

How to make TEA correctly

Firstly

Be sure you use India Tea, or a blend containing India Tea.

Secondly

Use an earthenware teapot, and put into it one good teaspoonful of India Tea for each cup of tea required.

Thirdly

Be sure you pour the water into the teapot the moment it boils. Only fresh boiling water can bring out the true flavour of the tea. Hot water is no use. Water that has been boiling for some time does not give the best results. This is important if you want a really good cup of tea.

Daily Dozen

Ordinarily, it is from a sound sleep of seven hours, I awake on a new day, every day, ready to meet it, greatly refreshed, with restored energy and replaced force. Seemingly as if to prove my re-gotten strength, I instinctively stretch and yawn, giving my lungs and muscles an extra awakening and, as quick as a flash, I am out of bed. My day has begun. I never stay in bed a moment after the yawn. I cannot but think that the practice of lying in bed after one awakens is conducive to lassitude and dullness. It cannot but breed stagnation of body and mind. It is demoralizing to the discipline of self. It puts a defensive spirit in life and robs the individual of a bold and smashing of-fensiveness to face the day.

While still in my pajamas I take a few very simple arm and leg movements just to limber me up. I breathe deeply to get my lungs full of fresh air, for there is need that the lungs resume actively their functions for a working body and not a sleeping one. That operation just takes a minute or two and I am in my bath.

My bath is always tepid, the temperature of the body. I am not a disciple of the cold bath the first thing in the morning, for the reason that the functions of the system, have not reached their maximum momentum and to require the heart and nervous organs to resist a cold bath is asking too much of them before they have properly put on full speed. The tepid bath meets my requirements and tempers me for a brisk rubdown. I attach great importance to the latter. I perform it myself and briskly, very briskly, I will not allow a masseur near me, as I do my rub-down to my own liking and without any ceremony. I know it is more efficacious. The blood is forced to circulate and I feel my whole being something spring-

ing into action. The skin is refreshed and riden of all redundant surplus ready to be renewed and stay healthy.

Trained Reader

When I come from the bath, the newspapers are brought to me. I read them while dressing for my horseback ride. I am one of those who can truly say that he was once a newspaper man and responding to my training I can glance through them with the eye of the experienced editor. To dress while reading is not a difficulty. The dressing is a purely mechanical function and subordinate to the will without any conscious thought. It should not be a subject for mental expenditure. We do it every day, then why not make the physical agencies which the operation in dressing takes work automatically, just as one's fingers do on the typewriter or the piano. The reading of the newspaper then becomes an added product of the mental mechanism, which it can perfectly well accomplish while the fingers are occupied elsewhere.

My shave comes before I put on my collar. I have become rather skillful in the use of an American safety razor, and, though my beard is thick and stiff, I have attained such dexterity that I feel like saying "so many seconds from lather to towel" or whatever self-shavers are supposed to measure their speed on. However, I have to use a new blade every time I shave, for there are no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.

When I am not pressed for time, I let him do the shaving. He is no common barber. He has a character all his own and was not made in the same mould which ordinary barbers are made in. He is not loquacious. He tells me none of his troubles and I tell him none of mine. He withdraws his joys and I withhold mine. He does not play with and fondle my face when I allow him to show how much he can beat safety. He is a man devoted to shaving, in which profession he is an artist. He lathers without any extra flourishes and draws the razor across the face without unnecessary expenditure of physical effort. He appreciates with me that useless effort is lost. So well have both of us carried this out, that we have not exchanged more than two words—outside of greetings—in the entire four years he has been giving me an occasional shave.

I go then fully attired wearing my riding breeches to breakfast. It is what I call a breakfast. I wonder sometimes what an Englishman or an American or a German would call it and what he would do with such a breakfast as mine. There is no fruit. There is no sausage, ham and eggs, breakfast foods or anything which would typify the modern breakfast. There is even no coffee, for I do not drink coffee in any form—it is not a food, it is dangerous for brain-work

and no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. My breakfast simply consists

of a glass of milk and is a matter of one minute. I drink it at the table in small gulps so that it might be properly salivated.

Milk is a wonderful food, perhaps the best food known to man. This one glass of milk contains enough nourishment to sustain me until the midday meal six hours hence. It is always taken when I am alone for I am not a great lover of company at table. The greatest honor I can bestow upon anyone is to invite them to lunch. It would even be an honor for my own brother, Cesira, my servant, puts the milk on the table and then withdraws. She is forty and silent, uncommunicative.

It is 7:30 and I am ready to take my morning canter.

A Speechless Barber

My barber peeks in at me occasionally looking with envy on the accomplishment of the safety.