy and success were due wholly to maternal pondering over ways and

means, during pregnancy—and I have shown how he might have been endowed with longevity also.

1080. An eastern "highbrow" who obtained a glimpse of our advance literature, haughtily criticizes, anonymously, the system, arguing that if we had anything of value other methods of procedure would be adopted. We feel sure that he is young, and a poor student of history, or he would have recalled apostolic experiences, Galileo and all the pioneers of progress. He seems oblivious to the fact that every advance step touches some *vested interest* unfavorably, hence antagonisms.

1081. "Science" relies on "remote ancestors" to explain away puzzling facts; and also on "coincidences;" and every conscientious move to arrest public attention they slur as "quack methods"—since nothing can be tolerated which might, by any possibility, encroach upon that *"lucrative practice!"*

1082. One of the most honored names on the Pacific coast, in scientific and in educational lines, has discussed our special theme, and sniffed at patent facts—entrenching himself finally behind the camouflage of "quack methods."

1083. Quite a number of years ago I sought to arrange the publication of my discoveries in the daily press, contracting to double circulation gratuitously, withal. My "reference" in the premises, was an illustrious College President who accepted

lawyer might the provisions of a will—and he simply cannot proceed in any other way. A near relative, however, can absorb the contents of a volume while the equally alert kinsman, is struggling to master its preface—and all because of maternal prenatal habit.

1089. Conversing the other day with an expert in the manufacture of trusses and abdominal supporters, and hearing estimates of the increasing prevalence of these, and analogous human defects, I have felt that biogeny had been slighted in this particular, since it has a hopeful message for the future. This is not the time or place to elaborate details of the biogenetic processes for positive prevention, yet they are most assuredly among the blessings we vouchsafe. Puncture-proof tires should be the aspiration of the alert manufacturer; and how much more important for the pains-taking parent to produce only rupture-proof progeny — ever sound in eye, ear, teeth, everything!

1090. The longevity problem is ever pressing its way to the front. The noted Surgeon General, J. S. Billings, in a Cyclopedia article on Longevity, concludes by saying, "While it is theoretically possible, by careful selection in marriage, to produce children who will have few weak points, and will be better able to resist causes of disease, yet such selection is impossible for any considerable por-

tion of a community, and, if made, probably it would be necessary to combine with it an artificial limitation of the birth-rate to secure any marked results. Whether the potential longevity of man could be thus increased we do not know, and probably it would not be desirable to do this, if we could."

1091. Now these utterances are, of course, strictly orthodox, and might properly bear Darwin's label, "Ignoramus!" But to get the biogenetic searchlight accurately focused on the matter, I will give a concrete illustration, and cite the case of a nice young couple, clean, healthy, and educated, who were duly blessed with the advent of an idealized infant, which was nursed at the breast, and things were ideal in every way for, perhaps, eighteen months — no thought having arisen of troubling the family physician for any of the happy trio. A daily bath; no fretting, but smiles and baby words as it toddled about and waved good bye when regularly wheeled out, in maternal charge, for sun and fresh air.

1092. But presently it seems ailing ; a cold, broncho-pneumonia; the Doctor shakes his head, after ten days' attention; calls in specialists; the kiddie is rushed to the hospital and some twenty-five ounces of pus are drawn from the chest; then breathless suspense for days regarding the fate of this seemingly doomed little patient.

1093. And now for the hidden cause of it all—which no physician has ever fathomed; yet our biogenetic evidence makes it quite plain: No medical board would have objected to this union; nor should we. If an artist had been seeking a model he would have criticized the bride's twenty pounds excess in weight, and an under-sized nose—which imperfections account for the tragic crisis above detailed.

1094. Had the bridal tour involved a call at our office, as well as a trip abroad, I should have said to her: "Some of your recent ancestors, from varying causes, fed too generously while they breathed and exercised insufficiently; hence your own undesirable tendencies. You must specialize, systematically, to insure in your posterity a counteracting proclivity—deep breathing, with active exercise and abstemious leanings, *bred in the bone!*"

1095. The eminent English biologist, Doctor P. C. Mitchell, in his exhaustive longevity article in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, cites several well known theories on this ever-engrossing theme — which facts I perhaps have not sufficiently elaborated. As Ray Lankester indicates, the term may denote the potential longevity of a species, under most favorable conditions. "It is necessary to keep in mind the varying applications of the term when considering the

Author on office steps looking
towards Capitol

theoretical explanations that have been associated with the empirical facts."

1096. Elie Metchnikoff, viewing the *cecum* as a reservoir of waste, putrefactive matter, the products of which being absorbed by the blood induce auto-intoxication of the body, maintained that it was the principal factor in senile degeneration. His idea is that the duration of life may be prolonged by measures directed against intestinal putrefaction.

1097. August Weismann's theory is that the duration of life is a character that can be influenced by environment, and a process of natural selection. It is common ground that they believe the organism is wound up for a definite period, yet none of them can fathom how this limit is determined. With us, however, this is one of the clearest points—already repeatedly set forth.

1098 Doctor Mitchell's conclusion is that "the normal specific longevity, the age to which all normal individuals of a species would survive, under the most favorable conditions, must depend on constitution and structure...The direct explanation must be sought for in size, complexity of structure, length of period of growth, capacity to withstand the wear and tear of life and other such intrinsic qualities.

1099. "The average specific longevity, on the other hand, depends on a multitude of extrinsic

conditions operating on the intrinsic constitution; these extrinsic conditions are given by the environment of the species as it affects the young and the adults, enemies, diseases, abundance of food, climatic conditions, and so forth.

1100. "It would seem most natural to suppose that in all cases, except perhaps those of intelligent man and the domestic animals, or plants he harbors, the average longevity must vary enormously with changing conditions, and must be a factor of greater importance in the survival of the species than the ideal normal specific longevity. It also seems more probable that the reproductive capacity, which is extremely variable, has been adapted to the average longevity of the species, than that, as Weismann supposed, it should itself be the determining cause of the duration of life."

1101. Oh, what a stabilizer of the entire superstructure is a sure foundation of *solid, rock-bottom fact!* Franklin's kite experiment initiated a new point of departure, and has paved the way for so much of what we see and enjoy to-day. Our central, *biogenetic verity* gives us a *new civilization*—the *hope* of the *world!*

1102. I shrink from incurring the ill will of specialists in the realm of mnemonics; yet biogenetic science legitimately covers this field of memory—and nothing is easier than to prenatally endow with this mnemosyne faculty. I have repeatedly touched upon the subject in an incidental way; but an occurrence, about a week ago, brings up several instances in my past which it would be wrong to omit:

1103. An average citizen passed me on the street, whose features impressed as those of one I had mentally photographed many years ago. I realized that he had become thick set, red faced and very gray since those old days, but a semblance to the former profile remained.

1104. I mentally put the case on my emergency list, for peace of mind, and the third day the whole matter became clear. He was one of several clerks in a store on the Avenue, forty-two years ago, where I had to make a trifling arrangement which brought a copy of my "Secret of Wings" momentarily before three of them. I heard this particular one mutter something about the limit of human asininity being reached by any one contemplating aerial navigation—and a decade may now

elapse without my seeing one of that trio. But they can never be forgotten by me, just as they then appeared.

1105. Thirty-five years ago, I was riding here in one of our city horse cars, when I saw an old man on the opposite side of the conveyance, with white hair and beard, also a growth the size of a pigeon's egg over his right eye, which was just below his hat; but there was something that seemed familiar about that normal left eye and average nose.

1106. The car had jogged along about a couple of squares when a name seemed to fit him, and I so longed for a chance to ascertain if he were not a lad of eleven—when I was eight—at our little red school-house, thirty-two years previously. And just then a lady sitting next to him, left the car, which opened the way for me.

1107. "Pardon me, but do you know William Jones?" "Yes; but I never knew you!" I gave my name, yet he could not recall either it or me; when in despair, I said, "You surely have not forgotten your first sweetheart, Alice Smith?" "Why. Huh! You must think me a fool to have forgotten every one!" But days later he found himself sufficiently orientated to familiarly call me "George," just as of yore—and this forgetfulness in spite of the fact that two of our little crowd were his life friends!

1108. In attempting to place a countenance that I feel I have ever known, the first point to settle, is, whether it was in the Northern or in the Southern Hemisphere? For, in 1869, I was married, withal, when eight thousand miles from home, and I spent almost a decade in that remote latitude. Our wedding trip began aboard a very small steamer, on a very broad river, with less than five passengers aboard. Yet in the dim starlight, one of these sought to be agreeable. Professor B. was his name—a person we had never heard of, or afterward remembered, save that he made a formal call of a few minutes a day or two later, at our hotel in a big city.

1109. Now I would not have the hardihood to complete this item, but for the fact that I not only met and identified the aforesaid Professor, right here in Washington, after the lapse of fifty-three years, but have him still available to duly attest—a man in his *eighties!* He brings to mind sundry corroborating details of our conversation at that time.

1110. About thirty-two years ago, the father of a grown family died, and I, being a most casual neighbor, was asked to serve as bearer, and we drove miles away to a country church, where a preacher extolled the virtues of the deceased, before the remains were taken elsewhere for burial.

1111. Ever busy and perplexed with cares, I was

forced to wait here at a railway station for an hour—twenty-seven years ago. There was something about the set lips of one person in that waiting room, which I felt I had seen before—but when, or where?

1112. Ere long I was prompted to go over and address the gentleman in question. "Pardon me, sir, but you preached father P.'s funeral sermon at such and such, five years ago?" "No, sir; you are mistaken!" "But you are a preacher; you know that town; you knew father P.?" "Yes, yes!"—"Yes, and I know that I am right!" And half an hour later he came over and admitted his error, rather grudgingly.

1113. Right here now—May 21, 1924—I am recalling a birthday of fifty-eight years ago, which event was many thousands of miles distant from me at the time, and is of one with whom I have never been brought into but the most incidental contact. We all remember the anniversaries of Washington and Lincoln ; yet few can convert themselves into living calendars.

1114. I have no vanity in the premises; and there is no special commendation due me because of this faculty. My mother is the one to whom credit is due; yet hardly that, since she unconsciously endowed me—and that by virtue of an all-wise Creator's beneficent laws.

1115. But why halt here, as if it were the human countenance alone that quickens memory? Sixty-five years ago, my paper carrying duties began hours ahead of daybreak, and I came to expect, at some one crossing or block, to see a dark figure or two with dinner pail hastening along the path of duty.

1116. A half century or so had rolled by, and one Sunday afternoon I found myself free to stroll along some of those same streets among absolute strangers, and for the most part, unfamiliar architecture. All at once I saw something that reminded me of the long ago. It was the wonted gait of a plain average citizen, many years my senior. For the first time I had interest in his identity, and, addressing him, learned that I was right in placing him among those daybreakers of the early sixties.

1117. And here is another item of that same jaunt, which forms quite a mnemonic complex: I saw a man, rods before me, whose back head and hair reminded me of my playmate, Charlie, who had passed out so long ago.

1118. I argued that this might be one of those little baby brothers, to whom I had never spoken, and the sequel proved I was right. But I was so surprised to learn that the mother still survived—a tottering nonagenarian. I went, as invited, to see if my existence was recalled. She remembered, and even said I had once told her that I had a

sister who attended the funeral of her first little daughter.

1119. "Oh, of course, every one knows that old people remember early happenings," you say; yet there is no hard and fast rule in this matter. Miss W. was a pleasing personality, whose father had been a noted educator. She was our devoted Sunday School teacher, when three of us lads were about ten years old, and she nearing twenty.

1120. For several years we were her special charge, and I can still recall her sympathetic, weekly smiles, as though they were but of yesterday. How I longed, after the lapse of decades, to meet and thank her, for I was told that she still survived. And at last, from some news item, I learned her address and of her maiden existence. I wrote a soulful epistle without delay. She answered kindly, but said she had not the faintest recollection of me.

1121. The other day, a veteran bachelor friend breathed a sigh of relief after dispossessing a family composed of parents, and three children, in their early teens, which had made his house a bedlam for months. Perpetual janglings, beatings, fightings, plus a noisy incessant victrola, was the continuous performance that was driving him to distraction.

1122. And it reminded me of a recent visit I made, where two related families were dwelling in

comparatively sweet accord. The several little six or eight-year-old children were lively, normal, happy, yet the elders were snatching, pulling, constantly firing commands at them, which were never heeded. They severally were well intentioned, yet intolerable naggers, all!

1123. Also, this recalls a family where perfect silence was the imperious law; then, again, a stalwart colored father, who felt himself a model in the line of family goverment, thus proudly gave his formula: "I beats my chillun reg'lar, I duz!" And this recital is merely prefatory to the assurance that the remedy for these appalling conditions, is to be looked for thru the ministrations of the classes at our Biogenetic Institutes.

1124. I have spoken of a Gestatory Index, for each new arrival—with its choice, full page illustrations, selections, and its three hundred careful entries. There will be a standard series of these — probably twelve — purchasable at discretion, always. But the superb wedding present, henceforth, will be a *biogenetic bridal case*—the full purpose and scope of which can, at this time, be only hinted at, all too vaguely.

1125. Posterity will be the central thought in all these model marriages — a type of progeny *prone* to *perfection*, because scientifically engendered. But parents with defective dentition, as well as impaired senses, and members as a whole,

can only achieve, satisfactorily, with our special equipment—patented devices, withal, yet not produced for profit.

1126. The Biogenetic Cabinet which I have referred to as the indispensable bridal gift of the future, merits a fuller description: A revised version of matrimony impends; and it should awaken no surprise to be told that this new order involves an equipment of scores of novel toilet articles, the details of which must not here be dwelt upon. Commercialism does not accompany this innovation; and, while its actual cost may prevent a majority of home builders from possessing one, an Institute Assistant should be found in every city square, to supply this need gratuitously — animated ever by the true deaconess spirit. Community centers and "settlement" methods should have prepared the public mind for what is here broadly suggested.

1127. Here is a clipping from the *Daily News*, which treats a matter that cannot be too frequently emphasized: "Education, which offers so many advantages, is responsible for an increasing number of bachelors to be found in the U. S., according to Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard college. 'It is a menacing condition, ripe for settlement,' Dr. Eliot said.

1128. " 'Colleges for men and women in this country are turning out too many bachelors,' declared

President Eliot before the Smith college alumnae of Boston, at their annual luncheon. 'Statistics show that educated men and women are not placing themselves.' "

1129. "President Eliot frankly expressed the hope that relief from this state of affairs would soon be apparent, but declared it was a matter that must be taken up in the colleges, discussed and settled there."

1130. Now I hold that this selfish, criminal sterility, is logical, and the inevitable psychological fruitage of the almost blasphemous error which "Science" so persistently proclaims. What, pray tell, can college discussion do to relieve a situation which its heresies have produced? "Parasites" are very properly avoided, internally as well as externally. I cannot too often reiterate that our *"Biogenetic Marvels"* are destined to prove the salvation of our civilization—the hope of the race; a world's redemption!

1131. Since noting this quotation from Doctor Eliot, I have read a *contraceptive volume,* and must express myself more fully: Race extinction is plainly the harvest of higher education—thanks to the purblind obstinacy of "Science," plus our sordid social selfishness. And the antidote urged for large families is anything but a domestic panacea.

1132. The author I am citing heaps abuse upon

the memory of Anthony Comstock. Now he was a clerk in a large business house, but gave his life to social purity when he learned from fellow clerks how the vilest of literature was systematically flooding the schools of our country; hence I cannot feel enthusiastic over the teachings of our latest doctrinaires.

1133. These bachelor graduates are the wealthiest class we have, as surely as prolific parenthood is the poorest, and most deserving of state aid. Why not tax the one and reward the other, in a just, sensible and humane manner, rather than to strike at the fountains of life and thus cater to universal desolation?

1134. Certain schools of "Scientists" delight to enlarge upon human ills which result from man's ambitious stride to walk upright, upon two limbs, instead of four — to be classed as a *biped* rather than a soulless *quadruped.*

1135. Now I am not considering for one moment the merits of this hypothesis, and refer to it merely to affirm that I recognize the possibility of transforming almost any mammalian breed from *quadrupeds* into *bipeds,* of good and regular standing qualities, in three generations—which naturally suggests our old *"infinite potentialities"* slogan. Hitherto *gestation* has been a thousand times more ignored than are the "coins in our pockets!"

1136. The old mare is with foal, and her owner, with increasing years and avoirdupois, finds "Katy" a great convenience in carrying him leisurely about the farm, and even to the post office and mill, bare back, and all quite informally. She gives him a nice "peert" colt, in due time; but it is so strangely *"sway-backed,"* or it would sell for a *hundred dollars!*

1137. Now some minds are so constituted as to be able to short circuit cause and effect, and grasp Nature's law and lesson; while another type would feel chagrined and humiliated, if they did not attribute results, even in this instance, to assumed *pliocene ancestry!*

1138. I recall a contrast of two pregnant mothers, who bore contemporaneous sons. One passed the formative period in reading light literature, while the neighbor was almost overwhelmed with a thousand duties. The lads attended the same school, and one was as proficient there as the other was painstaking, yet backward. They were mates still, in the stern tasks of real life. The first, could simply devour books, while the second was no reader, but phenomenally handy, and successful in every undertaking—achieving even in literary lines. *Longevity,* too, was the inheritance of this one, while that reader sank at the dawn of manhood.

1139. An Ohio State University "Mind Hospital"—the concept of Professor Rudolph Pintner—will seek to discover the hindrances of backward students and give vocational guidance. "Apparently they need either a change of course, a new slant on their studies or some other delicate, psychological, mental adjustment."

1140. And, pray, why not extend the idea somewhat and adapt such a hospital to the paddock, and also to the dairy farm, since all such establishments have their defectives—race-losing thorobreds, and cows that are not record milkers. Kennel Clubs, too, have fool pups that are disappointing in olfactory tests—also as pointers and setters. But enough of this!

1141. Iron ore is gathered and treated till it becomes steel, and is made into tools—which we will call the analogue of *heredity*. The tools are tempered, which corresponds to gestatory skill. And finally we have the sharpening, or educational touches—but all is vain if *tempering* skill is lacking! Will not somebody kindly tell me what I was put in this vain world for; and then, just point the way to some "Mind hospital"!

1142. It is probably natural for people to become faddists, and some might accuse me of having selected *gestation* as my hobby—but I do aim to keep close to *reason* and *fact*, surely. My attention is called to the writings of certain die-

titians, and their claims do not startle, but mildly amuse. I would not venture to name the profound philosopher, who, with illustrations, asserts that "American children fed on too starchy diet is largely the cause of a prominent chin."

1143. How many would assent, were I to announce that Boston beans and the rings of Saturn combine to produce the "highbrow?" It carries one back to the mud-pie days to read of, and to see illustrated, "*potato lips*" and "*onion ears!*" Most of us can pay the price asked for Nature's products; but who, pray, is equal to the charges of the experts who tell us what to eat, and what to avoid? Yet who can really *love* a Deity that could have devised such a cruel, hazardous, heartless, incomprehensible system for humanity, when dumb animals are led by instinct to choose properly?

1144. Thomas H. Huxley was very generous with his racial theories; and he assumed that two constituent races, light and dark, respectively, intermingled to people Europe. Waitz was confident that mountains produced blonds, and valleys brunets; while the strenuous life, others have argued, tends to evolve a reddish type, and these look for us to become like our aboriginal red men. How strange that it should be so much easier, and far more alluring, to let the imagination loose and just twine theories, than to simply observe, and then reflect, as the facts appear, enabling us to correlate all, and weave a fabric of eternal truth!

1145. In those limited school days my deport- ment was such that teachers rated me always as one of their good boys. Yet I ever felt myself a prisoner, during school terms, and resolved never to be so cruel as to send my children to such houses of detention. But theirs was a maternal inheritance, and they would cry to go.

1146. I am led to refer to this by the attitude of G. Bernard Shaw: "Schools are prisons for children, masquerading under the name of places of education. I was locked up in one, but I never learned anything there. That is how I preserved my brain."

1147. And H. G. Wells' words are pertinent in this connection: "For a man to realize his distinctive gift and aptitude, to develop it fully and bring it to completest fruition, is at once the full triumph of one's individual self, and the supreme service one can render to mankind."

1148. Biogenetically born children will arrive with their "breeding" and education practically foreordained, and well nigh complete. All "vocational experts" will flee from the presence of these ready made, "bred in the bone," and "dyed in the wool," "modern improvements." "Distinctive gifts" are not hard for one to "realize" when they are sufficiently pronounced to be of special value to the world. Oh, the glories of this new era!

1149. Within the space of a single month, two lawyers of marked ability, whom I had known for decades, have passed away. Their personal habits were ever above reproach; but the noteworthy feature of this paragraph is, that, while one of them rounded out *ninety years*, the other was stricken at half that age, and gradually sank to the grave.

1150. All of this seems to most people to be in the natural order, causing no surprise—least of all to the *writer*—and *eliciting* not a word of comment, save from *me!* And what a pity, when the mother transmitted to this younger one, a rare intellectual endowment; yet his physical outfit was lamentably miserable, due to an inactive gestatory period. But "Science" says she can no more modify that fetal existence than she could "coins in a pocket"! What more is there to be said? Nothing surely by those accepting this heresy!

1151. "Biogenetic Marvels" assume to be strictly up to date; and nothing, probably, is more characteristic of our social evolution, than the "continuous performance." We find it impossible to glance at a newspaper or magazine without finding items that at least present to us a biogenetic aspect.

1152. The truth of this statement is attested by my early resolve to prepare within *thirty days*, the quintessence of our theme, limiting its pres-

entation to *five thousand words.* But *thirty months* have swept by, and to-day we are pledged to taper off on this *one hundred* and *sixty-fifth thousand* if our brakes can survive the strain.

1153. Specializing, as I have for years, on longevity, I cannot allow any rival to pass unnoticed. Mr. A. W. Lawson thinks he can point the way to outdistance even Methuselah with his law of "penetrability." He holds this to be the basic law of the universe.

1154. "Man is built up by suction and pressure, between different densities. If man can learn, by diet and exercise, to equalize these two, he will live to be several hundred years old."

1155. Doctor Alexander Meiklejohn, lately President of Amherst College, has been lecturing about "Conditions on which the development of the college of to-morrow will depend." Faculty and students will do the same thing with similar dominating interests — stop trying to instruct pupils.

1156. Of course, there can be no accord with us till our biogenetic fundamentals are recognized. When these are seen and practiced, the student will enter the stately edifice with much the air he now assumes when he seats himself at a restaurant table and orders his meal. The waiters—I suppose I must say "Professors"—will step lively

at the behest of each budding genius, who dictates his bill of fare—tolerating no shadow of dictation.

1157. Doctor Charles H. Mayo, of Minnesota, is quoted as saying, that people might postpone their decease sixty months, if they would but get the habit of consulting their medical practitioners every two years, after life's fourth decade—with which conclusion I am not in accord. And my reason for this bold attitude, is, that I have discovered the law of Longevity—which the "Profession" confessedly has not.

1158. Human nature is such, that people do not follow good advice, but cling to evil ruts. Bad habits stupefy, and mar human happiness; still, the thread of life will continue to unwind till the end is reached.

1159. I cannot too often refer to Genius, nor omit any facts that tend to reveal the truth: "Voltaire, like Cicero, Demosthenes, Newton, and Walter Scott, was born under the saddest and most alarming conditions of health," we read. And Voltaire grew up to believe that "all manifestations of genius are the effect of instinct"—which T. J. Hudson thought furnished the key to the whole subject.

1160. He held that all manifestations of genius are the results of cultivation of the subjective faculties; and all its abnormalities arise from giv-

ing these the right of way over reason and judgment.

1161. Doctor Hudson felt that genius is the most useful form of psychic development. And to be harmless to the physical organism he wrote that the objective and subjective faculties must be developed "in more or less perfect synchronism." Then, later, he came to define Genius as the result of this harmonious poise. And my discoveries, revealing the fallibility of such conclusions, were made a full decade later, so elusive are life's most precious verities! And I must now add the wearying reiteration, that *Genius* is ever the natural sequel to exceptional, maternal, gestatory conditions, intensified from any cause!

1162. The very latest sample of crass optimism comes from Chicago in an item which I quote under its loud heading—"Span of Human Life Soon to Be One Hundred Years"—and it seems obligatory to counteract such delirium with an array of sobering facts:

1163. "Medicine, hygiene, skillful surgery, the care of stomach, teeth, eyes and feet have increased the average span of human life by sixteen years over what it was 50 years ago. Further development along these lines will bring the average life up to 100 years, according to Dr. A. C. Eycleshymer, dean of the medical college of the University of Illinois.

1164. "The physician said that the study of glands, other than sex glands, had been neglected and that life would be prolonged by increased knowledge of these glands. He cited cases of a man who had lived to 185, 50 who had lived 150 years, 5 who attained 160 and 2 who reached 170 years."

1165. Now as to super-centenarians, most eminent authorities affirm that proofs of such alleged longevity are seldom conclusive. And as to medicine, hygiene, surgery, stomach, teeth, eyes, et cetera, it is the common boast of nonagenarians whom we meet, that they have ever been strangers to doctors, dentists and all new fangles. I have specialized on dentition for decades, and have generally found perfect teeth, only among simple tribes and peoples who are strangers to dentists—while *twelve* children out of every *thirteen* in our schools, are reported as being cursed with decaying teeth!

1166. And our vaunted hygiene makes a deplorable showing, when the use of white bread is as universal as is our culpable *auto-infection.* And with genealogical data becoming more abundant, yearly, it is impossible to find a family tree where succeeding generations are increasing the life span! Modern culture is, demonstrably, destructive to teeth; to fecundity; to family life; to reli-

gious faith—and I had almost said to common morality!

1167. I have in mind countries, in which illegitimacy is the rule, and where venereal diseases are well nigh universal. Among our own people, fatty degeneration preponderates alarmingly. Marriage still continues to be more popular than divorce—but, thanks to "Science," offspring are scornfully tabooed.

1168. A crippled sexuality—either ancestrally, or individually acquired—is so largely in evidence as to be camouflaged by the almost universal use of *razors!* Some of us are old enough to recall the blooming beauty of maidenhood, in those far away days, and "Oh, isn't she a *peach!*" was the spontaneous exclamation. But to-day, we draw away with a shock and shudder from what look like an ash man's or, chimney sweep's assistants —and so busy on the job they seem as oblivious to personal grotesqueness, as is the circus clown!

1169. Cigaret, and other habit-forming drugs, have long enslaved the vast majority of human wills, of the masculine persuasion; and now, the last straw, to break the camel's back, is seen in the avidity with which feminity is demanding equal rights, and puffing the doped weed, also. And this figure recalls the prevalence of the "camel neck" which results from the muscular system having become too weak and undeveloped

to enable its owner to stand erect. But why continue to lengthen this depressing reel?

1170. Yes, I will add one fresh item: I recall so well the day on which a son and heir appeared in a family of goodly lineage—the first, last, and only one. He became a surgeon, a scientist, and rose to goodly fame. His life had been ever blameless—and yet he has passed out, while I, who was in my fourth decade, at the time of his arrival, am to-day rugged and still at my best.

1171. Perhaps I should be classed as an old fogy, and blind to the biological progress of the age. We hear that certain glands and tissues have been severed and kept alive indefinitely in some species of cold storage. Perhaps the superman is to be a synthetic product and loom upon the horizon like the Colossus of Rhodes, or even the Washington Monument! Yet, with all my aviation efforts, and wild flights of fancy, I still incline to anchor my hopes for the future of the race, in the humble, circumscribed confines of the embryonic sphere, and matchless period of *gestation!*

SECTION TWENTY-SEVEN

1172. Biometry—the measurement of life— can hardly be classed as a science to-day, because of the meagre data actually garnered for serious consideration. I have claimed that our biogenetic advances bring it into the limelight and give it a standing which will result in the supplanting of present day *life insurance,* withal.

1173. Let us suppose that some scheme were started to insure the lives of all applicants, without any medical or physical examination, the promoters, or agents, depending for financial success on instruction and pointers that we might consent to give them—since all would hinge on the accuracy of longevity forecasts.

1174. Thus the swelling tide of applicants would be met by a simple questionnaire card for each, asking the name, age, and occupation of self and parents; cause of deaths of any concerned—especially regarding infants. They would fill out and send in these slips, and line up in the corridor patiently waiting to be summoned to ascend the stairs to our august presence.

1175. The crowd having loyally stood, let us assume for about an hour, when Mr. A. is called,

and he hastens up the long flight, two steps at a time, to take my hand, as well as that of the promoting aspirant, Jones, next me, and then to pass out by a rear exit, while I give his *expectancy* to this my insurance pupil, explaining why. And all of these, thus fantastically introduced, are people I have actually known in the past; sized up and carefully noted their passing hence.

1176. This first one's card is favorable, and he, tall and slender, extends the glad hand, and gives a grip worthy of his thirty summers, and prospective half century, plus. But he is so "under weight," my novitiate urges, forgetting that neither accumulations of adipose matter, nor of wealth, are conducive to longevity, but the *strenuous life!* Light weight is unfavorable, only when it is the result of active disease.

1177. What a contrast is slender Mr. B. as he slowly climbs the stairs and feebly extends a cold, small, bony hand, altho but thirty. It is hardly necessary to glance at his card to learn why he is so near his end. His "blue blooded" ancestry was not given to "wining and dining," but to refined intellectuality; hence the slender muscles and sluggish, blue, veinous circulation, weak vital organs, a purplish hectic flush on his sallow skin. The maternal thought during his gestation was centered on *past perfections*—but such are not transmissible by inaction!

1178. Mr. C. is a wiry little man of fifty; of humble extraction; with a classic head-piece, which so drew upon the maternal vitality that one limb and foot is smaller, having made him a very alert but congenital cripple. Yet, notwithstanding this handicap, he is easily good for another half century—and ever a stranger to illness!

1179. Mr. D. is only twenty-five and the picture of health; yet he complained of the long wait, and was quite deliberate in ascending the stairs. His cheeks are rosy and plump, suggestive of fifteen, and he cannot be classed as "thick set." The father was a banker; the mother lost three of her four children—and this one will never see thirty. That oft-coveted, babe-skin pink is in every sense infantile. He has no resistive force, and whatever comes along in the way of disease will carry him off.

1180. Mr. E. is a jolly, good-liver, of thirty-five; warm hand, rosy cheeks. Prosperity struck his lineage only a generation or two back. He was given the *bon vivant* bent, clearly enough, and the double chin is still, firm and flushed, his capillaries are still most responsive to stimulation, and his heart has not weakened. His expectancy is about ten years more.

1181. Mr. F. is only thirty, of full stature, and weighs about two hundred and fifty. He puffs as he extends his large, moist, clammy hand, and

mutters something about elevators. His alcoholic breath attests the fact that he stimulates, altho no warmth or ruddy flush appears. His sallow, sunken cheeks and drooping double chin unmistakably show that he is a lymphatic "flabbergasted" subject, the victim of generations of unwise stimulation. He is a poor risk for even five years!

1182. Mr. G. is a thick set, manly fellow of thirty; a lawyer, of farming ancestry. But he is such a pronounced brunet, that his gestation must certainly have been so depressing as to chronically derange his liver, producing all manner of abnormalities. Seven years more are his reasonable allotment. (But a long distance telephone call interrupts, and this Life Insurance lesson is cut short for the day.)

1183. I have vividly presented the case of two contemporaneous rural mothers with large families, and of equal natural abilities, substantially, as well as similar social status—and I am now contemplating one specific pregnancy of each.

1184. Mrs. X. had become a bit weary of life's incessant grind of duties, hence left a thousand little things and duties for others to look after, while she led a sort of negative existence, externally, and in a critical mood speculated vaguely on "What's the use?" But meanwhile she "let Nature do its perfect work" for posterity.

1185. She avoided social contact during this

period, even to the absenting herself from religious services and gatherings. She sidestepped as much as possible all duties incident to farm routine, and her state of mind was such that she gave birth to a *seven months' boy!*

1186. He was peculiar from the start. Maternal agitation gave him ample size of brain, but he was adapted to no calling—speculative, dreaming, recluse, with religious notions chaotic, constantly changing—and in late, middle life, he collapsed hopelessly.

1187. That other mother, Mrs. Y., had a pregnancy so sharply contrasted with Mrs. X.! Imperative duties multiplied, while she met them all heroically, and with marked efficiency. Her son, too, showed marked idiosyncrasies and was deemed odd — he was, however, a marvel of capability wherever placed, and as highly endowed with common sense as Henry X. was short of that indispensable commodity. Religious consistency and constancy were ever in evidence with him—and, oh, the *solemnity* of these facts! Yet we should neither censure nor commend these antipodal personalities, but rather belabor "Science" till it shows *sense* regarding this *basic law!*

1188. Gestalack—a lack arising in gestation — is a word I have formed to designate what should be classed as a disease—never hitherto, so far as I know, having been intelligently grasped

or seriously diagnosed. Edgar Allan Poe typically exemplified the malady—and its victims are frequently recognized geniuses. Of course, it originates during pregnancy.

1189. A prospective mother, whose daily toil approaches the limit of physical endurance, is blessing her race, potentially, with a super-centenarian. For best results, such a regimen should antedate birth, fully twelve months. I cannot speak positively as to the relative importance of the earlier and later months of this jubilant period, but that will later be very definitely learned.

1190. The pregnant mother who enthusiastically pursues any intellectual or artistic line of endeavor, will produce genius corresponding to her efforts. That lust, lethargy, tippling, gourmandizing, all breed true, should surprise no one; but *gestalack*—the *periodical* boozer's case—is my present objective.

1191. A variety of circumstances may cause a most exemplary wife to yearn for food, or special articles of diet which are not readily obtainable. The child related to such antecedents will have a "coming appetite" in corresponding directions—will, when partaking, become simply *insatiable!* The only salvation for these victims is, to realize the underlying truth, and then to adopt inexorable rules of personal conduct.

1192. Apathy in almost every direction charac-

terizes some people, while the nerve tension of others is most intense in many, if not in all spheres of action. Hence, it is, that we may find persons with an ancestry free from alcoholic taint, having a child that is known as a "periodical drunkard"— who would otherwise have a most promising future. I have now in mind one such instance—a man who has never touched a drop, but who often says that if he ever allowed himself to drink a first glass, he should never be able to draw another sober breath!

1193. A soldier—one Alexis St. Martin—marvelously recovered from a wound which left the digestive processes visible, and generations were taught accordingly—the expert observers doubtless being unmindful of the fact that results thus ascertained could be accurate only when referable to the punctured maw of the aforesaid Alexis, since no two stomachs are identically attuned.

1194. Its capacity, in man, is given as one quart —and who would be so reckless as to partake of milk and pickles at the same repast? Yet I might name one who could tolerate this lacteal secretion only in just that singular combination. Then, there are those who are nauseated at the thought of drinking warm milk, fresh from the cow, while I recall one, of modest build, who is never so happy as when quaffing this, Nature's own product, schooner after schooner, to the extent of *gallons!*

1195. Now I am not contending that any man's stomach is the size of a beer keg, and retains milk for hours, perchance, for proper digestion, as did that soldier's, but am endeavoring to illustrate how, assimilative *capacity* is a prenatal endowment—and almost infinite, when hungering and thirsting conditions prevail during gestation!

1196. These gestalack victims can become centenarians and pass useful, happy lives, and even be applauded for their genius, if they are wise enough to adopt rigid regimens suited to their fixed idiosyncrasies. This lacteo-maniac I have cited, can gulp or sip his favorite Jersey tipple with absolute impunity! But if his libations contained alcohol, he might die in the succeeding stupor. Should he survive, however, quite a season of convalescence would follow; during which the poor victim would reproach himself, vowing, resolving and re-resolving never again to touch that Hell-born fire-water! Yet, alas, how often, friends, memories, sights, and odors combined, overpower the will, when another serious, if not fatal, debauch follows.

1197. But alcohol is not the only lion in life's path for these *voracity-cursed* subjects, with their keenly attuned nerves, because such abnormal appetites will quickly convert their owners into the most hopeless of dope-fiends. Safety lies only in

plainest bills of *fare* and strictest of rules as to touching aught, save at the *meal hour!*

1198. The solitary instance I have ever known in which one really triumphed over this problematical inheritance, is the case of one who found that simplest food, partaken of only *once* in *twenty-four hours*—and then never indulging for over sixty minutes at a meal—was his sole, safe, narrow way!

1199. He reports how he has almost forgotten the sensation of hunger, yet has ever a royal appetite—each mouthful tasting better than its predecessor! Devising unpalatable dishes, scales to weigh his rations, and a belt to act as an abdominal cinch, are some of the expedients he has used—yet found them less practical than a time piece. And this really becomes a ticking farce, unless *dry food* suggestive of popcorn, zwieback, nuts and Fletcher constitute the regimen. An exacting conscience has probably been his real life-saver, for he tells how, at the age of sixteen, he assured a friend, that, but for his faith in a hereafter, he would gladly be penned in as the swine, if assured of an abundant food supply of his favorite articles.

1200. After thus concluding this topic, I consulted a full dozen of dictionaries, standard and medical, to see if, in any sense, we might be paralleling the same territory—yet the very thought

Author on office steps looking towards
Union Station

is absurd, when they all, with one accord, spurn maternal influence.

1201. But I did find in all of them, *bulimia*—ox-hunger, with its perpetual and insatiable appetite, mentioned and variously described. I learn that it is a symptom of diabetes mellitus; an epileptic type preceding fits; also a sequel of febrile diseases; sometimes an infliction of idiots as well as of the insane. Murray says, "The bulimious Doctor Johnson would not have transacted his feeding so porcinely and perspiringly."

1202. I rejoice that I took this precaution, and can now more clearly diagnose and differentiate bulimia, with all its varying aspects, and *gestalack*, with its one clean-cut cause and unique characteristic. The convalescent's appetite is as familiar to all as is that of many of the demented, bulimious patients; but mark well these wholesome features of our gestalacking subjects:

1203. They are "long-coupled," and will be found patient, enduring, healthy, tireless on the march, immune to fatigue, interminable fasters! Their only danger point lies in ignoring the fact that *reason*, and not *appetite*, must always dictate when to *conclude the repast*—"and ever after live happy!" No; I err in this broad assertion. Their nerves are so keenly attuned that anything like stimulating food or drink is sure to overpower the will. Our select gestalackers must learn

to steel themselves against those husky hulks who tauntingly shout: "Aw, be a man! I can take it or leave it alone!" But, of course, such specimens always take it, and they like company.

1204. An old professional friend chanced to meet me in the postoffice one evening, after many months of separation. I commented unfavorably on his increased weight, and he dwelt upon the seriousness of the problem of controlling it. But when I warned him of its perils, he fell back on that delusive dream of *"a long-lived ancestry!"*

1205. He is fifty-four years old; and his ministerial brother, of fifty, whom I also well know, is down with nervous prostration, and high blood pressure; so I was sorry not to have been able to indicate an alluring prognosis. (I attended his funeral a month later.)

1206. It is said to be "a poor rule that does not work both ways;" yet with a short-lived ancestry, longevity must ever be a remote, forlorn sort of a hope, because of radical constitutional defects, as well as gestatory ignorance. Yet, with an ideal, persistent pedigree, all the accumulated physical and mental wealth of ages, may be dissipated in a single generation by gestatory unwisdom and inadvertence.

1207. Genealogy, biography, as well as all history, attests the truth of the foregoing. We find numberless instances of the prominent and

wealthy, desiring heirs, yet losing from *ten* to *twenty* children, because laboring under the delusion that maternal effort during pregnancy robs the coming child.

1208. Only the other evening, while at a solemn pageant, I noted a lady of ideal type, near by, and a comely adolescent daughter beside her. A string of pearls encircled the mother's neck, and I carefully noted, that from the line of her brooch to the point of the chin, above, was a distance of six inches. And that little, common place observation is responsible for this item, because of the contrast with a mother and daughter that I recently passed on the street.

1209. A barrel of vinegar, on which might rest a bucket of booze, would, in a dim light, present an outline identical with that of this second mother—and the daughter's figure was very similar, only smaller. Now why this difference in build; the *lack* of *neck,* insomuch that her chin rested on her breast pin—and a pearl necklace which could pass down over the head, would pinch at the neck line, or point of union of head and body?

1210. I know that this stranger's maternal ancestors, especially, for several generations, have spent their time knitting, under the awning at the door of their shop, stopping only to take in a few centesimi from diminutive patrons, at intervals.

Commendable thrift is in evidence; and yet, I am forced to call it *penny wise* and *pound foolishness*, because of dense ignorance—culpably endorsed by "Science!"

1211. If some lady of wealth should fancy a hippopotamus as a pet, or parlor companion, and should wish to adorn it with a pearl necklace, how, pray, could she keep it in place? And perhaps nothing could be more profitable, for the moment, than a serious contemplation of this neck or nought problem:

1212. A duck will seek about half a foot of water for its feeding ground; while a swan may find richer picking at thirty inches below. The giraffe forages high; and the poorer the picking, the longer the *tongue, neck* and *forelegs* of the camelopard will be found to grow.

1213. Lincoln, when guyed about length of limb, and was asked how long a man's legs should be, said, "Long enough to reach from his body to the ground!" I have known a stall-fed breed of horses, whose necks became too short to graze in the field. They grew to have "bull-necks," withal—and this, in man or beast, is not a sex character—altho usually assumed to be such.

1214. Human, as well as all mammalian, limbs, that are growing longer and more slender, are of active or laboring lineage. When parents are on the ease-seeking tack, the bones of progeny be-

come shorter and smaller, and the muscles of such begin to bulge. Were the top of the Chinese wall the pasture range of a pedigreed bull, and the best picking were on the side walls of it, no matter how much he might be used for breeding purposes, he would certainly develop a "ewe neck" rather than the typical, "bulging" one, which is due to the raised, artificial manger and water trough.

1215. What more self evident proposition than this? Yet "Science" will ever prate about the *non-transmissibility of acquired characters,* when nothing could be more responsive, more certain to react on fetal life than what actually, visibly, obtains in the mammalian species!

1216. "Good morning, Doctor! Have you heard how neighbor Smith dropped dead in the street last night?" "Bless me, no; how shocking! And he, only *forty;* and the picture of health! Sad! But there we have it again—that fatal *short* neck!" And practically this is what has passed current for generations—yet with no shadow of explanation for these "mysterious," "high blood pressure" tragedies, in our every day life, from the medical profession! I knew of one dare-devil rider, who was warned of the danger he ran of breaking his neck. "Never fear, boys! If I do, it is long enough to tie!" But I am discussing a type that might well defy the hangman's noose, since no neck is there! Exercise is what gives

tone to the physical system; and eating, to supply blood that congests the weakened arteries, inevitably brings a tragic sequel!

1217. I have been favored with another series of Psychology lectures, from which I learned that there are already *sixty* brands of this miracle-working dope on the market, to allay this modern craze—and to make hay while the making is good.

1218. Here is one taking gem of bombastic absurdity: "Genius slumbers in each of us. We simply need to be told how to awaken this celestial flame and let our immortal light stream down the corridors of Time!"—But what did Barnum say? And what are we told regarding the fecundity ot suckers? Blind Tom, these silver-tongued orators inform us, was not only a musical genius, but the same in every other field, had we but known how to electrify the blameless lad!

1219. James P. Faulkner, manager of the Georgia Tuberculosis Association, and Dr. L. B. McBrayer, managing director of the North Carolina Tuberculosis Association, have issued a call for tuberculosis workers of the South to meet at Asheville, N. C., to study methods employed in fighting the disease, and to plan for further efforts in the work. They will also discuss the formation of a body to be known as the Southern Tuberculosis Conference.

1220. Now I will repeat, for their benefit, and for the race at large, that certain poisonous and dusty industrial atmospheres may always have their percentage of victims. Legislation should limit the hours and years of service in those lines. Early sexual indiscretions are the predisposing cause of a much larger number of fatal cases. Proper and timely home and school instruction would eliminate this item from the problem, leaving the one overshadowing, prenatal factor supreme. Gestatory wisdom can then speedily reduce the great "white plague" to a negligible reminiscence.

1221. Professor E. A. Ross, one of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, and nationally known as a sociologist, believes that within twenty years, the passing of an intelligence test, as a requirement for marriage, will be in full force—just as blood tests now are in some states.

1222. This inquiry after native mother wit—not education—may seem a move in the right direction, and it would surely precipitate a new social complex of far reaching import, which would pivot on the percentage of rejections, since its inevitable corollary must be sterilization, to avoid incalculable mischief ensuing. So many, many marital problems have already been presented that the thinking element of society systematically avoids parenthood to-day. But our biogenetic evangel, trans-

forms all these dark clouds into the most glorious dawn our race has ever beheld!

1223. I lately read a magazine article which gave several specific illustrations of the lack of moral stamina in our younger generation; and its author urged the necessity of parents and teachers giving more attention to instilling principles of honesty and rectitude into those in their charge. But how long will it take to convince the public consciousness that intelligence, morals, spirituality—everything in short that is really worth while —must be *prenatally implanted* if it is to survive the stress of actual social exactions.

1224. The two most amazing and unphilosophical errors of biological science—"the non-transmissibility of acquired characters, and fetal independence of maternal moods"—cannot be too often referred to at this time. I have so recently been favored with demonstrations of the pre-eminent public services which two plain citizens are daily rendering that I must now bear witness.

1225. I personally felt well acquainted with four parents. Sterling, conscientious, practical, legal, oratorical, religious traits possessed one man; and his wife, while domestic, was a fine singer, religious, musical. And their only son is saturated with theology, oratory, music, a superb voice and executive ability.

1226. The other couple was deeply religious and

most practical in every sphere of life they entered. He was a preacher and theologian, and his wife, for years, had been a refined public school teacher. Their son is a most successful, popular, affable, teacher in secular, as well as in religious, lines. Yet "new psychology" experts might work for a millennium on one with my endowments, for instance, without bringing me up to mediocrity—even in such fields.

1227. Kindly disposed legislative bodies prescribe the number of hours business houses shall exact daily service of their clerks, seating facilities and what not. It is a move in the right direction and should be extended, forbidding employers, even to accepting the services of those in feeble health.

1228. It should be received as ample proof of debility when the complexion, for instance, is so unpresentable as to call for cosmetics. Contracted chests and "camel necks" found on the clerical force of any merchant, should render him subject to a penalty for each infraction of the law. Traffickers in crippling shoe heels and other ruinous contrivances should be made amenable to law.

1229. And this leads to a contemplation of the grotesqueness of some of the decrees of fashion. Only the other day I saw another of those stylish ladies with black circles painted about the eyes, which said to the biogenetically wise, "Behold the

tearful, heart-breaking, anguish of soul which my poor mother experienced when I was in the making." Others ape the doomed consumptive, the abandoned "street-walker," or pallid corpse in the custody of a funeral director.

1230. Thomas Darlington, former Health Commissioner of New York City, recently lectured on "How to Live 120 Years," before the National Democratic Club. I will summarize his points with my comments:

1231. We are in accord that the mental attitude of a "three score and ten" belief, is unfavorable. I fancy that, on an average, it cuts five years from those who reach seventy, and whose piety leads them to feel that they are "living on borrowed time." And I recall one of these who talked to me of the end, just as a person under a death sentence, in "Murderer's row," might have done.

1232. Doctor Darlington cites a mortality report in which four per cent were classed as having died of old age. He rejects this, and holds that most of these might have survived. Had I been personally familiar with all those tens of thousands of deaths, I should probably have classed a majority of them as senile demises — some being but mere infants. I contend that all die of old age who have exhausted their potential, congenital allotment of vitality—as do infants, with prenatally passive mothers.

1233. Doctor Darlington puts "clean and well selected food and the brushing of teeth" as fundamental factors in the consideration of this problem, while I, altho believing in common decency, hold them to be negligible in the longevity scheme, and can fortify my position with a world of facts. For instance, most centenarians have been life long *strangers* to all these modern improvements, and would clutch at tooth brushes as valuable auxiliaries to finger nails in their perpetual struggle against the tantalizing tickle incident to "cootie" appetites!

1234. I have recently seen two octogenarians of the same family. One was ever as devoted to the toothbrush as the other was a stranger to it. I found that the former had long been toothless, while the latter had a superb set of teeth with centennial aspirations! What would the Doctor's seven-times-daily rule have done for this defiant chap? Why, he would to-day have been as docile as the old lady who sits in the rocker, with her nose resting on her chin, and who "gums" her tea-soaked crusts!

1235. Doctor D. urges clean hands, and the drinking of water with meals, which is well, but these have so little bearing on our longevity problem! We are in fullest accord on *moderation*—as, also, on the sin of *overeating,* and the calamity of fat—the penalty of food without *exercise;* of

assimilation without elimination! "Genial converse, slow mastication, no worry at meals," are all golden rules, but most superficial factors in a sense. They will not add *one hour* to *life's lease* —which I tire of reiterating, is fixed *potentially*, and *pre-natally by the mother!*

1236. Doctor Darlington holds that the great majority of diseases enter thru the mouth—inferentially as germs. But is it not singular that a beneficent, all-wise Creator, who made the wild boar, for example, tougher than shoe-leather, bullet-proof, ever condemned to *"root hog or die"*—*the mouth a funnel for every vile substance and* deadly organism; yet, o'er all triumphant!

1237. And then, proud man, the Lord of Creation, with dominion over beast, miasm, bioplasm, everything, yet must wear a gas mask to escape the inconceivable pestilence which lurketh at noonday, to destroy at every angle of human progress! Oh, Oh, what inventions man has sought out!

1238. "Sermons, Meditation and Religion." I rejoice to see that we each view these in the same favorable light. He says no one would listen were he to dwell upon the evils of *nicotine*—and for this attitude I feel that he should be censured. Our responsibility regarding this growing racial *curse* can never be avoided by *silence*. It is the factor in modern life which awakens a query as to *survival value!*

1239. The lighter apparel of spring has tempted me to drop a penny in the slot and ascertain my actual avoirdupois. A table of "Correct Weight" formed an integral part of the machine —which was prepared by a leading Life Insurance Company. My height is six feet, and the indicator placed but 160 pounds to my credit, instead of the *"Correct" one hundred and seventy-five!*

1240. Now that schedule is the finished product of a thousand specialized biometrical brains, after sifting and analyzing the data submitted by millions of living, hand-picked subjects of both sexes, in classified ages, and studied from every conceivable angle, including the life history and heredity of each person. And yet, I have the nerve to aver, that they most egregiously err, and that my present weight, for instance, instead of being *fifteen pounds* below par, is really *ideal*—perfect to an *ounce,* as I can demonstrate.

1241. This amazing conceit of mine springs wholly from the fact that I recognize a basic truth, which "Science" contemptuously repudiates, concerning *maternal* and *fetal* inter-relationship—that sublime, *ineffable* union! My age is seventy-six, and my health has been *perfect,* now, for

twenty years, following sundry valetudinarian decades. Meanwhile I have become able to trace causes and have mastered certain hygienic problems.

1242. Fifty-seven years ago, a prominent Scotch physician criticised my "abnormal" leanness, after years of most strenuous efforts at muscle building. An associate, however, equally slender, on a similar table regimen, developed beautiful muscles, without physical toil—but he passed out over half a century ago!

1243. I have an acquaintance, to-day—Mr. M.—whose entire muscular system would be rated by experts as deficient, like my own; and yet, as a matter of fact, our physical endowments are almost antipodal. The two points in common are, slender contours and an "under-weight" that *does not change with the decades*—which, incidentally, gives a glimpse of the intricacies of our biometric problem.

1244. My parents were of goodly physique, and their several children were similarly favored—with the exception of the writer. I used to "run errands" for the family—literally. I remember, at the age of eleven, just for the fun of it, I ran all the way home—*three miles*—and an unsympathetic relative said I deserved "a horsewhipping!"

1245. Now we each are composed of ancestral germs, which unite at conception, and thruout the

period of gestation these blend and develop according to, and are modified by, maternal conduct; and, at parturition, there emerges a unique personality with a *norm* fashioned principally by the mother —and, whether she is conscious of the process or not, matters little with the result.

1246. My gestation was one of strenuosity—and in many respects, ideal, making a tough, wiry physique. Mr. M., with whom I am comparing—or, rather, contrasting—myself, was less fortunately endowed. His mother lacked appetite, domestic exigencies, responsibilities. An endurance test would best disclose our dissimilar norms.

1247. Activity is a synonym of life; and gestatory mobility—or, better said, *strenuosity*—gives size and length to both the axial and appendicular skeleton of the coming child. The shorter the osseous levers of our limbs, the more bulging the muscles appear.

1248. We daily see, in Physical Culture literature, these Herculean specimens pictured, and in my 'teens I coveted above all things such a physical equipment, viewing it as the best conceivable type of life insurance. I gave years to the most arduous forms of physical exercise, but without any apparent muscular development—and I have lived to rejoiced in this very fact, as much as might a foolish gazelle that had coveted elephantine limbs.

1249. An average heredity, with a well rounded gestatory period, insures a model norm for the offspring. The cells of brain, bone, muscle, are all clamoring for nutriment to feed and reinforce each part. But where gestatory exercise is lacking, and assimilation exceeds elimination, bulging muscles and ever-increasing avoirdupois harass, and perpetually hamper the unfortunate subject.

1250. I am living up to my—as a whole—fortunate norm; and am ever a stranger to adiposity, with uniform weight as the decades pass. My passive, feeble friend, *M.*, can measurably boast the same of his delicate life equipment. For either of us to ever tip the beam at the "*correct weight,*" we must descend to dissipation and debauchery—to a breaking down of our whole physical, cell integrity.

1251. I can point to those whose norm will insure added weight each year, because of gestatory assimilation in excess of elimination; and to others, whose ever-increasing adiposis results from ancestral immorality. And little, short of prison discipline will suffice to counteract these unfortunate tendencies, since they override the will.

1252. Our biometrical experts in the insurance field, present an exhaustive questionnaire to applicants covering ancestral generations and in-

dividual life experiences, and yet they err frequently in their conclusions regarding the desirability of the "risk" submitted—as death so often proves. Yet I, with only the merest glance at the candidate, most assuredly could average far better than they, as a forecaster, because of my familiarity with these biogenetic laws which I so earnestly seek to disseminate.

1253. Let us gather, to-day, at random, a hundred or two of the rising generation, under twenty-five, in a quest for eligibles, deserving of posterity. I am positive that I should feel forced to cull out the vast majority of them, because of excessive weight — actual or inevitable, as the trained eye can instantly detect. I should find myself with but a "shucker's dozen" of preferred stock; and of these rejected specimens of humanity, not three per cent would have been excluded for leanness.

1254. Statistical data must not be despised; yet I have a richer harvest, after mastering the mysteries of a single specimen—myself—than I ever could have reaped from a million cases appearing in life insurance columns. The prevailing norms, in our civilization to-day, clamor for ease and for *assimilation* in excess of *elimination;* hence, a constant increase in weight. And this, alas, is accelerated, in so many instances, by venereal taints.

1255. Actuarial tables give what is deemed the happy mean, and also what is twenty per cent below, as well as another similarly in excess of the central column. Now such averages can never invalidate stern facts, nor modify essential truth. The insurance man, to-day, would criticise my lacking fifteen pounds; yet the acquiring of these would prove a deplorable handicap!

1256. Heretofore I have deliberately added thirty pounds to my weight; and forty years later, with equal premeditation, I subtracted a like amount, and hence speak with assurance, grasping, as I do, the underlying principles. The majority of those who are overweight, may well be concerned and seek to reduce, since unfortunate habits have caused it. But the alleged "underweights"—if in health—should rejoice in a condition that was induced by noble achievement, far oftener than otherwise.

1257. There is gross error extant regarding one's "correct weight," which is chargeable to biometricians — insurance men; and I am here striving to make the folly apparent. A person anxiously inquires what he should weigh, when, as likely as otherwise, he is true to his favorable norm. He is told, professionally, not what is the "*correct*," but the *average* weight of a very defective majority of fellow mortals; yet where *appetite, digestion, health, strength* and *endurance* are

all and severally good, it is the *height* of *folly* to attempt to increase in weight.

1258. This biometrical problem is one of perpetual interest, and quite as elusive as it is perennial. The fact is well illustrated in these very days, when we see Hon. Chauncey M. Depew—April 23, 1923—celebrating his eighty-ninth anniversary, and pictured at his railway office, amid a shower of felicitations, telling his friends just how expert in the longevity line he has become, and the precise formula to which it is necessary to adhere, for them to be able to go and do likewise.

1259. Of course, his premises are hopelessly defective; and the credit with which he proudly plumes himself should go to his maternal ancestor. And yet, his mother was wholly unconscious of the splendid result she was achieving. Her conduct was almost ideal; and Mr. Depew's norm was correspondingly felicitous.

1260. He is quoted as saying, "No cures, no fads, no medicine, no monkey glands, no dead-sure life-giving serums of any kind; a good wife, a sensible diet, and *not much of it.* Love your work, your play, everything. My recreation is making speeches—one every night—and I have twelve published volumes of them." He plans to pass the century mark.

1261. And on the same page, in our "Daily Pictorial," I note a manly ex-slave of *ninety-eight,*

with his great-grandson, who is in the same primary school class. He has a fine beard, which shows a favorable sex history among his ancestors. But, whatever injustice those African forbears may have suffered, this descendant is incidentally compensated by having had an easily *sixty-five years* added to his earthly career.

1262. And, again, an octogenarian lady's recipe is given as "a clean Christian life"—which is certainly favorable, as far as it goes. But the meed is clearly for "*Old Lucie*" as far as this illustrated page is concerned. She is of an Indian remnant, in southern California, and is accredited with *one hundred* and *forty-seven years*—which so well exemplifies my general proposition.

1263. A glance at our latest, nickel-coin design, will recall what the typical aborigines were like, during their earlier strenuous generations—and how in contrast with our modern, "stall-fed," reservation specimens! Their "full-moon" countenances are so suggestive of the Eskimo—and this, because of present, analogous life habits, rather than possible ethnic affinities. Neither of these peoples are to-day producing super centenarians, but rather, flabby, paunchy, pillow-like specimens that drop out at fifty or sixty.

1264. I have just received *revised data,* courteously sent me by a leading insurance company, and I will quote one sentence which confirms my

contention regarding slimness: "Except in extreme cases, which are rarely met with, underweight, when uncomplicated by any other impairment, is very obviously an asset rather than a detriment, and needs very little attention in insurance, medical selection."

1265. Every one is measurably familiar with the usual questionnaires of life insurance people; but after our biogenetic revelations shall have become properly assimilated, the list will be found to contain many novel queries, quite as important as the customary ancestral probing.

1266. Just fancy pointers like these: What was your father's occupation the year prior to your birth; and where did he reside? Was it city, village or country; and how far from church, stores and school? How many floors in the residence; and what modern conveniences—coal, gas, electricity, elevator, automobile? How many did he employ; his indebtedness; his bank balance?

1267. How many children in the family, and their ages? What other members of the household; what provision for cooking, laundry, mending, bathing; what helpers? What outside social duties, recreations; reading; writing? How many days or weeks were there incident to confinement —and what was the expense incurred? Silly as it may appear, a competent agent with these points

settled, and with a glance at the applicant, can judge accurately concerning the desirability of the risk.

1268. And yet, there is one proviso which must be noted: I am not sufficiently familiar with Life Insurance to know the preferences in matters of age and sex. But I recall tabulating a goodly number of my youthful contemporaries of both sexes—all "husky" and seemingly of like expectancy, while still in their teens. Notwithstanding all this, after reaching their majority, more than *fifty per cent* of them, without any modification of personal habits, suddenly developed a "thick-set" habit, and passed out in the third decade of life. Their parents rounded out a goodly span; yet I now know that those blighted lives paid the penalty of ancestral, syphilitic taints!

1269. A fitting close for this topic will be the latest word from that same most enterprising company, above cited. "Those who weigh between 10 and 20 per cent below the average, show the optimum condition of longevity, at the most of the ages after early adult life. These few facts which have been derived from analysis of the insurance records, must be supplemented by intensive physiological research...To discover the reason for this, is the problem of the physiologist...The significance of these differences is for the future to determine."

1270. How true! And this very "*intensive physiological* research," has been the passion of the writer's life, because of the exceptional exigencies of his *gestatory* period, when the maternal heart yearned so intently for continued, and more *abundant* existence. The "*Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation,*" has, most specifically, that *prenatal fact* for its corner-stone!

1271. The question has just been raised publicly: "What causes kleptomania?" And the authoritative answer is: "Kleptomania denotes a disorder of volition, termed an impulsion, and constituting a symptom of insanity due to mental impairment. Kleptomaniacs appropriate, generally, bright, attractive articles, stowing them away often without concealment, never putting them to any use or obtaining any gain from them."

1272. Of course, I simply smile and repudiate this entire solution, which presents an utterly unpreventable and hopeless situation, whereas our biogenetic revelations should forever eliminate this misfortune. Expectant mothers often playfully and thoughtlessly indulge in little tricks and foibles which naturally appear exaggerated in their offspring. Dishonest pilfering frequently occurs and produces these crafty born thieves. I recall a hardware clerk, with vivacious smiling countenance, who, in filling my trifling order, insisted on slipping in a dollar's worth of fine table

cutlery—which led to a most embarrassing complex.

1273. I have long known a son of southern Europe and his pleasing wife; and there are but few hours of the twenty-four that their tiny place of business is not open, and one or the other of them found seated patiently waiting for some passer-by to be tempted to invest a trifle in fruits, nuts, cakes or soft drinks. And he confidentially tells me of his real estate purchases and monthly receipts from rentals—they finding the charm of America such that they have no yearning to return and struggle with old world conditions.

1274. And posterity? Why, even in this direction they feel favored, since with repeated pregnancies, and perchance living births, the will of Heaven has been to speedily call for their little ones. Thus pious greed is blind to the fact that the real prizes of life are won only by those who strenuously battle with its problems—in which fetal life inevitably participates. Activity, passivity, longevity, mortality are vital factors in the problem of gestation! It seems almost superfluous to add that *wealth* is the great desideratum with this plain, worthy couple, and posterity — their own progeny even—but an incidental consideration; a very cheap side line which they do not bother about; and altho amply fertile, are unconsciously lineage exterminators!

1275. I have occasionally been accused of exaggeration, and my favorite expression — Man's *infinite* potentialities"—may serve as a typical illustration. But the case of Alexander Alekhine, that Russian Chess Master, who simultaneously plays *twenty-six* games while *blindfolded*— and probably winning them all — should temper harsh criticisms.

1276. Lightning calculators are a common instance from similar causes—that is, maternal effort during those telling months. The number of inches in a mile; the cube root of 100,000; how many seconds of time have passed of the present century? are fair samples of what these gifted experts can answer in the fraction of a minute— which certainly savors of infinitude. Judicious maternal effort quickens and endows one hundred fold!

1277. Divorce is an appalling evil, with many well recognized causes; yet there is one quite common reason, seldom considered, I fear, which should be referred to, since there is a remedy that our legislators ought to help make effective. I refer to sundry "*in-laws*" who so often menace the social structure.

1278. There are fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters-*in-law*—we all have known such—who are benevolently tolerated, if not gushingly made welcome, under the roof of the aspiring newly-wed

—and they so often become possessed of the hellish ambition to "run" the establishment and dictate its policies. A domestic tragedy, suicide, infidelity, abandonment, divorce are among the logical sequences.

1279. But I fondly hope to see the day when the aggrieved young married person, finding that conditions are beginning to grow unbearable, shall quietly slip down to the special magistrate and outline a situation; whereupon, if circumstances seem to warrant it, he will lend the distressed caller an unobtrusive *dictograph,* with proper instructions.

1280. Within a week it would be returnable with its infallible record evidence. The proper parties then would receive a legal summons to appear at this most exclusive domestic court. Certain members of the household become flushed with anger as they listen to bold accusations, and hasten to deny everything and to invent counter charges—but that impartial dictograph would present the facts, and with pallid cheeks the official warning would indicate the penalty of further social transgressions. There would be no "repeaters" in such a court, and domestic tranquillity would rapidly become the joyous rule.

1281. Doctor Hastings S. Hart, of the Department of Child Helping of the Russell Sage Foun-

dation, has been visiting us here in the District, and, after extensive investigation, has reported on child welfare agencies in the National Capital.

1282. He rightly says that "we ought to be glad as those who are given this sacred charge of caring for little children," and thinks our greatest need is a getting together of those interested in social work. And Newbold Noyes, who presided at the gathering, stated that there are agencies here which are "a disgrace to the city and a blot upon social work."

1283. One children's institution has but nine inmates, seven of whom belong to the Superintendent. "Better late than never" is an old enough adage to be true. But who that perceives a substratum of truth in my words can doubt that victory or defeat depends upon gestatory previousness.

1284. Doctor Woods Hutchinson says, "Bubbles blown of soap and protein, shot thru with sunlight and darting with electric sparks, is what we are made of." And yet he is the very one I have quoted—while suppressing the name from motives of delicacy—as declaring that "parents have but five per cent of control in fashioning their progeny." And some may wonder that I see any inconsistency in these utterances. But his "'electric sparks" certainly are not incompatible with my "*Law* of *Sex!*"

1285. I have taken occasion to condemn "Science," withal, for the actual condition of the dentition of our present day civilization, and probably many must feel that my strictures are unwarranted, and that tooth-brushes and pastes, filling amalgams, false sets, bridge and crown work are severally proofs of a promising future for our race.

1286. Ralph Glidden, of Los Angeles, has a tray of over 4,000 teeth, taken from an Indian mound near that city—but not *one* has he found that was marred by *decay!*

1287. Certain recent photographic studies, made possible by a new invention, reveal the fact that absent mindedness is a subnormal trait, and, according to the Engineering Foundation of New York, causes actions similar to the motion behaviour of imbeciles. We are told that bricklayers, for instance, are working just as they did thousands of years ago; yet, with training, patterned after the most expert artisan ever seen, all might do three fold more than at present. The amateur berrypicker is cited, too, tho skilled in other fields, but not in motion study; he may be trained to "fifteenfold efficiency!"

