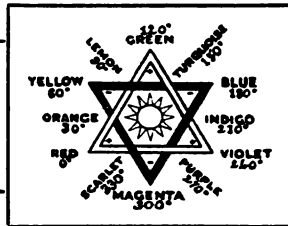


# SPECTRO-CHROME

JANUARY 1923

RED 1923



VOLUME 2

NUMBER 1

Devoted to: Spectro-Chrome Therapy

Dedicated to: Service of Humanity

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**Editor**  
**Dinshah P. Ghadiali**

In course of life you reach a time,  
When Doctor, Lawyer, Priest alike,  
Does fail to give the sought relief,  
To troubled mind or burdened heart—  
Then come to me;  
I help you to help yourself.

SPECTRO-CHROME.

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U. S. America

# Spectro-Chrome Institute

Central Office and Experimental Laboratory  
2401 NORTH BROAD STREET

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

(Numerous Branch Offices)

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey. Authorized for the transaction of business as Foreign Corporation under the Laws of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Maryland, Delaware, New Hampshire, etc.

## CHARTER

The main objects as set forth in the Charter of the Spectro-Chrome Institute are :

The instruction, advancement and practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the research, development and pursuit of such sciences as may assist in the equipment and application of Spectro-Chrome Therapy or the restoration of the human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium by Attuned Color Waves, without the use of drugs, manipulation or surgery, in accordance with the system conceived, originated, developed and applied by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M.D., D.C., Ph.D., LL.D.

The building, equipping, establishing, conducting and maintaining of schools for the investigation, instruction, demonstration and practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy; also the power to confer and grant the degrees of Spectro-Chrome Therapist, Master of Spectro-Chrome and the like, and to issue diplomas and titles in connection therewith.

The corporation shall also have power to use, manufacture, sell and dispose of, in any way, all means, publications, appliances, instruments or products that may seem fitting or in any way connected with such purposes or objects aforesaid.

## INSTRUCTION

Spectro-Chrome Institute conducts complete *resident* courses in Spectro-Chrome Therapy in a number of cities each season. Each course, comprising 24 discourses, is delivered personally by the Originator of the System with demonstrations and experiments. At the end of the course, students passing the examination are granted Diplomas.

There are *no* correspondence courses.

Spectro-Chrome Institute creates no "Doctors," and its graduates have nothing to do with "the Practice of Medicine." Its motto is:

NO DRUGS—NO MANIPULATION—NO SURGERY.

## PERIODICAL

Spectro-Chrome Institute through its own printing plant, publishes a lively monthly magazine, SPECTRO-CHROME, edited on broad and progressive principles, by its President, the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy. It is an absolutely fearless, independent, unbiased publication, ever ready to enunciate the Truth, without restriction or reserve, for the service of humanity.

## EQUIPMENTS

Spectro-Chrome Institute manufactures all the Equipments and Supplies for the practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art.

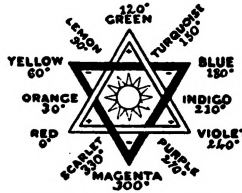
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Devoted to the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art  
**SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY**  
 Restoration of the Human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium  
 (Treatment of Dis-eases) by  
**ATTUNED COLOR WAVES**

No Drugs - No Manipulation - No Surgery  
 Conceived, Originated, Developed, Applied and Copyrighted, 1920, by  
 Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M.D., D.C., Ph.D., LL.D., &c.  
 Metaphysician and Psychologist

### FRONT AREAS

SPECTRO-CHROME SYSTEM

- 1 - FACE
- 2 - NECK
- 3 - THYROID
- 4 - LEFT BREAST
- 5 - RIGHT BREAST
- 6 - SPLEEN
- 7 - LIVER
- 8 - STOMACH
- 9 - ABDOMEN
- 10 - PELVIS
- 11 - GENITALS
- 12 - THIGHS
- 13 - LEGS
- 14 - ARMS
- 22 - FEET

.....  
 IMPORTANT DIRECTIONS  
 .....  
 a....The Attuned Color Waves should be applied to the bare skin; they will be intercepted by covering.  
 b....For "Systemic" treatment, apply the Color Wave to the entire body, both front and back.  
 c....For "Local" treatment, apply the Color Wave to the "Area" designated by the "Number" according to this chart.

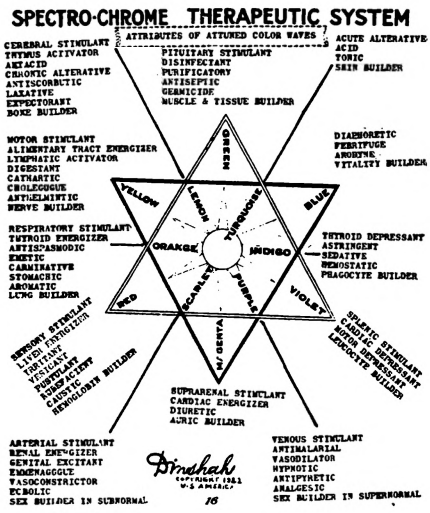
### BACK AREAS

SPECTRO-CHROME SYSTEM

- 15 - ARMS
- 16 - BACK OF HEAD
- 17 - NECK
- 18 - UPPER BACK
- 19 - MIDDLE BACK
- 20 - LOWER BACK
- 21 - CALVES
- 22 - FEET

.....  
 IMPORTANT DIRECTIONS  
 .....  
 a....The Attuned Color Waves should be applied to the bare skin; they will be intercepted by covering.  
 b....For "Systemic" treatment, apply the Color Wave to the entire body, both front and back.  
 c....For "Local" treatment, apply the Color Wave to the "Area" designated by the "Number" according to this chart.

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 Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M.D.  
 DAN. TRADE M. P.



## DINSHAH'S PLATFORM AS ADOPTED BY HIM SINCE 1891

The Boundless Vibratory Ocean of Thought is Essentially Universal and All-pervading; it is the Individualized Monopoly of NO Person, and is the Common Heritage of Humanity's Evolution. thus, what a Development of Unrevealed Ages has given unto Me in the Form of Knowledge in My Present Incarnation is No Distinctive Acquisition of Mine for My Sole Use, Benefit or Elevation, but is All for Thee and Is Thine Without Condition, Without Obligation, Without Expectation. I Fear No One; Only God Above and Conscience Below, and From Them I have Nothing to Fear.

## Attuned Red Wave

(The World Through the Eyes of Dinshah)

### AFRICANS AGAINST VACCINATION

The Negroes of Southwest Africa are uneasy. At Ontjo, compulsory vaccination brought on unrest. In 1904 a step like this resulted in many deaths among the vaccinated population. Now they are fighting the German settlers against a recurrence. The Africans are right; the white population there has no better blood than the native Negro and the Negro needs no vaccination now any more than in ages past. Down with the filth of vaccination! The same with all kinds of serum "therapy."

### CUSTOM MADE KING

E. Alexander Powell, writing in *Harper's Magazine* about the kingdom of Mesopotamia, says:

"In order to give their puppet ruler all the trappings of royalty, the British designed for him a uniform, half Arab and half European; provided him with a court, complete from grooms to grand chamberlain; organized a body-guard of lancers; presented him with a palace, a motor launch, and a fleet of motor cars; raised, drilled and equipped a miniature army, and designed a flag, a set of postage stamps and an order of knighthood. The latter, I was told, was to be called the Order of the Lamp, which, in view of the fact that the country's chief source of revenue is its oil fields, seemed highly appropriate."

This is only one of the new creations. The great war abolished a few big kings and created a number of petty ones. It would be wiser for America to stay where she is instead of butting into European politics and helping the abolition of one kingdom and the creation of some more.

America should be no ally of any king or kingdom; distant friendship, but positively no political entanglements.

### ANOTHER HORROR

Now comes a report that an international committee appointed by the League of Nations is working to standardize serums for the treatment of pneumonia, meningitis, diphtheria, and the like. Is the League of Nations a political body or a League of Doctors? I sincerely hope and wish the United States of America stays away forever from this infernal messpot.

### FOOD OR JUNK?

Fifteen meat dealers in Allegheny, Luzerne, Montour and Lawrence Counties were arrested by agents of the Bureau of Foods of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture and fined. They sold "meat" composed of slaughter house refuse and stale scraps of meat, treated with Sulphur Dioxide. This "meat" could not then be detected from "genuine, high grade" meat. When will the people wake up to the extinction of butchery? Read the *Armour* article in this issue by Kashmira and judge yourself.

