LECTURE

At the Sanitarium Parlor, Battle Creek, Mich., Thursday, October 19, 1905.

At 8:00 P. M.,

by

J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

The Bible tells us that the blood is the life; that the life is in the blood. When Noah was given permission to eat the flesh of animals, it was expressly forbidden that he should eat blood, and the Mosaic law forbade the use of blood in any form as food, under the most severe penalties. So we find that this is a command which was made binding upon all men—that they should not eat blood. Noah and his family were the only inhabitants of the earth after the flood, and Noah was told that men should not eat blood. Then this was reiterated to the Jewish nation when they were singled out to be the special people and all the rest of the world had gone into degeneracy. The Jewish people were instructed that they should not eat blood. They have substantially adhered to that practice from that time to now. I met some time ago a Jewish rabbi from Jerusalem, and he told me very much about the great difficulty experienced sometimes when there were great crowds in Jerusalem in getting meat to eat which had been thoroughly purified from its blood. A Jewish rabbi in Portland wrote me some time ago that the practice prevailed among the Jews of that city to prepare their meat in such a way that it should not contain blood. I said to a young Jew some time ago who had been here to the Sanitarium for a little while, "What about the use of meat at your home? Do you use a great deal? How do you get along here with our diet? I suppose
you are not very much accustomed to it." "Oh," he said, "We don't use but very little meat." I said, "Why not?" "Well," he said, "It don't have much taste to it, you know. When the meat is brought in at night, the mother packs it down in salt, and it remains in salt all night, and the next morning it is washed very thoroughly until all the blood is lost out of it, and really it does not have very much flavor. So we don't use it very much; we do not care for it very much, for we don't like it very well."

But you say this is not binding upon Christians. At least twenty-five years after the beginning of the Christian dispensation, twenty-five years after the death of Christ, there was a controversy arose in the Christian Church. Paul had been teaching some things that some others disagreed with. He was proclaiming a more liberal practice than some others approved of, and so there was an appeal made to the apostles, the apostles who still lived. Most of them still lived at Jerusalem, and Paul was obliged to go up there. James, the brother of Christ, said, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay upon you no greater burdens than these four necessary things,—no other burdens than these four necessary things. And the four necessary things that were enjoined upon all Christians, even upon these Christians that were just emerging from Heathenism down in _Galatia_, Christians whose forefathers were cannibals,—for they were a sort of colony from the British Islands, and our forefathers, that is those of us who are originally Britons,—I claim to be a Britisher, for my eleventh grandfather was born and raised seventy miles from London; so I claim British blood; and I have to trace my ancestry clear back with the rest of you who are Britons, clear back to the cannibals who roamed those Islands clad in warpaint and feathers chiefly, eating their enemies; and there was a colony of them sometime about that time down in _Galatia_, and of course they were great meat eaters. They were only just coming out of the direst barbarism. These
were the things that were enjoined upon them—these necessary things: That they should abstain from fornication, from meat offered to idols, from things strangled, and from blood. Now these were put down as four necessary things. Those Christians, whatever else they might do, must not do those things. Those are four necessary things they must not do. They must not eat things that had been offered to idols; they must not eat strangled things, and must not eat blood.

The first time my attention was called to that, the first time I thought of it, the query arose whether there might not be some substitutes by which Christian people could be delivered from the necessity of obeying that command, although it was a divine command, presented to the Christian world through James, the brother of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the president of the first and greatest Christian council, and within twenty-five years after the death of Christ. I looked it up, went to studying the commentaries about it, and to my surprise, I found that Adam Clark, one of the greatest modern commentators, one of the most fair and learned of all modern commentators, takes the ground most decidedly that that was binding upon all Christians, and yet we sometimes find Christian people eating beefsteaks with all the blood in them. I saw a man some time ago cutting a beefsteak that was cooked rare, and the blood was running out upon his plate; and he would cut off a piece of beefsteak, then he would sop it in the blood on his plate, and then eat it. The thought suggested itself to me that if he liked blood so well, he might have a quantity supplied to him from the butcher shop every day, that he could have in a bowl beside his plate, and sop his bread in it. It would be the same thing. Blood is blood whether it has run out of the flesh and been collected by itself, or whether it is still in the flesh; it is blood. And the Jews were commanded
not to eat blood; and in order that they should not eat blood, they were required
to bleed their animals thoroughly, and then soak and wash the flesh until the
blood was thoroughly removed.

Now, the reason given for it was the fact that the life is in the
blood. The blood is the life; the life is in the blood. Now, there is some-
thing more than that. The death is in the blood too. When an animal's body
is saturated with disease, while the life is in the arterial blood, the red
blood which is bringing in oxygen and purified blood to the rescue of dying
tissues, there is flowing away continually in the opposite direction, from the
tissues, a stream which is pestilential, with all the elements of death—a
veritable death stream.

Now, I am going to talk to you a little bit about the blood tonight,
and call your attention to some facts I am sure when you think about them you
will never want to eat any more blood. But the question comes, if you are
not going to eat blood, you are not going to eat beefsteak. The beefsteak is
not so very objectionable if the blood is thoroughly washed, purged out of it,
because what is left is comparatively pure. Of course, there are sometimes
tapeworms in the muscles, trichinae in the lean meat of pork; and there are var-
ious other kinds of parasites, consumption germs in all kinds of flesh, and more
or less animals are jaundiced, have bad livers; sometimes have headaches, bilious
attacks when they are killed, and of course all the impurities and waste matters
are more or less scattered from the tissues; but the principal part is in the
blood. You ought to think about that next time you have beefsteak, or chicken
broth, or soup,—that you are eating the excrement of animals. A doctor in
New York some time ago made an analysis of beefsteak and found the analysis, the
composition was just the same as urine. There is no food value in it.

In an ounce of pecans or any other kind of nuts, there are 200 cal-
ories. I feel more grateful to Texas for pecans than for almost anything else. Texas furnishes us with as many pecans as any other state in the Union. The pecan has 200 food units to the ounce; whereas an ounce of beef-juice, beeftea, or bouillon has just three food units. People think beeftea is so very nourishing, that beefbroth, chicken broth is so very good for sick people. One reason why they are in no sense good for sick people is because there is nothing in them,—or, rather that what there is in them is harmful; it is injurious. An eminent French surgeon not very long ago made the remark, "Beeftea is a veritable solution of poisons, a true solution of poisons. It is made from blood and contains the soluble elements of various kinds.

If you want to eat beefsteak for breakfast in a healthful way, wash it thoroughly, scrub it on a washboard, rinse it, then run it through the wringer; wash it thoroughly, then serve it up for breakfast, and it will be as nice, white and clean as the table cloth, and pure almost as the driven snow, and it won't do you any harm, and it will have a flavor which is like India rubber.

We undertook to furnish that sort of beefsteaks years ago—washed beefsteaks. I got tired giving patients uric acid, decided that would not do; but somebody said, "We must have beefsteak", so we had steaks that were purified and thoroughly washed; but I found the patients didn't care for them; didn't like that kind of meat. When you get hold of a gluten biscuit, eat a pure gluten biscuit, it hasn't very much flavor in it, but it has just exactly as much flavor as you find in beefsteak that has been thoroughly washed.

Here is the blood in circulation. That is what you see when you look at the web of a frog's foot,—you see these millions of blood-cells running through these channels. There are so many of these minute vessels in the body that the crossection of these capillaries all put together is five times that of the great aorta—that big vessel as big as your thumb; and these capillaries
are so many that the area of their cross-section equals 500 times that of the aorta. That means considerable, when you multiply the diameter of the aorta, half a square inch,—500 times that would be 125 square inches—the cross-section of all these vessels. That would be ten by twelve wouldn't it? It would make a tube ten by twelve inches, a tube a foot in diameter—that is what it would be,—a tube a foot in diameter, a pipe a foot in diameter—all these little capillaries, and the blood is going through all the while. But they are only one twenty-fifth of an inch long. That is 1/3 of 1/8 of an inch. That is very short. So that is one reason why they are so large; but they are so fine it takes a considerable time for these corpuscles to go through, because one of these cells in the human being is only 1 three thousandth of an inch in length. So you see that although the capillaries are only one twenty-fifth of an inch in length, they are many times the length of the corpuscle itself. One twenty-fifth of 3000 is 120, isn’t it? So these corpuscles could be arranged in a row just touching one another, and 120 of them could lie in one of these little capillaries one twenty-fifth of an inch long.

Well, now, these cells are moving through the capillaries all the while, from the arteries over into the veins. Here is the heart that furnishes the motive power that does the work. Here are pictures of some of these cells. This represents the malarial parasite, such as you get down in New Orleans, Louisiana, and some other parts of the South. Here is a full grown one that looks like a dragon, you see. Here is a little one inside of a cell. They creep inside of the cells, eat them up, destroy them; and that is why one gets pale, gets anemic so rapidly when he has malarial fever, because these little parasites are eating up the blood, so that when they get into the body, one third of the blood disappears sometimes in less than a week. Well, the heart furnishes
the motive power. Here is the great aorta. Here is the vein that brings the
blood back to the heart, to the right side. The right side pumps it out through
this large vessel, the pulmonary artery, and it goes out through the aorta here,
distributes it to the body; then it goes to the lungs, and then comes back into
this side of the heart to be again distributed.

When you look at the blood through the microscope, you see there are
many different kinds of cells. There are not only the red cells, but there
are many different kinds of white cells. Here is a very interesting kind of
cell because it is the very handsomest of all the cells of the blood. When a
person gets infected with trichinosis, he has right away an enormous increase
of these cells. When a person has anemia, these peculiar white cells, esin-
ophiles disappear largely, and if the patient gets very bad, they almost alto-
gether disappear; and when the patient begins to improve, before he shows any
symptoms of being better at all, if the doctor examines his blood and finds the
esinophiles increasing, he knows the patient is getting well. When I do a sur-
gical operation upstairs in the operating room, as I have been doing almost
all day today, the very next morning after the operation, a little drop of
blood is taken from the finger of every single patient I operate upon, that is
every grave case, and it is very carefully inspected. If I find a whole lot of
these little cells, and find they are increasing, find a lot of these more than
usual, find there are twice as many, or three times as many as usual, I watch
that case very carefully, and I have a blood count made every day, perhaps
twice a day for some days afterwards. The first day there is always an in-
crease. The anesthetic does that. These little cells are defending the
body. The anesthetic lowers the vital defenses of the body, and because the
vitality of the body is lowered, germs swarm into the body more or less; so it
means a great increase in the number of these body defenders, for these are the
cells that fight off the germs. They fight off the germs of pneumonia. We
are all exposed to pneumonia, have the pneumonia germs in our throats this minute, I expect, most of us—we have germs in our throats capable of making pneumonia anyhow; there are germs in our bodies all the while that will give us abscess of the liver, or that will cause abscess of the brain, or pneumonia, pleurisy, and a disease that closely resembles typhoid fever; cholera morbus, or a disease exactly like it; inflammation of the stomach and bowels, boils, abscesses of various sorts,—these germs are always in our bodies. The little child always carries around in his throat germs which are capable of producing tonsilitis. These germs are always with us. The reason why we are not continually coming down with some one or other of these maladies is simply because our bodies are fighting them off.

These are the macrophages which fight off the germs. The next morning after operation, if I find these macrophages multiplying, I watch the case very carefully. It may be due to something besides the operation. If the second morning these macrophages are still increasing, I watch the patient very sharp, watch the temperature very closely, watch the pulse very closely. That means that patient is perhaps going to have a fever, maybe peritonitis, and we just go right to work, roll up our sleeves, pitch right into the case as though there was a house afire to fight that peritonitis off before it begins, you see. That is the time to turn on the preventive. In the case of the house, that is the time to get in the fire department to put the blaze out before it has grown to such proportions it can not be destroyed, can not be dealt with.

Here are other large cells that have other purposes. These are the macrophages that eat up the rubbish in the body. Suppose you had a prickling in your hand, and the mucous membrane of your hand is all swollen up, and when you get through your fingers are stiff, your joints are stiff with exudate.
How are you going to get well? That is where these macrophages come in. They swarm out into the tissues, as the exudates, swarm around them and eat them up, gnaw it up just as a dog gnaws a bone only in a very different kind of way. Each one of these little cells is a stomach. That little center you see there is a stomach and a brain and a heart; it is a brain and a stomach and a heart all in one. That is the nucleus, and around outside of it there is a digestive juice which is kept there already stored up there ready to be used when these little stomachs fold up beside those stiff joints; millions and billions of them are swarming all around that stiffened joint, and they crowd up against the exudate, the gluey substance, if it has hardened in there, and let out this digestive fluid, rub it on, so to speak,—lay themselves right up close against it, lay this digestive fluid up against it and digest the exudate, soften it down, so day by day it will grow less and less and less. That is why we apply massage to the joints, because when we rub the joints, that brings more leucocytes there, makes the blood-vessels larger, encourages the circulation of the blood, makes more blood come through, and so the leucocytes accumulate. That is why we apply fomentations, why we apply radiant heat, why we apply the heating compress and keep it on over night—because those processes bring blood to this exudate, to this stiffened joint, and the same thing is true of every other organ that is sick. These are the wonderful little repairing organs of the body which are continually fighting off death and helping us to resist the enemies of health with which we are continually surrounded.

The blood is made up of these red cells and these white cells. There are only two or three kinds of red cells, but there is a large number of different kinds of white cells; so the red cells are much larger in proportion. There is one white cell to every 500 or 600 red cells. The red cells are the most numerous. They carry oxygen from the lungs to the vessels, and carry
carbonic acid gas back. So this wonderful blood, you see, is not simply a little red pigment as it looks to be; but when it is magnified, it is seen to be a living stream, a living tissue, a fluid tissue. Now, this blood is made in the bones. That is one of the most wonderful things. Those bones which are the framework of the body, the inside of them is devoted to the making of these blood-cells. It may be made to some degree in some other parts also. There are certain parts of the body where the blood-cells are destroyed because they may be old and infirm, and are good for nothing after they get to be about six weeks old. Six weeks is the life of the blood-cell. When they get to be about six weeks old, they die, that is the red ones do. What becomes of them? One of those white ones eats it up. The white cell never dies. That is I suppose it may die from accident, but ordinarily it doesn’t die.

These wonderful white cells have such vitality that instead of dying they split, multiply, keep right on dividing, dividing, dividing. A kernel of corn does not die, if you give it a chance. The kernel of corn grows into the ground, sprouts, becomes corn plant, makes hundreds of thousands of other kernels of corn, and each one of those goes on doing the same. That is exactly what these they do not white cells do, but the red cell is not so. They do not divide, multiply; they die. These large white ones swallow them, and some other organs dispose of them. The liver helps to use them up. This work is carried on at any rate to some extent in the liver, and that is where the coloring matter of the bile comes from, where the bile gets its golden color—-from the pigment of these red cells. This thyroid gland here destroys these cells also. When we remove a large goiter we find it made up of blood-vessels, and inside of these vessels is a golden colored fluid which contains fragments of these red cells that have been destroyed, and great numbers of white cells; and there are great numbers of them there having a sort of cannibal feast, eating up their
neighbors the red cells.

The liver is a very important organ. This is a healthy liver, and here are some specimens of diseased liver. Here, for instance, is a nutmeg liver. When a person gets weakened from the use of alcohol or from any other cause, the liver gets congested and gets sort of nutmeg color. And here is a fatty liver that looks like a piece of tallow. Here is a cancerous liver, which is not a very uncommon thing nowadays, for cancer even affects the liver. I have met a good many cases of cancer of the liver. Here is an inflamed liver—congested and inflamed, which is not an uncommon condition. Here is the cirrhosis, cirrhotic, or atrophied liver. Here is the hobnailed liver. You see these bunches on the hobnailed liver look very much like the sole on a man's shoe that has great hobnails projecting all around it so as to save the wear of the leather. This liver has been contracted so that little portions of liver as it has contracted, have been pushed out as the liver has shriveled up. Between these lobules are masses of cicatricial tissue; the proper liver tissue has disappeared. Prof. Boix, of Paris, some years ago made a remarkable discovery, and that is that the hobnailed liver, gin liver, whiskey liver is produced more often by pepper than it is by whiskey or by gin; that pepper has six times the power to make gin liver that gin has, and vinegar has twice the power to make gin liver that alcohol has; and that these diseased livers are more often due to indigestion, dyspepsia, than they are to alcohol. That is not an excuse or an apology for alcohol, but it is important that we should know that we may get gin liver even if we do not take gin. If we take plenty of pepper, we are more likely to get it than if we did take gin.

Here are some diseased kidneys. Here is a healthy kidney. Here is a fatty kidney; here is a drunkard's kidney; here is a gin kidney. See the difference between them. Here is the large, white kidney of the beer drinker.
Here is the little, cirrhotic, dried up kidney of the whiskey drinker,—a man who takes whiskey before breakfast on an empty stomach. Some years ago I was

showing these pictures, and there was a man in the back part of the audience, and a man was carried out. I met the gentleman afterwards, and I inquired what was the trouble. He said, "Doctor, when you showed those pictures up there, I thought of the days when I used to drink whiskey myself, and when I thought of what I had been doing to my stomach and liver and kidneys, it was so perfectly horrible it immediately overcame me," and he pitched right over in a dead faint. I wish I could show those pictures to everybody that drinks whiskey, and everybody that uses the pepperbox. The pepper box is just as bad as the whiskey bottle when your liver is concerned or your stomach; the pepper box and mustard or horse radish bottle, and all those things burn and sting, smart and blister as they go down the throat—they are all hard on the liver. I heard of a little boy some time ago out to lunch with his mother, and took a little horse radish for the first time, and immediately spat it out on his plate. His mother said, "Why, Tommy, you are very impolite." His mother didn't give him horse radish at home, but she said, "Why do you do that?" He looked up with tears in his eyes and says, "Please, mother, I would rather wait until that gets cold before I eat any more." Things that are hot when they are cold are deceptive and likely to make mischief inside, and in destroying the liver, they have done the thing which will contribute more to destroy the reparative power of the blood than any other one thing that could be done, because the liver is the greatest of all purifiers. Poisons carried into the liver are actually destroyed in it. If you take whiskey or any other poison into your stomach, it is absorbed into the blood, carried to the liver first of all, and in the liver,—or it goes to the liver in the general circulation, and the liver labors its very best to take out that poison, to store it up in its own tissues, to absorb it like a sponge, but it takes it out of the blood and destroys all it
can of it. A person taking soft water that comes through a lead pipe may go on drinking that water for a long time before he feels any bad effects. Why? Because his liver stores up the lead in his own tissue. The man who has bilious attacks every now and then thinks to find relief by taking doses of blue mass, calomel, and of other mercurial preparations; and persons who do that go on a long time without apparently suffering any injury. By and by the liver collapses. What is the trouble? That poor liver has become so saturated with mercury it can no longer do its work. People who take iron tonics a great deal for a long time--the liver absorbs the iron as much as it can. If a person takes mineral medicines of any sort, he is spoiling his liver by storing up these minerals in the liver, wearing it out. A person who drinks tea and coffee is doing the same thing. The thein in the tea--the thing that makes you feel so comfortable, so happy after you have taken the tea or the coffee, the thing that cures that headache, that very thing is the thing that ruins your liver--the thein or caffeine. If a person drinks ordinary cocoa, it is the very same thing. It is the same thing with a person who drinks whiskey or smokes cigars. The boy who smokes cigarettes is burning up his liver. That is the reason these boys never attain to vigorous manhood. Boys who begin smoking when they are young do not ever attain to real, strong, vigorous manhood. It is impossible they should, because the liver is one organ especially necessary for constructing the body by maintaining purity of the blood, at the same time aiding in the digestion of food--both those things. The liver helps to make the blood; then the liver purifies the blood. If the liver is damaged, the heart is being prepared for all sorts of mischief in future. I am glad to see so many of our cities are making laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to boys. If they will only raise the age limit until by and by we get up to fifty or sixty years, so that even the old boys can not get cigarettes,
cigars or tobacco, I shall feel very profoundly thankful. I don’t know of any other one thing that could be of more help to him to stop this degenerative process than to stop the use of tobacco and liquor, and tea and coffee, for we would have to go on with that along with other things. The tobacco is an evil very subtle in its effects; it does more harm than whiskey. There is no question about that, because it is a trainer for whiskey to begin with; it creates an appetite for whiskey. The whiskey relaxes the blood-vessels, while tobacco contracts the blood-vessels. The boy who has been smoking too much, his face is pale; but the boy who has been taking whiskey, his face is flushed. You know that. Tobacco contracts the blood-vessels, and whiskey dilates the vessels. So when a boy smokes, he is almost certain to drink, for he gets so miserable from over-contraction of the blood-vessels he has to have an antidote. It is not a good thing, of course. Water would be a better antidote; but alcohol actually relieves a person of the inconvenience that tobacco produces; so if a boy or a man who smokes feels uncomfortable, nothing in the world will relieve him of that discomfort so quickly as a glass of brandy or a couple of glasses of wine. Tea and coffee are also trainers for tobacco and whiskey. Many a woman gets the habit of drinking whiskey. I have met a great many cases who had come up through coffee to the whiskey habit. I have met a great many cases of that sort. Women are very susceptible to these nerve-poisons, and when a woman has taken coffee in stronger, stronger and stronger doses until by and by the coffee did not seem to be just the thing, somebody tells her to just put in a teaspoonful of brandy and see how much more comfortable she will be. So brandy is added, and by and by they get to taking the brandy straight. And I want to tell you I have met a good many cases of that sort in which women had become confirmed inebriates, had lost their womanhood really because of hav-
ing learned first the coffee habit, then getting into the whiskey habit,—these drugs which enslave, which deceive, which are nerve foolers, so to speak, which make you think you are comfortable when you are not comfortable; which make you feel restless when you are still weary; which make you feel wide awake when you really ought to be asleep, when you need sleep; which make you think you have had enough when you are hungry; which make you think you are warm when you are cold,—these things are nerve foolers; they make you think you are strong when you are weak. Everything of that sort, no matter what it is, whether you take it from the coffee cup or the tea cup, or the decanter, from the wineglass or in the form of a pill or capsule—it is all the same—a few drops from a bottle labeled "medicine"—it makes no difference; the effect is always the same, and it is destructive.

The only thing that can make one really better is the thing that will reconstruct him, and to be reconstructed, he must have good blood; so the whole foundation of radical cure from any disease is to make the blood better. So it is exceedingly important we should see to it that our blood is what it ought to be, that it is being made of the right sort of material.

Here is a representation here of what you often see in the meat market. You see often that normal, healthy color. Then you see beef that looks pale, from an animal that had scrofula, tuberculosis, cancer, lumpy jaw, or some other disease, and the diseased part was gut off and made into sausage and the rest was put on sale, or made into Armour's beef extract, or something of that kind. You can not imagine that people who are carrying on this butchering business are very scrupulous about little matters of that sort. The people who are engaged in the business of slaughtering animals are not the most refined, cultivated, conscientious folks in the world. The dark red color of the meat means the animal had fever when it died, or was in a state of exhaustion.
That is what that dark, red color means. Then, there is a golden color. What does that mean? That means jaundice. When a person has jaundice, it is not simply the skin that is yellow. I have had occasion sometimes to operate upon people who were suffering from gallstones, obstructed gall-ducks, with yellow skin, and the first time I ever operated upon such a patient I was very much surprised when I gut through the skin to find the patient was just as yellow inside as outside. The muscles were as yellow as the skin. It is only necessary to look into such a person's mouth to be convinced of that. The soft palate, the tongue, the eyes, the whole interior of the body, the brain, is yellow; the stomach is yellow; everything is yellow inside the body; the entire body is tainted with bile. So this yellow beef means simply that animal had jaundice when it died. It was a proper subject for the bone yard instead of for the dinner table; and that is the proper place for all the meat in the meat shops for that matter. None of it ever ought to come upon the table.

This shows you some of those muscle fibers we have just been looking at. The muscle fibers of the entire body are cells. I showed you one of those white cells that had a nucleus inside that was heart, stomach and brain. Now, these muscle cells all have heart, stomach and brain just the same. This little mass you see here is the heart, the stomach and the brain for this portion of this muscle; there is another one adjacent; here is this heart and stomach that takes care of that part, rules over it. That is the way muscles are made. So a muscle is simply a mass of living cells. Think of eating these things, of taking these things into our bodies, that are alive, wriggling, writhing, that have power to move about.

Here is a nerve-cell. Here is a natural, heavy nerve-cell with its branches; here is a nerve-cell connected with the muscle; here is a nerve that is on the skin; then in the center of the body some branches go to connect with
another cell, and this sends out a branch that goes to the muscles. Now that is why it happens, when you burned the end of your finger, or suppose some one should put a pin into your finger, or some one should tickle your foot when you are asleep, it would be reported. Why? Here is the big toe, for instance. Here is a neuron that comes down that has got a cell up here that takes care of that big toe, and that cell is connected with another cell that is connected with the muscles of your leg, so when the toe is touched, a telegram is sent up here, somebody is disturbed, and the toe better be gotten out of the way quick. So this muscle contracts, pulls up the toe.

This is just a simple illustration of the wonderful machinery of the body. The whole body is filled with these nerve fibers that are running everywhere to take care of the body. Here is, for instance, one of these cells found in the brain; see what a wonderful picture. This looks like a tree with fruit on it. Every one of those little buds there is for the purpose of connecting some other little cell. Here you see the branches of the cell touch the other one. So that is what this is for. When this cell is buried up in the brain, there are millions, and millions, and millions of little bits of telegraphic wires connecting those little bodies. That is so you can make connections to different parts. Here is an illustration of the mechanism of the different layers of the cells of the brain; they are connected with cells lower down, and they with cells still lower down, down in the spinal cord, and so by and by the surface of the skin is reached, or the liver, muscle, or some other part.

This represents some cells that are in ruins. Here is a man that is dead drunk. His cells look like this instead of like this. How do we know that they look that way? Nobody ever looked into a man's brain, but it is easy to make a dog drunk or a rabbit drunk. When the rabbit is good and drunk, it is found that these cells change. These cells look just the same in a man's brain as they do in the rabbit's brain. It would be very difficult for
a man to tell the condition of every cell of the body of a man or a rabbit. But you see the bodies of the cells are all shriveled up. Here is one in a chronic drinker. That has been found in the brain of men, as well as that kind are found in the brains of men—cells that were like that. These branches are all shriveled up. That is the reason why the old drunkard gets stupid, why he loses his memory, why he loses his judgment, and often loses his manhood; his conscience and his moral nature becomes more degenerate, thoroughly spoiled and ruined man, because alcohol is shriveling up the cells of his brain. This shows how these cells have become contracted and shriveled up so that contact is broken. Here is the contact. When this contact is broken, that means paralysis; the telephone wires are cut; the receiver is down off the massix holder and you can not call up. For instance, sup osethis one goes to a man's consciousness, the front part of the brain where the consciousness resides; suppose this is one that stores up a person's name. This man wants to call that person's name, and he can not because the contact is broken. Alcohol has shriveled up these fibers so they don't reach far enough to make contact. That is the reason why the neurasthenic sometimes loses his memory, and why a person who is run down, debilitated, can not remember very well,—because there are poisons, other poisons besides alcohol that do the same thing; poisons which are absorbed from the colon; chronic inactivity of the bowels produces poisons which produce the very same effect. Indigestion produces the same effect; tea, coffee, tobacco produce precisely the same effect, and various other drugs,—opium, cocaine and other drugs; the use of bromid of potash will do the same thing, and the use of chloral when pursued during a long time.

Here is the liver with the great mass right lobe and the left lobe, and these other lobes. Here is the gall-bladder. Now, it is here where
this great work of purifying the blood is carried on. The liver is a closed door to keep poisons out, and at the same time it is a rendering establishment where poisons are destroyed and many of them converted into useful things. This shows where the liver is in its normal state and when it is pressed out of shape. It doesn't make any difference whether a man or a woman wears a belt that is a little bit constrictive, it will by and by produce this deformity, and a compressed liver can not possibly do its work. Thousands and thousands of people's livers are out of place because of bad position.

Here is the stomach of a habitual drinker, congested you see, with patches of ulceration here and there,--the stomach of delirium tremens. I am bound to tell you that while alcohol does these mischief to the stomach, other things do them much more often. Mustard, pepper, peppersauce, hastily eating, pickles, spices, condiments of various sorts produce the very same effect upon the stomach that alcohol does. Dr. Beaumont, when he experimented upon Alexis St. Martin, a man who had part of his stomach carried away, and a window left in it, by a wound from a gun loaded with duckshot at a distance of three or four feet only,--Dr. Beaumont could look through this window and see what happened in the stomach. He found that when he added mustard to his food, it did this same thing--produced this same effect; and pepper also. More people use pepper than use alcohol. I have met many cases of ulceration of the stomach, though, in persons who had used alcohol, and in many who had not. The majority of these were cases of persons who had eaten carelessly, too much, too often, without proper mastication of food until they had gotten hyperacidity or hyperpepsia, and finally these other troubles came.

Here is another thing that is very important in relation to blood. The blood is purified by breathing; but the majority of you are sitting in your chairs at the present time with your chest collapsed, with the muscles of the trunk relaxed and in such """""""position that you could not possibly fill the
the lungs; and not only that, but when the chest falls down against the back of the chair so the back of the body reaches the back of the chair, there is relaxation of these muscles, the blood runs away into the portal vein and is retained there so there is a stagnation, and the blood is not circulated but is stagnating, and perhaps the total volume of blood may be withdrawn into the portal circulation, and the consequence is there won't be enough blood left to run the human mill and work the machinery properly. This man is sitting up straight in an ordinary chair. We have Sanitarium chairs made with a proper curve to support the center of the back to keep the chest up. You haven't all of you those chairs at your homes, but you can reform your ordinary chair by making a little cushion two or three inches thick, and attaching it to the chair with a pair of tapes or ribbons so that it will hang at about the right spot. The center of the back, you see, is not supported, and by attaching the cushion right here at this point, it fills up that space and will keep the chest up.

This shows the way to get into proper position. Stand up against the wall here. Here is a man standing against the wall with his hips, heels, shoulders and head all against the wall. He bends his head back, and in bending it back forces the chest out, keeping the hips and heels firmly against the wall. He draws the chin down, and the head falls back in this line. As he stands up in this way the head is moved forward five or six inches, and that is the correct standing position. Then these abdominal muscles are drawn in and the chest is raised; and when he is held up in this way properly, the blood which has been accumulating here is forced out of the portal circulation directly into the general circulation, and so is in use. The whole thing, my friends, is to make the blood what it ought to be, to make the blood pure. You want your cheeks like the roses and like the jinns, and in order to have them so we must have good sweet blood. Why should we allow ourselves to fall into decay? It is
only because we neglect ourselves, because we cultivate bad habits. One of the doctors at the banquet last evening made a very serious and grave and important address. He said, "I am convinced that we are a degenerating race, and that we are going down and most all of us are going to die. Why? Because we cultivate bad habits." The doctor went on to say, "I have observed that there is no other animal but man that deliberately cultivates habits which are destructive to its life and to its peace and happiness. The dog knows better than to cultivate bad habits. The horse does those things which are best for a horse. The squirrel in the woods does only things that are best for squirrels, but man--here is another man, wandering along the street under the intoxicating effects of liquor, falling into the gutter, he sees that man with bleared eyes, besotted face with all evidences of degeneracy upon his person,--yet, he will himself, after having made such a spectacle, will go straight into the same saloon, drink the same poison, over the same bar, doing the very same thing which he knows this other man has done, with that warning right before him.

See these feathers. These feathers are just as beautiful as these flowers. We were all born beautiful, my friends. A baby is always as sweet as a rosebud unless the poor little thing may be blighted, and we have blight on rosebuds. These little ones are sweet, you see. Why shouldn't they remain sweet? "Consider the lilies of the field; how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." But the baby is a little one, and we are always born sweet, and the reason why we are not sweet is because we cultivate bad habits.

Now, my friends, the purpose of this institution is to help men to be such men, to turn about, to stop this disease--cultivating, stop this work of making disease, ruining these beautiful bodies God has given us, and to work
up the hill instead of down, climb up instead of hastening on this tide of
degeneracy which is following the race and certainly destroying it, for the
race is hastening down the hill to race extinction as fast as it can go,
in my opinion; but to struggle up, as the Doctor said last night, some will be
standing up; there will be a few who by the operation of that great law of the
survival of the fittest, by getting back to Nature, returning to the simple
life, living in harmony with the great laws God has made for us, will build
their bodies up, will climb up instead of sinking down. It is only to be done
by carefully studying what is the natural way, what is the true way. As I said
before, it is the purpose of this institution to teach that way; to find by
experimenting, by research, by investigation, by bringing together all the
thoughts which bear upon this question, and all the ideas that can be found
from all sources,—to bring those things all together, to try them, test them,
subject them to scrutiny and criticism, then to appropriate, to make use of them;
and we are seeking to do that. That is what this institution is for. Why
men and women should come here; why we should hope to help you by showing you
a better way, giving reasons for it, convincing you of the correctness of it.
We hope to help you a great deal more after you go home than what we do for you
while you are here.

Do not forget the cooking school down stairs. I wish every lady who
comes to this institution might enter the cooking school and learn some things.
I met a dozen ladies down there the other day, very cultivated ladies too,
ladies who had had every advantage of education and culture, were down there with
sleeves rolled up and aprons on, working hard improving their hygienic oppor-
tunities, I suppose, and other things. They were as enthusiastic as could be.
They don't expect to work as cooks when they go home, but they expect to be
prepared to teach their cooks how to prepare food for them. Our bodies are made of what we eat. You will say, "When I go home, I shall have these foods; I shall have foods just as good as those in this institution; I shall learn how to cook them while I am here, because it is the wrong eating which lies at the foundation of almost all suffering. The diseases you are suffering from which brought you here are the result of wrong eating. Correct these habits, these evils, these causes of disease, and you will be better.
THE COLD AIR CURE

A Stereopticon Lecture at the Sanitarium Parlor, Battle Creek, Mich.,

Monday, October 23, 1905, at
8:00 P.M.

by

J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

This is the time of year when thousands of people begin to run away from Jack Frost. He is really one of our best friends. I was over in California a few years ago, and I inquired for some friends who lived over there, and learned they had gone east to spend the winter for their health. This time of year we hear of a great many people who have gone to California to spend the winter for their health; but those Californians had shown their good sense by coming east to spend the winter for their health. They had formerly lived in the East, and they found they missed the cold, snappy weather of the winter months.

Now, let us see, what are some of the advantages of cold weather? In the first place, warm weather is conducive to the growth of germs. The air is filled more or less all the time with the products of germ growth. When you open a closet, you know whether there is must in the closet or not, whether things are mouldy or not. When you get hold of a bit of mouldy bread, you know it at once by the flavor of it. Why? Because mould when it grows throws out into the air quantities of volatile poisons which have a peculiar odor. Now the same is true of almost every known germ; it produces poisons. The odor of the barnyard is the result of germs growing in the barnyard, setting free certain poisonous gases which diffuse through the air and so notify you
of the proximity of a barnyard, a chicken coop, a pigsty, a cesspool, or a sewer from which sewer gas is escaping, or any other unclean place.

Now, in warm weather, millions of germs are growing everywhere, even upon the surfaces of our own bodies, in warm weather, these germs may grow. I remember a man who was very much surprised. He came one day into the bathroom, and he pulled off his abdominal circle, and behold, it was covered with blood, or something that looked like blood. There were large patches upon it as red as blood. He was very much surprised. There was no abrasion of the skin, no bleeding from the skin, and he could not understand why this towel should be bloody. It was simply certain germs that had been growing upon his body, a germ that has a prodigious name,—the Microoccus prodigiosus. This microoccus prodigiosus which produces a sort of red paint, had grown and stained that towel. Over in France, I think it is, there is a place where there is a church that is infected with that same germ, and a piece of bread exposed in that church is found in the morning all covered over with a red growth that looks like blood. Travelers in the Arctic regions sometimes find the snow in the morning, when it has been perfectly white the night before, sometimes in the morning they will find that snow covered over, acres and acres of it, with a red growth. These germs have grown in that short space of time. In the Alps sometimes, great areas are found covered over with these red germs. These germs grow with great rapidity. That particular germ grows in cold weather, but it is not a dangerous germ, fortunately; it is a perfectly harmless germ. In warm weather they are growing, and the air is filled with them; they are all over in the form of dust; and when cold weather comes, the germs all go to sleep. Frost does not kill all germs, but it puts them to sleep, stops their growth, and the consequence is the air of winter is pure. It is one of the greatest advantages of cold winter air that it is pure air; there are
no germs in it. In warm weather you cannot possibly find pure air unless you
go up on top of the very highest mountains, or go far out at sea. In no other
place can you find pure air. But in winter time, the air of the best regions
is absolutely pure, for the germs are all frozen up.

There is another advantage in cold air, and that is perhaps its great-
est advantage, and that is it is tonic; cold air is tonic. You know how much
better you feel after a cold bath than you do before. Sometimes when you feel
sleepy, you take a cold bath, and then you feel wide awake. It is so character-
istic of the cold bath to make a person wide awake that it is a rare thing for
one to take a cold bath at bedtime because it makes them so wide awake they
can not go to sleep until morning. Then, the powerful effects of the cold bath
are manifested in case of fainting. When a lady faints away in church, what
is the first thing? Somebody will whisper, perhaps, "Oh, cut her corset strings."
But the next thing is, "Bring some cold water, quick." By the way, I never
heard anybody suggest, when a man fainted away, "ripped the back of his vest."
Everybody knows what is the matter with the woman who faints away in church.
She has not had a good chance to breathe; there is something wrong with her
clothes, and everybody knows that. Well, the next thing is cold water--cold
water. Get a huge dash of cold water in the face, and what a marvelous
effect it has. Here is a person lying still as death, pulseless, breathless,
ashen pale gray, the countenance ashen gray, looks like dead. A few drops
of cold water dashed into your face will bring the flush back to it, and the
color to the eyes, and the lips will begin to move, and pretty soon the person
is wide awake again, and it looks like a resurrection. Cold water is the
most wonderful thing I know of in the world. Cold air is the next most won-
derful thing. In fact, I do not know but cold air is superior to cold water,
take because we can do so much more with of it, and we can bear it so much longer.
When you have taken a cold bath, you do not want another one for several minutes, and most people would be willing to wait several hours. But you take a good, deep breath of cold air, and you can stand another one right away. You can stand it a good many times, and very often—a thousand times an hour you can stand a cold air bath. One can take a cold air bath sixteen times a minute, right straight along, every minute of the twenty-four hours, and with every breath you take, you just feel a relish for another. You do not feel any repugnance toward it. No one ever gets tired breathing cold air. Sometimes your fingers, or ears, or hands get tired of cold air, but your lungs never get tired of cold air. If you can only keep the rest of your body warm, you have no trouble at all with breathing cold air.

Now, a cold air bath taken in the lungs is more than you think it is, when you stop to figure it up. Here we have in the lungs an area of 2000 square feet. If we should take the lining of the lungs and spread it out, it would cover the floor of this room. Think of that. If we should take out the lining of the lungs of an ordinary person and spread it out, it would cover the floor of this room. When one takes a breath, a quart of cold air, for example, into his lungs, he spreads that quart of cold air out in a thin layer all over that whole surface, and just underneath that thin surface of transparent membrane, the blood is spread out every thirty seconds. Every minute and a half anyhow all the blood in the body passes through the lungs and is exposed to this cold air; it cools it a little if it is too hot, and it pours oxygen into it to purify it. The blood comes to the lungs black, swarming with impurities, loaded with poisons that have been washed out of the tissues, deadly poisons which are allowed to accumulate and which will in a little while produce absolute death. The blood comes to the lungs loaded in that way with carbonic acid gas and all these deadly poisons, and from the lungs, the oxygen is taken into
the blood, and it burns the poisons all up, and the blood runs away from the lungs scarlet, bright red, and laden with health, and vitality and energy, and every tissue that comes in contact with it it vitalizes, energizes, sets all the machinery of the body going with a new vim. That is the reason why you get an appetite when you go outdoors and walk fifteen minutes on a cold day, and come back feeling hungry enough to eat rat almost,—well, say Sanitarium steak. When you go out you feel as though you could not eat a thing, never could eat; but when you come back after your walk, you are willing to sit down and eat the very simplest fare. You wonder where you get that wonderful relish for food. You get it outdoors. It is outdoors in the fresh, cold air where health is. People never get well in the world sitting down indoors. I just had a confab with a lady just before I came in here, a rather interesting one, and I recommended some exercise for her. She says, "What, do you expect me to take that?" "Yes, indeed," I said, "yes, indeed." "Work?" "Yes," I said. "Well," she said, "if you expect me to do any hard work, I never will get well. How am I ever going to get strong by working and using up my strength?" "Well," I said, "you never heard tell of a person getting strong without using his strength. If you did, I would be very glad to find it out." Well, now, that is it; you cannot possibly get strength without using it. That is the only way you have to get it. If you are going into business to earn money, you have got to spend some money to earn money; you have got to invest money before you can get any returns; and you must invest strength and energy in order to get energy back. We go out into the cold air and the cold air robs us of some of the heat that we have; but in return for what we have lost, the cold proceeds to make for us more than we had before. It is a giving that does not impoverish. The Bible tells about a giving that does not impoverish. This
is a sort of giving that doesn't impoverish. When you give out heat to the cold air, the cold air stimulates your vital functions and causes your body to make more heat. We know that from our common experience. We look into the grate and we see the fire burning brighter than it has been burning; we see the coals begin to glow with an unwonted brilliance, and they begin to sparkle and snap. What do we say? We say cold weather is coming; cold weather is coming. Well, now, why does the fire burn brighter in cold weather? It is because there is more oxygen in the air; because in each cubic foot of air there is perhaps two per cent more oxygen than there was before. Let me explain that to you.

The air contains one fifth of its volume, a trifle more than one fifth of its volume of oxygen. Now, as the air becomes colder, it becomes denser; the air contracts. You know that cold makes things contract, shrivel up. Now this contraction of air is at the rate of 1/490, or 1/500 of its volume for every degree of temperature. You know there is quite a difference between the air on a hot summer day, at 100 degrees, and a zero day. There is just 100° difference, and for each degree the air has contracted 1/500 of its volume. Then in lowering the temperature 100°, the volume would contract one fifth; so the air has contracted one fifth of its volume, so that four cubic feet of air now contain as much oxygen as five feet did before. Every breath we take will introduce as much oxygen now as five breaths did before. That is, in cold air, zero air, freezing, stinging cold air, when one goes out of doors and takes forty breaths, he has taken in as much oxygen as he has taken in in fifty breaths on a hot summer day. At all temperatures the proportions are the same; at the different temperatures, there is a difference in proportion.