1288. And I say that there is a substratum of truth in all this academic phantasy; yet, the only practical results in these matters are obtainable when the efforts are made during the *gestatory*

period of the new life. "Dyed in the wool" is Nature's worth-while method; and it is folly to ignore this basic fact.

1289. The other day a caller came to our office, and the hour's interview left me greatly depressed. The stranger spoke of our having met once or twice, and he clearly showed that he felt we were in the same class—altho I saw no resemblance—save that we each retain a natural beard, and dispense a few pages of our literature.

1290. He seemed to me a typical, inoffensive, religious crank—a medieval anachronism; a roving anchorite, surcharged with spiritual conceit! Without education or special native ability, he dogmatically passes judgment on anything which can be found printed in his native tongue; like that legendary judge whose decisions were made before the presentation of evidence—an omniscient autocrat in grotesque attire!

1291. Of course, there are legitimate fields for faith, speculation and conjecture; but our biogenetic theme, burdened with its wealth of concrete facts, portends life and joy, or misery and death, according to the heed it inspires. Food, clothing and shelter are no more fundamental needs than are our special lines of basic truths!

1292. How well I recall one of just my own age, with whom I was daily brought in contact, sixty odd years ago—and yet, with hundreds of op-

portunities, his native, exclusive temperament, caused him never to show that he was even cognizant of my existence. His father was wealthy, stalwart, gentlemanly, agreeable; but this son probably "took after" his mother—whom I never saw, yet assume she was a *languid lady*.

1293. Willie would have proven an enigma to the chiropractor, because, if classifiable as of the vertebrata, his spine seemed to be wholly cartilaginous, for he never evidently was able to sit or stand erect, even for a moment. There was the suggestion of effeminacy in his complexion, his voice, his recreations—nothing of strenuous manliness, or brilliancy. Would he ever survive, or leave "footprints on the sands of Time?"

1294. But he did; and decades later, in distant parts, with that same weary, born-tired gait, I saw him in his hopeless quest for vigor—nevertheless, with brush and pen he displayed marked ability and refinement, before filling his all-too-early grave. And what a pity that such tragedies must continue, and parenthood remain blind to its boundless opportunities!

1295. Doctor C. B. Davenport, of Cold Springs Harbor, announces that fatness does not depend on what one eats, but on his inheritance; and Professor Graham Lusk, of the Cornell University Medical School, after listening to the lecture, held that "appetite and nutrition have much to do

with putting on weight"—all of which tempts me to reiterate the solemn facts:

1296. Conception, by parents of normal antecedents, will insure ideal offspring, provided the mother, during gestation, *assimilates* and *eliminates* equally. But if she eats more than she exercises—ten per cent, for instance—the child will inherit that bent for excess and will indulge it whenever possible, thus, yearly, will increase in weight.

1297. Our stature depends on ancestral wisdom. When that was ideal, we, at maturity, have a normal weight thru life. But, as we become wealthy and foolish, the rule is to indulge appetite and stimulate, which shows itself in reddish jowls and a double chin—that becomes hereditary.

1298. One who is cursed with a ten per cent excess of appetite and a corresponding indolence, if possessed of strength of character, might correct in both self and posterity—but nothing short of a prison term will usually suffice to insure a wise regimen. With the increase of creature comforts, our race seems doomed—and yet, jollying propaganda is constantly served up to us, predicting an ever-lengthening human span.

SECTION TWENTY-NINE

1299. I recall so vividly when the battle of Antietam raged, in September, 1862; and I might name a housewife, living in that immediate vicinity, who was shocked at the sight of a soldier with a serious sabre wound on his scalp, some three inches above, and back of, his left ear.

1300. Two months later she gave birth to a very bright, artistic type of a son, who should be classed as normal—save for a queer sort of a fleshy, hairless excrescence, about the size of an almond, on his scalp, at a point corresponding to that soldier's wound. His left ear is defective—the excess of wax requiring daily removal—and listless spells of hours, each week, seem to be related to the left side of the face.

1301. Of course, "Science" sneers and says, "coincidence;" but I have several things to affirm. Biogenetic laws did not interfere with that soldier's ear, or hearing, nor with that pregnant mother's auditory nerve, seriously; but that mental, nervous shock, permanently crippled, as afore-

Airplane view of Capital Hill and its public buildings—not to mention our Biogenetic offices.

said, the scalp and internal action of that unfortunate fetus!

1302. Drowning men of "Science," are as prone to clutch at straws as are ordinary mortals; and to fortify their "coincident" explanation might say, that their position is justified by the fact that ten years later, this same mother gave birth to a second son, with a similar scalp-mark—yet with perfect hearing.

1303. But this fact is of exceptional interest to the prenatalist, as it shows how the vivid maternal *memory* and *imagination*—and possibly a trace of *apprehension* also—can mark the growing fetus! The traces of genius in that son are a natural by-product of gestative strenuosity during those stirring war times.

1304. Oh, how refreshing it is to be able to quote a current item and give it unqualified endorsement! Nathan Straus, Jr., says, "The greatest need of civilization is better babies, and women who risk their lives in this task, deserve a bonus quite as much as the soldier who fought to preserve it!"

1305. That state bounty suggestion, is all right; but, upon a second reading, I find myself unable to present this gem without qualifying my approval, with the assurance, to all concerned, that, when our biogenetic philosophy really permeates the body politic, the *risk to life* will be found alto-

gether negligible—no greater in fact, than in the taking of a bath, or partaking of a hearty meal!

1306. To-day, June 22, 1923—a bright little girl of nine, smilingly greeted me on the street, and I learned of her foreign parentage, and that she had repeatedly spoken to me previously—for, of course, I cannot identify all,when they approach me in clusters. She is one of nine; the age of the oldest being thirteen, and the baby is eleven months old!

1307. She volunteered the information that they hadn't much money, as papa only made a dollar and sixty cents a day. But she assured me that they all have enough to eat, and tenderly love one another. Thus, as I showered Heaven's blessings upon the healthy group, I felt that pessimism is hardly warranted, in contemplating our country's future, with the ingrafting of such virile stock.

1308. Few nations can match the progressive and pacific spirit we cherish, with the white dove of Peace ever hovering low—and yet, what can I not recall, in rather remote days, as well as all along down to our current calendar month?

1309. I was once temporarily located where neighbors sought to ingratiate themselves and prove social prestige by proudly detailing to me how each had brought down his man! This should be classed, I presume, with that once rampant dueling spirit.

1310. How mothers must shudder at the thought that one of their darlings should ever meet such an end! And, yet, they shrink from the idea of rearing "mollycoddles;" and so they buy the little ones tin soldiers, toy pistols, swords, cannon and pop-guns, besides taking them to the movies, where they see hands, boots and mouth holding guns or daggers, all ready for instant deadly action.

1311. I recall one bright little fellow of eight, whom I was wont to pet, and labor, withal, to induce his relatives to provide more peaceful toys. But the climax came suddenly when his well-planned holdup was sprung upon me, and received such a rebuke that the echo of his sobs still lingers.

1312. Another little fellow of pleasing personality has since come into my circle, and I have sought so faithfully to induce the abandonment of that toy sword. Yet he quietly struts about with it, daily, and I learn from associates how he tells of a good time coming, when those similarly equipped will be able to gather no end of booty—the anarchist's wild dream, in short!

1313. Such common-place recitals should be shocking enough to startle even the "Bourbon, moss-back" theorists, who figure 100,000 years as necessary to work any perceptible change. But for the *biogenetically* instructed, who clearly discern that these fancied years dwindle into very

short hours in Nature's laboratory, these facts must simply appall! Oh, what shall the harvest be?

1314. Judge Ben B. Lindsey's recent public utterances regarding the 1,000 illegal operations at present performed in Denver, annually, are unutterably pathetic. His urging of a more effective operation of their mothers' compensation law of $50 a month throws a side light on this dark phase of human conduct. District Attorney Van Cise recommends that the grand jury shall either proceed against offenders, "tooth and nail," or else that the existing statutes against birth control teachings be repealed.

1315. And now it is incumbent upon me to analyze the actual situation a little, present the remedy and forecast the future: The trouble springs from human frailty, folly, depravity, all of which are aggravated a hundred fold by the false teaching of "Science" and a misconception of relative values.

1316. Money is the golden dream of foolish mortals; and offspring are viewed as nothing but expensive, maddening, pesky brats. Whereas, our biogenetic evangel proves that children are the true "wealth of nations;" the hope of humanity; the priceless gifts of heaven; the joy of life; and, at our discretion, they may all be geniuses of the ages!

1317. John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, tells the Hood College girls of Frederick, Maryland, that three generations hence the American women will be the ugliest frights on earth, because the automobile, the movies, and the white lights have suppressed the birth rate and eliminated the home — immigration alone saving our nation from extinction.

1318. And I concede that this forecast is warranted from a contemplation of current data. But I know that there will be found, somewhere, the saving sense to grasp our biogenetic life-line, and the remnant proceed to replenish and repopulate this fair land with a race possessing angelic attributes.

1319. I do not profess to have grasped Nature's color scheme, as a whole, yet am persuaded that I have mastered it as related to humanity; and at the same time have demonstrated that "Science" errs with its "unit characters," and Mendelian mathematics, when they are applied to racial differences in matters of eye, hair and complexion especially. And the invariable phenomena noted in these particulars unquestionably prove the accuracy of my every claim regarding the potencies incident to the gestatory period. The success of the "poro system," as applied to African scalps, also confirms the accuracy of my contention.

1320. "Science," for more than a generation, utterly ignored Mendel's experiments; but now it seems bent upon forcing Mendelism into channels where it fails to respond. We are all familiar with the pretty uniform results obtained with flowering peas, guinea pigs and white mice—yet woeful failures crop out when human complexions and certain eye colorings are sought.

1321. Mrs. M. had heard enough of her family's dark eyes to prefer such in her progeny rather than their father's pale blue orbs. Of course, Nature accommodated her in all that notable brood of five. But Miss N., with pale "optics," had the good fortune to win a dark eyed lover whose full, swarthy brow was superb—and she took pains unconsciously, of course — to endow each of her six sons and daughters identically with that ideal, or, rather, more strikingly! *Maternity* is superlatively *"It!"*

1322. Now while I do not pretend to have learned the chromatology of Nature, yet two puzzling phenomena I daily feel more positive that I have rightly interpreted. Creatures which change color to harmonize with seasonal environment—white in winter and brown in summer, for example—owe this power to hereditarily developed yearning, which is intensified by fear of death. The very recent reports from that Darien, White Indian Expedition—"pinto land of piebalds spotted

like polka-dot neckties; markings in the dense jungle astonishingly like vegetation mottled by sunlight"—interest me profoundly, and tend to confirm my biogenetic suspicions.

1323. The dapple markings on horses of different colors I feel positive, result from the shadows of arboreal foliage at the hour of conception. The zebra's stripes, as well as those of tigers, leopards, giraffes and all varieties of mammalian specimens, I cannot doubt are all positively determinable. Of course,where eyesight is lacking, such a law would be inoperative. And yet blindfolding animals to test my contention, could hardly furnish conclusive proof, for hereditary reasons.

1324. I have before me, a late picture of Gertrude Ederle, the champion swimmer ; and I am impressed, as when noting acrobatic feats of married couples. We used to be taught that broad shoulders and bulging muscles were masculine characteristics; while broad hips, narrow shoulders and graceful contours are the feminine inheritance. Yet, as a matter of fact, the differences of frame are negligible — aside from the osseous pelvic orifice—when the sexes are subjected to a practically identical regimen. Heavy hips result from a sedentary life in an environment of costly upholstery.

1325. And this recalls the report of Doctor C. O. Mosher, after her years of study and measure-

ments of many thousand women in California universities. She finds, withal, that the average height has increased over an inch in the last three decades, while Vassar and Smith Colleges show even greater strides in the same direction. Difficult menstruation, too, has declined from 68 per cent, to 19, which is clearly the result of athletic habits —and yet they must still be taught the stultifying heresy of the "non-transmissibility of acquired characters!"

1326. An anxious mother writes a medical expert regarding the health of her son, just six years old. His appetite is very poor and he can eat but little at his meals, which she fears will make him ill-balanced mentally.

1327. Now the doctor says his condition is due to an "unstable nervous system," yet can be trained to grow up physically strong—which prompts me to submit my review of the case with a diagnosis and prognosis.

1328. The child's regrettable height, weight, and appetite are all the inevitable sequence of maternal, gestatory unwisdom. Her remark that "he can eat only very little at meals," suggests the probability that he indulges in candies and what not between times! That talk of an "unstable nervous system," is positively silly. The world will never discover in him aught but a luckless human cull!

1329. Every few weeks we are regaled, or "jollied," by some noted medical expert's recital, at a great annual convention, about how Science has already added decades to human life and will presently banish disease and premature dissolution.

1330. Now I am unconquerably optimistic, yet am impelled to submit considerations from practical angles which few will attempt to gainsay or challenge. Suppose some friend had model sons and daughters, and should seek my co-operation in the consummation of acceptable matrimonial alliances. As we contemplate the passing throng, at the street corner, surely not *one per cent* would be found desirable subjects for parenthood.

1331. But let us turn to select, hand-picked, graduating groups at College commencements. We could probably find five per cent from which to choose—certainly not ten—and few, if any, takers were the interests of posterity hinted at. And who can find anything inspiring in such a state of facts?

1332. Some one subject or pursuit looms large upon the horizon of most people, and at random I can specify over a score of such more or less worthy themes: Heredity, Environment, Health, Education, Science, Song, Music, Drama, Art, Oratory, Athletics, Longevity, Travel, Literature, Languages, Chess, Beauty, Personality, Poetry,

Originality, Genius. And has any one the hardihood, at this late stage, to ask me which one or more of these might be my pre-eminent specialty?

1333. Well, I have one which practically overshadows, subordinates, and controls all of these, yet it has not been even remotely suggested in this formidable list. It is the *potentialities* of the *prenatal year;* and, by virtue of their wise direction, the fortunate recipient may be endowed and excel in several of these!

1334. Professor William James is reported to have declared that the discovery or recognition of the existence of the sub-conscious mind, is one of the greatest events in human annals. But who can doubt that, were this noted expert with us to-day, he would concede that maternal, gestatory potentialities are of *ten fold* greater practical import? Yes, and a *thousand times* more momentous for human weal than all the evolutionary vagaries extant!

1335. About two centuries ago Richard Bradley published a "Family Dictionary," in which he said: "To attain to an advanced and even extreme old age, take three pounds of rosewater, five ounces of orange and lemon peel, dried in the shade; of nutmeg, clove and cinnamon, three ounces each; a pound of red roses that have been gathered two days; a pinch of laurel leaves; put all these together with some rosewater, bed upon

bed, into a glass of limbeck; distill them very gently with a Bath-Mary, and keep the water that comes out for your use."

1336. Bradley recommended this as a cure-all, and a genuine longevity producer — even to 150 years. And a recent writer, commenting on this, says, "that even if scientists discovered how, no one would live up to the rules." But, fortunately, the whole problem centers about an enlightened maternity; and mother-love is all sufficient.

1337. I find another six-inch article on "Postponing Old Age" in which over a dozen theories, assertions and pointers are submitted, and I will try to classify and enumerate in a way to make the positive truth unmistakable, since nothing is more demonstrable than the accuracy of my gestatory claims.

1338. True, "inherited constitution;" "inexorable inheritance;" "hardening arteries;" "changes in cells and tissues due to some inherent principle," sound learned, tho vague, but just what ruins the arteries of one man at fifty, and leaves those of another perfect at ninety? "Habits of life" are emphasized; "temperance, fresh air, daily walks, regularity, moderation," yet we see those who ever spurn all these wise suggestions, who still outlive people that most scrupulously observe them— and there's a reason!

1339. I recently saw, at a public gathering, a person with such a large, sagacious nose that I was consumed of a desire for acquaintanceship, that I might study its owner's actual relation to that royal heritage. Physiognomy has never been reduced to a science, because aspirants in that direction have ever been groping for basic facts.

1340. Cranial contours, broad and narrow heads, chin, cheek bones, teeth, neck, throat angle, and nose, may, in a general way, be grouped as features resulting from habits centuries old; while eyes, eye-brows, and lids, lips, voice, tongue, and smile especially, are our modern, up-to-date characters. I recall three superb sets of teeth in mature life, the owners of which were ferocious as tigers, bloodthirsty when angry and with irresistible impulses to bite!

1341. Dr. D. C. A. Butts, a physiological chemist of the Pennsylvania Department of Health, in a recent address to the Alumnae Association of the Women's Medical College, announced that cancer is caused by an excess of positive electric energy, in cells of the body. "When there is proper balance and distribution of these ions, normal metabolism functioning, and life-cycle of the cells result.

1342. "The cells which comprise our entire bodies, are composed of positively and negatively charged portions, continually in active motion,

which interchange. Their combinations produce the various chemical, thermal and electrical changes necessary to carry on the organism. If stabilized simultaneously thruout the cell, it dies."

1343. Now, while no fragment of knowledge should be spurned, this elucidation seems to me several degrees from an explanation of the real cause and cure of cancer. I have quoted it merely to say, that it strikingly confirms the accuracy of my "Law of Sex," which I first discerned in January, 1872.

1344. The other day we were given an account of a Mrs. Mercurio, the mother of sixteen children, who resides in the middle West. She is fifty eight years old; and, after being left for dead, has been restored, much to the unutterable joy of her thirty descendants. Adrenalin, injected into her heart, is given full credit for her recovery; but I wish that her *tenacity* of life share in this honor, since even that powerful stimulant fails to save, when this *vital asset* is wanting; and even with this, full consciousness was not attained for *ten days!*

1345. She states that she felt like a log of wood, and when accidentally burned, twice, felt no pain. She sought to smile and to cross the hands on her breast, that all might know she died in peace. "I could feel death pulling; I was slipping. I vainly sought something to hold me; I felt far away and

alone." And this quotation so recalls my own analogous situation, of forty-five years ago, that I will try to indicate certain phases, as I lay for days on the border line, wasted to a shadow, being consumed of remittent fever.

1346. Death had broken, for me, so many of life's ties, that I could not wish to remain; and, when smitten, as anticipated, I had a promise from my wife that I should be frankly informed when the end might seem near. Yet, twelve days later, on being assured that my hour was at hand, since I had been pulseless for days, and only one warm spot remained over my heart—I was shocked, and called for a hand glass.

1347. I said my eyes were not those of a moribund; but reason told me I could not survive under existing conditions. My collapsed frame, for a week, had been so painfully bearing down on the vital organs that I had to be turned every ten minutes, from one side to the other.

1348. My darlings slept under a huge elm, only a few rods away; and a grave by their side was ordered by me to be dug forthwith; an improvised coffin was made ready, and I was to be laid away, for valid reasons, before the morrow's sun should shine. My sense of time was so feeble, however, that every few minutes I would ask for the hour; and, before eight o'clock, I impatiently said it would take me all night to die at that rate!

1349. But one final gasp came ; the pillow was removed from under my head, and all the watchers were in accord, that I had passed out. The mother condoled with her tiny, "fatherless" infant, and bade the watchers to postpone for a little, that last sad task of "laying out the deceased," that she might sufficiently recover her nerve to feel equal to the ordeal.

1350. And on this casual preference and delay, the family history seems to have pivoted, for one attendant fancied, at the end of that interval, hearing the suggestion of a gasp from my couch —when all was changed to confused activity. But the report of my demise had gone forth. The good physician sent a letter of condolence: "Yours is, indeed, a sad experience—a *bride*, a *mother* and a *widow*, all in a single year! I fear we were not sufficiently hopeful." Just one superstitious optimist, however, appeared in that vicinity: "I told you all that he would live, when I saw them digging his grave before he was actually dead!"

1351. And now for the precise feature which was like Mrs. Mercurio's "slipping:" After I had been argued into trying to live, I lay one night holding on to an imaginary half-inch cable, clutching it desperately from the roof of the porch, and sighing that all was lost, since my grasp was never but momentarily effective. It was as if being borne down stream on a rapid current, but heading up

stream, the metal cable and self extending horizontally.

1352. I was being consumed of "coastal" or climatic, fall fever, for weeks, as already stated, and, because of a multiplicity of woes, much preferred to be done with this sorrowing world. For successive days and nights the most substantial reality remaining, of earth, was, for me, expressed in the lines of that song:

> "River of Death; thy shades I see,
> Between the fair city of Life and me."

1353. There was nothing figurative in these words, seemingly, but blessed assurance; and, as the weary hours dragged, I sought to have certain of my men make a trough out of a huge pine log in the cypress shade, near the stream, under the swaying moss—which identical spot I could actually go and still locate. My weird plan was to bathe in those cool "Jordan" waters, till the rushing stream itself should be exultantly reached.

1354. But another vagary of those days found me in a wild, wooded, sloping landscape, where there was a washout in the red, clay subsoil, just large enough to receive my body. By holding onto small, tree roots, I was kept from sliding down to destruction. My cerebellum was lost, and my future depended on a new one arriving from Boston!

1355. Watermelon on ice, was the most delicious

morsel I ever tasted. And one night, I recall awaking from some vivid dream, probably, and frantically demanded that a remaining pound of ice be broken up and given to me, as I had only "one minute of life left!" I had ravenously consumed the last lump, and all was calm, when the watcher, with a sardonic smile, which I shall never forget, asked if the minute was not almost up?

1356. Another night, that identical party was on duty, when I suddenly awoke, saying that I had had a vision, and was miraculously restored to perfect health. I assured the attendant that I could get up and walk if so disposed. With a smiling, teasing, spirit of incredulity, the face was put down near to mine, and I was insistently entreated to deliver my hardest, possible blow—and, for the only time in my life, I delivered a tooth-jarring swipe, which produced instant conviction, altho I was too feeble, presumably, to even hold a cup in those days.

1357. But enough of these phantasms; and now for a fruitful fact: A worthy citizen, of national repute, has just passed away, with pneumonia; yet he was born years after my convalescence—and why should this be? Simply because "Science" taught his mother a rank heresy regarding the glorious potentialities of the gestatory period!

1358. His education was completed at the age

of *thirty*, and he was taken from us at *forty-two;* but had he been *biogenetically* brought forth, he would have been wiser at *fifteen* than he actually was, at death ; and he might have blessed the world with that wisdom, for over a century! The maternal influence is like seed sown upon good ground, which yields a *hundred fold return!*

1359. It took ten years for the elimination of those malarial poisons from my system; kidney and other complications were seriously apprehended by our good physician. Yet, within a year after sidestepping my own grave, I was strenuously and simultaneously, creating and filling the positions of *three men*—thanks wholly to the arduous fidelity of my maternal ancestor; *bless her sacred memory!* Experts, familiar with loads that I have had to carry, since then, by the decade, even, have been amazed that I escaped a nervous break-down, mental or physical collapse; but correct habits and *constitutional tenacity* explain all —and, mark well, *absolute recovery*, being still at my best!

SECTION THIRTY

1360. A month ago I became interested in the *Journal* of the *American Medical Association,* and was edified by its serious perusal—particularly by its department, "Propaganda for Reform," which specializes on the exposure of fraudulent nostrums. Nothing could receive my more hearty approval and godspeed. Yet those very pages disclose the false foundation upon which the Medical Profession rests.

1361. I might name a great railway system whose lines were laid out by experts that were paid according to the engineering difficulties involved—which really resolved itself into so much for each *curve* and *grade.* The multiplicity of these features necessitated reconstruction later on the *air line* principle. Our automobile, and other industries, all depend on *quality* and *service* for success!

1362. What is conceivably more archaic, than this having the compensation in the *medical* and *legal* professions depend on the botchery of the service rendered! *Recovery; cure; settlement; acquittal; vindication,* are all, alike, words which

shrivel bank balances in these professions! *Medical missionaries* are my ideal heroes in our world of to-day!

1363. Last week our Daily Pictorial showed us a stalwart dame of ninety, with a vise-like grip of jaw, on a big pipe. Mrs. F. abominates cigarets, but says pipe smoking is the main reason for her perfect health.

1364. And the very next day the classic face of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, is given, as he writes, on his *ninetieth* birthday, a longevity formula. "Eat moderately, sleep at least seven hours, use no stimulants and maintain a serene spirit."

1365. I am contemplating the presentation of a third nonagenarian portrait, with its central, Miltonian seam, and owner's solemn recipe for length of days—that the secret lies in the serene equipoise which the accurate parting of those locks insures. Yet, as a matter of positive fact, the three formulas are equally innocuous and have no bearing whatsoever on the problem of long life.

1366. *Maternal, gestatory conduct,* is *supreme*—when hereditary blood taints do not overwhelm. But some may say that I am too dogmatic, dictatorial, and do not even attempt to prove my droll dictum; so here is an item or two worthy of consideration: Many millions who have indulged in the same filthy weed, smoked from similar pipes, are

to-day filling early graves. I might designate peoples, and tribes, numbering many millions, who substantially practice Doctor's Eliot's chaste regimen, yet they must be rated as short lived.

1367. And as to the central seam—if the idea must be taken seriously—we can meet thousands, whose parting is central, and so broad as to reach the confines of the ears, yet their record averages very far from longevity. I have, with the years, asked scores, as to their tobacco habit, and I find that it is almost invariably deplored. Yet "Uncle Joe Cannon" has long exulted in it, boasting that *his mother smoked*—which brings us back to my old prenatal stamping ground!

1368. In a Personal Health Service column, a patron asks the physician in charge, how to differentiate laziness from lack of ambition, and is told, withal, that "probably but a small share of all laziness is mental." Of course, I claim the right to ride my hobby, rough shod over the entire proposition.

1369. We find communities, peoples, nations, that are classed as lazy and devoid of ambition; while we, who normally are bristling with enthusiasm and initiative, feel chagrin, and confess laziness when suffering from some passing indisposition. But the whole problem centers about that *Jubilee, prenatal year!* We should be charitably disposed towards those who supinely sit in

the shade and contemplate the landscape from adolescence to senescence. It is inevitable!

1370. Over fifty years ago I quoted this from Bacon: "The impediments which hinder men from arriving at truth, are: 1st, Too great dependence on authority; 2nd, Allowing too great weight to custom; 3d, The fear of offending the vulgar; 4th, The affectation of concealing, by the display of a specious appearance of knowledge."

1371. Now I am ready to concede that his summary may have been accurate when written; but my observation for more than half a century now, convinces me that it very poorly elucidates present day conditions. Oh, the "high brows" I have approached, submitting the most self evident propositions, yet only to be spurned contemptuously. And I have conclusive proof that this was not because of a forbidding personality, but from a sort of *exclusive obsequiousness.*

1372. "Civilization" creates complexity; and I feel that twice four factors can be named, which hinder human progress: scholastic conceit; snobbish clannishness; atrophied initiative; intellectual indolence; emasculated individuality; craven characterlessness; sordid selfishness; envious effeminacy—plus puling pragmatism!

1373. I might cite, specifically, where I have submitted facts as indisputable as the multiplication table, yet have seen them ignored and wild

vaporings substituted, even in standard works, because their author's "degrees" presumably gave brains.

1374. I have seen famous people, spending tens of thousands, to discover truths for which the world languished, and to which quest I had given over forty years before attaining. I have approached these noted ones, with the assurance that I could demonstrate the priceless blessings so diligently sought—yet only to be rebuffed and maligned, by the decade, insomuch that, with self respect, I have been unable to give them to the world as yet. The underlying motives involved form one of the saddest comments on poor human nature!

1375. I have stated that it is the mission of Biogenetics, withal, not to bestow the curse of wealth, but rather to abolish poverty—and, surely, at least one concrete illustration will be appreciated: I have watched for decades two aspiring fellows, now past their prime; much alike in ancestry and opportunity: each ever studying the other—but, of course, both have always been compelled to view the world thru their respective congenitally fitted, maternal goggles. They are contrasts in the practical, bread and butter phase of existence, because of differing feminine attitudes during the two gestatory periods which sealed their individual destinies.

1376. In the fate of things, each saw plans and ideals shattered, contemporaneously—idle, empty-handed alike, with the problem of ways and means daily looming larger. And this caused Mr. F. to hustle a bit, and find a property which he could lease on terms that enabled him to derive a handsome income by judicious business management. But it was not in Mr. M. to go and do likewise, as he had frequently seen his friend F. do, because he was not built that way. He just elbowed himself into an impossible realty deal, having its inexorable $11,000 annual dues, with no ghost of an opportunity to reimburse so much as one dime.

1377. Thus, with all his good faith, this unfortunate fell into the clutches of the law; was deprived of his liberty, forfeiting a goodly name—and the poor departed mother, who, with "Science," caused all that son's misfortunes, still peacefully sleeps, holding the cherished memory of her descendants. Maternal good sense during the period of gestation, insured honor and abundance for the one, as inevitably as disgrace and penury for the other!

1378. Femininity is the forerunner of posterity ; and for that sole end was woman placed among us. Whenever I see a lady, I almost instinctively contemplate her from the maternal angle—and how few do I see who should be classed as prizes, potentially adapted to have the bene-

dictions of later generations showered upon them!

1379. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is quoted as recently having said at Colorado Springs, before the National Woman's Party, of which she is President, that marriage is a sort of slavery, and practically a failure, as statistics attest; and she advises girls not to marry. I cannot say, that, "After us the Deluge!" is her present slogan, but I should pronounce her advice as most reprehensible, were it not for the dictum of "Science," that parents have but *five per cent* of control over shaping the qualities and destinies of their offspring!

1380. I recognize the three words, *femininity, fecundity* and *posterity* as being almost synonymous terms in an ideal community, and that deluvian attitude most deplorable. The ominous clouds which are already nearing the zenith, would have no silver lining, but for our glorious Biogenetic Evangel!

1381. I see that a noted educator cautions his young men against becoming too deeply interested in the female students, and says none should dream of marrying on a salary of less than $4,000. But let some biogenetically inspired professor, urge marriage on a meagre, yearly wage of but $400, and I would look for the benediction of posterity to be showered upon these latter, modest aspirants for life's prizes. No contribution what-

ever to human progress should be anticipated from couples starting out with, let us assume, a $40,000 annual income—and there are reasons.

1382. But now comes Dr. Wm. S. Bainbridge, telling the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists and Abdominal Surgeons, that unhappy marriages can be prevented by means of blood tests. And Dr. O. M. Gruhzit elaborates the idea by asserting that there are four kinds of blood; and they held that only persons in the same *blood group,* should unite.

1383. "Science," for more than a generation, now, has been announcing so many uncanny myths, that cultured people refuse to longer submit to parenthood. The mere *psychology* of this latest announcement is the most effective *sterilizer* imaginable. If the public but had the nerve to submit to blood tests, how it would boom the "lucrative practice!"

1384 Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale is quoted as saying, that modern woman, in expanding her horizon, has not neglected her home. "More science and more thought have gone into child-care in the past century than in all past history put together." And this positive assertion naturally brings me to my feet with several sobering facts.

1385. There are few, if any, American homes to-day! Our *College* women have no practical con-

ception of what the word *home* implies! What do our rafts of female Club addicts know about children—or want to know of the *"pesky brats?"* What modern mother will venture to criticise Mrs. Wesley's child-care of *twenty*, with John and Charles among the latest arrivals? Or Mrs. Edwards' *thirteen*—with Jonathan the last to sap her exhausted frame? And coming nearer home, let us note how Lyman Beecher and wife cared for their famous brood! Oh, how sick at heart it makes one to see our present day childless, pulpit ornaments! And not very hearty felicitations are due from us, to those who are blessed—or oftener cursed—with one or two awkward, anomalous, artificially-reared specimens!

1386. It was my good fortune not long ago, to learn of a business man of fifty, who applied to a well known medical expert to be directed to some reliable Sanitarium, in the vain hope of recovery from a complete nervous breakdown. But his trusted mentor, who made jocular reference to a worn out, rickety bus, and to "nerve tonics," gave me unmistakable proofs of knowing as little about cause and remedy as his despairing patient.

1387. Now I chance to know one who is nearing the century mark, after having reared a genuine Rooseveltian family, amid an agonizing environment, ten times greater than anything experienced in the business world. And yet, so far from a

"nervous breakdown" she is brighter than ever, with a superbly keen intellect which is familiar with every world problem. And why is this? Simply because she was born of a sturdy mother, whose gestatory periods were surcharged with nerve strain and triumphant achievement—while that business man's mother was care free.

1388. Fred B. Smith tells us how, when in the far East, recently, and dining with an illustrious, world-traveled native, he asked him the most striking characteristic he had noted in our people, and was promptly told: "The land where they eat out the soft part of the bread and leave the crusts!"

1389. Now this impresses me as quite typical of our present day national folly: The bread must be *white,* with its choicest nutritive elements eliminated; it must be so fresh and soft as to melt in the mouth: the crust which would require mastication, and thus tend to fortify the teeth, and stimulate the flow of gastric juice — so essential to good digestion—is passed on to the garbage can. Frail teeth and dental charges contra-indicate!

1390. The trade does not like to handle the whole-grain meals, and cereal products, because they very soon get wormy. White flour is so lacking in life sustaining elements, that it does not attract any sensible, life-seeking creatures. But, really, how could the doctors, dentists, druggists,

undertakers, and a score of other callings, manage to thrive if our race lived sensibly?

1391. And here is a fresh longevity formula, which is of about the average merit: Doctor George A. Keane, at the Educational Alliance Building, Manhattan, has just urged that a hospital be provided in which the well people may "prolong their lives." He asserts that in this country some one dies of a preventable disease every fifty seconds. He maintains that if common sense rules were in force, and the fear of death abolished, we all could live to the age of *ninety-six!*

1392. The only "common sense rule" that will ever turn the trick, is *gestatory strenuosity,* which alone can ever prove equal to the stunt of sidestepping current ailments. Those we occasionally read about, who never had occasion to call a doctor, from the cradle to their centenary graves, are invariably of just this class!

1393. Mrs. Alice Winters, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, is telling the people of Arizona, how "*home life* is the only thing that makes our living worth while." And precisely that is the burden of our plaint. But when we contemplate an age like the present, in which a certain *one-fourth* of the population gives us more increase than the other *three-fourths;* and the 3,000,000 Club women, who furnish but

the *negligible fraction* of *one* unpromising chit each, we recall with a sigh that sorrowful simile, "Desolate as a home without children!"

1394. I am loath to repeat, but so many phases of this problem merit attention that I must reiterate how the ideal child should have *half* a *dozen* brothers and sisters! The state, for the benefit of birth-controlists especially, should have power to deny, in the best interest of humanity, the privilege of parenthood to all who would not stipulate to furnish *six children,* as a minimum gift to posterity!

1395. Giant manufacturing concerns have learned the wisdom of standardizing their products in every part and detail—whether they be automobiles or watches. And precisely so the human race, when it shall have evolved sufficiently to recognize the infinite potentialities disclosed by our S. B. F., a new era will have dawned, and the production of "culls" will be classed as a *crime!*

1396. Candidates for matrimony will not be licensed to proceed till they shall have graduated from special classes of instruction, which should consume the evenings of several months. Then humanity will be born and bred on what might almost be called a standardized basis, and our present grand college curricula will become obsolescent, like family carriages, drawn by high-stepping

bays; and human freaks and derelicts will cease to arrive!

1397. It has just leaked out in London that Prof. Elliott, Britain's greatest brain specialist, has been for years a recipient of the cranial content of celebrities,which are stored at London University College laboratory. His series of cerebral scrutinies have been devised to ascertain the origin of *Genius.*

1398. He says the problem is not what effect on brain structure the activities of genius produce, but what distinctive cerebral formation, in the first place, enabled the testators to perform great work. And his reward can only be the meed incident to good intentions. A copy of our "*Biogenetic Marvels*" can clarify his problem, on any of *one hundred pages*—and there is help in none other!

1399. It seems little short of a public obsession, to proclaim that the panacea for which this old world languishes, is the sidestepping of parenthood. Miss Margaret Campbell, of Taylorville, Illinois, is the latest witness to the truth of this assertion. She finds herself well and happy while celebrating her *ninety-sixth* birthday, and clearly, would be remiss had she not divulged her longevity secret: "Because I have never been bothered with a man." Yet we biogenists are so antediluvian, as to still contend that children are

a "heritage of the Lord;" the real prizes of life—the *hope* of the *world!*

1400. To George Eliot is accredited the introduction of the word *meliorism* to express the belief that world improvement, by human effort, is not only possible, but that it is a law of Evolution.

1401. Now for me there are two phases to the proposition. Whatever basis there may be for the assumption that there is a great natural law, which "Science" terms "Evolution," it is impotent in any field accessible to the human will. And I cannot see what encouragement this factor gives to the world—in the light of historic data—when not illumined by what I will summarize in the single word *Calvary!*

1402. The *Eyesight Conservation Council* of America, is actively striving to ascertain, and to meliorate, eyesight conditions, especially as found in our nation's industries; and from data already gathered, it appears, that fully *fifty per cent* of those thus employed suffer from defective vision.

1403. All who have been listening in, to my matchless theme, must be aware that the foundations for all of life's prizes were *prenatally* implanted, and in no particular is it more emphatically true than in this matter of human vision. Gestatory wisdom insures eyes that *keenly survive* for a century!

1404. My latest entertainment has been at a grand mass meeting of *drugless healers* and friends who enthusiastically thronged a large auditorium. Their thrusts, jibes and dire forecasts, regarding the speedy doom and extinction of the present, drug-dosing, medical system, in a professional sense, pleased none more than myself.

1405. Now here is the reason which they could not have guessed: Ideal, *prospective parenthood,* for *twelve months previous to childbirth,* insures ruddy, painless, centenarian posterity! In this new, impending, social order, the only related, remunerative occupation, will be the *teaching* to *adolescence,* the *science of ideal, prenatal parenthood!* And this Biogenetic Movement does not pitch its tent near homes for the aged; nor yet, about foundling asylums; but camps along the road leading *to* the *marriage altar!*

1406. The program was long, and one doctor on the list was absent, from illness, altho the chief attraction—"the world's leading physical culturist, and his charming little ones," were all present, and in good form. A number of old acquaintances greeted me heartily, and I was apprehensive lest I should be called forward to fill the above indicated vacancy. But there was enough of uncertainty regarding my antecedents, and present attitude, to have made such a step savor of rashness.

1407. A photographer, with his assistants, held all at, Attention, for some minutes; and had they been staging for some Pageant effect, and an impersonation sought of *Moses, Santa Claus, Rip Van Winkle* or *General Booth,* I am positive I should have been the logical, unanimous candidate. Then, had I been urged to speak, this is the only address I could properly have made:

1408. "Ladies, gentlemen, drugless physicians, fellow faddists: I have listened to the speaker of the evening, Bernarr Macfadden, for the first time, and with peculiar interest, since I note sundry similar experiences, altho I had reached my majority before he saw the light of day. Each of us suffered a breakdown in our teens, while both personally have won out, thru physical culture and the elimination of superfluous meals—not to mention an exhaustive vegetarian siege. We are each justly proud of our Rooseveltian families; have each spurned drug medication—and the gender of the Macfadden children is an ideal confirmation of the accuracy of the Starkweather *Law of Sex!*

1409. "It was my good, or ill, fortune, to have heartily imbibed a detestation of all medicines, from my cautious mother's breast; and yet, notwithstanding this parental previousness, it seems impossible for me to nestle into this drugless fold and keep a clear conscience—as I must hasten to explain, regardless of the lingering reverberations of your anti-vaccination applause.

1410. "I so well recall the good old days, before 99 per cent of this listening throng was born, that an aggressive, drugless, hydropathic school of therapeutics, flourished and centered in Bernarr's home town of Manhattan. Russell Thacher Trall was its idolized head, and, by the way, a native of my own state, withal; and this doctor's duly graduated son by his side, gave to their hosts of followers a feeling of permanency—yes, of *perpetuity!* 'The deadly virtues of the healing art'! was one of the slogans of this popular College. A vegetable diet, and 'Water Cure,' betokened an earthly paradise!

1411. "But some cases of smallpox appeared next season, and, strangest of all, the doctor's model son and assistant, succumbed to it in spite of his father's ideal treatment—and in desperation he held an autopsy, to disclose the mystery of this scourge with which Jenner so acceptably once wrestled.

1412. "I never saw a more sedate and saintly mother in Israel than Mrs. Dr. C., who was one of those Trall graduates, and the proud possessor of six fair children—all of them so pure blooded and untainted with 'vile vaccine virus!' Yet it is obligatory on me to state, that *smallpox* speedily claimed *five* of her darlings—and the sole survivor is almost a neighbor of the Macfaddens to-day!

1413. "Doctor Trall was spared a dozen years,

or more, when he fell a victim of his own fallacies, dying of remittent fever, in 1877. And so did his converts—I will not say *dupes*—one by one, pass from the scene with startling rapidity! I had buried an entire family of *four*, on this same immaculate theory of hygienic purity and immunity. And my own turn came all too soon—just a year after that doctor's—and with the very same malady was I smitten. Death had made such a clean sweep of my little circle, that I could not care to survive. But I had just one final wish, and as a dying man, my whim was heeded.

1414. "The proof was overwhelming that the cherished system I had been led to adopt, was fatal, with singular uniformity—and I had barely strength enough left, to most discourteously declare to the regular allopath, who had been called in at my behest, that his vaunted system was quite as spineless as mine had proven to be! My tangible presence here to-night, attests the sequel —and the inscription in my *'Biogenetic Marvels,'* shows the abiding feeling of gratitude I have ever since entertained for my providential savior!

1415. "There is an anti-medical cult in Pennsylvania at present being scourged by a diphtheria epidemic. Of course, they cannot permit antitoxins to be injected into their pure bodies; so we read that scores of them are dying — the most shocking case being that of a man, his wife and

their eight children. The mother's last quoted words, were: 'I would rather have my children and myself dead, and on their way to heaven, than to be saved by medicine and go to hell' —and can it be true that of such bigots is the pearly haven of the blest?

1416. "Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well. And I feel that one of the hardest lessons to properly impress upon our frail fallible race, is, that so many of the eternal verities are seldom met with in huge, dazzling nuggets, but oftener do merest particles glisten in the shifting sands. I really feel alike out of place in the ranks of the allopath, homeopath, hydropath, naturopath, and osteopath, since the bases of the system of each puts them all equally under the cloud of suspicion!

1417. "Pandemonium will abide in the camp of every cult, until the *itching palm*, the *Latin prescription, the secret formula*, and the *lucrative practice* are all alike abolished, and the gospel of *good health* made as free, from every angle, as is the sunshine!

1418. "And here I am closing my remarks without relating one most pertinent incident of my life: Over half a century ago, my professional engagements kept me very busy, in an ancient city, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; and one season was memorable for the presence of smallpox.

1419. "A mother, with a bright seven-year-old daughter, was employed in our family, when the child fell ill of the prevailing scourge, and died of a black, confluent type of the dread disease, which caused my wife—who had recovered from varioloid years previously — to insist that I be vaccinated forthwith. And, altho in no degree apprehensive, I consented, in the interest of domestic tranquillity, never having been able to forget, withal, certain current statistical data relative to that disease and its alleged antidote.

1420. "The German doctor warned me of probable symptoms due in about a week, and eight days later, I lay comfortably reading the latest news of the Franco-Prussian war, covered with a mild eruption, yet with never an ache, while my wife suffered the excruciating pains incident to smallpox, I was told.

1421. "Now I cannot positively explain anything in this connection, but have never regretted, personally vaccinating all my own children—altho it developed an alarming attack of *pemphigus* in one lad, which I cured, after physicians gave no hope. Yet I am bristling with pet theories, which, in a measure, satisfy.

1422. "But why more of this rambling, when I have already sent cruel pangs, at some stage of my recital, into every listener's heart! I am no chronic 'come-outer;' I delight to fraternize; yet

must be classed, rather as an ill-starred, congenital, marplot—a fore-doomed *put-outer!*

1423. "I meekly sought to be absorbed into established Institutions, endowed for research and the dissemination of knowledge ; yet my overtures were ever haughtily spurned. There is no conceivable brand of existing 'tutes, 'paths, or 'ologies, that would tolerate for one moment, contamination with our parcel of rank *heresies!* The very thought; how *preposterous!* Our lone *Biogenetic Foundation,* feels so kindly towards that 'man without a country!' "

1424. The American Institute of Homeopathy has just been holding its annual convention at Atlantic City, and its President, Dr. Claude A. Burrett, of Rochester, there declared, that, to die of diabetes, Bright's disease, cardio-vascular ailments, if not cancer also, before the age of seventy-five, will soon be a crime.

1425. He said that modern scientific methods will add twenty years to man's average span of life, within half a century; and that present day research will soon make it a crime to die young of what are now classed as fatal ailments.

1426. He further holds it to be the duty of physicians to instruct people to so live balanced lives, that degenerative diseases, the outgrowth of our intensive American existence, will cease to develop —and to all this super-optimism, we must file a demurrer.

1427. Our Health Department issues a daily list of deaths, and I take one of these—perchance of June 29—and find in it, 21 fatalities. The oldest is 86; and the youngest, 50 minutes; nine in the list passed away in hospitals. The average age is 32 and a fraction.

1428. These diseases above enumerated, are the outgrowth of ancestral, or acquired, venereal taint. Scientific teachings and methods are not promoters of religious faith or of personal morality—as statistics abundantly attest—hence optimism in the direction of *longevity* at the present time is certainly unwarranted. We find scientists, physicians and preachers alike, dropping out in all the five active decades of life. Professional athletes rarely pass middle life.

1429. An eye, a kidney, or some gland, may have been successfully transplanted, whereupon scientific cheers ascend. But at the same time a large percentage of infants are filling tiny graves, while the teeth of those in the kindergarten crumble like chalk! "Modern scientific methods" should not be despised; but good teeth, good health and length of days abound, only, or chiefly, where Science is *unknown!*

1430. It may be the duty of physicians, theoretically, to instruct people, as alleged; but such a course would clearly be inimical to a "lucrative practice," hence is an unthinkable proposition! Decadence in our human ranks, is, to-day, appallingly apparent on every hand, and this "jollying" of the masses with glittering generalities in the direction of long life, is a most deplorable species of cruelty.

1431. No tailor on earth, can, by the most skill-

ful use of patterns, measurements, cleaning, patching, dyeing, pressing, produce a respectably-dressed citizenry when his bolts of goods are all a lot of cheap, shoddy material. And no more can Science, till it is willing to recognize fundamental, natural laws, and properly instruct the masses, come to see a creditable, moral, viable, human breed, *inherently immune* and above surgical attentions, save in rare instances of accidental injury.

1432. Science is ever striving for the marvelous, the spectacular. The latest instance I have noted, is, the administering of a rare dope, which will force the victim to speak the truth! I assume that it is some decoction made from the scrapings of that machine which was claimed to be a *lie detector.* But we plain people, with biogenetic insight, just train up little ones, *prenatally,* in the way they should go, and lying to such is simply unthinkable!

1433. And this same evening paper, in its "Personal Health Service" column, conducted by Dr. William Brady, gives tables from the Recruiting News, a bulletin issued by the Adjutant General's Office, at Washington. Points scored are therein listed and tabulated, showing each contestant's relative standing in feats of sprinting, jumping, and bar vaulting. My only comment on such ordeals and practices, is, that they do far

more injury than good, to all who are not biogenetically begotten, gestated and bred. The fate of professional athletes is one striking proof of the truth of this assertion.

1434. Why cannot people realize, that marvelous surgical operations will never usher in physical immortality, nor the millennium, any more than puncture-cure tape can ever lead to perfect pneumatic tires! Biogenetics, plus morality, insures a viable, super race, practically independent of medicine and surgical skill!

1435. And, as illustrative of the truth and meaning of this bold assertion, I now quote a short item from the morning paper: "A bachelor of 114, dies at Vigo, Spain, in his first illness. The mumps is — or are — much more serious than a whole lot of people think."

1436. Major Sir William Orpen, K. B. E., a famous English portrait painter, has just said, "In my twenty-five years of painting, I have never seen a perfect model, or a really pretty woman. I have seen photographs of the winners of newspaper beauty contests, and I have also combed the movies; but I have not found one genuinely lovely woman."

1437. He also says that automobiles are responsible for the decay of beauty, that women's legs are getting thinner, their shoulders bonier—three assertions, the accuracy of which I challenge, altho

agreeing with him that waists are fatter and that paint is substituted for the glow of health.

1438. The denial of "Science" that mothers can prenatally endow all their offspring with beauty, accounts for prevailing ugliness. A negligible percentage of femininity has scrawny shoulders and limbs; but as a class, the women of to-day have inherited their tendency to *over-eat* and to *under-exercise;* and the upholstery of limousines tends to check circulation, and ever add to the clumsy dimensions of hips and limbs.

1439. A friend of my most intimate acquaintance, was very recently commenting to me, upon how strange it is, that the rising generation may be carefully taught in our public schools, regarding the serious injury sure to result from the nicotine habit, and then will contract the enslaving vice at the first opportunity.

1440. He could not understand the anomaly, because he fortunately had been *prenatally* steeled against this racial curse; while *post-natal* instruction will not suffice to counteract our *apish,* racial penchant for imitation—of evil examples surely. *Biogenetic education,* alone can ever achieve our racial salvation!

1441. I have noted a current discussion concerning "why children lie." Fear was the ascribed cause; and wishy-washy go-as-you-please remedies are proposed. But I find it a plain, pre-

natal problem, and Biogenetics as the true source of relief.

1442. I recall having had several children under my care, and, for some childish offense, promised a lad of eight, a good whipping, if he ever did it again. And, some days later, finding my order had been ignored, I sent out a hurry call for the culprit, and the same manly little fellow appeared.

1443. "Who did such and such?"—"I did it."—"What did I say you would get if you disobeyed?"—"A sound flogging."—"And what do you look for now?"—"Just what you told me."—"And are you ready for it?"—Submissively, "I am." But, of course, only a kiss, love pats, and commendation for truthfulness, could fit such a rare exhibition of sterling qualities. Yet the groundwork of conscience, religion, character, good citizenship, must all be *prenatally implanted* if they are ever to be conspicuous in after life!

1444. The "new psychology" has a marvelous vogue to-day, and itinerant lecturers astound their listeners. The latest one I have listened to, reiterated a most fallacious statement, that we are all "beggars, sitting on bags of gold"—that none of us are actually utilizing ten per cent of our God-given potentialities!

1445. I will not insinuate that there are mercenary motives animating such utterances, but rather, that some fellow mortal, of average ante-

cedents, thanks to a maternal strenuosity, is accomplishing several times what those about him are able to achieve, and is thus led to view them as silly, culpable *slackers!* The fact remains, however, that each is availing himself of *ninety per cent* of his abilities, surely. How unbecoming it would have been for John Wesley—that miracle of energy, ability and endurance—to have berated some of his brothers or sisters, because less highly endowed, by their noble mother, with *ability* and *longevity*—and all so unconsciously bestowed!

1446. *Motherhood* is the pearl of greatest price; the unspeakable gift; the jewel of mundane existence! It is the coadjutor, the co-creative force on which Omnipotence depends for human progress — and without its ever-efficient action, anarchy and annihilation impend!

1447. Fatherhood is a commendable auxiliary, in the Divine scheme; the Eternal Cosmos. We should never have had Daniel Webster's oratory but for the unconscious, paternal co-operation; nor Lord Byron's poetry, but for *paternal antagonisms; yet,* after making all equitable adjustments, the role of paternity is as inferior to wise maternity, as the moon is to our proudly rolling sphere.

1448. An adequate realization of this fact, enables us to fashion, at will, all mammalian species, and to breed among them the most marvelous qualities—almost human intelligence, withal. The

gestatory period is our true "land of opportunity," and season of probation; our novitiate which inferior forms of life, of course, do not possess.

1449. This is not the time to elaborate the application of my *law of longevity* to the bear, the whale; the shark, pickerel, eagles, domestic fowls; and yet it is there, and subject to human control, or substantial modification.

1450. In my earliest years I learned that the merest touch of my tiny finger to a bird's egg in the nest, was sure to be fatal to the life within. And "Science" is familiar with this fact, yet insists on connecting *nerves* to influence the human embryo!

1451. The sun's rays suffice to hatch the eggs of turtle and of ostrich; yet, if I had the time, I should like to practically demonstrate the advantages accruing to generations of natural, hen-hatched poultry over our modern incubator products. The brooding, mother hen certainly sustains something besides a *"thermal relation"* to that sitting of eggs — tho surely not possessing sufficient influence to alter the inherited preferences of *foster ducklings!*

1452. The latest current utterances of Dr. C. B. Davenport, director of the station for Experimental Evolution, at Cold Springs Harbor, N. Y., are criticised by one medical professor; and I conceive it my duty to review the positions of

each: "Fat men are born, not made; and the only way to be slim and sylph-like, is, to have slender parents," the Doctor declares in his lecture.

1453. This is only partially true, as prenatal verities and Mendelian facts should have taught. Slender parents, by *eating* in excess of their *exercising*, can transmit a tendency, which, unless military or prison discipline interdict, will produce *ever fattening* offspring.

1454. Professor Graham Lusk, of the Cornell University Medical School, well contends that personal habits may have much to do with putting on weight.

1455. He tells the Doctor, "If a man drinks a third of a glass of milk above his nutritional requirements, every day, he will gain nine pounds in a year, and ninety pounds in ten years." Of course, such talk is purely academic, theoretical, since we humans do not dwell in cages, like guinea pigs, but are thrust into life's turmoil, alternately from passivity to most strenuous conditions.

1456. The Doctor is reported as saying, "It is not a matter of what one eats, or how much, since the quality which turns foods into fat is hereditary." And since he, with his school of thought, insists upon a denial of gestatory marvels, their only recourse is to stand confounded before the awful mystery which that word *heredity* heartlessly holds for them. Whereas, we, with our

biogenetic perceptions, find the cause and the remedy of this adipose affliction as plainly apparent and demonstrable as are the phases of the moon.

1457. I find proofs of the truth of my theory of longevity at every turn. In an incidental way, the ages attained by animals in a wild state, and when domesticated, throw a side light on our problem—altho such data are appallingly scarce, I find.

1458. I recently came across an item, showing that wild horses average about forty years of age, while, as we all know, "Dobbin" becomes venerable at twenty. "Prince," that at the age of three, crossed my horizon, was one of the oldest "plugs" I ever saw. He was doubtless foaled by some old, shoeless, "crowbait," pasture mare. *Like,* ever breeds true, producing like!

1459. What greater insult to canine dignity, than to tie a tin can to a dog's tail? Those indulging in such cruel, unsportsmanlike conduct, are liable to prosecution for cruelty to animals. But those who venture upon the holiest course in life —*matrimony* —must, in these degenerate days, be subjected to ever multiplying indignities.

1460. Tin horns, old shoes, trailing tin cans and tooting, boozy nuisances, pursue the wedded couple. Were I in authority, I would sentence the whole insulting gang of offenders, to a year's term at *hard labor.* All right minded people re-

cognize the inherent *sacredness* and solemnity of three occasions—*birth, marriage, death!*

1461. Here is an item which should cause the eyes of angels to moisten: Miss Anne Seward is a bank executive, at the head of the women's department, in a leading National Bank, in New York. She feels that woman in business does not approach her problem in the right spirit, but "uses it as a stop-gap between College and marriage."

1462. Now I should applaud at this juncture, but for recalling, that these college girls "get by," with but a negligible fraction of one child each! In the Divine plan, woman — thru the steps of *wifehood* and *parenthood*—has the most exalted earthly *role* conceivable thrust upon her; which is *quasi-creatorship!* One of the saddest sights today, is to see a lady clerk in office—tho none so efficient—whom Nature fashioned for maternity—and thus becoming a blessing to posterity!

1463. There are those who are pleased to tell us that two out of every five people one meets, are of a negative, hypnotizable temperament and exceptionally "easy marks" for impostors. Now I have no data to submit on this important subject; yet I know that it is as needless, and, hence, culpable, to bring tainted posterity into this world, with deficient mentality, as, for instance, with defective organs of sense, or faulty dentition. And

to insure these last named, we have devised a method, seemingly infallible, for maternal use, prenatally.

1464. These suppressors of Nature's gifts, sin thru ignorance; but there is a branch of the medical profession which may be termed chronic, if not criminal, *eliminators,* since common sense should warn them that no part of our superb anatomy is superfluous. The *appendix, ovaries, hair, tonsils* and *teeth* are among the most common centers of attack. And in the ministerial calling we see the same human weakness manifest, when scriptures are denounced and eschewed, and articles of faith repudiated!

1465. I read that it is estimated nearly *twenty thousand* child-wives are to be found in Calcutta to-day—the vast majority of whom are from ten to fifteen years of age! I repeat, that facts like these, combined with various sexual shortcomings of adolescence as a whole, are what make the secondary character, of the masculine beard, such a rudimentary, abortive affair to-day, and the razor the charitable makeshift we find on every hand!

1466. What would our simple forefathers have thought of a prosperous business man, in the prime of his days, seeking to secure $5,000,000 insurance on his life, and of paying $300,000 premium therefor — the commission of the under-

writer being $150,000! Yet such is what we read concerning the well known S. S. Kresge.

1467. As I have already stated, accident insurance may still flourish after the dissemination of our longevity principle, while *life insurance* will speedily become obsolescent, vestigial—hopelessly doomed. But under those waning conditions, the actuarial aspect of all these cases, will be notably modified, thanks to our biogenetic angle. To determine the applicant's true expectancy, his Gestatory Index must be carefully studied, as well as his submitting to a physical examination—not by the usual physician, but by a new line of experts, born of our biogenetic science, to wit: *A biometrist.*

1468. An obituary and portrait of a physician in the evening paper who has died at fifty-two, impels me to animadvert, once again, regarding my ever patent law of longevity, and the easy-going, thoughtless attitude of our race. Many would say that doctors have life's secret, yet we see this presumptive expert, pass out in middle life, leaving a mother to mourn his untimely departure. He was a man of goodly pedigree, and clean life; yet he passes on as a matter of course, while specialists peer thru microscopes, at imaginary atoms, and leave me alone to reflect.

1469. Miss Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, re-

ports its progress in co-operation with the Shepard-Towner Maternity and Infancy act.

1470. It is shown that in New Zealand where the infant death rate has been reduced to *forty-two*, and in the United States to *seventy-six*, it is nearly twice this in Porto Rico and Hawaii, and *five* times greater in the Philippines—or *three hundred and fifty-eight!*

1471. This shows what intelligence and applied hygiene can accomplish, but does not really reach our problem. Those saved infants may reach an average age of forty or fifty, instead of twice those ages, with ever added efficiency, had our biogenetic evangel been duly featured.

1472. Princess Militsa, of a distinguished Serbian family, is being tried on a charge of attempting to poison the entire family of a noted publisher who refused to divorce his wife and marry her. She pleads for acquittal on the ground that she is suffering hereditarily from a curse pronounced in the fourteenth century, because of some traitorous act in her lineage. Her plea is that it drives her against her will to preform acts for which she really is not responsible. Yet Vienna alienists pronounce her quite sane.

1473. Were this interesting case left for me to pass upon, I would not split hairs over insanity tests. I would not insist upon her execution, and

certainly would not favor her acquittal. Very few human specimens can afford to be scrutinized as to their rational, level-headed reasonableness of temperament. As a man thinketh so is he. That fixed belief for generations makes it the equivalent, to her, of reality. If she could but be convinced of its fallacy she might even yet be safely trusted with maternity.

1474. I read of the untimely death, at the age of fifty-five, of the Japanese Doctor F. Omori —a veritable genius in the lines of volcanology and seismology. But it is the mission of our Biogenetic Foundation to disseminate the glorious evangel which so unmistakably discloses the cause and the remedy for these ever-multiplying tragedies. His gestation was ideal from the intellectual angle; and had it been equally so from a physical viewpoint, his genius might have blessed the world for a second fifty-five years! But what can I say or do, the premises considered? I am not tagged and labeled as the powers that be ordain, and their chief concern is to teach me my negligible place.

1475. I now quote the latest current item I have seen: "Live To Be 100!", before offering my comments: "Science shows that unless we were living under wrong physical conditions we would have a longer span of life. Miss Bertha Hasbrook's rules for long life, in brief, are:

(*a*) Eat good food, properly prepared and with menu properly balanced.

(*b*) Linger over your food: Never "bolt a meal." Masticate properly, eat with moderation, and chat while eating.

(*c*) Sleep in a dark, cool, thoroughly ventilated room. Allow plenty of time for sleep.

(*d*) Bathe daily. Brush the teeth twice a day, wash the hands frequently and always before eating—in short, be scrupulously clean.

(*e*) Spend a reasonable time each day out-of-doors, and never let a day pass without such physical exercise as results in perspiration.

(*f*) Provide yourself with recreation—games, music, pleasant reading and conversation—what you will; but never fail to play!"

1476. How courteous it is to "Science"—and yet how vague! Are we to assume that Science endorses Miss Bertha's formula? She presents six rules, which really comprise twenty-six specific practices to be always adhered to, or ever avoided.

1477. Now it is indeed an ideal list, and I heartily endorse its every feature; yet it has practically nothing to do with our paramount, longevity problem! To prove my hateful assertion, I would undertake to pick two winsome lads in their teens—*Jacob* and *Joshua*. The former is guaranteed to scrupulously comply with every last feature of Miss Bertha's code, daily—and, inciden-

tally, as well as inevitably, to die before reaching the age of thirty!

1478. Joshua might almost pass for a brother; yet he is really built on intrinsically better lines. And he is warranted to incessantly ignore, and to defy, every last one of those twenty-six points—yet, withal, to exceed the century mark!

1479. While I am not seeking to be sensational, spectacular or paradoxical, I wish to impress upon all, one of Nature's *fundamental laws*. Some may ask if I am endorsing Joshua's devil-may-care, defiant regimen? Why, no; for his whole career has been one of wastage, and he finally dies as the fool dieth. Of the half million and more hours he might have enjoyed, and given over to noble achievement, he has frittered away in discomfort and even in agony, because of his contempt for *hygiene*—but the science of health has but an incidental bearing on the *law of longevity!*

1480. Before the fury of the mob overwhelms, I will further disclose and define my position: Let me pick a larger class of adolescents—eight or ten, and those whose respective life potentials shall range all the way from *thirty* to *one hundred* years. As a sort of "poison squad" in the interest of Science, they give themselves over to sundry dissipations—to varying allowance of booze, loss of sleep and what not.

1481. They fall ill of fevers, pneumonia, every-

thing. The one whose span was thirty or forty drops out of this, strenuous killing pace at twenty-five, while the tougher specimens, may survive for *decades.* But note well the lesson I seek to teach: We reap as we sow; and it is a faithful saying that the wicked shall not live out half their days!

1482. I have just set forth how any of us can commit excesses, which may impair health and terminate life. Yet abstaining from evil and adhering to every goody-goody hygienic rule, will never add a *year* to what it is exclusively the province of the *gestatory period* to impart, to wit; length of days thru *wise maternity!*

1483. A news item from Venice, California, July 16, 1923, states how Herbert Wilson and Cecil Coates, Aviators, were unfortunately drowned, when the engine of a seaplane failed, at an altitude of 200 feet, and glided into the ocean. "They had no chance to escape, as they were *strapped to their seats!*"

1484. And it seems pertinent in a "Peace Conference Address," like the present, to once more relate, how, *forty-four years* ago this very month, I paid my last twenty-five dollars for a huge pair of steel-coil catapult springs, made to my order, probably on Eighth St., New York, as my bill will show.

1485. They were planned to give the initial velocity to my "soaring device," in rising over the wall of the National Cemetery at Hampton, Va. But a record breaking snow fall, and blizzard, wrecked my plans, and "Bethesda Chapel"—located in those sacred grounds—served for days, secretly, as my hangar.

1486. The next trail was on ground no less historic, in July, 1882, on Shuter's Hill, back of Alexandria, Va., near Fort Ellsworth, adjoining George Washington Park, where that great

Masonic Memorial is to-day looming. Twenty-six years later, the official Wright biplane test was also there made. But to my objective:

1487. I was not strapped to my seat in that "soaring device," which at the trial was suspended from a taut, horizontal, galvanized telegraph wire, but wore a harness suit, made of four-inch leather straps, in two sections, which were adjusted to my body at the waist line.

1488. This harness was so attached to my airplane structure as to make me an integral part of it, and the turn of my head, even, would change the angle of my planes. And right over my heart, was a carefully sheathed knife, so that in the event of any emergency, in tree, air or water, I could reach and cut, not my harness, but, my cordage attachments to the machine. The device, also, which weighed 82 pounds, was made to rest on my shoulders—all of which attachments I have carefully preserved.

1489. I was so apprehensive of being caught in those nocturnal tests, and of being run in for *lunacy*, that I published a brochure, "The Secret of Wings," while engaged with that seventh machine. The wife of my bosom, was my sole confidant and assistant.

1490. She was enthusiastic and zealous till she witnessed our first failure. Then she almost collapsed with convulsions of laughter. After that,

her sewing of fabric and what not, were perfunctory services, from a sense of duty—and her chief delight in the premises, was reading to me "Darius Green," which I always enjoyed, and only commiserated the lack of *vision* displayed by dear, old Doctor Trowbridge.

1491. From the date of my first airplane failure, in 1879, my wife used often to reproach me, mildly, over the wasted coin which I had blown into those *catapult springs*. But I always assured her that they would ever survive in our National Museum—and I still entertain the same opinion, regardless of the public indifference to my aerial claims—disclosed, and undisclosed.

1492. Doctor William McAndrew's latest word, is, that "Modern schools are too much concerned with educational ideals for refinement, leisure and culture, so-called, and not enough with the ideals of active participation in the political and civic life of a nation."

1493. Professor Franklin Bobbitt, of the University of Chicago, "is engaged upon one of the most important pieces of work that man can possibly busy himself with"—the making over of schools in certain American cities. He feels that our national existence hinges on the selection of trained leaders which our schools must develop.

1494. He says, "The ideal school would discover the abilities, habits, powers of judgment and ac-

tion, appreciations and aspirations which full-grown men and women need to possess, and it would try to develop these qualities in young human beings."