### SPECTRO-CHROME SLIDES, SOLUTIONS, AND SOME STORMS

#### Let Us Clear the Air for 1923

During the second and third weeks of November, 1922, I visited Washington, D. C. once and Baltimore, Md. twice. The local organizations in both places are going along well. The Baltimore section has the strong support of the Maryland Academy of

Sciences and is in charge of Henry Sisco, M.D., S.C.T., with Frank Kaufman, S.C.T., as President, and William S. Arnold, M.Sc., S.C.T., as Vice-President. The Washington Class is presided over by Horace B. Coblentz, M.D., S.C.T.

The reception was warm at both the places and I thank them for their kind words and generous spirit. As elsewhere, I received the same pet complaint and the same suggestions. It was in regard to the slides. The following communication from William S. Arnold, S.C.T., was subsequently received and will explain the trouble, which is now producing much discontent and about which it is necessary that I must clear their minds. He says:

"Your policy of but one set of slides to each equipment is splendid, but not for the practitioner. To be able to give the uninterrupted treatments necessary for the best results and to be available to his patients at all times, in other words properly to serve them, the practitioner must have an extra equipment. Often, especially when he is building his practice and is in greatest need of giving service, he cannot afford an extra equipment, for which he would probably have no immediate use.

"Besides, I can see no especial reason for the necessity of extra slides for the practitioners, altho this would be very desirable. However, I do believe that your representatives should have extra slides (sets) available for the therapists of their districts. These representatives would, of course, give out the slides only to those who returned complete sets, thus replacing broken sets of slides in a few hours instead of several days, as is now the case.

A further precaution would be to etch on each slide of a set, with hydrofluoric acid or the so-called "Diamond Ink," the serial number of the set. This would be a very simple

matter and would assure you and your representatives that the slides being returned would be all of the same set. It is a regrettable fact that there are some dishonest people, but it would be a reflection on no one to trust only your representatives, who could be placed under bond. Besides I believe with your knowledge of people you are most capable of picking the right men.

"The present policy is inductive of great dissatisfaction and, possibly, dishonesty. Practitioners who, if they could get slides locally would gladly turn in their slides for a new set at once, now patch and patch, and I know of instances when they have tried to make their own slides. This practice most certainly does not reflect to the credit of Spectro-Chrome.

"This is written in line with your request for constructive criticism and I have been perfectly frank in stating my mind. I trust you will accept these suggestions in the spirit in which they are given. That I have the success of Spectro-Chrome at heart is amply shown. I believe, in my efforts and endeavors as an officer of the Maryland Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists and in my part in organizing that body. We have opposition here and are doing our "bit" which while not spectacular is beginning to bear fruit.

"This is a personal communication, intended as a suggestion toward better co-operation and understanding and is an effort to help correct a condition which, I believe, must be unsatisfactory to yourself as well as to most of the practitioners who are unable to afford more than one equipment.

"As to an article for the Spectro-Chrome Magazine, I shall be glad to write anything of especial interest to the therapists at large, but believe that the usual success which is attendant with the routine use of Spectro-Chrome is too well known and that detailed reports would be superfluous."

While I am highly appreciative of the criticism of our good friend, I have to inform him and all others that at the present stage it is impossible to follow the outlined suggestions about the slides. The whole foundation of Spectro-Chrome Therapy is the five slides correctly matched to produce the proper degree twelve color waves. My past experiences with human dishonesty and especially with the inhuman dishonesty of a number of my own graduates has compelled me to keep my policy unchanged on this matter. One man foisted on me in a package four slides for five, another believes it needs no matching of slides and tells his hearers they may use any old color as long as they "look" right, a third cuts my slides in two and makes two "equipments," a fourth builds my slides into ceiling equipments according to his conceptions of the technique, a fifth makes his own "color slides" a foot square, a sixth hoaxes his patients by telling them he has other waves better than Spectro-Chrome and uses a "Lavender Wave" with other combinations and so forth. How can my kind representatives guard against such contingencies? Besides, if I start doing business as suggested, my corporation records would have to be separately analyzed for each different State and more State Taxes and Fees would accrue. My bookkeeping would be complicated further; legal fights would start with the dishonest ones to guard the honest; through the mistakes of some unwary and good-hearted confiding representative a mix-up might occur in slides and a clash might spring up between me and my representative. All this *must* be avoided until the suffering public learns to know the genuine from the non-genuine. There is no solution for this. I cannot make all people honest and while they are not honest, I *must* guard the situation by maintaining rigidly the policy of One Set of Slides With One Equipment, No Spare Set To Any Person and No Replace-

ment of Broken Slides Without Receipt Of The Complete Original Set. This rule has no exception, Spectro-Chrome Institute has no exception and I have no favoritism of any kind. My two eyes see equally.

But, I must be fair to the practitioner; how can I do so?

I have now installed a "Used Equipment Department." The busy practitioner who needs immediate relief from this tense situation may take advantage of it; at a reduced price he may secure a complete set of original slides with a spare equipment. These equipments, are serviceable in every way and are mostly "Exchange Equipments." Generally, I have a few of each kind on hand, which I cannot sell as "New Equipments" and which are offered at two-thirds the price of complete New Equipments. I have no other solution at present and if anyone will offer further suggestions by which I can smooth the uphill path of the pioneer Spectro-Chrome Therapist I am open to listen. Do not grumble uselessly; I am guarding Spectro-Chrome Institute, Spectro-Chrome Therapy, Spectro-Chrome Therapist and the Spectro-Chrome Patient equally. In this particular respect, my personal responsibility to the suffering public is grave and I *know* it. Therefore, until some better solution offers itself, until my limited resources improve sufficiently to maintain in different states and cities specially trained representatives who can be adequately compensated for all the time and trouble necessary to spend on this kind of unprofitable work, *I cannot and will not change* my policy. You will have to put up with some inconvenience perhaps now, but friends, time will prove that I did the best in the interests of human service. If I stumble the least now in the infancy of this latest revelation in the Healing Art, I would be a traitor to the cause and the heavy duties attached to it.

Now while I am at it, I wish to open my heart to you a little. Many and many a scandalous tongue is wagging adversely about my "peculiar" methods of teaching and business. Look at the results accomplished in less than three years however and judge. I am human and just as fallible; I am in many respects even *very* human, but, a man who has the composite functions of a researcher, originator, teacher, commercializer and fighter to perform single-handed against a granite wall faced with steel lined with the ingrafted prejudices of ages of notions behind it, all without outside financial or other support of any character must not expect anything different from the world. The irony of the situation is that because I expect nothing, get nothing and take nothing (except grumbles), some of the "friends" who supported me and my cause turned against me. Why? Because, I politely let them know that while I am open to reason and suggestions, I mean to run my business on my own methods and as I think fit. They are told repeatedly that I take no personal gifts; yet, they persistently send me gifts (I call them material junk) and when they are returned they feel "offended."

Say friends, if you love me and my Spectro-Chrome cause, will you oblige me by refraining from this eternal nonsense of gifts and presents? You will be appreciated and valued more if you use my Therapy and help my human mission, but please do not seek to entangle me into acknowledging and responding to social presents and gifts, whose acceptance I swore off nearly thirty years ago.

Others, need a different request. They write me about matters not pertaining to the subjects in question and expect me to answer promptly. They just forget that outside of answering mail I have complex duties to perform. I would like to oblige them, but, they must abide by my convenience and leisure, of which I have none to spare.

They brand me with laxity and negligence. Far from my mind it is to neglect well-wishers, but please, friends, be patient. I have only a small staff of devoted helpers and the overhead expenses are very heavy compared to the receipts. The following will show you some of our *actual* figures for 1922 as submitted to the Federal Government:

#### Receipts

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| Instruction ..... | \$11,576.84 |
| Equipments .....  | 26,726.16   |
| Literature .....  | 1,037.28    |
| Bulbs .....       | 545.25      |
| Slides .....      | 470.00      |
| Total .....       | \$40,355.53 |

Here is the other side.

#### Expenses

|                             |             |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| Raw materials .....         | \$12,711.65 |
| Salary of employees ....    | 8,210.39    |
| Rent of various classes ..  | 6,599.24    |
| Sundry, depreciation etc    | 2,912.95    |
| Travelling and railroad...  | 2,507.79    |
| Express charges .....       | 816.30      |
| Printing .....              | 727.02      |
| Advertising .....           | 646.84      |
| Stationery .....            | 594.60      |
| Insurance of all kinds .... | 506.96      |
| Postage .....               | 406.00      |
| Commissions .....           | 410.48      |
| Corporation taxes .....     | 301.25      |
| Telephone .....             | 223.76      |
| Coal .....                  | 204.10      |
| Legal fees .....            | 153.85      |
| Electricity .....           | 145.78      |
| Gas .....                   | 84.13       |
| Total .....                 | \$38,163.09 |

This leaves a margin of only \$2,192.44 as apparent "net profit." Add to these items of expenses, additions and betterments, reserves for research and expansion and such other necessary and vital provisions and—what about this humble servant of yours? Where is his compensation, where is the provision for his rainy day? Who will provide his future? He gets no salary and lives on—well, you find out your-

self!

