

# SCIENCE BIDS FOR GIANT'S BRAIN

"SELL me your brain," said the British Museum to the biggest man in the world and Machnow, the giant, fled in terror.

"I'll give you three thousand dollars for your brain," is the offer of Dr. Carleton Simon of New York. But Machnow has not heard of this latest proposition. His wife, his physician and his manager united in keeping the news from him, because it would throw the giant into an agony of terror.

The biggest man in the world, who is also the biggest coward in the world, is hiding away from the doctors because he thinks they want to kill him and examine his brain and his skeleton. This unfortunate creature, 9 feet 2 inches in height and weighing 360 pounds, is so afraid of every stranger that he would cry and run away and fall down helpless from fright if the smallest and slimmest doctor in the world should try to talk to him.

Machnow is a coward because he is a giant. It seems to be a well settled law of nature that the bigger a man is the less energy, pluck or force there shall be in proportion to his frame. Giants are peculiarly lethargic and a prey to melancholy, just as little men are, as a rule, full of importance, hope, self-confidence and high spirits.

Machnow is such a scared creature that he is afraid to show his face in the streets; afraid to go anywhere without his friend and patron, Dr. de Kerschminski; frightened as a little child if his wife is away from him. Everything new scares him into abject terror. He is the most conservative man in the world. The average man who meets Machnow feels an almost irresistible temptation to jump up and maul him just to impress upon his logy mind that he ought to be ashamed of his cowardice and learn to use his limbs for defense and not for flight.

But nothing in the world can give this big fellow self-confidence. He cowers whenever he hears that a stranger wants to talk to him. He shuffles away and hides if the stranger approaches. It was necessary to have nine men capture him and drag him aboard the ship that brought him to this country, and then it took nine more to drag him ashore in New York. His cowardice is no mere press agent's device to arouse interest in him. People generally don't like cowards. But they really ought to pity this one, because he is the champion coward of the world. Dr. Carleton Simon tells in a scientific way just why the giant is so full of fear. He can't help it.

Machnow was born twenty-six years ago, on the estate of Count de Kerschminski, in Kustoki, Central Russia. He was normal in size until he was 12 years old, and then, in obedience to an abnormal impulse from the pituitary gland, a remarkable bit of the brain, which Dr. Simon describes, he suddenly began to grow at a tremendous rate.

When Machnow was only 6 years old he was very strong. He could carry with ease a sack of flour weighing 100 pounds. When he was 9 years old he could pick up a pony weighing 450 pounds and toss it over his shoulder. But after that he soon shot up toward his present enormous size, and the more he grew the less energy he had left. Today little Terry McGovern could outwalk, outrun, outjump or outlift the giant. The only direction in which Machnow shows any great ability today is in eating and in smoking cigarettes.

During every moment of his life at present Machnow is either eating, sleeping or smoking cigarettes. He does not drink anything alcoholic, but he consumes many gallons of tea every day.

When Machnow reached his 20th year and his height of nine feet two inches, his friends persuaded him that he could make more money showing himself as a freak than by sticking to his vocation of chopping wood. It took six years to impress this simple idea on his dull brain, but after long argument he finally consented to travel, on these conditions:

That his wife should go with him to protect him from fairies, goblins, spirits, witches, etc.

That his friend and patron, the Count de Kerschminski, who is also a doctor, should go with him to keep all other doctors away.

Even under the protection of his wife and his patron, poor Machnow is still a quaking hulk of terror.

Over in London the officers of the British Museum offered him \$1500 for his skeleton. Instead of appreciating the delicate compliment, he roared and bawled in an agony of fear. To this



MACHNOW  
AND HIS  
WIFE

day, if he hears any one utter the word "skeleton" he will run away.

"Skelet! Skelet!" he cries as he tries to hide his huge bulk.

It pays to be a giant, but it isn't much fun.

## Why I Want Machnow's Brain.

BY DR. CARLETON SIMON.

WHY have I offered \$3500 for Machnow's brain? Because I believe there is a possibility of discovering in it, by a post-mortem examination, facts of the highest value to the human race. The worth of the brain of a giant of this character cannot be estimated in dollars, for it will be simply invaluable to science, aside from the obliquities it will show and various phenomena as yet unnoted.

I am especially anxious to obtain the brain of Machnow because of the light it may throw on the mystery of growth and on the origin of cancer. It is upon the latter possibility that I ascribe so high a value to Machnow's brain.

In spite of the uncontrollable terror which now obsesses this greatest giant in the world, the desire to examine his brain for the benefit of humanity is perfectly reasonable. He probably will not live many years. Giants seldom live to great age. A few attain middle age, but the great majority die young. Machnow, therefore, has a reasonable expectation of only a short time to live.

The state of panic in which he constantly is found is not worth noticing except that it is a characteristic of giantism. The giants of legendary lore are bold, powerful, cunning, malicious, fierce and courageous—veritable sources of terror. The hundreds of giants who have been actually known and studied by man are physically weak, quite amiable and never strong of mind.

Nature seems to have overnourished the physical bulk of these poor creatures at the expense of their strength, of their vital force.

