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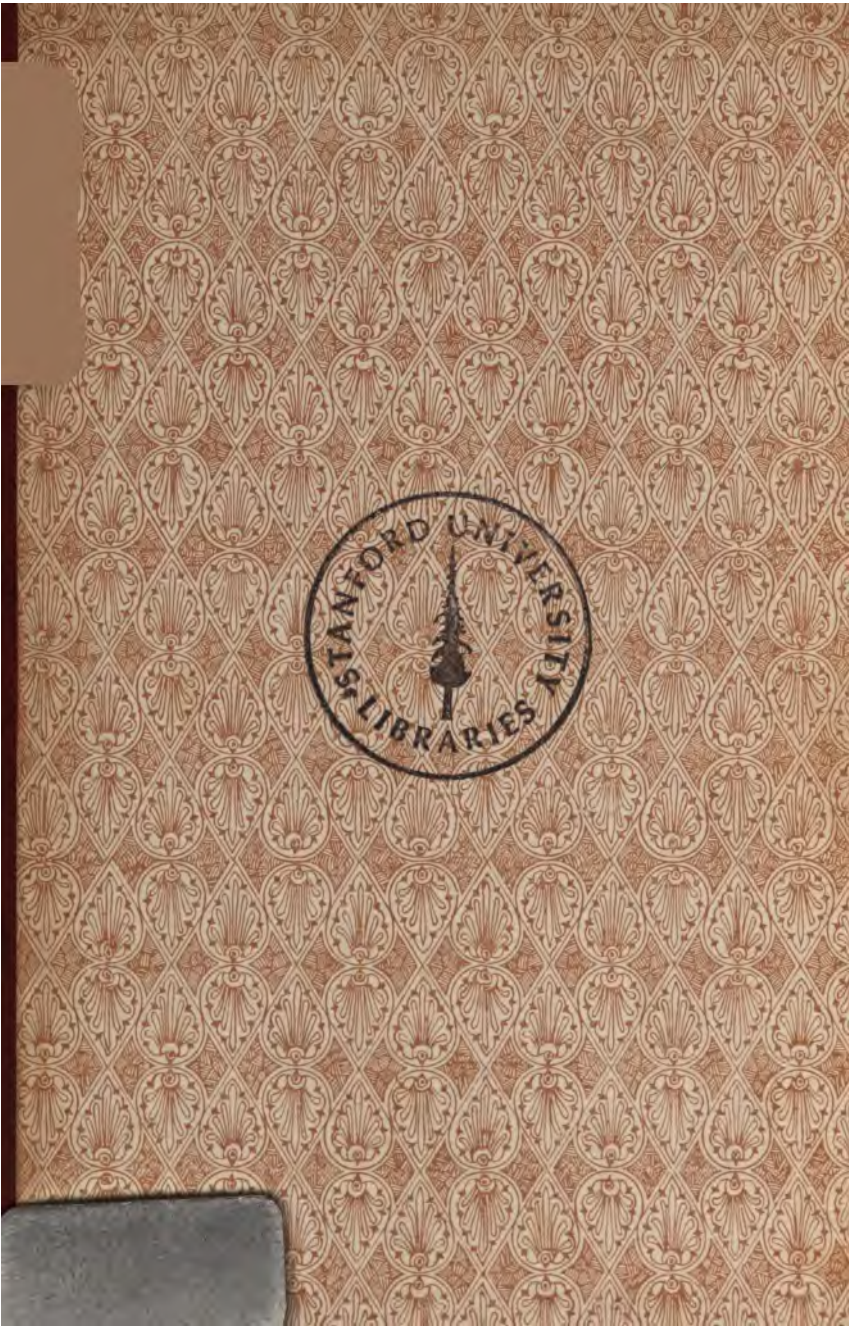
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WHAT MUST I DO
TO GET WELL? AND
HOW CAN I KEEP SO?

Eliza Stuart.



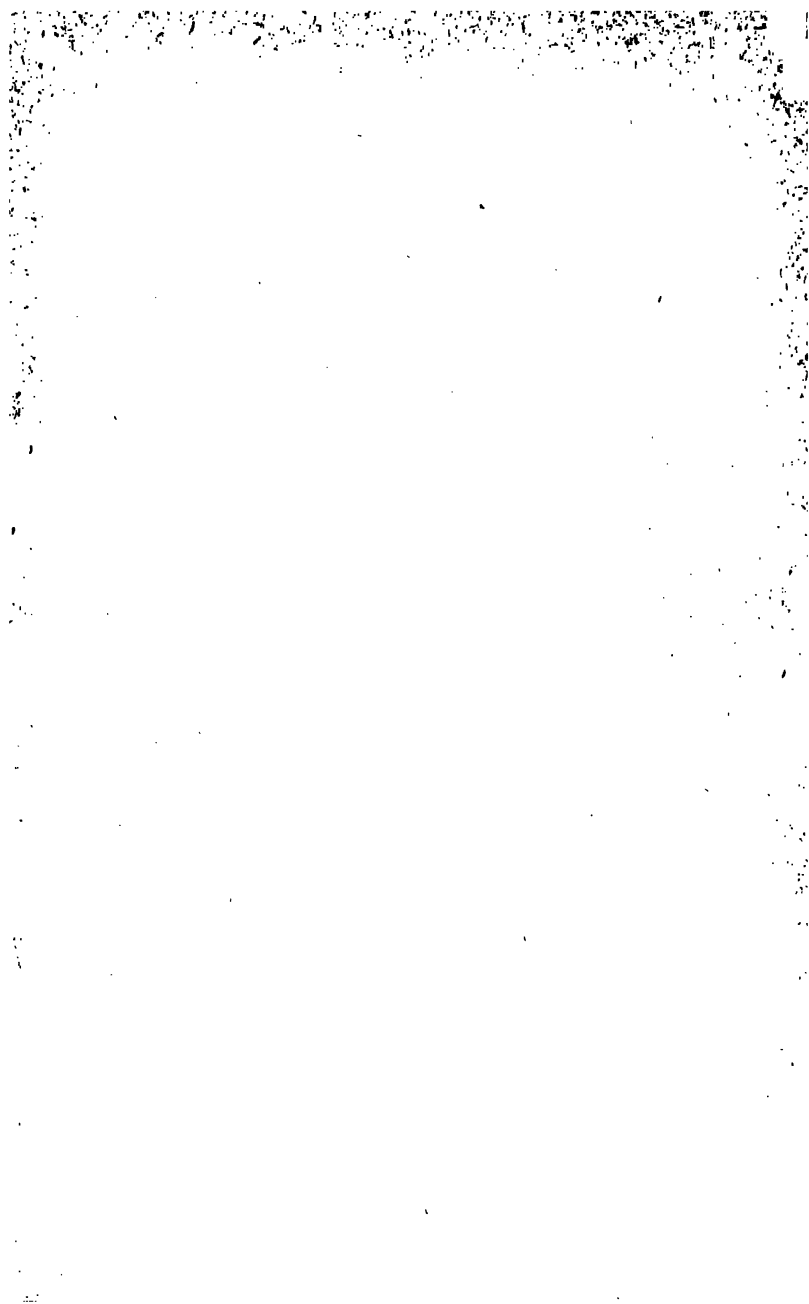


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J. H. McLean

WHAT MUST I DO TO GET WELL?
AND HOW CAN I KEEP SO?





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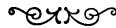


Toutley Hall.

Wokingham, Berks.

WHAT MUST I DO
TO GET WELL?

AND HOW CAN
I KEEP SO? ❧



By Elma Stuart.

14TH EDITION



*O! if no partner in the pains
By which Love labours for the human race,
Death that takes home and crowns the brave
Can but ensure my long disgrace.*

With Portrait in 1895

PUBLISHED and SOLD by MRS. ELMA STUART
Of Toutley Hall, Wokingham, Berks.

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1898

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To Her

WHO WAS THE BEST AND HIGHEST INFLUENCE

OF MY YOUTH,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP

IS THE MOST BLESSED MEMORY OF MY AGE.—

WITH REVERENT DEVOTION I LAY THIS LITTLE BOOK UPON

George Eliot's Grave.

TO

THE BELOV'D NAME

WHICH HAS STOOD AT THE HEAD OF ALL

FORMER EDITIONS OF MY BOOK

I HERE UNITE THAT OF

Dr. J. H. Salisbury

THE GREAT DISCOVERER OF THIS EFFECTUAL SYSTEM OF

PREVENTION AND CURE OF DISEASE.

HAILING HIM NOT ONLY IN THE VERY FOREMOST RANK

AS SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERER

BUT AS ONE, LIKEWISE, WHO HAS

IMMEASURABLY BENEFITED AND BLEST

MANKIND





PREFACE TO THE TWELFTH EDITION.

HAVE written this book expressly in appeal to the people, for it is they mainly who originate all great pioneer movements. From beginning to end I address the uninitiated in simplest words; to wake them up—none too soon—to their vital well-being, their dearest interests. And it rejoices me that new editions are steadily called for, this being conclusive proof that I have indeed reached the people's needs. For this and for my success in planting Dr. Salisbury's life-saving Treatment in England, I must ever be profoundly thankful.

When by its means I had conquered my own long and terrible illness, I resolved in compassion for others to make the Salisbury Treatment a household word in every British home; and far beyond my fondest hopes have I triumphantly achieved my purpose. Yea, the very *cooks* know of it; for several patients have told me that at first they lived in a chronic state of warning 'for this day month'; when Cook but heard the ominous words 'minced beef' or 'Salisbury treatment,' she precipitately 'skipped,' as they say in the West!

If ever in what Mr. Leslie Stephen not inaptly sums up as 'this disastrous muddle of a world' a great bloodless

revolution were imperatively called for, it is now and here ; in the profession and practice of medicine ; in correct diagnosis of diseases ; in ability to recognise their cause ; and in definite knowledge of the cure. During years of sleepless, wingless nights, with every nerve at highest pitch and pain racking every joint and muscle, one unquiet thought haunted me. That there was surely somewhere a fixed *law* of cure based on causes ; for prescriptions—aimed at symptoms and treating the disease instead of the patient—seemed to me at last to be founded on nothing. One of my doctors told me he ‘had a hundred remedies for my illness,’—yet not one of all that he tried was worth twopence to *me*.¹ I felt we sufferers had desperate need of a system of cure that should exact from us something better than a capacious swallow and blind obedience. I wearily sought one of universal applicability, certain in its attitude in gravest as in simplest cases ; as effective in prevention as in cure. It was my own hopeless distress that evoked recognition of this great want, and I felt the utter lack of its fulfilment in all of the to me known Systems. I eagerly searched the best medical books ; and closed them with a sigh. I asked of my doctors ; all I got was an impatient intimation that it was their business—not mine—to ‘think.’ As, however, it seemed to be my business to suffer, I imagined it about time to think how I could possibly get rid of all the misery of it.

I have endeavoured to show that at last my longings were effectively met by the Salisbury System, in which the

¹ I lately read a treatise by a learned physician on ‘Asthma and Hay-fever,’ which he summed up with this startling announcement : ‘Whatever may be the theory of the causation of these maladies, the question to physician and patient is, how shall the *symptoms* be relieved?’ That must have been his fun !

chemical and microscopic investigations of blood, passages, sputum, etc. uncover the cause and logically point out the remedy. They are the pole-star of this splendid treatment, and enable the skilled guide to follow Nature's clear teachings and to tread in her very steps. They are also the sole means of accurate diagnosis and safe treatment of distant patients, as of unerringly determining when cure is complete; and they render right good service in exposing infringements of rules and slightest lapses in diet. For here, when the patient does not progress satisfactorily, it is clear proof that he has tried to improve upon rules by vagaries of his own or his friends' devising. That some wrong-doings are at the bottom of non-progress, may always be advantageously bet on. And how useless is any attempt to evade discovery where the microscope is Detective, is evinced by the following episode, which I have the culprit's noble permission to relate. It was a case of very serious illness of over two years' duration.

The patient—some hundred miles away—on first writing to me said that from reading my book he had for 2 months taken only hot water and minced beef, which he 'relished amazingly.' Still, he said, he 'wasn't getting on.' Now I knew that 2 months of strict treatment would have advanced him considerably had he not been taking something hurtful along with the beef, so I requested samples to be sent. On examining these I was scarcely surprised at his 'not getting on,' for I saw he was eating largely of nuts and dried and fresh fruits. At the same time with all my experience I hardly believed the evidence of my own eyes, so quite unthinkable did it seem that a man sick of a so-called incurable disease, should be reckless enough to feed on nuts and fermentable fruits, and I

wrote and told him so. Here is his reply :—‘ . . . And now as by your tests on the specimens I sent you I see you have found me out, I will make a clean breast of it and tell you the truth [!]. I *have* been eating the fruits and nuts at each meal with the beef, thinking that as they contain neither sugar nor starch in their composition [!!!] I could do myself no harm. I see now how wrong I was and consider that they were the cause of all the pains I had, and I promise you I will now keep strictly to the treatment.’ After a fortnight of unembellished adherence he was able to report : ‘Swelling left feet and ankle-joints entirely, power of locomotion much improved, sensation of dragging weight in legs gone, and little or no pain now in affected parts.’ One more proof that virtue is its own adequate reward ! After several months of treatment his cure was complete, and all the delights of a musician’s life were his again. The end is instructive and sad. For over a year he kept true to himself and was well and happy ; then, alas for him ! he fell away from grace,—and the penalty loitered not. ‘Contrary to Mrs. Stuart’s advice, who had cured me once of (naming his grave malady), I gradually merged into the old ways of feeding, eating much fruit, etc., . . . until at length it has culminated in swelling of my feet and ankles again . . . and I am desirous to put myself back on the Salisbury treatment. . . .’ Is it not strange, and pitiful too, that one wrested from the grave and restored to health should wantonly return to the plains of danger among the foods and fruits—pleasant to the eyes and good to the taste, but which he *knew* had placed him in such jeopardy before ? Reader, he is happy who has the experience of another from which to learn wisdom.

I will find room for a few other examples ; they may

amuse you, and will show better than mere words how valuable are the light and leading obtained from systematic use of the microscope.

A lady—very bad then, long since brisk and well—as usual had sent me samples before coming from afar. At the consultation she said, ‘Now I have told you everything I have eaten in the last fortnight.’ I smiled and replied, ‘*Strawberries* seem earlier with you than with us!’ She looked astounded. ‘Oh,’ she said, ‘I do remember I *have* had 2 small plates of strawberries lately.’ I begged her to give herself no concern, as the microscope was always very kind in supplying any little omission of the patient’s, and *it* had an excellent memory!

Again, from these examinations I wrote to a patient in the far north that in some form or other he was taking sulphur largely, warning him that in so doing he was but generously feeding his disease (rheumatic gout, so-called). He wrote back: ‘That’s very marvellous; yes, I have taken for the last 3 years, by my doctor’s orders, a large sulphur lozenge every night of my life!’ (He owed his doctor a day in harvest for *that* advice!) I have also several times by these investigations forewarned distant patients, or the friends, that the brain being entirely un nourished was in even more danger than the body, and that immediate treatment was necessary to save the mind from becoming un hinged. In one case my warning was unheeded and the sufferer committed suicide.

I submit that feeling the pulse and inspecting the tongue—even a long one—cannot compete as a sure means of diagnosis with the searching examinations of the blood and secretions. In my practice they have been a rock and tower of strength to me, and without their aid I

would never have dared to face the burden of care and responsibility that has been mine for many years, while entrusted with other people's most precious health.

I could multiply instances, but this must be the last. In very early days I received samples from a patient who 'wondered at small progress since only strict Salisbury diet was the rule.' After examination I wrote: '*Bananas* can scarcely be entitled "strict Salisbury diet!"' The soft impeachment was owned.

Now I am going to be very noble and confess to you that the bananas here for a while completely 'stumped' me! In my microscopic (or may I be allowed my vulgar little joke and say muckroscopic?) studies I had put all the foods from the vegetable and from the animal worlds under the lens, first raw, then cooked, half-cooked, etc., studying them well, and learning to thoroughly recognise at a glance their distinctive characteristics. Thus was I able to 'spot' my friends when they appeared in the unsuspecting samples. But here was something I had not seen before, and I was 'blest' if I knew what it was! I was determined to find out, so as to bring it home to my patient and forbid the indigestible adjunct. I puzzled long over it, putting it under the instrument with water and without, with polariser, etc. I easily saw that it was vegetable substance holding much starch, which yet wasn't starch of rice, bread, potatoes, beans, tapioca, etc. All at once it struck me that I hadn't explored bananas. So I asked a friend to cycle to the town ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles off!) to get one, and said, as we had all this trouble in the interests of science, to fetch a dozen and we'd have a gorge! The moment I placed an atom under the tell-tale lens I knew where I was and shouted Hooray!

I think two quotations from letters significant enough to lay before the thoughtful reader. My esteemed friend Mr. Richard Hartley of Dodworth generously presented a copy of my book to each Public Free Library in Great Britain and Ireland. The gift was refused and returned by *one*; the librarian explaining that 'the rejection was moved and seconded by two medical gentlemen on the committee, who however did not wish their names brought forward.' Another librarian wrote that 'the interesting volume was in continuous demand, and he had heard of several invalids who had adopted the Salisbury treatment with favourable results.' This last seems to explain the rejection in the first instance intelligibly and naturally! Surely my little book never had so fine a compliment paid it as that ignominious kick-out from two pairs of medical boots—unless this:—a correspondent failing to procure my book, then reprinting, begged the loan of my own copy 'in order to transcribe it from beginning to end.' The reader must decide which is the more flattering; I am like the donkey between his two bundles of hay!

I have been charged with unfairness to the medical profession, in whose ranks I myself have dear and honoured friends. Unjust accusation! But I see plainly and say fearlessly that there exists therein at present much blameworthy and obstructive intolerance born of prejudice and of ignorance (of the true causes of disease), crying loudly for redress;—and that the time has come very near now when that gathering cry is bound to be heeded.¹ By no

¹ As for the majesty of *Professional Etiquette*—to which a patient's best interests even must bend,—the sooner it takes a back seat the better for all concerned.

means do I underrate the immense complexity and perplexity of the physician's problems, which perchance cause them to differ so widely—except 'in consultation,' where their perfect unanimity is refreshing and reassuring; but I do most strenuously hold that every medical man, in honour and humanity, is bound to do all that in him lies to *cure*, using any and every means that experience has proved can and does cure. So, and so only, shall he 'adorn' his most noble calling of Healer.





PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



THE origin of and apology for this little book are the very many letters I received from friends, and more particularly from strangers, inquiring minutely about the Salisbury Treatment.

The answers took long to write (often was I thus employed from 5 a.m. till 5 p.m.), and after all I could not in the compass of a letter indicate everything that from their questions I judged would be of use to my correspondents, in their endeavour to regain health or keep it. So this little book came to be evolved out of the needs of others, and I can truly say that I have put my whole heart into the work. And the abundant testimony that I did, and do still continually receive, to the 'very great benefits' that large numbers are deriving from following the treatment as I endeavoured to explain it in these letters, and in my First Edition, has made writing this Second one—if that were possible to me—doubly a labour of hope and love. More especially as I saw far greater possibilities for helpfulness and good, widening before me, on receiving from Dr. Salisbury his masterly work, newly published in America, 'The Relation of Alimentation and Disease.'

I begged and obtained his generous permission to use and make copious extracts from it. Accordingly, with close and deep attention I studied his book; and then very carefully rewrote my own; enriching it largely throughout with the fruits of Dr. Salisbury's wisdom, research and long and varied experience.

Knowing as I did so many years what it meant to 'eat my bread with tears, and lie weeping on my bed through the long

night hours' in grief and pain, these pages have been written in the ardent desire to help others *to help themselves*, and to save them from the suffering that I suffered.

I lay no claim to novelty, less than none to originality;—I have but done my very best to explain helpfully and encouragingly to the sick, the beneficent operation of the Salisbury Treatment, as I have felt it in myself and seen it in others, to explain it so clearly and practically, that every intelligent man and woman may, by help of this book, get well and keep well. This is the goal towards which I have striven from my first page to my last. And with this view, I have in addition drawn attention to a few of the signs easily discernible when one first begins to get out of health, so that the remedy may be adopted at once; and the pain, unutterable weariness, nuisance, and expense of illness spared. Every word also that I have said from myself is the outcome of tried and hard *experience*, learnt in conflict with more than a nine years' most severe illness, and very much of it has been recalled to me now by those inquiries I spoke of above.

That words and experience of mine should stir you to rise up and conquer back for yourselves health, and freedom from pain and misery, as I have done, by the simple, sure and safe means here narrated, makes me most truly happy, and I feel—thankfully feel—that all I have suffered and what I have written are not resultless. Nor for myself have they been altogether so either:

—all these years
Of lonely being, I have grown
To tenderer pity for the tears
Of others,—gazing through my own.

ELMA STUART.

LES ORMONDS, SWITZERLAND,
21st June 1888.



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1



FOR HEALTH.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE IT.

'Hundreds of thousands are dying, for the simple reason that they do not know how to live to keep well, or how to live to get well. Aside from injuries, infections, and poisons, all our ills are caused simply by doing what we ought not to do. It is painful to think of the terrible slaughter caused by ignorance.'—*From a letter of DR. SALISBURY.*



THE patient who is on the regulation Salisbury Treatment possesses a decided advantage over all others, inasmuch as for the true reading and right guiding of his case, he is largely indebted to the indispensable examinations—chemical and especially microscopic—of the blood, sputum, and other secretions. These careful and minute researches leave no stone unturned to arrive at a correct diagnosis of his disease; to expose and remove the cause. All here is exact, precise, and eminently scientific. Here is no room for old-school guesswork;—here are no shots made in the dark.

These examinations are the *keystone* of this incomparable System of Prevention and Cure.

They are of the highest import and value to him who guides, but most to him who is guided, as they cast an effulgent ray on a diagnosis which would often otherwise be vague and obscure. It is by their unerring and incontrovertible exposures of what is wrong, of the progress disease has made, what foods are eaten and how far those foods are digesting and assimilating, thereby affording the system substantial and adequate nutrition; how strength is holding out (along with much else only to be thus positively ascertained), that the skilled microscopist is enabled to determine what is best to be done for the patient's recovery. Nay, much more,—to these investigations is due discovery of the actual *existence* of disease often before it is suspected or could be discerned by any other methods. As for instance consumption, which can be detected with precision by the microscopic appearance of the blood long before it is declared by auscultation or percussion, etc.¹

¹ These examinations would be of incalculable value in Life Insurance as revealing quite unsuspected beginnings of disease. Also in medical examinations of candidates for the Army, Navy, etc. I knew a young fellow who passed the Medical Board for the Army and never once wore his uniform, poor lad! but died a very few months after in

Take an illustration : a friend asked me to give him a blood examination for fun as he put it. I did so, and thereupon warned him to lessen in wines, sweets, fruits and breads, or he would certainly be in for gout, which he would find, I feared, a rather heavy pleasantry. He and his people shouted me to scorn, saying he had never had a touch of gout in his life nor was it in his family. Quietly remarking that now it was in his blood however, I dropped the obnoxious topic. In less than 3 weeks his mother wrote me that 'dear C. was down with a mysterious and most severe fit of gout,' which she seemed in some occult way to trace to me, and for which I was to blame as having foreboded it ! Even so simple an instance shows the high value of the microscope in medical research, as detecting disease in embryo and preventing its development if the patient so chooses. Nor can cure ever be pronounced thorough and complete until the microscope shows that the blood has been restored to a healthy state.

The microscope is also of quite inestimable service in the treatment of cases *at a distance*. I may mention that of many hundred patients I have not seen nearly a quarter. But yet while under galloping consumption. A blood examination would have unerringly disclosed the fact of the predisposition to, or the beginnings of, the disease in time to arrest it.

this system a personal consultation is by no means a necessity, there is no mistake as to its great value on many grounds to the patient (one being the examination of the blood, which must be done on the spot); and morally he gains much by the encouragement given and by the hope and confidence inspired—not a few dating a good start made from a personal interview. Observing and hearing the patient are likewise of great assistance to me in judging of many things concerning him; and a friendly cross-examination brings to light small yet important doings which the patient deemed too trivial or 'forgot' to mention. Even in the act of shaking hands with him I take note if his skin is acting properly, if his eyes are bright or dull.

Having given the keystone of this good system, I desire with all the force I am capable of, here to strike the *keynote* of this book from the first line to the last: namely, this infinite truth, which is the unspeakably precious outcome of all Dr. Salisbury's great discoveries, that it is pure childish delusion, requiring to be speedily outgrown, to look upon the care and maintenance of health as any other than extremely simple and perfectly feasible for each of us; to suppose that for its attainment we must go through a long course of expensive study (with a handy

smattering of dead languages), or of the cruel sacrifice of living animals fearfully tortured to a lingering death by thousands ; and to imagine that any other is fitter guardian of what is of such boundless moment to ourselves, than are we ourselves.¹ He has proved so clearly that even the respectably unintelligent may be brought to understand that our good health and our bad have nothing whatever to do with 'luck' or 'chance,' or 'necessity' or 'Providence,' but that with *us* lies the blame, as on our backs falls the chastisement. We are well or we are ill, simply and solely because we do wisely and rightly in the conduct of our lives, or foolishly and wrongly, day by day. Just get tight hold of this fact and you will at once realise how responsible for ill-health you are—and you alone. To keep well is easy. To get well is harder ; but in 19 cases in 20 it is to be done ; and it is profitable for you wholly to know this—and

1 . . . Pain in man
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan ;—
In brutes 'tis purely piteous.

The utter worthlessness of vivisection could hardly be better illustrated than by this fact, that one of its most rabid perpetrators for the last 20 years of his life suffered torments—which I don't grudge him—from indigestion ! All his cruel investigations were unable to help him to get rid of this most miserable, yet so easily cured, disorder. He further concocted from the organs of living animals an Elixir of Life, the efficacy of which he quaintly proved, by dying within four years of its discovery !

how. It is with the aim and object of showing you how, that this book has been thought out and exists ; and I pray you to examine into and *study* it, as most closely concerning your own highest advantage.

Believe me it is lovely—and absolute truth—that you hold the key to health in your own hand. That if you begin to ail, you know instanter where to look for the cause, exactly how to stop it and be all right again in a day or two, instead of in ignorance growing worse, perhaps being laid up for many weeks. This is just what intelligent study of my helpful little book will infallibly teach you, so that you *need* not have ache or pain unless you choose, to a long, happy (because healthy) life's end.

I want to tell you the story—brief and incomplete though my narrative must necessarily be—of the great discovery, practical testing, proving and application of this simple but perfect treatment, that you may see for yourselves how patient, painstaking, and scientifically conducted was the labour of formulating it.

Its inaugurator, Dr. J. H. Salisbury, even then highly skilled in microscopy and chemistry, after passing through the required studies and usual examinations entered the medical profession in 1850. Immediately his thoughtful, sympathetic mind was

painfully impressed by the absolute ignorance existing among physicians respecting the *cause* of diseases; and accordingly by the happy-go-lucky methods practised in attempting their cure.

The grim catalogue of so-called incurable diseases with their appalling death-rate miserably haunted him by day and by night. He felt convinced that these must be curable since they could arise in previously healthy organisations, that there must exist a tangible *cause* for them, that this cause must be discoverable, and he resolved he would never rest until he had discovered it. Nor did he;—for the result of his life's work comprises a clear explanation and an irresistible demonstration of the causes and successful treatment of every chronic disease that is everywhere else supposed to be incurable and fatal. His pre-eminent mastery over this hitherto hopeless task is now universally recognised and his success is unbounded. I have not room to dwell in detail upon his long, arduous, persistent experiments and investigations extending over many years; upon all the resources he brought to bear microscopically, chemically, scientifically, on the *human body* and on the foods it ordinarily consumes. Most anxious indeed, painful and laborious, were these first years; till at length daybreak began to dawn upon his

persevering researches, and he held at last in his eager hands the clue by which he was to thread his way to complete success.

Ever patiently following this clue towards the light faintly glimmering ahead, he began his series of unparalleled experiments first upon himself alone, with foods from the vegetable and animal worlds either in undue proportion or exclusively, feeding often for many weeks at a time on *one* food only. All the while he carefully and minutely noted down symptoms and results, examining the secretions chemically and microscopically, which scrutiny reveals to the initiated as in a map, how large a percentage of some foods does not digest and assimilate but decays and ferments, filling the organs with yeast, carbonic acid gas, alcohol and vinegar, affording no nourishment to the system, but soon or late *unshunnably* bringing about diseased conditions—too often ending in early death. Then and at various periods he hired robust, hardy working men, 4 and 5 together, to live with him for a time, paying them well to be rigorously experimented upon along with himself. Not taking the exercise needful for health (which would have tediously postponed the crisis), they all fed alike exclusively on the vegetable or on the animal foods with which he desired to

experiment. Thus doing, ere long he produced in himself and them the various diseases which we, taking longer about it because in more favourable conditions and circumstances, develop in ourselves by habitual unhealthy and inadequate alimentation. Amongst the vegetable foods on which, one at a time, Dr. Salisbury and his boarders fed all alike, were bread, oatmeal, beans, potatoes, asparagus, maize, rice, etc. (not a hilarious bill of fare!); and the other foods, also partaken of singly, comprised beef, mutton, chicken, turkey (fine times now for the boarders!), lobster, fish, etc., from all of which *Beef* bore off the palm triumphantly as the food most easily digested, the most nourishing and sustaining, and that also on which we can subsist exclusively the longest, not only without injury but with positive good. After beef followed mutton, and turkey came third, the rest being, for purposes of an exclusive dietary, practically nowhere.¹ Carefully taking notes of every point of pathological significance and verifying all his facts; when he had brought himself and them to the verge beyond

¹ Dr. Ephraim Cutter states that oft-repeated experiments have invariably proved 'that adult man can exist and thrive *indefinitely* on lean beef-pulp and hot water alone.' That this latter is in itself a food is evinced by the fact that we can, at a pinch, sustain life solely on pure water from five to eight weeks.

which he dared not go, they retraced their steps and before parting with his hired men he cured them by feeding them exclusively upon broiled lean beef, washing out systematically with hot water the while.¹

Some simple medicines were now brought in ; but as Dr. Salisbury tells us 'they were merely aids to the restoration of healthy states after the cause (which was unhealthy alimentation) was removed.' But as he could not carry on his experiments to the death-point with either himself or his boarders, he bought over 1000 hogs, so that he might test to the end on them various methods of feeding. I may remind my reader of this perhaps not altogether gratifying fact, that the stomach and digestive organs of the pig approach more nearly the same organs in man than those of any other animal. Their digestive secretions are very similar and act in a like manner upon food.² In order to be quite

¹ I wish to call particular attention here to a suggestion which may explain the prevalence of the harmful impression that 'a patient once on the beef diet can hardly eat too much of it.' Dr. Salisbury's followers have perhaps insufficiently realised the fact that his hired men were, on beginning, 'strong and healthy,' had a reserve of strength to fall back on, and therefore were able to tackle with advantage (on commencing the cure) a very much larger amount of meat than is anyway possible to the chronic invalid, whose vitality, recuperative power, and digestive organs, have all been enfeebled and exhausted by *years* of wrong feeding and steadily declining health.

² Another gratifying fact to the Pig family is, that their young are I believe the only animals born in correct proportion : babies, kittens,

certain of all his data he himself tended, fed, and when they died dissected his pigs ;—a work as he says not to be performed in white kid gloves !

And by 1858 he perceived clearly and had discovered incontestably that all our diseases save those arising from (1) accidents, (2) poisons, or (3) infections, originate in our own unhealthy and inadequate modes of feeding. Having at last with mathematical certainty ascertained the cause of diseases, the right remedy was not so far to seek. The absolute knowledge attained through these careful rigorous experiments, is final ; and no one has the smallest right to challenge or attempt to overturn the conclusions thus obtained, who has not *himself* patiently and intelligently gone through the very same arduous experiences and painstakingly proved them for the same length of time. Nor should these cavillers enjoy the slightest consideration from any but the unreflecting and the prejudiced. The astonishing narrative and details of his labours in this deeply interesting field, are given in his masterly and unique volume *The Relation of Alimentation and Disease*.¹ It is a work of surpassing

puppies have heads too big ; foals, lambs, calves, too long legs, and so on. Hence a little pig's fascinating beauty !

¹ I am Dr. Salisbury's agent for the sale of this work in England. Price £1 : 1s. post-free, finely illustrated.—E. STUART.

interest, which should be read and studied by all who value and would learn how to keep their most precious possession, namely their health.

If I may briefly allude to my many years of large practice and close observation of this system, I can truly affirm that each additional case I direct, every separate cure I make, each fresh disclosure of the blood and secretions but reveals to me ever more unassailably, the unshakable reality, the inexpugnable certitude of these discoveries of Dr. Salisbury concerning the true causes of disease ; and for those on the lines of this treatment, the resistless *certainty* of prevention and cure.

Pioneer work is ever hard and seemingly thankless. It has been well said that the road to honour is paved with thorns, but in the path to truth at every step you set your foot upon your own heart. A medical brother¹ writing of these experiments of Dr. Salisbury and his vigilant watch over the influence of diet on health says : ' They were careful, difficult, long, painful and thorough, and are without a parallel in history ; and their results have removed some of the *opprobria medicorum* of the past.' And I confess my own soul is deeply stirred when I

¹ Dr. Ephraim Cutter, the distinguished physician and splendid microscopist under whom it was my good fortune to study the pathological use of the microscope.

picture this great benefactor a lonely student still young, under 30, pursuing with unweariable patience through toilsome years his self-imposed task of love ; when I think of his desperate search for Truth from which nothing could bend him ; and then at last of his mastering Nature's great secrets and wresting them from her for our healing. I long for the time which will yet come, when public recognition beyond the mere wealth he has gained shall testify to the sovran benefit his discoveries have conferred on suffering men and women, and to our intelligent acceptance and grateful appreciation of their limitless good.

Even now I see the day-star arising of that happier time when owing to these discoveries our ailments and diseases with hindering ignorance, self-seeking and bigotry in this connection, shall have 'melted away like streaks of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past.' There is a pregnant and hopeful saying, and I am guiltless of disrespect towards any one in quoting it : 'You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time ; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.'

And thus in 1858 his life's mission unrolled itself before him and earnestly and with deep sense of responsibility did he enter upon it,—not so much

to make a living for himself as to enable others to live,—to endeavour with all his hard-won knowledge to prevent disease, and to cure it.

Nobly has he fulfilled that mission, as thousands can bear witness who to-day but for him would be sleeping—dreamful or dreamless—where no man breathes in his sleep; or would be as I was for so many wretched weary years, sleepless, helpless, often unable to move, and night and day unceasingly suffering great anguish. If you who read these lines had but seen me then—could but see me now—you would fail to recognise the hardy, active, buoyantly-healthy delighter-in-life that I am now and have been for years, thanks alone to this diet and hot water. Honour to whom honour is due. Grateful indeed and ungrudging be the tribute of homage to the genius, solicitude, and indomitable perseverance that so patiently thought out for us and at last discovered this most simple, efficacious and safe means of cure—The Salisbury Treatment.

I now proceed to explain the *modus operandi*, and I find it is not superfluous to insist that I am for the present addressing myself to

THE SICK.



FOR THE SICK.

‘And tears remembered make the laughter wise.’—C. NADEN.

ALL illness is a part of death. It is the beginning of the end. It leads to the ‘slow door that opening, letting in, lets out no more.’ Hence the urgent need to arrest it, for it is apt to march at quick-step, and its rate increases as the speed down-hill becomes uncontrollable. At all costs then get well as fast as you can. And it is to sincerely teach you in plainest words the simplest, surest, and safest way, that I, who through many and sore disappointments tried all other ways, have written this book to help you.

Take 4 pints of warm water a day—neither more nor less—and restrict your diet for a time to animal food, preferably beef, chiefly minced. (Pray take note that I said ‘for a time,’ and do not tell me that I said ‘for all the rest of your natural life,’ as many do till I am weary.)

One and a half hours *before* each of your 3 meals, *always on an empty stomach*, take 1 pint of hot water. And some 3 hours *after* your last meal take your 4th and last pint. I have an observation to make in this place. Although the time last given is amply sufficient for those of pretty fair digestion, yet my experience clearly points to even 3 hours' interval being hardly long enough for those with whom digestion (especially late in the day) is a slow and difficult process ;—always more or less the case where the health is feeble. I have known, as a consequence of retarding digestion by taking the hot water earlier than $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours after the last meal, disturbed, dreamful and even sleepless nights, unrefreshed awakenings, depression, coated tongue in the morning and a general sense of unrest and discomfort lasting sometimes for hours. At first in my practice I was perplexed by these symptoms, to account for which on careful investigation of all the patient's doings, I could find no adequate reason. And it was only by assiduous, persistent seeking and watching that I was able to arrive at the cause and remove it. And since then I am persuaded that the final pint of hot water should (in many cases) be taken not earlier than $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours after the last meal ;—and here is the beauty of having that meal earlier

than the ridiculous hours of the night ordained forsooth by 'society.'¹

It is foolish to take the water 'as hot as you can bear it.' It should be just comfortably warm; like your tea and coffee in fact, that is, from 100° to 130° Fahr. as it suits you best. Nor should it be swallowed quickly, but slowly sipped, to obviate weight and distension.

Give your children $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint morning and evening, oftener when possible. It will lay the foundation of a sound and happy digestion for their whole after-life, and this should be regarded as unquestionably a very binding obligation on your part towards them.

If you don't fancy taking a whole pint at first, that is no reason for not taking any; for surely it is easy to begin with less, say even a teacupful at a time. But I strongly urge you to come seriously to a whole pint as soon as you can, so as to get the full good of it,—always giving you credit for really desiring health. I faithfully promise you it will, if taken with sense and discretion, not do you aught but good, so don't be afraid of a 'moog of hot water'! I too once thought a pint

¹ Those of slow digestion should acquire the habit of sleeping on the right side, and change to the back rather than to the left side; which position is not favourable to the complete emptying of the stomach.

a trifle stiff, and only my firm conviction of the logic of it carried me through. Many of us now take a good deal more when we are conscious of requiring it. In a wonderfully short time the great good you will be aware of deriving from its soothing and curative properties, will make it quite easy and even agreeable to you to take the full 4 pints in the day; especially if you bring a cheery goodwill, courage and inveterate determination to your cure¹ (see p. 331).

I advise people—unless possessed of exceptional intelligence—when beginning the Salisbury treatment on their own responsibility, to begin by taking only 2 or 3 pints a day of warm water *until* they are perfectly certain that their food is being so well prepared and cooked that they are able to eat, and to *digest* it. It is extremely senseless to stodge on hot water and consider this an *equivalent for food* (which by reason of bad cooking is uneatable) as many so foolishly do; they suffer, and deservedly, for their irrationality and thoughtlessness. I most emphatically insist that successful Salisbury treatment demands either high personal intelligence,—or supervision and guidance. I see this ever more

¹ A patient of mine who kicked against 4 pints at first, wrote me shortly afterwards that he was taking his (specially ordered) 6 pints a day 'and longing for them as a drunkard for his dram'!

plainly and forcibly each week, as I see and hear what follies some persons are capable of, while very culpably playing pitch-and-toss with health and treatment alike.

The Alpha and Omega of this whole system is—it is not the doctor who cures, but Nature ; Nature with, sometimes without, the patient's co-operation and often in spite of the persistent administration of harmful drugs and anæsthetics which partially paralyse. Upon the *patient's* resolution, sincerity, perseverance and intelligence (or obedience) depends the success of the treatment. The guide who is well up in the intricacies of this manifold system and at home with the microscope, is invaluable to show the way, to guide, exhort, restrain, detect, blow up, cheer on, sympathise and supervise all. But the *patient* does his cure ;—or doesn't.

I have never asked for a patient's faith in this treatment for its sake or my own. But I have shown him that the more confident he feels of being on the right road, the cheerier and hopefuller he keeps, the better is it infinitely for himself. Because the great sympathetic nerves are those which have a close connection with, and influence very powerfully the organs of digestion. Enlist these, and the good is vast that accrues to the patient from a radiant

hopefulness and an undaunted faith in a happy issue out of all his troubles. Faith shines then as a bright particular star, but by and by he will walk by sight instead and faith will be merged in realisation.¹

Dr. Salisbury gives as the best times for the regular meals: 8 a.m., 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. [certainly not later than 6.30 p.m.]; and the best times for taking the hot water are 6.30, 11.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m. and 9 [or 9.30 p.m., not earlier].² Five hours should elapse between each of the 3 regular meals; nor must anything interfere to delay or disturb them.

The patient should *rest*, quiet and happy, retiring into himself, for from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour before and after each meal; this is imperatively demanded in the interests of good digestion.

Should you fancy the hot water will 'make you

¹ I distinctly say, now and always, that this is NOT a 'faith-cure' as some tiresomely persist in miscalling it. Faith *does* nothing here. In his commonplace everyday doings the *patient* does it, and I don't care what the Duke of Wellington sweetly called 'a twopenny damn' whether he has faith or none. But I say this;—when the patient has receptivity and *mind* enough to see the philosophy of and reasons for this treatment, he enters into it *de bon cœur* and progresses swimmingly. Otherwise it is about the same as when you throw the life-buoy to a drowning man. So long as he has the sense to hold on, he *can't help* being saved whether he uses faith, or has none to use. I go infinitely more on *intelligence* than on cart-loads of faith any day.

² All who can should take the matutinal pint in bed and then lie down awhile on the left side as this position facilitates 'raising the wind.'

sick,' or from the foul condition of your stomach should it really rouse some nausea, add thereto a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda for a few days or of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or if 'flavour' is wanted have a pinch of salt, a few drops of clear tea, a squeeze of lemon-juice or a little sulphate of magnesia.¹ If mouth is dry, tongue clammy, lips dry and hard, add to the first hot water for a few mornings in succession, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoonful of pure cream of tartar. Your tongue and mouth being in this state is a very sure sign of a sour stomach, and shows the urgent need for a good scour out. I advise you therefore not to stop your hot water on any plea or pretext whatever. Persevere—for it is your best friend.

To prescribe it with or soon after meals, as many English doctors now do, is so totally unphilosophic that one wonders they do not see it, or what they do see of advantage in such misleading advice. Why, it would do away with the whole *raison d'être* of the hot-water drinking, and would retard or

¹ The sick may in many cases have a little lemon-juice in the morning hot water or sprinkled over their mince. On no account should orange-juice or Montserrat Lime-juice be substituted nor should gouty or rheumatic patients be allowed the lemon-juice. No patient should use the juice of more than one lemon a day, and for those who are very sick $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon is quite sufficient.

altogether impede digestion by diluting and weakening the gastric juices. I have had patients whose hapless endeavours after decent digestion were rendered still more abortive by this irrational mode of compromise. Let doctors be honest; and frankly acknowledge, while gratefully accepting for themselves and patients, the untold benefits this system offers when followed according to Dr. Salisbury, who may be safely trusted to know best.

Pray observe the aims and uses of hot water, taken as directed in this work.

(1) It washes out the stomach, thoroughly cleansing away all the sour yeast, 'spoiled stuff' and slime remaining after food, leaving it sweet and quiet for sleep, and so clean that nothing shall be between the gastric juices and the food at the next meal. This is why it so soon cures indigestion, heart-burn and flatulence, and makes you *enjoy* your food as rarely ever before.

(2) It stimulates the sluggish liver, inciting the downward flow of the bile through the proper ducts and channels. A man in health secretes from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pints of bile a day; it is important that it should not be permitted to go fooling around all over the system to be absorbed into and contaminate the blood-stream, which is the life-stream.

(3) It causes a flow of urine sufficient to keep in solution those deposits which when the urine flows scantily are precipitated as 'red sand'; the water very soon becomes plentiful, pale in colour, clear and inodorous, making evident to the meanest capacity how greatly it needs must lighten the filtering work the *kidneys* have to perform.

(4) The hot water promotes downward peristalsis¹ and so keeps the undigested food moving on and gets it out of the body before it has time to take on other fermentations.

(5) It liquefies and purifies the blood, thus largely assisting circulation and vitality; imparting an unwonted sensation of comfort and warmth to the body and inuring it against colds and chills.

(6) It washes out the uric acid from the joints, which deposit causes in gout, rheumatism, etc., such distress and helplessness, and it keeps the articulations free and lissom.

(7) It greatly lightens the labour of the *heart*, making much easier the handling of pure liquid blood than when it is sluggish, sticky and congested. I have invariably found it *strengthen* patients' hearts; never 'weaken' them;—if not taken to foolish excess.

¹ Peristaltic contraction is the term applied to the spontaneous serpentine contractions of the intestines by means of which their contents are forced onwards.

(8) It quickly diminishes pain, soothes and strengthens the shattered nerves, gives calm, cheerfulness and strength to the mind through the good work it does to the body ; and

(9) O boon unspeakable ! it induces, thanks to a clean untroubled stomach, sound refreshing sleep. It is soothing and invigorating in fatigue and exhaustion. But if a meal-time is near, only 6 oz. should then be drunk. In great fatigue it were wiser to take your pint, and then *rest* for an hour before eating. It is a fact that no other drink quenches thirst so well as hot water. It fulfils all these and many other beneficent offices for the sick as also for those in health who desire to keep so ; for well or ill everybody needs an internal bath even more than one externally ;—‘Even comparatively healthy persons find it of great benefit’ (*Salisbury*). But I have said quite enough to explain why those who in themselves have proved its kindly power are earnest in preaching it to fellow-sufferers and indeed to all ; ardently desirous that everyone should enjoy like blessings.

This by the superficial is docketed ‘enthusiasm’ and I accept the word if enthusiasm means to be vitally in earnest. When one feels deeply, can one write half-heartedly ? The mind that seeks to move the world, must it not be red-hot behind the pen ;

especially so when each fervid word is born of hard experience? On us whose quest is Truth, the obligation imperatively rests to impart what we have gained. We have no choice; necessity is laid upon us. Nor does it anyway concern us that our message may be opposed with contempt, or ridicule, incredulity, or odium. Ours not to calculate or withhold, but to proclaim the Truth which knows not compromise and never can be shamed. Some one has said that sorrow makes men sincere and anguish makes men earnest. It is even so. One cannot, as I have done go in at one end of a sausage machine, and come out at the other exactly as one went in;—if one did, one would promptly require putting through again!¹

For myself, from the immeasurable benefits conferred on me and on uncountable numbers whom I have brought under its influence I live now but to promulgate near and afar the Salisbury treatment.

¹ Even if you choose to discount 50 per cent for my mis-termed 'enthusiasm,' there still remains this obstinate fact;—that the Salisbury System *cures* where all others have failed. And when thousands of grateful letters have reached me, owning that I have changed a life of suffering into one of health and joy;—I who know so well what that means for the writers of beauty and good and peace,—it would take a jelly-fish or a crab to read unmoved these tributes and feel no touch of fire in my soul for this grand work through which I—even I—have been made so helpful to my fellowmen, and am thus so blest.

It has been my sole life's work for many years back, and the truly grand results make my life's happiness. It is not often given one to strike out a new departure of inexhaustible satisfaction so late in life.

In *all* chronic diseases hot water is the foundation of Dr. Salisbury's treatment, who, as its discoverer and from long experience of its virtues, declares, that if he were limited to but one remedy that one would be hot water. As the experience of my own large practice, I too claim for it the same priceless remedial attributes. So wondrous is its healing charm that I often find myself marvelling how any one manages to get well at all without its help.

The longer you take the hot water the more will you feel the benefit, and usually you begin to be conscious of improvement almost at once. It may encourage you to get down the full 4 pints a day to be assured from actual experience that each pint you take brings you nearer the blessed goal of Health; each pint tells, makes for health, so does each (*well-cooked, not overeaten-upon*) meal of the minced beef. They are milestones that are *passed* and shorten the journey. In reference to No. 5, my own experience may be encouraging to invalids. During many years I had been supernaturally sensitive and felt miserably cold even near a blazing fire, with a constant un-

pleasant sensation of cold water pouring down me. East wind and damp caused me cruel suffering and in summer I sat out in the sun wrapped in furs and only on the hottest days, yet shivering at every breath of summer air. As to an open window, the mere sight of one terrified me and I fled.¹ The gratuitous alacrity with which I took serious and very painful chills would have been laudable in a better cause. The first winter after I went thoroughly on the Salisbury treatment they told me had been a hard one. But I knew nothing of that. I often by day sat with open window and no fire, always slept so whatever the weather, and walked and sat out of doors most days by no means wrapped up, with snow on the ground. Dr. Salisbury foretold this happy revolution (which I have re-echoed to many patients since, who have similarly found it true), assuring me that if I continued to feed properly I should come to sleep on a snow-drift and be none the worse! (I have not been far off it this winter! February 1895.) In illustration of No. 7, I should like to say that I used to suffer very distressingly from oppression,

¹ 'I fled.' This is poetical. I scuttled off as fast as I could, hampered by a stick in each hand as props to a pair of very painful legs, weak and limp as a saw-dust doll's. *Nous avons changé tout cela*; —it is other people now who do the 'flying' when they but catch sight of *my* open windows!

stoppages and loud irregular beatings of the heart on climbing stairs, when hurried or even slightly agitated. Almost immediately on beginning the hot water these painful sensations took themselves off, and permanently.

I have briefly given the rationale of the first part, I shall now show you the reasons for the second part of the treatment,—the diet of minced beef. But for the better understanding of it all I must preface my explanation by a few words on the causes of disease; for to attempt to cure illness being absolutely ignorant of its cause is to be as one who leads a Forlorn Hope. Let us hear our Leader himself on this important matter. 'Improper alimentation is the predisposing cause of disease. Alimentation may be classed under two heads, healthy and unhealthy. Healthy alimentation is the feeding upon the kind of food which any given organism is designed to live upon as indicated by the structure and functions of its digestive apparatus. Unhealthy alimentation is the feeding upon foods which the digestive organs cannot readily and perfectly digest. . . . By structure man is about $\frac{2}{3}$ carnivorous and $\frac{1}{3}$ herbivorous. As a general rule we have 20 meat teeth and only 12 vegetable teeth, while 4 of these latter, the wisdom teeth, are poor apologies as grinders. The stomach

in man is a purely carnivorous organ and is designed both in structure and function for the digestion of lean meats. The small bowels . . . are herbivorous mainly and are designed to digest vegetables, fats and fruits. . . . Hence healthy alimentation consists in a diet of about 1 part vegetables, fats and fruits, to about 2 parts of lean meat, by bulk, not by weight.'

Instead, the proportion usually eaten by everybody (please note this) is only $\frac{1}{12}$ meat to $\frac{11}{12}$ bread, vegetables, fruits and puddings!!! 'When food only is eaten that digests and assimilates well, there is no fermentation or flatulence in the digestive organs. . . . Healthy alimentation or feeding upon such foods as the system can well digest and assimilate, is always productive of health. Unhealthy alimentation always acts as a cause of disease. . . . This species of feeding overtaxes those portions of the alimentary canal designed for digesting this particular kind of aliment, and overtaxes them so far that the digestive process soon becomes imperfect, fermentation gradually supervenes . . . and palpable disease ere long results.'

All this is manifestly incontestable; and I beg each reader to appropriate it as the light of a guiding star shining on his path through life. Sternly does it point to the leading part that DIET enacts in the

health or sickness of every one of us;—the inviolable connection between the foods we eat and what health we have; and shows clearly also how entirely and how easily—for everybody—are serious illness, confirmed delicacy, complaining states, and constant and tiresome upsets preventable, by practical attention to health and self-denial in diet for dear health's sake. And it is everybody's imperative duty, mine who write, and yours who read, to learn this and to obey. To neglect it is pure fatuity and selfishness, and is henceforth recognisable as such because we cannot any longer plead the excuse of ignorance.

Now you perceive clearly, don't you, why although wide is the diversity among the *forms* of illness, though their names be legion, yet is the cause one. The explanation is simple. All illness, not the result of poisons, infections or accidents, begins in the stomach, and from thence attacks each individual's weakest point; and *with* our weakest point we are all born.¹ 'The disease travels along

¹ Nor is it only illness; imperfect digestion, fermentation, and malnutrition are the *primary cause* of a heterogeneous array of ailments and smaller troubles for which they never get the credit that is their due. Here are a few. Premature baldness sometimes culminating in entire loss of hair, asthma, deafness, head-noises, cataract, gradual losing of sight, wens, warts, bunions, corns, unsightly rag-nails, twitchings of limbs or eyelids, watering eyes, nasal catarrh, dribbling at the mouth in sleep, swelled glands, varicose veins, *et hoc genus omne*—

the line of least resistance' (*Salisbury*), hence the variety. Nature's laws are unfasting, she is long-suffering, yet when she strikes, utterly inexorable and relentless, *and consequence inflexibly follows cause*. There is no shirking it. How, what, *and how much* we eat; our own doings, determine unerringly, sooner or later, what we have of health or the reverse;—if long life is to be ours or perfectly preventable premature death.