Bless your generous heart, O beloved friend, Spectro-Chrome Therapy has come to stay for the blessing of the world, and be proud that you are destined as a chosen pioneer in this truly

great labor of human love. Blame me not for my failings only, but, support with your courageous moral help Spectro-Chrome Institute and its work and the Powers on High Whom we all serve will take care of its future.

Tathastu! Amen!!!

## Attuned Lemon Wave

(Medicine, Surgery, Science, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, Philosophy)

### HOW WORRY AFFECTS THE BRAIN

By CARL F. W. WALTER, M.D.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine from recent discoveries just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain disease, that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone.

The theory is a simple one—so simple that anyone can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain being the nutritive centre of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some dis-ease of these organs or a combination of them arises, death finally ensues. Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many other dis-eases, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a simple, constant, never-lost idea, and, as dropping water over a period of years will wear a groove into a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points,

which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort, the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a stop or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the worrying idea, the maddening thought, that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing—diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms that are so minute that they can be seen only under the microscope.

### THE VOICE OF THE DEEP

By IRA L. KEPPELING, M.D.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Again and again as I listened to the message of Spectro-Chrome Therapy from the lips of Dr. Dinshah P. Ghadiali, I wondered exactly how many of the students, who, like myself, took his course of lectures *really* saw what was back of all this effort on his part.

The surface thinker can see naught but a new system of therapeutics, another school of thought or "pathy" to add to the success of a doctor in curing the aches, pains and sickness of his patients.

To me this is the most distressing portion of this great teacher's work. Great as may be the blessings to mankind from this new healing method, greater than all is the majesty of the Power that lies at its root, for it is "Prana" itself in one of the higher manifestations.

Brother, Sister, forget the narrowness of your previous religious training and behold God everywhere manifesting. Let not the chains of narrow worm-eaten dogmas and creeds longer hold you intolerant to a message brought you from the Masters of Wisdom. You are sending missionaries to far away Asia to carry a message of the good and noble Nazarene Jesus; you expect them to listen to its call. The Orient has now sent you one who has tested and proved the age-old truths of Man's Inner Self. He has demonstrated every step of these Occult Truths by the only language you can yet understand; that of hard concrete material demonstrations. Is he not fully entitled to a careful thought on your part—of yet to you greater mysteries? The Soul and its pilgrimage is charted for your own guidance into a fuller life of usefulness, if you will but apply its absolute laws.

You have looked upon this therapy and its "Colored Lights" doubting, but have proved its merits. Yet, few, I believe, have even a faint conception of really what is accomplishing your "cures." Back of each so-called "At-tuned Color Slide" is a Law,—an Act,—a Force—which materialistic *science* cannot know or never will be able to reduce to a *reason*, for it can only be touched when we have gone beyond Reason.

Now, you saw the first Light of Truth glimmering from the open door of the great Temple of Soul. Why not make happy this sacrificial teacher's life by going deeper into the messages he has waiting for the sincere seeker who will gladly crucify the Self, that the glories of inner unfoldment

may come?

There is a parable of a wood-cutter and a Sage that illustrates the point.

In a village in India lived a poor wood-cutter. Day by day he went into the surrounding forest and each evening brought branches of trees to the city, which selling for a few coins supported his family. In this way, the poor man labored for years. One evening as he emerged from the forest with a heavy load of wood upon his back he met a Sage, who, seeing the miserable condition of the wood-cutter, said, "My good man, why do you not go farther into the deep recesses of the forest?" The poor wood-chopper replied, "Why, sir, I get enough wood here; what is the use of going farther into the unknown forest?" But the wise Yogi replied, "Go farther into the forest." Then each went his separate way.

The words of the Sage kept ringing in the poor man's ears. Next day, remembering the words of the Holy One, he went deeper and found sandalwood. Mentally thanking the Sage, he took away a large bundle of the wood, which he sold for a high price.

The next day, with the Sage's advice to go deeper, he went farther into the depths of the forest, where he found copper. Gathering together all he could carry, he returned to receive more money than he ever hoped for. Remembering the Sage's advice "to go deeper" he went on and found farther a silver mine, which made him rich. Next month, he went past all the previous places and found a gold mine; then, realizing the wisdom of the Sage, he pushed yet farther into the depths, found a mine of diamonds and precious stones and became very wealthy.

The advice of all great teachers to you is, *go deeper*; onward, upward toward the mines of Spiritual Diamonds. May the teachings of the above parable become your very own. Onward—*onward*, until you find for

yourself the Gems of greatest price. Then and then only can you *fully* understand *why* Spectro-Chrome Ther-

apy came to you as a message, bidding you become *one* with the *Great Essence of Light*, The Central Sun.

## Attuned Green Wave

(Spectro-Chrome Therapy, Spectro-Chrome Therapists)

### ARE MEDICAL MEN AND WOMEN "DOCTORS?"

By EMIL GLEITSMAN, B.S., M.D.,  
S.C.T.,  
Specialist in Natural Healing,  
Chicago, Illinois

Our commercial age has established a lot of mental drilling halls, going under the name of high schools and colleges, some of which specialize in drilling students in medical science so-called and when such students after a time are examined and found drilled enough, so as to repeat, parrot-like, some of the magical formulas of said medical jargon, the drilling time ends and studies are finished in most cases forever, and said medical college or university is empowered to transform such students to "Doctors of Medicine" and with said title transfers them to the very pinnacle of learning and understanding in the High School of Life.

Swelled with the pride of Augustus, this young medical fledgling announces to the suffering world, that he (or she) is ready and fully prepared for its complete cure, if they only will call at the new office. But, is he *really* a "Doctor of Medicine"? Could he (or she) possibly have arrived already at the summit of wisdom and understanding of the healing art? For what does "Doctor of Medicine" really mean? This Latin expression signifies a "Master Teacher" in the intricate art of healing; in other words, anyone acquiring or using the title of "Doctor of Medicine" proclaims himself or her-

self to be not only an ordinary professor, but a Master Teacher, endowed with all the knowledge and experience essential for combating any and all the endless complications of diseases human flesh may be heir to and be perfectly at home in every branch of healing. How absurd to expect such things from a medical chicken! It takes a life-time, and then some, to gain such knowledge and ripe experience with mature judgment, which no short college curriculum can give. Almost anyone can be a "graduate in medicine," but very few of the very elect and most experienced practitioners can ever become "Doctors of Medicine." Most of them die in their own ignorance and inability to heal themselves.

We all know by now, that even under the legal protection of a state license, a doctor of medicine means not more than a salesman or saleswoman for the drug trust, and we also know that "medicine" has as much to do with healing as a mule in a coal pit has to do with the management of a coal mine, for each drug is a small part in the drug business, but has no part in the healing art, for, healing is one of Nature's own processes of life and *comes from within*. Real cures and actual healing cannot be filled in bottles, sold over the counter and handled like any other piece of merchandise. We may commercialize the art of healing and have really done so, but we cannot commercialize healing, or can a medical man or woman be a healer.

What a pretense then, what a camouflage, to proclaim every Tom, Dick and Harry a "Doctor of Medicine!"

Even among the real teachers in medicine, how many are mere copyists and plagiarists, repeating in the class-room what someone else has pretended to know. Would or could a real "master teacher" repeat such medical jargon, as we find in the textbooks, or could he be classified with the modern "medical authorities?" Practically every new medical book issued by them is nothing but a rehash of old or new theories, resurrected opinions, experimental conclusions, which, when seen or read in books, become gospel truths of medical science until discarded again for another set of opinions from another literary aspirant.

Even the best professors and teachers in medical colleges, who ignore and deny the very life principle of soul and spirit in their teachings to medical students, what have they really left of the truth in their medical "science?" All the merchandise traded and sold in drug stores for "cures" on one side of the balance and the higher inner forces of patients (always available for real healing) on another side of the scales would convince any blind bat how far the latter outweigh the former. But because Nature's wonderful healing forces cannot be seen or handled like merchandise, they do not exist for our modern medicine man. "Medicines" do not cure; they only change one dis-eased condition into another, generally more severe, more diffused and general. As long and as far as doctors of medicine ignore or think they can ignore the very foundation of all healing, as long as they remain ignorant about the main factors for restoring the fine equilibrium of dis-eased conditions in any human being, so long are medical men and women unfit to be "Master Teachers" or "Doctors" (taken from the Latin verb "docere," to teach, instruct) and remain only a few degrees removed from the ignorant Red Indian Medicine Man. But there is one hope still for all such, provided they overcome their false pride and begin to study and digest

the fundamentals of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, which rationally teaches how to restore in the human body the radioactive and the radio-emanative equilibrium by Attuned Color Waves, as originated and taught by its one real Master Teacher.