Now, let us see. Here is a man who goes out and breathes fifteen times a minute. In that fifteen times a minute, or sixteen times a minute, that is the ordinary rate of breathing: one has gained four breaths in breathing
sixteen times in one minute one has gotten as much air in as he would in sixteen and a quarter. Now, you see, that stimulates all the vital processes of the body; that sets all the vital fires to burning with a far greater brilliancy than they had before. That addition of a few per cent of oxygen is an enormous advantage, because it takes a whole lot of oxygen to get up heat, to get up steam; and after you have got steam pretty well up, a little more, it counts a whole lot, you see, because you don't have to use any of that extra heat in getting up steam, but all that is actually utilized. So that is the reason why we get rosy cheeks when we go out of doors. The air is more condensed, and we get more oxygen into the blood; the blood becomes redder, and besides that there is the reaction that comes in. A cold bath is a seltzer tonic. Every time one takes a breath of cold air, he takes a little cold bath to 2000 square feet of surface. It is not exactly as strong in its effect as though it were a deluge of cold water all over the skin, but it has its effect, and when it is repeated a thousand times an hour, and 24,000 times in twenty-four hours, the cumulative effect is simply immense; it is immense, and I want to call your attention now to a few pictures. I will show you what the world has been finding out within the last few years.

Just a few years ago, for example, consumption was regarded as incurable. I remember a medical convention I attended less than ten years ago, when I spoke something about the curability of consumption, and a doctor rose up, I might almost say, enraged at me, with great indignation at the idea of consumption being curable. "Why," he said, "every doctor knows consumption is an incurable disease. Nobody can cure consumption; nothing can cure consumption."

Some of you have visited this place. It represents a highway. This is a road, a sidewalk, if you please; no, it is a highway, a whole road. There
is this ladder against a perpendicular precipice pretty nearly half a mile high. It is at the little village of Albinen, away up on top of a cliff that you can see at the famous old resort, watering place in Switzerland, Leukerbad. One finds some hot baths in great big tanks there about half as large as our swimming baths are filled up with hot water every morning, and the patients all get in there, men, women, children, and poodle dogs all get in there and soak until one o'clock in the afternoon. They take their breakfast in the tank, have sundry lunches, beers, sodas, etc., and play cards on little trays that float around on top of the water. It is possible that the different diseases combine and neutralize one another; or, as one of the bath men explained it, there is electricity in the water that sort of combines with the disease and explodes it.

Now, this is a ladder in a way, and I climbed up that ladder, I'm up to the place where this man is, and I didn't care to go any farther; and so far as I know I am the only doctor who ever started up that road. They do not require any doctors up there. The people up in the little village of Albinen, living on top of the cliff, right in the open air there, are so healthy, so vigorous that they do not have to have doctors; there is no doctor there, and they do not have any use for doctors. I met a man coming down, supple of limb, with great sinews I could see standing out on his arm, deep chest, and tremendous vigor he had from going up and down that ladder road, and living this open air life. He had been living there for many years, was brought up there in fact, and the young women go up and down this ladder as well as the rest of them, carrying great cans of milk or cheese or butter on their shoulders, and all enjoying good health.

This represents a curious place in Armenia where hundreds of people come to be cured. This is a grove, and thousands of people are brought here
and live in this grove for weeks, and get well; and this grove has quite a reputation. A number of people have gotten well there living in the open air. The reputation is so great that they have the idea that there is a beneficent spirit inhabits this grove and heals the people. It is the open air life, the living out in the fresh air. They come here and pray to the good spirit to heal them, and the good spirit does heal them. It is just as ready to heal, however, in any other grove as in this particular grove, but there is no special magic in the grove; it is the fresh air that does it, and the sunlight that filters down between the leaves and the branches and the twigs. It is the open air treatment with certain superstitions attached.

Here is a little picture representing some people who live in a very primitive way in South Africa, the Kaffirs of South Africa, and they are among the hardiest, best developed, most vigorous people on the face of the earth and they live on a diet almost solely of mealies—simple food, corn mealies, as they call it,—corn, and potatoes, and a few other very simple things. Now, Dr. Koch about twenty years ago made the very interesting discovery that tuberculosis, consumption is caused by a particular germ, the tubercle bacillus,—we will show it to you in the course of the evening,—and a very few months after Dr. Koch made this discovery, announced it to the world, I got aboard the steamer, went to London, went to Germany to study this germ, and I found the germ and got acquainted with it as far as I could. I was a very easy convert to this germ theory because it fitted in exactly into our hygienic philosophy. I saw it would become a powerful prop to support our hygienic principles, and it was very good, and a thing we all knew about; so I looked into it immediately, and I became satisfied that it was correct. Dr. Koch is certainly one of the greatest benefactors of the race that have lived in modern times, persevering,
as he did, in the pursuit of this germ and working out the numberless details that were necessary for its discovery to demonstrate the correctness of his views. Now, since Dr. Koch made this discovery, it is easier to make a diagnosis of tuberculosis. A great number of cases of tuberculosis were called scrofula, and nobody could make a distinction between scrofula and tuberculosis. At the present time, nobody tries to make any distinction between scrofula and tuberculosis. The word "scrofula" has disappeared from medical nomenclature, and nobody knows about scrofula. You never hear a scientific physician talk about scrofula any more. These large glands are tuberculosis; it is the tubercle germ working in the glands. They may work anywhere in the body.

The discovery has been made that tuberculosis is an indoor disease. It is a disease of people who live indoors. Cattle, it was thought for some time, were free from tuberculosis, and they are comparatively; it was thought they were immune; but now we know better. The same is true of goats. The reason why goats don't have tuberculosis is because they live outdoors. You can not keep a goat indoors. Shut him up indoors, and he will gnaw a hole through the side of the barn, climb out the chimney, or get out in some other way; he won't stay indoors. It is the outdoor life that gives the goat immunity. Let the cattle live out on the hills among the rocks, and those cattle are just as immune as goats are.

This represents a very interesting thing. This is the outdoor treatment of tuberculosis, at one of our large establishments. It is the Trudeau Sanitarium, the first institution that was erected in the Adirondacks for the purpose of treating especially cases of consumption by the outdoor method. At Davos and several other places in Europe, this outdoor treatment was begun something more than forty years ago. There were men who themselves had been cured, you might say almost accidentally cured by adopting an outdoor life,
and they began the work of curing others, and established quite a number of institutions. I remember very well some thirty years ago I met a man who gave me his history, and gave me as part of his history that he had had consumption twelve years before. I said, "How did you get rid of it?" He said, "I took an overland trip to Colorado and back again, in a covered wagon, and I slept under the wagon, and I was several weeks in going, and several weeks coming back, and when I got back, I was well." A great many people were cured in that way. Thirty years ago that was spoken of as one of the methods of curing consumption. Now, this outdoor life which was employed sometimes accidentally in that way, and incidentally, has now come to be employed systematically; and this is the first institution erected by Dr. Trudeau, where he was himself cured by living outdoors, then established an institution where hundreds and hundreds of others have been cured, and which is one of the model institutions of the world.

I visited this institution. This is at Rutland, Mass. I visited this institution last winter on a very cold winter's day, out where the snow was two or three feet deep all about. This institution is situated on the top of a very bleak hill, high up in the hilly region of Massachusetts far away from everything. Here the institution is put up, and not a particle of shadow about it; no roof over the porch you see, an open porch, and I saw those people sitting out there just as you see them in the picture. Maybe they are the very same people for all I know. There were some 35 of them, and there were different couches and porches where they were sitting. I found inside all the windows wide open as they could be. I found it rather cold inside, and I saw a lady writing a letter home, all done up in shawls with mittens on her hands. She was writing a letter home the best she could. I said to the superintendent,
at what temperature do you keep your wards?" "Just the same temperature as outdoors," said he. "We heat them up just a little bit in the morning, and then in the evening, for half an hour; and the rest of the time there is no steam on the institution at all,—absolutely no steam or any heat of any kind on the institution except twice a day for thirty minutes during meal time."

"Well, what do the people do when it gets so very cold, down to 21° below zero?" "Oh," he said, "then they have to go outdoors to get warm. They get the sunshine outdoors." Now, those people were getting well. Fifty per cent of them were getting well; half of those people were getting well. That is very interesting to me. I found about 50° were rejected as incurable when they came there, but forty per cent were taken, and one half got well, and the other half were greatly helped, almost every one of them. So one fifth of all who came were cured. A disease hopeless as leprosy twenty years ago, and yet now is being cured; and of the other sixty per cent, thirty per cent that were not cured might have been cured if they had only come a little earlier, if they could only be induced to come just a little earlier they might be cured.

What would you think of sleeping out in that sort of place, wide open all winter long, just nothing but a curtain to pull down, with the fiercest gales blowing,—no heat, no stove, no steam,—right out in the winter air? Now, those people get well. The interesting thing about it, as the superintendent told me at the Rutland Sanitarium,—Dr. Loomis who has erected this Sanitarium—it is his private institution, and he is one of the physicians at the Rutland Sanitarium. The superintendent there told me their patients do a great deal better in really cold weather than they do in warm weather. That was very significant, wasn't it? Some of you, perhaps, have been up at my house. I would be very glad to have you all come any time if you want to. You will find a toboggan slide out behind the house, and on top of the toboggan slide, you
will see a little bungalow. A gentleman came the other day and wanted to rent it for the winter; so there are some people getting convinced that the open air method is a good one.

This is the splendid sanatorium at Davos on the side of the Alps. It is one of the first and one of the finest in the world. The method of construction is the same as this. It is not a very large building, but will accommodate about 75 or 80 patients. The patients live upon the porches very largely, and there are porches on every side. The windows are wide open at night, and the patients sleep under feather beds so as to keep warm, and they are exposed to the cold air, and go out and walk in the snow every day along inclined paths up the mountain side behind the sanatorium. The mountain is so steep that people have to go up there by means of a cogwheel railroad. Cars bring them up from several hundred feet down below, and here they are perfectly free, isolated from everything else, with the sweetest air. I was there in spring-time when there were very few people there. The physicians said, "It is out of season for us; our season is the winter." The winter up there in the mountains when the snow is six and eight feet deep and the sky is covered with clouds almost all the time, for they have very little sun there, but tremendous snow storms, so that sometimes the snow is more than six or eight feet deep; then this institution is crowded with patients gathered from all over Europe and the United States as well to get the benefit of the open air treatment, and the cold air treatment; and they get well.

It has been discovered by the medical profession that cold air will cure consumption. Pure, cold air will cure consumption,—one of the most incurable of all human maladies. Here is another way—this open gallery. Here is where the patients lie in day time, and where they sleep at night—in those places. Here are little shacks of various sorts at another down east san
torium; for we have a great many of these institutions now in this country. Here is where the patients live,--one or two patients in each one of those houses. They are cheap little houses, simply one thickness of board; they don't attempt to make them warm, only to keep off the snow, and to be a slight defense from the gales. Here is an old streetcar that has been converted into a sanatorium, and it is serving a very good purpose also.

Here is Colorado Springs. You see these ladies sitting out in their little round tents. Prof. Irving Fisher who spent some time in Colorado, told me he met a lady there who had cured herself by living in a tent, and she had got so accustomed to the tent that she absolutely could not sleep in the house at all; so when she visited her friends, she took a tent along in a trunk and pitched it in the back yard, for she could not sleep in any other way. Here is a sanatorium in France. Here are some outdoor shacks,--simple places. Here is where the meteorological observations are made. People are kept outdoors in the same way in every civilized country, and this method of treatment has been taken up. The medical profession are perfectly enthusiastic about it because it is curing people that were formerly condemned. See those people. Here is a man at the Loomis Sanatorium, a man sleeping out here. These are bedsteads, not simply cots; and these people live right where you see them; they live there day and night, almost right outdoors in northern winters. It is much colder in Boston, Mass., than it is here. If they can live outdoors in winter there, we can here. Here is another place full of beds, and wide open--simply curtains here, little curtains to drop down to protect them from the fierce gales that sometimes blow down in that region. Here is one of the cottages at the Adirondack sanatorium, which Dr. Trudeau established. You see the people sitting here on this wide porch, getting the benefit of the cold air. In this institution the patients practically do nothing at all but eat and sleep and sit outdoors.
in the cold air. There is no gymnasium, no baths, no massage. In some of
them, they have a cold shower bath in the morning if they like it, and they do
not have it if they don't like it. In fact, at Rutland, I found there were
only two nurses to work with forty or fifty people; they had only half a dozen
nurses, in fact, in the whole institution. There were only about a dozen nur-
ses in the entire institution with 300 people; so you see they don't get much
attention from nurses. This is another one of the institutions in France where
they carry the patients in those little houses from one place to another.

This represents the tubercle germ. It almost exactly resembles the
germ of leprosy. It is a disease that seems to be very closely akin to leprosy,
and it takes an expert to tell the difference between the germs.

This is my little toboggan slide. There is where I sleep, up on the
top. The only objection I have to sleeping outdoors, is that the blue jays
come down in my tree top every morning early and complain about my being there,
and fault with me about various things. I don't quite understand what they
are complaining about, for I have always treated them well. Children love
the outdoor life. Children take to it. Little boys and girls are just as fond
of the out of doors as the squirrels are. How they beg to get off shoes and
stockings in the spring; how they love to get out with the birds and the flowers
and the rabbits, and the other little creatures of Nature, and how they enjoy
the unsophisticated, natural way. The natural boy or girl enjoys the outdoors
just as much as the birds do; they are just as ready to get out of the house
into the open as the canary bird is, as the captured pigeon.

These are little scenes along the Kalamazoo River here. Next year,
by the way, we are going to have a little steamer that will ply up and down the
river so some of you coming back next year may expect to have a steamer ride.
There will be little excursions up and down the river. These are all views along the Kalamazoo River, and a little drive not very far from here, a little ways east.

Now look at that. I was one day visiting a tenement house district in Chicago where we have some fifteen nurses at work; I was going along with them giving them some suggestions about their work, seeing some patients, and I found a little hovel like that. There was in it almost nothing. A big tin pan was about the only thing there was there. The mother was sick in bed, and the husband was doing the family washing in that big tin pan. The nurse told me that the day before when she came they were having dinner, and they were eating soup, out of the pan; and the next time she called, she told me on the occasion of my next visit to Chicago,--the next time she called, the baby was having a bath in the same pan. That was the only piece of furniture they had which could be used as an eating utensil. That is the outside of the house. This man is climbing up from the basement down below. Think what sort of a place that is. The old cat would not stay there, knew it was unhealthy, and came up to get some healthy, fresh air, and I suppose the man is coming up for the same purpose. In such places it is impossible it should be otherwise than that people will breed consumption. Consumption is rife. It comes along as naturally as the sun rises in the morning. The consumption germ is indigenous in such climates as are to be found inside of those houses. The poor little girls that lived in that home was sick, lying upon the bed in anguish, suffering. One of our nurses found her and did what she could for her.

That is the way a man breathes, and that is the way a woman breathes. I suppose you will all say, "I didn't know anybody breathes that way." Each one of these movements represents a breath. A little instrument is attached to the lungs and writes on this smoked paper, and the size of this [nurse] wave indi-
cates the size of the breath, the amount which the chest is expanded. Now, up to this point it represents the abdominal respiration of that woman. When an instrument is applied to the upper part of the chest, that is the kind of curves we get. When it is applied to the lower part of the chest, that is the sort of curves we get. That shows that the upper part of that woman’s chest was moving a great deal, and the lower part very little. This represents the same thing in a man. This shows how much motion there was in the upper part of the chest, and this how much there was in the lower part of the chest. This represents a woman when she had the corset taken off. Her chest moved like that, the upper part, and the lower part moved like that; so it shows that this is not natural respiration at all, but is corset respiration. When you put a corset on a man he breathes like that; he breathes exactly as the woman did. A woman without a corset breathes just as a man did, and a man with a corset breathes just as a woman does with a corset on. A dog with a corset on breathes exactly like a woman with a corset on. I came pretty nearly getting into trouble with a dog too. It was Mrs. Kellogg’s dog, a great, big Newfoundland dog, and I was experimenting on this dog about thirty years ago late one night. I had heard so much about the feminine type of respiration, I was determined I would search that out and prove it to be false. There is no such thing as a feminine type of respiration. When a man and a woman breathe naturally, they breathe just alike. It is absurd to suppose there is one type of respiration for women and another type for men. For years all the physiologists taught that ridiculous error until I am glad to say I exploded it.

Part of the process of explosion was to go off among the Indians, and the Chinese and the Mexicans of the West and study people who had not worn corsets; then I experimented upon animals, and among others upon the dog. When I had
got almost through with the dog, but before I got his corset off, he got away from me and went home. When I got home, you know, there was quite a scene. Mrs. Kellogg had gone to bed, but the dog had got into the house before I did, and I found he had awakened Mrs. Kellogg, and was moaning and making a great outcry. She awoke and found the dog before I arrived, and I got in a moment or a few seconds later, and she was of course astonished to find that dog in such a situation, with a corset on. She said to me the very first thing, "How could you be so cruel to Don?" I said, "It is exactly what you used to do to yourself." Just think of it—a corset put on a dog was a terrible act of cruelty, and it was; it was cruel; I made all sorts of apologies about that, to both the dog and Mrs. Kellogg. I have repeated it, however, once or twice since, and I got the same result. I found that the male dog and the female dog breathed just alike—not a particle of difference. It was the difference made by the corset only.

Here is the way we take outdoor treatment at the Sanitarium in the summer-time. There is the oldest house, and the oldest house still stands in a western state. The oldest house represents the old ideas, if you please, the old fixed instincts of the people that we have got to live in a tight place. There was a country where they didn’t need houses at all; where they could live under the shade of a tree, and didn’t need any such thick dobe houses, dobe walls; so I suppose when that house was built, it was necessary to use it sometimes as a fort to fight the Indians from. That is the hall there. The foul air comes out in front, and that is all the ventilation there is,—is that little hole,—just think of it. And that is the situation of lots of tenements in the City of New York. It is no wonder those people breed consumption. Since Jacob Riis got after the city authorities, they are burning up a lot of those old tenement houses, giving people more fresh air, and establishing little parks in
in place of some of them, and there is being a general good airing out such as we need in every large city; and not only in every large city, but we need it in our own homes. We live indoors, shut up in places that would kill a North American Indian or a South American monkey in six months. It is only because we have got so toughened, so hardened that we are able to go on in this way, breathing foul air, air that has been breathed before, perhaps, by half a dozen people. Now, suppose somebody had taken a glass of water, and had returned it. The idea of swallowing that glass of water into your stomach would be horribly loathsome, yet you do not object at all to taking down into your lungs a pint of air that has been down into another person's lungs. Shut up close indoors, it is absolutely impossible to avoid breathing air which has been breathed before, and such air cultivates disease.

That is an illustration of tenement houses in Chicago that I used to visit. Contrast the difference. See the contrast between that close, pinned up place where there is no pure air ever gets, and this outdoor scene; and the difference between the people--this woman and her little ones here--healthy, happy, rosy, and the pale, wan, hollow-eyed folks you see in this tenement house. The difference is simply that one gets fresh air and the other gets impure air; the others have better air.

These Indians lived in wigwams and had no consumption. Consumption was unknown on this continent until it was brought here from the miserable tenements of old Spain and England. Consumption was imported into this country; there was absolutely none here. And the people of the Sandwich Islands were sound, healthy, died of old age until consumption was carried there by the ships which carried liquor there. Now the people of that country are almost extinct, and a few more years will finish them. The large island of Tasmania where there was a whole nation of people,—there is now not to be found a single
The last Tasmanian died less than twenty years ago of a malady which was carried to him by the people who carried civilization to him. This represents the woodyard of Priessnitz at Graifenburg. That is the way he made his patients work. I have shown you these pictures, I think, before. Everybody was made to work. Everybody walked in the morning to visit the springs, to walk in the grass with the bare feet. Those who could not walk were carried with ox carts and various other ways, four, five, six miles into the mountains to a cold spring.

This represents some of the patients at Davos, where the sanatorium is that I showed you a few moments ago. Dr. Neumann is the physician in charge. I visited the place a few years ago and obtained this photograph. This shows the patients as they slide down hill, three miles steady going down, three miles, then three miles back again; I think it is six miles up, perhaps less than three miles down. Here is a patient who is taking the cold air cure. The bed as you see is placed here under conditions which give it absolute freedom from impure air, and absolutely pure air is blowing right through on both sides all the time, and the patient is done up as though out for a sleigh ride in that way to sleep, in winter time. In several institutions in the East, arrangements are made so that the head of the patient's bed is shoved out of the window in this way, and in that way they are enabled to sleep outdoors in the fresh air. A little awning is formed over the bed to keep off the snow if it is falling too thickly, so one would not get buried up in the course of the night; and here is another plan showing ventilation with windows wide open, and the wind blowing about the patient. The patient I judge is done up well in a sleeping bag so he can not possibly get cold.

Here is the Sanitarium walking club in winter time. Last winter we had clubs walking out. These are patients. Here is Mr. Weinberg taking the
party out for a walk. We had skiing, tobogganing, sleighriding—had one hundred days of sleighing steady last winter. Here is morning exercise out on the roof garden of the south dining room.

This is Dr. Trudeau who cured himself of tuberculosis in the Adirondacks nearly thirty years ago, and has been working there ever since; and here is another place where this method of treatment is employed. You see these are noble faces, all of these men who have given their lives to helping to rescue their fellows from the same malady.

This is a sanatorium at Basle Switzerland. Tuberculosis is extremely rife there. About one fourth of all the people who die there die of this one disease, so they have to have hospitals especially for them. Here they are sitting out and taking the cure as they call it. They are well wrapped up. Here is the open air treatment in its most radical form. I believe there is an institution which carries on a work of this sort in New Jersey somewhere; and in Germany there are quite a number of them, where people go almost entirely undressed. It is not necessary to carry it quite to that extreme. In some institutions people spend almost their whole time in cottages like these. This shows one wrapped up in a big sleeping bag. A gentleman who had been fighting tuberculosis for a number of years said, "I didn't begin to improve at all until I spent sixteen hours in the open air; but I didn't begin to make rapid improvement at all until I was at least eighteen hours outdoors.

Here is a very scientifically constructed shack. A man and his wife occupy this little building which is open to the sun and the fresh air. It can be protected in emergency from storm by dropping down a curtain. Dr. Knopf of New York has kindly furnished me with a photograph from which this slide was made to illustrate an arrangement which he has invented—a little tent
which is drawn over the bed. The bed is brought up against the window; this little tent is brought over the head of the bed so that the greater part of it can be in the room, and the bed will be in contact with warm air in the room, while the head is outdoors. This is the Sanitarium method. Our method here we call the fresh air tube. A board is put in the bottom of the window, and a tube of cloth which collapses and is so light you can carry it on your arm is stretched out and brought over to the head of the bed; by bringing the hoops together on one side you can make any kind of corner, then spread out a portion, and the patient sleeps with the head under this tube. The difference in gravity between outdoor air and indoor air, added to the differences of temperature, causes the cold air from the outdoors to rush in, a stream of it pours in all the while, and as it passes by the face, the foul air from the lungs is poured into it and it is carried on. The next breath that is taken is pure air. So the supply of cold air is just as much as you want, just as much as you can possibly breathe; so you simply economize heat and fuel by this fresh air tube. Here is one over here in this corner. If you will look over here you will see how it can be utilized. Here is a little board in the window that can be adapted to any window. These boards are made long enough to fit into any window. All you have to do is to fit them into the bottom of the window. This tube is collapsible. It is brought over here, and here is a little head you can use or not just as you like. Here are some little hooks by means of which it is fastened on to the bedstead very easily. You can bring it all into very small space, and now there is a strong current coming in. When you place your face to it, you find the fresh, cold air. We haven't had quite enough tonight. I hope we will have a better supply next time. Now, it is only necessary to bring this over to attach it to the top of the bed in this way, and the volume of air comes down right upon your head. We want
every patient in this house to have one of these in the room; we want you all to use it; don't want any of you to sleep shut up in a hot room. When a person goes to the surgical ward, the next day after operation they have one of these tubes brought to the bed where they can breathe this cold fresh air. I depend on this fresh air to help patients get well from operations. One gets well easier. You need some protection for your head, so last winter by the aid of a seamstress, I devised this hood. I wore it all last winter during the night time. In day time I preferred a different fashion, but this is a splendid fashion for the night time. It is all of it very necessary. This piece in front is particularly necessary. This is for the protection of the nose. I found it necessary to wake up several times one cold night to rub my nose which was really getting a little stiff. I got my nose a little bit frosted one night before I was aware of it; so I had this front piece put on for the benefit of the nose. The cape is quite important, because that comes down around the shoulders underneath the blanket, and the blankets come up outside and that thoroughly protects the shoulders, so you can have all the outside blankets you like.

The cold air treatment at the present time is a success in curing consumption. Now, the thing I want to impress you on your minds, my friends, is that the thing that will cure consumption, that will cure this terrible disease, one of the most terrible maladies that has ever affected the human family, will cure everything else that is curable. The reason why cold air cures consumption is not only by killing the germs, but it is by raising the vitality of the body, increasing the resistance of the body, so improving the quality of the blood, making the body so strong and so vigorous that it is able to destroy the germs. That is the whole thing. The body is made able to cope with the germs and destroy them and so kills them. And what is true of consumption is true
with reference to every other curable malady. Make the body strong, and it heals itself. Make the blood pure, vitalize it, make it clean, give it plenty of oxygen, bring it up to the very highest level of activity and efficiency, and the blood itself will heal; it will cure, for it is the blood that heals. The blood is the life. Now, I want to interest you in this matter to such a degree that none of you will go back to the old way. I am sorry it is too warm tonight. We will not have it again, I am sure. Don't allow your rooms to be warm. Do not stay in a warm place; do not get overheated. When you go out from here tonight, be very careful you don't get cold. If you do, I shall feel very badly, because I think we are to blame for having exposed you for having this room so warm tonight. I was not aware of it until a moment ago, but look out for it. If you go into the bathroom be sure you are cooled off well before you come out. We are having a cooling machine made to cool you off with. You step in between the fans we are having put in there, and you get thoroughly cooled and dried at the same time.

Because it is getting cool here, don't imagine it is getting dangerous for you. People who live inside all the time, are greatly benefited by exposure to cold air. I make a specialty of cold air in winter time and sunshine in summer time. We get all we can of sunshine in the summer time, and in winter time, we get all we can of the cold air. What I am saying for your benefit, I practice myself. Mrs. Kellogg sleeps on the porch by her own window all winter long, and you could not induce her to sleep any other way; and I saw one of my boys today,—a little fellow who was born in the tropics, and whom I imported, transplanted him to this country—he has been outdoors all summer, and I said to him this morning, "Ricardo, what are you going to do this winter?" And he says, "I think I shall stay out." "Do you mean to stay out all winter?" He says, "I believe I can. I am going to try it any way." I said to
him, "What would you think of having one of these little Chinese stoves? I have seen one of them, and I thought that would be very comfortable some cold night. Well I will let the boy have anything he wants; if he wants to stay out all winter, he can. And I would enjoy staying out with him. My deer stay out and they don't take cold. In the very coldest weather I provide a shed for the deer. I thought it was cruel to see them in the cold storm. I provided a shed, but could not possibly get them into it; but when I built a high fence around our outdoor gymnasium, on very stormy days they will get around on the lea side of the fence. I built a shed for them, a place where they could go in, and they absolutely would not go into it, and they preferred to stay outdoors all night in the cold, and if they get too cold, they burrow themselves in the snowbank, perhaps. So there is power in the animal to compete against cold. It is only because we have shut ourselves up, hidden away from the cold that it has come to be so obnoxious for us. An Indian on a very cold, stormy day met a man who had on an overcoat and gloves and was shivering with the cold, and the man said to the Indian, "Aren't you cold?" Said the Indian, "No, why should I be cold?" The man said "It is a very cold day." The Indian said, "Is your face cold?" He said, "No. My face is not cold." "Well," said he, "Indian is all face." The Indian had so inured himself to the cold that one part of his body could take care of itself as much as any other. Why not? Why can not the feet and hands take care of themselves as well as faces? I met a man on a very cold winter day when I was all done up in mufflers, and I was riding in, getting home as fast as I could, and was cold though I had on very thick, warm gloves, had myself all done up very warm, had been rubbing my nose because I felt it was freezing; and I met a man driving along on top of a load of wood, sitting up there on top of that load of wood with nothing on his hands, nothing on his ears, and nothing on his throat—just a night jacket on. He had
evidently come from several miles in the country, and he had nothing about his
limbs, but was just sitting up there on top of that load of wood. I said to
him, "aren't you cold?" "No." "Aren't your hands cold?" "No." "Don't
you wear gloves?" "No, never wore gloves in my life." That man had simply
hardened himself, and there he was, able to keep warm. Now, the ability to keep
the body warm is an evidence of high vitality. That man didn't need to be
afraid of pneumonia; you could not give that man pneumonia. He didn't need to
be afraid of colds, or sore throats; he could not get such a thing possibly,
because he lived outdoors, and had become as hard and as tough as the squirrels
and the animals are, my friends. It pays to be hard, as the cold weather comes
on; it puts on a winter constitution; it gets harder, harder, harder, more en-
during and tougher; and when you get to the point where you can take a cold water
bath every day and enjoy it, or where you get up to the point where you can
breathe cold air, expose yourself to cold air regularly and you don't get a
chill or take cold; then your body hardens, your vital resistance to disease
is increased. You don't need to be afraid, then, of consumption, of pneumonia,
or things of that sort, because you have got above them. As long as you can
keep yourself up there you are safe.

v-3-31-10.
DEDICATION EXERCISES of the PHILADELPHIA SANITARIUM
Tuesday, October 31, 1905.
2:30 P. M.

--------------------------------------

Hon. Wilson H. Brown in the Chair.

Invocation by the Rev. C. Roland Hill.

Mr. Brown: Ladies and gentlemen: It is not the function of the chairman of this meeting to make an address, but I feel that I will be pardoned if I make a few remarks with reference to the institution that we are now dedicating. I feel that it is a matter for congratulation that the people of the City of Philadelphia have so near their homes an institution such as this is. Any of you who have visited Battle Creek and seen the parent oak of this institution cannot but feel proud that you will have an opportunity to enjoy the benefits of lesser Battle Creek here in Philadelphia. I have seen the good, not only in my own family, but I have seen it in numbers of others; it has been told to me by men prominent throughout the United States—the great good that Battle Creek has done to humanity; and the great work that they are doing there is going to continue here, and I hope to see sometime in the near future not only an institution of the size of this, but I want to see an institution out in the suburbs where the true Battle Creek Idea can be carried out in every detail.
In this work there are many men engaged as well as many women—men and women who are giving up many of the pleasures of this world, and making sacrifices that you and I may get the benefit of it in restored health and in better health. We little appreciate how much sacrifice many of these people are making, but you should appreciate it, and all the appreciation those people want is that you will let the knowledge and the benefits of this institution be known to others; that those who are afflicted and those who may be sick may know where they can go and get nature's treatment, to be restored to health.

The mainspring of all this work, not only here, but in Battle Creek, Chicago, and all over the country wherever these branches are established is with us today. It is his brain that is the mainspring of all this great good that is being done; and I take pleasure now in introducing to you, Dr. J. H. Kellogg. (Applause.)

J. H. Kellogg: My friends, it is a very great pleasure, certainly, to meet you here today. First of all I must disavow being the mainspring of this work. I never feel so small as when I appear on an occasion like this. I am very small, as you see, but I feel a little smaller than ever when I am held up as Mr. Brown has just now been presenting me, as any very important factor in this work. I am always reminded of a circumstance which occurred sometime ago in my office. I was called to see a gentleman in consultation with one of my colleagues, and I hurried in from my office to his office.
his office, and there I found a stalwart man about as tall as
my friend, Mr. Davis, here in the audience, a fine, noble
looking man, and he towered away up above me, and I was in
somewhat of a hurry—I had to take a train shortly, to do an
operation or something, and I hastened up to him and began
thumping his chest, listened to his heart, looked him over, and
he pretty soon began looking at me, and finally he said, "Who
are you?" The doctor with me said, "This is Dr. Kellogg."
"Are you Dr. Kellogg?" "Yes," I said, "That is my name." He
looked up at the ceiling. Shortly he looked down. "Are you
Dr. Kellogg?" "I thought you were a larger man," he said. "O
no," I said, "I am a very small potato." What do you think
he said to comfort me? He said, "That is a fact." Now, I
don't forget that. I am perfectly willing to tell you that I
do not want to forget it, for this is a work that does not
stand upon any man, does not rest upon any man's shoulders;
it is a work that has not been inspired by any man. If I
could give you the history of it this afternoon, you would see
that it is a work of Providence, and a work that no man could
every have created. The things that men build crumble by and
by; the towers that men erect fall down. The only thing that
stands is the thing that God builds.

We have come here this afternoon to dedicate a new enter-
tprise. This building, all of the appliances in it, all
of the people who work in it are here to be dedicated by these
exercises to the service of God and humanity, and on such an
occasion as this it is very natural that we should look somewhat into the origins of things. I suppose most of the earnest people I see sitting here before me, and these upon the platform, have come here with the thought that you are to welcome something new, and as I thought of that, a little incident came back to my mind, a circumstance which happened here in Philadelphia twenty-nine years ago. I was here at the Centennial exhibition which was held here in 1876. I was here representing the same things which I represent now, representing the same cause which I am representing today. I spent the summer here; and one day I happened to be visiting the Mint. As I stood looking at an exhibition of old coins which had been resurrected from some ancient cities, I noticed the inscription, "Coins from Old Philadelphia." Just then there came along a couple of Hindus, a couple of men from India, and they stood looking at it; they were two educated men—could read English, and one of them observed the inscription, "Old Philadelphia Coins, made two thousand years ago—from Old Philadelphia." He called his companion's attention to it, and they put on their eyeglasses and looked at it—"Old Philadelphia, Two Thousand Years Ago." "Dear me," said one, "I did not know Philadelphia was so old as that." Of course, this was the oldest Philadelphia, the first Philadelphia, of the Greeks, and these men, not being well up in history, supposed it referred to this Philadelphia. Now some of you may be as much surprised as those sun-kissed sons of India where, when I say to you that the real things that are presented here today, the essential features of this work are older even than old Philadelphia;
are older than the Hindu race; are almost as old as the world. There are a few things here that are new; this building is new—I am very glad of that because we will have the best of its use; and the name is comparatively new. People do not all yet understand what a sanitarium is. I had an amusing experience down in Philadelphia some years ago. I was at Tampa, and I found there a place which had been called a sanitarium. A negro boy informed me, as he pointed a house out to me, that this place was formerly known as the St. James Sanitarium. "Well," I said, "Why isn’t it the St. James Sanitarium now?" "Well," he said, "because they could not get anybody to go there. The colored boys at the depot used to cry out, "All aboard for the sanitary, all aboard for the sanitary; and finally they got that changed, and called out, 'All aboard for the cemetery', and there would not anybody go; so they had to give it up." Well, it stands there—a lonesome, vacant building today, and there are to be found imposing structures on lonesome hillsides all over the United States labeled "Sanitarium"; but they are not sanitariums, and they never were. Because it takes something more than a name to make a sanitarium. There must be principles, there must be methods, and the principles and the methods are the real thing. There must be trained men and women; there must be an organization; there must be a purpose other than the mere commercial purpose. It won’t suffice, if we have a boarding-house that don’t succeed, it won’t suffice to put out a sign-board reading, "Sanitarium Boarding-house"; that does not make a sanitarium of it.
These methods and principles are very, very old. They are so old that you cannot find the origin of them. We go back to the very earliest traces of history, the earliest traces of men, and we find these sanitarium methods were in use. I must first tell you something about what these principles are. What are the principles which make a sanitarium? The first principle, and the greatest one, is the true principle of healing. Now, unfortunately, the world is hidden in darkness, in ignorance, as to what healing is, as to what it means to be healed, and as to how a man gets healed. All these matters which define health seem to be very little understood. Prof. White, of Cornell University, sometime ago was called off down to New York to investigate the health officers. He gave an account of his experience. I suppose Philadelphia health officers are very different from New York health officers, though I understand Philadelphia is undergoing something of an investigation at the present time; but they were having a sort of cleaning up time down in New York, and Prof. White was there at the time, and a member of a commission to investigate the health officers; and a health officer came in, and they were asking him various questions as to what he knew, and in the course of the questions, they asked him if they had had any small-pox cases. He said, "Yes," they had had a case or two of it, and one case was in a family of hygienists who lived out on the border of his district. Well that gave the professor an idea. When the next man came in, he asked him if he had any hygienics in his neighborhood. Yes, he said, he
he said, he had had a case or two of it, but nobody had died. The next man who came in was asked if he had any hygienics. Yes, he said, he had heard of one or two cases, but he did not go to see whether they died or not, for fear he might catch it himself. The next man was asked to define hygienics. He said, "Hygienics is a bad smell arising from dirty water." That is about all the health officers knew about twenty-five years ago about the word "hygiene." Some people don't know very much more about "Sanitarium," but I suppose here in Philadelphia you do. At any rate, we mean to help you to find out. When we first used this word in Battle Creek some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago, people thought it was very awkward, and a learned friend of mine got out the Webster Dictionary, and he showed it to me to convince me that the word was not in there, that there was no such word as "Sanitarium." "Why," he said, "ou have no right to use such a word; there is not such a word in anything." "Well," I said, "We are aware of that, but we propose to make the word; we propose to have a new thing, a little different thing from any that has ever been before; so we have to have a new name to designate it." The word "sanatorium" was found in the dictionary. That meant a health resort for invalid soldiers in England; but there was no such word as "sanitarium." But we set to work to make the word, and to make the thing first, and a word to designate it. Now we had before that time, water-cures, and we had a few electrical institutes, and we had health resorts; but there was no such thing up to that time
as the thing that is presented to you here today. At the present time there are many. Now in these institutions, we undertake, in the first place, as I said before, to recognize the true law of cure. That is this: Nature heals; nature heals; when a sick man gets well, it is not because of something put into him that has healed him, it is not because something done to him has healed him; but there is a power within him which has healed him. There is a curative power within the body. When I say nature, I do not mean an abstraction; I do not mean a great, blind, unintelligent, abstract force that is operating automatically. That is a sort of false god which the world has erected and worships under the name of nature. There is no such thing as nature except as a phenomena; and when we use the word as I have just used it, we use it in a figurative way; we use it to stand for something greater. When I say nature, I mean the power in nature, the power behind nature,—the great divine Force which is operating throughout the whole universe, which has created things.

Deitl, the very learned pupil of Roquetanski, one of the greatest of European physicians more than fifty years ago recognized this truth. It is strange that the world has been so slow to accept the proposition which he made to his pupils. He said, "Nature heals. That is the first and greatest law of therapeutics. Nature creates and maintains, therefore she must be able to heal." Now, my friends, that is the foundation principle of this institution, that nature heals, or that God heals, we may say—the divine Power in nature heals. And
recognizing this fact, we must look to nature for the methods of healing. We must look to nature for the forces of healing, and we find these: First of all the sunshine. Now the sunshine is the origin of all the force which we see manifested all about us. All the living forces which are in operation about us, all come from the sunshine. The sun falls upon the plant. Its force is crystallized in the plant, so to speak. It is converted into living energy in the plant. By and by the plant dies and is buried; it falls, and is buried beneath the earth, and becomes by and by converted into coal, coal gas, coal oil. Then it is put into the furnace and burned, and the burning creates heat; heat is generated, steam is generated, engines are set in motion, dynamos are operated, and an electric current is produced, and we see the sunshine shining out again, resurrected sunshine, re-animated sunshine, the veritable sunshine which shone ages ago. The very same thing happens to us. The sun shines upon the fields; food is created; we eat the food; that food shines out; it is converted into energy in our bodies. Our muscles are simply operating the force which came from the sunshine. The heat of our bodies is the heat which came from the sunshine. Now, this powerful energy, this marvelous, miracle-working energy, sunshine, which converts one kernel of corn into a thousand, which is performing miracles in every vineyard, turning water into wine, multiplying loaves to feed the millions,—this veritable power, this veritable miracle-working power we bring into operation in our institution here as a curative force,
a curative power; and we see marvelous results. Finsen in Copenhagen has shown how it will cure cancer, how it will cure lupus; and others have taken it up, and shown how it will cure many forms of skin disease, many other forms of disease in the body as well as upon the outside of the body.

Then, we have the heat which comes with the sunshine. In a great variety of ways it can be used in connection with water, with electricity. Heat is employed. And this powerful agency which comes with the sunshine, is a part of it, used in connection with the light, or without the light, is one of the great forces which are used in connection with baths; all sorts of baths are obtained because of the use of heat. Then we have mechanotherapy, vibrotherapy, the x-ray, and a great variety of things, and we have not time to talk about all these things here this afternoon; but the idea is to utilize all the forces of nature. A doctor was saying to me the other day, after he had been looking about the Sanitarium—we had nearly a thousand invalids there, and getting well, he saw people getting well, and he said to me one day, "Now, I see, Doctor, that you seem to rely chiefly upon the forces of nature for your curative power." I said, "Certainly we do." What is more powerful than the forces of nature? Think of the tidal wave, the earthquake, the volcano, the cyclone, the hurricane, the tornado. These are all operating through the forces of nature—means more powerful than any other. What is more powerful than the forces of nature? "That is the fact that is the fact," he said. Now, the idea is to bring into
these institutions, to associate together, not one force, not two forces, but a great number, and to bring them all together, and apply them to the invalid patient at the same time so that there may be not one lift, but many lifted, and in that way, things can be accomplished which can not be accomplished in any other way.