It is inconceivable how many foolish persons still persist in harbouring the ridiculous notion that the minced beef is to be eaten raw! Why, it shouldn't even be underdone, as it is then less soluble in the stomach than when done to a turn. Besides, to eat it raw or nearly so is dangerous on account of tape-worm which patronises beef as well as pork and game; an awkward tenant not too easily evicted (see page 291). Pray understand once for all, you are *not* asked to become a cannibal. I beg of you—and it is odd I should have to do so—never be guilty of the unimaginable folly of eating

are, *every one of them*, the disagreeable outcomes of indulging to excess in fermenting foods (solid, liquid or both). All this will be a file to gnaw to very many, and I wish as Carlyle said 'more power to their elbow' to get through it, since they can't get behind it, it being absolutely true. Many a time have I overcome all these symptoms, simply by removing the cause; they cropped up again when the patient backslid, again disappearing on his return to the right way.

mince, or *any* meat, that is even ever so little turned or sour. The progress of decay has already begun, you gratuitously fill yourself with wind and gas, and I have known very serious diarrhœa so induced and most distressing flatulence, lasting painfully for many days.

The strict Salisbury diet is a regimen entirely of minced beef (with the *whites* of eggs), rigid *only* while the necessity for it lasts,—and no one can fix the limit of that beforehand.

I will now carefully explain the reasons for chopping or mincing the beef; as it is more enheartening to be told why you are to do so and so than to be left fumbling in the dark.¹ And I am sure you will agree with me that minced beef,—properly prepared and nicely cooked,—overtops in philosophy, excels in nourishment, ease in eating, perfection of digestibility, and niceness all other foods, and stands A1 on the world's diet-roll. I ought to be allowed to know what I am talking of after over twelve years of it, thrice daily!

¹ You must surely see that Nature clearly meant us to mince our food when she supplied us gratis with grinders for the purpose. And those lacking time or patience or sense or whose grinders are few, *must*, if they wish to be well and live long, mince their meat extraneously, and not persist in shooting it down solid, after half a dozen hasty chews.

(1) It affords the utmost nourishment while giving the least strain to the stomach.

(2) Being finely broken up, and all useless, fermentative, flatulent constituents, all hard, connective or gluey tissues weeded out, the pure lean-meat pulp left behind is readily and quickly digested and assimilated.¹

(3) It breaks down, starves out and destroys the diseased tissues, nerves and muscles so long improperly and inadequately fed, builds up and restores them.

(4) By the same process the mince and hot water quickly and with absolute safety subdue a very burdensome disorder which is not unattended with danger—obesity.

(5) The diet of lean meat being all digested in the stomach, gives temporary rest to the other digestive organs (the bowels, alimentary canal, etc.), which have been long greatly overtaxed and overfed; and thus,

(6) Allows time for repair of the diseased, thickened tissues and paralysed states induced by

¹ The reason for removing so carefully all fat, connective tissue, gristle and skin from the lean meat is, that *they* are as apt to ferment and generate carbonic acid gas, as are the farinaceous and vegetable foods, and also, that there are many diseases which are specially *fed* by these fibrous, connective and glue tissues, which diseases can be cured by a continuous course of strict diet of muscle-pulp of lean beef, and return, on the transgressor reverting to his old ways of feeding.

fermentation and absorption of carbonic acid gas, producing yeast plants in the intestines, as in a vinegar barrel.

To sum up,—the aim and object of this wise course of diet is to entirely exclude from the patient all foods, drinks and medicines that tend in any degree to get the system out of order ; and to persistently starve out those tissues that from having been inadequately nourished while yet overfed, require starving until the disease is conquered. At the same time to repair and build up healthy tissues, fitly nourishing the whole framework until perfect equilibrium of mind and body is established, always the issue and sure sign of feeding healthfully.

Now, pretended misconceptions having arisen as to what actually does constitute Salisbury diet, and people comprising in it, while taking a little mince as a salve to an absent conscience ;—‘ginger-bread nuts,’ ‘currant dumplings,’ ‘cream,’ ‘oatmeal porridge,’ ‘oxtail soup,’ ‘puddings,’ ‘fruits,’ ‘jams,’ ‘fat bacon,’ etc. ; I publish separately the various recipes, giving the *true* ‘strict diet’ for the Sick ;—suitable modifications thereof for the Seedy ;—and for the Well who wish to be better, many useful hints as to food and drink. So no one now can continue to indulge his own mischievous tastes, while dis-

honestly fathering his performance on either Dr. Salisbury or Elma Stuart!

If you think the minced-meat by itself too hard to tackle,¹ take at each meal, unless very seriously ill, a small piece of stale bread cut thin and roasted in the oven. Put fresh butter on it when cold and take 1 mouthful of this to 4 or 5 of mince (and bite fair!). I own this concession is made under protest and against experience and my better judgment. Where patients are best without it I only allow the toast just to save those inexpert at self-denial from stopping the good treatment. I know, if ill, your wise and only right course is—no compromise. Come as soon as possible square down to the minced-beef diet alone for breakfast, dinner and supper, with whites of eggs, hot water 'as per invoice,' and clear tea and coffee as a beverage. Clear tea and coffee, that is without milk or sugar. Take note: *sugar in all and every form* is simply poison to rheumatic and to gouty blood; and indeed because of its great fermentability, to the *delicate universally*. Nor is saccharine advised.

¹ But you would not, and would feel comfort in and enjoyment of the mince from the first if it were (which it hardly ever is) *properly cooked* from the first. The hot water creates the taste for meat by which it is enjoyed; but badly cooked mince is exceedingly nauseous, very indigestible and is safe to upset you grievously. You are right to reject it, and do not cease to let them know you're there until you get it just right!

All sick persons should abstain absolutely from sugar and sweet things, and the well will *do* well to partake of them sparingly. Do not unworthily for the sake of a little longer indulgence in the evanescent pleasures of the table delay your recovery. Hold the Fort bravely : it is for dear Health remember.

Patients sometimes say to me they want the toast only for 'something to chew.' Well, have a small piece of nicely broiled tender steak along with the mince and chew that thoroughly, or the whites of 1 or of 2 eggs lightly poached or a bit of broiled beef-cake and chew away at that ;—anything before fermenting foods.

Use black and red pepper freely (but too much black pepper may constipate), salt and mustard with your minced beef, *fresh* butter but no cooked butter in any form. No vegetables except in some cases a little raw or well-stewed celery ; no sauce but hunger (except chutney *sauce*, not chutney), and no puddings, pies, boiled paste, jam, pickles, cakes, vinegar (when well again where you used vinegar substitute lemon-juice, as in salads, mint-sauce, mustard, etc.) ; and milk as an ordinary item of diet is much best avoided.¹

¹ Remember, it is *the sugar* in milk that is so injurious. It is this sugar that ferments in a thunder-storm and it ferments much quicker in

It is just at first a stiffish diet I admit and entails force of will, self-denial and perseverance (noble qualities all), and for this reason it were wise perhaps to eat alone or with those on the same regimen so as to avoid being tempted!

I am suspicious at this date of people who protest '*I don't in the least mind what I eat, I care nothing for any of these things.*' I do not believe them and shouldn't think much of them if I did. There is real consolation in a good dinner. And if it is a digestible one as well our whole view of life is brighter and juster; so what merit is in pretending we '*don't care*'? Let us be honest. Don't let us cant about anything. We all do care what we eat and we all like good things and there's no need to be ashamed of or to lie about it. And for the very reason that it *is* a trial to resist nice things to eat, I gladly accord my homage to those who through self-denial and overcoming strong temptations in diet, pluckily win their hard way back to health. It is often a desperate fight and I never grudge the victor the title of Hero. A patient of mine who at first had stoutly declaimed her utter indifference to

yeast-pot stomachs. When milk is given at all it should be straight from the cow, warm with life and vital force, not dead and cold. See page 317.

what she ate and drank, came to me after a bit to bewail 'lack of variety' in her diet. I asked her to run over what I was then allowing her while I jotted it down. 'Beef, mutton, lamb-chops, young pigeons, poultry, game, occasionally various white fish, a little rice, macaroni, toast and butter, and celery.' And this was 'lack of variety,'—and for one too whose soul was far above buttons! It is queer what a hazy notion many persons have as to what are farinaceous foods. A lady assured me she 'never touched them.' I opened wide eyes. 'Then what do you live on, for you tell me you hardly ever touch meat either?' To which she innocently, 'Oh, just on bread and potatoes, biscuits, rice and tapioca puddings and such like.' A pretty comprehensive list of farinaceous foods.

In some severe illnesses, as for example consumption, diabetes, and I have seen this also in rheumatism, and in some stages of other illnesses, the diseased condition of the digestive organs caused by fermentation is such, that a very small quantity of sugar or of other fermentable food is sufficient to act on them as does a handful of 'mother' when put into a barrel of vinegar,—it sets the whole in a ferment,¹ then a painful relapse ensues. Hence the

¹ Why 'mother'—and not mother-*in-law*?!

burden of all Dr. Salisbury's warnings to me: 'Do not let one morsel of fermenting food cross your lips; if you do, you will suffer and retard recovery.' And of this utterance I proved the exact truth not once or twice but *invariably*. I found practically and quite unmistakably how infallibly right—I use this word deliberately and because none other expresses it—were all Dr. Salisbury's rules and prohibitions, and that to fight against them was but to fight against my own poor self.¹ You see, after his return to America from his too brief visit to London in 1886, I had my health-battle yet to win. At parting he had generously bid me write to him for help every week enclosing no fee. This last was enough for me. I asked him no more questions for myself, though since, I have asked him many hundreds in the interests of my patients. And

¹ I should like to say here that although firmly convinced from watching my own recovery, of the absolute truth of Dr. Salisbury's conclusions on food subjects, I yet felt my responsibility towards the public as their adviser to be so great, that I myself tried all kinds of foods singly and mixed many times over, persevering up to the point of making myself really ill. I also, therefore, am able to speak conclusively of the pathological effects of farinaceous, vegetable, saccharine and other foods when taken in the excess in which they *are* taken by 99 persons in every 100. The whole matter now is to me a long way beyond argument or dispute. And if this be insufficient, my close, continuous observations in many hundreds of cases have but piled fact upon fact, proof upon proof.

with royal liberality has he always replied to them ; ever cheering and encouraging me in my onerous labours by such inspiriting words as these : 'Go ahead, you are doing splendidly, and always remember you have me at your back.' 'You are the pioneer of the Salisbury treatment in England, all that has been done by others amounts to nothing compared with your work.' 'You have done superbly in these examinations and have handled these complicated cases *most* skilfully,' etc. Reiterated and stimulating assurances such as these from him, my master, were, as you may well imagine, a quite impregnable stronghold and source of infinite support and comfort to me. And indeed there was need ; for in establishing my Gospel of Health I have fought hard single-handed ; and standing all alone, have borne the weary burden of the conflict.

So, left to myself, in bygone years I committed many and many a mistake and with wits sharpened by the resultant pain, sought and found what they were. These with their austere teachings gave me a penetrating insight which I could possibly have gained in no other way, into minutest causes that are answerable for injurious consequences. To me therefore and subsequently to my patients, they, my blunders, have been of exceptional value.

I nobly hand on to you gratis an admonition of Dr. Salisbury's given me concerning flatulence: '*Don't overeat* and you won't have flatulence.' Brief but to the point and eminently sound!¹ Great is the reward for faithful, *intelligent* perseverance in this good treatment and your recovery will probably be one gradual but triumphal progress from first to last;— as mine was. I was desperately ill when I began the Salisbury treatment and many and grievous were the complications in which obstinate dyspepsia, terrible gout and rheumatism, contracted muscles and joints like nothing human, acute neuralgia literally from head to foot and cruel insomnia each in an aggravated degree played its fiendish part. But I went on the mend slowly yet ever steadily, with no disheartening relapses except from the mistakes I made, and these were not disheartening since I unearthed the causes. But I did not for long dare to believe in dawning health; after so many disappointments I felt *au bout de mes forces* to bear another pluckily. If through follies in diet, worry or senseless exposures I ever now chance to be ill, if I take a chill or am threatened with my old kidney troubles, I do not dream of sending for extraneous help; instead, I keep as quiet as work will allow, I also increase

¹ Flatulence also comes from emptiness—half-starving. For an attack, see page 286.

hot water till I drown out or dilute the evil, I judiciously fast, and only when really *hungry* again go square on to mince alone, being watchful as to amount, for I never yet knew cold or chill that did not own as its immediate progenitor an indiscretion in eating. Too much eaten, or something indigestible in itself, etc. ;—colds and chills being undoubtedly *food ailments* like the rest. Thus doing, I turn the corner quickly and drugs and stimulants don't know their way down my throat.

The Salisbury treatment which calls for self-denial and perseverance in no ordinary degree, further exercises judgment and *intelligence* ; for you require to watch carefully that you eat as much as and yet no more than you can well digest, a point at first difficult to arrive at but most necessary if you are to steer clear of misadventures.¹ I am bound to confess that I know no species of exhaustion so utterly flooring as the exhaustion induced by an overwhelmed stomach. The whole body is affected by it and the mind too suffers in the general collapse.

¹ Every mouthful eaten more than the patient can well digest is, so far as purposes of nutrition go, absolutely wasted. Nay more, it is injurious. Here is proved the value of the microscopic examinations of the passages as a guide to how much can safely be eaten in each case and at each stage, and also when the strictness of the diet may with advantage be modified.

Without the microscope to show if the food is digesting perfectly, etc. no one can judge so safely in this important matter as the *intelligent* patient's own stomach ; only, he must think about it. I warn you it is a disastrous error to try to eat up to any fixed weight.

On adopting the minced-beef diet so readily and quickly digested you may at first miss the full, pleasantly (aye and sometimes mightily *unpleasantly*) crowded sensations afforded by the bread and vegetable foods and therefore in the night are apt to grow hungry,—or perhaps the feeling is rather of exhaustion than absolute hunger. Do not try to go to sleep in that case. Your endeavour after sleep on your own empty stomach would be sure to end in failure. You would first begin to think, then to worry over troubles that in broad daylight are quite faceable, but which in the stillness, darkness and your exhausted state become exceedingly black and grim. The wakeful can dream more torturing dreams than sleepers ; and they know they are awake. Then in the morning you are weary and *low* when you should wake up light-hearted and refreshed, and would do so but for allowing yourself to run down for want of a mouthful of food. It is in just such little things as these, which yet

are by no means trifles, that the intelligence and common sense (or lack of them) in the patient or his friends are aids or hindrances to success. Always as a habit, have a cup of good beef-tea or jelly or some mince beside you (covered); when wakeful take a few mouthfuls, and ere long sleep and oblivion will kindly enfold you. It is very strange to me how so many even in conventional health, allow themselves to lie awake for hours restless or thinking or with the 'fidgets' (contracting a sleepless habit), when 9 times in 10 it proceeds from inanition. A few mouthfuls of mince, or a nice mince-sandwich, which should be handy, would speedily restore tone to the nervous system, drawing the blood from the brain, allaying the restlessness and still more distressing fidgets; then sleep would result from this timely renovation.¹

The wakefully inclined should have a small pillow under the waist to fill up the hollow above the hips. This relieves the weight thrown on the hips which sometimes is painful, and it makes turning in bed

¹ A Dignitary of the Church a patient of mine used to say, 'I could not *live* without my mince.' And a friend of his to whom he had advised the same treatment as himself never met him without saying, 'I owe my life to you.' Another patient, a Canon, wrote me that I had made a new epoch for him in life with his 'orgie of mince in the middle of the night'! that formerly by 7 a.m. he felt too weak and limp to rise from bed, and work seemed quite impossible to him, while now he awoke bright and alert and keen for his work.

easier. See also that the pillow comes well down to the shoulders and fills the curve of the neck, or there will be discomfort there too.

Now it often happens that when patients have been for a while on the Salisbury treatment, the appetite for meals becomes very ravenous. It is a good symptom, shewing that the stomach is getting thoroughly cleansed. Great hunger comes as the tissues need more food for repair than the stomach and bowels can digest and assimilate. Such patients should be most careful that they do not overeat, rather should they eat *less* than they want (so as to make sure of digesting all they do eat), and carry about with them a little meat or a mince-sandwich to take between meals, for, should this be needed, it *must not* be neglected.

So, anent *quantity* of food to be eaten at a meal we come to a part of my book that has cost me much thought, many personal experiments, and been the occasion of frequent re-writings. But I do not grudge any labour if it helps you to help yourselves over the quicksands you are now not unlikely to tumble into. For I confess that especially is the convalescent patient rather between the deil and the deep sea here, and he needs to use all his intelligence to pilot himself safely through without backsets. In former editions in my maternal anxiety

lest he should starve himself I encouragingly cried, 'Eat enough, my son!' Now, grown wiler in the little ways of patients and skilfuller in the pathological use of the microscope, my cry to-day is (and I find it a much more needed one)—'DON'T OVER-EAT!'¹

I have often seen a patient take his header for the rigid diet, and breasting the waves gallantly, he sped bravely on until one day there occurred a mysterious backset. Then all the life and strength seemed to leave him and he lay like a stranded flounder on the beach with never a kick or the flap of a tail in him. Piteous was the wail he sent forth to me, but the microscopic examinations revealed at once where the hitch lay. He was eating a good deal more than he could nicely digest, and was overtaxing his whole system and energy in the effort. A little judicious curtailing soon sent him on his way rejoicing again. It generally turned out that friends or even 'the servants' (whose one idea in illness is something to eat) persuaded him he was 'on a very lowering diet and must eat a great deal to keep up his strength.' Nothing loath he obeyed this judicious injunction—hence his backset. Now,

¹ *Sunday* I have observed is often dedicated to overeating. But the stomach knows not *Sunday* and will make no indulgent allowances for our being bored and *désœuvrés*; it is an irrational member, horribly pig-headed.

in point of fact he never in his life was on *so* nourishing a diet nor one so substantial; there is no waste to speak of in it, I may say all is nourishment. The effort required to digest a surfeit is tremendous, so if a mistake must be made, make one you can rectify. I repeat:—you should *always eat a little less* than you want, so as to digest all you eat. If you have not eaten enough, it is easy to ‘stoke’ between meals; (in 6 times in 10 however the need to stoke is purely imaginary, or morbid, and should be *discreetly* attended to)—whereas if you have overeaten it is *not* easy gracefully to get rid of the overplus!¹

But when all’s said, there *is* no Mede-and-Persian rule as to quantity. *Each patient’s own Digestive Power must be his Law.* Begin carefully with a very little, say even 1 to 2 oz.; if that is nicely dealt with come on to 3 and 4; and later to 5 and 6 (still tentatively); and as the hot water more and more cleanses and sweetens the stomach for appetite and good digestion of the lean meats you can watch-

¹ From letters received daily from all parts I clearly see that one of the most common sources of failure where the patient treats himself in, the pernicious notion that once on the diet of minced beef ‘the more of it he can get down the better.’ But you should never try ‘to force down’ *one morsel* more than you feel to want. And if you ‘dislike’ or ‘loathe’ the mince, that is a sure sign it is badly prepared; or is overeaten on;—in either case it cannot be digested and must do more harm than good, and that will discourage you.

fully try 7 and 8 ;—and eventually even more, IF, *and only* on condition that, you well and readily digest the whole. I am very sure of this however, that 1 lb. of good lean meat is the very utmost that a Salisbury (male) patient *in best condition* should eat at a meal. In addition to this if not satisfied he may take between meals, a few mouthfuls of mince or of beef-cake, or, if allowed, a sandwich of thin bread buttered, with 1 to 2 oz. cold mince or cold roast meat minced. The best times for these are 10 A.M., 4 P.M. and 1-2 A.M. Meat should be weighed *after* cooking since it loses somewhat in the mincing.

I offer you a few hints which I trust may help you in this dilemma. If after meals you have flatulence, or distension, or heartburn, or sour, risings ; if you feel chilly, yawny, heavy, listless and disinclined to move, or are hungry again ridiculously soon, you may be quite happy and at rest about it,—you have overeaten yourself. If your mouth feels dry and parched in the mornings (as a patient expressed it, as if he had had a penny in it all night!), it is due to the same cause. Recall last night's supper, promptly decrease next meal and after or you will presently see reason to be sorry for yourself. If on the contrary after food you feel light, buoyant, not tight about the waistcoat, and

so affable that a child might play with you ; you are all right, you have not overeaten. Watch these matters with care and circumspection please and you will gain much in experience, comfort, and vigour. Narrowly watch the cooking. Careless cooking causes flatulence and indigestion, and is the unkind parent of unnumbered ills. In all this the intelligent patient will take his heels in his hand and distance others, getting on faster and, a great point, more steadily. For remember this, each relapse leaves the patient with diminished nerve-force for recovery.

It is deadly impossible nonsense and will not do for nineteenth century ethics that we should take no thought for to-morrow (where would Hope be without its 'to-morrow' and, nailed to to-day, where would *we* be?), nor consider what we shall eat, drink and be clothed with. What has come from this teaching all along? Hypocrisy, intolerance, endless bad health, ill-temper and a vast host of associated evils. It is high time we cast off all unreality and cant and openly take *much* thought for what so vitally concerns our and others' comfort and happiness and the expansion or suppression of the best that is in us as does our food. Also to be sensibly and warmly clothed is a necessity demanded by health itself;—and why not picturesquely too

pray? Our bodies wherein are enshrined our minds are to be well and worthily cared for inside and out, not shamefully and ignorantly slighted on a spurious plea of a spurious duty. Eating, and feeding, are *wide apart*. To 'eat sparingly' as is the foolish pride of some, is a great disaster. Do you not know that a run-down, all-to-pieces body is as difficult to build up as a ruined castle, nor is the process so sure. To eat sufficiently of the most nourishing, easily-digested foods, so as to look, and *to be* your best self, is, do not for five minutes forget it, your most clamorous duty; for your food is the foundation and sustainer of your life, and all that it holds.

I come now to a point upon which I lay great stress, it is this: Note ungrudgingly and be willing to be cheered up by every symptom of betterness however slight, for be sure it is the outrider of much coming good for you behind it.¹ A terribly crippled and helpless patient of mine, after being but a short time on the treatment, to my great surprise lifted a heavy jug from the table and poured herself out a glass of water. 'Since when have you been able to do that?' I eagerly asked. 'Oh,' she

¹ As your illness was not of yesterday, so can your cure not be of today; but each small sign of improvement is a flag hung out by the enemy in token of enforced surrender. Lift up your hearts and be glad for your day of deliverance has dawned.

replied with a face like a stomach-ache, 'for about a week, and I have been able to turn myself in bed for about a week too.' This is not my idea of philosophy. My dismal patient would have wonderfully helped her good self on if she could have smiled and been pleased at each sign of decided progress.

I desire here to speak a word of earnest advice which I see from experience is sorely needed. When, satisfied of its towering excellence, you have deliberately resolved to grapple with your illness by means of this treatment, you will be more than wise to abandon fears and vacillations, to possess your soul in perfect trust, convinced that in adopting this mode of cure you are indeed doing the very best for yourself; and remember, 'the majestic ordering of events is in other hands than yours.' It is of inestimable advantage when soul and body well second each other nor pull different ways. 'For the mind helps the body and at times raises it, and is the only bird that upholds its cage.' Do not waste precious nerve-force and depress digestion by 'wonderings' and waverings, or unsettle yourself by asking of by-standers what they 'think'; for you may pretty safely bet they haven't 'thought' and know nothing about it. Talking comes easier than thinking to many people, and tongues when giving advice mostly wag as irresponsibly as a hand-bell's.

Persons of weak worrying temperament actually make disappointments for themselves and court an easy defeat. Put your whole soul into the good work ; just turn the black cloud inside out and get at the silver lining. Calm and inspirit yourself with the happy petition of, I think, the Moravian Litany, 'From needless perplexities, Good Lord deliver us !'¹

And friends of patients to my thinking incur very grave responsibility when they decline to grant the Salisbury Cure fair trial in times of serious illness, especially where the patient is evidently losing ground under other methods. If he is of years of discretion, he should decide, not the friends. It is his life, his all in the balance, and where he dies without having had this means tried I cannot hold the friends altogether blameless of the catastrophe. It seems to me selfish and unkind to allow personal prejudice a voice in dissuading a

¹ It is from a philosophical standpoint insisted on as a doctrine of the Salisbury treatment, that in this work soul and body must be in unison. Some take it up and go into it as they do into everything else with only the nerves interested that belong to the shell. They hardly know that they have a soul and soul-nerves, and they do not interest the soul-nerves in anything they do. Such are not ready and it is doubtful if they ever will be. They will probably fade out of life long before they need, opposing no resisting front to their premature and avertible fate. It is sad how many people get ill and die, making no effort to get well and live. They seem all unconscious of the fact that they have very often all choice and power in the matter.

sufferer from a mode of treatment positively safe to result in benefit where properly administered ; and that it were more estimable to devote time and thought to understand the principles of the system, so that if on his weary way the patient's heart faint or his feet fail, they may be able true-friend-like to bear him up on the wings of reason and hope and cheer him on to persevere in the good but oft-times difficult road. How sweet is a little kindly encouragement coming on the heels of opposition and discouragement, and how gratefully treasured in the soothed and comforted heart ! And I hold advisedly that no one has a right to give up a case as hopeless until the Salisbury treatment has had a faithful, properly administered and intelligent trial—and has failed ; for I have watched it snatch some from out the very jaws of death itself and restore them to life and light and joy.

I am now going to prepare you for seeming drawbacks you may encounter on beginning the treatment. And I shall deal honestly with you, concealing nothing, so that you may accept and believe my sincere assurance that the symptoms to which I am carefully calling attention are only natural and to be expected. On commencing, you may grow thin through losing fat, and flabby tissue,

and present a rather woebegone aspect. You will very likely feel a bit weak *if you exert yourself in any way*,—which you MUST not DO at this stage. Now, pray do not fear it is all up with you and be ready to throw aside the treatment. Just consider a moment ;—if you do—to what can you turn? Like myself, you have probably gone the round of doctors and so-called remedies, baths and climates, to find them all but one sad failure. Your part now is, if you love yourself, *loyally and intelligently* to stand fast to what is so infinitely for your good, being, I anxiously warn you, most careful to avoid all worry and exertion mental and bodily ;—for these arrest *the digestive process, upon which turns your whole cure*. Neglecting these precautions, you have no right to call yourself on ‘Salisbury’ treatment—no, nor on ‘Stuart’ either—for this unruffled calm is its very life and soul. I who am speaking to you trod every step of the weary way myself. I grew quite scarecrowish and so thin that sitting, even on an air-cushion, was painful.¹ But I wavered not. Though weak for a while in body, *mind-strength* returned such as I had not felt for years. So my reliance on

¹ Even now I recall with a smile the years when I used to sit painfully in my chair by the hour together, groaning out ‘*Oh* that I were a cherub!’ (head and wings—and nothing else!)

the 'horse-sense' and commanding logic of this ideal system was immovable. I knew the fault lay in some wrong-doing (as it ever does), though I knew too little then to be able to trace it.

You who are started on the right road, keep to it; for all that is dear to you in life is at stake. Everything hangs upon your intelligent (or otherwise) doings; and the gain, or loss, is to you. Keep you hold of the golden thread of Hope and think good thoughts of the Treatment, be happy and calm and thus help on the grand work steadily. See you *enjoy* every hour of life and every one of your meals; so shall the whole organisation work together harmoniously, and unhealthy states be changed to healthy. Don't mind the temporary thinness; remember worse happens at sea, and that crying over spilt milk only makes it more watery. Dr. Salisbury himself forewarns us of this state in these words: 'Never mind the shrinkage in weight; it is natural and absolutely necessary, for the reason that those foods which upholster and make fat are the very ones that produce and feed diseases. The weight decrease is not at all dangerous or alarming. . . . The patient will make new, firm and healthy tissue at a later stage of his cure when normal blood-making processes are fully restored. The tissue

with which he has parted, devitalised and enervated, is no loss and must give place to the new order of things.'

One would think this enough and yet it seems it isn't! Here is most explicit satisfactory assurance based upon immense experience; still am I forced to expatiate upon this thinning process, since the patient's friends even more than himself are often frightened into fits, and needlessly depress him. The whole situation is simple;—if the patient wishes to get rid of diseased states and tissues and be restored to health, he must cease eating the fat-forming foods which he cannot digest, until the yeasty matters are thoroughly washed out of the digestive organs. Fat is simply an upholstering tissue which affords no real strength;—*au contraire*, extra strength is needed to carry the feather-bed! As soon as, in Nature's own good time, the patient gets thoroughly cleansed and renovated he may safely be upholstered again, and will then be conscious of a gradual increase not only from fat (since fat he must have!) but from heavier blood, muscle, nerve and bone up to the point for health, where, so long as he continues to feed properly, he will remain. It is simply a choice between *Disease* and *Health*. Which is it to be? If disease is more desired than

health, such patient must be left to himself and his unwise advisers. He is not yet ready. If, on the contrary, health is desired and wearied for, then the patient is willing to part with foods that hurt and tissues that are diseased. He is ready and will gladly do all required of him in the good work of getting well. If after this clear explanation clamours for fat are still raised, whether is the patient gifted more with small sense—or with vanity?!

I sound another warning note of Dr. Salisbury's. In the first days of the treatment the patient often feels very feeble, owing to the absence of the artificial stimulus of fermenting foods. This is natural and need evoke no anxieties. A cleansing process is not *per se* a strengthening one but is needful, in order to prepare a basis for the requirements of real strength.' A certain *all-gone* feeling is doubtless often experienced, partly because we miss the alcohol brewed (in the alimentary canal) by fermenting foods. Large eaters of vegetables, etc. make a regular brewery of their intestines. They may style themselves Teetotallers and bedeck themselves with Abstainers' blue ribbons all the world over;—they are still choke-full of fermentation and alcohol;—they have *eaten* their liquor instead of drinking it, that's all; but it is *there* and they will

one day hear from it! But again, on the withdrawal of the other foods there naturally follows a 'sinking,' owing to the famished condition of those glands and organs which have been too long deprived of the needful amount of animal food, until they begin at last to be really *fed*. Above and beyond this, which may be said to belong legitimately to the treatment, I shall mention the two most fruitful *alien* sources of the weakness at first; and besides shall point out some of the side issues or indirect and quite preventable causes gratuitously lugged in, to pull down the system which is being so laboriously built up. For I am determined once and for ever to exorcise this *bête noire* of the weakness which stands so fearful in the path of beginners in the Salisbury Cure; to show you that this terror that stalks in darkness and in the full noonday, is in reality more a shadow than a substance; is what we call in Scotland a 'Tattie-bogle'! You will remind me that I myself grew weak and that the same has happened to others within your personal knowledge and beyond it. Very true, but wait a bit, I am coming to that presently.

As my experience in treating cases gathered and widened, I became conscious that not *all* patients suffered thus and that some even likely cases had

no weakness to speak of. Why had not they ; and why had the others? This was the enigma I anxiously set myself to solve. After close observing of many cases and long pondering, it grew upon me that although some transitory debility may be looked for at first even in the most favouring circumstances, yet in degree it depends greatly *on the patient himself*. And that for the great prostration, abject weakness and exhaustion which often supervene, there is no justification, no necessity ;—their origin lies *outside* of the Salisbury treatment. Looking back and flashing on the past the light of experience they are perfectly to be accounted for and I proceed to account for them.

A patient almost in her grave and in the last stage of weakness from three years of cruel suffering, was brought to stay next door to me to be under my immediate care. In the first two days I found dangerous upsets occur from her food not being properly prepared ; so for the next five months I had all her beef minced and cooked in my own kitchen. The quick responsive *increase of strength*, the marked steady progress that at once ensued, gave me clue No. 1 and taught me to look carefully after the *cooking* of my patients' mince. So in replying to all future complaints of weakness from

distant patients, I requested a sight of their mince. I assure you that these samples of what the senders were pleased to call minced beef were the heart-break of my laborious life, as returning samples of what *was* mince nearly had me in jail for postage and butchers' bills! Theirs was saw-dust and chopped up india-rubber, hard, gritty, tough, loathsome and utterly indigestible. Chopped shoe-leather, tacks and all would have been as appetising and quite as nourishing. No wonder the sick grew weak upon such unspeakable ostrich-diet. No wonder they became discouraged, their *sole food* being made uneatable, they were nearly starved. *My* mince was a revelation to them, they pronounced it delicious, saying they would never tire of that.¹

Then, my good patient next door, from whose case while piloting her back to life and health I learned many valuable lessons, began again to flag, grew 'weak' in fact. The microscope soon uncovered the cause. She had come to eat more than she could perfectly digest. Appetite was returning,

¹ Many seem to imagine there is some magic charm in the very *name* of minced beef—however cooked, however eaten. But the whole charm lies in its *perfect digestibility* and *abundant nourishment*. When rendered tough and indigestible by bad cooking, or when eaten in excess of the digestive powers,—it ceases to *be* nourishment, and there is no health in it.

the mince was very nice and easily eaten, and she anxious to get well. I succeeded in convincing her that in taking in more mince (which was her sole food for 11 months, and most royally it repaid her, admirable patient that she was) than she could perfectly deal with, she was very certainly retarding recovery and weakening the whole system by the strain she put on the digestive organs. This experience lit up for me yet another origin of weakness, and in response to the old lament from correspondents I made a further demand for an estimate of the *quantities* eaten at each meal. The answers I had were very instructive—and a trifle surprising. One person was getting through 24 lbs. of meat in the week between mince and jelly. Another was plodding steadily through 7 oz. of beef-steak, with chicken, besides 2 oz. toast, at a meal. Another reported he was stowing away a square meal of beef-steak and 2 mutton-chops, or game or poultry, with boiled rice, toast and puddings. A patient sent me her diet-sheet for the 24 hours, which was as follows: Of beef (weighed after mincing), 29 oz., game or fowl 2 oz., whites of six eggs, 4 cups of beef-tea and a tea-cup of beef-jelly. She plaintively added that she did not think she *could* eat any more. I saw no earthly reason for eating half so much,

and ruthlessly docked the amount, to her great advantage as it turned out. These cases are rather exceptional, but it is usual to find many who treat themselves, begin with 10 and 12 oz. at a meal, when they ought to 'stand' at less than half. I know that I too at the start ate far too much; having somehow picked up the notion that it was my duty to struggle to eat up to a certain weight;—blunder at once idiotic, most mischievous and that cost me dear. Also, before I was so kindly taken care of (see page 145), I too had my mince vilely cooked, and supposed it to be the right and only way. Eventually it proved so unspeakably nauseous and indigestible that to my deep disappointment after a hopeless conflict I was forced to abandon it. I had not the faintest suspicion of the cause of my weakness and failure, but was completely at sea. My common sense, however, told me the blame lay somewhere with *me*.

One of these two (or both), overeating and injuriously cooked mince, are among the chief agents in the weakness so frequently complained of at the first. But various other performances came to light which aided and abetted the 'weakness' considerably. One of these was that some who because not confined to bed, supposed themselves fit for what in

their state I considered immoderate exertion (church-goings, entertainments, walks, engagements, etc.), took it against all warnings. They felt surprised and aggrieved when exhaustion quickly followed this prodigal waste of good strength. Others devoted long weariful hours to 'business' with its complications, worries and untold anxieties while most unfit for any such strain. They had no right to expect for harassed mind and jaded body aught but what they brought upon them. I am the last person to believe in hard work being injurious; all the contrary. But the conditions must be simple and common-sensible and the worker circumspect; then he may work like a reasonable steam-engine; work doesn't kill, it is worry. But as well kick a man who is down already, as for one weighed upon by ill-health to overdo himself in any way, and so divert his scant forces into other channels than that of digestion, which is the *direct route* to recuperation. Even when enrolling his whole might to forward recovery, he will find his work all cut out for him.

Again, in not a few cases food was bolted as a regular thing, and the *rest* before and after meals, absolutely indispensable to ensure good digestion, not so much as thought of. Microscopic examinations prove that food so engulfed does not digest and

cannot nourish :—where then is strength to come from? And 'the treatment' if you please had caused the weakness! Another redundant source of backsets arose thus: home-worries, wranglings, bad news, little petty troubles, that should have been kept sedulously from the patient were all as sedulously brandished at him, and his small resisting force was wasted in fretting and grieving as his weary way was strewn for him with stones. Was this, I ask, fair play for him or the Treatment?¹ Sometimes, I am sorry to say, friends or a doctor would tease and demoralise the patient by foolish predictions of how 'this dangerous treatment would lower him,' etc.; they knowing what they were talking about just as much as a little yellow dog!²

¹ My men patients usually get on the fastest, and I have pleasure in stating the reason of this. When they are ill their womenkind see carefully to the preparation of their food; yea with their own benign hands will mince and cook it. If worries crop up they will hide them, will sit smiling on the top and swear there are none there. 'With a heart at leisure from itself' they are ever ready to sympathise and soothe. When *they* fall ill, the men—don't cook their food! And every available worry, domestic or other, is dutifully carried to the bed-side or couch of the house-mother, and generously shared with her—not much to her advantage!

² I occasionally hear of people having been scared off the Salisbury treatment by doctors telling them they 'had had patients die under it' (which I do not for a moment doubt). I suppose nobody ever died under the old systems, and who shall say if these doctors had really *studied* this one? When also I reflect on all the unbelievable follies

Yet once more ; the patient himself fills the rôle of delinquent, sadly obstructing progress when half-heartedly adopting the treatment, very wholeheartedly the while exhausting himself by peevish and enervating hankerings after forbidden foods.

It was oft-recurring experiences like the foregoing in my practice, that by degrees led me to receive with exceeding incredulity statements made me by strangers that they had been 'for some time on my treatment and were very ill and weak *in consequence*' ! It turned out that 'my treatment' was so often but a cat's-paw for innumerable reckless and greedy doings that I ceased to break my heart and lie awake all night as I did at first, trying to conjecture in what respect I was responsible for the mischief, in what I had failed towards them. Instead, I serenely showed them how they had failed towards themselves.¹ But I feel that my duty here is, unmistak-

which sick people perpetrate and call Salisbury treatment, my wonder is that *more* don't die of such misguided misdoings.

¹ For instance, in several cases it leaked out that of their own or of their doctors' inventive genius they had added to the beef a special kind of rusk supposed to be 'particularly light' ; which rusk is about the most flatulent thing I know of, and which *blew them out* with wind and gas. Now these same rusks the public are for ever trying to induce me to bless altogether. But I do the other thing and will have none of them for my sick or delicate. If other people's patients choose to make a balloon of themselves I can only hope that, as they enjoy their rusks, so likewise they appreciate 'the wind.' (See page 317—Rusks.)

ably to express strong condemnation of the foolish—I had nearly said criminal—rashness of those who in bad health or real illness launch *themselves* on the Salisbury treatment with no pilot to steer them through intricacies and perplexities. For such are bound to arise where as yet people understand so little of this system and of the minutia which constitute a large part of its manifold application.

I do not require to be told that there are many who may be perfectly trusted to conduct their cases with only the help of my book. I know there are. I also know that those cases are for the most part fairly simple, such as can be met with intelligence and thought—where these exist. But I have observed that everybody is variously endowed with those needful qualities, and that cases are not all simple alike. The number of letters of disappointment I have received from those who have failed while treating themselves, more than corroborates what I say—that some timely help and advice, if but to start them on the right track, and give confidence, are of quite inestimable value to the sick men and women, who however conclude to exercise a false and pitiful ‘economy’ and to rely upon self-evolved interpretations of ‘Salisbury-Stuart treatment’ and cheap pot-shots at health. The gratuitous

penalty of suffering and the discredit of failure are theirs only. And there *is* discredit, for their aberration eclipses the prospect of health to many others through creating false impressions of and prejudice against this saving treatment.

But, you tell me, you everywhere preach the doctrine of self-help. Certainly I do. But there are people and people. And as we would stigmatise as foolhardy the captain who, refusing a pilot, should try to steer his precious freight through unknown untried channels, so do I condemn those who, ignorant of the forces opposed to them, act on their own irresponsibility until, as has actually happened, they succeed in mismanaging a simple into a serious malady. Self-help is one thing, distinct and altogether admirable—provided there be intelligence and acumen. Ignorance equipped with spurs is quite another; and there is nothing so terrible and calamitous.¹

I submitted what I have said on the 'weakness' question to Dr. Salisbury (and indeed he has been kind enough to read over all the most important parts of my MS., and to give me valuable assistance on many

¹ 'Zealously' and 'eagerly' entering on this treatment, when meaning rashly and precipitantly, are words that have no place here; all should be carefully understood and intelligently carried out.

points), and with I hope not unpardonable pride I quote his reply.¹ 'I am delighted to know you are getting out another enlarged edition of your splendid book. I know you will use good nails and drive them home hard so that they will stay. It will again go out to the world with its message of unmistakable truth, of reason and of love, to help all those into whose hands it may come. The world stands in need of just the teachings that are contained in your good little book. You are ever fighting and ever conquering. Occasionally you may feel cast down and broken-hearted, for the work to be done is so great ; but let me assure you that you *cannot* be defeated when your religion is Truth, and your art the main avenue to Truth. So I beseech you, do not be cast down when you are all the while in the glorious sunshine of *Truth*. Take courage then, go ahead with renewed strength and vigour, and give to the world your book, for suffering humanity needs it. They are *waiting* for it ; they *want* it. It *must* be a great success, for remember,

¹ At the time of writing to him I was feeling terribly downhearted by reason of watching in the daily papers accounts of the slow dying of some to whom I *knew* this system would assuredly give back health and their useful life. It was enough to make me very sad to feel I could have greatly helped ; and yet was helpless,—they being beyond my reach.

Truth cannot fail. What you say with regard to the weakness in the Salisbury treatment is very much to the point, and is most admirable. You have observed closely and well. I send you a brief statement concerning the natural history of 'civilised' human animals in the line of diseased habits, etc. You have told the rest in your own trenchant way.

'About 10 per cent of sick people never experience any weakness from the Salisbury treatment. Such enter into the good work soul and body, and bad habits are obliterated from them by one supreme effort of the soul-will. Their minds are at once made up as to the correctness of the course they have to follow, and all doubts, hankerings, longings and cravings for the much-loved savoury morsels of the past are gone—to return no more. Such persons are happily organised and are always their own masters. They are never the slaves of any habit they know to be injurious and wrong.

'The other 90 per cent of people are slaves to a greater or less extent to the habits formed. Forty per cent are able to overcome the wrong habits with comparative ease when thoroughly convinced of their error and the dangers ahead. Though the struggle may be trying for a time yet they soon conquer, and then all goes on well. During the struggle to

conquer the old appetites, the patient weakens, but this is soon over.

‘Of the remaining 50 per cent, $\frac{4}{5}$ have a hard struggle, but by constant watching, guiding, urging and directing they eventually come out masters of the situation with appetites conquered, then all goes on well to a cure, with correct habits of living established.

‘The balance, about 10 per cent, are slaves to their bad habits almost past redemption, and it is useless to try to save them unless supreme efforts are made and they are placed under conditions where they can be watched, encouraged and expostulated with daily and removed from temptation. Even under these favourable conditions they will often slip through your fingers and “break for the woods.” It is impossible to save by the most untiring efforts over half of these.

‘The habitual whisky-drinker weakens when he stops his whisky, the tobacco-user when he stops his tobacco, the opium-taker when he stops his opium, the fermentable-food-eater when his fermentable foods are cut off. It is the breaking up of established bad habits that upsets and weakens in the majority of cases; though this may be largely overcome by watchful care in the proper preparation and

legitimate use of the right foods and drinks. This expresses the state in which we find the civilised humanity of to-day.¹

‘The habits formed and established in early years are our great enemies. This shows how important it is to educate parents in the right ways of living in order that their offspring may be brought up in healthful eating and drinking, that they may be their own good masters and live long, useful and happy lives. This is the great work we must aim to establish while we are curing the sick. We must teach them how to overcome the injuries inflicted by their past sins, by guiding them in doing the right and avoiding the wrong; and by clearly showing them how to do the things they ought, and to shun those they ought not to do.

‘The obstacles in the way of bringing about the good results hoped and worked for, you have correctly and forcibly brought out in your remarks on the subject; drive a big nail here, for it is a big truth you have to deal with. The difficulties are largely owing to the careless way people generally absorb what is told them [fluid or sandy minds], and

[¹ Voltaire says: ‘We enjoin mankind to conquer their passions;—make the experiment of only depriving a man in *the habit* of taking it of his pinch of snuff’!]

the loose manner they have of putting instructions into practice. Drilling is needed, constant drilling; and spanking too sometimes would not be out of place. Do try and *rest* more, and take the best care of yourself, that you may trot in double-harness with me for many long years yet.'

I will now call attention to a very good symptom apt to be mistaken for a bad one even to frightening the patient off the treatment, and I quote Dr. Salisbury's own words. 'The passages from the bowels will become black and tarry and rather small in quantity . . . this must be expected. These dark and sticky stools are caused by the washing down of the black bile which had previously been saturating the system and partially carried off through the urinary organs and sweat glands. The black condition of the biliary secretions is the outcome of long-continued fermentation of the foods in the stomach and bowels, keeping up reversed peristaltic movement in the digestive organs, gall bladder, gall ducts. . . . The smallness of the passages is due to the meat foods being nearly all utilised in nourishing the body.' The motions gradually lose the offensive odour *indicative of fermentation*, though they may continue to be black, scrappy and sticky

sometimes for months ; all which shows how greatly needed were this washing out of liver and bowels and clearing the alimentary canal from fermentations.

On commencing the Salisbury treatment diarrhoea may possibly be experienced. When this arises (as not infrequently happens) from eating granular indigestible mince, of course so long as the producing cause exists, so long probably will the diarrhoea last. If however it should be caused by the now plentiful downflow of the bile into the bowels, its proper place, then it is Nature's beneficent method of cleansing the system and diarrhoea will generally cease when the work is done. On no account should the evacuations be suddenly stopped, nor violent scourings resorted to. A mild laxative may be used advantageously in assisting Nature to eliminate what requires ejection ; for as Dr. Salisbury says, 'The cleansing process is in itself right and natural, these matters must all be washed out of the system.' Should this state however continue too long, take hot boiled milk with a good deal of black pepper in it, also freely black-pepper your hot water, or put cinnamon or ginger tea in each drinking, and lessen the water so as not to overdilute the tea. Don't be alarmed, adhere to well-cooked mince, do not touch fermentable foods and steadily take

your hot water. Keep smiling, and carefully eschew every expenditure of precious nerve-force. I harp upon this last point for it is so important,—and often so recklessly set at nought. Remember too that all drinks and medicines that heighten the colour of the urine and lessen its flow or that impair the appetite for meat, should be avoided.

Or again, you may become constipated and here is one great reason for it. For many years you have been feeding mainly on fermenting foods, converting what Nature intended should be healthy organs of digestion into a Gas-Works Co. (Un)limited in which you have also taken shares! The carbonic acid gas liberated in the fermentations has paralysed the bowels through absorption, and they have been moved off readily enough by this boiling, bubbling, working yeast-pot; the food refuse is passed down and onwards only mechanically by pressure from the accumulating gases above. These gases, except what may be eructated up before leaving the stomach, have no other way of escape. When the fermenting foods are stopped and the patient put on a lean-meat diet, but little gas is formed and there is no longer the mechanical force in operation to push along the refuse material in the thickened paralysed bowels. The result is constipation. The meat does not cause

it, but it is not until the yeasty matters are all washed away that you find out how greatly the bowels are paralysed and deadened by former errors in diet and long saturation in carbonic acid gas. If the meat is persevered in, however, and simple laxative tonics used to help Nature for a while, the normal tone of the bowels is restored and they will move off as readily with beef as with fruits, brown bread, etc. In fact, pray note, whenever any food *loosens* the bowels, you may know that this food is not properly digested but is fermenting, therefore an action so obtained is altogether wrong. The bowels should be kept so well toned up and in such good working order that they will move naturally without mechanical or irritating aids. When people persist in taking special fermentable foods to keep the bowels open, the large bowels finally become a yeast-pot too, and after a while so thicken as to cause morning diarrhœa or consumption of the bowels. This consumption of the bowels is the last stage of vegetable dyspepsia. The victims however are still curable. Their cure lies in stopping all fermenting foods (which are the cause of the evil), keeping strictly to the Salisbury treatment in all things, and using cold-water injections every morning to wash out and soothe the lower bowel.

Another very prolific source of constipation I have found to be that the patient has been taking for years by his doctor's orders strongly aperient medicines ; the bowels become greatly over-stimulated, then lose tone and power, and finally are unable to act by themselves.¹

And I have something else to say about this disorder which among sick and well is so disastrously common. During my practice of the Salisbury treatment which unswervingly exacts that we trace symptoms back to causes, I have struck one of the most productive of this misery. I have almost invariably found that people are constipated (and often have piles too) because they eat more than they can well digest ;—to put it brutally, because they overeat themselves and so overload the bowels that persuasion becomes necessary to get them to act at all.² This is a salutary hint which every one will be wise to bear in mind.

Neither the scanty stools nor the constipation

¹ A correspondent writes me that he has had 25 doctors for obstinate constipation and is now quite disheartened. Small blame to him—if any, poor man ! Constipation is not a disease in itself but is one of the effects of diseased action or rather of diseased *in*action.

² Piles also may be induced by a want of strict cleanliness. The sponge should be used after every movement, so as to dislodge any particles which if left to dry and harden are apt to cause irritation and inflammation.

need frighten you, for there is very little *waste* in the foods you are allowed at the first. Gentle laxatives and enemas may safely be given as aids to the deadened bowels. For it is really important that you should have one easy comfortable movement in the 24 hours, and this should never be omitted on any plea. Cascara Sagrada makes a very good laxative tonic if you can still obtain it pure in this fraudulent wooden-nutmeg age. Take a few drops after each meal and sufficient at bedtime to ensure a movement in the morning. Or this, put a pinch of best senna leaves in a tumbler, pour boiling water on them, cover and let stand for 10 or 12 minutes. Take this at each drinking of your warm water.¹ If too much lessen, if not enough increase. In chronic constipation the dose to secure one gentle action daily must be ascertained and regulated by patient trial, and this you must keep up without intermission, gradually lessening the dose as the bowels regain tone; while remembering my caution against eating more than can be well digested. If by 9 or 10 next morning you find the dose has been too small, use an injection of 2 table-spoonfuls of glycerine to a pint of warm water, or insert a glycerine suppository

¹ You may safely pour quite boiling water into the thinnest glass provided you leave a metal spoon in the tumbler.

and retain as long as convenient. In each case keep quiet that the remedy may work up into the bowels. Avoid extremes, don't physic, but make attention to this a *duty* for health's sake. It is right that you should be aware of and prepared for all these contingencies so as to take them easy and not be frightened or discouraged ;—forewarned is forearmed.¹ I may state here that many a mysterious case of blood-poisoning is due to neglected Constipation, to the retention day after day of decomposing *injecta* which become absorbed into the blood-stream to pervade and pollute the entire system ;—instead of being conscientiously ejected by a cleanly daily motion.

It is to your own dearest interest that you keep a careful, intelligent watch upon your state, since it is you who are the most deeply concerned. In all serious cases the urine should be examined daily with a view to clearness,² colour, density and quantity ; it must be perfectly inodorous, in colour

¹ Many people have told me that when they take their water very hot it induces constipation, which rights itself when they take the water cooler. So each one must observe and humour his own idiosyncrasies in this as in some other matters.