This widespread pretense of being doctors of medicine, without the slightest qualifications for being master teachers in the healing art, is so common that very few find anything wrong with it, just as their finer moral senses of society have become so obtuse by reading the daily catalogues of crimes in our midst, that most readers consider them only daily "news." This medical pretense has also a very serious side, for teaching is not only done by the spoken and written word, but much more effectively by our acts as teachers in the healing art. A doctor's example and actions throughout life speak louder and reach farther than any lecture in the classroom. Therefore, the wise James of Bible fame says truly, "Let not many aspire to be teachers, for so much greater responsibility rests with them." Ignorance may excuse the uneducated, if their words or conduct cause sufferings, but it never excuses the learned man or "Doctor." He is supposed to *know* what causes suffering and diseases and is supposed to understand how to remove these causes and sufferings and work by Nature's laws to restore the feeling of ease which has been disturbed and to regain the consciousness of renewed strength and vitality. But instead of this, it is the very doctor of medicine of the modern type (with very few exceptions), who, in his or her monumental ignorance, prolongs and intensifies sufferings, makes free use (in his unforgivable ignorance of the black magic of his suggestions) of cutting open the live body and carve out dis-eased parts of organs. His "scientific" arguments and suggestions become auto-suggestions in his uneducated patient, he is made to believe them and act on

them and all his or her thought forces are blackened and poisoned, and instead of healing, a process of sure destruction follows. A thirty-year practice of healing has taught me by the very experiences with all patients what unbelievable causes medical men and women imagine to be at the root of dis-eases. I shall give only a few illustrations.

A woman in her menopause called at my office complaining of severe and constant headaches; before I could question her, she told me that her physician had told her all her blood had turned into pus in the head, therefore the aching! Pure medical "science!" I restored her blood circulation and regulated her liver and bowels, the blood pressure on her brain was removed and the headaches melted away and all the "pus" must have turned red for shame!!!

A personal friend of Mrs. McKinley, from Canton, Ohio, some years ago came to my office. She was blind and had consulted the best eye specialists in the East. Naturally, I asked her what their diagnosis was of her case and she told me, it was diagnosed as a detached retina. It sounded very "scientific," and I asked her, "What detached your retina in the eye? Was there any accident, shooting or stabbing in your eye?" Nothing of the kind had happened. It had been pure guesswork of an eye specialist.

A young woman suffering from fits had been diagnosed that "a splinter of bone pressed on the brain." That physician's X-ray apparatus must disclose a splinter of bone, even though the bony skull bars all peeking!

Every day such "scientific" teaching comes from doctors of medicine to the great public, who must support them. When a physician examines a patient, looks at the tongue, feels the pulse or even goes so far as to knock all over the bare chest or listen with his "scientific" ear or the stethoscope to the

pulsations of the heart and pronounces his judgment with a Greek or Latin name of a "dis-ease," he teaches by such acts, that this is the medical way of knowing all about the trouble. Some go even far beyond this; they have some foul and dis-eased secretions or excretions examined by a wiser one, to find out what bug or microbe shall be made responsible, and so they all guess and opine and suppose and believe as to the cause or the name for dis-eased conditions. Even with the teamwork of consultations, the poor patient grows steadily worse until his great friend, Mr. Thanatos (Death) relieves them all for sure. If even the lay people, who do not know anything about medical "science," get so thoroughly disgusted with the acts and teachings by word and deed of their supposed "Master Teachers" in the art of healing, it must be rotten indeed. Such patchwork and guesswork, such experimentation, such hide-and-seek play under cover of Latin and Greek terms for prescriptions and dis-eases has robbed the most trusting public of all confidence in doctors.

Another sort of practical demonstration of medical teaching is the present craze of injecting the vilest and nastiest animal matter directly into the already dis-eased bloodstream of a living body by doctors. Such debasing acts by these supposed "Master Teachers" in healing is only another proof positive that they do not know what they do. But they are not entitled to forgiveness for such absurd degradation of human beings to the brutal animal plane. Under their guidance, teachings, direct help and active assistance doctors have forced animalism and carnivorousness, dis-eases, crimes and insanity on their charges, instead of elevating the human animal to the higher levels of consciousness and freedom. Even these insane wars of nations are attributable to unbalanced minds of some individuals temporarily in power, but all under direct and immediate guidance of doctors, whose

absolute duty it was to tame such wild men crazed with megalomania. If the medical profession as such would understand its own duties, rights, privileges and responsibilities as real master teachers in words and deeds of the healing art and would learn and understand to practise healing, instead of practising medicine, our civilization would surely show another face. A doctor of medicine must be a gnostic of the laws of health and life. an everlasting student of Nature, especially the nature of man as to his body, spirit and soul and their interrelationship. He should not dare to be and be known as an agnostic in practically everything human, save to get away with the coin of the sufferers; he must instantly detect and know charlatans and should never be "in the market" for selling or prescribing the wares of the "drug trust" or slaughter-house refuse, or recommending dead and rotten carcasses for food, or assist any money-mad merchant in filling unspeakable rot in bottles to sell for the "health and happiness" of suffering humanity.



The above article from the pen of Dr. Emil Gleitsman, S.C.T., deserves our warm thanks. Although a doctor of medicine himself he was progressive enough to take to drugless healing and his entrance into the field of Spectro-Chrome Therapy means much to his patients. His article appears to have been inspired by the recent trial of some officials of the State of Illinois in selling licenses to physicians and druggists who failed to pass the prescribed tests. For a good sum of money, they are charged to have licensed "Doctors of Medicine," and it would be well to know whether the American Medical Association protested against such graft. SPECTRO-CHROME will appreciate further articles from Dr. Emil Gleitsman's pen.

## CLINICAL SIDE OF SPECTRO-CHROME

By KATE W. BALDWIN, M.D.,  
F.A.C.S.,  
Senior Surgeon, Woman's Hospital,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

It is now nearly ten months since the little girl so badly burned came to the Woman's Hospital. Those interested will be glad to know that even though she is still in the hospital, satisfactory progress is being made. Just about the time I had made up my mind that she would be home by Christmas, early in November, in an unaccountable way she became infected. Her temperature went to 106° F. Pulse 158 and Respirations 48. This was anything but cheerful news. We kept our heads and with the courage of our convictions just rushed Spectro-Chrome night and day, always every four hours and many times an hour or two at a time. All healing processes were checked and the open surface looked as if varnished. Much of the new skin was lost. An abscess developed in the right groin, also a large swelling above the knee on the left leg. This, however, did not break down, but there was some pus from the left knee. For days it seemed impossible for the child to weather this storm added to that which she had already been through.

The mental condition became quite alarming. General choraic movements were marked. She lost weight. Appetite was very poor. A 106° F. temperature was recorded but once, but days and days it went to 103°, 104° and 105°.

At present, the case is in fine shape. In surface covered she is about one-third beyond the point when the healing process was arrested. The nervous symptoms have all disappeared; she is eating well, gaining flesh, the new skin

is forming satisfactorily. I now feel that in a reasonable length of time I shall be able to report the case as a complete cure and be able to show her as a living proof of the efficiency of Spectro-Chrome. Several smaller burns since my last report have all responded quickly to Spectro-Chrome.

Some months ago, I reported several cases of carbuncle. I now wish to add another which in many ways has been a greater triumph for the method of treatment than any one of those already given.

Mrs. G.—Age 66 years and poorly nourished; really looking more than the age given. Mrs. G. was sent to the Woman's Hospital after ten days of treatment by the family physician. She was unable to sleep because of the severe pain. The whole back of neck, from ear to ear, and from occipital ridge to the cervical dorsal articulation, was tense, indurated and purple in color. An area in the middle about two and a half by three and a half inches was necrotic. This condition followed some application which was very painful. All the patient could tell about it was that it gave severe pain and that she had not been able to sleep for nights and nights.