Now, this idea is not new. It is not new; it is not known to a few only. These ideas are very, very old, and are known to the most primitive people. Baths have been employed from the most remote ages. Massage, heat—these various appliances have been known from the very earliest times; even the animal kingdom the most lowly members of the animal kingdom have some knowledge of it. I remember talking once with a doctor who was somewhat skeptical. He did not believe that simple water could do such wonderful things as I had been saying it could, talking about, and I told this doctor I did not believe he was well informed upon the subject of hydrotherapy as some creatures that had not had nearly as good a chance for education as he had; he had not been giving attention to that particular thing. The doctor was a little prejudiced, I am sorry to say. But I told him a story how I was over to San Diego, some years ago, at the Hotel Coronado, one February morning, and was going out early to take a dip in the surf. The water was moderately warm, about fifty-four degrees, I think; that is about the temperature I enjoy; so I was going down to the shore, and I went by the monkey house, and as I went by, I observed the mother monkey having an interesting
time with her children, with her family. Somebody had thrown in some green fruit, and one of the monkeys had evidently gotten hold of some of it, and eaten it, and gotten sick, and the mother monkey had gathered the rest of it all together, and was standing guard over it, and the other little monkeys were slipping up behind, trying to steal a bit now and then and the mother was boxing their ears. It was really a very interesting sight. But the most interesting thing of all was the sick monkey. It had the stomachache, and it had climbed up on the side of the cage, and was hanging over the hot water pipe taking a fomentation to the stomach. That monkey understood something of sanitarium principles. I told the doctor that story, don't you know? Now, you have sometimes noticed a dog with the toothache puts its paw against its face; and the little child that has the earache, puts its hand over its ear. What for? To warm it up. That is an application of heat; that is an application of a sanitarium principle; that is the sanitarium method. These things are adopted even by the most uneducated savage, \\[\text{by the smallest infant, by the unintelligent ape, by these lower creatures; they understand something of these principles; there is an instinct which leads them right into this channel.}\\]

Now, then, this healing power, these healing forces which we utilize in the sanitarium method, by the sanitarium system, as we call it,--they are vastly more powerful than any other forces that can be brought to bear upon the sick man.
The power it takes to lift a man who is a mere skeleton, to
lift him up, to put him upon his feet, clothe him with healthy
flesh again—the power that is required to do that is so great
you can not put it into a bottle and hold it in with a cork.
It would not stay there; it would burst the bottle. It is
too mighty a force for such a thing as that. It is a power
that can resurrect the dead, almost; it can not do that, but
it does things almost as remarkable. You can not bottle it up,
and you do not seek for it in the chemists' shops; you do not
seek for it in the alchemists' laboratories. You will find it
universal; you will find it spread abroad; you will find it
everywhere—everywhere accessible; everybody can have access
to it; and a knowledge of it is universal among all intelligent
beings,—man or beast.

So much for the principles; and I must not say very
much more; but I must say a word or two more with reference
to these methods. They are coming to be in use everywhere
more or less. They are coming to be popularly used in Germany.
They did not originate in Battle Creek, and they are not unique;
I only need to name them. And our sanitarium here is bringing
them together. The only thing unique about our sanitarium is
the bringing together, the associating together of a large
variety of methods, and bringing them all to bear at the same
time, from the physiologic method. And we do not neglect that
very essential feature of the physiologic method,—diet. Now,
when we look out upon the world about us, we see that there
is a marvelous degeneracy taking place; we see the world is
going down. I met a doctor yesterday, and he said, "O, it is such a sad thing to see the world going down so fast; to see disease multiplying so rapidly." Why, just think of it; this last year there died in this country 416,000 people from pneumonia alone—just one disease, four hundred and sixteen thousand people died of pneumonia last year. Four hundred and thirteen thousand people died of tuberculosis last year, in this country alone; 110,000 people died of Bright's disease last year. Last year a million and a half of people died from just twelve diseases—twelve diseases only. 51,000 people died of lagrippe last year. 73,000 people died of typhoid fever; 76,000 people died of diphtheria. And these maladies are multiplying. The number is increasing every year. While we drop off a little in typhoid fever by getting pure water, the number of dying of pneumonia is increasing every single year. There must be something wrong in our habits of life; and that is a part of the work of our sanitariums—is to try to lead people back to the right and proper methods of life—the simple life—the natural life; return to nature, if you please; that is our watch-word. That is the thing we talk about continually—find out the natural way and follow it. Find the natural way of treating disease, and pursue it. Find the natural method of eating, and eat naturally. Find the proper, healthful method of dress, and urge upon people that they should adopt it. I was very glad to learn just the other day from a former patient of ours, now in Japan, that the Japanese government require all the school girls of Japan to reform their dress. They have issued an edict that every
girl who goes to school must wear a certain dress; and you can imagine it gave me a great deal of delight when I found that the style of dress adopted was the Battle Creek Sanitarium dress; that the Japanese government have adopted our dress—this fashion of ours, took it for their reform dress; so the other day we sent over a large lot of patterns, designs, scales, and all the paraphernalia necessary for making Battle Creek Sanitarium dresses for the Japanese people; and it is likely to be adopted as the costume of the ladies of Japan. They have been looking for a long time for something to take the place of their kimonos which are not altogether convenient for the civilized mode of life; and they have finally adopted the simple dress foundation, with some little modifications adapted to their country, that has been worked out during the last thirty years at Battle Creek. Some of you know something about it.

Now the purpose of this institution here, as I said, is to help on this return-to-nature movement, and to stand up as a sort of protest against the downward tendency of the age, and the bad habits that we are cultivating. We had at Battle Creek the other day a convention of medical men, a large convention, and we had a banquet, and at the banquet, one of the leading medical men made a very interesting speech. I had not met him before, had never seen him before; but he gave an address to which I wanted to say Amen to every word of it. He said, among other things, "The most remarkable thing that has impressed me, and one of the most remarkable things I know of,
is the fact that man, the most intelligent of all animals, is
the only animal that cultivates bad habits; is the only animal
that cultivates and practices habits that are damaging to his
health. Why, a horse would not smoke or drink. A monkey or
an ox, if he got drunk once would never get drunk again; he
would learn something by it; yet a man sees another man go
reeling down the street, falling into the gutter, wallowing
in the mire, and he will walk right straight off, go to the
same saloon where the drunken man got his whiskey, and do that
same thing himself. No other animal on earth would do such
a thing as that." We are cultivating disease, making disease
at the dinner table. An old Irish doctor used to say, "Most
people dig their graves with their teeth." When we come here
we endeavor to eat as we ought to eat. At our table here
you will find foods which are free from disease producing
elements, foods which the doctor will guarantee will do you no
harm if you eat them right. Now this is going to be recognized
as an important thing. Prof. Bouchard of Paris, Roget and
other eminent physicians, French physicians particularly, have
within the last ten or twelve years been calling the attention
of the whole medical world to the fact that a large share of
the diseases from which we suffer are poison diseases. I said
to a man the other day when I examined him, "My dear Sir, I
think you are suffering from autointoxication." "Autointoxi-
cation! my dear Doctor, you are entirely mistaken; I never
drank whiskey in my life; never at all was intoxicated in my
life", and he would not assent to the idea that he was suffering
from autointoxication.
ing from auto-intoxication. I had to explain to him that auto-intoxication did not mean to be drunk on whiskey; it meant to be drunk on your dinner; it meant to be intoxicated by poisons, if you please, instead of by a cocktail. So when I had gone into the matter at some detail, explained it to him, he was compelled to admit that he was intoxicated. Why, my friends, he had a face the color of sole-leather. His skin was just as dry as a piece of leather, and as unattractive. There was no evidence of life in it. He was weazened, he was bilious looking, his eyes were yellow, his tongue looked as though it needed to have the city scavenger come and clean it. His breath was perfectly loathsome and repulsive. That man was simply saturated with poisons. His body was throwing off poisonous effluvia; he was in a most awful state. That is the state in which we find a large share of the chronic invalids—they are simply in a state of chronic poisoning. When we find such a man, we must look for the poison. The other day, down near here somewhere, there was a whole school of girls poisoned, and two or three of them died in a girls' orphan home, and a whole lot of the girls were poisoned, and they have been looking to see what was the cause of the poisoning; what had the girls eaten that made them sick? Now, my friends, if that thing happens immediately after you eat, happens right away after dinner, you get sick, you trace it to the dinner. If you have just eaten, and your dinner does not digest, you think there is something the matter; but suppose it is not until next year that you get sick, or until five years
years, or ten years, you do not trace it along to what you ate, you see; but Bouchard has been going into this matter, and he has shown the world that there are in all mineral foods certain poisonous substances which are the foundation of most chronic maladies—Bright's disease, apoplexy, arteriosclerosis, and that very common malady so many people die of—old age. Old age is a disease—premature old age. The man that dies short of one hundred years of age, dies prematurely. As an eminent French scientist remarked some time ago, "Man does not die; he kills himself." That is true of the average man. And it is because of these wrong habits. We must cut off the poisons—not simply give antidotes. So one thing we make very important in our sanitariums is that the diet shall be poison free, and anti-toxin—a toxin-free diet. It is one of the sine qua non of our institution; one of the absolutely essential things for the success of the treatment. So when you get refreshments here, you won't get any poisons; you will have something absolutely free from any taint.

But I must not speak too long. I want to now say to you that what we are bringing to you here to Philadelphia, we are not bringing for the first time. As I said before, it is not a new thing, it is not unique. This is a water-cure in a certain sense; but water has been used in Philadelphia a great many years. You may go back seventy years, and you will find that your most eminent physician, Benjamin Rush, introduced into Philadelphia some of the very methods employed here in this institution. Dr. Benjamin Rush was one of the
first to use the clay poultice *mold* in the drugstores under the name of antiphlogistine. It is a form of clay poultice. Benjamin Rush used to prescribe the clay poultice one hundred years ago. Then you have here some eminent physicians who have been employing these methods for many years. Dr. Weir Mitchell made massage popular. He did not originate it or discover it, but he made it popular here by employing it himself, and recommending it to others. Massage has been employed in the Battle Creek Sanitarium for forty years. Dr. Mitchell has made it popular within the last twenty-five years, and now *it* is used all over the world; the entire medical profession is employing it. Dr. Solis Cohen, one of your eminent Philadelphia physicians, has for more than a quarter of a century been a pioneer, working very earnestly in behalf of these physiologic principles. Dr. J. Solis Cohen has edited one of the most voluminous works ever published on the Sanitarium Method, or the physiologic method, which is employed here in this institution; and a few years ago, when I came to Philadelphia, looking about to see what were the prospects for opening up an institution here, Dr. Solis Cohen was the first person I knew in this city, the first person who met me in a friendly way. He met me at the hotel, gave me a most cordial invitation to come, and it was his invitation which encouraged us as no other one thing on earth, to make a small beginning at that time. A small beginning was made, by Dr. Cohen's encouragement, and we followed his advice, and the work has prospered until now it has come to a larger presentation than
we have been able to make before.

I want to say just a word further with reference to the personnel of this institution, and its character as an institution. We have not invited you to come here to welcome a commercial institution. This institution is in no sense a commercial institution. As the clergyman intimated in his prayer, this enterprise represents no church, represents no man, represents no body of men, especially no especial group of men; but it represents truth. It simply stands for truth; it stands for Christian principles. It is a philanthropic work. I am sure this community is considerably indebted to the little group of men who had the courage to assume the financial obligations—Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Lukens, and their associates, and Dr. Christman, and others who have associated themselves together here to bear the financial burden and to become responsible for the debts necessarily incurred; for there has been no endowment; there has been no large contribution; but there have been small contributions from some people—farmers, laboring people, carpenters, masons, and men of small means have contributed, and doctors have contributed. Others have given of their penury to help establish this work. It starts in with a large debt. It will have to work it off. It is a self-supporting institution—a self-supporting philanthropy. You never saw a committee of beggars going out from this institution to support it; you never saw people going out soliciting for this institution. This institution will be conducted so carefully and so economically that it will pay its way out of its earnings. I do hope the city of Philadelphia
may appreciate this thing sufficiently so it will make an appropriation by and by, that it will help some. I understand your state is remarkably liberal in that regard, and we are looking with some hope for some assistance from that source; but no individual will ever receive one penny of profit from this thing; it is a philanthropic work absolutely. The doctors and nurses employed in this institution work for small compensation, so small compensation that the money paid is no inducement whatever to them to stay—no inducement whatever. Nurses about the city here receive fifteen to twenty dollars a week compensation. Nurses and physicians in this institution work for almost nothing—three or four dollars a week. Possibly one or two may have as much as twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. Now they will get about as much in a month as the average nurse gets in a week. Why do they do it? The doctors working in this institution do not receive as much pay as the plumbers, masons, and carpenters they employ about the building here—less compensation. Doctors who do surgical operations in this institution give their services free. I have the pleasure of coming down from Battle Creek occasionally to do what I can to help along the work a little, give it some small lift in some way; and I consider it an honor and a privilege to pay my fare on the way down here and back again, and my compensation is the satisfaction of doing something. We have the satisfaction of knowing that men and women will come over to this institution and get well who would not get well and could not get well unless they had just the help and a
just the advantages that they can receive here.

The doctors and nurses of this institution are from Battle Creek; they have had what training we can give them there. I have known Dr. Knapp, and Mrs. Dr. Knapp for many years, quite a good many years at any rate; they are not so very old, so I can not say very many years; but I have known them since they were young. I have seen them in their training all the way along. I have seen them tried and tested, and I know they will be true and loyal to the principles of this institution, to the principles this institution represents, and I know they will be efficient. I am sure that the more this community knows of this institution, the better they will like it. You have given us a royal welcome here today in this large assembly, and I am sure if we should have another dedication five years hence, the gathering would be five times as great; for this institution has come to stay; it has come to work for Philadelphia, to work for the people of Philadelphia, to be a help and a lift to the people of this community and for nothing else. It is here to do good, and for no other purpose; there are no ulterior motives behind it; it has nothing to do but to help the people of Philadelphia. This has no connection with Battle Creek whatever except in a friendly way,—no control from Battle Creek, absolutely no connection whatever with any institution, with any denomination, with any corporation, with any thing. It stands on its own legs. It receives encouragement from these particular groups of men, and one denomination has been particularly active in encouraging
the development of this work; but it is not connected to any sect, or church whatever; it is simply a separate, distinct corporation, standing by itself for carrying out the purposes which are avowed in its charter.

I want to express a word of gratitude to our chairman, Mr. Brown, for the kind words he gave by way of introduction, and because he is here today. I know he is very busy just at this time. I know the people of Philadelphia are very anxious to make him sheriff of this commonwealth, and I know there are some other people not very anxious he should become sheriff. I read a newspaper this morning which seems pretty anxious that certain things should not be done; and I hope you will say that they may be done. The whole country is watching Philadelphia just now, to see whether you are going to purge this city of some political evils that have existed, and I trust Mr. Brown is going to be an excellent bath-man to help wash the city just as we are going to wash away some of the physical disease of this city.

I want to thank my friends, Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Lukens for their untiring industry to help build up this work. If it had not been for the most earnest and dogged perseverance and determination that these men have possessed, this enterprise would certainly have failed.

And I must thank also the physicians of the city who have been very kind toward our work here, have taken a very hearty interest in it, and have received it in a very warm way; and I must thank especially you, for coming here
this afternoon to welcome us so heartily. (Applause.)

H.B. Knapp: On account of a previous engagement, Mr. Brown had to leave. He is tied up in the coming election events, and could not remain with us any longer. I will announce the next speaker, Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, President of the Pennsylvania Sanitarium Board, who will make a few remarks.

W. J. Fitzgerald: Mr. Chairman and friends: I have no disposition to hold you here very long, for I see some of you are beginning to look a little cold. Now, if you are cold, come over here some day and take a treatment, and I am sure you will get warmed up. Some people think they get burned when they come to a sanitarium; but people who come here and get burned are not like the child who, on getting burned once, refuses to be burned again. Those who get burned at a sanitarium once come again, and want to get warmed up the second time, or the third time. They like to repeat the operation. It is because of the character of the work that is done.

On behalf of the management of this institution, I would just like to call attention briefly to what has been done, and you may see we have done, but we won't assure you as to what shall be. About four years ago as was intimated by Dr. Kellogg, a little institution was opened up in this city to carry on sanitarium work. It was on Wallace Street. It was a very crude affair, as all of you know who ever went there and took treatments. It was so crude that we were surprised that people would come, and continue to come, come and stay
for weeks and take treatment. People of refinement, people with luxurious homes would come there into that crude place, illy fitted up. That convinced those of us connected with the work that people recognized the principles involved, the benefit to be obtained by coming to a place of this sort. That inspired us with a very earnest desire to get better quarters, to find property and fit it up in such a way as would invite people to come, and would encourage them to remain long enough to receive sufficient benefit that they might go away well restored to health. We have this place. We want you to spend time in looking the place over. You will see that there are some imperfections in it, some things incomplete. We would be glad if everything was absolutely perfect, if everything was completely fitted up; but that is not so. But we are going on to make this institution just as complete as it can be made. We are very grateful for the co-operation of those who have contributed funds and who have purchased bonds, and who have manifested an interest in the work in a financial way, one way or another. As I stated, we desire to go on and make this institution thoroughly complete in every way. People came to the old institution who had read something about Battle Creek, and they said, "This is so crude, so imperfect, we must go to Battle Creek where we can get all the treatments we need." They went there and found they could get so much more than could be given them in the old institution on Wallace Street. Now, the main difference in the treatments of this institution and at Battle Creek, will be in
the volume of work. But we expect to do the same character of work as is done there. I trust we may be able to do it a little better than they can do it, in that place, because we have here the inspiration of all these great physicians, of all these great institutions—we have that inspiration which, it seems to me, should inspire the superintendent and his colleagues in this work to put faith forth heroic and persistent efforts to make the character of the work done in this well equipped institution of the very highest; so we want to say to you, you who may be in need of treatment, or who have friends who may need treatment, come yourselves and send your friends, and I am sure Dr. Knapp and Dr. Kinne and their associates in this work here will do a character of work that will be pleasing and gratifying to you; a character of work that will bring real health and real restitution to you; so we are glad to welcome you here today. We shall be glad for you to go all through the institution, look it over, and investigate for yourselves; and I am sure those directly and intimately connected with the work will welcome you gladly in the institution, and will render you the very highest grade of service.

H. B. Knapp: We will now listen to a few remarks by a gentleman who represents the business men of Philadelphia. We have all grades and classes of patients coming to us here for treatment. Many business men who are doing their regular work in the city are taking their treatment here every day, and coming here for their meals to get the opportunity which we
we offer to people who need this kind of treatment and diet, and I would like to introduce to you now, Mr. J. Harvey Borton, who will have a few remarks upon the benefits of the subject which we are discussing today.

J. H. Borton: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: We have listened this afternoon to an interesting and instructive statement of the Sanitarium idea, and we have also heard something of its application. Perhaps after this just a few remarks on the Sanitarium spirit might not be out of place. Your ideas may be very fine, and your methods of application all that could be desired, but if they are not executed in the right spirit, your results are not what we have a right to expect. Last July I visited for a fortnight the Sanitarium at Battle Creek. Business or pleasure has taken me into almost every state in our Union, and I have done some traveling in foreign lands; but I never stopped at a place where there was such a genuine spirit of helpfulness as was manifested at Battle Creek. Every employee seemed to be in sympathy with his ideals. All were anxious to learn, willing to help, cheerful and self-sacrificing. They were not working, apparently, for fees or for money. They were working to help make men women and children healthier in body, mind, and spirit; better able to do the world's work. They were using their best endeavors to make the Sanitarium idea grow. They are, my friends, one of the causes of its great success. It has been my pleasure for the last eighteen months to be intimately associated with this work here in Philadelphia, as I have come almost every day to take my mid-day meal here, because I felt that the food which I
could get here would enable me to transact my work in life very much better than I could get anywhere else except at my own home; and the same spirit which has characterized the employees, the doctors, the nurses, the attendants, the waitresses at Battle Creek, inspires the people here. I have been intimately associated with them, and have seen them under all conditions almost, and you know, friends, I have never heard in this institution an unkind word spoken, and I think that that of itself is a great tribute to an institution of this kind. You know it is a great satisfaction to me to feel that there is something of this kind now that I can come to in Philadelphia. I did not like the old place much; it did not suit me very well, and I did not feel very much like asking my friends to go there, not because the methods were not all right, but because the physical equipment of the place was not what it should be; but you have got something here that is very much better. Now, today, as these buildings are dedicated for their own work in the world, let us hope and pray that there will always be connected with them those who are working for the highest ideals always remembering that to spend ourselves freely and to be spent for others is one of the axioms of the religion of Jesus Christ, for which, I am sure, it is the intention that the institution should stand.

H. B. Knapp: We will now listen to a few remarks from Mr. J. L. Clayton, also a business man in Philadelphia.

J. L. Clayton: Ladies and gentlemen: From a business man's standpoint, I am very glad to say a good word for
the sanitarium and for sanitarium methods. They are needed in the business world. Philadelphia is to be congratulated upon having so fine an example of a sanitarium, as is this institution, and I believe as sanitarium aims and sanitarium methods are better understood that their pure business value will be appreciated. Business men have been trained to know a good thing from the start, and such real, good health, along physical lines, will appreciated by such matter of fact men as one expects to find in business. To this end, the educational work of the institution, the lectures, the literature, the timely word of experience from those who have been benefited by the treatments, I am very sure will extend to a wider and wider circle, until the busy man will be induced to give them a hearing. As I said, they need it, in these days as perhaps never before the business man needs nerve; and yet, as never before, the ranks are being invaded by nervous prostration, and such weakness as we used to think belonged to the other side of the house, with tears, hysterics, and so on. We meet so many men nowadays who are not feeling just right, who are not quite up to snuff; possibly they will tell you they have some trouble; not the old style of dyspepsia, but just stomach trouble, less from what they eat than from over-work. Well, what’s in a name? No other lack of ease in the body detracts so much from all-round business efficiency, as a rule. Nervousness or indigestion does not make a good business outlook. A person’s nerves that are not in good condition does not give him the magnetic qualities required in a good trader.
The keenest financiers are not the men that have this crowd of ideas, and wandering thoughts. The ability to be cheerful is a great help, and of vast importance in business. Quickness to grasp the situation, to meet emergencies—these are not wholly a matter of temperament or natural endowment. They help us amazingly and for a long time to warn off the encroachments of nervous affection; but every now and then we are surprised at this breakdown in health, and that breakdown in healthy efforts of friends whom we thought to be pretty well up in nerve, muscle, brain, and health generally. Temperament, constitution, and natural endowment are the grand gifts which are prized above all in these days, and hold the minutes where every minute counts, and where there is constant attempt to over-work and to press the matter for all you are worth, and for all you want to be worth in dollars and cents. The business man's purpose is to get there before the other man does; so this constant nerve tension, hasty breakfast, quick lunches, or late hearty dinners, will eventually make good ground for sanitarium work. I have dipped pretty well into these Sanitarium methods and know their purport should be toward bringing about a normal condition of the body as a fitting for service such as you have been hearing about. They do not put ability into one, but they do develop it by their putting the body into normal physical condition, by removing hindrances to its own natural outcropping. They take the poison out of the system, clear up the brain for thinking out its problems. That means less worry. They get the cells up to normal activity, the stir
the blood into supplying proper nourishment. That means better nerves, a better grip on one's temper, more ease of swinging a situation. They put the business man on something besides rest before dinner and constant stimulation which grubs us to over-exertion like the so oft-quoted tired horse.

Alcoholic stimulation is much resorted to in the business world. So it is important, by simple, sanitarium methods, to know how to keep in good shape for work. Among business men I think there is a growing need of knowing how to utilize time and opportunity without injury to one's health.

So on this very pleasant and important occasion, my good word the to men and women, who have worked so hard to bring about such fine results as we see here in this beautiful sanitarium is that we need you; we are learning to appreciate you, and as laymen we will do all we can to help you reach your highest ideals. (Applause.)

H. B. Knapp: I will next introduce Mr. Morris Lukens, who will speak from the business standpoint of the institution. Mr. Lukens has helped us to solve many difficult problems in connection with the financing of the institution itself, and he will make a few remarks with reference to this.

Morris Lukens: I do not know that I can say anything that will add to what has been said. I believe about as good a thing as I can say will be a good loud Amen to all the things we have listened to this afternoon. Just one thing, however, I might add. That is this: This is only the beginning of the work in this city. We have learned this afternoon from Dr.
Kellogg that the beginning of this work is almost as old as the world is; but as far as this institution is concerned, it is very young; it is only in its infancy. I passed the other day a few houses, and over one there was an advertisement in large letters, which read, "See it grow." I believe that will be the watchword of our institution. We are going to grow. While we have a place here in the city, a place of which we are no longer ashamed, to which we are not ashamed to invite the public, to invite the people, we hope that this will not be the end of what we expect. We hope this will only be the beginning; and we hope to have an institution in the suburbs some place where we can invite the people and carry out in every detail the Battle Creek idea.

Dr. Kellogg has spoken about the work in Battle Creek and how it began. Everything has a beginning. These principles began almost at the very beginning of the creation of this world; but as far as this institution is concerned, it is new. Everything, as I said a moment ago, has a beginning. Five years ago we knew very little about a sanitarium in the city of Philadelphia. One hundred years ago we did not know anything about the steamboat. Of course, people had tried to invent steamboats; they had made different plans to see if a boat would not run by steam. A man tried to invent machinery that would make a boat go, but it did not succeed. Then Mr. Robert Fulton, before his invention of the steamboat in this country, in France tried to run a boat by steam. Everything went along satisfactorily until the day set for him
to try the boat. When the day was set, that night some one came to his home and told him that the machinery was too heavy for the boat, and it could not go. It sunk. We have the proper machinery here. It has been demonstrated it can go. Now we have the building, and we have gone further than simply to have a mere shell, but we have a building where we are glad to invite the people to come. When at last Robert Fulton succeeded in getting his steamboat on the Hudson River, less than one hundred years ago, the people said it would not go. They thought that inasmuch as people had tried before and had not succeeded, they would not succeed. They even went so far as to tell him he was foolish to place himself upon that water. They told him he would sink, that his boat could not go; that it was impossible for a boat to go any different from the way boats had always gone before; but when the time came, and everything was in readiness, it started, and the steamboat has been going ever since that time. Boats are made every day now; there is no necessity for experiment, it is a success. And we hope, as Mr. Fitzgerald says, we shall even be able to outgrow the Battle Creek Sanitarium, but we shall have to try a long time, I am sure. But it has been demonstrated that this thing is a success; so the principles for which this institution stands have been demonstrated; they are a success; they have been successful other places, they will succeed here. This work is going to go. It is said that as the boat started up the Hudson River, an old Indian who had never seen a boat propelled by anything except oars of a sail, was surprised to
see going up the river a boat with smoke coming out of the stack. It frightened him; he thought the gods were after him, and not knowing what else to do, he started toward his camp just as hard as he could run, and although it was two miles away, he ran all the way there. He did not know what was coming, and he said the spirits were after him. When he came into his camp he yelled out, "Big canoe! No oars, no sails; pot boils, and it walks." Now, we won't say that this afternoon, but we will say this; we have a nice building. We have the correct treatments; we introduce the proper diet, and we are going to invite the people to a health lunch. We want them to have health; we want them to come to a place where they can get health, where those who are sick can get well; where those who are well may learn the principles that will help them to remain well, to keep well. You know the people are looking for something—they do not know what. An old man out in the West a few years ago when the country was new, and where he had lived among a number of other men who did not have any women to cook for them, and had lived in the crudest sort of way, he decided after having got considerable money that he would visit the east, and he said, "When I get East I am going to go to New York City, and I am going to have a good, square meal if it costs fifty dollars." Well, somebody said, "John, if you spend fifty dollars for a good, square meal, what do you think you will order?" That set him thinking. He did not know what to say. He said, "I think I will get, well I think—I will get—I will get something good." He tried to
think of what was good. Now, you know, the idea of some folks as to what is good is not very high, and other people want the best. We all want the best we can get that will keep us well. He did not know very much about what would keep him well, so, after considering quite a long time, he said, "Well, if I could get a good meal, I will order--I will order,--ham and eggs!" That was the best thing he could think about. Now, that is not the best thing in the world, is it? Some people, you know, think that when they have sandwiches they must have ham. We are going to invite you all inside in a few minutes, and we are going to give you some sandwiches. We are not going to give you ham, or ham and eggs, but just a small lunch, very small it will be, but it will give you some little idea of what we have, however, Then, the people have been getting cold here this afternoon. Soon after I stop and we hear some other good things, then we are going to give you some good hot cereal that will warm you all up.

J. H. Kellogg: I think I may say just one word more. Mr. Fitzgerald hinted that sometime they hope to make this sanitarium equal or exceed the Battle Creek Sanitarium. I must tell you I think that point is reached already. The building is far better than anything we have at Battle Creek. We have no such beautiful brown stone building as you see here; and the inside of this building is far superior, as far as decoration is concerned; and the treatments are given by some of our most skilled nurses and attendants. We did not dare send to Philadelphia anybody who was not thoroughly prepared to
to represent the work. The fact is, we do not want people to come all the way from Philadelphia to Battle Creek. We have more there now than we know what to do with. Our large building only holds half the people now. They have to stop around at different places in the town; and the purpose of encouraging these city institutions is to keep people from coming to Battle Creek. Now that you have this institution here, there is no necessity of going to Battle Creek. The Philadelphia Sanitarium can do anything whatever for you that the Battle Creek Sanitarium can do. So there is no use whatever for anybody in Philadelphia, or in this vicinity to go to Battle Creek any more. We shall have to say good bye, so far as patronage is concerned; but we are encouraging such institutions all over the world. We have now nearly one thousand, and we find that the procession of people coming down to Battle Creek, the multitude is getting to be so great it is necessary to provide means for treatment elsewhere. We have had at Battle Creek this summer nearly a thousand people, and we could not accommodate one half of them in our building. The people stopped at the depots in their private cars, watching for a chance to get in somewhere. We are encouraging these institutions everywhere we can, educating nurses and doctors on purpose to send them out into the field to start these institutions, so as to supply a great need which exists everywhere. The Philadelphia sanitarium is amply able at the present time, to fully represent anything that is done at Battle Creek.

Dedictory prayer by J. E. Jayne.
Solo, by Karl E. Haynes.

v-11-20,-5.
THE SURE WAY TO HEALTH

A Lecture at the Sanitarium Parlor, Battle Creek, Mich., Thursday, November 9, 1905, at 8:00 P.M.

By

J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

--------------------------------------------------------

The sure road to health—that is a thing I am sure every sick man and every sick woman ought to be interested in and is. That is what the thousands of invalids who are racing up and down the world looking for sure cures are trying to find—the sure road. Now there is a road, there is a sure road to physical health, just as there is a sure road to moral health. I am sure that every Christian man, every intelligent man I may say, knows and believes that there is a way that a man who has got off the track morally can get straight. That is the reason why we have our splendid churches. Two hundred thousand churches in this country, and 150,000 clergymen in this country.

Well, there are a good many more than that. I am only giving the statistics of the Protestant church. The Catholic churches are a great many more.

Two hundred thousand Protestant churches. There is one Protestant preacher in the United States for every 700 men, women and children; so that is testimony to the fact that the average man believes, at any rate that the majority of men and women believe that there is a cure for moral maladies. Now, it is not to be supposed that the kind Creator would make man a compound of physical, mental, and moral elements, and give him a remedy for his moral diseases, and give him none for his physical maladies. That is an unsupportable proposition.
that a good God would put a man in a world where he was subject to moral disease and to physical disease, and give him remedies for one and none for the other. There is just as surely and just as certainly a remedy for the physical maladies as for the moral maladies. In other words, if a wicked man, a sinful man can get rid of his bad habits, can reform his bad habits, just as certainly the man who is physically ill can reform his physical deficiencies, his physical evils, can get rid of them.

But, now, you say, then, you take the ground do you that all men are curable? No, I don't. Not all men are curable; not all moral invalids are curable, and not all physical invalids are curable. I have met men who are morally sick and who are incurable, that were incorrigible, we say,—absolutely hopeless. You know there are such. Moral lunatics, you could call them,—moral imbeciles. They were men who had reached such a stage of moral degeneracy that there was no hope for them. Now, there is just as certainly, it is just as much certain that there are men who are in such a state of physical degeneracy that there is no cure for them. A man whose kidneys have disintegrated until he has got only two thirds of a kidney left where he ought to have two kidneys,—that man is a degenerate; he can not be cured; he is absolutely incurable. Just as the man who has lost his conscience, who has been so long a wrong doer that he has lost all sense of right and wrong,—I have met such men—is incurable.

I must tell you the story of one man. We have a sort of moral sanitarium down in Chicago. This institution is an all round institution,—physical, mental and moral; but down in Chicago we have the same sort of thing in the slums. Some thirteen years ago I went down to Chicago, and I asked the chief of police to tell me where I would find the dirtiest and wickedest spot in all Chicago, for I wanted to start an all round mission where we could have
shower baths and soap and water baths as an introduction to the prayer meeting. And he said, "Well, you do not need to go very far away; just around the corner is a good place. Certainly, this is the very heart of the depravity of Chicago." So I went around to Customhouse Place, just off Van Buren Street, and I got a basement there, started a mission, put in some shower baths, bathtubs, tables, jai alais, and it was not six weeks before we had long lines of men in the morning early standing at the door—185 in the line I counted one morning, waiting for a chance to get in and get clean physically. I am glad to say a good many of them stopped to get cleaned up inside as well. Some of them remained clean. I never go down to Chicago that I don't meet somebody down there that I know in those days that got straightened up and remained straight, but there was one man that never got straightened up. We worked for him very hard, and I will just tell you the experience I had with him. My colleagues were working there, and they held him a week for me to inspect him when I came down, and I was there, and had a talk with him when I came in. "Well, Doctor, I am converted," he said, "I am sure I am." I said, "How do you know you are converted?" "Well," he said, "I feel different. Now," he said, "you know I have been a thief all my life, and I used to live well, and I never in all my life felt the least bit of compunctions about it until last week, since I was converted. I stole five dollars from the nurse who took care of me when I was sick, and you know, I felt kind of cheap afterwards, felt as though I ought not to have done it, and I think I am converted." "Well," I said, "what did you do with the five dollars? Did you give it back?" "Oh, no, I spent it," I said to my colleagues there, "You better look out for that man." I said to the man, "You say you never had any compunctions about stealing?" "Why, no, I always felt tickled because I got the start of other fellows. I never in my life felt the least bit unhappy because I had stolen anything." The next
week I was down there, and I inquired how our friend was getting along. "Well," they said, "he is not here now. He stole a doctor's overcoat since you were here," and the next time I went down, I had still another story about him.

He stole the doctor's overcoat, went off and pawned it, spent the money came back, got converted again, and he was sure he was converted this time, because he felt so bad to think he would have done such a mean thing as to steal that overcoat; and finally he felt so bad he told the doctor he would try to get it back; so he went off down Wabash Avenue, and he came to a place where there was a doorway between two buildings, and he said to the doctor, "Here is the place I pawned it; if they see you coming in, I am afraid they won't let me have it; they would suspect something; but you let me have two dollars and a half, and I will go in and bring the coat." He got the money, went in, and the doctor stayed out there shivering for a good three quarters of an hour, and he thought he would follow along and see, and he looked in through this door and found it was simply a passageway between two buildings with an opening out of the other end. Now that is the last I heard of this friend. He was a thoroughly incorrigible sort of scamp. He hadn't any conscience at all. The only way to do with him, would be to shut him up in a sanitarium for moral invalids, a reformatory, a state prison, or workhouses, as we call them.

And the only way, perhaps, to do with the man who has got only two thirds of three quarters of a kidney is to shut him up in a reformatory called a sanitarium. He will have to be put under Sanitarium rules and kept there. We may be able to keep him alive for quite a while, if we keep him under a strict régime. That man can never be turned loose in the world to go about and do as other men do. He must be moderate in his exercise; he must be very careful, he must be restricted, he must be surrounded with a high wall like that which fences in the moral incurables,—high walls of restrictions and
rules he must closely adhere to. A little over-exertion is likely to blow out
the little, flickering flame of life. A big square meal, a Christmas dinner,
a Thanksgiving dinner,—Thanksgiving is pretty near, so remember, some of you
folks, that a good, big, square meal of roast goose, cranberry sauce, stewed
lobster, deviled crab, and all that sort of thing might be just sufficient to
carry you off, if you have no surplus of kidney power. This man's physical
conscience may be lost. I saw a man the other day just upon the very border
of degenerative heart, and degenerated liver, degenerated kidneys, dilated
stomach, degenerated arteries, arteries hard as pipestem,—right upon the brink.
This man said, "There is nothing the matter with me; I am sure I can do as much
as I ever did. I don't believe there is much of anything the matter with me."
I labored with him earnestly but could not possibly convince him that he had
anything serious the matter with him; and yet he is right upon the border; he
is physically degenerated, and he is a hopeless case because he is degenerated.

But the thing I want to impress upon your minds is the fact that
there is just the same cure for the physical man that there is for the moral
man, and for just the same reason. Now, if a man is ever cured morally, it
must be by a power outside of himself. I don't like to say outside himself.
I mean a power behind. We hear about the sub-conscious mind. There is some-
thing in the man, working in the man all the time that is independent of the
will. The heart keeps beating, you know, whether we will or won't will.
The lungs keep working while we are asleep, and all the processes of the body
that are essential to health are going forward continually without any opera-
tion of our wills at all; entirely beyond the control of our wills; these opera-
tions are continually going forward.

Now this power, the power that works for righteousness, that same
power works for health. That very same power that works for righteousness, the
the same power that changes the sinners' heart and makes a changed man of him, that same Power works to change the physical man, to reform him, and under the very same conditions. If that sinner is a degenerate, if he has lost all moral sense, if he has lost the power of appreciation of right and wrong, he can not be converted, he can not be changed; he can not be cured of his moral disorders any more than can the man who has lost his physical sense. Like the man I was telling you about that I met the other day. That man said "I can work as hard as I ever could; I can endure fatigue as well as ever; I don't get tired as easily as I used to." He didn't know when he was tired, you see. He would get tired without knowing it. He would be tired, very tired, and yet not be conscious of it, but two days afterward, he would discover that he was tired. He would forget what he had done two days before, and wonder why he should be tired when he had done nothing. He is suffering from secondary fatigue. That is one of the signs of old age. When a man takes a journey and it doesn't tire him, but two or three days afterward he feels exhausted and tired, it is a symptom of old age. That indicates that the sense of fatigue, one of those sentinels which warns us against danger, against over-eating,—that sense of fatigue is crippled, so it does not speak quick enough. This same man will suffer with reference to appetite. He will eat too much. Why? Because his stomach conscience is to some degree destroyed, weakened, so he over-eats before he knows it. He must be on the lookout with reference to that. That man can not be cured of old age. He is physically permanently damaged.

But there is a cure that can be accomplished in every man who is still suffering from simple functional disorders, that is just as certain as the cure we see continually wrought through the influence of gospel principles in the changing of men's lives. And it comes in just the same way,—comes
just the same way precisely. How is the man who has been a sinner, who has been a thief and a vagabond, a profane man, a general, all-round wicked man,—how does he change? First of all there must be, perhaps, a change of mind. He must determine that he will stop doing the things he has been doing, and do differently. That change of heart, or change of purpose, or change of mind in that man is the essential thing; that is a beginning. Then he has to start out on a whole new series of practices. He cannot go on stealing and be a good man; he cannot go on swearing and be a good man. He has to stop doing all those things. The things in which he has been engaged, at any rate which make him a sinner,—he must stop doing those things. Likewise, the man who gets well physically, and who is healed physically, must do the same thing; he must co-operate with the healing power. The power that heals morally is the power that heals physically. Man is one, he is a unit, physically, mentally, and morally. The physical is not a thing entirely separate and distinct from the moral in its existence. Some people look upon a man as a sort of body in which something dwells that is cast off. I think out West somewhere a tombstone has on it this epitaph: "Under this sod, under these trees, lieth the body of Solomon Pease. He is not in this hole, but only his body; he has shelled out his soul, and it went up to God."

Now, that is a wrong idea, it is a perverse idea that has been the means of leading men far away from the right road. The body is a thing that was not meant to be trampled under foot, to be cast down; the body, the soul, the mind, the body, the spirit, the mental, the physical, are all so closely interwoven that they cannot be separated. There is one light for all of them; there is one light for all; there is one great decalogue applies to all. There is nothing good for a man spiritually that is bad for him physically. And there is nothing that is really good for a man physically that is bad for
for him spiritually. To be perfectly spiritual, is to be in the highest sense natural, and to be thoroughly, completely, perfectly natural, as God made a man, is to be in the very highest sense spiritual. There can be no doubt about that. So, as I said before, there is one law. Now, then, what is the law? "He is thy life"; "He is thy life." The Being that made us; the great, infinite power that created the universe and keeps it, and that made the very first man, that same Being made every man, every man. It takes exactly the same power to make a man today that it did on creation week. It takes exactly the same power. There is no such thing as a creation being set in operation that can work itself—a creating machine. There is no such thing as a natural force that has a power to create. If there was, then we might expect that there would be some truth in Burke's radiobes, and these other various things that are continually brought forward as evidences that the chemist can create life, and make life.

Prof. Loeb in this country, and Burke in the other world, are working constantly with hundreds of others to find the secret of life so that they can create living things, make living things by laboratory manipulations; but such a thing is just as impossible as it is for a man to make a world. It is just as impossible to make one little cell, to make one single little living cell—it is just as absolutely impossible as to make a man,—just as impossible as to make a man. Man has not got the power actually to create out of water, an organic material, one single, little living cell. If a man can do that, he can make a brain just as well, because he would have the secret of creation; but the Creator only can do that. It takes the same power to make a man today as it did in the beginning. Here is another thing. It takes the same power to maintain a man after he has been made as it did to create him in the first place. It takes the same power to keep a man alive that it did to make him.
Why? Because it is not an automatic process by which our bodies are carried forward. There is death continually, death continually. We are dying every moment, every second of our lives. Every second of our lives some millions, eight millions, I think, of blood-cells die every second. Every second of our lives, eight million blood-cells die. They must be newly created. Eight million new blood-cells must spring into being every second of our lives, to take the place of the eight million that die. What became of those eight millions that die? They are buried, eaten up, carried off into the liver to be made into coloring matter to tint the hair, and the eyes, and to perform various offices in the body. At least, the bile is a sort of leach barrel in which lye is made out of the ashes of the tissues, and this lye is used to make soap in the small intestine, just as your mother used to make soft soap in the kettle from the lye that came from the leach barrel in the barn. It is the same process going on in the body. All the odds and ends are utilized, used up for practical purposes.

