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EDITED BY ....

BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

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Or

Food and Diet in Their Relation to Health and Work.

By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

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Eating for Strength, or Food and Diet in Their Relation to Health and Work. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. The Book concludes with several Hundred Recipes for Wholesome and Nutritious Foods and Drinks.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Price, 50c per year, post paid.

Edited by Bernarr A. Macfadden, author of "Macfadden's Physical Training" and "The Athlete's Conquest," a 500-page novel on Physical Culture, a revised copy of which is now running as a serial story in this publication.

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It is the editor's firm and conscientious belief:

That weakness is a crime.

That one has no more excuse for being weak than he can have for going hungry when food is at hand.

That if one possesses sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, he has more than sufficient strength to regain vigorous health.

That usually disease is simply an effort on the part of the physical organism to right itself, and if the means adopted to attain the end of effecting a cure.

That there is no disease without a cause, and if the cause is removed the body will gradually "cure itself."

That disease is not "sent by Divine Providence," but is the result of the victim's own ignorance or carelessness.

That vigorous, pulsating health, with all the energy of mind and body that accompanies this exalted physical condition, is within the reach of all.

That health and strength of a high degree is the natural condition of man, and it is otherwise only when one's life does not conform to nature's laws.

That there are thousands in every civilized country annually dying from consumption, general debility, heart trouble, and other causes too numerous to mention, who could easily have been brought back to health, strength and power had they adopted rational methods at the proper time.

That his great purpose in life is to "preach the gospel" of health, strength and the means of acquiring it.

That the finest and most satisfying results that can be acquired from proper physical culture are the cure of disease and the development of that energy, vitality and health essential to the success and happiness of life.

The above will remain for a few issues, that my principles may not be misunderstood.

If there are those whom I can benefit that are unable financially to recompense me, they will find me just as ready and willing to answer their queries as those others who can afford to be liberal in their fees.

When writing please do not expect a reply too soon, as the duties of a lecturer, engaged nearly every night, are rather difficult to fulfill; but, if a reply does not come after waiting a reasonable time, please write again, as the letter may have been mislaid or lost in the mails.

THE EDITOR.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The Development of Energy, Vitality and Health.

The marvellous influence of energy on one's life is well known. The power to succeed depends not so much on the opportunities one has as it does on the ability and energy to take advantage of those that do appear. How many young men start out in life with the noblest intentions, the highest, broadest ambitions, but through lack of the determination and persistence that come with great energy, gradually lose their high aims, until these disappear altogether in the mere struggle for ordinary subsistence.

They will often say, "Oh, I have lived and learned; I started out with the determination to accomplish great things, but here I am, at this unsatisfactory occupation," etc., etc. The road to the desired success was more difficult to ascend than they imagined, and they lacked the energy necessary to persist in their attempts, and to that their failure was due. The great importance of the possession of energy cannot be overestimated. It should be sought for above all things, in preparing for life's work.

It may be new to many that one's energy can be increased in power, can be developed just in the same degree as the muscular system. To a certain extent the body is a great storage battery—one can store up energy that can be used at will for mental or physical work. One cannot possess great energy unless he enjoys exuberant health—health of a degree that makes the very act of living, of breathing, a source of exhilaration; and, at times, when Nature smiles, with a bright sun glowing in a background of clear blue, one can actually become momentarily intoxicated with the wild joy of merely living and breathing. That is the health which is worth making the effort to possess, and I believe that all men and women can acquire it if they adopt the proper method and persevere in their endeavors. It is not within the power of every one to become extraordinary strong, in the sense of being able to lift heavy weights, or to perform feats of strength, but superabundant health is within the reach of all. At birth each one inherits a certain degree of muscular and vital strength—if no attempt is made to develop this to the limit, one may go through life weakly, sickly and emaciated, when he could have possessed strength and energy far above the ordinary had he made proper attempts to acquire it. As every one inherits a muscular system that is capable of being developed so far and no farther, it is ridiculous for any one to assert that every one can be developed so many inches in the upper arm, the calf, etc. One man may be able to increase the size of his un-
per arm three or four inches, while another man may not be able to add over half an inch. But, if one is unable to develop muscular tissue to a noticeable degree, it does not necessarily indicate that he cannot increase his energy, vitality and health in the same proportion as one who is able to acquire large development.

One can possess great vitality without a corresponding degree of energy. Vitality, as I understand it, is the ability to live long—it means that one's physique is strong, vigorous and hardy. Such a person could possess great energy if he were to "wake up" his latent power by various means within his grasp, but in such a case it would be a matter of mental as well as physical training. To secure the greatest attainable degree of energy, one must strive to possess the highest attainable degree of health.

How is one to acquire this? From a proper system of muscular exercise, adapted to one's needs and strength, a wholesome, nutritious diet, thorough cleanliness of the skin, the observance of the physiological and other laws appertaining to the culture of the body. But you may inquire, "What is a proper system of exercise?" One that uses the entire muscular system lightly and thoroughly, causing each and every muscle to be cleansed and strengthened with the accelerated circulation brought about by the flexed and relaxed conditions of the muscles that follow each other in quick succession in proper exercise. Do not forget that there is a vast difference in exercise and in its results. All experts agree that the most beneficial results are derived from physical exercise when, in making a motion of any kind, one part of it should require an effort (flexed condition) on the part of the muscle, and the other part should require no effort (relaxed condition).

Thus, if one is using an entire rubber exer-ciser, the tension from which is the same going both ways, one can readily see that it would require an effort to pull it out, and an effort to keep it from returning with a jerk—a flexed condition of the muscle during the entire motion, and when the motions are continuous—one after the other—the flexed condition of the muscles continues during several motions. As there are several good home exer-cisers on the market besides my system, one must make an effort to pull it out, and keep it from returning with a jerk. It is the same condition of the muscle during the entire motion, and when the motions are continuous—one after the other—the flexed condition of the muscles continues during several motions. As there are several good home exer-cisers on the market besides my system, all of which all physical culture should make use of. It is of no value to a man who desires simply superabundant health. If ambitions to become a man with pheno-nomenal strength, one must make up his mind to sacrifice, to a certain extent, exhilarating health and vital power in securing it. Every man possesses a certain amount of reserve force; he can lift far more under stress of nervous excitement or of great determination, than he can under ordinary circumstances. He does this by calling on his reserve force, and if one makes a habit daily of practicing or exhibiting with heavy weights that require him to use this reserve force, he is sapping the foundation of higher physical health, lessening his vitality and decreasing his years of life. You can be intemperate in the cultivation of muscular tissue as easy as in anything else. One does not need phenomenally developed muscles. What he does need is a normal, natural muscular system. When one strives for anything beyond this he is becoming intermariate in his desires and in his exercise, and the results often work serious injury to that higher state of physical health, the development of which all physical culture should tend to improve.

Some will ask, "When shall I take exercise?" A little in the morning immediately on rising, before dressing, so there will be no wearing apparel to interfere with free muscular movements. Don't take sufficient to tire the muscles.
One needs his energies for the day's labor—so exercise just enough to accelerate the circulation and wake up the faculties. But at night, before retiring, I would advise more—enough to create a feeling of slight fatigue all over the body. That "tired feeling," which we all hate so much during the day, is of decided advantage when one is wooring the unconsciousness of slumber. Then there is an advantage also in taking vigorous exercise just before retiring in its ability to create a thoroughly normal condition. If one is tired out with mental work it will create a feeling of rest and take away the throbbing of a feverish or overworked brain. If the legs are aching from standing or walking all day, a little vigorous work of the upper parts of the body will usually equalize the circulation and alleviate the pain.

Be moderate in diet. Do not eat to satiety, but merely all the appetite craves. Many think that dieting is living on those foods which are not appetizing, but which are supposed to be the most nourishing. That is a mistake. Dieting consists of adhering to those particular articles of food for which the appetite craves, and which contain, to the greatest degree, those food elements that are most needed to feed the body at that time. How is one to know this? By the appetite. The normal appetite craves the strongest of those particular foods which are the richest in the elements required to strengthen and build up the physical organism. Then dieting properly is eating what one likes best? Yes, if the appetite be entirely normal. How is one to tell if the appetite be normal? If it craves foods which are unwholesome and which disagree with the system, one knows that the appetite is abnormal, or else the food contains elements essential to feeding the body notwithstanding its unwholesomeness. Then would the advice be to eat it anyway? No; would advise that some other food be sought for which one knows to be wholesome and nutritious and which contains similar elements for which the appetite craves.

Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly. Never eat without an appetite. The thorough enjoyment of food is essential to perfect digestion. When one enjoys every morsel eaten, the saliva flows more freely, the gastric juices of the stomach are furnished in greater quantities, and the work of digestion and assimilation is more satisfactorily accomplished. If there is no capacity for the enjoyment of food at one meal time, wait until the next, for under these circumstances forcing one's self to eat merely because it is meal time, is a most dangerous practice. When the system is overloaded with imperfections, as in pneumonia, consumption, neuralgia, rheumatism and "fibbid" diseases of an analogous character, the appetites of all whose physiques approximate a normal condition give warning by disappearing, thus...
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bringing it back and forth over the surface of the body—will be found of great aid in keeping the skin in a fine condition. One of these brushes properly used gives the skin the softness and smoothness of velvet, and accelerates quite materially the action of the pores in throwing off impurities. The best time to use it is immediately after a little exercise (before the sponge bath) on rising in the morning.

Do not cumber the body with too much clothing. Wear only sufficient to keep warm, and no more. Too much clothing lessens the vital powers, and makes one much less able to resist disease.

Within the confines of this short article one can give only an outline of that which is necessary to do in order to build up great energy, vitality and health, but those who earnestly and truly desire this exalted physical condition have only to make a start under the instructions as outlined here, and from that small beginning go on and on improving in strength and health day by day, adding to their knowledge, their enthusiasm, their determination, as they feel this increasing physical power gradually raising them from the level of a mere existence to the heights of glorious, exhilarating health. Just taste that condition, reader, and live, breathe, enjoy, with the delicious intoxication that comes at times to those who possess the blessing of superb, pulsating health. Grasp it, friend, while you may—before the eyes grow dim, the feet unsteady, before the call bearing you into a mysterious uncertainty roughly ends life’s dream.

THE EDITOR.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

CAN A WEAK MIND BE MADE STRONG?

SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO DESPAIR EASILY.

A terrible affliction is a weak mind. It is a kind of label which is pinned to the being of the man, proclaiming him to be hardly fit for anything, neither for reasoning, thinking, remembering, nor for exercising his will properly.

Of course, the essence of the mind is unknown to us; it is a blank. We can define mind to be that which thinks and reasons, but we can go no further. We are conscious that we think and that we have a variety of different thoughts, from deliberating and reasoning to loving and hating, but beyond this it is impossible to define what the essence of the mind is.

By a weak mind being made strong, we do not mean that mind which is wholly or partially incapable of reasoning and thinking, which is bereft of intelligence, the mind of the idiot—although where the reasoning powers are only partially eclipsed, it is possible by hygienic means to remove the dark shadow that crosses the path of the semi-idiot mind—but we mean that mind which, being possessed of reasoning powers, is slow to appreciate or to exercise the reasoning faculty, which fails to grasp quickly the thought of the moment, or which is weak in resolve, thereby being easily persuaded to do that which they often brings about regret afterwards.

That quotation from the Latin of Horace, “A sound mind in a healthy body,” points to the fact that unless you are constitutionally healthy in body, it is hardly fair to expect that your mind will be particularly sound, to interpret the quotation literally, which no doubt it is intended to be.

To illustrate this argument, we may mention the names, for instance, of John Ruskin, Walter Besant, Kipling, Hardy, and a host of others prominent in the world of writers; of Richmond, Fildes, Poynter, Herkomer, and other strong men in the world of art; of Balfour, Harcourt, Labouchere, in the political world; all of whom are endowed with exceptionally strong minds, proceeding from particularly healthy bodies which are much exercised physically by their owners.

On the other hand, you have only to take a hasty glance at the person whose mind is unsound in order to draw your conclusions that the unhappiness of the man is determined by the unhealthiness of his body. Therefore, to try to strengthen a weak mind—the degree of the weakness, of course, permitting—regular physical exercise should be taken every day.
PHYSICAL CULTURE.

This does not mean running or walking your legs off, or tiring any of the popular outdoor sports, but you should go in for exercising quietly at home; conversant with the proper movements, as knowing these is half the battle.

So much, then, for the physical remedy, which will give tone and vigor to the body and strengthen the mind accordingly, or, rather, supply the basis from which the strengthening influence will arise.

We have now to deal with the psychological aspect, which is a very important matter. A person with a weak mind is prone to a disposition which aggravates rather than disperses the disability. Habitual melancholia, or the desire to remain aloof from the society of men and women, from the world and its amusements in general, cannot but aggravate the symptom; therefore, throw off such reservation and enter rationally into the spirit of the world and its pleasures. A weak mind is responsible for a weak personal character; will-power is absent; self-dependence is below zero; your being does not hang upon its own hook, so to speak; it must have support.

Now, the cultivation of the first of these things, will-power, is not difficult. Form your opinion upon a given subject and stick to it, argue it out, fight it out, and this position you take up will bring in its trend a wonderful flow of thought, of ideas. Whether these be in the right or wrong, it does not matter a jot; suffice it to say that the development of the bumpt of "Language" and "Comparison" will help to strengthen the mind, for the existence of a weak mind is perhaps not all due to a diseased or a weak constitution; the mental faculties have not always been fairly and properly exercised.

The trait of characteristic self-dependence is first-cousin to self-will. Cultivate it; train your mind to feel that you have as great a right to self-dependence as anybody else. Think the problem out carefully; revolve the idea over and over again in your mind. If you should be asked to do a thing that you don't want to do, don't in the weakness of your mind study either the proposition itself or your friend's feelings; study yourself. Wait before you give your answer. Make it a point always to say, "Well, I'll, just think the matter over.

These are trifling things in themselves, but you would be surprised at the force they possess in influencing and tending to cultivate the mind, making a person cool, deliberate, possessed of self-will, thoughtful, and fond of exercising all the faculties of the mind, conditions that have a magical influence in strengthening a weak mind.

CHAPTER I.

"Here I am, twenty-seven years of age, with a good income, a fine business, and everything necessary to make one happy—except a wife. "How am I to find a wife? I wish I had never heard of all these reform ideas about the wearing of corsets. Every corrected woman seems to be only a creature of imperfections. This is the result of studying too much about physical culture. Now, what kind of a life companion do I want? I don't care much about the color of her hair, but would prefer it dark—oh, phew! what does the hair matter? I want to marry a woman in every sense of the word—physically, mentally and morally. I'm a crank, and I know it, but I have the right to be one. Who in the world would marry one of those wasp-waisted women, when he sees the ugliness, and also the disease, that is always, in time, connected with such deformity? The Chinese woman crushes her feet until there remain only little stump, shapeless masses of flesh and bones to serve as a means of locomotion. She hobbles around like a man on crutches. We say, 'What a fool she must be,' when we hear of this unnatural practice. But if viewed from an unprejudiced standpoint, is she any worse, or even as bad as the American women who crush the most important organs of the organism into a shapeless mass with bands of steel? It is not merely one limb, or one foot, that they crush out of shape; the most vital parts of the body suffer severely from this effort to attain a false standard of beauty, and the whole body is weakened in consequence.

Well, there is this much about it: if I am unable to find one who has not injured and deformed herself in this way, I'll be an old bachelor. Just look at Tom Fisk! It's only two years since he married the belle of his set—a pretty, weakly, innocent girl, with her waist crushed so small one could almost span it. Now look at him, with a life of misery before him, and an invalid wife to take care of the rest of his days. Now, if he had married some healthy, vigorous and intelligent girl, he would have made his mark in the world; but with a child-wife, and she weakly and sickly, he will have his hands full in caring for her, with no opportunity even to think of his ambitions. If I want to fill
my life with misery, I'll marry just such a woman."

Thus mused Harry Moore, a strong, athletic, well-made fellow, as he threaded his way through a crowded business thoroughfare. Five years before this Harry had lost his health from the injurious effects of confining office work. After trying all kinds of remedies and consulting several noted physicians, he came to the conclusion that his case was incurable. Nothing seemed to benefit him. One day, in one of his gloomiest moods, when pacing along the street, he felt a sudden acute pain in his side, and noticing a doctor's sign across the street, he went over, rang the bell, and in an instant was ushered into the physician's private office. Harry explained his trouble as best he could, and a drug was given him which gave relief in a few minutes. After he began to feel like talking, the physician commenced asking him questions.

"What business are you in, young man?" queried the doctor.

"I'm a bookkeeper."

"Ah! I thought so. Do you ever take any exercise?"

"Yes, I walk a great deal."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, young man, would you like me to tell you exactly the trouble with you? why you are thin and weakly, with dull eyes and a sallow complexion?"

"I certainly would," answered Harry, his face brightening with interest.

"How long have you been working in an office?"

"About five years."

"Never took the least bit of exercise, outside of the short distances you are compelled to walk, in all that time, I suppose?"

"No; that's about right."

"Young man, I can cure you easily," in earnest tones.

"Yes; I've had several tell me the same thing," said Harry, his face slightly darkening at the remembrance of the hard-earned dollars he had spent in doctors' bills, only to see himself growing worse, instead of better.

"I would not attempt to cure you with drugs," said the physician, divining his thoughts.

"How can you do it?"

"By natural means."

"What is that?"

"When I say that I'll cure you by natural means, I mean that I'll use nothing distasteful to you. I'll simply prescribe certain exercises for you to take; will instruct you what you should eat and drink; will in other words, teach you how to live."

"Well, do you know, doctor. I've often thought there was something in that," said Harry, as his dull eyes began to glint with hope. "You thought just about right, young man—in that case. Where do you work?"

"For Brown & Wilson, wholesale grocers."

"You come here to see me this evening, at about seven o'clock. I will then have time to talk with you about your condition, and will tell you just what I can do for you, what it will cost you, etc.," said the doctor, as he rose and opened the door for Harry to pass out.

"All right; I'll be here," said Harry, as he passed out the door with a brighter feeling than he had enjoyed for some time.

Every hour between the time he left the physician's office and the hour of the appointment for that evening seemed a day to Harry. He had several times thought that he could be cured without so much nasty medicine, but he did not know how to bring it about; and when making inquiries of his friends for information, they laughed at his absurd ideas. This, of course, was discouraging, and caused him to renounce the idea. But now he had found a physician with exactly the same theories. He would teach him how to regain health and strength.

In his interview with the physician that evening, he learned much that was new to him. He told Harry to join a gymnasium; to take light exercises for strengthening the upper parts of his body; instructed him as to the foods which would be best to eat, and gave him books on hygienic subjects to read. He kept his patient for over an hour asking questions and giving instructions. Harry was intensely interested, and listened carefully to every word, stowing away the information for future use.

"Now," said the doctor, rising, "it lies with you. I have shown you the path that leads to physical health. If you follow it, you will soon feel the superb vigor of health pulsating through your every nerve, your every muscle!"

"Well, I'll follow instructions to the best of my ability; you can be assured of that," answered Harry, as he rose and started towards the door, a bright smile, the dawn of hope, ornamenting his features.

"Come to see me every three or four days, that I may see if you are following my directions. Be sure and read those books carefully, because they will help you along in a great many ways. You must become thoroughly interested in hygiene if you expect great improvement."

"Oh, I'll do anything for health," said Harry, as he walked out of the door.

"Now, remember my instructions: Plenty of exercise. When stronger you can try athletics."

"I'll remember it; I'll join a gymnasium to-morrow," answered Harry.

All manner of wild thoughts flitted through his brain that evening while on his way home. He felt that at last the road to health had been found. He was happy; more so than he had been for years. On arriving home, he eagerly opened one of the physician's books and commenced to devour its contents.
The statements made therein appeared to please him. Several times he exclaimed: "That's exactly what I thought all along." Once, while reading about the evil effects of breathing bad air, he came to a clause which stated that night air was quite as wholesome as any other, whether damp or not, and he jumped from his chair and said: "I knew it! I knew it! Tom Wardner, only yesterday, stated that night air was full of malaria, and, in order to avoid it, the windows should be tightly closed all night. I told him he was crazy. No wonder he has a cold half of the time, and is sick the other half."

From that day Harry Moore was a crank in the eyes of all rational beings. He followed instructions carefully; day by day he gained in strength and in weight. In a month or two his hollow cheeks began to fill out; his thin arms began to grow round and plump. Dut in the meantime he had been before. He did not resemble them in any way. He had become more strongly balanced. He became more and more enthusiastic as he advanced in his studies of hygiene. He began to feel a hard time finding his idea of perfection realized; and yet he worshipped the opposite sex. A man of his extremely happy, healthy and evenly-balanced temperament could hardly have done otherwise. Many estimable girls had attempted to win him; several had endeavored to fascinate him, merely because he would not acknowledge their powers as did other men. He treated them with a familiar kindness which they could not understand, coming from one apparently so capable of being affected by feminine charms. For this very reason he was courted and flattered, but all to no purpose. On more than one occasion he had felt the magnetic attraction that a lovely woman has for a strong, manly man; but even if he allowed the bewitching influence momentarily to enthral his senses, the silken bonds that held him captive would snap asunder whenever his glance fell to the charmer's waist, for in that squeezed, distorted waist he saw disease and ugliness: it was a deformity to him as much as a hunchback is to an ordinary person. Often he tried to eliminate the thought from his mind, but no, it seemed impossible. He must find an intelligent woman not deformed in this way, or else be doomed to bachelorhood. This he knew to be true, for he could never even respect, much less love, a woman who weakened herself and future generations with this terrible habit of deforming the body. The thoughts that occupied his mind on this particular day in his walk had bothered him on many other occasions. He had long ago ceased to search for his ideal among his friends or on the streets of his native city. But to-day a surprise was in store for him.

He had walked as far as Broadway, and while slowly making his way through the crowd on the sidewalk, he saw coming towards him a young woman whose face caused a strange thrill to affect him. In an instant he changed. His own fanciful thoughts disappeared. His eyes, clearly showing respectful admiration, scanned every outline of the face that so attracted him. Reluctantly he turned his gaze from her as she flashed a momentary glance towards him from a pair of very clear, dark brown eyes that was not encouraging; seemingly she did not relish the close scrutiny to which he had subjected her. Our Harry was nonplussed. As she passed him he could not resist the temptation to turn and gain another view of her. Never before had a woman's face affected him in that way. In looking after her, he obtained a glimpse who could affect me like that?" exclaimed Harry, with a long-drawn sigh as he remembered
acted promptly. The sidewalk was too crowded for him; he stepped off into the street that he might advance more rapidly. He nearly knocked down two men in his hurry. One of them, a burly fellow, called him a vile name. Quick as a flash, he turned and grabbed the fellow by the shoulder of his coat, and with one jerk landed him sprawling and sputtering in the middle of the street, much to the amusement of those passing by. He did not wait for the fellow to rise, but swiftly started again in the direction he remembered she had taken. He had walked up Broadway quite a distance when he began to slacken his gait.