The patient was immediately put on a meat-free diet and, of course, on Spectro-Chrome. She was given a half hour treatment three times a day; Yellow or Lemon morning and afternoon, late in the evening Indigo, which had the effect of giving her a good night's sleep *without* any sedative. (She had only a very small dose of a sedative two nights after entering the hospital. After that Spectro-Chrome took care of the pain.) Her remark to me was, "Oh! Dr. Baldwin, it is heaven to be here and have this treatment after having suffered as I have. Why do not all the doctors use it?" Finally, all of the necrotic tissue was removed. The slough extended beyond the area that was necrotic when she entered. No more skin was lost, but the under-

cut was from one to two inches in all directions. The lower flap just fell over on the neck. In order to bring it in contact with the deeper tissues so that nature could have a chance to attach it I was obliged to bring it in contact with a strip of adhesive plaster which had to be carried around the forehead. Other straps were used from ear to ear and by utilizing the elasticity of the skin we were able very much to diminish the space to be covered by new skin. As surgeons, I am sure we often forget to make use of the elasticity of the skin. I often only remove the part of the strap extending over the open surface and put another layer on top of the previous ones. This gives a good firm base for traction, as plaster sticks to plaster better than to skin and the skin is greatly saved by not having the plaster torn off each time.

Between the Spectro-Chrome treatments, we used some simple surgical dressing. This line of treatment was continued until we had only a small open surface, possibly one and a half inches by one inch. Out of a clear sky, so to speak, she ran up a temperature of 102° F. The open wound became dry and glazed. The face was swollen and much of the scalp oedematous, the eyes were nearly closed and the dear woman made up her mind that her end was near and she wanted to go home if she was to die. The whole back became more or less involved and there developed an open wound over the sacrum which extended to the bone. For a few days things did look dark. I put a Spectro-Chrome equipment by her bed and she had it much the same as did the burned case when it went bad. The cellulitis of the head, face and back suggested erysipelas, but the laboratory returned only staphylococci. In this case I painted the face with Thuja and gave for a time Echinacia.

After four or five days, the change was very much for the better and from

that time on everything was satisfactory. Her friends began to tell her how much better she was looking than when she left home and that she looked ten years younger. She really did look much better, the general condition of the skin was much better and a nice little "pinkish" color in the cheeks.

Mrs. G. went home with a small place on the back not quite closed. She returned for Spectro-Chrome and dressing.

I saw her some time ago and the neck was perfect except for just a line about one and a half inches long, and this was well within the hair line.

I regret exceedingly not having a photogram of this case. A verbal description does not carry the conviction that even a poor photogram does.

If Spectro-Chrome can do the following for an advanced case of tuberculosis, what a wonderful field is there for it in the incipient cases!

July 21, 1922, Mr. L., a teacher, age 31 years, over six feet tall, weighing only 105 pounds. Coughed almost all the time, there being little sleeping consequently. Expectoration profuse, heavy and difficult to bring up. Blood pressure 105, pulse 110, very poor in quality. Respirations shallow. When 24, had typhoid pneumonia and not quite normal since. Two years ago, a severe hemorrhage, another hemorrhage a year ago, each time losing a quantity of blood. The sputum often streaked with blood; last June a large clot, following an osteopathic treatment; this was probably only a coincident.

Last spring, Mr. L. was out of school for some time. He was having so much creosote that all his food tasted of it and made eating distasteful. A day or two before he came to me, he decided to give up the creosote. He really was much discouraged and quite down and out. His general

appearance was that of a very sick man.

The physical examination showed extensive involvement of both lungs, with evidence of a cavity in the left apex. With the history of pneumonia, two hemorrhages, loss of weight, low blood pressure and rapid pulse, the case did not seem an ideal one to establish the efficacy of any treatment.

July 22nd we had an X-Ray picture taken. This showed extensive involvement of both lungs with a cavity in the left apex the size of a lemon, nearly filled with fluid.

The man was at once put on a meat-free diet and Spectro-Chrome. Very soon all the symptoms improved; less cough, more sleep, better and deeper breathing. The chest and heart sounds improved, expansion was better and weight increased. Just six months from his first visit to my office the change was so sufficiently marked that we decided to have another X-Ray photo. This showed marked improvement in all parts of the lungs. No fluid in the cavity; in fact, one would not diagnose a cavity unless from a thickened edge which outlined the area. The pulse is down to 85 to 90, good quality. Blood pressure up fifteen points. Chest expansion increased. Weight, 130 pounds. The patient now sleeps all night; the coughing is almost entirely limited to the morning, when he brings up a small amount of secretion. Examination of the sputum shows T. B. positive and many pneumococci.

Mr. L. has not been in school this winter, but they want him back to coach the ball team, which he has done for several years and the team has always won when he is the coach. I am very much inclined to favor his trying the work with the team this spring.

Six months hence I hope to report this case again.

## Attuned Blue Wave

(History, Travel, Biography, Geography, Language)

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### DEATH OF A NOTED SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPIST



L. GRANT BALDWIN, M.D.

Fellow American Medical Association,  
Fellow American College of  
Surgeons, etc.



SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY, since its publication to the World, three years ago, created a live interest in a large number of prominent members of the

orthodox medical profession, but among those who went into it none could be said to have taken a more energetic part than Dr. L. Grant Baldwin, of 20 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

And just as he mastered it and began to give the benefit of his high learning to his numerous patients, came the news of his sudden death through cerebral hemorrhage, on December 31, 1922. As he had attended the Second Annual Convention of the American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, on November 28, 1922, at Philadelphia, Pa., the report of his passage to higher planes of human activities came as a surprise to his numerous friends.

He was born of a highly honorable and esteemed family in Lawrenceville, Pa., on November 18, 1863. His parents were Moses S. Baldwin and Mellicent Wylie Baldwin. From an early age, Grant showed fondness for the healing art and with his sister, Dr. Mary E. Baldwin as preceptor, went to the University of Michigan for the study of medicine. Establishing his practice in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1886, he made his influence felt very soon, and became famous as a surgical and gynecological authority. Last year, through the reports of his sister, Dr. Kate W. Baldwin, he heard about Spectro-Chrome Therapy and conceived such keen interest in the system that he took the full course in

New York, N. Y., and installed a number of Spectro-Chrome Therapy equipments in his sanatorium, where, with their aid he achieved some wonderful results. But before he could give the public the benefit of his keen observations, his death deprived Spectro-Chrome Institute of a great supporter of the system.

Grant was truly a great man. He was earnest in his endeavors in the relief of human sufferings, open-minded, liberal-hearted and progressive to a degree. On learning about his death, the New York class paid him a silent and sincere tribute by rising in his honor with bowed heads.

May the noble soul that went forward to the higher levels, from there send us his assistance, which he had so zealously begun to render. Death is only a transposition of activity and though we lost here a great pillar, we must rest in the true knowledge of the occult that the Powers on High have ordained all as the best in the immutable laws of human evolution and with resignation submit to the processes that determine the future.

We shall never forget thee, Brother Grant! To thy enlightened soul may there be Peace—Shanti: Shanti: Shanti:!!!

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## 2000 MILES BY AUTOMOBILE

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### Jottings by the Way

By MISS KASHMIRA DINSHAH, S.C.T.

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### HORRORS OF ARMOUR'S MEAT-PACKING PLANT

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### Most Disgraceful Blot on Human Civilization

Down through ages the all-intelli-

gent unfair sex has railed against the folly of the eternal feminine in following blindly the capricious will-o'-the-wisp "style." There are different kinds of "style"—styles in clothes, customs, manners. Daring to deviate from the accepted fashion in these branches of convention is haughtily derided as "eccentricity" or a "parvenu trick." So the vogue is meekly followed by the many or markedly flouted by the few—but O so few! Yet, dear femininity is not alone in this form of foolery.

A curious phase of this sheeplike habit among humans, we noticed in the streets of Chicago, Illinois. It was seen in the flagrant disobedience of the city traffic regulations. The chauffeurs of Chicago believe that the paramount duty of each driver is to show his expertness in the operation of his motor vehicle. In this important work requiring their undivided concentration, they utterly disregard the established rules of traffic. It is considered "un-fashionable" to heed these laws, so all strain their energies to remain "in style." When two cars meet at right angles at a street intersection, neither slows nor stops, but with a marvelous intuition each driver foresees the other's move and in a miraculous manner the machines swerve around one another and proceed serenely on their way, at forty miles per hour. It is truly a wondrous sight. Right and left hand turns are taken whenever the drivers choose, the traffic policemen being looked upon by them as mere inconvenient road obstructions, not even decorative. Unnecessary evils, the chauffeurs think, once in a while happening to mistake a traffic bluecoat for a paving block. What chance has an ordinary policeman's signal when Queen Fashionable Driving directs otherwise?

Father and I were given a beautiful experience of Chicago chauffeuring by the driver of the sightseeing bus which carried us to the Armour & Co. stock-

yards, in the southern part of the city, one day.