Now, these eight million cells that die are replaced by eight million created to take their places. That is only a beginning. Here is a man who has in his blood, in every little drop, seven thousand white blood-cells. Those white blood cells are the germ finders; they are the little cells of the body that fight off the microbes, the bacilli, the bacteria. The skin is covered all over with millions, and millions, and millions of microbes that are working in all the while, working in. And were it not for the fact that we have in the blood-vessels and tissues, cells which have the power to capture these microbes and devour them, eat them up, digest them, live on them,—they are like the dogs of Constantinople that eat up the garbage in the streets. They don't have to have scavengers in Constantinople, for the dogs are the scavengers
So these white cells are the living scavengers, that arrest germs, capture them and destroy them, and devour them. These cells are always at work.

Here is a man who gets his body infected with pneumonia germs. Pneumonia germs are all the time lurking in the mouth. If we should examine in our bacteriological laboratory here a drop of saliva from the mouth of each person in this room, in nine-tenths of all the people here we would find pneumonia germs in your mouth. Nine-tenths of you have got pneumonia germs in your mouths. Why haven't you got it in your lungs? Only because there are some little soldiers down there in your lungs continually fighting off these germs, devouring them as fast as they are formed. And just as long as you can eat up these pneumonia germs as fast as they grow, you need not be afraid of them; they can not get too many for you; you are too many for them; but when the time comes that you can not eat up pneumonia germs just as fast as they are formed in your throat, they will get so numerous they will make a sally at you, make an attack upon you, invade your lungs, set up a growth there, and get to growing in such luxuriance, produce such an abundant crop of germs and germ poisons that you will have to go to bed and fight it out with them. Suppose you have had a simple attack of pneumonia, and you examine your blood, and instead of finding 7,000 of these little living germ fibers I was telling you about, instead of 7,500, which is the normal amount, the next morning you have a pneumonia chill and a high fever, and before night there will be 50,000 of them; and if that attack keeps on, it will like enough run up to 100,000. I have seen it as high as 125,000. Just see the difference,—almost twenty times as many, and the number may be increased to that in the course of a few hours; that may be the case. What is the significance of that? Why were all these cells created, amounting to many millions? The number of blood-cells in the body, 20,000 million million cells,—that many living cells are found in the body, and one out of
body, and one out of every 600 of them is a white one, and that white one is a germ fighter. These are created to meet that emergency.

Now, my friends, that shows that there is an intelligent watch care over us. We are being looked after. If we get into trouble, there is a power exercised in our behalf to take care of us. These cells are created to help us out in an emergency, to fight off these germs. That is done in every man whose habits of life have not been such as to cause degeneracy. If a man is degenerate to such an extent that his body has lost the power, the aid, to be used in the creation of these cells, so that the cells can not be created in his body, can not live there, then that man will die. Pneumonia will kill him. That is why people die of pneumonia—because they have not enough of these germ-fighting cells to fight the pneumonia germs off. That is the only reason in the world why a person dies of pneumonia—just that reason. The same thing is true of tuberculosis. If a man has tuberculosis, it is because of tubercle germs invading his body. He sits down and takes in those germs, and they will multiply and grow, and overwhelm him, poison him to death, and he will die. But if that man corrects his habits of life, if he goes and lives outdoors instead of in the house, and sleeps with the windows open, and breathes cold air, takes deep breaths systematically adopts deep breathing, and regulates his diet properly,—if he returns to Nature simply, if he goes back to natural ways, if he ceases to do evil and learns to do well, if he does just what the converted sinner has to do, what he does,—stops doing wrong things and goes to doing right things,—if the man who has tuberculosis simply does that one thing, he will get well if he begins early enough, if he begins before his lungs are destroyed, before his body has become degenerated. If he waits until his whole body has become infected with germs, until every function is paralyzed and his body has become a mass of degenerative tissue,
then it is too late, too late; he has degenerated, become incorrigible. He is like the old thief I was telling you about—he can not be reclaimed physically. He may be reclaimed morally, but he can not be reclaimed physically. He is a hopeless case, his machine has gone to smash. See what a wonderful spectacle it is spread out before us at the present time throughout the world. In Germany, according to the report made at the International Congress on tuberculosis held in Paris, last month, there are 147 sanatoriums for consumption. The German government has fostered the development of these institutions until there are now to be found in Germany 147 sanatoriums for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, and in those institutions, they are curing half of all they receive. Last winter I visited there at Ratland, the Massachusetts State Hospital for consumptives, established, I think, something more than three years ago, and I found there several hundred consumptives, and I found them getting well. I found men and women there plump and rosy cheeked, looking as though they were perfectly well. A friend of mine has recently been out at Colorado at the consumptive camp five miles from Denver, carried on, managed by my friend, Mr. Danner, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and he told me the young men he found there, forty or fifty of them, were rosy cheeked, plump, handsome looking fellows; you would not imagine anything the matter with them at all, and they were getting well. They went there pale, haggard, coughing, infected consumptives, and looking as though they must be buried soon; and now they are plump, rosy cheeked, and getting well. Mr. Danner is trying to make arrangements for us to send some nurses and doctors there to help them get well faster, to hasten their recovery. Half of all the people who come get well, even though they have got a vital organ, a lung, affected.

Now, my friends, what is it that cures them? There is no medicine at all, no specific diet, no treatment to amount to anything; simply living out-
doors in the open air. Why? Why, because man is naturally an outdoor animal. Man never was intended to live in a cage like a monkey, or like a canary bird. Man was intended to live out in the open, to live in the sunshine, his body to be bathed in light; but we shut ourselves up in holes. We have become cave dwellers, gone back to remote ages of ancestry, to those degenerate men of whom some few remains are to be found; we have simply gone back to the built cave-dwelling idea, away from the light, and sealed our houses air tight, shut ourselves up, put plugs in the keyholes sometimes—I have known people to do it, pull down the curtains, shut the blinds, plugged up every crevice to keep away the air and light. My friends, the penalty for this which we are compelled to suffer is consumption, cancer, and a great variety of chronic maladies. Most of the things you are suffering from are indoor disorders. A Frenchman says, "Man does not die; he kills himself, by his wrong habits of life." Now, when the consumptive, by these various evil habits, has brought upon himself the punishment of infection with the fungus disorder we call tuberculosis; when he has brought it upon him, all in the world he has to do is to get rid of it is simply to turn away from his evil ways, cease to do evil and learn to do well, move outdoors, go back to his natural conditions, and he gets well.

Well, now that is the whole philosophy of this institution; that is the sure road, my friends. Obey and live is the divine command. One part of it is just as sure as the other. Obey. That is the command. And live. The living follows the obedience, and the Lord, when God brought the Children of Israel out of Egypt, took them up into the land of promise just as they were about passing over into this land, Moses brought them up there, you know,—and it was a most thrilling experience for me a number of years ago when I saw that very spot, as nearly as it can be identified,—I thought about that
wonderful speech Moses made to the Children of Israel. He said, "Hearken, O Is-
rael, unto the statutes and unto the precepts which I give you this day. Hearken," he said to them, "that ye may live; that ye may live." Then he went on and
told them his precepts to them, and he said, God says to you if you obey all
these statutes and all these judgments, I will bring upon you none of the dis-
eases which I have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am God that healeth thee.
Now, he said to them, "Obey and live; obey and live, and they would have none
of those disorders. They had presented before them, spread out before them
the opportunity to go up and live a long life in the country where it is possible
to live a natural life. If there is any country in the world where it is possi-
ble for a man to enjoy everything the world affords, it is that country.
I never was so impressed as I was there when I went down one day from the top
of Mt. Olivet from Jerusalem on the level field of Mt. Olivet,—those wonder-
ful mountains there, Mt. Zion,—went down from the top of Mt. Zion down to Jeri-
cho, and there is a change of about 2600 feet in three or four hours. Jericho
is 1500 feet below the level of the sea with a tropical climate. Bananas,
plantains, palms, and cocoanuts grow there in great profusion, and all kinds
of tropical plants, and not so far off are to be seen the tops of Lebanon, snow-
capped peaks of Lebanon not far away. Now, in that wonderful land the Child-
ren of Israel had an opportunity to live a life that would be natural. Living
that natural life, they were going to be free from disease. There was nothing
arbitrary about it at all, nothing arbitrary about it. God did not say to them,
to the Children of Israel, "Now, then, if you will observe the Sabbath, and if
you will not worship idols and will worship me, and will render glory and praise
to me, then you will be well; then I will see that you don't get sick." He
never said anything of the kind. He gave them a set of great precepts, and
these divine, great precepts related to all the moral welfare of man; then he
gave them a code, a sanitary code, a code of health, and instructed them about
disinfection, about cleanliness, about personal cleanliness, about disinfected
homes, established a sanitary code for them people that has been a model for
all nations from that time until now. It is less than fifty years since the
world has made any improvement at all upon the Mosaic sanitary code. It is one
of the most wonderful productions of all antiquity—the sanitary code. It is
as wonderful as the decalogue; that sanitary code is a part of the great deca-
logue. It covers the whole ground of man's conduct, physical, mental and
moral. They were to obey and live—all these precepts and statutes, and they
were to be free from disease.

My friends, that promise is just as true today as it ever was. The
living was based on obedience to the laws of our being. So if a man today
wants to live, the first thing for him to find out is how to live. He must
find out what are the natural laws that pertain to his being. If you should
go to a bird store in Chicago and buy an imported bird that you had never
seen before, you would say first of all before you took it away,—you would say
to the man, the keeper of the bird, the man you bought it of, you would say,
"What shall I feed this bird? What temperature does it want; how shall I pre-
serve it? How shall I take care of it? How often does it need a bath?" And
you would get directions all about it, just exactly how much to feed it, when
to feed it, and all about it, and when you got it home, you would carefully follow
all these directions. You would not try all sorts of experiments upon it.
If the bird were a canary you would not say, "I think this bird wants a chew of
tobacco", or, "I wonder if it wouldn't like some cigars or cigarettes." You
would not say, "Now, then, I wonder if my bird would not sing sweeter if I
give it a little cold tea instead of cold water." You would not say, "Cold
water seems such a splendid drink for a bird I think a little cold tea would be nice, or a little coffee." You would not say, "This bird seed seems a little dry to feed the canary, without anything at all; I think I will put a little mustard or vinegar, or peppercake, or salt on it, or something of that kind." You would say that a person who would treat a bird that way ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. But that is what you do to your boy or little girl at the table. You do not say, "What is the natural thing for this little creature here that has come to me? What is the natural thing for this little creature, this little bud, this blossoming human plantlet?" You do not say any such thing, but you begin to experiment, and say, "Johnnie, wouldn't you like a piece of mince pie?"—one of the most villainous conglomerations that ever could go into any animal's stomach. It requires a scavenger's stomach to digest mince pie. It would kill a canary bird; it would kill a horse to feed him on mince pies. Very few dogs can stand it; but you feed that very thing to your baby, to your little boy, and you expect it to make a great man out of him, to make him a President of the United States, or some other great man. My friends, how perfectly idiotic we become in our treatment of ourselves. Custom has blinded our eyes until we have lost our finer conscience, until we have become degenerates in a certain sense; and the thing more necessary than anything else now is to preach a return to nature. There is nothing so important, it seems to me, as that very thing. The Christian Religion has done great things for the world, but we have only had a part of it.

Christ lived the simple life, the simple life when he was here upon earth. He was not brought up in the lap of luxury; he often slept out under the trees on the mountain side; he went about clad in simple garments; his food was simple; he was content with a little handful of corn as he was passing through the field, rubbing up the heads of grain between his hands—was content
to make a meal of it; his tastes were simple. John the Baptist, the forerunner, was equally simple. He was a vegetarian, and he lived in the forest in a simple way, clad in the simplest clothing. He lived a natural life. Now, if Christianity up to the present time had followed the example, both the example and the precepts of the founder of Christianity, this would have been revolutionized, the world would have been entirely in a different world from what we find it today. Disease would have been practically eliminated; there would not be such a thing as fever. We would not have any need for money, for everybody would have enough, and there would not be any necessity for money. Every man could have all he needed. Social evils, physical evils, and moral evils would be banished from the earth.

When the chosen people went from Egypt up into the promised land, if they had followed the instruction given them through Moses, if they had taken that instruction and followed it, and gone out over the world as missionaries, the world would have been regenerated; we would have had a different world before this time. So, as I said before, the Founder of Christianity, who sent out twelve men, if they had gone out and taught precept upon precept, followed by example absolutely, and their followers had done the same thing—what their masters taught them, the world would have been completely revolutionized; we would have seen very little of what we see today. But it has not been the case because the Christian teachers have not followed in their lives the simplicity of their Master, but have taught these principles theoretically, and have not followed them. Because of that thing Christianity is almost a failure. I was reading not very long ago a lament of a preacher because there were so many churches. He says, "In my town there are only 5000 people, and twelve churches; and I know with three churches, we could get along a great deal better. We would not have so much attention, and we would not have to bring
in so much claptrap to get people to hear our sermons; we would preach serious things instead of having to bring in so many trifling things to make things attractive. We would not have to have so many painted windows to make our churches look so fine and draw an audience in that way. He thinks the great cause of decline in spirituality, in churches that we hear so much about is that there are too many churches and too many preachers. His idea would be to burn three quarters of the churches, and send three quarters of the preachers back to the field. But it is not because of that. It is because the simple, primitive gospel is not preached and is not practiced. These principles we are trying to uphold in this institution are, as we believe, a part of Christianity, a part of the greater religion, the real religion that wants in addition to hold up the whole gospel and its power of regeneration in it that has failed.

That is the point I want to make,—that there is the same power for physical regeneration that there is for moral regeneration; it comes from the very same source, and is just as certain if we go about it in the same way. If we neglect either the one or the other, there will not be complete success. The Christian church is never going to succeed in its work until it takes charge of the whole man. We hear sometimes nowadays of institutional churches where there are bathrooms, where there are facilities for exercise. There is an effort made to recognize the needs of the whole man, and to supply these needs, and I think that is a good tendency; but I don't think it is ever going to become popular or general; it is simply the purpose, the effort to do something different from what somebody else is doing so as to attract a little more attention. I fear that is the motive in it in a good many cases, because it does not get down to fundamentals. The things that really direct the selfish man are not brought to bear. These institutional churches give a great deal of
attention to church fairs, suppers, and all that sort of thing, and the ice cream entertainments and socials; and there is not by any means any attempt to return to simplicity. If we will return to simplicity, return to nature, then we can be sure we will have the consequences of well doing. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The sure road to health, then, is to reform, to start with, and not only to reform for a little while but to stay reformed. It is not only to reform for two or three weeks, or six weeks, or three months while you are in the Sanitarium, as a sort of reformatory or penal institution, but to reform definitely, permanently—to permanently reform. That thing is absolutely necessary. A man for instance who has gotten broken down simply because he has violated the laws of good digestion,—that man can not be cured by simply reforming for a few weeks; he has got to reform forever; he never ought to have done the way he has done; he never ought to have had a bad stomach if he had not violated the laws of health. If his stomach gets well by temporary return to normal ways, the only guarantee for him that he will remain well is that he shall remain in the right road, that he shall retain the dietary habits which he has adopted. Then there is physical redemption for the man.

So, the sure road to health, the certain road to health is, as I said before, to reform, then to stay reformed. But there are helps that are necessary. Some men have got so far down they are like the man who is crippled, who has lost a leg and has to have a wooden leg, or a crutch. So there is many a man who has so far injured his body that simple changes of habits will not effect a cure. He has got to have something to help him out. For instance, here is a man who has used up his kidneys with smoking. Every man who smokes dies of smoking, unless he is killed accidentally. Sometimes the accident is due to the smoking. The man who has pneumonia, as I said a little while ago, recovers if he has enough of those white blood-cells to eat up the germs that assail him. If he doesn't he dies. The man who smokes is all the time
wearing out, paralyzing, destroying his white blood-cells. When he gets pneumonia, he can not make as many white blood-cells as the man who does not smoke. That is the reason why he has more is more likely to die. The man who smokes is taking into his body all the while quantities of nicotin that must be carried off through his skin and his kidneys. The kidneys and the skin which are intended to carry off body wastes, natural wastes, ashes, by burning, are worn out because they are required to do work they never were intended to do. It is exactly the same thing as though, well, I was reading the other day a story about Audubon. He tells the story about a friend of his who was visiting him. Violinist Audubon was something of an as well as a great naturalist, you know, and his friend fairly went beside himself, almost, over a new weed he had discovered; but this eccentric friend of his, a celebrated professor of botany and some other things, made a great disturbance every day in his room where he slept. He went up to see what was the matter, and found him chasing a bat all over the room, and he was holding in his hand the handle of his best violin, a famous old instrument, and he had smashed the violin all to slivers in chasing the bat. It was a new species of bat, and he was anxious to catch that bat, and he smashed the violin by using it for a bat to beat a bat. That use of the violin was not the proper use. A violin used in that way is not smashed up.

Many a man uses his body in just about as senseless a way; he uses his body simply to make money with, simply to have a good time with, to win a race, a rowing match, a running match, a walking match or something that strains his body to the very last degree--uses his body for enjoyment, to smoke, to drink, to have a good time with. When a man abuses his body in that sort of way, he must certainly suffer the penalty. The body is just as certainly
going to go to pieces at an early period, to be worn out prematurely as though it were a delicate instrument of some sort used for purposes for which it was never intended. We put a watch in a pocket, and we take good care of it. The other day I was careless and dropped my watch on the floor, and I had to send it to the watch maker to have it repaired. I do not know what kind of fomentations they put on, but it came back all right, and I shall take better care of it now. My friends, if we kicked our watches about as we do ourselves, if we treated our watches as bad as we do ourselves, they would very soon cease to be of any service to us. The marvel is not that we are sick, but that our bodies endure so much. Knowing what I know about the physiology of the body, about the hygienic conditions required by the body, I have thoroughly come to the conclusion that the human animal, the human being, the animal we call man is the toughest of all creatures God ever made; that he is the most enduring animal that was ever created. There is no other animal that lives so thoroughly out of its element, in conditions so utterly unnatural to it as does man, especially the average city man. The teacher goes into the school room, shuts himself up there, as I said before, just like a monkey in a cage. The banker actually puts himself voluntarily behind the bars, shut up in a veritable cage. I never went into a bank yet that I didn't feel awfully sorry for those fellows sitting behind those bars counting the dollars. What a terribly monotonous business that is. I feel sorry for the fellow that is behind the bars, whether it is in a bank or in prison; he is shut up, he is a prisoner there. The woman, the average housekeeper who lives indoors all the time, cannot be otherwise than sick. Instead of living 150 years as we ought to do, we are only living here on an average about forty years, and I am inclined to think one thousand years is the natural limit of life. We ought to live until we wear out, die of old age; but nobody dies of old age unless it is premature old
age nowadays; at least, it is very rare. As I said before, the body has been damaged by our bad habits. The man whose kidneys have been worn out prematurely, he must have help; he must have sweating baths to help his skin; he must have sweating baths, and take other special applications to help his kidneys. He must see that his diet is so constructed, that his bill of fare is so constructed and arranged that it shall not overtax the kidneys the least little bit. His kidneys must be as lightly loaded as possible. He must see that his habits of life are absolutely perfect in accord with the demands of the Being who made us, as expressed in the physiology of our bodies. If a man will do that, he will get well.

The philosophy of this institution, as I said before, is to recognize the fact that God is the Healer, and that God's laws are the principles that we must follow; and that the forces of Nature, which are simply God himself at work, are the powers by means of which a man who has been trampled down underfoot of disease, may be rescued; by which the man who is down low in the pond, may be brought up again. And I want to say to you, my friends, I don't have the least bit of hesitancy in saying to the man who comes here with a bad stomach, you will get well. A man talked with me a little while ago who had a pain in his back, and he says, "I have been to all the great doctors in New York, and they didn't do me any good. Do you think you can kaaa cure me here?" I looked him over—no degeneration, no abscesses, no tumors, no evidence of any organic disease anywhere; and I was glad to say, "Why, certainly, my friend, certainly you can get well. You are just as sure to get well as the sun is shining if you do your part." "All right," he said, "I will do my part." And a few weeks from now that pain will be gone. I would not be surprised if it is gone in four days and never comes back again if he will keep right straight in line.
There is hope for the sick man if he will only take the right position, the right attitude. If he will say, "I have been doing wrong; I will cease to do wrong; I have been cultivating disease; I will cease to cultivate disease: I want health, and I will work for health, and cultivate health." The man who will do that, my friends, is just as certain to get well as the boy who goes to school and takes his arithmetic in his hand, and begins with addition, then subtraction, then multiplication, then division, and keeps marching on from page to page, day after day,—is just as certain to get well as that boy is to know arithmetic by and by. A knowledge of mathematics requires the training of the mind daily, systematically, graduated, progressive training of the mind. That is the only way anybody can ever get a knowledge of mathematics. It is exactly so with reference to health. The only way you can ever get health is by training the body. It must be steady, progressive, advancing, progressive training and development of the body. The heart must be developed, the stomach must be developed; the liver, kidneys, skin and all these neglected, degenerated organs must be brought up into the highest state of efficiency and activity by training. That thing can just as certainly be done as the mind can be trained. It is just as easy to train the stomach as it is to train the mind. If a man has a capacity to learn German, he has a capacity to learn to digest granose biscuit or any other good hygienic, wholesome food. If a man has got the ability to learn to speak the French language, or the German language, or any other language, that man has the power to teach his senses of taste to dislike things that are unwholesome and to like and appreciate things that are wholesome. Why, I remember the time when there was nothing so good in the world as a piece of fried pork, fried very hard, very fat pork, and sausage. I was very fond of sausage and all those abominable things; but I am glad to say I abandoned them forty years ago, and I don't think it would be a very easy thing
at the present time to get me to eat any of those things. I think I would easily fast a month before I would do it. If I thought I could live through it and there was something better on the other side, I certainly would do it. I would eat pork before I would starve to death, but I would have to get terribly hungry before I would resort to those abominable things. I am glad to say my physical conscience has been educated to the point where if I know a thing is harmful that is enough to make it distasteful to me. If I know it is harmful, I can not endure the thought of eating it. If I know a thing is wholesome, the very fact that it is wholesome makes it likeable, attractive to me, because it is wholesome I learn to like it. If I don't like it I know there must be something wrong with me. I must like it. It is wholesome, good to eat, so I must eat it. It is not a hardship. The mental attitude is the main thing about that.

Some people say, "I can not get along with this plain food, and when I go home, I am going to have a square meal." I ought to say to you, my friends, if you are the back slider, you are just as sure to get the backslider's reward. You are only going to be well by cultivating health, by getting hold of the great laws, the great principles that underlie this physical regeneration that we are trying to secure for you. Then plant your feet firmly upon those principles, and stand there, keep there. The Children of Israel sometimes had a hankering to go back to the flesh pots of Egypt, and I suppose you feel sympathy with them once in a while, feel very much that way; but they had a chance. The quails came in, and they got sick and died with the quails stuck in their mouths. That thing happens every Thanksgiving day,—people that die with turkeys in their stomachs; and the turkey is responsible, gets even with the people who have murdered it, killed it. How strange it is, isn't it, that we should have to kill something in order to be grateful; in order to express our joy that we
are alive, we must take the life of some other creature.

I very well remember the last time we had turkey for Thanksgiving. We had 2000 people to dinner that day, and all gathered in the gymnasium, invited a lot of friends from the town to come in, and we had 2000 people to dinner all told, and we all met in the gymnasium; had the gymnasium full, and we had turkey. The turkey stood up on a high platform, eating corn and having a good time. When the band struck up and began to play, he flapped his wings, danced, and seemed to enjoy it just as much as the rest of us. And a very funny thing happened. I made a speech, told about him, and when I spoke about him the people cheered, and he flapped his wings and cheered with the rest. The turkey really enjoyed it as much as any of us did, apparently. I kept him up at my house and rehearsed him for some little time so he would not be embarrassed by the audience. That explains his good behaviour.

Now, it is a simple thing, then, you see,—it is a simple thing; it is simply to cease to do evil and learn to do well. How simple that thing is. But you have got to keep right on doing it. If we will do that thing, we have got the promise of the Almighty behind that thing,—cease to do evil, learn to do well; obey and live. You put a little kernel of corn in the ground, you supply moisture and warmth and it grows, sprouts up, and by and by there are a thousand kernels in place of that one. That is the promise put into every kernel, the divine promise put into every grain of wheat, and every kernel of corn, and every seed,—a divine promise is put in there that is just as certain as the everlasting hills. It is just as sure, and it doesn’t make any difference whether it is the pious man that sows corn to raise money for the missionary box, or whether it is a brewer who raises corn to distill into whiskey if he complies with the right conditions the promise is fulfilled; for God is true, though every man is a liar. That same promise is put into every
right act. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The things you do—there is a promise in it that there will be a good harvest—a sweet harvest if the thing is right; and it will be the opposite if it is wrong. We have got to stick right to that principle. That is why I am trying to aid the Sanitarium to set a table that will be an example to you. We have a large variety of food so you can see what a great variety of good, wholesome things can be provided in the simple life and be in harmony with natural laws and principles, so when you go home, you can have an attractive dietary, and you need not feel that you have got to be ascetics or stoics, that you have got to confine yourselves to two or three things, have got to live on mush and bread and some one or two other things—potatoes; but there is a great variety of wholesome, palatable, sweet, toothsome things. "Eat ye that which is good", the Bible says doesn't it?—"Eat ye that which is good", and we have plenty of good things to eat. God never intended we should eat things we dislike. And we hope our friends who come here will go away from here as missionaries of the new gospel, of the better way, not only for your own good, but for the good of others with whom you come in contact.

The world is going down, going down; the medical profession are getting alarmed. At the international congress that the powers of the world held the other day, doctors from all over the world stood up there and pled with the 4000 or 5000 people gathered in on the opening day,—pled with the people to join with them to fight the plague of tuberculosis that carried off in this country 413,000 people last year. Pneumonia, another great plague, carried off 415,000 people last year. That is the average for ten years, as a matter of fact. So here are other maladies doing just the same thing,—apoplexy 130,000; typhoid fever 76,000; diphtheria 73,000; and remember that every one of those maladies are preventable diseases, and we have no business
to have any of them at all. More than half of all the people who are dying would be saved alive if they followed Battle Creek principles, just as sure as anything can be, my friends. Why, there are a million and a half people dying in this country every year, and of that number a million would remain alive if they died of old age, if they followed these principles we are trying to hold up here. The world is going down rapidly; chronic diseases are multiplying. Though we are able to suppress acute diseases, chronic diseases are multiplying rapidly. The only cure is reform, to face right square about and reform. If we do that one thing it will accomplish more in the way of restoring health and preventing disease than all the doctors can do with all the drugs in all the drug shops in the world. For it is impossible by any kind of medicine or any sort of treatment,—it is impossible to antidote sin, whether it is physical sin, or moral sin. You can just as well cure a man of swearing by giving him some medicine of some sort, as you can cure him of inebriety, of indigestion, or any other physical disease,—Bright's disease or any other thing. The only cure is to change,—change your habits of life; cease to do evil, and learn to do well.
I have been shut up in my office hard at work, and nobody let me know what time it was, so I have kept you here waiting, but you have been delightfully entertained, so I suppose you enjoyed it just as well, perhaps better.

I suppose people sometimes get tired hearing doctors talk about sickness. I think we doctors are responsible for a large share of the sickness in the world; we cultivate disease. A man comes into the office, puts out his hand, we feel his pulse, put a finger on his pulse, the doctor looks wise—"rather fast", or "rather slow", and the man begins to look anxious, "What does that mean? What does that mean?" Then he begins to wonder if he has not got some heart trouble, if his pulse is not going to stop, or something. The doctor says, "Let me see your tongue." He puts out his tongue and the doctor shakes his head. The patient begins to feel as though really there was something serious the matter with him.

I remember some time ago I asked a patient a number of questions, asked him if he had had pain in his back. "No." Had he suffered any with pain at the back of the neck? No. Had he had giddiness? No. Cold hands and feet? Oh, no, no. I asked him about several other symptoms he had not had and some he had had. The next day the man came back and said, "Doctor, I have been thinking that over, and as I have been thinking it over, I can recall that I have
had all those symptoms you mentioned." Now, you know they had passed out of
his life entirely if he had ever had them. I doubt if he ever had had them, but
he began to think it over, and really got himself to thinking he had had all
those troubles. So I never forget a visit I had one day from a lady who said
to me, "Doctor, I wish I could get rid of this pain." I examined her and found
this prominent vertebra that we call the vertebral prominens—that means verteb-
bra that sticks out, that is the most prominent,—I found it was a little sore.
So after looking at it I looked wise. I saw it was necessary to make an im-
pression upon her, and I said, "Madam, you are suffering from hyperesthesia of
the vertebral prominens." What does that mean? That means simply that she
had a sore spot in her spine. That is what that means. You have hyperesthesia
of the vertebra prominens. "Oh, Doctor," she said, "I am so glad you found out
what is the matter; now I know I shall get well." She had been complaining
about that pain every single day for a month, and she never said another word
about it for three weeks; and when she came in one day, I thought it was surely
gone, and I said, "How about that pain in the neck?" She said, "Oh, I declare,
I had forgotten all about it; let me see,—yet, it is there yet." You see,
she had resurrected it, and I was responsible, because I had suggested it.
Now, I think there is such a thing as cultivating disease. Doctors inadvert-
ently, unintentionally do really lead their patients to think too much of
themselves. I think there is some advantage in the Christian Science method.
I have always wished we had some kind of rational adaptation of Christian Sci-
ence, some rational method of application of suggestive treatment, for it is only
a method of suggestion.

One of the things essential to cure by the Christian Science method
is that you shall say, "I am well." If anybody says to you, "Are you sick?"
you say, "No, no, I cannot be sick; it is impossible for me to be sick."
The aim of the Christian Science philosophy is to lead one to reason himself into
the belief that he is well by this process. In the first place, the fundamental
process is this: God is good. Now, a good God could do no evil thing. God
made all things good. A good God could not make any evil thing. Disease is an
evil thing; hence God could not have made it. So there is no such thing as
disease; there is no disease. That is satisfactory isn't it? When I had
headache, I only thought I had headache, because God never made headaches. Head-
aches are very uncomfortable and unpleasant. God made all things. He is a
good God, so he could not make any evil things. Headache is an evil thing,
hence God did not make it; hence there is no headache. See? Now, that is
Christian Science philosophy from that standpoint.

Now, there is another way in which you argue yourself out of the idea
that you are sick. When I look at this little table here, this little stand,
I imagine that there is a table there. I think so; I look at it, and I make
an estimate how high it is, I say three feet high, or three feet and two inches
high. I ask somebody else how high it is, and they say four feet; ask some-
body how wide it is—two feet, and I say it is about sixteen inches, or seven-
eteen inches perhaps, or possibly eighteen inches. Ask somebody else and he
says it is a foot wide; so my idea and your idea, the idea of every person in
this room would be different; so that proves that thing is not a real thing; it
is only an idea, because as we look at it, we all see it differently. If it
were a real thing, if it were really and actually a material existence, why
then it would look alike to us all. I say that there is a table there, and
that it is solid. How do I know? I have never been in contact with it; my
hands do not touch it; they only come close to it. I look at it and I don't
see anything but the figure of it; there is a picture of it formed in my
retina, and all I know about is that picture. I might think there was a table
when there wasn't any. People often imagine things exist when they don't exist. It is probable I imagine that exists, so I can gradually reason myself into the situation of Bishop Berkeley who said there is no such thing as matter; there is no such thing as solid, really actual, tangible, material existence. There is nothing but ideas. When I look at a man I don't see a man; I only see the picture of a man. It is an idea; it is an idea, not a real thing, not a tangible thing, but only an idea. That was Bishop Berkeley's philosophy— that there is nothing exists but ideas and pictures; that there are no real, solid, concreted things; that there is no real existence.

Well, Mrs. Eddy has adopted that philosophy; Christian Scientists have all adopted that philosophy. Lord Byron didn't adopt it. You know what he said? He said, when Bishop Berkeley said there is no matter, 'twas no matter what Bishop Berkeley said. There are some advantages in that, because when you adopt that philosophy, and you some day feel a twinge in the neighborhood of a tooth, you say, "I have got toothache,—oh, no, I haven't toothache, because a tooth is only an idea; there is no such thing as a tooth, hence there can not be an aching tooth, don't you see? Because, there being no tooth there can not be toothache, you see. It is only an idea that aches. It is an idea. It is a general ache; in other words, it is a picture of an ache, so to speak; it is not an actual, tangible ache; so all in the world I have to do is to forget it and cast it out of my mind. As Mrs. Eddy would say, the toothache is an idea which exists in the mortal mind; but if we dismiss this mortal mind, and rise into the higher spiritual atmosphere, we will leave the toothache behind. Now, the philosophy of all this is simply, absolute nonsense. There is no foundation for it at all, no sensible, rational foundation; it is purely fancy.

God made all things—that is true. He made all things good—that is true. Disease is evil, but disease is not an evil thing; disease is not a
thing at all. Disease is simply a bad relation of good things. God made all things and he made all things good, but he didn't make all relations of all things, you see. Money is good, but when money is put to a bad use it becomes evil; that is, the use to which it is put is evil. The money is not evil; so there can be no such thing as tainted money, as the religious papers were discussing a little while ago. Money can not be tainted. The use to which money is put may be a bad use; the way in which money is made may be a bad way; but the money itself is good. There is nothing wrong in the money itself; it is always good. Pure gold is always good no matter how it was made, no matter what is done with it, the gold itself is intrinsically good. Food is good, but food can be used in such a way as to produce disease. Then we become sick because of the wrong use of food. Meat is not responsible for that. God made all things good, and man has established bad relations between good things, and those bad relations are what we call disease, they are the causes of diseases and the consequences are disease. So you see that part of Mrs. Eddy's philosophy has no foundation at all. God made all things good, but he didn't make all relations of all things. Man has established the bad relation, and that is what makes the evil; it grows out of bad relations, not out of the things themselves. God made man good, but, as the Bible says, man has sought out many evil ways; he has evolved many evil, destructive ways. These evil ways man has created, they are not things at all; they are abstractions; they are bad relations of good things.

Well, now, with reference to the Berkeley philosophy, they never can prove—I never can prove that the thing has a tangible existence, because I can not get it inside of me, nor I can't get inside of it; I can not bring myself in absolute contact with it; so that is one of the things you can not prove and you can not disprove; it is simply a matter of
convenience to call these things concrete or to call them abstract. I know toothache is a very real thing because I have had it; and I am sure a tooth does exist as a tooth, because I can feel my teeth; I can appreciate my teeth, I can use my teeth; and so they are a part of my consciousness. Whether they are ideas, or whether they are concrete things, it really makes no particular difference, because I find that under certain circumstances these teeth decay and cause suffering, and to me, and it is the suffering which concerns me; it is not the philosophy at all. That has nothing to do with it. I suffer when my teeth are diseased; when I have the toothache I suffer, whether it is from a concrete source or an ideal source makes no difference—I suffer, and it is the suffering that is the thing I desire to be relieved from. If a person can be relieved from suffering by being made to believe there is no possibility of suffering, that the suffering is simply imagination, and he can be relieved that way, well and good. But it is better to have a right philosophy than to have a wrong philosophy about it. The Christian Science philosophy is wrong because it has not a universal application. Mrs. Eddy admits that surgical cases must be turned over to a surgeon. She has got to the point where she doesn’t undertake to set broken bones any more, or dislocated joints, to reduce them by simply thinking at a distance, by absent treatment. Surgeons are called upon for surgical cases, and I think Christian Scientists who have a little sense do not undertake to cure diphtheria, germ diseases, and infections of various sorts by Christian Science methods any more. That has become rather dangerous since boards of health have taken it up and put a few people in prison for mal-practice, for manslaughter for undertaking to treat children for diphtheria by the Christian Science method; so it is a little dangerous. I think that is being rather turned over to the doctors, and it might be said that there is a great class of maladies, a very large class of maladies that are
incurable by simply frightening them. There are any number of troubles; neurasthenics particularly suffer from a great number of difficulties that disappear like magic, just disappear like frost before the morning sun, by simply getting the mind diverted into some other direction, simply taking the evil thought away.

Now, here is a man, for instance that has tuberculosis, and he gets to thinking about his business, thinks, "Well, I am coming to the end; I am going to end up in the poorhouse." I remember a man who was worth nearly a million dollars some time ago came into my office, and about the first thing he said was, "Doctor, I am in great distress." I said, "What is it? Are you suffering pain?" "Oh, no, not pain, but Doctor, I am in great distress, in great financial distress." "What is the trouble?" "Oh," he said, "Doctor, my business is all going to pieces, and I shall die in the poor house; I know I shall die in the poorhouse." I took opportunity to inquire privately of a friend who accompanied him, and found this man was worth half a million dollars; he had his money in splendid, solid investments; there was no risk about it at all. I think he had lost fifteen hundred dollars somewhere, but there wasn't a thing he need to worry about at all; it was all his imagination. Now, then, the whole success in curing that man lay in getting that imagination out of his mind, in just divesting his mind in some way.

Well, that is one of the advantages of the Sanitarium method. We can keep such a man busy, give him something to do when he gets up in the morning, then in half an hour he has something else to do; in an hour or two has something more to do, and so it keeps him occupied all day, and that is very necessary for him the nervous invalid to be continually occupied in something that is wholesome, and health giving. That is one of the great advantages of the
Sanitarium method, is that it gives the patient something to do, gives him many, many little lifts. It is a sort of ladder up which he climbs. He can not be lifted up, he can not be carried up; he has got to climb up. He must put his hand up, and put his foot on the first round of the latter, then on the next round of the ladder; and so he must climb along up; but the Sanitarium method is a series of ladders. It begins with the hydraulic ladder; it is the mitten friction, perhaps, or simply a wet hand rub—first an arm, then the other arm, then the chest, and the back, then the legs, until we have got a good reaction; then the mitten friction, or the salt glow, or shallow baths, and so it goes up to the spray baths,—climb all the way along, and by and by he graduates with the plunge and a swim in the cold water pool. Now, if a person goes through all that process he is steadily hardened, gaining strength, gaining nerve-tone, the nerve-centers will be gaining force and energy, accumulating power; and as his nerve-centers get more energy, the liver does its work better and better, and the stomach does its work better and better, and every other organ does its work a little better; the heart beats with firmer contraction; the blood is sent out through the veins to the arteries with greater vigor. The whole body is revivified, build in a more effective way; so the man is steadily reconstructed, the tissues are rebuilt, and the patient is made into a new man.

The same thing is true with reference to other things. The circulation of new blood to the muscles makes the muscles contract without the expenditure of vital energy. When you go out to take a walk, you may come back tired. You may lie down on the table and have electricity applied to you so that you take a ten mile walk in fifteen minutes and never feel tired at all. You may feel a little tired, perhaps, but not as tired as if you had walked fifteen miles. That is what electricity will do. You have not made an
expenditure of nervous or muscular energy. The electricity may be applied to
the legs and back in such a way that the muscles contract twenty times a second
or 1200 times a minute. Fifteen minutes more of this, and we have got 18000
contractions, in fifteen minutes. Let us see how far that would be in steps,
18,000 steps. Suppose a person covers two and a half feet at each step. That
would be 45,000 feet, wouldn't it? So there is almost nine miles, you see,
that person has walked in fifteen minutes. That is, he has been doing the
work, his muscles have been at work contracting, the very same muscles that would
be used in walking a distance of nine miles; and the muscles have been used
as many times as they would if the person walked nine miles; and that is done
without any expenditure of nervous energy. In this way the muscles are made
to contract, to become stronger and stronger, more vigorous until they reach
the point where the man can walk nine miles without feeling any great weariness
or any great exhaustion. That is one of the advantages of the Sanitarium
method.

So there are other things,—massage, gymnastic exercises, and the cold
air method. These all aim to harden the body, to regenerate the body, to re-
construct it.

One of the most wonderful things about this wonderful body of ours is
the fact that it has the ability to repair itself; it is a machine which repairs
itself. Now, if your threshing machine would repair itself, put in bearings
that get worn out, or a wheel that gets broken, would replace worn or broken
out parts, and keep itself in good repair, it would last an indefinite length
of time. The reason why the body by and by dies, wears out, is because its
ability to repair itself is gradually worn out. After while the body ceases
to possess this power to repair itself; the power of self-repair diminishes
more and more and more as we advance in years. Now in a child this is very
strong, very strong. Here is an illustration of it. Here is a man that has
get some skin torn off the back of his hand here, has a great sore there so large,
slow at healing it must be patched. Now, we can take a little piece of
skin off some other arm and put on there, and it would grow on, and in that way
would be healed over. We can take a piece of skin off an old man or an old
woman and put on there, and it will grow over, but it would not last; it would
be likely to die out pretty soon, would not be so likely to grow. A piece of
skin taken from another person is not so likely to grow as a piece of skin
taken from the person himself. We might take a piece of skin off a frog's
back and graft it on there, but it would be pretty likely to die off, because
it does not feel at home. If we can have a piece of skin off from a young
person, off of a boy or girl, that would be sure to grow; it would possess
great vigor and vitality, because the repairing power in the boy or girl is
far greater than it is in a grown person. That is an important fact that the
surgeon sometimes makes use of in the hospital. For instance, somebody has
had a burn, and a great lot of skin has been lost. The surgeon is all the
time watching. If there is a boy comes in there with a damaged leg, a badly
crushed food and has to have his leg cut off, the surgeon takes care to save
every bit of skin on that leg to patch onto that burn on the other patient.
If there is anything of that sort to come off, that is not going to be used,
he saves all the pieces and patches them onto some somebody who is lacking in
that particular. It is a part of the surgeon's duty to be watching for odds
and ends for patching, and if he can get hold of a patch from a boy or a girl,
he is very glad of it, because that sort of patch will grow; it is sure to
take root and to grow, and to survive.