"She could not have gone much farther than this," thought he, as he glanced over the crowded sidewalk. He began to despair of finding her; but, looking about ahead fifty yards, he caught a momentary glimpse of what he thought to be she, standing on the corner waiting for a street car. The crowd hid her from view entirely until he reached the opposite side of the street. It was she; he recognized her at a glance. The same sensations as before thrilled him as he admired her figure in each pose, was indelibly impressed on his memory. He had an excellent view of her face. It was no sooner thought than done. She was standing in the same place, about twenty-five yards down the street. From his position he had an excellent view of her without the slightest danger of being noticed; and as she moved about impatiently at the delay of the car, every outline of her features, of her figure in each pose, was indelibly impressed on his memory. He saw her hair was of a dark brown, her face just full enough to be nicely rounded; that she was his very ideal of physical perfection; that her arms were beautifully symmetrical; that her neck was a trifle large, but finely proportioned; that the exquisite curve of her figure at the waist depicted the absence of a corset; that her movement showed grace and suppleness, and that independences and strength of character were strongly marked in her frank, open coun tenance. He could gaze at her, and imagine he saw a Minerva, a Venus, and a longing came over him to know her, to be near her, to talk to her—a longing enslaving in its intensity, irresistible in its power.

"I must, I will know her, at any cost," mused he. "But how can I? I don't frequent the realms of society; I don't in any way resemble my ideas of a society woman. But hold! The first thing to do is to secure her name and address. I have it!"

"Here, young man," said he, addressing a boy of about twelve years, "do you want something to do?"

"Yes, if there's enough in it," replied the boy, coming toward him.

"You see that lady standing over there, in a brown dress?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's waiting for a car. I want you to take the same car she does, follow her, and find out where she lives. You can get off at the same place, walk slowly, and notice the number of the house she enters; then come back and tell me. There's my name and address (handing the boy his card). Now, hurry, for here comes the car."

"Give me car fare," requested the boy, with a knowing smile on his face.

"Oh, I forgot; here you are," said Harry, handing the boy a dime. "If you find out her name, I'll give you a quarter extra," added Harry, as the boy started away.

"I'm your huckleberry," the boy shouted back, as he started on a run to catch the car that was then passing the door. Harry went from there to his place of business, in a mental condition that can be more easily imagined than described. He was in no condition for business, though he spent two hours dictating letters to his stenographer in an absent-minded manner. The stenographer more than once saved him..."
from errors by calling his attention
to certain peculiar sentences that he
had dictated to her.

As he finished dictating his let-
ters, one of the clerks came into his
private office.

"A boy presented this card and
asked to see you, Mr. Moore," said
the clerk, as he laid the card on the
desk.

"Show him in here."

"Sit down here," said Harry to
the boy, as he came in, motioning
him to a chair by his side.

"Well, what luck?" asked Harry,
implacable to hear what the boy had
learned.

"I've found out both her name
and address."

"That's good. How did you find
out her name?"

"Oh, just asked a boy, sitting on
the fence, who lived next
door."  

"Now, remember, I'm depending
on your honesty," said Harry, as he
realized the boy could tell
himself. The word fail he rarely if
ever used. Success had crowned
his efforts on every side. He
thought that he could accomplish
anything that had been done by
other men. He was not exactly
conceited, but had the necessary
self-confidence which insures suc-
cess in most any undertaking.

"Miss Watson, Miss Watson,"
repeated he softly to himself. "What
a pleasing name. Ah, but not half
so pleasing as the woman herself."

He recalled to mind two men of
that name whom he knew slightly.

"What do I want to lie for?" said
the boy indignantly.  

"No; only had to walk awful fast
to keep close to her after she left
the car."

"Ah, ha! you did, eh," said Harry,
laughing. "Well, here's a dollar;
you've done your work well."

"Thank you," said the boy, his
eyes gleaming, as he pocketed the
dollar, and started to leave.

CHAPTER II.

After the boy departed, Harry
hurried back in his comfortable
chair, and allowed his imagination
full play. He began to devise some
plan to make her acquaintance.

Many different methods presented
themselves, but none seemed to
please him. Harry was a man who
had almost unlimited confidence in
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"I should think it would grow tiresome in time."

"Oh, well, when it does, we will adopt some other means of amusement. I have also several musical friends who furnish us with excellent music on occasions."

"I'm a little interested in scientific subjects myself," added Mr. Watson. "I have read some of Darwin's and Huxley's works."

"You don't say," said Harry, who saw here his coveted opportunity. "You must come out to my rooms some evening, and we will see how near you and I agree on the social problem."

"I'll do it," answered Mr. Watson, pleased to receive the invitation. They talked for some time on various topics, and Harry made several diplomatic efforts to obtain the desired invitation, but without avail.

At last Mr. Watson rose to go. "Now, be sure to come over to my rooms some time soon," said Harry. "I'll do it: soon, too. But suppose you call on me some time."

"Ah," said Harry to himself, "at last I have it."

"I shall be only too happy. In what part of the city do you live?" he asked of Watson, smiling at his own hypocrisy.

"On Washington Avenue, the other side of Grand, No. 3773."

"I've a friend who lives very near you. By the way, I'm going out to see him in the next day or two, and I'll call on you while I'm in the neighborhood."

"I'll be glad to welcome you at any time."

"Thank you; I shall come."

"Well, I must go; I have several letters to write this afternoon," said Watson, starting away. "Well, don't be surprised to see me at any time. I may visit my friend to-night, if time permits; if so, I may call on you."

"Any time—will be glad to see you. Bye, bye."

"Good afternoon," said Harry, pleasantly.

Harry felt very much pleased with himself at the progress he had made, and a satisfied smile ornamented his handsome features as he ensconced himself in his comfortable chair.

"I did not relish telling him a lie about the friend of mine living near his home, but some excuse had to be given for an early call. I didn't care to wait a week. She may be visiting, and might be gone by that time. I was afraid he might forget the invitation; I would have had it, even if forced to ask for it outright. I'll stop at nothing, with favors from her as the goal in view. She's a superb creature," murmured he, with a dreamy, far-away expression in his eyes.

After thinking it over, he concluded not to call until the next evening, as any undue haste might injure him.

The next day, while Watson was in, talking business, he unconsciously gave Harry some additional information.

"By the way," said he, "maybe you would like to meet my cousin from the East. She arrived about a week ago, and intends to stay a month or more. She is like yourself, very much interested in all kinds of athletics, and is quite a fencer and a bicycle rider, she tells me. She is extraordinarily strong, I know that. I'm not particularly weak myself; but the other night some of us were indulging in a romp, and she handled me like I were a boy. I did not know what to make of it, I was so amazed."

"Why, yes, I would be very much pleased to meet her. I always like to meet those interested in physical culture; they are always congenial companions to me," said Harry, trying to appear as unconcerned as possible.

He could easily have drawn Watson out to talk more of her; but he feared too much interest might be detected in his voice. He told Watson he expected to see his friend that evening early, and afterwards, being in the neighborhood, would call on her.

That evening Harry spent more time at his toilet than ever before. Dress usually occupied but little of his attention, and considerable time was required for him to don a satisfactory costume.

He arrived at the Watson mansion about half-past eight; and with a strange feeling, as though something of great importance was about to happen, which he feared yet desired, he ran up the broad stone steps and rang the bell.

In a moment he was ushered into a magnificently furnished drawing-room, and he had hardly seated himself when Watson appeared.

"Ah, ha; you did come? Glad to welcome you," said Watson, genially, as he shook hands with Harry. "Yes; a little sooner than I expected," answered Harry.

After a few remarks on unimportant subjects, Watson said: "Would you join us in a game of cards? we were playing as you came in—my cousin, my sister, and myself." Harry declared that nothing would please him better.

"Well, we will go back to our cosy family room, where the girls are," said Watson, rising and leading the way. "You may not like my cousin. She's an unconventional girl, with so many peculiar ideas of her own," added Watson, as he was passing through the hall.

Harry's heart gave a great bound. He had been yearning and searching for the unconventional girl, and although her dress and general appearance indicated that she was far from conventional, to have it stated as a fact was pleasing to him.

Before he could reply, Mr. Watson opened a door and ushered Harry in.

That which met Harry's gaze almost made him lose his self-possess. There she was, in all her
beauty. She was handsome in street costume; but now, how much more so! Only by the greatest effort did he succeed in retaining an expression of calm indifference. His frame thrilled with inexplicable emotions. He noticed that Watson's sister was also a decidedly pretty girl, according to the conventional standard of beauty.

The two girls turned as the door opened, and rose from their seats at the card table as Harry entered.

"Edith, allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Moore; my cousin, Miss Watson, Mr. Moore; and this is my sister, Helen," said Mr. Watson, introducing them.

Harry bowed low, with natural grace, and stated he was pleased to meet them.

Edith glanced at him in a manner that indicated she remembered seeing him before.

"Sit here, Mr. Moore," said Helen, motioning to a comfortable chair near by.

"Thank you," said Harry, bowing slightly and sinking into the chair, as they all seated themselves.

"We have been anxious to meet you, Mr. Moore, because we heard you are such a great athlete," said Edith, regarding Harry with her large, expressive brown eyes.

"Indeed! You flatter me. I never made pretensions of being an athlete of much ability, and I am most decidedly not a great one," answered Harry, smiling at her.

"Of course; all we know is what we hear; and if we are to judge from that, you must be one of the best," said Edith smiling.

"Mr. Moore agreed to join our game," interrupted Mr. Watson at this point. "Suppose we play?"

"That's fine; who will be my partner?" asked Helen, as she arose to arrange the chairs around the card table.

"Are you an expert player, Mr. Moore?" asked Edith, as she arranged the last chair at the table.

"If you are, you must be my partner. I play a poor game and Horace and Helen are 'professionals'."

"I'm not an expert, by any means; but we ought to be able to win our share of the games," answered Harry, smiling.

"Ah, then, it's settled. Helen, you and Horace are doomed to defeat," said Edith.

"I'll have something to say about that," said Watson, drawing his chair to the table.

Harry seated himself opposite his partner. He possessed the happy faculty of becoming acquainted quickly—the frankness and sincerity of his speech, the geniality of his manner favorably impressed all whom he met.

He played a poor game that evening. His partner's smooth, satiny skin and clear complexion—her full, nicely rounded neck and expressive face—held his attention much more than the cards. So many opportunities occurred for observing her exquisite comeliness than he made bad blunders on several occasions; but with the skillful
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And what suffers the victims of catarrh are: To be forever kawling and snuffling; to be a nuisance to yourself and an object of disgust to others; to feel the continual stirring of slime down the back of your throat, and to know that, day by day, this substance is steadily making its way into your lungs or your stomach, to be deprived of that wondrous fifth sense, the power of smell, so that to you sweet odors of field and garden are denied, and likewise the pleasure of the phenomena of the olfactory nerves, all this makes the lot of the victim of catarrh a very sorry one.

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Physical Culture

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It is the editor's firm and conscientious belief—

That weakness is a crime.

That one has no more excuse for being weak than he can have for going hungry when food is at hand.

That if one possesses sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, he has more than sufficient strength to regain vigorous health.

That usually disease is simply an effort on the part of the physical organism to right itself, and is the means adopted to attain the end of effecting a cure.

That there is no disease without a cause, and if the cause is removed the body will gradually "cure itself."

That disease is not "sent by Divine Providence," but is the result of the victim's own ignorance or carelessness.

That vigorous, pulsating health, with all the energy of mind and body that accompanies this excited physical condition, is within the reach of all.

That health and strength of a high degree is the natural condition of man, and it is otherwise only when one's life does not conform to nature's laws.

That there are thousands in every civilized country annually dying from consumption, general debility, heart trouble, and other causes too numerous to mention, who could easily have been brought back to health, strength and power had they adopted rational methods at the proper time. That his great purpose in life is to "preach the gospel" of health, strength and the means of acquiring it.

That the finest and most satisfying results that can be acquired from proper physical culture are the cure of disease and the development of that energy, vitality and health essential to the success and happiness of life.

The above will remain for a few issues, that my principles may not be misunderstood.

If there are those whom I can benefit that are unable financially to recompense me, they will find me just as ready and willing to answer their queries as those others who can afford to be liberal in their fees. When writing please do not expect a reply too soon, as the duties of a lecturer, engaged nearly every night, are rather difficult to fulfill; but, if a reply does not come after waiting a reasonable time, please write again, as the letter may have been mislaid or lost in the mails.

THE EDITOR.
CAN THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF ATTAINABLE PHYSICAL PERFECTION BE ACQUIRED IF ABSOLUTE CONTINENCE BE OBSERVED?

LACK OF UNIFORMITY IN THE HUMAN ANIMAL.

Man's physical, mental and moral self, partly inherited, but principally created the conditions under which he must live in order to attain the highest degree of physical and mental perfection. No two individuals are exactly alike. That which exists a certain degree of uniformity outside of the human animal there is no doubt, could be continent all their life and still apparently enjoy good health, but their ability thus to deviate from Nature's laws with comparative impunity indicates that the completeness of fully developed manhood or womanhood has never been reached—that the powers which accompany perfect maturity were still dormant. There are those who, usually for the lack of physical training, never grow to complete manhood or womanhood. They remain children all their lives—children in mind and in body; weak and waverering in their desires and in their mental and physical individuality. Can we say that one's brain is mature merely because it has existed a certain number of years? Is it not rather the training which the brain receives that speeds it on to maturity? It is the same with the body, with the muscular system, and with the nervous and sexual part of one's organism which fluctuates as influenced by the general health. The body must be trained, strengthened, developed, or it will remain childish in its immaturity, and will lack to an extreme degree that hardy vigor of mind, muscle, and of sex which could easily have been acquired through proper physical and mental culture.

There are women who express surprise at their indifference to men, and wonder why they cannot "fall in love" as others do, why they are unable to see more than the ordinary attractions of an acquaintance in those of the opposite sex, no matter how gifted in the graces of physical and mental manliness they may be. They usually boast of this peculiar characteristic, and attribute it to their superior refinement and delicate, sensitive nature; but if this indifference continues much beyond the age which should denote fully developed womanhood, it is proof positive that they are wanting in physical excellence—that they lack that element of vital vigor essential to healthy, vigorous, fully developed, well-sexed womanhood, the want of which causes this mysterious, puzzling indifference. It is therefore the bounden duty of such women to develop that exhilarating health which carries them beyond child­hood to fully developed woman­hood; no career can be rounded out to the fullness of its attainable successes and happiness if this duty is not performed.

MARRIAGE A NECESSITY.

Every law of nature emphasizes the necessity for marriage; animal life everywhere gives evidence to this necessity. The highest degree of attainable physical perfection can certainly never be acquired unless this condition is entered at the proper period of life. It may be put off; the day of its consummation may be delayed; but it must come before the powers of manhood and womanhood are on the wane, or one will never be able to taste its joys and its benefits in the brightness and strength of full maturity. Successful men nearly always marry; many of them are fathers of large families. The founding of a home is usually one of the first steps to fame and fortune. It makes one feel settled in life; it confines the efforts towards a more definite goal. The seriousness and responsibilites of home life give strength to the will and steadiness to life's aims and to the powers of persist­ence.

INFLUENCE OF MENTAL LIFE.

The environments of life, mental, moral and physical, influence to a remarkable degree that element in the human mind and body which indicates the age or time when marriage should be consummated. If deeply absorbed in a profession or in study of any kind, with no time or desire to allow the mind to dwell on that of a sentimental nature, the development of sex is retarded, and should this complete absorption long continue the dormant condition may remain all through life, though this is of rare occurrence. Many become so engrossed in life's duties or ambitions that love goes by them year after year, until some face, some sympathetic individuality, appeals to them, and awakens to life their desire for the tenderness and companionship of the marital relation.
Physical Culture.

WHEN TO MARRY—HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Now the reader may ask, "At what age should I marry?" First, when you have attained complete maturity; second, after you have met one for whom you have a deep reverential love, which, of course, must be returned with the same fervor and strength. "But suppose I meet no one for whom I have this reverential love?" you may ask. Well, do not marry until you do experience this. Marriage is sanctified not by the ceremony which binds the pair in a civil contract, but by love; it is made holy, consecrated and fostered by this enforced unnatural relation, it poisons the very life of the principals in the tragedy. It matters not what the laws of man may be—the laws of justice, the laws of morality, the laws of nature, or even the laws of God, surely do not compel two poor victims of matrimony to live together, when it is an actual sin against the higher laws of life, when the deteriorating effects, physical and mental, are as bad as if leading a fast life with the lowest of human creatures. Marriage, if unhappy, deprecates the powers, mentally, physically and morally, and one had a thousand times better remain single all through life than to contract such an unsatisfactory union. It will take away all hope, all ambition, everything that makes life worth the living. It will drag its victims down the farthest extremes of misery and despair, down to the lowest depths of human depravity. The noblest character that ever breathed could not resist the baneful, degrading influence of this condition of legalized prostitution. For what else can the enforced relations of a loveless marriage be called? When no love exists in this relation there remains only the lowest, the most degrading of all human relations. If the indulgence in these desires is not prostitution, will some one please define it?

QUACK REMEDIES FOR DELICATE TROUBLES.

Think of the vast sums annually spent for quack remedies, which are supposed to bring to the wasted victims of nervousness and excess that strength and virility which they have frittered away or have never developed. The amount would almost pay the national debt. And do these remedies ever cure? Do they ever even benefit? The manufacturers of these base impositions no doubt profit by them, but no one else. If the evil ended with the fleecing of the unwary, it would be of little consequence; but thousands are buoyed up with false hope after reading of the wonderful cures advertised by these frauds, whose proper home is in the penitentiary. Because of the belief that these spurious remedies are the only available method of cure, they have no opportunity to become interested in natural means which would bring health and strength in every instance where such a result was possible; and naturally they go on, year after year, trying one quack remedy after another, until the grave opens and ends the poor victim's miseries. No cry of murder goes up at his funeral! He is laid peacefully away with loud lamentations and regrets at the intervention of Divine Providence. But who is to blame for this murder—this poisoning by slow degrees of a life that might have been useful and prolonged? Enumerate all the deaths which occurred in our late war with Spain, through diseases and other causes, and multiply it by one hundred, and it would probably closely approximate the actual number who annually lose their lives through the causes mentioned above. We have every precaution to protect the weak and the ignorant from robbery or assault, but who on this earth are protecting the fragile, inexperienced, nervous wretches from being robbed, physically and financially, by the quacks and should-be-convicts, who hire the space and reputation of the most renowned newspapers and periodicals to assist them in their nefarious business? In one part of a prominent newspaper a most terrible arraignment of some trust or public enemy will appear, but in the same paper, under the head of advertisements, one can read the most seductive and insinuating offers to those suffering from "hidden weaknesses," etc., etc. The editors and managers no doubt wonder how enough victims can be caught to pay such large advertising bills, but somehow they seem to forget that these same victims are as capable of suffering as those who are injured by the trusts. It is the appalling ignorance of the masses about these subjects, with which every adult should be familiar, that enables the blood-suckers to ply their trade. The prudishness of the average individual about matters appertaining to sex...
THE EFFECTS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE ON SEXUAL STRENGTH.

Proper exercise, adapted to the needs of the individual, tends to produce, in every case, a more normal condition: for instance, if one is too fleshy to be in normal health, it will take off flesh; if too thin it will add flesh. This ability of physical culture to bring about the highest degree of normal health is exemplified with equal emphasis in sexual life. Those who suffer from weakness in this way will find in physical culture the only safe and sure means of cure. As the muscles develop, the digestive power increases, the circulation improves, and the general health vastly improves. The vigor and equality of the vital processes assigned to each bodily organ, so that the share of each is properly accomplished. For instance, when one part is working with all the intensity of their strength, the other part will make up the deficiency of the former, the equable action of all the organs of the body, the shared balance of the vital processes assigned to each part of the body, ensuring vicariously and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age the tasks cannot be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of each of the vital processes is assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasant, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously over-tax the strength. Above all things, sudden and rapid exertion should be avoided.

EXERCISE IN OLD AGE.

The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin and the aeration of the blood are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth the vigor of the system is often so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age the tasks cannot be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of each of the vital processes is assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasant, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously over-tax the strength. Above all things, sudden and rapid exertion should be avoided.

ADDENDUM.

Do not be satisfied with mediocrity! Push onward and upward. If you are not strong, if you have not the energy, the ambition, the power, which leads one above the prosaic, the commonplace, develop it now. Make up your mind that strength and health of a high degree shall be yours, and work for it with determination, with persistence, and superb physical proportions will be your glorious reward.

If you are not a man, not a woman—if though fully grown you are still a child and always expect to remain one, you can be content all your life without suffering to any appreciable extent. But if you are a man, a woman, in every sense, with the power of body and mind which accompanies this state of maturity, with all the faculties fully alive, with all the emotions tingling with the intensity of their strength, with the glory and ripeness of life, of health, and of strength, stirring your senses, you will be committing a crime if you do not marry.

THE EDITOR.

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be scrupulously avoided by persons of advanced age."—Dr. Holbrook, in Omega.

OVERDOING IT.
It's a great pity that some cyclists who are gifted with more pluck than wisdom have not a far-seeing friend at hand to warn them of the dangers of overtraining. The men who thus run the risk of an early grave are those who invariably make hard work of cycling. They never know what it is to have an easy time on a bicycle. Year in, year out, their one absorbing thought is speed, and their one idea is to train, train, train, so that they may be able to hold their own with men far their superiors in muscular and organic strength. Cycling is one of the finest aids to health, and with men far the nature's intended foramen, a couple of young fellows, two brothers, who will one day regret that they ever crossed a wheel.

"Taking body and mind and soul together, Mr. Gladstone was the finest specimen of the human race I ever met, and as for political work, or indeed any kind of work, injuring his health, it never exhausted him in the least. In his eighty-sixth year he told me that he had no excuse, as he put it, 'for a word of.'"—Mr. G. W. E. Russell in the Saturday Journal.

Sleep starvation is a common fault, especially of the young. Dancing all night two or three times a week and working all day is possible for a time, but there is harm in it. In general, it may be said that any one who has to be alarm-clocked out of bed every morning isn't getting sleep.

"The study of beauty has no doubt had its influence, but healthy exercise is undoubtedly the real cause and secret of this increase of good looks. Our girls should be encouraged to take some form of healthy outdoor exercise as a regular thing, and the good result will not be long in making itself evident.

There is no doubt that one of the greatest beautifiers is happiness, and that the girls of to-day lead a happy, healthy life is apparent throughout the length and breadth of our land.

"Dancing all night two or three times a week and working all day is possible for a time, but there is harm in it. In general, it may be said that any one who has to be alarm-clocked out of bed every morning isn't getting sleep."—Mr. G. W. E. Russell in the Saturday Journal.
To Deepen and Broaden the Chest, and to

This exercise, illustrated with the photographs shown, can be performed satisfactorily on any chest weight, or rubber exerciser furnishing a similar resistance, but be careful to avoid those cheap, all-rubber devices, the parts of which are liable to fly out and seriously injure the operator in case of breakage.

From the position illustrated in the first photograph let the arms go backward and upward, elbows straight, as far as possible, then bring them high over head to the position illustrated in second photograph. As the arms are brought over head keep them far back, then bring them forward and downward to position in first photograph. The arms should not be bent at the elbows at any time during the exercise. If abdominal strength is especially desired, reach far backward before bringing the arms forward and downward. To assist in the expansion of the chest inhale a deep breath while the arms are held in the first position, then perform the exercise once or twice while this breath is retained. This particular exercise is of especial value in treating digestive trouble, and should be practised diligently under such circumstances.

Strengthen the Muscles of the Abdomen.
A LOVELY NECK.
A beautiful neck beautifully dressed makes a woman look fairer and younger than any other toilet dressing, and the majority of women know it, and their worry is greater on this score than any other in the beautifying line, says the New York Herald.

There is a way—in fact, there is always a way when a woman wills—and a little patience and perseverance will make the ugliest neck not beautiful always, but presentable.

