

Increased Weight 22 Pounds Says Sergeant Campbell

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Guardsmen, Puts on Flesh
At Rapid Rate.



"I got the trial package of Sargol and was very much pleased with it," states Quartermaster Sgt. Campbell of the 1st Kentucky Infantry, who sends us the photo above. He reports that by the time he was on the fourth package his weight had increased 22 lbs., and that he felt like another fellow.

"When I began to take Sargol," writes R. T. Stevens, "I only weighed one hundred thirty-nine pounds. Now my weight has increased to 151 lbs. Everybody says I am getting so fat."

"I never felt better in my life since I have been taking Sargol. The first two weeks I gained 10 lbs. and am gaining every day. Sargol makes me eat and sleep, and I don't get up with a tired feeling any more," writes J. C. Weaver, and N. D. Sanderson adds, "when I started Sargol I weighed 147 lbs., and now I weigh 160 lbs. Everybody is telling me how fat you have got in the last month."

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Eating for Efficiency

By William Brady, M.D.

WHAT to eat was a problem for the first amoeba floating in the primeval sea. Whether to ingest a tempting microbe or a microscopic crystal worried the amoeba, just as it worries you and me whether we ought to tackle a second helping of home-made pie or plead a pressing engagement. The microbe occasionally proved too much for the greedy amoeba, and the pie—

Be it distinctly understood that we are not offering dietetic advice to invalids. If perchance you harbor in your midst a precious mine of gallstones or a chronic appendix grumble or any other frankly surgical entity, then the suggestions laid down in these paragraphs are not for you. We are dealing here with the question of food for the healthy.

The nutritive value of pie has been sufficiently established by competent authorities. It only remains to digest the pie. When one finds himself in a position where it is imperative that he shall take his chances with a quarter section for the sake of the peace and honor of the home, the following manoeuvre will be effective. Let him excuse himself and retire to the privacy of his room where, divested of all restraining garments, he may do a boa-constrictor glide flat on his stomach. Fifteen minutes a day devote to this simple pastime prevents post-prandial remorse.

One of the most potent causes of "indigestion"—excluding, now, unsuspected organic disease within the abdomen—is a kink or, as the doctors say, "ptosis," that is, dropping of organs due to our upright posture. The logical relief for distress from this cause is the resumption of the horizontal position of our remote ancestors; or better still, turning somersaults or standing on our heads, if we are equal to the exertion. For timid sufferers a half hour's rest in a prone position with chest low and hips elevated is a first rate substitute. All of this may sound freakish to the uninitiated; I myself laughed at the idea when I first heard of it; now I am passing it along for the benefit of mankind and the discomfiture of some of my professional colleagues.

One of the great pleasures of being a doctor is that of ridiculing popular notions about diet, health, and hygiene. We call these popular ideas, which we ourselves presented to the people a generation or so ago, "delusions," and every doctor is entitled to shatter his share of them. The pie proposition I shall pass unlabelled, and enter upon the job of smashing a genuine delusion.

Bare-legged and breathless, a sturdy youngster endowed with abundant freckles and a cast-iron stomach, sought his Commander-in-Chief. "Ma," he asked, "please, kin I have a slice o' bread 'n' butter 'n' sugar on?" To Johnnie it was a solemn moment.

"You may have some bread and butter, but no sugar," compromised his mother firmly but tenderly. She was a mother of the old school and believed that anything a child just naturally craves in his diet is bad for him—for that reason.

"Aw, please, Ma—just a teenty bit o' brown sugar like the Barker boys—please!"

But it was no use. Johnnie got a slice of plain baker's goods spread thinly with a fair quality of oleomargarine, along with the stereotyped reminder that sugar makes worms. Later on, being a perfectly normal, moral little chap, he raided the sugar barrel and balanced his rations in accordance with the physiological needs of his tissues. As for Johnnie's mother, she was only enforcing a regimen she had been taught by her mother, who in turn had had it from the old family doctor.

Delusion number one is that sugar and sweets are harmful to young people. As a matter of fact, cane sugar is the most concentrated, nourishing, readily digestible, quickly assimilated inexpensive form in which one can obtain heat and energy. Physiologically it furnishes immediately available energy to the muscles, especially to those of the heart, and is therefore urged upon

patients with weak hearts. Children crave sugar for perfectly natural reasons—their muscles demand its strengthening aid, and their hearts have a tremendous load upon them during the developing years. Brown sugar is preferable, for reasons which will be mentioned later.

It is really surprising to find how little we knew about food values and digestibility before the adoption of the calorie as the unit of measurement, and the modern advances of laboratory physiology. For instance, the standard beef tea of the sick room, formerly considered the very essence of energy, proves on analysis to be little else than a stimulating beverage. Meat broths as a class are incapable of preventing wasting of the body, though they are the most expensive articles of diet the sick room can boast. Animals fed wholly on meat broth will starve to death even more quickly than animals which are fed nothing at all, probably because the stimulation of meat extracts uses up the energy of their tissues too rapidly.

There is really but one way to obtain all the nutritive elements of beef, and that is to eat the beef in fairly good sized particles without much mastication. Meat protein, or nitrogenous food, is insoluble in water or alcohol; therefore how can any broth or proprietary essence of beef nourish the body?