Some time ago one of the doctors thought he had made a great dis-
covey. He found it was possible to take the cornea from a rabbit's eye and
graft it on in place of a cornea that had been destroyed or injured so the patient could not see through it. In other words, when the patient's window glass becomes opaque so that he can not see out of it, the surgeon takes the rabbit's window glass and grafts it on in place, and makes a new window in the patient's eye. But it was discovered after a few weeks that the rabbit's cornea had become opaque, that it gradually became opaque; the clearness gradually disappeared. That is one indication, isn't it, that we ought not to eat flesh; that rabbit flesh is not like human flesh; that before we can assimilate it, it has to be disintegrated and removed; and it is not natural to us.

These wonderful powers that are working in the body all the while are beyond any possibility of our mastering them. The mystery is unfathomable; we can not possibly understand how this work is done. Here is this wonderful thyroid gland that sometimes gets to working too hard and then makes mischief. The thyroid gland makes a certain substance and pours it out into the blood; and this substance poured out into the blood from the thyroid gland affects the heart, keeps the heart beating, stimulates the various nutritive processes; but the gland gets too large, makes too much of this substance, and then there is serious mischief, sometimes. The trouble becomes so bad sometimes that it is necessary to remove a part of the gland; it is too active. Exophthalmic goiter is a disease which grows out of excessive activity of the thyroid gland. On the other hand, sometimes the gland is absorbed, disappears, forms fat; then there comes another disease. That is myxedema. In myxedema, the speech becomes somewhat thickened; there is a sort of drawling of the speech; the fingers become clumsy, the step becomes sluggish, the skin becomes pale and dry and branny, and there is a sort of puffiness of the body without there being any dropsy in the tissues. There is a very peculiar conditions produced that is not produced in any other way except that one thing. In that case, some-
thing must be done to increase the activity of the thyroid gland. Temporary relief is afforded by giving the patient dried thyroid gland of the sheep. That is administered to the patient, and there is almost immediate relief from some of these symptoms, and the patient soon becomes naturally again in those things.

It has been found that the entire body is controlled by these subtle substances, glands,—suprarenal capsules attached to the kidneys, the lymphatic glands throughout the body, the liver and spleen; these various structures produce very subtle substances which are disseminated through the body, and which regulate all the nutritive processes. That is a fact of very great interest indeed. So now when a man comes along who is suffering from diabetes, for example, we know that man is suffering from diabetes, there is something going wrong with his pancreas. Probably the pancreas does not produce the substance necessary to enable the blood to burn up the sugar. So we must do something with the man's pancreas. Here is a person that has anemia, pernicious anemia in the spleen. We know that man has probably something the matter with his bone marrow, for the bone marrow has some peculiar work to do in regulating nutrition. This whole process of physiology, the whole science of physiology is getting to be extremely intricate in these days; there are so many new things coming forward continually to be fathomed, to be penetrated, to be understood, that at the present time the physiologists are in a race with one another, reaching down to these misty bottoms that have never been touched before; and they are bringing out every week and every month some interesting new fact, but they never can find the bottom. The further down they go, the more clear it becomes that the science of physiology is bottomless. Away down at the bottom, there is a mysterious force at work that is doing these things; the more we learn about them, the more mysterious, the more wonderful they
become. There is the stomach, for instance. The stomach is digesting food. Food we put into the stomach. As I was saying, the other day, we might put a whole frog into the stomach, and the stomach will digest it. That living animal will be slowly dissolved, and it will disappear. You have seen people swallow live oysters, and they are simply dissolved, and disappear. You might as well swallow a frog, as an oyster, just as well. The stomach can digest a frog just as well as it can digest an oyster. I remember very well a lady came here some years ago who had terrible distress in her stomach. "Oh, Doctor," she said, "I have some wild animals in my stomach; I know there are; I think it is a lizard crawling around. I drank some water at a spring once, and I swallowed a small lizard, and it has been growing; it keep bite, I can feel it bite. She was in terrible misery, and we put her on a plain, simple dietary, and in a few days she came in and said, "Doctor, I don't like your dietary very well; I would like something a little different." "What would you like?" "Oh, I would like some oysters." I said, "What sort of oysters--canned oysters, stewed oysters?" "No," she said, "I rather think I would like some oysters on the halfshell." "You would like them alive, would you?" "Well, yes.--no objection to live oysters; I would not want dead ones, of course; they are stale." "Well," I said, "I think you are a humbug; I think you make believe. Here you are trying to make me think you thought you had some live animals crawling around in your stomach, and now you want to put a dozen more into your stomach; you want a regular menagerie there. You have got lizards, and you want oysters; there is no telling what you will want next." You know, she didn't say any more about oysters; she went away and was satisfied with the Sanitarium diet. But this woman thought there were lizards in her stomach. If there had been a lizard in her stomach, if she had swallowed
one at night, it would be gone before morning it would be digested. Anything that is eatable will be digested by this powerful gastric juice.

Let me ask you a question,--why doesn't the stomach digest itself? Why doesn't this powerful gastric juice, that will digest an oyster, stomach and all, that will digest a frog stomach and all,--why doesn't it digest itself? If you let the gastric juice come up into your mouth it will digest your tongue. I have a man up stairs who had got his stomach into trouble. Here is the esophagus coming down here, and a cancer was formed around this man's stomach and closed it up until finally it was practically all closed up. When I examined this man, I found that state of things, so I had to make an opening connecting this stomach at this point, with the skin. Suppose that is the surface. I made a little opening here, and I put a little tube up there, and he chews up his dinner and passes it down through that tube. He has got a rubber esophagus, you see; and instead of passing it down through the ordinary esophagus, he puts it out through the front door instead of the back door and lets it down into his stomach; and he is getting along very well. Now I presume we may have some trouble with this man, for we sometimes do have trouble with these cases; so I took very great precaution in this case. Instead of making this arrangement like that, this is the way I fixed it. I brought this tube along down here, all along down this side, brought it here, and buried this up here, and brought the stomach clear up over it the side of it like that, rolled the edges of it,--suppose this is the tube; we put it down there and wrap the stomach around it like that; so I made this long tunnel, you see, through which the food must pass. This tunnel is brought up close to the tissues so it is braced, and by that means our patient is made very comfortable, and the gastric juice does not run out upon the skin, because if it did run out upon the skin, it would digest the skin.
I remember some years ago I had a patient in which I didn't take that precaution, and I had a great deal of trouble, because the gastric juice ran out upon the skin and ate it all off. The skin in a short time was all raw, for the gastric juice digested the skin. It will digest the skin; why won't it digest the stomach? That is a question. Friends, there is no physiologist in the world can answer that question; nobody knows why the gastric juice will digest food inside of the stomach, but won't digest the stomach itself. It is the same thing as though you were holding in your hand here some aqua fortis with gold dissolving in it, but your hand itself unhurt. There is the stomach, with the corrosive gastric juice in it; if it come up into your throat, sometimes, you know how intensely sour it is; it almost strangles you, but the stomach remains unharmed. There, my friends, is a constant miracle, which shows that there is a miracle wrought continually to preserve alive the body, to protect it from itself. Then I must tell you that that same miracle is bring wrought continually with reference to these phagocytes I was telling you about the other night. Why don't they devour the body itself? They can devour any part of the body they choose; why don't they do it? It is because each one is directed. Every one of those little blood-cells is directed in its duty; it is sent where it is needed.

Here is a curious thing. Suppose I should get a few germs under my skin here. Pretty soon it is red around there, gets red. Why does it get red? Because the blood-vessels are dilated. Why are the blood-vessels dilated? So as to slow the blood; so the blood won't pass through so fast, so that these little cells inside will have a chance to pass pause, and catch hold of the side of the vessels, and catch the germs. It is a part of the necessary process by which we are protected from those germs. Pretty soon the tissues all around this infection--millions and millions of these white cells
will be swarming out into the tissues so that they can protect it, so that they
will capture these microbes and eat them up. If they are not disturbed, they
go on accumulating, and after while there will be a little bit of fester, and
by and by that will bring these little white cells, and they will come out in
what is called matter. The white cells of the blood that are passed out of the
tissues in order to capture germs, to destroy them,—the germs are carried off
with them, and so the body is saved, the body at large is saved. Suppose that
thing did not happen. Suppose these germs put into the tissues were not
surrounded by these white cells, what would happen? They would grow, get into
the blood-vessels, get into the lymphatics, scatter about the whole body; the
whole body would be infected, and then the patient would die. That sometimes
happens. That is the thing that happens when you have rheumatism. In
rheumatism, these germs spread about the body, they are captured in the joints,
set up inflammation of the joints, and that is acute rheumatism. If you examine
the fluid of the joints in acute rheumatism, the germs are found there. You
may catch acute rheumatism. Somebody has got acute rheumatism next to you, and
you may catch it from him. It is an infectious disease—not a contagious
disease; but this may somehow be communicated to you.

The same thing is true of many other infectious disorders which ex-
tend throughout the whole body. In diphtheria, the same thing may happen;
germs may get into the blood and spread throughout the whole body, get into the
nerves and produce paralysis, get into the kidneys and produce inflammation
there, and inflammations in various places may be set up by the poisons of
diphtheria. It is the resistance of the body,—as an eminent doctor was say-
ing the other day to me in conversation about a case, the whole thing is nutri-
tion and vital resistance,—increased resistance and improved nutrition. That
is the fundamental thing in the treatment of disease. I got a letter today
from that same physician, and he said he had sent two patients here,—one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. He said, "I want them to have your diet, to have your varied methods for increasing the resistance, building up the bodily resistance."

I just saw a case a few minutes ago that was a very interesting case, the case of a lady who has been drinking a great deal of tea. I said to her that she must never take any more tea or coffee, or eat any more meat, must take no beef tea, broths, or anything of that sort, because they have so much uric acid in them. "Oh," she said, "I have been a great tea drinker. Did that have anything to do with my trouble?" Yes. Her arteries are just like pipsicles. Feel of her wrist here, and they feel as though there was a pipsicle under the skin there, just as though my pencil was under the skin, only it didn't feel so smooth as my pencil, but it had ridges there, showing it had become chalk. And here in the temple was an artery that was tortuous, just as hard as a whipcord. What does that mean? That woman has got arteriosclerosis. It means the arteries all through her body everywhere, in her brain, in the liver, in the stomach, in the heart, in the kidneys—everywhere in the body that change in the arteries is taking place. What is the cause of it? Uric acid accumulating in the body. Tea and coffee, chocolate, cocoa, and meats of all sorts contain uric acid; all contain uric acid in great quantities.

Let us see now, how much uric acid there is in a pound of meat, a pound of beefsteak. There is fourteen grains in every pound of beefsteak. A pound of tea has three per cent of them in it; 7000 grains, and 3/4 of them. That will be 210 grains of uric acid in a pound of tea. The body can eliminate only six or eight grains in twenty-four hours. Six goes into this thirty-five times. How long does it take a good tea drinker to use up a pound of tea? It takes a teaspoonful for each cup, or a dram for each cup, or a little more.
How many cups would a tea drinker swallow in a day? A person can drink as many cups of tea as he can of beer. There is more intoxication in a cup of strong tea than there is in a cup of beer of the same quantity—more real intoxication. I said to a patient some time ago whom I found suffering from autointoxication,--I said, "I think you are suffering from autointoxication, madam." She said immediately, "I beg your pardon, sir, I have not touched a drop today." Autointoxication is not whiskey intoxication. There are many ways of being intoxicated besides the use of whiskey or beer; but there is more actual intoxication in a cup of tea than there is in a cup of beer. There is just a day's rations, we will say, of uric acid in a cup of tea. A person takes a dram—there are 128 drams in a pound. How many cups in a day? Somebody tell me how many cups of tea you used to take when you were a tea drinker,—I don't mean you; a neighbor of yours, we will say. Say six cups. We will divide this by six, and that will tell us it will take twenty-one days, you see. You swallow the whole 210 grains of uric acid; and it will take thirty-five days to get it out, don't you see. But that amount is naturally produced in your own body, don't you see. You are producing six grains yourself every day, and you must eliminate that six grains you have produced yourself, but here you are producing thirty-five grains every day, taking in thirty-five grains in every twenty-one days besides what you are eliminating, what you are forming in your own body, as much as you ought to eliminate; so it is bound to accumulate, and you are getting behind all the time.

Suppose a person has been going on that way for twenty years. In twenty-one days, twenty-one days, you get behind fourteen grains, which is two thirds as much. So, suppose a person has been going on for twenty-one years; he has got behind fourteen years in his uric acid; he has got fourteen years' accumulation of uric acid; he has got as much uric acid accumulated in his body as he can elimi-
nate in fourteen years in the ordinary way. Now, that is the situation of the average chronic invalid who comes here who has been drinking tea and coffee and eating beefsteak, and has been living a sedentary life,—he has gotten enormously behind, five years, ten years, twenty years behind in uric acid accumulation in his body, and it is no wonder his skin is tawny; it is no wonder his nerves are on edge; it is no wonder his brain is confused; it is no wonder he is getting paralysis or some other disease,—no wonder he has any one of a hundred maladies that chronic invalids suffer from. How are we going to help him out? Fortunately, we can enable this man to do works of supererogation. You know, there is a theory held by certain classes of religionists that a man can atone for being bad by being extra good. I met a man down in Mexico that had been extra good to the extent of creeping on his hands and knees for some 200 hundred miles, had worn the skin all off his knees. He came to the missionary dispensary down there to have his ugly ulcers healed. He was going to atone for being bad by his works of supererogation. A man does not have to go on his knees for 200 miles. But if he does it voluntarily, he is supposed to get some extra merit, to match up against, to antidote the bad things he had done. Well, now, whether that is so or not in ethical matters, in theological matters, in religious matters, it is certainly true in physical matters.

It is a fact that man can do works of physical supererogation. Suppose you have got fourteen years of uric acid stored up. Have you got to wait fourteen years to get rid of it? No, you can get rid of it in fourteen months. You can perhaps get rid of it in less time than that, by increasing the rate at which the uric acid is burned up and eliminated. Go into an electric light bath, for instance. If the temperature of the body is raised up two or three degrees above the normal, the uric acid is just burned up at a tremendous rate. It is like blowing the fire with a bellows. You can burn fuel up in
a hurry by using a pair of bellows. So uric acid which would normally take fourteen years to eliminated, can be burned up in a few weeks, in a few months by the electric light bath, massage, vigorous exercises which produces perspiration, by the wet sheet rub, by the sinusoidal bath and the electrical bath,—all of the various processes in what we call the Sanitarium method; but at the same time you must take the greatest sort of pains that you do not put any more uric acid in, because you are working for dear life to unload uric acid. If you were a farmer and had a stony farm, and hired a man to pick up stones and throw them over the fence into the road so as to clear off your farm so you could cultivate it easily, harvest it, run your mower over it, you would not go out yourself at night and throw back into that field a large part of the stones that had been thrown out during the day, would you? If you had hired a good man to get Canada thistles out of your flower garden, you would not go out overnight and sow more Canada thistles in your flower garden, would you?

Perhaps some of you remember reading Mr. Dooley's piece about Christian Science. He told a very interesting story about Christian Science, and I will have to have an Irish friend of mine come and read it to you all. He went to see the doctor, and he said the doctor said, "Mr. Dooley, the microbes have got into your posey garden." That was the trouble—the microbes had been breaking into his posey garden. The body is a flower garden, if you please, and these microbes are weeds that may get in and grow there, and we must eradicate them, weed them out; then we want to take great care not to sow more.

So the important thing for every man and woman who wants to get perfectly well and remain well, who wants to get the very best kind of life insurance, the best thing for that man to do is to learn how to live well. How important it is to learn how to live. Unfortunately, we live half a century perhaps, get almost ready to die, before we really learn how to live; then
how we wish we might begin all over again. We can not do that, but let us begin right now. Let us see that a whole lot of other people are set going right now. That is the way Mrs. Kellogg and I feel about the matter. For many, many years we lived without a home, for twenty years nearly we lived and worked without any home, simply lived in a corner, working as hard as we could to promote these principles; but we finally made up our minds we would have a home in which we could bring in little boys and girls, little bits of tots, bring them in and bring them up right; we made up our minds that was one of the very best object lessons we could give to the world—a lot of little boys and girls from various sources and see that they were subjected to natural methods, raise them up to manhood and womanhood, and I am glad to tell you we have raised two or three crops and they have come out first rate—strong, hardy, vigorous young men and women, active in the world's work, and efficient and enduring. I am going to bring down some of my little boys here one of these days so you can see some of them skipping around here with their little ponies occasionally; and you will see they are rosy cheeked little fellows, tough and hardy as squirrels, and are healthy, good natured, full of energy as a steam engine, and they never have tasted meat. Some of them I don't think have ever tasted meat. I do not know their full history. I think the youngest little fellow we have, the first I knew of him he was about a year old, another about two, another three,—they may have tasted meat when they were very small; but most of my boys and girls came into my family when they were so little they never tasted anything except in their very earliest infancy, and lived in a wholesome way. We find the thing works well. And I am hoping that by getting these little folks started right they may have a better future, and a more active, efficient, useful life, which would not be possible for them if they had started wrong.
When we have once gotten settled in the right way, let us stay there in the right road. I met a man today who has been very greatly addicted to tobacco. He said to me, "There is one thing I have noticed—that since I have adopted this diet, I don't want tobacco." That is the beautiful thing about it. When one goes to the prayer meeting, he doesn't feel the least bit like swearing. You see, conditions are such that the temptation is removed. So, when one eats mustard, pepper, peppersauce, mustard, ginger, pepper and those hot things that burn and blister and sting as they go down your throats, and get your nerves all excited so that you feel as though you must have something to quiet them, to stupefy the nerves, you take a little bit of alcohol, for alcohol is a wonderful thing to do that; alcohol is a wonderful thing to quiet the nerves. That is the reason why it has come to be such an almost universal remedy—because it is a great nerve quieter—quite a quietus on things. Well, while alcohol quieted the nerves of sensation, it also quieted the nerves of digestion, and quieted the nerves of the heart, quieted heart action, quieted brain action, quieted liver action, quieted kidney action—it quieted all the nerves of the body, as well as the nerves of sensibility. In other words, it is a sort of brake put on all the wheels of life. It is something that clogs all the machinery, lessens the rate at which the machinery goes; so alcohol is a stupefying, a poison, a paralyzer.

I had the pleasure of writing a paper some time ago for a medical society, and my colleague Dr. Martin went down and read the paper, and in this paper I showed up this very thing—that alcohol, well, sometimes you know alcohol is given to a person who has fainted away. Why? The idea is that alcohol will strengthen the heart; but it doesn't; it makes the heart weaker. When alcohol is taken into the mouth it makes a little irritation, makes a little quickening, and the patient is rallied a little bit; but it actually weakens the
the heart. If we give alcohol to a man it will lower his blood-pressure. Give it to a man who has fainted away, and it will lower his blood-pressure. For just a moment it raises blood-pressure a little bit, and then down it goes again, so the man is worse than he was before. We want something to raise the blood-pressure, and not something to lower it.

The same thing is true with reference to everything that alcohol is supposed to do. If a man who is cold takes alcohol, it makes him feel warm, but it actually lowers his temperature. When a man who is weak takes alcohol, it makes him feel strong, but it actually lessens his muscular strength and endurance. So the doctor gives a man alcohol thinking it will give him renewed vitality and resistance, but it has the opposite effect. This thing has been proven again and again and again until it is no longer theory but has become a demonstrated fact; so alcohol is one of the things that must be relegated to the past, it must go into the limbo of antiquity and of disused remedies.

Your stay here at the Sanitarium, my friends, will do you the greatest good if it educates you in the right way of living, gets your tastes corrected so you like things that are wholesome; gets your stomach trained so it will digest and accept things that are wholesome; gets your skin trained so it can take care of itself so you don't easily catch cold when you go out into the cold; gets your heart trained so it can keep up its work night and day, so it will work hard when you are asleep as well as when you are awake.

By the way, have you learned this thing? If you haven't, it is important you should know it,—if you train your lungs when you are awake to expand deeply, and fill themselves to the very bottom, and train your heart so it can contract with vigor, empty itself completely and send the blood with vigor through the arterial system to bathe and nourish the tissues,—if you train the heart and lungs to do that when you are awake by exercise, when you
are asleep the heart and lungs keep right on. Get in the habit of it. Develop the habit by continually keeping the chest away up high so the abdominal muscles are well contracted, drawn in, the stomach held up in place. If you do that systematically when you are awake, then when you are asleep, your heart and lungs will keep right on with this deeper and better breathing, so your blood will be better aerated while you are asleep as well as while you are awake. So many people get the habit of letting their chests down, and wonder why they are so round shouldered. I see some people trying to correct this, and they put the shoulders back, and go around that way, thinking they are really very straight when they are not straight at all, and they wonder why they have so little chest, when if they would just straighten up, they would perhaps have good chests.

A girl came into my office some time ago and said, "Doctor, my mother sent me to see you about my chest." I said, "What is the matter with your chest?" "Oh," she said, "I haven't any chest; don't you see, I haven't any chest. My mother thinks I am going to have consumption." I said, "Stand up here." So she stood up in that sort of way, and I looked at her and said, "Well, now, your chest is not very prominent, that is a fact,—rather flat, but let us see about it. Look up at the ceiling; now bend over", and when she bent over I put my hand on the hollow of her back, made her rise up, and she had a splendid chest. She had been going around with her chest behind, don't you see, instead of in front. Some of you have that same habit. Straighten up and get your chest out in front where it belongs. Take long, deep breaths, especially of fresh air. When I came down to the Sanitarium this forenoon, I found just one lone patient in a wheelchair out in this front porch. It ought to have been lined, the whole length of it. I sent for Mr. Sanders today to see that there was an air tube put into every room, and I beg of you to put them in, so
you can lie there in bed all bundled up. We will furnish you all the blankets, and flannels you want, so you can be warm and just breathe that nice, cold air, and wake up in the morning feeling as though you have been having a leap year sleigh ride all night; and the freshness, vim and appetite you get from a long ride in the open air. As I told you the other night, the thing that is invariably reported when the thermometer is away down to seventy or one hundred degrees below zero, the health of men is simply perfect. Men never have such splendid health as when they are away up there in that intense cold of the North. The medical profession are learning that sick people should be sent to the cold instead of being sent to the warm regions; that warmth is depressing; heat is depressing while cold is vitalizing and stimulating. I don't mean to say go out and get chilled; that is not the thing at all. It is breathing the cold air, but your body must be kept warm; your hands must be kept warm; your feet must be kept warm, and your whole body must be kept thoroughly warm. Never let yourself get chilled, but breathe the cold air. That cold air taken down into your body stimulates every vital process; it stimulates the blood, purifies it; it is condensed oxygen, and there is vitality and life in it such as you can not get from warm diluted air. So go out in the cold air, walk out in the cold air, lie out in the cold air; have plenty of clothes and wrap yourself up well, bring your bed up to the window, open it wide; but the best way of all is to have these air tubes. Put the tube in the window, let it down from the top to about a foot and a half above your head. I wear a toboggan cap every night and pull it down over my ears, and just have the cold air pouring down on my head and face all night long. I wake up in cold weather very often with icicles hanging upon my beard and have to break them off. I nearly froze my nose one night last winter. I found it was necessary to have a nose piece to cover up my nose. We have a strong current of air, and it is like riding in
the cold. I am sure my own power to work last winter was doubled by my sleeping with a stream of cold air blowing on my face all night long. I am sure my capacity for work was simply doubled. I would wake up in the morning feeling as though I had had a week's vacation, when I had only had perhaps five or six hours' sleep. A man can sleep faster and better, and your sleep will be more recuperative if you sleep in the fresh, cold air.

Now, while you are here in this institution, make it a study. I beseech these ladies to go into the cooking school and learn how to cook, so not when you go home you can teach your cooks. You can find cooks that are properly educated. The gentlemen can learn to cook too, so as to superintend the culinary department properly when you get home. You will feel yourselves then a little independent. If your wife should leave you, you can take care of yourself, don't you see; so go and learn how to cook. Be sure you provide yourselves the right kind of food when you get home. Many of you are thinking, 'I can not buy these foods when I get home.' You don't have to patronize our health food companies here; you can make them in your own home—everything you need, if you only learn how; you can learn the whole secret of this whole health food business, learn it all down in the cooking school; every single principle is taught down there, and you can make health foods at home just as good as any you can buy here, practically just as good for nutritive purposes, if you just learn how to do it. The trouble is, people won't take the trouble to learn how to do it, so we have to keep our factories going night and day to supply people with things they can not make for themselves at home if they would. It is important to know how to make bread without baking powder, without yeast, and to make the nicest soups without having to use beef broth, or soup bones; to know how to make foods that are palatable and dainty, and tasty, without borrowing those things that are harmful.
If you can learn here how to live properly and can go home and teach your neighbors and families, you can revolutionize your whole community, and especially revolutionize yourself. The whole thing here is to be born again. Put off the old man that is sick, and put on the new man that is well. That thing is being done. You are sweating off the old man, having him rubbed off and scrubbed off and driven out of you by degrees, and you are putting on the new man; but it is a process of growth; it is a process of change; it has to come little by little, just exactly as the tree grows, just as a crop grows in the field; so it has to grow; it is necessary to plant seeds of health in order to raise a crop of health. When I come back I expect to see roses where now I see pale faces. I see some of your eyes a little dull now, but I expect to see them sparkling with increased health when I get back. Don't go home to eat Thanksgiving turkey. It is going to be a tremendous temptation to go to spend Christmas with those folks. But I have kept you too long, so I will say good night.
GRADUATING EXERCISES

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM
and HOSPITAL TRAINING
SCHOOL for MISSIONARY NURSES

Class Motto
"Nearer God, Nearer Humanity"

Wednesday, November 15, 1905
Sanitarium Gymnasium
Battle Creek, Michigan
Music.
Invocation . . . . . . . . . . . . . Dr. Ellet J. Wagoner

Music.

ADDRESS . . . . . . . . . . . . "The Nurse's Secret"
Elder Charles L. Taylor.

The secret of every life is purpose. The secret of every true life is true purpose. The secret of every great life is a great purpose. When I speak of life I am not speaking of a round of existence; I am speaking of that outflowing of energy wisely directed to the accomplishment of some great end; and the process involving the manipulation of every faculty of the mind, and of the soul, and of the body. There is only one true purpose. That purpose is not of man's devising: it has not been originated in man's heart, but it has been placed there,—the gift of the divine. It was there in our childhood; it was there as a light to our early days. But very few of us chose that purpose in our childhood. We worked away from that purpose, we worked away from that idea until, in our mature years, we have almost lost sight of the great purpose of life. But I am glad, sincerely glad, that God does not leave us to lose it entirely. He visits us again and again. That purpose has been expressed in the words of scripture, Rev. 4:11, "For thy pleasure they are and were created." It is for God's pleasure that we are in this world; and the only ambition that any man or woman should have this side of the eternal world is to please Him who gave him and her
existence. The only reason we have for being here tonight is that we may glorify the name of God. O, my friends, I pray you all that you may this very moment consider this matter earnestly, consider it well, take home the thought, ask yourself the question tonight, "Am I fulfilling the great purpose of having been born into the world, given a place?"

There are many beautiful illustrations, both animate and inanimate, illustrations of the value of purpose; and lest I should forget, and lest you should forget and should think that I am striking wide of the mark tonight, let me say to you, friends, that this purpose, when once implanted in the human heart, becomes the motive power of our being, becomes a secret that the world can not understand. For, let me read, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." And so with every one who loves God, there is implanted in the heart that purpose, that secret of right living.

It does not necessarily say that while there is only one purpose in the world, that we shall all follow one work. It is a purpose that permeates, works itself into every calling in the world. It comes into the home, into the mother's heart. It goes with the father to the shop; it enters the room with the professor, the professional man; it is in the laboratory of the scientist; it is with the preacher in the desk; it is with the tradesman; it is with all. And it matters not what
what our calling may be; God has said this to us in language so plain that we can not misunderstand, "Let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God." And this tells the whole. My friends, I had a question asked me not many weeks ago. Some one said, "What is it to dwell in the secret place of the Most High?" I want to tell you tonight that the secret place of the Most High is that human heart submitted to God, and that place where that submitted heart shall be found, at any time, in any place, and under any and every circumstance. The secret place of the Most High is here tonight; and I would that I could understand this so perfectly that I shall always abide with God in my work. There has been only one life that has demonstrated perfectly the beauty, the utility of the adoption of that purpose, the receiving of that secret into the soul, and that was Jesus Christ; and you remember how by prophetic tongue, away in ages agone, long before he revealed himself, he made this announcement of his coming: "Lo, I come"; and angels stooped to catch the word as it fell from the human lips, that they might understand what God had mapped out, not only for his only begotten Son, but for every one of us if we would but choose it. "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me; to do Thy will, O God." And when the Sent of God came, when Emmanuel was manifest, his whole life was controlled and shaped by that one purpose—to do his Father's will. It never left him for a moment. By night and by day it went with him through all his ministry. Though he came into this world without noble birth, without
a place in society, without where to lay his head, he walked as a man among men, he walked through life and through death, a conqueror over mankind and over spirit-kind. There attended him at every step of his earthly sojourn and pilgrimage an invincible power, and that was the invincible power of that secret life that was wrapped up in his own soul. He I love to meditate upon that life from which there flowed out constantly rivers of gladness, rivers of cheer, rivers of comfort, rivers of life, to all the needy, and by every word and act, and that he drew to his side the needy, the weary, and the heavy laden. How beautiful was that life! O, I love to meditate upon that work of his; and I want you tonight just to notice with me for a moment the Lord Jesus as he steps down by the Pool of Bethesda, bends over that helpless and hopeless cripple, and says to him in tones such as man never heard before, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And I can see the man in amazement turn his eyes upward and catch for the first time the gleams of light from the throne of God; that look of tenderness won his heart, and there sprang up within his breast those feelings of confidence and faith,—and Jesus said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house." Go with him, stand with him as the crowd throngs him, pressing him hither and thither. And there comes the woman who for thirty-eight long years, if her lifetime in fact, spending all her living in search of health. She came saying, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole," how she came with trembling and with fear, thinking that perhaps she would be
turned away; but that heart of infinite love, that heart kept by that secret power, said, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy faith hath made thee whole." Watch him day by day, as those care-worn mothers bring their helpless babes, and see him with his great brother heart bind them to himself, doing all that could be done, and all that was necessary. But that is not all. Where never came one to him who was turned away empty.

We are told by the sacred Word that disease and death fled from before him, and that health and life followed in his train. That is the illustration of purpose, of secret spirit-life inwrought into the very texture of the soul. Now, how intensely did the Savior live, how intensely did he live, I say! So anxious was he for the accomplishment of his mission that he even longed for his baptism of blood. He said, you know, "$I have a baptism to be baptised withal, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished." And so he worked on; he went to the cross, and in that hour of supremest agony, when his Father's face was turned away, he saw, in looking forward, he saw the final triumph that would come as the result of the fulfillment of his work; and he was glad. And into the hand of his Father he committed his spirit; and he yielded up the ghost; but when he died on the cross, I want to tell you, my friends, when he died upon the cross, he bequeathed to you and to me the carrying forward of that work which he had only begun; and he bequeathed to you and to me individually that secret purpose that it might do through us what it had
done through him.

And to these who tonight are stepping forth, as it were, from their home of training, into the great hungry world with its need, with its burden, with its woe, with its sickness, and with its death, I want to say this, that it is to them he has specially committed this secret of his own life. I would that that could be believed tonight by every one of this dear class; that every one could understand by experience that this is no idle tale, and that unless this mission shall be accomplished by them, their training will have been in vain. There have been many who have known something of this purpose. These who are beginning their work tonight are not the first, nor are they the last,—thank God for that. And I want you to notice with me just a few moments a few experiences both from scripture and from current history. It matters not where you find this purpose revealed; it reveals itself in one way; it does one work; it accomplishes the purpose of its own self.

I go back to the days when God's child, Joseph, was torn away from his home, sent as a slave into a heathen land, and I see him as he leaves the home of his childhood, and crosses the boundary; he understands that distance, more and more, is intervening between him and the father he loves; and we have been told that his thoughts turned to his father's God. He thought of the hope, he thought of the life that lay beyond; and realizing his helplessness and his hopelessness, he determined that first day that he would be true to his father's God; and the very moment that he formed that resolution, and that
that determination was made in his life, that very moment God came in with all his keeping power, and the boy, the ruined child, Joseph, spoiled and petted at home, became a noble man, transforming his whole life instantly. O, what namby pamby creatures we are, simply because we go through life purposeless and Christless. That is not all. He went down into that heathen land, he took up his work, misunderstood, treated as a slave, as the lowest of all creatures, and yet it was not long before that purpose began to reveal itself in his life; it came out through his kind ministration; it was revealed in his voice, it was revealed in the messages that he carried, and ere long his slave-master understood that God was with him; though he had never heard of Jehovah, he recognized Jehovah, for when God speaks through a human life, through the manifestation of this grand purpose, men understand, whether they live in America or in Egypt; and I venture to say tonight, dear friends, that if I were to ask this great congregation, all who have found a pleasure and a profit from being in this institution, in this place where God reveals himself, where physicians pray, where nurses read their Bibles, though they may never have said one word to you, you have recognized that God was in this place. No, there is only one ambition that any one should have in this world—that wherever he is, God shall be revealed through his life. So it was with Potiphar; The Lord blessed all that he had for Joseph's sake. Joseph did not know what the future had for him, but daily and hourly, yea, momentarily, he took his Father with him into his daily
work; and right here let me refer you to a crude illustration of what I mean by claiming—it is not that we must always understand that we are to take God with us into the physician's work—that I am to understand truly and exactly what lies before any more than Joseph understood. A number of years ago there was an old gentleman living in the State of Maine, a man came to him for some work—he was a cobbler. He said, "My friend, what do you do? What is your business in life?" He replied, "My business is serving the Lord." "Ah, but you do not understand me; I mean at what do you labor for a living?" "I serve the Lord for a living." He thought the old gentleman stupid. He said, "Friend, you do not get my thought at all; I mean what do you do daily with your hands in order to get money to support your family, and buy bread?" The reply was, "I serve the Lord." Then he continued, "Friend, you think I am stupid; I am not; I understand what you mean, but let me tell you, my dear friend, that there is only one purpose, and only one work that God has given me in this world, and that is to serve him. God and I are in business together, and in order to meet the running expenses of the business, to meet the incidentals along the way, I peg shoes; but my business is serving the Lord." I think that tells in a crude way what this life is. It may be my business in connection with my Heavenly Father to teach, or to preach, or to nurse, or to sew, or to cook, or to do some other good work in the world; but whatever my work may be, my business is serving God. And the man who can, in the counting-room, serve
serve God, the seamstress who by her machine will serve God, the editor who with his pen will serve God, will find in that work in which he is engaged the grandest of all grand experiences; and every one brought into contact with him will know that he has been with Jesus and learned of him.

So, I take Daniel in Babylon, who formed that purpose of life—that he would not defile himself, and through all the long years in that heathen land, while others of his brethren and sisters were hanging their harps on willows for sadness because they were away from Zion, Daniel found joy and blessing and peace, and hope, and good cheer all the way through. Why? Simply because that his business in Babylon was to serve God, and to carry out the great purpose of expressing him before that people.

So with the Apostle Paul; so with Florence Nightingale; so with Jerry McAuley down on Water Street in New York City; and so with our nurses in this institution; so with our physicians here.

I want to say now, this evening, that these nurses have it within their power to elect whether this purpose shall be theirs. Most purposes can be carried forward by sheer force of will; but this purpose, not so. This purpose is that which is received by faith in Jesus Christ. When I receive him into the life, then he becomes my motivepower; he is the secret of my experience. There has been a beautiful book written, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life"—yes. There is a Christian's secret, and that Christian's secret is
the nurse's secret—Jesus Christ; Christ in every nurse's heart, the hope of glory; and as these nurses tonight shall take their diplomas, their well earned diplomas, representing a certain amount of knowledge, a certain amount of experience, and shall step forth from this room to the world for work, it is their privilege to take with them that overshadowing, and that overpowering purpose expressed by God in Jesus Christ, and carry that with them all through life. There are purposes, and there is the purpose, and so that purpose, Jesus Christ will reveal itself in their life day after day; and now, tonight, you all know to what they are going. They are going out into a dark world, but that purpose will be light to them. They are going out to a world that is weary with sin, and that purpose will carry righteousness with them. They are going out to a world that is sick, and that purpose will carry health with them; they are going out to a world that is discouraged; but I know tonight that everywhere, through every state, through every country, upon all the continents and in both hemispheres, men are discouraged. But that purpose will prove encouragement, and it is the nurse's privilege to carry the word in season, and to speak the word in season to one who is discouraged. And so I might enumerate; but for everything that the world is longing today, that purpose will bring home to them everything to satisfy every need. I do pray most earnestly that these nurses shall understand then, the secret of a purpose born of God, that shall be as an atmosphere of light and life and fragrance and blessing
wherever they go shall go. Some of you have learned that. I was so glad to have one of our dear friends tell me, one of our dear patients tell me that he was so glad to come to this place; he was afraid to go anywhere else; but he said he was glad to come to this place because he knew that they prayed in this place; and so the world, though it may reject the Christian doctrine of which you and I lay hold—the world is not hungering for doctrine, you know,—there is only one thing that is orthodox with everybody, and that is kindness, and that is love; and wherever a kind heart shall reveal itself in this world, it will find a following. And God's only purpose in planting this purpose in our life, and in the life of the nurse, in the life of the physician, is that the manifestation of that purpose shall first of all draw men to us in order that we may draw them to Him whom we love. How many times I have seen this! And so we shall see it revealed over and over again. We are not perfect tonight; these nurses are not perfect. I have been working with them only a few days, but, dear friends, I have learned that there is no perfection here in this world; but I want to ask you to bid these dear ones Godspeed tonight. Let them know that your prayers will follow them; let them understand that your hands will be always ready to hold them up. May never one word of criticism be offered to discourage or to hamper them in their work or hinder their onward march to the glorious finish and triumph of the gospel working the earth.

I want to read in closing, just a word that I have dedicated to this class, and I am pleased to read it in closing.
these remarks.

There's a beautiful vision before me:
Methinks that my Savior's kind hand
Is clasping mine own in its warmthness
In the better and holier land.

He is leading me off to the temple,
Of blessing with life divine;
To the place of the Father's presence,—
Eternity's inner shrine.

Ah! there I behold in the beauty
Of love in its purest and best,
The faces and forms of nurses,
Redeemed, beloved, and blest.

With eye that no weakness doth bias,
I earnestly scan them o'er;
and I see now so clearly and truly
What never eye saw before.

Down deep in the innermost bosom
Where purposes only dwell,

Down deep in the innermost bosom,
Where purposes only dwell,
I discover the Master's secret,
That immortal lips only can tell.
The height and the depth of his mercy,
The length and the breadth of it too now seem
As the picture of angelic sweetness
I did
Of which none only dream.

Often I've thought as I traveled
Side by side with them there on earth,
That they were not well acquainted
With the truth of the higher birth.

But now in the light of a better,
And truer, and holier day,
I learn that I did not then know them,
And see what was hidden away.

Beneath that which seemed only roughness,
They truly have been to my Lord
His treasures of richness and glory,
Redeemed through his infinite word.

Ah yes, they had labored most truly,
Had sacrificed what I knew not;
And now in the time of glad triumph
They stand without wrinkle or spot.
And with them I see other dear ones
Who traveled the same dusty road;
I had known them on earth as "the patients",
The sick ones, who with us abode.

But Oh! What a glad transformation!—
Their sickness and sin now are gone;
And in the glad health of the home-land,
They glorify Father and Son.

J. H. Kellogg: I am sure we have all been greatly
profited by these inspiring and uplifting remarks. We will
now listen to an address by Bessie Isadore Waggoner,
"Travelers or Wanderers?" representing the class.
(Paper read by Miss Waggoner.)

J. H. Kellogg: A diploma is, in itself, nothing more
than a piece of paper with some ink marks on it; but a diploma
represents something. Its real value depends, then, upon what
it represents. The diploma of the Battle Creek Sanitarium
and Hospital Training School for Nurses represents more, I
think, than the diploma which is presented by any other train-
ing-school for nurses in the world; first, because the course
of instruction is more thorough. It requires more work on the
part of the nurse; it involves more work on the part of the
teachers. This course of study which is represented by the
diploma, the completion of which earns the diploma, requires
some two thousand or more hours of class work, and eight or
ten thousand hours of practical work; and besides that, many
more hours of earnest study. It requires the reading and the
study of many, many thousands of pages of text-books, and of
books of reference, and requires, on the part of the nurse,
certainly a great amount of patient perseverence, and mental
and physical effort.

Nursing by the Battle Creek Sanitarium method is a
very much more strenuous matter than nursing by the ordinary
method. These patients whom I see present in large numbers
here tonight know very well that this is true—that the Sanitarium
nurse has something more to do than to sit by the bed-
side and smooth the pillow, and fan away the flies, and ad-
minister teaspoonfuls of drops of medicines of various sorts,
and say comforting words, and cheering the patient by pleasant
smiles. The Battle Creek Sanitarium method of nursing requires
much manual labor, hard work and toil in addition to the exer-
cise of judgment and intelligence. There certainly is no
course of training which requires such an enormous amount of
real earnest faithful, thorough-going study, and the acquisi-
tion of such a great number of facts, and the training of the
eye and of the hand as well as of the mind in a great variety
of things, of technique; the technique of the sanitarium
method involves the acquaintance of many thousands, several
thousand at least, of different modes of treatment, different
sorts of prescriptions. The nurse must know how to apply them
all, not only how to apply them, but whento apply them, and how
to vary.
to vary them to suit the needs of various cases. This must all be learned in addition to that which is taught in an ordinary training school for nurses.