"Gymnastic movements for developing the muscles of the neck," says a well known beauty expert, "are: 1. Slowly but firmly bend the neck forward until the chin nearly touches the neck; then gradually raise the head. 2. Slowly but firmly bend the head backward as far as you comfortably can. Repeat this movement twenty times. 3. Bend the head sideways to right twenty times and to the left the same number of times. 4. Roll the head slowly to the right, then to the left, twenty times."

After these exercises the neck should be bathed in warm water and olive oil soap and rubbed with a soft towel.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—A celebrated doctor, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow-physicians, who deplore his loss, said to them: "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Each man, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed him to name them, upon which he replied: "Cleanliness, Exercise, and Temperance."

Why do people die? A daily paper says: "A fourth of the people on the earth die before the age of six years, and a half before the age of sixteen." But why do people die so young? What is the cause of it? Simply ignorance! Ignorance! Ignorance of health laws: of the best kinds of food to eat and how to prepare them, the best drinks, the best clothing, the best place to live, etc, etc. Ignorance of Life laws: of the vitality generated by obedience to them, and the lack of it which results from a violation of them. Let us then study life and know it; and, knowing it, love it; then, truly, we shall live asu~erald of the Golden Age, fifteenth century, England."

DON'T FORCE A CHILD TO EAT.—To compel a child to swallow food when it is distasteful is both cruel and revolting, and food so taken will not do any good.

The fear of appendicitis has by this time killed more people than the disease ever did by causing them to give up eating fruit.

After Harry's departure, Helen and Edith immediately retired. At this hour of the night the privacy and quietude of a young woman's apartment, when occupied by two intimate friends, usually influence an exchange of most sacred confidences. Naturally the subject of their conversation this evening was Harry, though, as they were disrobing, Edith did not forget her usual remonstrance with Helen for lac~ing her corset so tightly.

"Edith, how I envied you tonight!" "Why so?" with a surprised glance.

"Well, if I had been a lifeless figure, Mr. Moore could not have manifested less real interest in me."

"Nonsense; he conversed with you as much as he did with me."

"True; but for the sake of politeness entirely."

"Do you know, Helen, I believe I saw him on the street the other day."

"May be you did? He's so handsome that even if seen in a crowd you would remember him," said Helen, eyeing her cousin quizically.

"Now, what are you smiling at?" asked Edith, her face flushing.

"I was thinking—" slight pause. "Thinking of what?" confusedly.

"Why were you passing you on the street he made such an impression as to be favorably remembered, what should be able to do with the privilege of a conventional introduction now in his possession?" answered Helen, smilingly.

"Now, you tease, begin again. Do you remember what I told you the other day—that I would never allow myself to be seriously attracted by any man. I have seen enough of the misery of marital life, and under no circumstances would I run the risk of suffering similar experiences. The victims, no doubt, are the cause of their misery; they marry on the spur of the moment, without the slightest knowledge as to their compatibility of temperament, or as to the physiological laws which should govern such a union, and—"

"Oh, heavens! don't give me such a lecture as you did the other day," interrupted Helen, holding up her hands in mock horror.

"You need it; goodness knows."

"Hasn't he beautiful eyes, though?" asked Helen, smiling at her cousin, and adroitly changing the subject.
"Who?"

"Who? As if you didn't know? Why the man whose eyes were adoring you all evening, of course."

"All your imagination! But his eyes are beautiful—so clear and frank."

"And I caught him on more than one occasion to-night gazing at you with all the adoration of his very soul in the depths of those eyes."

"Please quit teasing, Helen, dear," clasping Helen's hand within her own.

"But it's the truth—every word of it. Ah, if he could see you now, just as you are, with that mass of dark brown hair flowing around you; with those dark, passionate eyes; those superbly formed limbs, plainly outlined in that clinging garment—and those arms! My, dear, what would I not give if mine were like them!"

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"He knew he would, if he saw you now," continued Helen, rubbing her cheeks against Edith's satiny skin.

"You silly girl! How many times have you been in love?" asked Edith.

"Who!" returned Helen, without answering.

"Tell me about it, Helen, dear," said Edith. She told Edith the story of her love for a handsome, debonair young man, and of her engagement to him. She had been happy in her love until she accidentally discovered that he had been in the habit of associating with bad women. She had her brother make inquiries and learned that he still continued the practice. He admitted his truth on being charged with it, but vowed he would never repeat the offense if she would only forgive him. This she did after considerable persuasion. Even then, for some reason, she did not trust him, and she secretly hired a detective to shadow him. The detective called in a few days, and told her that, after leaving her the night before, her lover had gone to a down-town resort and had remained there all night. She would not believe it, but the detective offered to prove the truth of his assertions. He suggested that she thinly veil herself, and drive with him to the house, and by deceiving the woman in charge as to real object of their visit, the desired information could easily be secured. She agreed to the plan and found to her horror that her lover was as unconscious of slumber quieted the next morning, after a night of mental abstraction that he suddenly said: "This turned my love to hatred and disgust," said Helen, "and the next time he called I was not at home, though the servant handed him my little note and he has not called since. He knew there was no use to ask forgiveness again.

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The story visibly affected Miss Edith, and her eyes were swimming in tears when she said: "I don't blame you, dear; you could not have acted otherwise; he wasn't worthy of your love, and I am satisfied that some one will soon appear who will win from you a stronger, deeper affection than you ever gave him."

"I hope so, dear," answered Helen in husky tones, nestling closer to her cousin.

Some time elapsed before the unconsciousness of slumber quieted their musical voices, but nothing more of interest to the reader was discussed.

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CHAPTER IV.

He called for Edith at the hour appointed, and had waited but a moment when she entered, and greeted him pleasantly: "Do you intend to win to-day, Mr. Moore?"

"It is doubtful. There are several good runners to compete against," rising and nearing her side while she drew on her gloves. "I will hurrah for you; that should do some good," said Edith, pleasantly.

"I'm sure to win if you'll do that. Though I have entered in two races, I've determined to go in only one, so all my strength will be spent in endeavoring to win the single event."

The ride to the Athletic Grounds was short. Harry had secured comfortable seats where a splendid view of all the events could be obtained.

"I have to leave you by yourself for a short time if I go in the race for which I have entered," said Harry. "Perhaps you would prefer that I remain here with you. I believe that would please me better," smiling questioningly.

"No; I want to see you compete; it will be more interesting," returning his gaze with a smile in her eyes which made pleasant emotions run riot within him.

"Your wish shall be law. I'll return in about an hour," said he, rising, bowing slightly.

"Remember, you must win," was her parting remark. "I surely will if you hurrah for me," he answered, as he walked away.

The great assemblage began to clap hands and stamp feet, anxiously for the sport to begin. The athletes were appearing on the field one by one. Many were beautiful to be beheld in their athletic suits, which showed every outline of their magnificent physical development. Every form was instinct with grace; every movement denoted suppleness. Each athlete as he came in view would receive an ovation in the form of the "war cry" of his club.

The games began: the whistle of the starter, inquiring of the referees if all was ready, resounded faintly as the assembled multitude.

Six men are in line; now they crouch ready to start. See the smoke, followed by a pistol shot. They are off! In an instant they are twenty yards down the track, flying like the wind.

"Winner, J. L. Jewitt; second, L. F. Davenport; time, 10 4/5 seconds." is the announcement that comes from the master of ceremonies after this first race.

The second heat was won in 10 3/5 seconds.

At the conclusion of the second heat Harry appeared on the ground. His club members had been awaiting his appearance, which was to be the signal for their "war cry," that was louder and more prolonged by Harry's friends among the spectators. "Who is that magnificent fellow?" comes from hundreds of lips. He is the cynosure of all eyes.

"Harry Moore, the merchant athlete," passes from lip to lip.

"Ah, I have heard of him," can be heard on all sides.

"He is the only local athlete who has the faintest chance of winning from the visiting champions," remarked one of Harry's enthusiastic club members within hearing of Edith.

She had enjoyed the last two races immensely; the finishes of both had been close. She was in her glory then, for while she loved all the beauties of nature, she admired above all, the most impressive of her handiwork, the human form divine. The appearance of a beautiful human body, whether male or female, stirred her soul, thrilled her every being, with the sublime enthusiasm of an artist gazing at a glorious sunset. She had roamed for hours in the various art galleries, lost in admiration of the sculptured portraits of human physical life. She loved to study the beautiful outline brought out by the variety of positions assumed by well-formed athletes in their contests. She admired a handsomely-formed man as she did a work of art; only to a greater degree; for no imitation of the human form, no matter how fine, can compare with a perfect man of which it is only a copy.

She had seen several athletes, whose physical beauty she admired, before Harry appeared. As her attention was called to him by the prolonged applause, she could not help an expression of admiration, uttered softly to herself.

"What perfect limbs! What magnificent proportions! Who can be he?" not recognizing Harry, so changed did he appear in his athletic suit.

"Every outline perfect; he carries himself like a lion. What tremendous power must be there," she thought.

She took her opera glasses, ad-
justed them to her eyes, and turned them upon him to get a better view of his face.

Her expression noticeably changed as she gazed at him. "How different he appears, I would never have known him at that distance without these glasses," thought she as the field glass fell in her lap. She heard the expressions of admiration all around her, and the many complimentary comments that was made of his past athletic achievements.

"Besides his athletic ability," said one young woman near her, "I understand that he is a refined gentleman of remarkable intelligence." "I will find out if he deserves that compliment," thought Edith.

The third heat was about to begin. Harry went by the grand stand, running with his usual graceful ease, followed by the gaze of the larger part of the throng, and by such cries as "Win it, Harry!" etc.

"Everybody knows him," thought Edith, following his graceful motions with admiration in her eyes. Every one was sure that Harry would win this heat. At the crack of the pistol he sprang nearly a yard ahead, and won without apparent effort in 10 seconds.

The crowd cheered him vociferously. He now had the final heat to run before them, all on one mark, stood

Don't [tear, Jack; I'm determined to win," answered Harry. "Now, don't be too confident," said Jack.

He looked every inch an Apollo as he stood there. The muscles of every part of his body could be traced. His limbs were a little large, but his chest and arms were of sufficient size to make them appear finely symmetrical. His muscles when in repose were as soft as the flesh of a baby; but when flexed in use were as hard as steel.

"That will do, Jack," said Harry. "Hand me my tights." "Are they about ready for the heat?" his clear eyes flashing, eager for the race to begin.

Jack went to the door of their dressing room. "Yes; they are about ready," he answered, coming back.

"Now win!" was Jack's parting word to his charge. Everyone was sure that Harry would win this heat. At the seventy-five yard mark one man failed to hold his balance, and they were called off by the starter. The audience drew a long breath and became a little noisy upon seeing this. A moment or two passed, then you could hear on all sides: "They are getting ready again!

Again they "get set." The starter looks at them closely. Yes, they are all still. The audience is breathless. Some of them have risen in their seats.

Edith thinks she can almost see Harry's eyes flash with excitement, so closely does she keep him in view with her opera glasses.

"Bang!" goes the pistol. The runners spring forward with lightning rapidity. Down the stretch three men who had never lost a scratch race, and that no mercenary consideration, no matter how great, could affect the result.

The contestants were digging holes in the ground with the sharp nails in their running shoes, each one at his starting point. The spectators were so quiet that they heard faintly the warning of the starter, as he stood behind the contestants with his pistol behind his back.

"Get ready!"

Each man placed one foot in the small hole he had dug, and awaited the second warning.

"Get set!" came faintly to the audience.

Two men placed their fingers on the mark, and the others assumed a crouching attitude, with one arm held far back and the other in front. One man failed to hold his balance, and they were called off by the starter. The audience drew a long breath and became a little noisy upon seeing this.

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"Bang!" goes the pistol. The runners spring forward with lightning rapidity. Down the stretch they come with the speed of a railroad train.

The whole audience rise to their feet. At the fifty yard mark Jewit is ahead, with Harry and Davidson following. On they come like the wind!

"He has lost!" cry Harry's friends in the audience.

"He will lose sure," muttered Edith to herself, and an expression of pain and disappointment appeared on her countenance.

He seemed almost to divine her thoughts; for the assistance of opera glasses enabled many to see him grit his teeth, while an expression of wild determination came over his countenance. Yes, he is gaining. At the seventy-five yard mark he is only a foot behind. The air is rent with one immense shout, when Harry succeeds in catching Jewit.

"He wins! He wins!" was the cry as Harry forged ahead and crossed the tape at least two feet ahead of his nearest competitor.

The applause was deafening. Men threw their hats and waved their umbrellas. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and joined in the hurrah. The club's war cry, noted.

"Yes; they are about ready," he answered, coming back.

The public were quite satisfied, for no one knows when in repose were as soft as the flesh of a baby; but when flexed in use were as hard as steel.

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All eyes were upon him. "What a beauty he is!" could be heard in feminine voices. The applause still continued after Harry had disappeared.

The managers were about to start the next event.
"No! No! No!" came from the crowd; "Bring him out."

"Yes, I suppose we'll have to come out and make your bow," said Jack, smiling as he heard the cries on the outside.

"Wait a moment and see if it continues," answered Harry, still breathing hard from the effects of his violent exertion.

"Come on out, Harry," said one of his athletic friends, appearing in the door. "You did that grandly, old fellow," shaking Harry's hand vigorously.

Harry walked behind him, down the hall to the door that led to the grounds. The cheering had died down somewhat, and he could hear the "warcry" of his club above all the rest.

As he came to the door his friends standing near espied him, and one of them shouted: "What's the matter with Moore?"

"He's all right!" was the answering and almost deafening yell.

His friends crowded around him, congratulating him on his victory. Part of the audience saw him, and again began to applaud with enthusiasm.

"Here we go! we'll carry him out in full view of the audience," said one, and four or five of them lifted him on their shoulders, Harry resisting manfully. But it was of no use against all those strapping athletes; and in a moment, held up over his carriers' heads, with his friends crowding around him on all sides, Harry appeared to receive an ovation from the vast assemblage that he had so much pleased.

A few minutes after this Edith noticed him making his way toward her through the crowd.

He looked none the worse for the mighty effort he had made, and as their eyes met, she gave him a smile that affected him strangely.

"What a hero you have made of yourself!" said she, as he took the seat by her side.

Many around him, who had never known him before, recognized him now.

"That's he," several remarked, motioning in his direction.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Harry in jesting tones; "but there are disagreeable features connected with popularity. Every one imagines that they can gaze at you and talk about you in your presence with as much freedom as though you were a monkey in a cage."

"You must remember that is the penalty of fame, so take it gracefully."

"Well, I hate to be gazed at when I am not on exhibition. It's decidedly annoying," emphatically answered Harry, irritated at the close inspection to which he had apparently been subjected while making his way toward her.

"You know the new definition of fame, don't you?" asked Edith.

"That is undoubtedly correct," answered Harry, his countenance relaxing into a smile as he looked into her clear eyes.

"Do you know, I didn't recognize you when you first appeared in that athletic suit. You were so changed I didn't imagine that the conventional dress could effectually hide so much physical beauty," said Edith in a low tone, as she gazed at the contest then going on.

He turned his eyes toward her features, but saw no answering emotion there. Her words affected him strangely, and a tender light brightened his features as he said:

"I thank you for the compliment."

"Don't thank me; I merely spoke the truth. I hate compliments, though; they are so rarely sincere."

"I am like you in that respect, so don't feel offended if I fail to extend to you the usual flattering remarks made by young men under similar circumstances."

"You will offend me if you do," answered she.

"To be near her, to feel her presence, to see the exquisite color of health upon her cheeks, to be occasionally thrilled by an accidental touch, was delicious, dreamy pleasure to him. The athletic games, in which he gloried, usually received his intense interest, but on this occasion very little of his attention was given to them. He would apparently be gazing at the contest, when in reality he saw before him nothing but her image—an image which he worshipped.

She had emphatically denied her cousin Helen's assertion that Harry was fascinated with her, and yet, deep down in her heart, she admitted to herself that she had, on more than one occasion, for a moment, noticed an expression in his eyes which proved that such might be the case. Her beauty was that of fully matured womanhood. She was peculiarly attractive to the opposite sex, and had had numerous desirable offers of marriage. Most men would have called her strong-minded, but her beauty always compelled admiration, even if they considered this an undesirable trait. She undoubtedly had opinions of her own, and sufficient intelligence to understand exactly why she had formed these conclusions. Even in this advanced age one will often hear men declare that they cannot bear a strong-minded woman, but they undoubtedly associate strength of mind with those circumstances with ugliness of person and other disagreeable characteristics. This should not be so. A woman can be comely, handsome, even sublimely beautiful, and still possess sufficient intelligence and strength of character not to follow blindly the dictates of fashion; and to think occasionally of something besides dress and her male admirers. The heroines of our extremely modern novels would have shocked and disgusted the readers of a quarter..."
of a century ago. The angelic expression, the alabaster complexion, the waist so small that one could span it, and the delicate, slender form, which was possessed by nearly every heroine in novels written over half a century ago, have been banished. We are now informed that the angelic expression is simply the result of too much dreamy literature, combined with the lack of intelligent and practical training; that an alabaster complexion is caused by scrofula, or disorders of the assimilative organs; that the wasplike waist is brought about by crushing the vital organs of the body with bands of steel, which induces numerous physical ills not to be mentioned here; that the delicate and slender form is caused by the want of exercise and the non-observance of health. Thus have these perverted elements of beauty been dissected; the fundamental principles of health thus have it been proved that the taste can become distorted to such an extent as to admire even diseased conditions.

These pasty, characterless heroines have had their day. Thinking men everywhere are now engrossed with a more refined taste, and are regarding the love of the past as that of a diseased fancy. And to this change is due the fact that the wasplike specimen of womanhood is capable of being made to disappear as though afraid of herself. Standing before a large mirror on Monday, cousin Helen, so I will drop you a note and let you know. Will that satisfy you?" looking at him archly.

"More than satisfy me," said he, with a look in his eyes that she could not well mistake.

"Well, good-bye. I won't keep you standing here any longer," continued he, moving away.

"Good-bye!" said she, holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," answered Harry, as he struggled within himself to overcome the desire to kiss the gloved hand.

He gave it, instead, a gentle pressure and held it for an instant, thrilled by the contact, in spite of the glove. "Good-bye," said he, as he dropped her hand, and turning quickly, walked swiftly away as though afraid of himself.

She stood looking after him with a pleased look in her eyes.

"What shall I do with him?" thought she: "shall I refuse him, as I have all the others? If certain of my intuitions, should I not decline to see him then."

"Let's see," said she, knitting her eyebrows. "Nearly all the first of next week my evenings are taken up." said he, with a very slight tinge of emotion in his voice.

"I am sure I would like to have you come at any time, when I am not engaged," said she pleasantly.

"Well, when are you not engaged?" smiling up at her.

"Let's see," said she, knitting her eyebrows. "Nearly all the first of next week my evenings are taken up." slight pause. "Can you come next Saturday evening?"

"Not before then," said he, in a disappointed tone, biting his lips and looking up at her with a half-smile on his face.

"I'm afraid not," said she, after thinking a moment. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I don't know what evenings are engaged until I see cousin Helen, so I will drop you a note and let you know. Will that satisfy you?" looking at him archly.

"More than satisfy me," said he, with a look in his eyes that she could not well mistake.

"Well, good-bye. I won't keep you standing here any longer," continued he, moving away.

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Pigeon
Breast,
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Limbs,
etc., etc.

Weak

Strengthened.

Care-worn or Tired

Feeling specially

removed.

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That one has no more excuse for being weak than he can have for going hungry when food is at hand.
That if one possesses sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, he has more than sufficient strength to regain vigorous health.
That usually disease is simply an effort on the part of the physical organism to right itself, and is the means adopted to attain the end of effecting a cure.
That there is no disease without a cause, and if the cause is removed the body will gradually "cure itself."
That disease is not "sent by Divine Providence," but is the result of the victim's own ignorance or carelessness.
That vigorous, pulsating health, with all the energy of mind and body that accompanies this exalted physical condition, is within the reach of all.
That health and strength of a high degree is the natural condition of man, and it is otherwise only when one's life does not conform to nature's laws.

That there are thousands in every civilized country annually dying from consumption, general debility, heart trouble, and other causes too numerous to mention, who could easily have been brought back to health, strength and power had they adopted rational methods at the proper time.

That his great purpose in life is to "preach the gospel" of health, strength and the means of acquiring it.

That the finest and most satisfying results that can be acquired from proper physical culture are the cure of disease and the development of that energy, vitality and health essential to the success and happiness of life.

The above will remain for a few issues, that my principles may not be misunderstood.

If there are those whom I can benefit that are unable financially to recompense me, they will find me just as ready and willing to answer their queries as those others who can afford to be liberal in their fees.

When writing please do not expect a reply too soon, as the duties of a lecturer, engaged nearly every night, are rather difficult to fulfill; but, if a reply does not come after waiting a reasonable time, please write again, as the letter may have been mislaid or lost in the mails.

THE EDITOR.
The Development of Great Muscular Vigor.

Universal Admiration of Strength.

Through all the degrees of civilization, from the wild savagery of barbarism to the delicate refinement, the splendor and ceremony of extreme culture, there will be found the same adoration and respect for strength, for power of body and beauty of person. It seems to be an innate possession common to all. This universal love for strength is needed merely because of weakness, for some of our greatest athletes were sickly in their youth. To acquire the greatest degree of strength the training or exercise should begin some time between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, to twenty-five. The reader can, no doubt, be acquired if the start is not made until in the twenties, up to, say, twenty-five. After this great improvement can be made, but of course the muscular vigor acquired would have been greater if the start had been made earlier.

Abnormal Strength Sometimes Means Abnormal Health.

In my article on "The Development of Energy, Vitality and Health" (March issue), I commented at considerable length on the development of muscular vigor to increase these powers; but if great muscular vigor is desired for feats of strength, to satisfy love for great physical beauty, etc., etc., the manner of training differs quite materially from that which should be adopted to secure the former normal results. A body which is in the highest degree of health is in a perfectly normal state; there is no extraordinary development of muscle, no ability to perform any wonderful feats of strength, merely the vigor of a wholesome, natural physique. In the development of great muscular strength, where one goes beyond the normal, the natural, in order to astound his friends and fellow-creatures with his physical development and feats of strength, he must not expect, after he has acquired this, to be in the highest degree of normal health. I do not mean to infer that disease will necessarily result from the development of abnormal strength, simply that the vital strength, the power to resist the attack of disease and death, will not be so great as under a more normal condition. The reader can well understand that when an attempt is made to get beyond the normal by forcing the muscular system to perform feats which are practically a strain, the results in every case will not be of a desirable nature.

Beginners Need Not Fear.

There is, however, but little cause for fear on the score of interminable development until training has continued for at least from one to three years; therefore, the beginner need not worry for fear that be, may acquire muscles of abnormal size and strength. Please remember that the advice which follows is for those who are willing to sacrifice a modicum of vitality to gratify their desire for great strength, though the same work can be followed by any one with benefit if the amount of exercise is greatly decreased, taken with less vigor, and all heavy work and heavy weights avoided. It would be advisable for those who desire health simply to follow the instructions as outlined in the article previously mentioned.

Character of Exercise.

All exercises should be taken vigorously, and, after the muscles have become hardened to the work, each exercise should be prolonged until the part of the body affected is thoroughly fatigued. Do not stop when the muscles begin to tire slightly, but continue until there is a feeling of pain, which clearly indicates the time to cease. Do not confine the work to one system or method of work; change the methods every few months, or follow different methods at the same time if desired. I would advise the use of dumb-bells, a light pair (two to five pounds) and a heavy pair (ten to twenty-five pounds); a wall apparatus of rubber, or weights as desired, though do not fail to note my comments in article previously mentioned.