² Nothing can be done unless the urine is kept clear. The clear urine indicates a clean stomach ; and a clean stomach we must have before we can digest the food well so as to make good blood,—and the blood is the life.

like a healthy infant's, without sand or sediment *on cooling*, stand uniformly about '15, and should flow freely at the rate of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pints in the 24 hours. (A urinometer and jar, to be had from the chemist, who will explain its use, should be in every house.) The skin should be soft and moist, the bowels move easily once a day, the appetite for meat be good with no hankerings after forbidden foods. Then you may feel quite sure that all is well with you; 'digestion and assimilation are so far improved that blood is made faster than it is used up and repair of tissue is going on.' Recovery has now fairly set in; and if you are careful of yourself and kindly and wisely taken care of by others, so as to avoid all untoward accidents and backsets, you will win do not doubt it, hands down, and will well deserve your rich reward. Not only my sincere congratulations to you on your pluck, but my admiring homage!

It cannot—such a restoration and building up as this is—be done impetuously. It cannot be hurried. Nature does this work and will do it as fast as the sins of ignorance are dislodged and right doings substituted. She works unerringly, without pause, and without haste, and the Salisbury treatment essentially inaugurates the calm and steady course observed by

Nature herself. If you yield to a feverish desire to hurry on your cure, such haste breeds anxiety which arrests digestion. Try and get a clear idea of the *cause* of all your ailments, then you will understand why this Salisbury treatment is the *only* safe and sure way out of your troubles.

Suppose you are not getting on so fast as within reason you ought to do ; well, you may stake your all upon it that the hindering obstacle lies in something wrong somewhere in *your* doings. The cure depends upon keeping clean inside and out, in good digestion and assimilation ; therefore whenever food ferments and sours or you have flatulence, *you* are the sinner. You have been guilty of one or all of these : (1) Have eaten too fast or too much. (2) Been wearying brain or body. (3) Have eaten on a tired stomach. (4) Have not rested before and after meals. (5) The meats have been poor, too old and tough. (6) Too fast or over-cooked, and thus rendered indigestible. (7) Nibbles have been indulged in outside the lines. (8) Overheating, rash exposures, wranglings, nerve-irritations, worryings ;—any *one* of these is in itself admirably adapted to reverse peristaltic action, depress digestion, produce biliousness, acidity and flatulence, and throw you back,—and people not infrequently go in for *the*

*lot!*¹ It is all-important that if good digestion is desired, soul as well as body should be heartily inter-linked in the good work ; none of what Dr. Salisbury calls 'soul-damns' (!) are permissible.

I quote him again. 'When you have cleansed out the system and purified the blood, keep them so and hope all things. There should be no hurry. Calm passive following out of all instructions to the letter will ensure the life and health of the patient if with soul and body enlisted in the good cause, he treads the straight and narrow way.' And what is meant by 'following out all instructions' is mainly this: to take your warm water daily as directed, to feed upon food that is substantial while being easy of digestion, and which is least liable to set up fermentation, (the muscle-pulp of lean beef), not weak-mindedly longing for hurtful forbidden things ; to eat nothing else whatsoever (except the whites of eggs) till you are pronounced well round the corner, only varying by an occasional change to nicely broiled tender mutton or juicily cooked undercut of roast sirloin ; removing all fat, skin, connective tissue, etc. and eating only properly prepared pure lean meat ; to *rest* before and after meals ; and to

¹ Thus are entirely *self-made* what are loosely and so falsely called 'Salisbury failures'!

avoid all fatigue and every worry as you would debt, drink and the devil!¹

Get in smiles and laughter whenever possible. A happy laugh down to the soles of your shoes is first-rate for you and will do at least 2 good things ; —help digestion and cheer up those in the sick-room, lightening their task, because the nursing, you know, isn't *all* pleasure !

When at the first you feel the little *bouleversement* we spoke of a few pages back please take (if able to be up) very little or better still, no exercise. *Make no demands on strength* ; you could not meet them without sacrificing digestion. And just you slam to and bar the door in the face of every worry. Live the placid, quietly happy life of a contented cabbage that troubles not its (earwiggy) head about to-morrow's storms but basks sublimely in the sunshine of to-day. Instead of prancing about and tiring your good self now, all your exercise should be had in the form of passive massage. It should be done gently but firmly, all over you from the head to the feet, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour daily either in 1 or 2 goes as you can

¹ Tender undercut and whole steaks are good as an occasional change from the mince except in fibrous diseases—such as tumours, thickened bowels, thickened bronchial tubes, thickened sheaves of nerves, enlarged joints, etc. The frequency of taking the solid steaks, chops or sirloin depends upon how they are relished, *and digested*.

comfortably bear it, the vehicle being cocoa-butter. Very little should be taken on the hands and rubbed well in till the skin is dry. Don't be left sticky, clammy, and greasy, for that is most unpleasant. See that the rubber has soft pliable hands, a kind heart, and is him or her-self quite healthy, so as to rub into you some of the life of which you are short. Those of weak heart and extremities prone to be cold, should steep hands and feet night and morning in mustard and water as hot as they can bear it (renewing the water as it cools), for 3 or 4 minutes. This aids circulation and digestion and imparts a comfortable glow. Those able for it should get about an hour's drive on fine days as ensuring passive exercise without fatigue.¹ As soon as strength allows, a little moderate outdoor exercise will prove advantageous. Now would be the time for a tricycle, that sublime institution for those of us who can't afford to keep even a jackass ; but who if we could, still prefer to exercise at first-hand (or foot !) not vicariously. It may inspire some with hope to know that I who for years was so crippled and

¹ The time for the delicate to take exercise is from 2 to 4 hours after a meal. Earlier than 2 hours interferes with digestion and may cause uneasiness or pain. If exercise be deferred till later than 4 hours there is risk of exhaustion from want of food ; this speedily diminishes the remaining strength and then it is all up with digestion.

abjectly helpless, have for long been a proud member of the Cycling Tourist Club, go out in all weathers and have done over 20 miles without any distress.

Be careful as aforesaid to leave 5 hours between each of the regular meals ; eat slowly and masticate thoroughly. If you have eaten quite too much at a meal, *fast* from food and peg away at hot water ; this will quickly bring you round rejoicing. If appetite fails for a meal get somebody else to eat it for you, wash out and all will go well. Never attempt to eat when tired, hurried, worried, anxious or cross. You can't digest food while your body is fagged out and your mind preoccupied and harassed ; you are safe to suffer if you try. Rest first, then your meal will comfort and invigorate you.

Please remember in the care of the sick and the aged that the time when vitality or life-force is lowest, when they are therefore more susceptible to exhaustion and depressing influences, is between the hours of 4 and 6 in the early morning. Food and extra bed-clothing should then be ready to hand.

I cannot too strongly caution everyone against *chills*. They are a very deadly enemy ; and bear in mind, that you don't need to go out of doors to seek them. You can get a bad chill in your own

room as easily as not,—a sudden fall in the temperature through carelessness, and so on ; and be sure of this,—if you *feel* cold, you will *take* cold. The older one grows the more imperatively necessary to health does *warmth* become, and equally is it so to the delicate. The living rooms should not fall in temperature below 58° Fahr., nor that of the bedroom be much under 60°.

Drop absolutely and entirely all stimulants ; in a general way you do not in the very least require them and they do you much more harm than good. They should be taken only in very special cases and merely to bridge over weak times under wise and vigilant guidance. But as those who perceive their grave accountability in ordering the use of stimulants (from possibilities near and remote), are about as rare as a white blackbird, it is safer to let them alone and trust to the easily digested nourishing meats to supply real strength and support ; then there is none of the exhausting reaction which follows the temporary excitement and fictitious strength afforded by alcohol. A very Will-o'-the-Wisp it is.¹ Besides

¹ Many of my patients, whose liquor I did not entirely knock off at the first as they clung to it in trepidation, their former doctors having told them they required it ; very soon begged to leave it off, to my great content, saying they had ceased to need it since taking the meat diet, and found hot water a sufficient stimulant.

being unnecessary, taking liquid with meals tends to indigestion, the formation of adipose tissue and general flabbiness. You will find (having quenched thirst an hour beforehand) a tea-cupful sufficient then of hot water, beef-tea, clear tea or coffee. If however your nerves quarrel with tea and coffee as in sleeplessness, neuralgia, gout, rheumatism and all nervous diseases may well be the case, it is safer to leave them off entirely until, well and strong, you are able to enjoy them without drawback. (See recipes.) Since having left off fermenting foods altogether, I am amazed to find myself able to take tea occasionally so late as 9 p.m. and sleep none the worse.

On commencing the treatment, if you have a pain, don't get excited over it or frightened; go straight on doing the right in all ways. Be passive, calm, and hold your strength. Don't get flustered, keep at home in the body, and carry on the good work there. Do not like uncandid persons lay the unpleasant consequences of indiscretions to the score of hot water, dropping *it* instead of *them* to your inestimable loss, for be very sure that without hot water you would have suffered much more than you did for your imprudence.¹ Do not

¹ We all know of old the surprising effect of 'that salmon' or 'that

because the treatment cannot cure you in a week turn from it railing in your best bad language. You who have been patiently, sanguinely—and so vainly—swallowing harmful drugs for many years may surely hold on in patience while the diet and hot water, hand in hand with Nature, are steadily though gradually accomplishing the purifying and repairing work within you. Above all, don't lose heart and go comfortless. The way you may have to retrace, my poor unknown friend, is long, toilful and weary I know; there is no royal road to health, it is a struggle at the best, a hard fight; the creep up alas! is all uphill where the run was downhill; but if you persevere faithfully and intelligently, progress will be sure and steady; and Health—Earth's best blessing

cigar,' and it appears hot water has as much to answer for in upsetting one's apple-cart if we believe all we are told. A Russian lady who had derived great benefit from it, went to call just after late dinner on another lady whom she found at supper. Nothing loath my hot-waterite sat down to and finished a plateful of *hot buttered toast!* Next day (as I was sure she would) she proclaimed aloud it was 'that hot water' which had so shockingly disagreed with her and given her terrible nightmare and indigestion; and the very name of hot water stank in her nostrils ever after. A man wrote me he had never in his life [happy man!] had a cold in his head. *Now*, thanks to [that fiend] hot water he had a chronic one knowing no bounds! Another reported he had never known what it was to have 'the hiccups' before; but since taking hot water he had gone about incontinently hiccupping all over the place, indoors and out, which must have made him very cheerful company! Whether or not the public appreciate hot water themselves, they are decidedly fond of keeping *me* in it pretty hot!

—will be your well-deserved and ever-greatening reward. And just here I plead for utmost gentleness and patience in our attitude towards the Sick. They cannot, if a little unreasonable, be scolded, nor ceaselessly bid to 'rouse yourself.' Through the diseased body nerves are unstrung, and need toning and feeding up like all other parts of the system. Sharp and bitter enough are the lessons forced upon the Sick, and many a revelation comes to them in hours of loneliness and suffering. For in great illness there is a feeling of great loneliness. The wine-press must be trodden alone. They are so aloof and cut off from all that makes life sweet and bright to others. Their grievous struggle for health takes them all their time; to curb the irritability and impatience of keenly sensitive nerves, all their endeavour. They live in a world you wot not of, you who are well and strong; they live *through* what would appal you who are active and happy. Ah, what hard lessons did I learn in the abysmal depths, when I lay, night after night, gazing through pain-drawn tears, into the silent stars. Truly does Madame de Staël say, that the faculties of the mind and the powers of the soul grow fast in sorrow; and Goethe:—

Who never ate with tears his bread,
Who never through the long night hours
Sat lonely, weeping on his bed,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

And Shakespeare's kingly hand lays a tender touch on the seeming longness of time to the afflicted. You remember Marc Antony, when he has just heard tidings of his Cleopatra's death, says, 'Since Cleopatra died, I have lived in such dishonour,' etc. '*Since* Cleopatra died'; as it had been ten years ago, instead of barely ten minutes. Tenderness then and gentleness for your Sick; and you will crown your own heads with the undying bays of human love and loving kindness, nor have to endure the bitter, unavailing agonies of Remorse.

Reverting for a moment to impatience; a lady from America who had immense opportunities of witnessing the success of this treatment, long ago wrote me these sensible words: 'Some people are so inconsistent about improvement and recovery. They do not take into consideration the probable years they were in getting sick and the dilapidated condition of their system when they commenced the treatment.¹ And this diet bear in mind *must* be a

¹ You must please be reasonable and take into account the element of time. The true way to mark improvement is to *look back* a few weeks

slow process to recovery, because it begins from the very foundation and *builds up*. But when the patient gets well again he is really better than he was in the beginning, having more healthy flesh and having acquired an appetite for substantial food.' This indeed is quite true. For we who have become used to feed solidly and satisfyingly upon meat, really cannot scramble along as once we did upon rubbish, coolly laying our ensuing ailments on Providence and the innocent weather. When any one is kind enough to ask me to dinner I laugh and say ungratefully, 'No thankee, you don't know how to feed me!' A shocked indignant protest follows. 'But,' I reply, 'alas! you don't know how to feed yourselves. If you did you absolutely *couldn't* constantly suffer from first one ailment then another as you admit you do. If you were really *fed* (instead of only *stuffed*) you would be so strongly built up that such a shaky state of affairs would be an impossibility for you.' This is no more than the living truth; and I specially or months and note the difference there is now. And remember, the effects of life-long physical sins cannot be overcome in a month, sometimes not even in a year. Don't let this discourage you since it shows clearly that recovery is not an affair of haphazard, but is based upon the whole-souled loyalty and sustained effort with which *you* retrace your steps and conform to what is right. And the years spent in 'getting ill' are mostly lost sight and count of. An intelligent patient wrote to me, 'I cannot expect quick cure, my illness was so long and [here is where intelligence is shown] *so long preparing*.'

commend to the victims of Influenza this FOOD Preventive and Cure. The way to stamp it out is to be so clean internally, so rightly and adequately fed, to have pure rich blood—outcome of vigorous digestion, that there is no nidus for the insinuating little germ to locate itself; who is then compelled to wander away homeless and crestfallen through the cold world, with a D— as big as itself for the circumventing Salisbury treatment! . (See page 287.)

From the first, as I hinted before, on beginning this treatment in its integrity, it is perfectly marvellous how rapidly mental strength returns, how very soon work becomes once more pleasure and not toil and how keen an interest we take in subjects and pursuits from which we turned away so lately with weariness or positive aversion.¹

You ask me how long a treatment—rigid or modified—should be followed; the exigencies of the patient's state, the duration and nature of his

¹ I think the following amply proves my position. When I had been only about six weeks on the Salisbury treatment I who had previously felt far too ill and too dispirited to see even dear friends, cheerfully responded with all my old love of a fight come back, to a summons from the County Court for payment of a bill that had been already paid. I acted as lawyer and spokesman for myself and won my case triumphantly. A very few weeks before and I should have crawled under the table in abject terror at the bare name of County Court nor have resisted any amount of imposition; so poor-spirited and imbecile does illness make one!

illness, his powers of resistance and recuperation and his whole-souled, *intelligent* fidelity to rules must decide that question. There are cases that demand from 1 to 3 and 4 years of rigid dieting to get the disease thoroughly under, to repair and build up and restore the system to perfect working order. And again, there are others where *one fortnight* of rigid diet, is sufficient to *starve out* the disease and prepare the patient to nicely digest other foods. When this is so, it is most unadvisable and sometimes harmful to keep him needlessly long upon meat only. In this again, is each individual case its own arbiter and its law. When the chemical and microscopic examinations of the secretions (including the blood when the patient is at hand) disclose a satisfactory state of progress and gain ; when the urine is pale, clear, standing uniformly about 1.015 ; when he is free from pain, above all from flatulence ; is feeling well and cheery, with appetite hearty for the meat which he eats with enjoyment ; if flesh is firm and healthy, sleep sound as a kitten's, eyes bright, face not the colour of a sun-dried meadow, but clear and bonnie, and all things pointing healthwards, then other foods may certainly be introduced into the dietary while effects are carefully watched and it is seen that digestion and assimilation are all that can

be desired. On the clear understanding however that a generous piece of beef or mutton, broiled, roasted, or minced, will continue to hold the post of honour and be the *pièce de résistance* at each meal. But indeed, at this date the patient himself would refuse to relinquish these, knowing well their potency and comfort, and owing the deep debt he owes them.

On reaching the happy period when the stiff regimen may be relaxed, here is the *Carte* for you to select from ; *varying day by day* and coming gradually to the $\frac{2}{3}$ diet. Change of pasture is good, so long as you ring the changes on what is in itself good.

Animal kingdom. Beef, mutton, turkey, with, as side-dishes, lamb, poultry, venison, winged game, calf's liver, young pigeons (Dr. Salisbury allows tripe —*I don't !*) sweetbreads,¹ fresh butter. Cod, turbot, brill, sole, haddock, halibut, whiting, raw oysters, soft-boiled or lightly-poached fresh eggs (of which some convalescents had better usually reject the sulphury yolks), a very little milk or cream in tea or coffee. You will kindly observe that pork, goose, hare, rabbit, salmon, eels, etc., are conspicuously absent

¹ Take care the sweetbreads are thoroughly cooked. Twenty-one years ago I ate an undercooked sweetbread, it was so rough an experience that I have hated the sight of one ever since.

from this list, and I recommend ducks (well scalded with boiling water before cooking) only on state occasions.¹

Relishes. Celery, raw or well stewed, horse-radish with lemon-juice, mustard, cayenne, black pepper freshly ground, salt and chutney *sauce*. A little cheese now and then always grated, so as to do away with its compactness and render it more digestible; and occasionally this with a vegetable, rice or macaroni *au gratin* (but by no means often or at the first).

Vegetable kingdom. (Take only one variety with each meal along with the meats, so that if a backset occurs you may know at once what is fermenting and disagreeing with you.) The best bread foods are,—but I wish I knew a good substitute for bread and other farinaceous foods—stale wheaten bread,² thin crisp oven-toast, macaroni or rice always

¹ I was going to say, such as birthdays. But if yours have an unconscionable way of turning up about once a week as mine do now, that would be too often, so you must look out for a less obtrusive anniversary for the ducks!

² If you have an enemy—if not, a friend will do—keep the new loaf for him; don't touch it yourself, dynamite is a joke to the blowing up it can give. I once beheld a friend's breakfast of 'such delicious new bread' sent up again after 3 hours of *mortal agony*. It happened over twenty years ago, but I never forgot it. I thought the glazier had been round and had forgotten his putty behind him, pounds of it, to such appalling lumps had the sponge swelled! Toast as generally sent to

cooked for $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 hours (page 320), cracked wheat steamed for 8 hours, or a long-baked potato, spinach made from dandelion and lettuce leaves, fresh young green peas or ditto French beans.¹ The watery vegetables as cabbage; the ligneous or woody as carrots (except when used for flavouring), and the nitrogenous as beans, etc., may well be dispensed with, contributing but little to nutrition; while asparagus, onions, spinach, having specific properties stimulating to the excretory organs, are best left out.

Fruits. (As relishes only, and at first 2 meals.) Apples (best cooked), prunes, must be the best, long and gently stewed without sugar, oranges, limes, peaches, apricots and raspberries. Pears not so good, and strawberries, grapes, pine-apples and

table is first-rate for shoe-leather, tough and pliant, but for eating,—no thank you!

¹ Before eating green peas flatten them on your plate, otherwise many will slip down whole, in which state they can't be digested because of their silicious covering. When you eat salad, always moderately, cut it up very small on your plate and masticate it thoroughly. Reject stones, skins and seeds of fruits, they are insoluble, inert, alien bodies not foods. Green vegetables should be eaten fresh from the ground or vines, for when kept they become tough, leathery and fermenting. Fruits should be perfectly sound. Jerusalem artichokes (generally considered a kind of invalid's fare either as soup or a vegetable) are exceedingly fermentable and flatulent; and I would not for a good deal be in the sick person's shoes for the night who took them in any form at the evening meal!

bananas are the most fermentable among the fruits, as nuts of all kind are stiffest to digest. Don't overload the stomach before the fruits come on.

Drinks. Hot water, tea, coffee, wheat and crust coffee, beef-tea. Ordinarily, no stimulants, no fermented liquors nor distilled. On a very festive occasion if 'drink' you must, take a glass of sound still wine, or well-diluted whisky or brandy of the best, but it should not be a daily practice. Please avoid malt liquors and those containing 'choke-damp' (carbonic acid gas), as champagne, ginger ale, soda and potash waters, etc. Limit yourself to 4-6 oz. or at the very most to $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of liquid at a meal.

Honestly I do not consider that any one with this noble diet-roll need make a poor mouth and grumble at 'monotony.' Rather let him thank his stars on all fours that he can now peacefully enjoy and his stomach comfortably digest each in turn.

The patient should be watched or should watch himself carefully while he changes first to a modified then to a $\frac{2}{3}$ diet; and if there be return of pain or of flatulence or of any unfriendly symptom at all, it should be immediately checked, for the old ills root again so fast when the soil is made congenial to them. There is nothing for it then but to go back smiling to the muscle-pulp of beef for a time,

and afterwards tentatively recommence the other foods in smaller proportion than $\frac{2}{3}$, and to strenuously resist all temptation to overeat, or overtire.

If at first (or at any period) there should be risings of fluid in the mouth after eating, with or without a bitter taste, it is that food is fermenting in the stomach, causing the bile to work upwards by reversing peristalsis. At such times you must stop all foods but meat, and wash out more till this state has passed, then carefully resume a little bread food, stopping it at once again if there be any indication of fermentation, or biliousness. Have no fears; you *can't* run down on plenty of good beef and mutton; your danger will be that as you become what a hungry patient called '*so beastly clean*' (!) inside, you may be tempted to eat more than you can well digest. Let *Flatulence* be your fog-horn to warn you off rocks ahead.

Now, I am (reluctantly) going to make myself offensive and say that I deprecate for the sick and the seedy much smoking; as tending to depress the heart, reduce digestive power and sometimes injure eyesight; there is a great amount of poison from tobacco, absorbed through the mucus membrane of the mouth. I freely, gratefully concede the vast consolation and soothing of nerves

that a smoke affords, and if it ended in smoke I would put no man's pipe out. Dr. Salisbury allows one good cigar or a pipe to a man after each meal at this stage of recovery; and to ladies who are drawn to it and with whom it perfectly agrees, a mild cigarette;—and to this I affix my own seal too!

I recapitulate for everybody's benefit.

1. Cheer yourself with the thought that this System you are on gives you the *very best chances*, for it is the one only System on all God's earth that goes straight to the Causes of illness and removes them. Then simple, unanswerable logic is it, and follows as the night the day—no cause, no consequence. Remove the causes, and *Nature* gets the chance for which she is always waiting, to heal and cure. The Salisbury Treatment has been pronounced 'the only *real cure* discovered in the last 6000 years, all the rest being palliatives merely.' And day by day—thanks to this book—the people are learning for themselves, how overflowing with hope and comfort is this truthful word.

2. Use your *best intelligence* in this great good work.

3. Do nothing unthinkingly; weigh all you do and the reasons for it;—range yourself on the side of reason and smother prejudice at the birth.

4. *Do not starve.* That is emphatically *no* part of Salisbury (nor Stuart) treatment. But as emphatically, neither is overeating.

5. Eat so that you feel buoyant, comforted, and comfortably *fed* after each meal. Eat alone, so as to *enjoy* every meal up to the hilt; and don't let outsiders talk to, worry, or interrupt you the while.

6. Think over quantity *before* eating, that you mayn't be obliged to 'wish you hadn't' afterwards! Forethought is simple, afterthought mixed!

7. *Rest* before and after meals. Don't tire yourself, don't worry.

8. Do not overdo the hot-water. Be sensible here too.

9. If you rush at this treatment head over heels, recklessly and ignorantly, not reflecting what you are to do, nor why, nor how it should be done, I warn you it must prove a failure and disappointment; *because you make it so.* If you go to work sensibly, intelligently, earnestly, it will *not* fail to prove a great success, and health your guerdon. It all depends upon *you* and the issue hangs upon *your* doings. No bad language, therefore, is to be showered on me or 'the Treatment,' for that were neither honest nor grateful.

I am here but obeying Dr. Salisbury's repeated

injunction to me, to drive home this undying truth *of the patient's own responsibility*,—and his power to advance, or retard, recovery.

I have one last word to say to the Sick ere I bid him a kindly farewell, nay, better than well—God speed his cure! My message is of health and good cheer; it is in Dr. Salisbury's own words which send forth no uncertain ring; and I, for many years actively participating in this work, witness of their utter faithfulness, transcribe them with the greatest pleasure.

'If we have the knowledge and disposition to reform and to remove those causes of disease and go into the good work with our whole hearts, eating and drinking as we should; repair, even to perfect health, becomes a certainty.'





FOR THE SEEDY.

‘Call him wise whose thoughts, words, and actions are all a clear because, to a clear why.’—LAVATER.

ALTHOUGH hitherto I have addressed myself chiefly to the Sick I did not exclude those hovering on the borderland, the Seedy. But I am now going to talk like a father to them, and afterwards say a few words to the happy beings (none too many) who are able to write themselves down as Well. For this benign blessed treatment as intimately concerns these two classes as the Sick, and has a loveliness all its own inasmuch as it is essentially a system of *prevention* as of cure. The intelligent reader will endeavour to estimate under which category he figures and try to adapt a plan of treatment to his needs.

Dr. Salisbury in his wonderful book to which I am so deeply indebted through all these pages says: ‘The first and most important knowledge of which a physician should possess himself, is a thorough and detailed understanding of all the appearances, symptoms and conditions of the body which con-

stitute a perfect state of health. Without this he is unable to determine, locate and measure the derangements which constitute disease. He should be quick to recognise the first departure of the system from normal conditions as indicated by slight but unmistakable changes in blood, urine, stools and secretions. He should not content himself with the recognition of established disease in its earlier forms, but should detect it so to say in embryo.' This most wise utterance applies in a modified form surely no less to every one of us so-called laity. For what in truth could be more sagacious on our part than to acquire some knowledge of what so vitally concerns us as the physiological appearances and signs which attest a good state of health, so as to be quick to discern the converse?

I am no believer in 'sudden' death. Nor does illness seize us suddenly. Looking back, I see plainly that I was *getting* ill for 3 years ere the final 'sudden' collapse overwhelmed me. There are always premonitory warnings, slight in the beginning, but accumulating and augmenting, which to the observant reveal their true drift; I seek to arouse you to some of these less marked than, but as important as, pain, swelling, etc.

For instance, when you become aware that the

urine is thick, high-coloured, scanty, has an unpleasant odour, deposits a sand or sediment on cooling, and in density keeps above '20; then take your hot water immediately and correct your diet for there is need. Again, if the motions are constantly too frequent, liquid, or what Dr. Salisbury calls 'squirty' (an exact definition)—always indicative of fermentation—yeasty, offensive, expelled with wind and colic, are too pale or are particoloured instead of being evenly of a dark brown as in health; or if on the other hand they are often dry, hard, cause a feeling of weight and oppression, are difficult, perhaps painful to pass; be sure you are not in a sound state of health, see to your diet and take your hot water (see page 281 for use of olive oil). If you become wakeful, feverish and restless at nights, disturbed while asleep, dream evil dreams, rise in the morning heavy, lethargic, unrefreshed, headachy, limbs weary, with a foul tongue, a nasty taste in your mouth, are constantly perturbed, anxious and uneasy,—if you grow irritable, querulous, short in temper, gloomy and depressed in spirits from no tangible cause; if you become susceptible and prone to take colds and chills; have clammy hands and feet, or feet and ankles swell; if you have little or no enjoyment in your food, lose flesh suddenly, or become so to

speaking weak-minded, with an unwonted propensity to shed tears; or are conscious of discomfort, distension, sour risings, heartburn or pain after eating; if you experience prickly sensations in hands, feet or elsewhere; cramps or numbness in any part of the body; if you have floating specks before the eyes or are giddy—many or some of these symptoms and sensations, *continuously experienced*, are proof positive that the weakest part inherent in your system is being assailed, and you will inevitably, if gradually, break up. The control as yet is in your own hands.

At once proceed to reflect upon your doings seriously. It is gratuitously fatuous to knock under saying it is 'God's will' that you should suffer. It is nothing of the kind. And this dogma is a very mischievous one, for it paralyses mentally, shifts responsibility from yourself to whom alone it belongs, and causes misfortune to you and to your family. The patient persuading himself he has the Supreme Being against him, complacently 'resigns himself to His will,' becomes unable to make, and is quite content *not* to make, a struggle for health. He soon sinks down into mental and bodily invalidism, and lets himself drift into being a horrible nuisance to himself and all about him. I take leave to tell him that it is his first and para-

mount *duty* to combat and conquer those evils that he and he alone has brought upon himself, and that cost so dear to others. Resignation too often is but a 'high-falutin' word for sheer indolence of mind and body ; its true name is self-indulgence.

Nor will it do to say that you ' must be ill sometimes ' for that is equally drivell. Ill-health is *not* produced by causes that we cannot control. Instead, honestly and energetically set about discovering the cause by which you have brought on these bad effects, it never lies far off. Fight hard for dear health ; life never, never was so full and interesting as now. Retrace in mind your diet especially as to quantity, inadequacy of animal and preponderance of fermentable foods, drinks, sweets ; ponder it all and smartly reform.

Do not despise the symptoms because they are what you choose to call slight, be thankful that they still are so for they will be the more easily cured.¹

¹ If I could have read the right meaning of those ever-accumulating slight but significant first signs so many years ago,—ah ! what long anguish I should have been spared, what heavy expense, and all the deep humiliations and inconveniences of abject helplessness ! I should have deemed *its weight in gold* a cheap price to pay for this little book of help had I been but offered it in those sad hopeless years. Investing in it I should have saved over £800 spent on doctors, medicines and wild-goose chases after baths and climates ; nor should have lost the best years out of my life, had no anguish of body nor mental despair. My one only comfort for it all is, the knowledge that through *my* suffer-

Many a grave illness is turned aside by quick recognition of these small indications which betoken so much, being the outward and warning signs of an inward deranged condition. 'Digestion and assimilation are very poor, and consequently blood and tissue are not made fast enough to keep pace with decay and disintegration.' Imperfect, or bad digestion, I do beg you to realise, means mal- and often non-nutrition ; in plainest words—*starvation* ; the flame diminishes, wavers, flickers ;—then comes *death*, for no fire can burn without the right kind and the right amount of fuel.

Here, on this awfully momentous subject I dare not deal in ambiguity nor strike any uncertain note, and earnestly do I press upon your consideration the following outspoken statement of *facts* which it behoves you wholly to know. Apoplectic fits, paralytic strokes, failure of the heart and the scores of other 'sudden' seizures,—as well as the less serious illnesses,—whence come they ? They are the veritable, inevitable issue of long-standing wrong and inadequate feeding, *bad digestion and assimilation*. The blood becomes poor and vitiated, the heart weakened and partially paralysed, the whole system

ings, thousands have been—are daily being—saved from death and from the torments of a living death.

by degrees is enfeebled and deteriorates from utter lack of befitting nourishment. Repeated—and unheeded—are the warnings; ominous the signs—all unregarded—of approaching calamity; true, they are sometimes so slight as to seem trivial as the straw—which yet marks the way the wind blows. Multifarious often are the agents leading to the end,—but the *cause* is mainly the same. We have disregarded Nature's edicts in the very mainspring of our being, namely our feeding, our nutrition; for years we have been as fools knowing not evil from good and our time is up; then swiftly falls the avenging blow. Nature at last claims her dues, and it is WE who have to pay them with pain and tears, aye, and with life itself!

I constantly read in the daily papers that one public man after another succumbs from 'failure of the heart's action.' I read it with amazement. First because of the obtuseness of the public who can unthinkingly accept; and next because of the assurance of the medical profession which, presuming upon this supine passivity, can venture seriously to proffer so utterly meaningless a certificate. Just as much truth and sense would lie in the sapient verdict: 'Died for want of breath.'

Failure of the heart is not a cause;—it is an

cells lining these organs have a selective power to take up only the ingredients necessary for the nourishment of the system, the refuse being ejected. But when these surfaces become thickened and partially paralysed by reason of immersion in this gas for a long time, then they lose this selective power, it is destroyed; good and bad are appropriated indiscriminately and with the rest the carbonic acid gas which is distributed into the system; the time of pressing danger is upon us, culminating in so-called sudden death,—and the verdict is ‘heart-failure.’

But, had the simple cause been understood and removed in time, that dear heart might have been beating warmly to-day, that lies so cold and quiet under our feet. And we, who stood desolate at the open grave, weepingly acquiesced in the false pronouncement, that he we loved is gone, because it had pleased Almighty God to take him from us. Reverently let us face the everlasting truth. To shirk that is *not* reverent; nor is it honest to shift on to others our own solemn responsibilities. The dead we bewail, generally speaking, died; simply because, nor he, nor we, nor anyone about him, knew how to feed him to maintain the life we loved, the life he loved and so rejoiced in. Oh my

unknown brother or sister, weighed upon by memories of sore bereavement; I ask you not for the time that is past and gone but for that which is coming, to ponder this;—nearly all our loved ones can be snatched from the rapacious grave and still saved to our longing hearts, if we and they will but hear and heed these burning truths.

I write as tho' I ne'er should write again,
I speak as dying;—unto dying men.

Again, demented states, mania, monomania, loss of reason or memory and all phases and degrees of mental unbalance,—what is the cause of these? Just this directly or indirectly: defective and inadequate alimentation, bad digestion of food, all signifying deficient nutrition—and starvation. The whole system is gradually but inevitably *starved*, and is besides depraved and infected by fermentation and its products, and no rich nourishing blood is carried to the *brain* to maintain the healthy life and action there. What then? The starved enfeebled brain-tissues become deteriorated from lack of actual nutrition, just as do the starved devitalised tissues in other phases of disease, and we know that each individual's weakest part or organ is ever the first to give way and grow morbid. Hundreds of these cases are perfectly curable, simply by retracing steps

and correcting errors, but the *cause* not being understood and removed, opportunities to retrieve mistakes are let slip as in other illnesses, and the unhappy sufferers left without help or hope—although cure lies within hand-reach. It is most pitiful.

Alas! for the absolute truth of Dr. Salisbury's words, that hundreds of thousands are dying because they do not know how to feed for health and life. Oh be wise then, and take defensive measures in good time so as to get back to that blessed state of unconsciousness of our body which we call Health.¹

Another development of unbalanced physical condition is so frightfully recurrent nowadays that I feel it right to speak of it here, helpfully if possible. And I say that I do not believe it practicable for a *regular* hot-water drinker to become a voluntary suicide. The gloom and wretchedness that give birth to that sad unreasonable deed, 'Cet acte désespéré conçu par la raison mais exécuté par la folie,' (the one irretrievable error), are in a great

¹ The way to view it is this: when not in *perfect health* you are not as it were on level ground but on the edge of a declivity, and liable to slip at any moment. You may rub along for months or even years;—then, one day comes a little extra work, or a worry, or a grief to bear, a chill, or you eat some flagrantly indigestible food and—over you go, for your resisting and recuperative forces, being ill-nourished, are *nil*.

measure due to the retention in the system of effete matters importunately demanding expulsion ; products of indigestible unassimilable foods with which the clogged system is unable to deal. When you begin to feel depressed, irritable, blue-devilish, at once flush the obstructed economy with systematic jorums of hot water ; be sure and keep 'the communications' freely open every day, feed substantially and digestibly,—not overfeeding. Soon you will feel yourself the heir of all the ages again, and disabused of your sad profound delusion (born of ill-feeding and a block in the system) that life is not worth living, that it holds no place for you. What ! are there no tears for you to dry, no happiness you can promote and genially share, no sorrow, no sickness to assuage, no cold empty hands to clasp kindly in your own ? ('The scorn of the nations is bitter, but *the touch of a hand is warm.*') There is a bond of sorrow as of blood, and life is all such bonds, strong and tender, of human need and human love. Be patient then, my brother, brave and unselfish ; the longest darkest day,—live till to-morrow,—will have passed away ; 'it is always morning somewhere in the world.' (And as I saw it sensibly put in a newspaper once, 'No one should die of a broken heart while dinner tastes good !')

During the past 9 years I have narrowly watched accounts in the daily papers for the *reasons* of the frequent suicides recorded. I see with distress how often they have been caused by 'neuralgia,' 'indigestion,' and 'rheumatism'; many clergymen even being driven to desperation by those depressing maladies. I say 'even' because the medical profession usually is very generous to the clergy, so that money would not stand in the way of their getting the best help. And yet—*what is it able to do for them?* The sad ending shows. The pathos of one case in particular struck me; where the medical attendant of the suicide—a young clergyman—gave evidence that he 'had attended him for some months for indigestion, but had been unable to convince him he would get better.' Who dares to blame the poor sufferer's scepticism in that he, seeing no good result from all the advice he had been following *for some months*, at last gave up the struggle as beyond him? I note also sad cases of physicians who, unable to endure the pain of constant neuralgia, ended their life. *Three days* of this Salisbury treatment would have so lightened their sufferings that anticipation and hope would have banished despair and death.¹

¹ Here is confirmation. My son lately wrote me from British

See!—Is this nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Each life thus sacrificed—this treatment would have *saved*. It is your duty then,—you may not evade it, you whose eyes meet this page,—to spread its glad tidings near and afar, to impart them to all with whom you ever speak. So shall you, oft-times unawares, be a blessing, and blest.

It is about time now that coroners' juries returned a common-sense verdict of unsound *health* instead of the stupid one of 'unsound mind' in these cases. They would be speaking the truth, which in itself is not a disadvantage, and at the same time would read an important lesson to those who are left, to look sharp after the ominous small first symptoms of a breakdown in health.

So many of our wretched implacable quarrels public and private, piteous misunderstandings between dear friends, haunting presentiments of disaster, distressful hours of melancholy, are due solely to undigested food or to a stopped-up duct

Columbia, 'I know this will please you : I was in a chemist's shop and a man came in and said to the assistant, "I want something to cure indigestion. I will swallow anything and will pay anything, only, for God's sake, stop this agony." I asked him his name and address and sent him your hot-water tract, and after trial he wrote to me : . . . "I cannot say too much in its favour. It has completely cured me ;—in fact only 4 days after I started it, I felt like a new man ; . . . I don't intend ever to stop it, and feel I can never thank you enough," etc.'

which the diet and hot water would soon set to rights, clearing the sluggish atmosphere and like Una making sunshine in a shady place.

The following advice is deliberately and earnestly spoken :—All illness, in intelligent discernment of its cause from the very first symptom, should be treated on the plans of this saving System. Administering it carefully, with understanding and discrimination, you can make no mistake, cannot possibly do wrong. Here I nail my colours to the mast, and fearlessly stand beneath them.

So when I said to you 'See to your diet,' I meant this exactly, for there shall be no vagueness here. That if you are, or are beginning to be, seriously ill, come square down immediately—cautious not to overeat—to the true strict treatment and hot water, without trifling or delay, until you are yourself again and better. You have been clearly shown the cause of every ailment under the sun; remove that cause and regain health. And even when well it is prudent just to observe the urine from time to time in regard to colour, quantity and *clearness on cooling*,—more especially that passed after meals; with attention to other small happenings, as therefrom you will daily learn what is infinitely valuable in the control of your diet and general maintenance

of health ;—and it is quite worth the slight trouble, since prevention is easier, cheaper, and on the whole more entertaining than cure.

Should you be just *a little* out of sorts and below par, don't dawdle, adopt hot-water drinking seriously, and take systematically say 3 or 4 mouthfuls at each meal of tender lean beef or mutton broiled, roasted or minced, to but 1 of stale good bread, or crisp toast ; of course letting alone sweets, fruits, pastry, rich dishes, cream, sauces and fermentable drinks, and keeping a fatherly eye on your last meal. Drink 4 to 6 oz. clear tea, coffee, or crust coffee, at end of each meal.

Pray do not when ailing fly to drugs, tonics or stimulants which will only aggravate present evils and enfeeble your system.¹ Medicines are apt to be very equivocal in their operation and cruelly exercise the unfortunate stomach already so little able to solve the simplest problems. As to tonics, my sad experience of them is this: as is the spur to a jaded horse, so is a tonic to a delicate constitution or debilitated state of nerves and health. It makes

¹ I do not say that drugs are never useful but I do say that it is far safer to trust to diet alone, hot water and Nature, when we have to do with doctors who order medicines in the airy, affluent and irresponsible fashion of which I and literally hundreds who have written to me on the subject have been the miserable victims.

you do all you can, but while taking it out of you royally, does not put real strength into you. The safest time I think to take stimulants, beer, porter, drugs, tonics and similar abominations if you must have them is, when you are robust and strong and able to bear a good knock-down, but even then be careful. Dr. Salisbury says in this connection, 'Medicines alone will not cure disease. They are merely aids to the restoration of healthy states after the cause, or the unhealthy alimentation is removed.' 'Remember that medicines *cure nothing*; they simply aid in keeping the human machine in good running order while rigid and careful alimentation is effecting the cure. . . . The medicines to be used are simply such as are necessary to aid digestion and assimilation, and to keep the bowels open once a day,'—*which is of great importance*. I have pleasure in stating that, beyond a mild laxative, I have made all my hundreds of cures without any help from medicines whatsoever.

One last word: Be wise in *all* things, do not fret or worry. Do not waste energy on futilities; that is a tax and drain on your nervous system just now none too strong. Get the nerve-force distributed to all the organs, nor is it to be scattered out through head-work, bodily fatigue, or useless worryings.

Keep *rested*, muscles relaxed, passive, happy, and let a blessed feeling of sweet content pervade your being. *Enjoy* each meal all you can, laugh all you can; see cheery, kindly people, no bores or long-faced wet-blankets! and don't be decoyed into an argument on Salisbury diet, politics, or anything at all. It is exciting and exhausting, barren of good,—a wild waste of nerve-force, and the whole mechanism suffers;—*is it worth while?* I ask.

Haste thee then, O my unknown friend; promptly and intelligently set about regaining the unutterable boon of health. What does anything in the wide world signify compared with health? Just think of the difference it makes! What cares a man for Art, Religion, Politics, nay, for even Finance who has just jammed his thumb in the door? And illness is a long-continued jam and—take my word for it—isn't 'all jam' either!

How happy are the healthy! There are two little words that for many years back have held for me in their meaning and association all the music of the spheres. These words are *Health* and *Work*. Ah, and if you add *Youth* too, you indeed strike a chord that vibrates into space charming the ears and warming the hearts of those

who hear it. All Earth's fairest happiness crowns
the possessor of those priceless blessings, Health,
Work, Youth! and he is (or ought to be) as a King
in his own right.

*Oh for the golden days when I too lived in
Arcadia!*





FOR THE WELL.

In Nature there are no rewards or punishments;—there are consequences.—COLONEL INGERSOLL.



N you who are well I strenuously urge to do all you can to keep so; don't shirk your hot water night and morning, (oftener if you can possibly get it) for the benefit you will thus gain is simply measureless.

When you foresee the probability of getting home late after a day of hard work, worry, scrimmage and pressure, or even after a day's pleasuring, shooting, etc., order for your dinner (especially if you have been younger) not a joint after your fish but a nice dish of mince collops dressed alluringly as in Recipes No. 3, any one of which is fit for a king or more to the point, for the weary stomach of a weary man or woman. Make your last meal chiefly of this nice mince, or if teeth are quite dependable upon and you to be trusted to eat slowly, principally of broiled or roast meat, adding one food only from the vegetable kingdom, stale bread, crisp

toast and fresh butter, or well-boiled rice or macaroni as a vegetable, so that there may be no disturbing element to interfere with your night's rest and quiet sleep.¹

This light but substantial meal will produce in you a post-prandial sensation of buoyancy and cheerfulness instead of the depression and irritability that often ensue from a solid meat meal and much fermentable food eaten when the stomach is largely sharing the strain and exhaustion of the body. Attention to this homely hint will, be sure, wonderfully lighten your burden, promote undisturbed sleep, tend to prolong your life, spare you headaches, indigestion, general collapse, and will make you 'feel good,' happy and benevolent by the mere comfort of it. The whole household scores because of your easily digested, sustaining meal; and the dog, the cat—your wife and the baby will all beam in glad response to your smiles.

The same dietetic suggestion applies to animal

¹ In exhaustion the system is not able to grapple with a meal that taxes digestion. So if you return very tired, nicely cooked mince is far and away your safest food for the occasion, with a little thin crisp toast buttered cold, excluding all fermentable foods and drinks. For danger lies in the *multiplicity* of foods. The more separate articles eaten at a meal the more difficult is digestion. The stomach loses tone, appetite fails, and we may come to almost starve in the midst of profusion. These many dishes have much to answer for, and unfortunately it is we who have to do the answering.

food eaten in haste when starting on a journey—*mince it*. Many an unlooked-for death is caused, as disclosed by the post-mortem, by hurrying along when the stomach is full of half-masticated lumps.¹ You should help yourself and it on these trying occasions by taking in food already finely broken up, for no man's soul and heart are quite in the right place nor can he be reported safe in health whose stomach is overloaded and overtaxed.²

Hard study, 'business' or worrying too soon after meals will at once retard digestion, because these all benumb and paralyse the nerves of the stomach, stopping the flow of the digestive fluids, and this is one way in which chronic dyspepsia is engendered. For if you put yourself between out-

¹ At no time from laziness or bashfulness allow yourself to swallow hard lumpy or gristly stringy bits; quietly put them out, they can't digest and assimilate and are bound to harm you. Just imitate in silence the old Scotch lady who, accidentally taking a bit of hot potato into her mouth, calmly put it out and looking round on the astonished guests complacently remarked, 'Had I been a fule I would hae keepit that in my mouth'!

² 'Man lives—not by what he eats—but by what he digests.' 'The keys of life and death are *in the stomach*.' It is an irrevocable mistake for any one to make to swallow food before it is reduced to *pulp*, for we have not a second chance given us like the respectable cow, to have it up and chew it over again; we haven't even a gizzard like a barn-door fowl, nor a stomach that can bear *wind* like a bagpipe's, neither are our stomachs mills for grinding our food; truly we are poor creatures who must accept and make the best of a hard lot!

side friction and worry, and internal digestive difficulties, it is just to place yourself directly and gratuitously between 2 mill-stones and you must inevitably get ground to powder. It is on account of this danger that I urge upon you as an essential part of the Salisbury treatment to let the great sympathetic nerves have full play at feeding times so as to ensure good digestion and perfect nutrition. For the influence of the sympathetic nerves on that hyper-sensitive organ the stomach is simply boundless. They are as sensitive as the mercury in the thermometer or as the magnetic needle and are fleeter even than bad news in conveying messages to the brain. They are quickened and stimulated—or depressed and benumbed—in a moment. Do not read at meals or the brain will steal from the stomach that which is required for the digestive processes. All surroundings of the table should be happy and enjoyable. Cheery conversation, light-hearted laughter, no argle-bargling, no quarrellings, no nagging; all these lower vitality, and sour alike the stomachs of oppressor and oppressed. If grief or shock befall you just before a meal or you have a pain in your temper then, refrain from food; for under the circumstances you couldn't digest properly and because of the internal tussle would

able to sustain your trouble or get rid of the temper pain.

You should make it an unupsettable rule to rest—thoroughly and placidly—before and after each meal, so as to store and have nerve-force (unsquandered on other things) for the good work of digestion ; to rest as the worthy man said he did in church, just laid his legs up and *thought o' nothin'*. Try for only half an hour's nap after the mid-day meal, there is virtue in it. Be sure and get clear away for at least a month every year. Leave worries and business thoughts behind, and live, careless and free, as a happy boy, in the happy present.

Avoid all doings that exhaust and tire ; and here I venture to submit that for the sick excitement is not recreation, nor for the o'er-wearied brain-worker are mountaineering and violent bodily exercise repair. Rest, man, rest ; there is no *return* of vital force once expended or squandered. It is gone, with the years beyond the Flood ; and rough is the sackcloth and red the ashes in which we dree our weird of unavailing regret.

If during business hours you become conscious of growing weary, rest awhile, and then go on again. By using a little tact and judgment you can catch rest now and then, here and there, and manage to

escape fatigue while still accomplishing your necessary labours. Drive your pair Work and Worry if so you must, but keep them well in hand and be master. And remember, you can bring on diarrhoea and other evils simply by overwork and even quicker by worry. The functional weakness thus induced will arrest digestion, and the foods will decay and ferment just as if you had eaten what is in itself indigestible.¹

You are virtuously ready (on Sundays) to be down upon poor Esau for swopping his birthright for a mess of pottage. But without his excuse of hunger *you* often part with what is of infinitely greater value for what is of infinitely less. Let us go through your day. Your ordinary breakfast—an important prelude to what the day may have in store for you, consists of a cup or two of tea or coffee, new rolls, bread or toast, perhaps a plate of porridge, eggs and fat bacon, a devilled bone, a hunk of cold meat, a bit of fried fish or a sardine or such like stuff which is all delusive padding and in no sense *food*. And upon this deceptive mockery of a meal, though big and complex, you expect to sturdily fight life's battle

¹ With men it is the money-market ; with women the market-money. It's all the same ; health and happiness are chucked away in bootless worry !

and creditably get through your morning with all its harass, friction and strain to stomach, temper, mind and body. Baseless expectation! baffled hope!

Then comes luncheon—such as it is—in the City or elsewhere, often snatched in hot haste with an intently preoccupied mind and then to work again. It is vain to expect the stomach to perform its functions under these conditions, and fermentation takes the place of healthy digestion, which means trouble ahead. And dinner? Sometimes you 'dine' out. And by all that's comical what do your friends give you, whose brain and body have been at high tension the livelong day? You will be clever if you manage to secure more of what is really food than a scrap of beef or mutton which when 'trimmed' is about the size of 2 half-crowns. True, there are many kickshaws besides, very pretty to look at as indeed is the whole show, but it isn't *dinner*. And you would soon be aware that 'what you have received' is woefully inadequate to what you need, were it not for the fillip afforded by the wines. But those are not food either nor can they pretend to restore the waste of nerve and tissue undergone through the day.

Dinner even in the bosom of your home isn't always much to boast of in the way of substantiality

and digestibility combined. And yet, this is your last chance for the day and is the meal you've got to sleep on! Your womenkind too have been living at high pressure whether in work, worry or amusement, and they also come to depend upon wines for support which would be far more generously and effectively supplied by proper food. But natural appetite is absent; nerve-force has been squandered in other things, and uncommonly little is left over for digestion.¹

Does it never strike anybody that these long tiresome dinners are a bore and savour more of self-display than of a kindly hospitality? And *is* it

¹ Emerson says, 'We dare not trust to our wit for making our house pleasant to our friends and so we buy them ice-creams,' and he might have added 'and call it feeding them.' May Heaven forgive us all! What do you bread-winners say to a nice breakfast of chop or tender steak or cold meat run through the mincer; or a steaming juicy beef-cake? Toast moderate with plenty of butter, tea or coffee *minus* sugar taken near the end. A substantial meal but not a gorge. Lunch, 2 or 3 slices of hot roast meat and a cup of clear tea or coffee, no fermenting food now. 4.30, large cup of tea (or hot water!) With business men of both sexes the evening meal should be simple but substantial; it is enjoyed and therefore easier digested, because of the day's fret and toil being over and nerve-force devoted to digestion. Where bodily exhaustion is, digestive exhaustion is too, and it is not far short of suicidal to eat on a tired stomach. Mind that please and arrange your hours so that the evening meal is a period of rest and peace and well-being. *Now* comes in the virtue of eating in moderation; and I frankly own it a very difficult one when we are keenly enjoying our well-earned dinner! Do not venture on bed till about 4 hours after eating.

hospitable to put before your guest dishes which you (and they) know will disagree if they are so far left to themselves as to eat of them? Many in far-distant lands as here in England, write to me that my book has revolutionised for them and their families their whole way of living. That having learnt from it how to *feed* they feel really unfed and go empty away from their friends' tables; and so (sensibly) just half dine on mince before going to the entertainment! Others have the happy inspiration to present a copy of my book to friends with whom they are going to stay! Feeding rightly—nutrition—is a science, not merely an art. As an edifying object-lesson I quote from a paper professing to instruct us how to dine, a *menu* from an 'artistic dinner' which is very funny—so long as I'm not invited to share it, for I would sooner tackle Luther's *Diet of Worms* as at least more nourishing than such paltry stuff as this! 'Anchovy salad. Crème soubise for soup. Scolloped oysters. Tour-nedos aux champignons. Potato soufflés. A vegetable salad. Cheese and a Tangerine orange.' The wines for this Tom-Thumb-one-horse affair were 'Sauterne and Burgundy.' Another 'dinner' was 'cabbage soup,¹ stewed rabbit (as well every bit

¹ Think of the balloon you would be after cabbage soup! You

give you stewed kitten and call *that* food!) mashed potatoes. Rhubarb tart, custard, chocolate-cream, boiled apricot pudding, pine-apple jelly, tipsy-cake, lettuces, biscuits and cream-cheese.' Good gracious! and on this wretched parody of dinner you are expected to ask a blessing and keep sweet-tempered! If you do, you are either an angel, or reprehensibly obsequious!