I am glad to say that the training-school of the Battle Creek Sanitarium is recognized by the highest, I may say the most particular and careful state boards which have been organized for the examination of nurses, and the regulation of their work. The institution had a call a few days ago from a representative of the New York State Board of regents, and I was glad to hear from the lips of this gentleman, Dr. Taylor, whom I knew before by correspondence, that the Battle Creek Sanitarium and Hospital Training School for Nurses is recognized in the great State of New York, by the board of regents, so that a nurse visiting the State of New York, or desiring to work there, has only to present his or her diploma, and that is sufficient passport to registration. No examination is required. The diploma is sufficient for this very learned body of men, this very careful board of examiners; they are thoroughly acquainted with the work of this institution and of this school. The training of the Battle Creek Sanitarium training school furnishes nurses with a knowledge of all the methods which are employed in the ordinary hospital, in the ordinary practice of medicine, and in addition the great system, the modern system which really eclipses all other systems, which is coming to be known as the Sanitarium System, or, more properly, as the Physiologic System of Therapeutics, or of treating the sick. The Battle Creek Sanitarium and
Hospital Training School for Nurses, and these diplomas which are given to those who graduate from this school after having passed a thorough examination, and careful scrutiny by teachers, and having had several years of thorough training, this diploma of this school represents something more, namely, a great deal more than what I have mentioned to you. The most important thing of all is the reformatory principles, the reformatory ideas which are represented by this institution. The Battle Creek Sanitarium was organized and founded as a protest against the health-destroying, the soul- and body-destroying practices which have come to be almost universal in civilized lands; the decay of civilization which we see taking place all around us,--this institution was started as one of the means which it is hoped might be a help to stay this tide of decay, of race decay, race destruction which is rapidly leading the race down to extinction.

Every one of the nurses who have been admitted into this school has been received with the understanding that he or she is thoroughly in sympathy with the purposes of this institution; that they are thoroughly in sympathy with the dietetic reform, and with the temperance principles, and with the medical reform methods and principles which are represented here, which are in operation here, and upon which this institution stands as its foundation; and as they are graduated and go out from this school, in receiving these diplomas, it is understood that they go out as messengers of these truths and these principles, as representatives of these principles wherever
wherever they go. They go out not simply as skilled nurses, as trained men and women who know how to minister to the sick, but that they go out as reformers, that they go out as messengers, they go out as preachers; for they as preachers of physical righteousness; they go out as ministers of the gospel, for the gospel of Christ was a healing gospel—healing for soul and body; and we have heard here tonight, and I believe these nurses who have listened here to these truths which Elder Taylor has given us tonight, I believe they heartily respond in their hearts to all these ideas, sentiments, and principles which have been presented; I think they are heartily saying Amen in their minds and their hearts to all that has been said; and if I did not believe this, certainly I would not have been willing to bring them forward here tonight as representatives of this work and this institution, and of the principles upon which it stands. But we are glad to bring them here tonight, believing that they are going out as well qualified and as noble representatives of this work and this movement in the earth, and these truths; and in sending them forth, we believe that we are sending out the most thoroughly equipped class of nurses that ever have graduated from this institution. The last class that was brought here some months ago, I told you was the most renowned class that had ever come from the walls of this institution; but this class is more renowned, and the class which comes after this class, I trust, will be still more renowned; and I am very glad that we have arranged a platform this evening large enough so that they can all sit up here and stand up here where you can see them; for we are very proud of
them. I always realize that I am very small; but really, on such an occasion as this, when I have an opportunity to stand up as president of this school and present these splendid nurses, I feel quite large, I feel something within me that swells a little, and makes me feel larger than I was before. The nurses are great if I am not. So I am going to read the names of these nurses, the class roll of twenty-seven, and ask each one, as his or her name is called, to rise so that you may see them and have this introduction to them.

(Names of class called).

There are a few, as you see, who are not here tonight but their diplomas will be sent to them. Before these nurses can properly receive their diplomas, I must read to them this pledge. None but those who desire to devote their whole lives to altruistic work, to philanthropic work, to such work as is represented by the motto of this class, work which will bring men and women nearer to God, work for humanity,—only those who have made it their purpose to devote their lives are received here in this school. Only those who want to devote their lives to Christian philanthropic work are received. So this nurses' pledge is presented to all who graduate from this school. I will read this pledge, then I will ask shall ask all who voluntarily and heartily take this pledge to raise their hands in your presence, so that you may see that they still hold this purpose in their hearts as avowed when they came here.
MISSIONARY NURSES' PLEDGE.

Realizing the serious nature of the duties and the grave character of the responsibilities of the professional nurse, and especially appreciating the solemn obligations of the missionary nurse, I hereby solemnly pledge myself, by the help of God, faithfully to perform the duties of my calling, sacredly to regard its obligations and responsibilities, conscientiously to teach and practise the principles taught me by my instructors, to keep inviolate the professional confidences which may be reposed in me by those under my care, and to labor earnestly and truly for the relief of human suffering and the amelioration of human woe, and especially for the moral and physical uplifting of those of my fellow mortals who may be in need of my assistance, wherever duty may call me to labor.

All of you who willingly take this pledge, please raise your hands. I see that every hand is raised. These nurses have dedicated their lives to the service of God and humanity, and come here in this public way and stand before you, and I will ask that you will all join with Elder Tenney, a member of the pastoral committee, as he offers the consecration prayer.

(Prayer by Eld. Tenney)

By the authority of the board of trustees of the Michigan Sanitarium and Benevolent Association, I take pleasure
in presenting these diplomas.

(Music by the orchestra.)

Benediction by Eld. Taylor.

Heavenly Father, we pray that thy grace may now inspire us anew; that thy presence may go with us; that we may be kept in the way of life, and peace, and righteousness, and holiness until that day when we shall meet together in the kingdom of heaven. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

--------------------

v-11-21-5
MEXICO

A Lecture at the Sanitarium Parlor, Battle Creek, Mich., Thursday, December 14, 1905, at 8:00 P. M. By

J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

I am glad to be with you once more. There is no place where I am quite so happy as at the Sanitarium in the midst of a lot of sick folks. I have grown up with sick folks. All my life has been spent with sick people. When I was a boy, I was my mother's nurse, and she said I was the best nurse she ever had. That is, she told me that years afterwards, and from my earliest recollection almost I have been associated with sick people; so I do not feel at home anywhere else. When I get away from home, I get terribly homesick to get back. I have been gone almost a month, and I am glad to see there are so many of you who didn't get away. But I see a great many new faces. The people that have gone away have really missed something. The people who have come are going to get something. The people who have stayed will have a splendid Christmas dinner one of these days, and something better still.

I have been down in old Mexico. Perhaps you will be interested a little to know what I was down there for. We have at Guadalajara, perhaps the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, a little Sanitarium. I went down there a number of years ago to help get it started, and I have an interest in it. Perhaps you would like to know the way it started. About thirteen years ago I was down in Old Mexico to read a paper before the American Public Health Association. I read my paper, then prepared for home. Mrs. Kellogg was with me, and I intended to start home the next night; but I could not sleep
that night, all night long. I lay awake worrying in my bed. I could see
nothing but in the world but processions of little boys and girls, and the poor
neglected people of that country. I could not see another thing all night
long but those processions of little boys and girls that were utterly neglected
and who would naturally grow up and their lives be utterly wasted, and I just
at four o'clock in the
simply could not stand it. So one morning it occurred to me I might pick up
some of those little folks and bring them home with me. I at once fell asleep
and woke up about seven o'clock and started out at once to see if I could find
some. I was very much troubled to know how I could get hold of them. I
thought of an American merchant in the city, a business man there, and I went
to see him and told him a little cautiously how I felt, and he said, "Doctor,
I am glad you feel that way; I feel that way myself. If I were situated as
you are, I certainly would try to do something for them. There is that little
girl that sells papers over at the hotel; if you would only take that little
girl, I would be so glad." "How can I get her?" "Oh, you can buy her easily,
get her for three or five dollars anyhow. If that little girl could be saved,—
her sister used to sell papers before her, and she was just as bright as she
is; she is grown up now, and she must be sixteen years old, and I heard the
other day her folks had sold her for fifty dollars." Now, you know just what
that means." "Well, now," he said, "you just take that little girl,—"he
got his hat at once, left his business, and we started off to find the little
girl. I had bought papers from her—a little bit of a chap, with a wonderfully
bright, interesting little face,—and we hunted two hours for that little girl
and could not find her. We went up and down the streets, waited at the hotel,
at the door, tried to find out where she lived, but could not get any trace of
her. He had to go then to look after his business, and I happened to meet
another American gentleman I had met before, a Mr. Steele, and I said, "Mr.
Steele, I want some children. I can not sleep nights, and I can not go home without doing something for Mexico." "Well," he said, "I will tell you. I know a woman who has got two children, a little boy and a girl, and I know she would be glad to have you take them home with you. She was telling me the other day she didn't know what in the world she would do with them. They are living in a mud hut on the ground, and they do not have enough to eat, and she would be glad enough for you to take them." "All right," I said, "let us go." And we started. We got into that little mud hut, found a woman dressed as neatly as a woman could be, and a bright little boy four years old, and a sister six, very bright looking little folks, made just as slick and clean as they could be in such a dirty place, hut made of mud, a floor simply of dirt--never had lived any other place in their lives--just a few simple little rugs to cover them, but nothing more, but clean. He told the lady our errand. She burst into tears and she said, "I didn't sleep a wink all night last night, wondering what I should do with these children. Now, I know God has sent you and you shall have them; here they are." She brought them over to me. The next day we came home, and we brought those children with us. They were bright little folks. They were with us a year and a half. At the end of a year and a half, that mother found her way up here into this country--she bound them out to me; took writing for them to live with me till they were twenty-one. I was to educate them and send them back to Mexico. But in a year and a half that mother's love led her to find her way all the way up here, two or three thousand miles, and she stole those children and took them back. You know, I could not follow them. A mother's love like that I knew must be respected. It just broke my heart; I could not sleep day or night, thinking of those little children, that little boy's face just followed me--the sweetest little fellow I ever saw in my life. He climbed up on my knee, got his arms around my neck, and hugged me until I could hardly breathe.
me until I could hardly breathe, and he was just the smartest little chap you ever saw. I just could not stand it. The poor little fellow got typhoid fever and died in a little while, so I know there is no hope of ever seeing him again.

In the meantime I began to think, What can I do more for Mexico? And a friend of mine got sick with tuberculosis. "Now," I said, "Mr. Jones, you have got tuberculosis; you better go up somewhere where you can live high up in the air and in the sunshine. Why not go to Mexico? If you will go to Mexico and be a sort of chaperon for a young doctor, I will send a young doctor down there and establish a mission for Mexico, and we will see if we can't do something." "All right," he said, "it is a bargain." I found doctors and nurses, and Mr. Jones hunted around for several weeks, and finally located in Guadalajara. President Diaz told me the next year, he said, "You could not have found a nicer spot in all Mexico. I respect very greatly your good judgment in selecting Guadalajara, for it is the pearl of the occident." Well, the next time I went down to Mexico, I opened up our mission, and there were 185 people came in that day—six weeks after it was opened—185 people came in from all parts of the county. You ought to have seen them coming in, trudging through the dust, carrying their little in their arms; perhaps a man with his whole family loaded onto a donkey, and he paddling along behind, traveling 200 miles to some to a place where they could get honest treatment, and where they could get careful, kindly consideration,—think of it. Well, there they just came in from all over the country. In a little while the mission became famous. I am glad to say it is still going on. You would be astonished to see how interested those people are in rational methods. Every Mexican knows where his spleen and his liver are, and he knows a great deal more about his internal machine than the average American does. I was amazed at that. They have all
kinds of queer troubles you would never dream of in this country. A man came into the dispensary one day who had his knees all swollen up, and I said to him, "How in the world did you get that sort of thing? Did you have a fall?" "No," he said, "I got mad." I said, "You got mad!—had a fight with somebody?" "No, I didn't have a fight with anybody; there didn't anybody hurt me. I just got mad and it all settled in my knees."

Well, now, another man had a terribly bad stomach. What is the trouble with your stomach? "I got mad." And I asked a woman who had a terrible pain in the back of her neck, "How did you get that?" "I got mad." I said to an American gentleman, "I don't understand this; I don't see how people can get this kind of troubles from getting mad." "Oh," he said, "You never saw a Mexican mad." He said, "Our servant woman got mad the other day, and it took two doctors to save her life. She got so mad she became actually insensible, went into a comatose state, and we thought certainly she would die. Two doctors worked over that woman two hours to save her life. They are an emotional people, intensely excitable, and when they get really angry it is something awful to look at, and something awful is likely to happen too."

Well, I went back again, and I was just hungry to find some more little folks from Mexico that I could get hold of and bring home. In the meantime, they had passed a law so you could not buy children any more, prohibiting the selling of children. It is less than ten years since that law was promulgated in Mexico. Up to ten years ago they sold children just as much as they wanted to,—a baby one dollar; a ten year old girl five dollars; a nice young lady of fifteen for fifty dollars. I sent word to Mr. Jones that I was coming down, and I must have some little boys and girls to take the place of those I had lost. "All right," he said, "I will be looking out for some." But when I got there he had been disappointed; but he finally found one little
girl who was brought in by her grandfather, who didn't have any father or mother but had a grandfather and had no father or mother but had a grandfather and grandmother, and her grandfather brought her in. "Well, now," I said, "what arrangements will I make with you for this little girl?" "Oh," he said "I can't sell her, but I will accept a gratificacio." "How much?" "Fourteen dollars." I aggrexed agreed to gratify this old grandfather to the extent of fourteen dollars for the grief and sorrow he would feel in parting with this little girl, so I made the arrangement, but two days afterwards he came and said the priest had found it out and threatened to turn him out of the church, so he could not do it. So he took the little girl away, and I felt really pretty bad. I was going to say I was ashamed to tell you; I am not ashamed to tell you. I went off in a dark room, and got down on my knees, and cried. I felt awfully bad. I could not forget that little boy and girl that had been brought from Mexico that had been taken suddenly away from me. I was packing my trunk, said it was no use, I had got to go home in the morning, and I was packing my trunk. While I was packing my trunk I heard a knock on the door. I thought it was one of the Mexican servants, and said, "Come in." Then I turned around and went on with my packing. I heard a lady's voice say, "I have got a boy and a girl for you. Will you take them?" I said, "Certainly." I turned around to see what they looked like, and I found the little boy and girl. I would like to show them to you now. I won't tell you how they looked then, but they were just as wretched as you can possibly imagine anybody could be. It was seven o'clock at night. I found that this lady, without my having seen her at all, had heard I wanted some children to bring to America, to the United States, to this beautiful free country so that I might do a little something for Mexico myself with my own hands. I could not go away and be a missionary there; I had to be a missionary at home. So she set out. She heard
of an old lady who had some grandchildren starving to death, so she had hunted
the woman up and spent nearly the whole day trying to find her,
and she found the woman finally in a poor little hole at eleven o'clock at night.
I went down, and there were the children, and a notary public, and we made out
the papers. They were living in a little bit of a mud hut just high enough to
stand up in, where these children were born right upon the ground.
So we made out the papers, and the next morning we brought them home. Mrs.
Kellogg—I took her down to help bring the children home, for I hoped I should
see some. I wish I could introduce you to those children now, and let you
see them. That boy, when I got home, was the first one to find me this morn-
ing. He is a big fellow now. He is not so very big, but he is larger than
I am. And the first thing I knew when I woke up, or the thing that woke me
up in the morning, was that big boy with his arms around my neck, hugging me and
kissing me, for he had discovered I was at home. He is a nice boy, and I would
be proud of him if he were my own flesh and blood.

I tell you, my friends, it is one of the most pitiful things you can
possibly look at to see that great nation, eleven million people who seem to
be all wasted, almost all wasted. The little boys and girls are just the
brightest and sweetest little things, almost the whole of them, but when they
grow up and get to be twenty-five years old, they look withered, wrinkled, and
old, because of the hardships they have to endure, and their miserable diet;
they don't know anything about how to take care of their health. The average
length of life in Mexico is seventeen years—think of it. The average Mexi-
can is an ungrown boy. The average Mexican dies at the age of seventeen years.
Half the whole population die before they are a year old. Two thirds of them
die before they are seven, and they are all dead when they are seventeen;
that is, on an average. That is a most terrible thing, isn't it,—a most terrible thing, because they know nothing at all of the laws of life and health.

Well, I thought it would be a splendid thing to start a little sanitarium down there, or a mission. But the wealthy people pretty soon began to come and wanted some treatment. One of the servants who had been suffering for a long time from some trouble, came to the dispensary, put up in one of those 'dobe huts—we had water there, and it is wonderful what water will do for a Mexican,—a man who has never had any chance at all,—in a few minutes it seemed to work miracles. Doctors have told me who have gone to Mexico and practiced there, they have said, "We never saw any such results in the United States as we see here." Why is it? It is because these poor souls have never had a chance before. There is a big crock with cold water, and hot water, and ice, and there is a little shower accompaniment, and fomentation cloths, and compresses, and that is the whole thing. There in the dispensary cures are wrought that are really so wonderful that people come from hundreds of miles to get help from their chronic ailments that they have suffered from perhaps for years. A man comes with an open sore. Here came a man with his knees all worn out, and the bones actually sticking out of his knees. What is the matter with him? He said, "I had typhoid fever, and I promised the virgin Guadalupe I would go on my knees to her shrine, one hundred miles, if she would cure my typhoid fever." So he wore his knees off so the bones were just sticking out through his flesh, and he came to the dispensary to be healed, and he got well and was happy.

Those poor people are in direst ignorance because we have not done our duty by them. They are people that have pluck and stamina, and ambition, and a real spirit of national pride, a national spirit; and you know a country
that has gone through the wars and the turmoils and troubles that they have had there in Mexico and have got a nation,--those people feel it away down to the very lowest peon; they have this national spirit. They are interested in Mexico. Now, those people that have so much in them,—keen persons,—we have not done anything for them, and I feel it is a shame and a crime to have this people, this great, prosperous republic just across the river,—that great republic with eleven millions of people in it,—we have done almost nothing at all for them. We find some Americans down there, but they are there to exploit things, to get some money out of those poor Mexicans, to speculate, to carry something away from the country. There are a few noble missionaries who have been struggling there for many, many years, and it is interesting to see what has been accomplished.

It is four years since I visited Mexico last. I have made a good many visits there, but I have been so busy the last four years putting up this building and doing other things that I have not had a chance to get down there. It is wonderfully interesting to me how the people have grown, how they are emerging, how they are coming out from under the clouds. They are bright people, wonderfully smart, capable people. I met a man down there working among the people—a land agent for a railroad, buying up land. I said, "How much do you have to pay for land?" He said, "I bought the first five miles of right of way for 500 Mexican dollars; that is just three hundred dollars gold. It was six miles of right of way for 300 dollars gold. Well, I was talking with him about the people, and he told me some interesting incidents he had encountered himself. He said, for instance, the other day, as an illustration of the thriftiness of these people, "I heard a man driving a hard bargain with a Mexican." I think he was the man. He didn't say so, but then, I believe he was. And he said, "What do you think that Mexican said to
me? He said, "It must be your mother was a dollar, you love it so." You could not imagine anything keener—a deeper thrust, than that thing. "A Dollar must have been the mother of you."

There was a Mexican had down there a very curious tree, a wild figtree. There was a great big figtree with roots spread around a great big rock as large as this room, and the tree was standing on top of that stone and sending its roots down around the stone into the ground below. There was one of those great stones up on the side of a cliff from which the water had washed all the dirt away underneath, and it looked as though there was nothing at all to hold the stone up; and there were only just these roots of the tree that ran up above. One Mexican was saying to another, "That stone is going to fall down; you better look out." "Oh, no," he said, "oh, no, it is perfectly safe; it can not fall." He said, "Oh, excuse me, I didn't notice the branches were tied to the cliff."

As I remarked before, they are very sharp, peculiar people; their wits are a peculiar sort. You are surprised all the while with their witticisms which are something new, something original all the while; they are wonderfully interesting people.

We have our Sanitarium in the midst of these people at Guadalajara,—a nice little place that will hold thirty or forty people, and it is made in regular Mexican style. It has a patio in the middle. In Mexico, you know, along the streets you don't see anything but bare walls and barred windows and barred doors. It looks as though you were right in the midst of a lot of prisons. Every house is barricaded. The Mexican house has a high wall inclosure with a little passageway and a gate; and a little opening in the center, or court; and the house is built all around this inclosure. Inside here, if you look through, you can see pictures,—flowers, roses, and everything beauti-
ful growing in the residences of the better classes. If it is a house of one of the poorer classes, you look through the gate and you will see dogs, chickens, pigs, and children and people all living there together in the same inclosure.

Now, our Sanitarium is built on that plan, without the dogs, pigs, chickens, and things. It is a whole block, and here is a large porch all around inside so that it is very pretty, and really very oriental and tropical. The house is two stories high, with large, high, rooms; high ceilings. The ceilings are higher than this. And the walls are all nicely decorated. You go inside of the Guadalajara Sanitarium, and you feel really as though you were in an oriental palace, for the whole house is decorated very prettily, but it is all made of mud. But you would not dream of it; it looks like stone. 'Dobe is very solid; brick along the margins of the stairways and window jams, and large openings, but all plastered over with cement so that it is hard, firm, solid as though it were actually stone. They have there great cathedrals all built in the same way, all built of adobe mud, very thick adobe walls and very enduring when well plastered,—exactly suited to that climate, because these great, thick walls keep the heat out. There is never a night in Guadalajara that you do not have to sleep under blankets. So it is never too hot in summer and never too cold in winter to be seriously uncomfortable; no frost, no snow. Really, on the whole, I think it the most delightful climate in the world.

This time I got into Mexico a little deeper than I did before. I found stopping at the Sanitarium a Mr. Smith who is the contractor for building the railroad from Guadalajara down to the Pacific Coast. He has to build the road from Guadalajara up to Colima. It is all built but about forty miles from Colima to Colima. He was going down the road and invited me to go with him. So I took that forty mile trip over the mountains, through the roughest
country you ever saw. You will be going along on a perfectly level plain, and all of a sudden you come right to the jumping off place; there it is, straight down 500 feet, and you would not imagine there was anything there. There is a telephone pole on this side, and you can see another on the other side, but it will take you an hour to go down here and get up on the other side. You have got to zigzag down the side. There is cut right out of the perpendicular wall a little path, and you zigzag down that path and up the other side. It is sometimes so steep you have to lead your horse or you will slip off behind. Sometimes the path is steeper than an angle of forty or fifty degrees. You have got to lie right down beside your horse sometimes, and you are all the time picking your way. I had really a venturesome time down among the native people in those mountain wilds. Sometimes traveling early in the morning, sometimes late at night, in the dark, sleeping wherever night found me, right under the Mexican sky, and living just like a Mexican; that is, I mean living as well as I could among Mexicans.

I did not, however, find it necessary to depart at all from Sanitarium principles so far as diet was concerned. I always found some place where I could get into some little Mexican Hacienda or some place, and I could get some tortillas, which are very good when toasted. They are simply corn with the hulls taken off with lye or lime, then ground upon a stone in another stone, into very fine, soft, smooth paste, patted out into little cakes in this way and rolled out until they are long, thin, round like pancakes, only much thinner than a pancake—not more than a quarter as thick as a pancake—these are baked on a hot tin; and pretty soon the Mexican woman puts her finger to her lips, caught the corner, throws it over and cooks the other side until it is a little bit brown. They are only about one quarter cooked, then rolled up and dipped into pepper for flavor, and are eaten in that way, with a little
tomato sauce. I didn't eat them that way. I had tortillas tostado—that is, tortilla swieback. That is, tortilla cooked a second time until it is brown and brittle; then there is no nicer bread in the world,—that is, provided you don't look too sharp around the sanitary surroundings of things. One was satisfied, at any rate, that the germs were well cooked. Tortillas tostados, and with eggs which are better in Mexico than they are in the United States, for there are no barnyards in Mexico and no barnyard fowl. They don't have any barnyard litter left; everything is eaten up, because the horses eat what they can, then the donkeys eat the rest. Everything is eaten up. There is no rubbish lying around anywhere,—absolutely nothing. So the chickens live on wholesome food, and they are not shut up in the house, but live outdoors, and their eggs are better than they are in this country, sweeter and more palatable. Then we had Mexican beans, which seem really seem better than our beans. I always specified that they must be without lard; otherwise they put in a whole lot of fat. In every Mexican house you find a pot on the back side of the stove that is well filled with brown beans and sometimes white beans but not very often. This large pot of beans stands there all the while; they are never without beans. When somebody comes there and wants to eat, they take out some beans, put them on a tin pan or spider with a little lard, heat it up, and it is ready to eat. I suppose that is the best they can do down there. But I didn't care anything about the lard. Every Mexican house has a pig for fat. If they had butter, it would be in a fluid state, but they don't have it because they have no cows. Well, I could get these tortillas, and brown beans, and eggs, and fruit—such fruit. Oh, my friends, if you could only see the Mexican fruit and learn to appreciate it. You don't like it the very first time, but when you get accustomed to Mexican fruit, it is really the most de-
licious of anything you ever tasted in your life. Going along the street, I saw a little tree standing up, not bigger than one of the smallest trees you see out on the lawn, perhaps two feet high, with three or four good sized branches reaching out six or eight feet from the trunk of the tree, and on that tree I counted 100 melon sapots. That is a great, fine, melon, as luscious as a musk melon but a great deal more nutritious. It is about five and a half inches long, and several inches through, and 100 of them I counted on this tree,—great big clusters all around the trunk, so that you could not reach around it with your arms. That is the way they grow. And the green coconuts! When we got real thirsty we would call for a green coconuts, and the Mexican boy or woman who is tending the stand, will take a big knife, just cut off in a most dextrous way a piece of the end, then make a hole about as big as your thumb, and you have got a cupful of the most delicious water you ever tasted. It is always cool, and sweet, and really delicious. The water of the green coconuts is the most luxurious drink you can possibly imagine. And it is pure, absolutely pure, distilled water, no mistake about it, no germs in it. It comes absolutely pure from the earth and the sky, filtered up through the tree.

There is one thing that is not nice down in the terra caliente—the mosquitoes. And another creature we find down there is the fleas. I am sure there were at least an even thousand in the bedroom I slept in the first time I lay down among the Indians of the West Coast. There were not less than that number I am sure. They just kept me hunting all night long. conscience They have been on my skin ever since, and still I didn't know what else to do, and really it was an accident. I only intended to brush them off.

Well, I am certainly talking to you in a rather desultory fashion this evening. My watch has stopped so I don't know what time it is, but I
guess it is pretty nearly time for me to stop. I will say a word or two on subjects I more often talk about.

You may be interested to know a little of what I have been doing while I was away. I say I have not been on a selfish trip; I have been on a missionary trip to Mexico. Our little institution there needed a little help and a little reorganization. We are installing some new doctors, nurses and managers there, and it seemed necessary for me to go; and we are organizing now a constituency in Mexico. We have got our work developed to such an extent that we can organize it on the spot, have a local constituency, a local board of managers elected on the spot to do the whole thing, to take the whole financial responsibility of it and carry it on; so I feel very happy that our work has gotten to that point. Our institution, fortunately, was located at a point in Guadalajara which was just the right place for it, among the beautiful gardens where the rich people had their gardens spread out, and we put our sanitarium right in the midst of those gardens, and it has come to be the principal part of the city; so we bought four blocks there, and the block just across the road from the Sanitarium has 5,000 square meters in it. A meter is a little more than a square yard. Business men in Guadalajara offered me five dollars a meter for it; so that is $25,000. It cost us $600. The land on which our building stands cost six or seven hundred dollars, and it is worth $25,000 today. The block behind that we paid $400 for, sold the other day for $12,000. It was surplus that we didn't need. There are some more blocks that can be sold at the same rate. That is the way things have improved in that part of Guadalajara. That is why we built the Sanitarium there. It is known there as the Sanatorio Americano. If you get off the cars there and you say "Sanatorio Americano", you will see them run-
ning from all directions. Every boy knows just where to take you. Guadalajara has improved marvelously. They are accepting our ways and methods. Guadalajara was all mud huts when we went there, but today there are some fifteen six, eight, ten story stone buildings going up, and I believe there is scarcely a city in the world that has made more rapid progress and development than Guadalajara has made within the last ten years. In a year and a half more Mr. Smith will have this railroad complete through to the coast. He is blasting out a roadbed in the side of the perpendicular cliff of volcanic rock.

By the way, just as I was passing along, old Colima, which is an old volcano, and I think it is the only active volcano in North America, and I believe the only one on the American continent,—just as I was going by the foot of it there was a splendid eruption; not of lava, however, but of smoke—an enormous amount of black smoke shot out the top, so I had an opportunity to see a volcano in eruption, and it was very interesting, as it had been quiet for a very long time, and it seemed to be on exhibition for my special benefit as I was going by. I happened to have a Kodak along and so took a snap shot of it, and brought it home, and later will show it to you with a stereopticon, one of these days.

In Guadalajara, we are taking care of people by the same methods that we use here. Patients at the Guadalajara Sanitarium table have the same diet you get here, simply adapted to Mexico, but practically the same thing. Cooks that have been trained here in this institution have gone down there as pioneers and have taught others, and now there is a splendid English Mexican massa who speaks English just as well as anybody, and speaks the Spanish language with great fluency who is now presiding as cook in the kitchen. He is a boy twenty years old, and a wonderfully smart, bright boy. We expect to have him up here
one of these days, to make a missionary of him. I found quite a number of
good, faithful souls that became connected with our work ten years ago, and I
found them there yet. There is Maria—one of the most dignified characters
I think I may say, one of the most estimable characters I ever met in my life
is Maria. She has a most romantic history. I found her there in the mission
ten years ago. She became a patient in the mission, and became very much
interested in it. She stayed there, and she has her little boys, smart little
fellows, and they are going growing up there, and she is working in the mission
educating those boys and training them up to be gentle, cultivated men. One
of them is now in a printing office in Mexico City. He is making splendid
progress learning the printers' trade. Another is in the manual training
school. The mother is becoming a skilled nurse, bath attendant and treatment
attendant.

Then, there is Don Cruz; who is one of the most splendid and stable
men you ever saw, a gray haired man, but he is just as sharp and lively and full
of vim and energy as a boy of sixteen. He is working in the mission. He came
there about ten years ago, and stands right by it. The stability of those peo-
ple has really astonished me. They have gotten almost a national reputation
in their work in Mexico. The government is interested in our work there.
He frequently inquires about it. The old governor, Col. Rubocabo, is certainly
a polished gentleman in every way, not the least bit of a savage or a barbarian,
but a thoroughly polished gentleman, an educated man, who has the manners of the
most polished French gentleman, and he is one of our best friends. As soon
as he knew I was at the Sanatorio, he hastened over. He is a man seventy
years of age, tall, white haired, but he heard I had come and he hastened over
to the Sanatorio on the other side of the city, came in and found me in the
parlor. I was notified he was there, and I came into the parlor, and he
immediately arose, came forward with his arms spread out, threw his arms about me and gave me a great hug, and expressed to me how happy he was I had come again. "Why, Doctor," he said, "I have thought of you every single day." And I do not doubt he told the truth, because he brought his daughter, his only daughter, an accomplished and certainly a very charming woman about thirty-five, he brought her to the Sanatorio when I was there four years ago, and he said, "Now, Doctor, here is my daughter, see, see what they have done." She had been operated on by some native doctors down in Mexico—had an enormous tumor and had to be operated on, and through lack of skill the wound had never properly healed, and the entire contents of the abdomen lay in a pouch of skin outside, so you can see what an awful state this woman was in. An enormous pouch of skin hung out here, and the stomach, bowels, and all the contents of the abdomen were simply dangling in this pouch of skin outside the abdomen proper. She was bound up with straps, with harnesses of every description to hold her together. The poor woman had lived that way for years, and it was simply terrible. "Can you do something for her?" "Yes," I said. It was a serious operation, and I didn't want to undertake it there, with no surgical ward and no operating room, particularly with nothing to supply the refined technique we have in this institution, and I thought to myself, "How can I do it? But I can't refuse." He said, "Doctor, can you cure her?" I said, "With God's help I trust we may." He said we must do it, but something occurred. He said, "Doctor, I am going to bring my daughter to you tomorrow. You must not leave Mexico until you do operate upon her." I was so cowardly I didn't want to do it, because, I said, if I should fail, if there should be one germ get in and spoil my work, here are all these Mexican doctors looking on, and the whole reputation of this institution is hanging on it. I did not want to undertake
it. I should not have thought it a serious matter here, but of course it was
rather a serious operation. It was readjusting everything, and there had been
a good many years since the other operation was performed, so it was rather a
serious operation to undertake. But he said, "You shall not leave Mexico until
you do this operation for my daughter." So the next day she came up and made
a hasty preparation. Now, I am going to tell you something. This woman was
raised a most devout Catholic. The people of Mexico are nearly all Catholics.
She said to me, "Doctor, I hear that you pray here in this institution, that
all of you pray. Now," she said, "your God and my God are just the same. We
have different religious beliefs, but there is only one God, and he is just the
same; and I want to be there when you pray." So this woman was brought into
the little room, made ready, placed upon the table improvised, and we all knelt
down around this table, and a good medical missionary in Mexico, Dr.
Salman, who happened to be visiting us, a Methodist missionary, made a most
excellent prayer in Spanish, and this woman at the close of the prayer joined
in the Amen. Then we proceeded with the operation. It was one of the most
difficult operations I ever had to do, more complications than I expected. In
a week that woman was well, not a particle of sepsis, not one stitch that did
not heal. A year afterwards I returned to Mexico and she came to see me. When
I was going out on the cars, this woman stepped out on the platform and kept
shouting as long as I could hear, as the train moved off,—the last words I heard
were this woman saying, "Dr. Kellogg is my Saviour; he has saved my
life; he has saved my life!" And there she was, with a lot of aristocratic
friends who came down to see me off. These people are so grateful for what we
do for them. Her father has declared he is my friend to his dying day, and
the friend of the institution. He secured for us a concession so that we are
exempt from taxes there, and we have received many, many favors from the govern-
ment. He said as I left him when I came away, "Doctor, don't stay so long this time, and when you come back my home is yours; come to my house; my house is yours; all I have is yours; come and be my guest." I hope sometime he may come to this country.

I am just telling you these things so you will get something of an idea of what Mexico is, what the people are, and what we are trying to do down there. I am glad to tell you I met with far better success there than I expected, and I feel our work is on a solid basis now, better than it has ever been before, and with the blessing of a kind providence, I trust it will prove to be a great blessing to Mexico.

And I spent a few days in the saddle out in the mountains, and it seemed to me it made me all over new. I have done a lot of work, and I have rested a lot too, and I have come back to work for you, and I am glad; I feel more strength and energy, and better preparation for my work than I have had for twenty years. I have had the first real vacation I have ever taken in my life. I took one week and went right out on horseback and roughed it in the mountains, and I got into the wildest, roughest places I could find. I went down away beyond the railroad, down in the mountains, and then went down to the Pacific ocean. Two weeks ago today I was having a fine swim in the old Pacific on a pleasant summer day, and the water was fine:

------------

v-3-20-10---812-900.
(About the ownership of Sanitarium and College. Is the Sanitarium denominational?)


Eld. White thought the institution should not be carried on as a money-making institution, p. 6.

Carried on as a money-making institution,

Stockholders, 7, 8, 9,

Mrs. L. M. Hall wanted on the Pacific Coast, 9.

"We got the votes distributed so that the Conference Presidents held the votes, and absolutely controlled this institution, etc., 10.

The Sanitarium to be sold at auction,

R. V. Pierce - Syndicate - J. P. Morgan, 11, 12, 13.

Postponement of the sale--Judge had been looking into the matter, and knew it was unjust, 15.

When the day for sale arrived, no one appeared except our own attorney, 15.

Bought by the Michigan Sanitarium and Benevolent Association, 16.

Stockholders, 16, 17,

No change whatever in the purposes and status of the institution since I have known it, 21.

"Undenominational, unsectarian," etc., 22, 23, 25.

An article
Written by Dr. Kellogg. Elder White used the article, written for Good Health, in his "Life Sketches," 25.

Meat-eating, 33, 34, 40, 41.

Names of original incorporators, 46.

Who bought the College property? 47, 48, 49, 50.

The Medical College, 49, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55.

"CUT LOOSE," 55.

Reorganization, 48.
First of all I wish to say to our helpers here who are engaged each one in his place in different parts of the institution that I feel very grateful to you for your patience. Almost every one without exception has stood at his place under trying circumstances, under perplexing circumstances, and is still standing in his place and trying to do his duty, and I feel very grateful that you are doing that, and that there is such a loyalty shown toward the work. The work is the one thing we have with us here; that is the great thing. The Lord has sent us here hundreds of sick people seeking truth, seeking help, health, and our work—your work, my work, is to do what we can to help them and to teach them. And every department of this institution has been built up with that as its purpose,—to help the sick, to teach the sick, to teach the ignorant, to lead them to better things; and I am very grateful that we have such a spirit of loyalty here to the work itself, and such an interest in these sick ones who come here that it keeps us each one at his post at work, notwithstanding many things that may perplex us, and which might lead us to take a different course.

Now it was suggested that we should have this meeting here tonight that two things might be said to enlighten the management with reference to the status of this institution. I wish to say at the outset that I have nothing whatever to say in the way of controversy. I have nothing to say in the way of criticism, I have nothing to say in the way of opposition. I am only here to speak in the interests of truth, and to present the status of certain things concerning which there seems to be question. I was thinking this morning, the first thing when I woke up, that I am laboring under a certain misfortune: I have lived a little too long. I have lived so long (although
not yet very old) that many of those with whom I was acquainted at the beginning of this work, and who knew all about it, have died, have disappeared, have been forgotten; and the present generation is a new generation. I have sometimes forgotten that, and perhaps have not done as much as I ought to have done in the way of making things plain to all my colleagues and associates in the institution here. I presume if I should put the question here tonight—How many are there here who know how this institution started, and what its organization was? I presume there would not be a very large financial proportion of hands raised. How many here know what is the standing—that is the real status, the position and status of this institution and its organization? I want to put that question just this moment. I will simply say I have had letters from all over the United States saying Who owns the Battle Creek Sanitarium. A man called at my house this morning, and he said the question was asked him,—he was a nurse who had recently come back, Mr. Quigley, who has been away off out West—"The question has jeopardized a great number of people out there,—this question, Who owns the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and I had to tell them I didn't know." I would like to know how many people here know who owns the Battle Creek Sanitarium? Now isn't that a lamentable state of things—twenty-five. Now I would like to know if you are convinced that you know—sure you know? How many of you think you know, but do not feel quite sure about it? How many people want to know who owns the Battle Creek Sanitarium? Hands up. (Nearly all hands were raised) Well, this is a question of interest to you, then, so I will be sure I am not boring you if I tell you who owns the Battle Creek Sanitarium. If I do not speak loud enough to make everybody hear, please suggest that I speak louder. Please speak out down at the back end there if I don't talk loud enough to make you hear.

Well, now, let me ask one more question before I begin. How many have the impression that something has happened to the ownership of the Battle Creek Sanitarium which has somehow entangled it?—that there has been
some change, some juggling with the Battle Creek Sanitarium that has
gotten the thing out of joint, or that it is different from what it used to
be, or something of that kind? Hands up. I see not very many. Perhaps you
don't want to say about that. Very well. Now I will tell you how the
Battle Creek Sanitarium began, and if you have any question about the
veracity of my statements, or the correctness of them (I truth you would
not question the veracity of them), I can refer you to the old files of
the Health Reforms and the Review and Herald, and the books of the institution.
We have the records on file here, and you can go and see them, any of you
who want to, at any time. We have all the books, and you can see the
original documents if you want to see them. Here is Father Nicola here, and
he knew all about this thing from the very start. Is that true Brother Nicola?

Eld. H. Nicola: I thought I knew pretty near about it.

J. H. Kellogg: I notice Brother Hart. I think he knew about it.

Is that true, Brother Hart?

Brother Hart: Yes sir. I knew when the foundation was ordered.
I was not here, but I took the papers and knew all about it.

J. H. Kellogg: I was here. I was on the ground. I was not very big—
never got very big; didn't get over that; I was not very old. I was
fourteen years old, and I was here, here at the dedication day, stood under a
tree out here and saw the thing dedicated. My father was one of the four men
who took the property here and held it in trust during a reorganization.
This is the way this institution started. About a dozen men, after there
had been some agitation on the health question, about a dozen men put up the
money necessary to buy a little two-story building on the premises here,
on this very premises, a little two-story frame house owned by Judge Graves.
my father, two or three, or three or four more of the old brethren who lived
here in Battle Creek of the early Sabbath-keepers, they furnished the money
for buying this property and reorganized an Association. Now this
Association when it was reorganized was reorganized as a private company, a corporation known as the Health Reform Institute. It was not organized by the Battle Creek Church, nor by the Michigan Conference, nor by the General Conference, nor by any church body, but by a dozen men who were interested in these health principles and in the interests of the work. These men put in their money,—no tithe, no collection, but their own money which they took out of their pockets, and they put it into the institution here in the form of stock. Shares of stock were sold at $25 each, and those who took stock in the institution were guaranteed a clear dividend of at least 10%. In other words, it was a dividend paying, money-making institution. Now of course those who put their money in there were all making money on their property, and they did not put the money in with that idea only, but they put their money in to help the enterprise, and with the understanding that they would get a good income from it. That was promised them.

At the end of the first year, as you will see by the report of the annual meeting published in the Review, a dividend of 10% was declared. Whether it was ever distributed or not, I do not know. But it was declared a dividend of 10% at the end of the first year. At the end of the second year more had been coming into the institution. The institution had been growing all along, stock had been taken, and at the end of the second year Brother White, who had been sick for two or three years, had had a stroke of apoplexy—James White, and he was not present at the time the institution was incorporated, so he had nothing to do with it, nothing to do with formulating the articles of corporation, as he was ill; did not do any kind of business, did not even carry his pocket book for a year, was really almost like a child for a year; was under treatment himself:— and he came back into the work, came back from his farm up at Greenville, and he was at the second annual meeting. And he said, Brethren, it is not right to have this dividend plan. This money ought to be used for the poor. If there are any earnings here, they should be used for the poor; they should not be used
to make money out of this enterprise. So he brought the matter before the stockholders, and the stockholders voted to devote the earnings to the poor. Blanks were prepared and sent to every stockholder for him to sign, and he said I hereby assign all the profits and dividends on my stock to the Board of Directors of the Health Reform Institute, to be used for the treatment of sick poor, for charitable purposes. Then Brother White published in the Review a statement to the effect that this new plan had been entered upon, and if there was anybody who did not like this plan, and was not satisfied with it, to just call for their money and they would get it. Some of them called for their money, and it was paid back to them. Did you know about that, Brother Nicola?