Having heard much of the great institution, Armour's stockyards and meat-packing plants, we decided to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by our presence in Chicago to visit personally the far-reported slaughter houses. Rumors said that the animals were killed in divers ways: by shooting, throat cutting or plunging in scalding water. No one informed us exactly; statements differed or contradicted each other. Hence the resolution to obtain the wished-for information ourselves. We wanted to see with our own eyes the true affair. Father has a stern sense of justice which leads him to criticize and rebuke mercilessly actions and deeds which are opposed to the single Divine Law of Truth whose various aspects are love, charity and the sacred mandate of tolerance—Live and let live. But the same just feeling prevents him from denouncing that of whose verity he is uncertain, for to father, *right is might*—and *right* shall prevail ever against all odds.

Twenty-seven years ago, father learned through scientific reasoning that the correct diet of human beings is not carnivorous, but is frugi-herbivorous. Thitherto, he was a normal meat-eater. Convinced of the erroneousness of such a diet, he pledged himself in one day to total vegetarianism, eschewing all flesh, fish, fowl and eggs. Incidentally, abstention from tea and coffee took place, having found them poisonous drugs harmful to health. He had taken the pledge of complete abstinence from intoxicating liquors some years before, but tobacco he never in his life has touched under any circumstance. To this day he adheres rigidly to all his pledges.

Father in the aforementioned respects is a "reformed sinner," but I am from conception and birth an *absolute vegetarian*, having never tasted

any meat, fish, eggs, tea, coffee, spirits or tobacco, and I never will! When we dine, no animal mother weeps for her offspring. No drug or noxious stimulant enters the system to stupefy the brain and disorder correct functioning of the bodily organs. As a result we possess full health physical, psychical and mental. We work eighteen to twenty-one hours a day, at the end of that time being ready to work right into another day, if necessary, without fatigue, because our blood runs clear of carnic and alcoholic toxins. The body, untaxed with poison produced by wrong diet, has recuperative and energetic powers truly marvelous in the eyes of those accustomed to the lethargic influence of a stomachic charnel. *Lack* of energy really should be unusual, not, as it is, the opposite.

It is a part of father's life work to teach human beings the criminal savagery of a slaughtered diet, enunciating twelve specific reasons proving its wrongfulness from aspects of anatomy, physiology and other scientific points, humanity among them. Therefore, he grasped the opportunity when presented of viewing the process in which a high (?) civilization produces its food from live animals to chops and steaks for the table. Then, just wait until he would be on the platform again, lecturing on diet! His denouncements of human carnivorousness would be hotter than Plutonian fire, the thermal temperature being regulated according to the degree of barbarism witnessed. Hear him talk!

Thus it came to pass one day shortly before our departure from Chicago that we rolled off in a sightseeing bus, having reserved seats ahead, to the great plant of Armour & Co. Two young women, strangers to us, sat alongside the driver, who sped the bus at thirty to forty miles per hour the while he conversed merrily with them. Through the crowded thoroughfares he rushed headlong, turning corners on

two wheels, passing standing trolleys and traffic signals, while the policemen watched serenely or barked and howled, according to their temperaments. One policeman shouted, jumping up and down in great rage because the heavy machine nearly snatched off the buttons on his coat. "Hey! What do you think I'm here for?" But the bus driver replied over his shoulder, "Go to hell!" and stepped harder on the gas (if it were possible). I did not think the chauffeur's retort sufficiently cutting. He should have said to the angry bluecoat, "Go to Armour's!"

We had traveled nearly half an hour when we came in sight of the stockyards at the extreme south end of the city. From a distance of five miles back, our keen olfactory senses, accustomed to the pure perfume of greens, had detected the putrid odor of the yet far-off slaughter houses and their rotten products. But it did not require *much* keenness of detection. The bus turned right on to a high wooden bridge spanning the breadth of the stockyards. As far as the eyes could reach we saw huge, dull red brick buildings, some painted with the name Armour in bold white letters, surrounded by the vast animal pens. Below were seen the cattle being herded by horsemen, into the runways leading inside the killing houses. The air was filled with the horrible shrieking of the unfortunate creatures, both within and without the shambles. The bus rolled on across the bridge toward the slaughter houses. Suddenly, there was a wild stampede among the steers beneath. The horsemen lashed them vigorously with whips, while they bellowed and reared running about wildly. The pens were small, holding hardly over a dozen animals each. The stampede was quelled easily, for only a few enclosures were opened at a time by each different group of men. The creatures apparently foresaw their doom, hearing and sensing the cries of their perishing fellows inside the build-

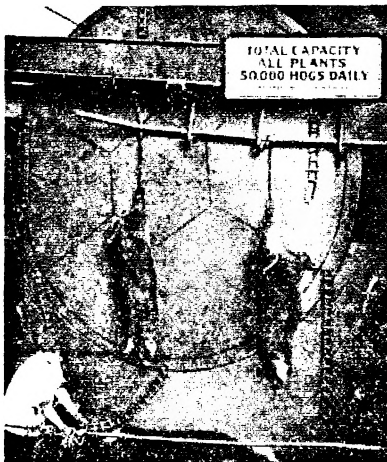
ing into which they were being herded. They drew back; down came the cruel whips; blinded by the blows, frightened, bewildered, the steers rushed on to escape the beating and the tumult of the men's shouts, rushed to destruction, into the wide runway like a horizontal funnel which gradually narrowed until at the end within the killing rooms, there was space for the egress of one animal at a time. No escape! Later, the manner of disposal will be described.

The ground area of the Chicago plant of Armour & Co. is seventy-five acres. It was the first and is the largest of their many plants, being established in 1867. In it are 12,000 employees. Its daily car loading and unloading capacity is 514 cars. Six thousand two hundred and seventy-five tons of refrigeration are produced every day, the boiler horse-power capacity being 30,720. This plant's daily killing capacity is, to wit: Cattle, 2800; calves, 2000; hogs, 9600; sheep, 10,000. These statistics are of the year 1922.

The area not occupied by buildings is divided into small squares by rude fences, three to five feet high, tormented by horizontal wooden bars thrust into notched upright poles. There is no shelter of any sort. Wallowing perforce in the mud and filth of these open pens, the cattle, hogs and sheep stay until the government inspection takes place, only those animals which appear sound and healthy being passed for slaughter. *Appear* healthy. There is no surety. Who can tell? *Filth is filth.*

Finally, the end of the wooden bridge was reached. The bus stopped at the door of a brick building. Everyone alighted; the driver, the two women, a male passenger and father and I, six in all. We entered the building, coming into a small office. The driver informed the man in charge that the party had come to "see Armour's." After a slight delay in the office, a

heavy wooden door with iron bolts was swung open and with the bus chauffeur leading, our party stepped through into a suggestively dark and narrow passageway. We groped along through some more doorways, the mazy path guiding us to an iron stairway three feet wide. Going first, the driver opened another door at the head of the stairs, upon which there burst forth the full intensity of sound of the animals' cries hitherto muffled by the thick walls. Father and I virtually shuddered. The party ascended and passed through beyond. Side by side, arm in arm, father and I went up the stairs, braced ourselves and stepped through the doorway into—a *veritable hell on earth*. The scene before us exceeded far beyond our wildest imaginations of horror. We found ourselves on a wooden iron-railed gallery extending around a huge room, branching off at points. On the floor below, two enormous steel wheels rotated slowly in a vertical position. This was



the hog-killing room. The hogs were driven into a pen at the side of each wheel. A hind leg of each hog in turn was shackled to a chain on the wheel and it was lifted as the wheel rotated. The animal was automatically transferred from the wheel to a sliding rail, which conducted it to the butcher, who,

by a quick downward knife thrust, severed the jugular vein. The harsh countenance of the killer was livid, hideously distorted by an expression of utmost savagery. The jets of blood streamed forth upon his face and his clothes. He stood in a pool of blood and, brandishing his knife, with a demoniac ferocity, slashed the throats of the creatures passing before him, helplessly shackled upside down by one hind leg. Twelve hundred hogs are slaughtered thus every hour—one every three seconds! All around, suspended on hooks or moving rails, were the porcine carcasses in different stages of preparation. From the bloody floor rose, like the fetid exhalation of a swamp, a livid vapor of that bluish color peculiar to the lips of human corpses. Those developed along the paths of higher intuition can sense, as father and I did, an uncanny psychical depression—a nameless desolation in the atmosphere, hanging like a death pall over the city of Chicago, Illinois. This melancholy influence is born of the shrieks and radio emanations of tortured animals—the curses of thousands of innocent creatures enduring horrible death throes in the grim pale of the shambles.