When you have passed the prime of life it is safer to let your train or 'bus go on without you than to run any risk by hurrying to catch it. For in running you increase the labour of the heart, at the same time depressing its power by anxiety and apprehension. So many sad deaths are thus caused that I beg you to pause ere exposing yourself to this peril; for remember, no return tickets are issued on this line.

The $\frac{2}{3}$ diet is if you are wise the one for you; that is, 2 mouthfuls of meat to 1 of bread, vegetables, puddings, etc. And don't allow the ladies of your family to begin 'shopping' (hard work for all concerned!) work or pleasure on a breakfast of *tea and toast!* I know ladies often 'won't be said' and call for

would require, as Dr. Salisbury would put it, to be iron-hoop bound—or burst!! For myself, I would much prefer to swallow a young earthquake.

diplomacy, but for your own comfort's sake in so many ways, prevail upon them to feed rationally.¹ It is sad to hear quite young people nowadays complain of indigestion, neuralgia, asthma, etc., etc., of the very names of which in the brave bright days of auld lang syne I did not know the meaning.

I often hear it said 'So-and-so has quite broken down and no wonder with all he (or she) has had to bear.' But it *is* a wonder, and So-and-so should not and would not have collapsed with proper precautions. To make what I am trying to say perfectly clear: bring the principles of the Salisbury treatment into the everyday incidents of your home-life. Thus, when you have sickness in the house and nursing and extra fatigue are afoot; if overtaken by sorrow, trouble or any sudden call on strength, be you constitutionally strong or be you weakly, so long as the time of trial lasts come right

¹ I was once in a restaurant where ladies who work at various callings assemble for luncheon. I was aghast at their selection of supposed food, and one lady ate literally *only pastry!* Stale, sodden-looking stuff, and who can wonder that her complexion was just the same hue as the mess upon her plate? Though a stranger I ventured to implore her not to eat it, but to have beef or mutton instead. Not a bit of it. She stuck to her putty-pie and tucked it down as if she was afraid I wanted to get it away from her, only to revel in it myself! Ugh!

This was the 2nd meal of the day,—*What had the first been?*—I pause for a reply!

down to one food only from the vegetable world in $\frac{1}{3}$ proportion to the meats at each meal and do not overeat even on the right foods. You 'can't see how this will help' you? Well, but you soon will see it if you are so wise and good as to follow this advice given you from much experience. Strength to do and to bear, elasticity, cheerfulness and a clear head will be at command for your outside strain because of having no *inside* strain; a sound stomach can bear anything. Even grief will tell less heavily upon you and you will be an amazement to yourself and others. Please preserve this counsel in the amber of memory against your days of trouble.¹

Only one testimony to this truth can here be given though dozens lie before me. It is the case of a patient, a very sick man indeed when he placed himself under my care by correspondence, although for nearly 3 years he had been under the best medical treatment. About 18 months after I had cured him I heard from him to the effect that he

¹ Very many of my lady patients have traced their first conscious breakdown in health to nursing some member of their family through an illness. That the advice offered above is sound I constantly have proof in many grateful letters from strangers who tell me that from acting upon it they have been wonderfully supported during periods of heavy anxiety and hard nursing.

had since his recovery, married ; in one week he had lost his wife and little child—a sore sorrow. To the wonder of himself and his friends he, so delicate, had been able not only to bear his grief like a man, but had proved equal to the many extra calls of business and work his calamity had so suddenly laid upon him. He wrote, he said, to tell me all that he owed me for my last injunction to him many months before ; ‘to keep to his hot water at least night and morning, and if any trouble came nigh his dwelling to go straight on the mince at once, so would he be strong to endure.’ It was this same good patient who on first beginning the treatment was frightened off it and persuaded to fermenting foods again by his friends. He bewailed himself to me that ‘night and day he was filled with wind enough to sail a ship.’ To which I unfeelingly wrote back, that so long as he persisted in eating fermenting foods he must *expect* wind enough to sail not a ship only, but Her Majesty’s whole fleet !

If sometimes you have floating specks before the eyes or are giddy, have twitchings of eyelids or limbs, it is from bile and gas in the stomach, the result of indigestion caused by physical or mental overdoings. A little more washing out and careful eating will help this and more rest for mind

and body will expedite matters. If troubled with flatulence, eat a little less and conscientiously rest before and after each meal for half an hour. When so resting, lie on your back, head and shoulders slightly raised (at an angle of about 20°), stop talking, thinking or reading; relax all muscles, shut the eyes or fix them on one object, keep in absolute repose, passive and happy. Then your food will digest and flatulence cease from troubling.

If your feet and ankles swell you must try and stand less. Take the recumbent position when you can, and when you can't, sit and work with your feet up on a chair (or stool even) as in this posture the blood circulates with less heart-effort. When you stand too much the heart gets tired and is not strong enough to pump the blood from the extremities, and the same sets of muscles get tired too.

Judicious cycling would be an immense help to you in keeping well, it brings into play the abdominal and many other muscles, quickens respiration and the heart's action, promotes brisk circulation (thereby aiding digestion) and is a very effective persuader of an inert liver. It is wonderfully conducive to a feeling of wellness and is much less fatiguing than walking for none of the weight of the body is on the legs. For this reason and

because it is inspiriting and exhilarating, it is excellent exercise for elderly gentlemen and for ladies of any age. I do not think that stays should be worn in cycling nor sleeves which make the arms look like cloth sausages nor anything tight and hampering to circulation and the heart. It is a mistake to pound uphill, get off and push the lazy machine along. Don't run foolish risks, it's not worth it and the abuse of cycling is wrong as regards ourselves and selfish as regards others; being deterrent and creating prejudice against what is a most healthy and perfectly delightful exercise. Climbing hills has also a salutary awakening effect on a sluggish liver; but if obliged to be sedentary, take every chance that occurs to run up and down stairs rather than sit still all the time.

The hot water is the grand safeguard of those compelled to lead a sedentary life through want of time or opportunity or from physical inability to take exercise. Let the sedentary make a note of this—for the good hot water taken regularly will inexpressibly serve them. Now, let me recapitulate so that I may have a clear conscience towards you. As long as you are in health and lead an active life (not a harassed sedentary one) you can eat a little of anything you please;—*provided*—you have

a generous piece of beef or mutton with each meal—*that*, EVERYONE should have. For example, for breakfast, beef or mutton, with toast, a little fruit or coffee, is enough for any one. At noon, meat, one or two vegetable foods, and some little relish in the way of fish, a pudding, fresh peaches, plums, or a baked apple,—what you please. The night meal, even with the well and ‘unemployed’ should be simple. Crisp toast, stale bread, or well-boiled rice with your roasted, broiled, or minced beef or mutton; the indulgences and extras eaten only with the morning and mid-day meals. Fresh fish twice, *occasionally* thrice a week can be taken with impunity; the salted and smoked fish and meats and cheese must be eaten in small quantities, and just as relishes. Such a diet puts ill health quite beyond your reach; so eating to live and sleep, happy and free, you will know no aches and pains,—and can digest crockery!

To show you how really easy it is with a little wise care to keep well, I wind up my sermon in Dr. Salisbury’s words. ‘We are about $\frac{2}{3}$ rds carnivorous and $\frac{1}{3}$ rd herbivorous; and if we live according to this structure, other conditions being favourable, there need be but little danger of our ever getting out of order.’ Here it all lies in a nut-shell and the nut-crackers are in your very own hands now,—thanks to me!



GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

‘He who gains a new idea, or has a fresh insight into an old one, is thereby invested with a new responsibility. He has no right to live exactly as he did before. A duty is laid upon him to bring it into practical operation for his own guidance, and, as far as possible, for the general welfare.’

MANY persons seem to imagine that when they have said ‘mince and hot water’ they have polished off in a word the whole Salisbury treatment. They were never more at sea in all their lives. The Salisbury System is not one—but many-sided. Beef and hot water form a part and an all-important part; but here besides is a wide-embracing plan that minutely takes into account everything that concerns the patient, and provides for every day’s contingencies. All doings, takings, quantities, etc. are considered and regulated so that every condition may be made and kept advantageous for the furthering of Nature’s processes, and that the patient and his family may be continually aiding and fostering these as far as possible. The Salisbury treatment looks narrowly

to the patient's eating, drinking, to the when, what, how, and *how much* he eats, to the *cooking* of his food, to the *digesting* of his food (for sensible people, like you and me, Reader, know that the proof of the pudding is—not the eating,—alas, no! it is the digesting!), to the internal cleansings, the thorough tranquil restings; the encouragement of a brave, placid frame of mind, a cheerful, hopeful spirit, with special avoidance of fatigue, friction, and worry; and it seeks besides to judiciously accommodate to its wise requirements every hour of the patient's day and every one of his doings. This is the scope of the high and soulful Salisbury treatment as it unfolded itself to me in the course of my practice; and those hoping to overcome disease by this means must discern and use it in all its rare completeness and wide applicability.

Nor, further, is it anyway possible to treat all cases alike. A stringent general order of 'beef and hot water' will not work. Each individual case must be judged of and dealt with in reference to its own idiosyncrasies. The patient's temperament, home-surroundings and possibilities, must all be weighed and reckoned with, and the treatment suited to his special case made as feasible for him as is compatible with the best results demanded. This is not a sheep-shear-

ing business in which all can be treated exactly alike.¹

The public often write to me that their doctors saying blandly, 'This is Salisbury Treatment' [!] ordered them 'from 1 to 1½ lbs. of meat a day and 4 pints hot water.' The report sure to follow this rash tall order was, 'and I have been much worse ever since.' I am not surprised. How did those doctors know that their patients could stomach that amount of meat all at once? Did the case demand the cutting off of all other foods? Was the microscope requisitioned to ascertain that, and if this goodly quantity of meat could be well digested? Were the hours for hot water and for food regulated and the proper restings? Was there supervision of the *cooking* of the one sole food allowed? Then again 'My doctor ordered me lots of meat, but hardly any [or no] hot water, and I have awful gout which I never had before.' Gout, rheumatism, kidney-mischief, etc., are bound to follow obedience to such foolish orders. How *stupid* and cruel it is, so to stultify the surpassing benefit patients receive from the Salisbury Treatment *when properly administered!*

¹ And I have hardly touched on the ethical side of this System with its high and noble teachings; of the vast panorama of truth and beauty it opens before us; of the fields of Amaranth and Laurel to which it conducts its votaries by the repression of base appetites and self-ful desires, thus leading to our elevation upon that higher plane on which we must seek to be.

Given thus airily and irresponsibly, trouble must and will result. The sooner physicians *study* this system thoroughly in all its minutiae, with singleness of heart and sincere desire to *learn*—what now they do not know—the safer for their patients, and the better for their pockets. For let me assure them from eleven years' practice of this Treatment, that *there is money in it*, plenty of money and kudos; besides full scope for benevolence and good solid curing work. I remember a doctor amazed at my 'cheek' once saying to me, 'But good gracious—do you mean to tell me you would revolutionise the feeding of *the whole English nation*?' 'Certainly I would,' I said, 'and you would see I would thus revolutionise the *health* of the whole English nation, and you, doctor, would need to revolutionise and bring up to date, your medical books! Just look around;—*who is well*? Look at yourself, dear doctor,—a *very* seedy-looking customer!' Said he frankly, 'Yes, indeed, I am hardly ever really well.' I said, 'You probably begin your anxious, worrying rounds on a daily breakfast of eggs and bacon with a stodge of liquid.' He smiled and said I was 'not far out'; and he looked like it! Does not the feeding of the nation indeed call for a revolution? And do not you too think this is matter urgent enough, considering the unceasing whirl life

is to-day. Life now develops every year greater risks, more noise, fuss, friction, and strain ; and if you mean to hold your own, you *must build up* by perfect nourishment.

It may be of value to state that the Salisbury treatment is found to be a certain cure for dipsomania and worse. It eradicates the weary craving for drink, the overmastering passion for stimulants, and in restoring and fortifying digestion, while quenching thirst healthily and naturally, it drives out the disastrous hankering after liquor. This, I am told, has proved true again and again, even habitual drunkards coming at length to prefer the hot water to 'drink.' Drunkenness is a disease often stealing on imperceptibly from imperfect digestion and consequent poor nutrition. Inanition supervenes and stimulant is resorted to to allay the uneasy sinking sensation so induced. You may preach temperance and administer pledges by the dozen, it is waste of good breath while arguing with empty stomachs. Feed people adequately and digestibly, slake their thirst upon the good hot water, then they won't be reduced to fly to liquor to alleviate the stomach's void or the craving for something to drink. And generous potations of hot water will teach them once again the long-

forgotten delightful feeling of healthy appetite about to be healthily appeased.

THE CLIMATE FALLACY.

When the strong are out of sorts and the sick are more achy and feeble than usual, friends look kindly but helplessly on and sympathetically remark—often in good faith—‘It is this wretched weather’ or ‘It is this odious climate.’ Don’t you allow yourself to be gulled by that, which is only well-meant nonsense. Except in peculiar cases climate and weather have precious little to do with it directly, mistakes in diet have mostly all.¹ Bravely and honestly face the fact that we very much carry our climate and weather about with us in our insides, and in feeding properly will become quite hardy and grow indifferent to both.

I am not so foolish as to say climate counts for nothing either for good or ill. But it is not in the power of the most malevolent east wind, damp or

¹ I grow wary in my concessions how far ‘weather’ is responsible for upsets, for on admitting that the weather did leave something to be desired, some went and indulged in a gorge—which disagreed—when they composedly turned round and said, ‘It was the weather, you said so yourself!’ Many, many patients have written to me after only 3 weeks even of this treatment, that they never felt so much real benefit from all the Baths and remedies they had tried.

cold ; it is not in the power of grief, anxiety or worry, no nor of them all leagued together to *make* you ill. They cannot, let us say, produce gout or rheumatism. They can but induce conditions adverse to the expulsion of the uric acid, etc. engendered by unhealthy feeding which is at the root of these illnesses. The camel's back, they tell us, is broken by the last straw. That's rubbish. It is what lies under the straw that causes the real breakdown. The grief, the worry, the heartless weather or ungenial climate, these are the last straw under which but for what has gone before, namely, long-continued improper and inadequate feeding, you could have borne up bravely.

And it is unkind and unfair to buoy a patient up with the expectation of a climate cure, sending him away from friends and home comforts to foreign lands and foreign Baths ; to be sometimes desperately forlorn as I was (for towards strangers the bowels of compassion of some foreigners are apt to be chronically constipated). It is also bitter disappointment when one returns home the poorer in pocket, hope and health.¹

¹ Amongst the innumerable Baths and Health Resorts to which I was sent on Tomfool's errands, there is one stands out so dismally in memory that an account of it may amuse the reader. The food, which was vegetarian, was loathsomely cooked and unwholesome ; the baths

As for *any* Baths or Waters externally being of solid permanent benefit while there is still the sour fermenting condition in the blood and digestive organs,—do not hope for it. I tell you honestly, not all the baths of Germany, no, not the charmed waters of Jordan itself can radically cure you while the cause remains; unless indeed heated and taken internally;—then Thames or Toeplitz—what boots it?

The great benefit to be derived from change,

cruelly draughty, the *medico* a very rough diamond—all but the diamond,—and the climate ungenial, damp and foggy. One eccentricity of the place—and it really seemed to be catching—was, that of the sojourners there, hardly one could keep his or her clothes on for long together let the weather be what it might. Were there a gleam of sunshine, off they all scampered to rid themselves of their hampering garments and revel in a sun-bath; were it raw and cold, it was an air-bath with gymnastic accompaniment, again clothed as Cupid. And uncommonly 'airy' they must have found it on that housetop in the strong north-east winds that even in summer frolicked so free over the plain. In all weathers, at all hours, on looking roofwards, bare arms, bare legs were to be seen whirling in bewildering confusion like the sails of lunatic windmills. In my few short walks in the adjacent forest, I met the womenkind barelegged, barefooted, and bareheaded; and the men retaining little but what decency exacts in this 19th century. Other of their ways were odd, and not very nice. At dinner, a colonel in the German army rapturously devoured a dish of large raw carrots daily. The sight was not appetising, and I thought this Teutonic Nebuchadnezzar should have been tethered outside and his dish of carrots put down to him. I believe that if I live to be 300, I shall never forget my misery in that *Unspeakable Hole*; from the suffering caused by the health-poisoning food, chills caught in the 'Turkish' bath, and in a lesser degree from its queer rough ways. *Ach Gott!*

purser air, other ways, people (!), skies, etc. is by no means to be undervalued ; but we leave our best and cheapest (namely, internal) baths singing forlornly on our kitchen hobs, when if at home we had sipped hot water and fed rightly, we might have taken our change for pleasure instead of for health, and roamed at our own sweet will instead of being 'ordered' to some 'flapdoodle' health resort. I would say to the sick as Dr. Salisbury said to me, 'Live where you feel happiest and most comfortable, only let it be where you will have your hot water regularly and get really good beef for your mince. With this proviso go or stay where you yourself like best to be.'¹

If however you have a home of your own, I am strongly in favour of your remaining in it until you are well. Ask yourself, what will you gain by wandering? *I* never could have attempted to carry out the treatment (though *I* longed to do so) horribly ill in a foreign hotel ; but that one then almost a stranger to me pitying my sufferings and with rare intelligence grasping the potentialities of

¹ I did not realise the full wisdom of this advice until I lived in Switzerland, and there daily demolished what called itself beef, but was just good honest blanket : tough, tasteless, and woolly as a sheep's back. For the Salisbury patient, who knows what food is and does, the Beef of Old England for ever !

this treatment, with great and noble kindness herself minced and prepared at her own home my beef diet, bringing it to me daily for 8 months! Such grand friendship deserves a monument, and indeed *I* am her monument, a walking demonstration of this beautiful goodness and of the power and beneficence of the Salisbury treatment. I who once paid a great physician a fee of 6 guineas for only the consoling assurance that I 'must never hope to walk again'!

To each new doctor that attended me I said, 'It's not medicine that I need [I should think not; I was a living drug-store!], but *diet*; if you can hit upon the right *diet* for me I shall be landed,'—but this to them was foolishness. And so I suffered on without help or hope of help until one evening my son brought me home a *Pall Mall Gazette* containing a short letter on the Salisbury Treatment which when I had read (especially between the lines), I exclaimed, 'Roland, *I am saved!*'

ON RESTING.

The Salisbury patient is required to avoid fatigue, whether from too kind (inconsiderate) visitors and friends,—a most prolific source of exhaustion to the sick,¹—exercise, amusement or in any other way,

¹ Do we not all know some whom to have even in the same room with us saps our vitality and leaves us limp and *done*? Such people

and we should all exercise, work and play up to our weakest point, *not* to our strongest. To the utmost of your power steel yourself against anxiety and worry ; the latter—subverting digestion—beats down at length even the robust. And the sick can thus undo or have cruelly undone for them in a few hours the hard-won progress of many weeks. It is of no use knocking our heads against the Inevitable ; we only get a headache for our trouble ; and it is wonderful what power we really have to fight down, worry and keep it at bay.¹ Cultivate cheerfulness in your home surroundings, let your interests be comprehensive and genial, your sympathies wide, nor limit either to your own 4 walls.² Get, and should be kept away from the sick, for they are unable to take in life themselves from the atmosphere, and have to steal all they get from those they are with. They are a kind of human vampire, always unhappy when alone, to them solitude is misery and insupportable. A lighthouse is *their* proper sphere !

¹ As one formerly slave to and ingenious inventor of worries, I can strongly testify to the excellent help the hot water gives here, actually soothing the nerves and strengthening the mind, so that cares and anxieties which once would have assumed exaggerated proportions and fairly crushed me, now sit lightly on my shoulders ; I have more elasticity and philosophy to bear them, and can also judge them more justly. My patients are able to give the same satisfactory account of themselves.

² O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother ;

Where pity dwells the peace of God is there.

To worship rightly is to love each other,

Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

George Herbert said : 'Happiness is not a duty ; cheerfulness is.'

give all the pleasure you can in each passing day ; thus will you further digestion and nutrition and promote vigour of mind and body.

What we should all aim at, we strangers and pilgrims here, is to strike the true balance between work, recreation and rest. Let these be judiciously apportioned to each passing day while both body and brain are kept rightly and adequately *fed*. Lose yourself and all bedevilments in 7 or 8 hours of blessed sleep every night, and don't be done or do yourself out of it. Nature is with us while we try to understand ourselves and her requirements of us, and royally so as we learn to keep our appetites under control and take counsel of our conscience. For it is a matter of duty and conscience all through, and the Salisbury treatment places us on very high ground ethically ; is altruistic and æsthetic ; admirable on all sides, ever compellingly calling forth the best that is in us.

It is imperative, be you man or woman, that to avoid disaster, you take proper rest. Leading a busy harassed life, besides the snatches of rest before and after meals so necessary for good digestion, why not take half a day in bed now and then, reading something cheery and amusing and resting weary brain and muscles? What was a day of rest 'given'

you for if not for rest? No one can go on for ever burning the candle at both ends, and many of our restless ones stuff it between the bars as well. Health and long life (even to 110) are our birthright, but oh! the truth of Dr. Salisbury's words when, lamenting our deplorable waste of vitality and nerve-force he says, we spend our lives in casting life away!

The manner in which women rest, like the way they feed when there is no man about to cater for, is pure self-deception. A man can rest; most women can't. He sensibly sits on the middle of his back in an easy-chair with legs on another, head thrown upwards, a pipe or something as good in his mouth; and thus with mind a blank and muscles in repose—profoundly contemplates the ceiling. But a woman sits down with her work-basket, her household accounts, a book to read, always with something to do, and then announces she is 'going to rest awhile'!

On the same principle—or want of it—if the male individual is to be absent from meals, 'anything will do.' So she pecks at one trifle or another and by and by naively 'wonders why' she has a headache or neuralgia or indigestion or is faint or has a 'sinking' (which 'a little something' is sup-

posed to allay). Ten to one she will heap obloquy on the weather and end by hastily declaring 'Oh it's nothing, I'm all right.' And the evil runs its career.¹ Mrs. Malaprop pronounced the ways of Providence 'unscrupulous' (meaning inscrutable); I affirm the ways of most women incline to both where it concerns their own health and comfort.

The diseases that women so constantly suffer from need evoke no surprise when their daily diet is inquired into, the largest part of which consists of but 12% of nerve food, all the remainder being starchy cereals, windy vegetables, fermenting sweets, etc., etc. I would they realised the amount of energy that goes to the digestion of starch compared with the far lesser amount required for the digestion of the building-up sustaining animal foods. Their nerve-force to begin with is deficient, being quite inadequately nourished by the bread, biscuits, pastry, sweets, fruits, etc. so largely and injuriously consumed. What little store of nerve-force there is, is all used up in the day's work or pleasure and in carrying on the functions of the body, and lament-

¹ Can she not take in that absolute inanition—*want of food*—is her malady, and the distress and functional disorder she complains of are but the natural effects of this want? It is impossible to enumerate the ailments and diseases that originate in semi-starvation, or lack of the proper elements to maintain healthy equilibrium and vigour of mind and body.

ably small vitality remains to deal with the foods eaten. What follows?—Just this inevitably,—the whole system is unnourished, every organ becomes defective in the performance of its duty, and if this all-to-pieces condition is allowed to run on uncared for, the nerves and whole system rebel and there are neuralgia, headaches and other distress in various parts of the body. Then the wrong-doings if continued result in actual disease,—oft-times terminating in (so easily prevented) death. The moment our vitality is lowered, that moment the enemy called disease in some form assails us ; and it mainly depends upon us and what precautions we take, whether the end shall be victory or surrender—recovery or death.

No one has a right to die before old age and he who does is either a suicide involuntary mostly, or has been murdered by somebody's bungling. Read over the too sad records of early death in the obituaries ; recall to memory your own loved ones, young, and in life's prime, alas !

Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
—Is that their grave is green.

I do not hesitate to affirm that almost all of

these might have lived and loved life for years longer, had the knowledge of how to eat to keep well, how to eat to get well not been for us and them a fast-sealed book. Oh heavens! when we look back along the road we have travelled illumined by what we now know of the true significance of fermentation; we see the cruel part it has enacted in our lives—and alas! in the deaths we have wept for. Now that we understand the imperative need for keeping a thoroughly cleansed inside and for substantial digestible *food* (in contradistinction to what is harmful or at the best but valueless padding); we feel, ah! with what vain regrets, how terrible has been the waste of life;—how we who would have given, aye, almost our lives to save our loved ones—have let them die. In our ignorance, thinking to do the best, *we but fed their disease while starving them*, and their life and the light of ours went out for lack of the fuel that would have kept it in. Room enough and to spare is there here for grief; none for blame or self-reproach. Tenderly, loyally we did all we then knew;—but thank God, we know better now!

ON DIET FOR THE AGED.

It is altogether unsound and unphilosophic to advocate farinaceous foods and slops for the feeble or the aged as 'light nourishing diet,' nor is there a more misleading term in the language, except this: 'eating to keep up the strength.' Such a diet is more difficult and complicated to digest and is not nearly, bulk for bulk, so nourishing and sustaining as are the lean meats when finely minced and nicely cooked. They also exact more thorough mastication from teeth that are absent or have like some of us seen their best days. This mastication of vegetable and cereal foods is to ensure perfect admixture with the saliva, the first and a highly important factor in the process of their digestion, as they are not digested by the gastric juice nor in the stomach like the lean meats. On animal foods the saliva has no digestive effect, but these require mastication or mincing all the same, to break up the pieces small and expose them to the action of the gastric juices.

Will the feeble and aged please to accept a little kindly hint from me here, and, while taking hot water at the very least twice a day, wisely eat chiefly of animal foods, having beef, mutton, game,

poultry, etc. always minced either before or after cooking (see Recipes). I promise that in eating more of this nice tractable mince than of other things, they will derive the maximum of nourishment and comfort with the minimum of labour and effort to the enfeebled digestive organs, and will thus certainly prolong the too brief span in this pleasant world; will have sweeter sleep and a brighter time all round for taking Nature's little hint, that on the decay of the teeth the stomach requires and will suitably requite a little extraneous obliging assistance.¹

Another fraternal suggestion: never allow yourself to feel cold or even the least discomfort, and whether sick or well, young or old, you should carefully keep out of a draught. It is a dangerous, insidious enemy. Do not sit in a bee-line between even shut door and window, or between either of these and the chimney.

¹ That the stomach *gains* not loses in power from being fed on well masticated (or minced) meat is forcibly illustrated in a case I call to mind. Although his whole life delicate and ailing, this man yet survived all the other members of a large robust family, living to be 86. Now the secret of his long life lay just here; he never overtaxed his stomach. While yet in early manhood his teeth failed him, so he evolved for himself a kind of mince which was his chief food for more than 40 years, and he ate sparingly. His stomach evidently much appreciated the light labour he gave it, and serving him well and faithfully in return, enabled him for so long to enjoy the boon of Life. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Clothe warmly and comfortably by day and night, but never get overheated either from over-clothing or stuffy rooms. If at all chilly have a hot bottle to your feet; don't believe drivel about a hot bottle being 'weakening,' it is no such thing; but to have cold feet *is* weakening and demoralising both, and makes one feel below par and quite miserable. Some of my doctors used to make a dead-set at my hot bottle and would swoop down upon it on entering, although I openly told them that back it should go the moment they were gone. I even promised that when they had restored warmth and vitality to me I would generously give it them to take home for their very own! When, some years later, I apprehensively confessed to Dr. Salisbury the controversial bottle; said he, 'That's lovely! By and by when you are nicely cleansed out and properly *fed* you will not need it, but till then keep warm and comfortable by every means.' That came up to my notion of sense in a doctor, *vice* prejudice. I should like to advise those who often feel chilly after meals not to remain so, but to throw a light woollen shawl over the shoulders and another over the knees; digestion will go on better, for the warmth and the feeling of comfort is great. If still feeling all-overish, an india-rubber bag of hot water

over the stomach will be 'lovely'! Saint Theresa sensibly said that no one could say his prayers properly unless comfortable; still less can he digest well in unpropitious conditions. (For low-ebb vitality see page 84.)

ON VEGETARIANISM.

Now just here with all earnestness I solemnly warn you against allowing yourselves to be ensnared by that calamitous blunder, that gigantic stupidity—Vegetarianism. Of all the gratuitous modes of flinging away precious health and inducing illness this is about the foremost for rashness and folly. I speak from experience for, deeming it the ideal, humane and perfect diet,¹ I greatly desired to follow it always; and to my life-long repentance tried hard to do so 6 separate times beginning many years ago. I carefully studied all its literature, corresponded with and implicitly obeyed the irrational mandates of its leaders;—with this result,—that twice I brought myself so near death's door that I heard the hinges creak; and all undaunted by that dire

¹ I still consider it all that;—only, unfortunately there is lacking to us the ideal and perfect stomach, with the 80-wild-omnibus-horse-power needful for its digestion and assimilation.

experience tried it yet 4 times more, causing myself very serious illness. And but that I had to begin with an iron, nay an adamantine constitution, this wretched travesty of a diet, fermentable, flatulent, unnourishing because impossible of digestion and assimilation, would long ago have had me under instead of on the green earth ; but it shook the very roots of my constitution and its injuries are lasting.

I never yet knew a vegetarian, and I have known many, possessed of much stamina. He may keep well by dint of hard trying, fresh air, exercise and careful doings all round for a while, sometimes even for a long while ; but when sickness or strain overtakes him, having no reserve of strength, down he runs like a clock with a broken mainspring ; and his resisting and rallying powers because of his inadequate nutrition are lamentably inadequate. It may be 'economical' as some count economy, penny wise, pound foolish ; but the bill is high in the end that we pay with doctors' fees and lost health. A navy or a coal-porter may stow away and be able for a time to digest and work off the necessary amount of peas, lentils, beans, oatmeal, etc., but his day of reckoning overtakes even him at last ; and for us comparatively sedentary beings there are many more seducing ways of upsetting our stomachs

if we must do so than vegetarianism, and few—I speak feelingly—are more dangerous, chimerical or so idiotic. A vegetarian friend thinking to annihilate me triumphantly delivered himself of this sapient platitude, 'But Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden ate only vegetables and fruit.' 'True,' said I, 'and *we* have all had the colic ever since!'

It is foolish to take an isolated example of a long-lived vegetarian and say 'he lived to 90.' (With this toughness he would probably have lived to 190 on a decent diet!) And if you adduce one instance of what the long-suffering human stomach is capable of enduring I will let you have two. The first occurs in that splendid account of heroic devotion, Captain Greely's *Three Years in the Arctic Regions*, where the larders don't seem over-stocked. He gives extracts from the journal of one of his sailors who writes that for that day's dinner he had finished the seat of his sealskin breeches, and ruefully pondered on what he should dine to-morrow. The next concerns the patient of a doctor friend of mine, a lad of 15, whose fond mother administered a tea-spoonful of No. 6 small-shot 'to keep the lights down'! Now it was not because of a diet of No. 6 small-shot or of lichen and sealskin breeches-seat that those unfortunates survived; but in spite of it

all and because Nature is forbearing—up to a certain point.

- A confiding friend lent me a letter which is so extremely valuable as a well-marked demonstration of cause and consequence, closely resembling my own fatal endeavours after vegetarianism, that I am moved to insert it here, first taking the precaution of not asking his leave! The writer is an intellectual cultured man who became a vegetarian on moral grounds, so that his enforced renunciation is very telling. He says :—

‘For four months I have given up Vegetarianism, compelled and very unwillingly, but to my great benefit. Vegetarianism has done me immense injury. Here are the facts. Before I began to live as a Vegetarian I had a good stomach, much muscular strength, could walk five hours without stopping before noon, and after taking a meal and resting an hour, other five hours without being exhausted . . . I could brave the worst weather, cold and heat, snow and rain. Then I began to be a Vegetarian for ethical reasons ; and from year to year my health changed for the worse. I *would* not see it, for I was of opinion that man could live upon fruits, cereals and milk and *should* do it. First my stomach became weak, then my skin dry and lifeless and

I grew nervously irritable. My muscles became thinner and weaker from year to year, my colour yellow, my sensitiveness at last so great that I had a cold the whole year and could not work at my desk near the window without wearing a cowl over body and head, because the wind through the closed window caused me rheumatism. A walk of two hours so exhausted me that I had to rest an hour before being able to dine, and from day to day my stomach could take less food. Some months ago I fairly broke down; and I saw clearly that there was nothing for it but to consent to eat meat. When you knew me I was already pretty weak but the last three years have made a shadow of me, and everybody said: "That man will not live a year longer." Physicians said: "A pretty hopeless case." Now that I have taken meat for three months, I have gained nearly 5 lbs. of sound muscle, can write at my desk without cowl. Asthma has in spite of the severe dry cold we have had, disappeared; bronchitis is much better, two hours' walking is a pleasure to me, muscular nervous energy greater than any time within these last four years (before eating meat again); and I hope to recover within the next year to such a degree so that I may not be below the standard of nine years ago . . . Beans

are the devil himself, dried peas his nieces, and lentils his little grandsons. . . . So much for my experience ; Vegetarianism in general is a failure.'

This strong unbiassed testimony should convince the most opinionated that in adopting an exclusive dietary of cereals, vegetables, etc., they are playing a dangerous game with double-edged tools, and that these 'kindly fruits of the earth' will certainly trip them up. We have seen that all disordered and diseased conditions of the human organism (other than from infections, poisons or accidents) are directly brought about through improper feeding and consequent derangement of the digestive processes. With this fact kept in mind it is the physician's duty to ascertain which food digests the most naturally and easily while giving the greatest amount of strength, and on this he should feed his patient ; at the same time overcoming the abnormal conditions of the digestive organs and restoring them to a state of health. One can never hope to achieve this on an exclusively vegetable, cereal, or fruit diet. No matter which fruits or which vegetables are selected or in what combination they are used, the result will be practically the same. In Bright's disease, diabetes, locomotor-ataxy, acute rheumatism, gout, consumption of lungs or bowels, and in fatty diseases of

organs they should never be given on account of their liability to ferment and produce flatulence. Even when well we should practise moderation in indulging in fruits of all kinds, since clearly fruits were not intended to be the chief article in our dietary;—not anyway, since we ascended from the monkey! Fruits are not human foods. They are relishes merely. They can be done without very well and are not of any great importance at all. They should not be freely indulged in, but taken in moderation after a full meal, and never at night. When you eat fruits, honestly own it is for greed or for liking them, and do not delude yourself or others with the notion that they are healthful.¹ I am forced to this final conclusion by the undeviating results obtained in my oft-repeated conscientious experiments in the direction of fruits taken, not as a relish merely but as an article of food, even when made sole adjunct to the mince.

After a brief spell of fruit as a regular daily practice, the speedy deterioration in the passages and blood as shown by the microscope, was very remark-

¹ You remember the story of the man who on sitting down to a good dinner said feelingly; 'I am not hungry, but thank God I am greedy'!

able (for the life-stream is exquisitely sensitive to food influences). But what perhaps woke me up even quicker was the accession of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, swelling joints, weakness in hands and limbs and wakeful nights ; all which vanished when this daily regimen of fruits was stopped, invariably reappearing when it was commenced as a habit. Still, I am open to conviction ; and when the blood and passages of a vegetarian or fruit-eater show up under the lens as do those of one feeding chiefly on lean meats, then will I be a *willing* convert to the desirableness of cereals, fruits and vegetables as foods ;—not till then.

You see, we must look quite round this all-important subject of diet, bearing in mind that the chemical composition of a food is no guarantee of its value as nutriment, for the nutritive worth of a food must be backed up by its digestibility. For instance, cheese as a force-giver possesses a high value, but its indigestibility reduces its virtue as a food to a low rate and the same holds good in regard to beans, lentils, etc.¹ Another point to note is, the requirements and capabilities of the *receptacle* into

¹ Very many years ago Dr. Salisbury enlightened by his microscopic researches, warned a medical brother to strike out *beans* once and for ever from the dietary of man, there being no human apparatus which can digest them.

which the food has to go. Our stomach unfortunately is not a crucible nor a copper kettle.

PARTLY PERSONAL.

In the first years of my recovery I lived unvaryingly upon mince and hot water alone, because I found I must! Later on as pain went and health returned other foods were added one at a time but nothing rich or sweet, and I jogged along very satisfactorily. When however my life grew terribly laborious as the glad tidings of this Treatment spread, and I was forced to use up in outside work, strength and vitality which should have been reserved for my own digestion, I found I had *10 times* more energy and power to work long hours at a stretch, upon a meat diet than upon a mixed one. Bread or toast taken regularly, swelled and stiffened up my joints again and it and all farinaceous foods, vegetables, etc., added to the incessant heavy labour laid upon me, made a labour of digestion, so that I was easily knocked up, and tired over my work after eating any of them.¹

¹ Here I think is shown how responsibly and entirely was my life consecrated to promoting the Cause I have at heart. For if, when I began to get well I had withdrawn into myself and lived a life of leisure and ease as I might have done; I should not only years ago have been able to digest what I pleased to eat, but have had a chance of longer

I enjoy my 3 hearty meals at the time and afterwards far more than luxuries formerly and am hungrier for them too. Punctuality at feeding times is the crowning virtue of my home! This enjoyment of food is well borne out by my patients, one of the most popular diners-out in London writing me that he 'simply *loved* his meals as never in his life before'; which was pretty conclusive seeing his 'meals' at the time consisted entirely of minced beef and hot water. Another, a hard-headed business man, told me he hadn't so enjoyed his food since boyhood's days, his 'food' too being mince and hot water! I made the great mistake at starting, of beginning with big quantities. Be you wiser and begin low down, working up as digestion and appetite improve. No amounts should be allowed

life than I can now hope for. Instead, I worked suicidally day after weary day, for 11 years, from 6.30 a.m. till late at night, with no rest, no recreation. The exhaustion consequent on this reckless sacrifice of strength and vitality, was bound to tell on the gathering years and a constitution permanently injured by long illness and suffering;—and at last, worn out by the exacting claims of a thoughtless public, I entirely broke down and for many months (1896-97) lay between death and life. The struggle was a most painful one, and has left me far indeed from where I was. I therefore earnestly request that now this edition is out in which I have laboured so hard—and I do think successfully—to say what I had to say with perfect clearness, I may be left in peace for a dearly-earned rest ere for me the curfew tolls the knell of departing day. I am not speaking to patients here, but *to the general public.*

to pass muster if followed by flatulence, dry earthy taste, heaviness or discomfort. The result of this sweet simplicity in diet, of having no internal dispute with digestion is, bodily vigour, capacity for work, mental clearness, affability of temper (!), buoyancy, exuberant enjoyment of life, great peace and let me add, considerable increase of self-respect.¹ So is it with all who eat to sleep well and live long ; not as so many do—to die.

But though mince in one form or other is my chief food, the one I like best and that cordially returns the compliment, I can yet take my part royally if a particular jollification is on ; which audacious proceeding elicits from friends present a big edifying 'O!!' and at these hilarious epochs I top up with a teaspoonful of grated cheese thinking if *that* digests, ill-luck is in it if all the rest doesn't along with it ! I mention this occasional outbreak as it effectually disposes of the unfounded assertion, of the Faculty chiefly, that the 'stomach

¹ I am not a prig and don't want credit that is not my due ; so will tell on myself that I have been known to clear out of the dining-room before puddings and fruit entered on the festive scene ; for there's nothing like facing a temptation bravely—with a clean pair of heels ! As to bodily vigour, I really know no one so hardy as myself. During this winter (1894-5) there have been many days on which I have had no fires till evening, and the windows of my library (which I inhabit) and of my bedroom, are never closed day or night from January to December. So much for never touching the 'heat-forming foods' !

accustomed to minced beef, becomes enfeebled and finally unable to digest anything else' (!) Mine doesn't anyway, nor was I ever acquainted with any one's that did.¹

It may induce some to welcome the hot-water cult to know that—washing out afterwards—an occasional revel (a bust-up!) in cheerful company won't hurt, and it's a poor heart that never rejoices! Single dietetic sins seldom repeated, never create habits and disease; it is the persistent *everyday* transgressions that establish the bad habits and abnormal states, which result in the chronic maladies that burden our lives with sufferings and spoil and shorten our existence in the body. But the straight and narrow way marked out through all these pages, indubitably leads to health, happiness, and long and useful life.

The wide-spread acceptance of these truths is so near now, that the novelist of the future will hardly, for shame, like to tell that his heroine has 'had to retire to bed with a splitting headache'; for that will reveal some probable greediness on her part

¹ Pray do think for yourselves a minute. How utterly *silly* is this talk! Don't you *see* that the meat when minced is exactly in the same state in which every article of food *should* be before it is swallowed;—*i.e. a pulp*? It is by the NOT so treating our food that we wear out our stomachs, spoil our tempers, and shorten our lives.

inducing a superfluity of bile,—not romantic! Nor will it much longer be announced in the papers that ‘Lord —— is detained at his town-house by indisposition.’ Lord —— will keep quiet about his ‘indisposition’ which will then be shrewdly interpreted as indiscretions in diet,—set a thief to catch a thief! And no more harrowing stories as the following will then be possible, for *the people* will have learnt the unveiled secrets of Prevention and Cure. I copy from a daily paper, omitting names, etc. ‘The sudden and startling illness of Major —— appears to have been brought about in this way.’ [Please listen, for it is a monstrous record, and ‘*brought about*,’ a happy expression.] ‘For a long time Major —— had suffered excruciating torments from gout, to appease which his physicians had to administer very strong remedies. These have temporarily affected the brain. . . . Major —— is so prominent a character in the —— world, that his painful illness occasions wide-spread regret.’ This bungling effort—not to cure, but to ‘appease’ merely—doesn’t seem to have been very successful on the whole, and it is rather grotesque and a round-about route to arrive at a man’s gout, by upsetting his brain. But the ways of physicians are apt to be a trifle ‘peculiar’! And this is not the only

case I know of, where 'remedies' have 'brought about' temporary insanity.

AFTERNOON TEA.

For the conventionally well who are able to make a good hearty meal at the regular hours to eat between them even a biscuit, is just to set the whole digestive machinery going that ought to be completely at rest to be able to do good work with the next meal. I advise against disturbing this needful repose, for late or early, suffering, or looking prematurely old, will result in consequence of persisting in it. I am quite sure that people generally, would have better health, complexions, and digestions refraining from all eating with afternoon tea. A rather delicate patient wrote me, 'Oh how right you were to stop my bit of thin bread and butter or biscuit at afternoon tea, I am *so much* better since leaving it off.' Of course fashionable people who dine in the middle of the night at 8 or 9 o'clock, find the interval between lunch and dinner too long and so it is. For these I advise thin sandwiches of cold minced meat or home-potted meats, chicken or game; but no cakes, sweets or greasy leather muffins, etc. When food is required then as it sometimes is, by the sick whose regular

meals are small, I allow the mince or the whites of eggs lightly poached or in the tea ; beef jelly, etc. But I am better pleased when patients can rest their stomachs entirely between meals.

ON COMPLEXION AND TEMPER.

Another happy fact which may weigh favourably against self-denial and perseverance is, that the Salisbury treatment is a great beautifier and rejuvenator of the complexion. When pure rich blood is made and repair of tissue progresses, the skin gradually becomes again smooth and clear, lines and wrinkles disappear, the eyes grow bright and lively, cheeks take on the hue and contour of health and you will look younger and prettier (be you man or woman) than you have done for years ; aye, and will feel younger too. This I guarantee you from large experience and I don't tell fibs ! I am not alone in considering myself—an 11 years' almost exclusive meat-eater—a pretty good advertisement here ; for to it I owe a clearer smoother complexion than even in my first youth, whenever that may have been.¹

¹ It is astonishing what lively interest the public take in my age ! Nor are they satisfied with the information I generously accord them, that I am about the same age as other people. Women I beg to say, don't grow 'old,' they grow wiser, that's all ! The diplomatic writers of the Bible gave the age of only one of all the ladies there mentioned : Sarah, Abraham's wife, and that was encouraging,—127 !

Ninon de l'Enclos said that had she been at the creating of the world, amongst other useful hints she would have suggested that all our wrinkles came on the soles of our feet only! If this held good in regard to acne, black-heads and the disfiguring spots often seen we might bear them with philosophy. But these unlovely symptoms have an unfeeling way of flaunting on face or neck or both. Well, a judiciously adapted Salisbury treatment disperses them all, not even relegating them to the soles of our feet but eradicating them and their cause, out of the system. I suffered long, painfully—and hideously, from acne in the face. All my doctors serenely assured me 'it didn't in the least signify,' and I should have readily believed them had the pyrotechnic display adorned their faces instead of mine. Directly I began the good treatment the Vesuvian eruption paled, faded and gradually became extinct; nor has threatened a return, for which I am profoundly obliged to it as it wasn't pretty, and I couldn't afford it!

I wish to whisper in your ear that the temper moreover very perceptibly sweetens under this benign influence; which consoling fact should be taken into account by friends inclined to discourage its adoption. You see, it is so much easier to be good when

one is free from gnawing pain and unceasing *malaise*. Candid friends tell me that I have grown (comparatively) seraphic in my temper since becoming a hot-waterite, and one even goes so far as to write to me, 'I seriously think you are right in claiming for hot water to develop angelic sweetness of temper; for I am quite sure if my irreligious criticisms had been made to you in your *unwashed state* you would have "used language" instead of heaping coals of fire' (!)

CONCERNING MEDICINES, ANÆSTHETICS, ETC.

I will now give my experience in the matter of leaving off medicines, earnestly hoping that others may thereby profit. For it is really touching the artless way the public have of writing to me that they are under this or that great physician 'and yet are no better although (!) taking the prescribed medicines daily.' Bless their hearts! I would do a good deal to earn a ten-pound note, but twice that sum wouldn't seduce me into risking a daily dose of medicine for even a week; and the wonder is when they do 'get better' under such perverse conditions!

Though very ill at the time, I entirely left them

off some 17 years ago (or I should have been dead long since). It was on this wise. One of my doctors, objecting to my trying another, although under him I only grew worse, confided to me that his mother had become a confirmed invalid, dying comparatively young 'solely because she had plenty of money to muddle on doctors'; and he added expansively that Sir William Jenner had said (and I doubt if Sir W. J. ever before or since said anything half so sensible!) that '*Every dose of medicine is simply a blind experiment.*'¹ Like a flash my eyes were opened; the mysterious illness was made plain. An appalling remembrance rose before me of the whole chemist's shop I had by doctor's orders, in blind ignorance and still blinder trust, been so calamitously swallowing for the last few years; and I no longer 'wondered why' I had rapidly grown fearfully weak and desperately ill, when at the first I suffered solely from indigestion;—so easily cured by the hot water had I (*Oh that I had!*) but known of it then. 'Well,' said I, 'no one shall experiment any more on me, I have taken my last dose of medicine.' I had rather a rough time

¹ I have since read of another great authority who on retiring from a large practice gave as his reason 'I am tired of *guessing*.' And still another pronounced that 'Every dose of medicine but weakens the patient.' Then why, in Heaven's name I ask, is it given?

of it with some, but I held to my resolve and to my *infinite gain*.

I beg you to keep in mind this fact. Medicines cannot cure. They cannot stop the cause which is the result of ignorant or of wilful sins. Medicines never stop those sins ; they only cover them up for a little and allow the victim—all unconsciously—to continue to slowly commit suicide.

In the earlier years of my illness, in my keenness to get well again and limitless faith in the power of physicians to cure, I had 43 of them, amongst whom were ranked 5 of the brightest medical luminaries of England.¹ Some of these 43 doctors doubtless did their incompetent best for me, a few with sympathetic kindness which I still remember gratefully ; the rest (whom I don't remember gratefully !) in a very apathetic half-hearted way, discerning that the case was far beyond them.² My slender purse became

¹ I believed such faith was not to be found even in Israel, but an unknown correspondent tells me he is 10 ahead of me, 'having had 53 and gained no relief' until he came across my book 'which struck the source of his illness.' He had even parted with his right eye, as his doctors thought that perhaps *it* was the offending member ; which when out was found to be a very good eye. He had better have changed *his stomach* when he was about it than have swapped a good sound eye for a glass one at his doctor's bidding !

² Although the illness was *nurtured* until it grew complicated and bad enough in all conscience, yet it became quite simple when the original cause was understood and removed ; as was clear from the steady progress that at once set in after I began this treatment.

disquietingly empty, but money like the watch in *Bombastes* was 'meant to go' and that is not my complaint against them. It is this: that they gave me, till I rebelled and would have no more of it, day by day strong cruel medicines that *tenfold* augmented the anguish of my pain, ever reducing my feeble strength, destroying my power to digest, my nerves and my sleep, and enabling illness to obtain a mighty grasp on my thus weakened constitution.

They should have *known* how worse than useless was this mode of treatment and if they did *not* know, they were ill fitted for their high calling of doctor. They bereft me of my health, and in so doing took that which not enrichèd them, and left me poor indeed.¹

As to DIET and its supreme and indissoluble relation to health and sickness, not one among them all had the faintest shadow of available practical knowledge; nay, they were woefully, pathetically unconscious of the close connection between the wrong foods we eat and the diseases we suffer from; between the right foods and health. 'Keep up your

¹ I long kept some of these prescriptions as curiosities which if they had not been so sad were really too funny. In their elaborate length were conglomerated the most incongruous not to say warring elements, whose battlefield alas! was my luckless inside.

diet,' their stock phrase, meant to my ignorant ears, exactly nothing; and when I pressed for its precise meaning as a rule that I might obey, I found to my despair that physician and patient alike were floundering in a quagmire of chaotic conjecture.

But I forget. Two doctors had their brilliant ideas on diet, and here they are. One, the first of the 43, consulted when I was suffering from indigestion and in a low state of health from overwork, was a very celebrated physician indeed, a high authority on *diet*; and this was the nourishment he ordered for me. 'Breakfast, 7.30, a rusk steeped in boiling water, water poured off and a little milk poured on. Dinner, 1 o'clock, wing of chicken or game, a little green vegetable, potato, bread, and a spoonful of milk pudding. Tea, 6 o'clock, same as breakfast.' *Voilà tout!* and I might 'safely continue 10 hours a day of hard work at (professional) wood-carving the while'! I will give anyone a new sixpence who can point to *one* article of genuine food I had in the day. In less than 3 weeks this magnificently substantial diet with the added 'remedies' developed, to my bewildered consternation, a terrible attack of 'rheumatic gout' and overpowering weakness which utterly prostrated me for many weeks with acute pain, helplessness

and total disturbance of the whole system, especially of the heart. But alas! in my ignorance I never dreamed it was the wretched starvation-diet that went so near killing me along with the ferocious medicines quite recklessly ordered. This same doctor not very long after, passed to the land whose inhabitants no more say 'I am sick,' swiftly struck down ere he was old, for how to feed the flame of life was darkness to him,—as witness his disastrous conceptions of 'food' here given.

The next, honest man! (and I have seen him out too) nailed his faith to raw eggs and set me on that cure which was to 'work wonders for me' and it did too! I was desired to make a hole in the top and suck the contents. This I dutifully performed and I should be ashamed to reveal the number I imbibed in a twelvemonth. But at the end of over 2 years, awakening to actual results obtained from this seducing diet, finding myself a ghastly skeleton, yellow and very like a mummy, I realised that I had gained absolutely nothing but greatly aggravated indigestion and rheumatism, along with a dexterity in sucking eggs that might have qualified me to instruct even my respected grandmother in the art. So I abandoned the wholesale slaughter of the (alas! not always

prospective) innocents and sought elsewhere for my cure which evidently did not lie in an egg-shell!

Another old muff, bless him! beheld my deliverance in brandy rubbing, so I was rubbed for some months from head to foot for an hour daily with good French brandy. This little entertainment cost me in brandy alone (not counting rubber's and doctor's daily fees) just over £15. I only hope I did 'take it in at the pores' for it always seemed to me a quite sinful waste of good liquor. Besides, I felt aggrieved that I should smell so strongly of spirits (I wasn't allowed to wash it off) when I hadn't had a drop of it internally. It didn't seem fair play!