H. Nicola: Yes sir.

J.H. Kellogg: That is right, isn't it?

H. Nicola: Certainly that is straight.

J.H. Kellogg: Well, a good many of them had their money paid back to them--money was raised and paid to them for their stock. Their stock was sold, and the new stock that was issued was all stated in the stock that the dividends were turned over for charitable purposes by the Board.

Now the institution went on that way, and when I took charge of it at the end of the first ten years of its history--the institution was organized in 1866, incorporated in 1867, this change was made in 1868, and I was made superintendent of the institution, was elected first just thirty years ago last summer, but I left town the next day to get rid of it, for I did not want to do it; so I fled. But a year later Brother White came down where I was, and he stated the situation was such they had got to shut the institution up unless I should go, so I came,--a boy, feeling quite incompetent for the place. I came to stay a year or two until somebody else could be found to take my place, and I have been waiting ever since for some body to come and take my place, and whenever a man comes I am ready to vacate. I never considered myself a fixture here. I never applied for this position,
or for any position at all. I came to fill an emergency, and when that emergency is over I am ready to go.

Now at this juncture Brother White took the position, as I told you, that this institution should not be carried on as a money making institution. Brother White was a man of broad ideas, broad and generous mind, a man of large heart and liberal plans; the greatest man this denomination has ever produced. There is no question about it. The greatest man that has ever been connected with the denomination as a man. A man of larger capacities and faculties than any other man I ever met in connection with it, and one of the largest men I ever met in my life, and he was the man who laid down the foundation of the charitable part of this institution. He was the man who stood for the philanthropic side of the work of this institution. Those who put their money in in the first place did it with the expectation of gain, but Brother White said, No, that never can be; and when I took charge of it in 1876, twenty-nine years ago, the work was going on on that basis, and it was owned by the people who put their money into it. Each year these men met together—the stockholders of the Health Reform Institute. You will find every year the Review published an advertisement of the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Health Reform Institute. These stockholders met together at the church, or at some other place, and their names were called, and they were asked to come down from the congregation and sit down on the front rows by themselves, and there they transacted the business of the Health Reform Institute. Is that right, Brother Hart?

R.A. Hart. Yes sir. When I was here it was always so.

J.H. Kellogg: You used to sit down on the front row here. The rest of the folks sat back in the audience and said nothing. They made a motion once in a while, but they did not vote, did not raise their hands. They could not vote. They had no voice in the affairs of this institution, because they were not stockholders. Is that right, Brother Nicola?

H. Nicola: That is straight.
J.H. Kellogg: I mean to be straight.

As the years passed on these stockholders died off. They gradually increased at first, until there were between 300 and 400 stockholders. I may say that I have been quite cognizant of the affairs of this institution from the very start. My father was the first treasurer of the institution. At the very beginning my father was made the treasurer of the institution, and my father had larger business on his hands, and plenty of affairs, and I was his book-keeper, so he made me his deputy, so I had the honor of being deputy treasurer of the institution at the very start. Once a week I used to come up here and pay off the doctors, helpers, and the rest of the folks, so I was kept in close contact with the affairs of the institution during the early years, and after the institution had been in existence for seven years, in '73, I became connected with the institution in the Medical Department here in 1873. That is just thirty-two years ago, isn't it? So for thirty-two years out of the forty years of existence of this institution I have been intimately associated with it; and in fact all the time from the very start, with the exception of those years when I was out of town getting my medical education. So I think if there is anybody alive who knows anything about the affairs of this institution, or knows something about it, I am the man who knows something about it. And what I say to you I am able to present documents to prove. We have the records.

We went on in this way as a charitable institution. The people who had their money here understood that they were never to get that money back, and never to have any dividends from it. They were told by Brother Whittem away back at the start that they must expect when they put their money here it would remain here to carry on this work. Of course those who put their money in here forty years ago had no idea that the institution would be standing now. They never expected it. But they did not expect that they would be enriched out of it. They did not expect the Lord was going to come and take the money out and give the money back to them. They expected the money that was put in here would be here to stay as long as it was wanted.
But time passed on, and by and by we came close to the time when the institution must be wound up, because in the State of Michigan no corporation can exist longer than thirty years. Three years are allowed for winding up their affairs, but in thirty years it has to go out of existence, has to be dissolved, disposed of in some way. This is the largest limit, maximum limit of the life of a corporation in Michigan—thirty years. In some states it is ninety nine years, or one hundred years; in some states perpetual, but in this state it is only thirty years. Nobody ever thought this institution would stand for thirty years, but it did, so when we came up to the end of the thirty years we had some problems that the men who organized the institution at the beginning never thought of. We had some questions to settle that they never took into account at all. They never stopped to think with what would be done if the property of this institution if the settlement should come, if the time for settlement should come, if the time of dissolution should come, what would be done with the property—--they never thought of it; nobody ever said anything about it. The stockholders gradually died off. The last six or eight years before the expiration of the charter of this institution, say along about twenty-five years, and after that time it was impossible to find the names or find the addresses, impossible to find the people to represent half of the stock. You could not find half the people who owned the stock. Now how could we have an annual meeting without half the stock represented? We had to have half the stock represented in order to have an annual meeting. There were fourteen hundred shares, and we could not find the people representing 700 shares anywhere. Some of these people had one share, some had ten shares, some had twenty shares, and some had even more than that, and when they came to the meeting each man voted according to the number of shares he had. The man who had one share had one vote. The man who had twenty shares had twenty votes, you see. For many years the people who owned the shares had not been coming to the annual meetings.
Comparatively few of the actual stockholders came to the meeting. They did not take any particular interest in it, because it was charitable. There were no dividends, you see, so we had to adopt some kind of scheme. We consulted an attorney to see what we were going to do. I said, pretty soon that we can’t have a meeting at all. I saw that time was coming, so before the time actually came I got the thing fixed so that we would have an annual meeting. We had the proxies gathered up. We wrote to the people who held stock, and we got them to appoint the president of their conference; got the stockholders in Illinois to appoint the president of the Illinois Conference, not giving his name—just the President of the Illinois Conference—put it that way, impersonal, so that whoever was president could be their proxy. So we had all the stock in Illinois rounded up, and the President of the Illinois Conference was made proxy for all the people of Illinois. So we got the thing fixed up in that way, so this institution was entirely in the hands of the conference presidents and ministers. They held all the proxies. Now it was my own motion that did that. They never asked to have that done. I did it, and I will tell you why I did it.

I found these people were putting all their proxies into my hands. When the proxies were called for I had hundreds of proxies. Brother Uriah Smith and I had a good deal more than half of the stock in our hands. Brother URIAH Smith and I when we used to cast our vote down in annual meeting, before I had it fixed this way, we had the majority, and one time we voted the ticket. We had somebody on the board we wanted to keep on. Mrs. L.M. Hall was a member of our board, and she was wanted somewhere else. It had been discovered that there was a little scheming to get her off somewhere else—they wanted her on the Pacific Coast awfully bad, and we wanted her here, because she was a very essential spoke in the wheels of this institution in those days, and we could not spare her. We needed her here. Some of you will remember Mrs. Hall. In those days, away back twelve or
fifteen years ago we did not know how to keep house without her. She was matron, housekeeper, and an extremely important personage here, and I said We can not spare her. But there was a committee going to take her away from us anyhow. So when the nominating committee came in, brought in their ticket, they left off Mrs. Hall. I WAS ACTING as secretary of the Committee. I slipped down to the front seat where Brother Smith sat, and I said, Brother Smith, what do you think of this? I said, We want Mrs. Hall to stay here. He said, I think just as you do about it. Very well, I said, let us vote for her; and he said All right. So Brother Smith and I voted for Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Hall was elected. There was n't anybody found any particular fault with it. They smiled. Because they saw that Mrs. Hall was appreciated in Battle Creek, and in that way we kept her here. There was no controversy about it. The plans of the committee were upset, and they saw that it was under the circumstances really justifiable, for they were invading our household and taking away somebody we needed.

But Now I said to myself that is not a proper state of things. We don't want this thing. Brother Smith and I might put our heads together and do something wrong. I don't want any such power in my hands. This thing is not the right thing; so by the aid of the lawyer I made up this plan I told you about, and we got the votes distributed so that Conference Presidents held the votes, and absolutely controlled this institution. The conference presidents elected the board, and everything that was done here at the annual meetings was done by the conference presidents of the United States.

Now it went on in this way. Thirty or forty people were all the people that voted. Thirty or forty people were all the people that voted at the annual meeting. These people were all orthodox Seventh-day Adventists, in official positions, as I said before. There would be just a few stock-
holders at the annual meeting, but most of the stock was represented in this way. By and by our charter expired, the time was up, and we had to wind up the affairs of our institution. Then the question arose, What is going to be done with the property? and I want to tell you my friends I had a great many sleepless nights over this thing. For the last ten years of that old charter I worried about that all the time studied that question a long while. I tried to find some scheme by which we could wind up. I could not discover any at all. I always got up the most intricate and elaborate schemes by which we could wind up and go on, and they were full of doubt, full of perplexities, full of uncertainties. There was just one way to wind up properly, and that was in the statute to allow the State to do it, and we have nothing at all to do with it. I said, That is Providential, and if we do the thing that way we have nothing at all to do with is, and when we get through we will know where we are at.

Now there was a dangerous spot in that, and that was we had to go down here to Marshall, and all this property, the whole thing had to be sold at auction. That was the danger in that thing. Well, now, that was the only way we could do it, because we could not find the old stockholders, and if we should sell this property and there was any stockholder who had not agreed to it, he could come here ten years hence and make a disturbance about it. We could not go on any way in the world but to have this thing sold out under the auctioneer's hammer. That was the only way the thing could be done, so our Board decided that was the thing to do. The lawyer says, "It is awfully dangerous. This institution is valuable properly." We had a debt of two hundred thousand dollars or more, and it was the debt that saved us. Some people were willing to pay that debt and more. R.V. Pierce, of Buffalo, found out this property was going to be sold at auction, and he went to New York and organized a syndicate with J.P. Morgan to buy this institution off when it was sold at auction, to buy it in, to
capitalize it for a million dollars, and to set up his patent medicine business right here beside it, and to use this thing to boom and advertise his patent medicine affair. I tell you, my friends, that was a very sorry thing to think about. And we found that R.V. Pierce had a lawyer right down in Marshall watching that thing, and he had him there a year and a half, watching every move we made.

Finally the day was appointed for the auction. The property was to be sold on a certain day. About three weeks before the date of sale and Dr. Pierce, the son of R.W. Pierce,—a keen, sharp attorney, called on us at the Sanitarium one morning, and said "We would like to look at your books. We expect to buy this institution. We would like to look it over." So they came in here, just looked us through just like going into your stable and looking at your horses teeth. They came here and examined us. They notified us the day before they were going to come. I tell you, my friends, I didn't spend much time in sleep that night. I spent most of the night in praying, and I didn't know what to do. There these men were coming here, and they had all the money they needed, and what on earth should we do? It had got to be sold at auction. There men were there all ready, and had all the money they needed.

Well, next morning I arose from my bed, and I had a heavy heart I tell you. I knelt down and prayed, and asked the Lord to help us. I had been praying all night when I was awake, and I arose from my knees. My Bible was on my table just before me. I arose from my knees, opened the Bible, for my heart was heavy, and I hoped I might get some word, and the word I got was this: "Be not afraid: Be not afraid." I dropped right upon my knees, and I told the Lord if he would help us through this thing He should have all the glory. And I came down here, had not been here but a little while, and in came these men. Do you remember that, Brother Murphy?

G.H. Murphy: Yes Sir.
J.H. Kellogg: It was a rather a solemn time for us, wasn't it?

G.H. Murphy: Yes indeed.

J.H. Kellogg: The question was, What were we going to do?

Shall we show these men the books? Certainly, we have got to. There is nothing else to do. Court required it. We were in the hands of the court, and the court had got to sell us out at auction. It was the only way in the world we could be closed out. They looked all through the books of the institution, and then came back to my office, and said

"Doctor, you have a fine institution here--just the thing we want."

"Well, I said to them, "Yes, we think it is a fine institution."

"Well, they said, "we are going to bid on this, we are going to buy it in when your sale comes off. Now," they said, "we want you with us."

"Well, I said,"I can't be with you. I can't be with you--I am not in sympathy with your business at all."

"Well," they said, "we will make it an object for you."

"Well," I said, "there is no object you can present me that would make it worth while."

"Why," they said, "you are doing a good work here, we will let you go right on; you can have your missionary work."

I explained to them that our work was different from theirs. O, they said, you can go on doing what you are doing now.

It would be a splendid thing, wouldn't it, to carry on a missionary institution to please patent medicines--to make patent medicines respectable! I said I can not have any partnership with you at all. And, I said, you can not run this institution anyhow. If you get possession of this institution we shall go right across the road, put up a building, and you would not have any business. You can not make this institution go without a lot of faithful loyal men and women who believe in it. We have principles here, and the thing can not possible be carried on without these men and women standing by here loyally.
Of they said, we can get them all right.

All right, I said, you try it. I will stay right here in this office and you walk out that door, walk up and down this institution, and you are perfectly welcome to any men or woman you can hire away to engage to go into this business. Any man or woman you hire, no matter what salary you offer, you can have everyone, and we won't say a word.

They didn't try it, but they said there will not be any trouble about that. It was not two days afterwards I got a letter from them telling me they would like to make me a proposition. They sent their attorney, and they made me a proposition that they would give me one hundred thousand dollars cash, and they would pay me a salary of eight thousand a year, and I need not do any work at all, but I might carry on the missionary school and anything else I wanted to.

I asked my little boys and girls out at my house, asked their advice about it, and they all thought I better not do it. And when I suggested it at the dinner table I shall never forget that day—I read that letter at the dinner table, and as soon as I suggested it—to sell out my interest in the Battle Creek Sanitarium (I had just one share—$25.00; that was all the interest I had: they offered me one hundred thousand dollars for that one share if I would go with it and help them facilitate their plans) —and I pictured out the proposition in just as good colors as I could to my little family of boys and girls— a very good sized family, and I shall never forget how they looked at me:— they stared they opened their eyes and mouths, they shouted at me, three or four at a time, Why papa, you won't sell the Sanitarium for one hundred thousand dollars! Think of it, only one hundred thousand dollars! You wouldn't do it would you papa? Well I wanted to test their loyalty on that thing. It didn't bother me any. You can't imagine that I for a single second thought of such a thing—that my interest in the principles could be sold out. My life was here. Well, nevertheless, it didn't make any difference,
They were going to be there, and when the day came they were all there. But the judge said we have decided to postpone this auction for an indefinite period. In the meantime the judge had been looking into the thing and he understood the situation, and he knew it was an unjust thing, and a wrong thing for this splendid charity that had been built up with the money of men and women given a whole generation before, and had been sustained by men and women who had been working away during all that time. He knew it was an unrighteous thing to have it swallowed up by a great corporation to make money out of it, and to sanctify patent medicines. He said this sale is postponed indefinitely.

Well just then the Spanish war broke out, and J.P. Morgan saw more money in buying up brass buttons and blue broad cloth and army supplies so as to speculate by compelling the Government to pay a good big price,—made a corner on all these things; saw more money in that thing than in buying sanitarians, so he forgot about it. His attorney was instructed to come off the watch. And when we saw it was the right time we told the judge he could have the auction done there some day. We knew it would be all right for us, and it was. It was advertised in the papers all over the country, done in a perfectly formal legal way. The advertisement was published the second time, and we went down there—Brother Murphy, and Brother McCoy, and Dr. Paulson. I will never forget how we all went down. We didn't know what was going to happen. We hoped J.P. Morgan had his spacious saw filled with army supplies, but we didn't know for sure about it. But we went down there. We had an earnest season of prayer before we went, prayed to the Lord all the way, and we stood there for one long hour—the longest hour I have ever had in my life. We kept watching every door, watching the street, looking all about to see if there were any suspicious characters there, and we expected almost the last minute some one would walk up there and make a bid. But not a soul appeared except our own attorney, and he stood there and bid this
Institution off for just enough money to pay its debts. That was all we could possibly afford to pay, and I tell you I came home and thanked the Lord all the way that He had saved the Sanitarium. It was saved.

Now you see that throws out all the old stockholders, didn’t it? Every old stockholder, all the people who put their money here were all frozen out, were all dropped, because the thing had been sold at auction. If any of them wanted an interest here they ought to have appeared to buy it off. Wasn’t it perfectly fair to let the State sell it out? And if they didn’t any of them want to pay any more than enough to pay the debts, they should have been left out, shouldn’t they? That was legally right, but we didn’t feel it was just morally right, so in forming the new company which bought it, the Michigan Sanitarium and Benevolent Association, in arranging membership we provided that every single man that held a share of stock in the old corporation should be offered an opportunity to enter the new corporation if he wanted to. All he had to do was to sign the new charter and the articles of incorporation. Every man who had a single share in the old corporation and simply signed the articles of incorporation, every such man could become a member of this corporation by simply signing the declaration of principles and articles of incorporation. Was not that the fair thing to do? How many of you think that was fair? How many think there was anything unfair about that?

Now we went further than that. Some men had two shares, and some had ten, some had forty. We gave every man who had two shares a chance not only to come in himself, but to bring in another man with him, and every man who had five shares was given an opportunity to come in himself and bring four others with him; so that the matter was arranged in such a way that every single share of stock in the old corporation could come into the new and be represented in the new. Was not that eminently fair? Could anybody ask for anything more fair than that? In the old corporation a man who had one share could have one vote. A man who had two shares could have two
votes. We didn’t even change that rule, because in the new corporation no man could vote more than one vote, no matter how much money he had in it; but if a man had two shares in the old corporation, if he wanted to vote two votes, all he had to do was to bring another man in with him, you see. And the man who had ten shares would have ten votes in the new corporation by coming in himself and bringing nine of his friends in with him. That is the plan by which we incorporated the new association. You can see what the situation was. In the old corporation we had about thirty or forty people who voted. They were Seventh-day Adventists. There were only nearly 300 or 400 original stockholders, but half of them had died or were lost; and given the thing up; we could not find them; so that of the whole 400 only 200 could possibly be found, and about forty people were voting for them. When we came into the new corporation we spread the thing out, spread it out so wide that every share of stock was represented just as far as we could, so that in starting the new corporation, instead of having 400 stockholders and half of them dead, we have nearly 600 live members. Some people did not care to appoint persons to take their stock, and so they assigned their stock to the board and allowed the board to assign stock, and we had about 150 of such shares; so at the first annual meeting down here at the Tabernacle during the General Conference, we presented this matter, presented the manner in which we were organized, presented our new charter. At that Conference we presented this matter, and said to the brethren, Now we have 150 shares.

If any of you want to enter this Association, come in, and we have gathered in in that way 125 preachers. So the present constituency of this Association consists of 125 ministers, Seventh-day Adventist ministers, and about 600 more people. We have here the list of them, the entire list, and if any of you want to see who the names are, you can come up here and read it any time you want to. Here is the next page, here is another page, here is another, here is another, and still another. Brother Murphy, do you know how
many there are in here?

M.W. Whitworth: There are a little over 600.

J.R.K.: There is then about 125 ministers, and pretty nearly 500 more of Seventh-day Adventists. Now the difference then between the old constitution and the new is this. Originally there were ten or twelve Seventh-day Adventists who owned this institution. That is they put their money into it. It was their's just the same as though these twelve people had gone and bought a farm. If six or ten of us should go and buy some land and put up a house on it and start an orphan asylum, who would it belong to? It would be long to the people who put their money in it, wouldn't it? If three men put in one hundred dollars, and they got enough more to make a thousand dollars and bought a piece of land to raise missionary crops to help support some mission, who would that belong to?

A.T. Jones: Wouldn't it belong to the denomination?

J.R.K. Kellogg: It would belong to the Battle Creek church, wouldn't it? Suppose ten people should put in one hundred dollars a piece to buy a piece of land to raise potatoes to call for missionary purposes. To whom does the land belong?

Voice: To the men that put their money into it.

J.R.K. That is right. Are you all sure of that? Wouldn't that belong to the West Michigan Conference or somebody else? How is that? It belongs to the ten people who put their money into it.

Now this institution, look at the history of it. Those people put their money in here, bought the land and a little house and went to work. Some more people went to work, put still more money into it, and it kept on growing until there were three or four hundred people. By and by it was sold at auction, bought by the Michigan Sanitarium and Benevolent Association, and they paid the highest price that was offered. Nobody else bit anything, so the new corporation paid just enough to pay its debts. Could they afford to pay anything more? None of them were going to make any money out of it,
so they could not afford to pay more than they had to pay for the privilege of taking charge of it and paying the debts. Then all these old stockholders were taken right into the new corporation, so they are all in it. Every man and every woman who ever put a dollar in this institution, that wants to be in it, had a chance to come into it. And those who are not here are not here because they didn't want to be here, didn't believe the principles, and don't want to take any part in it.

In addition to that, in order to have the constituency spread out as broadly as possible we wrote around to all the people who didn't care about putting their stock in, to get them to assign their stock to the Board; and the Board had the best men, the most representative men, the most orthodox men, the best men in this denomination; put these people into this corporation, and they are here. Let me ask you this question: Do you know of any other Seventh-day Adventist corporation, do you know of any other Seventh-day Adventist constitution that is incorporated, that has 125 preachers in its constituency—125 Seventh-day Adventist ministers in its constituency? you is it? Do you know of such a thing? Is there any school building anywhere that has got in its constituency 125 Seventh-day Adventist ministers? Do any of you know of any?

A.T. Jones: Or 600 Seventh-day Adventist people?

J. H. Kellogg. I was going to put that question next. Do you know of any institution in the entire denomination which has 600 Seventh-day Adventists in the corporation who actually own it? There is nothing except in the cases of the incorporated conferences. There is no institution anywhere, no Seventh-day Adventist institution anywhere who has so many Seventh-day Adventists in the work, the owners of it, the proprietors of it, as has this Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Now let me ask you, To whom does this institution belong? I have given you the history of it. Who owns the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Does Brother Jones own it?
A.T. James: I am one of the owners of it.

H. Nicoll: Do the Seventh-day Adventist denomination own it?

J.H. Kellogg: Doesn't the Bible church own it? Does the West Michigan Conference own it? Who does own it?

Voice: The 600 people who put their money into it.

J.H. Kellogg: The 600 people who put their money into it and those who were given shares by those who did put money into it. You understand all about it now, don't you? I have traced the history of this institution down to the ownership, so you will see exactly how it stands. The Board is elected by the people who own it. Suppose you had an orphan asylum here; ten of you had built it, to take care of children. Who ought to elect the trustees of that orphan asylum? Who do you think ought to elect the trustees of it?—The people who own it, who have sacrificed for it and have built it and have carried it on, and have created it—or somebody else? How is that?

Now there has a whole lot of confusion arisen out of the fact that this institution is so old, and some of us are so old, I have lived so long I have come down into a new generation that don't know, so it is possible for a whole lot of people to misunderstand, and it may be we have not done our duty in not publishing this thing more actively. Our Articles of Incorporation were published in the Review, and I think were published in the Medical Missionary, which had a wide circulation in those days. And this little booklet has been in wide circulation. The one hundred and twenty-five Seventh-day Adventist ministers, including all the leading men of this denomination, almost every one of the leading men of this denomination are members of this corporation, and they have had this book put in their hands; they have signed these articles of corporation. They have signed them themselves, put their names down with their own hands, so they ought to know that they are the owners of this institution. At any rate one-fourth of the ownership of this institution rests in the hands of Seventh-day Adventist ministers, and the other three-fourths rests in the hands of other Seventh-day Adventists.
And these people have all signed these articles, and know exactly what the articles are, because it is stated here, and they have signed it, and they know all about it. It is likely they have forgotten, because sometimes people do forget.

Was anybody any question they want to ask about this property?

Voice: Is there any one not a Seventh-day Adventist who has any shares in it?

J.H. Kellogg: I don't know of one single one, except a few backslidden ones.

C.L. Taylor: A question has been asked me by a person who has not the courage to ask it, whether the people who put their money in, put it in considering it should always be a denominational institution. That is the question. It is not mine.

J.H. Kellogg: They signed these articles. These articles were read in the presence of the people who signed the document. In the first place I wish to state that the new Association was organized to take over this Association, to hold the property, and to carry on the work. This new Association was organized exactly in harmony with the objects of the old Association, just so far as they were understood, and exactly as they were being carried out when I and my colleagues came into this institution. There has been no change whatever in the purposes and status of this institution since I have known it; absolutely no change. When this institution was organized it was organized for a special purpose. Did you ever hear Sister White say the institution is the right hand, and not the whole? Did any of you hear that?

Voice: Many times.

J.H. Kellogg: you have heard that it was not intended to be the whole? Is that so? That it was to do a special work. Now that was so understood. Men who put their money into it put it in for this purpose. They stated their objects, and when we reincorporated their objects were
included, and stated as follows: "As a condition of becoming and being a
member of the Michigan Sanitarium and Benevolent Association, I declare and
consent that the objects of this Association are and shall be:"

Now as I read these objects kindly keep in mind the fact that these objects
have been signed by the whole six hundred people who have become members
of this Association,-Seventh-day Adventists--male and by 125 ministers who
are included, including all the leading ministers of this denomination. They
have signed these articles just as I am going to read them now, after hearing
them read in their presence, or receiving them if they were not here.
They have been sent to every one of them. Those who were here at Battle Creek
at the General Conference where the reorganization was affected have heard
them read in their presence, and then signed them.

"a. The maintaining of a hospital and charitable asylum within the
State of Michigan for the care and relief of indigent or other sick or infirm
persons, at which institution there may also be received and cared for,
patients and patrons who are able to pay for the value there received, and which
institution shall, with the property acquired by it from time to time from all
sources, maintain itself, better its conditions and facilities, and use all
its said property and funds faithfully and exclusively for its lawful purposes,
and not in any manner for profit or dividend paying.

"b. The performing of such work and acts as it is allowed by the
State to perform, with its property and funds, and required for its main and
direct purpose as aforesaid, of an undenominational, unsectarian, humanitarian,
and philanthropic nature, and also such work and acts as permitted as aforesaid,
as are in the line of sanitary, dietetic, dress, and other hygienic
and temperance reforms, by classes, lectures, and publications, and other
appropriate means, and also such work and acts so permitted as aforesaid,
as will oppose the use of tobacco, tea, coffee, and other narcotics,
as well as of alcoholic liquors, disseminate the principles of social purity,
find homes for homeless children and outcast men and women, and care for the aged and infirm, train and send out missionary physicians and missionary nurses, who shall engage in the promulgation of the principles of hygiene and temperance reform and Christian philanthropy, and enter upon various lines of work as permitted as aforesaid, for the relief and betterment of the ignorant, unfortunate, and degraded, and the suffering, both rich and poor.

"All of which work and acts shall be undenominational and unsectarian, and purely charitable, benevolent, Christian, and philanthropic, and all of which shall be done with the means of said corporation not needed for its main and direct purpose, and all of which shall be without profit or dividend, direct or indirect, to the Trustees or any of the Members or Constituency or Electors of said corporation."

Is that plain? Is that ambiguous to any one? How may think there is any ambiguity about that thing? Does anybody doubt what it means?

A.T. Jones: May be some of them might wonder about the undenomina-
tional principles. Let me read a sentence. This is from a Testimony dated January 11, 1899, addressed to Dr. Kellogg and all who are connected with him in the Sanitarium Board and Counsels. I copied it myself from the unpublished manuscript in the files of the General Conference records. I will read it slowly. "Our brethren in America who are engaged in medical missionary work can by appealing to outside people obtain needed help, because there is not a denominational work." That is all I know about it. I know that is what it says. I will read it again: "Our brethren in America who are engaged in medical missionary work can by appealing to outside people obtain help, because there is not a denominational work." Jan. 11, 1899, addressed to Dr. Kellogg and all who are connected with him in Sanitarium Board and counsels.

J.H. Kellogg: That Testimony I received at the South Lancaster General Conference. I think it was published, the most of it at any rate in the General Conference Bulletin, at that time. It was just after we
completed our corporation—this new corporation. It was the previous confer-
ence at which those ministers I have just been speaking of, signed just what
I have read, and I am justified in saying those articles were signed at that
time without one word of protest upon this point. There was just one brother
who didn't like it because we had a declaration of principles. And I will
just go on and refer to that brother. Prof. Prescott objected to this. He
said we are making a creed, and he did not like it because he thought we were
making a creed. And we did. This is some kind of a creed. Everybody who
joined the sanitarian had to sign this: "I declare my belief in God, in the
Bible as the inspired word of God, and in the principles of the Christian
religion, and express my sympathy with all who are of like mind; without
distinction of creed or denomination, and desire that so far as this Associa-
tion is permitted to do so, it shall co-operate with all such in every good work
which has for its purpose the elevation and improvement of mankind."

Prof. Prescott said he did not think we ought to make a creed.

Here is a creed which requires everybody who comes into this Association
should be a Christian, should believe in Christian principles, and believe the
Bible; and no man could be admitted to this organization unless he was a
believer in the Bible and the general principles of Christianity. Well now,
that is so much for the character of the Association. I can not state further
upon this denominational point, but if you will hunt up one of the early edi-
tions of the Review, the advertisements we had, you will find a paragraph
which states distinctly that the institution as first organised was an
undenominational institution to do undenominational non-sectarian work.

At the Oakland General Conference Elder J.N. Loughborough read this paragraph
in the presence of the entire audience. I think you will find it in the
Bulletin. No, it didn't go into the Bulletin, because all of the proceedings
were not published in the Bulletin. It can be found, however, in the
reporter's notes.

Geo. E. Judd: It is in the article entitled "Health Institutions."
J. H. Kellogg. Brother Judd has the book and can show it to you. He says it is in the article entitled "Health Institutions." It says the institution was an undenominational institution. Now I will tell you how I know what it says. I wrote it myself. That is the way I know what it says. I wrote it as an article in Good Health. Elder White requested me to write a statement of the work of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and there came out in an Eastern Journal an attack upon the institution here, and upon our work, and Elder James White requested me to write a reply to it, and to make a statement of the general character of the work. This was a scurrilous attack by a doctor in an Eastern journal, and Brother White asked me to write an article on the character and the nature of the work, and I wrote it, and Brother White took a part of that article and put it into his "Life Sketches," so he endorsed it himself, or he would not have put it in a sketch of his own life. I wrote it as my understanding of the work of this institution at that time. That was about twenty-five or twenty-six years ago; longer than that—twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago. And that was what I understood then, and Brother White understood it so, and put it in his book, and you will find it there. That was his understanding.

No one ever raised a question, my friends, until within the last four or five years. This question was never raised at all as to whether this institution was denomination or undenominational.

Now then it is undenominational. Now what does that mean? Does it mean that this institution is a Methodist institution? No. Does it mean that it is an infidel institution? No. Does it mean that it is an unchristian institution? No. It means that it is the same kind of an institution as your farm is if you are a Christian man. You have got a farm. Now that farm is your farm, and you are raising corn and potatoes on it, and things. Is that a Seventh-day Adventist farm? What is it? Is it a Seventh-day Adventist farm? It has no label at all on it. Simply has no label. It is a farm. It is not labeled denominational. So this institution is a Christian institution.
It is a philanthropic institution, organized for certain purposes. Here suppose you made a washing machine or a threshing machine: would that threshing machine be a Seventh-day Adventist threshing machine? Would that washing machine be a Seventh-day Adventist washing machine? It is a washing machine or a threshing machine. This thing is a Sanitarium; a sanitarium which is carried on by Seventh-day Adventists. We have stated clearly their objects and their purposes in organizing it, and that is what we propose to do. We propose to do exactly what we have stated to the public we are going to do; and being Seventh-day Adventists, will see to it that the things which we do in the Sanitarium are done in such a way that the results will be in harmony with all the other things they are trying to do. Common sense leads them to do that; just as the Seventh-day Adventist who has a farm, does not call it a Seventh-day Adventist farm, and does not plant his potatoes different from his Methodist neighbor: but his potatoes are perhaps better potatoes, because he is a better man, because they have better care. That man takes care that the products of his farm, that everything that comes from his farm is used not for wicked purposes, but the labor of it, the products which come from his farm are used to carry forward the things he is working for in the world—the things he loves. In the same way the company of Seventh-day Adventists who own this institution carry on this institution; not as a sectarian or denominational institution, but for the purpose of doing the specific things which they announce to the public they are going to do.

H. Nicola: I think where some got confused is, Is it owned by Seventh-day Adventists, and is it owned by all the Seventh-day Adventists?

J.H. Kellogg: Suppose a man keeps a grocery store. He is going to sell groceries. He is a Seventh-day Adventist. The people who own it, and his clerks are all Seventh-day Adventists. Some might call that an Advent store, but that would not be Adventist groceries, and it would not be an Adventist grocery store simply because it was owned by Adventists. The fact that Adventists own it, that they are men who are Seventh-day Adventists, does not
make it a Seventh-day Adventist grocery store. But if a grocery store belonged
to the Seventh-day Adventist church, that could be denominational, don't you
see, because the church is denominational. A denomination is a number of people
who are gathered together, associated for certain purposes. Now let me ask you
What was the purpose of the Seventh-day Adventist church? Think of it. A
Seventh-day Adventist church has certain purposes. Their purposes are to
proclaim the truths that they profess, and to do that thing. Now this
institution was never intended to do all the things which the Seventh-day
Adventist church is organized for in the world; and if it were so intended, then
it would be the whole thing, but we have been told again and again and again
that it was not the whole thing, but only a part; and that part is the thing
which is described in this little book, and to which 125 Seventh-day Adventist
ministers subscribed, and the rest of the 500 or 600 Seventh-day Adventists
who are members, 400 or 500 of which have subscribed, and which it has always
been from the very beginning.

R.A. Hart: May I ask what we may understand from the Testimonies
read by Brother Jones that the work could be carried on better by being
undenominational? Wouldn't it throw some light on it if Elder Jones will
explain it, or you?

J.H. Kellogg: I don't know that it needs explanation. There is
just the statement there.

A.T. Jones: I never explain the Testimonies. I believe them.

J.H. Kellogg: That is the way with me. What is the use of trying
to explain what the Lord says is doing, what the Lord says. The Lord says it
as he wants to say it.

Voice: Is there any likelihood of that Testimony being influenced
by any person?

A.T. Jones: Ask the one who wrote it.

J.H. Kellogg: Ask Sister White about that.

R.A. Hart: If I understand that statement there, and the object
of the statement, it held up before the world the ministerial work and also
the Seminary work and not only that, but the Seventh-day
the Sanitarium work, and this institution was not to make Seventh-day Adventists, but to inculcate the principles of health reform, and by doing that——

J.H. Kellogg: It was to do what the men who organised it, who put their money into it, said they wanted it to do.

R.A. Hart: That is the reason I said it would be better.

J.H. Kellogg: I have no fault to find with what the brother says. We each one must take it and understand it as we can, receive it as it comes. Now let me ask the question. Have not the twelve men who started this institution, did not they have a right to say what kind of an institution they were going to make: the men who put their money in here, didn't they have a right to say what they wanted to do with their money? When they wrote it down, and went ahead and did it, didn't they have a right to do it. When the men who organised this new association came in, including those who were in the old Association, the new Association found what those men had written, and they put down on paper what they were going to do.
How is that? How many think they had a right to do it? How when they did do it, and signed their names to it, and they elected a board of directors here in this institution to carry on its work, had not they a right to suppose that their board of directors would do what they are instructed in this book to do, and carry out these articles? Is that right?

Now let me ask another question. Have the men who are the legal representatives of the stockholders, or the members of the Board of Directors of this institution, have they a right to do anything different with this institution, or with the funds of this institution, than what is set down in this charter in these articles of incorporation?

Voice: No.

How many think they have got a right to do anything different? That is the whole question my friends. When anybody gets up here and says we are not doing the right thing, we say here is our charter; we are doing what we are told to do. I wish to say to you that if I, or any other member of the board of directors of this association should spend a single dollar of the funds of this institution for any other objects or any other purposes than are clearly stated here in this book, we could be made to pay back every single dollar of it out of our own pockets. We are making ourselves liable. Isn't that true?

Voice: Yes, certainly.

That is why these objects are stated here. We can do that, and we / can do nothing else but that.

G.V. Morse: How only could a change be secured in the policy?

J.H. Kellogg: The only way this could be secured is that the original incorporators—the men who incorporated this institution; the only way there can be any change is that these incorporators shall unanimously make an amendment.

G.V. Morse: It must be the stockholders themselves?

J.H. Kellogg: No sir. The stockholders can not change them. There are some things put down here the stockholders can not change.
C.W. Morse: The board of managers could not change?

J.H. Kellogg: No sir; The Board of managers could not change it. The stockholders could not change it. Nobody but the original incorporators could change it, and I doubt if they could change it. When we put down this stake we put it down just as deep as we knew how to put it down, with all the force we could put on it, so that it could not be pulled up by anybody.

If anybody would find a way to pull it up, we will study the thing and find some way to get that thing down somewhere so that it can not be pulled up. Why? Because, my friends, no institution is of any value unless it is founded in absolute sincerity and honesty. Is not that true? Suppose then we should give out to the world that we are a great philanthropic institution, non-sectarian, undenominational—come and help us, come and join hands with us; give us fifty thousand dollars, give us a hundred thousand dollars; give us some money to do this undenominational work with; and then somebody should come and say, Here is a splendid thing. We can make a fine proselyting machine out of this (I do not use the word in a bad sense; I use it in a good sense) Suppose somebody should come along and want to convert this institution into a splendid printing office, or should say we could make it a nice training school for ministers or preachers, or Bible workers, or something else; or, we could sell this property out and take the money which would do so much good in supporting ministers and in the other work we have; it would be very easy to work up a following. I want to ask you—Would that be an honest thing to do?

Mrs. Heyseman: I would like to know further, if this is not a denominational institution, why should the Seventh-day Adventist people be called upon to offer their services, why should elders be written to advise churches to get people to come here?

J.H. Kellogg: Well, now I will tell you. The question is this: If this is not a denominational institution, then why should Seventh-day Adventists be invited to come here and take a part in it? Now let me ask you.
You are a Seventh-day Adventist: Do you do anything at all from the time you get up in the morning until you go to bed at night that is not strictly sectarian or denominational? Is there anything of your life which is not purely strictly denominational at all?

Mrs. Neumann: The Lord knows that.

J.R. Kellogg: I mean you don't intend that there should be any?

Mrs. Neumann: No: I try to live a good life.

J.R. Kellogg: Don't you do anything at all but what is strictly denominational? Tell me that first.

Now you see this whole thing hinges on the definition of "denominational." What does that mean? What do we mean when we talk about denominational and sectarian? Now when we say denominational work, we mean something that is especially definitely and particularly for the promotion of the denomination as a denomination. That is what it is for. Preaching, tent meetings, canvassing for our various books, Bible work—all that sort of work. That is denominational work, isn't it?

H.J. Sevy: The health reform work in addition. That is a part of the denominational principles.

J.R. Kellogg: If you understand that way, why then this work is denominational also. When you understand it in that sense. It depends on the latitude of the denomination you see.

R.A. Hart: How can this reform work of ours be the entering wedge for the proclamation of the Third Angel's Message unless it goes forth to the world as a denominational work?

J.R. Kellogg: I remember very well some years ago I was talking with Sister White, before we had a Medical College, before we had a missionary training school for nurses, before we had any denominational work here at all, and one third of our nurses here were unbelievers; before we had any sort of denominational work here, I told Sister White how I felt. I said, Sister White, we must do something to spread these principles. I feel as though the
very stone would cry out if we did not do something. We are doing nothing to spread those principles abroad; and I laid out some plans we had to organize a missionary training school to train missionaries, and send those missionaries out to hold schools of health, and go on and do the things we have been doing the last fifteen years. I told Sister White what we were proposing to do. She said it is a good thing to do, but I want to give you a word of caution: When you send those workers out to hold schools of health, cooking schools, etc., caution them that they must not be too zealous to make the connecting link themselves; they should leave that, do their own special work, and then go away and leave it, and allow Providence and circumstances to make it. I do not think she meant circumstances in a meaning any different from Providence. I think circumstance is Providence. I don't say "Providential circumstances." I see Providence all the time. She said let Providence or circumstances make the connecting link; then it will be effective.

Then, as I said before, all the difference and trouble about this thing is simply a difference in what we mean by the word "denominational." Here it means those things which have for their specific object the advancement of the sectarian or denominational interests; and when we say undenominational, that is what we mean,—that this work is doing those things which are not for the specific purpose of advancing the Seventh-day Adventist church, but will help forward the Christian religion, and help forward the general welfare of humanity, and lead men nearer to God, nearer to the right way of life. That is the special purpose. When you start a Sabbath-school, is not the Sabbath-school for a little different purpose than a Sanitarium? When you have a Sabbath-school is not the specific object of that Sabbath-school—or is not the object of the Tabernacle down here, a little different from the specific object of our bath rooms? How is it? How many think there is any difference in the work to be done in a chapel, in the Tabernacle, and the work to be done in our bath rooms—hands up? How many think there is no difference? I don't see any hands up for that. That is just the
difference between denominational and undenominational work. Down at the Tabernacle here it is denominational work. But down there once in a while we let a little something else in. In the bath room it is undenominational work; but the fact, as I said, that the institution is owned by Seventh-day Adventists exclusively—practically except a few hankaliders—that fact is security I think that the work of the institution shall be carried forward in the interests of those things which are nearest and dearest to the hearts of the owners of the institution themselves.

Voice: The method is different, but the objects are the same.

J.H. Kellogg: The ultimate object is to help humanity; then let God make use of that work; do not follow it right up ourselves; do not strike the enemy; do not use the hammer ourselves, but let Providence do it. We have been told again and again by any number of testimonies that in our work in this institution we should be careful and not make our peculiar views so prominent that prejudice would be created. You will always find tracts, always find Christian workers ready to give an answer for their faith. The object of the Sanitarium is to live the life, live the religion, the true religion, to show the world how the thing works out in practical every day life. That is the way this institution is set to preach Seventh-day Adventism while at the same time doing a special work in teaching special principles.