1495. And now, last, but not least, comes the President of the *Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation,* who paraphrases Professor Bobbitt's dictum, thus: "The ideal school will wisely decide upon the abilities, habits, powers of judgment and action, appreciations and aspirations which full grown men and women need to possess, and it will most triumphantly succeed in *prenatally* developing these qualities in *embryonic human beings!*"

1496. A friend who has long been in my biogenetic confidence surprised me by suggesting that these findings of mine should rank with Harvey's blood circulation — which started a train of thought, that should not be classed as altogether idle.

1497. It is well that we discern the function of heart, lungs, liver and kidneys—and, oh, if we could but solve the mysteries of sleep, of thought, of the linking up of body, soul and spirit! Newton explained for us why an apple falls; but I submit that it is more profitable for our race to learn why Sir Isaac came to rise—in short, how Genius can be produced by us *at discretion;* how a *superb intellect* can be enthroned in a *long surviving body!*

1498. As I arrange matter, written many months ago, for the printer, I am displeased to find the writer so often introduced—and yet I cannot properly exclude him. The astronomer, geologist, cytologist, with his microscope, or the beauty specialist, even, is not confronted with a problem at all analogous to mine.

1499. Over sixty years ago my life task was focused into a personal proposition—"to be or not to be"—and nothing would seem more natural than that I should "talk shop." Somehow I have noted that personal references of author or lecturer, so far from disgusting me, are the very points I best remember—and how inevitable this is when I specialize on "hand-picked" specimens of humanity. Those who ignore self scrutiny will profit little from Biogenetics.

1500. I was discussing with an acquaintance the wisdom of a certain party providing light fermented drinks, occasionally, for children under his care. To me it seemed hazardous, and I said that one out of twenty of those lads probably would be ruined from such a custom—to which the reply came that such a one doubtless would have gone wrong any way.

1501. And this brought up the case I knew of an aspiring family with brilliant children—the only criticism to be made was that the father was at times a little too much given to stimulants. A

daughter married nicely, and, with prosperity, he persuaded the wife to be social and sip of the wine on the dinner table. But presently she was found reeling on the streets, and he divorced her.

1502. Oh, can our dense humanity never learn these fundamentals of heredity; and to which I am now showing the double risk resulting from gestatory indulgence—and even from forced abstinence! *"Occasionally"* is such a *risky* life motto; while *Never!* always *triumphs!*

1503. I might name a married lady of my acquaintance — a somewhat striking personality —who is a chronic victim of auto-infection; has never been able to carry a fetus to full term parturition; reads only love romances; tires at once in any attempt at walking, yet can dance all night without fatigue.

1504. She may, in all sincerity, affirm, "I don't care, and can't help it; for I am just as God made me!" Others will not hesitate to declare that she is a masterpiece of the Devil; while "Science" would flippantly assert that it is a clear case of "remote ancestors." But the well poised biogenetic expert, will discern in all these marked idiosyncrasies, a faithful transmission of *maternal whims* and follies during her *gestatory* period.

1505. Here are two paragraphs from the *Adventure Magazine* : "In the West Indies the women carry enormous loads of bananas, oranges,

yams and brown sugar, climbing mountain roads at a steady gait of four miles an hour. These women count a forty-mile walk a mere constitutional. They seem to love their tramp, and gossip along the road with as much enjoyment as many another woman finds in her Saturday night market chat.

1506. "South American coffee and cotton planters, say the women and children work better than men, though their labor is rewarded with a lower wage. Women barter in fruit, vegetables and dress goods, as 'deck traders' on the steamships which ply between West Indian islands. In Grenada they act as blacksmiths, shepherds, carpenters and carriers."

1507. Now I do not feel called upon to canvass these islands and countries and submit statistics relative to *birth* rates and *longevity* records. Suffice it to say that feminine *strenuosity,* of the character above indicated, whether exhibited in the desert sands of Sahara, Arabia, Mexico, or be it on Andean heights, when accompanying pregnancy, will naturally breed supercentenarians—and nothing but premeditated infanticide can defeat this law of Nature.

1508. Most well informed persons are familiar with the legend of the Attic robber, Procrustes—"the stretcher"—and how his victims were sawed off, if too long for his bed, and "rubbered" out, if

too short. But to many it will be a surprise to learn that the procrustean ideal still survives in medical circles.

1509. For a score of varied appointments today, the applicant must submit to a critical examination. I have known numbers of cases, of exceptionally efficient people who were turned down, "being of too light weight for their height" —the controllers of human destiny remaining inexorable while the coveted fifteen pounds would not accrue. And did these masters of fate never hear and reflect on the familiar saying, "A lean horse for a long race?"

1510. Lincoln used to tell of horses that began to fatten at the feet—yet racers are preferred with gazelle-like, rather than elephantine limbs. I have in mind those I have known, with delicate limbs and presumably weak muscular systems ; also others, with muscles tending to excessive size —yet the former were quite as tough and enduring. But the ideal, untiring, indomitable ones, have been of a slender, wiry build, who ever ignored those big, generous averages of avoirdupois.

1511. It is all very well for people living in an anthropophagous belt to plump their physiques for the shambles, and take their cannibalic chance. But those of us who are living for humanity, posterity, should never forget that the pregnant,

strenuous mother, alone, brings forth *worth while* progeny—and well may she ignore the sticklers for weights and measures.

1512. The National Academy of Sciences, at their annual convention here, in April, 1923, quite incidentally, as well as unconsciously, paid me a high compliment. Doctor Ales Hrdlicka, curator of our National Museum, presented a scheme for the scrutiny of individual heads, and *two hundred* members of the Academy eagerly enlisted in this move to study and compare their several, personal, cranial contours. The hope and aim are, that by a critical comparison of the varying shapes, including mental and psychic tests, some light may be thrown upon the reason for the sundry characteristics which impelled them severally into science.

1513. Now I was all aglow with this penchant, over *sixty years* ago; and the first valuable reward of my zeal, was the discovery of the *Law of Sex*. I probably ought to write a book on Cranial Contours, despite the fact that I have been ridiculed, even from the *pulpit*, and within a *year*, for my novel plan of procedure. And I reluctantly dampen the ardor of this neophytic throng by the positive asurance that *prenatal influences* ever control!

1514. While waiting, the other evening, at a concert, a refined lady, sitting near me, made some

casual remark; and she was soon telling of her husband's responsible position. She then spoke of her actual suffering, and of repeated hospital operations for the removal of gallstones.

1515. I congratulated myself on my good fortune, in ever having been a stranger to such ailments—and a glance at the afflicted lady showed me how the children's teeth are set on edge if parents eat sour grapes. She was in her fifties; fully thirty pounds over weight; and her ancestral double chin most unmistakably revealed inherited biliary abnormalities.

1516. And this reminds me of a beautiful girl I knew well; an ideal at sweet sixteen, and always of perfect personal habits. But an unfortunate heredity made her of double weight, at thirty-two, and to die of *gallstones*, on the operating table, at fifty-two! Whether, or not, life is worth living, clearly depends on the *liver!*

1517. Now of what avail is our vaunted biogenetic philosophy in concrete crises, such as are here depicted? Parents should know at a glance their inherited strong and weak points. The wild boar, the razorback or Berkshire swine, we can readily classify without certified pedigrees. And so aspiring parenthood, should wisely engender counteracting predispositions, which, even in as desperate cases as the foregoing, would have averted disaster.

1518. And right here I see pictured in the evening paper, an ideal specimen of manhood of noble life dying at thirty, after sickly months. He left parents, brothers and sisters. I shall consult the medical certificate to see if there was aught ancestral; but fully expect to find its *gestatory* cause —while all earth's philosophers idly dream, and the devout mutter, "God's Will!"

1519. Astronomy, geology and evolution, may exult in *millions,* as they revel with time and space; yet, after all, we find Nature so plastic in this physical universe! If she has not fashioned mountains, rivers, bays, to man's liking, he digs, turns, tunnels in conformity with the dictates of his own supreme will!

1520. No one challenges the verity of all this; yet, when I argue that even greater plasticity obtains in *mental, moral* and *spiritual* realms, I am spurned for preaching rank heresy—altho it is so self evident that the "wuziest" wayfarer should not fail to recognize the fact. But will "Science" never discern, and, tardily perceiving the truth, fulfil its sacred obligation to humanity? Oh, yes, I do not despair of it in the least, and cheerfully concede to it a moratorium of one *hundred thousand years!* Meanwhile our alert little Biogenetic Foundation here, plans to so transform the race as to make "highbrow" decrees quite as negligible factors as are nursery rhymes!

1521. Doctor Harry M. Warren, President of the Save-A-Life League, declares in his 1922 report, just issued, that the suicide of young people has recently doubled. From 477 juvenile suicides, listed in 1919, the known total has jumped to 900 —the age of the boys averaging sixteen years, and the girls fifteen.

1522. One boy left a note that he was killing himself, "just for the fun of it;" and a girl wrote that she did it "just to get a new thrill;" and another because displeased with the look of her bobbed hair; and one suicide club of girls was disclosed, as well as many suicide pacts.

1523. Doctor Warren recognizes four principal causes for this appalling tendency : "Intolerable home conditions, faulty school system, child marriages and temperamental disorders;" while I most emphatically charge it all up to a parental, prenatal policy of prevention of life's choicest consummation. Nothing is more demonstrably true than this explanation of the suicidal mania—and, oh, the phase of moral responsibility involved!

1524. Doctor Charles Sheard in his latest address before the New England Optometric Association, warned that the practice, in many public schools, of changing left-handed children into right-handedness, is apt to do injury to their eyesight. And this reminds me that fifty years ago I lived where *ambidexterity* was exacted of pupils.

1525. This Doctor finds that ninety-five per cent of the race have a dominant eye, just as they have a dominant hand. "It is a curious phenomenon, that, the dominance of the eye follows the dominance of the hand." But why not evolve to the biogenetic aspect of this problem, and uniformly *breed both ambidexterity and ambiocularity,* since nothing could possibly be more feasible?

1526. In sheer simplicity of soul, it is herein averred that I have been the official, and wholly acceptable translator of five languages, without having studied any of them! And I now feel it a duty to explain the anomaly. It all came from my cultivating *ambidexterity* and *intuition!*

1527. My sister, when settled in the "land of the rising sun," sent me, as a curiosity, with no word of explanation, a small Japanese volume—the first I had ever seen. It contained not a single illustration or familiar word or character. I devoted just one hour to it, and found that its theme was not what I had anticipated. I learned where to begin to read it. I mastered over a dozen Japanese words—and actually discovered one *typographical error!* Once Cardinal Mezzofanti's *seventy odd* languages seemed marvelous, but not after I learned the knack.

1528. Human vanity and folly are seen thru the centuries, in such customs as tattooing and painting face and body; filing and pointing the

teeth; compressing waist and feet ; puncturing ears and nose; depilation of head—including scalp, beard, eyebrows and lashes. Yet these foibles cause beauty parlors to multiply; the barbers to flourish; the druggist to buy limousines, and the physician's "lucrative practice" to mount.

1529. Race decadence is evidenced by stooping shoulders; eating white bread; cutting food with the fork; the use of cathartics; contraceptive practices; infanticide. But the dentist, druggist, doctor and undertaker, altho suffering many nights of broken rest, are haunted only by pleasant dreams. Yet all these *sins* of *commission,* are really outweighed by the one of *omission,* which almost every paragraph herein uttered suggests, to wit; ignoring and spurning the *potentialities* of the *gestatory period*—yes, and worse, if possible, denouncing those who would urge the utilization of this most demonstrable truth and beneficent boon of the ages!

1530. I was sitting in a great congregation the other day, anticipating fullest accord with every pulpit utterance, when a sentence in the prayer, jarred woefully on my biogenetic nerves. "Make us duly thankful, O Lord, for the few talents thou hast given us" was substantially the petition offered.

1531. Now here is my substitute: "Forgive, O Lord, our human perversity in so long ignoring

Thy beneficent provision for an unlimited measure of physical, intellectual and spiritual attainments being vouchsafed to each one of our lineage, as we may respectively desire. "

1532. And this reminds me of a father, mother and bright daughter of six, I have come to know. "We have no religious status—and we shall leave it for Susie to select her faith when mature." Simply a garden of *weeds* is what the fruitage will be! *Sixty* per cent of that child's religious potentialities were *prenatally* ignored; and the remaining *forty* per cent will be lost before reaching her majority!

1533. "Science will soon prolong the average human span to seventy-five," we are told by imaginative or designing prophets — but cold facts daily sadden me. And I recall how, forty-five years ago, I was brought into semi-official relations with a noble member of President Hayes' Cabinet.

1534. He passed away at seventy-seven, and his fine bronze statue stands on the Heights, not so far from General Grant's Tomb. He left, withal, a worthy son, who, perchance, should we not believe, with the multiplying discoveries and scientific facilities, may be expected to reach the century mark! But, what is this I read? He has just died at the age of fifty-three—precisely as our biogenetic danger signals constantly warn!

1535. Nearly fifteen years ago—at an expense which is not yet liquidated—I freely circulated an edition of *Bovine Tuberculosis,* in which I clearly analyzed the disease which costs this country *fifty millions* of treasure annually. I indicated how in less than five years every trace of this criminal plague might be forever eliminated—and the only way.

1536. I now read how a state Health Department is setting aside a quarter of a million annually to "clean up herds" in just four banner counties, upon which Baltimore and Washington are largely dependent. Will this sanitary move prove a success?

1537. No; of course, it cannot—that is, if healthy cows are the desideratum — because were the last tubercle eradicated Saturday night, others would develop before Monday morning. The step will prove a brilliant success, in so far as official punctilio is concerned—and in the very nature of things, if the appropriation were doubled there would be found a corresponding increase in the scourge.

1538. *Biogenetics,* of course, permeate the whole situation—or it would not here be alluded to. Patronage is another dominant factor in this matter—I hesitate to say "lucrative practice."

1539. It is often said that one is as young as he feels; also, that people are as old as they look;

then, again, that we are as young as our arteries; while I feel like dipping into this proposition to suggest that the true criterion of abiding youth is the strenuous vigor of our unabused appetites. But one must ponder a little to gather the full import of this. And Abe Martin's remark that, when one says he feels as young as ever he did, he is pretty old, is worth remembering, withal.

1540. The tocsin of a recent Conference at our Continental Memorial Hall was, "Save the thousands of babies and children who die at an early age!" And a contributor to the press says, "The whole question is one of economics—not for intellectuals, health-nurses and investigators. The entire problem would be eliminated with a law against low wages to fathers"!

1541. And this clearly means more *leisure* for *pregnant mothers* —which is the *perpetual tragedy* of all time; the reversal of the *natural order;* the *cart before* the horse, as all history attests! Chaos still prevails where the basic science of Maternity should stand to-day as the very *Cornerstone* of our *Civilization!*

1542. Several months ago, when in a distant city, I came across some queer lines, suggestive of Poor Richard's road to affluence. It was all in praise of a new, "pathic" college, located in a residence, the owner of which I had formerly known. For several reasons I called to see its

President; but the girl in the office-parlor, told of his absence in a certain bustling city, and suggested that I see his wife, who was evidently preparing a meal for students.

1543. An hour later, while consulting a stenographer, I was so impressed with a neat labor-saving attachment, that she gave me the address of its sole agent. It proved to be the aforesaid College president, with that unmistakable foreign name, and headquarters in the aforesaid bustling city, while the College was his side line, very evidently. Thus was given another glimpse of how all these "paths" lead to the Grand Avenue on which Croesus dwells!

1544. A physician, who knew several hundred practitioners in a large city, confidentially told me, that he had found only *three per cent* of conscientious ones among them! I am not seeking to urge upon the public some new, freakish system, but an old, thoroughly tested, and the only one savoring of enlightened common sense, to wit: that of the *medical missionary,* whose life is spent in the joy of Christian service!

1545. By way of contrast, let me detail an illustrative instance: A married physician, with some years of city practice to his credit, moved into a section and block, where competition seemed negligible. But the neighborhood proved to be so distressingly healthy, that, in desperation, he

moved away into a strictly rural community, where no doctor was located. Yet here, again, there was nothing doing; so he set his wits to work.

1546. He studied the natives, and learned of one young female of reputed loose morals, as well as of several youths, of the baser sort. Then he picked one of these, and promised him five dollars, and a new "plug hat"—besides curing him—if he would go to the city, and contract venereal disease, return and contaminate this frail sister. And he did it — shall I say, manfully? — was awarded the new headgear, but the undertaker was called in before he was ever cured!

1547. For me the cheering feature of any enthusiastic gathering of "healing" come-outers, is that it tends to check the iron rule of any one cult. I could name a doctor who admitted that he would not administer a given remedy if he positively knew that it would save his patient from otherwise certain death, because it was tabooed by his imperious cult.

1548. I feel that my inherited errors caused the death of four who were dearer to me than life; yet, as an offset for this, my hard-headed persistency, later, saved the lives of *four* of my family who our physician insisted must die!

1549. As already told, I vaccinated, personally, all of my children; but with one, a rare complica-

tion developed, which forebode for him a living death. Yet I cured him by the use of a remedy which the profession denounces—and I still urge vaccination because of the logic of *statistical facts!*

1550. I have to-day, patients which I am curing of such fatal maladies as consumption and cancer, as I have been doing, in a small way, with marvelous success, for many years. I do it gratuitously, in spite of the serious expenditure of time and money—and all, I repeat, for the joy of Christian service!

1551. It would be unlawful for me to make any charge. And if I were a member of any medical society, I would be expelled in disgrace for thus saving lives, with remedies, which they—seemingly with sinister motives—repudiate!

1552. I little dreamed that I should be inveigled into such a torrent of frankness, and fear that I have aroused the indignation of every school of practice. I am reminded of the Master's tactful method on a memorable occasion, of dispersing a turbulent throng. "Let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone!" He was never even accused of *sabotage!*

1553. The *"Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation"* has just rounded out its first decade of that perpetual existence vouchsafed by its broad and model charter—June 26, 1923. It was inevitable that it should have encountered unexpected obstacles; yet the outlook was never brighter, and it is impossible to exaggerate its destiny, since its every premise and feature rest on the eternal verities which fashion our common humanity.

1554. And I have before me the forty-page Catalogue of a "*School* of *Social* and Health Work," which is also Chartered and has been developing for some fifteen years, and has already graduated four or five thousand experts, altho having only state jurisdiction.

1555. I note that it has a Board of fifteen Trustees; an Administrative Staff and Faculty of more than twice that number — a large majority of whom are University and College-bred, women graduates. It has its two year Curricula; its special courses, semesters and all the adjuncts of College life.

1556. It has Departments of Social Case Work; Community Social Work ; Social Investigation ; Public Health Nursing. Pages are required to simply enumerate the Schedules of Field Work; Racial Group Work Problems and Technique; Objectives

and Perspectives in Social Work; Professional Reviews of Social Sciences; Family and Child Welfare Problems; Human Behavior; Vocational Guidance Problems; Biology, Economics, Psychology, Government, Sociology.

1557. It has a Department of Social Investigation; Consultation in Research Problems; and its outstanding needs are listed as Scholarships, Fellowships, Endowment, Gifts for Special Purposes. The very Mechanism incident to all these social phases is so extensive and bewildering that one is led to question how they can find time to really get down to what is vulgarly termed "the brass tacks."

1558. Now I have no disposition to criticise, in this hasty recital, and I fondly trust that a most commendable spirit animates every one thus interested. The fields are certainly in crying need of laborers. Yet, as to Health and Hygiene, for instance, were all concerned assembled for the annual dinner, I fear that few should escape merited strictures for unhygienic conduct.

1559. I have often stated that our biogenetic revelations will work a revolution in all educational institutions; and I have elaborated this concrete expression of organized effort for human uplift because it better illustrates one of the basic phases of our biogenetic problem than could any reference to Harvard or Oxford.

1560. And herein lies the pertinency of these several paragraphs, since they tend to focus the attention upon the all-embracing scope of our field. As soon as this condensed, pioneer volume of ours penetrates the inner consciousness of the Faculty of this very School, for instance, there will inevitably come to view her life tasks from a greatly modified angle—and in no direction more emphatically than in that *of matrimony.*

1561. We have recently been regaled with tales of *"beggars sitting on bags of gold:"* but, oh the thrill that will quicken these College graduates when they once come to realize where the *priceless jewels* of existence are properly to be sought!

1562. Dr. R. B. Von Kleinsmid, President of the University of Southern California, has recently declared, at their summer session at Los Angeles, that 96 millions of our people are subnormal—that is, below the accepted standard of intelligence —and only four million above it. And he apprehends an increase to 98, of the one class, and a shrinkage to three million of the superiors—and I incline to accept his forecast if our warnings are disregarded.

1563. The Doctor says that the task for educators is to make these superior specimens of humanity leaders of the future. He says, "Frankly I do not know who should come to College. I am at a loss to accept any kind of a criterion which

shall limit College entrance to any group. Be the tests of the future what they may, the ideal of the College must be to conserve the intellectual ideals and to pass them on so that they send out leaders for the generations to come."

1564. And I thank him so much for this latest presentation of actual conditions. Our letter-heads for years have said of our S.B.F., "Requisitory Endowment, One Billion Dollars," and I doubt not that it has generally caused people to quietly mutter "Bughouse!" Yet cigarets, chewing gum and face paint severally run up to ten figures each!

1565. Over one hundred million of our people must be made to discern that it is more feasible to generate brains than it is to evolve a waxed mustache or to eliminate freckles—easier than the mastery of piano, violin or voice culture. Had not modesty been my innate weakness I should probably have succeeded years ago in convincing the world that this prenatal philosophy is of more value to our race than all other earthly knowledge combined.

1566. I venture to assert that Henry Ford, with the hundreds of thousands of automobiles which he annually produces does not have to consign a single one to the scrap heap. If people will but listen to, and duly heed, the biogenetic truths we are proclaiming, fully ninety-nine per cent of the children born will far exceed, mentally, those sel-

ect four millions so prized by our educators today!

1567. We read of the death of Sophie Lyons Burke, at the age of seventy-six. Her grandfather was an expert safe cracker; her father a blackmailer, and her mother a thief. This Mrs. Burke became a pickpocket at the age of six, and for a quarter of a century followed a criminal career in six leading countries, being arrested over a hundred times; and was imprisoned in more than fifty jails.

1568. Science will point to this as a striking instance of vicious heredity, and would warn against any matrimonial alliance with such a stock, ever! She even figured in a three million dollar, daylight bank robbery! I might name those who would oppose all contact with any line, where the least censurable conduct had appeared, in any generation—and thus decreeing race extermination, since there are no perfect pedigrees.

1569. Bad, however, as was the inheritance and conduct of Mrs. Burke, she plainly reformed; acquired a large fortune, honestly, devoting much of it, during forty years, to aiding criminals and under-world characters in their upward efforts. And I give prominence to this extreme case here,to say, that, if, after her change of heart, she had entered upon an upright course, and parenthood, with the same zeal displayed in evil courses, she

might have become the mother of an illustrious family of reformers, because the *gestatory* period is the supreme determiner! Yet, any slumbering, obsolescent, recessive trait or tendency, if indulged, encouraged or trifled with, can be revived to work ruin—and such are our human potentialities and perils!

1570. So many of our daily papers are arranging with certain prominent physicians to supply them with practical data that I might cite indefinitely statements which merit criticism; and I will illustrate by a few random instances which show how these health hint specialists unconsciously err.

1571. Here is one who makes his bow; and any one looking at his picture would class him as a man in middle life and well preserved. But my biometric insight causes me to place him practically at the end of his tether, while teaching the "secrets of health and success!" And he speaks of the "science of Medicine," which I am free to aver is error, since the test of science is ever the power of *prediction.* Astronomy I concede is a science; and I have yet to see it miss the time of an eclipse by a single minute. But hospital autopsies demonstrate that critical diagnoses are erroneous in a *majority* of instances!

1572. Then he tells us that doctors are our friends, and desire above all else to keep us well,

altho it cuts down their income. But I contend that the whole system is preposterous and "lucrative practice" the general aim, since those who yearn for the public weal become medical missionaries, as I again reiterate. The profession may not be conscious of the enormities I might cite; but such ignorance is positively unpardonable.

1573. Another of these experts I will now discuss—a "Fellow of the American College of Surgeons," who warns his readers to watch their weight. The "Profession" spurns basic facts, as its Colleges decree, hence they are one and all floundering in medical mire. He gives precise weighst for varying heights and ages which are based on *fancy*, rather than *fact*, as I have time and again repeated.

1574. He says that inherited tendencies to overweight can be overcome by systematic exercise, which is the most absurd proposition imaginable. He is himself a victim of obesity, altho he has not yet reached life's meridian. The period of gestation determines one's norm, and not one per cent of our race has the strength of character to materially modify this prenatal bent, however unfortunate it may be.

1575. He says if you are ten pounds overweight during life's fourth decade, do not fret about it or attempt reduction, except under a physician's care. And he seems oblivious to the fact that it is only

a case of the blind attempting to lead the blind. Standard medical works agree that the causes of these assimilative abnormalities are not understood. He urges that state and local health boards tabulate and post in food shops relative food values, which I contend is time wasted till the basic principles of appetite and nutrition are mastered.

1576. Three swimming girls, in the Canal Zone, at Panama, were recently awarded prizes as perfect children; yet, from their pictures I perceive that I should have voted against each of them because they are severally doomed to be fat at forty. They are not destined to become ideal mothers of our race.

1577. And I am reading more recipes for longevity—village life, sunlight, fruit, all of which are incidentally good, of themselves, but powerless to stimulate and perpetuate the vital spark that was not discreetly fashioned prenatally. Oh, am I wasting time, space and ink in these tedious repetitions?

1578. The Dental Educational Council of America announced to-day that the course of study for a degree in dentistry in the United States will be lengthened from four years to five. The intention is stated to be to bring all the dental schools to a higher standard of excellence, especially in medico-dental subjects.

1579. Hereafter in the preservation of the gen-

eral health of the individual, it is explained, there will be closer co-operation between the physician and the dentist. These results will follow a survey and classification of dental schools recently completed by the council.

1580. The radical changes taking place in dental education, it is pointed out, are due to recent discoveries of the intimate connection between the condition of the teeth and general health, and the educational standards are to be raised in order to prepare students properly to meet the public needs.

1581. And this advance move prompts me to again discuss dental science. Yet some may say that I am incompetent to review or criticise till I have mastered its curricula and acquired honorable recognition in the ranks of that profession. But is it not a self-evident proposition, that, after being duly branded, bitted, bridled, blindered, backed, mounted, reined, driven and drilled under the crack of the lash for sixty months that it would be a psychological impossibility to get out of its treadmill routine and ruts!

1582. I am not one of those who see human progress in this added year—nor shall I, if it be eventually extended to a full decade, any more than when I read how many billions have been added to the sale, of some peerless brand of cigaret, or note the deeper purple hue of the toddy

blossom on some boozer's bulging beak—since I discern only the marks of *degeneracy* alike in it all!

1583. As a matter of fact, teeth in the human head are rapidly becoming obsolete, vestigial, and good dentition, among cultured people, a rare survival. I was recently invited out to a fashionable dinner; yet there was nothing on the bill of fare which an infant of six months could not have successfully "gummed." And why should Nature perpetuate unused organs? Few, if any, of the modern cook-book recipes and marvelous creations, are susceptible of mastication!

1584. I am prepared to see surgical and dental science harmoniously evolve till artificial teeth —in the lower jaw, surely—shall be inserted from the outside; neatly threaded and properly adjusted with a screw-driver. The jaw may gradually become too weak to hold these screw-teeth; but a silver jaw can readily be substituted. We have long reveled in "silver-tongued" oratory and the chances are "sixteen to one" that this innovation would prove to be very popular.

1585. Oh, why cannot the public at large, reflect, and clearly discern the natural order? No hunter ever reported defective dentition in his fullest game bag—nor yet a single tooth brush even in the pouch of any of the marsupialia! Cerebral development, then—just brains—seems

to be the fatal absorber of dental integrity. There is manifest incompatibility between *Civilization* and *Mastication!* If "Science" would but permit the prospective mother to fashion her fetus as Nature decreed, she could correct this, and a hundred other ruinous tendencies, but it is so mulish and obdurate! Racial integrity and perpetuity can only be achieved thru biogenetic wisdom.

1586. Thirty-five years ago I was in the confidence of Thomson J. Hudson, in matters which later aroused the public, when his "Law of Psychic Phenomena" appeared. And twenty years later, professors felt competent to announce that a new science and law of life was dawning upon our civilization—Psychology—and we surely should rejoice at every progressive step vouchsafed to our common humanity.

1587. And this animadversion is merely to preface my positive announcement that a far more momentous science and *law of life* is here submitted in the presentation of these incomparable "*Biogenetic Marvels;*" for they usher in a new and most glorious social order.

1588. One of our popular medical writers was asked the significance of "bumps or bunions" appearing on the human nose at certain periods of life, when little more than two facial apertures are noticeable, at that central zone when first intro-

duced to fresh air. The Doctor very frankly repeats in his recital, three or four times, that "nobody knows!" Of course, he was not aware that I *do* know.

1589. Nasal breathing evolves this proboscis as I have heretofore explained. And the stronger the will, the tighter the lips are compressed and the more persistent man's efforts to subdue Nature, the more Romanesque his mien. But the infant, tho born with a "silver spoon," and coddled thru life, doing just barely enough to keep soul and body united, may develop a fine nose, thanks to that strenuous ancestry. Then why not a little of its energy as well? Because of the "deceitfulness of riches," and maternal prenatal passivity.

1590. The Doctor tells, withal, that the Army authorities say that the negroes have better noses than the whites—in which view I fail to concur. I should as soon think of claiming that their foreheads, too, are superior.

1591. I see where another physician takes as his text the item that *ten thousand* mothers die annually in this country following childbirth. And the assurance I wish to give is, that this percentage of mortality will *certainly increase* with our added prosperity, because current theories of gestation and longevity are so shockingly erroneous. As I have already shown, death revels, not among the poor and downtrodden, but in the ranks

of the rich, haughty, high-stepping birth controllers.

1592. I have already had occasion, repeatedly, to refer to commercialism in the medical profession, and to contrast the altruistic system of the Medical Missionaries with the goal of the "lucrative practice" votaries.

1593. And, for good measure, I should refer to a natural outgrowth of this latter, which is at present attracting considerable attention. There are, what are known as, "diploma mills," where, for a few hundred dollars, the right to practice the "healing art" may be procured with plain sailing ahead thenceforth. These "mills" are found in several sections of the country, and it is estimated that already fifteen thousand of these bogus M.D.'s are to-day preying upon the ailing public.

1594. Our *Biogenetic Foundation's* mission is, to usher in *sickness-proof* generations, and free healing for existing unfortunates. But we must be patient, for Thomas A. Edison says that it often takes forty years to put an idea over on the public, and ten years to establish a self-evident fact. And in this very connection I read that Doctor Henry J. Schireson declares that children of the future will be taken to the facial surgeon for the construction of a pleasing physiognomy, just as to-day they are taken to the dentist. "Our work is real sculpture of the flesh."

1595. And I am fully prepared to see the craze prevail for this putty-face patch-work line of progeny—with its appalling cost in torture and treasure—in preference to our scientifically engendered dreams of beauty and innate perfection, such is the perversity of human nature. For thousands of years the germs of this principle that I am so earnestly striving to set forth have been cropping out in every generation, yet to-day I am charged with "lunacy" for proclaiming it.

1596. "Science" never seems quite so happy as when dabbling in the spectacular and haughtily ignoring natural processes. Doctor R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, is just back from London, and reports seeing at a meeting of the Royal Society, the head of a male beetle grafted onto the body of a female, and vice versa. Both beetles recovered and showed a complete reversal of form. The head evidently determined the sex characteristics; and the two new sexes thus created were called masculine-female and feminine-male.

1597. It is now over fifty years ago that I discerned how the cerebral content is a determining factor in sex, and I hastened to proclaim the fact, and the accuracy of my conclusion has been corroborated in many ways for over half a century. Yet I have been frequently ridiculed for this contention — and even from the pulpit in recent

months — such is the agony which a new idea engenders.

1598. But this beetle experiment opens up a ravishing vista to "Science." It visualizes, withal, the *perpetuity of Genius!* Thus, when the faculties of a Plato, a Longfellow, or an Edison, seem to falter under accumulating years, some youthful criminal, cringing under a death sentence, will be selected and brought to the laboratory with some aging philosopher, poet, or theologian perchance, and at a given signal, each will be decapitated and the youthful body of the convict, surely, will be surmounted with a mature head of recognized genius. But I shall continue to advocate Nature's method and point the way to a universal superhumanity without any cut throat frills or thrills.

1599. An ideal opportunity is just now presented to contrast the attitude and claims of evolutionary science with those of our Biogenetic Foundation — and naturally I cannot resist the temptation to improve it forthwith.

1600. Some one asks the question, "Is the evolution of the human race still in progress, or is the man of to-day a finished product?" And the answer of "Science" is, that "The evolutionary process is still going on. And, while it is not likely that man's body will admit of great change, there is room for some improvement, such as in the superfluous length of the food canal, and the over-

crowding of the teeth. It is likely, however, that there will be constitutional changes, as, for instance, prolonged youthfulness; a higher standard of healthfulness and a greater resistance to disease."

1601. The fundamental difference between us would seem to be that "Science," while reluctantly conceding "the unknowable," ardently grasps at the vague hypothesis of evolution and makes it supreme, omnipotent and inexorable in its decrees, while we Biogenists recognize a beneficent, creative Father and ourselves as His intelligent coadjutors.

1602. Conceding that Evolution is all that its friends claim for it, there is no reason to get excited over its trend, since they allow that 100,000 years are requisite for even minor changes. That assumption of intestinal foreshortening, reminds me of a claim, in recent years, that the stomach is but an effete survival; and one alert young medico, decided to stand at the head in the new order of things by having this superfluity removed—and his friends a week later said it with flowers!

1603. One of the brightest, atheistic veterans I ever met was wont to say, that in his world, *defecation* should be omitted. And it is quite natural for this passive, costive, cathartic-cursed age to anticipate surcease. The overcrowding tooth problem surely is most hopefully decadent. Then what

a delightful prospect, this sitting tight for a score or two of millenniums, just twirling our thumbs, and watching omnipotent evolution prolong our callow days, paint roses on our cheeks and brush away our diseases without perturbing our plethoric passivity!

1604. Now we, with the biogenetic bent, have few theories, and find no cast-iron in Nature, but an enchanting vista and a thousand opportunities to convert plasticity into permanent, priceless, progressive prosperity. Petrified feces never find lodgment with us, as we select foods adapted to our actual, carefully-coiled alimentary canal.

1605. We contemplate natural processes with unbiased intellects, and perceive the infinite potentialities in every field, which are ever subject to our wise direction. We have but to behave ourselves, be sensible and engender, not defectives and degenerates, but uniformly, and ever-better specimens of a noble humanity worthy of our loving heavenly Father.

1606. These pages abound in personal items, sex problems, courtship complexes, marriage engagements, meddling "in-laws," dietetics and health matters, medical practice, religion, and queries as to the author's practical poise, making an easy baker's dozen phases of life from more or less biogenetic angles; but here is a culminating single gem which really comprises the entire list in its own right:

1607. An anonymous "in-law," with immaculate intention, clandestinely urged an epidemic-proof remedy, which, within twenty-four hours, left me 8,000 miles from base, a widower, with two darling infants on my hands. And a ten weeks' primitive voyage on the rolling deep, where I improvised as solitary nurse, and elicited the verdict from unfriendly lips that "not one man in ten thousand could have so ably achieved!" But, while *hours* thus sufficed to bereave, *years* were requisite to acquire a "new mother."

1608. For ample experience had clearly demonstrated that connubial bliss, for me, was only attainable with a life partner who could assuredly bear me sons, and was already a convert to certain dietetic, therapeutic, hygienic and theological systems and ideals, which, however, were cherished by less than *one* person in a *thousand*—here and there some isolated "come-outer!"

1609. Fortunately, there was just one such coterie, altho scattered from coast to coast—and its sole binding tie, being a monthly publication of a few thousand copies which was held to expound the laws of life—but catering to no advertisers. And, by correspondence, I sought to ingratiate myself with its master spirit.

1610. Finally I confided to him my personal, social, problem and indicated to him that the only line of hope conceivable for me, lay in some print-

ed notice appearing in the columns of his monthly issue. But I was sternly assured that the U. S Treasury had not money enough to secure the insertion of such a matrimonial advertisement; and practically said that I should try some metropolitan daily.

1611. I was temporarily sojourning with relatives, in a bustling little city of the middle West, writing my "Law of Sex," at the time, and any local, social attentions were immediately dissipated by jealous rivalries. The monotony of this led me to reluctantly try a soulful notice in a great city paper—and the varied experiences resulting but confirmed my sober, sound judgment.

1612. Family life was my sole ideal; yet here were years, even, passing with but temporary home conditions and no progress towards domesticity with the passing months, when, suddenly, the way appeared, and I penned this notice, for that impossible, exclusive monthly: "*Wanted,* A lady under 28—unmarried preferred—to fill a responsible and desirable position, not necessarily calling one from their own fireside. The indispensable prerequisites are, a good education, good health, a thoro religious character and a hygienic faith and practice of the —— order. For particulars address," etcetera.

1613. Now the sequel is, that the lady, office clerk who opened my letter of instructions with this

Our beautiful city in winter.

Ad., was single and without a dream of ever marrying. She, however, read everything between its lines — even divining the identity, or rather, lineage, of its author, and her application for the position reached me among a dozen others —her sole aim being to teach the fellow what she deemed would prove a salutary lesson. And she had several chums eagerly enlisted to "listen in" and share the entertainment of their lives.

1614. But it so happened that my intuitions were equally luxuriant and accurate. And, presently she was in my most exclusive confidence— and none the less so when we proved to have been born neighbors with all old acquaintances in common—and our marriage was not "made in Germany." Verily, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends!"

1615. Can the Western Hemisphere ever liquidate its obligation to Christopher Columbus; or humanity its debt to "Science?" Let us contemplate "Young America," for a moment, with its rising generation —not, of course, the "effete East," with its foreign, heterogeneous melange; but something indigenous, as of the middle West.

1616. There is Iowa, for instance, that "Hawk-eye" state, which has produced such a noble citizenry, and it is so partial to the *wild rose,* and keeps so close to Nature. Its Motto reveals the spirit of its people: "Our Liberties We Prize, and

Our Rights We Maintain." But one must study its rising generation to make an accurate forecast.

1617. At its Capital city, Des Moines, that grand educational center, with its University and Colleges, a questionnaire has recently been submitted to its *three hundred and nine,* high school, girl graduates, to learn their life aims and ambitions.

1618. Social preferment and gilt-edged securities are everywhere the universal favorites; yet our *Biogenetic Foundation* contends that the engendering of a *super-race,* is the crowning desideratum, and attainable ideal. But these new women revealed just one dozen other preferences; actresses, interpreters, farmers, lawyers, doctors, writers, teachers, missionaries, private secretaries, nurses, dietitians, while just *one* chose marriage and a home!

1619. And this solitary aspirant, gives little or no hint of a yearning for posterity, since matrimony long since ceased to be any more of a synonym for maternity than is alimony. And I am not condemning them in the least, but purpose showing the inter-relation of cause and effect.

1620. The dictum of "Science" is, that the germ plasm is immortal and fixed, insomuch that parents can have but *five per cent* of influence over their progeny; that pregnancy is a "nine months' disease," and the embryo, essentially an internal

parasite, leeching on its helpless host—as do tapeworms and trichinae, while body lice are our most familiar examples of external parasites. And as if this were not sufficiently appalling, "Science" parades a spectral throng of defective, "remote ancestors," tainted with *lunacy* and *degeneracy!*

1621. Some of us can recall stories of a loving heavenly Father, and bright visions of immortality, which inspired us; but those whom "Science" directs, soon learn to have contempt for such "fairy tales." And this reminds me of statistics I recently saw, but am ashamed to submit, of the number of girls, over thirteen, that were expelled from classes for reasons no less appalling than disgraceful!

1622. I counted as a very dear friend, a noble doctor of divinity, who was quite a popular writer, withal. As a private secretary he employed his College bred daughter; and I once made bold to ask concerning her personal religious beliefs and convictions, not doubting that they would fully coincide with those of her illustrious sire. But I found that she held all that the Christian world finds so precious, with its genuine, experimental, Pauline assurance, to rest merely on quicksands, while *"Science"* was the eternal, *infallible rock*—and such samples of its infallibility as these pages present!

1623. And here is the very latest pertinent matter that I have seen from London, which I submit in successive paragraphs: London, May 10th. "We do not use our brains to half their capacity," says Sir Arthur Keith, British scientist, who has just returned from the African jungles, where he made a minute study of the brains of gorillas and gibbons. "Most of us," declares Sir Arthur, "have more brains than we know what to do with."

1624. Now, with due deference to Sir Arthur, his African gorillas, gibbons and the worthy ancestors, both proximate and remote of all parties concerned, I would fain insinuate, for the hundredth time, the momentous biogenetic fact, that the utilization of our brains, and all inclination in that direction is dependent wholly upon the *maternal attitude during pregnancy!*

1625. The famous anthropologist said that changes are now taking place in the human world more rapidly than at any former period, but that the time has not yet come for the production of supermen. During the war, he explained, the

average stature for a man was 5 feet 6 inches, the same as in the neolithic period. The average for men leading professional lives is 5 feet 8 inches.

1626. Sir Arthur is a slave to a popular theory of "Science"—the unknowable god, *Evolution*—and it is amusing to contemplate the unphilosophical mental attitude which must possess his being. It is true that human changes are now more rapid because of our added knowledge; but how can one handle such a fact when repudiating all *transmission* of *acquired characters?*

1627. He is waiting for his hoary deity, Evolution, to condescend to shove his superman on to the human stage—or is it some inexorable and inevitable, million year grind that delays this ineffable boon? Yet I can demonstrate, that, for ages, this crowning triumph of our race—Genius—has not become our common brother, simply because a pack of bone-headed theorists have decreed that he cannot, *shall not arrive!*

1628. For any one who is sufficiently open-minded to impartially accept and weigh evidence, there is not the slightest mystery about the appearance of any genius recorded in human annals. What a partial old aristocrat of a divinity, or demon, Evolution must be to give two inches extra to professional men—yet I can add or subtract inches at discretion.

1629. The scientist says he is convinced that

certain characteristics, which are easily recognized in the bodies of a large proportion of our modern population, are of recent origin. The most plastic bone in the human body, he said, is that under the gums, in which the teeth are rooted, and it is here that the most marked changes are to be noted.

1630. "Of recent origin;" and as mysterious and remote from our control as are the rings and "rinctums" of Jupiter or Saturn! All bones seem equally plastic under our magic biogenetic touch. And I have a special invention to bridge over, restore and save the faces of the posterity of those mothers who have so cruelly been reduced to artificial teeth.

1631. "In quite 30 per cent of the people this bone," continued Sir Arthur, "instead of spreading outward and giving the roof of the mouth a wide and low vault, as in prehistoric races, grows in a vertical direction, giving the palate a narrow and high arch.

1632. "In these contracted palates there is no longer room for the normal number of teeth. Such as appear are crowded; the wisdom teeth often fail to cut or are absent altogether. The recession of the teeth gives the modern nose and chin an undue prominency; the tendency of all modern changes is toward the production of long and narrow faces. The 'adenoid' type of face, with which

medical men are so familiar in modern children, was unknown in prehistoric times."

1633. And these paragraphs suggest the propriety of here repeating Nature's formula for broad and narrow faces, as well as for wisdom and other teeth, both in prehistoric and in recent times: Use invariably develops transmissible characters; and the strenuous efforts at mastication, of the tiger, for instance, engenders a broad, open countenance.

1634. The Eskimo perpetuates this basic prehistoric art, and has the spherical head and full moon face, as have also our reservation Amerinds to-day—altho ever strangers to dentists. And just in proportion as vigorous mastication becomes a lost art, our faces will grow narrow and our teeth will steadily deteriorate and disappear.

1635. The nasal protuberance developed with our strenuous ancestry, and lingers as a survival for generations. It becomes conspicuous, as does the chin, when jaws, cheeks and teeth decline. The "gift of gab," or "Chinning," is what originally evolved our chins, and "back talk," plus idle words, are still sufficiently prevalent to cause the chin to tarry.

1636. **The sixth annual convention of the** National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, has been held in Indiana, this summer. "Friendship and vision" were among

the special prizes it vouchsafes its members — which Mrs. M. L. Connole characterized as "empty phrases—bunk." Political partisanship was discussed, as well as the support of certain magazines.

1637. An Indianapolis banker, Evans Woollen, with a most commendable spirit, had a carefully prepared address for the convention, in which he urged that liberal education may not be absorbed or encroached upon by vocationalism. He enlarged upon High Schools, increased usefulness and earning power. "Character and capacity to think with concentration and precision," he esteems more than vocational training.

1638. "Too many who come to business, from schools, have not acquired the habit of work. A reason may be that it is the fashion in much of the schooling to-day, to let the pupil follow his bent. It is the day of electives, and short cuts in education. There is less of the grind that disciplines the spirit and forms the habit of work. There are too many, of what have been called, 'bargain sales' in education."

1639. And here I appear, weeping, as I contemplate earnest souls, hopelessly floundering, because blind to basic truths, and striving to guide a host of hopelessly defective adolescents! Here they are, making "trained clerks" of those whom Omnipotence designed for creatorship—*goddesses*

in fact! What should we think of graceful swans, deserting crystal lakes, in green parks, to wallow and quack with the ducks in filthy cesspools? The science and glory of *maternity* alone, is *woman's exalted, deific sphere,* producing children whose "bents" are wisely foreordained and *inflexible,* linked to the *infinite* and *eternal!*

1640. I am reading in these days, columns relating to the appalling conditions found to exist the country over, in the realm of the "healing art." Conflicting state laws, physicians' licenses; "diploma mills;" and political considerations, are the leading factors conducive to the actual chaos in Medical ranks to-day. And, yet, *commercialism* is the really fatal element which produces all these woeful conditions.

1641. Scores of people enjoy health and pass the century mark without ever consulting a physician —which attests the possibility of universal well being. Why must hundreds of thousands of people spend their lives studying the common human anatomy and physiology, when, by sensible conduct on our part it becomes as much a work of supererogation as would be the counting and naming of the hairs of one's head? Simply the lure of the "lucrative practice"!

1642. A well-to-do father confided to me that he was intent upon sending his only son to Europe to qualify as an eye specialist. But a hereditary

weakness developed which transformed this promising asset, into a serious liability. *Sin* is the source of most of our ailments; hence *medical missionaries* are the only bright hope for salvation from the ever-increasing ravages of *commercialism* and *charlatanry.*

1643. We read that "Albert Einstein conceived the idea of his theory of relativity when he was eighteen and published it at twenty-six. He is, as we should expect, an advocate of shortening up the school period and making it more practical, so that the student can get at his life-work earlier."

1644. And this shows us how Albert judges others by himself—just as the old hen did with her ducklings. But let us listen in further: "This at least seems the best plan for brilliant minds like these, and educators are coming to the conclusion that special facilities should be afforded, so that they may advance as fast as they can without waiting on their slower schoolmates. To give one young man of this sort the peculiar training he needs will benefit the world more than the education of a whole collegeful of the ordinary caliber."

1645. Oh, how long must this shameful, myriad, world-tragedy be perpetuated? It is our privilege that *all* pupils shall be *biogenetically* bred, and as *smart* as the *brightest* we to-day can *boast!* It is optional that they shall be intellectually fed

thru the sense of *hearing,* of *sight,* or otherwise. The printed page, for example, was never made to instruct me; and Shakespeare, even, positively repels, as does Hugo's "Les Miserables," while I know those who revel in both, periodically. Yet, whatever savors of biography, of health, or of disease, I absorb it like a sponge, and evermore retain it.

1646. Oh, *Man's Infinite Potentialities!* And if "Science," in this unique field, will but take a back seat, and cease to *contradict,* and to *interdict* sensible parenthood!—And notwithstanding, that, in the fate of things, the foregoing quotation slipped by, a second time, we leave it in this new setting, being persuaded that it can easily pay its way.

1647. During the past four months, sixteen "hold ups," by gangsters, have been reported, the notable feature of each being the leading part taken always by the same blond, bob-haired girl of twenty. She has finally been arrested in Florida, ten days after the birth of a child—which died.

1648. She is known to have been born on the East side of Manhattan, and she assumes all responsibility for having induced her husband to assist her in these sanguinary raids on cash registers—and I trust her parentage may yet be ascertained.

1649. I introduce this news item because "Science" teaches us that a child, emerging from

such a gestatory period, might prove to be another Wesley, Longfellow, Mary Lyon or Frances E. Willard, while I hold, that, had it lived—maternal strenuosity, plus neglect, doubtless causing its death—Jesse James would have been hopelessly outclassed! And this young, brigand wife's own gestation was certainly in keeping with her recent daring exploits—in all probability paternal banditry with maternal knowledge.

1650. That she must have been to the manner born, all parents can attest, from the simple fact that, being a star actress in even one of these strenuous robberies, did not precipitate a miscarriage. Oh, what food for thought this incident furnishes!

1651. And it is probably well for me to elaborate somewhat this *strenuosity* feature: Fresh air is good, as we all concede — yet wind should be "tempered to the shorn lamb." Fresh water in excess may prove fatal, whether administered internally or externally—and so of heat.

1652. The advent of a twelve-pound infant does not suggest *greatness*, save in the direction of a fat man's club. Strenuous nerve strain neared the fatal point when frail little Sir Isaac Newton came forth two months ahead of Nature's favorite schedule. Benjamin West and Lyman Beecher just occur to me as illustrating this same principle of action.

1653. Extremes have a way of meeting in this world. "Maud S." required and received many times over the care and attention given to the old cart horse. The prospective mother who aspires to bring forth a Jenny Lind, must consider well her diet and the exercise of every physical function while specializing on her vocal organs, or her masterpiece may be ruined.

1654. *Genius,* this pearl of great price, which has hitherto been evolved in blind ignorance of natural laws, cannot now be achieved in a wild, bargain counter scramble, yet it is within the grasp of the vast majority of aspirants.

1655. When moral and physical lapses are shocking us daily, I wonder if medical luminaries can be sincere in prophesying the addition of decades to life's average span, a few years hence! The latest canvass reveals, that over 85 per cent of our primary school grade pupils, are "seriously defective"—which fact should appal!

1656. My friend, Judge X., left us a few years ago, at the age of 73. One son became a physician —but he has recently passed away in his *forties,* the victim of sundry chronic ailments. Could any better proof of the *impotency* of the medical, "healing art" be desired? Cathartic remedies seem to be the accepted order; but *constitutional defects abide!*

1657. *Gestatory laws* are *supreme.* The life germs unite at conception, equipped with sundry characters, both dominant and recessive; but *maternal conduct* determines the value of the coming product. The incidentally torpid liver and sluggish bowel, become the bane of existence, to the coming child. Quiet days and gentle exercise—as when busily plying the needle—may seem a most favorable environment and wholly appropriate procedure, yet they can but produce a negative personality, with weakness of intellect, as also of the vital organs—and all the medicine on druggists' shelves, cannot reach or alleviate such defects!

1658. It so often happens that these pregnant mothers, in this passive, routine monotony, are eating no less heartily than conscientiously, and exercising so gently, with generous consideration for posterity. Yet only a *short-lived* individual can thus be produced. *Assimilation* so in excess of *elimination,* foredooms the offspring to ever *increasing weight*—a *blighted* future!

1659. But where is "Medical Science," and what is it doing to combat and counteract these almost universal tragedies? Simply denying the reality of Nature's basic laws, while exulting in a "lucrative practice"—the outgrowth of *venereal diseases* and *constipation.* And the fact that "Science" is deaf, dumb and blind to even the existence of

these biological verities, makes pandemonium the common lot!

1660. We have specialists for eye, ear, tooth, throat and lung defects, not to mention a score of others. And how ridiculous it would be for me to attempt to qualify in any of these lines! Yet I have something which is not only "just as good," but *infinitely better,* since I have *demonstrably* learned the secret of *preventing* all these human frailties!

1661. I have a stalwart Cherokee Indian friend, aged about fifty. His teeth are simply perfect—as are those of his father, now in his eighties. His mother bore *twenty-four* children. He is master of half a dozen languages, and feels quite at home almost anywhere on this old planet. Yet the weakest physical specimens I have ever met have been Indians of good habits, who, alas, had struck the "white man's trail."

1662. It may be broadly stated, that, casualties aside, wherever we see physical or moral human defects, we behold the dire consequences of sins, either of *omission* or *commission!* Human perfectibility is ever tendered us on a silver tray. And even those appalling instances, like that of Fritz Haarmann, are but the hopeless results of prenatal folly—as are all such Jekyll-Hyde anomalies—notwithstanding Dr. Crane's assumption that they are curable phases of insanity.

1663. The midyear annual Conventions have been held, East and West—the seventy-fourth, of the American Medical Association, in San Francisco; and the American Institute of Homeopathy, at Atlantic City. Their respective slogans were almost identical, "*Prevention* rather than *cure*; with a physical examination of every citizen, at least annually"—and this compulsory, withal, is the plain inference.

1664. Now our slogan, in the premises, is noteworthy; and its reiteration here seems warranted: "*Christian compassion* must supplant *commercialism;* the spirit of the *medical missionary* is the only winning ideal!"

1665. I have lived in countries where one political party was dominant, and where it was woe to whosoever should lisp a favorable word for any other! Also where just one type of ecclesiasticism was in evidence; and only one school of medicine was permitted to flourish. And even in that, one had to kotow in the dust and surrender all semblance to individuality and manhood before his existence was tolerated in their midst!

1666. A friend of mine there ventured to favor a refined Homeopathist, who had to sneak here and yonder stealthily to avoid suspicion. But all that was some years ago; yet in the meantime human nature, has continued to breed true to type!

1667. Dr. F. C. Warnschuis, of Michigan, at that Pacific rally, the other day, where some ten thousand regular practitioners were assembled, is thus quoted: "Unless we concern ourselves with political affairs, we might as well openly announce that we are interested only in scientific features of our profession, and withdraw from further participation in matters of public concern."

1668. But why not have this plan of President-elect, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, who is head of Stanford University, put into practical operation this annual rodeo, made compulsory by legislative enactment? The nominal, incidental fees would be at least $100,000,000—a tidy earnest, surely, for the prospective "lucrative practice?" That Doctor Warnschuis, speaker of the house, deplored what he termed the rise of anti-scientific cults, notably the chiropractic.

1669. Chiropractors are human, and with practice becoming dull, would soon learn to lobby about legislative halls also and compel all citizens to have annual vertebral examinations. And the Chiropodists would be justified in coercing all the dear public into having corns and bunions systematically and scientifically sat upon and inspected at frequent intervals!

1670. Then the Osteopathists would naturally arouse, and insist upon further legislation, *pro bono publico*—the Odontotherapists, Ophthalmia-

ters, Obstetricians, Audiometricians, Physical Culturists, and specialists too numerous to mention in pulmonary, heart and nerve affections, would all and severally have an allotted week—easily fifty-two each year—and fees aggregating $100,000,000 at each rally!

1671. But what really feasible scheme have we upstarts to present? First, wake up and recognize Nature's beneficent biogenetic methods, which are as constantly in evidence as is the law of gravitation. Then consent to tolerate—yes, and even to welcome—*religious faith,* and good morals, and we can soon have a race of healthy, super-centenarians, free from all present, current ills. Commercialism has nowhere been more shockingly manifest in the ranks of the "Profession" than in its having had venereal diseases—that source of most other ills—an *office, cash,* and sacredly confidential practice!

1672. Some of us can remember the days of tallow dips, snuffers, oil lamps; the old wooden plows, the stage coaches and livery stables; the bucket brigades and volunteer hand-pumping fire companies; the Washingtonian temperance societies, crusaders and teetotaler's pledges. I will repeat one incident of those far away days:

1673. Captain Blank was an esteemed rural townsman; but he had a regrettable habit of frequently getting "half seas over." Perhaps it was

the "Jonadabs" who aroused him to the point of seizing the pen to sign the total abstinence pledge, when he faltered and insisted upon one exception. Sheep washing time, in June, down in the river, was an ordeal generally recognized, and could not be safely weathered without a little alcoholic stimulant. So the temperance crowd rather reluctantly accepted the Captain, with this sheep-washing proviso.

1674. One bitter cold December day the doughty Captain was seen, as formerly, reeling down the street, and was sharply rebuked for this sad lapse from the narrow, sober path. But he valiantly stood his ground, assuring his accusers that he had had the old ram at the barn into the watering trough six times that morning already—and all because of that saving sheep-washing clause in the pledge.

1675. Now these reminiscent paragraphs find place because of an optimistic vision of mine, since reading in the evening paper, sundry decisions and rulings in reference to the eighteenth amendment and *physicians' prescriptions.* I visualize our scientific, biogenetically engendered superrace, joyously speeding, the world over, more numerous far than automobiles, while the relics of the stage-coachy medical profession, with its once "lucrative practice," will be ekeing out a precarious existence writing physicians' prescriptions for

thirsty patients who may lack sheep-washing exemptions.

1676. People never tire of listening to dissertations which bear on certain vital themes. I, therefore, quote Jeannette Marks on *Genius* and *Drugs,* as found in the *Yale Review*: "Genius is a question of sensitization of protoplasm—it goes back to physical fact. And the foundations of the greatest cathedral of beauty ever erected by the mind of genius, rests squarely upon the flesh of a man's body. Sensitized protoplasm vibrates in answer to outside impressions,with concentric waves of varying diameter. The stimulated, sensitized protoplasm sets the associative faculties to work, and the bigger this associative faculty, the bigger the genius.

1677. "It is just here in the morbid stimulation of protoplasm that toxins, drugs, alcohol, enter in. Disorder reigns supreme; chaos, poise, nervousness, near madness, thru the stimulus of some toxins manufactured in a man's own system.

1678. "Tea, coffee, drugs, alcohol, seem, temporarily at least, to put the mental furniture in order; to bring harmony where there has been disorder. Opium is not genius. Madness is not genius. But both would sometimes appear to have the power to act as umpire for genius, where its right to go forward is in question. And it would seem that the purchasing power in dreams, was

even greater in insanity than with either alcohol or opium."

1679. Now this is beautifully, scientifically expressed—and it is all so in contrast with my homely phrases. We each define our concept of genius — she calling it *"sensitization of protoplasm,"* while I define it as the *effect* of *maternal stress* on the *fetus during gestation,* despite the negations of "Science."

1680. But which explains conditions in an understandable fashion, pointing a way to garner the wheat and avoid the tares? An immolation of the fallacies of "Science" upon this subject leaves us a clear field in which to sow Genius at discretion, and to reap in the golden harvest a hundred fold with positive assurance!

1681. I very recently listened to an interesting lecture on "How to Live Longer," by Doctor Harvey W. Wiley. One of his first pointers, was, for well people to consult physicians for examinations, periodically, that they might be warned of their approaching dangers just as they send their autos to be overhauled.

1682. Now this did not appeal to me, for two reasons. The "Profession" lacks those *basic facts* upon which both accurate diagnosis and prognosis must ever rest. For example, when indicating the light, heavy or proper weights, their conclusions are based on the *statistical averages* of insurance

companies, which are ever faulty and misleading. We know the underlying principles and qualities of automobiles. Again, the percentage of lucrative practice doctors is so large in our present day professional ranks, that trustworthy advice would be problematical—and this misfortune will continue as long as the present *commercial system* of medical practice is tolerated in our midst!

1683. Doctor Wiley made much the usual round of suggestions as to getting nearer to Nature; plainer, coarser food; purer milk and water—and I so longed to interrrupt and ask if a little *fresh air* for that vast assembly would not be worth experimenting with!

1684. But I contend that this commendable veneering of civilized life does not — broadly speaking—give length of days. A tramp, with hay-seed down his neck, is not quite as comfortable as the well groomed citizen; yet he will outlive him, because longevity depends upon the *hard conditions* which the prospective mother experiences.

1685. Professor Charles Mills Galey, retiring dean of the University of California, after thirty-five years of service, has made quite a stir at this commencement season, by his frank deliverances: 1. "College life in America has drifted into a state of innocuous desuetude. 2. Our system of education is a menace to the educational life of the Nation. 3. So-called education in America has

been a series of 'Ring around a rosie' and 'Peep inside' shows. 4. 'Accredited' institutions annually send thousands of persons to universities who have none of the qualifications of the student. 5. The present system results in a 'glorified primary school for irresponsible children.' "

1686. Some of those who gave opinions, based on Professor Gayley's scathing assertions declared that his experience of thirty-five years of affiliation with the English department of the university should make his remarks authoritative. Others expressed the belief that the savant tends too strongly towards aristocratic education for a select group.

1687. " 'Professor Gayley is absolutely right in questioning the wisdom of the great groups coming to colleges without any definite end or aim,' Dr. R. F. Van Kleinschmidt, president of the University of Southern California, said. 'He states the truth, and then very justifiably calls attention to the very large number who enter college without any preparation. Their presence on the campus brings about the regrettable necessity of reorganization to fit the subject to defective capacity of training.' "

1688. The prophetic phase of my biogenetic soul, prompts me to say, that, some of us will live to see such slovenly parenthood classed, by legislative enactment, as a misdemeanor. And parents

who supply ramshackled children to the state, that have no strong aim, bent, or overshadowing faculty, will be fined, or heavily bonded, lest such progeny become public charges.

1689. Only the other day I read of one who had studied thirteen years, mastering eight languages withal, yet lacking all purpose and initiative, was piteously begging for some clerical job. Farmers are pleading for helpers; but this linguist heeds not.

SECTION THIRTY-FIVE

1690. I have just been glancing over, for the first time, a full page from a last year's Sunday paper, which is devoted to this irrepressible prenatal theme. It details two actual, ideal instances, from life, and then shows how medical science maintains that it is just imaginary, ridiculous nonsense! And all this impresses me with the fact that our *Biogenetic Foundation* has a tremendous fight before it. I am reminded of William Lloyd Garrison's early start with his "Liberator;" and of his memorable words, inscribed on the pedestal of that statue in Boston to-day: "I will speak, I will not retract; and I will be heard!"

1691. It leads me to ponder over the reason for this persistent opposition of "Science" to any recognition of one of the most patent and glorious facts conceivable! And I feel that I have not sufficiently emphasized in this "address," nor often enough reiterated, that its *materialistic philosophy* and theories are hopelessly shattered the moment *maternal impressions* are given recognition—the power of *spirit* to fashion plastic *matter!*

1692. Our medical professor, in his classes, used

to tell of a certain practitioner who had a plan for turning any ailment of the patient into fits, as he professed to be "death on fits!" And, similarly, the "profession," at large, to-day, is partial to microbes and microscopic evidence, spurning whatever cannot be thus contemplated, utilized and identified.

1693. We are very familiar with the maxim: "Nothing so painful as a new idea," and have all, long known of the experiences of progressives, like Bruno, Galileo and Roger Williams—and should remember how true to type human nature persists. An old acquaintance of mine, feels that he was recently made the victim of a "frame-up," when rushed to an institution—from which he managed to escape. By long distance telephone, he now details experiences and warns me of impending danger. But I simply smile, and am still able to take nourishment, and to get refreshing sleep.

1694. Yet, when we stop to consider current realities—how ecclesiasticism of every hue, is focused against me, notwithstanding the fact that I have ever most ardently exulted in a living, orthodox faith—it is more reasonable to anticipate trouble than immunity.

1695. I was wont to listen to a popular preacher, who urged the waiting throngs to be sociable—and I most discreetly adopted the suggestion. Yet, when the personnel changed a little, "Science"

focused the pulpit against me, publicly, and detailed police decoys, repeatedly, to frame-up convicting testimony, and alienist experts—who testify, apparently, according to size and signature of their respective checks.

1696. I might name the worthy son of an honorable General, who says that no earthly consideration could ever tempt him to take any matter to court; and my mother's anti-litigation warnings, restrained me, till the age of forty, since which time I have been classed as "very litigious"—yet, but a sadder, wiser man, for my decades of legal crucifixion—which would seem to warrant Chief Justice Taft's reported strictures, that our legal system is a disgrace to civilization!

1697. We often hear about "having a friend at court." It is equally convenient to have one "at Press;" for I have seen columns readily printed against me, yet advertising rates exacted for my replies. When I recall the unprintable infamies plotted and staged, right here, for my own office, I see little reason for surprise at any future plot conceivable.

1698. Let us suppose there were some cult which taught that the earth is *flat* and *square,* and that circum-navigators should daily appear to it, recounting their exploits—yet only to be assured that they were *deluded dreamers!* Such a clique, with such claims and nonsensical negations, would

parallel, precisely, our highbrow doctors of "Science!" Let us hope that Lincoln was right in declaring that all the people cannot be permanently fooled!

1699. The lust for power is an everywhere noticeable trait; and I might name a professional man, of highest culture, who moved with his family to another country, and wished, withal, to practise medicine. But altho a noted expert, he was repeatedly turned down, after examinations. Then was urged to spend a season at a sickly army post, as a stepping stone—which he vainly did. Ruin and starvation faced him, and his family, till a friend of mine, suggested that his unfortunate countryman join a certain organization—which however bore no relation to professional duties—and upon taking this step, prosperity welcomed him at every turn, for decades!

1700. While my pedigree is exceptionally fortunate—as all competent ones unhesitatingly aver, at a glance—and my personal record, spotless, from the cradle—still, alleged defects and enormities have mounted with each new commendable achievement, thanks to the vile propaganda of my latest despoilers, who, alas, ever prove to be camouflage experts! The blackness of the tint in which I am painted, is fittingly illustrated by that recent instance, where an infant, colored orphanage enterprise, sought my aid, and the prestige

which my name might lend—and to which I assented, promising, withal, $20,000—yet it was all declined, and they fled in terror, when the "real G. B. S." was depicted.

1701. I could give the name of a mother who believed in, and experimented with, prenatal influence—in many respects, faultlessly. She was financially embarrassed, while her medical attendant was childless, and in very easy circumstances. But that child was such an irresistably, lovable marvel, that he offered, in all seriousness some $25,000, spot cash, to become its legal possessor—which is suggestive of, "sitting on bags of *gold!*"

1702. But I must close this special phase of my topic, by reiterating, that a proper recognition and utilization of this glorious, and incomparable fact, of maternal gestatory *supremacy,* means more for human advancement than all other discoveries and achievements since the dawn of history! Our civilization and race, to-day, constitute but a sickening scandal, while quasi *creatorship,* and all divine excellencies, are ceaselessly urged upon us.

