

What is an Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else neces-

sary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste poisons. Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 385, 280 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Grain Growers' Guide, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?—Advertisement.

faith and love of the young woman faltered. They had been strong enough to penetrate thru the crust of habit and pride to the heart of his mother; they had triumphantly overridden all doubts of an ultimate meeting and of ultimate happiness. The abounding belief of the utter idealist had sustained her and Frederica Carey for eleven years. But now, since she had seen him, only one question agitated her.

"Oh, mother," she whispered, using the name they both loved, "what if—what if he should be married—or anything?" For a second there was something of the selfishness of the unregenerate Frederica Carey in the woman who answered. "It is possible, of course. But at any rate I shall have my boy again." Then she looked at the stricken, tremulous face beside her—the face still lovely with sweet imaginings and high-courage, despite all the years of pain—and her heart relented. "Ah, no, no!" she cried remorsefully. "It could not be, it could not be!"

IV.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the train pulled into Santo Domingo. Theodore Carey, later Carruth, leaped from it before the great wheels had ceased their revolutions. He ran thru the deserted street to a saloon he knew. There he bargained for a horse and was out upon the trail in breathless haste. The men he left behind averred that they would not care to run counter to his wishes that night. "He sure had the devil in his eyes," said one, returning to an interrupted game.

The thirty-mile stretch that lay before him, rough, bare and sandy, he rode like a madman. He talked to himself, to the great stars, to the black expanse above him and the mystery of waste about him.

"I won't have it, I tell you!" he cried. "I won't have it. All these years for this—to lose it all for another man's dishonesty! I won't have it!"

Then he laughed aloud—a laugh that startled the hard-spurred beast beneath him.

"God!" he said. "What an ironist you are! To destroy my chance of restitution for another fool's thieving!"

Still galloping, he planned more quietly. "The fool just got off," he reasoned. "Canon Center won't hear of it until to-morrow morning. There can't be a run on the bank, the doors can't be closed until after that. I'll have my money to-night."

It was five o'clock when he drew rein at an adobe house on the hill at the hither edge of the city. He had ceased his ravings and his bronzed face was set in lines as hard as metal. In answer to his ring a head appeared at a window. It was Rallson's, the cashier of the Copper and Silver Bank of Canon Center.

"Rallson, it's I, Carruth!" said Theodore steadily. "Will you put on something? I want you."

"All right. Wait a minute." Rallson felt as sure of Carruth as he did of himself. In an instant he appeared in the doorway.

"Come to the bank," said Theodore in an even voice. He had the cashier's arm in a grip of steel. "Come quickly and quietly, or I'll kill you!"

The other hand showed a gleam of metal. Rallson nearly dropped dead of shocked surprise. Then he began to sputter. Then he looked at Theodore. Here was a madman, he decided. Wisdom counseled humoring the man until they reached help.

"I want my own money, that's all," declared the madman. "And I must have it before morning. You can learn my balance; you can open the safe. I must get it and be out of here before daybreak."

Rallson tried to think, tried to plan, to reason; but he could not. And then he heard the voice he knew and liked going on with a new note of pleading in it.

"Rallson, you know how I've slaved for it, how I've saved for it. It's mine—made of my muscle and my mind. Well"—Theodore mused, and the half lie had greater effect when it followed—"I came here to hide. You know how straight I've lived; you see that whatever brought me, whatever damned folly or crime, I'm a man now. Well, they're on my trail at last. I've got to have the money and go."

His heart smote him when he thought of the closed doors of the bank, the consternation among the shops and saloons, among the ranches and mines beyond the town. But, after all, his

thousands would avail nothing in that panic. And he would not be cheated of the moment for which he had lived every hour of eleven years.

Rallson looked at him, trusted and liked him as ever, pitied him with quick sympathy.

"I'll do it," he said. "We'll date your order back to yesterday, and that may save me."

Twenty minutes later, on a fresh horse from Rallson's own corral, Theodore had set forth again for Santo Domingo. The next morning the doors of the Copper and Silver Bank of Canon Center were suddenly closed after receiving a telegram from El Paso. In the general confusion Rallson's irregular action of the night before was overlooked. His explanation that Carruth's balance had been withdrawn just before closing time of the day before was not questioned.

V.

At Santo Domingo the two women lost the trail. They did not know for whom to inquire. They did not even dare to describe too closely the person whom they sought. A sudden fear that even now he might not be safe from pursuit had assailed them. The station agent, the hotel people, and the loafers of the town were all ready with garrulous suggestions, but none brought the two any nearer the object of their search.

Christmas, the third day of their pursuit, found them still in the little forlorn town at the edge of the hills.

"It is all my fault," Elizabeth said remorsefully. "You might have been comfortable at Santa Barbara this minute but for me and my craziness. It was probably not Ted at all. And if it was, he's swallowed up out there in that awful desolation that is alike at every point. I'm sorry. When I'm eighty I may have learned to distrust my impulses."

"That was Ted," said his mother simply. "And having seen him, do you think that I could have gone on? You don't know a mother's heart, my dear."

So generous was Elizabeth's nature that it did not even occur to her that Mrs. Carey herself had not known a mother's heart until she, Elizabeth, had uncovered one in the mere organ of circulation with which the older woman had been so long content.

To pass the woful time they went to church—the tawdry, evil-smelling little church of Our Lady of All the Angels. The Soft-eyed Mexicans were there in bright-colored groups, gently sibilant over the waxen image of the toy manger at one side. The sisters from the hospital were there, somber and serene, and a few of the American families had come in.

Mass was nearly half over when Theodore Carey entered the church. He was on his way back and, thanks to a wreck on the direct line to Canon Center, he was going again by way of Santo Domingo. He wanted "to have it out with Rallson" in any way that Rallson demanded. The certified check to the Elburg County Traction Company was speeding due east from El Paso. So was a hopeless letter to Elizabeth Darrell.

What impulse led him to the adobe church with the cracked belfry he did not know. He had not been in such a place since last he had accompanied his mother to the family pew in the white-steeped Congregational Church at Elburg; but some superstition of rendering thanks according to formal rite seized him, and here he was in the back of the tinselly edifice with its bright pictures, its toy manger, and its altar-candles aureoled in the heavily incensed air.

He rose and knelt awkwardly enough with the others. He listened to the simple Spanish sermon with a reverence that he had not expected to feel. It was all of love and forgiveness and of the tenderness of God made manifest in the tender Mother of the Stable—and in all tender mothers, the kind old priest finished by saying.

Theodore smiled a little sadly, a vision of his own outraged mother before him. Still, he understood her better now than on the night when she let him go, unloved, to the expiation of his sin.

There was a murmur across the aisle. He glanced in its direction. He saw a face with hollow eyes—a face transfigured now with a light of great joy, and then, before the wide-eyed Mexicans, he crossed the aisle and took the fragile old figure in his arms. And across his mother's head he gazed, with joy and love too deep, too sure, for questioning the miracle, into the radiant face of Elizabeth Darrell.

Santa Clara

Continued

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