Physical Culture.

The Development of Great Muscular Vigor.
mentioned as to the undesirable effects of certain tensions secured from exercisers made entirely of rubber. A pair of Indian clubs and a punching ball might be added for the sake of recreation, though these are not absolutely essential adjuncts to the work. The light dumb-bells are especially valuable to assist in the development of the arms and shoulders. There are a number of different exercises in which they can be used for this purpose. We expect to illustrate the most useful movements in a future issue of this publication, though the ordinary exercises used in the dumb-bell drills are usually all right. The heavy bells can be used especially for strengthening the back, and for all lifting exercises, raising from the floor to shoulder, and high overhead, and for special testing purposes.

**Strong Lungs Absolutely Essential.**

The wall apparatus, or chest weight, should be used to assist in developing the arms and shoulders, and especially for expanding and strengthening the chest. It is absolutely essential, first of all, in striving for great physical strength, to make faithful and persistent endeavors to improve the power and general effectiveness of the lungs. These organs purify, oxygenize the blood, which furnishes the muscles, and every part of the body, with that which is necessary to its up-building, and if the lungs do not receive the special attention they deserve, the result of the work will not be as favorable as expected. With these various exercises for developing lung power with the wall apparatus, there should be a special method of breathing—that is, one different from that ordinarily pursued. With this breathing, sweeping overhead motions, performed with the arms straight at the elbows, occasionally draw in a deep inhalation, and retain it while two or three motions are being made, before expelling. This tends to force out the walls of the chest more thoroughly, giving more room for the process of enriching the blood with those elements that build up all organs of the body, assisting quite materially in bringing about the desired results.

Never be "half-hearted" in the work. Put energy, life and determination in your every effort. Be sure that every muscle of your body is being used and developed in the system of exercises followed. This is necessary not only for producing symmetry, but in order to acquire the most satisfactory results. Every muscle is stronger if no part of the body has been neglected.

**Strengthen Digestive Organs.**

Remember the importance of strong digestive powers, and endeavors to improve the power and general effectiveness of the lungs. These organs purify, oxygenize the blood, which furnishes the muscles, and every part of the body, with that which is necessary to its up-building, and if the lungs do not receive the special attention they deserve, the result of the work will not be as favorable as expected. With these various exercises for developing lung power with the wall apparatus, there should be a special method of breathing—that is, one different from that ordinarily pursued. With this breathing, sweeping overhead motions, performed with the arms straight at the elbows, occasionally draw in a deep inhalation, and retain it while two or three motions are being made, before expelling. This tends to force out the walls of the chest more thoroughly, giving more room for the process of enriching the blood with those elements that build up all organs of the body, assisting quite materially in bringing about the desired results.

Be careful of the heart. In the beginning, palpitate, stop and rest. Exercise that is adapted to individual needs will strengthen a weak heart, but straining any organ will always result in ultimate injury. A young man under twenty years of age, on one occasion came to me and stated that he had been taking this run for a short distance. This will help to "oil" the joint and take some of the "kinks" out of the muscles. Whenever convenient, it is a very good plan to take this run whenever possible; through the streets of a large city if nothing better affords. In your walk move swiftly, energetically, with head erect, shoulders back, chest arched. Make a habit of drawing in deep inhalations when in the open air, expanding the chest to its fullest capacity, taping it forcibly with the closed hand while the breath is being retained.

Take a slow run of a half mile or a mile every day. Do not be afraid of running through the city streets if no other place or opportunity can be obtained. What does a few grains of dignity amount to when health and strength are at stake? While taking this run occasionally spurt as fast as possible for a short distance. This will help to "oil" the joint and take some of the "kinks" out of the muscles. Whenever convenient, it is a very good plan to take this run whenever possible; through the streets of a large city if nothing better affords. In your walk move swiftly, energetically, with head erect, shoulders back, chest arched. Make a habit of drawing in deep inhalations when in the open air, expanding the chest to its fullest capacity, taping it forcibly with the closed hand while the breath is being retained.

The actual work done, after the muscles become well hardened, should be from an hour to an hour and a half per day. This, of course, does not include the time that should be spent in the open air, walking and running.
immediately after the walk, and as
the perspiration will be dripping
from every pore under such circum-
stances, a complete bath should
follow, preferably hot on alternate
days, though ending with cold
water.

ATHLETICS—GYMNASIUMS.
If an athlete, or favorably in-
clined towards field athletics, or
general gymnasium work, most of
your training can be done in this
way, though home is usually the
best place for pursuing any special
work that may have been pre-
scribed. Field athletics, when not
overdone, are especially to be recom-
mended. They take one out in the
open air, and after throwing aside
the conventional dress, exercise is
really a pleasure instead of a task.
One feels on such an occasion as
though he had been at that moment
freed from slavery—like a young
horse just released from the impris-
onment of a stable.

General gymnasium work can
also be recommended. One can
secure exercise in any well-fitted
"gym" for all the muscles of the
body, and the advantage of having
competent instructors at hand at
all times to advise when needed is
a great desideratum.

Never train "stale"—that is
until all the life and energy seem
to have disappeared. If "all tired
out" the next day after hard train-
ing, a complete rest of a day or two
should be allowed.

Forcing Development.
But in order to acquire this great
muscular vigor, remember that con-
siderable time must be spent at
these exercises almost daily; that
more weight must be added to the
dumb-bells and to the wall appar-
atus every few weeks; that the
muscles must not only be urged,
but forced forward to do more work
in the lifting of more weight, in
the performing of greater tasks,
day after day, week after week.
The weights that once seemed
heavy will soon become light. In
a short time the prospective athlete
will find himself handling with one
hand, in every way, a fifty pound
dumb-bell with perfect ease, then a
seventy-five pound bell, and, after
several months, or a year's work, a
hundred-pound bell may be
attempted. After the athlete be-
comes sufficiently strong to handle
this weight without apparent effor-
t one hand, throwing it high
over head from the floor, without
even a stop at the shoulders,
putting it up over head severa-
les times from the shoulder, etc,
he may well say that he has be-
come really and truly strong.

There may come days in the
training when all the strength
gained will seem to have been lost,
but it will be only a temporary re-
lapse, usually indicating the great
need of a rest, which should always
be indulged in.

Flexing Exercises.
To speed the development of the
muscles, flexing exercises may be
used to advantage. These exer-
cises may be taken while waiting,
or while using the dumb-bells, or
when making any motion. Simply
flex the muscles very strongly. For
instance, if lifting a five-pound
dumb-bell, try to imagine it one
hundred pounds in weight, and
make the efforts accordingly; or
the muscles can be flexed very
rigidly without a single motion
being made. The reader, no doubt,
is able to harden the muscle of his
upper arm at will. Well, the secret
of these flexing exercises lies simply
and entirely in the ability to con-
trol, flex and relax at will every
muscle of the body just as the
muscle of the arm is controlled. While
walking in the open air, holding
the arms close to the sides, harden
or flex the muscles of the arms,
without bending at the elbows, then
make a strong effort to bring them
nearer to the body, which, of course,
cannot be done. Repeat the effort
until tired. After considerable
practice one can flex the muscles in
the various parts of the body to
such a degree of rigidity that as
much force is really exerted as
when lifting heavy weights or per-
forming difficult feats of strength.
If suppleness and agility are es-
specially desired, considerable light,
free exercises should be taken.
PHYSICAL CULTURE.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.

I am thoroughly convinced that consumption in the first and second stages can be cured with physical culture. My own case is but one among many, and it would be well to remember that one of my own parents died with the disease, and that so strongly am I inclined to the arguments in favor of physical culture that if I followed the life led by the average consumption-inclined individual a few months, the disease would conquer me. Permanent cures have been effected again and again through these natural means. Cases are recorded where patients were so far gone that there remained but a portion of the lungs, and an outdoor life or a change from a sedentary to an active pursuit entirely healed the sores, and the patient in the end succumbed to other diseases.

So thoroughly do I believe in the power of physical culture—natural means—as a cure for this complaint, that I will offer to pay all expense in the way of attendance and treatment connected with the cure of two consumptive patients who may be selected, provided they will allow us the privilege of accurately reporting their physical condition by photographs, etc., every month in this publication. The patients must reside in New York City, and must be able to devote a large portion of their time to the treatment. It will take from two to six months to effect a cure, depending on the severity of the case and on the recuperative powers of the patient. Please address or call on the Editor in person in reference to this offer at 1123 Broadway, New York City.

THE FOUNDATION.
BY HENRY H. KLEIN.

In the building of a house a foundation must first be erected, and this must be strong or nothing substantial can rest thereon with any degree of permanence. Man is the paragon of all animals mentally. His construction is logical. The steam engine is the best illustration of his composition. The soul is the superstructure. The physique, like the foundation, must receive the most careful attention.

The construction of a strong physique is then the first consideration. Before starting to strengthen your own foundation, know first wherein you are lacking. Study yourself as a builder would study the plans of an architect. Be guided by what you see and feel and know, not by what you imagine. When you begin, do so with the confidence that you will succeed. A builder will finish his work before demanding pay; therefore, do not expect remunerative benefits before progressing far enough to know the value of the work. You are your own architect and builder and can do a better job than a builder who works according to the plans of others.

Begin moderately and increase the amount of exercise judiciously. Aim at symmetry, and bear in mind that you are the subject and object of your work. Be guided by the rules of hygiene and observe moderation in all things. Without moderation your effort may be fruitless. With it you cannot fail to succeed.

If a young man, your purpose will be ennobling; success inspiring. Perseverance will mould your character for the better. If a young woman, the glow of health and happiness will flush your cheeks. The real object of your existence will be thoroughly realized, and to him you choose for life you will be a blessing. If in middle age, youthful vigor will be your prize; and if past the age of youthful activity, life will be prolonged and you will be correspondingly happier.

In conclusion, let it be emphasized that whatever is undertaken cannot be accomplished unless a right start is made. Deviation from the proper course will impair the result. Remember, also, that the degree of success depends greatly upon your stamina and perseverance.

HE WASN'T "DEAREST."

There is one amusing feature about cycling that all old riders, and a good many new ones, must have noticed. That is the way in which a moderately proficient rider will carry on a conversation with some one behind. Such a rider isn't sure enough of wheel control to turn his head backward, and so he talks right on in the dark.

The other day a wheelman was coming up a long hill. A short distance ahead was a stout woman, riding at a leisurely pace. Half-way up the incline the wheelman was astonished to hear her call out:

"Coming, dear?"

The wheelman didn't answer. He felt sure the inquiry was not intended for him.

"All out of breath, dear?" she called again.

He made no reply.

"Don't be discouraged," she cheerily shouted. "The top is almost here now, dearest."

The wheelman thought so, too, but he was dumb.

"Does it tire our little armies so much?" continued the stout lady.

This was too much for the wheelman. He was spoilt by the fleshy inquisitor. As he wheeled by she caught sight of his smiling countenance.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried, and narrowly averted a tumble.

A little further on he looked back over his shoulder, and saw a lank young fellow with little sandy whiskers, toiling wearily up the hill. And he felt pretty sure that was "dearest."
To Correct Round or Stooling Shoulders, and to

Strengthen Back Muscles between Shoulders.

This exercise, illustrated with the photographs shown, can be performed satisfactorily on any chest weight, or rubber exerciser furnishing a similar resistance, but be careful to avoid those cheap, all-rubber devices, the parts of which are liable to fly out and seriously injure the operator in case of breakage.

From the position illustrated in the first photograph bring the arms outward and backward, on a level with shoulders, without bending at elbows, as far as possible. Repeat until the muscles tire. This exercise is especially effective in curing round or stooping shoulders. If an especially bad case, bring the head far back as possible each time the arms are brought back. As a variation, hold the arms and head back for a moment when at that point.
It was well for Harry that competent employees were in charge of his business; for at that particular time his executive ability seemed to be waning; and for one always time his executive ability seemed not noted for correctness and clearness of mind to make such errors was very surprising, and his clerks were unable to fathom the cause. It was reported that he had "taken to drink"; and several other explanations, more or less plausible, had been offered. But the athletic games supplied another reason for his absence of mind. Several of his clerks had attended, and one of them had started the tale. It was reported that he had "taken to drink," and when he took the hand she extended to him, and surveyed her, a pleasant emotion thrilled him. It was hard for this impetuous, passionate man to control himself; but not because his emotions were of a low sensual nature. In the great love he had acquired for Edith in such a short time there was nothing gross or evil. He placed her in an elevated sphere. All his thoughts of her were pure. He did not desire her for a mistress, but for a life companion. He idealized her; he worshiped her. "But suppose I cannot win her love," he thought. "If not, I would not care to marry her. I love her too well for that; I want to see her happy. I would do anything for her, and expect nothing in return. If I thought she could be happier with another than with me, I would assist her to marry him," was his conclusion in his great magnanimous love. She was his goddess, his religion.

They conversed for a time on unimportant subjects. Harry rarely lost control of himself; so matter how strong his inner emotions might be, he could always talk fluently on almost any subject. "Now, Miss Edith, won't you tell me what first caused you to interest yourself in physical culture?" asked Harry. "Yes, I will, because I believe it will interest you, and possibly help to establish as truth some theories you may have already," answered she. "Well, to begin," said she in her musical voice, so pleasant to his ear, "in the spring of sixteen I was awkward, ugly and weak." "Now really, Miss Edith, you don't wish me to believe that," interrupted Harry, smiling at her. "Did you not say awkward and ugly? Impossible!" continued he, surveying her from head to foot. "Please remember that was eight years ago," in tones slightly confused. "And if you interrupt again, I won't say another word. You see I'm not ashamed of my age," continued she; "but don't tell everyone." "Never a word, if you will only finish your story," answered Harry, smiling. "Now, as I said before, I was awkward, ugly," smiling at him, "and very sickly. Both of my parents died before I was twelve. My aunt with whom I lived after this event died before I was twelve. My aunt with whom I lived after this event died before I was twelve. I would assist her to marry him," was his conclusion in his great magnanimous love. She was his goddess, his religion.

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your character aright, we can, with
perfect propriety, converse on any
subject that affects the life of man
or woman. How I do hate the
prude, who is always fearful some
indelicate subject will be broached.

"How closely we agree, Mr.
Moore. I have often thought that
if women were not so much affected
with mock modesty, they would be
much healthier and happier. A
girl grows to maturity in ignorance
if women were not so much affected
Moore. I have often thought that
with mock modesty, they would be
affect her physical life, and because
of the most important laws that
much healthier and happier. A
informs her of the
time when she must suffer alone in
mental and physical agony, until
hard experience or a kind friend
assist in dispelling this ignorance,
for a thousand times no! I
could sit here and listen to you
forever. You are giving voice to
the sentiments that are in accord
with the conclusions my own rea-
sioning has deduced," answered he,
some of the enthusiasm being con-
veyed to him in sympathy.

"But the story of my own life, I
have forgotten that," said she
smiling faintly.

"Well my aunt was very religious;
she made me read two chapters in
the Bible every day. Every book
she allowed me to read contained a
religious moral of some kind. I
naturally became very religious
under such training. When I was
fifteen my reflection in the mirror
began to interest me, and after
reading further, I found that such
exercises illustrated in the book
immediately on my arrival
home. The next day nearly every
part of my body was sore to the
touch, and I concluded that it
would be of no benefit to me. But after
reading further, I found that such
would be the case at first, if the
exercise was taken too vigorously,
and that the soreness would entire-
ly disappear in a short time. It
was my last hope, and I went to
work with a will. I was learning to
depend upon myself greatly, as the advice
of my aunt rarely seemed to be of
formation that he finally diagnosed
my complaint as malaria. I went
on from bad to worse. The medi-
cines prescribed for me were nasty,
and did me no good, and in a mo-
ment of disgust I vowed I would
take no more; and I didn't. Why
I do not become strong and healthy
like other girls? I would ask myself
over and over again. I envied even
those of the most common appear-
ance, their rounded limbs and
apparently healthy bodies. All
this time, my aunt insisted on my
wearing a tight corset, 'to mould
your figure,' she said. 'You will
ever grow shapely unless you
wear this,' was her daily comment
when I complained of the discom-
fort.

But one day, while visiting a
friend, a book on physical culture
attracted my attention, and I read
two or three chapters therein with
intense interest. When I started
home my friend was kind enough
to offer to loan it to me. I tried
some of the exercises illustrated in
the book immediately on my arrival
home. It was my last hope, and I went to
work with a will. I was learning to
depend upon myself greatly, as the advice
of my aunt rarely seemed to be of
value to me. She laughed when I started on what she called "my new freak." After practicing the exercises regularly for two weeks I felt stronger, my arms looked rounder and more full when I examined them in the mirror. I threw my corset away as the book instructed, and redoubled my efforts. After exercising about a month, I was an enthusiast. I read everything in the public libraries on the subject. My aunt was amazed at my wonderful improvement, and she derived much benefit from it.

I can truly say that my interest in this subject has been constantly increasing, and does not receive the increasing. It is too much to tell me what it is. I will tell you my story; you are probably not far wrong in your estimate of the same enthusiasm which he remembered seeing a few moments ago.

A few months ago, a woman temperance lecturer of whom I had often heard gave her talk near my home, and I determined to go, and also to take two or three friends whom I had been trying to reform. I cannot tell you how disappointed I was. Such a woman to be an advocate of temperance! I was ashamed of her as soon as she arose. She was laced so tightly that it actually interfered with her enunciation. And to me her lecture was very disappointing. She laid great emphasis on the fact that intemperance was against the laws of God; that the Bible forbade the use of intoxicating liquors in any form. And in her peroration she said, "Look at the children it has made homeless, fatherless, motherless, and at the jails and insane asylums it has filled," etc., etc. There was much truth in all she said; but as she finished I was wondering why she failed to mention that alcoholic liquors ruined the digestive and assimilative organs; that they weakened, and in some cases entirely destroyed the physical powers and beauty; that they animalized the very best part of man's nature; that they sapped his very manhood and force of character; that so man ever indulged intemperately for any length of time and still retained his manly vigor; that if a desire existed for this unnatural and poisonous

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CHAPTER VI.

Harry narrated his experience in his concise, frank way, and she listened with pleased attention.

"Do you know, Mr. Moore, our experiences do not differ greatly," was her comment as he finished.

"True; there is a certain degree of similarity all through," answered he.

"I still make my home with my aunt, though my parents left me an income which makes me independent of her."

"Well, you have much to be thankful for, if finances never bother you," said Harry. "I have always been most ambitious to make a reputation in some profession of a literary nature, but the extreme importance of financial independence has been so forced upon me that all my energies have been spent towards its acquirement. Many times I vowed that when my savings would purchase sufficient government bonds to insure me a mere living I would retire from business, and devote my entire time to improving my mental and physical resources; but when that time came I changed my mind."

"It is such a sordid existence—a life given up entirely to the mere accumulation of wealth."

"Very true; but how few are interested in anything else. In fact, necessity requires the average individual to give his entire time and energies in exchange for sufficient funds to support himself and family. Under such circumstances the struggle of life is very hard, and when the hours of leisure do come, there is often a craving for stimulant to buoy up the spirits and to drive away thoughts of past suffering; hence recreation in many instances assumes the form of dissipation."

Somehow Harry felt as free from restraint when conversing with her, as he would with one of his male friends. He had always enjoyed the pleasures of an intellectual character, and to meet one possessing the strong mental powers of Edith, and to have the pleasure of exchanging views with her on subjects nearest his heart, was a privilege he thoroughly appreciated.

"Well, with dissipation so near at hand, and so universal, how could we expect anything else?" answered she.

"You know, Mr. Moore, our experiences do not differ greatly."
stimulant, a diseased condition was indicated, and that the only way to permanently remedy this condition was to uproot the cause. For instance, by living contrary to all laws of health, lack of exercise, proper foods, etc., a debilitated condition is the result. The victim naturally feels weak and often concludes that a stimulant is needed. Though a stimulant may revive continually grows stronger until life is agony without it. Further­more, the dose must be constantly increased to produce the same effect, and all the time it is tearing down the physical forces. Now instead of giving way to the desire for this stimulant, one should merely remedy the cause of his weakness. If health has disappeared because of a sedentary life, take long walks in the open air; take up regular physical training; if the weakness has resulted from other deviations from the path of right living, the remedy is the same—stop the cause. But this lecturer failed to call attention to all this; with her, it was a matter of religion all together. There was very little practical reasoning in her talk. Now those who most need reformation are rarely religious, and the most sensible method for interesting them in the life of temperance is by plain reasoning. I do not believe much good will ever result from the present method of treating the temperance ques­tion. Children should be taught that if alcoholic drinks are tabooed they will be happier, healthier and stronger for it. Never until our educational system recognizes the necessity for creating and cultivating a love in our growing boys and girls for physical power and beauty will temperance be greatly practiced.

"Mr. Moore, you should be on the lecture platform as an advocate of temperance," said Edith, smiling enthusiastically as he paused. "You talk like a reformer."

"Yes, I might make a good lec­turer. 'The spirit is willing,' and I'm sure 'the flesh is not weak,'" answered Harry, returning her smile.

"No; I'll vouch for that. I'm sure there was no sign of weakness when you won that race last Saturday," answered Edith. The remembrance of his appearance on that day gave to her features an expres­sion that caused Harry for the moment entirely to forget the temperance question.

"Can you tell me why it is that women will persist in destroying their beauty and ruining their health with tight lacing?" asked Harry, after a pause of a moment.

"Because it is the fashion, and, furthermore, the average girl holds the opinion that her figure will never be properly moulded if the device is not worn."

"Every woman must admit that she caters to the taste of the oppo­site sex in endeavoring to make herself more beautiful and attrac­tive?"

"Yes; that is true."

"Well, they certainly do not cater to the taste of the better class of intelligent men by squeezing their waists to such small and delicate dimensions. I have often heard men ridicule the wasp-waisted woman, though they had never heard of physical culture or hygiene. I have often followed women who were laced excessively merely to hear the remarks made in refer­ence to them, and these comments would merely be of a complimentary nature. 'Look at that fool,' I heard a man remark to his companion as he turned and viewed a tightly­laced woman who had just passed him. I firmly believe that the corset curse is as bad as the drink curse, and I would try as hard to save my sister from one as I would to save my brother from the other."

"I see, Mr. Moore, that you are much better posted about my sex than I am about yours; but I enti­tirely agree with you in the senti­ments you have just uttered."

"Suppose we change the subject and you entertain me with a song," said Harry, believing that they had discussed serious subjects enough for one night, and smiling at her in his bright, frank way.

"Now you are laughing," said he, as her smile deepened into a musical laugh.

"I was amused at the topics of conversation into which we have drifted to-night. I never conversed with an unprofessional man as I did with you this evening. I hope you did not consider it improper on my part?"

"How could I?" looking at her frankly with his clear eyes. "You were carried away with interest in your subject. Anyway, 'To the pure all is pure, and 'Evil to him who evil thinks.' These quotations express my views most admirably. I have also deviated from that which would be considered proper by those of conventional minds. I would not dare repeat the offence in the presence of the ordinary woman. But you are so different," continued he.

"In what way am I different?"

"If you would ask me in what way you are not different, the an­swer would be easier." "Shall I take that as a compli­ment? From most men it would mean nothing," said she, in a ban­tering tone.

"It was meant to be of a compli­mentary nature, and I believe that you understood it that way. Now, own up? Didn't you?" looking at her and smiling.

"Yes; I suppose I did," glancing at him archly, "but you once told me that you never passed compli­ments."

"Very true; but it is always un­derstood that present company be excepted," answered he.

"Ah, I see."