One, of very high repute and from whom I had fondly dreamed great things, solemnly gave me his opinion that I 'should be all right if I would play Go-bang all day with intervals of Mark Twain.' Admirable counsel doubtless, but hardly feasible for a poor beast racked with pain, crippled to utter helplessness, with the demons of dyspepsia and insomnia thrown into the bargain. This was positively *all* I got for my 2 guineas except a 2 days' headache from his loud voice and boisterous manners.

But the crowning inspiration came from him on the tip-top rung of the medical ladder. After gravely contemplating my rigid distorted limbs he

delivered himself of this sapient utterance—straightway departing as one who feels he leaves a lasting impression. (And that is just what he did, for I am not likely to forget *him* in a hurry!) ‘Mrs. Stuart, I have been a physician for 40 years; but I never yet saw the patient who had the right kind of illness to please him, nor at the right time.’ I have treasured these helpful words since March 1880, and now give to a privileged world gratis, what cost me two-pound-two. Decidedly I am magnanimous!

After many disheartening experiences came a long, long hiatus from very hopelessness of finding any help at all. Then, by the greatest luck that ever befell me I was told that Dr. Salisbury of New York city was in London. So, you may be sure, ‘in the shake of a sheep’s tail’ was I! I will not speak of him nor of the life and health to which his Treatment has restored me, lest I swell the cry of ‘enthusiasm,’ a grave reproach in this listless-hearted decorous age.

Although I had everything to do with causing my illness by overwork and culpable ignorance of the laws of hygiene and proper feeding (for of all that concerned diet and health I was then as ignorant as the brutes that perish, without their discretion), I yet

wasn't *quite* an all-round fool since I had one wise instinct to which I held on ; and I speak of it here in earnest exhortation to all whom it may concern, that it is safer to bear ills of which you know the best and worst than to add others the future consequences of which you cannot foresee. My wise instinct was this : I always refused to allow hypodermic injections of morphia or to take any anodynes whatever, to allay the excruciating pain that I ceaselessly endured along with almost entire sleeplessness through many years. For years if I got 20 minutes sleep in the 24 hours I thought myself happy and blest ; all the rest of the time was anguish of pain. Doctor after doctor in urging morphia upon me insisted that until I had sleep and ease from such great pain I need not hope to be better ; and finally they waxed exceedingly wroth with me, saying I was a most provoking and obstinate patient—which indeed was true enough.

I often thought I must go *mad* from the terrible longing for sleep, and the still more terrible want of it ; from the assuageless pain from which there was no repose, from the shattered nerves and overwhelming of helplessness and misery.

But my refusal arose from the conviction that pain is a beneficent warning of danger, a sentinel to

keep us on the alert ; and that in silencing that inward monitor we lull the body and mind into a false ease and treacherous security. Anything radically curative I would so gladly have taken, but I despised and distrusted mere palliatives ; and I knew how morphia and other anodynes upset one in many ways complicating illness ; and that the very deadening of nerves and soothing of pain that were to bring me comfort and sleep meant lowering vitality, depressing my powers of resistance and enfeebling my mind. I knew besides, for I had seen it, the iron grip which these counterfeit friends, opium, chloral, etc., are apt to take on those who come under their treacherous beneficence for relief from pain and obtaining sleep.

The very first night that I began my hot water I got 3 blessed hours' sleep on end and yet more till morning.¹ When I awoke I felt so happy I did not know myself. And thus we have gone steadily on, the Salisbury treatment, Nature and I, contesting the lost ground inch by inch until we have (discounting the gathering years and never-ending strain of over-work in the Cause that I love) retrieved it all. My condition to-day is one of more buoyant health, and

¹ This happy experience is repeated to me in countless letters gratefully sent me by strangers,—besides hundreds of patients.

my sleep is sounder than before I perceptibly began to get ill at all over 20 years ago. That is one reward for my 'Scotch obstinacy,' the other I find in these approving words of George Eliot, 'The highest calling and election is to do without opium, and live through all our pain with conscious clear-eyed endurance.' You may have fierce pain to bear as I had, but under this treatment from the first it sensibly lessens and becomes more bearable as I can truly testify, until it goes away entirely. And in enduring it heroically by the mere force of your own pluck at all events you are always assured lord and master of your own castle—your mind and body. Hold the Fort then, and it will be well with you too one day.

N.B.—It is best to be explicit. The above does *not* refer to anæsthetics or sedatives given in surgical operations, confinements, etc., or to bring tranquillity and relief at the last. These cases are wholly different. My fight was for life and health, not for ease or euthanasia.

ON CHILDREN.

My attention was recently called to a rather appalling statistic proving that it is now the rarest thing to find a baby born quite sound and healthy

and that such are in fact becoming extinct. This wrong lies undoubtedly at the parents' door as the outcome of irrational ways of living and feeding. Especially should the mother realise the vital importance of feeding healthfully before the infant's birth. And she should resolutely conquer all morbid cravings as senseless and injurious. If she fed properly such would not assail her. Elsewhere in this book I have shown the deadly ills that come upon us here, in consequence of being influenced and led by the cravings of diseased appetites and desires, and how *incalculable* is the load of misery we bring upon ourselves and upon others through yielding to them.

Thoughtful men and women tell us that if we would seriously benefit the race, we must begin in the creatory. I can only with light touch and in passing, suggest to reflective minds a consideration of the vast and important subject—Pre-natal Influence—which I believe to be all-powerful through life for weal or ill. While *enceinte*, the mother should make it her special care to read only the best books, to think the highest thoughts, and to associate only with the best people. And by best, I mean the noblest, most uplifting, and intellectual. She should place herself under the influence of such minds, let their thoughts be hers, their noble words

inspire and radiate through her whole being. The gain secured to her unborn child may be boundless. It is our children's inalienable right to be born *the best* in every way we can, physically, morally, mentally. Parents' duty towards children is far more imperious than even children's to parents, and it is based upon eternal Justice itself. Similarly, their clear title in childhood, youth, and always, is to our loving-kindness and unfailing patience. Oh Mothers! we who brought the little feet into the world,—is it for us to be cold and hard and stern, when they wander from the way?—Seeing it is *we* who so largely have made them what they are. 'Vous voulez être aimées, femmes,' pleads the gentle-hearted Jean Paul, 'bien fortement, bien longtemps, et jusque dans la mort;—eh bien, soyez les Mères de vos enfants.'

While the Mother is carrying the child she should exercise daily in the open air; walking, driving, etc., but never going to the verge of fatigue. Overdoings of all kinds, excitement, sudden shocks and surprises, too hard work or worryings should be carefully avoided. She should live upon substantial foods, $\frac{2}{3}$ rds animal and $\frac{1}{3}$ rd vegetable, rejecting all combinations and quantities likely to derange the digestive organs. This system of healthful dieting prescribed by Dr. Salisbury with the hot

water, during the months preceding confinement, provides against the disappointment and risk of miscarriage, reducing the event itself even when the first, to a slight and brief affair, a signal gain to Mother and child, and everybody else.

After birth the Mother should continue to live upon the same substantial diet, keeping it up throughout the nursing period, which Dr. Salisbury says should usually last from 12 to 18 months. The Mother who has fed thus healthily has, as an almost invariable rule, a plentiful supply of good substantial milk for the adequate nourishment of her babe, without resorting to any mischievous substitutes for the child's own birthright. And thus she secures to her offspring the foundations of a strong constitution, sound digestive organs and a happy disposition. She performs in fact the first duty which she owes to the being she has brought unconsulted into this world.

Please let me tell you that infants often cry from thirst, and that they should be given regularly between their meals a teaspoonful of pure water at a temperature of about 80° Fahr.

During infancy and childhood it is quite within our power to escape sickness, disease and death by following Nature's teachings and surely it is every Mother's sacred duty to learn what these are. In

most cases the poor child's overfeeding and super-induced dosing, begin very soon after it has followed its comical little nose into this perplexing world. It is fed far too soon after birth (8 to 12 hours should elapse first), fed too frequently, given too much at a time, and often fed upon the various manufactured foods that no infant stomach can digest. And now and here are diligently sown the seeds of after weak digestion, to certainly unfold in youth or prime.

From its birth to the first appearances of the front teeth or incisors, nothing should be given it but its natural and proper food;—its own (or another child's) Mother's milk. Failing that and after weaning, cow's, ass's, or goat's milk, given if possible while still warm and full of animal life and heat. All panadas, biscuits, rusks, sago and other farinaceous preparations, sweetened milk and water or barley-water, etc., should be withheld.

Baby should be fed regularly, about every 3 hours—even 5, where digestion is slow; and given at each time no more than it can easily digest without fermentation. The placidity of the child's temper, and its freedom from wind and colic pains,—*there* is the Mother's unerring guide in respect to quantity. After nursing don't dandle the baby up and down by way of making yourself agreeable or you may repent your ill-timed affability! Let it eat, rest, sleep and

be happy in its own way ; you are not entitled to ask more of it.¹

When baby is teething painfully, look to his stomach. Promptly examine into the composition, *frequency*, and *amount* of the food given. For he is every bit as much in his right to roar over the natural growth of his hair and his nails, as over the natural sprouting of his teeth. With the first appearance of the front or meat teeth, the incisors, the time is come to bring in a little meat food ; beef-tea, the juice of beef and beef pulp, roast meat minced and thus rendered digestible, all in very small quantity, and a chicken bone of unswallowable size may be given it to suck. These along with the milk should be the only food ; even when more meat teeth appear a little increase of meat should be the sole addition. With the vegetable or double teeth, comes the time to introduce a little bread or vegetable food ; but only as tiny adjuncts to the meat and milk. Take care to give them at such intervals and in such proportion that they will not cause

¹ Here is the 'Natural History of a Baby' copied for your benefit from an American author. 'A Baby is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One lung takes a rest while the other runs the shop, but one is on deck all the time. The Baby is a bigger man than his Mother. He likes to walk around with his Father at nights. The Father does most of the walking and all of the swearing' !

fermentation or flatulence. This course being followed, the child will thrive and flourish like a young tree, and will one day rise up and call you blessed.

Our dealings with little children, essentially helpless and pathetically dependent upon us to do what is best for them, require to be very carefully considered since for their after health and powers of digestion *we* are responsible. And while making their food pleasant to them, we should keep in mind the future and all the weighty issues to their life, of welfare or the contrary, that hang upon the doings of the present.

I am of opinion that children should be fed at home under the Mother's eye and outsiders not allowed to stuff them. How many and many a grown man and woman, martyrs to indigestion, insomnia, neuralgia, etc., trace the source of this blight of their existence to the way they were fed (or not fed) in childhood and youth! For very young children unless the meat given them is exceptionally tender, mince it after cooking. It is not, I beg to say, enough to cut it up small, the *pieces* are still as hard and tough as ever, and long before they can be reduced to pulp the little teeth weary of their tedious work. The meat is of necessity swallowed

half masticated, the child robbed of proper nourishment, the stomach is *even then* being weakened, and the seeds of after distress sown.¹ I lament, but cannot wonder at the little white faces, dark rings under the eyes and sad delicacy of so many children of to-day. School anomalies in diet and pressure in various ways—time, among them—are not likely to prove remedial. Chronic dyspepsia and its nameless following of torment are thus engendered. And I haven't mentioned the sweets, chocolates, biscuits and cakes given to children between their meals which spoil healthy appetite for better foods, and of which to be so lavish is certainly a queer (and selfish) way of showing affection! No tea, coffee nor any other stimulant should be given them.²

¹ Very true is the aphorism, 'Call no man—or woman—happy till he is in his grave,' wiser still were it to add—*and his children are in theirs*. Until it is shown to what he brought them into the world and with what predispositions: how he fed, how trained them, if he loved them well and wisely, so that with virtuous minds and healthy bodies, they amid the fret and wear of the world, could fondly look back—

Oft from life's withered bower
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee—undying flower,
In memory's urn.

Then indeed 'happy' father, happy mother; even in the inaccessible silence and darkness of the tomb!

² While penning the above I was delighted to receive from a Colonel in the Army a photograph of a child who 'as soon as teeth ap-

ON SEA-SICKNESS.

The good hot water is admirable as a preventive of sea-sickness, quieting uneasiness and inducing sleep. Many of my patients have told me that since coming under this treatment they have not once succumbed even to a rough passage, although in days of promiscuous feeding the smell of a steamer was often enough (and one too many!) for them. I too can speak of this, for since being a Salisburyite I have never so much as felt uncomfortable, while formerly on a steamer with its sights and sounds of woe, invariably, as Mark Twain says, up came even my immortal soul! I recommend, for several days before going on board (with systematic hot water) a diet of roast or broiled meats and a little crisp toast with butter, *no* sweets, fruits, or vegetables, and the same

peared was reared on hot water, a little milk, and minced beef to which he takes most kindly.' The little fellow looked the very picture of good temper and health, sturdy as a Shetland pony and much nearer 4 than '2 years old.' How this youngster will one day bless his parents for this hoarded heritage of health! *Mothers, please take note.* Along with this letter came one from a former patient and the extract I give shows like the last, how completely suited to all ages, all conditions, is this treatment. 'I have just passed my 78th milestone and am in better health than at any period of my life, so I think I have good reason to be grateful to you for what you have done for me; my husband too holds you in highest esteem feeling the benefits as great to him as to me.'

on the voyage until you find your sea-legs. Hot water or clear tea as you can get either. My most awful experience in the delights of *mal de mer* was many years ago when, acting on the guarantee of a vegetarian friend, I intrepidly set out to cross the Channel fortified by a fascinating meal of peaches and grapes! And as I had let my poor son in for the same 'infallible panacea' and he nearly died of it too, you may be sure I didn't hear the last of that exploit in a hurry!

ON DRINKING-WATER.

In a treatment dealing so largely with water, it is of essential consequence that it be pure and good. If in your locality it should be hard or at all doubtful, or as in Italy, Switzerland and many parts of England choke-full of chalk, your best course is to send to the chemist for distilled water. A chemist in large practice has more than he knows what to do with and should not ask a stiff price. Water that has been distilled is best for sick and healthy alike. Because of its strong solvent properties it acts powerfully on the earthy deposits and salts which are apt to lodge and accumulate in the system, tending to premature old age and the

shortening of our lives. It is also quickly absorbed into the blood, keeping the salts there in solution, preventing their deposit and facilitating their excretion. Rain water is next best and by boiling, the natural purity is much increased. If obliged to drink water containing much lime or chalk, boil it; let the deposit settle and then carefully pour off from the sediment. A friend once sent me a small phial of his drinking-water to examine microscopically. I spent a delightful afternoon in watching and drawing the lovely 'beasts' disporting themselves in a drop of it; but *his* face grew as long as a horse's as he surveyed the sketches! I raise a protest against the indiscriminate use of gaseous and mineral waters. The best mineral water is pure soft water; go for the pure water, first, last, and always. It is the best for all washing-out purposes. Of the probable effect of the mineral constituents on 'the in'ards,' they who order these waters know probably as little, as those who order warm baths to very weak patients know, how great is the depressive power of a volume of water on the human body in a feeble condition. I have known 'a warm bath' order be the beginning of the end. Washes-over are undoubtedly safer.

OBJECTIONS PLAUSIBLE AND OTHERWISE TO
SALISBURY TREATMENT.

Now I shall endeavour to answer clearly and respectfully all reasonable misgivings ; and to finally refute with what patience may be given me the host of idle contentions so often advanced against this saving System—rather an undertaking considering the stupidity and want of thought of many of the carpings solemnly and so pertinaciously trotted out. As, forsooth, that ‘ it hasn’t been tried long enough as a remedy to justify its use in all illness ’ ! Just think of it !—the thousands of cures made, the countless throng of so-called incurable diseases conquered and health restored ; the utter science, and mind-compelling common sense of it, working invincibly through 40 years,—‘ not long enough ’ as a test !! And yet these same childish cavillers run wild over Pasteur and Koch and their ridiculous claims of Cures, of how long—or rather how short a trial !

I begin with an objection very frequently made : ‘ I must stop my hot water for my doctor tells me it will weaken and injure the coats of my stomach.’¹

¹ The public have been accustomed so long indolently to pay their doctors to do the thinking for them (which sometimes would be better

'And does your doctor,' I ask, 'object to your taking tea and coffee comfortably warm?' 'Oh dear no! not at all.' Then in dealing with this embargo of the doctor's it were well to give due weight to the significant fact that hot water is a *remedy*, and that too in the patient's own hands; this should quite suffice to condemn it with all right-minded Trade-unionists! But after 11 years of demonstrating its untruth I am heartily sick of the pertinacious way some will re-echo this too silly 'opinion.' It would seem that some minds are fluid or of sand and incapable of retaining an impression; for even at this date I am still constantly informed (at second-hand) that 'the stomach must get quite like leather, must be hard and gritty like a washerwoman's hands that are all day long in hot water, and become in time unable to digest anything.' I am not honoured with the acquaintance of the washerwoman whose hands *are* a digestive apparatus as here implied; but I do know countless numbers who have found hot water soothe and strengthen the 'coats of their stomachs' with the happiest results to their health. And I am ready to go security for (done by themselves), that when urged to take a little thought for health's sake, the prospect seems hopeless and impossible. Yet in sober truth it were well to begin at once. *Now* is their time; they will never learn younger!

my own 'coats' which were in so feeble and irritable a state before I began this treatment, that from very dread of the horrible pain I suffered (starting about 3 hours after any food) I had brought myself down to but one meal a day—eaten in terror and digested in torment. And all the while the heart-sick thought haunted me 'Oh if I should live for *20 years* yet!—how shall I bear this awful daily pain?'¹ Within 3 days of beginning my 4 pints of hot water I was enabled to eat, with enjoyment and without fear, 3 comfortable and comforting meals of minced beef a day. This surely should be an incentive to similar sufferers to set about obtaining a similar gain. It is deeply to be deplored when those whose clear duty and dearest interest it is, faithfully and seriously to use for their advantage what of common sense and power of thought Providence may have doled out to them, will *not* use these; but surrender their health—and all the momentous issues thereon depending—blindly into the keeping of another.

The sick sometimes say to me, 'Why should I go

¹ While in this hapless plight, I used to enumerate all the good things on which I should indemnify myself when certain I had touched the last day of my life and couldn't suffer on the morrow! The mere rehearsal made my friends' mouths water—those who weren't too scandalised at the idea. Duck and olives I remember was one item. *Now* on occasion I can take my share against the best, untroubled by thoughts of making my will before the revel—or after!

on the treatment, *my* digestion is all right.' Is that so? If your digestion were all your fond fancy paints it, I tell you you could not be ailing or ill. A patient of mine, a sadly crippled case, had been under the great Specialist for gout and rheumatism. He assured her she 'might eat what she liked, for digestion was her strong point.' (Heavens!—and he didn't even forbid her sugar!!!) Said I, 'Then for curiosity what was your dinner to-day?' 'Beef-steak pudding and rhubarb tart.' The happy combination showed absolute genius! I gently touched her poor twisted hands and swollen knees, 'There,' said I, 'is *your* form of indigestion; *if* you digested and assimilated your food you would be so well nourished and built up that all these pains and pitiable distortion of limbs would be an utter impossibility for you.'¹

Then again, the public continually write to me,

¹ This lady had been my patient only a week when she was stopped in the street by a stranger and congratulated on having lost the look of intense suffering she so lately wore, and on evidently moving with less pain. Eventually there was much more to show;—and why? Briefly, because she was fed upon the food she could best digest and that nourished the whole system. When you see any one ailing in whatever way you may take your oath that digestion is *not* his 'strong point,' it is his very weakest one. Doctors should know this and a little friendly help from his microscope would have shown this great Specialist that his patient was *not* digesting her food, and that his 'opinion' was fatally misleading.

'My doctor says'—Oh magic words and potent; and sometimes the forerunner of what ineffable twaddle!—"Oh yes, the Salisbury treatment *will* cure indigestion, but it can't possibly cure gout or rheumatism or,"' and then they run the gamut of all the 'quite different illnesses' their doctors tell them 'the Salisbury treatment is powerless to cure.' Strange, is it not, that in the very teeth of all that dogmatic assertion this audacious treatment *has* cured those very ailments and diseases which it '*can't* cure';—and stranger still, that 'trained scientific' men should have failed to learn that you *can't have* those diseases without first having indigestion in some form or other. That every ailment and chronic disease under the sun is *born* of indigestion, that indigestion starts it, nourishes it, and ends it in ending its victim. Oh, when will the people and when will their physicians perceive the plain but momentous facts, that lie so manifest under their own very noses? ¹

¹ When patients tell me of their maladies and what doctors they have consulted, the reply to my inquiry 'And what did they say was the matter with you?' is so invariable that now I know it beforehand. 'They told me *it was constitutional.*' What profit and comfort may be hidden in this oracular apothegm I cannot fathom; but oftener than not, it is romance—the illness in question *not* being 'constitutional' but dietetic; an assertion amply vindicated by successful results after pursuance of this dietetic treatment.

I will endeavour to make this quite plain to you ; while I beg to observe that what here follows has nothing to do with conjecture or theories, but rises clear and irrefutable from the adamantine bed-rock of proven facts.¹

1. *Dyspepsia is the Herald and Flag-bearer of all diseases* ;—the ‘Great First Cause—*least understood*’ ! It proves nothing that you have never suffered locally from it. Imperfect digestion, mal-assimilation, deficient nutrition ; what are they ? Only vague evasive terms behind which lurks this appalling truth :—gradual *starvation* of the whole being. (Please think this well over for too few take it in.) Dr. E. Cutter says of dyspepsia—Greek for difficult digestion—which is verily in league with the ‘Old Stoker’ himself ! that ‘there is no poetry, no romance about it ; on the contrary, bad dreams, bad feelings, cantankerousness, selfishness, incivility, *slow apprehension*, obliquity of vision, vagaries, isms, bad imaginings, hankerings after stimulants and tobacco’ ;—and how much longer and dreadfuller

¹ In treating each of the following cases the hot water, remember, comes in as an *indispensable and inseparable* aid to the restoration of healthy states. And besides, the patients must be kept cheerful, passive, hopeful, and happy ; all long foreboding faces, all irresponsible babbling tongues—*ex officio* and other—rigidly eliminated from their presence, or they are given no fair chance at all. Bear in mind that each particular case requires its own distinctive direction.

might not the list of its sorrows be, and the end not reached nor the depths of its miseries sounded! In simple cases of dyspepsia or indigestion, 1 food from the vegetable world, and 1 from the animal, at each meal, eaten slowly, with meat in the $\frac{2}{3}$ rds proportion will very soon effect a cure. In complex cases the treatment would have to be more rigid, but no intelligent reader who *studies* this book need go far afield in search thereof. Rest before and after meals is a *sine quâ non*.¹ (See wash-over, page 284.)

2. *Consumption* is a disease of the blood arising from continued wrong-feeding. As to its being 'hereditary,' predisposition to a disease by no means necessitates its development. With *us* it rests whether we will conquer or be conquered by so-called hereditary diseases. Diseases run in families because the members having the same predispositions eat at the same table of the same wrong foods. Remove a seemingly consumptive child from a highly consumptive family, feed it healthily; it will live long and be strong, dying in the end from something quite else, probably old age. The cause of this

¹ Dyspeptics should eat almost without drinking, to preserve intact the full vigour of the saliva which acts on the vegetable foods, and to keep undiluted the gastric juices which digest the lean meats. What little liquid is taken then, should come quite at the end of the meal, and should not exceed 4 to 6 oz.

disease is fermenting food and the products of fermentation ; sour yeast, carbonic acid gas, alcohol and vinegar. Any food that ferments with the acid yeast in the small bowels may cause consumption of the lungs, and when in the larger bowel, consumption of the bowels. Let him who deems himself incurable, read what follows with good comfort and stern determination to make a gallant stand for repair and health ; for it is inspired by Dr. Salisbury himself, who for the last 40 years has been curing consumption in every stage of its 'hopelessness.' Like all I have written in this book, my statement is open to proof, is easily proved and I court the fullest investigation by the Truth-seeker. If tissues are too largely or entirely destroyed it is impossible to restore them. But if only partially so, the tendency under healthy conditions is to repair and restoration. For instance, if a lung is entirely destroyed it cannot be restored ;—but if only part is gone, if the feeding and conditions are healthy, the lung will grow and be as large as ever. If there is only a small portion existing, just enough for a seed, this portion or seed will gradually grow and fill the whole cavity. The glandular structures repair themselves when but partially destroyed under healthy conditions, while other parts of the body are less able to repair.

When lung tissue is thickened in the tubes, some of the lobules clogged up and rendered useless, and when some are already broken down and even dead, there is plenty of seed left to make a sound lung. But only one way to effect this change and recovery is there. And I here state it. Every morsel of food, every drink, that ferments, fish, yolks of eggs, and other sulphur foods, *as hindering restoration of tissue*, must be abandoned for the rigid diet of lean beef. One daily mouthful of a wrong food will prevent recovery. A small cup of clear coffee may be taken at end of first 2 meals. To avoid overloading the stomach, eat a little less than is wanted, and save a few mouthfuls from each meal for between meals if hungry. Rest before and after meals, lying down, not reading, talking, or thinking, but passive, quiet, hopeful, and happy, that the life may go to the digestive organs, not to the head. One full pint of cool water (see p. 235, note) sipped $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before meals and at bed-time; thus the urine is kept clear as spring-water, at '10 to '12 by the urinometer, and free from bile. If red sediment deposits, increase water a little till deposit ceases. The process of repair and cure is slow, and this is the only chance. Every other course means untimely death. In this System religiously followed, Cure is logically certain;

and bad symptoms, fevers, chills, sweats, etc., disappear in less than 3 weeks. *All these are caused by fermenting food.*

The alleged 'microbe' advanced as the cause of consumption is nothing but one phase in the development and metamorphosis of the various sour or acid yeasts. These vegetations, with the poisonous gases that are produced by their rapid development, cause both fibrous and tubercular consumption. And until the microbe-advocates learn and know what their 'microbe' really is; how to produce it and also how to starve it out, they will never be able to cure consumption.

Bowels should be opened once or twice daily, and one of the best remedies to keep them open and prevent bleeding is, $\frac{1}{2}$ to a teaspoonful (more if necessary) Epsom salts in $\frac{1}{2}$ a glass of water taken at the morning pint. For hemorrhage, 3 grains of Ergotine every 3 or 4 hours.

3. *Bright's Disease* is fatty disease of the kidneys. Now it is not possible to have fatty disease of an organ until it has become so paralysed that it cannot take up the blood that goes to nourish it. So Nature, who mercifully for us is ever on the side of

cure if she gets the ghost of a chance, infiltrates fat in organs to preserve and keep them from breaking down ; and to prolong life, long enough to give us time to remove the cause and cure the disease. Were it not for fatty degeneration of organs, it would go hard with some of us, but for all that fat is not health. The cause of this paralysis of an organ is briefly, the constant and long-continued over-indulgence in vegetable, starchy, saccharine foods, drinks and fruits which induce fermentation in the stomach and bowels, keeping them constantly filled with carbonic acid gas. These same foods also produce fat ; hence in curing this disease we have to stop all the foods and drinks that ferment, form carbonic acid gas, paralyse and produce fat, which feeds the disease. Then is recovery assured if this treatment is followed out in spirit and in letter.

4. *Diabetes* is a disease of the lobules of the liver. This portion of the liver is that which makes animal sugar. When we feed too exclusively upon foods that produce sugar ; that is upon vegetable and starchy foods, animal fats, connective or glue tissue, this portion of the liver becomes over-active and forms more sugar than the system requires. This incites the kidneys to work excessively and incessantly in order to carry off the overplus of

sugar and this overstrain of liver and kidneys causes diabetes. By stopping all foods that make animal sugar and feeding only on the lean beef we lessen the activity of these organs, gradually bring them back to their normal state and thus are enabled to cure this disease. In diabetes from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 pints of warm water in the 24 hours is sufficient to begin with till the sugar all disappears. With the meals and when thirsty between meals, take at a time 6 oz. of beef-tea. Gradually increase each dose of water to a pint, and later on I have found $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints, for the time being, needful to keep the urine clear and the stomach clean. Be sure to move the bowels once daily. Let no man put his faith in gluten bread or in fruits under the illusion that they 'contain no starch or sugar,' for this is contrary to fact.¹

5. *Rheumatism* is caused by a disordered condition of the digestive organs produced by excessive feeding upon the foods that make acids. It is usually of the nature of vegetable dyspepsia. There

¹ I have had patients who told me that they had been ordered ground nuts in milk, and cream *ad libitum*—for diabetes!—by way I suppose of eliminating starch and sugar from the diet; a remarkable way indeed, supplying both liberally! The benefit derived from the hot-water and lean-meat diet in this disease is from the first most encouraging, and even wonderful.

is much fermentation in the stomach and bowels and formation of carbonic acid gas and acids. These acids, when absorbed, partially clot the blood and make it ropy and stringy. When the patient in this condition is exposed to cold or damp the connective or glue tissue contracts, narrowing the calibre of the blood-vessels. The ropy stringy blood is obstructed in its passage through the affected joints causing a damming up of the blood-stream. This excites over-nutrition of the parts producing excessive growth of joints and rheumatic pains. The blood will have to be changed and its ropiness removed by careful feeding and good digestion before this disease can be dislodged.

In this malady the heart is often very weak quite aside from any organic disease whatever. *Not* from the rheumatism ; but from the *same cause that produced the rheumatism*—carbonic acid gas. Nor is the heart weakened only by the absorption of this poisonous gas generated by fermenting foods, but also by the increased amount of work and strain put upon it in consequence of the altered condition of the blood in which a physical as well as vital change has taken place. It has become sticky and plastic, with a tendency to adhere in ropy masses to the sides of the blood-vessels. This congestive state

of the blood—*plus* contraction of the fibrine tissues of the body and narrowing of the calibre of all the blood-vessels—necessarily to some extent increases the blood-pressure, and also renders the sticky blood more difficult of propulsion ; thus giving an already weakened heart much additional labour ; the microscope splendidly interprets this. In these cases the horizontal position is the best for the patient as facilitating the propulsion of the blood. (See page 287.)

The *only* cure is—to stop the cause,—foods and drinks that produce acids in the stomach and bowels ; all starchy foods, sugar, fruits and sweets ; feed solely upon the muscle-pulp of lean meats, removing from them as much as possible the fibrous and glue tissues and fats until the disease is entirely cured. To aid and expedite, both here and in ‘rheumatic gout’ rub the painful stiffened joints morning, (noon), and night with equal parts of goose-oil and turpentine so as to soften the hardened rigid tissues, etc. Rub till thoroughly warm and in a comfortable glow ; no patient should be left cold, clammy and sticky. In rubbing, the upward and downward movements are good ; upward first, downward last. After rubbing, bind with flannel or cotton-wool to protect against changes in weather. Be careful to avoid all overdoings, bodily and mental, as hindering to recovery.

6. *Rheumatic Gout* (thus miscalled) is *cystinic rheumatism*.¹ It is caused by the accumulation in the system of cystin, a sulphur product, which owes its origin to a too free and long-continued use of the sulphur foods, which please note are, yolks of eggs, fish, cabbage, cauliflower, turnips and asparagus.² This painful disease has been called the gravel of the blood, not inaptly as the microscope discloses, and the unfortunate sufferer can himself tell you all about that from his own sensations! As a general rule baths are not to be prescribed for cystinic rheumatism, especially if there be sulphur in the waters. If baths are ordered at all for these cases they should be alkaline, and great care taken after the bath to rub the body and limbs thoroughly warm until the skin is reddened. Plain mud baths are sometimes of benefit if very judiciously applied; but cure lies not there.³ It lies here, and here *only*—in stopping the wrong foods, the foods that have pro-

¹ *Termed also Rheumatoid Arthritis, Arthritis Deformans, etc.*

² As to cabbage, the old Greeks had a saying, 'Twice cabbage—death.' And the old Scotch lady you remember voted it 'a vera *wundy* vegetable.' *Yolks* of eggs consist of a nice admixture of sulphur and grease; neither digestible nor nourishing.

³ Do not frown upon your children's mud-pies. The healthful virtues of *mud* are a little-known quantity but a fact. The hitherto impossibility of finding a poison that will kill *moles* is proof of the sanitary properties of Mother-earth.

duced the disease ; and substituting the right which build up health. (For rubbing, see pp. 83, 206, 219.)

The diet must be rigid, confined to beef pulp, with, when better, an occasional change to beef-steaks, roast beef and mutton ; with as side-dishes, when well round the corner, lamb-chops, winged game, young pigeons and chicken (*Dr. Salisbury* also allows calves' liver and tripe). All sweet, starch, fruit, and sulphur foods must be rigorously excluded and the internal washings plentifully kept up. Great pains should be taken to ensure protection from cold and damp, and no fatigue to body or mind permitted. This is the only way to restore comfort and bring about cure. Under the *Salisbury* treatment I have had *desperate* cases quite recover from this 'incurable' disease, which has been rightly called 'the despair of the medical profession.' And so it will for ever remain, until they learn to attack *the causes*, and cease to battle futilely with mere *symptoms*.

My feelings are constantly harrowed by letters from sufferers with this cruel malady, which was mine so long, bearing the deplorable tidings that their physicians have cut off meat (often entirely) from their dietary, and put them on 'the fat of bacon, cream, cocoa, milk puddings, wines, eggs,

milk, fruits,' etc. ; which said physicians call—surely in irony—'a light and nourishing diet' ; but which the unhappy writers report, it gives them great pain to digest. Doctors should *know* that this mode of feeding is one which simply nourishes the disease, since these and similar foods it was that gave it birth.

Oh unknown friends of mine, here like me so short a time to have but one happy life, lift up *your* voices too in resistance, and refuse to be starved yourselves, while your disease is being cherished and fed. You are not slaves ; you are free men and women. Dare to think and act for yourselves ; then will my voice so long crying in the wilderness against fatal ignorance and obstructing prejudice not have been uplifted in vain. Had *I* not so dared, the daisies and violets would have been blowing sweetly over me to-day, instead of my blowing the Salisbury clarion of Health over them, —insisting on a hearing !

Yet once again, for my heart is sore from all these piteous appeals. Do not submit yourselves to be 'put under ether' or anything else to have the 'arthritic joints,' 'rheumatic adhesions' broken. It is unavailing torture *so long as the cause remains unchecked*, for fresh joints will gradually but steadily be seized and grow rigid. There is but the one

true *cure* here under heaven ;—the Salisbury, for none else takes account of, and deals with, hand to hand, the unbroken, unbreakable chain of causes and effects. Not until the cause of this disease is entirely removed, and the system, digestion and assimilation all restored to a healthy condition, is it of any use to break joints and adhesions. Then and not before, may the ankylosed joints be broken and restored motion hoped for ; but this can only safely and effectively be done when the *disease* is *cured*. If after these solemn earnest words spoken from wide experience and for the living truth of which I am ready to die,—there be any who still elect to potter on in the old blind-leading-the-blind ways ;—I can only say with pity and regret that his sufferings in a great measure are self-inflicted and not involuntarily retained.

I have something encouraging to say about this pitiless illness, and as I cured myself and have cured many sufferers who had wearily tried all other remedies, my words surely carry weight.¹ If one of

¹ The following outline given by an unknown correspondent shows *how* wearily all else is tried. 'A terrible sufferer, in bed many months quite helpless from fearful sciatica ; morphia injected daily (sometimes twice) for more than a year. Experiment tried of *freezing* my leg ; and afterwards a hole was burnt down to the sciatic nerve and the extensive wound nearly mortified from the low condition of health at

your joints is so perfectly rigid as to be capable of *no* movement at all, there is not much hope of recovery for that particular joint. Your best course undoubtedly is, to go immediately on the strict Salisbury treatment so as to save *other* joints from going the same sad way, for this disease is terribly progressive. *But*, if there be any movement at all in the affected joints, ever so little (as still in my own case where elbows, wrists, fingers, hips and knees were all deformed and stiffened up), then take comfort, for there is something to work upon. Go ahead, put your whole soul and heart into the good work, adhere stringently to rules, avoid wrongdoings and exhausting overdoings. Little by little, each of the rigid joints will soften and relax as mine did hopeless though they seemed. All illness is progressive; but so, thank the gods! is also recovery if we keep right on, always along the straight and narrow path that leads to Health.

which I had arrived. Finally the sheath of the nerve of whole upper part of leg was *cut*; so you see I have gone through something! The last experiment, my poor friend said, 'cured me'; but as 'rheumatism always returns and foreign Baths are again ordered,' this 'cure' doesn't seem very thorough! 'Prescribed diet partaken of sparingly; no meat, only chicken and fish for dinner, and tea and toast and an egg for breakfast.' What wonder then that on this most meagre 'diet' the famished nerves cried aloud in pain praying to be *fed* while starved and uselessly hacked about? I have witnessed very obstinate lumbago and sciatica just 'throw up the sponge' under the Salisbury treatment.

I do not go much on beef-teas or beef-jellies in either cystinic or rheumatism proper, in tumours or other fibrous states. Both these preparations contain a great deal of glue which feeds the already enlarged and over-fed glue tissues of the joints, etc. In these cases I give the whites of eggs and mince, between meals and in the night if required, instead of either beef-tea or jelly. And for this also I have Dr. Salisbury's authority.

7. *Gout.* Under this heading are classed in ordinary practice cystinic rheumatism (which is no gout at all) and gout proper; a quite distinct and rarer disease. I have explained the cause and cure of cystinic rheumatism, frightfully prevalent all over the world, the foods that produce it being everywhere very largely indulged in. The poor seldom have gout proper, though they suffer extensively from cystinic rheumatism.

Gout proper is an entirely distinct disease in its cause and genesis and requires different handling therefore. It is produced by too free indulgence in sweet, acid and heavy wines, sweet and acid fruits, together with excessive use of sweet things and other fermenting foods.¹ The immoderate and con-

¹ I was once sent a (modern) medical treatise which bore as part of its title the legend ' . . . and Conjectures [!] on Gout.' The author

tinued use of these results in fermentation in the stomach and duodenum, causing reversed peristalsis, working the biliary secretions up into the stomach and back into the gall ducts and gall bladder. Before the gouty pains declare themselves the urine becomes high-coloured and scanty, the stomach full of bile, the heart weak, and gloom and depression cloud the entire organism. The chronic biliousness thus produced completely saturates the system with bile which is absorbed and carried off through the kidneys and skin. This makes the skin and kidneys sluggish, and in consequence of the scantily eliminated urine the system little by little gets overcharged with uric acid and urate of soda. These deposits being insoluble gradually accumulate, first in the joints of the extremities the farthest removed from the heart, always weak in this disease, and later on pervading the entire organisation, causing the painful and dangerous disease known as gout. You will see

allowed his patients a liberal (if astonishing) bill of fare. With beef and mutton came bacon, salmon, eels, mackerel, herrings, lobster; beans, cabbage, potatoes and fruits. As drinks, champagne, old port, *graves* (sour French wine, very stomach-achy!) hock, beer, ales and cocoa. I began to read this incongruous array (which he—the grim humour of it!—aptly styled *accessories*!) with amusement, which soon changed into indignant sorrow as I thought of the precarious health and lives in this man's keeping; and I can only call his mode of treatment—what he himself termed the disease he was descanting on—'*an impenetrable mystery*'!

from this that it is *not* nitrogenous food that causes gout, but food and drinks that ferment, producing biliousness and sluggish kidneys which become unable to eliminate the urates and uric acid formed in the body. To cure gout is a slower process than the cure of cystinic rheumatism, for the simple reason that the uric acid and urates are more insoluble than cystin. But gout is perfectly curable even when 'hereditary' and of very long standing if the patient carefully and persistently follows the one true course ; which is just to make 'back-tracks' and back gracefully out of the hole by the same way that he got himself in. *Now for the way out.*

(1) Stop the wines that are fermenting in the stomach and bowels.

(2) Wash out the stomach and upper bowel daily by the free and copious use of warm water taken as directed, so as to ensure free action of the kidneys, to help the downward peristalsis and thereby prevent the bile from working up into the stomach, etc.

(3) Feed upon the foods that do not ferment ; the muscle-pulp of beef is usually the best food that can be taken in these cases. No drinks or fluids are allowed at meals except a small cup of clear tea or coffee or hot water, which should be given towards the end of the meal.

(4) Avoid all fatigue to mind and body, keep the bowels freely open with from 1 to 2 movements every day.

By patiently and perseveringly following out the plan here laid down the urine soon becomes clear, flowing at the rate of from 2 to 3 quarts daily; the appetite improves, the skin grows fresh, the pains disappear and enlargement of joints gradually subsides. This last process is slow, the reason for which I have explained.¹

Here then is the only efficacious *cure* for gout, because based upon exact knowledge and removal of its origin. The Profession have been content with designating it 'this mysterious disease'; and its great Specialist with engaging frankness informs us, 'Gout is a disease about which we know nothing'! Truly it is worth while to be a Specialist to comprehend so exhaustively the cause and cure of one's own pet speciality!

8. *Asthma* is the result of gravel in the air passages; which gravel is almost invariably *cystin* (the same that in other cases produces 'rheumatic gout'). This sulphur product comes from excessive

¹ Over-indulgence in bread foods may be accessory in producing gout by causing fermentation and biliousness. Therefore while the cure is in progress cereals are best avoided.

use of the sulphur foods as already named. After the gravel is once established, it takes a long time to remove it on account of its great insolubility. In this disease the lungs are very much enervated, and the least carbonic acid gas in the stomach tends to deaden and paralyse the nerves of the heart, diaphragm, bronchi and muscles of the chest; causing oppressed breathing, weak heart and poor circulation, often apparent in blue lips, nails and ears.

While cystinic gravel is the *primary* cause of the disease, carbonic acid gas in the stomach is the *exciting* cause of the paroxysms. This gas from fermentation in the stomach of the vegetable, sweet, fruit and bread foods, paralyses the chest-muscles and thickens the tough mucus, so that it is often nearly impossible to raise it and the patient feels like suffocating. If he will come square down to the lean-meat diet of beef, mutton, whites of eggs (with side-dishes if desired of game, chicken, young pigeons and turkey), washing out well and guarding against overeating;—even *one week* will show improvement. Of this *fact* I have had clearest demonstration.

After the disease is once confirmed it is kept up by foods that ferment in the stomach and bowels and produce flatulence. The severity of the attack depends upon how much gas is absorbed. Persons,

however, can live comfortably without suffering much from paroxysms of asthma even with some gravel of the lungs, if they will avoid the *exciting* causes of attacks, which besides those I have named, come from exhausting the already weakened nerves by over-exertion, exposures and from inhaling dust, pollen and odours of flowers, exhalations from animals, etc.

In all cases of long-standing asthma, the heart gets partially paralysed as well as the chest. Here as in some other diseases this partial paralysis of the heart is readily recognised by the dark colour of the blood when drawn for examination. The blood is not properly arterialized, the heart being too weak to force it through the lungs. It is evident then how careful an asthmatic patient should be to take nothing into the stomach that ferments and produces wind (carbonic acid gas).

Remember that 'gluten bread, toast, biscuits, cream,' etc., as a dietary for asthma, are simply *suicidal*. The time to tackle this distressing complaint is between the paroxysms; and once really launched on this treatment it is the patient's own fault if he ever have another bad attack.

9. *Tumours*, ovarian tumours, uterine fibroids and other growths are all to be treated on the same

plan. 'All these fibrous growths and thickenings and all excessive developments in connective tissue where such development does not normally belong, are the outcome of unhealthy alimentation.' (*Dr. S.*) All tumours are developed in the fibrous, mucous, epithelial and bony tissues; generally in the fibrous tissue. Any food that ferments in the stomach or in the vicinity of an organ forms carbonic acid gas excessively, which being absorbed by that organ, partially paralyses the blood-vessels of the part and a stand-still in the blood-stream is established; so that there is over-nutrition of the parts under a state of partial death, and thus there is excessive growth without pain. This process is one that makes tumours. To operate on or to cut away the symptoms while leaving causes to flourish is to expose the patient to useless pain, anxiety and risk. Dr. Salisbury says of this disease as of cancerous growths (which are produced by a like cause) that 'extirpating a growth never removes the cause, and never results in a radical cure. The same wrong alimentation may develop still further and other growths . . . We must reach the underlying cause before we can cure. We may relieve and seemingly cure without knowing causes, but such relief and cure are not permanent.' All foods that ferment

and those that feed fibrous tissue must be entirely stopped, and the rigid diet of beef persistently maintained until all trace of tumour has disappeared. No additional food must be introduced, except the whites of 1 or 2 eggs (which may be lightly poached) with each meal and, if required, between meals and in the night. In some cases it is found advisable to increase the hot water from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints at a time. Besides this, only 4 oz. of clear tea or coffee as a beverage is allowed at each meal. Every morning and evening the tumour should be rubbed systematically with the flat hand for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Rubbing in *all* cases should be performed by one in good health, who has a soft, kind, feeling hand and is sympathetic to the patient. In every case it should be done so gently as to soothe not to weary or cause pain, and should be tempered to the tenderness of the part. It should be applied as directly to the growth as possible, and most particularly is *no talking* to be indulged in the while. The vehicle to be used is cocoa butter. The bowels are to be moved once (or twice) daily, and a happy cheerful spirit will help on the cure. The 1st month of carrying out these rules will show improvement, the 2nd more, the 3rd still more, and so on.

10. *Neuralgia* is simply pain in partly deadened

nerves. This partial paralysis is usually produced by unhealthy feeding, though it may sometimes be the result of either an injury or of some growth pressing upon a nerve or nerves. Whatever the cause, that cause should if possible first be removed, then in the 2nd place we must restore the normal life to the affected parts by correct feeding aided by massage, passive movements, hot baths, counter-irritants, etc., to bring back the nourishing blood and warmth to the sick and weakened nerves. Neuralgia very quickly yields to Salisbury treatment. In over-fatigue and run-down condition of health we fall an easy prey to this 'kill-joy'; add *rest* therefore to hasten its exit.¹

11. *Dropsy* is not a disease in itself but is a symptom of disease in very vital organs; and hence is not to be treated as a disease but as a symptom merely. Dropsy in the extremities indicates disease in either the heart or kidneys or both. Dropsy in the abdominal cavity indicates disease in the portal glands. All the diseases that result in dropsy are

¹ Let me persuade you when suffering from gun-boil, faceache, toothache and loosening teeth, before visiting the dentist to add to the morning pint for a few days a teaspoonful of pure cream of tartar. All these 'aches' arise from bad digestion of the food causing fermentation in the stomach and bowels. Attend to *digestion* and the teeth will soon tighten again, and the faceache, etc. go. A sour stomach is the cause, correct it.

caused by unhealthy feeding. Where there is dropsy there is sure to be much fermentation going on in the stomach and bowels, with the resultant gases. The same rigid diet and drinks are to be used here as in tumours and Bright's disease. The patient should be very quiet, keep cheerful and determined; maintaining the horizontal position to lessen the labour of the heart. But little food should be eaten and that food solid, not liquid. The bowels must be kept freely open, as it is quite necessary to carry off every morning all matters that remain from foods taken the previous day, and so prevent decaying refuse from being absorbed into the system. In all cases where there is kidney disease, heart, liver, lung trouble or tumours peculiarly situated, there is sufficient cause for the dropsical condition. But the patient may be assured that there is no other way of escape except in following this high and soulful road. The hot water in cases of dropsy acts most beneficially,—‘almost like magic.’

12. *Pleurisy* is either inflammatory or neuralgic. Both forms occur in persons who are more or less out of order from indigestion. The inflammatory type occurs in persons who are able to make plenty of blood, but whose digestive organs are filled to a greater or less extent with souring food. The acids

developed in the stomach and bowels are taken up and enter the blood-stream, where little by little they tend to make the blood ropy, stringy and tough by partially clotting it. In this tough stringy condition of the blood, any exposures to cold or other causes that contract the glue or other fibrous tissues, lessen the calibre of the vessels and cause the blood to hang or be impeded in its flow, resulting in a blockage and congestion of the parts affected which is soon followed by inflammation. Now the great object in all inflammatory diseases is, to have the most perfect digestion and assimilation possible. The more perfect the digestion and assimilation the more amenable to treatment are inflammatory diseases. In the neuralgic type of pleurisy the gases developed from fermenting food in the stomach are absorbed with sufficient rapidity to partially paralyse the nerves about the heart and often in other portions of the chest producing partial death of the nerves of those parts. At a certain stage in this paralysis, the nerves begin to cry out in pain to warn us of the approaching danger if we still persist in eating fermenting foods. In both types of this disease, fermenting foods and the products developed by the fermentations are at the root of the trouble. The cure lies in stopping them all, washing out well

with the comfortably warm water, and feeding upon nicely broiled or minced lean beef and mutton, in such quantity only as can be well digested.

13. *Obesity* is a disease produced by overfeeding upon the foods that make fat or adipose tissue. The cure is safe and simple. Merely to stop all foods that make fat; adhering rigidly until the disease is gone to lean meats broiled, roasted or minced, beef, mutton, lamb, game, poultry, etc. (Not much hardship surely!) No very stout man or woman can be said to enjoy a perfectly safe state of health, and the trials and inconveniences of obesity are undeniable.¹

14. *Jaundice* comes from eating and drinking wrongly, and from not drinking enough hot water to keep clean inside and restrict the bile to its proper place. I have known it caused also from overdosing on rhubarb. Producing, however caused, in the patient, extreme weakness; bed, entire rest, and warmth are his best conditions, along with the beef diet. (See p. 290.)

¹ Talking of fat (which is no sign of health), once when I remonstrated with a handsome man for allowing his beauty to be spoilt by obesity, he replied resignedly with an air of intense conviction, 'It is in my family: an aunt of mine was quite fearfully stout and in fact she died of it.' While scouting this weak argument, we yet with strange inconsistency accept for ourselves without even a protest, consumption, gout, rheumatism and many another ill that flesh is supposed to be heir to, on the fallacious plea that they are 'in the family.' *Then get them out!* It can be done.

15. *Shingles*. The cause of this disease is not yet generally known or understood. This is a platitude which applies to many other diseases as well! The name is a corruption of the Latin 'cingulum,' a girdle; pointing to its having been a monkish malady; probably the worthy progeny of vegetarianism! It is looked upon as an external cutaneous eruption extending laterally and yet not entirely round the body, and the popular idea is that if it extend quite round, death will ensue. But it is not a disease of the surface as would appear. It is rather a result, a consequence of a diseased condition of the internal organs beneath the surface. This diseased condition is developed by partaking too exclusively of foods which ferment and produce acidity, of sweets or of acid fruits. The remedy is correct feeding; food which does not easily ferment—a chiefly meat diet, and to keep the system well cleansed. Heal by a weak solution or ointment of carbolic acid, or a mud poultice.¹

16. And finally, *Cancers* are curable. But this

¹ The way to make a mud poultice is this (it is valuable in many other cases):—Sift the earth through a fine sieve, then pour on boiling water till of the consistence of thin dough. It is now spread from about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch thick on a cloth. Put thin gauze between it and the flesh or sore; over this bind a cloth, then some oil-silk to keep in the moisture. Leave on from 1 to 3 hours and then rest the parts a while.

disease, Dr. Salisbury says, demands such exceedingly close attention, such vigilant watching, that the patient should be under the wise and careful management of one who has already had experience in handling this disease. There are so many little things to do in keeping the mental, moral and physical condition all in perfect balance, that the sufferer cannot well go on safely and successfully alone, as he sometimes can if he will in less grave diseases. The diet here has to be *most* rigid. All connective tissue, etc. has to be entirely eliminated from the pure lean meat, and this is a work which requires very great patience and unswerving determination to have the food just right. The cooking likewise must be of the most careful. The hot water comes in as a necessity, and all parts of the system must be kept in the most perfect order.¹

Having now gone thoughtfully and as fully as space permitted through many 'quite different diseases' which this treatment *cures*, at this date we

¹ But I would not be deterred by this. For a patient wrote me of a case known to himself where a gentleman desperately ill and suffering from cancer of the liver (diagnosed so by 3 physicians) and condemned to death, even went and chose his grave. Meeting with my book, he perseveringly treated himself from it, and 'is now going about *well!*' The Patient who kindly wrote me this good news was so hilarious at his own buoyant wellness that he began his letter, 'Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver'! Such letters make *me* hilarious too!

clearly perceive that they differ simply in form, and differ in that only, according to the special loop-hole or weak point in the individual body to which they lay siege. It is quite natural then that the broad plans of treatment should necessarily be very similar, although there are nice shades and distinctions in treatment which the competent observer will delight to follow with open-minded intelligence. And such a one will feel deeply imbued with the true scientific beauty and minute precision of this work; and thankfully welcome the simplicity, logic and practical common sense of these essentially rational plans of cure.