1703. I apprehend that some may feel my treatment of the medical profession has been a little too inconsiderate—and more especially my strictures on "Science," in general. I, therefore, quote these latest lines by L. W. R. in the daily press:

1704. To the Editor of The Post—Sir: In Tues-

day's paper appeared an article on "Religion and Science." It took for granted that evolution is a fact; that it is proved; that it is the truth. The article said: "Evolution is based on science." But it is not. Science is knowledge. Its root meaning is "I know." Now, guesses, suppositions, theories are not knowledge. The theory of the evolution of man is supported with so little evidence that to demand that we believe it is to insult our intelligence. Prof. Fleischman, a zoologist of Erlangen, wrote not long ago:

1705. "Instead of scientists having been able from year to year to produce an increasing abundance of proof for the correctness of the doctrine of descent, the lack of proof and the impossibility of procuring evidence is notorious." And this is the judgment of a scientist, the opinion of an expert.

1706. Read Eric Wasmann's "Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution," Muckermann's "The Attitude of Christians toward Darwinism," Alfred W. McCann's "God or Gorilla," Sir Bertram Windle's "What Is Life?" Gerard's "The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer," and Hull's "Haeckel's Frauds and Forgeries." Then tell us whether or not "evolution is based on science."

1707. Doctor Radford E. Pittam, of the Health Conservation Association, in the Kansas City Star's radio studio, thus holds forth: "Most of my

radio audience are afraid of smallpox, but not afraid of measles; but you must know that more persons die each year from measles than from smallpox.

1708. "It is criminal and inhumane to permit children, known to be infected with measles to come in contact with well children! It is the duty of every parent having measles in the home, to see to it that this fact is reported to the local health authorities. It is your duty as good citizens to take every known measure for the prevention of this, or any other disease which represents not only a loss of civic prestige, a loss of dollars and cents, but, most important of all, a needless loss of human lives."

1709. And I now take this occasion to reiterate my assurance that smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox and several more of these contagious, eruptive diseases, are all and severally of *syphilitic origin,* and related to each as are grandparents, parents, children, and grandchildren—the modifications coming in the complexes and intricacies of succeeding generations. Nature is ever striving to bring the erring race back to normalcy. But how much better is *prevention* than *restoration!* We practically have it in our power to produce an immunity-bred stock.

1710. The Bulletins of our National Geographic Society I always find most interesting; and

I now quote from one of these a few lines concerning Little St. Kilda, one of the islands off the coast of Scotland: "The handful of men and women who inhabit this outpost of the British Empire, are evidently direct descendants of the Black Danes, who pushed down from Norway and Jutland. The blood of these rovers shows to-day in the broad-headed dark-complexioned people of the Orkneys, the Hebrides and the coasts of the Irish Sea."

1711. Many modern volumes, classed as scientifically accurate, surely, tell us that racial colors are caused, or determined, by the tropical sun and varying latitudes—than which nothing is more demonstrably erroneous. The dark races of earth predominate, ten to one. But a new school has arisen which attempts to explain *blondness* as an evolution caused by the "mists of the Baltic region."

1712. Now Denmark is certainly in this fog belt, as is Little St. Kilda, where the autumn mists settle and cut them off from the world for many months; yet they are as dark as those "Black Danes." I wonder if I can ever convince this long befogged old world that human complexions—except as I have otherwise indicated—are determined by psycho-hepatic conditions, and the biliary flow during the period of gestation, regardless alike of sun, moon and stars!

1713. King C. Gillette says the proper management of an international workshop and the full use of man's inventive genius, would give him a leisure period of *seven* decades, in return for five years of labor. Yet he surely does not dream that we have discovered how to make that genius simply *infinite*—and he should realize that a *fourteen* to *one* leisure period would hopelessly debauch any race this old world has ever yet seen!

1714. But here is a fresh item from Newtown, Connecticut, where Mrs. Nora Bradley Kane has died at the age of 109 years. "Work hard and constantly, leaving all the rest to God," was her life motto—which is one of the best I ever heard from a centenarian. She claimed never to have been ill, nor to have consulted a physician up to the closing week—and I would stake my life on the assumption that a good mother did the same during her gestation, which insured this precise bent and life lease.

1715. My attention has just been called to the case of a man in the region of the Arabian desert, who was famous because of his quenchless thirst for cool water—and actually drank *one hundred* and *fifty* regular sized glasses full at a sitting. Prenatal privations ever presage insatiable appetites and phenomenal capacities!

1716. The relative importance of Heredity and Environment are themes of endless discussion

—the former involving thousands of years for its development, while the latter operates in less than a century. "Nature and Nurture" is a euphonious way of expressing the equation—while I have inserted the intervening word of "Nack," or gestation, which overshadows both of these others, and yet accomplishes its mission in less than a year. But, pray, why must this incomparable fact be so persistently ignored? Simply because "Science," I repeat, has chosen a *materialistic* theory of creation, ignoring the omnipotent *spiritual!*

1717. I might name a wife in San Francisco who was married thirty years ago, at the age of fourteen, and has recently given birth to her twenty-fourth child. Were I to see the living ones, I could tell at a glance why ten of her progeny have not survived. It probably was due to ignorance of biogenetic laws, rather than to ancestral taint. But I am not introducing her case as ideal from any angle. I think, however, it would be preferable to marry one out of this brood, rather than to select a sterile, life partner from among any of our modern, birth control, only child unions. Reason, common sense and experience in the handling of social problems, count for more than primordial guesses, microscopes and chromosomes.

1718. I read in a morning paper, that the Japanese, a few centuries ago, were large of stature, and that present day, diminutive tendencies,

are greatly deplored. It stated that 141 choice cows were shipped from Tacoma, aboard the Hawaii Maru, under the direction of Dr. Atsushi Miyawaki, of the Imperial University, the accepted opinion being, that rich cow's milk will tend to increase individual stature.

1719. I have written heretofore of their adopting a meat diet, with similar aims—also, regardng their "almond eyes" and "yellow skin." I will now summarize their several physical problems, biogenetically : First, they must *walk* and *climb* mountains more—especially their expectant mothers; and sit in *chairs* rather than on their *feet.*

1720. They must so modify social etiquette, and curb sundry domestic "in-laws," as to brighten the spirits of pregnant wives, which will insure as fair complexions as any *we* now have — even *blonds,* if preferred. And the almond eye can be made to disappear—not by dint of surgery, as proposed, but by adopting a *horizontally lined literature,* rather than the present *vertical columns.* Plasticity is humanity's boon! We are all brethren; and, by sensibly adopting similar, lofty ideals, we can breed standard types of personal excellence —which so transcends present militaristic systems!

1721. A friend was recently telling me of an article he had read which deplored the wasted efforts of inventors, where months and years are

spent in perfecting and patenting devices, of which scarcely five per cent ever enter into our daily lives.

1722. But, while conceding that such actualities are most regrettable, I rejoice in the prospect that our biogenetic revelations will eliminate all this waste, yielding instead, a priceless by-product, because inventors' wives, perceiving the real logic of a situation, will become deeply interested in its every passing phase, and thereby multiplying manyfold these faculties of originality in succeeding generations.

1723. I was talking with a medical friend the other day, who is a full generation younger than myself, yet he weighs about one hundred pounds more than my own ideal tip of the beam. His countenance was wreathed in smiles as he told of his moderate habits—even to the point of occasionally omitting a meal — and optimistically suggested that certain of his ductless glands were probably functioning rather too vigorously.

1724. And thus with a veneer of tentative wisdom, he jollies himself along life's rugged way, quite oblivious to the fact that his condition is most lamentable, as well as precarious and practically hopeless, the trouble dating back two or three generations, when pregnant forbears "ate for two," yet exercised for neither.

1725. J. B. S. Haldane says, "Biology will set as a goal, the abolition of disease. Abolition of disease will make death a physiological event like sleep. A generation that has lived together will die together." And our comment on this noble ideal, is, that its measure of realization will depend on four fundamental factors being wisely considered and properly acted upon: First, a recognition of the existence of Deity. Second, that gross violation of His moral laws—Sin—as being the *chief cause of disease!* Third, a recognition of His glorious gestatory laws. Fourth, the eradication of *commercialism* from the medical profession—its idolized "lucrative practice!"

1726. The morning paper names a boy in Paris, age ten, who kissed his mother good bye, went to market, and then deliberately suicided with an army revolver. And it further stated that a brother of twelve, when this lad was but five, did precisely the same.

1727. Now the theory of the police is that it was a *suicide pact*—which to me seems an absurd explanation. I feel certain that these sons' acts disclose the mother's attitude towards life, death and *suicide*, during *prenatal months*—and the younger lad did just as he had so often heard of his brother's course. Five-year-old lads, pleasantly environed, do not enter into death pacts, and nurse such secrets for *half a decade!*

1728. The query may very naturally arise, how I, altho duly matriculated, having only studied medicine in a desultory sort of fashion, should have the "nerve" to sit in judgment so heavily on *regular practitioners,* who, in many instances, probably, gave five or ten years of preparation for their chosen calling.

1729. In the first place, I was born with an incomparable advantage, since the mother, during my gestation, was so solicitous over the issues of *life* and *death* in three or four directions. Medical dictionaries contain the definitions of over 150,000 technical terms, related, withal, to nearly forty 'ologies—and new words are being coined at the rate of seven a day.

1730. Now the powers of the human mind are limited, and, while no physician would dare claim ability to define even half of these words, the tens of thousands he may have mastered must inevitably prove a fearful handicap in any attempt to enter the field of *original research.*

1731. And then it is a basic law of psychology, that the heart follows the treasure—and the lure of the "lucrative practice" concludes the pathetic recital. I recall a case of threatened measles, in which anxious parents had to wait twenty-four hours for their chosen practitioner to arrive, he being driven almost to death with his scores of

calls to make, both day and night—at *two dollars* each. A letter carrier is daily in touch with very select literature; but this never develops authorship—nor can the "regulars" make valuable discoveries in their "rounds."

1732. Here are a few "marvels" which are not biogenetic; yet were held by persons I have known—the amazing feature being that such notions can be entertained in view of the readily accessible facts: That "it is *down hill* all the way from Ireland to Long Island," because, forsooth, it looked so: that "the sun *do move;*" that Smith is the reincarnation of Socrates because, perchance, he admires him; that Jones' bad temper is the result of the *position* of *planets* at the moment of his *birth;* that our earth is the only planet, and, like the yolk of an egg, there being nothing—not even space—beyond the visible sky or shell, and believed because some man claimed to know "by inspiration;" that the earth is flat and stationary, otherwise there could be no *east* and *west;* that the mother's fetus is but as "coins in the pocket," because there are no connecting *nerves*—when indisputable evidence to the contrary is as abundant and available as are pebbles on the beach! And the absurdity of this last negation—or lack of belief—is of such momentous import that its denial looms up as a *crime of the ages*—the *unpardonable sin of all time!*

1733. Sterling Heilig, recently, in writing of the survival of man during the glacial period, says, withal, as I here quote, emphasizing the two words which impress me as in keeping with what I said in *Section Eight* regarding *the origin* of *wool.*

1734. "Prehistoric men, naked, shivery, short of food and almost weaponless, survived the glacial period only by the mysterious earth-currents' aid. They discovered caves as an abiding place. Mother earth shared her own life pulses with her cave-dwelling children. They got force which did not come from food alone. And they survived, where the hairy mammoth and *woolly rhinoceros* perished utterly, in glacial ice and chill clouds which hid the sun itself!"

1735. I was recently reading what Dan McCowan says in *Nature Magazine* of *"Big Horn"* sheep: "Wild sheep are not clad in wool like the domestic animals of that name, but have hair coats resembling those of the deer family. Those who are unfamiliar with the appearance of the wild species are very apt to mistake the ewes for goats."

1736. Now I have maintained for nearly twenty years, when explaining the origin of wool, that it is a sort of by-product of domestication, yet I have never before found any one else touching upon this point. I have every reason to believe that I am the first one who has ever even attempt-

ed to explain why Africa's sheep are devoid of wool, while its humans are cursed with it. I leave no doubtful point.

1737. I have just received a description and illustrations of a noted Doctor's mechanical *"beautifier;"* yet I can only see in it, at best, an *anti-horrifier,* since human beauty can only be *pre-natally* bestowed. And it is such a simple process, then, with no mechanical invention to bother with, besides a mirror.

1738. The prospective mother should indulge in brilliant thoughts, winsome smiles, trusty mirrors, and carefully "manicured" teeth; yet she should scrupulously avoid *dental chairs* and whatever may tend to induce lip distortion. Oh, what volumes might profitably be written along these lines.

1739. The other day I was perusing a medical work in which I found numerous positive assertions that seemed altogether unique and quite at variance with current professional teachings. And the reaction, I found, was most depressing, for I thought of how, possibly, my startling innovations may impress people.

1740. But here is the difference: He indulged in bold assertions with no citations or reference to any other theories, claims, persons or organizations, whereas, I submit facts, with proofs—ever comparing, contrasting and presenting the problem from every conceivable angle, hoping to stimulate thought.

1741. Harvard's ex-President, Eliot, has celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and Arthur Brisbane is moved to say that any average man can live to be 100! He says that one-half of what we eat sustains life, and the other half, kills us. He holds that we should live by virtue of *abstinence,* to the age of 140 years!

1742. Of course, it would savor of supererogation were I here to reiterate for the one hundred and fortieth time that life's potentialities cluster, not about the *stomach,* in any primal sense, but focus in *each period* of *gestation!* And how foolish it would be on my part, to affirm that any scrap of ferruginous metal, if fashioned into a hair-spring, for a lady's watch, will, if kept clean, insure correct time for its fortunate owner during *centuries.*

1743. *Half a century ago,* to-day—March 26, 1924—I entered New York harbor, after an absence of over *one hundred months;* and my first great objective was to get up to the Astor Library and consult our Ninth Census.

1744. For over two years I had been nursing my Sex hypothesis, under many difficulties. I was familiar with the fact that in most countries, 105 males are born to 100 females; but during those long, dreary weeks on the ocean I had resolved to forget my infant theory if that test of science—

"the power of prediction"—did not sustain me.

1745. I held that a large excess of females should exist among the mulattoes of the South; and I found that they numbered 112, to 100 males—just as among our half breed Indians, and I experienced a thrill of satisfaction; *Eureka!*

1746. Please ponder well this current item, entitled—"What Family Amounts To"—Some time ago a Methodist preacher by the name of Macdonald came to London. He had a family of five daughters, whom he supported upon a salary of about one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Two of these Macdonald sisters married artists. One of the artists was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the great painter. The other was Sir Edward Poynter, who became president of the Royal Academy. Sir Hugh Poynter, distinguished head of a Canadian steel company, is Sir Edward's son.

1747. The third daughter married a John Kipling. She had a son whom she called Rudyard, after the name of a lake which had for her romantic association. The fourth daughter married a man by the name of Alfred Baldwin and became the mother of the man who has just resigned as Prime Minister of England. The fifth daughter was not married. Clearly, it is as true to-day as ever that blood will tell. What woman who chooses a "career" can serve the world a tenth as well thereby as did the Wesleyan minister's

wife through her five daughters and their descendants?

1748. It is both cheering and brief, yet surcharged with common error, because "blood," in the sense intended, is *not* the potent factor. *Maternal conduct during gestation is what dominates posterity!* I am glad to be in hearty accord with its closing sentiment, however, that *woman's royal sphere—maternity*—outclasses any "career" *ten times over!*

1749. And again the evening paper furnishes me with a pertinent *longevity item*: My old friend, General P., I note has passed away when well along in his eighties—a matter of no surprise to me. He had a hard row to hoe in his childhood, and learned a trade. Our Civil war made a soldier of him, and meritorious achievement caused promotions.

1750. His death calls to mind another General who was associated with us both, over forty years ago. He, however, left us over thirty years since, when in his early fifties—yet utterly worn out. He was of missionary parentage and had a delightful childhood and College advantages.

1751. But this same daily paper has brought me still more material food for reflection. A noted Homeopathic authority has just passed away in his eighties. His father specialized in the same line and was sorely persecuted because of his me-

dical faith and practice. And, singularly enough, the paper contains the death of another whom I knew—a literary specialist of renown. Yet he was twenty years younger—the penalty which Nature exacts from those born with the proverbial silver spoon!

1752. Is it not strange, that, when this same natural law and most obvious process of cause and effect, have steadily obtained for untold ages that it should have been left for an *invalid newsboy* to call attention to the fact that *maternal gestatory conduct* is the great determiner?

1753. It was my good fortune, recently, to hear "the bird man," Charles Cranford Gorst, lecture, and sing bird songs. He is a naturalist, and probably the only one who was ever able to imitate 600 songs of 200 species of birds—and I at once thought that I could make of that intensely interesting performance a good biogenetic paragraph.

1754. But then I felt the bold assertion, that *maternal attitude during pregnancy,* caused that marvelous phenomenon, would tend to weaken the force of my utterances—yet a second lecture practically gave me this. He is a University graduate; the son of a minister of the Gospel, and one whose passion for birds and Nature has drawn him from the pulpit. But all this would hardly have been conclusive proof, had he not told, how, when a

child, their *caged mocking bird* performed for him —and we might have thousands of such prodigies! Does any one fancy that caged songster annoyed that expectant mother?

1755. The genial Dr. Frank Crane summarizes: "The *'that'* is the individual touch in a picture. It is to your personality what flavor is to the apple. Your accomplishments and your possessions do not matter much; the world cares only for your *'individuality.'* It is the pearl of great price, the one treasure a person has which others lack.

1756. "In art, it makes one's work great; in letters, it makes one's writing worth reading; in business it is the touchstone of success; in society, the secret of popularity; in love, the *it,* is the very core and substance, and in religion it is the keynote.

1757. "All true education is to develop this; all true culture is to perfect it; all true religion is to keep it unspoiled. 'For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose'—*that!*"

1758. Now it is my duty and ineffable privilege, to here attest that this elusive, charming entity, is the crystallization of *maternal gestatory effort* —the agony of soul, often, which Nature so marvelously perpetuates, that it may bless humanity. And, once more, I reiterate, that whatever we cherish and seek to perpetuate of racial worth is

ever the fragrant bloom of this *maternal soulfulness!*

1759. Here is an item I find in the daily press in the middle of July, 1923: "The Government and the farmers of New York state are combining in an effort to clean up every herd and make bovine tuberculosis forever unknown thruout the State. It is a big undertaking, not impossible. The national Government should be back of it in every State; the farmers should not be asked to stand the loss involved. Incidentally hogs, feeding behind the cattle, will avoid tuberculosis if the herds are rid of it."

1760. And this leads me to reiterate the information, that, nearly fourteen years ago, I ran in debt, to print, and to gratuitously distribute my 8,000-word brochure, "Bovine Tuberculosis," which gave the true cause of this scourge, and its only remedy. Every development during this period, has confirmed alike my diagnosis and prognosis.

1761. What nonsense is served up to the public! "An effort to clean up every herd and make B. T. forever unknown!" Whence this constantly recurring *uncleanness?* As I then gave it, in 18 letters, "*pulmonary passivity;*" and again in eight —"idle feet!" And were fees eliminated, due heed would be given these *incontrovertible facts.* Gestatory exercise must be taken also, of course.

1762. In the very moments of the *tenth* anniversary of the birth of our *"Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation"*— June 26, 1923 — I stood alone in a contemplative mood, when a gentleman passed, after laying down a daily paper, which I do not read regularly. I scanned its columns and noted *ten* items, which I will now touch upon from my chronic viewpoint:

1763. The Eyesight Conservation Council of America has launched a survey of visual conditions in our Washington schools. The supervising principal, Walter B. Patterson, who is in charge of this matter, has received a questionnaire from the Council. While the elimination of glare from polished surfaces, and unshaded lights, is essential, we hold that the eyesight of posterity should ever be *prenatally* vouchsafed.

1764. A married couple are pictured, in those columns, as discussing the affectional tendencies of their little daughter—the mother wearying of the child's admiration for, or adoration of, one teacher or playmate after another. But that little girl is a treasure, and reveals what a jewel her mother was a few years ago. Let us hope that

there will be no family increase during her present unhallowed mental attitude.

1765. A Beauty specialist held forth, seductively, in this same issue; and one feature merits a few words here: She speaks of the hot, trying season for complexions, and tells how some will tan; others will freckle, while some will just sunburn and peel. I am certain she has never fathomed this subject, hence feel constrained to once more enlarge upon it.

1766. For aught she indicated to the contrary, one might expect, this season, to fall a victim to tan, freckles, sunburn — or anything, different from last season's infliction—whereas a person can be liable to but a single one of these, broadly speaking. Tan is Nature's ideal protection; but where ancestral, emotional excesses, during the period of gestation, have caused abnormal biliary disturbances, and thus reduced the pigmentary supply, freckles come, cover and protect as far as possible; but when even this remnant is lacking, sunburn is the inevitable sequel.

1767. I next read an able editorial on mental improvement, and instances of boys who took to chess, and others to throwing dice—the contrast of those who rose to fame, and those who became mere *rimless ciphers.* But the sad feature of all this showing, is the appalling fact—tho repudiated by "Science" — that practically all might have

been noble, and aggressively, world benefactors.

1768. Doctor Julie Stevens' case, and claims, then arrested my attention. She was Sarah Bernhardt's dietetic adviser, and declares that Americans are killing themselves with an excess of *sugar* and *starch*. And it is embarrassing for me to criticise in this important field, where I so conscientiously labored for decades.

1769. Nearly a dozen years ago, while sojourning in Boston, a small foreign trader, near my headquarters, was in miserable health, and, seeing hope, I went out of my way to relieve him. Boston brown bread I knew would make him well, and, accordingly, on Saturday afternoon—the only time in the week when it is obtainable—I presented him with one of those great, three-pound, steaming loaves.

1770. But he stood aloof, looked askance, and finally ventured to touch it with one finger. After looking to see traces of pork fat from the tin in which it was fashioned, I saw his difficulty, and my heart went out for his conscientious soul, because, altho never a Hebrew, I had had similar Sabbatarian scruples, and horror of things unclean.

1771. It is so hard to keep from becoming faddists, sometimes "cranks," even, in matters of diet. Bright Doctor Julie is right in affirming that so many are committing suicide by the alimentary

route, but her vistas seem to me narrow. Her age and vivacity are due primarily to her gestatory period—both of which, however, might later have been wrecked by an unwise dietary. Her spirit and aims seem most admirable, and may success attend her every effort!

1772. I note a list of deaths as a result of the hot wave; suicide ends one life; a glass of water, another, and drowning a third. Now this last named, may have been one whose span of life was not exhausted; but most victims who thus succumb, are at the end of their tether, and almost any whiff may seal their fate.

1773. Two men, in a Southern state, are arrested and heavily fined for killing *one hundred* squirrels! And we might well despair of humanity, were it not for another item, in an adjoining column, which shows how a local organization is working to have all cats in the town *belled*, in the interest of its birds and squirrels. And I am reminded of an adopted citizen, from Southern Europe, who a few years ago, espying the nest of one of our songsters, climbed and twisted the necks of every fledgeling—but was made to pay dearly for it.

1774. This next item makes one blush for shame, also; and yet the cloud has more than a silver lining. It tells of a County jail, in the Empire State, the padded, and other cells, of which, are filled with

confiscated Scotch whiskey; and all is open for public inspection, as there are no other prisoners. And to think that *motherhood* can make all of our posterity abominate the accursed stuff, as intensely as did Carrie Nation, after burying her only—and he a besotted—son!

1775. But what a contrast is our coming incident: A community in sight of the Capitol dome, is passing the hat to relieve a newly made widow, whose husband sought to win fame and fortune by diving into the Potomac from an *airplane!*

1776. And how can this fail to make me reminiscent, as I reflect, that, *forty years ago*, in the same county, with equal risk, after *twenty-nine years* of preparation—but not with the same degree of foolhardiness—I, too, was risking all on aerial stunts. But a kind Providence spared me from a *"Bolling,"* for a *Biogenetic Field!*

1777. And now, for my final paragraph, I have the brilliant Herbert Kauffman descanting on the undiscovered mysteries of our human anatomy; the loss of a lung, kidney, or what not, failing to seriously impair our usefulness. No gland has yet disclosed its full purpose; and he suggests that when Science discovers the true functions of these strange transforming stations — the whys and wherefores of cogs, subsidiary wires, motors and engines, which impel us—that our hospitals will reveal "incredible tinkerings!"

1778. The pertinency of all this, is, merely, that it reveals the striking contrast between the trend of Science, and the aims of our Biogenetic Foundation. We have no ambition as bushelers, cobblers, patchists, or tinkers of the human anatomy—makers of glass eyes, wigs, or ear drums, serviceable as all such expedients may be—but, having clearly discerned Nature's basic laws, we seek to have them recognized, and properly utilized, then synthetic surgical operations will have become feats of *negligible import!*

1779. I had mislaid an item which is still fresh for our purposes. Mrs. Sarah Lingerfelt was born in Cherokee County, N. C., in December, 1801, and has died near Benton, Tenn., in the Black Mountain section, at the age of one hundred and twenty. After the death of her second husband, she performed a man's work about the farm, till the age of one hundred. At the time of the civil war, she was a widow, and had a hard struggle to make a living for her thirteen children.

1780. What a text is this—or, rather, is not—for our modern *birth control* and *voluntary parenthood* leaguers, whose hearts flow with sympathetic crimson as they contemplate such maternity shattered constitutions! And I so well recall my conversation, fifty years ago, with the schoolmate mother of a big, "stall-fed," booby son, who argued, that, under modern conditions,

one child was all a married couple could properly rear! But how many cases must I produce to convince people of the accuracy of my every optimistic claim?

1781. I have already ventured to criticise the use of toothbrushes, but did not expect any eminent authority to endorse my attitude. Here, however, I submit the latest utterances of Sir James Cantile, of the Institute of Hygiene, London.

1782. "The world would be a lot better off if it had never seen a toothbrush. All teeth troubles of this generation are due to this modern fallacy—otherwise the teeth to-day would be as good as those of our forefathers. The toothbrush invariably pierces the gums, allowing poisons to enter the system. If you have need of a brush, there is something wrong with your health. Negro teeth were fine until they learned to use this modern implement."

1783. Now I am sorry to disagree with one so distinguished; but the abolition of toothbrushes will never give us fine teeth, since there are too many factors in this grave, personal problem. They simply help in the making of a very bad matter, worse. Sir James also errs in attributing the chief cause of baldness, to the wearing of hats —but I must not enter upon so broad a theme at this time.

1784. Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, has just declared at the thirty-fifth Annual Convention of the Loyal Order of Moose, that we rank *tenth* among the nations of earth, in the matter of saving the lives of our infants.

1785. Rev. Dr. Graham Taylor, of the "Chicago Commons," lectures, and has written me personally regarding the shameful fact, that, in the matter of maternal mortality, from puerperal causes, our country ranks as the *nineteenth.* And the Federal Children's Bureau here, gives me data in detail.

1786. Let the haughty American bear in mind, that poverty stricken countries I might name, in which illiteracy prevails, among from *sixty-six* to *ninety odd* per cent of their population, mothers have a better chance of surviving the ordeal of parturition, and their infants of living to mature years, than those who congratulate themselves upon being domiciled in this land of free and enlightened, *brave* mortals!

1787. But I weary of these repetitions and reiterations of the truths and proofs, for the dissemination of which this Biogenetic Foundation exists. Science may deftly remove organs, and even insert glands, but honest poverty, and the *strenuous* life, are ever Nature's guarantees of long, happy and useful lives, for parents and children alike!

1788. Hitherto the greatest good fortune conceivable, has been, to be elected Governor, Senator or President, perchance; or, to marry a fortune, inherit some legacy—even to be related to some of these favored ones. But henceforth—that is, as soon as our biogenetic evangel shall have permeated the human heart and consciousness—*pregnancy* will cause unutterable joy to all worthy married couples, since it will presage the advent of a Genius, and everything, in short, that tends to make life really worth while.

1789. That brilliant, and always interesting writer, Garrett P. Serviss, has just been giving the public one of his "talks" on the *Limits* of *Heredity*. "New theories announced by famous scientist, claim man's efforts to improve race, cannot succeed."

1790. He cites the peerless Professor Karl Pearson, who uses the ladders of statistics to reach high altitudes of speculation; yet finding nothing in life but its hereditaments. "You were all in the cell from which you sprang," is the conclusion unhesitatingly reached. Your children will be copies of yourself, except for certain forces of variation, exclusively inherent in the original cell, is the dictum. You may train your cells, but cannot transmit any acquisitions whatsoever, because hereditary cells abhor novelty.

1791. "Health, character, amiability, tempera-

ment, are severally hereditaments. A healthy child must have had parents and grandparents so favored—an endless chain. School life merely unfolds latent powers." And were all this actual fact, instead of *baseless fancy*, suicide and oblivion would be the logical desiderata. Paradise and Perdition are no greater contrasts than are *Pearson's Eugenics*, and *Starkweather's Biogenetics!*

1792. The President of our George Washington University, Doctor William M. Lewis, told a select section of the National Education Association Convention, the other day, about the training of our twenty odd million adolescents at present.

1793. He says good citizenship is the great desideratum; which means best thinking power, that must depend on superb teaching ability. The desire for luxury will prove ruinous; and overspecialized athletics will never save us, but wholesome out door life for all. He says our American schools should be open every day and night in the year, and the compensation for teachers made adequate to secure those with character and ability necessary to exert constructive influence.

1794. Now all such talk is above criticism, assuming current opinions and views to be accurate. But as soon as our biogenetic laws are grasped, the present educational system will be altered. The vacuum cleaner displaced the broom; Marconi's wireless, the mounted courier; limousines,

the family coach; and safety air planes, the prairie schooner, as effectually as motor-driven gang plows now supplant wooden plows and yoked oxen.

1795. A friend handed me a monthly magazine the other day, to get a tracer on some article, and I thus was led to scan its many pages of alluring advertisements, for all of which the publishers vouched. Yet if my endorsement had been sought, a very small percentage could have been conscientiously favored. I was impressed as never before, as I realized what a world-embracing factor, in life, our biogenetic theme is destined to become.

1796. The secret of a charming personality; of beauty; memory; mathematical, conversational, musical or artistic ability; fat absorbers; the promotion and elimination of hair growth; doubling of incomes; short cuts to wealth—everything in short that heart could wish, I found temptingly offered. But my reason, observation, reflection, experience—all, for generations—assure me that little improvement will result if not *prenatally implanted!*

1797. Some forty years ago I was honored with several calls from a young man of pleasing personality, who had certain ideas and projects to submit. His name was a most unusual one; several of his features were classic; his plans were world-embracing — and yet he was so very youthful, withal. Some of his statements were positively incredible.

1798. He disappeared and was practically forgotten by me; yet, from those days to the present time, about once in ten years, he has loomed into prominence in international projects, in countries widely separated. His nativity, and parentage even, have been matters of public discussion—in all of which there is very little of value, as strictly legal evidence.

1799. But here are several points in this connection, the accuracy of which I stand ready to stake my biogenetic reputation in maintaining: That this rare genius was born, somewhere, of a young, refined mother; and that the gestatory period incident thereto, was one involving strenuosity and vast problems—but I weary of these monotonous reiterations. All history sustains my thesis.

1800. On June 11, 1923, I read this local item in our evening paper, which again emphasizes a tragedy that is ever cruel, if not criminal:—"Mrs. African Lion Earns Title of "Good Mother' to New Cubs—'She's a fine mother to them, too,' says Supt. Ned Hollister, as he stands in the lion house at the National Zoological Park and fondly watches the two new lion cubs.

1801. "Mrs. African Lion says nothing, but proudly hoists one of her cat-sized cubs by the back of the neck, carries it around a bit, and carefully places it back on the floor of her cage, So

excited did she become, seeing so many persons before her cage, that Mr. Hollister was forced to build up a board barricade, behind which she might conduct her maternal duties free from prying eyes.

1802. "But in a short time now, it is hoped, the cubs will be so strong that the boards may be taken down and the people of Washington allowed their first real sight of a zoological rarity. Lion cubs are just that—a rarity. Many years ago the local 'zoo' had some cubs that lived, but since that no pair has ever been brought to maturity. 'She wasn't a good mother,' was the explanation.

1803. "That is why Supt. Hollister is so proud of the five-year-old African mother. She seems to know just how to bring up her cubs in distinction from some of the other lion mothers, which did not seem to care much for their offspring. The new cubs, born May 19, have just got their eyes open. They are very good specimens, Supt. Hollister says, and are their mother's second set, the first pair having died, 'which they usually do,' he said."

1804. Such occurrences reveal the necessity of our *S. B. F.* opening up an animal insurance department, withal, in the interest of Zoos, dairies and kennel clubs, so that the new arrivals may be guaranteed the blessing of extreme age. Yet we cannot undertake this innovation unless we shall

first have been given a free hand in inaugurating our revolutionizing, yet truly scientific, biogenetic system in all these parks, farms, stables, kennels, aquariums and aviaries.

1805. In my recent challenge concerning the accuracy of the "Correct Weight" tables, of a giant Life Insurance Company, it courteously and promptly "came across," sustaining my every contention, yet with confessed inability to elucidate what, from its statistical angle, seemed to the experts so anomalous and inexplicable.

1806. And I have now, still later, what is, essentially, to them the same puzzling problem: "Disease is harder on the more robust and vigorous"—an enigma which results from a *confusion of ideals,* as when one estimates the fatted calf, the Christmas goose and turkey as more "robust and vigorous" than the slender game cock. Activity and tenacity are the notable assets of existence. Can people never come to realize that mere *avoirdupois* is not a synonym of *life* and *endurance!* The dictionary defines robust, as, "hardy; strong; vigorous; muscular." There is an *ideal* weight for humanity, gazelles, greyhounds, hippopotomi; and any excess of that easily ascertainable item simply spells *degeneracy!*

1807. In the epidemics of typhus fever, in Ireland, two centuries ago, *one* in *twenty-three* among the hungry peasantry, of those attacked,

perished; while among the doctors, priests and nurses, who, of course, were far more robust, "*one* in every *three* of those who contracted the disease, died of it"—*eight* times more fatal! And words would be wasted on those who are too "hard-boiled" to grasp the import of this data. The "Aldermanic" ideal might be termed the undertaker's delight!

1808. Here is one of the latest, most misleading and silly items I have seen: "All races who live mainly on fish, such as the Eskimos, have small eyes. On the other hand, a diet consisting mainly of meat, enlarges the eyes." And with the same profound philosophy I might assert that the "almond eye" of oriental people results from their remote ancestors having subsisted on almonds—and that the angle at which the eyes are set, arises from their wistful glances skyward for more seeds—just as swine presumably do when acorns are scarce.

1809. As I have already explained it is *use* that controls both the size and the setting of eyes; and this law governs, alike, the orbs of owls, eels, moles, gazelles, elephants, and whales. The glare of the snow forces the Eskimo to so nearly close his eyes as to limit his catch of fish, even, and his icy abode has neither the movies nor our daily papers to arouse and startle. Quite naturally the pregnant mother is the chief determiner. I need

not here repeat how *vertically lined literature* explains the visual peculiarity of the far east. I have dwelt among millions who subsisted almost exclusively on beef and mutton; and yet, neither their eyes nor their souls seemed enlarged by this diet.

1810. The Adventure Magazine should be credited with giving publicity to this fresh item. For me, it is the most intensely interesting recital I have ever noted in the realm of natural history; and its pertinency for us arises from its bearing on the problem of world peace.

1811. "There is a wild animal sanctuary on Hardy Island, a dot of rocks and trees off a coast of British Columbia, where a veteran prospector has achieved the feat of winning the confidence of wild deer so completely that now they come from long distances to visit him. This remarkable man, T. B. Brazil, has built tables for the deer near his house. Each deer has a separate bowl, and their table manners are exceptionally good. This is the first wild deer restaurant in the world.

1812. "That animals communicate with one another is strikingly shown by the fact that when Mr. Brazil first took up his residence on this island, where he is the only human being, he saw only two deer. He put out food for them, and after a few weeks got their confidence. In the autumn these deer brought five more. The next year there

were thirty. To-day, six years later, hundreds come to the island.

1813. "They make it their refuge during the shooting season, knowing they will be protected, and the does here give birth to their young, so that in the early summer the island is alive with little ones. The deer come and go at will, and the minute they are parted from their protector they are absolutely wild deer."

1814. But another thought lingers: Is it not rank heresy to assume that deer can thus transmit intelligence? Human speech, the printed page, hieroglyphic, cuneiform and stenographic characters we must all recognize as legitimate mediums of thought transference — also alley catawauling, jackdaw caws, katydid croaks and turtle dove cooings, but is it not as absurd to assume that the mute deer can successfully play the part of a bulletin board or radiograph, as that he can alter or instruct the "coins in one's pocket?"

1815. If invited to select some special theme for discussion, illustrative of the enormities of "Science," I probably should settle upon eye-sight, because of an article I have just read, which shows what Commissioners of Health, of Education, State Legislatures and Eyesight Conservation Councils have severally done or failed to do for our children's eyes.

1816. The ethics of the jungle, in a state of

The Capitol from the Botanical Gardens.

nature, insure perfect sight, ever, to beasts of the forest and fowls of the air; yet we "lords of creation," with dominion over all, turn out progeny, according to latest statistics, a majority of whom have eyesight that is so defective as to require expert attention—14,000,000 *of them!*

1817. I will quote a few lines: "Millions of school-children are handicapped in their studies by defective eyes. Thousands of them are suffering from eye-strain, and large numbers are forced to discontinue their education because of this physical defect. Poor eyesight is an important associate cause of backwardness, stupidity, apparent laziness and truancy."

1818. We call ourselves reflective, reasoning human beings, and tolerate this appalling condition —not to mention other senses, organs and functions quite as deficient—without one qualm or query as to *why* unsoundness reigns supreme! Yet our biogenetic panacea insures perfection at will —and it is the only conceivable solution and sovereign remedy—the universal solvent!

1819. Most of us have some strong points or faculties, and other weak ones. I show the cause of all this; and nothing can be more certain and logical than that superb excellence may reign supreme — and will, wherever this philosophy is utilized.

1820. It is extremely humiliating to read of blood curdling felonies committed by fellow human beings—and then follow analyses and explanations which are hardly less mortifying because they reflect so sadly on the average intelligence.

1821. Experts come forward to show how planets, spirits, previous incarnations, physiognomical absurdities, not to mention others, really precipitated the tragedies—when sane, calm contemplation of facts reveals both causes and remedies.

1822. Doctor William Brady, the noted author, has recently written upon that most prevalent sin of overeating, which he very properly classes with alcohol as a cause of arterio-sclerosis. The badge of this type of intemperance is overweight. Honest work and healthy perspiration are systematically avoided; and puttering about in store or office is a delusive substitute.

1823. Were we as considerate in the breeding of our own species as we are with our domestic animals, we should be forced to reject ninety per cent of any average crowd when contemplating candidates for parenthood. With material prosperity comes the ever-increasing tendency to *under exercise* and to overeat. This latter temptation is enhanced by rich menus and frequency of repasts. I have both practiced and preached the one meal a day doctrine; but if our race is to survive two daily meals must be the limit.

1824. I have had quite a wide experience with trees and woods. Each commercialized variety has its specific gravity registered. And yet—the white oak, for example—if matured in the open field, is so superior to the forest grown, as to shatter all tabulations. The strain that comes upon a limb at the point of union with the trunk, for instance, almost doubles many desirable qualities.

1825. I have studied and tested apples, pears, peaches, and other fruits also, and have learned how to double their desirable qualities, by throwing extra strain upon them. I hope to find time to extend this same plan and principle, and make it permanent, if not universal, in orchards, orange groves, and elsewhere.

1826. But what, pray, has all this to do with *Biogenetics?* Simply, that the underlying principle is very analogous to that of producing *supermen — Genius!* in a word. Many fine looking oranges are most disappointing, because of their flavorless insipidity. Yet all this can be remedied by proper treatment of root, branch, blossom and fruit.

1827. That ever attractive writer, Dr. Frank Crane, has a page devoted to Fat, in *Physical Culture,* for July, 1923, duly accrediting Dr. L. H. Peters, among other experts, for his two dozen positive asseverations. I, most reluctantly, yet from a sense of duty, reiterate my reasons for

challenging the accuracy of most of his assertions. Of course, *gestation* is the pivotal center—the rock which separates and turns the devious current of our thoughts.

1828. This new, imposing formula of, "Multiply by 5.5, the number of your inches, over five feet; then adding 110" to learn what one should weigh, has its "high-brow" aspect, but the result seems to be identical with that Insurance Company's already demolished "Correct weight" formula.

1829. The personality of each one—the mental, musical, artistic bent, no less than the sexual appetite, food preferences, taste for physical exercise, or of indulging a disorderly, lazy, loafing bent—is fashioned, and I may say, practically *crystallized* during those *nine, momentous, prenatal months;* and all this talk of *"self-mastery"* is negligible, unless such a spirit was then implanted. People invariably—save those who are "doing time"—follow their natal norm.

1830. The food ration for each, is not, properly, a fixed amount, but should be governed, ever, by the daily task. The farmer, and the livery man, both know how to feed light or heavy, according to the day's, or week's, schedule. I well know a gifted authoress, who, with an important literary contract in hand, worked to the limit, but neglected physical exercise, and developed to appalling dimensions!

1831. The danger to the food inebriate, no less than to the boozer, lies in "*just a taste.*" Mastication is an all essential; but the most deplorable folly lies in the direction of striving to *increase* weight, when in the enjoyment of good *digestion, health,* and general powers of *endurance.*

1832. A wise, model, maternal gestation, insures like qualities in the progeny; while those who are prenatally given an unfortunate bent, of even five per cent divergence from the narrow path, are evermore shooting off at a tangent; and if it lies in the direction of *over feeding* and under exercising, one has an ever-growing problem on his hands!

SECTION THIRTY-SEVEN

1833. I quote this late longevity item from the Pacific coast: "Santa Barbara, Calif., May 18—Indians whose remains have been found in the Burton mound excavations here probably were an ancient race when Columbus discovered America, according to J. B. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institution, who is superintending the work.

1834. "We know positively that the skeletons already found close to the surface in our excavations were buried long before the Spaniards came to California. The most recent remains certainly have been lying there for not less than five centuries. I confidently believe that the discoveries here will carry us back into remote antiquity.

1835. "In all the skulls taken out, not one has been found with a cavity in the teeth. The molars are broad and are much worn down by the grit and sand in the foods of these Indians. In some of the skulls, the incisors, or front teeth, are almost as broad as a white man's molars and meet together, edge to edge, like the front teeth of a horse. These are also worn down to a surprising extent.

1836. "We have found many skulls in which the sutures were grown together absolutely solid, so that the line of demarcation could hardly be seen, This indicates a very great age. Among the mission Indians in the Padres' time, many natives reached an age of 135."

1837. The conditions of life are so strenuous in arid regions, whether in Arabia, Sahara or Arizona, that length of days is one of its incidental compensations. And here is a second pertinent quotation which is even later.

1838. "Take your children to the dentist. It is the best time of year for that. See that they have new toothbrushes, good tooth powder or paste. You would be glad to give ten thousand dollars to each child to-day. A visit now to a competent dentist, followed by care of the teeth, will be worth far more than ten thousand dollars to an intelligent child later on in life."

1839. It urges new toothbrushes and good powder or paste for the teeth. Oh, if we could but discover the precise type of brush and paste those tough old pre-Columbian patriarchs used! And would I part with ten thousand dollars to have a good dentist inspect my child's teeth? Nay, verily! No more than I would offer a specialist a princely sum to come and scrutinize a corpse.- A vacant stall is not alluring after the steed has been stolen. Those poor California aborigines could not

afford dentists, cavities, fillings, bridging or crown work, altho born in the gold belt of El Dorado. Prenatal strenuosity deprived them of all these modern accessories of life, and just left them in Nature's all sufficient custody.

1840. The residents of our National Capital have just been honored by the presence of the National Conference of Social Work, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. Homer Folk, its President, welcomed our Secretary of State, Hughes; Doctor Herman M. Biggs, New York State Health Commissioner, and Doctor Livingston Ferrand, President of Cornell University, painted a roseate future, predicting, withal, that within twenty years we shall have achieved a five-year average increase of life.

1841. We Washingtonians are favored with so many of these notable gatherings that, very likely, we do not properly appreciate our blessings. I recall listening to stirring addresses by conspicuous state officials, and my being charmed by their eloquence, altho they were often very inferior, physical specimens themselves — and, more surprising still, addicted to most unhygienic practices that were unblushingly aired publicly. And I have more than once wasted words on such, personally.

1842. I now quote a few of the latest glittering generalities with which the public is jollied along,

while observing people, daily contemplate most depressing decadence on every hand: "The period of personal hygiene, of personal health promotion, the cotemporary period in the health movement, in which social education is vital, in which the significance of social responsibility is emphasized, and in which success of the health movement is dependent upon the discovery of effective group devices for education in health knowledge and health habits and for the creation of a group 'will to be healthy.'

1843. "The period which we have anticipated for a long time, but which still largely lies in the future, the phase of health and disease control which will utilize to the full the significant relationship which economic conditions and general family welfare bear to health. This phase will bring to the full light of day the ultimate significance of social and economic conditions to the physical and mental welfare of the race."

1844. Periodical medical examination of all individuals was urged by the state health commissioner of New York in the effort to lengthen lives. Dr. Biggs advocated "systematic instruction in health in all schools and universities and the inculcation of health habits," with continuation of the campaign of health education by public authorities and voluntary agencies.

1845. "Continued improvements should be

brought about," he said, "by the establishment of the custom of periodical medical examination of all individuals in the community; by systematic instruction in health in all schools and universities, and the inculcation of health habits; by continuation of the campaign of health education by public health authorities and by various voluntary agencies.

1846. "By improving the standards of medical and surgical care and increased hospital and laboratory facilities, especially in the rural districts; by the further reduction in the prevalence of the common infectious diseases, like diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, etc.; the postponement, through education and physical examination, of the age at which death occurs from the degenerative diseases and the diseases of later life, such as diseases of the heart and blood vessels. By extension of the work in mental and oral hygiene and diseases and disorders of nutrition and venereal diseases; by continued efforts to solve the problem of the control of the acute respiratory diseases.

1847. "Increased expenditures for public health will be necessary to produce the expected result, but no expenditures are so profitable as these when wisely made. The economic savings which arise from decreased sickness and death amount to at least ten times the total expenditures made by all public and voluntary health and welfare agencies."

1848. And I select a text from the above, as a basis for sundry observations: "Success of the health movement is dependent upon the discovery of effective group devices for education in health knowledge and health habits, and for the creation of a group 'will to be healthy.' "

1849. To properly elucidate my present contention, I am forced, most reluctantly, to again present that same sadly overworked specimen—*myself*. As previously stated, my poor mother had sundry, serious, personal health problems on her hands, during my gestation, which made me an ailing speciment of humanity, and, of course, " a natural born health crank!"

1850. All my life I have been ridiculed for my earnest interest in both my own health, and in that of all those about me; and the logic of this sad statement, is, the positive assurance that "group *will* to be healthy" can only materialize after being *prenatally implanted!*

1851. These paragraphs are intended to faithfully portray our common human nature; and this aim seems to justify the following recital, which is unique in my personal experience: I was in a community where religious interest would be rated at a chronically low ebb; and there was but one congregation where anything but the deadest formality could be said to prevail. At one evening service, the pastor—reared in a zealous atmosphere—

made a stirring appeal for what is known as *personal religious effort* among his listeners.

1852. I, for one, surely, drank in every word, and thought of a genial fellow present, well known to us all, who I felt was just the one to lend a willing ear. So, after the benediction, I took pains to get his arm, and we walked the street, discussing religion from the personal, rather than from an academic angle—and he was so responsive.

1853. So I hurried back and met the preacher, who was just leaving the sacred edifice, and joyously told him of my success with our affable friend, and asked when and where we could meet. But he seemed amazed, almost startled, and positively refused to co-operate in any way whatsoever! And if the sacred pulpit can in rare instances, actually be found to have gravitated to so shameful a level, with what frequency may we not look for the tinkling cymbal on the secular, official platform!

1854. We have often read of some marvelous beauty who figured in the life of some prominent man—octoroons, especially, as I recall—and that "singular feature of racial blending which fails to impart length of days." Of course, all such "mysteries" are dissipated, when the truths of our biogenetic philosophy are grasped.

1855. That brilliant young British essayist, J. B. S. Haldane, writes entertainingly of "Aviation, the Science of the Future." And, as I reflect that I perceived the same fact, and espoused that same pacific cause, forty-five years before his birth, I feel quite grandfatherly. But I am here quoting him when he says: "Bad as our conditions are, there is not a slum in the country which has a third of the infantile death rate of the royal family in the middle ages." And this was the inevitable result of prenatal indolence. Venereal diseases were probably less of a factor then than they became later.

1856. Here now, is an author whose marvel- ous conclusions never impressed me: Lombroso in his "Man of Genius" says that greatness and stature are rarely found together. In consulting biographies of a number of great men in American history, however, it has been found that this statement does not always apply. There have been on the whole more prominent men above middle height than below. Among the short men may be numbered John Quincy Adams, Admiral Farragut, Paul Jones, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Stephen A. Douglas, William H. Seward and Martin Van Buren.

1857. On the other hand we find that Chas. Sumner was 6 feet 4; Thomas Jefferson, 6 feet 2½; Chas. Godfrey Leland, 6 feet 2½; Andrew Jackson, 6 feet 1; Samuel Adams, Salmon P. Chase and Jona-

than Edwards described as "over 6 feet;" James Monroe, 6 feet or more; Bayard Taylor, 6 feet at the age of seventeen; George Washington, 6 feet. Henry Ward Beecher, Rufus Choate and Benjamin Franklin were slightly under 6 feet. Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry were about 5 feet 10.

1858. How long will it take humanity to realize that factors like stature, beauty, color, tastes, mental and physical aptitudes, can bear no constant inter-relation, each being the result of different lines of causes?

1859. And here is a little stray item which impresses me as so absurd: "The length of the trunk, in man is more than one-third, and less than two-fifths, of the height." Yet, as a matter of fact, all these proportions are most variable in different races, and can be made absolutely subject to wise human control. Such findings are not scientific, and they tend to impede racial progress.

1860. Again, I note, a public man dies, at the age of sixty-six, and the press tells us that he suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork, in the service of his dear native land. I see his picture and positively know that he had every hour to which his inheritance entitled him!

1861. Doctor Hubert Work, former President of the American Psychiatric Association, and now Secretary of the Interior, has recently addressed 150 members of the medical and chirurgical fa-

culty of Maryland, at their semi-annual meeting in Easton.

1862. He argued that it is a travesty on justice, upon the theory of state government responsibility, and to the present-day ideals of what should constitute human relations, that almshouses, jails and county farms continue to house those whose only offense is mental sickness. Crime, he holds, is "the result of a moron's concept of civil customs. The bootlegger, the hooded lyncher, the petty gambler, the unprovoked murderer, the syndicalist, all have abnormal conceptions of human rights. We must minimize criminal propagation."

1863. It is in the contemplation of such utterances, that the true mission of Biogenetics looms big upon the horizon; for even the calamity of Moron parentage, can be so directed, prenatally, as to be, on the whole, beneficent. Our potentialities are, indeed, *infinite!*

1864. And the very next day I read, how the National Congress of Mothers' and Parent-Teacher Associations, assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, propose a vigorous educational campaign from the schools into the homes and communities. Training for parenthood, the Board decides, shall be the principal subject at its next annual Convention at St. Paul, May 5-10, 1924.

1865. They took a first step toward the hygienic program, when the Board entered into an agree-

ment, whereby the foundation of the American Social Hygiene Association will assist the racial health committee of the Congress in its work. And thus numberless nobly conceived agencies, are, from various angles, approaching one of earth's most momentous problems, *Parenthood!*

1866. They will, of course, all look to orthodox "Science" to sound the key note, and will be told that parents can have but *five per cent* of influence over their progeny, and, during gestation, no more of an impression upon the fetus than upon the "*coins in one's pocket.*" Hence, about *ninety-five* per cent of these associated efforts will prove futile. And we still find those, the burden of whose wail is, "*the crime of* '73!"

1867. But the *Los Angeles Times*, is just telling us of a Professor of Eugenics, who teaches that in a few hundred years, families will have ceased as an institution, while a board of scientists will direct the process of human propagation, supplying from incubators six-foot blonds, or any other current demand.

1868. The editor, above cited, rejoices that he will not be here when statesmen, for instance, are made with a vacuum tube and a blow-pipe. And that Professor who has not the remotest dream of the cause of blonds, or the controlling factor in stature, has evidently mistaken his calling, for he should be the publicity specialist in some advertis-

ing agency. That human laboratory concept, reminds me of establishments I have seen in which images are made and repaired.

1869. Schiller defined Genius as *Industry;* Buffon as *Patience,* and Carlyle, as "the inexhaustible power of taking trouble." Thus all of them have discerned a basic truth, since heroic, persistent effort, has characterized the maternal conduct, during gestation, of *every one* who is recognized as a "Genius."

1870. Schumann said, "Genius does what it must, while Talent does what it can"—and this aptly expresses a fact. Seneca asserted that "there is no great genius without a tincture of madness" —which statement is misleading; yet it is all so plain when we start with the one great, underlying principle ot maternal supremacy!

1871. The pregnant mother, who finds herself confronted with a trying combination of circumstances, has doubtless, at times, contemplated suicide, or other desperate remedy, and has even gone insane, when, if I could but have whispered the great, compensatory, underlying principle, exultant optimism would have insured victory and racial enrichment. But, oh, the *density* of those who stupidly cast this "loony" slur on all earth's noblest specimens!

1872. Lowell, who was so skilled in the "turning of phrases," said, "Talent is that which is in a

man's power; Genius is that in whose power a man is." And Pope, who needs no introduction, thus stated what I feel is not strictly in accord with facts: "One science only will one genius fit; so vast is art, so narrow human wit." "Universal genius" savors of exaggeration; yet we can all recall those who were brilliant in varied fields.

1873. The noted Doctor E. E. Slosson has just told us here in Memorial Continental Hall, at the American University Convocation, "How Genius Works"—a few words of which I will quote.

1874. "There are two theories of Genius. Some say it is merely another name for hard work; and that inspiration means *perspiration*—an infinite capacity for taking pains. Others hold that a great achievement can only be accomplished by a superior man, who does it easily — that bright ideas come in moments of relaxation, and not at times of intense concentration. Rarely are these seen combined in one individual; but when they are, we find the true man of genius."

1875. Now I *know* that no suggestion of Genius can ever appear in the wake of a placid, prenatal period; that patient, persistent *strenuosity* alone, can produce the typical genius, with his infinite perseverance, which induces marvelous, cumulative, reactionary effects—prodigies of cerebration!

1876. Just as the huge rock seems impervious to the toiler's sledge; the tiny kernel, hopelessly im-

prisoned in its flinty shell, as helpless as the fertilized germ within the vitreous exterior of an ostrich egg, or the apparent impassive stolidity of the century plant, so there are psychological laws and forces which are responsive to every human effort; and in the fulness of time, the imprisoned chrysalis becomes a winged Psyche!

1877. Flashes of insight appear when some little incident quickens and strengthens the pulse, momentarily—but they are ever the sequel to months, years, or even *decades*, of seemingly fruitless,wasted endeavor! We can only hope to reap as we have sown. The unknown is seldom unknowable. *Impossibilities*, fortunately, are very, *very* rare!

1878. Lamarck, over a century ago, urged that the transmission of acquired characters was a natural biological law. The point was then discussed for decades, and it has been almost unanimously agreed that this French scientist was wrong, and their non-transmissibility has long been one of the basic tenets of orthodox "Science."

1879. I have wearied of reiterating my Lamarckian attitude, and now dwell upon it again, because a professor of Biology, of the University of Vienna, has experimentally demonstrated its truth. Dr. Steinach, with his associate, Dr. Kammerer, has bred generations of salamanders —a lizard-like creature with the chamelion's power of adapting itself to a background. Some

were kept in an orange-colored cage, and others in darkness.

1880. Those kept in orange, turned increasingly orange, while those in darkness turned increasingly black. The orange parents had young with strong orange tints and the offspring of the artificially blackened salamanders were abnormally black.

1881. I can conceive of nothing more unphilosophical than the attitude of "Science" in this matter. Nothing but *"acquired characters"* can by any possibility be transmitted; the question is really as to *when* acquired. "Science" is partial to "remote ancestors" to a degree which savors of puerility.

1882. Most of the characters of my personality were maternally acquired during my gestation, and were inevitably transmitted to me By a judicious course I might have insured their intensified transmission to all my progeny; and so on indefinitely. Maternal gestatory conduct is the royal source of all characters; yet paternal co-operation may prove an inestimable auxiliary.

1883. Our heredity is comparable to an everlengthening cord, composed of many fibers. The length, size and strength of these filaments, depend upon their intensity when incorporated, and the feed, or care since apportioned to each. The figure is a little crude; but the underlying thought has merit.

1884. We read that the Ohio State University is about to open a clinic to help backward students. It will be under the supervision of Prof. E. A. Doll, formerly state psychologist for New Jersey. "It is to be a mind hospital, where students who are poor in their work, mismated with their studies, or maladjusted in some form or other, may go and have things all fixed up."

1885. "The purpose of the clinic is to treat the mind and intelligence in the same way that the body is treated, when ill or poorly nourished, or fed upon the wrong diet. By examining into the student's mental habits, weighing his sagacity and plumbing his capacities, it is expected that many beneficial suggestions as to why he is not progressing better in his work may be given.

1886. "The clinic will be especially for probation students; those who have failed to pass the prescribed amount of work during the previous term. Apparently they need either a change of course, a new slant on their studies, or some other delicate mental adjustment, it is pointed out. The clinic will operate in connection with the department of psychology."

1887. Now suppose I were to open an animal hospital and advertise clinics for transforming carriage horses into racers, and of developing dairy herds into record breakers for milk and cream, by giving a "new slant" to speed muscles, and

"plumbing the capacities" of milk ducts. Surely I would presently find myself under observation in some psychopathic ward, if not actually consigned to a padded cell.

1888. And I should deserve precisely this treatment, because so demented as not to perceive that all these choice qualities have to be *prenatally* inbred. And I regret that it is not in my power to consign the whole purblind contingent of "Science" to a "dunce block" in some psychopathic ward, till it could as clearly discern these psychical laws as it does the entirely analogous physical order.

1889. Professor Rudolph Pintner, a psychologist of distinction, is said to have originated the above ten years ago. He was born abroad and has been educated under the most favorable auspices—eminently regular in every appointment, hence progress is easy. But more than seven years before his birth I was wandering over his native heath, urging new truths of priceless import upon his people, but all in vain, because *irregular* from whatever angle contemplated.

1890. Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis is accredited with the statement that it takes twenty years for a new idea to penetrate and possess the human intellect; but I have seen my contributions severely ignored for over *forty years*. Yet I seem to have something of the patience and persistency of the century plant.

1891. I will not attempt to assert that in those "mind hospital clinics" no "beneficial suggestions" will be thrown upon the mental screen of those heavy-weight dullards. But I do most positively aver, that in spurning my superb prenatal formulas, they are preferring the *dodo* to the *eagle* of *freedom*: the *tom-tom* to the *telephone* and *radio facilities*. It is nothing short of *criminal negligence!*

1892. And here I chance to come across an item I prepared four years ago: The mysterious miracle of Genius and super manhood is all, and *always*, the result and sequence of environment, or conditions incident to less than a year preceding the advent of earth's prodigies and famous ones.

1893. Were we to take every one of the world's intrinsically superior human specimens, we should be able to parcel them all off into some half dozen classes, such as *itineracy, domestic infelicities*—often the presence of a mother, or some other in-law; or, masculine misconduct—*illegitimacy*, some peculiar blend of *pride* and *poverty*. The pity is that history has so slighted maternal conditions, that we, as a rule, are left to conjecture; but the foregoing suggests names like Lord Byron, Poe, Alexander Hamilton and Fulton.

1894. By the merest accident I stumbled across the antecedents of Schuyler Colfax, recently—and there are scores of such cases everywhere—but

this one is ideal, from my viewpoint. True, there is a touch of Colonial and revolutionary renown in his ancestry; yet nothing that would have caused this justly honored Vice President to have ever been heard of outside of his native New York City ward, but for the added features which I now indicate.

1895. His father was a gentle, lovable, blue eyed blond, predestined to fill an early consumptive grave. He was a simple bank teller; and his struggling, widowed landlady, had an average daughter, whom this boarder helped with her lessons. He fell in love with her, and they married just as she turned fifteen.

1896. A delicate daughter was born to them, but ere long his ill health forced him to travel, and to return and die, 121 days before the birth of Schuyler. And their little girl was wasting away during those 154 pregnant days preceding maternal widowhood, in her eighteenth year—121 plus 154 days equal 275 pregnant days, or nine months.

1897. I feel sure that she was all that a girl wife could, or should be; but just contemplate her mental attitude during all those months! The child was of the sex my theories would have forecast; and the longevity attained—heart failure at 62—nicely fits my law also. His face in life told the same story, as I distinctly recall. His generation profited by every physical and psychological

contribution which that faithful little lady was able to make.

1898. The mothers of Byron, Poe, and Colfax were contrasts in most respects; yet these three cluster in my mind at this writing—and, still, they were alike in the one particular, that each had a *desperately hard gestatory period,* prior to the advent of products which must ever immortalize them! As indicative of both the poverty and the brains of Schuyler Colfax, it should be stated that he quit school at the age of *ten!*

1899. The brilliant Doctor Casper L. Redfield, of Chicago, in 1919, contributed to the *Medical Times,* an article with the laudable aim of explaining why maternity is conducive to maternal longevity. And, while I am always ready to applaud whatever savors of wise, fecund parenthood, I feel impelled to correct certain misleading features of that article.

1900. I am surprised, when the "honest to goodness," scientific highbrows, all affirm that *acquired characters* are not transmissible, to see Doctor Redfield admitting the patent fact of such transmissibility. He cites, withal, Flora Temple, and says, "By her own efforts she acquired powers beyond her inheritance because no previous horse was capable of trotting so fast, and she could not inherit from ancestors a power which the ancestors did not have."

1901. Now I repudiate, and most positively reject, the conclusion of these last fifteen words—and I fancy that many who have, up to this point, managed to endorse my boldest attitudes, will now turn sorrowfully away; but let us not be blind to facts.

1902. Zera Colburn's mother could not have passed a second grade examination in arithmetic, and yet she endowed her son with his marvelous powers, simply by wrestling, during his gestation, with the intricacies incident to the cost of a few yards of calico, of fractional width and price. Similarly, pregnant mothers, unable to play a game of chess, have become interested in watching others, and have given birth to chess prodigies. And so, plain "crow bait" mares, by doing their *level best*, when with foal, can produce record-breaking colts!

1903. Doctor Redfield maintains that a mother's later children inherit more longevity than her earlier offspring—and he aims to prove his claim by statistical data from "a composite family" of hundreds, which is an unreliable method of procedure, since *longevity* is an individual proposition, in spite of incidental averages. A young, ambitious couple work hard and achieve ease and a competence. Their elder children will certainly outlive their later specimens!

1904. Doctor Redfield says that if children, born

of parents twenty-four years old, live till sixty, those born when they are forty-four will live, on an average, to the age of sixty-five. Of course, our "Biogenetic Marvels" can recognize no such principle of life.

1905. I pose as a stalwart optimist; nevertheless, in so many paragraphs, I am found contending against those who paint our future in roseate hues. And here I come once more, sneering at those who predict, that, "within another decade, we shall have completely stamped out pulmonary consumption."

1906. I now quote from a letter addressed to me, which I have just received from the Dean of a School of Medicine, that is connected with one of our great Universities. It is in reply to my inquiry regarding the demise of one of the faculty, whom I personally knew—as well as two generations of his goodly ancestry, still with us, largely. He has passed out while hardly yet at life's meridian; but ponder the report:

1907. "For many years Dr. X. had suffered from tuberculosis. It was thought that he had it under control; but about two years ago, he was taken with severe hemorrhages. After that time he went from one sanatorium to another, in the vain hope of securing relief.

1908. "For the six months preceding his death, I understand that he was in the sanatorium at

M——, Canada. Strenuous efforts were made to save his life, but all were in vain. And it is sad that so pleasant a man and so able a teacher could not be spared. We feel his loss very keenly."

1909. Now why should he, an *expert* in that *very* line, with ample means, a world-wide traveler and *hardy explorer*, have been thus defeated? More than this; how, or why, could such a deplorable weakness ever come to develop in one of clean, wholesome ancestry, But, again, why did not the mighty hosts of medical science, rally and rescue this favorite son of theirs? And the echo answers, "Why?"—till our still, small, biogenetic voice, breaks the silence with the only key that will ever unlock such mysteries—those "strange dispensations of Providence!"

1910. While I have a sure antidote for this devastating tubercle, and have gratuitously restored many to perfect health, I cannot save those whose flimsy lung tissues—because of *maternal, pulmonary, passivity, during the gestatory period*—break down under normal respiratory efforts. I have seen scores of such instances during the last half century. But what does "Science" care about my wearisome vaporings!

1911. There are three principal causes for the presence and prevalence of tuberculosis: They are *industrial, venereal* and *prenatal*—the last named being the chief source of the scourge. How puerile

for those enthusiasts, who detect a germ, with the aid of a microscope, to jump at optimistic conclusions without reflecting upon the underlying causes which are no less sinister than constant!

1912. A social awakening—or should I say, upheaval, or *revolution*—must precede any marked improvement. When we note the apathy which exists in most fields of public welfare—the white bread, pill, powder, alimony, cigaret, and booze addicts, in such an overwhelming majority on every hand—is the outlook altogether alluring?