"How about the song you were to sing?"
"I didn't promise."
"I know; but you will, won't you?"
"Now, please!" in a persuasive, beseeching tone, as she seemed to hesitate.

Very well, I'll do my best; but I rarely sing," rising and moving towards the piano.

How proud and graceful she appeared! Her step was as stately as that of a queen.

"Still, I do not believe she is too proud," thought he. "She is beautiful; she would be a fool if she did not know it. Just such women as she have ruled nations time and time again by making their beauty and intellect the 'power behind the throne.'"

Then he thought himself rather audacious in attempting to win such a glorious creature.

"She is entirely too good and beautiful for me," thought he, watching her as she nonchalantly turned the music, endeavoring to select a suitable song.

"You lazy fellow," said she, looking over towards him; "come and help me in my search."

He arose from the comfortable rocker and went over towards her.

"How would you like this?" handing him a sheet of music.

"I'm not familiar with it. Oh, sing anything you like; I'm no judge of music. I believe, though, that your voice would be beautiful, regardless of the song," said he, turning the music near him, and appearing not to notice the glance she gave him as he finished the sentence.

"Now, for that, do you know what I shall do?" said she, glancing at him playfully.

"No; what is it? I'm interested," answered he, surprised.

"I shall make you sing to me." Make me!"

"Yes.

"Suppose I refuse to obey; what then?"

"Then abide by the most serious consequences," said she, in tones of mock horror.

"Pray, my fair maid, what are these consequences?" asked he, in a bantering tone, raising his eyebrows.

"If you don't sing to me, I-I-"

"You will what?" as she hesitated, still turning the music.

He was gazing at her with his soul in his eyes. He knew his secret would be revealed if she looked up; but a strange feeling of tenderness towards her made him powerless.

"What are the consequences?" placing his hand on hers as it lay on the piano.

She slowly withdrew her hand without answering and appeared not to notice his action.

The momentary contact as his hand lay on hers made his every nerve thrill with strange pleasure, and as she drew her hand away, he bit his lips, drew a long breath and moved a step from her. She was so near; the temptation to slip his arm around her and pour out from the very depth of his soul his great, passionate love was too strong. He moved a step away that he might be able to resist it. He could see her rounded bosom rise and fall with her regular breathing. The sight was to him maddening; intoxicating! He could bear it no longer. He turned away from her without a word, and sank into the chair he had just left.

"Please sing to me," said he, in a pleasing voice, breaking the silence after a moment, not noticing her way.

As he turned away she looked after him and saw that his features were tense from strong emotion he was trying to control.

"Have you no desire to know the consequences?" asked she, turning her fine eyes full upon him with a soft expression of interest shining within.

"Yes; what are they?" glancing at her for an instant, and smiling faintly.

"If you do not sing, I will not sing," answered she.

"What a terrible penalty! How could you be so cruel? Select a song and I'll sing it immediately," answered he, in exaggerated tones of anxiety, with his eyes still turned from her.

She enjoyed the power she held over this great, strong man. She realized the injustice of using it after having concluded that she could never return the affection which she had reason to believe he entertained for her. She admired his frankness, his honesty, his lovable, physical culture.

"Well, if you try, that will satisfy me."
"You will play the accompaniment, won't you?" asked he.

"Yes."

"How will this suit you?" throwing an old song over towards her.

"Ah, that's splendid," said she, opening the music and placing it on the holder. He sang it through in a fine tenor voice; though lacking cultivation, it was clear, sympathetic and musical.

"Don't tell me that you can not sing again," said she, turning towards him.

"Why, do you think I can?"

"I certainly do."

"That shows how much your musical education has been neglected," said he, as he dodged the blow she aimed at him with her fan.

"Now, I won't sing at all," said she, turning from him with an expression of a spoiled child upon her shoulders, and turning her on the stool, with her face towards him.

"Your expression is too weak to express my opinion of your voice. I love it. I could stand here and listen to you forever, and never tire," in emotionate tones.

She looked away and a serious expression flitted over her face, as she said:

"Please don't ridicule me, Mr. Moore."

She knew that he meant every word, but she felt that he was showing his regard for her too plainly to be exactly in accordance with her ideas of propriety.

He saw the expression of her countenance change, and immediately surmised the cause.

"Really, Miss Edith, allow me to apologize if I have offended you; but I was certainly not ridiculing you. No one would dare attempt that," in conciliatory tones.

"Please forgive me, won't you?" coming close to her side and bending over her.

"There is nothing to forgive," said she, looking up at him.

"Then why that serious expression?" asked he.

"Is my expression serious? I didn't know it," a faint smile breaking out, and lighting up her countenance as she gazed at him.

"Miss Edith, I have known you but a short time, though I have already learned that not for the world would I lose your esteem. Will you help me to retain it?" asked he, looking down at her seriously.

"I think there is but little danger of your losing it, Mr. Moore," answered she, turning her eyes from him.

"You think! Try to be sure of it, won't you? My nature is extremely impulsive. Sometimes I impetuously act in a way which I afterwards seriously regret. Will you promise never to allow any slight, hasty action on my part to seriouly offend you?" asked he, with his voice a trifle husky with emotion.

"I will promise if you wish it," answered she, looking up at him frankly with her clear eyes.

"I thank you so much for that promise. I hope the necessity for reminding you of it will never recur," returning her frank gaze with one equally as sincere.

"Can it be possible that it is so late?" asked Harry as he looked at his watch. "I am afraid that I bored you with my long call."

"No; on the contrary, you have most pleasantly entertained me," answered she, rising. "But why hurry? It very often happens that I retire later than this," continued she, sinking into a comfortable rocker.

"By staying later, I would impose on your generous hospitality," answered Harry, moving towards the door.

"Oh no, you won't; sit down," said she, pointing to a chair. A few moments later he arose to take his leave.

"Miss Edith, when will you allow me to see you again? May it not be some time soon?"

"Mr. Moore, I have been trying for the past few minutes to say that which may be as unpleasant to you as to me. It is a duty which I feel must be performed. I have enjoyed your visit this evening greatly; our opinions are so near alike, but I believe it will be better for us not to see much of each other. I must admit that I admire you, your character, your honesty, your mental and physical individuality. If certain that this admiration would not go beyond friendship on either side, I would freely seek your companionship and fully enjoy it. But I am afraid—afraid even of myself. My life has been given up to this great purpose of warning my suffering sex of the evils from which
The hard brightness of ambition had died from her eyes, and in its place was a soft, gentle expression of sympathy for him who stood before her, revealing by the anguish in his eyes how much her words caused him to suffer.

"I thank you, I thank you, Miss Edith, for your kindness," turning his eyes from her and gazing at the floor. "Of course, if you have decided, I can say nothing; but it will hurt me greatly. I rarely meet anyone I have for you, and when you tell me that your purpose in life is such that it will be to our mutual advantage to shun each other's society, it—it hurts me cruelly! Won't you reconsider your decision?—wont you, Miss Edith?"

"Yes, willingly," she answered, turning after a slight pause; "but I do not believe my determination will be altered in the least."

"Thank you," slight pause.

"Good night," he said suddenly, taking her hand for a moment, then quickly turning, he entered the hall, and was out the front door in a moment, his features rigid from the great effort he was making to control his emotions.

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STRONG, LUXURIANT HAIR.
HOW TO DEVELOP IT.

By PROF. B. A. MACFADDEN.

We have secured the exclusive rights for the sale of this new method of hair culture. The pamphlet for general instruction regarding the system is now on the press, and will be ready for delivery on June 6th.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE AUTHOR.

SCIENCE HAS FAILED.

Scientific men have been striving for ages to discover some drug which will increase and strengthen the growth of the hair. Thousands of quack perfumists have grown wealthy by deceiving the public with quack remedies; but no one has sought in nature or by simple, natural means to remedy this annoying and sometimes disfiguring trouble—loss of hair.

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Prof. MacFadden has recently discovered a natural method for strengthening the hair; it is based on physiological laws as accurately fixed as are the laws governing the development of the muscular system—and the results are as sure. The hair can be made more vigorous, and rules are given which, if followed, will result in the permanent loss of hair during life all but impossible. No ointments—no drugs—simply a natural remedy, the advantage of which every intelligent individual can quickly understand.

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Don’t be humbugged: Baldness is rarely curable, but there is absolutely no excuse for becoming bald if proper means are adopted to strengthen the hair. The growth of hair on a man’s face rarely disappears, and there is no more excuse for baldness on the scalp than there is for baldness on the face; the same blood which nourishes the hair on the face also nourishes the scalp; and it is just as rich in those elements which accelerate hair growth in one place as in the other

This pamphlet tells why one may have a full beard, and still lose the hair on the scalp, and how to prevent further loss. Baldness ages a man from ten to twenty years; it ages a woman beyond recall.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

We have something which the public want—every man, every woman, possessing a head of hair, desires to retain and improve it, and this pamphlet will tell how it can be done.

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THE MACFADDEN COMPANY,
No. 1123 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.
IS DISEASE NECESSARILY AN ACCOMPANIMENT OF GENIUS?

IS MUSCLE BAD FOR THE BRAIN?

There recently appeared in the New York Journal an editorial entitled “No Disease in Genius—But Muscle is Bad for the Brain.” The true definition of genius is exalted intellectual powers, acquired intuitively, or with little or no tuition or training. The word is rarely used in this sense. Every renowned, talented person is usually spoken of as a genius, regardless of the labors which may have been essential in the acquirement of these envied powers; the possession, therefore, of superior abilities or talents marks the genius. Study the lives of those recognized and honored by the world with the title of genius. Where will you find one who has not been compelled to struggle and strive with intensity and concentration to acquire it? There are a few exceptions, but these exceptions only prove the rule; therefore genius is in many cases the abnormal development of certain powers, and the result of extremely intemperate efforts towards their acquirement. Where one genius is heard from—where one has been able to struggle on until the goal of success has been reached, hundreds of equal or greater abilities have fallen unrecognized by the wayside, exhausted, debilitated, wrecked in mind and body from the terrible strain of their endeavors.

The Journal editorial states that “Genius is healthy. It usually implies strength.” Genius itself may be healthy, but rarely can those possessing it lay claim to vigorous health. The great labors usually necessary to its development naturally create an abnormal condition unless the student has great vitality, or sufficient intelligence to recognize the necessity for regular physical exercise. Gladstone, the intellectual marvel of the civilized world, recognized this need for regular exercise. Before gymnasiums were much in use he chopped down trees; later in

Physical Culture

Price, 50c. per year, post paid. With foreign postage, 75c.
33–35 Duane Street, New York, U. S. A.
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The same rich blood which built body has been developed at its expense, and the body is developed to the highest point of perfection the brain, as is the case with many athletes, and the body is developed at the expense of their brains? The marvelous physical powers displayed by Byron in the last Presidential campaign will never cease to cause comment. Will even his age and the general circulation, and assists greatly in purifying the blood by causing the organs of elimination to act more freely and thoroughly. Therefore, under these circumstances, the blood is richer in those elements which are needed to nourish the brain, and with purer blood, stronger digestive and lung powers, and with vastly increased nervous energies, is not the brain worker far more thoroughly equipped for his labors?

This is how he extols weakness:

"See how a little creature, with nothing but his brains to call upon his nervous energy, can outstrip the huge muscular machine."

"Pope, the wonderful penman. He had a mind to dress him and lace him up in his canvas jacket. Weak as a shrimp—what person, useless brain power—all his strength went there."

There are men who have made great successes in life, not because of weakness, as this writer would have us believe, but in spite of it. Those who struggled on to success under such a handicap would have doubled and trebled their successes if the knowledge of health and the means of its acquisition had been a part of their possessions.

Was Gladstone at a disadvantage because of his great physical powers? How about Washington, Lincoln, William Cullen Bryant? Was their physical vigor developed at the expense of their brains? The brain is nourished entirely by the blood, the same as any other organ or muscle of the body; its powers are influenced to a vast extent by the quality of this blood. Proper physical exercise accelerates and improves the general circulation, and assists greatly in purifying the blood by causing the organs of elimination to act more freely and thoroughly. Therefore, under these circumstances, the blood is richer in those elements which are needed to nourish the brain, and with purer blood, stronger digestive and lung powers, and with vastly increased nervous energies, is not the brain worker far more thoroughly equipped for his labors?
there an individual of ordinary health in all this broad land who would exchange positions with the famous poet mentioned above and accept his weakness? We all abhor weakness, loathe disease. It is natural that we should. The first duty of a male human animal is to be a man; of a female, to be a woman; and without that health, vigor and stamina which gives strength to the emotions, "fire" to the ambitions, power to the passions and energies, there can be no real, true manhood or womanhood. Be anything but a nonentity—a sexless creature which goes through life, eating, drinking, sleeping and existing. After all, fame is not everything. The happiness of a peaceful home—the knowledge that one's life has been clean, pure and wholesome—is worth more than all the fame of the universe. Let those who live for fame strive and strive for it, but if the satisfaction of being free from care and worry and sorrow, even a small part of your existence is of value, do the best you can, and leave fame, if it is to be gained at the sacrifice of health and comfort, to those who are willing to bid good-bye to all of life's happy hours.

THE EDITOR.

STEADY YOUR MIND, STRENGTHEN YOUR WRIST, HANDBIT."--"GIANT WRIST MACHINE."--"MORE EASILY ACQUIRED IF YOU WILL.

STRENGTH, HEALTH, WEALTH

CHICAGO VEGETARIAN

THE BRAIN WORKER.

By J. Walter Smithson.
For Strengthening Muscle of Back at Waist Line. For Cur¬
ing Pains in the Back and Reducing Size of Waist.

This exercise, illustrated in the accompanying photographs, can be
performed satisfactorily on any chest weight, or rubber exerciser fur¬
nishing a similar resistance. Be careful, however, to avoid those cheap,
all rubber devices, the parts of which are liable to fly out and seriously
injure the operator in case of breakage.

From the position illustrated in the first photograph, without bend¬
ing at knees or elbows bring arms upward, high as you can reach over¬
head, as illustrated in second photograph. Repeat until tired. This is
a most excellent exercise, and if bothered with pains in the back or with
weakness which makes it an effort to hold the body erect while walking,
this exercise will remedy the trouble in a few days. The same exercise
will be found beneficial if taken without an exerciser.

For Increasing Digestive Power and for Curing Functional
Derangement of the Kidneys.
DANGERS OF KISSING.
By J. STUART.

There are in this cold-blooded age of ours few institutions and customs that the brains of science have not riddled with objections. Science tells us everything—what to eat and how to eat it, and what to drink and how to drink it, and it is the opinion of many that ere long the Deity Authority will be receiving scientific pointers—in His case grants. At the present writing hundreds of "shukar"-scientists are slogging tons of stainless paper with rivers of ink to in a form a foolish world of the dangers of kissing. They have told the great mass of unsuspecting humanity that upon the rose lips of beauty there ever lurk microbes, fierce and merciless. These modern custodians of human affairs, like the rhum of old, not only thrust the man and woman out of the Eden of natural impulses, but guard with flaming swords, properly antisepticised, any return thereto.

The people on this microbes-infested earth have learned from these wise men that the fairest maid is to be feared; that kissing is a "double back-acting Judas-like osculation, betraying in most cruel manner and to almost sure death the sighing youth who has dared to bestow upon her dewy lips. During the process of long-drawn out, instamet-like kissing germs are supposed to change places as rapidly as tenement-house dwellers on May 1st day, to pass from mouth to mouth with perfect willingness, since no matter where they go they find fertile soil. They improve in health and strength with each change of base, and science tells us this causes them to become far more dangerous to the ecstatic fools who rush at their locations and then—on to their inevitable and untimely end.

While one must admit the self-sacrificing purpose of these deeply learned professors who try to make of fond courtships an armed neutrality, simply to save the insurance companies from paying out an occasional premium, while they themselves are perfectly secure in their own kisses, and thereby increase their value to some one. The attention of science was drawn out, instalmentlike kissing is a fad, and who knows but that beauty of the feminine sex may appear in society armed with small jugs of acids to soak their "rubies" in before bidding good-night to a few hundred assembled guests.

We must admit that there are cases where it might be well to use a disinfectant before risking osculation; it might be even better to indefinitely postpone the effecting of that exchange which is no robbery. The attention of science was called to kissing because it has been overdone; the public had made this practice one of its social rites. Distant relatives, friends, all have a right to exchange a little kiss—it's one of the cheapest things to offer a loving husband. A kiss ought to be a sacred thing, the fruit of a love that is deathless—it is the blessing of a mother, the pledge of a sweet heart, the homage and love of a wife. This promiscuous kissing is the casting of pearls before swine—a brutal prostitution of the evidence of true love—therefore, in this particular indictment, let us hope science is right, and that promiscuous kissing, carried on in free-lunch style, will lead to one death at least, that of the practice.

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THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Criticism, MSS., Photographs, etc., invited.

Questions of general public interest answered in this department.

Will any one question the need for a publication on physical culture, edited by one with practical as well as theoretical knowledge, one with the actual experience which alone gives that familiarity essential to the proper treatment of the subject in all its detail? I do not claim to be able to entirely satisfy this need, but even crumbs to a hungry man are better than no bread, and the "crumbs" that I may offer, it is to be hoped, will prove acceptable to those interested in this theme.

The larger part of the last fifteen years of my life has been spent in solving problems appertaining to the care of the body. It is not in a spirit of boastfulness that I call attention to my record, "from a consumptive to a champion athlete." I am proud of that record! It stands out and emphasizes that I have solved at least some of the problems that confront one when attempting to increase the vigor of the body. I remember as vividly as if it were yesterday, moments—yes, days, weeks and months—when the abject despair from the apparent hopelessness of my emaciated and weakened condition was almost too great to be borne. That was my state of health when physical culture first appealed to me, and there are thousands to-day—yes, millions—who are spending their last failing energies reaching out in the darkness of theory for a cure, when right before them, in the brilliant light of facts, proven over and over again, gleams a remedy that Nature offers. They are simply asked to make the effort required to secure the great desideratum—health and strength.

Do not think for a moment that I offer physical culture, as it is commonly understood, in the form of muscular exercise alone for a great "cure-all." In fact, muscular exercise when carried to excess, or when improperly taken, is not physical culture, but a tearing down of the body. Physical culture embraces all natural means of building up bodily strength: diet, bathing, hygienic care of the skin, the hair and the teeth, are just as much a part of it as proper exercise. One can readily understand that within the scope of these various natural means of caring for the body there is a preserving and health-producing power that can be used to advantage in almost any disease, and can entirely cure most of the ailments from which humanity commonly suffers.

There is one thing upon which my readers can always depend, the matter that appears in my name will be composed, written, revised, and even proof read and corrected by me. I believe most sincerely in the theory that those who attempt to teach the public should show the benefits of their own teaching in their own physiques, their own personality. The physician who pretends to cure the sick should have sufficient knowledge of his profession to keep himself well. If the one who prepares MSS relating to physical culture is unfamiliar with the subject, his work will certainly be lacking in detail and be without that finish which can be acquired only from the extreme familiarity that comes from years of actual experience.

Question: To become a strong man does it mean running the risk of sacrificing vitality to mere muscle growth?

Reply: The mere growth of muscle does not tend to decrease vitality; the danger lies in excessive training, or rather, strainage, producing exhaustion, which saps the reserve vitality. That muscular development which is built up by carefully graduated exercise is in every respect the safest and soundest. It is possible to quickly "swell" the muscles by over-exercise, but the increase is most unnatural, a reaction surely follows, resulting in the contraction of the muscles into even less than their original size. The "swelling" process is practically a forced inflation of tissue and the contraction is simply a natural subsidence. A sure sign of a "swelled" muscle or muscles is a soreness, this being due to a form of inflammation. The evil, however, is not confined to local result; the unnatural strain on the reserve vitality produces a general feeling of lassitude, or, if severe, exhaustion. Proper muscular development is a natural growth of tissue, without depletion of reserve vitality; indeed, the latter is increased accordingly. In concluding the reply to this question let me warn beginners against the danger of overstraining. Do not imagine that a week of training will fit you for weight lifting.

Question: Is the athlete a poor death-resistant animal?

Reply: Certainly not! The athlete has greater vitality than he or she who is not an athlete. The athletic phrase, "The pink of condition," means high vitality and well-oiled human machinery. They who are in the "pink of condition" are better able to resist the attacks of death, diseases and wounds than those who are in poor condition. The one is like a well-trained army,
PHYSICAL CULTURE

(Concluded from last issue.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GREAT MUSCULAR VIGOR.

Diet.
The diet of one desirous of developing a physique of this rugged character must, of course, be rich in nitrogenous (muscle-making) food elements, though one must not by any means taboo those articles which are fat-forming, as a large amount of these elements are needed to maintain the normal heat of the body. If there exists no appetite for foods that make muscle, cultivate it. Of course this takes time, but one can cultivate an appetite for almost anything. Never eat bread made from superfine white flour if any other kind can be obtained. It is the poorest excuse for food that ever disgraced the diet of a civilized community. To a certain extent allow the appetite to guide you, all the time keeping in view the desire to supply the diet liberally with muscle-making foods. Peas, beans and lentils, fully matured, contain a large percentage of muscle-making qualities. Beef and mutton are probably the best meats for the purpose. A word here as to the difference in the quality of muscle produced by a vegetarian diet from that produced by a diet composed largely of meat will probably not be out of place.

Even numbers, were the finest and most successful of a time when men lived to fight and fought to live. The exceptions which make the athlete a "poor death-resisting animal" are those cases where the athlete reduces his vitality by over training, or by a sudden break-off of his accustomed physical exercise. Therefore, if training for feats of strength requiring one great effort, over in a moment, a diet liberally supplied with meat is to be recommended, but if great endurance is to be desired, the quantity of meat used should be very small. In Europe more interest is taken in vegetarianism than here. In one of the large cities last year there was a twenty five mile race, in which there were entered sixty contestants. The first thirteen to finish in this race were vegetarians. This result illustrates very forcibly the need at least of moderation in indulgence in meat if endurance is a desirable quality.

OVEREATING.
The quantity of food consumed is also well worth attention. Eat all that can be digested readily, but do not "stuff." So many eat to such excess that their overburdened digestive organs require all the energy of the body to carry on the work of assimilation and elimination. The muscles of an overfed person are always in an inferior condition—they have less strength, less endurance and less power of resisting disease than when the nourishment is furnished in more normal quantities. Keep these facts in view, and be careful to avoid the error of overfeeding. Eat two or three meals per day, whichever seems best for the needs of the system. Some are able to digest three meals to advantage, while others acquire more strength and feel in better health with two.

Food, to be properly digested, must be thoroughly enjoyed; so never eat without appetite, and never eat unpalatable articles of food merely because they are supposed to be nourishing. The work of assimilation is but imperfectly performed if the food is not relished.

Bathing.
The instructions for bathing, as outlined in article "The Development of Vitality, Energy, and Health" (March issue), can be followed with advantage. A thoroughly clean skin is absolutely essential to vigorous health. It is a well-known fact that if the entire surface of the body be varnished—thus stopping all the pores—death would ensue in a few hours, the cause being the accumulation of impurities ordinarily eliminated through the obstructed pores. This illustrates with startling emphasis the great importance of the skin as an agent for purifying the blood, and to an equal extent lays stress upon the necessity for frequent bathing. Cold baths are a fine tonic and are beneficial to those who can recuperate immediately from the shock with a feeling of...
warmth. Always exercise sufficiently to excite an active circulation before taking a cold bath.

Alcoholic liquors.