Another opposition all too often urged is, 'I don't *like* hot water,' 'I don't *like* meat'! This is absolutely childish, because when ill-health threatens or assails us we may be certain we have been 'liking' not wisely but too well something that had no 'affinity' for us! Let me ask you; Do you like pain? Do you like to be ill? I trow not! I too 'liked' in my day many things better than meat and fed chiefly upon them. But I learnt in the stern school of pain to like those mainly that like me—animal foods. The pleasant sensations of comfort, the glow, the exuberance of being, that I now experience after my meals are more than compensation

for the old foods I liked best. Even cake and oat-meal porridge haven't to roost so high now when I am around! Meat often gets the credit of making people sleepy and dull. But it is what they have eaten along with the meat, the fermenting wind-forming foods (on which they have probably gorged a little!) that are the real culprits—assuredly *not* the meat. Any one who doubts this has only to try an exclusively meat meal and one with bread, vegetables and pudding; he will soon be aware which is the more depressing and which tells most on the waist-coat and temper.

Then it is extraordinary with what owl-like solemnity is announced this self-evident platitude: 'These things [farinaceous foods, sweets and fruits] were *given* us for our use and I do not believe therefore they can be hurtful.' But tell me, did ever in this world belief or disbelief change or even modify, one little fact? Not much, I'm thinking! Just as logically may you propound 'Liquor was "given" us for our use, come let us get tipsy (or over-drink), medicines ditto, let us over-dose,' as over-eat on those foods on which we habitually do over-eat—meant assuredly for use, not for abuse. Can nothing be left to discretion and thought? And I wish to say in reprobation of the silly and mischievous super-

stitution that illness also is 'sent,' that were I so minded I could reproduce my own illness with all its horrors and not be long about it either ; by just reverting to my previous (the ordinary) diet, eating regularly between meals (at afternoon tea), living carelessly and neglecting my hot water. Were I also to resort to the kindly co-operation of medicines and the genial aid of vegetarianism, the thoroughness of my collapse would only be rivalled by its reprehensible idiocy !

Yet another contention, which is, I grieve to say, raised not only by young and thoughtless ones but by those who should know and do better. 'Oh, I can't be always bothering about my health ; wait till I'm ill, why should I trouble about it now ?' I will venture to state the reasons why it were well to do so. Because attention to health is voluntary, easy, cheap and painless ; while attention to illness is compulsory, difficult and dear in all ways ; and by disregarding health you recklessly lay upon your home-circle anxiety, fatigue, worry, more than your fair share of outlay, become a bore to your family and friends and anything but a source of gratification to yourself,—unpleasant results so easily avoided by a little good sense, thought and unselfish consideration for others at the right time. 'Sickness,'

says Emerson, 'is a cannibal that eats up all the life and strength [of others] it can lay hold of. It is absolutely selfish, heedless of what is good and great, afflicting the souls of others and losing its own with meanness and mopings and ministration to its voracity for trifles. The first necessity is health; get health.' And I make bold to add, when got, do your living best to keep it. For, take sickness in its most attractive aspect, it is scarcely in the nature of a treat. It mars all one's possibilities for good, and equally true of it is what dear Dr. Johnson said of debt, it makes all virtues difficult and some impossible. If we will not 'bother to think' about it now, the time may come when, if we live, we shall think about little else.

I now answer an objection on the strength or weakness of which hot water is rashly discontinued. 'It distends me with wind and makes me uncomfortable.' Let us be exact in our statements. Hot water taken as directed, liberates and drives out, but cannot cause wind, or distend the stomach. I have had patients whose stomachs when they came to me were enlarged, flabby and baggy from gas produced by their fermenting foods. In one fortnight of Salisbury treatment the stomach had become much smaller, more muscular and abler

to perform its all-important functions. Nearly everybody's stomach is soaked in gas from long fermentation; how can it, distended and blown out with wind, get on comfortably with water added? Then the unthinking outcry 'Hot water causes wind,' and this groundless assertion is illogically advanced as proof that the good treatment is a failure! Naturally *it* is blamed, but the patient's own abounding flatulence is the real delinquent; and now he knows it! Note also, that the treatment brings back to life the nerves which, through long absorption of carbonic acid gas from fermentation, had been partially paralysed. This coming back to life starts peristaltic movements, so that the wind or gas instead of remaining stationary as hitherto—long enough to paralyse—is moved along, and a little gas then will sometimes create a great commotion. The bowels now get a chance to recover gradually from their deadened condition, but the patient himself under this waking up is not for a time so comfortable as formerly. Therefore, just because the organs are already filled with gas, before commencing even the benign hot water,—it is often wise to fast absolutely, not letting anything whatever cross your lips for some hours; then slowly sip your pint. In cases where the stomach is very foul

indeed a longer fast from food is most beneficial; in fact until Nature's own sanction to eat—*hunger*—comes.

This patient waiting, this trusting in Nature, which I can't too strongly urge upon you is by no means lost ground or wasted time; on the contrary, *inestimable* is the benefit that accrues. The stomach gets unwonted rest, the wind and gases have time to move on out of it, and the hot water comes in untrammelled as purifier and cleanser. In acute attacks even more than in chronic maladies, this entire abstinence (which includes most emphatically abstention from stimulants and drugs) is of highest value. If, immediately on observing the first suspicious symptom or feeling the first pain—stomachic, neuralgic, rheumatic, sciatic, gouty, etc., etc.—this plan of fasting till hunger came were rigidly adhered to, there would scarcely ever be any illness at all; for Nature, unthwarted, quickly cures and repairs. Keep the patient quiet and warm with bowels freely open daily, let him fast for 12, 24, 36 hours,—longer when needful;—give him hot water in sips, a pint or more at a time; and when he says 'I am hungry' give thanks and be glad, for he is getting well; give him the beef jelly, beef tea, or nice mince. Continue to wash out and recovery will be steady and rapid

and precious strength all to the fore in the fight for health. But just the directly opposite line is taken, especially in acute diseases. Poisonous and lowering drugs, poisonous and weakening stimulants, and indigestible windy farinaceous slops are poured down his unresisting throat; then disaster crowds upon disaster;—and it is all gratuitous, and need not have been.¹

I own that I longed to inculcate this salutary fast quite early in these pages; but deferred it for two reasons. I hoped that the counsel bearing on and closely following the objection quoted would ensure attention to the sound philosophy of the advice. And 2ndly, I did not dare! If I had propounded my fast ere the reader had made friends with and trusted me, just think how I should have caught it! ‘What! I am to be *starved to death* by way of cure!’ For to many the bare idea of a fast

¹ You must often like myself, have read this bulletin in the newspapers when some public person lay grievously sick: ‘The patient takes nourishment frequently, but with no corresponding increase of strength.’ Alas no! and none standing by sees in this resultlessness the uplifted finger of Nature herself, warning to desist. If we would but patiently wait until the system were again *ready* to deal with and appropriate nourishment,—how changed might be the fate of him or her lying on the sick-bed! Under *no* circumstances should any food be put into a sick person’s stomach until he is hungry. Wash out freely and hunger will come when the stomach is clean;—unless the word has irrevocably gone forth that prince and pauper must alike obey.

however brief, is so alarming that they see themselves already dead and buried and the mourners going mournfully through the streets. They forget all the men and women who have safely fasted for weeks instead of only days ; and indeed all honest experience is with me here. So I repeat : in chronic cases abstinence from food is of real service ;—and in acute cases its life-saving grace is simply untellable. But judgment, intelligence and discernment must be used here as everywhere else. To fast is *not* to starve ; and the sick, resting from food, should rest from all exertion the while of mind and body.

Again, 'The hot water gives me oppression and headache.' Not a bit of it ! But it stirs up the yeasty matters, the bile and mucus settled in the stomach, and starts the downward action before peristalsis is restored. You have used up your nerve-force in work, pleasure or worrying and there is not force enough left so to speak to run the intestines. Headache, oppression and lassitude come on because nerve-steam is low and the parts partially paralysed. A little dogged persistent effort, however, prefaced by rest and a short fast, will soon overcome this and all will go well.

Others resist the hot water on the irrelevant plea, forsooth ! that 'they are not thirsty persons, are not

used to drinking much.' As if thirst or what they are used to had anything in the world to say to it! We are all more or less liable to certain varieties of urinary deposits, but by causing a sufficiency of liquid to traverse the tissues daily, many insoluble and injurious substances are dissolved and washed out of the system. If, however, little fluid be taken as a rule, or if it contain solid matter, as thick soups, cocoa, tea and coffee with milk and sugar, this tends rather to increase the lodgment of deposits than to dissolve and eliminate them. Therefore if profferers of this idle objection *had* been 'used' to employ a salutary sluicing they would have remained free from the various disorders, influenza, gout, rheumatism, calculus, uric acid and other deposits, to which those are liable who keep a foul interior, having 'been used' to drink but little in proportion to the solid foods.¹

I am always sorry to hear the idiotic asseveration 'I would rather *die* than diet myself.' Because the day may be not far off when no choice will be offered you; and once dead—like being married—it is for a long time!

I am often asked, 'Why won't cold water do as

¹ Dr. Lionel Beale in his works strongly advocates the internal use of water as a most important factor in treating disease, 'and one for which no substitute has been found.'

well as warm?' Because cold water is apt to produce weight, discomfort and colic. Nor does it act on the liver and bile as does hot water. It depresses vitality, detracts from the warmth of the body in its endeavours to raise the temperature of the water drunk to that of the blood, and this entails useless expenditure of nerve-force.¹

Cold water bathing² is also open to objection because of the drain on the nervous system; and likewise that insane practice of eating ices on the top of a full meal; which is to chill the stomach that requires a temperature of 100° Fahr. to enable it to digest with comfort to its owner. Cold or lukewarm water, taken internally, does not afford that delightful sensation of comfort and revival given by hot water, nor does it quench thirst so well.

To drink the good hot water is in another way to ward off old age; for it preserves the tissues, softens the skin and keeps the articulations supple and lissom; thus staving off rigidity, that sad harbinger of senile decay. Mistresses who would

¹ There are a few people who cannot take hot water or hot anything and such should take it at about 60° to 80° Fahr. as they please. In cases of hemorrhage the water should be taken at about 98°, that is, at blood-heat. In diarrhœa it sometimes does good to take it very hot indeed, but these are exceptional cases.

² For directions about washes over, see page 284, good for all.

befriend your servants and yourselves at the same time, put them on hot water night, noon and morning. You will get more able and willing work cheerily done ; they will have better health, calmer tempers, and fresher looks and you will have no doctors' bills to pay for them.¹

Again, I have heard people excuse their rejection of the Salisbury treatment in time of need saying sententiously, ' Ah but my case is very different from yours and I am quite sure it wouldn't do *me* any good.' First prove that your illness in its origin did differ from mine, which will be a trifle hard in the face of all the various forms of disease shown a few pages back as each and all owning *primarily* the self-same causes. I think you must concede that, in this instance at least, what is sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander. Besides, it is gratuitously rash to predict failure before trial. The right time to prophesy if you want to look wise is after the event, not before it. ' I *told* you so ' comes in nicely then !

Many persons are afraid of beef as being ' too nitrogenous,' but I remind you that our first food,

¹ My housemaid closed the recital of good gained from her hot water with the gratifying information '*and I eat my food sweetly now*' !

our mother's milk, is largely nitrogenous; and that the egg from which the chicken is developed contains abundance of nitrogen and merely a trace of carbohydrates. In fact Nature provides the beginning of life with foods that produce muscle and strength rather than fat. 2ndly, beef does not contain so much nitrogenous matter as many vegetable substances.¹ And 3rdly, no one need be afraid to eat animal food freely who unites to such feeding its inseparable accompaniment—a thorough washing out with hot water as explained. This will completely avert any injurious effect.

It is curious how nearly Foster stumbled upon the Salisbury treatment in his large Text-Book on Physiology—and just missed it! He says, 'Water is of use to the body for mechanical purposes, not merely as food,' and 'When a rapid renewal of tissue is sought for, an excess of proteid [albuminous or

¹ I proved to you in former editions that even your bread—that part of it which isn't plaster of Paris and alum—may be more nitrogenous than beef and mutton. I am appalled to read statistics of the immense sale yearly of alum to *millers*. *What do they do with it?* I have long known that many an unaccountable illness owes its being to 'the staff of life,' nor am I any way surprised at it. Adulteration of food should be punished with *utmost* rigour, its power for harm being limitless. The chivalrous highwayman of yore kindly offered us choice between handing over our money or parting with our life. The modern robber who adulterates our food is less courteous. He demands our money *and* our life;—and gets both!

animal] food may be desirable. It is possible that an excess of proteid food by reason of its metabolic [change-creating] activity may be of service.' We are happy in now knowing that it is something more than 'possible,' and that it *is* 'of service'!

Then, I frequently hear it asserted, and in short I am a trifle tired of hearing, that 'the Salisbury treatment is very ancient and that the Profession has known of it all along.' If this were true;—if it *has* been known and not used as a means of curing sickness and preserving life;—by what name shall such sinful neglect be called? But indeed this preposterous claim reminds me of an old riddle which is a case in point. 'Which was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?' The answer is of course 'Australia'; for it was there, like the treatment, 'all along,' only—both awaited the discoverer!

Now, here is a totally unhistorical impeachment made against the Salisbury treatment by the medical profession which many alarmed patients have anxiously repeated to me. 'This treatment is not safe *unless* the kidneys and liver are both perfectly sound, for taking 4 pints a day *must* throw a great deal of strain on the kidneys and it is too

much fluid for any one.'¹ This treatment, however, is essentially *the* treatment for diseases of the kidneys and liver to restore them to health. Anyone who has even superficially noticed a patient's urine before and a few days after beginning the treatment, will be struck with its entirely altered and much 'cleaner' appearance, and readily understand how greatly all 'strain on the kidneys' has been *relieved* by this washing-out process. When these organs are disordered they are so from neglect in keeping them clean and healthy. Clean up the diseased organs, feed healthfully, and Nature—not the doctor—will repair. Medicines cannot, and as a rule never do cure these ills.² Cures can only be effected by removing the cause or causes of the diseased conditions; then clean and lubricate the

¹ It is deserving of note that the human body is 75 % water; as this is constantly being given off in perspiration, etc., the deficit must be made up by systematic replenishing.

² In consequence of communications from the public I asked Dr. Salisbury about 'floating kidney'; he replied: 'In the last 40 years' practice I have had hundreds of so-called (diagnosed) floating kidney. In all such cases I tell the patients to pay no attention to what has been told them; to forget all about their ailments and go to work washing out and getting the system [by proper diet] into good order, and that an operation will never be called for. I never had a case that (after treatment) required an operation. Soon the "floating kidney" would cease to trouble and would be forgotten. The only operation I impress upon them is, to have an operation of the bowels every morning.'

parts and feed so as to make new blood for use in repairing. Those very persons who cry down warm water in pint doses as a curative agent, will themselves daily drink twice the quantity of fluid as water, lemon-squash, beer, claret plain or with aerated waters, tea, coffee, cocoa, at and between meals and think nothing of it. The healthy quantity of urine which should be passed in 24 hours is from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarts; the 4 pints prescribed make only 2 quarts. Four pints of liquid in 24 hours is the smallest amount that will keep a human machine steadily in good order.

Another plausible misstatement from the same quarter it becomes my clear duty to expose and refute; since but for my reassurance many would have been frightened off this treatment by which they have recovered health. And doubtless this disingenuous assertion has proved and will yet prove sadly deterrent in hundreds of cases which I cannot hope to reach, except perhaps some through this book. Say the doctors, 'Beware of this treatment, for the hot water *sweeps away* the gastric juice from out the stomach.' Yes, and so it may when taken in quantities *during* a meal, and just on this very account it is *insisted on* that it must always be taken *on an empty stomach*; and that not over from

4 oz. to $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint, all told, of any liquid is admissible *at* meals. When taken as expressly ordered, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before and from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours after food, there *is* no gastric juice in the stomach to be washed out or 'swept away.' There is only mucus, bile, yeasty matters and undigested 'spoiled stuff'; all of which *should* be washed out before food is taken in again. These wiseacres have forgotten to learn their A B C and other allied rudiments; or else they presume too confidently on our ignorance and so get a rise out of us. For they *know*, or ought to know, that the gastric juice is *only* secreted in the stomach when there is food there, and that food in a condition to undergo the digestive process. For a few years yet you may hear this bogus cry of 'Wolf'; don't you run for it however, use your common sense, stick to hot water; the laugh will be to you.

It has been often said to me in an airy off-hand manner, 'I don't agree with Dr. Salisbury about beef; *I* think,' or '*My* theory is,' etc. But it is no case of opinion or question of theory. It is fact; proved by long-standing clearest demonstration. And you may just as well 'not agree' while you are about it with those who have proved that there is no such thing as colour.¹ The fact is still there, all

¹ '*La couleur est la lumière organisée.*'

audacious and irrepressible, exactly as if we had never gainsaid it. It is a way facts have of making themselves unpleasant.

The allegation of 'expense' is a trumpery one in so important a matter even when urged by those of us by no means wallowing in wealth. For beef is a great deal cheaper than such extravagant delights as doctors' visits, nurses, bottles of medicine, etc. You can retrench in numberless items of less consequence, then you won't need to grudge yourself the diet. Say your beef were to cost for $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. a day $1/3$, there is a nice little sum for you, to reckon what you pay at the year's end as against groceries, green-groceries, wines, beer, confectionery and other bills (all now saved);—be consoled and don't talk nonsense! But to comfort you, at page 313 you will find something allowed you that will raise your drooping spirits, for it is even cheaper than the beef and most excellent into the bargain, (Beef-heart).¹

I have heard it said, 'But I am obliged to give the patient soft food for he will not eat solid.' Then give him his beef-pulp as soft as he and you like. (See Recipes, Nos. 1-3.) You may honestly assure him

¹ Your *coal* bills also will be wonderfully shortened, as are mine; and I am warmer now without the fires than ever I was with them, and crouching over them.

that in taking this nourishing, sustaining, unfermenting food, his illness will be shorter and less severe than on farinaceous starchy flatulent slops and his convalescence will advance as if to music ; it will not be the weary fluctuating process that recovery is apt to be. You may safely comfort him with these words for they are true.¹

In dealing with the sick it should be borne in mind how greatly reduced their digestive faculty must needs be ; and therefore it should be taxed as little as possible and only with what will repay effort by affording the utmost nourishment ; not wasted on futilities and kickshaws, but economised for the food certain to give and maintain strength. Avoid all foods that cannot be digested well and easily, and give what can be best and most readily digested and assimilated. Long and careful experiment has proved beyond all doubt that the muscle-pulp of lean beef *is* that desirable food, being, *when well prepared*, easy of digestion, quickly absorbed and not too rich or heavy

¹ I cannot too strongly plead the vital necessity of *perfect cooking* for the Sick. The great aim in cooking should be to render the food easy of digestion, and to destroy all parasites that may have lodged in it, whether animal or vegetable. I have known one meal of tough hard meat make the patient so ill as to upset him for a fortnight. Besides, when the mince is nicely cooked it is extremely palatable and the patient eats it with keen enjoyment. He has not many pleasures, poor dear, so it is kind to see that he is not done out of this one.

for weak stomachs as many in ignorance suppose. When liquid food only is expedient, beef-tea and beef-jelly, carefully freed from fat, and essences should mostly be given.¹

In a little book written by a physician I came upon a very sick man's diet-sheet which impressed me so painfully that I am constrained to expose its worse than uselessness. The Illustrious Patient died on the 15th of June, 1888, and this was his day's *nourishment* on the 8th of that month.

'10 a.m.' (It is not said if he fasted till then) 'Half a plateful of very thick porridge'—which is slimy, sticky, flatulent, and needs a great deal of mastication (for insalivation) and of effort to digest. '1 p.m.' only three hours after the porridge, which could hardly have been all disposed of—'Four eggs beaten up with wine'—sorry nourishment indeed this for a very sick man, and no 'beating' on earth will alter the fact that *yolks* of eggs are mostly sulphur and grease,—hard to digest and unnourishing. 'Dinner'—(the hour is not stated, but it must have been tolerably sharp on the heels of the four eggs and wine at 1 p.m.)—'Purée of chicken with mashed potatoes.' A Barmecide meal indeed for him whose utmost strength and resisting power were desperately wanted. Of all the vain imaginings that have deluded mankind, this of potatoes being more digestible because they

¹ The best Beef-essence that I know, and I have examined it microscopically, is to be found in the advertisements at the end.

are *mashed* is one of the foolishest. A hundred times better, if you will give the sick an injurious article of diet, is a *baked* potato. You can be sure—a point of great importance to invalids—that it is thoroughly cooked, which you cannot be in the case of mashed potatoes, mashing being with even good cooks considered equivalent to sufficient cooking. I have had repeated demonstration of this in severe indigestion therefrom. ‘In the afternoon a large piece of cream-ice and three eggs’—seven yolks of eggs in one day for a great invalid to digest! Among the inscrutable dealings of doctor with patient, this ‘large piece of cream-ice’ is surely one of the most bewildering and mysterious. The reason of it is far to seek; the effect of it is not hard to understand. ‘No supper’ but ‘at 10 p.m.’—when the patient should have had his last *meal* three and a half hours before, ‘at 10 p.m.’ he has ‘a large plateful of shaped boiled rice.’ Ye Gods!—a fermentable, flatulent, starchy, compact mass given to him whose poor stomach—worked so erratically all day—ought then to have been clean, calm, and at perfect rest. *How could sleep be his?* Nor was it apparently, for ‘In the night, boiled rice, cocoa and eggs.’—more boiled rice, more yolks of eggs, and cocoa, which is always somewhat heavy and flatulent. I could very soon *create* illness in myself or another upon this preposterous delusion of a diet, this miserable makeshift for nourishment.

Knowing from practical, personal experience the supreme bearing of food on health—and on sickness

—the above is about the saddest, most pathetic record I ever read. Tragic entirely;—otherwise ludicrous.

And, great heavens! this is science. I challenge dispute while pronouncing it all a futile, nay a cruelly starvation diet; because the sick person—no, nor yet the healthy—does not *exist*, whose digestive organs could tackle and assimilate such baneful trash. Who should be surprised then when this same physician but a few years later, himself in the very prime of life, died from 'syncope after influenza'?—the external symptom which profession and public alike mistook for the *cause* of his premature death. But the cause lay far deeper and is even here transparent to the thoughtful, in this his calamitous conception of diet for the sick. If he futilely stuffed himself as he stuffed his unfortunate Patient, little wonder he was seized upon by influenza, little wonder he succumbed to syncope!

On the puerile assertion that the Salisbury treatment is not 'scientific' forsooth! I do not as a rule waste good breath. With excellent reason I affirm that it is simply *the* most scientific mode of cure as yet in the world's market; it puts very far out of the running 'that unvenerable system of conjecture which calls itself medical science'! The analyses of

the blood and secretions in disease upon which is based the knowledge that governs this whole line of treatment, are helpful and valuable beyond words in their truly scientific precision. They are a chart on a wide unknown sea, a map in a mist-beclouded country, a very beacon-light in midst of the shoals and quicksands of sickness, making plain the case, the patient's doings right and wrong, progress or relapses, the reasons and causes of which they unflinchingly expose.¹

And again,—what is science? May I with submission remind my critics that in the world's progress what they call science to-day may be obsolete to-morrow, as much of what was science yesterday has faded in the brighter sunlight of to-day. In short, the science of but a few years ago would incredulously scoff at as a lunatic's dream half the common appliances of our present daily life. And how lost in admiration would she be at the high pitch we have attained in the scientific adulteration of everything—especially of our food!

¹ From these examinations I have often been able to tell patients many hundred miles away, not only that they were eating more than they could digest, but also the important fact that their food was not being properly prepared and cooked. The way in which one sample elucidates another, and the tallying of the microscopic and chemical examinations, harmoniously illuminating all, are to me deeply interesting and even beautiful—precluding any feeling of distaste for my work.

Then again some superior persons say to me: 'Oh, you won't persuade *me* that beef and hot water will cure everything; our insides are not all alike and what agrees with one won't with another.' The broad plan of our insides is pretty much alike, I take it; but if you don't want to try this treatment leave it alone,—it's your funeral, not mine! No one ever loosely asserted that 'beef and hot water cure everything,' but, co-operating with Nature, they do render so-called incurable diseases curable, as I have clearly enough exemplified in my practice and all through the pages of this book.¹

It is *Nature* that cures when food-causes of disease are stopped and a single food used that reiterated, careful, and prolonged tests have proved to be the one that Nature can work with perfectly,—namely, lean beef. There are a few persons who dislike beef as a food; but as those who have eaten it against appetite have recovered from even cancer (I personally know several cases and on good authority know of others), these instances betoken

¹ The more experienced I become in handling this marvellous system, the more thoroughly I see into its real scientific working and am witness of its *invariable* results, the more sceptical do I grow in respect to erroneously termed incurable diseases; since I myself, under Nature, have guided cases to a cure by this method which had baffled many eminent physicians. With all the means at command they had proved powerless to afford even relief.

more than a gleam of hope for those who have the will to eat and get well. If the will is to die—then die as easily as possible. And a fact worthy of note in regard to this treatment is this: that when death has alas! won the race, when there can be no question of cure and even hope is hopeless, its power to soothe and alleviate is truly marvellous. Under this system are no violent strugglings for breath, and the distressful symptoms that go to the expression 'dying hard' are absent,—an infinite consolation to the bereaved at the time and a thankful memory to them ever after. Nature just gently fails; and the end—because of the removal of disquieting influences from fermentation—is calm and undisturbed. It soothes better than opiates, and gives a veritable euthanasia.

Here is yet another demur concerning this treatment which I am able most positively to refute; and all facts go to prove how groundless is the apprehension. Say some, 'My *heart* is very weak and I fear its being still more enfeebled by the hot water'; or, 'I have been feeling my *heart* a good deal lately, and am afraid of the hot water and the diet.' Let me solemnly assure you that there exists absolutely no cause for fear; because the incontrovertible truth is, that the hot water is a sure and speedy *strengtheneur* of the heart, giving it less work to do

and enabling it to perform that work with greater ease. This change is effected partly by substitution of a lean meat for a fermenting diet, thus removing the deadly carbonic acid gas in which the stomach and surrounding organs have been long steeped. And also, the labour of the heart is vastly lightened and facilitated by having to handle pure liquid blood, instead of the sluggish sticky fluid to propel which had taxed its powers to the utmost. A study of healthy and diseased blood under the lens would lay this clear as the noonday before your actual vision and understanding. It is even quite remarkable how quickly this treatment does act in relieving and curing oppression and palpitation. Many of my patients have told me that their former doctors, paying them a friendly visit to see 'how they were getting on under this novel treatment,' were perfectly amazed to find how much stronger and more regular was the heart's action since they began to take hot water and the beef diet.

I know a lady who suffered very severely from Angina Pectoris. Her husband, a distinguished physician, put her on strict treatment, and in about 3 weeks she wrote to me: 'I am feeling like myself again, have no difficulty with the heart now, but I still stick to hot water and beef as the chief of my

diet. Isn't it really wonderful what that will do for one and how quickly too? My husband is now not nervous about me when I am out alone.' A short time previously he had told me he was 'very wretched and uneasy' when she was out of his sight, so feeble and irregular was her heart's action and her condition so shaky in consequence.

I know another lady who had partial fainting fits lasting for hours from weakened condition of the heart induced by very powerful medicines prescribed by a 'great' doctor. The heart would suddenly stop with an awful sensation quite indescribable; the blood would leave the head and all became darkness, chaos and frightful struggle. Raw brandy tasted to her just like water, and bottles of almost boiling water failed to impart any warmth or sensation to the body. During many months these attacks recurred, medicines gave no help and the sufferer grew very weak and unhappy. About a month after commencing the Salisbury treatment she cheerily reported, 'I don't know now whether I have a heart or not; and I am very sure I don't want to!'

When there is palpitation, intermittent pulse, a feeling of sinking and suffocation, not more than 1 in 100 is a case of true heart-disease. These symptoms distressing and alarming as they are, come

simply from excess of gas which has been allowed to accumulate in the stomach and through absorption to paralyse the heart. The one odd case may be valvular disease from acute rheumatism, but the *acute rheumatism* was caused by foods that, not digesting, ferment and decay. So you perceive in which direction safety lies even in real heart-disease. Remember, medicines cannot remove this gas, they but, as Dr. Salisbury says, cover it up for a time. The only way to get rid of this baleful gas is to turn the perverted gas-generating stomach back into a healthy digester of proper food. Make *stomachs* trumps, and *hearts* will follow suit!

It is often said to me, 'I am not ill, only ailing off and on [generally on!]; will hot water do me good?' Be assured that it will. Can you have thoughtfully read over all the gracious services it renders, and still doubt it? Just fairly try it and you won't be long in doubt.

Some decline hot water who greatly require it 'because it disturbs them at night.' But I assure you that as the stomach becomes cleansed from fermentation and wind, and all the muscles get toned up, this inconvenience entirely ceases. Bear with it till then, for each time you pass water is of positive value to you, as you will soon discover

by the altered condition of what you pass. Dr. Salisbury has once or twice replied to me when consulting him on some particular case, 'Have him (or her) take hot water in such quantity as to be made to rise 3 or 4 times in the night . . . for the present.' On this being done great benefit quickly ensued.

I am frequently asked, 'What is the object of mincing my beef when my teeth are still fairly good?' Dr. Salisbury does not prescribe mince in every case of illness, but when patients are weak and digestion slow and feeble, then a diet of muscle-pulp (or mince) is found easy of digestion and assimilation, is rapidly absorbed, speedily utilised for building up the blood, and gradually but steadily changing all the body tissues from a state of disease to one of health. Take note also that mince is unworrying to the invalid in consequence of being very easy to swallow when nicely cooked, as it always *must* be. When very tender steak, if to be had now in this wicked world, nicely broiled can be well masticated—teeth fairly good won't do—and also digested by the patient, then there is no objection to its use in cases where fibrous diseases, such as tumours, locomotor ataxy, fibrous consumption, asthma, and rheumatism, are not in question and where there is no enlargement of joints.

But in all these cases mince or muscle-pulp is ordered, it being necessary to keep connective and glue tissues, fat, etc. away from the food. To one who has prepared the meat for mincing or witnessed its careful preparation, it will be obvious how the injurious refuse can be thus eliminated far more thoroughly, than by the patient in eating the solid beef, and the positive *need* for their exclusion will be equally evident to the intelligent bystander. I desire to bear most strenuous testimony to the incalculable advantages attending the adoption of a frequent diet of minced in preference to solid meat by those compelled to eat in haste, the aged, the toothless, or the not very robust, as certainly tending to happier, longer life in this dear, beautiful, troublesome world,—an unspeakable boon very simply to be attained and gloriously worth the having.¹

Once more, I am asked, 'What illnesses will hot water alone cure?' To which I reply that to take only half a well-attested remedy in a case of illness is to

¹ This beef diet is wonderful for giving longevity. Dr. Salisbury has had many patients who have survived clear-headed and *well* beyond 100. They had no disease, no pain, were bright and cheery, with appetite good to the last. They died simply because weary, bed-time had come, they were ready to go and closed their eyes in rest. Death was natural and happy. This is the way that all of us should die. I may add that another very potent element in longevity is to secure a free movement of the bowels every morning.

trifle with your health and affront your understanding. You can have read this book to but poor profit if you fail to discern that the diet and hot water are *one and indivisible* in their beneficent work of healing, and that it were presumptuous and foolish in a case of illness to venture to divorce them, since combined they strengthen each other's good hands and genially work in double harness for your health.

And finally,—a fearful wail is often raised: '*It is such a monotonous diet.*' Well, you have me at last! I grant you the alternative—illness—has a long way the pull over it in being decidedly *not* 'monotonous.' There's a deal of nice promiscuous variety about pain and all its attendant distractions that certainly wakes one up and keeps one lively. Yes, I am bound to concede its great disadvantages in this respect;—compared with pain and illness,—the diet *is* undeniably monotonous!

I have now straightforwardly faced every objection to the Salisbury treatment that I ever heard started, though I confess that from long successful experience, the majority of these seem to me now not worth powder and shot. Still, I think no impartial reader can fairly accuse me of shirking, or of lowering my flag when face to face with the enemy!

CURE POSSIBLE FOR ALL DISEASES.

I proceed to make a statement which may startle some and cause others to smile incredulously. Still, it is a statement I stand to; and would that all were as well aware of its full truth as I am! *There is no incurable disease. No disease is incurable.* For if the cause is known and that cause removed, *Nature* repairs and cures if the conditions are made favourable. Nature cures all disease, just as she repairs injuries and mends broken bones. And the special glory of the Salisbury Treatment is that it does make all the conditions propitious and conducive to recovery, and actually smooths and paves the way for Nature's own recuperative processes. The process of recovery, the cause once understood, is in most cases easily accomplished by simply doing right now and in the future, avoiding wrong wisely and persistently. It is either the sins in ignorance or those in spite of knowledge that bring upon us the penalty: first an unbalanced bodily condition and finally confirmed disease. And Nature ruthlessly exacts this penalty, whether the wrong be done in unconscious ignorance, or wilfully with full knowledge.

But we must never forget that behind our

ailments and diseases lies this immovable fact which there is no evading:—*We* bring them all upon ourselves by indiscretions in eating and drinking and by exposures to inclemencies of the weather. And remark, these indiscretions are almost wholly in the direction of vegetables, cereals, sweets and fruits, far oftener than in the use of lean meats. It should be our aim always to live upon the foods we are able most easily to digest and assimilate, and to avoid those that ferment and decay. We should note that digestion is not fermentation, nor is fermentation digestion. Digestion is the dissolving, emulsifying, and the assimilation of the foods eaten. Fermentation is caused by the development of noxious vegetations, which result in the breaking up and decay of food, sending forth poisonous gases and acid compounds.

The noxious vegetations which generate alcoholic fermentation, produce and liberate large quantities of carbonic acid gas,—a deadly poison when absorbed into the system. These vegetations vary with the kind of food and are generally known by the name of ‘alcoholic yeast plants’; they seldom enter the circulation, and tend to live on the surface of the body, the skin and the mucous membrane. After the alcoholic come the acid vegetations, which

tend inward, passing into all parts of the body. The acids formed from the development of these yeast plants enter readily into the circulation, making the blood become ropy and sticky, shortening the fibrine filaments, and in this way decreasing the size of the fibrine mesh-work in which the sticky blood-globules become caught. This causes a more or less clotted state of the blood-stream, so that the patient becomes very sensitive and a chill or cold may develop pneumonia, inflammatory rheumatism and yet more dangerous diseases.

All dangerous and miscalled incurable and fatal diseases—such as Consumption, Locomotor Ataxia, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Paralysis, Tumours, Cancers, Pernicious Anæmia, Weak Heart, Rheumatism, Gout, Fatty diseases of organs, etc., etc., etc.,—*are the direct outcome* of feeding too exclusively upon the various vegetable, cereal, fruit and sweet foods. All these diseases, however, are perfectly and easily preventable,—and further, are curable; and Dr. Salisbury, Salisbury Drs. and I, have been curing them for many years in thousands of 'hopeless' cases,—chiefly by making the patient work out his own deliverance while retracing his steps. All this, I well know, is, repetition; but it is *most deeply needed*.

No 'fatal' disease that mortal man ever heard of was ever caused by or arose from eating healthy well-cooked lean meats. There have been cases of meat dyspepsia (not 1 though to 5000 cases of vegetable dyspepsia), and you may rest assured that meat dyspepsia can never befall us from eating good lean beef and mutton ; but comes from excessive feeding upon pork, veal, fish, yolks of eggs, goose and duck. It is indicated by the eructating up of sulphuretted hydrogen gas which has the fascinating taste and smell of decayed or addled eggs !

Pure lean meats from well-fed healthy animals contain all the elements necessary to build up a strong and healthy human being ; and the body is maintained longer in perfect health on lean meats than on any other kind of food. There is no absolute *need* for other foods, but man being only $\frac{2}{3}$ rds carnivorous and $\frac{1}{3}$ rd herbivorous, he should, when in health, partake of meats with cereals, vegetables and fruits, all in the proportion indicated by his structure.

When, however, he has become a vegetable dyspeptic by inaugurating a conservatory for yeast plants in his inside, directly the fermentative processes are well under way, alcohol, vinegar yeasts and the carbonic acid gas are formed. Under their

malign influence the great vegetable eater becomes at times almost as unbalanced and little to be relied upon as one who habitually indulges in alcoholic beverages. It behoves him then to renovate his system by washing out repeatedly, to avoid entirely all fermenting food, and to live rigidly on the lean meats till all the yeasts are eliminated. Then, and not till then, should he bring in the vegetable foods in proper proportion. Such a diet maintains harmony, balance, lucidity of intellect, calmness and sanity throughout a long life. High on this rock is Health,—below, are the troubled waters of Disease. The roast beef of Old England lies deeper at the roots of 'England's greatness' than many are astute enough to perceive.

ON COOKING.

I could deliver myself of an edifying homily from a health standpoint on the boundless importance of good cooking; but if I once started there would be no holding me. I will just remark that Mrs. Grundy, who is a chronic dyspeptic and views things biliously, is a trifle hard on the sagacious individual who, having succeeded in capturing a good Cook, rather than lose her again, marries her! A woman who can plan and cook a substantial

digestible appetising dinner, is a genius and ornament to her sex, and Solomon's Virtuous Woman makes but a poor show beside her. And yet, quite complacently, we confide this most onerous branch of domestic economy, with all it involves for us, into the hands of the least educated class of the community! But too few people know when food is or is not well cooked. To most, if a food is cooked, it is cooked and is devoured unquestioningly. This is regrettable; for in all seriousness good food and good cooking mean life and health, bad food and bad cooking all too often disease and death.

ON BREAD, SLEEPLESSNESS, ETC.

I have turned my coat and go back from what I once said in praise of whole-meal bread, for my experience of and experiments in it have corrected my views. I don't mind owning when I'm wrong, since that is just saying that I'm wiser to-day than I was yesterday! I know not who is responsible for the stupid saying so often hurled at my head in too sanguine expectation of discomfiting experience and upsetting fact—that bread is the staff of life.¹

¹ I read that it was Dean Swift, but it could not have been in a lucid interval! More true is Shakespeare's '*Crammed with distressful bread*'!

Bread is *not* the staff of life. Far, far oftener is it the instrument of death. All the saccharine and starchy foods are not seldom weapons against us in the dread hand of Death. Whoever was the unenviable inventor of the fallacy, is even more responsible for much of the world's unhappiness than was Solomon with his unkind and silly 'proverb' about the rod and the child; which made of my childhood a misery, and left a legacy of painful memories to my life's end. But Solomon had more excuse for *his* mischievous aphorism, since with his mighty quiverful of problematical blessings he must often have been driven nearly distraught and constrained to lay about him with lavish profusion! Dr. Densmore says, and I put the *ff* pedal down here on my own account: 'It has been already quite irrefutably demonstrated by the patrons of German Spas, by those persons who have taken the Salisbury diet, and by those who have adopted the anti-cereal system, that bread, cereals, pulses and potatoes are very unwholesome foods, and that they contribute to nervous prostration, to premature decrepitude, and generally to loss of health and usefulness.'

I come now to a point on which I beg to offer you some good advice,—reminding you that it is one of those personal injuries which a good man

hastens to forget and tries hard to forgive! It is that all who suffer from 'Anno-domini,' sleeplessness, indigestion of all kinds, including cramps, sleep-walking, dozing sensations of falling, nightmare and so on, and from delicate health generally, even if unwisely rejecting a stricter diet, should make their evening meal one chiefly of animal food, solid or minced according to each one's powers of mastication and digestion. Because as a rule the digestive organs are weaker at night than at midday; and the lean meats, being readily assimilated, do not induce fermentation and flatulence, those avowed foes to restful quiet sleep.¹ The evening meal while being sufficient should with us all be the carefullest and simplest of the 3. It is, further, very obstructing to the breathing apparatus to go to bed on either a full stomach or one containing an undue proportion of fermentable foods. Almost imperceptibly ensue 'days without content, nights without sleep.' The cause is unsuspected and the unconscious victim of fermentation soon has recourse to drugs and sleeping draughts, which can by no possibility effect a cure but instead augment and complicate the evil. For

¹ It is not only pastry and lobster salad, but also sweets, vegetables and much bread at night, that are 'such stuff as *DREAMS* are made of';—and *what* dreams too!—enough to make one's hair curl with fright!

ere long, indigestion, *constipation*, less health, feebler resisting power will insensibly steal in, until it culminates in thorough breakdown. I speak from very narrowly watched experience; and I can always accurately predict what awaits me of night's rest and waking sensations in the morning, from my supper. And the wakefulness due to fermentation makes one even more restless and miserable than when lying awake from too strong tea—though that's bad enough! If any one will fairly try this suggestion of mine he will soon know whether I am speaking truth or not. The gouty and rheumatically-gouty will find, as one result, their poor weak hands less painful and more helpful in the morning; and similar advantages will accrue in other cases, while even more abundantly will the gain be felt by the *sleepless*. We cannot with any show of reason expect happy sleep while the foods we have eaten are fermenting, and we, distended with gas, have a yeast-pot working inside of us. Many a fine highly-strung mind that runs off the rails through insomnia—that terribly common source of present-day disaster—could be saved by thus simplifying the last meal.

Physicians have listened with a pitying smile when I have said that every chronic disease under

the sun is incontestably the product of feeding overmuch¹ on those foods and drinks which through fermentation engender that deadly carbonic acid gas against which I have warned you so earnestly. But it is I that pity them who, in constant touch with great suffering and misery—unconscious of the truth, hampered and blinded by prejudice,—miss their glorious opportunities, and fail to cure and save. The day is at its dawn, however, when, standing shoulder to shoulder, the people will compel their physicians to study and practise this benign treatment that during forty years has made good its claim as curative agent of invincible efficacy. And when the people shall have become educated to know how to get rid of this terrible gas and to eat and drink for health; then doctors (like poets) will have to add some other trade to their calling, for as prescribers of drugs their occupation will be gone.

I tell you that breads, sweets, fruits and all kinds of farinaceous and vegetable foods, eaten otherwise than very moderately, first cause—then nourish—each and every description of chronic diseases. And further, that in depriving such patients of meat the profession are committing not only an arrant

¹ 'Overmuch,' being interpreted, means *habitually* in larger proportion than animal foods.

folly but a desperate wrong; are unphilosophical and unscientific.¹

Over and over again, and yet again, in my practice as in myself, have I seen beyond all doubt that a little more of the above-named foods than experience justifies, taken regularly, is enough to bring back painful attacks of rheumatism, asthma, heart-distress, etc., etc. (differing in each case only according to each one's easiest-besetting ailment)—until the irresistible truth was forced upon us that, for all future time, we must indulge but sparingly in our favourite cereal, fruit, sweet and vegetable foods; and that meat must be *chief* if our recovered health was to rest upon a solid basis; also that our drinks were as a rule to be mainly hot water, tea, and coffee.

I honestly acknowledge that I once used to rebel, and considering this renunciation hardship, tried repeatedly to dodge or defy the fiends. But it did not pay.

¹ People very frequently write to me the extraordinary information that they are eating a diversity of articles which I can't pretend to enumerate, that 'agree with them perfectly well, and from which they are deriving wonderful benefit;'—then in the next few lines tell me they 'have just recovered from a severe illness,' and proceed to detail the ailments from which they are now suffering—serious enough even the least. *Oh, fools and blind!*—Do not you *see* that all those illnesses and pains you complain of, which are blighting and shortening your lives, are but the rightful and to-be-expected outcome of feeding upon those very things that are 'agreeing so well and wonderfully' with you?

And when memory vividly brought back the excruciating torments of dyspepsia, and the host of kindred evils that for so long tortured me and made all food terror, and life a burden ; while now I was so blessedly free and comfortable ; I learnt to be deeply thankful for the good foods that were left me, and ceased to long for the others that had been conducive to such unforgettable wretchedness.

Wines, beer, spirits, no doubt lend a helping hand towards calamity, but it is evident how much the *foods* are in fault, since there are innumerable victims of disease who have never tasted distilled or fermented liquors of any kind. I dwell upon all this somewhat importunately, and you must please forgive me, for I am so anxious that you should test for yourselves *the living truth* of all these conclusions. The trial is easy and safe, and will be a valuable and permanent object-lesson for you and all beholders. Thus will the science of healthful feeding be propagated and established ;—and untold, untellable good result to the world.

Friends and many others have replied to this, ‘Surely you exaggerate the evils of eating much bread and suchlike ; we are not all ill, yet we all eat a great deal of bread, etc.’ My invariable answer to this is (and money is no bad test of a truth!)

'Then look round on all your acquaintances and friends, at yourselves and families, think well over everybody you know ;—I will give you *half-a-crown* for each individual you can name who enjoys perfect health, who has nothing the matter with him.' Will it provoke surprise that I have not yet been called upon to pay up? Once indeed I trembled for my half-crown when a lady quite vehemently affirmed herself to be always perfectly robust and strong. But a searching glance at her face made me re-pocket my money, and she calmly continued—'Of course every now and then I have bad indigestion and neuralgia, but otherwise I am very healthy.' Here was ignoble contentment personified, satisfied with the fiends neuralgia and indigestion under the lovely name of Health! She said she ate chiefly bread and butter, because she preferred it to meat ; and this reasoning seemed to her to decide the argument, as it unquestionably demonstrated the source of her ailments.

It is sadly true of almost every one that they do not eat enough of the foods best calculated to supply all round the needs of the system, while taking far too much of rubbish. Many, many lose health, become chronically invalided or die, each passing year, from partaking habitually of foods that fill,

but do not nourish. The rich, while faring sumptuously every day, yet consume chiefly incongruous futilities which are in no sense real food ; and while in one way overeating, are half starving in the midst of plenty. It need be no matter for surprise then, when a comparatively insignificant occurrence occasions a complete breakdown ; for we can bear so little on an ill-fed though over-wrought stomach.

I find that even the poor, who as things are can't easily get the right foods or decent cooking, are wonderfully benefited by the hot water alone, as they have repeatedly told me ; keeping a clean stomach helps them greatly in dealing with inadequate and indigestible food. And oh, if the poor would but be wise and spend on beef and mutton the millions they now yearly (worse than) squander upon fire-water and the adulterations they deludedly call beer and stout, and would drink the good and cheap hot water instead (which quenches thirst, ousts the longing for liquor, and creates appetite for the strength-giving meat) ;—there would be much less ill-health among them, far more leisure, happiness, and ease, and fewer broken heads—not to speak of the broken hearts.

When this treatment is carried out faithfully, intelligently, perseveringly, I must bear my strong

and honest testimony from a very wide experience to the striking progress made by the sick, and to the readiness with which the whole-souled at once respond to it, to their delight and encouragement. It begins to take effect perceptibly from the first; and disease is gradually and steadily vanquished, by the simple molecular changes in nutrition; and by rich pure blood restoring the devastation wrought by years of wrong and over-feeding. Here is no glamour of golden miracle, nor did I ever say there was; only the result which must logically ensue from this truly scientific method of ourselves aiding Nature to work the cure. And one very powerful factor in it is *the saving of the forces*. For the labour is so light to digest animal as compared with starch and vegetable foods, and the nerve-force thus husbanded, is no mean quantity. Even epileptics, when taken off cereal and vegetable foods, and fed on lean meats properly prepared, and carefully adjusted to digestion, have entirely overcome the fits.

Sometimes, when I reflect upon the marvellous undeviating success of this kindly treatment, of the relief it brings to humanity groaning and travailing until now, of the happiness it confers on spirit, mind, and body;—words seem all too poor, and over-

whelmed with gratefulness for this crowning good of the Nineteenth Century, I am fain to seek relief in silence for the thoughts thronging upon me.



DO indeed passionately desire, for the health and happiness of my kind, that the Salisbury System, logical and demonstrable preventive of and cure for sickness—simple and complex—shall one day overflow my country as the waters cover the sea. For the mightily accumulating evidence of year after year, aye of each day, but ratifies my profound conviction that this System of prevention and cure is the most powerful and beneficent ever conferred on suffering humanity.

When the true and vast meaning, limitless scope, and universal applicability of Dr. Salisbury's discoveries—austerely scientific while exquisitely simple, governing so closely the well-being and the very life of each of us;—when these come to be comprehended and valued by the medical profession as they are beginning to be understood and prized by the people now, then will loyally and generously be accorded to him his incontestable place,—pre-eminent amongst true scientific discoverers, and a measureless benefactor of men.

As practical recognition of these scientific principles of operation ever more widely gains ground, chronic illness in all its forms, and with all its countless miseries, will gradually be expelled from our earth. This is no Utopian dream, but an attainable reality. I am told that I shall with unthinking people weaken the cause of the Salisbury Treatment by what I have just said. But I do not write for unthinking people, nor dare I suppress or garble what I KNOW to be the Truth through fear of what they may unthinkingly say. I write for those whose lives are saddened and made difficult for them by pain and illness, either in their own persons or through others' sufferings; and who, with amazement, rack their brain day and night as I did mine, to try and find the *meaning* of it all; convinced if I could get hold of that, I was near the fair high-road to health again.

Those who have kindly come with me thus far will, using their intelligence and power of thought, not seek to disprove my statement or undervalue this treatment;—but will see that as we have stamped out the plague or black death, and are successfully accomplishing the same by cholera, small-pox, and other epidemics, through searching for the cause, and everywhere creating such sanitary

conditions as shall render these unhealthy states unlikely and eventually impossible ;—so shall we individually, each possessing for himself the knowledge calculated to keep sickness at bay, finally become exempt from those other diseases—offspring of the accursèd fermentation—which we now bring upon ourselves, and which mar and embitter and shorten our lives. As now we are makers of sickness for ourselves, so shall we then be architects of our own perfect health, and all lend a willing hand in building up that of our weaker comrades. When butcher and tin-kettle maker shall have superseded the puissant triumvirate, the doctor, the chemist, and the undertaker—and this must inevitably betide as knowledge increases—our earth will be a happier and indeed a safer place to live in than it is to-day.¹

On then gallantly, my unknown friend, and win the noble health-fight ! No man can hinder if you with sincere whole-souled endeavour abide by the right and cast off wrong-doings. Here, as in all else in this world, you are your own best friend and helper or worst foe, and your dearest interest lies in your own hands. See you permit nor friend nor physician to scare you from the good path. Alas

¹ I am very far from asserting that in this System we have reached *all* Truth, but here, without shadow of doubt more than ever before, are we close upon her track and within the light of her torch,

for me to-day had I heeded the dejected forebodings of either when I began this treatment! The pain, the weakness, the infinite weariness of illness, and horrible tedium of convalescence are yours to bear, yours and not another's ;—the good health, long life, and welfare will be yours no less ;—and the grave responsibility of choice—now rests with YOU.

I close with once more a quotation from the book which has so luminously elucidated for us the Cause, Prevention, and Cure of Disease. 'From these experiments [in dieting the hogs] we learn this important lesson: *Even hogs cannot make hogs of themselves with impunity, on a diet that the digestive organs were never made to properly digest and assimilate . . .* This fact is so vital, not alone to animals but also in an even greater degree to MAN, that I may be pardoned if I repeat in closing my work, *Nearly all our diseases, aside from infections, poisons, and injuries in general, are the terrible outcome of defective and unhealthy feeding . . .* It is my abiding hope that *the people* may be brought to see these facts for themselves, and may, by individual and intelligent self-control, aid their physicians to restore and maintain the oft-imperilled balance of Health. Without it there is neither Beauty, Use, nor Happiness for us, in its absence all the great

glories and truths fade away from our sick vision . . . If we will not learn Nature's methods she crushes us in the reversion of her laws, and passes on. But if we examine and inaugurate her processes, we become as calm and strong as she, and, like her, in our lives we receive and manifest the DIVINE.¹

It is by a long way my dearest and most ardent desire too, to reach the hearts and minds of the weary and pain-laden who feel their sore need of help; who after many a bitter disappointment are as I was;—sick with hope deferred. And it is a proud and happy thought to me that I have been the means, in the cases of thousands, of saving their bodies 'from death, their eyes from tears, and their feet from falling.'