SECTION THIRTY-EIGHT

1913. ***Longevity*** **outranks even** ***beauty,*** **as a** fascinating theme; and, having a fresh item, I feel impelled to submit it, in view of the essential, intrinsic import of life: Doctor Josiah Oldfield is the latest aspirant for the shoes of Ponce de Leon; and he asserts that coarse bread, porridge, buttermilk, vegetables, butter and cheese, will carry a person on to the age of *one hundred* and *fifty-two!* He is an English physician, just sixty years of age, and is known as a great fruitarian lecturer.

1914. And I will now quote, from insurance literature, some newly discovered longevity talk, to emphasize once more, our biogenetic attitude, as contrasted with that of "Science." Its use of the word "*inherited,*" does not include my *prenatal influence* hobby, since it insists that the embryonic germs are as impervious to such modification as "coins in the pocket." And it is well to bear in mind, that it scouts, as did Weismann, the idea of the *transmission* of *acquired characters.*

1915. "Longevity is one of the strongest, and most persistent, of inheritable characteristics. Different longevities are natural in families; and while some members may not inherit that of the

family, most of them will." Yet we insist that *maternal conduct during gestation* is the paramount feature—and all history proves, that the *bank balance,* is the great modifier of this factor. Blood taint, occasionally, and most unmistakably, defeats a promising result.

1916. "Where there are several longevities in a family, and diverse, some will partake wholly of one, some of another, and others of blended influences—which, rarely, yields exceptional longevity." And all these, fine-spun, dogmatic fantasies, scatter like morning mists, in the light of our all-illumining explanation.

1917. "It is admitted as an established fact, that long life is an actual inheritance — transmitted from parents to children. What all the conditions may be conducing to it, still defies the scrutiny of physiological inquirers. People of intelligence who give themselves no care in the study of natural laws, recognize the truth of the foregoing conclusions."...

1918. Yes; and I must quote further: "Curious as it may appear, the vertebrae of the neck, do not always take the increased ossific activity which is operating in the vertebrae below; and hence, persons noticeable for their short legs and long bodies, are usually characterized by short necks. Baron Humboldt, the Duke of Wellington, and John Quincy Adams had precisely the anatomical

conformation here described. The Baron survived till ninety-two; and the others exceeded eighty."

1919. But it would be a work of supererogation, to elaborate this unexpected confirmation of my quasi-axiomatic averments. And what queer sensations must animate the frames of these myopic scientists, as they exult in the assurance, that they have scented longevity to its lair in the elongated, dachshund-like torso!

1920. "Blood, to be forced thru long arteries, and returned to the center of circulation, makes greater demands upon the heart—a forcing engine —than when propelled thru short vessels; consequently, vitality is sooner expended. And on this principle, a clue is gained to a fundamental law—which furnishes a hope of yet obtaining a knowledge of definite signs of longevity in man."

1921. But here again, alas, these short sighted gropers, have a clue which rests wholly on faulty premises, since the great heart of humanity, is subject to the Mosaic blessing, withal: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." A proper, *gestatory regimen;* a wise, loving maternity, makes this throbbing, tireless engine, still beat, after all other auxiliaries of life are severally silenced.

S. B. F. *Methods Contrasted*

1922. This ***Biogenetic Foundation*** has an astounding array of, *assumptions,* if you please.

Such proliferous multifariousness, doubtless repels, frequently; hence the necessity of again reiterating the cause of this, to wit: The writer's unique, scientific method of seeking natural laws —which originated in his early modest resolve to specialize on that motto in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi — *"Know Thyself!"* — by Simon of Athens.

1923.He did not believe that his fate had been delegated to astral caprice, nor to the lines on his hands, but felt that those who claimed that the secrets of life centered in the brain, might be uttering essential truth. So he instinctively became a critical observer of cranial contours, hoping, by comparison, to eventually discern the accurary, or fallacy of such assumptions—and *size* seemed to him as important a factor as *form*, which led him into a passion for head measuring.

1924. He would have been an unworthy parent, had he not desired the nicest of children, well equipped for the best of opportunities in life's struggle. And this clearly indicated a personal preference for sons, who seem to have every advantage in this jostling world.

1925. Now, when daughter followed daughter, and I sought Nature for an explanation of this cruel ruling, the difference in cerebral development promptly forced its way upon my attention. And this pivotal point haunted me, till I had ela-

borated and demonstrated the actual facts, with thousands of living subjects.

1926. Forty-nine years ago, this very month of January, 1921, my brain was seething with little else save this caprice of gender. And it is now forty-four years since I gave to the public overwhelming proofs of the truth of my simple, concrete, *Law of Sex*. All past historic data affirm its accuracy. Untold numbers have read, believed, tested, and rejoiced in family results; and also in their poultry and stock yards.

1927. The Law is very plain and cannot be too often reiterated. It comprehends the Law of Balance, withal, and explains why sons predominate in all census returns after destructive wars—a fact which puzzles and mystifies the uninformed.

1928. Sex is controlled by the superior parent, which, in accordance with polaric principles, must ever cast the opposite gender. And superiority is evidenced by the *quantity*, *quality*, and *activity* of the nervous force, or cerebral development.

1929. Now almost every parent has preferences in this realm of sex; and probably a majority like to be *"regular"* in every respect. We find those actually suffering from various ills, and who will not listen to remedies, save such as are proffered by their favorite practitioner — or some noted specialist. And so here we must expect to find many who will spurn the suggestions of a casual

upstart, like the writer, and harken to the dictum of "Science"—to its last, sure word. And may the mantle of patient Job, fall upon this watchful, waiting throng we are contemplating.

1930. A friend sends us this clipping of January 1, 1921, and the newly weds can now ring up experts, for pointers as to how their idealized, coming cherubs, may not fail them regarding sex: Chicago, Dec. 31.—Concluding sessions of affiliated societies of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, marked the closing day of the quadrennial meeting, which has been in convention here all the week.

1931. Experimental evolution and the determination of sex, in advance of birth, were prominent topics before the naturalists' section. Oscar Riddle, of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, told of his experiments with pigeons, in developing the psychological processes of the birds. He found, he said, that the males responded at much greater speed than the females, and that by subjecting birds to oxygen pressure, male monsters were developed, which, although they eventually died, outlived the female birds. If this process can be developed, he declared, it may be possible to induce artificial development, by which sex can be determined in advance.

1932. Other experts, on heredity and evolution, told of experiments with flies and rabbits. Dr. E.

Ehlenhuth, of Rockefeller Institute, New York, reported on his experiments with salamanders, in which he fed them on cattle brains, increasing their size to three times normal.

1933. And, since I am here, for the moment, catering to the devotees of "Science," and its latest word, space must be given to the following item promulgated just thirty-three days after the above excerpt:

Sex Control Riddle May Soon Be Solved

1934. Paris, Feb. 2.—Determination of sex before birth will soon be possible, by means of chemical experimentation, say prominent French physicians, now experimenting along the lines laid down by Drs. Adler and Herwig, of Frankfort.

1935. The German scientists have discovered that frogs, in the period of hatching, if subjected to a temperature of 26 to 30 degrees, centigrade, produce only males. The French physicians hope that through analogous experimentation, they will be able to influence the sex of human offspring.

1936. Of course, it is not for me, at this solemn juncture, to affirm, deny, urge aspirants to take chances for a few weeks in this new sweat box of "Science," nor do aught else but silently subside, leaving the stage to these clever miracle workers!

1937.A full newspaper page reaches me, telling how, if some parent of identical twins, will

lend the new born couple to experts for twenty years, certain contrasted experiences could be meted out to each, and some light might be shed on the relative importance of heredity and environment. There is, however, no rush of applicants noted.

1938. "The matter of heredity and environment involves the entire attitude of human beings towards one another — laws, morals, education, everything. If it were proved scientifically that heredity counted for 90 per cent or 99 per cent, all standards of law and education would have to be changed. Within certain limitations, it would do away with the entire doctrine of free will, and in the realm of morals and religion, make a hash that it would take hundreds of years for the professors and theologians to straighten out."

1939. My biogenetic followers, however, calmly contemplate this entire proposition, realizing that gestatory wisdom soars triumphant over all—even Mendelian characters — vouchsafing a free will, and ideal potentialities, all along life's florid pathway.

1940. Again I quote: "The real trouble between science and the moralist is this: Science, if it is real science, is concerned with only one thing—getting at the truth—the truth regardless of morality or immorality—regardless of whether it is good for humanity or bad for humanity—the truth

for its own sake, whether it makes you a god, or proves you an animal —whether it makes you immortal, or whether it kills you. No true moralist, if he is a real moralist, can understand that attitude, and consequently, the eternal warfare between science and religion, or science and morals."

1941. Now I evidently have not had the pleasure of getting face to face with "real science," or genuine scientists, since the routine is, a glance at credentials; at "*Who's Who,*" the messenger's aspect, in the light of the latest fashion plate, and *woe* to the *wight* who fails to measure up to "*our set*"! The same *strictures* are not out of place, when contemplating the moralist. He, too, merits the lash—yet should receive fewer stripes.

1942. The white dove of Peace is a symbol very generally cherished in this fair land of ours. Yet we see in our parks, reservations and playgrounds the rising generation engaged in Wild West hold ups, with "deadly" encounters and realistic rehearsals of all kinds, as shown in the movies.

1943. In my early days I recall boys who never missed bagging a rabbit, squirrel, partridge, or pigeon. The only hopeful ray noted to-day, is, when I see refined people, in the public squares holding goodies in hand, while pigeons flutter, and gray squirrels cluster and scramble to eat from gentle hands.

1944. Professor Calmette has just explained to the French Academy of Medicine, his efforts for the last score of years to discover an anti-tuberculosis vaccine. I refer to it merely to contrast our aims and methods.

1945. A preparation which he terms "bog," may be administered thru the mouth—but only to those absolutely free from tubercular infection. Two hundred and forty-seven nursing infants have been treated, and will be under observation for a term of years. But we, on the other hand, discern and utilize Nature's laws, and *prenatally* insure *perpetual immunity*—where not hopelessly cursed with *blood taint!*

1946. Scientists exhaust their eloquence on the incomparable importance of *Heredity* — and some of them stress *Environment* as well. But a little occurrence the other day, forcibly reminded me of a factor that can easily outclass them both:

1947. The morning was crisp, healthful and ideally charming. I was emerging from a public building here, when a queenly figure also came, and a stranger was helping her open the double doors. I grasped the situation at a glance, and held the outer doors for her to pass, for which service she thanked me and took my arm, apologetically, explaining that she was *seventy-five,* while I was much younger; so I was forced to assure her that, technically speaking, I was years her senior.

1948. She was tall and erect, not heavy, but with classic features—simply faultless! My ancestry I am certain could not rank with her superb stock; and yet, there I was, with all the "pep" of a school boy, while she was almost tottering. She was on an errand of mercy, to a bureau only four blocks away, and I urged that we walk it; but she declared such a feat unthinkable, and had me help her on to a street car—the doors of which I should blush to pass!

1949. Our interview lasted but two minutes, in which I learned that she had lost her *five* children —while I had buried none of my *seven;* nor any of their *seven* grandsons, plus *seven* granddaughters. And I have entered upon these personalities, merely to illustrate, concretely, a natural law.

1950. In all probability her parents were sturdy, refined, and reached a goodly span; all of which favored this daughter's enjoyment of a high average of health and vigor—which level, however, she no longer attains, but is rapidly descending to her final resting place. She was so comfortably circumstanced as to be able to take life easier than her mother had done, and to provide more of its blessings than had been feasible for the preceding generation — and, naturally, her children were forced to make early exits from this troubled world.

1951. Sanitary laws are most commendable, but dire *strenuosity* is a factor which far outclasses them all, as an element in this *longevity* quest. My lineage, fortunately, had a harder field of labor, hence viability is our common lot—the compensation accruing from those wonted hustling months, incident to sundry *gestatory periods.*

1952. At seventy-seven, I note in myself not the slightest impairment of vigor. I can write all day, or night, without fatigue. I am persuaded, however, that my physical strength would not now be equal to one of those old-fashioned days of toil, from sun to sun. When the silver cord of life shall have nearly all left the reel, quite naturally, increasing feebleness will mark each week till the peaceful end. But, oh, what *strenuous, gestatory weeks,* faithful mothers would find strength to expend, did they but realize the *years* that would accrue to their children's *happy, healthy, lives!* One hundred fold return!

1953. I find a picture in the daily print of Miss Adele Aarons—just two years old—and I quote a few lines from the accompanying item. "Little Adele is singularly unaware of the fact that she is being called the 'Vocabulary Wizard.' 'Everybody seems to think I have a remarkable vocabulary, for a child two years old. It is all very interesting to me'—perfectly articulated sentences!

1954. " 'I am much annoyed. You see, I'm cutting my teeth. I've never had molars before, you know. The pain is excruciating'—whereupon she toddled across the floor to show off her dolls. She started to walk at three months, and carried on connected conversation when *a year old*—psychologists say, with the mental life of a child of *eight* years. In addition to ordinary words, she uses and understands such jaw-splitters as digitalis, Constantinople, ophthalmoscope, retinoscope, medicine, circumstances. 'Is a physician different from a doctor?' she asked quietly, after listening for a long time to her elders."

1955. The mother of this young lady plans to let her develop naturally. The father, Alfred Aarons, now deceased, was a lawyer, and qualified for the bar at the age of nineteen. His widow relates that he had a remarkable vocabulary, and was fond of his child—to which fact she attributes this precocity. But could anything be more self-evident, than that the wife's admiration for her brilliant husband, during the gestatory period of this daughter, endowed her with phenomenal ability—and, incidentally, I trust, that I shall be forgiven for reasserting, *Man's Infinite Potentialities!*

1956. But bear with me, while I forge links to this chain of evidence: That father was so bright and gifted, because of his *mother's* linguistic efforts, during that *prenatal year*—and, alas, her

masterpiece—that lawyer son—was cut short, in his early prime by death, because she neglected physical exercise, as the sequel abundantly attests.

1957. We read that Samuel Vauclain, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, entered into a ten-year contract with a physician, to keep him in health, and feels, after five years, that he acted wisely. Yet I believe that, were such a custom to become prevalent, it would prove unfortunate for the general welfare, because the "Profession" is wholly ignorant of the basic principles of life!

1958. I have known a number of physicians, who, from conscientious motives, after years of practice, just quit. Doctor P., for one, told me he would starve rather than continue, and see the eyes of the dying turn pleadingly to him, when experience had so often demonstrated the futility of standard formulas. Less medicine is prescribed the longer one practices, is the rule, I am confident.

1959. The father of a large family accepted the young physician who was sent to take over the practice of a certain retiring expert, needless to name. Papa did not like the symptoms which developed, and so asked permission to call in his old Doctor L., whom he had learned to trust. Then, later, in his stocking feet, he "pussy-footed" up to hear the whispering veteran's warning verdict:

"You are killing that child with *drugs!* Give *Nature* a *chance!*"

1960. First of all, it should be made a misdemeanor, for any one to attempt to profit, pecuniarily, from any physical ill! Then, focus public attention on the supreme importance of human conduct during the year preceding parenthood, and most of life's ills would vanish — provided the spirit of the *Master* were to abound!

1961. The editor of *Nation's Business*, in commenting upon Mr. Vauclain's experiment, says, "Human energy is hard put to keep pace with the high-speed jobs of our times. Zeal sometimes overdraws its account of health, and so it is, that men of great usefulness are bankrupted of their strength. But some there be who take thought of their physical resources."

1962. Now in Mr. Vauclain's ten-year contract, the retainer, by mutual consent, was made larger each year, because, presumably, greater skill was requisite, with increasing age, to keep up this busy President's efficiency. And I here emphasize this feature, because I hold that it reveals their entire misunderstanding of the problem.

1963. There are those with inherited, or acquired, blood taints, who are ever ailing; and, again, we find others who are troubled with sick headaches, flatulence, constipation and what not, because of culpable irregularities and dietetic

errors. But, exclusive of these, it is very plain sailing, and no medical mentor is required.

1964. A Question Bureau has just answered the inquiry as to the cause of Booker T. Washington's death, before the age of sixty, thus: "The physicians attending him, said that his death was caused by complete physical breakdown, due to overwork and overstrain"—all of which I contend is *consummate error!* For I studied "Booker T.," over thirty-five years, and clearly saw his approaching doom. And I noted also, the superb physique of that first wife, who dropped away at half his age.

1965. And, well I recall, my personally submitting, to a famous Cabinet officer, some proposition, thirty odd years ago, in my callow days. Numerous attendants had every door open to his innermost sanctum, and he tardily entered on the *run!* "Why, I *can't* even find *time* to *eat!*" was his curt response to me—and the poor man has but recently passed out, at the age of eighty-five! "Breakdowns" hark back, ever, to *gestation!*

1966. Oh, how weary I grow of elucidating this problem: The silken thread of our being is unconsciously placed upon the bobbinet, by the pregnant mother, and marvelously woven into the fabric of existence. And it unreels to the last inch, when all is over—and no medical magician can

splice on one gossamer thread, even, to ensnare old Father Time for a *single moment!*

1967. In recent months the public has been startled by atrocious, conscienceless crimes, which naturally lead orthodox scientists to discuss the millions of years—if not *eons*—which must be required for frail humanity to evolve a moral nature which may prove immune to temptation and tragedy.

1968. But we who are gifted with biogenetic vision, see and know that their theoretic *years* are reducible to concrete *hours*—if not *minutes*—in full accord with Nature's beneficent laws, whereby we may sow, and live to reap a blessed harvest.

1969. Once more, in this summer season of 1924, "Science" sounds its note of optimism, and reveals its aims and methods, forcing us also, logically, to contrast them with our abiding biogenetic hope. Longevity is the special desideratum this time, and the route chosen is thru endocrinology, which is the science of the *ductless glands*—of which almost nothing is actually known.

1970. Doctor W. J. A. Bailey has recently addressed the American Chemical Society, assembled here in Washington, expressing his belief, with others, that these enigmas hold for us the secret and the key to longer life, and more vigorous healthful living, thru a process of ionization.

1971. An *ion* is one of the electrified particles

into which, according to the electrolytic dissociation theory, the molecules of electrolytes are divided by water and other solvents. The positively, electrified, are called *cations*, and the negative, *anions*. In physics and chemistry, *ionizing* is dissociating—as a gas, rendered an electric conductor. And *ionium* is a supposed radioactive element resembling thorium—a rare metallic element.

1972. Now Doctor Bailey says, "We have cornered mental disease, old age, and in fact life and death themselves, in endocrine radiation;" that is to say, the boozer, sensualist, as well as the honest toiler, worn out with the years, and exhausted both physically and mentally, can be rejuvenated, and perpetuate his life and excesses indefinitely, regardless of the dictum, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

1973. He also says: "No greater truth has been vouchsafed to humanity than that these lowly masses of colloidal ooze regulate all bodily activity down to the tiniest cell. Racial characteristics as well as the distinctive marks of personality known throughout history, find their origin here."

1974. And again: "I am satisfied from definite clinical experience that a method of endocrine ionization is now available whereby we can definitely, practically without exception, retard the progess of senescence and give a new lease of relatively normal functioning power to those

whose sun of life is slowly sinking into the purple shadows of that longest night."

1975. He thus exalts these mysterious, inexplicable little glands, to positions of supreme dictatorship, which reminds me of a human weakness that has, in one epoch or another, exalted planetary influence, demons and spirits to loftiest seats. Yet I can think of nothing more demonstrable than the truth of our definite natural laws—or more fantastic than these alluring utterances!

1976. A popular writer discusses the perennial problem of medical quacks. He says, "If there were a clear way to separate the competents from the incompetents, the charlatans from the conscientious, in the practice of the curative profession, it is to be supposed that mankind would have located it long ago." He thinks closing the door to new ideas and new methods, might increase opportunities for the unscrupulous.

1977. Collier's Weekly, in these very months, is showing up devices which give different colored lights for different ailments, with fiendish ingenuity. And yet the solution of the whole giant infamy, is to abolish the "*lucrative practice*" method, and adopt the Christ-like system of our modern medical missionaries. Simon the sorcerer was one of the quacks of that Apostolic period; and Peter's words to him suggest methods in the direction I am indicating. "Thy money perish with thee!"

reveal a principle which cannot be too often pondered.

1978. An Episcopal Church Congress was held May 2, 1924, in Boston, and Rev. Robert P. Kreitler, of Scranton, Pa., in an address on *"Eugenics,"* urged the clergy to stimulate marriage, and referred to the various enactments of State laws.

1979. Doctor Howard J. Banker, biologist and investigator for the Eugenic Record Office, Cold Springs Harbor, N. Y., followed with the statement that the subject has been "too largely treated from the viewpoint of the stock farm."

1980. He said, "To breed human beings is both impracticable and undesirable. The goal of Eugenics is not the production of a type of man, or the evolution of a superior race, but, as in all the hygienic sciences, its purpose is to lay the foundations of a sound mind in a sound body, for all mankind."

1981. Now I like the spirit manifested in all this, and these broad ancient platitudes are still wholesome—even if not perceptibly refreshing. The actual world situation is *unutterably deplorable,* and the practical query, is, do any of the above quotations make the path clearer to a *worth-while posterity?*

1982. Sundry references have been made here, in our progressive paragraphs, to this Cold Springs plant, and it has been reckoned by some as the

nearest approach to our special field, extant—altho its distinctive aim is *"Experimental Evolution."* Of course, my judgment is warped, but the gulf between us seems to me as broad as the *Pacific!*

1983. I can prescribe, to-day, for any married couple, with utmost detail for any desired eugenic result—supplemented by convincing proofs—while *eons* will retard my rivals till they can come to discern *basic biogenetic* truths! And now for a hint as to retarding causes:

1984. It is nearly twenty years ago that I sought an interview with one of earth's highest health officials, intent solely on the redemption of our race. Naturally I was only able to reach some under secretary. But I had the good fortune to get a glimpse of his *greatness*—both at the office, and while emerging from his closed coach. And I found him one of the poorest physical specimens I had ever beheld! I could fill pages with his unfortunate inheritances—and that of one other exalted scion, in official life, wreathed in a cigaret halo! *Merit* and *"push"* are occasionally in evidence, but *"backing"* and *"pull"* are the really reliable features in the present age!

1985. The other evening our National Capital had one of its occasional, celebration atmospheres; so I strolled out onto its world-famous Avenue, with thousands of others. Many effigies of camels were in evidence, suggestive of the natal day of

some local deity; and a majority of the devotees had their necks camelesquely craned forward.

1986. And so many were reverently burning tapers of incense—"Camel cigarets," I think some called them; faces were painted in both ruddy and ghastly hues; and, oh, the procession of princely chariots, or limousines, in endless display, that rolled past! Yet I have such a habit of contemplating humanity from the biogenetic angle, that all the multi-colored drapery, and electrically interwoven lights, so marvelously linked up with miles of a radio-ringing concert, failed to quicken my drooping spirits, since *posterity* is ever the burden of my soul! What is there of survival value in all this; what shall the harvest be?

1987. A man of forty, whom I had known from his boyhood, was trying to turn an honest penny in a very humble capacity, and he presumed on my patience to relieve his mind. He was one hundred per cent American; single; one of three children, and of choicest professional pedigree. Yet there was more than a tacit admission that his life was a failure. Did the age of his father at the time of his conception—forty-two—explain his rough adventures, he argued; or could astrology throw any light upon his evil star?

1988. But my spirit gladdened, and hope for humanity revived, insomuch that I returned home with a light step, after two more exceptional ex-

periences: I was attracted to a peculiar display in a window, and was reading something about seven languages, when a beautiful maiden of seventeen, modestly approached me and suggested that I enter and have my fortune told.

1989. She was of a perfect physical and intellectual type, and yet a typical Gipsy, and in tribal attire. I was less concerned about my own future, than I was interested in her pedigree and environment, hence my stereotyped questionnaire was hastily brought into requisition. She numbered the seventh, in a family of twelve healthy children. Her speech was faultless, and I tested her in more than one language.

1990. Ere long there was a still more cheering incident: I became acquainted with a stalwart, erect, optimistic youth, of thirty-one years. His God-given hair and teeth were conspicuously perfect. He was born on the shores of the Mediterranean, and was cast out upon the world at the age of nine. He, too, was something of a linguist, as well as traveler. We intelligently discussed four or five foreign cities that I know, in a way that he never could have done had he not visited them.

1991. He told how he was penniless at eighteen, and did the only sensible thing possible in the premises, which was to marry a girl of twenty-one, who, he told me, was born along another section of that same sea; and they have been happy

and prosperous ever since. Incidentally he told of their eight lovely, husky children, and we parted with such a hearty hand shake. While some might be disposed to criticize me for not having essayed a little missionary work, to the extent, at least, of recommending some slacker League, for birth control, or "voluntary parenthood," I retired with a clear conscience, feeling that life, liberty and happiness may yet survive.

1992. And this news item, coming a little later, effectually dissipates my semi-creepy pessimism: Mrs. Emma Crossman, of London, likes children, and had *twenty-three* of her own. Then her husband died; and the maternal instinct being still dominant, led her to marry a man with *seventeen* husky heirs apparent.

1993. Then, to do her full duty, and keep a clear conscience, she surrounds herself with a brood of *twenty-eight nurse children,* making a grand total *of sixty-eight!* And if any extenuating circumstances are sought, it may be noted, that she was one of *twelve* children; and her mother was one of *fourteen*—and it just occurs to me, that, when in London, some years ago, I was everywhere confronted with the enigmatical legend, "Whoa, Emma!"

SECTION THIRTY-NINE

1994. Special effort, with lectures and sermons, has been made in these days to have the principles of the Gospel applied to our dealings with criminals. Rev. Hastings H. Hart, LL.D., President of the American Prison Association, has widely distributed his sermon, from Galatians 6:1. "Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness; looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

1995. When our biogenetic philosophy and facts become thoroly disseminated, this prison problem will have become a most negligible social factor. Meanwhile, I will dwell for a moment, on the familiar conundrum, "Can a man come back?" and will touch again on my counter proposition, "Must a man go?" since, from boyhood, though ever blameless, I have had to resist sinister efforts —and the most infamous scheme of all has developed within the last few weeks! I rejoice that no "frame-up" has ever materialized against me.

1996. As a lad, a newspaper carrier, in the dark early hours at the press room, when supervision was wholly lacking, I noticed a prominent employee, going out of his sphere to suspiciously eye me most annoyingly; and he, after some weeks,

came out boldly and charged me to my face, with daily theft, as my route called for no such number of papers as I was each morning openly taking.

1997. I indignantly denounced him, explaining as to the number of customers I had, of my own, and how I made weekly settlement with the office for the same. But the interesting feature of this incident, lies in the fact,which later developed, that he, all along, had been daily stealing papers for his own list of customers, and for which he was properly discharged and punished. And I had seen him quietly do it, so regularly, without, however, suspecting the real character of his acts. Thus it is evident that his zeal for my rectitude sprang from a desire that no suspicions of mine should be aroused against him.

1998. And to think that the official of those days who could not bring himself to count, or to check up my score, but left all, absolutely to my innate sense of honor, should have risen to be the maker of Governors, Congressmen, Senators — and almost of a President—remaining to his dying day —some thirty years later—my ever, more loving, trusting and confiding friend ! The biogenetic psychology of all this is the phase that is really worth contemplating.

1999. All students of social problems are anxious to get pointers on the relative importance of heredity and environment; and I have one good

illustration which a sense of duty impels me to submit, with due deference to Dr. Hart's problems of Probation and Parole.

2000. I well recall two merchant tailors, and also two plain, humble journeymen, plyers of the needle. One of the former, seemed very high-toned, and he had a son who made upon me a similar impression. The other M. T. was one of the most refined, genial, lovable personalities I ever met; and he had sons in his own image—all of whom were dressed to perfection.

2001. This father purchased a farm in the suburbs; and as the morning dews and mists were rising, these favored sons might be seen inhaling the salubrious ozone on their galloping ponies. Each of the journeymen cited, also had a son—one of them so plainly dressed that I, his plodding contemporary, pitied him, in that hard-earned, bread-winning fight.

2002. But there is cheer in the sequel; for he has spent his life as pastor of a great metropolitan church. And that other genial lad, of humble parentage, built up a fine business, and retired with a well earned fortune, universally loved; while *penitentiary terms* were severally meted out to those elegant merchant tailor scions, who had ever been strangers to that *character-building* discipline, which is the natural concomitant of *honest poverty!*

2003. I well remember how, in middle life, I was shocked to hear one with whom I was in daily contact, tell how he saw his way to sidestep some passing difficulty. He was of pleasing personality, a professional man, and graduated from a noted sectarian college. "I can just *lie* about it," he nonchalantly said; and I watched him for a decade steadily descend to a most disgraceful grave.

2004. And now, in these months, I have tardily come to realize that from earliest childhood, profanity, lying, gambling, theft, rape, adultery, suicide, murder, have all been, for me, equally unthinkable! Yet this fact, it might well be considered in questionable taste to thus parade, were it not for the underlying cause.

2005. So here I am, safely back, once more on my old *prenatal* stamping ground! That exceptionally strenuous gestation of mine, when mother so keenly realized what a host of critical "*in-laws*" encompassed her, has ever made the "narrow path" so much easier for me to tread than the "broad road!" And this, as an isolated fact, is measurably negligible; yet one of infinite moment when broadly considered.

2006. But, it will be argued that "one swallow does not make a summer!" True, yet just one frail kite once demonstrated, under Franklin's guidance, the sound basis of a most momentous reality! And right here occurs to me another

of those seemingly pertinent personal items — which mar so many of these pages, most critics will insist.

2007. I had been generously acting, in a spirit of altruistic optimism, relying on sundry promises which proved most fallible, till I found myself "holding the bag" alone, with blood-curdling pecuniary obligations hanging over me for eight years. I was in the power of a retired General, whose sympathy I eventually won, insomuch that he suggested suicide as my logical way of escape.

2008. It was constantly at his discretion to foreclose upon the realty, and thus to leave me financially ruined. He fell into a habit of granting me extensions; and I recall once, after explaining my disappointments, that I submitted documentary evidence of the truth of what I was alleging; but he declined to verify. He assured me that he would proceed quickly if he ever found me trifling with facts.

2009. And here is one incident in this same connection which he took evident pride in telling to me: Certain Army officer's wives were parties in interest, and had long been clamorous for their semi-annual dues. I had told him of making payment at the bank, and he so notified the aforesaid ladies, who lost no time in ordering up their coachman and descending upon that most reliable institution.

2010. They were courteously informed that I had not been there at all; and they hastened up to their uncle—General B.——to taunt him for his credulity in depending on the word of such a chronic delinquent. But, nothing daunted, he asked to ride back with them to the bank, and a few moments later had those culpable officials, all apologies at their side—for, of course, I had paid.

2011. The several glimpses given of my marked personality, are, essentially, the very *warp* and *woof* of this biogenetic fabric. Every yard of the bolt is of identical texture. Before reaching my majority I realized that my conscience bordered on the excessive. My inexorable, yet life-saving, personal regimen, made me ever conspicuous; and my aversion to tobacco and to razors, have made me an unforgettable object of admiration — oh, so rarely—but usually one of either *commiseration* or *execration!*

2012. And again I am just reminded of meeting on a Norfolk steamer, an official with whom I had had but the slightest contact, thirty odd years previously; and I was surprised at his vivid recollection and cordiality. With much solicitude, he inquired as to my dietary, and told how, only the day previous, he had been describing my peculiarities at a dinner party.

2013. But I will close this interminable topic by saying, that each year has added wisdom; and that

only two evenings ago, I was at a religious gathering, where "light refreshments" were served; and I was never before so impressed with the fact that the throng was indulging in a custom which is destructive to human progress!

2014. As illustrative of what an impelling conscience may dictate, when not reinforced by reason, I will cite the case of a man of mature years whom I came to know, after he had been held up by mounted robbers in a lonely region. They "covered him" while he emptied one pocket after another, as ordered, and, upon his assurance that he had nothing more they galloped away. But before they disappeared over the knoll, he frantically called to them, and they returned to receive the contents of a pocket he had for the moment forgotten!

2015. There is a story told of a professional assassin who was paid in advance by A. to kill B.; and in the fate of things, B. paid him to do a like favor to A. But, after carrying out the first contract, his conscience troubled him, and the money burned in his pocket, till he had disposed of A. also. It is often said that there is a sense of honor, even among thieves.

2016. I take up my evening paper, and, seeing its date—July 21, 1924—am reminded of that terrible Bull Run battle, sixty-three years ago, today, and how I, a lad of fourteen, was just as much

interested in great events as I am to-day. And there are three obituary notices in one section of the paper that make me pensive; a doctor's widow, the mother of six, and ten years my senior—87—passes away; a maiden of 86, and another of 26—all of choice pedigree—but why this striking disparity?

2017. Did that physician impart some longevity secret to his wife, that enabled her to defy the drag of parenthood and the scythe of Father Time?

2018. Why should not a special Providence have prolonged that noble young Christian life, cut off at 26, when it was consecrated to missionary effort? Alas, there is but one way to gain the favor of Heaven, in this wicked world. We must learn and heed God's biogenetic laws, if we aspire to length of days, here in the Master's vineyard, even.

2019. The noble, native Maori stock of New Zealand degenerated rapidly, as all know, when brought in contact with our modern civilization. Those people developed excessive weight, ponderous limbs, had delicate constitutions and became short lived. Recent articles show that, to-day, those British colonies have the strictest immigration laws; and yet they are evolving most exceptional and undesirable physical characteristics.

2020. Anglo-Saxons, Chinese, and other new comers, in a single generation, manifest a strik-

ingly similar and puzzling ponderosity. Of course, I would not rank very high as an expert witness, at present, in this matter, never having been in that region. I know, however, that peculiar *gestatory* conditions, cause all these anomalies, and that *eons* are never essential for the most striking human transformations.

2021. Professor J. W. Gregory is President of the Geographical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and has just delivered, in Toronto, a most depressing forecast of impending racial struggles. He figures that in 120 years, the maximum population, as well as food supply, for this old planet, will have been reached—and says that Africans, at present, are recognized as the most prolific race.

2022. The Caucasian *third* of humanity, now rules *eight-ninths* of earth's inhabitants. And all these startling facts and conclusions, but show how opportune are our biogenetic revelations, with their proofs of racial plasticity. We are to-day breeding our population as unscientifically as did the cave dwellers. But a new era impends; and coming billions of our race will all be sensibly engendered and count for righteousness!

2023. French Strothers says, "Scientists now know that both dullness and callousness, imbecility and brutality, idiocy and bestiality, are products of a definite, physical, mechanical defect of

the actual physical cells of the human brain"—and one natural inquiry, is, regarding what remedial steps they contemplate, the appalling premises considered.

2024. Now it would be a waste of words for me to insinuate that I question the accuracy of this broad allegation, since I have no special knowledge on this cytological point. Yet I positively have what is *infinitely better*, to wit: the ability to indicate, specifically, how each of these half dozen calamities can be *severally* and *perpetually* prevented, and can insure in their stead, that the most cherished qualities of the human soul shall flourish! Why cannot "Science" occasionally proffer something which might be inspiring and constructive?

2025. "Who's Who in America," which has so creditably given a compendium of meritorious effort for the last quarter of a century, is at last encroaching upon our field, and making a nation-wide inquiry into "the influence of the occupation and environment of parents on their children."

2026. Its questionnaire, now being circulated for its 1924 edition, seeks to learn the chief occupation of father at time of person's birth—whether a farmer, skilled or unskilled laborer, business man, and what business; clergyman and what denomination, or man of other profession. Also, type of birthplace — whether farm, country village, small town, large city or suburbs of such.

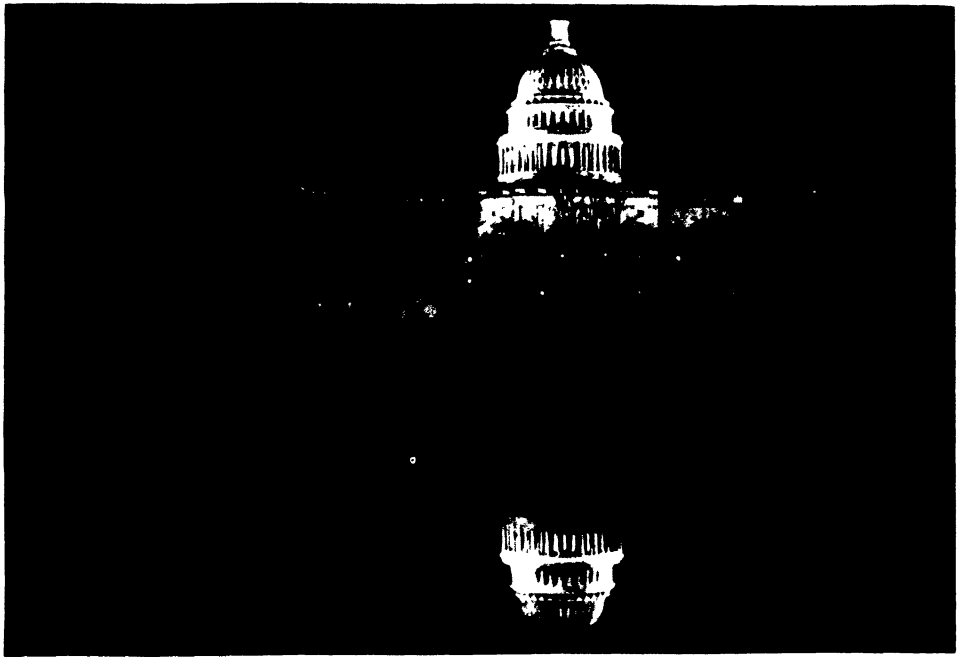
2027. It desires these, in order to make "an intelligent study;" and I can assure them that it will all be little better than wasted effort, unless they also ascertain maternal data, withal, concerning a mother's individual traits, the household personnel, her assistants, the bank-balance, and social affiliations—when even longevity forecasts are also made feasible.

2028. To emphasize my basic thought in this anomalous suggestion, I will become personal and select Rev. William A. Sunday—reiterating my contention, that whoever rises above the dead level average of his race, thru some intellectual or physical superiority, is indebted for such preeminence to his gestatory experiences.

2029. "Who's Who in America" sends its questionnaire to "Billy" Sunday, with the rest, and learns that the sire was a plain Iowa farmer, but will hardly grasp the precious facts which my inquiries would elicit. The year 1863 was one of special anxiety for this country, rent, as it was, with civil strife, and father Sunday enlisted in August of that year. "Billy" arrived the nineteenth of November, and so faithfully reflects, in his public career, the intensity of that mother's herioc efforts during those soul-straining months.

2030. Three deaths have been brought to my attention, in a single week, and, altho reluctant to engage in personalities, a sense of duty impels

A closing night scene.



specific reference in the present instance: The brilliant Doctor Boris Sidis expires, from cerebral hemorrhage, at the age of fifty-six; and that electrical genius, Charles H. Steinmetz, succumbs to myocarditis at the age of fifty-eight, while my old medical friend, Dr. B. W. Green—whom I had not seen for over fifty-two years, and forecast his death at eighty—died of this same heart trouble within a few months of the time I had predicted.

2031. Prodigies, who read at the age of two, are seldom coveted specimens of our race, because they are reputed to die young. And centenarians, with all their estimable qualities, have ever been remembered for their tenacity of life, rather than for intellectual acumen—all of which is so easily understood when *gestatory verities* are properly considered.

2032. Doctor Sidis, I am positive, had a favorable prenatal environment, when contemplated from the maternal, *intellectual* angle. Had it been equally desirable in its *physical* aspect, he would be alive to-day, and with several fruitful decades still to his credit.

2033. His wife had been endowed in a similarly fortunate manner, hence their marvelous son, William James Sidis, whose precocity has astonished the world. The proud father, however, was wholly wrong in attributing the lad's brilliancy to his method of early instruction. The average run of

little folks could never prove responsive to that gifted parent's intensive educational scheme. And myocarditis could not get in its fatal work on Doctor Green, while a trace of that maternal, prenatal bestowal remained in the system to his credit.

2034. To show how heredity and environment may warp one's views of relative values, and that brilliancy is not necessarily the equivalent of infallible poise, I will quote a sentence or two which may recall the eighteenth amendment:

2035. "Revivals are emotional debauches, religious orgies. Revivalism is far more dangerous to the life of society than drunkenness. As a sot man falls below the brute, so a revivalist sinks lower than the sot." But, oh, how blind Dr. Boris seems to the fact that *sin* is the desolating disease that is ever blighting our race!

2036. I have frankly given, in these pages, the peculiar providences and mutual intuitions which culminated in my selection of a potentially, son-bearing helpmate, vindicating, withal, my law of sex control. I have also, with wearying persistency, set forth the numberless traits, or idiosyncrasies, incident to my personality, which so perfectly exemplify the reality of my biogenetic claims. And I refer to all this now, merely to add, that the maiden foreordained for this celestial union, while possessed of a contrasting, comple-

mentary personality, had one that just bristled with gestatory predispositions, without which, these *Biogenetic Marvels* might never have been penned—yet, with them it would have been rank stupidity on my part not to have discerned these truths.

2037. My old friend Hudson, whose "Law of Psychic Phenomena" dealt such a solar plexus blow to *Spiritism,* could have had no thought, in those days, that facts which I should later lay before the public, would show the absurdity and grotesqueness of the *reincarnation* hypothesis. His words on this subject merit insertion here.

2038. "It is needless to say that there are no facts to sustain such a doctrine; but the class of minds in which it finds lodgment, cling to it all the more pertinaciously on that account. There are many thousands of people in this country at present who fully agree with Plato in his doctrine of reminiscence; and many of them are full of reminiscences of their former incarnations. The singular fact of it is, that none but the great men of former times appear to have been reincarnated in the nineteenth century.

2039. "It is also somewhat remarkable, that one man can occupy so many different bodies at the same time. I suppose that Socrates at the present moment, inhabits some thousands of different modern earthly tabernacles. George Washington is

also very generously distributed among the American people. And so of other great men. If we are to believe all that we are told by those who are favored with "reminiscences" of a former life, there are three very obvious deductions which seem inevitable: The first is, that no common man is ever reincarnated; second, that the capacity of great men for minute subdivision is illimitable; and, third, that reincarnation does not improve the mental capacity of the reincarnated! But it is difficult to treat this doctrine seriously."

2040. Apropos of Forecasts, Infallibility and Birth-control, I might name one of fragile frame, who had the temerity to marry a man of delicate physique. Three most promising children had been born to them, and, first and last, three unfortunate miscarriages experienced, which left the faithful wife quite nervous.

2041. At this juncture, an eminent lady physician visited this wife, who had been her girlhood friend, and most emphatically diagnosed, prescribed and dictated, "*No* more children!" But the simple souled wife kept right on, and produced four more husky specimens—who have already, in their turn, produced eight—and she lived many years to mourn the decease of her stalwart, childless, medical friend.

2042. Suppose I were to say that a friend of mine, having reached years of discretion, was in-

duced to purchase a building lot; and, later, some one induced him to marry. Then the couple moved out onto his real estate, but were annoyed presently by stray creatures crawling under, or hopping onto the dining table, so they bethought themselves to abate this nuisance by enclosing the four sides with boards. Next a shower came and ruined food and clothing, when it occurred to them that some sheltering provision was requisite.

2043. What, I ask, would you think of me, or of them, after some such insipid, interminable recital? Why, surely, that one or all should be placed in some imbecile home. And what am I driving at now? Simply, that I have received literature from some Parent Association which is attuned to just this grade of twaddle—and the sad feature is that it yields a revenue.

2044. We are told that a friend, becoming a parent, bought scales for daily weighing, and produced a husky youngster. But, ere long, parental nerves were wrecked, by the carelessness, disobedience and lying propensities of the shameless, pesky brat. Hence it is boldly suggested that mental, moral, vocational and social development are as essential as physical culture; and, of course, a special, patent system is urged, at exorbitant rates, "before it is too late."

2045. Now the pathetic feature of this sickening recital, is, that it depicts a hopeless situation, since

the mischief was wrought one or two generations ago, when a horde of half-baked progeny was engendered. Probably not one parent in ten, is a model disciplinarian, while all should be, as obtains in the animal kingdom, generally. Truthfulness in offspring can as certainly be prenatally implanted as can musical, and all artistic gifts—which assertion suggests my trite refrain, "Man's Infinite Potentialities!"

2046. People may argue that what our Biogenetic Foundation insists upon constantly, is the *spirit,* which gives *life;* or, that it is just *electricity.* Of course, it matters little what things are called; but it is high time that haughty "Science" should begin to definitely recognize this most *pregnant fact* for good, everywhere in the realm of human knowledge!

2047. At the recent sessions of the Southern Medical Association, convened here in Washington, the most widely discussed paper was that of Doctor K. H. Beall, from Fort Worth, Texas, who pictured fat as a parasite in the human frame, and man its amiable host. It seems fitting to summarize his position and to make clearer, if possible, our biogenetic claims and attitude in the premises.

2048. He compared it to mistletoe on an oak; yet he held that it was in the dim past a great potential, carrying man thru periods of famine—

emergencies which civilization has eliminated. But I do not take kindly to this feature of his theme; yet I measurably assent when he calls man's belt his "life line," and says that an excess of four inches in girth cuts fifteen years from his normal expectancy.

2049. He favorably depicts the thin, nervous man, who anxiously rushes from one breakfast food to another; from Osteopathy to Christian Science, and from Swoboda to Susan Crocroft, in his quest for avoirdupois—yet only to develop a gentle flavor of mild decay, and finally to dry up and blow away.

2050. He contemplates his audience as having an average life expectancy of 25 years; and then, were half of them lean, and gathered on the right, these would have an expectancy of 35 years, while the corpulent on the left, would have but fifteen years to their credit—their fat assessment consuming 20 years. A man of 50 years, with 50 pounds of surplus flesh, has reduced his expectation 50 per cent, as surely as the one who has avoided this has added 50 per cent.

2051. Doctor Beall finds proof of the truth of all this, by studying the reports of the Actuarial Society of America. Fifty pounds excess at fifty years, cuts in half one's normal expectancy. Then by adding one inch of girth, five per cent of this is lost; two inches, another five; three inches takes

another; and four inches of increasing girth, whittles the proposition down to 25 per cent—or be it, 15 years given to the parasitism of fat.

2052. His philosophy of the situation is very specific: One cubic inch of fat has 30,000 lobules, each, with an arteriole, a capillary mesh, and two veins. A man of 150 pounds, who allows himself to run up to 180, has, in these thirty pounds of surplus fat, with their 25 miles of blood vessels to be filled every five-sixths of a second, of course, cannot reasonably expect the several vital organs to long survive this abnormal strain.

2053. Now our pragmatic soul is not dismayed by this timely heralding of an appalling evil; on the contrary, we rejoice that these half truths have been thrust upon the attention of the world at this psychological juncture, and thus paving the way for our advent, with the simon-pure, basic facts.

2054. Properly speaking, we do not find a man of 150 pounds, normal weight, taking on thirty pounds of fat. Dropsy is not a fatty infliction. Only yesterday I was talking with a medical friend and remarked on his loss of weight, and reduced jowls; whereupon he explained that the eighteenth amendment had deprived him of his seven daily "nourishing" schooners of beer.

2055. Of course, it would have been time worse than wasted to have attempted to argue, and convince him of the fact that his puffy contours merely

revealed the ravages of alcohol, that demoralizer of cell integrity—that double chin producer! I recall once asking him which of our types he considered the more susceptible to pulmonary troubles, when, as I anticipated, he said, mine. And this from a professional expert, yet blind to patent facts—just a leader of the sightless!

2056. I have a fresh example of the truth of my basic contention which it would be unpardonable to omit: Mr. W. was a model citizen, eminent in his honorable profession, perfect in his habits. He had a most estimable wife, and a worthy son, who became distinguished in his father's calling.

2057. The wife and mother succumbed to a non-inheritable ailment, at 78; the father had a chronic heart trouble, but was carried off by embolism at the age of 87. This same defect was inherited by the son; yet he seemed an ideal physical specimen, till he suddenly dropped dead—as the autopsy revealed—from embolism also, a few months after his father's decease, but at the premature age of 49.

2058. Now here we have the medical profession, jollying the public at short intervals, with the assurance that "Science" has already increased life's average span, some twenty years; and in a few decades more, will have us bolstered up to near the century mark. Yet, of the hundreds of thousands of doctors, in the world to-day, not *one*

can breathe a syllable explanatory of the above—not *anomaly*, but regular order of sequence—save that hoary, senile gag, of "remote ancestors."

2059. The plain truth is, that this loyal wife, being in easy circumstances, imbibed and practiced the current fallible wisdom of her day; believed in "fewer and better children," and abstained from physical effort lest she rob the unborn—and, of course, the child was utterly lacking in that toughness of fibre which only prenatal strenuosity can impart to the coming life. Oh, if the "Profession" would but forget the "lucrative practice," and forego the thrills, for a season, of preposterous prophecy, and squarely face the appalling facts!

2060. Doctor Edward E. Slosson, thru the *Daily Science News Bulletin*, remarks, "In the history of science we often observe that epoch-making ideas have sprung from the brains of young men;" and he names twelve instances of this, all of whom were under twenty-nine. Their average age is about twenty-five, which was precisely mine, when I discerned the Law of Sex, in 1872.

2061. Doctor Nils Bohr is the youngest man to receive the Nobel award. In 1913, when but twenty-eight, he put forward his bold conception of the atom as a sort of solar system, with the sun as a nucleus of positive electricity, and the planets by particles of revolving negative elec-

tricity. On this theory he was able to calculate just what shiftings in the orbits of these planetary electrons, would give off light of the particular wave-length to make each line of the spectrum. And I note all this here because the basic principles involved are so analogous to my *Law of Sex*, which I developed over *forty years* earlier.

2062. The Dutchman, Van't Hoff, was still a student, of only twenty-two, when he published his eleven-page pamphlet, on "The Structure of the Atoms of Space," and was laughed at, by older ones, for his "crazy notion." Yet I find that even half a century of such abuse, while perhaps not positively conducive to longevity, is anything but fatal.

2063. I now quote Dr. Slosson's paragraphs on Einstein, education and educators, because they are so perfectly in accord with my frequent reiterations herein. The only difference between us, arises from my biogenetic disclosures, which will forthwith completely revolutionize all existing educational systems.

2064. "Albert Einstein conceived the idea of his theory of relativity when he was eighteen and published it at twenty-six. He is, as we should expect, an advocate of shortening up the school period and making it more practical, so that the student can get at his life-work earlier.

2065. "This at least seems the best plan for bril-

liant minds like these, and educators are coming to the conclusion that special facilities should be afforded, so that they may advance as fast as they can without waiting on their slower schoolmates. To give one young man of this sort the peculiar training he needs will benefit the world more than the education of a whole collegeful of the ordinary caliber."

2066. Alfred B. Nobel (1833-1896), the Swedish chemist and engineer, left nearly ten millions, the $200,000 interest on which, should be annually awarded in five prizes, for achievement in physical science, chemistry, medicine, literature and world peace.

2067. I learn from the *New International Encyclopedia* how witnesses of the Nobel will, assert that the donor's intention was, that unrecognized talent should be sought out and encouraged, which has been disregarded, since most of the prizes—now numbering upwards of one hundred—have been given to those whose achievements were already widely known.

2068. And this causes me to substantially repeat, that, over a dozen years ago, I so far emerged from an avalanche of obstacles, as to get the ear of a courteous College president, who assured me that the *Carnegie Institution,* with its $25,000,000 endowment, was precisely the haven for my wares.

2069. I investigated and perceived that its self-

made founder, the compact little Andrew, in applying for its charter, did everything in his power for those of my class — except to designate me by name. Yet my welcome, by forced, long-distance correspondence, was so frigid, that, rather than forfeit my self-respect, I secured a perpetual charter for our Biogenetic Foundation.

2070. These paragraphs remind me of a certain wealthy, aristocratic cult, which posed, withal, as dispensers of sunshine to those in the lowly walks of life. I knew it well, and was pleased to learn of their appeals for delicacies, to be sent in to fill, for once, with goodies and good cheer, the souls and stomachs of these unfortunates. But, incredible to relate, they had their fill out of them first, and gleefully watched their humble guests consume the remnants, while convulsing to see prospective motherhood, boldly face a sneering world.

2071. There is a wealth of nobility in the very conception of these Nobel prizes; and the five score recipients probably, have all striven meritoriously. I doubtless am brazenly biased; yet I cannot see why our *"Biogenetic Marvels"* should not accomplish more for the race, than the combined achievements of those hundred prize winners! The message must not be slighted!

SECTION FORTY

2072. I now approach one of the most momentous problems with which the human mind can grapple: The recently published letters of Franklin D. Lane—whom I frequently met—inspire my theme. Thruout his life, his attitude toward religion was one of deep reverence —"an intense longing to believe something, but honest inability really to believe."

2073. In a letter to his wife he said: "But I am a miserable, groping creature, cast on a sea of doubt, rejecting one spar to grasp another, and crying all the time against the storm for help. I do not know another man who has tortured himself so insistently with the problems that are unsolvable. Balfour says he believes in a personal God, identity after death, and answer to prayer. . . A man who can believe anything, is miles ahead of the rest of us."

2074. Mr. Lane's physique would have placed him, easily, in "the picture of health" class. He survived the operating table, twelve days. Had I been his physical culturist, no knife would ever have touched him, with my consent, and he might

have been in our midst to-day. But all that is foreign to my present purpose.

2075. The apostle James, wrote: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally...But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." And Jesus said, "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do His will, he shall know if it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

2076. Now it is not for me to criticize, nor to dogmatize, in specific instances. Paul told the Ephesians, that, "by grace are ye saved, *thru faith*...the *gift* of *God*." I have known many occasions in which these blessed assurances were acted upon, and I recall none in which they failed of verification. But this is not my climax.

2077. I falter as I contemplate the overlapping phases of truth involved; yet I might point to numberless examples,which I have carefully noted, where the child's aptitude for faith was simply a reflex of maternal, gestatory conditions, and attitude. I might name those to-day, whose measure of faith is ever as ample, as Mr. Lane's was scant.

2078. I trust none will feel that all of this savors more of *preachment*, than of argument. I fell into a habit, a few years ago, of writing "Sermonets," for the Church Page of our Saturday dailies; and

I have just come across one, which is so brief and pertinent, that it must be crowded in here:

2079. Text: Matt., XVIII.,14. "Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Who can imagine a bereaved parent, ever reading *Lowell's* matchless gem, *"The First Fall of Snow,"* with *tearless eyes?*

> "Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
> And she, kissing back, could not know,
> That my kiss was given to her sister,
> Folded close under deepening snow."

2080. Now our mission, withal, is, with *scientific* proofs, to awaken mingled emotions, in grieving parents, demonstrating, that these *avoidable afflictions,* result from *crass* ignorance, bordering on *criminality!* "My son, forget not my laws...for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee."

2081. "Longevity; The Means Of Prolonging Life After Middle Age," is the title of a 50,000 word book, by an English physician, which he gave to the world just half a century ago. As it was laid before me, I could not decline to scan and note what progress, if any, in these later decades.

2082. The spirit of its author I found to be admirable; but I cannot find that he had a message for humanity, any more than would a livery man

have, who should propose systematic efforts to improve equine, roadster qualities, after the age of twenty. In fact, our Doctor G., here, does propose forming a class of a dozen selected men and women, of about seventy, and predicts that they might be coached along to the century goal.

2083. He really blazed the way for our present day Life Extension Institutes, the psychology of whose schemes, repels me. That a man should select experts, to look after a leaky roof, his watch, or motor car, is commendable—but not the farming out of his *vital* and *eternal* interests to *medical* and *spiritual advisers!*

2084. He cites M. Flourens' well known concept, that a constant relation exists between *growth, maturity* and *decline,* and seeks to draw the inference that all, save centenarians, die *prematurely.* I smile as I note his groping for truth. *Freedom from care,* he feels certain, gives added *years;* and then, even cites superannuated paupers, to prove his contention, while *prenatal strenuosity,* is ever my sheet anchor!

2085. He finds most people old at sixty-three, and then rings in "the grand climacteric"—*seven* times *nine*—of the ancient philosophers; while I hold this age, to be the natural limit, for the lives of a great middle class, who have been able to take life "good and easy!"

2086. He cites the remark, approvingly, that,

"Men do not usually die; they kill themselves." Of course, I dismiss the problem with a regret, that confiding parents, ruined their progeny's future, by heeding the cruel, criminal obstinacy of "Science" in the premises.

2087. I might continue indefinitely with a review of this volume, but will close with the case of a woman he cites, who, for certain acute attacks, had, repeatedly, over *fifty ounces* of blood drawn at a time—as was once the vogue—and yet she lived 84 years, to the amazement of her chronicler. It hardly surprises me more, however, than that a cow, should have many ounces of milk, drawn off repeatedly, and still thrive!

2088. He says Science has obtained no clew to the mystery of life, and thinks it absurd to call it identical with electricity, arguing that it is something *"per se."* Let no one assume that I pretend to have mastered this enigma—yet I *have* learned, most assuredly, the secret of its *duration!*

2089. Again public attention is called to the case of a "pyromaniac"—this time caught in his *hundredth* act of starting a blaze for the thrill he gets from the ensuing commotion. It appears that ten years ago he was tried for the same failing, and sent up as "crazy," then released as "cured"—which causes me to repeat, that *congenital traits persist* till *death!* He is not insane, but that burning impulse, is stronger than his will, and he

should ever be restrained. His pregnant mother unwisely yearned to see the firemen in action.

2090. This morning I called up a party on a matter of mutual interest which had been pending for a fortnight, and was altogether pleased with his reasons for delay. Twelve hours later, a very different aspect of the whole affair suddenly dawned upon me. That unconscious cerebration causes me to present this item, and to state that it has long been my habit of life, to sleep over any important business before committing myself.

2091. No two persons are similarly endowed in these psychological matters. And the most alert in some directions, may be found very deficient in others—all depending, naturally, on *maternal gestatory conduct!*

2092. A reliable friend, some years ago, told me how, when traveling in Arkansas, he saw a farmer, mowing weeds by the roadside. The rustic suddenly dropped his scythe and was convulsed with laughter in such spectacular fashion as to be forced to explain; and he told of a family incident, that transpired twenty-nine years previously, the underlying motives of which had just dawned upon him.

2093. It struck me as being ridiculously incredible; and yet, since then, I have come to a much fuller understanding of occurrences in which I had figured over *sixty years* earlier. *Maternal, gesta-*

tory wisdom is the *coming, crowning science* of the *ages*—the *alpha* and *omega* of human knowledge! It will practically sound the *death knell* of *materialism!*

2094. The ever trustworthy, Frederic J. Haskin, on August 20, 1924, thus answers an inquiry as to the "verdict of Science:" "Three of the 'White Indians' have been brought to New York and examined by distinguished anthropologists and ethnologists. Although the men of science are not entirely agreed on an explanation of the strange blondness of these people, the weight of opinion is that they are probably albinos—or, as Mr. Marsh, who brought them to New York, puts it, pseudo-albinos.

2095. "Apart from their color they are like the San Blas Indians among whom they were found and show no indication of any Caucasian blood. That blondness of this sort should be common in Darien seems improbable, for albinism is nowhere common; but there is no other solution of the problem that seems so likely."

2096. And this theme of mine, could not be rated as having been brought up to the minute, were I not withal, to discuss the "White Indians": My contact with the aborigines of America, dates back fifty-five years, and I might mention one of these, a professional man, whose name can be found to-day in all civilized countries, that was my cherished pupil in the long ago!

2097. In those days, some of their squaws had a marked preference for the blond type, and would deliberately, while pregnant, come down into civilization, and feast their souls on the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired dolls, in the shop windows—which, of course, brought results most readily differentiated. The hepatic blond, the albino, the idolized, or idealized type, the inter-racial type, are all so easily distinguishable by any unprejudiced observer. I fancy that this Darien enigma, will prove an entering wedge to hosts of atrophied intellects, admitting biogenetic light!

2098. I have been reading columns from the pen of Ben B. Lindsay, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, in which he discusses that Leopold-Loeb-Franks murder case, in all its puzzling aspects. He points out how the emancipation of woman, is being followed by that of youth, and how it behooves parents to enter upon the "terrific task" of reaching a mutual understanding.

2099. He asks what we are going to do to make it easier for our children to understand us. "You will go with it, be a part of it, help to guide and direct it, or it will leave you far in the lurch. It will go on alone and without you, thru its uncharted seas—leading, God only knows where." He believes all will be well, if parents can but learn to do their part—and so do I, which is, to spurn the fatal errors of "Science," and, pre-

natally fashion, *perfect offspring*, who *instinctively* shall adhere to the *right!*

2100. A friend lately urged me to read what might be called a health magazine—and the percentage of *chaff* to *wheat* fairly sickened me. I browsed thru only four fields, which I will now briefly glean and rake over.

2101. The horrors of certain extreme cases of present day haphazard methods of family production, are specifically indicated — bedraggled mothers with from one to six, puny, crippled, nonviable offspring, repeated abortions and what not. Yet the remedy of the birth-controllers is rather worse than the disease, if possible, since it simply points to race extinction!

2102. We must begin right and build for the centuries — with "sky-scrapers," on solid rock foundations, in preference to mire and quicksands. The evils above outlined are positively avoidable. That old field hand of mine, "Aunt Prissy," after fifteen hours of toil in the scorching field, would dash in first at night, unmindful even of maternity and of the *thirty* youngsters she had brought into this sorrowing world! Three fourths of the present appropriations for public education, should be wisely devoted to the instruction and assistance of prospective parenthood, when all may be found 100 per cent fit.

2103. Then another magazine page is filled with

assertions that, *prudery*, and Anthony Comstock —that noble American champion—are responsible for the presence of *venereal diseases*—which reminds me of a hobbyist I know who sees in *tobacco* the universal cause of evils.

2104. I might name a country where Comstock's influence never penetrated; and whose people have no conception of *prudery;* yet *ninety-nine* per cent of their people suffer from syphilis—the true origin of which these pages disclose. *Innate lust*, withal, is a factor in the perpetuation of these vile diseases.

2105. Another writer specializes as an anti-vaccinationist, and finds *syphilis, cancer* and *diphtheria* follow in the train of vaccination—which may well provoke a smile. And the last specialist I have read, holds children's contagious, eruptive diseases, to be caused by "lowered resistance and fermentation"—a dietetic cause and remedy—whereas they are severally but the sequelae of *ancestral blood taints!*

2106. Few children can believe parents who affirm that they suffer most when basting with the rod. And who can credit my agony of soul during my many "highbrow" castigations in these paragraphs? But the "tyranny of Science" is thus criticised by the Atlantic Monthly:

2107. "Science has done great things for us: it has also pushed us hopelessly back. For, not con-

tent with filling its own place, it has tried to supersede everything else. It has challenged the supereminence of religion; it has turned all philosophy out of doors except that which clings to its skirts; it has thrown contempt on all learning that does not depend on it, and it has bribed the skeptics by giving us immense material comforts.

2108. "To the plea, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' it has retorted that no word proceeds authentically out of the mouth of God save what it has issued in its own translations. It is more rigorous and more exclusive than the index of the Roman Church. The inquisition never did anything so oppressive as to put all men, innocent or guilty, into a laboratory.

2109. "Science cares supremely for physical things. If it restricted itself to the physical world, it would be tolerable; we could shut ourselves away with our souls in peace. But it must control the soul as well as the body; it insists on reducing all emotions, however miraculous and dear, to a question of nerve-centers. There has never been tyranny like this."

2110. That genial Senator, Doctor Royal S. Copeland, is reported as addressing 3,000 Boy Scouts, at Bear Mountain Camp, and warning them that if they let their waist line reach fifty inches, it will surely defeat their presidential am-

bitions. The reason for this is, he says, because people have learned that we are not born fat, but that obesity arises from indifference to personal welfare.

2111. Now, while I am in fullest sympathy with the *spirit* of the Senator's address, a sense of duty impels me to riddle its *letter!* More than one fifty-inch waist line, has actually reached the White House; and why may not others? Of those 3,000 Boy Scouts, over ninety-five per cent of them are as sure to develop excessive waist lines, as they are to escape early graves—and all because the proper *prenatal* bent was not given—a sobering fact which even the medical profession so criminally ignores.

2112. And here I present, positively my last topic and theme for this volume of *"Marvels."* It gives my latest discovery — after more than a dozen years of specially directed effort, to wit: the *cause* of *Cancer*—and, incidentally, will add that I have its *antidote* for *gratuitous public service!*

2113. I have repeatedly referred to Cancer in these pages, and will let all copy remain just as I have frankly stated, from time to time. Of course, what I now set forth—which I first clearly perceived on *February 22nd,* 1924—outclasses all else.

2114. The British Medical Journal of January, 1902, quotes a lecturer, speaking of Recent Cancer Research, who warned his audience against ex-

pecting that the etiology of the disease would be clearly made out soon. "The work is so difficult that time must elapse, unless an unlucky accident reveals it suddenly."

2115. And Sir Henry T. Butlin, before the Royal College of Surgeons, in his lecture, tells us, what gives a right to speak of Cancer: "A wide grasp of three kinds of knowledge. First of protozoa; then experience of experimental investigation of cancer; and, lastly, an experience of the clinical pathology of cancer in the human subject."

2116. Now, while I could not qualify by this standard, I leave it to the candid reader to decide whether my astounding claims are warranted by the facts adduced. Of course, I only present a few of the most salient features and pertinent items. Dr. Clarke's positive attitude reveals something of the scope of our problem.

2117. J. Jackson Clarke, M. B. (London), F. R. C. S., gave (1915), in "*Rhizopod* Protozoa—The Cause of Cancer," and thus summarizes and criticizes Virchon, who wrote in 1847:

(1) "That the nucleated cell is the biological unit.—Untrue; protozoa in the chromidial state exist in Cancer, and are non-nucleated.

(2) "That the cells of the tissues surrounding a sarcoma are never converted into cells of the tumor.—Untrue. See Part II of this work.

(3) "That cancer and sarcoma are separate dis-

eases.—Untrue, and has been disproved by epithelial cancer changing into sarcoma after transplantation.