Leave alcoholic liquors and stimulating drinks alone. Absolutely no benefit can be derived from their use, and no matter how fine may be your physical organization, the poison of alcohol, if it is regularly used even temperately, will have a deteriorating effect, and will bring old age many years in advance of the proper time. If used intermediately, it changes a human being into a beastly idiot with the weakness and effeminacy of a child and the self-assertiveness and arrogance of a blackguard. A man under the influence of intoxicants is temporarily an idiot, and should be treated as such. The degrading effects, mentally and morally, of temperance are, however, more than equaled by the destructive effects on the general health. Vitality, which might have supported one to the age of sixty or seventy, can be used up before thirty or thirty-five under the baneful influence of intemperance.

Strong will.

Determination and persistence are qualities which are essential to success in almost any undertaking, and they are of equal importance if one desires to be a "superb animal," and your attempts must be serious, if satisfactory results are desired and expected.

Remember that health and strength and fine physical proportions cannot be bought—the rich and poor alike must work to acquire these coveted rewards. I venture the assertion that there is not a human being of average health on this earth who would willingly exchange places with the owner of great wealth and accept the weaknesses and diseas which in many instances accompany a life of ease and luxury, therefore the value of vigorous health cannot be estimated—it is beyond price. So, in storing up health, you are really acquiring immeasurable wealth.

The Editor.

Capital for Sanitarium.

Capital wanted for sound legitimate investment in proposed sanitarium located near New York City. Advertiser has organized several business enterprises in England and United States now successfully running. Unequaled facilities for securing patients. Treatment to be given along lines now followed by the world's largest and most successful sanitarium. Highest credentials for business ability and integrity.


Examples of Modern Development.

From Life.
No pleasant emotion thrilled his nerves as he touched Edith's hand in farewell that night; it seemed cold and lifeless. He went out into the darkness of the night almost choked with contending emotions. He walked swiftly in his endeavor to obliterate the despairing images of his agitated mind; but no, stronger and stronger they crowded upon him. On and on he strode with no thought of his destination—only a desire to discard the agonizing thoughts of the moment. Many gazed at him in wonder as he rushed by them in his mad walk; but he saw no one. He was too agitated to reason with no thought of his destination.

On the path a great sob rent his powerful frame. There in the silence and darkness of the night, sob after sob made this great, strong man quiver like an aspen leaf. He sat there leaning forward with his head resting on his hand for some time. His nature was peculiarly fatalistic. The early death of his parents had caused the sympathy which his nature craved. After he grew to manhood, no one of the opposite sex appeared near him. He walked swiftly in his search.

Now he looked around for some familiar object that he might know how far he had gone. He sauntered along in his search. A few moments after, in a light, fleecy night robe, with the lights turned out and the windows wide open, he strode up and down, enjoying the cool breezes which played around him. The exercise had cleared his brain; he felt like a new beginning, every nerve, every muscle thrilled with power, and at moments these superb physical energies intoxicated him with their intensity.

When he recalled his weakness of an hour or so ago, he could hardly realize it. "What fools we mortals be!" he quoted to himself. "How could I have arrived at such a morbid state? I feel now as though nothing were too difficult to accomplish, as though even the unattainable were within reach," commented he as he stood before the open window, inhaling deep draughts of pure air.

"She is mine! I will win her!" he emphasized. "My ambitions, my success, my very existence, depend upon it. Without her I will be a

For a woman you have known but little over a week! And why do you weep for her? Did her words leave absolutely no hope for me?"

He reviewed the conversation with her that immediately preceded his departure.

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"She is mine! I will win her!" he emphasized. "My ambitions, my success, my very existence, depend upon it. Without her I will be a
Edith was far from being as cold and calm as she pretended during the conversation that occurred immediately preceding Harry's departure. She had resolved after much serious thought that the course pursued was the only honorable one. Her reason for persisting that he remain was that she might compose herself and tell him all without betraying emotion. If she showed the least feeling the effect of her words would have been lost; this she realized thoroughly. The task was difficult and unpleasant for her, but she believed that her proper course was to be honest. She acknowledged to herself that, should she give him the opportunity, he might be able to win her love; but she feared the result too much to take the risk. She saw the tremendous effort he made to control his emotions as he turned sleepy in that negligee gown with his arms around her cousin's waist. She acknowledged to herself that, if she were to ascend, her effect upon her cousin and gazing into her pretty, light-brown eyes, stepping away from her cousin and gazing at her as they entered the softly lighted bedroom. "Edith! Edith!" called Helen from the head of the stairs. "What is it, dear?" answered Edith, coming to the door. "When are you coming to bed? I'm so lonesome," in mournful tones. "I'm coming at once," smiling. "Well, I think you should. Why, you are a regular night owl remaining up so late," continued she, as Edith started to ascend. "If I be a night owl, why are you up so late?" "Oh, I was reading a delicious novel." "Yes, so I supposed. Has the heroine fallen into the hero's arms yet?" asked Edith, as she neared Helen's side. "Not yet; but I think she will very soon," answered Helen, laughing. "Now, you come to bed, you sleepy girl," said Edith, as she put her arms around her cousin's waist. "How pretty you look this evening in that negligee gown with that belt around your waist." "Ah, phew! look pretty in this costume? impossible?" asked Edith, elevating her eyebrows, stepping away from her cousin and gazing at her as they entered the softly lighted bedroom. "Because I am so unshapely without my corsets." "That's simply your perverted ideas of beauty. When your corset is adjusted, your shoulders are forced upward, giving them a square appearance that destroys all lines of beauty; but now, just as you are, your figure is charming." "Ah, but your ideas of beauty are so unconventional—so different from others." "There is a sinuous grace about your figure now that gives one the idea of a living, breathing, beautiful body. How entrancingly lovely you would be if all your attainable physical beauty was developed. Your arms would grow larger, firmer, rounder and more beautiful in shape; there would be strength, grace and suppleness in every outline of your figure, in your every movement. Now, Helen, do follow my advice—won't you?" asked Edith, as she squeezed her cousin's arm and looked into her pretty, light-brown eyes. "I'll commence to-morrow, 'Cuz, and do just as you say." "Really?" "Yes." "Well, my first command is, burn all your corsets." "I cannot do that." "Why not?" "I can if I give away all the dresses I have and buy new ones instead. All the dresses I have now were made to wear with a corset, and I couldn't wear them without one." "No, I suppose not. Well, I would like the pleasure of burning the dresses; or else that of giving them away. Some day I would like to see you a happy wife, the mother of fine, healthy children—light lacing will certainly destroy all possibility of such a future for you. Your countenance will become careworn, your cheeks sunken, your eyes will lose their lustre, and wrinkles will appear long before you reach what really should be the prime of life, if you persist in living most excessively in the use of this instrument of torture. Of course, you would say that it was curious and household cares that caused your physical weakness, but that would not be true; it would simply be the result of tight lacing and the want of exercise. It almost makes the tears come to my eyes, Helen, dear, to think of it. You can grow into such a fine, beautiful woman. Won't you try?" in tones of entreaty. "Cousin, you are requesting more than you think, when you ask me to throw away my corset. Every one wears them here, and I would look so peculiar without them." "You merely think you would look 'peculiar.' Your ancestors wore hoops and bonnets, in which no doubt, you would appear ridiculous; but they saw nothing objectionable in them at the time. In discarding your corsets you will simply be slightly in advance of your time—that is all," continued Edith, as she seated herself on the bed beside Helen. "Ah, cousin, I'm too sleepy tonight to think; wait until to­mor­row, and I'll seriously consider the matter, won't you?" placing her arm around her cousin's neck in a burst of affection.
“Yes, dear,” answered Edith, caressing her cousin’s luxuriant hair, which hung far below her waist. This ended the conversation. Edith had become very warmly attached to her cousin. She was a warm-hearted, honest, impulsive girl, and as her affection for Helen increased, the desire to have her view life as she did became gradually stronger. Several days before she had determined, on the first appropriate occasion, to talk seriously with Helen upon the subject so near her heart. She knew that if Helen continues as now she would be a physical wreck. The cultivation of ornamental accomplishments had occupied her time from early youth. Before reaching her teens she had been taught that to romp and play was unladylike. Naturally healthy and active, she had longed for the exercises so dear to the young and so necessary to their physical development; but constant parental supervision soon impaired the ardor of her high spirits and evolved the dignity and tranquillity required by conventional society.

To deny children the privilege of daily indulging in healthful play is a crime. The result of such prohibition often means a life of weakness and disease, and the misery which necessarily accompanies this abnormal condition. Dressed in clothes too fine to be soiled, such children grow up like sickly plants hid in a dark corner, away from the sun and air; the real true happiness of life is unknown to them; they are the product of criminal ignorance; for is it not a crime to stunt the growth, and destroy the health and future prospects of your child? When walking through the residence portion of a large city, how often one hears a mother calling to her child: “Come out of the sun; you will get sunburnt.” How the writer pities the poor child when he hears that oft-repeated command! It is not the white faces, thin arms and legs and bright eyes, usually characteristic of such children that arouse pity—it is the future before them—when they arrive at maturity, the same lack of development, the same weakness of body and character which will still exist. They are kept out of the sun for fear of their being sunburnt; they are usually forbidden the privilege of the street, and even the yard, for fear of association with bad boys. They are raised like hot-house plants, and they grow into hot-house flowers, lacking even their transient beauty, too weakly to have any strength of character or independence, too sickly to have a true conception of life—their capacity for happiness, ever feebly, is indeed transient. The “fire” of health and youthful power they have never felt. Such a woman, such a man, does not live in the truest sense—they merely exist. Delicacy and weakness are too often mistaken for refinement, when, if rightly considered, they are nothing more than a sign of disease.

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it is more of a tonic. It gives one

in water. This is more

pecially true of those inclined to be

thin and

condition very often lessens the appe-

tite and weakens the system

tite and weakens the system

salt water as long as desired, and

nothing but good results will be

course

noticed—it being understood of

water

possessed by the bather to leave the

ing or jumping around appears to

bring warmth, get out of the water

and remove wet bathing suit at

once. Day after day as strength

richer, the chilling influence of the

water will decrease. Take

usage of the opportunity afforded of

up and down the beach.

being a girl or a boy again. Run

exercise

lain dormant for months. The

up.”

color to the cheeks and health to

in the gymnasium, and it will bring

blood to all parts.

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therefore not to remain in the

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beneficial effect on health and

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the less clothes you wear, the grea-

ter the benefits. In fresh water

ing be careful not to remain in the

water if you are at all chilly,

quickly

Immediately after coming from

the muscles which may have

laid dormant for months. The

of sun-stroke is made possible

by alcoholic imbiber always suffers greatly

at this season, and nearly every

case of sun-stroke is made possible by the

easy use of alcoholic drinks. Every alcoholic drink

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BY ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D

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Man is not a material machine.

He has a soul that gives him ability to think, to act, to create. All forces and faculties are from within and manifest without. All functions of the body are soul expressions, are mind acting upon matter. It becomes man's privilege to understand all his powers, to train them into service. The ability to create is no exception to this fact.

Creative force has its origin in the procreative force may be directed into altruistic desires and directed into channels of power and effectiveness.

Conscious thought becomes the impelling directing force, while the process and fulfillment are accord-
PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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Through the recognition of duality in the manifestation of nature the creative principle, in the union of the male and female in the married life, becomes even more effective. There is no defilement or debasement in the natural and controlled expression of the sex nature. It is not the life of asceticism or repression; it is rather one of appropriation and expression. In acknowledging the life Source and conscientiously devoting the powers of the self to achievement, to the activities of life, one is put in possession of new powers and possibilities.

A controlled parenthood, a conservation of the creative powers, aside from giving best conditions for the health and intellectual development and spiritual growth.

Both men and women have been healed of ailments serious and long standing by the redeeming knowledge that the creative forces belong to the higher life and through transmutation may be coined into health, strength and endurance. When the impulse for procreation is symbolized in passion as though it were an electrical battery of which you have entire control, direct this pulsing and throbbing of life to energized and diseased organs. Impel it by a strong, energetic thought to set in motion the vital energy in these parts, arousing into normal activity the inherent forces of life.

Not less effective can these energies of life be appropriated to intellectual attainment. Creative force brings forth according to the potent power of thinking.

Labolasay asserted that "the passions take the place in the soul which the will does not occupy, and there may yet be discovered a process by which passion may be transmuted into intellectual fibre. This is, indeed, the highest possibility of human culture."

What this place is in the soul and what are their functions is coming to the knowledge of people who understand the germinating power of thought, and who have their sexual life under a wise control. Men and women practicing this control attest that their very souls in union take on a procreating power, and that it seems to have an impregnating force, that far transcends in power and intelligence any ordinary thought force. These mighty soul conceptions demand generation and birth, for the world is in need of their generative power. Let all children of men listen for these messages. Let them go into the hush of the spirit and await in the night stillness for the revelation. It may come in the fire of a poet or the eloquence of an orator, but certain if souls are attuned to life's harmonies the law will be fulfilled in song and prophecy.

In every avenue of life, be it professional, commercial or industrial, the creative energies may be conserved, directed and appropriated so as to give power and effectiveness. In this knowledge is the key of success.

As one has said, "the greatest crown of honor to a controlled parenthood consists in its conducting to the highest and noblest spiritual development." Spiritual growth is man's understanding of his divine nature and his inseparable union with the omnipresent principle of life. Whichever or however man perceives this truth, it is borne upon his inner consciousness that the real enduring things of life belong to the spirit: while those that are evanescent, fleeting and unstable are of the material.

In no part of life's domains are there new meanings more clearly perceived than in the creative powers. In the conception and birth of spiritual children—ideas, discoveries and aspirations—one's very existence vibrates in the divine unity of the universe.

CONCENTRATION AND CREATION.

It is a discovery in spiritual science that the reiteration of a thought brings about a condition or manifestation of what the thought expresses. In concentration or meditation for development and power, we hold closely to some thought of universal life and principle, some aspiration that widens our vision and attunes the soul with infinite harmonies. To make these meditations effective, as the spiritual vision is opened we must demand that the creative powers of our souls are put in operation. The mind must be fixed on and expect spiritual attainment.

Mutations of the mind confirm the seeds of power. Conditions are thus made for the way opened for accomplishment; the results of sexual energy are diverted into channels of usefulness through spiritual law.

Many have taught the conservation or appropriation of the sexual powers, but only recently has it been known that this conservation and appropriation is far more effective if it occurs at the time one experiences the creative impulse. It thus becomes a spiritual creation, a child of vigor. This is the time and occasion to make a prayer of faith—to demand fulfillment of the soul's aspirations.

There is no limit to the application of the principle. Are you a teacher, you demand to create conditions for success; a writer or speaker, that your words shall glow with the fire of truth; in commercial life, that your transactions shall progress to fulfillment; while through this spiritual alchemy of the creative powers the problems of the philanthropist are solved; the sculptor's marble glows with life;
PHYSICAL CULTURE.

the painter’s canvas reflects love and intelligence.

This concentration and creation by souls who have high aspirations give a positive and.impregnating force to all the mental activities. As the engineer conserves the great force of Niagara to supply mechanical power, so man, through knowledge of himself and his relations to the world, conserves the greatest of all his forces to life’s uses.

Finally, to make controlled parenthood of value to the child, to the mother and to the individual,

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A BILL AGAINST TIGHT LACING.

One at least of the Wisconsin law-makers is in favor of ample waists, and has introduced in the Assembly of that State a joint resolution looking to the protection of women in the State of Wisconsin by making a law to prohibit tight lacing. He proposes a commission to be made up of three members of the Assembly and one of the Senate to draft such a bill as he has in mind. He says he believes tight lacing is a menace to the health of posterity, and that there is imperative need of legislation to stop it. —Mothers’ Journal.

First, stand with feet far apart, then bend right leg as above; straighten right leg, making the left assist as much as possible in rising. Same exercise to left.

Variation.—As you go to the right touch floor to the right as far as you can reach with right hand; same to the left.
For Expanding Chest, Strengthening Lungs, Increasing Hitting Power.

For Expanding Chest, Strengthening Lungs, Increasing Hitting Power.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.
THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BENJAMIN A. MACFADDEN.

(ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.)

CHAPTER VIII.

A few evenings after the occurrence of events narrated in the previous chapters, Watson called at Harry's apartment. After chatting for a few moments, Harry suggested that, as the night was rather warm, perhaps it would be more pleasant to stroll towards the park. Watson readily assented to this.

"Happiness!" said Harry in a musing tone, breaking the long silence, as they moved leisurely along. "I believe that life would be more beautiful and more useful if we had more of it. Don't you?"

"I certainly do," answered Watson.

"When I was a boy I was taught indirectly that happiness was a sin—everything that was pleasur-able for me seemed to be condemned as evil."

"Yes; that course is pursued by many parents even to-day," answered Watson.

"By being happy," continued Harry, apparently not hearing the interruption, "one grows into the fullness of a perfect life, mentally and physically. Everything is a pleasure. Work is work no more; it is play. With happiness comes health. They are co-existent. So many complain of the unhappiness of life—and why? Because they do not cultivate happiness, or rather its companion—health. Why, sometimes when out under the trees, on a pleasant sunny day, I feel so infinitely happy, so perfectly satisfied at that moment, that I imagine the heaven of our dreams could be no better. The physical power within thrills me with inexplicable pleasure. How pleasant it is to be strong; for strength means confidence and power. Strength to the true man is like sweet music to the soul—it elevates, thrills and ennobles; it crushes out the lower nature, or imparts the power to control it. I glory in my strength. I love it beyond everything."

"There is much truth in what you say, Moore. I have often yearned for physical power; but I..."
PHYSICAL CULTURE

never knew how to acquire it, and, therefore, I never was, nor ever will be, strong.

"You can be, if you wish."

"By exercise? No, it is too late for that now."

"Why too late? How old are you?"

"A little over thirty-two."

"And you say you are too old to improve yourself physically?" asked Harry, gazing at him.

"Well, I may not be too old to improve slightly, but it would amount to very little."

"Now, Watson, allow me to prove that you are entirely wrong. Have you ever exercised in a gymnasium at any time?"

"No; I have not."

"Have you ever performed manual labor on a farm, or elsewhere, that would develop your muscles even slightly?"

"No."

"Well, your muscular system has never enjoyed the benefits of proper exercise. Those muscles, given you for active use, have remained idle, and necessarily undeveloped. Had they been used in your growing years, you could have improved far more than now; but you can even yet acquire great physical strength. You can at least double your muscular power, your manly vigor and your beauty."

"Ah, phew, Moore, you don't believe anything like that?"

"Don't believe it!" looking at Watson in a surprised manner. "I am compelled to believe what I have seen with my own eyes. Many men have developed fine muscular vigor, although much older than you, and why can you not secure great improvement? Why, I remember an acquaintance who joined a gymnasium of which I was a member. Physically he was a ludicrous sight; he was about forty years of age, had suffered from dyspepsia for about ten years, and would have made a good living skeleton for some museum. Well, after some months of regular exercise, the dyspepsia was gone; in six months he had begun to develop considerable muscle, and after about a year he could hardly be recognized as the same man. His face was full and round; his eyes and skin were clear, and he presented altogether quite what the Irish call "a fine figure of a man."

Now, if he was able to secure even an ordinary physique, you, with the health you already have, ought to grow into an Apollo with but little trouble."

"Now, Moore, do you really believe that?"

"Certainly, I believe it."

"If I thought such a thing possible—if I thought I could secure even a decided improvement in my physical condition—I would try it, and commence right away."

"Well, there is not the slightest doubt of it."

"How should I commence?"

"First thing," Watson ejaculated.

Harry, as he looked down the street and saw a great crowd assemble. "We have nothing of importance to do, suppose we see it."

"All right," said Watson, as they hurried along. The darkness prevented their seeing the cause of the excitement.

"Glory! Hallelujah! Bless my soul!" were the first sounds that came to their ears, mingled with the music, or rather noise, of a tambourine.

"Ah," said Harry, turning towards his friend; "Salvation Army."

"I thought it might be they."

"They are interesting at times," said Harry, as he continued to make his way towards the edge of the circle, followed by Watson. They remained there a few moments studying the unique characters before them.

Suddenly, in the midst of a prayer, some one loudly cried, from the outskirts of the crowd, "Rats!"

"The man continued his prayer; and in a moment the cry was heard again, and was repeated by others, evidently a gang gathering there for the purpose of disturbing the meeting."

"Let's go, Moore," said Watson, touching Harry on the shoulder.

"All right," following Watson as he pushed through the crowd.

"I may not be too old to improve slightly, but it would amount to very little."

"Why so?"

"Oh, I saw a fellow short again that insulting word. He saw the young ruffian in the faint light, and, without pausing to consider the consequences, exclaimed angrily:"

"Have you no respect for any one, yourself included?"

"What's ye got to do wid it?"

"Whats ye got to do wid it?"

"No; I'm the Mayor's father," answered Harry sarcastically.

"Ye be, be ye? Well, take that, ye big fat dude," said the tough, lunging heavily and striking viciously at Harry with his right hand.

Harry was looking for this, and he guarded the blow with his left, thereby turning the ruffian to one side; he then struck him a terrific blow with his right, felling him in a heap on the dusty street.
Harry surmised that the fellow he struck was accompanied by a gang. For this reason he hastened away, fearing trouble which might cause their arrest and a large amount of undesirable notoriety. They walked swiftly for a short distance, and Harry was about to half a cab, when he spied some tough-looking fellows coming towards him up the street.

"Now, Watson, do you see those toughs coming towards us? We must watch them. That fellow may have had a gang, and they are probably after me. If they are, you had better keep out of the way. You may get hurt."

"No, sir; if there's a row, I'm in it too. I know I can be of some assistance," answered Watson.

Harry was noting their actions closely.

"See, they are looking for some one," said he.

Harry, though incapable of fear, was cautious; but now he saw there was no other alternative, for they were undoubtedly hurriedly tending towards him.

"There will be a fight now sure, Watson. You get away, and stay out of it. I believe I can whip the lot if they use no weapons."

"They evidently want revenge," thought Harry. "The first man who comes near me measures hit length on the sidewalk."

"There's de bloke," he heard one say.

"Now, careful; he's a scraper," another remarked.

Harry ground his teeth with rising anger, eager to begin. To all appearances, however, they were not interesting him, yet he saw their every movement as they came towards him. The largest was slightly in the lead. Closer and closer they came, and they were but a few steps away, when Harry turned like a flash and faced them, his eyes brilliant with suppressed fire.

"What can I do for you?" he demanded in tones of ironical politeness, as they stopped and glared at him.

"Get around de blokes, boys, and we'll show 'em," was the angry retort.

Watson was evidently alarmed, but no coward, and was ready to give the best assistance in his power.

Harry remained mute; his eyes flashed with a light that daunted the more cowardly, notwithstanding their numbers, as he turned his gaze from one ruffian to another. They began to circle around. The sidewalk was wide; Harry and Watson were in the centre, and they began to move slowly backwards towards the building to prevent their being attacked on all sides; their assailants slowly followed.

Two on the left began to close in; they are coming too close. Harry springs at him like one with the strength of a lion. He strikes the other a powerful blow with his left. The first one struck falls like a log; the other staggered; but Harry kicks him in the stomach with terrible force, and sends him reeling for the distance of a rod. The others are now upon him; he shakes them off as a cat would a rat, jumps back against the wall and faces them. Two have attacked Watson; those remaining now rush at Harry. They stop suddenly, cowed by his panther-like movements and grim appearance.

He looks like a tiger at bay; the veins stand out in his neck like whipcords; his eyes gleam with savage ferocity. He resembles a wild, angry animal fighting for his life.

Watson is scuffling with his two assailants; they are all rolling around on the sidewalk.

