

forcing a full quart of warm water into the *colon*, obtaining a still more encouraging discharge. Though cheered by my success, this was only a bagatelle to the ideal I had sketched in my imaginary triumph over anatomical obstacles to aid nature in her work of restoring and protecting health, and of prolonging human life.

I knew enough of human experience to remember that athletes could accomplish wonderful things by the gradual education of their physical powers up to the winning point, but that the achievements thus easily reached in time would have been a total impossibility at the start. Hence, while determined for the final result, I resolved to feel my way and act with an eye to due caution and final triumph.

Accordingly, two evenings thereafter, I resumed my task, measuring out two quarts of water, warm enough to be comfortable to the hand, and to increase its lubricating quality I added a little soap. Owing to this increased quantity it required a still greater effort to inject it, particularly in forcing it past the *sigmoid flexure* or first bend in the *colon*, just above the rectum. (See Plate.) But after this had been passed, the operation became comparatively pleasant and was accompanied with no sensation of pain.

This time I made an effort to hold the water for some minutes which required considerable exertion and exercise of will power; but I soon learned that the longer I retained the water the less inclined was it to break away after which I let it discharge at my leisure, with a copious relief of the abdominal pressure.

I thus felt that I was becoming master of the situation and that my triumph over my trouble was at hand, as this last heroic effort had produced such reaction as to make a decided improvement in my general feelings. I had given myself up entirely to this desperate departure, and the whole outside world, with all its cares and attractions, was as nothing in my mind compared to the result of this revolutionary enterprise.