(4) "That cancer is a specific disease unconnected with any other. Highly improbable; when chronic syphilis of the tongue becomes cancer, similar protozoa abound in both the syphilitic lesion and in the cancer.

(5) "That cells of endogenous origin belonging to the victim, occur in cancer.—Untrue and disproved by observation made in 1901. Such cells are daughter parasites which arise by free cell formation within protozoa in the chromidial condition."

2118. Dr. W. Roger Williams, an expert, summarizes: "Such an examination shows that the cancer mortality is the *lowest* where the struggle for existence is the hardest, the density of population greatest, the tubercle mortality highest, the birth rate highest, the average duration of life shortest, the infantile and general mortality highest, and where sanitation is least perfect; in short, among the industrial classes in our large towns; whereas, among the wealthy and well-to-do, where the standard of health is at its best, and life is easiest, and all conditions are just the reverse of the foregoing; there the cancer mortality is *highest.*"

2119. Now I am not disposed to quarrel with

Doctor Williams, in his startling presentation of amazing contrasts. And I could not for a moment think of throwing "my hat into the ring," with Dr. Clarke, for I have no microscope, and must rely on *observation* and *reflection*—simply *eyes* and *brains!*

2120. Doctor L. Duncan Berkley, senior Physician in the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, in 1921, gave us his standard work on *"Cancer and its Non-Surgical Treatment."* His conclusions begin on page 431, from which I quote:

2121. "Laboratory Research, with its enormous expenditure of time, money, energy and animal life, has proved an utter failure in solving the Cancer Problem, as far as adding materially to our intrinsic knowledge of the disease, or in the way of lessening its morbidity and mortality. Nor have the various societies for the study and prevention of Cancer accomplished anything practical in regard to its prophylaxis or cure, and have certainly not lessened its ravages." But note his further testimony.

2122. "Propaganda in regard to the necessity for the very early and complete extirpation of all suspected cancerous, and pre-cancerous lesions, have been shown by *United States statistics,* to have more than *doubled* the *percentage* of *deaths,* in the year of greater surgical activity, which followed the special appeal thruout the country.

2123. "During all this period of the intense study of cancer in the laboratory, and of surgical zeal, the mortality of tuberculosis, under wise medical supervision, has fallen about 30 per cent, since 1900, while that of cancer has risen by about the same 30 per cent. The mortalities of the two diseases have, therefore, approached one another, almost 60 per cent, and, at this rate, in 20 years more, the death curve of the two will have more than crossed one another...Cancer is not a local disease, but one of constitutional origin and nature ...The day of *cancer surgery* is past. There is nothing in it...The basic element of the successful treatment of cancer must always rest upon the proper supply of correct alimentation; if this is wrong all other treatment is ineffective."

2124. Doctor Wm. J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, needs no word of introduction, and says: "Whether or not Cancer is a mode of growth, the result of some agency introduced from without, or within, we do not know, but its extraordinary relationship to chronic irritation makes possible a high grade of prophylaxis against Cancer."

2125. He finds that surgery yields a favorable prognosis in eighty per cent of breast cancer operations, when performed before glandular metastasis exists—and avails in *twenty per cent* of the cases after its presence is noted. He concludes with the words of Mansell Moulins—accepting them as his own.

2126. "Cancer, and other tumors, will never disappear. It is, indeed, reasonable to think that they may become more common as civilization will continue to increase; and it is to be feared that artificial modes of living may still further weaken the hereditary force of development that guides and controls the innate power of growth."

2127. His brother, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, on May 26, 1924, at the New York City Cancer Institute, predicted that within a few years American doctors will find a cure. "We are going to conquer cancer—that terrible disease—and rid the world of it, regardless of cost.

2128. "It is not certain whether serum, radium or X-ray will prove to be the cure. Overeating is one of the principal causes of the disease." Then does the sanguine Doctor predict that gluttony will presently be stamped out of human society also? Optimism fairly runs rampant seemingly during the opening days of these great conventions.

2129. Doctor R. H. Greene, F.R.C.S., Emeritus Professor of Surgery at Fordham University, notes the *intrinsic* factors of our problem and the *extrinsic*. Of the former we have only hypotheses to offer; and I cite samples of these:

2130. Cohnheim conceived that malignant neoplasm has inception in groups of arrested cells in fetal development, and remain embryonic "rests," like moles, clefts, naevi, or birthmarks, which be-

come starters. They do not work, but grow; do not secrete or contract, but when any exciting cause appears, or irritation, then unrestricted inflammation sets in.

2131. But why so long dormant? Senility is one possible cause. Then in uterus and breasts, after the menopause; gastric ulcers from alcoholism. The Doctor considers this a weak theory and holds that we have no proof of *embryonic cells*. Then, as to metastasis—traveling to other points, like mumps.

2132. Ribbert's theory isolates cells, like Cohnheim—atypical development of subjacent connective tissue—hyperplasia of connective tissue, induced by trauma irritation, or chronic inflammation, which severs. It makes its own cells, rather than converting those about. Yet theory will not fit all facts—as, for instance, in the healing of a wound—seldom—and *never* in skin grafts.

2133. "The parasitic theory—neoplasm is ever parasitic living on its host. Ulceration is not the cancer—is not contagious to nurses. There is an increase of non protein nitrogen and sulphur—which helps diagnosis as to malignant or benign tumors."

2134. Miss Maud Slye, of the Ortho-Sprague Institute, Chicago, as noted in the Journal of Cancer Research, finds mice are susceptible like humanity —somewhat Mendelian, as in liver cancer.

2135. Cancers are said to be like tumors; and Powell White says there is a mass of cells, tissues or organs resembling the normal, but are *atypical.* They grow at the expense of the normal, and are useless. Some tumors are typical, and others atypical; the typical are benignant and the atypical, malignant.

2136. These infiltrate—extend peripherally—but none at the center, hence necrobiosis results. The Clinician's criterion of what is malignant is the prognosis; but for pathologists it is the properties of gross structure—histology. Metastasis may be accomplished by the lymphatic, venous, or arterial systems—tho oftener by the first named.

2137. Sarcoma—flesh-like—goes by way of the venous system, as its cells are too large for the lymphatic walls. In veins it causes hemorrhages. Cancer of the stomach may produce infection in the ovaries or rectum. Cancer tumors cannot be relieved by massage.

2138. Doctor James Braithwaite has an idea that the use of salt is a contributory cause of Cancer--"no salt, no cancer!" He finds that its ravages are increasing among men, attacking the stomach and abdominal organs. Yet sailors with their "salt junk" diet have so rarely, if ever, been cancer subjects!

2139. Doctor Robert Bell, London, in his "Cancer; Causes and Treatment," 1913, on page 123,

"Earth's Grandest Structure!"

says, "What the human frame requires to sustain it in perfect health, is a varied diet, cleanliness, plenty of exercise and careful attention to the functional activity of the excretory organs." And this is all indisputably true, regardless of any theory. Neglect of these essentials he maintains favors a rheumatic diathesis and gout, and he points to wealthy Hebrews who suffer from Cancer, as do Gentiles.

2140. Doctor Wm. J. Mayo says, Cancer is always a growth of the cells of the tissues in which it started, and not of some other tissue of the body. And there is another theory which suggests a parasite in the embryonic cell. And, again, that when irritation becomes active in an effort to protect, the mature cells, failing, leaves the immature cells free to multiply.

2141. Doctor Reiche thought by studying different sections of Hamburg, the prosperous and the poverty-stricken, sparsely and densely populated, to get light on the prevention of Cancer, but failed, finding that water supply, sea level, subsoil, et cetera, did not modify conditions.

2142. I will now present a number of scattering, world wide, and undisputed facts before proceeding to establish my positive claims with overwhelming proofs:

2143. In the remote Pitcairn Islands there is no cancer. In the West Indies there is none, where

isolation obtains. It is always more prevalent in flat, alluvial sections, than in mountainous regions. In Ravenna, Italy, where it is low, there were over 129 fatal cancer cases per thousand; in Cheti, in the heart of the Apennines, only 26 per 100,000; and in Abruzzi, and Sardinia, lower still.

2144. In South Australia, in 1885, there were but 0.32 per thousand of cases; but in 1900, coincident with prosperity, it rose to 0.59. It is not serious in the Arctic regions, nor in the Tropics. In Madras, the location of about one-half of the cancers, is in the cheek, jaw, or on the tongue, attributable to the habit of chewing the betelnut.

2145. Falls, blows, contusions and analogous occurrences, very frequently seem to determine the location of the trouble, and Doctor Clawson, a specialist, expresses wonder that healthy tissue can thus be so fearfully and suddenly transformed, as it apparently is.

2146. Hippocrates knew no Cancer. We know that it has increased over *eighty-seven fold!* It has doubled in prevalency during the last forty years! And two and one-half per cent is now the annual increase! Cancers are classified as hard; soft; lobular, and cylindrical. There are 90,000 deaths from them annually in the United States. There are few cases among the brown and black races.

2147. There are 3,000 cases of mouth cancer among males, to 600 among females—but even

they, by adopting the *cigaret*, can doubtless make it a fifty-fifty proposition, as it actually is, in stomach cancer, where the sexes break even in 31,000 cases.

2148. And now for my own attitude on this momentous problem. But to think of my venturing to speak in the presence of three such veteran experts as the *Doctors Mayo and Berkley!* Yet, one of these, surely, is as strong an advocate of *surgery* as the other is of *non-surgical treatment*—which fact I have already shown.

2149. Doctor Mayo advocates the knife, and contends that cancer is a local disease. I agree with Doctor Berkley that it is *constitutional;* and while having often seen surgery save lives, regardless of statistics, I still have a *better way* — a *free sovereign remedy!* Working oxen, in India, pulled by ropes tied thru holes bored in the base of their horns—and are great sufferers from cancer accompaniments. This is a puzzling fact, and tends to jar theories of cancer being constitutional. Let us not tarry, however, over confusing details, when enough is known to exterminate this bane of our civilization!

Autotoxemia,

2150. I maintain, causes fully *ninety-five* per cent of the Cancer curse! *Constipation* is a plainer word, for some people—and *white bread* is the

arch enemy in the premises! *Preposterous,* of course, till you weigh the evidence—which some might term, "*a corker!*"

2151. Unchallenged statistics show that cancer is *ten times* more prevalent, from the ages of 65 to 75, than it is from 35 to 45—clearly a *cumulative, constitutional, chronic, congested condition of toxic saturation!*

2152. I thus, in simple terms, state the *cause, prevention* and *cure of cancer.* But some may say this is just, plain, plebeian, prosaic piffle, and not *truly scientific.* I chance to have an item before me, over nine months old, which clearly has *class* and *wisdom!* I trust it will render unnecessary any further care on my part in this present field of desolation:

2153. Doctor Donald C. A. Butte, a physiological chemist of the State Department of Health, Pennsylvania, informed the Alumnae Association of the Women's Medical College, that he has discovered the cause of cancer. It arises from an excess of positive electric ions, or energy in cells of the body —"cellionization of the bodily tissues." When proper balance and distribution of these ions is present, normal metabolism, functioning, and life-cycle of the cells, result.

2154. "The cells, which comprise the entire bodies, are composed of positive and negatively charged portions, continually in active motion,

which interchanges. Their combinations and recombinations produce the various chemical, thermal and electrical changes necessary to carry on the organism. If this molecular motion is stabilized simultaneously thruout the cell, death will result"—and I appeal to the candid listener, if all, who henceforth consent to die of cancer, should not be classed as suicides?

2155. Nearly all these scattered facts I have cited, incidentally favor my claim. The great city of Hamburg, with all its striking extremes, and contrasts, has, naturally, in all sections, the uniform condition of *chronic constipation.* It is so different in *mountainous regions* where the population lives nearer to Nature, and strenuous exercise acts as a physical tonic.

2156. As to Heredity, I hold that it is only a *predisposition* that comes to us—not an inexorable fate. I recall the case of a father who died of cancer, at the age of sixty-two years and six months—and his son passed out at the same age, with a cancer, in the same locality. But, of course, that was a matter of mind-kill—of foolish psychology; and that which he anticipated he literally induced. I might cite the case of my friend, Doctor Y., who was repeatedly operated on for cancer of the bladder—yet died bladderless, and peacefully at the age of eighty. And his son, now in middle life, has just had an identical operation.

So surgery we see is not uniformly fatal—and heredity is but mildly suggestive, if our physical habits are hygienic and sensible.

2157. I have known several with lip and facial cancers who improved as soon as they quit tobacco. One of these was thus forced to drop the weed at 66, and passed away peacefully, of senility, at the age of 96.

2158. I have averred that 95 per cent of cancer cases should be attributed to *Autotoxemia.* And now, as I reflect, on the many cases I have known, I feel that fully 15, of this percentage, must be accredited to the *use of tobacco,* which so reduces the resistive power of the human constitution. And a second fifteen, to *venereal taints!*

2159. Those whose flesh will not heal, are generally cursed with hereditary syphilis. Such a heritage, surely, can easily develop cancer—and the profession may wrangle,while life lingers, as to which and what cancer really is. For one, I care not, since I can eliminate either, or both, of these baneful conditions, with equal facility. It is pertinent here, I feel, to state that the action of X-ray treatment of cancer is reported as "inexplicable and capricious."

2160. One woman in nine, and one man in thirteen, dies of cancer. Woman is more impressionable and susceptible than man; four times as often is her gall sac the seat of the disease. And this

results from mental depression—several instances of which I have personally known. Her sex organs are, *thirty times* over, more often the seat of this trouble than in the case of man.

2161. "Thick set" people are thus built, because their ancestors *ate* too generously, and *exercised* too sparingly—especially during pregnancy—and hence are most frequently cancer victims. Of course, if such, by healthy exercise and *proper diet,* will keep their *eliminators* perfectly attuned, they may still live long and die happy. And, since this curse has come upon humanity, so largely thru the gestatory period, posterity can never become immune, save by *prenatal* wisdom.

2162. Were I to talk mysteriously of laboratory experiments; invent several unpronounceable words, and offer a nauseous bottled mixture for *one hundred dollars,* the poor victims probably would rally about me, as to a moving picture show. But when it is seen that I am merely offering *gratuitously,* a simple, common sense remedy, which involves the modification of certain daily habits, withal, few will be able to retain faith or interest —altho death be the dire alternative! Yet I challenge the world to offer any other explanation which so perfectly elucidates every essential fact in the premises!

2163. And now, in these closing paragraphs, I will say, that, since the use of *white flour,* is doing

more to destroy the human race, than *alcohol* ever did, all who pride themselves on their good American citizenship, should join in passing the *twentieth Constitutional Amendment* — one which makes the milling of wheat into a denatured, *unnourishing, constipating, cancer-producing staff* of *death,* it shall henceforth be held a gross misdemeanor, to manufacture, transport, sell, or even to be found in possession of, this *racial curse!* But is it not too late for this forlorn bit of optimism?

2164. When a generation ceases to *love children,* and views *parenthood* as a crowning *misfortune,* to be averted at *any cost,* preferring to lavish affection on *lap dogs;* when it prefers bread of a fashionable, sepulchral hue, to that which is nutritious, and *painted faces,* to cheeks ruddy with the glow of *health;* when it tanks up with aliment, solely for gustatory pleasure, till the human contours are lost, and the task of *mastication* is sidestepped, till the *teeth disappear,* from lack of use, and proper nourishment; when it prefers *fiction,* to sober *facts,* and *shadow* to *substance,* who can have the hardihood to contend that it has "*survival* value," and oppose Nature's beneficent scheme for closing the sad scene with merciful *cancer?*

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Pertinent Probing of "Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation"

INTRODUCTORY

Eleven years ago to-day—*June* 26, 1924—the above named somewhat unique Corporation, received its perpetual Charter, here at our National Capital; and its first noteworthy publication—*Biogenetic Marvels: The Romance of Biology,"* comprising 190,000 words—is just issuing from the *Biogenetic Press, Washington.*

Its originator sought the advice of a gentleman who had been in his most intimate confidence for years. He had been the illustrious head of a famous College, and when there, withal, gave our President, Calvin Coolidge, his diploma. And it was by this cultured expert, that he was unhesitatingly urged to ally himself with our local Carnegie Institution—the most liberally endowed benefaction of its kind in the world, having fully *Twenty-five Millions.* "I breakfast daily with its President; it is just the place for you!"

A perusal of its Charter, confirmed this judgment, since Andrew Carnegie's own words were, "for the exceptional man, whether college bred or not." Yet the officials in charge were so exclusively distant, that, in the interest of our common humanity, a separate enterprise became the logical and inevitable sequel.

That ex-President of Amherst, had, at the start, most courteously granted a personal interview, and urged the plausible stranger to a seat at the family board, but repudiated his "wild claims regarding mysteries which the human intellect had never

been able to fathom." Yet he gave him thirty minutes in which to make good—and was enthusiastically converted in less than five, holding this visitor for over an hour, while spell-bound, and incidentally knitting ties of permanent friendship.

Exclusive

Those "Institution" dignitaries, however, condescended to but briefest correspondence, being recognized specialists in astrophysical problems, higher mathematics, and especially geophysics. Hence one focusing his attention on "the figure, distribution of density, and the cooling rate of the earth," could not be expected to become enthusiastic over, what Emerson called "the social slush."

This elite preference nevertheless, for *astronomics,* rather than *biogenetics,* must have cost humanity over *two hundred million precious infant lives!* Had the applicant claimed the discovery of minutest *satellite,* adrift thru inter-stellar space, an audience, and funds doubtless, would have been readily accorded him. It prides itself upon being "indispensable in the advance of civilization, because its relative freedom and flexibility make possible the consideration of problems not readily touched by other agencies, in view of the tendency to require immediately practical results."

Diffusion

The Charter of the "*Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation*" is strikingly similar to that of the "*Carnegie Institution.*" This latter, however, is designed for "*Original research,*" while the former is more especially for a *dissemination* of the fruitage, or results, of *half* a *century* of *pioneer* investigation—and its field should ever be the *world!*

Now a "Foundation" suggests an endowed institution, or benefaction; and latest dictionaries show that "Biogenetic," pertains to the origin of life; but the enigmatical factor is "*Starkweather,*" and no scrutiny of pages will satisfactorily enlighten; hence the present emergency.

Miscellany

What more perfect sample of heterogeneity, than is here presented with "Sermonets;" Aviation data; snatches of autobiographic incidents; overtures to the Peace Conference; a proposed address to that world gathering, of 5,000 words, which swells nearly forty fold—and is then given out as but one-sixth of the whole; promises of gratuitous editions, coupled with repinings that funds for the printer are lacking; and a head line, withal, announcing one *Billion Dollars* as the "Requisitory Endowment!" besides other anomalous and confusing melange. Was a lucid explanation ever more urgently demanded?

Certainties

But there is ample legal proof of the fact that George Briggs Starkweather, the originator of this *Foundation,* was born in New England, January 11, 1847, and that, in all his early years, he was a semi-invalid, and really did not get out into the world much, for individual action, till the age of thirteen, when, before arriving at twenty-six, he achieved *phenomenally,* in more than a dozen distinct lines.

His first move was as an ailing newsboy in an office where earnest citizens gathered to learn the latest news from Washington. Impaired health had led him into a chronic diary habit, and to adopt an original dietetic system, which insured health, and, incidentally, longevity. He learned of sexual dangers at the age of fifteen, and linked up sundry life plans. His Christian experiences, in those same years, broadened aims and accentuated his every step.

Sundry Devices

Science and invention had combined to produce a new food product, years before his birth; but it failed hopelessly. This problem seemed providentially thrown in his path; and he achieved, producing an article which yielded a twelve fold net profit—with both *supply* and *demand* unlimited! And why he

has allowed this boundless field to lie fallow so long, must presently be made apparent.

Having failed ten times, in as many months, on inventions for a given purpose, he most triumphantly achieved with the eleventh machine, winning thereby the undying friendship of the grandest magnate in the Southern Hemisphere! He worked out practically several other devices, with amazing rapidity.

Prospering

He married happily, and was blessed with children, which taught him the "Law of Sex," that was published in both the old and new worlds—and has daily proven ever truer. As a teacher of languages, and official translator for the courts, he was certified by a famous University. He succeeded also as an amateur preacher, and was President of the Y. M. C. A., in a great metropolis, when war and pestilence, for a second time, ruined flattering prospects. He was, furthermore, most conspicuously and publicly honored, for special services, by one of the world's great ruling Presidents!

Malice

Now, while the omission of proper nouns, in this brilliant recital, may be deemed justifiable, it leads to a species of vagueness, and to a classing of the summary itself, as being simply an array of *glittering generalities.* Truth is confessedly stranger than fiction; but when casual inquiries elicit whisperings that this vaunted wonder-worker, is merely, *"an unbalanced, impractical, ignoramus; a foredoomed, inevitable, chronic failure; visionary; very litigious; crooked as a snake, a church hypocrite; more infamous than Judas; robbed a widow; looted a treasury of* $160,000; *as crafty and criminal as he is crazy; of most infamous pedigree, and the best man in the world to shun,"* a psychologic, as well as biogenetic, complex is presented, of incomparable, magnitude, surely!

These fifty odd, uncomplimentary, quoted words, are a part of the *printable list* of epithets which have reached his ears.

The frequent plots to incriminate, even in recent weeks, will not be detailed—and just what the warning had been, which has caused many to shun his presence, in most conspicuous apprehension, must, of course, be left to inference and conjecture.

Concretely

George Briggs Starkweather repudiates as maliciously false, this systematized propaganda of decades, and challenges the world to present *any* censurable act of his, in any latitude, *ever!* He came here at the request of his friend, President Hayes' private secretary. Besides a spotless personal record, he can but exult in having had *four* exceptionally favorable lines of ancestry.

He stands to-day, as *originator* and *head* of the most *beneficent* and *momentous* enterprise *for human weal,* ever *vouchsafed* to *mankind,* whereby unnumbered *millions* of *precious lives,* can *annually* be *saved,* withal, from consignment to *premature graves!*

The premises considered, what might normally be viewed as a rehearsal of indelicate personalities, becomes a sacred duty and privilege. Hence, regardless of carping criticism, he will proceed, unperturbed, rejoicing if but a single precious life should be rescued!

Pedigree

I have taken special pains regarding *lineage,* and rejoice to find fewer regrettable incidents in my own ancestry, than in other lines which I have scrutinized—and would even welcome competitive tests in this field.

Yet, on the whole, I am treated to-day—thanks to specific efforts—as if I were the *sole survivor* of a tribe of *exterminated, blood-thirsty bandits,* who, on a technicality, was still at large, a *rabid monster,* and daily menace to the public! Whereas, during nearly fourscore years—the greater part of which have been spent right here—my every act has been characterized by *excessive kindness;* and I never knew a relative

who was ever charged, even with the raiding of a melon patch! —*"Well! I saw you speaking to him to-day, and I congratulate you on your escape; but, as you love your family, and friends, pray never chance it again!"* epitomizes the prevailing attitude.

Parentage

My plain, everyday sort of parents, were each remarkably capable; and I have often felicitated myself, with the passing years, that they were all that could be desired in the matter of purity of blood; of clean lives; were faithful toilers; of noble aspirations; with loftiest ideals, and had spiritual discernment!

Father's adolescent aim was to become a minister of the Gospel; but just helping to care for a dozen brothers and sisters, was the task of those minority years. And mother's several sisters could be spared in wedlock; but she, the "baby" of the family, must tarry in loving, filial service, for nearly a score of years, till, after the last sad rites, over both parents. Her father's Christian zeal was most conspicuous.

Bridal Aims

The fair maidens of that plain period, besides familiarity with all rural operations, including spinning and weaving, for their bridal outfits, were ambitious to have a little hoard of actual cash, worthily earned, and suggestive of thrift. And this particular faithful personality, now being described, had over *fifty* times the average accumulation—a natural concomitant of those years of frugal, filial fidelity.

Relatives by Marriage

When free to marry, her days of single blessedness were destined to be few—and a half dozen sisters-in-law became related to the transaction. Personal piety was the governing factor in that momentous step—and I do not know, to-day, where one could go and find seven as clean and promising brothers as were interested in this marital move. I am now consulting the volumes of a Commentary Bible, of over 5,000,000 words, and

nearly 3,000 pages, which was published about the month of their marriage—and each copy of the series, bears the names of my parents, stamped in gilt letters. It is but natural that the *foreign missionary field* should have become the common aspiration of their several children.

The sisters-in-law were doubtless a high average; yet one was piqued at the financial feature above indicated, and reported that, for this union, the days of *fertility* were past—which was repeatedly proven fallacious. She, furthermore, appears to have had a cheap sense of low humor, as is evidenced by her perpetrating that archaic jest, regarding the probable date of the culmination of parenthood, in the case of another of the "newly-weds."

Serious Consequences

Now I am not going to consume time over the tittle-tattle of four or five score years back, in the dim past; but I have already given enough of it, to explain the existence of this *Biogenetic Foundation*—as well as the sacrifice of *untold millions* of *little lives!* No formal autobiography is contemplated; yet my task will have proven measurably abortive, if any one who peruses these pages, remains in doubt concerning the writer's *actual, essential character.* Personal incidents reveal, where arguments and sophistries fail. They often carry conviction where affidavits, even, would prove superfluous. Human nature frequently appears at a disadvantage, and an expert psychometrist might well puzzle over some of our complexes; but I will now enumerate *seven causes,* which seems to cover the field, and help to make plain much that might otherwise prove incomprehensible to the lay mind.

(1) *Exceptional parental efficiency, persistency and fidelity.*

(2) *Six sisters-in-law*—one of whom caused *two family rifts.*

(3) The writer's *exceptional gestation.*

(4) Questionable practices.

(5) Reactionary Ecclesiasticism.

(6) *"Science"*—Since some fifteen years ago, when I published, "Formidable array of facts which conclusively prove that

a major premise of Science is *shockingly erroneous.*" And (7) Lucrative Practices—which lead to the query (8) *Survival Values?*

The object of this crude outline, is, to gradually throw light upon the path of G. B. S., which may reveal the "lions" that ever beset it—or, better said, perhaps, why he is painted as such a *hideous monster!*

Grandfather

I have already given a glimpse of my mother, and of her father, and will dismiss the latter after giving a brief incident: As was the custom in his time, he called one day to pay the annual family shoe bill; but an hour after the mutually satisfactory settlement had been reached, he returned and said a serious mistake had been made, which the honest shoemaker furiously denied—yet he graciously wilted when told more money was his due!

Brilliancy

Over forty years ago, here in the Interior Department, I recognized in one of its stalwart, high officials, the ideal student whom I had eyed from a distance, twenty years previously, in a far away jurisdiction—and naturally I made him cognizant of the fact. "Starkweather, that sister of yours, was the smartest scholar I ever saw!" And that declaration suggests giving another glimpse of her.

Teaching

She graduated with highest honors; and a school in the most select district of her native city, felt fortunate in securing ideal services. Ere long she was cheered by assurances, from sundry households, that the little ones were progressing finely—one of whom became world famous. Her predecessor, however, was a member of one of the "*first families*"—and trouble loomed.

Probably the most refined specimen of humanity I ever met, was that Committee man who told my sister how she utterly lacked the teaching faculty—hence was summarily discharged.

Yet, nothing daunted, she presently secured a choice position to teach in a cultured community, a hundred or two miles distant, and rapidly rose to be the Principal of its High School, and Superintendent of the schools in that entire section—the highest position held by any lady in a state having millions of people!

Reminders

Her Annual Reports were formidable documents, and, for *twenty-five years,* she took special pains to mail marked copies to the above indicated Committee functionary, and, ex-officio, pedagogic expert—but what a psychological treat it would be, to know his annually recurring thoughts! And, while some may not discern the pertinency of this recital, nor be reminded of my list of causes, (1 and 2), yet I certainly do. But I cannot let her drop out, without remarking that she was one of a family, *nine-tenths* of whose acts are ever altruistic! And I might indicate one of her steady benevolences, which totaled over *sixty thousand dollars!* While most of the items in these pages, really spring, at varying angles, from a basic *"exceptional efficiency, persistency* and *fidelity!"*

Chicago

We have all heard of that kick of a cow, which led to the burning of a great modern city. We are also mindful of how a cutting senatorial remark, about the stately step of a turkey gobbler, led to the assassination of one of our great Presidents. But that contemptible, baseless jest, of a sister-in-law, already alluded to—about the date of the first born's arrival—has, with the concatenation of events, directed ever by *envy* and *greed,* proven a *million times* more devastating and fatal!

Related by Marriage

In strictest accord with the *gestatory,* or *biogenetic laws,* under which we are all and severally, so inevitably brought forth, that insulted sister-in-law, gave birth to a son, who was naturally destined to bear our family name, altho the mother

had severed every relation with all of our kin—even before her early widowhood. Her high-strung spirit, and implacable temper, were impressed upon her child, and, after reaching his majority, he *destroyed her* with an *axe—"to get rid of a nuisance!"* And he was, by due process of law, properly executed, nearly sixty years ago!

This sporadic crime was, of course, deplored, altho not understood generally, as I have here explained. We are just now in a sister-in-law section; and I might fill a book with the trouble my mother's $1,500 caused, by an envious one's machinations, for over *threescore years!* I never heard of that horrible matricide affair, precipitating trouble, however, to any of our name, till a quarter of a century later, when I had just *one hundred times* the above sum, to bestow upon a friend, as will duly appear herein.

Meritorious Conduct

My mother's first essay in life was most brilliant, yet it precipitated the scourge of her existence, as already indicated. My father's first move was also highly successful—yet his excessive faith in mankind, ruined his business, and caused a journey of a thousand leagues, on an enterprise, to a region where war had just been declared—and my *gestation* was the added factor, for good measure. I came forth in the fullness of time—and the real problem is, whether such a unique specimen should be allowed longer to survive?

Gestatory

The Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation, rests on *ten thousand* solid, *scientific facts;* yet if it had simply its *author's gestation* and *personality* for a basis, that would be ample—and a *hundred times* more than the *reincarnationists,* for instance, have ever had! The husband's vision was always world-wide; while the wife and mother, with her six-year-old family, of three children—not to mention a coming one—always took a localized view of life and its responsibilities. Her savings all

in a mortagaged, suburban, twelve-acre farm; horse, cow, pig, chickens, crops, and an unreliable scheming caretaker to be watched; six sisters-in-law, drilled to criticize adversely, one of the most cautious and circumspect, pregnant, personalities extant, should furnish sufficient data for reflection on a strenuous situation.

"To go, or not to go," was a much debated question; and, while that mother ever abominated discussion, her son, the writer, would rather argue than eat—and victory ever seems partial to his banner. Maternal fondness for fruits—in plain sight, yet out of reach—and she too modest to seek any one's assistance, produced a child with an *insatiable appetite*—*"gestalack!"*

Idiosyncrasies

One of my earliest, greatest, yet most execrated achievements, was my dietetic system, for without it naught would have been! My love of little ones is boundless—and they surround me in flocks. Tender-heartedness favored my vegetarian practices for twenty years. In my own family circle, and the mother entertaining with some suitable selection, when pathetic passages occurred, all eyes would turn to see whether the tears would start first with *papa,* or in the little sister's orbs.

People abominate these "holier than thou" folks; yet I never could clench my fist to strike a blow; never had a "scrap"; never told a lie, nor have I ever had a temptation in most directions where so many fail. One lawyer here, employed to ruthlessly despoil, and who heartlessly triumphed, volunteered the remark to our son, years later, that he never saw such an utter lack of resentment as he noted both in him and his father! I have been provoked a thousand times, but I doubt if I have ever really experienced anger.

I have been called a "plunger," yet am the most cautious person ever seen! Bodies of water, to me, are always symbolic of *death;* and, when daily patronizing a ferry I could never keep my eyes off the life preservers, nor fail to thank high heaven, as we safely entered the slip. Of course, this is only the inherited,

maternal feeling of apprehension; for calm reason, and the law of chance, ever govern me. On numberless occasions the wife, with a smile, would suggest my epitaph: "Who, thru fear of death, was all his lifetime subject to bondage." And yet, in those very years, I was perfecting my Aerial "Storm-King Safetys!"

On two occasions, surely, experts pronounced me "one man in *ten thousand!*" But in this quest of what and why, we come to (4) Questionable Practices; and *Conscience* has ever been as marked a trait in me as is *Caution.* People object to folks parading their religion on their sleeve, and I am painfully aware that the same principle applies to the face. Yet I could pick pockets with as clear a conscience as I could let a razor touch my modest visage—a *seventy year attitude!*

Thus, some might term my beard an integral part of my religion, because I cannot bring myself to insult the Creator, by indulging in an easy score of common practices—all of which offend. I used to be so simple minded as to expostulate with professing Christians over spending more for *tobacco* than for *foreign missions,* while the heathen perish. But I have learned to simply ask if they can recommend the enslaving vice; or how many times they have tried to quit? I recall one worker, in a foreign field, who abandoned the habit, because "it deadened the moral sense," he found. And I am pleased, at this very juncture, to read of one who has just left $100,000 for human uplift—which he saved by quitting the use of tobacco!

Nicotin

I came to know a young and zealous missionary spirit, whom I could but admire. He seemed rather proud of his cigar, and I told him how it pained me, whereupon he assured me that if I would show him any reason for quitting, he would gladly do so. Hence I spent a couple of days drafting the reasons for my attitude—and this essay he read with evident gusto, to a half dozen of us; mailed it to his superior, and promised to answer me, later.

Both of them it seems were addicts; and the nearest to a reply I ever received, was, the assurance that his chief declared he could knock all I had said "into a cocked hat"—and, after months, I learned the folly of even alluding to that style of head gear. But this young aspirant, who daily sat with me, at the table of a friend, began to comment upon how my *one meal* must overtax the stomach—altho far less than Science decrees. To prove my veracity, I doubled my ration one morning—but instead of its serving to vindicate, he sought to make that test incriminate me; and, strange to relate, it actually made them, severally, hostile for decades. And this case is only typical of many.

Dogmatism

Reactionary Ecclesiasticism (5) is next on my list of detracting causes. Holy Writ tells us how the *letter kills;* but the *spirit* giveth life. And who ever taught by parables, and figurative language, more often than the ever blessed Jesus? "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up!" He was the *way,* the *truth* and the *life;* the *good shepherd;* the *vine,* and we the *branches.* At that Last Supper, with wonted simplicity, he beautifully symbolized and directed a perpetual, memorial service, in those familiar words, as he broke the bread: "This is my body;" and of the wine: "This is my blood of the New Testament."

But, hush! These last quotations are to be taken *literally,* some one says; and *instant death* to whosoever hesitates to *prostrate* before a *deified wafer!* Truly, modern ecclesiastical and civil laws vouchsafed religious freedom; and yet, archaic customs survived intact, when the writer was selected, as the one man on a continent, willing to assume the hazardous task of modernizing a reactionary region—never expecting to survive.

Thirty months of fearless, public discussion, in the press, culminated in the most spectacular triumph conceivable, and overwhelming vindication! But the vanquished have never ceased to *trail* and *harass* one whom they hold to be, "viler than ever a devout follower of the one meek and

Of course, "Science" (6) considers the *unpardonable sin* has been committed by any one who impudently avers that a "formidable array of facts, conclusively proves that one of its major premises is *shockingly erroneous*;" hence we are reduced to Lucrative Practices, (7) to discover any remaining, recondite causes, and to doubtfully contemplate *Survival Values!* (8).

While discussing my gestation, (3) I might well have noted that mother's *abject attitude,* in pleading guilty to being several years older than her husband, was so impressed upon me, that extemporaneous speaking borders on the impossible—until an issue is raised in which *reason* and *conscience* are prominent factors, when I suddenly wax eloquent, and sweep the decks.

I recall a case in Court in which I was but an incidental, and most embarrassed witness, and how the opposing attorney ached to get hold of me, and "ball me up!" His first cross-questioning query was broad, which let loose from me such a volume of scorching facts, that his case was forthwith ruined!

Virgin Fields

My aversion to all routine duties, and ever yearning to grapple with the unknown, and seemingly impossible, are most unmistakable idiosyncrasies of my gestatory period. My limited capacity as a reader, yet fondness for letter writing, and phenomenal memory of dates, can be similarly explained. I have beside me, a letter which I wrote at the age of nineteen, to a casual, street-car conductor, *eight thousand* miles away! It contains 13,500 words—and, to prove my sanity, I must add, that the inspiring motive was, the hope that a certain *young lady* would share in its perusal. Another letter, in those early days, I wrote as a matter of vindication. It was *eighty-four feet long,* and contained 20,000 words—and foreign postage was ruinously high in those days.

Early Incidents

It is always interesting to learn how people of mature years earned their first money. I had been wrestling with a small,

dainty green, pictorial primer, in the little red school house, at the fork of the roads, for several weeks, when I convulsed my first public audience, consisting of the school marm and a score of pupils.

I was about five years old, and, having finished the illuminated alphabet, was beginning to read illustrated incidents from that book in the teacher's lap. "The eagle has carried away the rabbit. Poor little rabbit!" And I could not doubt the fact most graphically pictured before me. But my sympathetic soul was so wrought up, that when it came to saying, "P-o-o-r ittl labbit," my voice would falter, and the tears start, while the heartless listeners would convulse with laughter—teacher and all. And how I was encored!

The boys told the blacksmith, across the street, all about it, —and the tender of a big copper cent, from him, overcame my childish reluctance to repeat the harrowing tale. And, altho that was but my first public performance, it reveals the individual as unmistakably as all subsequent incidents of a life—which, be it noted, are invariably of even tenor.

Probably at the age of six, a neighbor sent me a solitary two-day-old, September, chicken, for my very own. It was a little cream, velvet ball—the cutest, dearest thing I had ever seen. I hastened to prepare corn meal for it, and took it to an outer building, to feed on the floor, and I closed and bolted so that no intruder could harm. There was a window in that door, however, and one small pane of glass missing, thru which a youngster outside, dropped in some tiny chip or pebble, in a spirit of childish playfulness. And I reciprocated, while watching my tiny pet peep, pick and chick. Then, seeing nothing else at hand, I dropped out a heavy wooden last—and an instant later it came back, struck my little cosset dead, and just broke my heart!

I probably had that treasure less than fifteen minutes, and yet never loved anything so tenderly—nor suffered greater anguish of soul, for I felt that I was almost its murderer! Mother urged me not to mourn, as "it had no soul;" and I cried myself

to sleep on her bed, while the fall winds sympathetically bemoaned outside—and, to this day, they bring back that sad hour!

A few months later, I saw a stray black cat around the barn, with two feet of cord about its neck. I managed to catch and shut it in a barrel, and invited boys, after school, to call and see it. But it had escaped; yet again I caught it, slipping under a building. They proposed taking it up to a pond in the edge of the woods, and ducking it. This they did, throwing it back in, a full score of times, till it was drowned, regardless of their many promises for "just this once," plus its piteous wails, and my agonizing screams! But, oh, my guilty role again, of *particeps criminis!*

It must have been the next summer, when our large field of corn was tall, that I was left in charge at the noon hour, probably to keep a grazing animal or two in proper place. I had seen holes here and there, and was told they were made by rats, most likely. But it seemed to me incredible, insomuch that, instead of pulling weeds, or watching cattle, I was seized with a canine bent, and resolved to paw the soil and explore one of those small holes.

It was about the diameter of a half dollar, and zigzagged around some six inches below the surface. I lost it several times, but persisted for probably thirty minutes, and excavated with my bare hands for a distance of seven yards, when I came to the tails of a pair of rats, and the excitement was intense till I managed to dispatch both—which has ever made me feel that there is a bit of *nil desperandum* in my make-up—altho the trifling incident was presently forgotten by every one save myself.

Mother

A single item or two, will reveal enough at this juncture: However low the larder might be found, because of a husband's vast aims, nothing was ever allowed to interfere with each child's comely appearance at church and Sunday School, even in stormy, winter weather. And several of them had won the

prize of a nice Bible for having committed to memory certain chapters, and the Westminster Shorter Catechism.

When all had gone to day-school, in the morning; the baby asleep in the cradle, and the writer, just enough under the weather to be allowed to remain at home, I used to realize that I was practically alone; and the stillness was almost oppressive, till I could hear my mother's voice in prayer, at her morning devotions, in another room.

One Sunday, at about that period, I recall, when others were away, and she sat by the fire reading—probably some missionary publication—that suddenly she covered her face, sobbing and weeping like a child, for fully five minutes. The world never had seemed such a dreary waste to me; but I finally mustered the courage to ask her why she was crying. And she said she had been reading of a family so rich as to have a whole basin of salt, while the neighbors had none; and she wept to think of the account we must render with our numberless blessings.

Personal Religion

We often hear of those forced to attend church in early years, who, later, always shunned sacred places—but such does not fit my case. I recall, at the age of eight, one Sunday, when there were four inches of snowy slush, on muddy, country roads, and the weather generally so forbidding that all church plans for the day were abandoned. But mother's remark, that it was a pity for our pew to be empty all day, inspired me to go afoot, without rubbers, to both morning and afternoon services, and, of course, give the text of each sermon—the feat involving over *nine miles'* walk, thru sloppy sludge.

"Under Conviction"

In those days, mother, one evening, at twilight, took her oldest child into the "keeping room," for a talk on personal religion; and many tears and sobs were in evidence. I understood, and was a silent intruder and listener, and really felt aggrieved that I was not deemed worthy of some notice also.

As soon as they parted, I hastened to introduce myself by inquiring of mother the cause of those tears, and was told, "She wants to be a Christian; don't you?" And I eagerly said, "Yes." "Well, you must pray with the psalmist, Create in me, O God, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." And the faithful soul hastened away to her household duties, feeling, I am sure, that I was too young to waste words upon.

Yet, for *ten years* thereafter, I never retired, without kneeling and fervently adding that, to the usual petitions of childhood —and I somehow feel that those prayers were answered. Then I repeatedly inquired of her the way of salvation, but was always put off with something about the immensity of the problem—her evident reason being, that she was so apprehensive of "false hopes" being indulged.

Now I was planning to cross the ocean, yet dared not depart in that uncertain frame of mind, with only a frail plank between me and eternity! So I rejoiced when she told of a noted evangelist who was coming, and would make it all so clear. But she wept, as she was starting for the first meeting, with two of her grown, unconverted children, expecting me to be the third, when I told her I could not, as I had "other engagements." The fact was, I did not feel that I could go, mindful only of *self;* so had the promises of three others to accompany me. Yet what a pity the spirit of that age was not such, that we could freely have unbosomed our hearts!

Thanks to that evangelist's public assurances, December 14, 1864—the day I "first indulged hope;" or, rather, *knew* that I was Christ's—became the happiest day of my life; and I planned to join a church. But I was quietly told that such a step "would just kill mother," as she could conceive of no genuine conversion that had not been preceded by days of tearful *"conviction!"*

So this solemn formality was postponed for ten years, when the solicitous maternal heart was able to look on approvingly—altho inwardly feeling it was "flat," because an ever *tearless* affair. The proper date, however, was *twenty years* earlier, I

feel, when that psalmist-prayer was so soulfully adopted. Excessively conscientious from the cradle—never having uttered a wilful untruth, even, in my entire life—how could I, with sincerity, proclaim myself the "chief of sinners?" And this reminds me, that, after the days of parenthood arrived, I had one of the frankest of talks with our family physician, when he assured me that I was "one man *in ten thousand!*"

Marked Ability

My parents were exceptionally efficient, and the slurs that I am an "impractical visionary," call for a few lines of testimony, surely, since my reliability as an errand boy, was noticeable almost from the cradle. The poultry was early put in my charge, and no fowl could successfully "steal a nest" from me. I could tell the author of each egg, and so unhesitatingly pass the death sentence on any "slacker."

As a gatherer of nuts and berries, I was always the "lucky one," and gleaner of the field, with fullest pail or basket. My fondness for fruits was most pronounced, and I had the reputation of beginning on the apple crop as soon as it was well out of the blossom. Four large cherry trees were in my keeping. The one with the bluebird house, had longest limbs, hence the hardest to effectually glean.

It was probably my sixth summer, when I had the tree stripped of its many quarts, down to two solitary, yet goodly, specimens of this mouth-watering fruit. They must not be abandoned, and the longer I looked, the more luscious they appeared, and the stouter that particular branch seemed to grow. So I ventured out, and was within an inch or two of them, when over tilted the limb, and a lusty shriek brought the maternal arms underneath, into which I safely dropped.

Descending

A neighbor called and incidentally complained, withal, how few eggs they were getting, and wondered if any one was stealing them. My theory was that they were overlooked; and

a day or two later, chancing to be there with another lad, I suddenly resolved to find a hidden nest or two, altho the lofts were then empty of hay. But a moment later, the long flooring board on which I stood tilted, and I was precipitated, in a cloud of dust and hay seed, onto the back of a frightened, vicious cow, tied in a small apartment. My playmate gave the alarm, and the good farmer was presently there to unlock, and let me out. But I felt that appearances were against me, and that a suspicion of egg poaching, might easily be the only reward for my altruistic aims.

Faithful in Little

We moved into the city when I was ten, and errands became second nature to me. One incident, I feel, reveals volumes, and shows how far I was from pilfering: It was midwinter, in a northern latitude, and Saturday, that I was sent to market and grocers, up town, three or four times, starting with a five dollar bill. I now reflect that I could dishonestly have appropriated an average of five per cent on those transactions. Just once my plea was granted—for a *penny*—with which I bought a *pair* of *wooden pocket-combs*—not candy. It was at a high toned, unusual place, that I bought, withal, a gallon of molasses, for sixty cents, and I figured it out, before reaching home, that he had only deducted for half a gallon. So, after conferring with mother, I hastened back, with light step, the better part of a mile, and gave him thirty cents, with the assurance that he had only deducted for half a gallon. He sensed my view point, half apologized, commended my honesty, and rewarded me with four or five nice apples—which, regardless of the season, rapidly melted, while I felt, "What a good boy am I!"

Hours later, in balancing up the day's exchequer, mother found there was a three-dime deficit, which, evidently, I had mistakenly returned, and, of course, must promptly recover. But, oh, the agonies of that final trip! Modernizing the incident, it may be said, that I "looked like *thirty cents*" as I entered for the final adjustment.

He was *white*, thruout. Yet, why didn't I insist upon paying

for those apples, instead of appearing as a petty crook? *Chill penury* is the only answer. There were no funds in the family treasury, I felt, which could be appropriated for such an extravagance! Hence, after the lapse of over three score years, from force of habit, I still, instinctively strive to avoid passing that particular block. And if, happily entering those "Pearly Gates," I should chance to see that grocer's benign countenance, a guilty sort of a shudder I apprehend would course up my vertebrae.

Lest the reader conclude from this last incident, that I was, in those days, just an all round sort of a sissy or mollycoddle, and deficient, withal, in the arithmetical faculty, I will present another, which transpired that next summer.

Neighbor T. had a few outlying acres, and felt fortunate in securing the help of father S. and son G. B., on some definite basis, to harvest his hay crop. And, of course, we all had a hasty snatch of lunch in the field at midday—when, naturally, there was nothing more proper and economical, than that I should be sent over half a mile across lots on some specific errand.

My return was about an hour later than anticipated, and father took me sharply to account to know the cause of that delay: "Didn't you find this and that just as we told you?" "Yes, sir." "Then why so late?" "I found some blackberries along the fence line."

"But can't you see what trouble you have made, and a dead loss of *ten cents* worth of your time?" "Ugh—no!" "Why not?" "Because I had *twenty cents worth* of the nicest blackberries I ever tasted!"

Neighbor T.— who might be called the one who was really "holding the bag," fairly rolled over with convulsions of laughter —and would be seized with risible fits at intervals till sundown!

Worthy Aspirations

The greatest yearning desires that ever possessed me, came at about the age of thirteen, when the Prince of Wales, then in

his 'teens, was visiting in this country. His refined, innocent face was pictured, seen and admired by all.

The Rev. Dr. R. an anti-tobacco specialist, wrote the Prince an open letter, pointing to the millions of youth he could influence for good or ill by his example and personal habits—especially in the matter of tobacco. And I never so craved anything in my life as I then did some position where *my conduct* might be an *example* to *youth!*

Again, by the year, when I read how young people, all over the country, were writing to Horace Greeley for advice, how I longed for such a sphere of influence—and "Go *West!*" would never have covered my field!

Newsboy Days

At the age of twelve I began my independent business career, as elsewhere told, and my practical sense, or a lack of it, is the question at issue. It was in 1859, in the editorial rooms where Gideon Welles—the most dignified personality I ever met—was wont to discuss those burning political issues, before President Lincoln summoned him to his Cabinet. His son Thomas was my seatmate at school.

But I must not further reiterate; so will summarize by simply saying that in three years, on my own initiative, I built up, from a simple paper route of office customers, a newsboy affair which bred carrier's customers. Then with this same line, I combined that of the opposing political party, morning, noon and evening, making practically thirteen most profitable routes, operated by me, individually, and giving eminent satisfaction to all concerned—and *I* such a critic of the *"lucrative practice!"* When I sold out the good will, to enter upon more manly pursuits, Mrs. D., a policeman's wife, said, "I am so sorry you are going. We have always held you up as a model to our son!"

Uniform Traces

Hunters and naturalists can readily determine what animal or species, operated here or there, because of the uniformity of

conduct in any environment. And so with human acts—a striking similarity appears thruout the course of each personality. Inherited and inculcated therapeutic errors, I concede, probably caused the death of two children—which, however, led to my saving four others of our family given over by physicians—not to mention greater achievements. But with this sad exception, phenomenal success has attended my every move—and I preserve legal proof of my accuracy from childhood's distant days.

Friendship

My paper route affairs in those stirring Sumter days won for me, withal, the friendship of a noble editor for thirty years. He would leave his desk and travel hundreds of miles to meet, or to favor. He would borrow money to help me. He would have spent his last dollar in my vindication. "Draw on me at sight;" and, "Unchanged and unchangeably your friend," were his favorite words to the end! Hence, after his untimely departure, and I positively knew from him that no one was aware that he had handed me, unconditionally, *fifteen thousand dollars,* I hastened to explain all and tender his estate a *ten fold* return. My published tribute, of a thousand words, to his memory, I must here omit, save its final paragraph:

"Peace to thy lowly pillow. May the chilling blasts of winter never reach that narrow bed. May the budding plants of spring, as they rise around thy grave, comfort the bereaved and sorrowing ones left behind, with the thought of thy bright life beyond the tomb. May thy slumbers, faithful friend, be broken only by the joyous greeting, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' "

Dietetic Success

I was, with my seventeen years, just forty pounds under weight, and losing two and a half ounces daily. I adopted a food but *seven times* a *week,*

as a *life habit*, which stamps me as "Crazy;" yet this alone for genetic reasons clearly indicated, insures an ever improving condition of health for me, with each decade.

Practical Sense

Besides that amazing innovation, I joined a logging camp, and became so expert with an axe that I could cut down a tree, level with the ground, leaving a stump that looked as if one had sawed it off. As teamsters would describe me: "You can't hook him up wrong." And in those days the boss sent me to help at pile driving, for the repair of a wharf. The gang was all foreign, save the educated, expert youth in charge, and I, a raw recruit. A giant derrick had to be lifted over a great hawser post, standing up two feet above the floor level, and sundry futile efforts were made to circumvent the difficulty.

Our chief, in despair, called a halt, said he must go ten miles to the city, for a jack-screw. He shouted to the passing 'bus, some fifty rods away, and dashed up the hill, leaving me in nominal charge of the men till his return. But before he reached that conveyance, I had overcome the difficulty, and he was called back in the nick of time—a wiser, but, at heart, not much happier man, probably.

Brief Recital

Let us now follow one case from its inception: Lincoln's choice of a Naval Secretary,in 1861, caused a vacancy in a newspaper office, which brought a young editor, with a charming bride, who was called from a distance: The stripling carrier-boy pleased him at headquarters, and won her gracious smile each evening at the hotel, when he left the daily news. To count the papers of the other lads, was a matter of routine; but it seemed insulting to thus verify this one's count. It ere long developed that they knew most favorably, relatives of his. And with the changes of years, that editor never missed an opportunity to inquire after the welfare of this, to him, interesting youth, which led to his becoming their regular newspaper correspondent from

a distance of thousands of leagues, and to his sending pictures of self and bride—which wove bonds of permanent friendship.

Fifteen years later, the ravages of war, pestilence and "black Friday," forced this full grown youth, most reluctantly to call at that newspaper sanctum for a suggestion—and nothing could exceed the interest taken, and the relief afforded to conditions of which he little dreamed at the time. It probably was treasured by him as the most satisfying episode of his life; and he later said, "If ever a prompting came from above, it was at that lonely night hour!"

More of Sunshine and Shadow

His rose-grown cottage, and idolizing wife, would have been an ideal home, but for its childless feature. And when the two little motherless darlings, of his foreign correspondent, prattling in two languages, would climb into his lap, his countenance revealed such adoration for those cherubic treasures! And the loyal wife could but smother her cruel regrets!

A "new mother" and a commanding position, hundreds of miles distant, were achievements which this editor-friend rejoiced to have been able to effect, in the interest of this model aspiring youth. And with what pleasure he took his wife to visit that happy quartet, with vines, bloom and fragrance on every hand.

But two months later, those little pets were victims of acclimation perils, which had been wrongly estimated, and the four adults most deeply concerned, each felt almost criminally culpable, and was disposed to personally assume the entire blame.

Thenceforth, there was a sacredness in the relation of these two couples, which the word *friendship* fails to convey. This editor felt that he never could make amends for the injury wrought. "Draw on me at sight for any need" was his standing request—yet so delicate was the relationship, that a draft for any conceivable emergency was unthinkable!

Six years later, with little tots and namesakes about, it was voted that the big-hearted, ex-newsboy, would be a perfect hus-

band, if he could but forget, for the moment, a suffering world, and concentrate upon the needs of his growing family. Whereupon that father hastened to insure his life for $5,000, as straw security. Then he found a home site, and consented to accept the necessary $500. advance, as a loan from his friend's wife—and rare sagacity was conceded by all concerned.

Exceptional business ability had been demonstrated, and the editor had even borrowed money to hand his young friend, without receipt or stipulation. This matter, however, because his vast plans had caused Congress to reverse its policy, had dragged for six years, when, on a visit, the youth told his benefactor, that, with interest, it totaled $15,000. He was then assured by his friend that not even the wife of his bosom had been given any inkling of the matter, lest she might worry. And this was December 26, 1889, when they parted after sundry confidences.

Dissolution

Sixteen days later, he quietly passed out, of heart failure, in his sixties, the average for his family, leaving $75,000 to his most domestic, childless widow—without bonds, and unconditionally. She had told, that, next to her husband, these Washington Starkweathers were held in highest esteem, and, had proposed, that we set apart a guest chamber as her very own, where she would feel free to tarry at pleasure. In notifying us of her bereavement, she wrote that her husband, in those last days, had said he never esteemed the writer so highly as then. And she asked me to please explain clearly any unfinished business between us, as she was not a woman of affairs.

I had no dream of his approaching end when we parted, and was shocked and saddened. We had intuitively read each other. He wished his name never to appear in anything. He felt sure of my integrity and excessive generosity. If disaster should befall me, he did not wish to be swamped thereby. He told me of recent losses thru swindlers — possibly $10,000 — and I felt morally certain that my satisfactory conduct had led him to be over trustful of others. Hence, I repeatedly told him

not to worry, as the returns from assisting one worthy person, would reimburse his losses thru crooks many fold. I also made roseate forecasts, and he spoke of the pleasure he should have touring the country, in a private palace car, filled with "little Starkweathers." And he also told me his anticipation of traveling in Europe again—this time with his wife, and drawing upon me as his banker.

I recall a summer vacation when we were all visiting them, and he knew the hostile local attitude, due to sundry *in-law* propagandas, that he hired the finest outfit obtainable, and in the most conspicuous manner possible, drove about the streets of that rich city to show their pride in our friendship. And in passing that superb, marble State House, I asked the destiny of sundry conspicuous niches on its walls. He said that one of them was reserved for the native son who should *conquer the air!*

When these dealings began, several years previously, I was a clerk on a modest salary, in the Interior Department, and a lawyer clerk beside me, queried as to my big transactions in frequent real estate deals, and I told him of this friend—when he declared it was the most *amazing* story he had ever heard! But I am now to relate what is a hundred times more astonishing; for everything was safely, legally mine, if I should elect to so consider it. I had resigned three years previously, to save that friend from possible loss. My family was suffering. I could get the best of affidavits attesting that my investments were dead losses.

The Brighter Side

Yet, I wrote optimistically to that widow, and, after condolences over the death of her noble husband, confided all, and assured her that in a few weeks, I should remit a *ten fold* reimbursement—or $150,000—and the sequel proved that my estimate of values was correct. But was she, or I, dreaming, and indulging in fairy visions? She showed my bounteous epistle to neighbors and relatives—and one, a real estate expert,

with his friend, came to study the situation, whereupon I unreservedly presented the facts, and speedily converted them to my views regarding values. They dwelt upon the folly of my gratitude, since that benefactor was dead, and his widow was amply endowed.

Fidelity

Seeing my unwavering attitude, however, they studied a couple of days, and then approached me with a proposition to incorporate; simply refund $15,000 to the widow, and then give me *twenty-five* per cent of the stock in our company—they each the same, and the last fourth a gift to some influential friend—which I promptly said might be considered, if *fifty-five per cent* were allotted me. This, of course, gave them my measure, at once, and I can only imagine what they reported to obscure their infamous plot.

My royal friend had thrown himself absolutely into my power, to the extent of his advances, and I had reciprocated whole-heartedly; while the widow wrote me, that she wished to proceed precisely as the dear departed would have done—and I held each in like sacred regard. The policy had been one of implicit confidence; yet I stood ready to readjust all on an ironclad business basis, any hour, at less than five dollars expense!

Power of Publicity

My plans, and advertising, had been so comprehensive, as to startle our District Commissioners, and to cause an absolute reversal of policy regarding a greater Washington, on their part, as well as of Congress, and, also, of one giant railway system. These reversals had paralyzed my efforts for the three years preceding my friend's death, insomuch that I had resigned my Government office—for neither my wife nor I could tolerate the thought of our friend suffering pecuniary loss.

Constant Tension

With obligations and foreclosures looming, after I had agonized for seven days, I simply told my wife that I should break

with a second week of such mental and physical strain—yet relief only came after *two hundred and eighty one of just such weeks*. My friend had died; but I rejoiced that a few weeks later, all had opened up, and I could pay his estate a generous *ten fold*—meanwhile I had managed to hold things together, by selling our family home—which that first $500 loan had secured —and turning in its *eighteen thousand dollars* clear cash profit, to relieve the real estate strain. But the incredible features are now in order, and with no possible discount on the accuracy of my every assertion!

Power of Greed

That idolized husband, and royal friend, died thirty-four and a half years ago, and his hapless widow survived him for over fourteen perplexing years; yet, not only did my proffered $150,000 fail of acceptance, but only a fraction of the paltry principal ever reached that estate. I never could consent to tender less, and by a miracle of persistency, my assets were increased over a hundred fold; yet, by methods no less agonizing than iniquitous, the last foot of all that, and much other land, and the last dollar, have been taken!

But it must not be assumed that the final actor in this tragedy was heartless, for he actually offered me some of his *cast off garments!* Nor should it be inferred that I grieve and repine over personal wrongs and sufferings—which are relatively negligible, surely. It is those 37,000 *infants* which are perishing *daily* and *needlessly*, that distress my soul, and which these sinister influences combine to perpetuate.

Is it not incredible, that a refined lady, with an idolized husband, and in easy circumstances, with their choicest treasure the friendship of a family of seven, whose pedigree they had known intimately for a generation, could be widowed, and, in her inconsolable grief, suddenly be made to turn against all these, by artful schemers?

My proffered gift of $150,000, precipitated all this metamorphosis, because greedy ones sought gain, and lawyers wanted

fees. That widow was *hypnotized* into an acceptance of the dictum, that both she and her husband, had been dupes and fools for decades, and that the idolized family was but a dangerous pack of *leeches* and *vipers!*

Subtlety

This, of course, is incredible; but let me proceed, for the emergency was extreme, and lawyers declined to act for me, till I struck a leading firm, the head of which I had known as a courteous youth. I had a long night interview at his house, and he told me the uncomplimentary sobriquet by which the opposing lawyer was known "all over the state."

The next morning, at his office, I met the partner, whose illustrious sire I had known, and the fortunate feature, all conceded, was, their thoro knowledge of the artful opposing counsel. I had not long to wait for the return of this junior partner from our opponent's office. He was boiling with rage, and washed his hands of the whole affair; made no charge, and stipulated that I should not again set foot in their office. "If I were that widow, I would tell you to go to *Hell!*"—to go to HELL!!!

I hastened to that opposing counsel's office to learn the worst, as he advised, and, in vaguest terms, was calmly given to understand that I had violated substantially the entire penal code. "I tell you this to your face, and you don't even blush. It is *because you have been told it so many times that you* can't *blush!*"

They had directed the widow how to get me to put myself legally in her absolute power. Then, to have me put in writing my every wish in the premises, but for her, never to write a word to me—which increased my incidental expenses a thousand fold. My imploring calls on her attorney, for over a decade, led to one invariable reply, "We're *considerin.'*" The written appeals of an agonizing wife, on the verge of insanity, with her starving family, touched no widow's heart!

On one of my numberless visits, I called late at that lawyer's

house, and made sundry proposals, for over an hour, while his refined wife was in plain sight, in the back parlor—to all of which, the premeditatedly coarse, brutal response, blurted out in each instance, was, not the stereotyped "We're considerin,' " but, "No! *Your record's too tough!*" while I politely entreated for the *remotest hint* of any dereliction on my part, *ever;* but to no purpose. Yet the next morning on the street, he came so near to apologizing, that I feel sure his wife had given him a curtain lecture, after my departure.

Some may argue that he really was sincere in believing me a monster of iniquity, because of some adverse report, but this is impossible, for, after years of this systematic torture, he wrote me to meet him at the leading Washington hotel. He said the widow was weary of the drag, and would settle on *any terms I* desired. But, just as persistently as ever, I insisted upon a *ten fold* return!

The real explanation of that anomaly, was, that they had mislaid the paper that bound me, and supposed it lost. But, ere long it was found, when they proceeded to mercilessly immolate, throwing my properties to the winds. And this of itself would have been negligible, had I not developed interests elsewhere, *many fold* greater, which these local disasters were jeopardizing—and did practically ruin.

I casually learned that my professed gratitude and "ten fold" recompense tenders, were but absurd camouflages, put forward to thwart suspicion, and investigations, which would mean a *penitentiary term!* It was made to appear that I had practically *robbed* and *killed* this benefactor, with my cruel machinations—and was dreading consequences.

Record Evidence

In the course of these happenings, a ray of hope appeared, and I managed to borrow about twenty-five dollars, to go in person to that widow's banker, with tangible facts, which should break the deadlock—for a man of purer character than he, never lived, I feel sure: There was a property I had long held, into which

I had put less than $2,000 of my editor-friend's money. I had also waiting purchasers for this wild gulch, but it had been held up to the widow and her advisers, as one of my imbecile acts—the blowing of that confiding husband's good money into a *worthless hole!* It was proper for her to execute a release, and I could then perfect that sale for $75,000, cash. In fact, the transaction was consummated, deeds passed and recorded, but the title could not be perfected without a release from her.

One of the purchasers—a banker, withal, of good standing—begged me to tell him as to who, and where, and he would go, at his own expense, feeling sure he could induce proper action; and upon his return, with a chuckle, he told how he had represented, that, by the execution of a release, a sale for $10,000 might possibly be effected.

Here, then, was my chance for vindication. Equipped with some half dozen actual documents, signed, sealed and duly recorded, I entered the sanctum of that saintly Bank President, and found that he had had a pleasant business call from banker So-and-So, and learned such and such. I then told the facts and submitted the most absolutely conclusive proofs conceivable. But he would not even touch, or glance in my direction, pronouncing them all a bunch of my *forgeries*—and both of us, *deacons,* in good and regular standing. Yet I have something more astounding still, to add now:

Local legal talent, right here in Washington, was finally deemed essential to safeguard the widow's interest, and, fortunately a friend and relative was available and duly appointed, when his report confirmed my every utterance regarding that $75,000 sale. But did it vindicate me? Nay, verily! The psychosis of the complex was such, that it but served to magnify my *blood-thirsty fiendishness,* and to make the pure and innocent turn pale and tremble as they contemplated my *diabolical subtlety and enormities!*

That widow was the daughter of a lawyer, but a stranger to business responsibilities. No more tender heart than hers ever beat, until she was, I am persuaded, practically *hypnotized* by

stronger minds, when it became as flint, callous even to the appeals of an epistle written at midnight, and drenched in tears, from a half distracted mother, whom she had long called her dearest friend!

Home, Sweet Home!

And this is, withal, an entering wedge into the sacred precints of the domestic circle, and home life, of which I must give glimpses, in justice to this same widow: With a wholly dependent family, often, here in the District suburbs, for years having but the most precarious means of support, there was "no place like *home*"—for *pinches!* I recall the instance of a brave little fellow, who climbed a tree, at the risk of his life, to capture a young crow which he thought a druggist would pay twenty cents for alive. But he found him overstocked, and we could not bring ourselves to kill and eat that squab.

With a forced smile, I once approached certain local charities, for information as to their system of procedure, and was pleasantly informed of the *Committee's call* and *report,* prior to action, et cetera, and I graciously withdrew, resolved to quietly perish with my little ones, when worse might come to worst, since the process of official relief seemed far more intolerable than the simple matter of starvation. But to the vindication of that widow.

Inconsolable

One little daughter, of about seven, felt so honored to be chosen treasurer of some Sunday School class, or church affair, and had its two or three dollars, in small change, carefully laid up at home—and she cried as if her heart would break, one day, when she came to us reporting its disappearance.

Now *trust funds* are sacred; yet *human life* is far more inviolable—and *forced loans* are not always *criminal!* I cannot detail, or now recall, how twenty odd dollars were found, that I might reach that widow's ear—since postage was vain—but with a tear in her eye, she enabled me to heal that lacerated child's heart.