As eyes of old gazed wistfully towards the East in expectation of coming good, so turn mine to-day hopefully to the West for the world's deliverance

¹ Nature lives in her children only; and the Mother—where is she? Individuality seems to be all her aim, and she cares nothing for individuals. With all she plays a friendly game, and rejoices the more a man wins from her. With many her game is so secret that she ends it before they are aware. Her exceptions are rare, her laws immutable . . . The drama she plays is always new because she is always bringing new spectators; and to us her play is all-important . . . Her crown is Love. Through Love alone can we come near her. With one draught of Love she repays for a life full of trouble. (Who said this? Who *could*—but Goethe !)

from a thousand ills. Light lie the turf on the breast of Columbus, the discoverer of America—and Dr. Salisbury. (And, indirectly, of Elma Stuart !)

Here I call a halt. A distant clock is tolling midnight, a nightingale in a tree is singing divinely under the open windows, and from a neighbouring tree my peacock answers—*not* divinely ! My book is finished, and the very best that is in me is here in it. Do any blame my speech as too colloquial ? I ask them to remember that for many years past the public have written to me not as to a stranger but a friend, as one who counted for something in their lives as they in mine. I answer warmly to this kindly feeling while still I may, for

The bird of time has but a little way to flutter,
And the bird is on the wing.

For me Even-song is ringing, and the night falleth when no man can work, or love. Musing somewhat sadly on that inevitable night, my heart deeply echoes as my hand slightly alters some one's pathetic lines,

Oh thus to live, I and my labour linked
With love and fellowship till life shall end—
Then loving, helping still, to linger here,
Here, on my Earth,—Earth's every man my friend !

Work is long, and life is short. I shall not reap where I have sowed, nor witness the final triumph

of the Cause that has so long dwelt within my heart's heart. Mine has been the struggle; to others the Victory. But I rejoice to-day with unspeakable joy in the Vision of Health that awaits the generations yet to be; of which glorious future it was my happy lot to be pioneer. To me it was given to unfurl over England the Salisbury Banner of Love and Healing, and bear it aloft—heart sore and weary enough sometimes—along the hopeless wastes of human woe.

To my own shortcomings as exponent of this mighty subject, I am keenly alive. I can only say I have worked *faithfully*, and have spared neither time nor thought to be as comprehensive, minute and clear as was to me anyway possible. I have had to run counter to many preconceived ideas and opinions, many old traditions and stubborn prejudices. It could not be helped. They have to go. And when each year discovered to me the unrivalled curativeness of the Salisbury System; when, on the other hand, I daily witnessed the blindfold leading the blind—to the grave,—I felt that at any cost I must speak up, must hold on high the living light of Truth, to illuminate the darkness surrounding us. Throughout the writing of every page, yes, of each carefully-chosen, well-weighed word of this book,

I have been sternly at the bar of my conscience, nor have I lost sight for a moment of my solemn accountability to you, in urging upon your sincere acceptance the saving truths of my Great Message. And especially has this final revise been my arduous and thoughtful work of love, daily, during the past three years. For it is my last word to you, and will live and yield an abundant harvest long after my working time is done, my fighting days are ended. The success of my labours reaches incomparably beyond my highest hopes, my fondest dreams;—and I am *glad* that I have lived.

Words are feeble things without strong faith to receive them, but faith must be born of investigation and reason. Yours now with joy and hope the unshunnable duty, and the privilege, to thoughtfully examine and assure yourselves. So leave I this momentous question—whether will you still chance it under the old systems or live under the new?—to your dispassionate deliberation. You are the jury,—what shall be your verdict?

HEALTH BE WITH YOU! FAREWELL.

20th Apl. 1895.

ELMA STUART,
6th Febr'y. 1898.





FURTHER PRESCRIPTIONS AND REMEDIES.

IHAVE often said that the Salisbury doctor should have had all the illnesses he hopes to cure ; then he intimately knows their ways, and just how the patient feels ! If this be a qualification, then may I fairly claim a top place in school. For certainly, even in the last 12 years, I have a goodly show of various illnesses, chiefly due, I confess, to the egregious stupidity of putting work before all requirements of Health ; recklessly overspending strength and vitality in veritable slavery. I regret it now most bitterly—when too late. But in each of these trying experiences I learnt afresh how mighty to save is the Salisbury Treatment, what a rampart it raises against even a ghastly complicated illness where body, heart, brain, and nervous system are all worn out and have collapsed. The loss all round in the struggle is very terrible, and one is not the same afterwards. There is just this to be said, however,—that under any other System but the one which *helps* Nature so largely and so loyally, no bravest struggle could have availed me aught.

It has been remarked to me that I have on several points somewhat modified my advice since printing my first edition 12 years ago. Well, is all—even professional—advice after 12 years' experience, exactly the same as in

the beginning, though it was *then* the thoughtful best? If mine was, I should feel like richly deserving Sydney Smith's appropriate words, that when he heard of a man with an unalterable opinion, he set him down as an unalterable ass!

To further help you, from personal experience, I add the (basic) remedial treatment in a few more diseases, and several harmless prescriptions which may come in handy for you, my intelligent reader. The diet, remember, must be more or less rigid according to each individual patient's need, and hot water is *a necessity*.¹ (See page 331.)

1. *Eczema*. In Eczema, milk and cream, which are poisons, in this disease, fruits, all sweet and salt foods must be avoided, and beef and mutton made the chief articles of diet. Wash out well internally, but drink no liquid above 90° Fahr. No medicine is required. Keep the bowels open once a day by the simplest means. Use a neutral soap in washing, one without free alkali, and if your washing water is hard, put a bag of bran in it, renewing the bran from time to time. Resist all temptation to scratch and so spread the vegetation. Here is a lotion I have found of great value, curing even the most obstinate and painful cases.

¹ I will just mention (that no one may deem his case beyond the reach of this System) that in my practice I have successfully treated—very many cases diagnosed as 'incurable'—Bright's disease, diabetes and other kidney troubles, gout, 'rheumatic gout,' eczema in its most tormenting and stubborn forms, asthma, consumption of the bowels, locomotor-ataxy, insomnia, nervous diseases, catarrh of the stomach, and long-standing dyspepsia even where sufferers had become unable to retain food; as well as numerous of the lesser maladies. It is interesting also as a side-issue of this building-up cure to note, that some of my patients whose hair had fallen off even to baldness, have grown a good 'after-math' again with natural colour restored; and that eyesight which was fast failing recovered clearness and strength.

FOR ECZEMA.

Resorsin	1 oz.
Price's pure Glycerine	1 „
Pond's Extract Witch Hazel	7 „

Apply after washing the parts and drying with a soft cloth morning and night; and use till eczema is gone. Should the lotion smart at first, dilute with water. After applying the lotion, rub in all over the parts a little of this ointment and cover with soft linen rag.

Ointment of the Benzoated Oxide of Zinc 4 oz.
(*Dr. Salisbury.*)

2. *For itching and irritation* in front or back passages; use this lotion after washing the parts when they itch or are painful.

LOTION.

Resorsin	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Pure Glycerine	1 „
Water	3 „

(*Dr. Salisbury.*)

Mix. Correct diet, and do not scratch.

3. *Sick Headache.* Take a dose of senna or cascara at once, to move the bowels and get the bile down out of the stomach. Wash out well with hot water; take no food; keep warm, rest quietly, and as soon as the bile leaves the stomach the headache is gone.

4. *Olive Oil.* Those whose daily motions are dry and hard should take with or just after meals, a tea-spoonful to begin with, of best Lucca olive oil. If that digests nicely and doesn't 'return,' come to a dessert- and then to a table-spoonful. Use also on going to bed an enema of 1 to 2 oz. of olive oil and retain all night. A table-

spoonful of this oil with each meal is a good remedy for *Gall-stones*.

5. *Emaciation*. If persons become extremely emaciated and weak on the lean-beef diet, it is evidence that there is fatty infiltration of the muscular fibres as in pernicious anæmia; and this fat has all to be eliminated before the patient can build up. While this eliminating process is going forward, do not allow cream, as it is apt to ferment, sour and cause wind; but you may give a tea-spoonful of the best (Lucca) olive oil after each meal, or if preferred, on the meat and at bed-time. If well digested it can be gradually increased to a dessert- or even a table-spoonful; Rub with cocoa butter all over morning and night, and an enema of 1 to 2 oz. of the olive oil given the last thing and retained all night will do good. As soon as cereals can be nicely digested, begin with a small piece of crisp toast or a little rice boiled for 3 hours. By moving watchfully and carefully in every respect the patient will soon begin to gain all along the line. Keep him cheery and hopeful, and do anything rather than dispirit him with your own doubts and fears, in case you constitute them realities. Make all his surroundings bright and happy, then we may confidently look for the happiest results.

6. *Water-brash* is caused by fermenting food producing reversed peristaltic action in the stomach and bowels, and reversed action in all the cells of the stomach. This produces a sudden outflow of watery fluid accompanied by nausea and disposition to vomit. The cure is to wash out thoroughly with warm water at the prescribed times, to stop all fermenting foods, and to be most careful not to *overeat*, even on the incomparable beef itself. Keep the bowels freely open every day.

7. *For Great Depression and Congested Head*. Take

enough hot water to keep the urine clear and bring it down to an average density of '10 in the 24 hours, and in addition take this pill at bed-time till the head clears.

PILL.

(Medical properties, acting on liver and gently opening.)

Powdered Extr. Col. com.	2½ grains
Podophyllin	¼ grain.

Mix. Dose, 1 to 2 pills.

(*Dr. Salisbury.*)

If 1 pill moves too much, take $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$. Don't physic, simply move the bowels every morning. As soon as the downward peristalsis is restored by means of hot water and the pill, the head will clear and the congestion be relieved; but while they last be careful to eat *less* than you want. It will also help, to put the feet at bed-time in salt and very hot water for 5 minutes; then dry and have them well rubbed with cocoa butter for 5 or 10 minutes, after which have them gently stroked from heel to toes for the same time. There is strong sympathy between the head and the feet, and they react on each other. The *salt* rub-over (see next page) is first-rate in this case too.

8. *Pernicious Anæmia.* Anæmia in a more or less severe degree is very common, and is perfectly curable even in the 'pernicious' form. It is fatty infiltration in all the muscular fibres of the body, including those of the blood glands and heart arteries. When these are involved death soon results from positive starvation (although appetite is often ravenous to the end), the digestive organs having become a mere yeast-pot generating poisonous fermentations. Fatty infiltration is a beneficence of Nature to give time to amend and recover; but this fat

has all to be eliminated before muscle-repair and muscle-making can begin. The same rigid diet of muscle pulp of lean beef must be adopted here as in Bright's disease, and only 4 oz. of clear tea or of hot water should be taken near the end of meals. The patient should lead a quiet passive life, and should rest for an hour before and after meals; rubbing should constitute his only exercise. When all this is done, cure is assured.

9. *Washes-over.* In *run-down* from any cause, nervous states, delicate health, etc., it will help the treatment to get some strong vigorous person to rub you all over $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours after breakfast with moistened hands dabbed in table salt; sponge off with warm water and rub till in a glow. Rub bit by bit and cover with warm blanket each part when finished. This starts circulation, aids digestion, and gives life to weakened nerves. A very refreshing sequel to this sponging of the body, which all may use with advantage, is as follows:—Have a pint bottle of alcohol or of quite common brandy, into which put 60 grains of quinine. (Shake the bottle before use.) Pour 2 table-spoonfuls into a saucer and rub well in piecemeal, with a small sponge, or better still, with a friend's firm hand; all over you night or morning (or night *and* morning); this will soon give you a fine backbone! Delicate people should *sit* to these performances, and the Sick stay in bed the while.

The quinine-and-brandy wash comes in well after this also:—Wash every night or morning in water (temperature that suits you best) to which is added from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 oz. of Aqua Ammonia to each quart of water used; or instead, put in a good dash of Scrubb's Ammonia. Rub well in and dry till in a fine glow. Vary the Ammonia with a hot soapy wash-over. You can't keep the skin too free and clean. Should your skin be dry and scaly, get rubbed

with cocoa butter, very little at a time and all rubbed in, at bed-time.

10. *Lumbago and Sciatica*. Lumbago is neuralgia in the tender loin muscles of the back, hips, etc. This is primarily caused by the gas (flatulence) in the large bowels being absorbed and partially paralysing the nerves of aforesaid muscles; and secondarily by some exposure, or sudden strain, while bilious and out of sorts generally from wrong feeding. *Remedy*:—Keep quiet and warm in bed. Wash out persistently. Keep the bowels well open, and adhere cheerfully to the rigid diet of minced beef and whites of eggs. *Do not overeat* or you will keep up the wind in the large bowel. Apply a Belladonna plaster to the back. If it fails to relieve after 2 days' trial, get 1 lb. of pressed hops; put in a large bag and wring out of very hot water. Wrap the bag all round the back and bowels, cover well with a warm woollen blanket, and lie still that you may perspire. When the poultice grows cool, wring it out again in hot water and apply as before. Keep this up till the pain ceases, and when it is gone wrap up in a woollen blanket for the night. Next morning wash over with alcohol to prevent taking cold. Fast from food till hunger comes naturally. Sciatica is horribly *stickative*, but I have cured long and rabid attacks in 4 days by the diet and hot water, attacks that had baffled all remedies tried, and worn out the patient with pain and distress.

11. *Dyspepsia*. If a patient's digestion is so weakened that he can't digest at all, wash out as directed, and when he *wants* food and begs for it with real hunger, begin by giving 1 oz. of carefully prepared mince at a meal and the white of an egg beaten up after it. Help keep up the strength by injections of strong beef-tea beaten up with the white of an egg and a table-spoonful of best whisky or

brandy. Give these as often as they are borne without producing looseness. If 1 oz. of mince is nicely digested, come to 2 at a meal, and if that is a success go on slightly increasing, watchfully.

12. *Flatulence.* For *relief* when troubled with it, put a tea-spoonful of bicarbonate of *soda*¹ in a tumbler of hot water and sip it. Should, however, the attack be severe, do this :—Take a tumbler of hot water with a dash of whisky and red pepper in it and one drop of spirits of camphor ; sip this gradually. Briskly rub the stomach and bowels from right to left with the hands, and tap or spank them with the palms, till wind is dislodged and passes out.

13. Regarding *Pepsin* : in itself it has no directly curative value whatever. But when the stomach is so paralysed by absorption of gas as to be unable to make its own pepsin, then pure pepsin may be used with benefit as an aid to digestion and assimilation. Great care should be taken to secure it thoroughly good. It should be prepared from the stomachs of calves that are not more than 3 or 4 days old, and before they have had any food but milk. But as every one's fatted calf may not be handy for killing, I give a recipe for home-made pepsin from the gizzard of a fowl sent me by my friend Mr. Hermann Vezin, who thinks one from *ostrich-gizzard* should render a diet of pebbles and tenpenny nails perfectly fascinating ; and I am not sure that, with limitations, I don't agree with him, for we both have seen good results from his recipe !

Mr. H. V.'s *pepsin* :—Kill a fowl ; take out the gizzard and strip off the ribbed inner skin, which wash clean from grit and gravel.² Hang up to dry, and when you have

¹ Soda does not mean *potash* please !

² If you don't keep poultry, these skins can be had for the asking from your poulturer under the name of 'grit-bags.'

several, pound very fine in a mortar (which is nice warming work!) and keep in a well-corked bottle. The dose for an infant (who can't digest its food well) is what would make the size of a marrow-fat pea in some milk; for an adult half a tea-spoonful with the meals. The Jews and Chinese are said to have used this pepsin for over 1,000 years.

14. *For weak action of the heart*, as in rheumatism, asthma, etc., the following will be found to stimulate the heart, while sweetening and invigorating the stomach.

Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia 6 oz.

Take one tea-spoonful in each pint of your hot water.

15. *Influenza, 'Grippe' or Colds.*¹ I find that most Salisbury patients are either exempt or get off very lightly, these maladies being attributable to a very foul interior from incautious feeding. This gives a poorly-nourished system, which is besides infected by fermentation and its products;

¹ I am ignorant of the action of poisons but quite sure of this about infections, that healthful feeders are exempt. As to influenza, typhoid, etc., the foul and fermenting condition of our own intestinal canal is a far more prolific source of these diseases than all the drains, W.C.'s, or grave-yards in existence. If I were to catch influenza I should be uncommonly ashamed of myself, knowing the real reading of the cause! The disease germs find a favouring shelter in systems full of decomposing *injecta*, poisonous gases and ducts loaded with impurities. Health is impervious to disease.

Even in cases of injury or accident, evidence is clear that healing processes are extraordinarily expedited and simplified where the injured has lived on substantial, easily digested foods, and is clean inside. I had the ill-luck to verify this strikingly twice over: when I badly broke two ribs, and again with equal genius, smashed my right wrist. Both serious mishaps came from feeling what Dr. Salisbury calls 'dangerously well,' when from very exuberance I rode my cycle like a six-pence-an-hour idiot. In each case repair began immediately; no complications nor fever ensued, even pain was wonderfully subdued.

and people in this internally unclean condition demand for bodily warmth close stuffy rooms, and this also counts in influenza, etc.

I asked Dr. Salisbury respecting this ubiquitous disease with a view to my book, and as usual had his ready help. He sent me letter-press and engravings of the little parasite (which is animal, not vegetable, and is found in cold waters, and often in raw oysters) in different stages of its growth, taken from his article published in Germany in 1873. He studied and worked up this disease in 1865, and published an account of it in all the civilised world;—and no one heeded. Since then he has cured—rapidly subduing the attacks—many thousand cases. Influenza, he says, has always been with us, and what we have now is but our old acquaintance. It gives trouble mostly from October to May, when we close up our houses and have bad ventilation, and is in this respect like all contagious diseases.

The disease is simple and easy to cure if the enemy is attacked *at once*. It develops in the follicles of the eyes, nose, throat and lungs in great numbers, producing much irritation and poisoning the whole body. If the animals are allowed to reach the lungs before being attacked, the disease becomes more tedious to handle, and takes some weeks to cure; and if the infusorial parasite is let work its way into the smaller bronchi and air-cells, asthmatic symptoms often supervene, and the sufferings, already almost unendurable, are greatly intensified. Death may occur in the acute stage of this disease from spasms of the pharynx and epiglottis, also from exhaustion. Influenza may continue for a long time if the parasite is not destroyed; though after a period, according to the temperament, condition and health of the patient, the irritation assumes the chronic form, and the sufferings diminish and

gradually disappear. If taken from the first signs in nose or throat, the pill, Dr. Salisbury says, is as good as a shot-gun to kill the little animals off; but even in advanced stages it is a grand remedy.

From the very first admonitory sneeze, go to bed and fast. Stay there warm and quiet, proceeding thus. Apply round the neck a flannel cloth wet with strong spirits of camphor. Should there be any choking feeling or difficulty in breathing or in swallowing, apply small bags of hops wrung out of very hot water round the neck. Cover all with a woollen shawl loosely, letting it come over the lower part of the face and about two inches away from it, so as to conduct the vapour of the hops up to the nose and mouth. This vapour breathed in with the air will soon relieve the croupy choky symptoms. At bed-time take one pill (see prescription) and with it something (cascara, senna, etc.) to keep open the bowels freely every morning and prevent costiveness.

PILL FOR INFLUENZA.

(Also beneficial in colds, etc.)

Pulv. Doveri.	1½ drachms.
Extr. Belladonnae.	5 grains.
Codie	5 "
Hydrastin	30 "
Extr. Aconite leaves	5 "

Mix well and make pills 30.

(*Dr. Salisbury.*)

Dose. For those over 14 years of age, one pill at bed-time until relieved. From 6 to 14 years of age, half a pill. From 2 to 6 years old, a quarter of a pill.

Diet. During the attack take plenty of hot water, *fast till healthy appetite returns*, then have beef-tea, beef-jelly,

whites of eggs, and mince in such amounts only as can be well digested without flatulence. Presently add to these mutton, chicken, game and sweetbreads, *au choix*.

16. *Diarrhœa*. This is due to irregularity and wrong doing somewhere. Look for the cause. It may be bad water, bad meat, careless cooking, getting a chill, worrying, or hearing sudden bad news, etc. Don't get nervous and anxious about yourself and don't resort to any violent measures to stop it. Keep calm, passive, and quiet, holding yourself well together. Be very careful not to expose yourself to cold; stay indoors, best in bed, see very few people, and keep warm with the help of hot bottles if needed. Don't be persuaded off the diet, to slops and farinaceous things. Continue the hot water in the usual way and put plenty of black pepper in it. Keep rigidly to the lean beef, and the whites of eggs, raw, lightly poached or steamed, and use black pepper very freely with your meat. Reduce food in quantity to one half or three-quarters your usual amount till bowels get quiet again. See that your beef is perfectly fresh, for even a slight taint will induce diarrhœa. Don't go in for pills, sedatives, or any drugs; trustfully do all here said, and a few days of this careful going will set you up all right. If there is pain and distress in the bowels, it is from gas there; and I recommend an enema of warm water and glycerine, to get an action and pass off the gas. The quieter you stay outside and in, the better for your recovery with the least loss of strength. Have bowels rubbed with the flat of hand gently and firmly, from right to left, to move on the wind and gas.

17. *Jaundice*. 'Drink 1 gallon warm water daily, with 1 dram cream tartar in it.' This is the telegram Dr. Salisbury sent in reply to an appeal in a case in point; and

assuredly, never in this country at least, was a very bad attack of jaundice so quickly overcome.

In a week or thereabout the bile will certainly have cleared, or be clearing fast out of the system, and the passages and colour of the skin will be normal or nearly so. Then *stop* the daily gallon, and reduce to 6 pints for a few days more, and when skin is clear, motions dark again, and urine standing below '10 and no longer mahogany-coloured; drop down to your 4 pints and only occasionally take a tea-spoonful cream of tartar in the early pint. And *mind this*; while taking the quantity of warm water, *you must eat sufficiently* of beef cakes and mince. You are getting a tremendous and most needful cleansing, blood, tissues, every part of you, is being thoroughly washed out from the poisonous permeating bile, and you *must* keep the blood rich and the tissues nourished by FEEDING UP to it all. I have spoken. You require no medicines and are better without stimulants; and, weak as jaundice must leave its victim, no work, no fatigue, mental or physical, is permissible. Mind that please.

18. *Tape-worm*. In kindness to those who persist in eating their meat raw, or nearly so, I give clear directions how to eject the (not unlikely resultant) worm.

PRESCRIPTION.

Chloroform (pure) 30 drops = 1 drachm.
 Kouso *fresh herb*, of good quality, finely pulverised $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
 Castor oil 1 ,,

Now proceed. The day previous to the impending eviction move the bowels well with Epsom salts or castor oil; then go without supper (or late dinner) for that night. On the following morning at 6 o'clock prepare the kouso tea by pouring half a pint of boiling water on the ground

koussou; cover and let it steep for 20 minutes. While it steeps take half a tea-spoonful (30 drops) of pure chloroform in half a breakfast cup of black coffee. *Stir* the coffee and chloroform very thoroughly, to prevent them separating. After taking it lie down again for 15 minutes and *then* drink the koussou right down, dregs and all. Lie down again for one to one and a half hours, then have 2 *good* table-spoonfuls of castor oil. (Shaken up in a little hot milk, you don't taste it.) The worm will begin to come away in about 3 hours after the koussou if enough oil is taken. There is no pain whatever in this operation for you (or worm!) It is all a little *ruse* on your part; you make him drunk on the chloroform, he drowsily quits his hold on the bowels, and before he is over his 'spree,' he is out, head and tail, on a thankless world, much to his surprise and annoyance. When he is all gone, rise and have a good square meal and forget him. Don't be afraid if he is rather long. I have taken away by these means one over 30 feet in length, and Dr. Salisbury told me he has done likewise by some more than 60 feet. The moral of it all is: Don't eat under-cooked meat, have it 'done to a turn'; then you can't have tape-worm.

19. *Twitchings, etc., in limbs.* A good many people have complained to me of this painful occurrence in their illnesses, which their physicians 'could not account for' nor relieve. (Of how few of the hundreds of letters I receive, is this *not* the burden—the helplessness of the profession, which might all begin to mend *from to-morrow*, if—Ah, but what a large if!) With my correspondents' trouble I can most strongly sympathise, for during several years I myself deeply suffered from the symptom they bewail. Mine began with a frequent twitching through the whole legs, always worst at nights, disturbing and

distressing to a degree, but not *at first* acute pain. Ere long, however, it grew to be positive *agony*, as the wretched legs that I could not move to save my life, violently jerked and doubled up, then as suddenly kicked straight out. It was like dislocated hip and broken knee joints at each *reprise*. I had no more control over my unhappy limbs than if they had belonged to some one else—which I devoutly wished they had! This used to go on the long night through, and the exhaustion of it was awful. Well, when I began my hot water, at once the cruel ‘kicks’ became much less grievous; and then, when through this Treatment’s enlightenment I discovered their source, *i.e.* irritation of the spine from *want of nourishment*;—I stood no more of their nonsense, but stopped them at once by *taking food then and there*. No more ‘kicks’ for me since; *and oh the relief!* Though plucky at bearing pain, I have lain and ‘roared’ in helpless misery from 11 P.M. till 7 A.M.; and I could not even raise my painful gouty hands to wipe the tears from my wretched eyes. If my doctors, instead of telling me that it was ‘part of my illness, and I must just bear it,’ had but known the cause, what should I not have been spared! But physicians *must learn* how to arrest these symptoms in their earliest form, for as the effects of malnutrition deepen in the system, the twitchings complained of will grow and develop, and ‘the kicks,’ sleeplessness, and the exhaustion, are really killing;—and all so easy to obviate. Meantime, be *you* also a law unto yourselves; think, and act. At the first threatenings, *Take Food*. A slice or two of cold roast meat, a little of my mince, or a sandwich of the same; Lo! the nerves are *fed* and soothed, the terrible jerks and kicks stilled; and ‘sleep on thine eyes, peace in thy breast’ soon descend.

P.S. I do not recommend *liquids* for this (beef-teas or essences, etc.); they often cause flatulence, which is *no* acquisition!

20. *Sleeplessness.* (Please note what I have said about taking food if wakeful.) If sleepless from brain worry, grief, etc., do this, which you will find very calming and soporific. Get an old man's cotton nightcap, and a woollen one as well, *brewer's caps* I think they are called. Double one half neatly within the other (if the long shape with a tassel at each end is used). Steep the cotton one in very cold water, wring it not too dry but so that it won't drip. Insert it in the dry woollen one, and put them both on your head, bringing them well down over the brows and nape of neck. Re-dip in cold water if needful and you should be wakeful. I do not say this extinguisher-like head-gear is just becoming to everybody's style of beauty, but I have often proved its soothing and sleep-giving virtues, and that surely tips the scale. When you take off the wet night cap, put a dry covering on head till hair is dry.

If sleepless from nerves jarred and all no-how, do this. Lie all ready for sleep in your usual *most* comfortable position, all light darkened, etc. Let some one you know well and like, kneel at the foot of the bed and with hands under the bed-clothes, stroke the feet just as they lie close together, infinitely slowly and softly from above top of instep to the toes. You the while, lying with shut eyes, perfectly still, counting the strokes *mentally*, and entirely *concentrating* your mind and thoughts upon them in the silence. When your breathing becomes gentle and regular, your friend will very noiselessly steal away, leaving you in or on the border of the lovely Land of Nod. In my recent severe illness from long strain of overwork, many and

many an hour's blessed sleep had I, though my irritable nerves were like a rat-trap; from the 'Angela' of my home doing this for me. I usually enlisted the services of the wet night-cap as well, to 'mak' sure.'

Another device in sleeplessness, is, while lying on your back, to have some one firmly yet gently rub the bowels from right to left with the flat of the hand. The patient often drops asleep under this manœuvre which is really philosophic, for who shall say how much of his sleeplessness is not due to fermentation, wind and gas in the bowels, which this rubbing dissipates?

'To bed at eleven, get up at seven,
Eight hours' sleep,—and postpone Heaven!'

21. Those with *Rheumatic Knees*, stout people or elderly, should wear flannel rollers 3 yards long by 3 inches wide rolled not tightly but firmly round the knees and about 2 inches above and below. It protects from weather and affords comfortable support. At night, substitute Shetland knee-caps.

22. *Stimulants*. To what I said elsewhere about allowing these 'to bridge over a weak time,' please add, Take the brandy only so long as you find it a help, only in the amount necessary to do the work, and never in any quantity that will ferment and make gas, which spirits are ready enough to do.

23. '*For Ladies only.*' On commencing the Salisbury treatment periodic irregularity frequently occurs extending sometimes over many months. This need cause no alarm whatever, and should *not* be interfered with. Dr. Salisbury says that when strength from good digestion is re-established, normal conditions are again restored, and I have invariably found it so. I hope yet to see garters and stays discarded entirely.

24. *Glycerine*. While prohibiting sugar and saccharine, I allow as an occasional treat in tea and coffee, a little of Price's best glycerine. It is the sugar of oils, and though it ferments much less readily than ordinary sugar, still it *may* ferment, and must be taken cautiously, and not by everybody.

25. *Boils* should not be poulticed and brought to a head, but checked and dispersed, as suppuration makes other boils come.

A FINAL APPEAL.

Once more, once more my Reader, in bidding you a last good-bye, I beseech you to pause and gravely consider the way you yourself are going. My Message to you may sound new and strange, for what departs from the accepted groove, seems hostile and dangerous. But the truths I preach of this glorious gospel of Health are old and authentic; as old and real as deranged stomachs, as sickness unto death; nay, older, for the cause—wrong-feeding—*preceded* these. Each warning I have uttered meets mournful corroboration every day, not only in your own unsatisfactory state of health and in that of friends and acquaintances, but as you read in the daily papers of useful, valuable lives gone out, of men and women who had *no business* to die passing into the Great Unknown, leaving the world for many, a poor and empty place. Alas! while I read I *see* the sure remedy close to hand—and ignored. I watch the feeble and sick actually *helped* out of this fair world by being ordered the self-same foods which in the beginning, contributed so liberally to compass their Health-break. Foods which, inadequately nourishing, *make* no strength but *rob* the patient of the little he has in vainest effort to digest them. To look on at these tragedies is the grief of my life, and all the more, well knowing such deaths to be mostly unnecessary, and generally, perfectly, and really simply, preventible.



TO INTENDING CORRESPONDENTS.



TAKE but few patients now, and these, *Not gratis*; nor will I hold any more gratuitous correspondence with the general public on the subject of the Salisbury Treatment. Those who desire answers from me to their questions on this matter, will have to enclose my fee for such answers and then they may ask what they please.

Daily, for eleven years, I did a vast amount of very laborious work in gratis correspondence with the general public. I was at my desk or type-writer from early morning till late at night, year in, year out, without any rest, but not without great distress; a dreary, cheerless life, with no joy for me. Eleven years of it! And all the while I was at great expense for postage, stationery, samples of mince, jars, etc. The heavy over-strain culminated, as it was bound to do, in that terrible illness called *nervous exhaustion*; painful beyond words to suffer, and long and weary to recover from; and part of the time, I had to fight hard for life. I was very ill for over a year, and I now utterly refuse to take up the old slavery of unceasing toil for the general public. They *all but* slew the goose that laid them the golden (Salisbury) eggs;—*all but* drove a most willing horse (donkey rather!) to death, and I, for one, will no longer be a party to it. I hope that this is now clearly understood, and for ever. Wishing you Health.

E. S.

TO INTENDING PATIENTS.



PRINTED circular of my terms may be had on application to me at Toutley Hall, Wokingham, Berks; along with clear directions for sending the samples, to be exactly followed, so that I may be enabled to do the utmost justice to the case, which is impossible to me when old hair-wash and retired medicine bottles are sent.

It is my habit to enclose a list of questions to be fully filled in and returned to me for guidance in treating distant cases, and I merely observe that it is scarcely to the patient's interest to answer these questions (which have been thoughtfully framed) with such enlightening information as 'Am sure I don't know.' 'Haven't a notion.' 'Not an idea.' (Probably not a bad shot!)¹

When a personal consultation is proposed, which includes the advantage of a blood examination, I prefer the specimens and replies to questions sent me *beforehand*, as I am the better able to help the patient on coming, and his time is thus economised.

The patient must report himself on the forms I supply, at the dates I appoint, or I at once retire, repudiating for myself all responsibility, and for the Salisbury Treatment every imputation of failure in the case.

ELMA STUART.

¹ After this little revenge for being thus balked, I can afford to forgive the delinquents; like the dying Spanish Noble who, asked by the Priest if he forgave his enemies, looked up with a seraphic smile, saying—'I have shot them all'!

From DR. SALISBURY, M.D.

It gives me great pleasure to state that Mrs. Elma Stuart's Microscopic and Chemical Examinations of the blood and secretions in disease are most complete and accurate, and give me a better and clearer idea of the sick patient than any similar examinations I have ever had made.

She has studied the subject most thoroughly, and has become a ready, competent, and very accurate worker. This enables her to go at once to the seat of disease and remove the cause, by stopping the wrong doings and substituting in their place the right.

She is doing a great good—a good that will be highly appreciated hereafter—in correcting the habits and livings of the people, and showing them how to keep well.

J. H. SALISBURY, M.D.,

170 WEST 59th STREET,

NEW YORK CITY.

December 1890.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF DR. SALISBURY TO MRS.
ELMA STUART, TOUTLEY HALL, WOKINGHAM, BERKS.

. . . I am delighted you are getting on so well and stand your ground against all. You are established on a rock, where no man can undermine you or take advantage. A single shot from your broadside clears the field,—not a button, or suspender, or shirt-collar is left. I am proud of so good a markswoman. . . . I am more than delighted with your pluck, perseverance, sound judgment, and wisdom in handling the sick. . . . Your examinations are thorough, accurate, and clear, and gave me a great deal of help in these cases. The good letters you sent me from your loyal patients and the public have the true ring in them. You are stirring them up clear down in their soul realms. You are a natural born physician, with the power of healing permeating all through you. . . . You are doing a great good work. Keep right on, I am with you to the end. . . . You are splendid in your work with patients, and are sending out strong rays of light in every direction to save the sick and suffering from their miseries, and many from the grave. . . . With many grateful thanks for the great and noble work you are doing, I am, ever yours, here and hereafter.

(Signed) J. H. SALISBURY,

170 WEST 59th STREET,

NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM DR. SALISBURY TO MRS. ELMA
STUART, DECEMBER 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. STUART—Many thanks for the 12th edition of your splendid and valuable book, *What must I do to get Well?* etc.

It is brimful of useful knowledge to the suffering Sick and the Well. It points the sure and safe way to health, happiness, and long and useful life. It is eloquent in its earnest and glowing pleadings for the good of humanity and the advancement of the race. A most helpful and life-saving book, eloquently pleading to all to take the right way, and escape the pains and sufferings of disease, and to become the rightful heirs of health, happiness, and one hundred years.

Let nothing and nobody discourage you. You are, soul and body, in the good work, now and hereafter. You are on solid ground. No one can upset you, for you have the Truth, plain and simple. This you can live and die by. Go ahead then, with all your earnestness and fearlessness with this good work, preaching the gospel of Truth, and health, and long life. Your years will be multiplied, and thousands will love and bless you.

I wish I were able to come over and help you on with the good work; but I am awfully over-run here, and have not been outside the building I inhabit for over three years. Not one moment is given me for rest and recreation. Thanks, I am dangerously well; and at seventy-two can do more work than four ordinary workers.

All join in much love to you; and I am, with grateful thanks for your splendid efforts,

Affectionately and most sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. H. SALISBURY,

170 WEST 59th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.



What must I do to Get Well?

And How can I Keep So?

Price 6s. net. Cash with Order. 6d. Extra by Post.

*N.B.—Any one can get these Recipes separately, from Mrs. STUART,
Toutley Hall, Wokingham, Berks, by sending the price—SIXPENCE
—and a stamped, addressed Halfpenny Wrapper or Envelope.*

RECIPES



I.

RECIPES FOR THE SICK.

My immense worry and harass during 11 years, from the inability of the public, and my own patients too, alas! to get their food just right, ever spurred my inventive genius towards the evolution of the best preparation and perfect cooking of mince. For, while the patient is dependent on one sole aliment, it is altogether compulsory that he should have the best meat and the best cooking; otherwise *you starve him*. The cook holds in her hands his health; and in truth, his life. His food must be the most substantial, the most digestible and nourishing that this world, and Cook, can produce. *Then* best results are achieved, and Cook has shown herself a Trump, the Queen of Trumps; all by a little intelligently and willingly painstaking. At last I have, through much tribulation, brought the Stuart mince, both as mince and as beef-cakes, to the utmost perfection in niceness and digestibility, and it is altogether golden in nutrition. I challenge the world to produce so perfect a food, one fit to tie its shoes, one any way near *my Mince*.

Minute Directions.

Applicable to all mincing, including the Beef-cakes.

1. No salt or pepper should ever be used in cooking raw meat. 2. All meat for mince or beef-cakes is to be from the best cut of the top side of the round, and always as *fresh* as possible. 3. An *Enterprise* Mincer, No. 5 small, or No. 10 large, is a necessity. 4. If, during mincing, the pulp does not pass through easily, unscrew the front and clear the knife and disc from stringy fibre that winds round them. This may have to be done more or less often, as meat is coarse and fibrous, or fresh and good. 5. When near end of mincing, the last of the pulp must be pushed out of the machine by putting a small bit of bread in, but do not let any of it fall into the pulp. 6. You will want a small enamelled frying-pan about 6 inches across the bottom.

No. 1.

Stuart Mince for the Seriously Ill.

N.B.—Except in winter, when the whole day's supply may be run through at one go, it is safer to mince at a time only sufficient for each meal. And it is quite forbidden that any patient should prepare and cook his food.

Take a slice of the top side of the round of lean beef, cut in strips, and pass *five* times through the 'Enterprise' Mincer. Beat the pulp with a wooden spoon in an enamelled sauce-pan with cold water until perfectly smooth and paste-like. The proportion of water is, one full tea-spoonful to each oz. of pulp. Then rest the sauce-pan on the stove or range, and begin the cooking. This must be done slowly and gradually, at a gentle heat, keeping the sauce-pan at the side of the stove, or on an asbestos safety-mat. Never allow the bottom of the sauce-pan to get too burning hot for you to be able to

touch it with your finger; if you do, the meat will cook hard and granular and indiarubbery. Should the mince smoke and the sauce-pan be getting too hot, at once raise it off and on, continuing to stir briskly. Without ceasing for a moment the whole time it is being cooked, the mince must be beaten up and stirred and turned over, so that no part of it is allowed to remain on the bottom of the sauce-pan to get too hot. It will take 30 or 35 minutes to cook thoroughly through in the manner described. Quite at the last, beat in a good pinch of salt and a smaller one of black pepper; more of each and red pepper too can be added to taste, afterwards. Have a very hot bowl ready, turn in the mince and serve, always daintily, at once.

N.B.—If the meat is not a juicy piece, and you find the mince becoming *too* dry, add a little warm water, a few drops at a time while stirring. And do mind this: the mince, both before and after cooking, should be of the consistency of nice, soft, *smooth putty*; not a bit more *liquid*, for it may cause flatulence if in the very least liquid or sloppy, and is very nasty besides.

See No. 3 Beef-cakes for the Seriously Ill.

No. 2.

For those Less Sick, and who have no fibrous disease.

Rub a frying-pan with a *small* bit of fat or butter to prevent sticking. Make pan very hot. Put in a slice of top side of the round of beef, cut not less than *one inch* thick. Sear and brown quickly on both sides over a sharp clear fire. Do it quickly, so that while both sides are thoroughly well browned, the inside is red and juicy. Cut your slice into strips, and run through 'Enterprise' 3 (three) times. Beat up the pulp till smooth in an enamelled sauce-pan with cold

water,—a full tea-spoonful to each oz. of pulp. Stir and beat, as in No. 1, over the stove until the mince is hot through and the cooking finished, which will be in 5 or 6 minutes, the meat having been browned (partially cooked) beforehand. This mince also should be like smooth putty ; it is very tasty, having the flavour of the browned outside.

N.B.—All tray or table appointments for mince or cakes should be dainty and nice.

No. 3.

Now in summer when, thanks to pure cussedness of butchers who will all kill on the same day, meat can't be had fresh every day, how to make it keep is a problem not too easy of solution. But this will help you. Put your whole piece of meat, whenever it comes, be it from 2 to 4 lbs., into the oven and *partly* cook it. The oven must be quite hot, so that the meat will be nicely seared and browned on all sides, while inside it will be still red and full of juice. Cut off from this what is required for each cooking of the mince, and proceed just as in No. 2. This mince also is very tasty, and it, like the others, should be smooth and soft as putty. If the least liquid or sloppy, I repudiate it ; it is not *my* mince, but a windy, flatulent mess. You will find this plan of partial cooking and searing of good help in keeping meat in summer or in muggy weather, but only *mince* what is wanted at the time.

BEEF-CAKES.

To arrive at perfection here, I had long ago to cut myself adrift from the original beef-cakes of Dr. Salisbury, constant complaints, even from America, pointing to these being too stodgy for weak digestions and delicate stomachs. To tell

the truth, I could not myself negotiate them one bit. After numberless trials I evolved my own beef-cakes, as I had my mince. When carefully cooked, I repeat, these preparations are most comforting and quite delicious, and they mean health to the sick. Carelessly cooked they are nauseating, indigestible, and mean anything grave—through sheer starvation. The day will soon be here, it is to be ardently hoped, when Salisbury-Stuart cookery will be included in the curriculum of the Schools for cooking, for the need is urgent; when S.-S. Luncheon Restaurants will be opened in the City for the harassed and business-driven, by 'cute Investors who scent a paying concern, and would be both rich and benevolent; when S.-S. Homes—a crying want at present—will be instituted, *profitably* for all concerned, as has been amply shown by a Diet-Home started in London 5 years ago. (See Adverts.)

No. 1.

Dr. Salisbury's Beef-cake.

Copied from his Recipe, dated first 1863.

[I take leave to consider this and the next one *first-rate* breakfast and supper dishes for the Well.—E.S.]

Food Meats.—Eat the muscle pulp of lean beef made into cakes and broiled. This pulp should be as free as possible from connective or glue tissue, fat and cartilage. Previous to chopping, the fat, bone, tendons, and fascia should all be cut away, and the clean muscle cut up in pieces an inch or two square. Steaks through the centre of the round [middle-cut] are the richest and best for this purpose. Beef should be used from well-fatted animals that are from 4 to 6 years old. The pulp should not be pressed too firmly together before broiling, or it will taste livery. Simply press it sufficiently, so that it will hold together. Make the cakes from half an inch to an inch thick. Broil slowly and moderately

over a fire free from blaze and smoke. When cooked, put it on a hot plate and season to taste with butter, pepper, salt, and mustard. If desired, celery may be moderately used as a relish.

No. 2.

Salisbury Beef-cake (Date, Dec. 1897).

Sent me from America by a patient of his.

Take a cut off the round and carefully remove all fat and gristle. Pass through machine 3 times. After this, it *must not be touched* except with two forks to make it into a cake. Form the meat *lightly* into a cake about an inch and a half thick, taking care *not to pack it too tightly*. Broil, seeing that your gridiron is thoroughly hot before putting the cake on. Keep the cake *at first* close to the fire, which must be clear and hot, until a skin is formed to keep the juice in. Then move it a little further off from the fire. Turn the cake with a cake-turner as often as you see a drop of juice coming out of the cake. The cake must be done *thoroughly*, right through, and not be in *the least bit* pink, but thoroughly brown right through. If a cake can be cooked under the fire (as in a gas stove), it is far better and more digestible. A 7 oz. cake over the fire takes from 16 to 21 minutes; under the fire rather more.

No. 3.

Stuart Beef-cake for the Seriously Ill.

For a 3 oz. beef-cake, take $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lean meat. Cut in strips and pass through mincer *five* times. Beat the pulp well with a table-spoonful of *cold water* until thoroughly mixed and quite smooth. Have ready very hot your frying-pan, brush it over

with hot water, turn in the pulp and place your pan on the stove,—not too near to, or over the fire. Shape the pulp with a knife into a flat cake half an inch thick. Keep gently moving and shaping cake till it is quite *set* on one side and will admit of being carefully turned with a fish-slice. Let the other side of cake set also, moving and shaping as before. When both sides are just set, turn cake every minute. Keep pan on the stove where it is not too hot, and in from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 minutes your cake is done. When *properly* done, it is delicious, soft, cuts like butter, and is perfect in ease of digestion. This cake is not browned when cooked, and you find out when it is done by raising a little of the top with a skewer or fork. Place it on a piping-hot plate with a *hot cover*. The patient will season to his liking with salt and pepper, black and red; and eat it with a tea-spoon in his right hand and a dessert fork in his left!

N.B.—If meat is very fresh and full of juice, a little *less* than a table-spoonful of water will suffice, but bring your discretion and judgment to bear upon this point.

No. 4.

Stuart Beef-cakes for those not Seriously Ill, for the Convalescent, the Seedy, and the Well.

‘Enterprise’ mincer and small frying-pan, *untinned iron*, best. For a 3 oz. beef-cake take $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 oz., according to quality of meat. Proceed exactly as in Recipe No. 3 down to ‘thoroughly mixed and quite smooth.’ After that we diverge. Heat a small frying-pan and put into it a half $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of fresh butter. Make the butter very hot and brown, but *not burnt*. Turn in your pulp, hold the pan over clear fire, shape into a flat cake half an inch thick, and keep moving it gently, as in Recipe No. 3, and as soon as set, turn cake with fish-slice. Set, and turn again, and turn every minute, and at the end of 5 minutes the cake

is finished, it done as it should be, over a clear but moderate fire. Lift out cake *at once* on to a hot plate with hot cover and serve. The cake should be done just to a turn, should look brown and glossy on the outside but not greasy, with no flat burnt bits caking off; all should be soft and succulent, tasty of the fire, should cut like butter, and when cut, a nice gravy ooze out. Salt, black and red pepper to taste. The Seedy and the Well may put a nice bit of fresh butter on their cakes if they please. Make a second cake if wanted, while the first is being eaten, so as to have them hot and hot, also a larger than a 3 oz. cake is not very manageable over the fire.

No doubt these cakes should, if possible, be broiled, but I find that when they are made so solid as not to fall through the griller bars, they are too solid for weak digestions. It is, however, free to everybody to try broiling them.

No. 5.

Steamed Whites of Eggs.

Break the whites of 1 or 2 eggs into a cup or small china bowl, which cover closely and put in a pot of *boiling* water, so that the water comes a little higher outside the cup than the top of the eggs inside. Put the pot on the fire. The instant the eggs *begin* to set, draw the pot quite to one side, and when the eggs are *just set*, soft and creamy, serve at once in the cup or bowl in which they were cooked; add salt and pepper to your own taste. One or two whites at a time may be eaten when cooked thus.—[J.B.]

Whites of eggs are very nice eaten along with beef-cakes and mince, and are a valuable food; but I *have* known them to cause flatulence, when they should be stopped at once.

No. 6.

Directions for cooking Beef-heart.

Now, as 'economy is the life and soul of the Army,' here is something 'cheaper' than the beef. I am indebted for this recipe to an admirable *Book*-patient of mine who, while in terribly broken health, hit upon and lived exclusively on this for a year, and certainly when I saw him at the end of it, he was a regular giant in strength. I give this recipe with Dr. Salisbury's sanction for those with shortish purses, but I repeat, it is *only* for such, and as the best they can do.

Requisites as before, with added a deep, double, enamelled sauce-pan ;—size of inner pan, 4 pints.

A perfectly fresh bullock's heart. Pare off and cut out all the fat, etc. ; wash the heart, put it into the inner sauce-pan, and shut down the lid quite closely. Set this pan in the outer one full of boiling water. Keep the water boiling fast in the outer sauce-pan for 15 minutes. Then draw the pans to a cooler part of the stove and let the water *simmer only*, very gently, for 10 hours. When sufficiently cooked, remove the heart from its gravy, which pour into a large basin and skim when cold, adding plenty of salt and pepper. Pare off the outside of the heart thinly, and put the parings in your stock pot. Cut the heart into strips and pass them twice through the mincer, letting the pulp at the second mincing fall into its own seasoned (skimmed) gravy. Beat and mash this well together with a wooden spoon into a smooth soft paste like potted meat, and use from it the quantity required for each meal. A little water must be added, and the mince stirred on a cool part of the range until just *warmed through*. The nicest mixture is made by mixing half heart and half beef mince and warming them together, but of course the proportion is optional, and the heart mince alone is excellent too. The pulp without its gravy can be made into cakes (see No. 4), and the gravy well boiled down makes a strong and very good essence.

In winter, the beef-heart mince will keep good for a week if kept in a cool airy place ; in warmer weather, it would need to be turned into a sauce-pan every second day at least, and stirred on the stove till just warmed through. This will help it to keep without cooking it afresh.

Mince should be served in a very hot bowl and eaten with a tea-spoon to ensure against 'bolting.' Do not give it on a flat plate, or make the patient try to eat it with what Paddy called a split spoon, *i.e.* a fork ; that is tedious to a sick person and the mince gets cold. The cooking of the mince must not be left to the 'dishing-up' time ; but be done when the Cook can give it undivided attention. It should be put when finished into the hot bowl, well covered up and kept in a warm (but not hot) place till wanted. But *patients'* meals take precedence of everything.

Almost every patient may add to his mince the whites of eggs either beaten up or softly poached. When the whites are *just set*, lift them out, drain, and place on the mince, and don't generously add any of the water in which they are cooked !

Almost invariably also is a little raw or very nicely stewed celery allowed at the first two meals, but when that is taken I think I would not take any other liquid during that meal, or it might cause discomfort and our old enemy, flatulence.

As the patient gains ground, minced turkey, chicken, and game may be added to his menu ; *not* the legs however : they may be given for a treat to the *well* ones of the family,—or to visitors !

No. 7.

How to make Beef-essence.

Two pounds of lean beef from the best part, the top side of the round, two pounds of lean mutton. Cut up very small, carefully removing every bit of skin, gristle, fat, and connective tissue. Put into an earthenware jar with a wine-glass of best

brandy or cold water, with or without a little lemon peel,—nothing else. Tie down the jar with a bladder, place in a sauce-pan of water, and let the water boil round it for 8 hours. Pour off the juice into a basin, wring the rest of the juice out of the meat through a clean linen cloth, adding it to the other with salt. *Skim well.*

For patients' Beef-tea also, only the best lean beef may be used. No skin or gelatinous parts. For beef-tea the above recipe can be followed, allowing a full pint of water to two pounds of beef.

No. 8.

Crust-Coffee, as made in America.

Bake some thin slices of good stale bread in the oven to a dark brown. Roll or pound them fine, and keep in a well-corked wide-mouthed bottle or a tin. While a breakfast-cupful of water is boiling in a little sauce-pan, put in a table-spoonful of the baked bread-crumbs; let it stand a few minutes, then pour into your cup through a strainer and sip while hot. This is much nicer than the sour, flat, smoked mess calling itself 'toast-water,' and is easily made fresh each time. With a little complaisant imagination you can make believe it is *café noir*, and it will never upset your nerves.

Wheat-coffee is made in the same way, the wheat being first roasted brown in a frying-pan or coffee-roaster and then finely ground. Four oz. of this or of crust-coffee may be taken with meals when real tea or coffee would ride rough-shod over your nerves.

No. 9.

Directions for making Pudding.

Enough for a small dish. No sugar must be added.

This comes in as an occasional adjunct when the (lucky!) patient is allowed a change of diet.

Boil the rice or semolina in water *until quite soft and tender*; pour off the water, and add a little milk (not too much, the mixture should not be sloppy), and the beaten-up yolk of an egg well stirred in. Put this aside in its dish, and beat up the white to a stiff froth; stir this in thoroughly and quickly, and place your pudding *at once* into a hottish oven. The moment it is nicely browned and rises like a soufflé, out it must come, and be served. It will take about 20 minutes.

The lightness is secured by beating yolk and white separately. The yolk may be omitted if it doesn't agree, and the whites of 2 eggs may be used if preferred.

Or this for a change, No. 10.

Savoury Custard.