What are the nourishing constituents of "bouillon cubes?" From fifty to seventy-two per cent of the weight of a cube is just common table salt, and from eight to twenty-eight per cent is a mixture of non-nitrogenous extracts, stimulating to the appetite and the flow of gastric juice, but practically devoid of nourishment. To be sure, the more reliable firms only recommend bouillon cubes for the relief of "brain fog" and that tired feeling; yet most people fancy the cubes contain real strength. A cup of home-made broth is far more nourishing if not too finely strained, provided you have the time and the kitchen; if without these essential ingredients, then cubist broth may hit the spot a gentle harmless blow.

On the subject of meat, let us say a word for those earnest, wild-eyed reformers who are living on vegetables. Beginning with Horace Fletcher and Upton Sinclair the list runs all the way down to the Gaekwar of Baroda. Sir William Osler is no vegetarian but he deserves credit for having told us long ago—while he was living in Baltimore, where the quick-lunch is manufactured—that we eat not only too much meat, but too much other food. But Fletcher went him one better, insisting that we not only eat more than our system can economically handle, but we eat it too fast. And Horace Fletcher would make a strange sort of a doctor, for he practices what he preaches.

There is no longer any question of the value of a vegetarian diet for certain chronic disturbances of health. A practically exclusive vegetarian diet may also be best for people in ordinary health who are engaged in sedentary occupations. But the consensus of opinion among dietitians is that a mixed diet is preferable for the average brain worker or muscle worker.

The beneficent influence of temporary or prolonged meat fasts upon the health is generally recognized. We can save ourselves much constitutional delinquency, to say nothing of cold cash, by moderation in meat eating. While I get along as well as could be expected with the butcher, considering what he asks for an edible steak, I am simply voicing the opinion of most family physicians when I say the butcher is prospering altogether too much for the people's health. You will suspect that I owe my butcher a bill—and I do; I owe him more than he ever charges for his goods, because the more meat he sells the more practice I get.

These victims of too much meat eating come with "biliousness," liver complaint, sick headache, etc., and I hate exceedingly to call them gourmands but I simply have to do it. Of

course I don't come right out and say it in so many words; I beat about the bush like a good doctor.

"You don't drink enough water," I suggest for a starter.

"Water? What's that—oh, water, sure—why, I take a glass of water night and morning."

"Take ten glasses a day at least," I order. "Four pints of water is absolutely essential to carry off the impurities from the body each twenty-four hours. You can't expect to feel well unless you drink four pints daily. It may be taken between meals or with meals, just as you like. It will dilute the gastric juice, of course, but that won't bother the pepsin any. Thirst at mealtime indicates that the gastric juice requires dilution."

"Can't you fix me up something for my liver?" the patient inquires disinterestedly.

"Yes, surely"—and I prescribe some conventional palliative. "But your diet needs correction. Have to cut the meat down to three times a week. That may make all the difference, or it may not. We can tell by our chemical analysis when you call again."

And how do I know the patient is consuming too much meat? I make a test. I find the toxic waste products of animal protein—left behind after the digestive ferments in the alimentary canal have given up the job and have been superseded by that indefatigably ally and satellite of senility, the colon bacillus.

Whether you like it or not, the colon bacillus has to be taken into consideration in every discussion of the diet of civilized man. In the alimentary canal meat substance is the favorite pabulum of the ever present colon bacillus, preferably meat substance in a finely divided state or broth. It has been demonstrated that meat in not too finely masticated shreds digests more quickly and is less apt to undergo putrefactive changes by the colon bacillus than soups, broths, or Fletcherized meat—though Fletcher, being a rigid vegetarian, does not advocate the chewing of meat.

Vegetable protein, or the "meat" of beans, peas, rice, wheat, nuts, and cereals generally, digests as easily as animal protein and resists colon bacillus changes much better than animal protein. This explains why we doctors have so little to do with vegetarians as a class.

Recently Pavlov, the Russian physiologist, discovered an entirely new set of facts, bearing on the chemistry of digestion. He found that when a morsel of food is taken into the mouth and well masticated there is produced in the neighboring vessels a chemical substance called "hormone," which is carried by the circulation directly to the stomach wall, where it appraises the cells of the character of the job to be performed. Thus notified by the chemical messenger, the secreting cells proceed to pour out a gastric juice especially adapted to the digestion of the particular variety of food which is being masticated. Meat juice and milk juice, for instance, are widely different in character therefore these two varieties of food should not be taken at the same meal. Meat juice and bread juice, or bread juice and milk juice seem to work in harmony. Pavlov's hormones are intimately concerned in the correlation of the various acts of digestion all the way through the digestive tube; certain of them are already isolated and injected hypodermically in the treatment of digestive diseases. But an interesting point about this is that Horace Fletcher practically reasoned this thing all out before Pavlov discovered the facts through experimentation.

Pavlov has also proved that oil or fat tends to inhibit digestion in the stomach. This element of food is digested wholly in the duodenum anyway. However, it is obvious that olive oil dressing makes the salad stay with you longer; that codliver oil should never, if at all, be given within two hours of a meal; and finally, that little Johnnie's repugnance to castor oil is founded on purely physiological grounds—Johnnie never being more than four hours away from a meal.

X-ray observation of the digestion of a meal which includes a dose of bismuth to render the food visible as it passes through the digestive tract, has upset most of our former cut and dried notions