Now if you ask me the question whether those health principles that are taught by the Battle Creek Sanitarium are Seventh-day Adventist principles or not, I should have to tell you I don't know. All Seventh-day Adventists keep the seventh day, don't they? Is that true? Seventh-day Adventists believe in the coming of the Lord, don't they? They would not be Seventh-day Adventists if they did not. Do all Seventh-day Adventists abstain from the use of beefsteak? Are there no Seventh-day Adventists who eat beefsteak? Do we serve beefsteak here?—We do not have any beefsteak or any kinds of flesh food,—have done away with bloody diets altogether. We don't believe in putting corpses into our stomachs—making cemeteries of ourselves. Now there are many Seventh-day Adventist homes. I am sorry to
say, that have a great many houses scattered around the back yard. Now is that principle a Seventh-day Adventist principle, or isn't it? If it is a Seventh-day Adventist principle, then every Seventh-day Adventist ought to live up to it. Do they recognize it? How is that? We don't use tea or coffee here; don't believe in tea and coffee; preach against it. Is that recognized by the entire denomination? Is there no coffee used in Seventh-day Adventist homes—Now is that? Is that a universal thing among Seventh-day Adventists?—I hardly think it is. How many think that all Seventh-day Adventists abstain from coffee just as religiously as they abstain from breaking the Sabbath and work on the seventh day? How many believe they do? Is that a Seventh-day Adventist doctrine, then? How is it about the principles of our medical practice? We do not use drugs anodyne to any great extent. We practice rational medicine—physiologic therapeutics is our principle here. That is what brings those multitudes here. How is it among Seventh-day Adventists—Do they use patent medicines any? Do you ever hear of Seventh-day Adventists consulting traveling quacks? Did you ever hear of such a thing as Seventh-day Adventists employing any other than those principles which the Lord has direct-ly through Sister White pointed out again and again as being the Lord's healing measures? If there any doubt about that? Brother Hart, did you ever have any doubt as to whether the Lord through Sister White especially pointed out the principles of this institution as being the principles which heaven smiled upon and which heaven approved? Have you any doubt of that?

R.A. Hart: No sir.

J.H. Kellogg: Brother Nicola, have you any doubt about that?

N. Nicola: No.

J.H. Kellogg: When this institution was started was it pointed out clearly to the whole people that the principles of this institution were the principles of the Lord's people, and that they should adopt them, and that it was the thing Seventh-day Adventists should everywhere be informed about? Why, my friends, that is one of the reasons why this institution was started—
to instruct Seventh-day Adventists in the principles of these truths.

How I want to ask you Is it universal among Seventh-day Adventists? Are the principles of this institution universal? Are they universally accepted among Seventh-day Adventists?

Voice: No.

J.H. Kellogg: Tell me then, does the Seventh-day Adventist denomination accept this institution and its principles as things which are binding upon Seventh-day Adventists, and as Seventh-day Adventist doctrines, principles, and methods?

Voice: No! No!

Tell me, then, is this denominational or undenominational? If the denomination themselves do not approve of the things we do—our general practices and things we do here, do not stand for the things that are being done here, do they recognize it as a denominational institution?

Voice: No.

Well, I do not answer those questions myself at all. I just simply say I have been in doubt. I have been trying to find out for thirty years whether the Seventh-day Adventist denomination would accept the work and principles of this great institution and this great health reform movement and medical reform movement—whether the Seventh-day Adventist denomination as a denomination would accept it, and I want to tell you I have been in doubt, and I never was in so much doubt as I am at this minute; I never was in such doubt as I am at this very minute. It has been a mighty heavy load on my heart, my friends. I have done all I could to educate this denomination. I have gone at my own cost from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, from city to city, church to church, gone in one way and another, and done everything I knew how to do. I have sat up nights in the old days to improve on different kinds of foods. My wife worked for fifteen years hard to find new kinds of foods. Now you say that is commercialism. I want to tell you, my friends, I never dreamed of such a thing that there would ever be any commercial value in any foods. It is a new development. The world has appreciated the thing and made it of commercial value; but not to me, not
to me, not to the institution. Why? Because pirates have captured it and carried it away. I never dreamed of any commercial gain, but what I worked for was to find things that our own people would accept in place of beefsteak. That was the thing I was interested in --sustaining meats; and I have told in every way that I knew how to make the thing acceptable to the denomination and to the Lord, and the Lord has helped us; but at the present date I do not know, and I do not believe you know, whether the Seventh-day Adventist denomination as denomination excepts the Sanitarium as a denominational institution, and its principles as denominational principles. Do you know, Mrs. Heyneman? Does this denomination accept the principles of this institution as denominational?

Mrs. Heyneman: I can not speak for them.

J.H. Kellogg: Will you tell me, then, whether this is a denominational institution or not?

Mrs. Heyneman: I should say not.

G.L. Taylor: There is a question in a great many minds as to whether this thing is so arranged that there is a loose screw somewhere that makes it impossible for those who have the right to control this institution to really control it; whether the stockholders are handicapped in some way with some plan that keeps the present management in its place to run the thing to suit itself.

J.H. Kellogg: Absolutely nothing. The only thing the present trustees of this institution could possibly do to defeat the stockholders with reference to the management would be to wreck it. The question is whether there is any way in which the present management of this institution could defeat the stockholders of the present if they should want to defeat them. That refers to the management—whether the present management have got a hold on it is such a character that they could defeat it. The only way, as I said, that I know, would be to defeat it. I think the present management could wreck the thing if they wanted to, if the Lord didn’t want
kinder than; and I don't know of any institution of this sort in charge of physicians and managers such as there are here that could not in a very short time wreck the whole thing if they set out to do it.

G.L. Taylor: At the next annual meeting of this corporation, if the stockholders wished, they could turn out the whole of the present board of management and put in new men and have the thing to suit themselves, if it is not running now to suit them, could they not?

J.H. Kellogg: No sir. They could not do it. They could only turn our half of them. They could turn out half of them at the next meeting, and at the next meeting they could turn out the other half, because the members of the board are elected half one year for two years, and the other half the next year for two years, so they do not all go out the same time.

But I want to tell you that if the members of this constituency should become unsatisfied that this board of management now present here were unqualified for their places, unfit for their places, I doubt if there are any of them here that would be very anxious to stay here. I know Brother Jones says he is going to stay anyhow. I can't speak for him; but it is so repugnant to me to be in a place where I am not wanted, I don't believe it would take very long for me to find other quarters in some other place.

H. Nicola: Doctor, I would like to ask what is the difference in the way this Sanitarium is owned and controlled and the other Sanitariums that were created by Seventh-day Adventists.

J.H. Kellogg: The St. Helena Sanitarium is owned in just the same way. The St. Helena Sanitarium was formerly owned by the stockholders, but I went over there on purpose to assist in the reorganization of that institution, as Brother Jones will remember, and labored hard to get it spread out broadly so that more Seventh-day Adventists would be taken into it. Now as it was, you see, when we started in before our organization, there were 400 Seventh-day Adventists, and 200 of them were dead; but now we have 600 Seventh-day Adventists, and they are all alive; and 125 of them are
preachers, and they are very much alive. And they have had an opportunity to
know all about this institution. They have the objects clearly stated here,
and they signed those objects, and nobody has ever at any annual meeting of this
Association come forward and charged the Board of Directors with having carried
on this institution in any respect whatever different from the objects
which are clearly stated in those articles of incorporation.

Dr. Paulson: What about Paradise Valley?

Dr. Kellogg: The Paradise Valley incorporation—I will tell you
how that is incorporated. Brother W.C. White organized that. Sister Gutsian
and Sister White are the original stockholders. They put their money there,
and there are two kinds of stock. It is a stock company,—common stock that
does not gain any dividends, and preferred stock which does get dividends —
that has dividend value. That is the last sanitarium corporation I knew of
that has been recognized. I am not going to say / nobody put money into that
but the stockholders. Dividends are paid to people who were willing to
put money in, but did not want to give it; but the profits of an institution,
when there are any profits, first of all the preferred stock has the
 dividends.

Dr. Paulson: has got an institution; I don't know how he has
arranged the dividends. I know something about it; I think I am one of the
stockholders.

Now I want to tell you another thing. I would like to have you tell
me here now how many Seventh-day Adventist institutions are owned by the denomi-
national as a denomination? How many? Is the Review and Herald Office a denomi-
national institution? How is it? Is it owned by the denomination?

Dr. Stoept: By only a part of the denomination.

Dr. Kellogg: It is owned by Seventh-day Adventists just as this
institution was owned, but not very many. There are a few Seventh-day
Adventists who own the Review and Herald corporation. We have more than twice
as many I believe, more than twice as many Seventh-day Adventists in this
corporation as we have in the Review and Herald corporation. Now about the Healdsburg College, Brother Jones. Is that owned by the California Conference?

Eld. Jones: It has a membership just like this. Healdsburg College is owned not by the denomination, but by a group of Seventh-day Adventists just as this is.

R.A. Hart: May I ask how an institution could be owned by the denomination?

A.T. Jones: That is just what I was going to ask. It can't be done.

J.H. Kellogg: I don't know. I don't know.

A.T. Jones: There is no possible way in which it could be done.

J.H. Kellogg: I don't know. The only way in the world an institution can judge as to whether it is denominational, in the sense in which you are interested-------- Who cares who owns an institution that is doing the right thing it ought to do? The only thing you are interested in is whether the institution is doing a work which is helpful to the denomination. That is the whole question.

Voice: That is just the thing.

J.H. Kellogg: Is the institution doing a work which is helpful to the denomination? If it is, then it is denominational in the only sense in which anybody could possibly be interested in it. Now that is the question, my friends, we have always asked to be applied to this institution. When any body comes up and says, Is your institution denominational?--It always has been. Well, is it, or not?--It is not owned by the denomination. But it is denominational? But I say, what has it been doing constantly in all the years which has existed? Has its work been helpful to the denomination or against it? Has it been beneficial or not beneficial? Now let me ask you that question. Has this institution during the forty years of its history---the ownership has not changed, it has passed right along. The same men run it now that were in the beginning, so far as they are alive. It has not been
but in the hands of a few people, as we might have done. At the reorganization of this Association I want to say to you that if we had chosen to do it, those who were interested in that organization, we could just as well have fixed that thing up to have been in the hands of fifty people, and there could not another soul have come in. We could have fixed this thing up so it would have been in the hands of twenty-five people, and held it forever. No one could have gotten in. But instead of that we spread it out just as far and wide as we possibly could. Why? Because we wanted every Seventh-day Adventist just as far as possible to be interested in it. We wanted them to sign this declaration of principles. This declaration of principles enlists their sympathy in the work, and we wanted to get the name of every Seventh-day Adventist on earth that we could get on the declaration, so they would work for the principles this institution stands for. Why? Because it has been my work for thirty years to try to make the principles of this institution the principles of this denomination. This institution represents a reform started in a backsliding church. That is what it does represent—a reform movement started in a backsliding church. That is the work as I found it when I came here. I did not accept those principles at one time.

Elder James White made a round of the camp-meetings, and had reported, published in the Review and the Health Reformer that every Seventh-day Adventist family in the world was free from alcoholic liquors, from tobacco, from pork, from tea and coffee, and nearly all free from meat. Could that be said today?

Now a few years after that there was a terrible backsliding came in. I am not saying who is responsible for it, or anything about it: I don't know. I thought it was partially due to the fact that we had not got held of practical methods of meeting things, of improving the diet; so I have been working on that line to overcome those obstacles, and find substitutes for things that were left out, or to enlarge the dietary and make the thing more wholesome, attractive, palatable, complete and nutritious. I remember when Dr. Lindsay and I stood here in this institution—the only people here
besides Mrs. Fuy—the only people here to stand for the principles of this institution.

Mrs. Fuy: That is true.

I remember when Mrs. Hall came to me and said, Doctor, what is the use of trying to maintain this thing? The whole denomination have gone back on these principles. They are all eating meat. During a General Conference we had here we entertained the Conference at dinner, and every single member of them, so far as I knew, ate meat. They called for chicken. Sometimes they wanted tea and coffee. I am not saying this to reflect, but I thought it was a dreadful thing to see this denomination going back on those beautiful principles God had given us; and I went to work with all my might, and went from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, and I went without invitation. I didn't have any invitation, but I went, traveling day and night to get to the camp-meeting, and if they would permit me to do so, I would say a few words at the morning meeting, and without stopping for breakfast I would go to a tent and see sick people, and then without getting anything to eat I had to go to my train and come home. And I did it all at my own expense. I did it till the work got so large I could not do it anymore. The Lord brought Dr. Paulson up. I took him to my house, put the mantle on him, and begged him to go out and teach the people, and try to reclaim the people from this backsliding. The Lord helped Dr. Paulson stand up before the people, and he helped Dr. Paulson to get out a little book—"Healthful Living." And we made a hard stand for these principles and this truth. We drew our line a little closer, held our standard a little higher, so the Lord helped us, and by and by we got our missionary training school started. Now there has come a little backsliding again; so, as I said, I never was in so much doubt as I am this very night as to whether the principles of this institution are the principles of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination.

What is the principal part of this institution? Is it the ground on which it stands? Is it the house here? Is it the institution? What
is the real thing of this institution? The principles are the real institution—the principles. Now, my friends, as I said before, if you want to know whether this institution is a denominational institution, inquire whether the principles of this institution are the principles of the denomination or not; and there is the answer to the question. If this institution is not a denominational institution, it is not the fault of this institution, my friends; it is not the fault of this institution.

H. Nicola: Have the principles represented in this institution always been regarded as the right arm of the work represented by Seventh-Day Adventists?

J.H. Kellogg: They have always been regarded so by me.

H. Nicola: Does not the body claim the right to have something to say about what the arm does?

A.T. Jones: The head!

J.H. Kellogg: It is not the body that does that, but the head; and who is the head—Jesus Christ. That is where the mistake is. That is the fundamental difference—the fundamental difference which is clearing things today; this question as to whether it is the body that is to control or the head that is to control.

P.E. Edwards: Are there any bond holders drawing dividends from the institution?

J.H. Kellogg: No sir. Nobody drawing dividends. There are no dividends.

S.P. Edwards: Are there any bond holders?

J.H. Kellogg: Of course we had to have some money. This institution is built on credit, the whole thing. We are paying rent that way. We haven't any right to this building at all. We got some money to build it with, but we had to promise to pay that money, and we must pay rent on that money. All the difference between a bond and an ordinary note is this. When you give a note you give a guarantee on the house for securing on that
note. If he has a little note, that is all right; there is no trouble about it. But suppose the house was very valuable, and the note very large, so that nobody would want to take the whole note; then you have got to be able to split it up, and then they are called bonds. If you had a note on a piece of property worth a thousand dollars, and should get a mortgage for that note, that note is secured by that mortgage. But now suppose it is a hundred thousand dollars, and you could not sell that all to one person. You want to split it up into 100 pieces, and each one of those hundred pieces is to have a part of the security, don't you see; so it is a bond. That is all the difference between a bond and a note. A bond is one part of a divided note.

Voice: Is it so that the largest number of shares are controlled by two men?

J.H. Kellogg: There are no shares my dear sister. There are only memberships, and every member has one vote. He can cast only one vote, no matter if he should have a hundred thousand dollars, and that one vote is not worth a cent so far as the money is concerned.

The question is now What will become of this institution suppose it is sold out? The debts would be paid, and then what is left, would the stockholders or shareholders get it? Not a cent of it. I was not going to spend my life in trying to build up an institution, and then after I was dead and gone have somebody come along and put it in their pocket and carry it off. I got this thing fixed so that nobody could do that. So that the money that was left us after this thing had been wound up, the men who are then in office must take that money and reorganize another work just like this and go on with it; but they can not use it for any other purpose in the world but just this purpose. They can not build a meeting house with it, or anything of the kind. It can not be sectarian. It must be exactly what it purports to be.

A.T. Jones: The State will see that that is carried out.

J.H. Kellogg: The judge of the District Court takes charge of that;
seems that is done. It has to be done in that way. It can not be done in any other way. If any of us spend any of that money in any other way, we have to replace it out of our own pockets.

Voice: How can one become a member of the Association?

J.H. Kellogg: I expect this is quite a long story, so intact you could not get it all in mind at one time. It is going to be written out and printed, and everybody is going to have a chance to read it. The thing has been in a state of confusion so long, I made up my mind to tell the whole story and have it put down and printed, and spread out wide enough so that all confusion would come to an end. Is that right?

Voice: That is right.

J.H. Kellogg: You see the original owners were the ones who paid the money, and when we came to reorganize these original owners came right in. When it was sold at auction there was not anything left. It was sold for its debts. We thought it was right to take these original owners in. Then when a man had ten votes, had ten shares, he could bring in nine other people along with him if he wanted to. If he didn't want to, he could turn his shares over to the Board, and the Board himself hunted up a good Seventh-day Adventist minister, gave one share to him, and he came in; so that is the way. I feel that we have the most select company of Seventh-day Adventists on the face of the earth in the Battle Creek Sanitarium Association. We have the most orthodox Seventh-day Adventists, the safest people, the leading ministers, and the leading old pioneers,—they are the people that own this institution. And if this institution can be not be trusted to them to see that this thing is carried on in such a way that it will not be antagonistic to the interests of this denomination, I don't know who could be trusted with it.

Now the question was, Can these members do anything with it? They can do anything that they choose with it. It belongs to them. Brother Jones and I, and the other members of the Board, we are simply instruments. We do
what we are instructed to do. Now then if we are not doing the right thing
the only people on this earth, my friends, that can instruct us, the only
people on the face of the earth who have any right to instruct the members of
the Board of this Institution are the people who own this institution. These
people can come here at the annual meeting and they can give us any instruction
they please which is in harmony with the objects of this association, and we
must do it, and if we do not do it they can simply put us out of office and put
somebody else in that will do it. Am I telling you the truth? Do you all
understand that? Now that is the way to regulate this institution, and it is
the only way in which it can be regulated. This is the way the law provides
for it.

N.J. Sevy: Do I understand you to say there is no possible way for
the owners of the institution to change the constitution or By-laws?

J.H. Kellogg: No, I don't say anything of the sort. The owners
of the institution can change the By-laws, can change the articles here in
a great variety of ways, but they can not change the original purposes and
objects of the Association. They can not do that. That thing has got to
stand. Do you think they ought to be able to change it? Do you think a body
of men ought to stay here—helpers, doctors and nurses, and work for twenty-
five or thirty years with the understanding that a certain thing was going
to be done with the products of their labor, and after they stopped out
somebody else could come in and turn over the thing and do something entirely
different?

N.J. Sevy: If they thought a better object could be gained by it,
I should think it would be all right.

J.H. Kellogg: It would not be all right for a man to take the product
of my work and do something the very opposite from the thing I wanted to do
with it. I am steward under the Lord, and it is my duty to see what I ought
to do. That I must do, and when I have done it it is not in the province
of some other man to come and overturn the thing I have done, if I have been
working in the name of the Lord, and with a clear distinct understanding that was the thing to be done.

N. Nicola: A question in regard to instructing. Now then if this arm is governed by the head, should not it receive instruction from the head?

J.H. Kellogg: Certainly.

N. Nicola: Then that is a little higher than the stockholders, isn’t it?

J.H. Kellogg:—Yes. I was speaking from a legal standpoint.

C.L. Taylor: Will you read us a few of the names that appear on the list?

M.W. Wentworth (reads names of trustees and original incorporators)

J.H. Kellogg: John S. Cummins here was one of the original incorporators. What right had he to be an incorporator? He gave five thousand dollars to help on this new incorporation; that is his right. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the work. Brother John S. Cummins was for some years superintendent of the Haskell Home. He is a Seventh-day Adventist. He gave five thousand dollars to help on this new incorporation. He happened to have that much, and he gave the money. Daniel H. Kress: Dr. Kress is another one of the original incorporators. He is superintendent of the Sydney Sanitarium in Australia. By many years of faithful labor he has demonstrated that he was a loyal man. Geo. H. Murphy: another incorporator, has been standing by the institution for twenty-five years. Geo. A. Irwin, vice-president of the General Conference. David Paulson, Superintendent of the Hinsdale Sanitarium; W.H. Hall, for twenty years steward of the institution. C.M. Christiansen; John H. Kellogg. These are the original incorporators, and these incorporators have no more privileges in this institution, and no more power in this institution than any minimum ordinary member. They just simply put down their names to start the thing off, and they had something to say about what the objects were, and they endeavored to make those objects just as they were in the old Association, and have been tried and tested for twenty years, and in harmony with it; and you see that since
this work was done, a year afterwards, Sister White wrote what Brother Jones read with reference to its undenominational character.

Now I hope we have thrashed out pretty well the question of denominationalism so that it may be a little more clearly understood. If this institution is a denominational institution, then, my friends, let us call upon every Seventh-day Adventist in the world to live up to the principles of this institution. If this institution is a denominational institution it does not make any difference whether the denomination owns it or not, provided the principles are accepted by the denomination, and the work of this denomination is promoting these principles. Now this institution is working for the principles and the objects that are defined here. If the denomination wants to have these things done, then if the denomination is interested in the promulgation of these principles and the promotion of these objects, then this institution is working for the denomination. If the denomination is not interested in these principles, especially if these principles are not the principles that are generally accepted by the denomination, then they are not particularly interested in the promotion of this work, and this institution could hardly be called a denominational institution.

Now I don't believe, to tell you my honest conviction, I don't believe it is ever intended that the principles of this institution should be made a test of fellowship in the Seventh-day Adventist church. I never asked that it should be so, and I never thought it ever would be so, or ought to be so. I never thought the principles of this institution should be made a test of fellowship in this church. They never have been, as far as I know. Then why should they be called denominational, and why should people insist on its being denominational, in that sense? It is denominational in the sense that it is promoting the welfare of the denominational truth, and the denomination so regard it: so you see, whether this institution is denomination or not depends next on who owns it, but upon how the denomination treats it. That is the thing—how the denomination treats it, and the principles which it represents. If the denomination accepts these principles, works with them
and for those principles, then this institution will be working in the interests of the denomination, and nobody could help it. You could say it was denominational or undenominational. It would not make any difference what you said. The question is what it is; and that is what it would be.

H.J. Sevy: Have you any printed articles of incorporation of the old Health Reform Institute?

J.H. Kellogg: You will find them published in the old Health Reform. Look up the files, and you can easily get them. Come out to my house and you will find the files. I don't know where else you will find them.

Mrs. Heynemann: May we ask any questions about any other thing concerning this Sanitarium?

J.H. Kellogg: Anything you want to ask that you think I can answer or ought to answer.

Mrs. Heynemann: I would like to know about the purchase of the college property.

A.T. Jones: I am going to answer that.

J.H. Kellogg: Brother Jones says he is going to answer that. Brother Jones knows more about that than I know, because he in the first place was the man who promoted the campaign to remove the old Battle Creek College, so it was moved out of town, and he was the man who presented the thing to the annual General Conference, and had their endorsement, etc. etc; and he knows all about it and he will answer that question.


J.H. Kellogg: Not tonight, because you are getting tired. I will just briefly say this work about it, that the College was offered for sale to the Battle Creek Sanitarium by the General Conference. They held the deed of it and named the price.

Mrs. Heynemann: Did they hold the deed?

J.H. Kellogg: They held the deed.

Mrs. Heynemann: A straight deed?
J.H. Kellogg: They held all the deed anybody could hold except the medical college itself. They held a deed from the Missionary Training School Association. The Michigan Training School Association held a trust deed. They held the deed in trust for the Medical College. They turned the deed over to the General Conference.

Mrs. Heynemann: Was that deed such that they could sell it to anybody else?

J.H. Kellogg: They had all the deed they could possibly get.

Mrs. Heynemann: Yes, that is so. Could they get it?

J.H. Kellogg: They had all the deed anybody could give to them.

Mrs. Heynemann: Was it a clear deed, so that they could sell that property to anybody else apart from the college?

A.T. Jones: No, they could not sell it. Nobody could sell it.

Ray Clark: Could they have ejected the people in possession of the building?

J.H. Kellogg: They didn't try. How could I tell whether they could or not? All I knew about it is this: There was a Board of Trustees organized to hold that property while it was being paid for, and when it was paid for it should be the property of the Medical College, and the college was partly paid for. Money was raised for the Medical College and applied on the debt; then those trustees who held it for that purpose turned it over to the General Conference, and when it was turned over (I said this has been partly paid for, so the Medical College has an equity; so much as has been paid for, it belongs to the Medical College, and the equity of the Medical College must be recognized, and it was recognized. The General Conference proposed to sell it, and made a price on it to us of forty-five thousand dollars, and I brought the matter before my colleagues here, before the Sanitarium Board and the College Board, and finally the college bought it, paid the price they asked, never asked them to reduce it a penny, paid exactly what they asked for it.
R.A. Hart: Did they pay the forty-five thousand dollars for their equity in it?

J.H. Kellogg: I said the General Conference offered to sell it to the Sanitarium, or to deed it to anybody whom the Sanitarium Board might name, for forty-five thousand dollars, and a little interest besides, and the price was paid, just all they asked. They never named any other price. That is the only price that ever was named.

R.A. Hart: I want to know whether they paid the forty-five thousand dollars, and then did they take out of that what had already been paid?

A.T. Jones: No.

J.H. Kellogg: They paid forty-five thousand dollars cash. That was published in Medical Missionary. We published a statement all about it. Elder Jones will give you a statement of the whole thing. We paid all that was ever asked for it. No price was ever made any different from the price paid.

Mrs. Heynemann: Is it true— I heard this—that you made this statement that you would not have been able to get that property at that price unless you had had a sink on it?

J.H. Kellogg: What is a sink? I don't know as I know?

Mrs. Heynemann: I never heard the word before.

J.H. Kellogg: You may be sure I never heard the word. I don't know exactly what it is.

Mrs. Heynemann: I think you pretty well know what it means.

A.T. Jones: A sink? I know. You have seen it. You will know what it is when I tell you. A sink is that thing by which the packer ties a bundle onto the back of a mule, when two men put their feet up against a pack mule, both draw on a piece of leather and bind that pack onto the mule so that the two are just one thing.
Mrs. Hoyt: That is what they say Dr. Kellogg said.

J.H. Kellogg: No; I didn't have any such thing. I assure you I had no such thing. I had something a whole lot better than that.

R.A. Hart: Now lay aside that joking part of it: I want to know what people understand generally by having a cinch on things?

J.H. Kellogg: I have told you briefly all about it. I don't know what you do understand, but I told you all about it, and you can draw your own conclusions, call it a cinch or anything you like. I never called it a cinch. I said the Medical College had an equity. As President of the Medical College it was my duty to look after that equity.

H.J. Sevy: How large an equity?

J.H. Kellogg: The College property ever here was in debt. The College moved across. They wanted the Sanitarium to buy it, but the Sanitarium Board said we have got all the debts we want; we can not take that on. So arrangements were made to pay the debt, and the Missionary Acre, which the Medical Missionary Board had, was turned over to the College. The College property was bought at auction, if I remember right, by a Board created for the purpose of holding it in trust while the debts were being paid. This Board had for its duty to go out and raise the money and pay off the debts, and when the debts were all paid off to turn it over to the Medical College. That was voted by the entire General Conference down here that that thing should be done with it. They got that trust from the General Conference. They were instructed to do it, and turned it over. The debt was to be held in trust for the Medical College by the Medical Missionary Board. It had not got so far as that. The trustees hold it still in trust—the International Medical Missionary Training School Association. That was the name of that Board that held it, and they paid off part of the debt. They sent Brother Lane for two years all over the country to raise money, and he raised in in the name of the Medical College. I heard him standing in the name of the Medical College and plead with the people to give some money to the Medical College—the Medical College. The Medical College had educated so many doctors, had sent out
so many doctors, told all about the work of the different sanitariums carried on by doctors graduated from the Medical Missionary College. He begged the people to give some money for it. How many of you heard those pleas? A whole lot of you did. Money was raised. I have not been able to find out just how much. I think it was about twenty thousand dollars. Prof. Hogan said it was about twenty thousand dollars, and I think it was in that vicinity. I got different estimates, but I know the debt was cut down a good many thousand dollars, and that amount of money belonged to the American Medical Missionary College—nobody can doubt it. And I said when this debt was transferred this amount of money that has been raised for the medical missionary college, belongs to the college, and this property should never be transferred and given away without that being recognized. Now that is an equity. It is no sinch at all. If a sinch is what Brother Jones says—
I have never been a Western cow-boy, so I don't know—it was not that kind of thing at all,—a thing you got on to and pull and pull and squeeze more out of it; that is a sinch. A thing you can get on and pull something out, pull a little harder and get some more. This was no such thing at all. It was just simply an equity: stood right there, just a marble statute stands up, and you see it there and you can't get away from it.

A.T. Jones: If not a single dollar has been paid, to say nothing at all of equity, the thing would have held, for the records were such that no court in the world would have let it go. I don't care what you heard. I know you have heard a good deal. I know you have heard a good deal of misrepresentation. I have the record from beginning to end, and when the time comes I will present to you the records; and the records, that is what holds; not what people say nor what people think; but when they change their opinions the records will hold a man to the bargain, even though they do change their opinions.

J.H. Kellogg: You must not call it a sinch. There is nothing of the sort. As I said, there was an equity. Money had been raised to go to the Medical College. Is there any reason why any set of men should
dispose of money belonging to the Medical College without consulting the Medical college. The Training School Association that held that property were asked to deed that to the General Conference, and they proceeded to do it. When I knew they were going to do it I went up to the room where they were doing it, and I said, I protest against this proceeding. This Medical College building is owned in part by the Medical College. A little money has been raised for these buildings. The Medical College has an equity that must be recognized. I was treated as though I were an interloper and had no business there. (The secretary was told not to put down in his minutes anything I said, but nevertheless the facts stood there, and it could not be gotten rid of by any such means as that, and when that matter came up the General Conference had possession of it, came here and undertook to negotiate, began to sell off the property. Judge Arthur said to them it was not in their power to sell it. He was their attorney. He told them they could not sell it because it was a trust, and the only thing they could do after they had gotten through with it (they had the deed of it; that deed was a trust deed, was not an ordinary warranty deed, but a fee simple; it was a trust deed, and really the only thing deeded to them was a deed; they and the only thing they could do was to go out raise the money and pay off that debt, and turn the whole thing over to the Medical College. That was the thing they get. Instead of being a valuable property it was a burden instead of a benefit. They realized that for a time, so that was the actual facts about it. So they said, Why the best thing to do is to sell it, and they named a price, which we thought was right: we did not ask them for one cent less. Brother Jones will give you the whole facts about that at another time. If you have the least bit of doubt in your mind about it, you ought to go into the whole thing and understand it.

I want to say I have not taken very much time in this family in explaining things. There have been less than half a dozen occasions in the entire history of this controversy when I have had anything to say.
about it. I have kept still. I have sometimes let out a green. Sometimes I have said things that would have been wiser if I had not said. I pray the Lord all the while to help me to keep still, to be patient, and to hide His time; and I am trying to do that now, but you are my colleagues, and we are here, our work is at stake. Your honor is involved in it, and it is right you should ask any question you want to ask, and that you should have the fullest information: and I want to say there is not a thing in this institution that every single one of you is not entitled to know all about. There is not a single transaction of this institution, or that the Board has ever made, that you have not the perfect right to inquire into and to know all the facts about; and if you want to do it, you can easily do so. This institution is a State institution. We have every single year to send out a report to the Secretary of State. We could not cover up anything if we wanted to. We are liable to have an officer come here and investigate all our affairs any day. Last year an officer came down from Lansing, an expert, and spent two months going into all our accounts and all our affairs to inspect every thing to see all of our transactions. An officer came here, took the Board records, and the records of our Board meetings, he took them to the hotel with him and spent two or three days reading them all through. I want to tell you, my friends, we are subject to inspection; and I want to tell you another thing: Twenty years ago at a Board meeting I said to our Board, Now then, we must do nothing in this institution, in these board meetings, that we would not be willing to say publicly in the community. So we are willing. The Press publishes many things it would better not publish, and has published many things that were particularly offensive to us, and a great many things that didn't happen; but we decided there that not anything could go on in this institution that could not appear in the Press without any discredit to us. I do not say we have not made mistakes, but I am sure there has been an honest purpose on the part of the trustees and managers of this institution to do the things the promoters of the
institution set out to do, and they are named here in the Articles of Incorporation as the thing we must do if we do anything at all.

G.W. Morse: Who bought the college property?—Who was the owner, who holds the deed of the Medical College?

J.H. Kellogg: The Medical Missionary College bought it.

Voice: I am among the number of those who really appreciate the Battle Creek institution. I am glad to say I was among the many who were down to the Tabernacle and heard the Testimonies read, the Testimony read that the young people should cut loose, cut loose. This question comes to my mind. I have to ask you this question straightforward. You say you believe the Testimonies, and the Testimonies say cut loose, cut loose: what would you advise us to do?

J.H. Kellogg: Cut loose. Is there any other question?

P.S. Edwards: You say there has not been any change in the status since you have known the institution.

J.H. Kellogg: No sir. None since it was started except what I have told you. James White converted that institution from a money-making concern into a philanthropic and charitable institution, and that is the only change that has ever been made in the establishment.

P.S. Edwards: If the institution is on the original basis, the basis it was established on in the first place, why does not the Lord say that in order to put it on vantage ground that it should be put on the original basis?

J.H. Kellogg: I am not going to explain what the Lord says. I am not going to try to. When I read my Bible I believe the Bible,—the word the Lord has sent to me, and I will just get out of it all I can. I will ask the Lord to interpret that to me so I can understand it. I read the Testimonies in just the same way.

H. Nicoll: I would like to know whether that is stated as the brother said.

J.H. Kellogg: I never heard it stated before. He says it was
stated. I don't know. I never have received anything of that sort myself.

P.S. Edwards: It is stated. I have seen it myself.

J.H. Kellogg: I have not seen it.

R.A. Hart: If the institution is placed back on its original foundation, would it not have to be placed back on a dividend paying basis?

A.T. Jones: Sure.

J.H. Kellogg: I will tell you how that was sent to me, how I should interpret it for myself. There was a time when this institution was all alive with missionary enthusiasm. When this institution was just brimming over with missionary enterprise and enthusiasm; when the men and women who worked here were praying with their patients, nurses were praying with their patients in their bath room, talking earnestly with their patients about their soul's salvation; when every Friday night, and two or three times during the week there would be excursions of helpers out around the town we had a going out to the country school houses; and Andrus mission down down and Brother Butler hunted up the poor fellows who had no home. Then at night when it was dark he would go up and pray a sweet little prayer into these ears and help them to find God. My friends, that is the original basis of this institution. If the Lord will only help us to get that original earnest Christian holy spirit, if he will help us to get that thing here, I am willing anything should happen to me. I don't care what happens to me. just as far as the Lord makes clear to me the thing I have done wrong in connection with this institution, with the Lord's help I will make it right with all my might as quick as I can. I accept everything the Lord has sent to me as a message. I accept the situation that has come in here. The Lord has brought it for my good, for my benefit, and with the Lord's help I am going to get all the good I can out of it; and I have no desire whatever to dodge anything, to shield myself from anything, to deny anything, to oppose anything. I accept the situation as it is; and what God has sent I accept it, and will understand it as far as I can. As fast as the Lord shows
me how I can correct my faults I will correct them and ask him to help me. Pray for me.

Dr. Paulson: "God's people are to place the Sanitarium in Battle Creek on vantage ground. I can not tell you how, but I know that just as soon as the Holy Spirit shall come upon hearts there will be unity in voice and understanding, and wisdom will be given." Is not that just the thing the Doctor has been talking about? Is not that the real experience we have been longing to have in our hearts? Seek ye first these things, and the other things will be added: wisdom will be given, to the humblest helper as well as the manager; and the humblest helper needs it just as much as the man who stands in the highest responsibility today. God calls us to seek him. That is what I am asking. That is the thing that will correct our troubles and make everything else. For two thousand years men have been treating symptoms. It is just the same as spiritual affects. You can get up enthusiasm about symptoms, about financial policies and issues, but when you get down to the individual man, he has got to be right. That is not the thing there isn't much enthusiasm about. Brothers, that is what has got to be done with every individual here, and the men and women who are not engaged in that today is not doing anything for this institution. It is only the men and women who are carrying out this instruction, they are the only ones in this institution who are getting any light about it. When you take every Testimony that has been sent, and say That means me, although somebody else's name may be mentioned, that means me to just the extent I am steeped in that thing; then that man will find out he is the chief of sinners, then he will be able to help other sinners. The man who knows himself to be the chief of sinners, he will go out and find other people who are the chief of sinners. Won't you begin that tonight? Let God's power come in here and place this thing on vantage ground.

H.C. Butler: I would like to say a few words before this meeting closes. I was connected with this work of which Dr. Kellogg spoke tonight,
and I remember a day, much like this day, about six or seven years ago, when two or three workers from this institution with hearts aflame for God, started a work in this town—the mission work to which the doctor referred. I don't know how many of you have heard of the old Arnold Mission, an old saloon. It was a "hard joint" as the boys call it; one of the worst places in the State of Michigan perhaps. Mr. Arnold was accused of murdering his son. The place was shut up, and he was standing trial for his life. And that place lay idle for a while, and I found that the place was in the hands of the City Bank here, and I went to Mr. Alwood and asked him if we could have it for that purpose. Mr. Alwood says, Take it for as long as you like it, or until we need it. We went down there, a day something like this—a dark rainy day in winter. Two or three of us went down there, got a lantern, and went down into the cellar of that place, and all up through it; it has four floors in it; and it was an awful mass of sin and filth and corruption; even blood was upon the walls. And I remember that very night with these persons—I could not call their names, some of them are gone far away from here—two or three knelt down in that place and dedicated it to God, and dedicated our lives to God for service, and that place was a beacon in this city for some time. After a while the bank wanted it, and other missions were started that have been run in this town constantly until a little while ago, some two or three years ago, this mass of fault finding (I don't know what to call it) settled upon us and my heart was chilled, and for three years since I have been back I have not done one thing in the mission. I say it tonight to my shame. This thing has been surging over me and through my heart until I have not known hardly where I was. I wonder whether there was anything to the whole business or not. This very afternoon with one brother, I did believe he is in the room tonight—I said to him let us go and see if we can not revive this thing; and we went down, looked at half a dozen places, and finally we went up into one place, found a door we could get in, perhaps the only place we could find available now, a dirty place,
it is not the kind of place we want, and we bowed there this very day, only a few hours before this meeting, we bowed there and dedicated this place to God. I see myself a connection—I never thought of this meeting tonight, never knew anything about it until I reached home. I see some connection my friends, my brothers and sisters, I see some connection, and I believe the time has come now for us, not in this little mission alone, it will do something perhaps, but it is time for us to put away this fault-finding, to get into communion with God; and when we get into communion with Him we shall be in communion with one another: and I feel tonight that I want to dedicate myself to his service. I can recall at this time, I think I could, a dozen men who once were on safe ground, who had been reclaimed from lives of sin and were standing on safe ground; but I heard of one of them just a little while ago who is dying in the Poor House. The props were let out before he was fully on his feet, he did not have strength enough to withstand the temptations of the enemy, and down he went. Who is to blame? I know one man who is to blame. God wants us to be a light. He wants this institution to be a light; and there is not one thing you can bring from the Testimonies, you can read them from one end to the other, not one word against it as long as we will do the work. It is the stepping of it, it is allowing these other things to come in: these are the things God reproves us for, and he reproves us justly. I take these testimonies, I do not understand them all; I will frankly say it. I take these testimonies to myself, and I am as guilty as any man, and I say tonight, God helping me, I will give my life to Him, I will consecrate it to Him and ask Him to take it; and I do not believe we will have any trouble with the testimonies nor any trouble with the brethren. Come come along. Let us arise. Let us pray for the filling of the Holy Spirit, and let us all be a light in the world.


Eld. Jacob Sturman. I want to say a word on the influence of this institution. Six weeks ago I came from Ft. Wayne. I knew a man-
there by the name of Cooper who is traveling for stereoptical views. He was called to go to a mission in Cincinnati, and he said to me The moment that they proposed it to me you were on my mind to yoke up with me. And we went to meeting one night together. Brother Ferguson preached. Brother Cooper had come home on Sunday. The Lord made him leave Cincinnati and come home at once.

He got up in the meeting and said the Lord impressed him Sunday morning to take the train and come home. Dr. Ferguson took advantage of the statement to reprove him for traveling on Sunday—on the Sabbath, and he says I didn't come home on the Sabbath, Dr. Ferguson; I didn't come home on the Sabbath. He says I came home on Sunday, and Sunday is not the Sabbath. The seventh day is the sabbath day. And I felt quite encouraged to yoke up with him in the mission work. I spoke to Brother Cooper, and I said, There did you get that? He says I was at the Sanitarium for a few weeks and I saw the doors closed on Saturday, and I wanted to know what it means, and I began to inquire. Don't you see what it means to have the business closed on the Sabbath? It is an example. Beloved, the last five or six weeks I have been yoked up together in mission work, and I want to tell you when you get right with God you will get a longing to get the other man right; you want to get hold of the guilty one. And I want to tell you tonight I thank the Lord for these Testimonies that have been read. I have not heard them, but I understand the subjects named out in the Testimonies. O how my heart longs to help people! Then God has been sending men and women to help.

I was going home last Friday, but I was to have one more public meeting.

Sunday morning I went to the jail, and O I wish you could see how men sought God and found perfect deliverance in God that quick—because they gave themselves wholly to God. O let us get right with God. Let us confess our sins. Let us get down and look to him, and then O what a longing we should have to get the other man right. Then O what love we will have in our hearts. We will feel like putting our arms around them and helping them
to get right instead of condemning them and getting them down there.

A.T. Jones: I think that doubtless we should close the meeting now. It is seven minutes of eleven. But as I said a while ago in answer to some questions here, the case of the college property and the ownership of that, I have the records from the beginning to the end on that as they were made at the time,—the legal official records, and when I get an occasion, which I hope to have before very long, I will announce it and you can all know it. I understand some folks are going away, and I should like very much for these people not to go away on merely hearing one side of the story. The records tell it without any report or any representation, but give exactly what it is, and we ought to give all an opportunity to know what the records say; so when you go I want you to go with no prejudiced notion, and no biased opinion, but that you should know the exact situation as it is in the records, which are wholly unquestionable.