Immediately after the throat was severed, the struggling, screaming hogs were plunged into a vat of boiling water. Plunged *alive* into the scalding water! The draining of the blood when the jugular vein is cut (as said in Armour's descriptive pamphlet) takes but a moment. I say it is a *lie!* The animals do *not bleed* to death. They are *drowned* in seething liquid. The wails, the sighs, the agonized yells of the tortured victims pierced the foul air of that ghastly slaughter house. It was appalling, almost overcoming the senses with excess of horror. I espied a green door behind us, marked with a red cross and the word, "Stretcher." A person not retaining proper mental control or permitting the projective imagination to run riot might readily faint in that awful place. I mean a person who is a *real human being*; not

an insensate vertebrate ghoul. Was ever medical aid deemed a necessary adjunct to a visit to an orchard or botanical garden?

The intolerable stench of dead flesh pervaded the atmosphere; detestable, putrid, it clung to our clothes for several days afterward. Even washing could not remove it for a long time.

There is no age limit for visitors. The veriest child may view the grisly sights at Armour's slaughter houses, aye, is even welcomed to have imprinted upon its pure and tender unsullied mind the portrait of the most monstrous brutality conceived by human minds, toward the accomplishment of which the lofty scientific genius of mechanical invention is so degradedly employed!

We moved along the gallery, which declined to the floor, stopping before the dehairing machine. In a seemingly endless procession the dead hogs rolled from the machine, falling with a dull, sickening thud upon a moving platform. Workmen with knives scraped off what hair was left and the carcass was conveyed to various parts of the plant, traveling suspended from trolleys running on rails. A series of shower baths and cutting operations takes place as the carcass moves along, each worker having an allotted task. Here is an extract from Armour's pamphlet: "Interspersed among the workers are United States inspectors paid by the government. A force of fifty, all trained veterinary and food experts, is employed at the Chicago plant. They place the government stamp, 'U. S. Inspected and Passed,' upon pure, wholesome meat only. The government inspection begins in the pens, where the animals are inspected and only those which appear sound and healthy are passed for slaughter. This inspection is continued rigidly at every stage of killing, cutting and packing. All Armour meat products are inspected by the government.

(They need to be.) About 35 per cent. of the meat sold in this country (America) is NOT inspected, according to government estimates." The words in parenthesis are my own.

Pooh! "fulsome meat" should be said. Death is decay. Pure meat! Pure putrefaction? It is grimly absurd to speak of a carcass as "healthy." Inspected or not inspected, the fact remains, *no meat* is "wholesome." The moment cellular constructive activity in the physical body ceases, so-called death supervenes. Death is the result of the destructive cellular force in ascendancy over the building power. Decay sets in at once, until total disintegration takes place. You "civilized" human carnivora, what possesses you to make graveyards of your holy stomach? Are not the clean fruits and herbs furnished in abundance enough for your sustenance? Must you eat carrion to support life? Fie on this defiling of your bodies made in the image of God. By eating bloody flesh, you become bloody in mind and body. Your conscience sleeps; you are slaves of debased tastes. The taste of meat appeals to your perverted tongues and the voice of humanity is silenced, turning your noble forms into walking charnels. Awaken your higher senses, comprehend the cruel unnaturalness of meat diet and eschew it, thus elevating yourselves to grace the name of a human being. Be human, make appetite your slave, let it not be your master.

As the dead hogs traveled along, containers holding the viscera were noted opposite each carcass. These containers remain beside the carcasses until the government inspectors pass upon them. They examine the head and throat glands, then the various organs, no part of the body being cut open until the part previously opened is passed. Still suspended from overhead trolleys, the porcine carcasses were conveyed into the cooling room, where they remain for forty-eight

hours, in a temperature of from 34 to 36 degrees above zero, to eliminate all animal heat. The government requires that all plants engaged in interstate commerce be kept clean and sanitary in every respect. Walls, floors and tables must be washed daily, tools sterilized and each workman must have clean linen frocks and keep his hands sanitary. But what about the rotten product itself?

The pharmaceutical (poison) products obtained from pork are, viz.: pancreatin, U. S. P.; pepsin, U. S. P.; rennase; amylopsin; trypsin; thyroid; corpus luteum.

From the hog-killing room, we passed to the pork cutting department. There we saw the carcasses which had spent forty-eight hours in the cooling room, being cut up and distributed, the various cuts despatched by way of chutes and otherwise to their destined departments. A conveyor takes fresh pork cuts, such as loins and roasts through several blocks of buildings to the shipping assembly room. The atmosphere in the pork cutting room is chilled by artificial refrigeration, so that the carcasses and cuts of "fresh" meat may be kept in an absolutely "wholesome" temperature. The dressed carcass supplies about 53 per cent. of cured meat, 30 per cent. of fresh cuts, 13 per cent. for rendering and 4 per cent. which is inedible is sent to a huge tank to be turned into fertilizer or other by-products. Armour's Star Ham—the "Ham What Am"—comes from young barrow hogs cornfed. The hams, after sorting and grading, are cured by a special process. "The hams are enclosed in a stockinet covering, a special Armour feature, which retains all the juices which ordinarily would drip away during the smoking, thus 'intensifying' the flavor." Hams so covered are naturally more 'sanitary.'"

So much for the hogs. Leaving

that place, we followed our party across an elevated street connecting the buildings of the plant, to the cattle killing and dressing department in another gloomy structure.

At one end of this huge slaughter house, the cattle were driven into pens, two or three in each enclosure, depending upon their size. A hammer blow delivered on their skulls, from above, stunned them and the next moment, upon signal, the gate of the pen was raised, its movable floor tilted forward and the poor cattle were deposited on the main floor of the killing room. We viewed this from the floor, just before mounting to the gallery. The animals rolled within touch of us, groaning, feebly struggling, being stunned, their piteous big brown eyes glazed with the terror of the death. Human beings imagine that the dumb creatures do not feel pain. It is not so. Just because their mode of expression is different it is thought the none. But they *have* a language of their own; they cannot think, but they talk to each other in their own peculiar way, feeling pleasure and pain; fear and courage are known to them, also. The cattle actually wept silently, pathetically, at sight of their murdered fellows. Oh, the cow mother weeps when her offspring calf is led to slaughter. She feels the same grief the human mother does at the loss of her child. Watch carefully when two animals are led to the butcher and you will know my meaning. Animals show their companions in sorrow noble generosity, and man can learn many good lessons from them.

While the stunned steers writhed on the floor, all piled upon each other, men ran about among them, stumbling and sliding on the floor, slippery with blood. The men shackled the hind legs of the steers, to chains which swung the animals upward and carried them past the "sticker" who stood on a platform above the knocking pens and severed the carotid artery in the

throat. The blood was partially drained as the carcass passed along, suspended from a rail. Several minutes later, the skinning and dressing operations start with the removal of the skin from the head. Extract from Armour's pamphlet: "Neck glands are first examined by government inspectors and when these are passed, the head is taken off. Then comes the removal of the hide, a job requiring considerable skill and care lest the hide be mutilated, in which event it would be considerably less valuable. A knife first makes a slit in the belly, then the worker partly cuts away the hide from the body. Meanwhile, others remove the skin from the fore-legs. The carcass is then opened, so that government inspectors may examine the vital organs. Next the viscera are removed. Then a crew of workers, with saws and cleavers, cut the carcass down the backbone. A final inspection is made. The carcass is washed and dried. The sides of the beef go to the cooling room for 48 hours, until the animal heat has totally disappeared. From the knocking pens to the cooling rooms requires but thirty minutes. As the beef travels along, the viscera and the head of the animal remain with it until the United States government inspectors give the meat their stamp of approval. . . . Koshers cattle are killed according to the rites of the orthodox Jewish Church. These cattle are not stunned. Their legs are shackled and their bodies held suspended with the forepart touching the floor. A muzzle, with a long handle is slipped over the head and an authorized member of the church severs the jugular vein. Only the forequarter meat, that in front of the seventh rib, is utilized by Koshers trade, while the remainder is sold to the regular trade."

A member of the church, "authorized" to commit murder? Oh it is nothing less. The supposed representative of God, killing God's own

creatures! It is monstrous—a criminal scandal to the name of the holy Jewish religion! Have the members of the Jewish church nothing more holy to occupy them, that they should imbrue their hands in slaughter? Kosher meat is a religious misconception of the great faith of Moses. Murder is murder no matter if a churchman commits it or one of the laity. The sixth commandment forbids it. It is, in a subtle sense, a *theft*—it is the forcible taking of that which does not belong to them, the life of another creature. Humanity has not yet learned humanity! When will it?