Lightly butter a jam-pot, stir into it a fresh egg and a gill of strong stock or good clear soup (no vegetables to flavour, etc.) Place pot in a sauce-pan 3 parts full of boiling water, place a piece of buttered paper over jam-pot, bring water to the boil and then let it just simmer gently, but steadily for 10 or 12 minutes. This Custard turns out quite lovely when nicely made. For those far advanced, serve strips of crisp toast with it.

Or this, No. 11.

Rice Soufflé.

Butter ever so lightly a kitchen breakfast cup. Boil a little rice ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk or water, as suits you best. Put this through the sieve, and take a small 2 oz. of the pulp and beat it up with one table-spoonful of cold milk. Beat to a froth the white of one egg, add this to your rice and milk, mix it all quickly and thoroughly in your buttered cup, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 or 35

minutes. It should rise quite high and be a nice golden brown on the top.

Rusks.

All breadstuffs which instead of having their dough fermented with yeast are raised by baking powders, are more indigestible and flatulent than yeast-made breads; because the starchy matter is practically unaltered. Fermenting dough with yeast changes the starch into glucose, and that is the first step in the digestive process. The yeast plants are killed in well-baked bread. If kept too long, however, the bread will absorb yeasty plants from the air, which render it more liable to ferment than when eaten earlier. About 2 to 3 days old is best. Patients really working for health should not be seduced by rusks, 'light' cakes or biscuits, of any sort. These all mean 'wind' from 'variable' up to 'a gale.'

Milk.

Few even healthy adult organs can decently digest milk. It is too stiff and complicated an achievement for everyday performance. In the stomach it transmutes itself into a hard curd, and from thence has to go a further journey to be digested. Milk sometimes carries people over an illness when sole food, because Nature can deal with *one* wrong food better than with a number. She cures whenever possible—in spite of the milk, not because of it. *Milk is for the toothless.* When we have acquired a full mouth of teeth we are ready to digest and masticate solids. Good beef and mutton are the basic foods for windy, gaseous stomachs. Why, even Laura, my heifer, knows this, and now turns up her nose at milk who lately was ready to sell her little soul for a draught.



II.

RECIPES FOR THE SEEDY, AND THE ADVANCED CONVALESCENT.

No. 1.

The Seedy with the ghost of a conscience can't grumble that there is not much here for them, and they may take *au choix* from the menu of the Sick, with the added satisfaction that the Sick may not take from theirs !

The Seedy must please not eat cold meat *solid* at their last meal, or at *any* meal to which they are obliged to sit down feeling wearied, hurried or worried ; and under NO circumstances should they ever eat any tough or hard meat. Both the cold and the tough cooked meats must be put through the 'Enterprise' and nicely seasoned, just moistened with good stock, well-skimmed gravy or beef-tea, and either eaten very slowly cold, or stirred in a sauce-pan until warmed through. Of course cold meat will take a little longer to heat than slices of tough *hot* beef, mutton or steak, which I am giving you credit for having the sense to send out from table to be thus dealt with, and hope I am not disappointed in you ! If *obliged* at some meal to eat either meat or mince cold, sip along with it 4 oz. of very hot water, clear tea or coffee, to warm the cold viands *in transitu*.

No. 1 A.

Beef Loaf. (1 lb.)

(*For the Convalescent.*)

Put raw meat through mincer 4 or 5 times. Add a table-spoonful of water. Shape lightly into a loaf, about 3 inches high. Put it on a slightly buttered tin, in a pretty brisk oven ; and bake from 15 to 20 minutes for a 1 lb. loaf. To know when it is cooked, stick a fork into the top, and if not quite done, put back in oven for a minute or two. Season to taste. Those *pretty far gone* in convalescence, the Seedy, and the Well may have this loaf basted in the oven with dripping. They may also have it egged and toast-crumbed before cooking. They may have a good gravy made of stock and poured round it.

No. 2.

Scollop Shell Mince.

Mince rather underdone cold roast beef or mutton, season and moisten with gravy or stock ; beat it up well and stir in a sauce-pan until warm, turn it into scollop shells, cover lightly with stale bread-crumbs, putting a *wee* bit of butter here and there on the top. Crisp and brown the top nicely in front of the fire, or better, by means of a red-hot salamander. Chicken and beef together make a pleasant change, and you can do the remainder of cold boiled fish in the same way, warming it first in a sauce-pan with some fish sauce, flavoured with anchovy, pepper, salt and a little cayenne. You will find these all lovely as adjuncts to your last meal when you are weary ; they are inviting, look good, are so, and are eminently digestible, which after all is your great need.

No. 3.

At the evening meal I recommend the Seedy to substitute for potatoes and green vegetables, well-cooked rice.

To Boil Rice.

Wash rice in several waters ; then put it in a sauce-pan, with just water enough to cover it, and a tea-spoonful of salt to a tea-cupful of rice. Cover and let boil till water boils away. Renew and let boil away again. Then draw to a side and let steam till dry. *Never touch rice while cooking.* It takes about 2½ hours. For this recipe and the next, I am indebted to a very dear Patient's black cook.

To Bake Apples.

(Not for evening meal though!)

Wash apples and polish with a dry cloth. Remove cores thoroughly and put some cloves in heart of each. Put them in baking dish, not touching one another, and with just water enough to cover bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. *Baste frequently* with the juice.

No. 4.

Feathery Beef.

(Excellent if well done.)

Into a gill of boiling stock put a *good* tea-cupful of nearly cooked mince (underdone cold roast meat, or underdone broiled steak). Season with salt and pepper, and stir for a moment till meat is heated through. Whip up whites of 2 eggs very stiff, and stir them into meat ; stir for a moment

only on the fire just till egg is set. Serve *instantly*. It should be very light and feathery, and melt in your mouth.

No. 5.

Brain Soufflé.

(Liver, and Kidneys, minced, can also be done thus.)

Take a pair calf's brains. Remove the membrane after soaking in cold water half an hour, and soak them again in cold water for 1 hour. Put brains in a bowl, and whip up with an egg-beater. In another bowl whip whites of 2 eggs *quite stiff*, and add these to the brains, beating the 2 together thoroughly. Season with salt and black pepper, and when it is beaten very light, and is of the consistence of rich cream, pour into a *deep* pudding dish. Cover *lightly* with rolled toast-crumbs and bake in a *hot* oven. One pair brains will take from 15 to 20 minutes to bake.

No. 6.

Baked Brains or Mock Sweetbread.

Take a pair calf's brains and soak in cold water as above, removing membrane. Soak again. Parboil brains in slightly salted water, drain, and roll in toast-crumbs, having previously dipped brains in a beaten egg. Put in a slightly buttered dish and bake for 15 to 18 minutes.

No. 7.

Turkey, Game, or Chicken Croquettes.

Cut meat from cold bird. Pass through mincer. Stir in a sauce-pan with only enough cold stock to thoroughly moisten,

When hot, add the whites of 2 well-beaten eggs, a little salt and a pinch of red pepper. As soon as the eggs have been stirred in, take pan off the fire, and when contents are cold, mould into croquettes, roll lightly in white of egg and toast-crumbs, arrange on slightly buttered tins, and set in oven to heat through for about 12 to 15 minutes.

No. 8.

Mince in Dish.

Pass some cold roast beef, or some cold beef steak through the 'Enterprise.' Mix with some good stock—don't make it *liquid*. Season nicely and put into a pudding dish. Sprinkle top with toast-crumbs and put into oven till thoroughly hot. Serve with lightly poached whites of 2 eggs on top; and for the Well, whole eggs lightly poached, if liked.

No. 9.

To obviate your having to eat *Tough* meat or poultry, cook it this way. Put them into a very quick oven for 20 or 30 minutes so as to thoroughly *roast* the outside, basting constantly. Warm an iron boiling-pot, pour into it the gravy, dripping, etc., from your roasting-pan with a very little boiling water. Then cross 4 bits of wood in the pot and place the joint upon them or on a small tripod, so that it doesn't touch the liquid. Put on the lid and let it cook gently on the stove until done. A leg of mutton, a sirloin, a big turkey or a patriarchal fowl may take from 2½ to 4 hours, according to size and fire. Before serving you can *re-brown* in the oven a few minutes to make it look very nice. Serve with gravy as with roast meat.

No. 10.

Mutton Chop to perfection if well done.

A well-hung moderately thick loin chop, say $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. Have the frying-pan *very hot*, with a little very hot fat in it before putting in the chop, which must be browned quickly on one side and then on the other. Then put a plate over the chop, pull the pan to a side, and let it *simmer* only for about 10 minutes ; a little longer or shorter, depending on the thickness of the chop.





III.

RECIPES FOR THE FAIRLY WELL.

FOR OCCASIONAL USE WHEN WEARIED OR
WHEN FEELING 'ONLY SO SO.'

All the recipes for the Sick and the Seedy are very much at your service, with these added. So you are happy Monarch of all you survey!

No. 1.

Scotch Minced Collops.

Put 1 lb. minced beef (raw) in a stew-pan with a little cold water or cold stock well skimmed, and 1 onion cut small, black pepper and salt. Stir and beat with a wooden spoon on the range till thoroughly smooth and hot. Then add not quite so much water or stock as will cover the meat, and simmer *very gently* for 1 hour. Quarter of an hour before serving, add (mixed smoothly with a little cold water) 1 table-spoonful of ketchup, 1 ditto Harvey's sauce, 1 ditto flour. Garnish with triangles of toast. Thin-cut bread baked quite crisp in the oven but not too hard, for thick soups, sippits, and for eating with butter, is far superior to leathery toast, which, once in the digestive organs, by some unholy hocus-pocus becomes transmuted into sponge, displaying boundless capabilities of expan-

sion. This *biscuit-bread*, which is my own proud invention, is very popular with both Sick and Well.

No. 2.

Minced Collops: when wanted in a hurry.

Prepare a little browning of cut-up on on fried lightly in butter in your sauce-pan; add raw minced beef previously well mixed with a little stock, and keep stirring with a wooden spoon. Add more stock made from the skin and waste bits of the beef; and cook, stirring constantly for 12 minutes. Black pepper and salt to taste. Either of these is nice with curry powder added, and the curry mince or the collops, not being for a sick person, may be made from cold beef or mutton, in which case it needs merely heating—not re-cooking.

No. 3.

A slice of beef-steak may be lightly broiled just enough to give a nice taste of the fire, then run through the mincer. Put into a sauce-pan with sufficient gravy to cover it, a finely minced shallot or onion and a tea-spoonful of minced parsley. Stir and let it stand on the range to get hot very slowly. It must never be near boiling, and when quite hot will be done. Add a little Harvey, Worcester or chutney sauce, and pepper and salt.

No. 4.

Beef-roll.

1 lb. beef-steak (raw) }
 ¼ lb. boiled ham } finely minced in 'Enterprise.'
 2 oz. sifted bread-crumbs.
 1 egg.

Pepper, salt, and, if desired, a little grated nutmeg.

Mix all well together and form into a 'roly-poly' pudding, tie it in a cloth, and boil for three hours. Eat hot, or glaze when cold; or wrap it in anti-grease paper (along with a knife), and take on a journey—which will make you independent of all contingencies. This is excellent for both Seedy and Well, and it can be made at home and sent you by post if duty calls where no meat is to be had or the cooking is very bad, or you can take it with you, it keeps well.

No. 5.

Roman-mould.

(Also for Seedy and Well.)

Mince 1 lb. of cold meat, consisting of underdone beef or mutton, with game, or chicken and ham if handy (these last in small proportion). Take 1 egg, a tea-cupful of good skimmed stock nicely flavoured, a little sifted bread-crumbs or well-boiled vermicelli, pepper, salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Mix all together with a suspicion of onion finely chopped, parsley, and a grate of lemon-peel. Line a basin or mould round and round with macaroni that has been boiled till soft and tender in milk, water, or good skimmed stock. Fill the basin with the minced meat and steam for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out and serve with a brown sauce in which is no grease. This may be glazed for eating cold in preference to tough meat; or sliced and taken with you on a journey.

Requisites for Frying.

(Any good cookery book tells how to clarify dripping, which is the best medium for frying.)

1. A wire fry-basket.
2. A quantity of fat in a sauce-pan.

3. It must be *boiling* hot and *smoke* before ready for use.

4. Things fried should be a light golden brown, *never* dark, and must *be quite dry*. If they are not, one or more of these simple conditions have not been complied with, and the frying is unwholesome.

No. 6.

Rice Rissoles.

Boil the rice until thoroughly swelled and perfectly tender. When cool, shape into pyramids or oblong balls, egg-sized. Egg and bread-crumbs; fry a golden brown; remove immediately from sauce-pan and serve. One mouthful of rice rissole to two of animal food. (If wanted as a savoury, have a little anchovy or grated cheese. If as a sweet, a little cream or milk, and a taste merely of marmalade. *To mid-day meal.*)

No. 7.

A very nice, tasty and digestible dish is made by adding nearly a third of stale bread steeped in boiling milk or ditto stock, mixed smoothly with mince, flavoured with pepper, salt and whatever else wholesome you feel drawn to, formed into cakes about an inch thick, smeared over with white of egg, and thoroughly grilled over a clear bright fire. These can also be made with cold meat and just heated through in broiling.

It is all very well, when you do by a miracle get hold of a cold joint as tender as a baby, to adhere to it tenaciously till you arrive at the bone; but the ever-recurring, stodgy, unappetising cold joint on English tables is a relic of cheerless insular barbarism. When it is put before you at a hurried breakfast or at your evening meal, just refuse to even *look* at it until first run through the 'Enterprise.' Thus an unpalatable, hideous, indigestible breakfast or supper is rendered nice,

digestible and even nourishing. Have a lightly poached egg along with it, and there you are! You can afford to beam at your family and tell your wife the news when your fagged energies are not all absorbed in wagging tired jaws over hard lumps of cold meat framed in gristle.

No. 8.

Cod's Roe.

(A nice Breakfast Adjunct.)

Gently boil a cod's roe till *quite* tender and let it get cold. Cut it in slices about half an inch thick; egg and toast-crumbs them. Lightly butter a very hot frying-pan and lay in the pieces, turning them once. Fry till both sides are a golden colour; take them out immediately and send to table sharp.

No. 9.

Imitation Cutlets.

Mince some underdone cold beef or mutton, etc., and season. Mix smoothly a little flour and cold stock or gravy; stir over the fire, adding more stock until you have a smooth slightly thick sauce. Put in the mince and stir over the fire till thoroughly mixed. Turn the paste on to a plate to get cold. When cold, it should be just stiff enough to form into cutlet-shape, with a bit of dry macaroni projecting from small end, to represent the bone. Dip in beaten egg and toast-crumbs. Have a little butter on a *very hot* frying-pan. Lay in the cutlets and let them get hot through and nicely browned on both sides. Take them out at once when done and arrange neatly; stalks uppermost on a dish round well-boiled rice and tomatoes; the latter boiled, sieved, and mixed

with rice. For a change, arrange round a spinach made of lettuce leaves. In spring, lettuce and *young* dandelion leaves mixed make a lovely spinach,—good for the wholesomes !

No. 10.

Poor Man's Pudding.

(*Thanks to the Black Cook again.*)

[This is *not* 'strict diet,' nor is it supposed to be used by those on that diet.]

Put two heaped table-spoonfuls of cold rice, that has been cooked as directed $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, into a dish with a small tea-spoonful of sugar, and mix. Add a *little* cold milk, and stir till rice is all broken up and none of it lumpy. Pour on a good tea-cupful of milk. Stir well, and put into a fairly hot oven. Stir every 10 minutes, breaking the skin. It should be ready in about 35 minutes, and should not be stirred at all for the last 10 or 12 minutes. It may be eaten hot or cold—I believe cold is thought the nicer—and should be very creamy.

No. 11.

Sandwiches.

Cold roast meat run through the 'Enterprise,' seasoned as you please, moistened with a very little gravy, and put between bread buttered or not, makes excellent and wholesome sandwiches for you on your journeys ; very digestible and quite a pleasure instead of a nuisance to eat. Give these away also with the parting guest and he will cordially bless you all the time with his mouth full !

'15, by the urinometer, pale, and clear, remaining clear on cooling. At the first menace to health, go back like a wise man or woman, square to 4 pints warm water and the drinks with meals in regulation allowance. I repeat what I have all along urged ; that each individual case is its own Law ; and recognising this law, to *obey* has been my studious endeavour throughout my practice.

I think I may now leave my Book with the Thoughtful ; persuaded they will use their God-given sense in the conduct of their own Health, and that of those relying on their care.

E. S.



TESTIMONIES FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS.

It is not easy to please everybody. This is news! So, having been reproached for not giving, what seemed to me at this date, quite unnecessary Testimonies to the Salisbury Treatment, I now print the few saved when the daily augmenting mass made house-room for both them and me impossible!

And, since Reviews and papers have persistently boycotted me and my Book, in spite of over 100 good copies wasted on them, I take this opportunity to have a turn at "log-rolling" on my own account, and will give some opinions of the Public on my Book and work. But, *Place aux Testimonies.*

His Grace the Duke of Argyll, a great sufferer for many years, was my patient for many months, and has kindly allowed me to use valuable testimonies to the efficacy of the Salisbury Treatment.

He is one who from first to last did infinite credit to this Treatment by reason of his fine penetrating insight into its meaning and real scientific truth.

INVERARAY, ARGYLLSHIRE, *December 7th, 1891.*

DEAR MRS. STUART—On the 27th of last January I wrote to you on the progress I had then made towards recovery under your advice and guidance by the Salisbury Treatment—from a very long and debilitating attack of gout.

Nearly eleven months' further experience of that treatment, also under your continued encouragement, has only added further and most conclusive evidence of its success,—because during that time I have not touched medicine of any kind, but have, as you advised me, simply adhered rigidly to the prescribed diet and the hot water,—with the result that my recovery has been more and more complete—so much so, that I have been able since May to resume my duties in public life, and especially in public speaking, which involves a physical exertion of which I was wholly incapable eleven months ago.

On three different occasions I have been able to speak for upwards of an hour, not only without exhaustion, but with less sense of fatigue, than I have been able to do in former years when in "conventional

health." Yet at the beginning of this year I could not even read aloud a single page without a feeling of exhaustion.

Another marked change has been my freedom from liability to chills—a liability which had become so great that I had suffered from it continual relapses, and was in constant danger of them without the greatest care and precautions. I am now able to drive in an open carriage in the coldest weather, and I have repeatedly found that the hot water is an effectual remedy in any approach of "colds."

I only wish that I had known of this treatment and had come under your skill in dealing with it twenty years ago. I am satisfied it would have saved me from many severe attacks of gout, and from the lasting injuries which all such illness must inflict on the constitution.

I now feel that all other remedies I have ever taken for gout were addressed to the *symptoms* alone—not to the *causes* and *sources* of disease. The Salisbury Treatment—as *proved in your own case*, and as clearly explained in your excellent book, makes a direct attack upon those causes, on principles which seem to me to be as sound and simple in theory, as I have found them to be successful in practice.—
Yours very truly and gratefully, ARGYLL.

His Grace wrote to me a long while after, that "a stranger had sent him a copy of this letter, asking him if it was genuine (!)" And that he had replied "Yes, and I could say much *more* now!"

Up to Date.

March 10, 1898, ARGYLL LODGE, KENSINGTON.

DEAR MRS. STUART—My confidence in the Salisbury Treatment is not only not abated, but is continually confirmed. Only yesterday a friend of mine who was very seriously threatened by chronic gout, and who took to the cure by my advice, told me that it has been completely successful with him, and he felt another man. As to myself, your Treatment had another triumph lately. I had occasion to open a local Institution at Inveraray with a Lecture. When I sat down I found I had spoken for *two* full hours—the longest speech I ever made in my life, and with as full a voice as in my best days. Those only know who have had personal experience what an *expenditure of vital energy* such an effort involves. Yet I was not the least exhausted. . . .
(Signed) ARGYLL.

The next patient was only 38, but looked considerably older, and his face bore that anxious pained expression so pathetic to those who have much to do with the sick. He was in a most terribly broken-down condition, with for long, no organ of the body able properly to perform its functions; and he was taking strychnine and arsenic, and six *ozs.* of whisky per diem to strengthen him (!). He said he had been to many physicians with the oft-repeated experience "no good at all." Highly nervous, painfully irritable, increasingly so as he grew weaker, he said his

life was only a misery to him, and in all truth he *looked* wretched enough. Of necessity, he had been forced to neglect his business as he became feebler and less able to concentrate thought upon it, but now he could no longer afford to do so. He complained greatly of sleeplessness, and had "tried everything without relief, and had lost all hope because of his many disappointments, and said he had made up his mind to remaining the wreck he was." I had made up mine differently. But for about the first time in my practice I failed to enthuse my patient, and had to content myself with a simple promise of implicit obedience. In my turn I confidently assured **him** that if he was faithful to orders and rigidly carried out all my rules, in **ten days** even he would feel himself twice the man he then was, and would look it too.

In a fortnight he came again, and I knew by his step how good and self-helpful he had been. I was not surprised, therefore, to see him enter briskly, a much younger, bonnier man, the pained expression gone, colour good, and his smile bright and cheery. I was prepared me for a wonderful change, but it was even more marked than I had anticipated, and the blood examination well established the happy fact. I enquired about the nervousness, irritability, and other symptoms, and I quote partly from his written, partly from his verbal report:—

"Sleeping *magnificently*, calm in mind, stronger in nerves, taking worries much more easily, desire for stimulants vanished as I don't feel fagged at the day's end now; business beginning to be a pleasure and interest again; the meals which so lately were a task are now a keen relish and enjoyment to me; improvement all round, mental as well as physical. I have not touched drugs, all functions acting well; the distressing cough has disappeared both during the night and day, and all other adverse symptoms are yielding."

His excellent wife, who from the first believed what this treatment could do for him, was an invaluable ally to both of us, she herself doing his food to perfection; being strength to him in weakness, reason to him in the unreason of sickness, and cheer and comfort to him in doubt and depression. (Oh woman, in our hours of ease! In the dour, dark, dinsome days, where on earth should we be without our womenkind?!)

He said good-bye to me for another fortnight, leaving me almost as happy as himself. He is long since strong and well and able to bear the stress and strain of business-life.

After my severe illness in 1896-7, from overwork, in a letter to this same former patient, I fear I waxed doleful, feeling very weak, and full of bitter regret that I, who had saved many lives of others had so recklessly chucked away my own. I was deeply touched by his reply.

"Kindest and best of Doctors. . . . What troubled me in your letter was that you should for a moment have the pain of imagining that any of your work should be a 'failure.' I was only *one* of your patients, but your kind care and sympathy and your success in restoring me to Health, brought very great happiness to me and to those who are dear to me;—and I am only *one* patient. Think, dear

Mrs. Stuart, of all your other patients and how you have restored Health and happiness to them, and to so many besides, whom you have never even seen. I know that your devotion to your work has brought on you a terrible penalty, but I always associate *you* in my mind with the *Greater* love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend. . . . I have been dreadfully overworked lately, and but that I am a Stuart patient, must long ago have utterly collapsed. Thank you for your good blowing up, which my Wife says was well-deserved. [!]"

A striking case, dated May 1896.

"Until two years ago I endured fearful torment from Neuralgia and Eczema. The first attacked the right side of my face and temple; the eczema was generally diffused over me, but was worst **in the inside of my mouth and on my tongue**. My Doctors all said they never knew it to come there and rather laughed at the idea. But it was no laughing matter for **me!** [Nor was it for me, E. S., when my first attack of gout seized me in the bridge of my nose, which to *my* Doctors seemed 'very funny,' but I—with a tolerable sense of humour—failed to appreciate that joke!] I suffered agonies from both complaints, and the **irritation** in my mouth nearly drove me mad. I could only eat 'slops,' and try to cool my wretched mouth with milk after any meal however slight. Only those round me who saw my sufferings can dream of what I endured from both neuralgia and the eczema. My life was a burthen to me and often I longed for death.

"My various Doctors, both London and others, tried everything they knew to relieve me without succeeding. I may here mention that I was then seventy years of age. My last Doctor said to me one day, 'I have been thinking much over your case, you tell me gout is strongly in your family, I will put you through a regular course of treatment for gout, perhaps we may hit upon something to relieve you.' [**'Hit upon,'** eloquent words, betraying the obligatory **shots in the dark** of the older systems of medicine.] I said all right, I will give you a month to do your wicked will in, but if I see no good effects from it, I will try the Salisbury System of cure, and you shall watch results. For a month and a few days I endured my martyrdom, for no good came of the 'course of treatment for gout.' Now, no one had laughed at 'the hot water treatment' more than I, and it was with very little **faith** that I asked Miss G. for the loan of her copy of your book. How the sight of your name on the cover, dear old friend, enabled me to clasp hands with you again, after having lost sight of you for years, you know well! And after leaving you a dreadful cripple in London, to see you restored to health and active work at Toutley, sounds like a romance!! I read your book, and being somewhat of a naturalist, saw it contained common-sense, and it

appealed to what I knew. I wrote to you and steadily went in for the treatment you recommended, **Within the week the eczema in my mouth was gone! Within ten days neuralgia claimed its victim no more!** In six weeks, the old man who could not walk half a mile without fatigue, got up one morning at 4.30 and walked up to Otterton, nearly four miles, fished the whole day, three miles up the river, the same down again, and walked back home in time for late dinner. For the last two years I have been to Ireland for my six weeks' holiday fishing. I tramp over the bogs and the hills, and sit in boats fishing from early breakfast to late dinner. I am wet, baked by sun, buffeted by wind,—what care I now? You would have been amused at the astonishment of a friend, an M.D. of great practice, who saw me before and after my cure. He had told my son that I 'had one leg and the greater part of the other in the grave.' He introduced me to his wife, saying 'There, my dear, is the man whom I told you was dying!' My life is no longer a burthen to me, I **enjoy** it. I can walk, stand, fish all day, altho' I am two years older than when I began the Salisbury Cure. Have I not cause to bless it? I do not cease to urge it upon sick friends, and **not one** who has tried it on my recommendation has failed to find benefit from it. I say to them, 'read Mrs. Stuart's book with an open mind, and if you are not a wiser and a **better** man after really following its precepts correctly,—**I'll eat it!**' For we sufferers shall never cease to bless you for publishing and making known this System. And if my case can in any way help on the good Cause, you are at full liberty to use it with my name. All who know me know the truth of what I have written."

(Signed) EDGAR L. LAYARD, C.M.G., F.Z.S., etc., etc.

OTTERBOURNE, BUDLEIGH-SALTERTON,

May 1896.

DEAR MADAM—It is with feelings of overwhelming gratitude that I now intrude upon your valuable time by writing to you. I have not dared to do this before, having too great a respect for you, and knowing full well how to stick to your mandates, and the good resulting therefrom. . . . I have now triumphed. Am well and strong.

I suffered from Varicose Veins and general debility, and although going to many doctors, got no relief. They said I was of a debilitated constitution, and my mark in life was to be a quiet sit-down sort, and I must try and last out as long as I could. My own instincts however were different, and although I said the same thing to every doctor, viz: that it was **what I ate** that gave me the attacks of varicose veins, because some days I was so much better than others, when I had had a meal that seemed to suit me, they laughed at me, and said "there was no possible connection between the veins in the legs and

the stomach" [1]. Our best physician in this town would not believe me and said it was a delusion.

My instincts, however, met with a harmonic note when, in my search for health through ten long years of horrible suffering (every meal that was wrong meant an attack upon the veins in my legs with great distention), I came across your book in the Hulme Free Library.

I have fought like a madman to carry out your instructions, because **one week** of trial was sufficient to prove the right of your ways. I have had to break with everything and everybody, left my home, cut my companions, and am now living by myself, because I could not get others to do properly that which is so necessary. A single man, at long hours of business, it was most important that nothing should be shirked, or any makeshift tolerated.

My veins were a terrible master to me; **a single meal** going wrong, meant great suffering, while the right course **at once** left me as good a man and better, than most others. Twelve months of your System has lifted me from a hopeless cripple and invalid, to be a smart, active, exceptionally strong, business-man:—my salary doubled, and my prospects simply unlimited. . . .

I hope I have not wearied you, but rather that you will see in this long letter some of the power and strength to do, that your name has surely become associated with. . . .

This admirable *Book-patient* is now the husband of a charming girl who owes her robust Health to his guiding influence, and the proud father of a remarkably healthy boy, brought up *from before his birth* on the Salisbury plans in a Salisbury household. (This was the Discoverer of the *Beef-heart*. See Recipes.)

This patient was a Professional man well past 50, who was suffering very much, and had sought health from himself and others in vain. He had for years been growing worse and was as the saying is, weak as a cat; shattered in health and spirits, enormously stout, simply **filled** with "wind" and gas, and quite unfitted to pursue his calling except at the expense of great exhaustion, feeling horribly ill the while. He was very miserable and depressed, everything was labour and sorrow to him. Ten days after becoming my patient he was as he cheerfully expressed it **another man** with all things daily changing for the better within him, waist-band retrenched 4 inches! heart lighter, body too, and work much easier, and his improvement indeed was eloquent in the whole bearing of the man.

At the end of two months he reported—

"As you promised, **I hardly know myself**. Not one ounce of medicine have I taken since I began your treatment; I sleep like a top now, vary and enjoy my meals, and I find the restings before and after them that you ordered me, of excellent benefit. They tell me I am like a fresh complexioned boy! I am up to an eight mile walk, and **that** I have not been for many years; I also enjoy bowling and

gardening again with ease and comfort. My clothes are all too loose now, which is not to be wondered at after losing 2 st. 5 lbs. in two months! If you only **knew** how I used to suffer, and now, since you took me in hand, I have no pain at all! What a blessing for me that you came to —! Long may you be spared to do the infinite good you are doing, and may God shower his richest blessings on you!"

Here is quite a breath-taking record of two days' work told me by a former patient of mine, and I made him "put it in writin'" on the spot for the encouraging of others. For when he first came to me he was about **the** most piteous case of absolute collapse that I have handled in my large experience.—Nerves quite shattered, health gone; will power, *nil*, with many opposing circumstances.

"May 12th, 1896.—Hot water and breakfast at Bournemouth, left at 9.15; hot water at Waterloo 12.25; made four worrying business calls in London and had dinner; left 2.10 P.M., got hot water at Nottingham, arrived Leeds 6.20, went to our show rooms, settled various important matters, saw agents and had supper; left Leeds 8.0, arrived Newcastle-on-Tyne 11.20, hot water and bed. Next day hot water as before; left Newcastle 12.15, arrived Glasgow 5.15; seeing applicants for agencies up to 9.35 P.M.; hot water and then bed. All my friends know this would have been utterly impossible to me two years ago; and my wife who has watched over my progress, writes that I am a wonder even to **her**! If I had encountered all this scrimmage and worry before becoming your patient two years ago, I feel certain it would have *killed* me. Now, I can do my work, and more work than ever I did."

[We had sometimes a very sore struggle for it, but you see we worried through, with what triumph and victory!]

From a Clergyman who had been off work for more than a year—but who ere long was *on* it again to his great satisfaction.

"For nearly 20 years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, which has been greatly aggravated by prolonged worry.

Last March I quite broke down from nervous exhaustion.

For a long time I suffered more than I can describe from insomnia and mental depression.

I consulted many doctors, took a great quantity of medicine, wandered from place to place in search of what I could not find, and in the end, almost despaired of recovering health.

Quite accidentally, or rather, as I believe, Provisionally, I came across your invaluable book and resolved to adopt the Salisbury Treatment. From the first, my indigestion was greatly relieved. . . . Now I am thankful to say that when I adhere to the Salisbury Treatment I sleep and eat well, and know nothing of indigestion."

DEAR MADAM—Altho' I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I feel so grateful to you that *I've got* to tell you so, and to offer to you my warmest thanks for writing that book of yours.

I, by chance, came across it, and proceeded at once to put myself upon the Salisbury Treatment. I had been suffering more or less for years from indigestion, trying all sorts of (so-called) remedies and *many* Doctors, but to no avail; and, latterly, my life had become quite a burden to me and I became a nuisance to myself and to every one about me. It is now just *a month* since I began, and I feel better than I have done for many years. I enjoy everything; in fact, I seem to have got a new lease of life. It is perfectly *marvellous*. . . .

“COLONEL.”

I want you to thoughtfully read *a Physician's* published teachings on “The Cure of Rheumatism.” (And I have put figures at various passages which you will please particularly remark *afterwards*, so as not to break the chain of your attention.) He says, “Chronic rheumatism is unfortunately a very obstinate and unmanageable complaint, of which no certain and reliable cure exists (1). All that can be done is (2), to *try some of the many* remedies which are recommended (3), and to endeavour to *maintain* the general health at as high a standard as possible.” (4). [After vaguely meandering over Climates, sea and other Baths, he winds up thus.] “Of the medicines to be *taken internally* (5), iodide of potassium, bicarbonate of potash, nitrate of potash, bryony, black snake root, guaiacum, sulphur, quinine, arsenic, salicylate of soda, etc., etc., may be tried in turn (6). But as so much depends upon the individual features of each case, it is well to take medicines for rheumatism only under the personal advice and care of a physician” (7). This last seems to me about as happy an injunction as the one of Old, that if any woman “wants to know,” she'd better—ask her husband! I cannot imagine what on earth you expect to gain from “the personal advice” of a physician whose method is “to try” and “try *in turn*,” one deadly drug after another,—to swallow any one of which is but to remove further and further away from you the blessed surcease from pain and misery, for which you are so wearily longing.

1. Thank God there **does** exist a “**certain cure**,” as certain as a problem in mathematics,—the Salisbury Cure,—for forty-odd years triumphant!

2. How piteous would be this “all,”—were it true! *Everything* can be done.

3. Hopeless groping in a fog, among rocks! “some of the many.”—Alas!

4. “The general health” must be *regained* ere it can be “maintained,” which is a difficult job seeing it has often been well-nigh *ruined* by the very “remedies” that are “recommended.” And note, that this physician gives us no hint whatever of **how** this desirable end of “health maintained” is to be accomplished. The reason of this discreet reticence is obvious,—*he does not himself know*.

5. "Internally,"—pray think of it! He means *SWALLOWED*, gone down your throat, past recall;—*and the effects to be faced.*

6. "In turn,"—the whole ten of them, with the "etc., etc.," thrown in! And this, if you please, is *Medical Science!!!*

7. Do you know that *eight* of the "remedies" quoted above, were largely "tried in turn" on me by greatest physicians? Well do I recollect how terribly they wrought me mischief inexpressible in every way, and did me *lasting harm.* These regulation remedies are in the text-books of the physician, for the *Disease*; but the *Patient*—the Sufferer—into whose delicate organisation these tremendous compounds must enter,—*what, what of Him??*

In most happy contrast to the foregoing—here is a good letter from a stranger lady.

DEAR MADAM—I am one of the *many* sufferers who have gained immense benefit from following the instructions and advice of your book. I begun your Treatment on Dec. 1, with the help of your book. I was then *almost* confined to my chair with Rheumatoid Arthritis, joints swollen and much distorted, and I found movement so difficult that it was only with extreme *labour* and pain that I could drag myself down stairs and up again once in the day. **Now**, under God's blessing on the Salisbury Cure I go up and down as often as I wish, generally with alternate feet. I can walk half-a-mile with comparative ease and comfort. I can boast one finger reduced to quite normal conditions, and not to be recognised as belonging to a rheumatic person, and another nearly so; while as to energy and general ability, I have been able to do more in these past six months than in the preceding six years. My doctor—who has your book—says I am a "perfect marvel."¹ I have lately paid two visits, **alone**, involving railway journeys of more than 100 miles, with several changes at stations; whereas in Oct. last year, when I went to Harrogate to try the waters there, I was fairly **lifted** from cabs and trains, and had a wheel-chair along the platform. I praise God, for I feel like a bird out of prison, and I thank you from the bottom of a very grateful heart. I should no doubt have been better still by now, but for two or three unavoidable "backsets." Yours most gratefully,

Speaks for itself.

It may interest you to know that twelve months ago I had a complete breakdown, from over-work, over-pressure, neglect of diet, and taking cold. I suffered from Bronchitis, Pneumonia, congested

¹ Another honest doctor witnessing the remarkable change in a former patient of his,—a then patient of mine,—asked "But why isn't Mrs. Stuart on the house-tops, preaching this marvellous System of Cure?" But I am never *off* "the house-tops" proclaiming to all, my Message of Peace and Healing!

Kidneys, and torpid and enlarged Liver. After ten months' medical treatment, during which I suffered a martyrdom, and was twelve weeks' continuously night and day *in my chair*, unable to lie down from difficulty in breathing, etc., two of my medical attendants decided, two months ago, to put me under the meat diet and hot water Treatment. I should say that Dropsy had supervened, and I was swelled to a most fearful extent. The doctors said that I should not live above a week. I was rapidly "silting up," and unless this treatment answered, they had nothing to intervene between me and the *finish*—this was their "last resource." With God's blessing it has worked a veritable miracle;—I have lost all trace of Dropsy; my urine, which was very bad, is now quite clear and free from any traces of albumen . . . and I am building up a new life and a new strength. I have grown very thin, but your book set my mind at rest on that point; and I am quite willing to let the "old" go, and have it replaced by the "new." I now bid fair to be healthier than I have been for many years, and hope in a week or two to return, partially at least, to my business, after twelve months' absence.

[Shortly after he wrote,—"*Well*; and quite able to be back to work again."]

Case of a young man in the last stage of Bright's Disease.

He had suffered severely for two years and had been kept for fifteen months on an exclusive diet of skim-milk. For four months he had been in bed "fearfully troubled with dropsy and flatulence, and at length was at death's door and delirious." He was given up by his own doctor and by two eminent Specialists. His Father, who from following my book had then "better health than for twenty years back," in this dire extremity begged his doctor to try the Salisbury Treatment on his son. He wrote me two months later that the result had been most happy, for, from the beginning, there had been progress: slow but marked and steady; the disease was yielding and strength returning. Eventually the young man came himself to visit me;—cheery and *Well!*

A Stranger writes from Bavaria of a Patient. [*Translation*].

1898.

" . . . It will interest you to hear of the case of an Epileptic patient of mine, aged 25, who has suffered from these fits since 5 years old, having many seizures daily and growing worse year by year. This young man, an only son, enormously rich, had become from his terrible malady almost an idiot. I put him upon your Treatment, and from the first day he took the hot water, the fits ceased. He eats Beef-steak, poultry, etc., with now and then a little crisp toast and butter. It is five months since he began, and not only has there been no return of the fits, but his *brain* is gaining in strength; and we hope in a year or two to see him restored to perfect health, mental as well as physical. It is like a resurrection. I could not have believed it possible, had I not seen it with my own eyes."

A very distinguished Physician who knew my Book, had the kindness to write to me;—

“ . . . During the last few years I have had remarkably good results by free use of hot water internally. Again, I have in my own person learnt the truth of your statement that the “staff of life” [bread] is often a very indigestible staff, and that a simple supper of Beef gives one a better chance next morning than any other. So I am strongly inclined to accept your doctrines, and am confident that we may learn much of a most useful kind from your Book. I intend to turn it to account both for my patients and for myself. . . . I believe that your Book gives us some most valuable aids towards a better dietetic treatment of many very intractable diseases.

“Now, just let me add that your name is placed on the list of Life-Governors of my Consulting-room, that is, of those who are never to be allowed to pay a fee . . .”

Four months later I had the great pleasure to receive a yet further tribute from the same eminent physician:—

I am sure I can give you pleasure by saying that you have been the means of distinctly improving my treatment of cases of certain kinds, both in hospital and private practice; and have thereby benefited many persons of whom you have no knowledge. With kind regards and cordial wishes for your success in your benevolent work. . . .

From Australia.

MY DEAR MRS. STUART—Months ago your delightful book so impressed me that I at once put my whole household on the advice therein given. The result has been wonderful. My Husband and I never have rheumatism, headaches or liver-attacks now, and we used to be martyrs to such—for which we always blamed the weather. Our children and servants have also gained great benefit. Everywhere I spread the fame of it, and I have already many grateful patients. My husband is a doctor and has a large practice in women's diseases, and he has prescribed your diet with unvarying success. I wish your book could be more widely circulated, for it is the greatest blessing that has ever been offered to mankind. . . .

[Another chaplet of laurel for the invincible Salisbury Treatment;—and still they come!]

Another Dr. writes:—

. . . I have already had excellent results with your book. A lady who had been helpless for years from Rheumatoid-Arthritis, [rheumatic-gout] now can run up and down stairs, do her own hair, etc., etc., which she has not done for years. . . .

A Doctor gave my book to several of his Patients, telling them to make it their Text-book. Another wrote me, he had put “twelve of his

patients on my Book with first-rate results." [I hope he now has them *all* there!]

I am thankful to say I hear often now of and from Drs. practising the S.T. and have had several Patients in the Profession.

From a former patient of mine.

" . . . I am considered an admirable advertisement of your Salisbury Treatment;—having continued perfectly well, and without pain or ache since I recovered the use of my limbs about five years back. Two days ago I walked 17 miles easily,—not bad for one in his 81st year!"

An American Testimony.

"I have entirely satisfied myself [from ample experiments] that a lean meat diet will restore health more surely than any other food; and I have never known it fail in one instance when the patient has been faithful. . . . As for children, I have a boy seven years of age; when his first teeth came, at about nine months, I commenced giving him the lean pulp of beef, and from that time on he has had meat practically at every meal. The first dish that is served to him is several oz. of minced lean beef. He eats that without anything else, then other foods after. When he cannot eat his meat (which seldom ever occurs) he goes away from the table. He is never allowed food between meals. He is the most healthful, the finest physically developed, the most powerful child that I have ever seen, and all who know him contend that his mental condition is fully equal to his physical. I consider Dr. Salisbury's discovery of the natural laws involved, the greatest of the age." [He might more truly have said, of all time.]

From a Stranger Lady.

"I believe my Mother has already written to tell you what immense benefit she has derived from the Salisbury Treatment, and how she owes it all to your Book, which we came across, quite by chance 15 months ago. All our friends and relations are amazed at the difference in my Mother's health, and it *is* quite wonderful, for she was most fearfully ill for eight years before. One of the many Doctors who did not succeed in curing my Mother has lately seen her again, and is perfectly *astonished* at the change in her! He is *most* anxious to know more about the Salisbury Treatment."

This, from a patient, such a wreck when I took him in hand, and we had at first a tough fight for it, but he does me grand credit now, "There is *no one* in the world in whom I have such entire confidence, *no one*. I often say so, always adding, that I never *once* found you in error in any one particular, God bless you. I will always do any-^{thing} thing you ask me and believe anything you tell me. . . ." [It *is*

something in a man's desperate illness, to inspire trust such as this.] The other day he wrote, "I am often envied for my blooming appearance. Words cannot express my gratefulness for the *splendid health* you have given me. . . ."

Dr. Salisbury on being consulted by a lady on a case of Tumour, replied:—

"Dr. — you refer to, I do not know. His remark to you satisfies me that he does not know what he is talking about. He probably has never been through with his discipline of keeping his stomach clean by washing out with the warm water, and feeding up on the lean beef diet. Hence he knows nothing substantially of this good work, and he is not a proper person to give advice. . . . I have removed many hundred ovarian tumours since 1864 by this rigid diet. There is NO failure when instructions are rigidly followed, and the bowels rubbed carefully daily by one who knows how to give life. . . . This work is as sure as a problem in mathematics. . . . Please write to Miss — . . . and ask her to give you her experience under this treatment, and what it accomplished for her. She was a patient of Dr. Charcot's, in Paris. She had Locomotor Ataxy, and was so paralysed from the waist down that there was neither sensation nor power to move. . . . Charcot had given her not over 2 months to live. When she heard this she said, 'Take me to Dr. Salisbury, he will save me.' She was so low that a coffin was put on board with her. She arrived here . . . 1890. . . . She weighed 78 lbs. I put her on rigid diet of beef pulp, washing out 4 times a day with warm water. After 5 months' treatment she weighed 72 lbs., but felt greatly better. During the next 7 months she steadily continued to improve and increased in weight and muscle, going from 72 lbs. up to 148 lbs., and this on nothing but the rigid diets of lean meat. Treatment had now continued just one year. This one year had taken her out of the grave and built her up to be one of the strongest and healthiest young ladies in New York. She could walk many miles without fatigue. I now gave her liberty to eat what she liked, as I knew all of her old appetites were broken up, and she knew the secret of keeping well and being happy. She very soon returned to — a wonderfully well and happy girl. Happy and well because she is now *one* in body, soul and spirit; living in perfect harmony in herself and with all the world. It will do you good to write to her—I enclose you her last letter that you may see the sweetness and success of her life. . . ."

Signed J. H. SALISBURY.

I myself then wrote to the young lady in question, who kindly replied fully to me.

1895.

" . . . It gives me pleasure to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Author of the "Tea-Kettle Book." . . . To

Dr. Salisbury's skill I owe my life and all I have been able to accomplish since recovery, in my Profession. I was given up by my Physicians, and bereft of hope, in the last stage of Locomotor-Ataxia. I was taken to New York in the care of my Mother and Sister and Dr. ——. I was indeed at death's door when I reached Dr. Salisbury. . . . I was completely paralysed up to my waist, and of course could not stand or move, and was equally unable *to lie down or recline*, the least approach to such a position causing paroxysms of pain in my heart and spine. I was expected to die at any moment;—but lived to be pronounced perfectly cured in one year's time. Of faithful devotion to the Treatment I need not speak. . . . In another year, in 1891, Dr. Salisbury allowed me to return home—there to resume the Art-study so ruthlessly interrupted. I have worked since then, indefatigably, summer and winter, from light till dark. I continue so well and happy that it is with difficulty I can recall vividly those agonising days!! . . .

[This young lady is a most successful Painter, and her work has received great praise in high quarters.]

I too have had my triumphs in Locomotor-Ataxy. Here is one. In the limited space at my command I can convey no adequate idea of his utterly broken-down and pitiable condition when I first had the care of him. How helpless he was, how depressed, how miserable, tho' in the very prime of life. He shall speak for himself now.

“ . . . I was overhauled by a Dr. in Scotland whom I had consulted before I knew you, just to let him see what hot water etc., would do. He was quite amazed at my state and condition and gave me another 40 years of this life. I gave *you* the whole credit of it all. I always say that had I not known *you*, I should have been under the sod long ere this. I cycled 100 miles in one day lately and slept well after it, and have ridden 3643 miles since 1st January.”

Bravo, my truly excellent Patient.

The following, out of very many from working-people, shows how well suited to *all* insides is the cleansing warm water: to Poor alike with Rich. I stayed a few days at Bushey, as Professor Herkomer had generously offered to paint my portrait, and, as is my custom wherever I go, I *hot-watered* the roads plentifully!

BUSHEY, HERTS.

“DEAR MADAM—I write you a line just to say how I thank God that ever you came down Caldecote Hill on August 17th.

“I was walking and you passed by me in a carriage and threw out a [Hot Water] tract, and I picked it up and read it, and I said, that will just suit me. I became a hot water drinker from that day. I take three pints daily, and you will be pleased to hear that I am a much better man. The people about Bushey want to know what has made me so nimble. So I tell them the hot water three times a day. I do

thank God that ever you came down Caldecote Hill on the 17th day of August.

"The Lord bless you, and may you be the means of doing a good deal of good in your time for your poor fellow creatures, for you have done a great deal of good for me.—Your humble servant,

"DENNIS BRYANT."

A Railway Guard to whom I had as usual, on a journey, given a batch of Hot Water tracts, had the kindness to write me this shortly afterwards, nor is his the only testimony from men on the Line.

"I thank you exceedingly, dear Madam, for the tracts. Doubtless to you it is an old story, but to me it is a new joy in life, all the letters I get from friends and others to whom I have given your Tracts; all testify to the great benefit they have got from the Hot Water drinking."

Another lovely testimony which greatly pleased me is this. (In writing to Tradespeople I always enclose one or more Hot Water Tracts.) After ordering—thoughtlessly just before Christmas—a quantity of stationery, I received an instalment only; the master explaining that he could not have sent me any at all just then had not one of his workmen who had formerly benefited by my hot water Tract voluntarily stayed overtime, to prepare and stamp my paper, etc. !

From a patient of mine, a long and terrible victim to "Rheumatoid-Arthritis." A distressing eruption on her face had also added to her misery. Four months after beginning the S.T., and almost immediately after we had tackled the face, she wrote :—

"My face is almost well! Really everything of the S.T. is wonderful. I have lately gained considerably, and feel I am being renewed and remade from the root. The work is *slow*, but as you led me to expect that, I am not disappointed, and there is no doubt about it. I enjoy my meals very much. . . . When I look back to the past,—*the terrible past*, with all its complications, . . . dreadful pain and exhaustion, I marvel at the long way I have travelled towards health. What cause for thankfulness I have that I ever heard of your blessed book. *I know I was at death's door some months ago*—and to-day, I never felt better. Tho' still too weak to stand on, ankles and knees are less painful, and arms, shoulders and hands getting better every day; and I believe the S.T. is a brain-clearer too, for I can think things out in a way I never could before. . . ."

Another :—

"My Cousin, whose husband and child had continual bad health, picked up Mrs. Stuart's book one day, and very pluckily took the child out of the doctor's hands, and treated her on Mrs. Stuart's plan. *We* were all aghast! But M. has her head screwed on the right way. She devoted all her energies to carrying out the Treatment correctly;—Cured her baby, and more slowly, effected a great change in her husband's health and her own. Almost a year has gone by, and they still flourish abundantly."

A stranger writes that he has "*devoured* my invaluable book," and that the hot water and minced beef are *killing* for him "both Diabetes and Rheumatism."

From another :—

"I honestly consider your book to be one of *the* most useful books ever published in the English language."

[That pretty well, I guess, coincides with my own opinion too !]—E. S.

From another :—

"How you have managed to render a book treating of *stomachs*, very entertaining, eloquent, and even poetical, passes me ; but you have *done* it ! There isn't a dull half-page all through."

Another. In ordering a noble pile of my Book, the writer says :—

"I must be allowed to say how grateful I am to you for writing that book. A year ago I was in a terrible state of suffering—had had *years* of agony. I am a totally different woman now ; it is a miraculous cure."

[Another calls it "*my Life-preserver* !"]

A clergyman wrote :—

" . . . It [my Book] is working a revolution in medical and health questions, and is carrying health and hope where aforetime there were illness and despair."

Another wrote :—

"Your Book, like

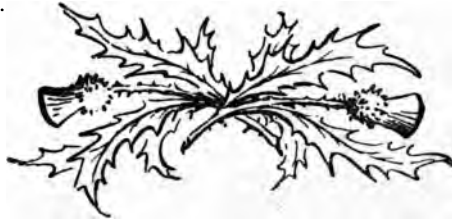
'The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen,

must prove both a boon and a blessing to men.' Believing this, I have the pleasure of enclosing my cheque for seven copies, expressing my conviction that the Salisbury Treatment ought to supersede the empiricism which now passes for science."

From a German Scientist.

"No other medical work—and we have read many—has impressed us so profoundly as this one. Every line seems a new revelation, and the method designed as leading to health, to be the *only* one the sick have to go. Here the chief features of this cure are brought out most convincingly. Moreover, the book itself as a literary production has deeply impressed us, offering a wonderfully-sustained display of wit, pathos, irony, of a powerful mind and will ; and, above all, of a true and genuine love of mankind and sympathy with all their sufferings. We can hardly believe that it should require a *twelfth* edition to bring forth a translation ; so as to give the German public the delight of reading Mrs. Stuart's book, along with the fine remarks drawn from Dr. Salisbury's great work throughout it. . . ." BADEN-BADEN.

Surely, surely there is enough to show that the Salisbury Treatment charged with such splendid service to Humanity, is worthy of respectful, thoughtful consideration. The subject touches so profoundly People and Profession alike, that it has got to be squarely faced and admitted into the arena of public discussion and serious, candid inquiry. It cannot for ever be scornfully dismissed with misrepresentation and opprobrious epithet; this but the captious device of stolid prejudice, and egotism apprehensive. The Salisbury Treatment *courts* the fullest, rigorous investigation and test. Founded on simplest common sense and logical demonstration, it has naught to fear from fiercest light thrown thereon. *It* feels no qualms, for in it is no empiricism.



*Upon whatever soil I stand, I'll bless her honoured Name,
And breathe a pray'r for SCOTLAND'S weal, my Country and my hame.*

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