And here I have positive proof of the accuracy of my assertion, that, in her last years, this lady came to see the truth of all my arguments and pleadings— "charging such *fees,* and *defalcations!*" For once more I arrived, and said, "The end is in sight. Unless I have three hundred and fifty dollars by Thursday, we shall all be in the street." "Very well, I will mail it to you, thus and so."

"Oh, no, you will not; for it will be the same old story. That bank President will call you, 'Ninny,' and threaten a guardianship, and you will meekly submit." "No, I shall not, for I have money my father left me, in the —— —— Savings Bank, and I will draw from that"—which she did, and thus leaves me legal evidence of my veracity in the premises.

Futile Progress

But what did it all amount to? A few short years later, when I was in a distant city, working prodigies, the fatal hour arrived, and the poor wife came out in tears, as the auction bell sounded, only to be met by the presiding genius, who most assuringly said, "*Trust me, Mrs. Starkweather, as you do your God!*"—while his stalwart son, who knew the facts, went away *crying like a child!* Oh, how I rejoice at being the *dispossessed,* rather than in the shoes of sundry *possessors!*

And while on this phase of my theme, I will add another incident or two: Strangers came to me to buy, and donate them a farm, and I sensibly sweat blood for ten years, to pay for it—and they have long enjoyed that property. A big son of theirs—who still walks our streets, and jeers at me, after getting sundry small, permanent cash "loans," caused withal, my horse and carriage to be illegally taken for debt, which a blind Justice of the Peace, however, duly restored, later.

But, late one night, before my outfit was recovered, I was walking the several miles, homeward bound, when I ventured into a short-cut, woods path, in the six inches of freshly fallen snow, over land I had once called mine, when I pitched down

a six-foot embankment, into a gulch, yet was very thankful that I had not broken my neck. And as I pawed about to find the loaf of bread I had carried under my arm, at the start, I reflected, how, in this world, we are promised tribulation. And, as for reaping what we sow, we must let hope carry us, often, on the wings of *faith,* to "the sweet by and by!"

Angelic Guest

Relatives and visits in those sad days, were alike remote; hence the maternal Aunt X., a teacher to arrive from the far West, was a coming event that filled youthful hearts with fondest anticipations for the vacation days. My own acquaintance with her was very slight; yet the four o'clock train brought her safely, and I was on hand with our seedy, shambling horse and carriage. Inquiries and chatting were constant, as I drove a few squares, up one street and down another, on sundry most urgent errands. But finally we were headed homeward, when I stopped, at what I will call the "last chance," and frankly said, "X., I never was guilty of a 'wild west' hold up; but there is not a *mouthful* of *food* in the house, and I have not a *penny!*"

I had an urgent errand by summer car, into Maryland at another time, and the return fare would take my last nickel. The horses were jogging slowly on a slight incline, when I espied a lady's bulging pocket-book near the car track. While I pondered over my exhausted purse, and wisest course, the car stopped, and the driver ran back half a square and secured the prize, which at first made me feel foolish. But then I reflected that I should only have had the bother of finding an owner, and positively refusing any reward. I turned my thoughts, therefore, in other directions.

Good and Ill Fortune

The most incredible incident, however, in my bitter experiences, was, when penniless, in a distant city, one night, I

dropped a little rubber band, which loomed so among my paltry possessions, that I stooped and felt about on the walk in the dim light, to recover it, but failed. I found a *dime,* however, and can still point out the very spot to the incredulous. In another city, a crisp twenty dollar bill lay on the walk, friendless, till I adopted it—and again a "V" was picked up by me.

Faring not Sumptuously

I was, later, in a great metropolis, looking after law suits, which should yield me *hundreds of thousands.* The return ticket, gave me *three days* of grace, still; my room was provided for, and a balance of *nine cents* left for meals, which I felt I could negotiate.

The next morning, however, as I started out, I fell prostrate and unconscious, and an ambulance was called. But, by a strange coincidence, a friend from a distance arrived, and saved me from the hospital. It was, as I alone ever knew, a case of *acute indigestion,* which was precipitated, not by an *overloaded stomach,* but *psychologically,* from fresh knowledge that my lawyers were *selling me out!*

Not Imbecility

Some may say that I am now publicly demonstrating myself to be a "crazy fool," in this long personal recital; yet it merely attests my love of little ones, for whom Christ died. Had my affections been centered on earthly things, these agonizing tribulations would certainly have overwhelmed me. But I know in whom I have trusted!

The clergy shun me; for, altho they preach that "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," it does not mean that they should risk *life* and *limb* in evangelistic efforts on the *criminally insane!* A *leper colony* is one thing; but I am quite another proposition—a very different type of *pest;* my *"own worst enemy,"* as one of them so densely expresses it!

Discovery and Invention

Science and ingenuity had combined for the production of a new food product, before my birth, and, in the fate of things, I was drafted as a logical factor in the enterprise, which sadly interfered with my life plans—but I was still in my 'teens, and simply had to take my billet and hie me away to the Antipodes.

The new environment proved to be unspeakably and incredibly vile and forbidding; yet I manfully faced duty's call—altho languishing unsuspectedly from nostalgia. The patent process, with its secret knack, was a sickening failure, and the crowd stood for a hasty and final homeward-bound voyage.

But I alone refused, and defied all concerned, for my sense of manhood rebelled at the thought of any step suggestive of the *slacker,* or the *quitter!* All the contracts and dealings there, in those days, were unwritten, hence I could proceed as one with ample authority. I made connections which vitalized the enterprise for months, assumed absolute command, was promptly obeyed by the despairing bunch, and I buckled down for months to scientifically solve the problem and invent apparatus to match—when success speedily perched upon our banner.

Cargo after cargo of our delectable products found an unlimited cash market, at a net profit of *twelve hundred per cent* —better even than in my newsboy efforts! My whole aim, however, in all this matter, was, to acquire the means to develop my great Aviation scheme.

It was authoritatively said, that there had previously been *hundreds* of attempts to accomplish precisely what I had done, and heavy losses had been sustained by so many, that local capital could not be secured to build up a world enterprise. The several parties in interest developed discord, and the seamy side of human nature so pronouncedly, that I gave up all thought of personally, and simultaneously, acting in two hemispheres, on a distasteful scheme which I had been forced into.

And thus I have been guarding my secret, and quietly sitting on "*acres of diamonds,*" now, for over half a century!

But in that immediate vicinity, was another new food scheme being developed, by one of the magnates of a continent, with whom I had repeatedly been brought in contact. And I one day saw two rows of able-bodied men in his service, doing things by hand. So I asked this notable party, why he did not have a labor-saving machine in their place, when he asked if there was such? I told him I knew that I could invent one, and he said, "Do so, and I will buy it!" Now I was nearing my majority, but because of bereavement, political upheavals and antagonisms, above referred to, there was not a person on earth whom I dared consider my friend, or had a right to ask a favor of, in my penniless extremity—and, for good measure, I was too ill of homesickness, to digest food, had I possessed the means of purchase.

No Profiteer

I was an isolated foreigner, having no one to whom I could unburden my soul, or explain a situation. It took three languages to make my poor, illiterate landlord, understand why I could not meet the five dollar room rent, monthly. "Bah-bah" was the way to say, "Yes," in his native tongue. But, notwithstanding all this, I undertook to invent and construct a machine, feeling that it would be a good apprenticeship for that life problem of Aviation.

Persistency

My device was about a yard square, and five feet high. I let rent day go by default; secured bread, nuts and goat's milk, on credit from this rare proprietor, besides driblets of spot cash from the same source, for materials, and, in just a month, tested my machine—which proved a dismal failure, and I became the butt of ridicule for that entire region.

What did I do? Simply invented and constructed another, utilizing the original frame, and in twelve months, I thus built and tested *eleven* of these machines—all equally worthless, save the last, which could turn out *ten fold* more than originally planned! Yet, just at this juncture, that entire food project went wrong, leaving my invention useless. My host had stood the strain—never denying a favor. I had gained experience and skill, and the losses sustained by that big operator, were such that I had not the heart ever to suggest remuneration.

Changes

Months of stagnation followed; in the final clean up, however, I rewarded that landlord's fidelity *three fold!* His words were, "My countrymen all said I was a fool; yet I told them it was impossible for me to look into that young man's eyes and doubt him!" But that magnate was one of Nature's noblemen. Early in our dealings, he once said, "Young man; the other day you called at my villa to secure a concession, on which your entire future hung, when I introduced that theological question—and you fought me for an hour. You thereby gained with me, for I see that you are honest."

He took me into his family, as his honored guest, and it is unmistakable that he planned a permanent alliance. He appointed me as receiver of the bullion, at one of his gold mines. And precisely on the eve of my departure for that wild frontier, a notable religious specialist, who was an old-time friend of his, arrived, having come—to my amazement—hundreds of leagues in order to secure me for the *"most important station* on a *continent!"*

His very first stipulation was, that I should lisp no word to any living soul, lest the situation be painted in such colors as to unnerve me. Hence I apprehended that a violent death would speedily overtake me in either of these seemingly providential openings, and I preferred martyrdom in this latter field. I more than equaled his expectations, on sight, this Superin-

tendent declared; and he told me what our magnate friend said, when consenting to release me from his prior claim: "Whatever that young man promises to do, he will throw himself, soul and body, into it, till all is accomplished!"

Breadth of Vision

This commercial nobleman had held the destinies of nations in his hand, and his magnificent family turnout was almost princely, in its appointments. A perspective of three score years now, is surely dependable. And I recall, in those invalid days, how a weekly twelve-mile hike was taken, to and from the city, to get a sack load of "*health bread.*" With an assistant, and a cocoanut pole, seven feet long, resting on our shoulders, we would carry the burden, suspended between us, just as we might, a sea turtle. We were indifferent to all jeers, and even to the suppressed smiles of the ladies in that magnate's carriage— while he would tip his hat and bow, as if to royalty!

Digressing

What, pray, was it in a personality, that could enlist the interest, and insure the undying *friendship* of one of the noblest characters in the Northern Hemisphere, and, likewise again, one of the colossal figures in the Southern Hemisphere, that each should delight to affiliate with one of humblest acquisitions?

I shrank from giving any hint in these pages, of the unutterable environment, where, in the providence of things, I was forced to abide, for over two years, while dying of homesickness, in absolute isolation. But I will describe the popular wardrobe in that region. It consisted of a short clothes line, drawn tightly under some shelter, and rendered *rat-proof*, by *threading*, near each end, thru *bottles*, the bottoms of which had been knocked off. Fleas were innumerable, and so merciless! Caterpillars covered the ground, and were ever hiking, while every green herb was *black* with flies—but *sights* and *odors* are inadmissible here, as well as details of varied bitter wrongs.

Previous to my marriage, at the age of thirty, I had frankly outlined my experiences to the lady naturally most interested. But later, I specifically detailed occurrences which transpired under the twinkling *Southern Cross* when my wife wept like a child, saying she wondered that even the memory of those things did not drive me *frantic*. Still I feel, that, since then, the hard luck dose has been more than *doubled*—and yet serenity, ever prevails!

Religious Efforts

Almost the very month of reaching my majority—January, 1868—revolution and pestilence, cleared away most of my past interests, and marvelously opened the way for me into religious lines— a new acquaintance becoming amazingly enthusiastic over my personality. For a short period I was put into colporteur work, and was so successful as to exhaust the stock of books. Then a move was on foot to establish a free church, in a gay city where such an idea was positively the rarest novelty. I became a factor in this successful move; and the edifice is shown to-day, in the libraries of the world.

A big parlor was made available, and a bright young preacher had arrived, gifted in the native language; but how could an audience be assembled? Yet, strange to say, that I, the most diffident fellow ever seen, in any clime or tongue, should have coveted that very role of going out into the highways, and compelling people to enter. No boulevard in Paris that I ever trod, could boast of more gilded youth than thronged those thorofares; and I would walk up and slap two or three on the back, and present a novel situation in such a light as to awaken curiosity—and a refined gentleman and lady or two, would entertain, till I could arrive with others, and thus presently pack the place. That great magnate was one of the deeply interested, and he quite unconsciously figured in a certain noteworthy incident.

Groundless Apprehension

Some doors away, across the street, lived the most refined citizen I ever saw, and I made bold to walk over, and, in his native speech invite him to our meeting. He was astounded at my invitation, and proffered sundry excuses which I sought to brush away. Finally, he said, "That was Blank Magnate's carriage which just stopped there?" "Certainly!" "Why, he is a special friend of mine!" "Then you must come over and greet him!"

He could not resist my logic and persuasiveness, and was the last one to enter that parlor with me, and cordially greet all around before the religious service of song began—the preacher, in the corner; this, my last recruit, standing close to him, and I next, in front of the closed parlor door, perchance.

Now I knew that our great, devout friend, was the life, or sinews, of one political party, and that this last arrival, was prominent in the opposite ranks. I also knew that the religious one, had a theory that the spiritual forces, from above, entered his carnal frame, thru the brain, when divine services began, giving him, always, an upward start, causing a thrill, and audible sigh, which was quite a familiar incident to all his co-religionists. And so, on this particular evening as the song ascended, the "Spirit" entered that magnate, normally, as he arose from the sofa, across the parlor from us, and, with closed eyes, his face was turned heavenward.

At that instant I chanced to put one hand behind me, slightly touch and rattle the key in the door, when the new friend at my side gave a shudder, dove for his silk tile, near the preacher's feet, on the theory, I instinctively perceived, that we were about to carry thru an assassination plot *at his expense!*

The alacrity with which I opened that door for him, however, revealed the groundlessness of his apprehensions, and caused him to set back his hat, and to really enjoy, I trust, a fine Gospel sermon. The cold sweat still bathed his frame, as

the parting adieus were exchanged—and just *two* of us had any cognizance of the typical—can I say?—occurrence that had so unobservedly transpired!

Another Field

Just as I was well armed, and arranging my departure for a wild frontier mining camp—already noted—I accepted the call to re-establish a missionary post, twice abandoned as hopeless, in a quaint University city—most strategically situated—which was reputed to be living, however, practically in the seventeenth century, altho so favorably located in a great country with modern, enlightened laws and officials.

The two previous efforts had signally failed, and this Superintendent, who had initiated the move, knew it was feasible, provided the proper party were found to take charge. And he also was aware that the illustrious ruler of that vast region, was altogether of his opinion. They, therefore, simultaneously appointed me to there establish a school, "modeled after those in the United States."

I occupied the former quarters, and had been in possession but a day or two, and was just in from the street, lighting up, when hasty steps, a loud midnight knock, and what seemed an artificial, tremulous voice, entreated me to open my door, as a murder had been committed a block away, and in humanity's name I should rush out.

Seizing my big revolver, I, with misgivings, opened the door just a little, when a hand and revolver were thrust in, and a voice telling me not to fear, as he was well armed. So I, reciprocating and displaying, went out—and fortunately it was in mutual good faith, as we found only a drunken man on the walk. But I thereupon resolved to eschew all weapons thenceforth.

The decrepit Superintendent, had been stoned out of the city, and I was left there quite alone, apprehending any day or hour might be my last. Yet a very select school, with its male and

female divisions, patronized by leading families, I most auspiciously opened, with an attendance of about forty, we having found an ideal lady assistant—the future Mrs. S. And this, with private, language lessons, kept me busy from five in the morning till eleven at night.

Medieval

Within a month, however, trouble began, when a newly-arrived scientist and wife, watching a religious procession, had a narrow escape. A police-soldier's sword was pressed to the distinguished stranger's breast, accompanied by a sharp command, in a strange tongue. But the wife's quick intuition, saved a tragedy, by her snatching off the husband's hat.

Now customs like this, in a progressive country, soliciting immigration, and its laws guaranteeing religious freedom, was just why its Chief Magistrate decreed money from the public treasury to pay our school rental for three years. The local concept of *religious freedom*—as documents at hand prove—was, in one's *heart and home;* while in public, street functions, ecclesiastical decrees and customs, were supreme and final!

Of course, this brought me into the public press with a bound. And a little later, discussion over the opening of our model school, with Scripture verses and prayer, as I had seen at home, precipitated a siege in which highest dignitaries were involved. And, regretting this fact, influence was brought to have the daily paper decline my effusions, in its native tongue, save at advertising rates of *fifteen dollars* a *column*—yet to the general surprise, this but doubled their length, and I personally had both to write those articles, unaided, and also to foot all bills—really, however, just a matter of *stewardship!*

How passing strange, that devout souls, all professing to adore the one Christ, should divide on the issue, as to whether His eucharistic words, "this is my body," were to be construed as literal or figurative language, and battle over the issue—still, that was and is, precisely the case before us.

The Climax

Besides a model school, and an Astronomical Observatory, this reclusive city had an International Exposition decreed—and I was the only one who had a local invention among its exhibits. That is to say, I invented and caused the construction of a domestic machine which, fifty years later, I find here pushed to the front—and in telling this, I make no mention of *twelve* other moves or side enterprises which I there initiated. Its grand opening caused the assembling of Chief Dignitaries from far and near—which was just thirty months after my unwelcome advent.

That very inaugural day, October 23, 1871, I was personally confronted, for the first time, by one of those religious processions, and no less imperiously than persistently, commanded, on a rainy day, to remove hat and kneel in a muddy street, while a "holy wafer" should pass. My resistance was no less Christian, manly and complete, than it was dangerous.

The city was at once in an uproar, and my death was at times but a few seconds away, apparently—and had I touched a proffered deadly weapon, from the hands of a most illustrious private pupil, it would instantly have precipitated tragedies. My parlor was presently filled with the elite brains of a continent, and it was apparent to all present, that both civil, and—on a closer analysis surely—ecclesiastical laws, vindicated me. Yet the rumor spread that I was to be burned on the morrow in the public square!

I have seen many inaugural processions, here at our Nation's Capital, and probably can understand how it seems, to really be "*It*," with lined streets of eager gazers, and military accompaniment, since I was the object of attraction in that City's best equipage, sitting beside the Police lieutenant, on my way to prison—and the second day thereafter, actually the guest of honor of the Chief Magistrate and Generals, sitting beside them as we paraded, those crowded streets in solemn stately equip-

age, and while navigating their beautiful lake in a most historic gondola from Venice.

Details of two specific schemes for my destruction cannot here be given. An overruling hand seems to have protected me thruout, for not one hair of my head was injured—altho my silken tile was sadly battered, and *left so!* I cannot conceive of a more triumphant success. Yet it is sad to reflect upon the relation that whole matter has borne to my *entire subsequent career—"worse than Judas!"*—and the general public here has been so blind to patent, indisputable facts!

Tender Regard and Murderous Plot

I have just spoken of having been "It," on an important occasion, when I sat beside a leading Police official, in a superb equipage, escorted by a cavalry squad. The feature which most pleased me, was, to see a stalwart pupil of mine standing at the street corner, eagerly watching us all pass, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks—for he held me in affectionate esteem, and felt that I was being taken, practically, to face the firing squad.

But that overwhelming vindication, induced my baffled opposers to spring a final plot, three weeks later, when I was already hundreds of miles away and getting beyond their reach.

My final departure from that devout, University city, was by the early morning train. I had owned the largest and most conspicuous saddle horse in that entire region—"buckskin" in color. Hostile parties had wrested it from me, and one of these, standing by this steed not far from the station, watched the train leave, with me aboard. Whereupon he quickly mounted and spurred away towards where our interests had lain. I watched and mused intently, till, when half a mile distant, and about to disappear over the knoll, he turned and most defiantly shook his raised fist in our direction.

An officer came and arrested me on the train, having a telegram, and he, the jailor, took me into his family to sit as the

guest of honor, at his table, with several leading citizens, for his bright nephew had been sent so far away to our famous school. He had a cot for me to sleep on the porch, instead of in a cell; urged upon me his finest saddle horse, to go out and see the country; had fellows meet me and urge me to escape. But I was so happy, and just preached Christ to all at his table. Had I attempted to flee, however, I would have been trailed I know, and shot dead—altho I had no realization of the fact at the time. One of their loopholes to avoid international complications, was to "queer" my name on the warrant, and then plead a case of mistaken identity, with apologies. But my arrest at once cleared up that "*buckskin*" mystery of the early morning.

Jottings

I remember so well July 4, 1872—which incidentally was the day of President Coolidge's birth. At the United States Embassy, in a great foreign metropolis, a patriotic gathering of Americans was held, and invitations were sent even to those whose ancestors had been identified with our ever glorious Union.

There was just one omission—intentional, of course—which presented an ideal opportunity, regardless of the high position I was filling, of the low estimate which the truly elite had for one so unconventional as to partake, but *once a day*, of a narrow bill of fare, and who abominated *tobacco*. Yet one of their select guests became hilariously scandalous on that "wet" occasion, disgracing himself, the guests and our fair famed country!

I had already become seasoned to such slights. And only a few months previous to this burst of patriotism, there were but three American families, in a population of 30,000—and mine probably the most conspicuous of these. A world famous octogenarian was the hero of a National event, which centered at our very doors. He was a New Englander, and had for years been most friendly to me.

After that great ovation had become history, and he, with his wife, was about to depart for London, they called on us, wreathed in smiles, and so happy over this crowning culmination of his heroic career. "Well, how have you enjoyed this era-marking event?" "We have known nothing of it—were not invited!" And with tears in his eyes he said, "Why, you had more right to be there than anybody else!"—which was really the case, and yet I understood it all perfectly, and could have named the culpable ones.

While Sojourning

I had moved into a great metropolis, and was induced to join the one Y. M. C. A. of that entire region. A literary program was duly prepared and published, and I was horrified to find myself named for a "*recitation*" only two nights ahead. But I realized that I would be an agonizing failure in such a role; hence, I dashed away at an essay. The reporter gave us a column in next day's paper—half of which was devoted to my "masterly" effort—and at the Association's next election, I was chosen President.

Oratory, and even extemporaneous speaking, I always avoid. I was in my twenty-third year, before I was led to believe that my personal appearance was even a passable average. Since then I have been mistaken for so many people of note, that I cannot continue blind regarding my personality. Then whence comes this general execration? How true that one can be accurately appraised no less by the enemies he has made, than by the friendships he has been able to crystallize and appropriate!

Rare Instance of Intuition

I never felt that I was intuitive or possessed any special psychic powers; yet one experience impressed me: I had a young man as a private pupil, in mathematics and English, who aspired to be a civil engineer. He was far from home and quite alone, he informed me; and, later, he said he must drop his lessons, as his salary was tied up so that he could not pay.

But I assured him he was welcome to continue—which he did.

One day, a stranger called on me, with the sample copy of a school book, saying that he had a certain number of them for sale, at a given price, if I wanted to purchase. He presently delivered them, and I paid him the eleven dollars due, in silver. Then, turning to my wife, as he left, I said, "This is a deal directed by my engineering pupil. He will give this fellow a dollar for his services, and then pay me the balance on account" —which he actually did inside of an hour, with a *ten-dollar bill,* however.

A striking *coincidence,* some may say; yet I had better proof, eventually, of the accuracy of my forecast. It was perhaps a year later, when I was leaving on the morning train, that I met this pupil who introduced me to that "go-between," as his *brother.* Whereupon a surprised, awkward stare and flush stamped each countenance, followed by a smile and bow—which proved to me conclusively that my intuition had been accurate; and, further, that those books were irregularly obtained.

Level-Headedness

This propaganda of my impractical inefficiency, has perhaps been slighted in these pages, which thought prompts me to elaborate an incident or two dating back fifty-two years: A series of patents had been evolved during the previous decade, and steps were being taken to protect them in the region where I then dwelt.

Now in a city of a million souls, I was the only one found who had the nerve to undertake such technical translation into a foreign tongue. And then it would all go for naught unless I were certified as a *Sworn Translator* by their great *University* and the *Governor*—which tests and authorization I naturally forthwith sought and obtained.

But when well absorbed with this task, word came to halt, as the devices had proven inoperative under actual local conditions. Whereupon I offered to invent machines that would

work. But the parties in interest had lost heart, and lacked funds. So I invented and constructed enough to demonstrate my principle, selected the three most enterprising local millionaires, assembled all in one office and enlisted them as backers within *fifteen minutes!*

One of these magnates called me aside a little later and confided how a certain device—if it were possible to invent such —would yield him a fortune, annually. But he warned me not to think of that, till months later, when this should be out of the way.

But I was over to his establishment early the very next day, with the "impossible" appliance in working order. He then proposed that we should combine and return to the United States— I, as his *inventor*, and he as my *capitalist!*

A scientific friend chanced to be in that city, for a couple of days: so I had him make drawings of this my latest device, and entreated him to discover any defect in its basic principle —and he found one that would nullify its qualities under possible conditions, which, however he had no sooner indicated than I remedied—much to his amazement.

A local American diplomat, planned to resign if I would give him Australia as his exclusive territory for my devices on a certain percentage. And all this time I had regular classes to teach in a "College," besides attending to my private pupils. But a scourge of Asiatic Cholera bereaved me at this juncture, and paralyzed everything for all concerned.

Presence of Mind

Yet a couple of other instances, of this general period, now occur to me, and must be noted: I was with a friend and a relative, when the latter accidentally opened an artery in his arm, was bleeding to death, fainted and fell from his chair. The friend was simply dazed and in my way. It was a wholly novel experience for me, yet was met with the wisdom of an expert, I planned to tie that artery, but fearing nerve injury,

secured a hospital chief and clearly indicated my wishes. He, however, shrank from operating: wasted two months; almost sacrificed arm and life—which three experts barely saved.

Then, again, I was forced to meet an obstetrical emergency, alone. It proved to be a *still birth—black, strangled, lifeless,* evidently. But in the fraction of a minute, a lusty shout was induced because of my *ideal course* in an *absolutely novel emergency!*

Human nature is as *iniquitous,* as greed is *ubiquitous!* I had met a sea captain, socially, in a distant port, and really admired him, as we occasionally exchanged greetings in the "American Colony;" and, when suddenly left a widower, with two infants on my hands, I took passage for home on his sailing ship. His wife and child; a shipwrecked Mate, and a strange couple, were the only other passengers.

Three most monotonous weeks had passed, I spending my time always with my little children, and a book, whether with the Captain's wife and child in the cabin, in our stateroom, or on deck with the Captain, after my tiny tots were asleep. The only matter of comment was, that strange unsocial couple, linked together seemingly as with handcuffs, nearly always seated in the most isolated nook on deck, with an umbrella ever shielding them from view. I recall no one who had exchanged a word with either.

Suddenly, one night, all was commotion in their stateroom, with the Captain and mate soon on the scene, and threats of putting the woman in irons. It developed that on some recent voyage, she had sought to poison her husband, and here again was a second attempt; and evidently fearing that her enraged victim might kill her on the spot, she said that I had instigated the plot.

The ridiculous, impossible absurdity of the charge, outraged the feelings of all present. When cross-questioned as to the hour that I had conspired with her, she was very specific. But the

Captain's indignation was almost uncontrollable, as he recalled, that, it was two evenings before, when four of us were on the "booby hatch," till midnight, discussing General Butler in New Orleans. And, he writhed to think that such a woman should have the audacity to sit at the same table with *his wife!* And the next day the poisoned husband went and threw his gold into the sea, in the presence of two or three, reserving only a couple of coins, with the remark that he didn't think those two pieces would tempt any one to take his life.

Presently, however, there was a marvelous change aboard, and that death-plotting vixen, was treated as an almost royal guest of honor, and I, with casual indifference. Our mate whispered a few words to me, however, which explained all. For it developed that the wrecked mate had informed the Captain, that a passenger, put in *irons* on any charge, would certainly detain the ship in port for months. But the feature of special interest to me, was, his remark that she again charged, that I had conspired with her—which quickened my thoughts.

In the ship's library, I found access to maritime laws, covering all matters. I reminded the Captain that he would have to report this case, upon arriving in port, and must deliver me over to the officers of the law. He assured me that no one on board had the slightest suspicion of my complicity, and that I was borrowing trouble. I insisted upon the majesty of the law, while he decreed an icy boycott against me and mine.

The instant our ship reached its slip, in port, that Captain was too busy to heed my importunities, but facilitated the escape of that strange couple, while I lost no time in reaching the proper authorities, and putting detectives, withal, on their trail. And as I reached a leading hotel, hours later, to meet a relative, as per telegram, in the interest of my little ones, detectives met me also, reporting progress on their criminal trail. While at the District Attorney's office, they were amazed that I should take such pains, when no accusations or charges had been filed against me. But I explained that it was in the

line of good citizenship, and that I was willing to sacrifice an entire year, to help rid society of one such offender—as above set forth.

The Captain refused to let me take my baggage from the ship, and did all possible to annoy. He shook his head, withal, and told me I need not pose as being so immaculate, as he had heard things about me and seen parties ashore, after I came aboard. And since my present aim is to show an *ever level head,* I must explain.

The strictness of my moral code always bred enemies—even among the moral leaders of that "American Colony." I was necessarily on board ship, ten days before we weighed anchor, and my final act ashore, practically, was to ask the Revd. Superintendent, for a testimonial. But he flushed with indignation, saying he thought I had better sense. Then I told him I did not wish him to perjure his soul by professing, in black and white, any degree of love or regard for me, yet, since I had been absent nearly a decade, in a strange land, circumstances might arise which would require some proof of my rectitude.

He thereupon conceded that I had the correct view point, and wrote: "This may certify that I have known George B. Starkweather for the past six years, and have the fullest confidence in his personal integrity"—subscribing his name, and exalted official position. So when the captain sprang that innuendo so triumphantly, I said, "Probably you are referring to Supt. J.?" "Yes, most certainly." "Now that is precisely what I anticipated, when I asked for this"—submitting the above testimonial. And the way he wilted, was no less laughable than pitiable!

But saddest of all, is, to relate, that, on his next voyage the Captain retailed that poison episode, in a way to produce the impression that I was derelict in the premises. And even this very Supt. J., tauntingly sent me a message, over *ten thousand miles*—which caused me to reply in a lengthy letter of nearly

20,000 words, which was a finality. For my strict personal habits had ever been a thorn in the flesh to him—a *contrast,* and *tacit rebuke.* He was amenable naturally to his superiors—and they publicly denounced his code, and commended mine!

Stalwart Authorship

At the age of thirty, for family reasons, I was tarrying in a hustling little city of the middle West, an encumbered widower. It was generally reported that I was writing a book, and one day I was in a store, near the post office, waiting for the noon mail. The proprietor had repeatedly met me socially, and, hailing from the East, like myself, was very thrifty, and, incidentally showed his estimate of me, and all that I stood for.

After feeling of my soft hands, he said, "Starkweather, if you will come out to my farm for a week, and with your *one meal a day habit,* do as much work as I do, I will pay you *fifty dollars,* and adopt your plan myself." And this brusque challenge stung me, insomuch that I accepted it forthwith—to begin next Monday at sunrise.

I had to get up at three, prepare, and eat my meal, then walk three miles to greet the rising sun. His two grown boys and a hired man, were harvesting and crating the berry crop, and I was put at that, till the boss should be free to strike in with me. And, incredible as it may sound, I picked *more* than those other three!

As the sun was setting, the cry went up for me to help in the meadow, loading hay, where I came in touch with the chief, helped them out, and then plodded my weary way, reaching home and bed at *nine.* And much the same tactics were practiced the two following days, and nights, when I quit in disgust. His conduct, to the last, was contemptible—but I would not, as advised, enter suit for specific performance.

Amazing

The *Philadelphia Ledger* gives data of thirty of earth's notables who are, or have been, doing their best work between the ages of

73 and 90—two-thirds of them, after 80; and the average is 81.5. *The Canadian Lancet* recites the millions who annually die, leaving twice their number sick behind, and says, "Sanitary science has demonstrated that at least one fourth of these deaths can be postponed, and forty per cent of the sickness averted—and the nations are uniting to raise standards and stamp out disease. Here is work for doctors, nurses, philanthropists." And yet, when I come, disclosing natural laws of life, and pleading abstinence from unhygienic practices, I am ever treated as a pestiferous lunatic, meriting the bottomless pit!

Amusing

There is little that is humorous about "probing;" yet two or three incidents make me smile—and they hark back to distinct generations. Of course, the first is, that original, maternal $1,500; and the *in-law* most perturbed by it, focused his best energies, for *years*, upon inducing the in-law who had kindly made us a loan, on mortgage security, to call in that money, at a time when it was hoped it would cause the loss of that abominated maternal acquisition. An in-law from another angle, however, saved the day for us, and the *busybody-in-law*, naturally lost no time in securing that idle capital for his own schemes. They severally died of old age, after pestered lives—and all concerned *lost* that money! We well know how "Search for the woman," has long been the French attitude, in case of any crime, plot, or social irregularity. But my experience would lead me to scrutinize the "*in-laws*" who certainly have harassed, if not controlled, my destiny at almost every turn.

Again, the man in a high and holy office, whose personal laxity led him to abhor my critical presence, traced my journeyings 10,000 miles, as already stated, and prejudiced his pastoral friend there, against me. I, quite unaware of this, and most innocently, dropped into his Bible class — but was signally snubbed by him, repeatedly. He would call A., on my right, by name, and ask some question; then B. on my left, likewise,

thus most conspicuously ignoring my very existence. Of course, I could not continue there amid such tactics, hence quietly withdrew to my own home church, two squares away.

Now, just what led me there, I will not be positive; but a widower, under thirty, who is still domestically inclined, has frequent matrimonial thoughts—and few are so dense as not to discern this fact. Certain it is, that I had been back to my church home less than a month, when a family of six—three of them marriageable daughters—left that Reverend, Bible Class expert's fold, and joined my church most unmistakably so as to not be forgotten by this desirable young widower!

But my third item is very modern: A noted local scientist, who had accepted the theory that the writer is a murderously disposed lunatic, had seriously apprehended that he was marked as the first victim. So he sent a refined lady to my office here, to tactfully learn my animus in the premises. And I most confidingly delegated her to bring, as well as to carry "bones" for the verity of which, the legal links of evidence should prove ample to satisfy any reasonable jury of my peers.

Sowing and Reaping

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is a broad, and generally accepted principle—but the reaping is so often "*by and by*," and not as immediate as some might desire or expect, in this world of psychological complexes—and now for a concrete, and compound illustration, from my own rough-shod experiences:

I once accepted the hazardous, thankless task of teaching a people to obey their own laws, which *ninety-nine* per cent of the community abominated—and the *one* per cent, who would have voted my way, were systematically and most artfully persuaded to detest me. But, within three years, I achieved phenomenally. Yet this negligible minority failed to recognize my merit. And, strangest of coincidences, is the fact, that, eight years later, after numberless upheavals and vicissitudes, I found

myself 8,000 miles away from former scenes, and was one of a score of earnest souls, all intent upon human uplift, when the only English speaking person in that distant region, where I was held in positive abhorrence, came to this new field.

We each had special tasks—all of which were really routine, save my own, that partook both of the novel and spectacular. It being a creation of my own, and one that had been, in fact, decried by all the others, very naturally loomed upon the horizon, in a way to attract more public attention than the labors of all the others combined. But let no one assume that it brought me a gracious, "well done, good and faithful servant" —far from it, and one illustrative incident must be cited: There were departments and sections directed by specialists, hence incidental charges had no personal aspect, but were simply matters designed to show relative efficiency or economy, as in all governmental spheres. And to rebuke a slur of incompetency, enviously circulated against me, I entered into a competitive demonstration of ability and general merit.

Two black walnut sewing machine tops were needed, and I proposed to make one, while their expert carpenter should make the other. And his, when finished, was a plain faultless product of much the shape and dimensions of a soap box, his hourly charge making a total of ten dollars—and, of course, my effort could not be more costly.

Now I just spread myself to produce the most original difficult, elegant and artistic creation conceivable—carvings and curves all over—a dream of beauty, with not one error or flaw! And, probably, had any one else been able to execute such an affair, the bill, at current rates for time, would not have been less than *seventy-five dollars!* But my charge must, of course, be but ten—which, however, was pronounced "extortion," and the chief building constructor of that region, was called in to appraise the proper amount, which he placed at *seventy-five* cents—when the wood alone had cost me a *dollar* and a *half!* But, of course, that changed no one's convictions—and my

reaping will not materialize till far ahead in that "beautiful isle of somewhere!" And I was forgetting the fact, that, as in the remote environment I had sought to throw in my life on one specific, uplifting enterprise, just so here, at this time, I offered gratuitously, to provide a sorely needed $40,000, annually. Yet they preferred to view me as a "Judas," and to treat me as an enemy, to be ever avoided—having absorbed that archaic estimate, which was analogous to our "dry" friends who should rate "Pussyfoot Johnson" according to "wet" reports.

Now I would not venture to trust my own fallible judgment, in reviewing this situation—which I can only describe as an exhibition of grossest ingratitude on the part of hundreds, towards one who had so whole-heartedly "gone over the top," and heroically achieved—but for a single saving feature and fact.

One of my bitterest opponents—an army Captain—had a change of heart and vision, which transformed him into a valuable national asset, promoted him to a Generalship, and to extolling me for *forty years* on every occasion, and most demonstratively, in public, exhibiting his gratitude and affection.

Once Again

No: in justice to all concerned, I must present another item or two: I went to the business office one day for my mail, and, strangely enough, for me, left a little memorandum book on the counter. It naturally found its way to my box—and, of course, no one would be so impolite as to scan its personal jottings. But I presently saw from sundry facial expressions, that certain *aviation outlays* of mine had been discovered—which of itself would suffice to sustain a charge of *lunacy* in those days. And it precipitated an investigation, or revision of monthly statements.

Now I was doing the work of *three,* and if, in my haste, I had inadvertently let one freight item of *five cents,* and another of about twice that size, slip by, as a *general,* instead of a *personal*

charge, I certainly would have been summarily dismissed for "irregularity in his accounts!" But all was found correct to a penny!

I readily absorbed the psychology of the entire situation, and had all my plans laid to withdraw from a position rendered intolerable to all concerned, simply because of my *incomparable* success! And as I saw a messenger from headquarters, coming across to my office, I knew it was a personal summons for me. So I hastened over, when so advised, and found it packed with Generals A. and B., and an array of stalwart witnesses, equal to any emergency, however desperate.

With due solemnity I was informed, that, as a "matter of administrative expediency," I was discharged — and, certain phases of the situation were such, that, had I spread myself, and sent several of those present, to the undertaker, any good criminal lawyer could have convinced a jury, that it was a case of justifiable homicide!

But, with a smile, I thanked them, and asked for testimonials —which were cheerfully given, and they could hardly have been made more flatteringly satisfactory. I rejoiced that my wife could no longer repine at my firm resolve, and feel that we were taking a leap into the dark—or, perhaps better said, a "Mayflower," pilgrim voyage.

Still Skyward Bent

In 1885 I began my search for Aviation funds, secured or guaranteed by real estate. Scores of prominent people, surely, were sought out and approached by me, with a uniformly negative result. I learned that the reason why some declined was, to save my life. But that all may clearly visualize the writer's purpose, I here insert a copy of my proposition to a noted Pacific man. And I never saw any one so captivated by my project as was this party—till, apparently, warned against me. Yet I am positive that I could more than have made good!

"Washington, Aug. 16, 1911—Mr. Senator: We are just of an age.—I am a New England Inventor, and the son of one. *Aviation* is the greatest coming thing in our Civilization, and I resolved to devote my life to its development, even before the days of *Gettysburg*, as I foresaw that it would end all wars! It was the passion of my life—causing me to spend over *eight years* in South America.

"During these last 32 years, I have expended a fortune in gaining a Mastery of the subject! In 1883 it forced me to resign from the Examining Corps of the Patent Office. Actual tests of my *seventh Monoplane*, at night, traveling on a wire, in a breeze, near Arlington, 29 years ago, demonstrated to me its perils. *Twenty years* were required to fathom a principle in Nature, which should render *Aviation* safe in *all weathers, everywhere!* I found this in 1898, and all my present aerial devices are veritable *Storm Kings!*

"I have no quarrel with the Wrights. They hope to control the air, commercially, with just *one* claim of *one* lone patent—which to me is an entirely negligible factor in this great Aerial problem! My inventions run into the hundreds, some *thirty* of which, when patented, will have scores of strong claims, and will monopolize the world! I am the first man who ever made *millions* out of *Aviation*—and that was thru efforts to get the means for its development!

"Switzerland profits $50,000,000 annually, from its tourists. California is *ten* times its size, and I purpose making its unique touring system, *ten-fold* more profitable to the parties in interest, than is that of Switzerland! Touring guests, in parties of from *six* to thirty-six, could select specific trips, from Los Angeles, say, to any, or all, of the half dozen noted Islands, lying in the Pacific, within 100 miles of San Pedro, returning by way of San Diego—and from there, up the *Coast Range* to *Oregon*, and down the *Sierra Nevadas* to *Yuma*, for instance. Hotels and health resorts would dot the mountains everywhere, and be crowded with guests the year round—deep snows proving no

obstacle to travel, for our paths are always gratuitously broken for us!

"I have *Seaside* inventions, too, by the score, that will augment patronage many fold, but that is another story. No time ought to be lost, for California should be well covered, aerially, before the Exposition year!

"Fortunately I am able to assume all financial risks during the preliminary stage of reluctance, and doubt as to the possibility of realizing what, to many, must sound as but a jollying pipe-dream! Yet our Argosies can surely snatch the *Golden fleece* from the fleecy clouds of the 'Golden State!' "

Pertinent Again

At the post office, recently, a prosperous appearing gentleman gave a cordial salutation, distinctly calling me by name—which led to my iniquiry for the stranger's identity. It was a distant neighbor of twenty years ago—the little lad having grown to stalwart manhood; and I commended his courtesy. No one could blame a friend casually at my side for wishing to know something more concerning that gentlemanly fellow of pleasing address, and I yield to such importunity:

An acquaintance hiked out to our place, over a dozen years ago; but finding that we were all away, started back, when a passing vehicle took him in, and its youthful driver upon learning whom he had called to see, presently began to enlarge upon the sadness of seeing a young man striking his father's notorious pace for the penitentiary—detailing my son's discharge from a position for petty defalcations.

Of course the incident was at once brought to my attention and, fortunately, I was able to identify that driver—last seen by me in the post office, as just stated. I explained, that, to the best of my knowledge, this son of mine had accepted a philanthropic post, and, later, had resigned on *principle*. But the vile charge had made such an impression on my informant

that he resolved to fathom and learn the worst—which was *"scrupulously honest!"*

Oh, how these *systematically, defaming propagandists* would rejoice if they really could find some *physical, mental* or *moral* short-coming in any one of my numerous children or grandchildren—and then magnify it a *thousand diameters!* But who was this informing one—so modestly presented as an *"acquaintance?"*

Forty years ago this party from a distance first saw me, and says that he sought an introduction, feeling, at sight, that I was just the *Ideal* he always had believed he would some day meet. And I will take the liberty of quoting his stereotyped phrase: "G. B., you are the most reliable man I have ever met. If you really have all you claim—and of this I have not the slightest doubt—you are the most important man living, or that ever has lived on this earth!"

Thus it appears that about one per cent of those who have ever seen or heard of me, have become permanently enthusiastic over my personality—while the almost unanimous verdict has as constantly been one of *unutterable execration.* Hence the pertinency of my somewhat equivocal queries: *Can* one come back? *Must* one go? Heaven seems hardly select enough for me to some: while Hell is too good for those of my ilk, say others. Yet for years I have said, that if one single act, suggestive of moral turpitude can be substantiated against me, I will plead guilty to every charge.

Optimism

Strange as it may appear, for many years, a local millionaire was so friendly as to drive out with me, and even invite me to his table. He was kind-hearted, but neither venturesome nor generous.

He told me how, to make a real estate loan of $10,000, for example, he would investigate about a fortnight before de-

ciding, and then, after consummation, agonize as much longer lest it should be lost! But after a lapse of many months, once, we met and he asked me how my woeful affairs were progressing, and I spoke quite hopefully, when he laughed and said it was precisely what I had told him *twenty years* previously!

Yet he left us years ago quite young, when he might still have been here had he been disposed to grasp our friendly *life line*. But he was congenitally deaf to constant warnings!

Practical Sense

Over fifty-five years ago I learned the word *peradventure* practically, and will now illustrate: An inventor must have absolute confidence in the perfection of his concept, to hearten him in the construction of his device. At the same time repeated failures had taught me to ponder well.

I needed somewhere towards a hundred feet of cutting edge, comparable to patent razor blades—but of yard lengths. I bought saws by the dozen and converted them into cutting blades, by sharpening the thin back edges, leaving the teeth untouched. They worked to perfection. I accomplished all that I desired, dulled those razor edges and was fully reimbursed again by their sale. Defeats had taught me to leave those teeth.

But for over a score of years now, I have been able to invent and sidestep the tedium of material construction and testing. I mentally elaborate every detail and shelve it, *figuratively*, for a week, or, better said, operate it for that period—when all its defects become apparent. I have never heard of others with such a faculty.

Mistaken

There are millions of simple minded people in this world who suppose that "Science" is intent, primarily, upon the increase of knowledge, and in human progress. I wish that I could entertain such a view. But I cannot, any more than could poor,

abused Harvey, with his discovery of the circulation of the blood.

I dropped my pen, while preparing these paragraphs, to attend a scientific lecture, precisely in my lines, by the most eminent authority in the world! The auditorium was packed with an exceptionally enlightened gathering, and the learned Doctor, after reviewing the progress of centuries, went to the blackboard and tabulated a list of mysteries awaiting solution—while his listeners gazed with breathless suspense. Yet I, of course, was calm and silent, not to say meditative, for I had solved those *recondite enigmas* of the ages, a full *half century* ago—as the libraries of the world ever attest. But I do not belong to its "smart set," and, hence, my writings, and my very existence even, are contemptuously ignored—by three generations, now, in one noteworthy instance, elsewhere detailed.

Twenty-five years later, after *five decades* of most intensive effort, I fathomed a priceless mystery—as yet divulged to but few. I sought a world famous scientist, who was spending fortunes to solve that very same riddle. Yet his selfish attitude, and the series of knocks dealt me by others, humanly speaking, *precipitated,* instead of *preventing,* our *world war!* I can fill a book elaborating these bitter experiences.

One prominent party, interested in science and invention, sought me out, and he diligently labored to coax me into telling him all, assuring me that it was ridiculous to expect pecuniary gain, when patents already covered every possible idea in that field. But ere long the most trifling improvement conceivable, was hastily patented by him—and he spent his life vainly striving to achieve.

Another, after craftily getting all possible pointers from me, spent *hundreds* of *thousands,* to circumvent and eliminate; while a third, whose co-operation I sought, was exceptionally and brutally frank: "We never pay a dollar for any invention, but help ourselves to whatever we like—and if they take us to the courts, we always beat them!"

Puzzling Sequences

We used to read about "sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind;" but I have nothing to present illustrative of that moral law. The most cheering item I have read in recent years is the notable Nash, business success, conducted on a strictly Golden Rule basis. That was precisely my principle of action, when I found myself, almost unintentionally, launched into the business world, just forty years ago. Were I to advise one similarly entering to-day, while wishing him godspeed, I probably should suggest his not mentioning this G. R. principle, lest he be classed and treated as an *"easy mark."*

I had saved homes for several parties, on their own terms, at great personal sacrifice, and found myself loaded up with properties which lacked promised easements—save, perchance, by the tedious process of litigation. Hence, I was so desirous of acquiring certain adjoining tracts—yet dared not approach the proper party, lest a prohibitive figure be placed upon them, because of my other holdings.

Finally, I chanced to see this same agent's name on the "For Sale" sign of a cheap city lot, which made an errand to his office, for its price. He gave it, but at once added, "What do you want of that? Why not buy such and such—something worth while?" He did precisely what I had desired, and the prices named were reasonable.

So I lost no time in going to another jurisdiction and searching records, which showed the title clouded by judgment and execution. Next, to find the holder of these, I had to make a journey and bought up all clouds at a forty per cent discount; then I returned to the widow and orphans, the lawyer, and her agent. I knew how little the husband had paid for that realty —not one-fifth of what they were asking me to give.

I knew, that with the execution in my pocket, they were all practically at my mercy, and the properties were potentially mine without the payment of another dollar, even, since a panic

was so imminent that one could not draw a check on his own bank balance, without giving some days' notice. Yet I took all they had to sell, at their inflated figures, and, for good measure; since two thousand dollars had been discounted to me on the judgment, I gave them half of that.

I was certain the properties were a bargain at the prices I was paying, and the sequel proved the soundness of my judgment in the premises. But the Golden Rule principle is what I am discussing, to show the ruthless manner in which I was treated, and how the properties were lost, because of the very thousand extra I had given. It really forms a chapter, too pathetic for recital.

I might add several more items of even tenor with the above, but will conclude with a pleasant incident: I had entreated a number of heirs not to sell a property; yet they would do it, and practically forced me to buy, when I was already overloaded and tied up. Then, two hundred and fifty dollars semi-annual interest, became due and the Trustees were about to advertise.

I went to one of them—a very worthy lawyer—and asked that he should do me a special favor; "This is Saturday. Pray do not insert that advertisement to-day—it will be my ruin!" "All right; but it is certainly going in Monday!" "Please pardon me for contradicting you, but it is *not* going in on Monday."

So with a sort of holy optimism I sallied forth on a sweltering Saturday, week-end, half-day, in a great city, where I should be welcome in no office, even had one been open—absolutely friendless, with a large hungry family on the outskirts, anxious for my return with supplies.

On one piece of property I had purchased, years previously, a small contractor held a trucking lease, and complained of lack of legal notice, and threatened suit—altho I was blameless in the premises. I had not seen him in many months, and this Saturday afternoon, it occurred to me, that a few days before, he had passed me and *actually bowed!* This fact emboldened

me to look in the Directory for his address, and, about nine o'clock I reached his humble abode, where the weary wife was disposing of the little ones for the night; and I learned that the husband had taken a basket and gone to market. But, oh, the "nerve" it took to go and search for him, on such an errand. Yet I went, found him and told my story.

He took me down to see a little old foreigner, who sometimes lent in a small way, at usurious rates. "Py tam; I don't guess your fren will ever pay my two hundred fifty dollar!" "But *I will,* if it takes my *horse and buggy!*" And thus that property was saved. The skies brightened for me, but darkened for that contractor. I paid his rent winters, later. The whole family revered me, and I was never forgotten years after, when wedding cards were issued. One act of each, in a crisis revealed character, and insured abiding friendship.

A certain large property was purchased by me, on honor I will call it, and was repeatedly saved, as "by an eyelash!" The panic was on, and I was suddenly notified that, unless $700 were paid before nine P. M., next day, that valuable tract would be lost to me. Whereupon I seized a $2,500 certificate of problematical value, and took a 300-mile trip, in the hope of finding, in a strange city, an incidental, traveling acquaintance. I found him; yet the banks would honor no checks. He chanced to have quarts of silver coin in a private car. It was dumped into a newspaper, and, by running up the track, I made my train and paid up at just 9 P. M. "I told them Starkweather was a hustler and would make it!"—was the final echo.

Sad and Strange

I once listened to a famous educator, as he lectured to his hundreds of adult students, and clearly sought their moral uplift. He spoke of graduates he had found in distant cities, who were disgracing their Alma Mater by the use of tobacco, withal —and a little suppressed smile, which I noted here and there, led me to query, and to learn that their distinguished speaker

was clandestinely a slave to the weed himself! Then he later brought John B. Gough there, and was most enthusiastic over his personal recital of debauchery and final triumph. Knowing as I did the commiserating contempt he had for my "dietetic crotchets," I took occasion to tell him that Gough's *gutter experiences* were all I lacked for I had his almost overmastering appetite—when he cruelly assured me that I could never gain public favor without them!

There's a Reason!

To expedite my humanitarian enterprise, I am striving to elucidate my real personality, and make clear, at the same time, why it is ever so vilified—and I here see an opportunity to trace pointers from a special angle, in two clear cut recitals.

As already stated, I was urged into a church organization, over forty years ago, and all was most propitious, till a new pastor came, who practically put the *pulpit cigaret* above the *Decalogue* and *Sermon on the Mount*—and actually placing those who had not the good sense to puff them, as pitiable *"light weights!"* And this simply forced me, in view of my church vows, to privately confer with him on the subject. But, as elsewhere told, I was summarily dropped, and the boast was made that matters were so fixed, I could never gain admission to another church. I am not positive whether I was consigned to a *smokeless* region, or otherwise.

Now there was a grand, broad-gaged, noble citizen here who, for several reasons, would normally have been allied with me—and my detractors were quick to perceive this fact. His spiritual adviser, and best friend, was also mine—which renders this recital all the more remarkable. His adverse business decision, at a certain stage, cost the life of one of my family—and I so informed him. My despoilers succeeded in roping him in, however, to head their crusade, for the evident purpose of discouraging me. I was once talking long and earnestly to one of his best friends, while he, from a short distance, im-

patiently waited for me to move on. And I perfectly well knew that he hastened over to learn my latest scheme, and to effectually knock both it and me.

The fact is, I was gently, tactfully urging the friend to modify his daily regimen, for I perceived, that, otherwise he was marked for early demise—and my worst fears were realized. But I never was so ashamed of this "broad-gaged citizen," as, many months later, when I called at his great office, with a practical, humane matter to present, which I expressed in six words, on the slip I sent in, as was required of all; and I sat apart from several who were ahead of me, in the anteroom.

He was of stalwart physique, and instantly appeared, hastening towards me, with bold stride, drew back as he reached me, and raising *fist, arm,* and *foot,* seemed about to annihilate me! But I sat there as calm as if posing in an artist's studio. Of course, he expected to see my villainous self, flee in terror—and I fancy at this juncture he never felt more uncomfortable! That cigaret pulpit is what started this antipathy, which was reinforced by that real estate despoiling gang. Had he simply known the actual facts, he would have honored me from the first.

And this reminds me of how in public buildings, I have known those who were paid to watch me by the hour to detect me in acts of petty larceny. And not content with that, to suddenly spring out upon—or better said—in front of me, hoping to see the "guilty wretch," or "kleptomaniac" attempt to flee. I can give names.

Reasonably Specific

Some doubtless will feel that I am hypersensitive and *imagine* there are enemies and spies trailing my steps. Yet I could point away only a few weeks or months, and become most specific and convincing—but will turn back *thirty eight years,* which was early in my local record, and detail a typical sample: I ventured, with actual cash into a territory that had lain fallow for over

three quarters of a century, and I was greeted joyously by those having property interests in that section—all strangers to me.

Presently, it was whispered that the most influential man of that region, and who had welcomed me so effusively, was calling me a *"damned blatherskite!"* So I hastened to his real estate office without a trace of resentment—to verify that report, and I found him bristling, and ready to shed his last drop of blood in defense of his proposition! I thanked him for his frankness and left, rejoicing in the Saviour's final and most consoling beatitude. It would be density on my part, not to realize the source of my defamer's inspiration!

Well Done!

I have explained somewhat, how and why the clerical world has not rallied conspicuously in my behalf; but I recall an exception worth noting: A married clergyman, in middle life, was charged with gross immorality by the leader of his choir—was churched and unfrocked, while the singer named her child for him.

Now the details of the whole disgraceful affair had quietly reached me, unsought, so, when, after years of isolation, the expelled "culprit," hired a hall to discuss his own case, I found time to drop in, that I might look the arch-hypocrite out of countenance. And I found a fair sized audience there present, while he, with evident embarrassment, broadly discussed situations in life, which resulted in my being the only one to go and take his hand at the close, saying, "I came here to face a guilty impostor, but I now contemplate you as innocent, till some proof of your guilt is produced."

Years later, while tarrying in a distant city, I read a Washington item, which told how this unfrocked clergyman, had been vindicated by the death-bed confession of the son of a distinguished sire. I hastened to write a congratulatory letter, and I received from him, by return mail, one which I highly prize. But how I rejoice at the good sense I displayed that

day at the hall. Can it be that my own bitter experiences had made me, alone, capable of manifesting a spirit of fair-mindedness, and Christian charity?

Sanity and Psychology

No one has ever charged me with alcoholism, for it would be as ridiculous as to suggest African blood in my veins. But it is so easy to whisper "hereditary, criminal insanity," reminding the startled listener of that *one meal mania,* and the *matricide* affair, when discretion dictates deletion. I recall one of a friendly lineage whom I saw fail mentally. He died in an asylum—but Christian ethics shield his posterity.

Lest I be accused of vain imaginings, I will give a modern instance: In recent years I have had occasion to put myself in print; and I learned of one who knew me, saying, that I was simply demonstrating my insanity. But he erelong came to view me favorably, and to-day is one of my stanchest advocates. I adapted my schedule so as to dine at his table, and there met a notable person of refinement. His comment on my personality, singularly reached me, and was amazingly complimentary.

Later, at a public gathering, we met, and he introduced me to his wife. He could not have been more deferential to royalty, as he invited me to dine at their table—any day that might suit my convenience, by just telephoning in advance. And, a week or two later, we chanced to meet, when I told him the day I had selected to call—but he, with embarrassment cancelled that entire program. Yet his solicitude as to whether I was offended, revealed his anxiety lest he should fall a victim to my irresponsible, *insane* infirmity.

Now one more little gem must close this list: One whom I had repeatedly met, found himself in the toils of the law, because of sundry words and acts which challenged his sanity. His friends were not numerous; yet one of them, in the quest for character witnesses, to save the unfortunate, suggested my

availability. But the idea was dismissed, because of the *absurdity* of getting one who was "off" to vouch for a fellow bedlamite!

Fifty-Fifty

Some one told me of having been present where real estate men were being unfavorably discussed, when a small contractor mentioned two names in that line, whom he would trust—one of which was my own. He told of having solicited a sand privilege of me for $150, and, after paying me sixty, on account, was given a receipt in full, upon his bare suggestion. The fact was I felt he had bid too high.

And the other case was where he had bid too low, for putting a concrete walk in front of six houses, and was cheerfully paid about double, regardless of contract—which reminds me of an instance I could name where a prosperous builder contracted to erect a great church at too low a figure, and was pauperized thereby; then cruelly left to die in want.

Highly Colored

There was an old somber-hued "Auntie," who, for years, was brought in touch with us in various ways—and I somehow came to learn of two of her expressions: "Whoever buys Starkweather for a fool, loses his money!" And again: "I would trust that man as soon as I would the Almighty!"

We moved onto another of my farms, when, ere long, I heard there was an aged African woman, in a little shack, who was ill, and without fuel. Our farm cart was made ready, a load of wood gathered, and presently delivered at her door. Her grown children, later, came into our domestic service, in varying capacities; and quite a bill was owing when disasters overwhelmed us. It was never paid or demanded; and they have severally passed away, but ever treated us with profoundest respect.

There is still, to-day, a typical old, decrepit colored "uncle," pretty well deserted by his own kin and people. I have re-

peatedly employed him in past years; and now, at most irregular intervals, in the distant suburbs, a Starkweather sack of necessities, for internal and external application, reaches his paintless, solitary abode. A noteworthy feature of the case, is, that he lays claim to psychic powers, which invariably apprise him, a full day in advance, of that contribution.

A colored cobbler had an inspiration for a home of his own, with his wife, and dear ones; and I had just the lot he needed, which he attempted to purchase on a monthly basis. But death suddenly removed him, a year or two later, and all rights in the premises hopelessly lapsed, while I was staggering under most iniquitous burdens.

But, after the passing of many months, I found myself with a small accessible balance, and I gave the better part of two days to tracing the whereabouts of that cobbler's widow, and her infant brood—and I found them at a little log shack, in a country grove, while washing was her means of livelihood. I told her, that, after figuring principal and interest, I had *eighty dollars*, for her—and I cannot recall when a flood of tears, ever before, had given me such joy!

Dairying

I had moved away from a rural section, here, and several years later, was in that vicinity, when I saw a maiden lady with her cows, much as of yore, and I ventured to speak a word or two, probably for the first time. Her reply was such, that I said, "You have forgotten me, evidently." "Are you the one who took milk of Mr. M.?" she eagerly inquired, and then became very effusive.

I had bought acreage property, on which was one very small tenant, who claimed the purchase could not have included her little vine and fig tree, for which she wanted ten dollars, and I allowed her accordingly, on her rent account: whereupon she cut them down, in spite, and soaked the ground and roots with boiling water. She also painted me in such colors to a farmer

milkman, Mr. M., that he would not take the sack of potatoes which I had ordered, from his vehicle, till he had the cash in hand. I mildly reproved him for his simplicity, and, later, took milk of him, when I was in funds—and he only stopped when my situation had become desperate, and I was nearly $100 behind. He would have receipted in full he told me for $10; but, months later, I paid *all* with *interest*—and he, too, sang my praises till death.

And this reference to milk reminds me that I had a very nice cow, in those same months, and regretted parting with her, to a man I had but incidentally met—and, later, heard what a queer fellow he said he had found me to be. "That cow was *twice as good* as Starkweather represented."

Who Instigated and Why

A very positive character, whom I have known for years, reported to me how a certain unwholesome, thirsty-looking party, that I have often seen, yet never dealt with, stood in front of my office, and made to him *unprintable charges* against me! He sternly said to him, "Were you to say that about me, I would shoot you in your tracks" — whereupon the fellow hustled away. But the natural query is, who paid him to thus stand and malign?

Again, when my name, and our *Foundation,* most satisfactorily occupied *four lines* in our City Directory, and the polite canvasser, who called for the next year's data, was told by me to repeat identically, who, pray, eliminated all that, and substituted my simple name, giving the occupation as *horse doctor?* Of course, I am not mystified.

Gratitude

I had practically donated a farm to a poor family, and a relative at a distance seemed so appreciative, that he actually did me an incidental favor. He, later, came for very substantial

assistance, and was favored to the extent of hundreds—but misfortunes made it a total loss. Then, a few years later, I found myself almost stranded in a distant city, and chanced to recall having heard that this unfortunate had made a new start, in a city some twenty miles from where I was grounded, as aforesaid.

I had just the price of boat fare to the city of hope, and had the good fortune to find my party, and told him of my pressing need of ten or fifteen dollars. He told me how to take the street cars and ride a few miles to his home, where his wife would supply me. "But she has never seen me," I argued. "Never mind that; you just tell her your name, and she will give you the last dollar in the house for the asking"—and I mention this because it is so unique among my many bitter experiences.

Sensible

I fancy some might class me as a very careless fellow—yet my caution is such that I still retain the *first letters* I *ever received!* And I am reminded of payments at stated intervals, which I had to make to a certain realty interest. But as calamities overwhelmed me, the relation was about to terminate, leaving me practically free—but that estate the positive loser of a hundred or two dollars. Yet I found a good endorser, and later paid all in fine shape.

Presently, I had to treat with new agents, who said they had learned all about me, extolled me most flatteringly, and bade me take my time in all future financial transactions—which continued for many months. But, after their termination, I noted a puzzling change from the former cordial attitude—which it took me three years to fathom. Just before the statute of limitations, should bar legal action, a suit was filed against me, for a goodly amount, by this very estate. The alacrity wtih which I produced receipts "in full," was as stimulating to me as it was depressing to certain intermediaries.

Disheartening

In this "probing" effort, one is ever haunted by the query of *"survival value"* in humanity. I recall once making a very substantial outlay to appraise people of the availability of our life-saving wares—yet receiving, in reimbursement, less than one per cent of our outlay, while publishers declined to touch our notices at any price. But in those very days, a "Zodiac Research" concern, with "good luck and happiness rings" for sale, and giving "astrological interpretations" was unimpededly raking in, from thousands of letters daily, sums mounting toward millions! And in those same publications, so discriminating in advertising lines, they had a dozen veiled nostrums offered, each of which was a life destroyer.

Jericho

It seems a part of our inheritance to hark back to the "good old days;" and I fairly envy that lone traveler on the Jericho Road, who fell among thieves, and was left for dead. That was straightforward, in a sense, and the task of the Good Samaritan was so simple. But to-day's despoilers placard their victims—one instance surely I recall—*"Leprous bandit!* BEWARE!"—Of course, this is a free translation.

For years, a nicely groomed bachelor, had a strangle hold on me, which yielded him, easily, *six fold* the normal return. He took pains to tell me that he could not live on less than *ten dollars* a day—and I perceived that he always had that tidy sum available. The singular providence which impressed me, was, that I, with *ten mouths* to supply, and craving only *one* dollar a day, to make all happy, should so frequently find but an empty larder!

He had a habit of driving out occasionally to take a survey of the situation, and if he could find listeners, near, to talk ferociously to me, and dissipate any lingering reputation I might have. He said to me once, "To learn what a man really

is, ask his neighbors;" and I might relate the "roasting" I received, when absent, at the hands of those I had helped for years.

Human Inconsistency

We are all familiar with the Master's words, "When saw we thee naked or hungry and ministered not?" As also the warning against "beating fellow servants"—and these passages have been brought to mind by an appeal for help which lies before me to awaken and have part in the beautiful and all pervasive Christmas spirit, so in evidence just now, by contributing substantially to specific needs enumerated.

Dozens of people lend their names to figure in these personal appeals for contributions—and I wish them all success. Yet six of the persons thus appearing, cause me serious reflection, since I cannot forget the seeming pleasure with which they severally applied the lash in a manner to render impossible my giving, and they now evidently, enjoy the pose of generously disposed Christian citizenship, while I rest under a cloud of infamy they so generously and iniquitously have heaped upon me—for reasons which I have reiterated.

Incredible yet Veritable

Some five years ago I called to learn about one of the heirs to a millionaire's estate, when the officer in charge asked me if my name was not Starkweather—which surprised me greatly, especially after he said he had never seen me before. And I was astonished to learn from him that it was an intuition traceable to his wife's striking declaration that "Mr. Starkweather is the most outraged person in the District of Columbia!"

He told me the name of the Court stenographer he had married—whom I recalled as still holding a claim for fees of about a hundred dollars against me. And this gives a glimpse of what I have been passing thru by the decade. Properties

have been foreclosed under mortgages I had fully paid a dozen years previously—as all concerned well knew. With due legal formalities, they would take all—and, for good measure, tho leaving me empty-handed, I would still be saddled with judgments, for costs.