We ascended to the gallery. As we passed up, the dead beeves swung by on sliding rails, a foot from our faces. We were almost nauseated; the blood would have splashed on our clothing had we not drawn back. Looking down from the gallery, we beheld the strikingly ghastly spectacle of numerous cattle heads moving on a rail, flayed, the eyes gouged out leaving gaping holes, the horns still remaining and the whole dripping with blood.

A sign caught our eyes. It told us that "This is the most humane method of killing. Death is virtually painless, occurring in less than thirty seconds. The apparent struggles observed, doctors say, are merely convulsive contractions of the muscles." Those doctors are liars. "Convulsive contractions of the muscles!" That is adding aggravated insult to injury. I know death when I see it. I can sense it intuitively. I know that the wild struggles I witnessed were not "convulsive muscular contractions post mortis," but the tortured writhing of a *live* animal in *frightful pain*. Life does not become extinct for several minutes. Sometimes the hide is ripped from the creature not yet quite dead! I saw *that* in the sheep-killing room, which we next visited. Shocking, ghoulis barbarity!

The pharmaceutical (poison) products obtained from beef are, viz.: rennet (calf); extract of red bone marrow; pituitary liquid; corpus luteum; thyroid; thromboplastin solution; kephalin; suprarenals; pituitary powder and tablets; pineal gland; thymus substance (calf); ox-gall; peptone powder.

Three hundred and fifty cattle an hour are slaughtered daily in the Chicago plant of Armour and Co. Why is the price of milk so high? Why are thousands of children starving today for want of milk? *This is the cause, the slaughter of the cows!* The country is eating its capital, in the eating of beef. Meat eating is in itself the source of the ruin and damnation in the world, but feeding on beef is a very hideous ingratitude. When the human baby is helpless, the cow gives her own milk to feed it, even by robbing her tender calf of its rightful nourishment. Thus the cow becomes the human baby's fostermother. When the baby grows, he turns and chops up the cow, the animal that benignly fed him when he was small and weak, and devours her flesh. Basely ungrateful! It is fostermother murder—in the highest occult sense it is cannibalism! And you call yourselves civilized. Your actions villify your designation of "human being."

The report of the Department of Agriculture states that "more meat was consumed in the United States last year (1922) than in any previous year." The consumption was estimated at 16,333,000,000 pounds, which amounts to 149.7 pounds a person, applying the July 1, 1922, estimate of population. The per capita consumption showed an increase of 6 pounds over 1921 and 6½ pounds over 1920. That department says, "Coupled with the decrease in the exports and somewhat higher prices to purchasers in 1922, these figures evidence a satisfactory state of the home market, due

doubtless to the prosperous condition and better purchasing power of the people generally." The *beef* gain was the greatest, 3.6 pounds a person, the increased consumption of pork was only slightly less, 3.1 pounds. "The conversion of corn into lard by means of the hog, is one of the major industries of the country, the product of which goes to all parts of the world," again the department says: The 67,-050,745 hogs slaughtered in 1922 yielded more than 9,000,000,000 lbs. meat (more trichinae spiralis) and 2,333,000,000 pounds of lard. This is the highest production of lard on record and as the exports were less than in 1921, it follows that the total consumption also was highest. The per capita consumption, however, was exceeded in 1916. "The adverse conditions of foreign exchange and the poorer purchasing power of European countries have seriously affected the exports of meat products. Foreign trade in beef has practically ceased." We do not want such foreign trade. Keep the cows alive in this country and milk will soon sell here at five cents a gallon. More meat means more dis-ease, more doctors, more deaths, more undertakers, more misery and suffering.

From the cattle slaughtering place, we passed to the sheep killing room. It has a killing capacity of 1,000 per hour. The sheep were killed in the same manner as hogs, shackled by a hind leg, swung upward on the rotating wheel, transferred automatically to the sliding rail and carried past the butcher who cut their throats. In Armour's pamphlet it says, "Here, as elsewhere, careful scrutiny is given by government inspectors to the neck glands, vital organs and other parts, to make sure that only sound, healthy stock is converted into food products. As the worker's knife opens each part of the carcass examination is made by an inspector. After the blood is drained and the first inspection is made,

the pelt is taken off, a matter of seven distinct operations, following which the long lines of workers perform their allotted tasks in opening the carcass, removing the viscera, and trimming, preparatory to the trip to the cooler."

I saw the killer lose his temper and kick the struggling, hanging, bleeding sheep, pushing them so close on the moving rail that they struck each other's faces with their legs, and some other men roughly shoved them along with knives, tearing the skin from the living animals.

Further on, we viewed the removal of the thyroid glands from the carcasses' throats. Worthless bluff of medicine! Suprarenalin, an astringent and heart stimulant made from the glands of sheep, is worth more than \$5,000 a pound, but it requires the glands from 125,000 sheep to make one pound of this unnecessary pharmaceutical product. Spectro-Chrome replaces it entirely now.

Next we visited the refinery, where lard and shortening is made. Big, open kettles, fashioned like double boilers, are used in the process. Afterwards we saw the oleomargarine being manufactured. Oleomargarine is made from a hash of meat fats, vegetable oils, pasteurized milk and dairy salt.

We passed through the canning department where meat was being racked in cartons, tins and glass jars. Thence to the power plant for generating electricity and producing refrigeration. How calm this place after the screeching horror of the slaughter houses!

Last of all, we visited the cooling rooms. Quotes Armour's pamphlet: "The beef cooler at our Chicago plant is the largest single unit cooler in the world. Here, the sides of beef are kept for forty-eight hours, during which the animal heat is dissipated and the meat chilled. A beef cooler should not be confused with a freezer or a cold storage. The American public eats

chilled meat, not frozen meat. A trip through the cooling rooms is a most impressive experience. Here, you seem to be almost in another world. It is cool, the temperature always at 34 to 36 degrees F. It is clean, with great rows of the 'finest, purest meat' you ever saw, suspended there before you. The floors are covered with fresh sawdust. Walls are of white enameled tile. The chilling process keeps the meat 'fresh' and well-shaped."

Frozen, chilled or hot, it is the same bloody, stinking filth. As we passed through the grisly lines of carcasses, a deep voice behind us, said, "Gosh, how I'd like a juicy steak from one of these. Say, this beats your boulevards!" The smacking of lips followed. We turned, unsurprised when we saw who had uttered that remark. Fat and bloated, he was the ideal personification of indulgence to carnal appetites.

With a feeling of relief, we left Armour's plant and returned home.

The day is not far, when the soundless avenging rod of the Almighty's Benign Powers will overtake Armour's and associated industries and the awakening of the slumbering, but potential conscience of the glorious United States will wipe clean out by a sweeping prohibition every such hellhouse in the land and utilize live stock as a blessing to agriculture in place of feeding the stomachs of human beings with their dead products. Wake up, my America, to your true service to humanity; stop slaughter of poor animals and wars will stop with it.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

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#### FOR SALE.

One Practitioner's Spectro-Chrome Equipment, \$100; Two Intermediate Equipments, \$70 each. Excellent condition, new Slides and Bulbs in each. Address:—O. H. Bronson, 5039 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

## Progressive Physicians Endorse Spectro-Chrome Therapy



By special invitation and kind arrangement of John Wesley King, M.D., Dean of the College of Electronic Medicine, of Bradford, Pennsylvania, commencing December 4, 1922, a Special Course on Spectro-Chrome Therapy was given to 14 Doctors of Medicine, 2 Doctors of Osteopathy, 1 Doctor of Dental Surgery and 3 Physicians' Assistants, at Dr. King's Laboratory in Bradford, Pa. The studiousness of the class was phenomenally praiseworthy and the facilities placed at the disposal of Spectro-Chrome Institute by Dr. King were so exceptionally thoughtful that the entire course was speeded like lightning without a hitch. For the success of that class, all the best thanks are deserved by Dr. J. W. King, whose liberal views and broadmindedness merit lasting gratitude.

At the close of the course the following testimonial was presented to the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy:

### SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

Bradford, Pennsylvania

We, the students attending the Course of Instructions in Spectro-Chrome Therapy, December 4, 1922, given us by Colonel Dinshah Ghadiali, M.D., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, fail to find suitable words to express our deep appreciation for the information given us by the Master, in his unique presentation of a science, little understood by the masses which concerns one's welfare in the hour of physical sick-states. We assure you, Dear Dinshah, that the knowledge imparted to us will prove of incalculable benefit to the sick in their hour of suffering, and the relief we can give them, through your system, *Spectro-Chrome Therapy*.

Last but not least, we give you double thanks for the information gained in medical and metaphysical lore, of which you are a lord indeed!

We wish you God-Speed in spreading the knowledge possessed by you, to impart to others the great gift given us. Man can never reward you for the great work you are doing. We pray that many more years will be spared you at this work.

(19 signatures)