What is vital force? We do not know. We know that the brain is the last part of the human organism to die, and we believe that the vital force, which keeps us alive and directs all our activities, has its abode in the brain. But

what the vital force itself is we cannot tell. By careful observation of the

brains of giants we hope to get some further insight into the hidden nature

## Finger Nails in Fact and Fancy

IT is said in Europe that American women of wealth and leisure are more particular about the care of their finger nails than any other women on the face of the globe. Among themselves English women regard it as a vulgarism to polish the nail. Their own are invariably spotted and well cut, and since they partake of the national vigor they are naturally smooth and pink. It is but seldom that the finger nails of an English woman show signs of continuous poor health or high strung nerves. In Scotland there is an old superstition stating that:

A man had better never be born. Than have his nails on Sunday shorn.

In England the old Saxon formula taught to every lisping child runs as follows:

Cut them on Monday, cut them for health.  
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth.  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut for a letter.  
Cut them on Thursday, for something better.  
Cut them on Friday, you cut for a wife.  
Cut them on Saturday, cut for long life.  
Cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil.  
For all of that week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Indeed, the cutting of the finger nails

is one of the little tasks from which mankind is released only by the grave. Men who have observed them with assiduous care have computed that their average growth is 1-82 of an inch a week or a little more than an inch and a half a year. This rate of growth moreover is not the same for all the fingers, the thumb and the little finger being the ones whose nails grow more slowly than the others, and the middle finger being the most rapid of all in its growth. During the summer they have been observed to grow more quickly than in the winter, and several authorities hold that the nails of the right hand grow quicker than those of the left. In either case they grow with four times the rapidity of the nails of the toes.

This growth of the nails continues even during periods of severe sickness; although the part of the nail then formed is thin and lacking in strength. It is for this reason that deep transverse grooves are sometimes seen on the nails, since the thin portion formed in sickness cannot hold itself on a level with the thicker and more healthful parts.

Extreme nervousness and grief have

of that principle which constitutes life itself and whose derangement or distortion, as many doctors now believe, may be regarded as the cause of cancer in the human body. To discover the cause of cancer will be a long advance toward finding the cure of cancer. It is easy to destroy in the light the enemy we cannot see in the dark.

To make clear why the brain of Machnow can help the investigation into the origin of cancer it will be necessary to give some details concerning the origin of giantism.

There is at the base of every normal human brain, just back of the nerves of the eye as they cross in order to

pass out of the skull, a small round

substance, about as large as a pea, called the pituitary gland. We believe that this gland is an organ which separates from the blood some substance that has an important use in the building up and maintenance of the body. When the pituitary gland is destroyed the body wastes and growth ceases; when the gland is enlarged and overactive excessive growth occurs. The gland occurs in all vertebrate animals, but in this article only the influence upon the human being need be considered.

Inasmuch as we know that the state of the pituitary gland controls growth, it is evident that a perfect knowledge of its functions may throw much light on the origin of cancer, which doctors now believe to be an abnormal form of life within ourselves, originating in a foreign germ or microbe taken into the blood, but in some misdirection of the principle of life and growth beginning within our own bodies. That is to say, cancer is blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh driven by some impulse, as yet undiscovered, to form a growth within ourselves that preys upon our lives.

What is growth? Briefly, it is increase. From infancy to maturity our bodies grow in obedience to some involuntary mental impulse which causes the body to abstract from food, air and water more tissue than it uses in its activities. The surplus substance which we thus unconsciously accumulate is the cause of growth.

BRAIN OF A  
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At middle age the processes of waste and of repair—of catabolism and metabolism—are about equal in force. At length the tide ebbs. Little by little the wastage exceeds the repair. The difference increases; at last waste prevails; the subject dies.

I have said that the influence of the pituitary gland upon growth has been well established. We know that in its normal state it causes a healthy growth. Examination of the brains of many giants has shown that the pituitary gland was very large and had been very active, thus accounting for the subject's giantism.

So far as we know, then, it is the pituitary gland that directs growth, force, energy, the course of the vital principle in the individual. When it is abnormally active the individual grows abnormally large. It is not extravagant, then, to hope that in some other department of the pituitary gland from the normal we shall find the source of that scourge of the human race—cancer.

One can easily see how important it is that we should examine every giant's brain in the search for the hiding place of cancer. Poor Machnow, unable even to read or write, is too ignorant to understand the real service he might thus render to humanity; too timid and melancholic to keep from believing that all doctors are conspirators eager to kill him in order to get possession of his brain and his skeleton. If those who have most influence over him can overcome his silly fears and persuade him to dispose of his brain as science requests they will confer a boon upon the human race.

lovers of knowledge, holding liberal sentiments.

Nails growing into the flesh at the sides are said to belong to people with luxurious, extravagant tastes. A white mark on the nails is thought by the superstitious to bespeak misfortune, while those of equal authority aver it is caused by some disarrangement of the stomach.

To free them from stains and increase their feeling of smoothness there is no simpler means than the use of lemon juice and salt once or twice a week. Indeed, a small covered bowl holding the juice of a lemon and half a teaspoonful of salt should find a place on every washstand. It becomes a matter of no moment then to dip the fingers in the lemon juice after washing and before they are quite dry. They then should be rubbed briskly with a polisher, free, however, from either powder or paste. To keep the cuticles soft and capable of being pushed down so that the half moon of the nails will become prominent they need only to be rubbed a little before going to bed with cold cream, glycerine, sweet almond oil or whatever grease is on the toilet table.

Other common thoughts about the nails which perhaps have been accentuated in the last few years by students of palms are that people with broad nails are likely to have gentle, timid and bashful natures; that those with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome; that small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit, and that round nails belong to