Just fancy a fine horse being stolen from a well-locked stable, and the gall of the thieves in coming back demanding the animal's *saddle* and *bridle!* And yet this, figuratively, is precisely what was done: The real estate was all iniquitously taken; and then a demand made for certain related chattels which were in another jurisdiction. I very properly ignored the Court order for their delivery, when the "just" Judge issued a contempt decree against me. The only surprise in the premises, is, that they did not kidnap and transport me to that jurisdiction; then leave me to languish in prison till everything should be delivered and I thus "purged of contempt." And at this juncture, some one may feel disposed to quote, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures, where thieves break thru," unmindful of the fact that I was only gathering means with which to bless humanity!

Unutterably Shameful

Forty odd years ago I was here in a Department, with a young and increasing family. My salary was too small—altho translating languages—to enable me to live in the city; so we dwelt some ten miles out in the suburbs. Then, riding back and forth the greater part of the way, daily, I became acquainted with a professional man, who was the head of a city firm, as well as of a family, and we were in hearty accord, it developed, on sundry fundamentals of life. He had a suburban home of his own, and in calling, casually I found an interesting group there.

I used to buy my ten-trip-tickets at intervals, and, some way or other, on one occasion, I was moved to buy an extra one and take it to this expert's sanctum, as an incidental good will token. And I never can forget the luminous smile and expres-

sion of his countenance as he accepted my *timely* tender. For I learned, at his house, some days later, that at that particular moment he was praying the good Lord to send him what would save his weary limbs that dreaded homeward hike.

His faithful wife told me how they prized having a friend to whom they could point as a model, in every way, for their young sons to imitate. And I could fill a volume with my many acts to this same family, of like tenor invariably, for years. Yet, incredible to relate, my recompense and memories, in the premises, are far from inspiring—for we live in a world of propagandists, hypnotists, *in-laws*, and busy-bodies, which briefly explains all.

In this indelicate task of portraying my essential self, I was neglecting to mention how I early noted that no calling had ever any attraction for me which did not have its prominent *moral phase*. Thus astronomy, chemistry and geology lack this essential clearly.

Unmistakable

I insist that it is unpardonable for individuals, or a community, to be swayed by infamous propaganda against a neighbor whom they may have seen daily for years, and whose acts have ever been in the line of good citizenship. A personal incident will illustrate my contention:

I was a foreigner in a great city, penniless, and friendless, after one of life's cataclysms. I had combinations for a fresh start, if I could but complete the furnishing of an office-parlor. So I went to a store and found that high grade articles, totaling $60, were requisite. Then I stepped over to the proprietor and told him the amount of the list, that I could pay nothing, but *hoped* to receive money in two months, from the sale of chattels in a distant city.

He asked no question, but riveted his gaze upon me for some seconds, and then assented, leaving the clerk to proceed with the sale. And I agonized for fifty-nine days lest I should fail

to meet my obligation on the morrow—but I paid it! And altho this was fifty-three years ago, that superb, dignified merchant's personality is as clearly visualized to-day as when our souls met in that quiet momentary gaze.

More Instances

Between two and three decades ago with a Golden Rule impulse, I was donating *hundreds* to a family of whom I had purchased land, but to whom I was under no shadow of legal obligation, when, with a smile, I was told what had been said to them: "Heaven pity you if you have fallen into the clutches of that monster!"—which of course was but a part of that merciless propaganda.

And, back in that same period, I am reminded of two lone men—years my senior—whom I used to meet in a big city, hundreds of miles away, at a modest hostelry. I was ever in financial straits in those years, and naturally made incidental reference to my affairs, tho none of us three had any shadow of business relation with one another.

Years later, and many months apart, they each made their way to this, my home city, and gently threw themselves in my way, as the best prospect extant for finding sympathy, and, perchance, material aid. And one of them I was able to help for years. But it surprised me that I should have so impressed them.

Away back in the eighties, I found myself located in a young, thriving community, and I bought our family supplies at the nearest place, paying cash. Presently I learned of one dealer who, from principle, would extend credit to no one—and would not handle tobacco. I thereupon transferred my patronage to him, keeping always a cash deposit in his hands in anticipation of current needs.

That idea of "asking neighbors," in order to get a true estimate of one, reminds me of when I bought a farm which, withal, had a colored tenant—one of those old " 'fore the war"

survivals. The cold, dead winter was on, and my leniency in the way of back rent, was too much for him. So he asked if I hadn't some kind of work he could do for me on my hundred-acre home-site? And I indicated where, back over the hill, along a ravine, certain brambles could be cut, gathered up and burned.

I remember making him happy also with the gift of a nice overcoat, withal. But one evening, he came to me, "B'foh de Lor, boss, what nabors yo has got! One ole man came clar down de hill yah to tell me not to work fo you, as I'd neber get no pay!" He would not give this adviser away—yet I recognized that it was one I had been favoring for years, and had never owed!

Another white neighbor, whom I had helped to the extent of hundreds, and by whom I was a constant loser, stipulated with a physician for his services in an obstetrical case, at $25 spot cash. But as soon as the affair was safely over, and the promised remuneration demanded, his answer was, "I'll pay *you* when *Starkweather pays me!*"

Another genial white tenant, farther away, studied me many months, and then, in plainest attire, came to me and said, "Boss, I know that I'm a sinner, but I haven't any clothes fitten to go to church with." So I took him to the city and put him in the most presentable shape ever. And he lived on for years; but I question if that suit was ever inside a sacred edifice—unless perchance at his funeral.

Most Reluctantly

I set out this morning with a resolve to eliminate everything but the editor-friend story, in its entirety, since it is typical of all the others—and then I reflected how it would be said, "Well he might omit such and such!" So now for one which it pains me to present:

I was buying suburban property, and revealing plans which promised well for all in that section. I learned of one nice

resident who held office, and was precisely of my religious affiliation. I called, but regretted to note no spirit of co-operation—office, family and church duties, seemed to cover his horizon, insomuch, that, after we became neighbors even, two years slipped by, before they seemed cognizant of the fact.

Half apologetic for this slight they invited us to their remote church, in which he evidently was a pillar. We went, but it proved to be just on the eve of an explosion, which sent him elsewhere, and us nowhere. It caused me, however, to indicate to him the site I had picked, from the start, to donate for a church. I also told him how, for years, I had held our large parlor section—when leasing to tenants—in reserve for prospective Sunday School purposes.

This aroused him, and he at once opened his parlor for classes, which we rejoiced to see, and sent our half dozen most punctiliously, and encouraged them in every way possible, pleased to see seventy crowd into their double parlor at evening services. Yet my enterprises were tied up, and I was sorely cramped, when the wife of this zealous S. S. Superintendent, told me how sadly the new school needed a *nice* chapel organ—and by a singular coincidence, in the city, that very afternoon, while dropping into a preacher's home, as I frequently did, the good wife jocularly asked me, if I would not buy her organ, as she had dreams of a piano. Thus, a few hours later, that instrument was in our young Sunday School—and that devoted wife so apologetic, as she reflected, that, at my home, there was not even an accordion.

A little later the husband said to me, "Brother S., our parlors are too small; a good chapel is required, and I have found a lot close by; how much will you contribute?" "What is needed?" *"Five thousand dollars!"* "Then put me down for whatever you see fit—anything from *one* dollar to $5,000!" "Oh, no, brother Starkweather; our District Association must contribute something."

In those days my wife insisted that I must attend the World's

Fair, which I declined to do till this "Brother" had consented to accompany—at my expense. His wife's health failed, when I at once planned to bear the costs of a journey. And I somewhere heard of his remark that he had never seen any one so ready to part with money as I—which should not leave any to assume that I am a spendthrift, for I am mercilessly penurious towards self, even to a *dime* a day, yet ever generous towards "causes." I conferred honors upon this same "Brother," withal, by appointing him to positions of trust—as records attest.

And now for the sad climax, which parallels several of my experiences. He was asked, by telegraph, to meet a certain most plausible stranger—whom I ever read at sight—and was *hypnotically* "loaded" to believe that I was a giant crook. He told me so with that glassy glare in his eyes which I have repeatedly noted in others—when my pockets were bulging with documents which demonstrated the plainest facts to the contrary! He was under this spell for years; took copies of my papers; remained puzzled for weeks; and then proceeded in a manner to despoil me of *hundreds* of *thousands* of dollars—as records will forever attest.

Again there was an ex-preacher, and Government clerk, whose suburban interests were identical with my own—yet he was not disposed to co-operate in the slightest. It was early in my real estate career that he found window sash had been stolen from his premises. So, in broad daylight, he came, I learned, over with his man and took the missing number from my building. Before I could swear out a warrant for his arrest, he replaced them I was told. But who had loaded him with the assurance that I was a thief is the query?

Foresight

I have been assailed here, in this jurisdiction, for my "impractical, unbalanced craziness;" while I contend, that, "where there is no vision the people perish." "Real Estate, Loans, Insurance" is the trite, tripartite legend, blazoned over scores of

offices in this city, for generations—and I was openly made an object of observation and suspicion for daring to modify the current formula, or make the slightest cerebral effort.

Now I am not arguing *sagacity* on my part, but aim rather to indicate the *density* of others. I now visualize a spot where I stood, and could have thrown a stone onto each of four residences. The fine, modern home of my friend, was on a corner; yet he said the cross street would never be extended, because of a ravine requiring 1,000 cubic yards of filling—but it has crossed, for many years and miles! Two of that four were almost world famous, thru achievements: yet one of them argued a shocking detour on one of earth's grandest Avenues, so as to leave intact his $1,000 porch—while the other dug, turned, filled and frittered thousands into his few acres, much as a bear might in quest of a ground hog.

The last of this quartet was a colored woman, who grieved bitterly at the injustice contemplated, when complaints drifted in from the afternoon equipages of the elite, because of the sickening emanations from her *pig sty!* She declared that, by simply the turning of heads, and a prompt use of handkerchiefs, all unpleasantness could be avoided. And I could, at the time referred to, have thrown stones onto certain sections of land *ten times* as dear as other pieces—some of which have enhanced in value *one hundred fold,* with *millions* spent on improvements—all of which I measurably foresaw, as my acts prove. But I hold that all the above cited *four,* were equally destitute of *vision.*

Sympathetic

It is so depressing to cite successive instances of unfair treatment, that, as a tonic to my own personality, I will introduce an item or two that I still find refreshing: Simply because I insisted that my editor-friend's estate, should have a *ten-fold* return—$150,000—my 24,000,000 square feet of land, by dint of fiendish ingenuity, exercised for over a score of years, were

made to gradually vanish, till not even the traditional "2x6 *feet*" can to-day be called mine.

Nevertheless, *nil desperandum* was ever my motto, and I never hesitated to quietly have a bidder, at every auction sale of any piece of my properties, provided I could possibly secure, during the ten-day period of the advertisement, the requisite cash deposit for the hour of sale—which ranged anywhere from $100 to $1,000—depending, of course, on the amount of the overdue delinquency.

Now there was a poor man, from another jurisdiction, who had the kindest regard for me, because, among other things, of an incident which I had quite forgotten—a five-dollar bill, for a row of little, otherwise empty, Christmas stockings. And he was ever ready to set all else aside, and be present to act as I invariably indicated, to wit: "Let your bid always be a very small advance—and, above all, the *final one!*"

If the terms of sale were not complied with, in less than fifteen days, the deposit money would be forfeited, and the property re-advertised. Most naturally, I was a silent onlooker, at all these sad obsequies. But when that same quiet stranger, and defaulting purchaser, would appear at the next re-advertising sale, it did not take the auctioneer long to discern that he was simply *my bidder,* again, after a respite of twenty-five days.

I should state, that there was one small piece of my mortgaged land, most undesirable by itself, yet indispensable to me, because of its relation to the large adjoining tract, which I owned —and its auction history became unique, insomuch as it had *twelve* postponements,which were not on account of the weather.

The $100 was always to cover the cost of advertising, as already stated. The hour of sale was 4 P. M.; but as the fatal date would recur, and the preceding fifteen days, which I had vainly spent trying to secure, at least the $100 for a new deposit, I gradually mustered the courage to go early in the day, to the auctioneer's office, and reason out the situation with him.

"Now, Mr. Auctioneer, the hour for your tolling bell approaches, and I have no $100 for my friend to come ten miles and hand you, as you say 'going, *gone!*' Can you not see your way to postpone the sale for ten days, readjusting your advertisement accordingly, and holding, meanwhile my actually worthless note, or check, for the amount?" And he sympathetically complied, and repeated this, chronically, for months, till I finally triumphed, and paid all—yet only to have the angle of torture changed, and to lose everything a dozen years later! But that auctioneer as certainly had a heart, as did my ever faithful bidder! And so had the poor grocer who kept my family from starving for months, and was wont to remark, I learned, "There is no use of living if you can't trust anybody. I believe in *Starkweather!*" But, alas, that this should all have proven in vain to date—yet he ever honors and smiles.

Inscrutable

How hard it is to fathom the ways of Providence! I was just turning the leaves of a book and saw the name of a famous, lovable philanthropist, whose piety was most conspicuous. I knew him personally so well—yet I never sought aid from him. In fact I knew just how he had been defrauded of his only million dollars. And the last time I saw him, he was stricken in years, blind, penniless, seemingly friendless—and so silent!

Prenatally Attuned

I am striving to make clear, what I was, and am—and how it all came about. My *earliest attitude* recalls a line or two from Alex. Pope's prayer: "This teach me more than Heaven to seek—that, more than Hell to shun!" Mother, in my prenatal days, was greatly troubled over sundry negligible physical symptoms, insomuch that I arrived a "natural born health crank!"

On my early, "happy New Year" days, I never dared hope that I should live to see another. In that little red school house,

when just able to print a few words, I recall trying to note down a list of all the diseases I had heard named—and to divine the one most likely to get me. A tiny blood blister under one of my toes, in summer, led the bare-foot lad to believe mortification had set in, and the end but hours away. The fatal day of week or month I so often sought to forecast.

I early heard *clams* unfavorably spoken of, as also rubber foot-wear, and of course shunned them. The nature of soap once explained, led me to avoid it lest it injure my skin. An incidental cough from a trifling cold made me confident that I had consumption. With my first money I sent for a "short-hand" Pitman system, yet in a few minutes saw it was nothing for me. But a book on human physiology, I absorbed like milk.

I gained the impression that our aboriginal red men wore little clothing and were very healthy and hardy; hence in bitter New England winters, and in early hours, while wallowing thru drifts, four feet deep, with my papers, I would wear neither overcoat, mittens, nor under suits, during my minority. Medicines I instinctively abominated—especially, *quinine*—due to maternal antipathy—till, at the age of thirty-two, when *five hundred grains* brought me up from the grave, and gave me, withal, a level, therapeutic head.

Manhood

Little incidents reveal character, and here is one worth noting: In the course of one business enterprise, I was brought in contact with a small family—tenants in fact—and noted in an outbuilding, a stalwart chap in his early twenties. He wore very little clothing, stared, but did not salute, and perhaps was chained to his stall, as he stood there motionless. I made casual inquiry and was told that he was a distantly related, unfortunate imbecile. Yet I was, ere long, with the passing weeks, able to discern that the youth did not lack intelligence, but opportunity.

One day, when conditions favored, I invited him to a back

seat in my carriage, while I gave him a joy ride to the city. And as we passed a six-million dollar edifice, I asked him to estimate its cost, when he said $300. I gave him a good bath; took him to a clothier's where men's furnishings were also sold, and I filled a valise for him with changes of underwear; and, in short, transformed him into an up-to-date gentleman—the most surprising thing being, the mystery of *buttons,* and how to work the fingers to get them thru the holes! It was dark night, as, with grip in hand, he manfully ascended the home steps, as I had advised, and sought accommodations. None of that family of three, dreamed who he was—while my reward was, the *threatening of my life!*

Technical Skill

Away back, before reaching my majority, I was intent upon an invention which involved the fashioning of highly tempered steel. In the great foreign city, where I chanced to be tarrying, there was just one large establishment where my errand interested the management—and it had but one machinist—a French expert, then busy on other work—who could be trusted with my delicate task. So, after several visits, I proposed doing it myself, provided there was a spare bench and vise, which were readily facilitated.

The next few days I spent there, donning suitable garments for the occasion—and the only annoying feature of the situation was the ogling and smiling of workmen to each other after glancing in my direction—which I construed as due to my awkwardness. But such was not the case, for, as I went to the grindstone, where I felt a bit privileged, the leading annoyer harshly said, "Stand back and wait your turn! You are nothing but a journeyman like the rest of us!" And that rebuke was so gratifying to me.

In another city, years later, an enterprise of mine, involved the cutting of quite a lot of *velveteen,* and I entered a foreign merchant tailor's establishment to get it done. The proprietor

was out, but his wife kindly told me to proceed—and I was very busy when he returned and watched my movements. He could not think of accepting pay for thus being able to do a service to a *"fellow craftsman."* Of course my only aim in these tame recitals is to show what sort of an "impractical visionary" I have ever been.

Items

An ex-policeman, suiciding because of melancholia, seven months after the death of his darling pet of six years, suggests that perhaps I have not brought out clearly, my own course, when suddenly overwhelmed with a similar, yet two fold affliction, and was prostrated four months before having the heart to again face life's stern realities.

That "holding up" of the visiting, sister-in-law teacher, occurred thirty years ago, and, of course, was a trying ordeal. Yet it never occurred to me, till actually penning these lines, how, *forty years* ago, I had so willingly sent our only *twenty* dollars, to one who was so dear to her! And, while I have been forced to say unpleasant things against certain "in-laws," this teacher guest, surely was not one of them, for she so willingly bought and donated a bolt of fabric to my stealthy aviation plant—and was cheered with visions of impending triumph.

But these anonymous, interlocking anecdotes and episodes are hard on the patient reader—chronologically confusing, and psychologically must produce an overlapping patch-work ensemble. Yet they were generations in evolving—and countless interruptions during many months, have prevented a better classification.

Remarkable

This entire "probing" effort is unspeakably distasteful to me —and yet it has brought reminiscent hours of introspection and I am amazed; I note a semi-invalid urchin of seven, starting out on his life of service, who, altho ever lacking health, education and income, yet was always toiling for the general welfare,

and found himself, fifteen years later, in the hands of a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, and was appointed by him to speak, write and wrestle with the keen intelligence of a noted University city, in a foreign tongue—and all at his own expense, with life itself in jeopardy daily, yet ever making good!

That Doctor exacted the promise, before abandoning me to my fate, that I would go to a certain small, foreign hotel, each morning, for a glass of milk, and thus measurably camouflage the stigma of my ever-negligible, and contemptible bill of fare. Tardily he had learned, after giving me a week's schedule for sojourn and travel, at his expense, that my charges were most ridiculously insignificant!

And, after the lapse of a second fifteen years, with my family of five, I was found still working for "causes," utterly forgetful of personal needs—one instance of which I must give: That editor-friend and his wife, had traveled hundreds of miles, to be present on a festive occasion, in which I incidentally figured—much as they might, with pride, have gone to see an only son graduate.

He wrote up the affair for his paper, in a way that so pleased the managers of that beneficence, in which I almost gratuitously labored, that they sent him a check for twenty-five dollars, whereupon he promptly informed them that he simply could not accept it—and they with like positiveness declined to recall it. But the equilibrium was restored with the compromise that it should be given to me—and I stealthily slipped it over onto them, since I, too, found it quite impossible to accept such a gift. And the nearest to strained relations with this royal friend, came, when a certain $100 check was shuffled back and forth, between us, each contending that it was the property of the other.

Precisely this same spirit animated me seven years later when the sense of honor was so keen that I could not for an hour, even, withhold the facts from that sorrowing widow! Every real estate expert in this District, would have made affidavit that

no such values were there; yet the proof is overwhelming that I was ever right!

It is difficult to conceive of a more infamous character than I am painted—and it is all, to me certainly—but a most transparent shield, maliciously evolved by my despoilers! That a conscience rated as one in *ten thousand,* should cause its owner to be held in execration, can only be explained as some species of hypnosis, which has been practiced upon former friends—post-hypnotic suggestion, by which I have been made to suffer in *ten* instances surely.

Unpleasant Duties

Forty odd years ago I selected a suburban town for the rearing of my family, because I repeatedly heard its "straight-laced puritanism" cursed. Several local churches there, competed for our attendance, and we became social favorites. All my time and surplus dollars went into every local worthy move. But our beloved pastor's health broke, and I was one of the three who acceptably filled the pulpit—and my vote helped bring his successor. He was fresh from the Seminary—and, alas, too late it was found, that he was a cigaret addict, which was almost unanimously deplored in our membership.

I privately, prayerfully sought him, entreating to learn his justification of the habit. But the little ruling clique of three, were with him, and against me—and just at this juncture, in a great daily paper, the following appeared, among its Special Notices: "The prayers of God's people are earnestly requested for a church whose pastor uses tobacco, to the despair of his congregation."

Now there was no shadow of legal evidence which bore upon the authorship of that request. Suspicion fell upon me, however, but I promptly entered my plea of "not guilty"—yet, oh, and alas, for my posterity, if that crime could have been really laid at my door!! I was ever mindful of my covenant vows—to "work for its *purity* and *peace*"—hence could not take kindly

to suggestions that I promptly withdraw. So a meeting was most informally and unlawfully called, and six votes out of a possible eighty were entered against me, and I was summarily expelled for "hostility"—all of which was shockingly illegal from every angle, and I meekly withdrew; while that society spent the winter, vainly trying to "get up a revival;" and in the spring a choir row was precipitated, and gradually everything went down and out—verily, a church *militant!*

Now I have been most unjustly charged, I assume, of having killed that flourishing little organization; but I can point to the day that its "candlestick" was removed: Early in that unpleasantness, after the morning service, the congregation was detained for a business meeting, to discuss my enormities—those three members of the ruling "triangle" most painstakingly heaping abuse upon me—including that *one meal a day* and my *flying machines!*

The last and greatest of these accusers, charged *lying* on my part, and what not, when I found my voice, and standing erect, fearlessly spoke, closing with the *criminal libel* phase of the case. Whereupon, this latest maligner, jumped to his feet, saying that he had never uttered a word against me in his life, but had always found me a perfect gentleman—the psychology of which words was what gave the organization its fatal paralytic stroke! The Divine decree, most unmistakably was, that it lacked *survival value!*

His wife had consented to marriage, only on condition that he abandon the use of the weed—while it was a factor in the selection of my wife, that she early declared she would not marry one who *ever had used tobacco!* And at that little assembly of *eleven,* where *six* votes were given against me, and I was declared expelled, my wife's words, "Please do me the honor of dropping my name from your rolls!" gave a silent chill. Yet we ere long moved to this District, and those days of conscientious impecuniosity were followed by a season of unparalleled prosperity—altho I feel that this church episode is one of

four that have strewn my path with thorns. *Guiteau* was then in the lime light, and I recall having been compared to him, with tobacco as my mania.

Local Items

Now I am not writing an autobiography, but citing facts to prove how infamous are the charges current concerning me, as set forth in an opening paragraph, when my efforts have ever been phenomenally successful, punctiliously honest, and amazingly generous! But most that I relate may seem so vague and remote, in point of both time and locality; so I will focus a little on our home town, right here in this jurisdiction, with record proof for every statement.

Forty years ago I had a Government translatorship of five languages; a salary of one hundred dollars a month; a wife and three little ones, with more in prospect, when my only defect was said to be *generosity*—a surplus *twenty dollars* that month, I recall, having been sent by me to an ailing one, not of my lineage, who we thought would appreciate it. Our furniture surely was not worth a hundred dollars.

That editor-friend, already herein mentioned, urged me to draw on him at sight. But I would not, could not bring myself to do this till I had insured my life for $5,000 in his favor, and then with no writing or formality, he sent the $1,500 asked for, which I invested in twenty-three District acres, and sold the same, without subdivision, at a net profit of *ninety thousand* dollars, cash. Yet I was constantly called "a fool," till that final consummation, when the sobriquet was changed to *"knave!"*

I quietly bought land in another section, here, and arranged for subdivision, with our Commissioners, a trunk railway line, and with previous owners. I found a big banker who said he would be glad to have my patrons purchase lots at his bank. I then advertised the projected subdivision and terms—but what was the sequel?

The rush of clerical purchasers was so great, the first noon hour, after my circulars appeared, that the Bank President was frightened, and denied all knowledge or interest in the project; the railroad scrapped the station, actually built at my behest; the Commissioners reversed themselves, and caused Congress to tie the entire District for two years, till a comprehensive system of subdivision could be evolved—which surely demonstrated advertising ability, if it did embarrass me, and ruin many. Several will have reason to rejoice that I abbreviate this item.

Then, in that, my first land purchase, I was too impecunious to either spend money or take chances. I, therefore, searched the title myself and paced the tract with its wild ravines, and challenged the veteran official surveyor, threatening suit if he reported so many thousand non-existent feet of ground; and I platted the big old colonial tract in justification. But how such boldness? Because I had absolute confidence in my stride. And, further, I noted, how for convenience, he had made two angles *coincide,* in a way which proved to me he was guessing—and I triumphed.

And this recalls an experience, of a seven years' previous date: Universal depression, and I barely surviving war and pestilence, had most reluctantly revealed a situation to that editor-friend. He confided some of my traits to a Senator, who was asked to name a manager for a donated fifteen hundred acre cotton plantation—and he hastened to extol me tho a total stranger, but had heard thru my friend.

This caused my appointment; yet such adverse reports, regarding my practical sense, were presently received, that a party of legal and agricultural experts went down hundreds of miles, studied the situation from every angle, found the one great, practical and successful party of that region; and then, after allowing but a starving, financial pittance, for self and family, let me proceed as nominal head—but to counsel at every step with the aforesaid, august Capt. X.

I walked over fifteen miles daily, for a week or two, learning basic facts as to title and other relevant matters. I then fenced in hundreds of acres, with their fine improvements, that were claimed and quietly occupied by the same Capt. X. I next reported all to my superiors, whereupon my course was approved; declared to have been "Napoleonic," and *carte blanche* was given me to draw funds for litigation, and everything else. But how again, such reckless daring?

Well; in the first place, I read that ex-Captain at sight; also many lawyers who were booming his greatness. The records revealed, withal, the name of a former adjacent owner, who still survived—and his utterances were pure gold. I *knew* that the Captain knew he was stealing—and that he was actually strapped, financially. Of course, he subsided like a sick kitten. But *square dealing* and *practical sense* of *deponent* are the burning issues before us.

"Yes," it may be argued, "you cite brilliant instances which are admirable; but how, pray tell, can this praiseworthiness, breed such blood-curdling adverse whisperings? Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire!" And to this I will reply that one of the saddest utterances of the Saviour, to me, is, "For the children of this world, are in their generation, wiser than the children of light." But oh, how great is this disparity!

I will enlarge a little on a case in point, which has no parallel in mundane annals: A noble hearted editor admires an invalid news lad, even up to manhood, and urges borrowed money onto him, unconditionally and secretly, to the extent of *fifteen thousand dollars;* then unexpectedly dies, leaving a solitary widow five times this amount. Irrepressible honesty is manifest, as well as boundless gratitude, when that favored youth writes, showering benedictions on the departed, and insists on making her a present of $150,000 as he reveals everything which her model husband had withheld to save her from possible anxiety.

The widow tells friends and neighbors of her windfall; and

covetous ones travel to the scene and verify the words of the most transparent personality extant — lawyers and schemers among these friendly visitors, whose aims were most apparent, to wit: the capturing of that gift in transit—which, alas, they *hypnotically* did!

Reminders

Years before my birth, a silly sister-in-law, as already related, made a jest which led to a tragedy—a thousand removes, hereditarily speaking, from anything in my most honorable strain. Yet it was utilized a generation ago, to despoil both that widow and myself, making me appear as the monster of all ages, and actually causing bank presidents to shudder in my bloodthirsty presence—unwilling to even touch documents I held—they denouncing them as *forgeries!*

I have related how my mother was exceptionally efficient. How marriageable girls in those days were ambitious to earn a little money before settling down for life, and I might name one who proudly told of her savings. My mother had *forty times* that hoard which awakened envy and caused annoyances,which really became the bane of my poor mother's existence. Phenomenal success has attended my several undertakings in life, in conformity with biogenetic principles—which has always produced a host of detractors. This might suggest something about the *new psychology;* yet I think the same old *human nature* covers the situation.

Besides that maternal efficiency was intensest circumspection during the period of my gestation, because of jealous critics; hence is explained my excessive *caution* and *conscience.* People may commiserate if they see fit; but I should not be blamed for that inexorable one-meal habit, my abhorrence of tobacco; my erect carriage, my razorless physique, and much else; but the average citizen instinctively abominates such a "holier than thou" personality. And there seems to be a grim satisfaction in passing along the word that he is everything he should not be.

Incidents

During months of business stress, I tarried at a modest hotel in a big city, and met two or three with whom I was in perfect religious accord. And they pointed to one who eyed us, whom they said was of our faith—yet he shunned me, ever. He had reached middle life, was stooping, shabby, and had what might be called a general "hang-dog" aspect.

At a noonday prayer meeting, I used to drop in, where I heard this same fellow tell how, when following the plow, he set his mark and went directly for it. Then, weeks later, on a great thorofare, one day I met him dashing by, in such a bizarre fashion, that I reported him as having gone insane, to friends at that hostelry. They assured me, however, that I was mistaken —and, tardily, it dawned upon me, that he was manifesting publicly his contempt for me, and demonstrating just how I impressed him.

Those Ailing Days

At the age of thirteen, as an invalid newsboy, in a bustling city, when up in a big office building, I became so ill that I simply had to sit on the stairs and recuperate a bit, regardless of the heat and general hustle. Then, presently one of the most refined gentlemen I ever saw, stooped over, and, with deep solicitude, asked if I was sick. But I rallied as best I could, and with a forced smile, went my way. Yet I never could forget that kindly act of a gentle spirit, and took pains to learn his name.

Twenty years later my editor-friend told me for my consolation, how he too, once had a business friend, who carried him thru pinches like an infant in arms—and it proved to be this same ministering angel that had noticed me so tenderly. But he then was lying in the most appropriate tomb in a modern cemetery, with a bronze angel, in the act of tapping, at the door, on the resurrection morn.

When privileged to be in that locality, I have lingered longest at that sacred spot. And forty-five years after the above initial incident, I chanced to read an item concerning a noted physician in another state, who was a son of this beloved benefactor. Of course, I could do no less than to write him, much as above; and in his reply he told what a tearful pleasure my letter had given him—which leads one to hope that there are some lingering remnants still of nobleness and gentle sympathy in this rampant age.

Beware!

But it is so risky, in these times, to show gratitude even. After years of torture, resulting from complications incident to my loyalty to that editor-friend's memory, I was in direst straits, at one juncture, when, with a full typewritten statement of my peculiar situation, I called on the only one conceivably in a position to save the day. And as he read with moistened eyes, promising to carry me safely over, I felt that I had found a second "unchangeable" friend.

He did nobly, along strictly business lines, however, yet tempered ever with kindness—as in the matter of renewals, and often saying, "Don't let these properties get away from you, Starkweather, for they will make you a very rich man"—when, after six years of noble co-operation, he one day said, "I'm afraid, Starkweather, you don't fully appreciate what I am doing for you." So this led me to call him into the private office, and to insist upon his giving concrete expression to his thought, in terms of legal tender.

After some ten minutes' effort, I found that $5,000 was his precise estimate—and I promptly told him I would cheerfully present him with that reasonable bonus for his timely aid. But this generous spirit proved my ruin, since his entire attitude changed from that very hour, and the six succeeding years were consumed in making a clean sweep of everything in sight!

Inheritances

Heredity and *Environment* have long been contemplated from sundry angles; while the factors of *Gestation* and *Psychology* have been utterly ignored. Supernumerary digits, for generations, well typify heredity. A dissipated son of model parents often illustrates the power of environment. The pregnant wife who is startled by a mouse dropping on her bare arm, and, later, has a child with a correspondingly mouse-marked limb proves gestatory potentialities. The man who dies with cancer of the stomach, at the age of fifty-one years, and two months, precisely in every detail as his father did, is simply the victim of his own psychology—a plain case of mind-kill—since such ailments are not, properly speaking, hereditarily transmissible.

Now if ten per cent of a family for generations have been guilty of felonies, it is natural to assume, broadly, that there is a corresponding risk in marrying into such a lineage. Of course, I am arguing here, my own pedigree, with its one outstanding *gestatory blot*—which by *no conceivable theory of inheritance* could affect my line. Yet, note well, what human ingenuity can accomplish, when at work upon protoplasmic, jelly-fish personalities:

The uninstructed stranger honors me daily, by mistaking me for some dignitary he has previously met. Nevertheless, even he can be made to believe, within five minutes, that *ninety-nine* and *nine-tenths* of my ancestry, have been legally exterminated, in expiation of their blood-curdling enormities—and that it is only a matter of hours till the insane virulency of my heredity shall overpower any lingering scruples I might chance to harbor—and with such tactics my despoilers find solace, as they puff their cigarets, and recall my futile strictures, and straight-laced practices!

Total Depravity

According to the specially delegated propagandists, I am unutterably vile, from every angle—and, for the moment, let us

assume that such is demonstrably the fact. How many millions of the human family, should, for this reason, be allowed to perish, while spiting me and my entire outfit. One philanthropist lost a grandchild, and thereupon set apart millions for the study of infant rescue work. Must my "enormities" ever loom so as to close the gates of hope to a perishing world?

Of course, I do not know just how my personality impresses others; and yet, when I recall the private banker who declined to glance at any credentials, but cashed my unendorsed note and told, after sundry transactions, the pleasure of dealing with such people; when I think of the matrimonial overtures I have had, and the number of times I have been mistaken for sundry notables, I feel that the prima facie aspect of this personality is not what the propagandists depict.

Gratifying

In recent months, I made a long, tedious journey over a strange line, in a train which had very few passengers. I found a congenial seatmate, and we discussed all manner of subjects, to relieve the tedium of the journey—and, with absolute frankness, knowing that we were never to meet again. Then, after hours of this, a highly respectable couple, just ahead of us, left the train. As the lady arose in her seat, she turned and made the most profoundly respectful bow I ever received in my life—which instantly apprised me of the fact, that they had inevitably heard my every utterance, and she, for one, could not depart without thus indicating to me her soulful appreciation of my principles.

Since many of my woes date back to that announcement of a presently available gift, of $150,000 to the widow of my departed friend, I naturally reflect on what a pity it seems, that I had not had the good, practical sense to wait a little, till the cash was really in hand, and then to have let it come as a genuine, glad surprise—yet the justifying reasons for my course savor of the pathetic.

She and her husband were as one to me—only the added feminine feature, which made her every wish doubly sacred. I could not imagine that hindrances would develop, from her end of the line, to the bestowal of my gracious, grateful offering. Her most proper request was for a plain, prompt and complete, business statement of our affairs—if perchance, any such there might be. Now, assuming that I had simply answered with effusive eulogies and flowers, it certainly would have gratified and satisfied her. But, suppose that husband were still able to see, and pass upon all—or some court, could I have vindicated that silence?

Slander's Potency

Let us picture half a dozen business men, with some similar, sinister interest, who should mutually agree to "knock" some given banking concern, whenever opportunity might be presented. They could as certainly work its ruin as a very similar combination has perpetuated mine—and so eager, all, to accept evil innuendoes! Just one detective I have known, who resolved to quit his calling, as an incompetent, if he found me a crook, as alleged—and he became my stanchest friend!

Inconsistencies

Human nature is a strange blend, surely. Were I haled to Court charged with lunacy, I could suggest sundry witnesses, who, I am positive, would testify to the best of their ability, to land me in a padded cell. Yet, on the other hand, were I to commit some atrocious crime, and seek to escape the electric chair on the plea of irresponsibility, I cannot doubt that these same parties would testify that they believed me sane and guilty as indicated. Or, had I been caught red-handed, the actual destroyer of half a dozen lives, and safely caged behind prison bars, ladies would of course visit and bring me flowers. But, alas, I am of a very unique type, and universally shunned!

How Absurd!

Let us suppose that a youth should appear in some plain line of ancestry, who had a fine musical ear and voice, as well as marked composing ability—a truly astonishing endowment, in view of his lineage. Now let a person with mercenary motives, select some distant cousin of this prodigy, while nearing his four score years, and try to get people to take stock in his scheme to charm the world with this octogenarian's musical genius, could he find imbecile investors for such an enterprise?

"Why, man, your veteran has neither *ear, voice*, nor *talent* in the line you propose!"—"True, but according to the laws of *heredity,* they are liable to appear in him at any minute!" And, absurd as this hypothetical case is, it is closely analogous to what people are accepting when they take stock in iniquitous innuendoes concerning me. *Gestatory* endowment is possible in any lineage—and let it be remembered, is ever subject to an *early manifestation.* How true the words of Disraeli: "Characters never change; opinions alter: characters are only developed!"

My editorial friend died universally honored and beloved. Since he had secretly favored me to the extent of $15,000—or five times the amount facilitated to any other friend, it is fair to assume that I was, safely, one of the highest in his regard, after nearly three decades of observation—the "most honest person" he had ever met! And, but for that well placed estimate, *no one could ever have known of any existing pecuniary relations!*

It surpasses the legitimate bounds of human credence, the premises considered, that the favored one — *G. B. S.*— having hastened to reveal every last detail, and with boundless gratitude, plead, and insist by the year, that the widow receive from him $150,000; and for that yearning plea, be branded as *an incarnate monster!* That editor-friend was virtually, thereby

classed as a *silly dupe,* while I was painted as a *blood-curdling knave,* a *forger—everything infamous!* And all this could never have passed, but for that *matricide crime,* plus *crafty legal talent conscienceless lusting for fees!*

As already told, those happy days in December, 1864, when I was in my eighteenth year, one of the parties whom I took pains to bring to those revival meetings, was a bright young bookkeeper, whose plans paralleled mine, and we were virtually linked up for life, in that great project across the seas, into which I was born. But a sudden rift appeared. For me, Christ had become *first of all,* as well as *all* in *all,* while he said it was *a fortune first* for him. Hence with tearful eyes that bitter cold night, John B. L. and I, parted *forever!*

Appalling

The burden of my plaint is ever this *infant mortality* stigma —37,000 a day—and then looms the opposing spectre, and query as to *"survival value!"* A magazine for instance, with an inspiring title, recently fell into my hands, and hope seemed to revive a little. But, presently, I noted about a dozen of its advertisements — slightly veiled naturally — which were really *feticide formulas!*

I remember well when a prominent Senator told me, thirty years ago, that he had never known of a wife who desired pregnancy. The French have a National Alliance for Increase of Population—which is really a military-preparedness move—and I notice its latest report reveals an ever diminishing birth rate. *Race suicide* well expresses the psychology involved; and that which has been evolving for generations, cannot be suddenly reversed!

Depressing

I frequently see certain popular styles of cards, which are prepared by the blind and offered, at a definite price on a self selling system, to the public, for the support of those sight-

less unfortunate ones. I noticed the one who regularly replenishes and counts the money and asked him the percentage of defaulting patrons—and he said *thirty!*

Again

I recall meeting a fine gentleman who argued, seemingly in good faith, that 99 out of every 100 people we meet, are honest. Yet I remember my call on an experienced ex-banker friend, in a great city, to get his advice on a vast business project; and he told me frankly that he saw no hope for me.

"I can take you, George, and introduce you to the President of every Trust Company in this city, and you will be received most graciously. But the moment they learn you have a property worth $95,000, and need $5,000 for its development, there is not one of them but what will begin to study how he can facilitate this *five,* in a way to capture your *ninety-five!*"

Typical

While I was in most excruciating toils, needing money worse than any other man in the District, I wrought one of my phenomenal deals: My father was an inventor and I have ever had much sympathy for all of that class. One of them, with a nice family, had his novelty of years, in the hands of a corporation, within which a "ring" had formed, that aimed to become *sole licensee,* and contract to manufacture, taking 95 *per cent* of all profits, when I was urged to enter and save the day. I pleaded for further searching efforts, and was jeeringly sent away for a week to survey the broad field. My recommendation at the next meeting was ridiculed, and they were on the point of taking the final, ruinous vote, when I submitted a written offer, to manufacture exclusively, for *five,* instead of *ninety-five per cent* of the profits, giving, withal, a $10,000 real estate penalty bond, for specific performance—and of course it was accepted. But the psychological complexes which were pre-

cipitated and the nerve tonics sought made a lasting impression on a special friend of Roosevelt, who was present, insomuch that he has since been convulsed with mirth, whenever that scene is recalled.

A family disposed to be unfriendly, wanted to sell a property and urged me to buy, as I had neighboring interests. I was in no shape to purchase, and urged upon them the folly of sale. I finally consented, paying practically their figure, but with the assurance that I would pay more, later, if values warranted—but in any event to inform me, when at any time they should be in financial straits. I have a score of distressful letters received, and checks still attest the hundreds I gave in spite of my personal agony. They were given on a *golden rule* basis of action.

I have ample proof of the fact, that, in the course of this same deal, where no shadow of legal claim existed, and but the barest trace of moral equity either, that I assumed, or, rather, created, and duly paid, an interest-bearing obligation of $4,000—and the suave "go between" who coaxed me into taking this step, deliberately caused me to lose *hundreds* of *thousands*, later!

Positively Shocking

I struck for a home just forty years ago, altho penniless, and contracted in a way to occupy several wild, wooded District acres, and to construct a rude bungalow, that saved rent, thanks to a friendly loan of $500. We were so cozy, healthy and happy, and that five-year venture netted me $18,000 in cash as repeatedly noted. Our cellar was made just large enough for three vegetable barrels, and was entered by a trap door in the floor. Thus its dimensions were *two* by *six*—and please note the sequel:

There surely was nothing in all this to militate against good citizenship, nor in contravention of the consensus of opinion, that I was "a perfect husband." Old friends from a distance

called, and even visited. One of these acted peculiarly, and hinted something about a "*trap door*," in a way that led to frankness presently, which disclosed the fact, that, in a distant state, there was a select gathering, one evening, at which a harrowing tale was told, and certainly one young man, with faltering voice, departed, saying that it was the saddest recital to which he had ever listened! And I must again refer to that cruel jesting sister-in-law, whose foolish words led to a sister-in-law of hers, giving birth to a *matricide!* But, of course, I can only conjecture—matrimony?—why one who had been graciously entertained by us, should go and paint me as of that criminal breed, with a *grave* under my shack for a poor wife who knew her doom, and could never bring herself to step near that trap door.

Diary Data

My diary habit began before my teens, even; but its object and persistent aim were to enable me to bring back any day, as of yesterday, to guide me, especially in matters of diet and health. Then, as a family man, I conceived data might be obtained of value to my posterity. Abbreviations were often used, and in any of three languages. Memory and precision were incidentally cultivated, besides many accruing collateral advantages.

In a dark block of a big foreign city, a youth, with tremulous voice, asked aid, and I let him follow me to the establishment of a friend where he was taken in. Two days later, he stole and fled—and some one was mean enough to suggest that I profited thereby. But a month or so after, that same false voice accosted me, again in a dark square. He followed expectantly, as I urged, till I landed him into a policeman's arms. The substation; that friend's house; my home and *diary*, were severally so closely related, and quickly assembled, that the witnesses came to the trial, and all was over within an hour, and sentence passed.

A wheelwright, horse-shoeing establishment, undertook to construct a big invention of mine, in that same city, and I dropped in daily, at odd hours, to note progress—when, after the lapse of more than two months, full time was charged to me, for all those weeks, making a huge total, and immediate suit was threatened. But the chief calmed down and accepted my terms, after I had read to him a few lines from my ever-truthful peace-making diary which showed those constant interruptions.

And it is not so long ago, that a letter came, from a distant state, addressed to me, or to my heirs. It was from a veteran Colonel, who used to call me "friend." He told of a block of stock in a corporation of mine, which he had bought in good faith, " *on honor,*" et cetera, thirty years previously, to help me out, and that so many hundred dollars were equitably his.

I promptly and cordially replied, giving him the day and hour of his "purchase," telling how five shares were issued and entrusted to him on his paltry payment of *five dollars,* towards the $250 due, how he dropped in and borrowed *ten* of me the very next day, when A. and B. were present; never paid any more; how I called at his house, at such a number, *N* Street, on a certain day, and of his wife kindly offering me a glass of milk—then, oh, how *graciously* he subsided!

Once More

The probing of this *S. B. Foundation,* ere long constantly and inevitably resolves itself into a scrutiny of its originator as previously indicated—which presently seems to pivot largely on his relations, for thirty years, with an editor-friend. These two, with their wives, form an interesting quartet. The four alike idolized the ex-newsboy's two children—and each of the four was disposed to plead guilty to criminal oversight which precipitated the death of those darlings—saving their lives once, and then sacrificing them both in a single year!

The editor-friend's kindness had made possible that second marriage, with its later promising brood—and a home was the urgent desideratum. As a matter of gallant courtesy, the editor's wife advanced the initial $500 as a home starter, and, reciprocally, this domestic hearth was placed in the name of the young wife and mother—while the enterprising husband was quietly handed funds with which to act his pleasure in another section. And this summarizes the situation, when that editor, most unexpectedly, died—yet without jarring the auspicious harmony. The widow announced a continuance of the husband's policy. The young wife gladly threw the $18,000 cash from the sale of the home, to protect those benefactors from possible loss. And the ex-newsboy, with his boundless gratitude, pleaded, by the year, to bestow upon that widow $150,000. But a decade and a half of paralysis was forced upon the three principal parties in interest, that a wolfish pack of outsiders might despoil all concerned!

The *psychology* involved is the point of practical interest. That *pedigree* camouflage, explains, in a way, how the widow should be turned against me; but how she could have lived and died, as adamant, against the young wife and mother—whose lineage was never assailed—after the sacrificing of that $18,000 home for her, is simply inexplicable — save on a *hypnotic hypothesis!*

What If I Had

At the age of sixteen, when thwarted in my Aviation plans, by parental authority, slipped away to pursue my own, clearly-outlined, life purpose, who would have profited thereby? The same conscience which then dictated my course, tells me to-day, that the sequel would not have been felicitous.

Sixteen years later, I was actually constructing man-carrying devices. And thirteen years after that, I was practically rich, and should have been in the air, but for the death of my editor-friend. Still, whatever I might have left, I feel positive, that,

even with all my caution, I should, long decades ago, have been "numbered with the slain!"

A friend who began studying my projects forty years ago, says that the world will be the gainer by this iniquitous frustration of all my plans, since their merited success would have so engrossed my attention, that I never could have found time to work out my *biogenetic* problems—and he may be right.

What if I had elected to guard the bullion at that frontier gold mine, and to have married a magnate's daughter, instead of "going over the top" for liberty of conscience—or, had I accepted any one of a half dozen other matrimonial overtures, involving wealth—what would have been my present status?

Conscience has so promptly dictated at every stage of life's checkered game; and while the "punishment" seems anything but a requital to fit the offense, I have faith to believe that some day, we shall understand, and freely concede, that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

It is now over seventy years since this Aviation ferment began in my brain, and, reinforced by my biogenetic handicaps, brought the matter of mental poise into question. And, among noteworthy ones, it is pleasant to recall the breadth of vision, and honesty manifested by Samuel Fisher Lafone, away back in the sixties; Stephen A. Hubbard, in the seventies; Phineas T. Barnum, Alfred H. Love, Norvin Green, Cyrus W. Field, Samuel P. Langley and Nathaniel Wheeler in the eighties—the conviction, however, of this last named, that "the Almighty never intended us to control the air," caused me to essay the role of capitalist.

C. V. Riley was most courteous in those days, and told me of his plan to resign from his scientific specialty and concentrate upon aeronautics; yet he would not take a step, till Congress should appropriate a *quarter* of a *million* for his experiments—he little dreaming that my modest laboratory was then busy, frequently, with less than a dollar's margin.

It is still interesting to recall the terror-stricken countenance of an illustrious ex-Mayor, as he told me what he would do to defeat Aviation—and, also, that Boston and Maine R. R. official, who rang for his assistants when he grasped the scope of my document. Each, of course, inferred from my theme, that I was a dangerous lunatic. The latter's face was a study when I gave as a reference, the President of their railroad, who was my seatmate at the little red school. But the progressive attitude of one leading nation—ever unnamed—is still commendable, after the lapse of *thirty years!*

I might to-day—were it not for humane, biogenetic exigencies—enter into negotiations with that same foreign power, to put *Starkweather Storm-King Safetys* into the air, comparable in number to the automobiles at present on terra firma. They bear no resemblance to anything extant, and tap a new source of power. They are as certainly destined to becloud every horizon on this terrestrial sphere, at all hours and seasons, as there lingers survival value in our degenerate race!

Summarizing

In this brief probe of the *S. B. F.*, and the solution of its enigmatical feature—*G. B. S.*—we find a youth blessed with exceptional parentage—which was hampered only by *in-laws* of both sexes. His advent some might deem as felicitous, as another's birth was deplorable. Altho the complex dates back some four score and ten years, into the past, its baneful virulence has been active even in recent months. A second and third generation of *in-laws* have been evolved, with the passing decades, and they generally have "bred true."

We find an invalid newslad wrestling with health problems and with one of the greatest scientific advance steps of the ages — Aviation — which, like his one meal, ten-cent-a-day regimen, branded him as insane, from two angles. Several befriended him in homesick solitary exile—and he managed to

recompense them several fold. At 22 he promised in gratitude, one-half of all his future assets to a friend; and at thirty, to another, ninety per cent of every dollar, on demand!

The aim of *in-laws*—not out-laws—has ever been to *dictate* and *isolate*. Fully *fifty* might be named, who, from time to time have been alienated by vicious propaganda. Yet one, loyal soul, in darkest hours of bereavement and ruin, wrote him; "Draw on me at sight; Unchanged and unchangeably, your friend." And just as a $1,500 bestowal for services convulsed the former generation, so now, his insistence of a *hundred times greater gift*, in soulful gratitude, be accepted by the widow of his benefactor—$150,000—this princely sum quickened every ignoble human impulse, and has caused this generous donor to be pictured as a *monster* of *inherited fiendish potentialities*—while the schemers have profited *millions!*

With personal habits and religious, conscientious convictions, classing him repeatedly as one man in *ten thousand*, ecclesiasticism, of differing creeds, shuns this humble follower of Christ, as a hereditary hypocrite and *"viler than Judas!"* Notwithstanding all of which, the personal affront he deems as negligible, and pleads for the acceptance of his material gifts to our race, as well as the saving of *millions* of *human lives!*

All that I am now giving to the world has been assembled under well-nigh, insuperable difficulties—as almost every paragraph incidentally attests. Nothing is more characteristic of me than my aversion to repetitions. Thus in arranging these items I became so distressed over that oft-recurring $150,000 tender, that I counted, and was appalled to find, with its different settings, it appears *ten times* in these *Probing* pages. So I undertook to eliminate, but concluded that it was a special providence designed to impress the public with that ill-starred *ten fold* aim!

Discernment

I have jotted down, casually, over a dozen of instances, where bank officials, and others in responsible positions, have at a

glance, sized me up, and acted upon their judgment, regarding my moral status, in ways involving thousands of dollars' loss, personally to them, had I proven false. I recall several occasions where ladies in places of trust, affirmed their native infallibility in matters of personal rectitude. Hence, I am led to feel, that those who have known me intimately for years—*invariably* finding me intent upon some beneficence—and then can become converts to the infamous propaganda whispered against me, without one *shred* of evidence, are most censurable, unless hypnotism can be pleaded in their defense. I might name scores of these offenders.

Conclusive Lines

This "Pertinent Probing" closes a specific task begun by me over *forty months* ago, preceded, mark well, by more than *forty years* of altruistic efforts in this same Capital City—all of which blends harmoniously with the three preceding decades. Oh, so *many* seasons of sowing, with *none* of reaping!

As I scan the *personalities* and *reiterations* which I have presented, the impulse is to delete them all, and, in fewest words, submit my *discoveries, claims,* and *scientific proofs.* Yet a moment's reflection, reveals the anomalous situation, with its chronic antecedents, and conscience impels rather towards amplification and publicity to the limit!

Persistently Faithful

These probing pages are to portray my personality; and in these New Year's hours—1925—I am so stirred by a fresh, palpable error, that conscience will not silence till I express myself.

A noted Doctor, in addressing the American Education Exposition, has just stated that, "one hundred years of vigorous life will be within the reach of a majority of the generation now in the cradle." And I as truthfully can add, that the individual stature of all these, will be upwards of *seven feet, two* and *one half inches!*

"Doctors, dentists and dietitians who have learned to stop enemy germs—disease—at the very door of the body," explains his optimism. He sees the microscope and test tube trailing germs; and health specifications being made out with scientific accuracy.

Now I see, with normal sense and vision, *eighty-five per cent* of our little school children, hopelessly defective in numberless ways—as these guardians of public health are wont to report. And for three quarters of a century surely, I have scrutinized the passing generations, but recall no instance where the children have reached their respective parents' ages!

No centenarian ever dreamed of a microscope, or of germs at the door of his body, craving admittance. And he knows that *hard work gives,* rather than cuts, life—to which philosophy I breathe an Amen!—provided his good mother, while fashioning him, did likewise. All centenarians have been born such by virtue of beneficent biogenetic laws. They are congenitally *germ proof*—immune naturally! Neither *microscopes* nor *telescopes* are longevity implements!

What could better attest the truth of all my longevity claims, than our hardy aboriginal tribes of past centuries, where the half-nude toiling squaws, produced *copper colored,* brave, centenarian athletes. Yet as rationed, reservation wards they became *non-viable,* fat, *brown* nonentities, spitting blood, while yet in their teens, altho clean and pure constitutionally. Then I recall, oh, so many nice, respectable white families, whom I have personally known well, who all passed out, at early ages, because, as I positively know, of inherited blood taints—and the percentage of such, to-day in the cradle, was *never larger!*

Bereavement and Tribute

Fifty-seven years ago to-day—Jan. 9, 1925—my only earthly friend died of Asiatic Cholera, after a few hours' illness. We had been chums for ten years, and were thousands of leagues from home, in a strange land, and I just becoming of age. I

was the regular correspondent of a New England daily paper, and in announcing this death, tried to recall a verse from Whittier—but it ended in my composing the following:

By friendship's closest ties united,
  Henceforth till life's late setting sun
Should hide from us these scenes benighted,
  For weal or woe, our course was one.

But here, at just the dawn of manhood,
  The time when all looks bright and gay,
Death makes a grasp and saps his life blood,
  And all is severed in a day.

Yet should I for thee still be sighing,
  When thou wast anxious to be gone,
And only could deplore thy dying
  Because of leaving me alone?

No! I would not so ungenerous be
  As wish thee here my toils to share;
Now, peace and gladness reign with thee,
  And I alone am worn with care.

Though I may never meet thy equal
  But plod thru life's sad vale alone,
I will be strengthened by the sequel,
  That yet again we shall be one.

Thy last request—that my probation
  Should be so spent in duty here,
That we, in God's high habitation
  Might spend one long eternal year,

Shall now, with a new consecration
  My every thought and act attend,
That I, like thee, in death's prostration
  May have a sweet and glorious end.

Three Persistent Items

My efforts to conclude this protracted probing should prevail presently, with the admission of these three typical incidents which transpired during the first decade of this present new century.

My normal habit was to tell my wife every detail of each day's occurrences and prospects. But when business matters began to loom large, she said I must not, as the nerve strain upon her would certainly prove disastrous. And absolute silence had been the rule for a full score of years at the time of this following incident.

The wife found that at least once in ten days she must get away from the suburban home routine, and, in stores or libraries of the city, change life's monotony for a few hours at least. And so on this particular occasion, as she was getting out of our country carriage, she said, "Oh, George, I must have a nickel for my lunch."

And without a demurring syllable of remonstrance, I passed over to her that coveted coin—but how little did she dream of my misgivings, for the fact was, that so far as I could discern, the only chance of saving our beautiful, overlooking home-site of *fifty acres,* lay in the forlorn hope of that paltry Indian-buffalo token!

A thousand dollars must be had within a week to prevent foreclosure, and I had less than thirty cents. One of our daily papers had a special, low "want-ad" rate, and for days I had focused my ingenuity on making it save the situation. It is easy to ask for the loan of a thousand dollars, on questionable security, but "pep" must be added to win success—and this I evolved in the three magic words: "Can give employment."

That condensed advertisement would take my last penny—and here my hopes were dashed by this urgent nickel-lunch plea. So I vainly strove all that monotonous day to make some thing or body move, till at nightfall I met my wife at the corner agreed upon, and was headed homeward when she remarked

that in a department store she had accepted the courtesy of a food demonstrator and thus saved that nickel.

With what eagerness I pleaded for it, stopped the carriage, then rushed to that newspaper office, not a square away, and secured the insertion of my forlorn "Ad,"—which yielded just one solitary response.

But that made me acquainted with one of the nicest men I ever met—a congressman from the middle west, who was supporting relatives, and sought occupation for his idle brother-in-law. And suffice it to say, that we "dealt," and were severally made happy. Yet his sympathies were so strongly with me that he never sought to recover the thousand dollars advanced—and of *such is the kingdom of Heaven!*

Again

I had been the co-founder of one church here in the District—as elsewhere indicated—but the powers of evil had worked so fiendishly that five of us could not, with self-respect, longer enter the sacred edifice. The four younger members of the family, however, were urged to continue and really had no knowledge of our grievances.

One Sunday morning, I took the baby of the family—dear, little, manly "Monesy"—on my knee, and smothering him with kisses, said, "To-day you are twelve years old, and will so soon become a man. You have attended church and Sunday-school regularly and know all about the story of the babe of Bethlehem; the meek and lowly Jesus; of Calvary and the resurrection. Do you believe the story; that He is the Saviour of the world; and do you love Him?"

"Yes, papa." "Then why not make this *'decision day,'* and take Him as your personal Saviour—right into your heart, and let Him be the guide of your life?" "I will"—and I awaited with interest the report from the church, later in the day.

I learned from him that, during the social moments, after Sunday-school, sermon and benediction, he stepped up to the

pastor and said, "Mr. M., I am twelve years old to-day. I have accepted Christ as my Saviour. When can I join the Church?" "What's that?" asked the pastor, unable to believe his ears. With a repetition of the message, the little fellow was tenderly embraced and kissed, by the one I must criticize for not being able to discriminate between the *robber* and the *robbed*—and of spurning even to recognize the existence of the fond parent of such children!

And Lastly

In those days I was responsible for an infant corporation, which necessitated my going out a few miles into another jurisdiction annually to secure the insertion of legal notices in some weekly paper.

With an eye to economy I struck a little newspaper I had never heard of before, and so rejoiced to have the three dollar cash advance required by the pleasant owner, editor and printer, all combined in one personality.

Two days later, here in the city, while standing, undecided which way to go, I was approached by a pitiable, trembling fellow, evidently on a spree; and his appeal was for a dime to buy whiskey, and steady his nerves.

"You don't know me," he said, and then proceeded to identify himself as that editor, boozing on the three dollars I had paid him. "I am disgracing my wife and daughters," he continued, "but I can't help it. If I go to a barber's shop, and he puts bay rum on my hair, it sets me off. It is a *disease.* Oh, please give me a dime for those nerves."

Fortunately I had a dime that day, and I thus addressed him. "You are right, my brother; and here is the first dime I ever invested in whiskey. But I give it to you to brace up those nerves, on one condition: that you will then go down to such and such a Mission where they will introduce you to Jesus Christ the great physician who can cure your disease in a twinkling —removing that overmastering appetite forever." So he took

my coin, and left, while I uttered a silent prayer, and presently became busy with my own perplexities.

Probably it was six months later, when I was walking down the Avenue, that I noticed three average citizens in conversation, and was surprised to see one of them start towards me with a smile, and cordially extend the glad hand.

"No!" said I, "you are mistaken in the party. We never met before." Whereupon he proceeded to identify himself as my unfortunate legal notice publisher, with that appetite. "I did just as I promised, and was cured and saved thru the blood of Christ. I am no longer a printer, but a rescuer of the perishing.

"How many times I have told in that Mission, what you said and did for me. Now promise me, brother, that you will come down some evening and tell the story from your angle. You simply must come. What night shall it be?"

"My dear brother in Christ, it would be the joy of my life to do precisely as you urge. But for reasons which I cannot now explain it is impossible!"

My patient readers, however, must be informed of the sad truth. Two, certainly, of those devoted Mission leaders have for long years treated me as a most unwelcome visitor at their highly commendable centers of human uplift. They can hardly be said to have treated me as either a saint or a sinner, but rather as non-existent—*persona non grata*—a veritable non-entity! I am perfectly familiar with the propaganda and the propagandists. And if I must indicate, in one word, the focal center of this disgraceful ostracism, will say, *tobacco!*

Oh, how well I recall one masterly intellect which was so sadly blighted by strong drink. The party was wont to remark: "Don't trouble over the *whiskey*, but show me how to resist the tobacco fiend. I have no thirst for alcohol till I break my resolve and indulge in that *accursed weed!*"

I have lived where the fond mother was wont to share her cigaret with the nursing darling at her breast. Our sons and daughters have come to believe that these "coffin nails" are the smart thing for both sexes alike. When may we expect that

the art of rolling, licking, lighting, puffing, and consuming these soporific "deities" will be just kindergarten stunts?

Unique Surely

Was there ever a life, intrinsically or potentially, more fruitful? Yet *suppression, incrimination* and *elimination* are the ever present opposing factors and treatment it has received from the people at large. I notice many about me, who have been publicly commended at frequent, if not at stated, intervals, and it has seemed to me, often, to an unwarranted extent. But they have been identified with fraternal organizations, which I have not.

I challenge the world to name an individual, whose substantial claims upon our common humanity, are at all comparable with my own—and yet, cruel rebuff is the sequel, *ninety-nine times* in a *hundred.* And I am not asking favors either, but merely seeking to *bestow* and to *bless*—which should make people a bit tolerant of possible idiosyncrasies.

I feel that there never was so much of my personality condensed into a few lines, as in the following, which appeared in print when the forces of evil were on the point of closing in upon me. I have seen spies and spotters on my trail in public buildings here for a score of years past—hoping to land me as a *petty sneak thief!* Since I am not carrying *libel insurance* at present, and am not pining for further "law frolics," I must be excused from becoming more specific. Yet I might detail incidents and proofs — with the *names* of *parties, residences salaries* and *all!* Anomalous as what follows may appear, it certainly cleared the social atmosphere and justified its insertion.

From *The Washington Times,* May 21, 1921:

Personal

PETITION: DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER: Thou hast urged Thy children, lacking wisdom, to claim Thy bounteous aid: to reason with Thee life's problems. How often hath this sup-

pliant approached Thy throne! And Thou canst attest how, in no country, clime or community has he denied Thee, or faltered in Thy service—ever walking in his integrity, with, "THIS WORLD FOR CHRIST!" as his motto—seeking diligently Thy beneficent laws, how unmistakably were they discerned by Thy trusting child!

And we know it is Thy good pleaure that not one of Thy little ones should perish. Yet we see accepted leaders, unblushingly promulgate the hideous, pitiless BLASPHEMY of a Divine order of SABOTAGE, which decrees an appalling mortality scourge—lacerating agonizing parental hearts to desperation—to bolster their PREPOSTEROUS "SURVIVAL" HYPOTHESIS! And they are MUNIFICENTLY ENDOWED! Now, Father, all wealth is Thine; and we, children of promise, are but Thy stewards. Yet means are lacking for the dissemination of these Thy ever beneficent laws and kindly purposes.

Thou knowest, dear Father, how Thy zealous child, apprehending this very emergency, devoted TEN YEARS to acquiring funds; and Thou didst prosper him a THOUSAND-FOLD! Then, for a SCORE OF YEARS he daily pleaded deliverance from unscrupulous despoilers, till all had vanished; since which, this DECADE of stagnation! Thy thoughts and ways are above ours, O God, and Thy judgments righteous altogether.

Peradventure were these FORTY YEARS, LIKE ISRAEL'S, a rebuke for faithless repinings? Nay, Lord, Thy paternal heart could never permit the CHASTENING of ONE to involve the EXTINCTION of UNTOLD MILLIONS of SINLESS INFANTS!—But Thy Grace shall suffice in every ordeal; and Thy promises, to HEAR, to ANSWER, DELIVER and HONOR, are SURE—and one sustained by Thee is ever a POTENTIAL CONQUEROR! Thy word cannot return void; and some day we'll understand!

Thou knowest, dear Lord, far better than Thy servant, the very names of the horde of sleuths, spotters, alienists, decoys,

dummies and nocturnal nondescripts that beset his path—ever whispering the hoary slogan, "he hath a DEVIL!" Forgive their sins, if pardonable; and may their distorted mental vision be adjusted, and their hearts attuned to nobler aspirations!

Lord, we see successful drives for every cause; and might not bereaved households consent to LEND a trifle to avert further visits from the DESTROYING ANGEL, when the tiny coppers from the closed eyes of the little victims for a SINGLE WEEK would suffice; but, alas, carnations and coffins claim all.

Peradventure some reverent, wealthy citizen's heart might be touched, and he be brought to realize the responsibilities of his stewardship and facilitate, on some business basis, our paltry pressing need, ignoring momentarily the decree of the "BLACK-LIST" which has so iniquitously carried Thy servant's spotless name, lo, these THIRTY-FOUR YEARS!—As Jacob wrestled all night for a blessing, so would this suppliant persistently plead for the hastening of Thy kingdom on earth, peopled with the precious darlings for whom CHRIST DIED!

Thou knowest how, like Paul, he has been a charge upon no one; and now will cheerfully accept a PADDED CELL, the CHAIN-GANG, a SCAPEGOAT'S FATE; yea, even the FIRING SQUAD, if children—the very thought of whom brings tears—can receive a SQUARE DEAL at the hands of this PERVERSE GENERATION!

Lord, Thou hast heard for years this familiar voice, pleading that hope may triumph and SURVIVAL VALUE in our race become manifest. Thou didst offer to spare a city if ten righteous men were found. REBUKE DESPAIR, dear FATHER! Touch callous hearts with THY HOLY SPIRIT! Asking all in HIS PRECIOUS NAME, G. B. S. STARKWEATHER BIOGENETIC FOUNDATION. Phone Lincoln 401[illegible]