They show no inclination to advance on Harry; he advances on them. They show fear, and are backing away.

"Cowards!" yells their present leader, in savage tones, stopping suddenly.

Harry springs at him like one possessed; he strikes at him with his left; the blow is guarded, but he swings his right with terrific force directly over the heart. He staggers, reels and falls like one dead. The two remaining assailants come at Harry from each side as their leader is falling. They grapple with him before he has time to
strike either. He struggles with them a moment; suddenly he hip
locks one and sends him flying through the air. He turns and
rushes at the only one remaining; but the coward has had enough;
he runs away at full speed.

Harry turns to Watson and his assailants. One was holding Wat-
son, while the other was striking him in the face. One blow from
Harry’s right on the neck sends the latter rolling over oblivious of
everything.

He catches the other by the neck from behind with both hands.
He chokes him with all his power; now he shakes him loose from Watson, 
raises him to his feet and gives him a kick that sends him sprawling 
many yards away.

Harry turns around with the vicious light gleaming in his eyes
searching for more assailants. But the fight is over.

He saw one fellow get up and sink away. Three others lay there
as though unconscious; one was
aspiring to determine the original color of 

his clothes would have been impos-
able. He gazed at himself a mo-
ment, then smiled slightly.

"That’s what I get for listening
to Salvation Army services," said
Watson, grimly.

"By George! you’ll have to go on a vacation, Watson. You can’t
go down town looking like that.

"Keep out of it be darned! I’m
no coward."

"You have proved that you are not; but you can do but little when a crowd like that attacks you."

"I kept two of them busy: but I was beginning to think that the whole gang was fighting me to-
wards the last," said Watson, smil-
ing grimly.

"That’s so," still surveying himself.

"Come into my bedroom and I’ll brush your clothes, and you can wash that dirt off your face and
head, and bathe your eyes in hot water."

"All right!" answered Watson,
following Harry. In a few minutes
Watson was in a more presentable
condition.

Harry tried to persuade his friend to remain with him for the night,
but he refused, as his return home was expected.

After Watson had departed, Harry reviewed the event of the
evening and concluded that he had
taught the “gang” a valuable les-
on. “Of course, I’m sorry for Watson; but I tried to make him go away. I knew he would be hurt. He’s too weak to take care of him-
self on such occasions. Nice boy, though, and no coward, by any
means. But his cousin, Edith! Ah, she makes my brain whirl!”

He leaned back in his comfortable chair and closed his eyes. So often of late the thoughts of her had in-
duced a delicious reverie. Not once since the night he left her in
that troubled mood had he felt hopeless of winning her.

He was determined to gain her consent, cost what it might. At
present, that was all he lived for—
to win the woman of his choice.
His affections, so long lying dor-
mant, awoke with all the strength of his nature. He dreamed of her
both day and night. Her refusal to allow him to call only strengthen-
ed his determination to have his
way at any cost.

"I can call on the brother and
sister," he thought, “and she can
hardly refuse to see me. If she
goes home, I’ll follow after.”

(To be Continued.)
Criticise, criticise—the more the better. If I am not adopting proper methods with this magazine, write and say so. Inform me how it ought to be done. Don't spare my feelings. I'm always willing and ready to learn.

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(1) That weakness is a crime.
(2) That if suffering from weakness, here is absolutely no excuse for continuing in that condition.
(3) That the natural condition of man is one of health and strength of the highest degree, and that it is otherwise only when Nature's laws have been grossly violated.
(4) That there is no disease without a cause, and that the first duty in effecting a cure is to remove that cause.
(5) That the over use and wrong use of drugs kill more people than war, pestilence and famine.
(6) That drugs are a poison to the system and are useful only as an antiseptic, germicide or an antidote.
(7) That the natural methods for treating diseases are safer and more effective in their results.
(8) That consumption is a curable disease even in its second stages by natural means.

(9) That a proper system of muscular exercise, though important, is only a part of physical culture.
(10) That physical culture includes all natural means of cultivating the physical forces and that all disorders can be cured or greatly alleviated by it.
(11) That cultivation of physical power through muscular exercise requires simply the regular use of the entire muscular system, and that it is immaterial what the system of exercise may be, provided this object is accomplished without overwork or strain.
(12) That the object of this magazine is to teach the sick how to be well, the weak how to be strong, the well how to continue improving, the strong how to grow stronger.
(13) That vigorous, pulsating health is within the reach of one and all who strive to acquire it by natural means.
THE DRUG CURSE.

CAUSES MORE DEATHS THAN WAR, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE.

DRUGS EXPECTED TO CURE EVERYTHING.

A sick man is a rascal."—Emerson.

All the weakness, disease, misery and imbecility caused by the intemperate use of alcoholic beverages is as nothing when compared to the terrible havoc wrought by the "drug curse," which includes the use of alcohol as a medicine. Where one life is lost from intemperance, there are hundreds brought to a premature grave from the improper and too frequent use of drugs.

"That deep-rooted superstition which Dr. Holmes called the "idea that sick people must be fed on poison," has caused more injury than the combined natural causes of disease."—Felix L. Dornell, M. D.

My disappointment was most intense when remedy after remedy failed to bring the desired health and strength. There is no lesson so quickly conveyed as that which is taught by the pain and misery accompanying weakness and disease. Why, I asked myself over and over again, do not the lower animals suffer as we do? Why is weakness and disease as rare with them as the opposite condition is with us? They have no drugs to remedy their ills, and they are always in health.

Is knowledge, therefore, a curse? Does the possession of superior mental capacity necessarily mean physical degeneracy? The conclusion deduced from this reasoning is plain. The lower animals follow their natural instincts. THEY OBEY NATURE, while man is constantly making vain endeavors to improve on Nature, and his intelligence is not yet equal to the task of replacing his lost animal instinct.

WHAT IS DISEASE?

Has the reader ever asked himself the question, "What is disease?" Any intelligent human being, who studies the anatomy and physiology of the human body from the right standpoint, is forced to the conclusion that disease is an effort on the part of the functional system to right a wrong—an effort to restore a normal, healthy condition. No such conclusion as this can possibly be deduced if disease is viewed as a condition which can be remedied only by drugs.

DISEASE ACTUALLY SAVES LIFE.

It is disease that saves life. It is disease that actually cures the body. By means of disease poisons are eliminated, which might have caused death had they been allowed to remain. A person in perfect health is impervious to almost any kind of disease. NINE-TENTHS OF ALL COMPLAINTS ARE FILTH DISEASES. It is not the actual disease for which medical science has thousands of high sounding names. It is the outward manifestation of the disease. Filth diseases—the excessive accumulation of impurities or foreign matter in the blood—will cover nine-tenths or more of the diseases which commonly afflict humanity, and one method of treatment, with slight variation to suit individual needs, will cure nearly every case. When the ordinary organs are unable to eliminate surplus accumulations or impurities, the result is disease, which may take the form of a cold, headache, neuralgia, pneumonia, rheumatism, consumption or any one of the "filth diseases," for which medical science has thousands of different names.

"Certain diseases are called filth diseases, as diphtheria, typhus, typhoid fever, etc., but nearly all physical troubles, aside from those due to accident, are filth diseases, and by cleansing of the body, through elimination, a cure is reached. Every one must know that the healing, curing power resides within the organism, and that it is ever alert to overcome the effects of errors in our treatment. For example, what is erroneously but popularly termed 'a slight cold' has a run of a few days and often completely terminates without the patient having done the least thing to help the cure. It is thus clearly shown, and no further proof could be desired, that the organism succeeded in curing itself and in curing a very serious disorder. The full significance of this is, that no matter what the disease may be, the symptoms—pain, inflammation, general fever, etc.—are indicative of the process of restoration."—Chas. D. Page, M. D.
Simplicity, simplicity—good, hard, broad-minded "common sense," is most shamefully needed in the treatment of diseases at the present time. Sawing wood alone will cure more cases of throat, lung, and digestive troubles than all the drugs man ever heard of.

Internal Cleanliness.

It is internal cleanliness which must be sought for. It is this internal cleanliness that keeps the body free from disease, and it cannot possibly be acquired and retained unless the circulation be regularly accelerated with some kind of muscular exercise, or a substitute is regularly used in the form of an internal bath or a hot-air or hot-vapor bath.

Even Pneumonia Easily, Quickly and Safely Cured.

Pneumonia is of little importance if properly treated. I had all the symptoms of a severe case on one occasion, and they disappeared entirely after partially fasting for four days and making use of internal cleansers. Had I adopted the usual methods—remained indoors with tightly closed windows, fearful of the cold, and on goes the victim—his steps gradually lose elasticity, the lustre disappears from the eyes, the color of health leaves the cheeks, the marks of premature old age appear, the keen sensibilities of feeling, of imagination, are dulled and almost destroyed. Who can predict the end?

One more life sacrificed to the "Drug Curse!"

A life lost—ambitions, hopes, everything sacrificed at the altar of the "drug curse." That is the story of thousands of sufferers now safely laid away in their graves. Every time a funeral passes, I wonder what system of drug treatment killed that poor victim. Then there is another side of the evil to which but little attention is given. How many drunkards, how many opium smokers, how many thousands of victims to the slavery of these evils exist today because of the drug habit.

Nature, Not Drugs, Cures Disease.

Even intelligent, modern physicians admit that it is not drugs that cure—it is Nature—it is the natural tendency of the body to remedy
elimination. For instance, a drug to create diseased conditions that exists in another form, or the gain. In a few rare instances there -~ to another channel or means of be felt, and the nerves have been ease as well as for antiseptic purposes causing the manifestation of diseases which destroy other diseases more deadly in their effect, and in such cases their use is no doubt allowable.

DRUGS ARE USEFUL IN THEIR PLACE.

Drugs have their place; they are no doubt useful in some acute diseases as well as for antiseptic purposes and for destroying the germs of contagious diseases; but their use is most outrageously abused.

In some cases they apparently cure a disease, but in reality a cure has not been effected—the disease still exists in another form, or the impurities causing the manifestation of the disease have been diverted to another channel or means of elimination. For instance, a drug which tumours the nerves will apparently cure headache—the conditions which produced the headache still exist, though the pain cannot be felt, and the nerves have been injured to a certain extent by the use of the drug.

PITY THOSE WHO TRUST SOLELY IN DRUGS.

May God pity those who attempt to cure their ailments with drugs alone, for no pity will be found elsewhere. It will be experiment, experiment, experiment until the poor sufferer wonders what a remarkable complication of diseases must have attacked him. Some recover again and again—not because of the drugs, but in spite of them, though in the end they are caught. There comes a time when the vitality is unequal to the task of fighting both the drugs and the diseased condition at the same time, and death ends the struggle. We sometimes wonder why so few die of old age. The explanation is simple—though the body may be equal to the task of curing itself, when drugs are added at each slight illness, there always comes a time when the disease conquers.

THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN LIVES ANNUALLY SACRIFICED.

I have no quarrel with medical men; some of the noblest, most intelligent are of that profession. But the ordinary practitioners unfamiliar with the most modern methods of treating diseases, by continuing to prescribe drugs to each and every patient for all ailments, are to-day annually sacrificing more good American lives than would fifty Spanish Wars. This is not theory—it is a fact. Go into any one of the ordinary hospitals where they treat diseases in the good (1) old allopathic way, and see the poor patients being fed on poisonous poisonous drugs that would make any well man sick; and then visit an institution where natural methods are being used and compare the percentage of mortality. Allow me to emphasize the fact that we need fewer societies for the prevention of cruelty to lower animals and more societies for the prevention of cruelty to human animals. The lower usually have the best of it—they have health.

PHYSICIANS NOT TO BLAME.

The physicians are not so much to blame—their hands are tied. If a medical man were to tell his average scared patient that there was nothing much the matter with him—that all he needed was less gormandising, more exercise, more bathing, internal and external, the patient would think him a crank and immediately visit another practitioner willing to humor his whims as to the necessary treatment.

The day is coming, and it is not far distant either, when the great masses of humanity will view disease in its true light—when a physician will be able to state the truth to his patient, and not be compelled to adopt a haluky issued as a <h1>PHYSICAL CULTURE</h1>

In a recent issue of the New York World an article was published with photographs of eighteen persons, whose aggregate ages reached 1,624 years. There is a short history of the life of each individual, and it is clearly shown that temperance and abstinence from alcohol and tobacco are of great advantage to longevity.

Most of those who were addicted to the habit of smoking gave it up in middle age.

An article recently appeared in one of our well-known dailies, by William Blake, showing that Washington was stronger and bigger than Champion Jeffries. It is a well-known fact that Washington was a wonderful athlete, and we are having prepared for the September number an article treating of his abilities in that line.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.
The first feat I describe is one which has much to recommend it, inasmuch as besides being a trial of strength it constitutes a very valuable exercise. The two antagonists seat themselves in chairs opposite to one another, the knees of one being placed inside those of his opponent. The object of the first is to force the knees of the second apart whilst the latter resists him by pressing his legs together. Each in turn takes the outside position, the movement, of course, being then exactly reversed.

Now, there is a little trick in this, a knowledge of which may enable you to defeat a man whose leg muscles are really far stronger than your own. Properly you should be knee-to-knee with your opponent, but obviously if you grip him with your knees well above his, the advantage in leverage is on your side.

The muscles chiefly used in this feat are the quadriceps and gluteus, when with knees inside you endeavor to force your opponent’s legs apart and the greater part of the biceps of the leg and the adductor longus and gracilis (the muscles at the top of the inside of the leg) when you are gripping his legs to frustrate his efforts in a like direction.

A capital exercise for strengthening these muscles is furnished by doing this feat, each of the parties alternately giving way to the efforts of his opponent. Thus the legs are alternately separated and closed, the strain being kept on all the time, and only being relaxed sufficiently to allow of the opening and closing movements being very slow and gradual. Violent and spasmodic movements should be strictly avoided, as these muscles being rarely developed are likely to be strained thereby.

A similar feat and exercise may be practiced with the chairs sufficiently far apart to permit of the legs being held quite straight out, and the exercise done feet-to-feet instead of knee-to-knee. Practically all that has been said with regard to the above exercise also holds good in this case.

A variation of the above consists of placing the feet upon those of your opponent and endeavoring to force him down to the floor. Here, perhaps, the element of trickery comes in a little more. The chairs ought to be fairly heavy and large enough to permit of sitting well back in them. Primarily the heavier man has the best of it, but if you happen to know the “hang” of the thing and your opponent does not, you will probably triumph in spite of his extra weight. The dodge is a very simple one. Sit well back and throw as much of your weight as you possibly can away from him, by throwing the head back and leaning the body over the back of the chair; then grip the chair under the possible as far back as possible, and you will find you get an excellent “purchase” by which to resist his efforts. Similarly when your feet are on top and you are striving to press his down, here again you are a bit to the good, if you take up such a position that while he has to stretch out at full length to reach you, you can reach him with ease and with your legs slightly bent. But, of course, don’t overdo this, or he will notice it and your little game will be spoiled.

Another feat of a similar character consists of each of the two opponents standing upon one foot, holding out the other and endeavoring to force his adversary sideways. To hold the balance it will be necessary to rest one hand upon a table or the back of a chair. This is a very good exercise as it brings into play the muscles of both legs, there being naturally no inconsiderable amount of work done by the one upon which you are standing. As in the other exercises, however the man who knows the trick, and gets his foot higher than his opponent’s ankle, is almost sure to get the advantage.

Standing in the same position as in the last exercise, another trial of strength may be made by hooking your heel in that of
your opponent and endeavoring to pull him towards you while he, of course, strenuously resists. Here again, an advantage is obtained by leaning well back and while your opponent has his leg at full stretch, keeping yours slightly bent at the knee, so that you can give way slightly without losing your balance. A feat which is often practiced and which, on the face of it, seems beyond the possibility of trickery, is that which consists of the two opponents seating themselves upon the floor and placing the soles of their feet together, gripping hands and attempting to pull each other on to their feet. The man who knows what he is about sits well down, throws his body back and thus makes his opponent reach right out to clasp his hands, with the consequence that the latter's buttocks may be clear of the ground at the very outset.

Of course in this position it requires a great amount of effort for him to prevent being pulled up directly the strain is put on. The last feat I shall describe this month is a very difficult one to perform in a genuine manner. Seated on a strong chair you take a tight grip of the seat and stretching your legs out to their fullest extent, invite another man to stand upon your ankles as your feet rest upon the floor. He had better take his boots off so as not to hurt your ankles, and he should rest his hands lightly upon your shoulders so as to preserve his balance. Then you lift up your feet, with him standing upon them, until your legs are horizontal. To do this with, say, a 140 lb. man is no mean feat and will probably excite the wonderment and admiration of all who behold it.

Now you will have noticed that I lay stress upon the word lightly in the preceding paragraph. My reason for so doing was because the feat becomes infinitely easier to accomplish—indeed almost anyone can do it—if the man who is lifted bends well over you and puts the major part of his weight upon your shoulders. For then, when you raise your feet you are only lifting a small portion of his weight with your legs—he is really raising himself by pressing hard with his hands upon your shoulders. One would think that this would be apparent, and yet if it is done by two confederates who work skilfully together, it can be managed time after time without detection.

The New York Herald of recent date published a very interesting article, in which they illustrated the wonderful strength acquired by a seventeen-year-old girl, Miss Dunphy, daughter of a millionaire. Like many young girls on graduation, she was practically a physical wreck, suffering from nervous prostration and general weakness. Drugs were ineffective, and she seemed to be rapidly declining, but finally tried physical training. The improvement in her condition was marvelous. In a short time she was performing feats of strength that many athletes would find difficult. From a weakly, debilitated girl she was made strong, handy and handsome in a few months.

Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, who has given England considerable trouble in the past, is another example of the advantages resulting from combining brawn with brain. His boyhood was spent in hardy outdoor life, and he is practically a Samson in strength. In contests requiring enormous physical strength, it is stated that he was never worsted. Often he has raced all day with the swift-footed Kaffirs and came out ahead. Still more often he has subdued wild animals by purely physical strength without weapons. Even to this day he is extremely simple in his personal taste and never uses strong drink of any kind.
There is no quality of man which is of greater value both in business and in social life than a well-modulated, resonant and round-toned voice. To the one in professional life the possession of such a voice is simply invaluable. To those in commercial life, or in any other pursuit where conversation, argument or persuasion are necessary to success, a happy voice is as well a remarkable accessory.

Given two persons, with equal capacity and with an equally strong and valuable proposition to present, the possession of well-modulated and well-rounded tones will win an audience, and the resultant success, where the falsetto, or rough tone, voiced person will be given an unpleasant reception or refused entirely.

Every one knows how important a part the voice tones play in his social relations with his fellows, and how often the remark is heard, "What a delightful fellow he speaks so elegantly and with such fine tones," whereas the one with the head-tones, or the rough voice, is dismissed with the remark, "I can't bear him. He has such a harsh voice. Its tones grate upon my every fibre and make my blood run cold."

There is no reason in the world for any one's possessing a harsh, falsetto, head-toned or throaty voice, and a trilling bit of care and proper exercise will invariably, where there is no disease of the larynx or the vocal chords, relieve this unhappy situation. Physicians everywhere agree that the falsetto voice in the male and the throaty voice in both male and female are emphatically false voices. Their possession is almost invariably due to carelessness in sitting, standing or walking, and to a lack of proper exercise of the chest and diaphragm.

Some years ago, while I was studying elocution under the tutelage of the celebrated actor, James E. Murdock, a pupil sought his aid, who spoke entirely with the throat and head and flattered himself that he possessed a finely tuned and perfect voice. The clergyman was given a telling course in physical culture, boxing and breathing before a single exercise was made toward the regulation of his voice for expression. Within three months he had moved his voice downstairs with such complete satisfaction that it was at once resonant, delightful and strong.

The development of the muscles of the arms, chest and body, at the same time that it produces strong, healthy and ridged upon the exterior anatomy, produces a healthy condition within that opens the vocal channels and, with a little care in abdominal breathing at the time of taking physical exercise and voice practice, a strong, sweet, resonant and delightful voice is produced. Probably one of the finest of all the voices of the stage in recent years among the male actors was that of the late John McCullough. Among actresses the voice of Adele Neilson has oftentimes been called one of the most wonderful speaking voices that the stage has ever known. Indeed, in alluding to Miss Neilson's voice, after hearing her in a performance of Juliet, a celebrated Philadelphia lawyer said: "That voice seems to come from everywhere." Ruth McCul- lough and Miss Neilson kept their voices in good form by careful physical culture and exercise. "I never have a cold," said McCul- lough on one occasion, "and have never known from personal experience what a catarh means, and I think this is largely due to the fact that, in protecting, preserving and developing my voice, I devote myself to physical calisthenics and a thorough system of breathing exercise."

Henry Ward Beecher, the possessor of one of the greatest voices of all the stage creators of recent times, devoted a portion of each day to physical culture, with the main object of keeping his voice resonant and healthy.

Among the actors and actresses famous for the sweetness, vigor and healthfulness of their voices, who are before the public to-day, such as Maude Adams, Olga Nethersole, Ada Rehan, Witton Lackaye, John Drew, James K. Hackett, James Young and others, physical culture as an aid to the voice is as much a prerequisite to their successes as are their rehearsals.

It is within the power of every one to develop within them pleasant, conversational and speaking voices through this method, and in no way can they add more to their popularity or their own personal comfort.
THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

Questions of general public interest answered in this department.

**Question: Can Digestive Troubles Be Cured by Means of Physical Culture?**

**Reply:** I have seen hundreds of cases cured by a thorough system of exercise. The muscles over the great vital organs and around the waist line should be strengthened by various movements, and the diet should be confined to wholesome, appetizing foods. A diet should be confined to some, appetizing foods.

**Question:** How can catarrh be cured by natural means?

**Reply:** Catarh can be cured by natural means. I suffered from catarrh for years, and it was not until recently that I managed to find a simple natural cure for the trouble. The treatment, of course, varies slightly in different cases, but a cure can be effected in every instance. Please write me more fully as to your general health, height, weight, condition of digestion, skin and other information of value. If your case is of general public interest, and advice can be given in this department, no charge will be made.

**60c. Premium Offer.**


WOMANHOOD—MUSCLE.

A PHYSICIAN ON THE EVILS OF MUSCLE.

When the human mind loses all respect for Nature’s plain laws—when the reasoning power becomes so great, so excited, that it considers itself capable of criticising the lack of judgment displayed by the Creator of this universe—then, indeed, has a great (?) brain opened its vast storehouse to the bewildered public.

Dr. Arabella Kenealy, in an article published in a recent issue of “The Nineteenth Century,” bewails the evil effects produced by the indulgence of the feminine sex in athletic and other muscular exercise, and to prove the truth of her views cites a few cases of overtrained or improperly trained women, some sexual perverts and the female members of savage tribes. Because unwholesome bread, or too much bread, has injured one person, does it necessarily follow that bread is not a nourishing food? Every clear, unsuppressed reasoner must admit that athletes have in some few cases been productive of injury; but where one woman has been harmed by too much exercise, thousands have suffered from weaknesses and disease and have filled early graves for the need of it. NECESSITY FOR USE OF EVERY POWER

One of the simples of all Nature’s laws—one which no reasoning mind can by any possible means evade—is the necessity for the use of every function and power of the body. No human body, be it male or female, ever grew to adult life with beauty of face and form, unless this law was followed, knowingly or otherwise. The boy in his play, running, wrestling, pushing, pulling, tumbling, is unconsciously developing those powers that serve him so well in after life.
occupied with the mysterious ailments which physicians make vain endeavors to fathom.

**Female Weaknesses Made Possible by Muscular and Functional Debility.**

Coming from a woman physician, and knowing as she does, the deplorable condition of her sex in general from a physical standpoint—probably four-fifths of all adult females suffer from female complaints—this article is astounding in its absurdity. What causes all this female weakness? Why is it, they are cursed to-day by fashions that ravage the happiness and the peace of the entire civilized world? The cause is simple, and I defy anyone to find the single flaw in the conclusion that female weaknesses are made possible by the debilitated condition of the muscular and functional system caused principally by the lack of exercise in the growing years, the use of the corset and other restrictions to the buoyancy and condition of the muscular and functional system, caused principally by inactivity—by allowing the powers to rest in a condition of dormancy, in other words, by doing nothing and thinking of nothing.

**Body Will 'Rust Out' Before It Will Wear Out.**

The human body is like a machine—it will "rust out" years and years before it will wear out, and although extreme activity is required in girlhood to develop the powers and beauty of harmonious womanhood, a certain amount of regular exercise for every muscle of the body is still necessary if this beauty and vigor is to be retained.

**Stage Beauties Bear Youth with Physical Culture.**

Take a lesson from those whose business requires that the youth and beauty be retained to advanced years. The beauties of the stage—how do they hold their powers to charm year after year, and at times even on to the advanced age when other women are grandmothers? Is it done by inactivity, as this physician would have us believe? There is not a woman of the theatrical world of to-day who does not most thoroughly realize the necessity of physical culture as a means of retaining the grace, suppleness and beauty connected with youth. They all practice it—it is as necessarily a part of their daily routine as are their meals.

"There are many factors in health deterioration, but the great and universal remedy, pending the removal of these factors, is wholly and absolutely the conservation of womanly forces."

It is apparently her opinion that energies are conserved by entire inactivity—by allowing the powers to rest in a condition of dormancy, in other words, by doing nothing and thinking of nothing.

**The Master Minds of to-day in Business, in Politics, and Even in the Various Professions, Will be Found in Nearly Every Instance to Have been Born of Parents Who Labored with Their Hands.**

**Physical Culture and Manual Labor Not Identical.**

Hard, continuous overwork of the muscular powers will, of course, use up the vital forces and bring on old age long before it should appear. But why confuse mere manual work with physical culture? One is taken for pleasure and physical improvement, while the other is mere drudging labor. Furthermore, the manual workman usually overworks part of his muscular system, while other parts are left to entire inactivity. He is often but little better off, as far as increased health is concerned, than one who takes no exercise at all. It is a well-known fact that a trained athlete who exercises an hour or two per day is far stronger than the ordinary workman. This result is achieved by using and developing every part of the body.

The only way I can account for the fine blooded "horse" that can be secured from "scrub" stock. Like makes like. To be sure, there are women who appear delicate that have inherited such wonderful vitality that they can afford to ignore the necessity for exercise, but such women have great dormant strength, and under the inspiration of all that intensity which should accompany a true love marriage, would, of course, give to the world vigorous children.

**Weak Parents Cannot Create Fine Children.**

You cannot make something from nothing, and as much as we may dislike the comparison, fine, strong, beautiful children can no more be generated from fragile, delicate women and weakly fathers, than a fine "blooded" horse can be secured from "scrub" stock. Like makes like. To be sure, there are women who appear delicate that have inherited such wonderful vitality that they can afford to ignore the necessity for exercise, but such women have great dormant strength, and under the inspiration of all that intensity which should accompany a true love marriage, would, of course, give to the world vigorous children.
Dr. Kenealy's conclusions is that she has mistaken fat for muscle, as terrible and has selected some of her very fleshy patients and acquaintances as terrible examples of the evil of athletics.

A sure guide can always be found in natural laws—the Power that created this universe possesses an intelligence a thousand times superior to the greatest minds.

Nothing so thoroughly illustrates the tendency of an inactive muscle to waste away as its condition after the prolonged rest necessary in the prolonged rest necessary in the knitting of a broken bone; and every muscle in the body under a similar condition of non-use would waste away to the same degree.

"Why, Horace, you are late this morning," said Helen.

"My goodness, what is the matter with your features?" asked Helen, after waiting a moment for him to speak.

"Well, of all things! Where have you been?" interposed Edith.

"You have asked several questions without giving me an opportunity to answer one," said Horace.

"I will wait until you have finished and answer all at once." "How kind!" from Helen. "You look as if you had been in a prize fight."

"Now, Horace, I don't know whether to laugh or be serious," said Edith. "Clear up the mystery before we die of curiosity."

"And your cheeks, Horace, how was it hurt?" asked Helen.

"Ah! girls, give Horace a chance, if you expect him to tell you any thing," said Mrs. Watson, a very old lady.

"Well, now we are quiet; hurry and tell us all about it," said Edith, after waiting a moment for him to begin.

"You know I called on Harry Moore last night," gazing at them in a mysterious manner.

"Yes," they both answered.

"Well, what about it?" asked Helen, after waiting a moment for him to continue.

"What about it! Is not that sufficient?" The girls seemed nonplussed, and exchanged glances to see if either understood his meaning.

"Did you have a boxing match with him?" asked Edith, laughing.

"Do you think I could box a locomotive?"

"Ah! Horace, quit fooling and tell us all about it," interposed Helen.

"It is a long story, but here is a synopsis. It was very warm in his room. We walked towards the park and stopped to hear the services of the Salvation Army. Half an hour afterwards he went home..."
PHYSICAL CULTURE.

without a scratch, while I—well, you see my
say that you and Mr. Moore were fighting?
fighting, but not fighting each
that attacked us; or rather, he did
assist."
Helen.

before he had an opportunity, and
strike two others were strik­
while he was performing that
ment, but he had to thrash five men

men?" asked Edith in sur­

"Yes, and he did it in grand
style, too. Utterly cleaned out the
lot, and then come over and
knocked the man senseless who was
striking me, then raised the other
sent him flying; and I declare if he
fellow and gave him a kick that

terror. He has the strength of four
lions!" laughing at his own com­
parison.

Well, it certainly looks that
way," added Edith. "Go on—read
it all, Helen."

The article was over a column in
length. A reporter had interviewed
one of the injured, and when asked
what sort of a man they had en­
countered, he said: "He wasn't so
big, but terribly strong, and he flew
around like a wild hyena; he must
have been some bloke of a prize
fighter."

It was some time before the girls' curiosi­
ty was fully satisfied. Horace, after examining his con­
tenance, concluded he would not go to
business that day.

CHAPTER X.
Harry was much surprised on
perusing the morning paper to find
his exploit of the previous night de­
scribed so elaborately. He con­
gratulated himself on the fact that
his name had not appeared in con­
nection with the affair.
After looking over his mail he
called at Watson's office. He was
told by the office boy that Watson
had not arrived yet.
"Tell him to come over, I want
to see him as soon as he arrives,"
said Harry to the boy.
Watson's boy came over in about
an hour and told him they had re­
ceived word that Watson was not
there is a good excuse for

He sat down and indited a note
Watson to Harry when he saw him.
Harry came towards them and
was cordially greeted.
The temptation to squeeze Edith's
hand was hard to resist. He looked
questioningly into her eyes for a
moment as he took her hand, search­
ing for signs of any change in her
further him, but nothing could be
detected. She returned his gaze
calmly with her clear brown eyes,
while a friendly smile lighted her
intelligent face.
He had not seen her since that
memorable evening. The terrible
moments of torture endured for a
time after leaving her that night
were vividly remembered.

"Moore, how do you feel to-day?
Stiff after the violent exertion of
last night?" asked Watson, after
Harry had seated himself.
"Oh, I'm all right. How are you?" smiling.

"Every part of my body seems
sore, and I think my features have
an extra share."

"Suppose you told the ladies
about our escapade last night?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes; we heard about it," said Helen. "In fact, we bothered him so much this morning, when he appeared in this condition, that he finally had to tell all."

"It seems, Mr. Moore, that you will persist in covering yourself with glory," put in Edith.

"On this occasion I thought it better to cover myself with glory than to be covered with gore," answered Harry, smiling at her.

"I suppose you saw the morning papers, Moore?" asked Watson.

"Yes; that was my reason for writing you. I feared that it might be known we could easily clear up that mystery. I feel sorry for the defense is the first law of nature," said Harry, smiling grimly at the remembrance of the affair.

"You taught them a lesson they won't soon forget," answered Watson.

"They will think twice before again attacking two innocent 'dudes.' I'll warrant," said Harry, at which they all laughed heartily.

"Moore, do you play croquet?" asked Watson.

"Yes, slightly."

"Well, girls, suppose we retire to the rear lawn and play?"

"All agreed," said Helen, rising. They went back to the croquet grounds, which were separated from the front lawn by lattice work, profusely covered with growing vines. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated with incandescent lights.

"Who are to be partners?" asked Helen, after they secured mallets and balls.

"I'll tell you, Helen; you and I can beat those two good-for-nothing men," said Edith in playful humor.

"Yes, we can—easily, too," answered Helen, entering into the spirit of her cousin's playful humor.

"All right, my fair maids; we will give you the opportunity. Won't we, Moore?" asked Watson, turning to Harry.

"We certainly will," answered Harry.

They finished one game and were playing the second, when the housemaid came towards them and announced that Mr. Woodruff had called and asked for Helen.

"Well, tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Helen.

"Why don't you invite him out here, Helen?" asked her brother.

"Why don't you invite him out here, Helen?" asked her brother.

"Have him come out here! And see you in your present condition! With that face!"

"Well, I'll go in," answered Watson, somewhat crestfallen.

"Oh, no, you won't. I merely desired an excuse to monopolize his society," said Helen, smiling in a way that raised a general laugh.

They started another game, and as they finished Watson complained that his eyes were betraying him severely, and he went in to bathe them. He evidently was anxious for an excuse to go, as experience had taught him that "two are company and three a crowd."

"Will we have time to play a game while you are gone?" Harry asked, as Watson started away.

"Oh, yes; plenty of time," he answered.

"Shall we play, Miss Edith?" turning towards her.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry we are left alone because I know you don't desire it," said he, watching her place the ball in position to begin the game.

"Why should I not desire it? It makes no difference to me," she answered.

"Oh, it doesn't! Well, I beg your pardon for mentioning it," said he, irritated at her tone and seeming indifference.

They played in silence for several minutes; he gave her no attention outside of that necessary in the game.

While she was directly under the electric light, with her profile toward him, croqueting his ball, he stood watching her. The anger and indifference all died out of his eyes in an instant. She looked so beautiful; he was again her passionate lover. He wore a light China silk dress which fitted her to perfection; it clung to her and outlined her superb figure in all its magnificence. He noted her rounded arms, her beautifully shaped neck, her oval cheeks, her rich red lips.

She felt his gaze, looked up, and for an instant their eyes met. Her cheeks flushed; and he, turning his eyes from her, clinched the croquet mallet in both hands and asked:

"Where is my ball?" in as clear a voice as he could command.

"Over there where I kicked it," answered Edith.

"That's a mean of you to knock my ball so far.

"Well, all women are cruel anyway," said Harry, as he viciously struck his ball.

"Why so?" said she, raising her eyebrows slightly, opening widely her eyes as she gazed at him.

"I'm sure I don't know; but it's a fact," not looking in her direction.

"You should have reasons for your opinions," said Edith continuing her play.

"Well, for instance, your treatment of me," said he, as she missed and it came his turn to play.

Her eyes were upon him; she was twisting the mallet handle and endeavoring to control her emotion. Her face wore a serious expression.

"Mr. Moore," said she, as he missed and turned towards her, "haven't I always treated you well?"

He turned his gaze from her to the ground, and did not answer her for a moment.

"I don't know, Miss Edith," he finally said with an effort, digging into the grass with the toe of his shoe. "I sometimes think you haven't been just to me."

"In what way should I have been
different? Haven’t I been fair and honest with you always?" still gazing at him.

"You have, Miss Edith. I know you have. You have been more considerate with me than I de-
serve," he said with emphasis, after a silence of a moment, turning away
his head.

"No, not more than you deserve," said she, as she turned and began to
play.

"There are occasions, Miss Edith," gazing at her as she played, "when I
think you have been most cruelly
harsh, but they are moments of
extreme bitterness.

She said she, as she turned and began
listening intently.

He stood there studying her beauty
—each movement seemed to show
him more and more how superb she
was. He wondered if he would be
successful in winning her. Again
he had some doubt; tears sprang
to his eyes and wet his lashes.

He turned away from her with set
teeth and clenched hands, endeav-
oring to quell his rising emotions.

"My God!" he cried to himself,
moving a few steps away, "this
is terrible! It’s heaven or it’s —
Well, if not heaven, what then?
Ah! it would be worse than hell.

"Now, Mr. Moore, I’ve beaten
you," said Edith, turning towards
him. "Well, what are you doing
over there?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," said he, drawing
near her and making a vain attempt
to return her smile.

"Why, you look as sober as a
judge."

"Do I?" this time smiling faintly.

"Yes, you do. You needn’t feel
so badly because I’ve beaten you;
I’ll let you win the next game if
you wish," still smiling.

"How kind of you! Your be-
nevoleence overwhelms me with
magnanimous gratitude," answered
him assuming a mock tragic po-
sition.

"Really, that ‘mixes me up,’ as
the little girl said. You’ll have to
define your meaning."

"All right, when school closes," answered he.

"When will that be?" looking at
him archly.

"They were standing underneath a
small tree. The shadows were
interspersed here and there with
patches of electric light. She was
almost as tall as he, in the shadows
her eyes shone with sparkling bri-
lance. The patches of light seemed
to be playing hide and seek on her
beautiful face. In such light even
plain-looking women look beauti-
ful, but she was divinely handsome.

He looked at her a moment before
answering her last question. He
thought what a child he, with all
his strength, was in her hands. If
she wanted to plunge a knife into
his heart he would stand there and
allow her. He was gazing at her
with worshipful eyes; almost un-
consciously he took one of her
hands as she was toying with a
leaf, and, holding it tightly clasped
in his, said in soft, endearing
tones:

"My school will close when you
go home."

He took her hand in such a
natural, unpremeditated a shame
that she failed to notice the: tion.
For a moment they were silent.
She turned her eyes away, looking
down at the button on his coat,
with which she was playing with
her disengaged hand. She was so
near! He could feel her soft, moist
breath upon his cheek.

While standing there, holding her
hand, he was thrilled to intoxica-
tion. Her hand seemed to warm
and pliable, her flushed cheek so
close that a wild desire came over
him to enfold her beautiful figure
in his strong arms. For a moment
it almost overpowered him. Her
full lips trembled as he looked at
them, and her averted eyes had a
soft, loving expression. A delicious
aroma seemed to surround and en-
fold her. In a moment all would
have been over, but she seemed
suddenly to realize her position,
and slowly she released her hand
from his and drew away.

"Mr. Moore, this is not right," she
said softly.

He saw a drawn expression on her
features, as though she was trying
to control some strong emotion.

"I could not help it," he said in a
quivering voice. "Forgive me if I
did wrong," looking at her with
pleading eyes.

"There is nothing to forgive," she
answered.

"I wonder if that bad boy, Hor-
ace, is ever coming back," she said
in louder and changed tones, pick-
ning up a croquet mallet.

"Oh, I suppose he will be down
directly," said Harry, seating him-
self on a seat near her, wishing at
the same time for a continuance of
Watson’s absence.

"Do you wish to play another
game?" she asked, turning towards
him.

"I’m too tired; I have been
walking all day," he answered.

"Tired? You’re lazy, that’s the
trouble with you," she said, going
over to him.

"It’s much easier to sit here than
to play. Suppose you try it?" smil-
ing up at her.

"All right, if you think there is
room for both without quarrelling," said she, seating herself.
"What! I quarrel with you! Couldn't do it! If you were angry, I should run; if you should strike me, I would turn the other cheek," said he, smiling at her.

"Mere talk," answered she, smiling.

"Do you know, Miss Edith, your nature is decidedly unique?"

"In what way?"

"Well, sometimes you are like a child. You enjoy everything with all the intensity of a child, while at other times you are one of those dignified, set-on-a-pedestal creatures. Your dignity fairly paralyzes an ordinary man."

"It hasn't paralyzed you yet, has it?" asked she, laughing gayly.

"Oh, no, but then—"

"But then—what?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"But then, I'm not an ordinary man. Don't you see?" raising his eyebrows and smiling at her.

"You're not? Since when did you come to that conclusion?" she asked.

"I didn't come to it; it came to me."

"How strange; you are very clever to-night."

"If I expect to keep pace with you, cleverness is a necessity," smiling.

"Now, no compliments, please; I hate them," said she, emphatically.

"Even when they are sincere?"

"Yes, even then; because there is always a suspicion of their insincerity."

"Even with me?"

"Yes, with you; I wouldn't trust any man."

"Don't blame you; neither would I. I don't trust myself, and how could I expect you to trust me?" answered he, smiling.

"How do you do that?"

"Do you think that all my assertions and ambitions will end in talk?"

"Sometimes I don't know what to think of your sex," answered she.

"Well, if you consider them collectively, you are liable to be puzzled; but don't do that; consider them individually—one at a time, if you please."

"There are none worth considering one at a time."

"Not even this one?" jokingly.

"Ah, you are not even considered in the matter," turning her head away with pretending indifference.

"How pleasant! I'm not supposed to be alive, then?"

"No; you are a live-dead man."

"You mean lively dead man?"

"Any way you choose; fix it to suit yourself."

"Yes; but I want to suit you."

"But you don't suit me."

"Sure?" gazing at her searchingly.

"Yes; very sure," not looking his way.

"But couldn't I be taught to suit you?"

"No; nothing suits me as far as a man is concerned."

"You are a perversion of nature, then," answered he with emphasis.

"Why so?" turning to him.

"Because a woman as handsome as you, who dislikes all men, is not a natural woman."

"That's your theory," not noticing the compliment; "but even you might make mistakes," gazing at him with a half smile.

"Well, yes; such a thing is barely—yes, barely possible," with drawing emphasis.

"Yes, I imagine it might be barely-possibly possible," answered she, mockingly.

"Why, did you ever hear of a man making a mistake?"

"Yes; I once read of a man who married in haste and repented at leisure. He evidently made a mistake," smiling.

"He must have had something to do with the writing of the essay, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

"I don't know; but we might find out," answered she.

"Now, seriously, Miss Edith, what are your conclusions? Do you believe that marriage is a failure?"

"It depends on the standpoint on which it is viewed," said she, a serious expression coming over her features. "From a standpoint of happiness it is usually a failure; but that is not the fault of marriage as a condition; it is the fault of those who marry. Marriage under right conditions, contracted by proper parties, could not be otherwise than a success in every way."

"What would you consider proper parties and right conditions?" he asked.

"In the first place, the conditions should not be that of ignorance. Both should understand the meaning of marriage; they should be most intensely in love and thoroughly understand the laws that should govern the marriageable relations. Without this knowledge there is scant likelihood of matrimonial happiness."

"You think, then, that ignorance causes many marriages to end unhappily?"

"Ignorance and physical weakness—the last is the result of the first."

"Your conclusions are similar to mine, but necessarily theoretical, as we lack experience," smiling.

"True; we lack experience; but we can profit by the experience of others."

"Pardon my changing the subject so suddenly," said Harry, after a moment's pause; "but when do you leave us?"

"Why should you wish to know?"

"Oh, I'm curious to know if you like our city, and should your stay be brief, I would conclude you are not pleased, but, if otherwise, I will, of course, draw a different inference, don't you see?" raising his eyebrows and smiling at her.

"Yes, I see. You must be interested in your city to show so much anxiety as to the opinion of visitors," she answered, smiling slightly.
"I am, indeed."

"Why don't you answer my question?" he asked, after a silence of a moment.

"What question?" with a look of pretended surprise.

"What question! Now don't make sport of me."

"You wish to know when I am to leave your city?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," knitting her eyebrows and counting on her fingers; "about one week from Friday; Saturday at the latest."

"Miss Edith," he said, looking at her earnestly, "you said the other evening that you did not wish me to call on you again;"

"Yes," she answered, after a pause of a moment.

"I requested you to reconsider that resolve."

"Slight pause."

"Yes."

"Well, have you done so?" earnestly gazing at her.

"Yes, Mr. Moore, I have."

"Did you come to a different conclusion?"

"No; I did not," playing with her mallet and looking downward. "How cruel!" he muttered, more to himself than to her, turning his eyes from her.

"I told you at the time, Mr. Moore, that further reflection would not alter my decision. You remember that, don't you?" gazing earnestly at him.

"Yes," doubtfully.

"I gave you good reason for my resolution, did I not?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Do you only suppose so? Don't you know, deep down in your heart, that I did right?"

"One cannot reason clearly in my situation, Miss Edith," now frankly returning her clear, honest gaze. "I desired your friendship, and an opportunity to win it. I asked for nothing more. You admitted being my friend, but denied me the rights of a friend. Of course, it is your privilege to decline further acquaintance; but you don't know how your resolve hurt me."

His voice was husky as he finished, and he turned away to control his rising emotions.

For a moment neither spoke. She seemed to be deeply moved.

"Mr. Moore, I pursued the only course left open for me. You know that," she finally answered.

"I know it? How do I know it? I know you gave me a reason for it. You said you had willed your life to a higher cause than marriage; that you were afraid our mutual regard might exceed the bounds of friendship. The cause to which you have willed your life is a noble one, and I admire and respect you beyond words for your resolution. A woman conscientiously following such a profession would do more to elevate the standard of morals, far more for the development of true womanhood, than those following conventional methods in assisting their sex. Such a woman could teach young girls how to grow into all the grandeur of perfect womanhood; she would go far beyond the paltry and superficial knowledge imparted by the average teacher. Such a teacher would be accompanied and fuelled red all along her path by bright eyes and ruddy faces—by girls proud of their knowledge, of their teacher and of their intelligence and beautiful physiques."

He had risen and stood looking down at her. "Miss Watson, you have a grand work before you. Not for the world would I do anything, no matter how much it might benefit me, to deter you from your noble purpose. I honor you, I respect you above all women. If it is your wish, I will leave you now, and never allow my face to darken your life again."

He looked down at her with her earnest, dark eyes, and was silent a moment.

"Shall I go?" a determined expression coming over his features. She gazed at him as he stood before her; how strong and handsome he seemed. Knowing how well he loved her, knowing what she was to him, and seeing him there, ready to renounce all chances of winning her for the cause she was about to espouse, she hesitated. Already she had experienced momentary feelings of love for him.

She had struggled against this influence with all her power. She looked up into his intelligent and expressive face; she could easily trace every shade of his emotion there. His beautiful, honest, clear eyes returned her gaze and awaited her verdict.

"You know it is for the best," said she, finally, in hollow tones.

"Yes, you must go," said she, emphatically, after a pause, as though making a sudden resolve. She turned her eyes away from him and held out her hand. He took it firmly in his own.

"Look into my eyes and tell me that, will you, Miss Edith?"

"I asked in a saddened though clear voice.

"Please don't. You said you would go," in quavering tones.

"Do you wish it?"

"Yes," with an effort.

"Well, good bye. May success and happiness meet you at every turn, and if there be a God, may He bless you and protect you as you deserve," he said, in husky tones.

"Good-bye," he said again, as he dropped her hand, turned and started swiftly away.

"Good-bye," she answered faintly.

She dared not look into his eyes. The fact was slowly dawning upon her that she loved him. She resisted and fought against it, but his image would bring tender thoughts to her mind. His fearless frankness and great strength of character and physique attracted and fascinated her. As he turned and went out of her life, she looked after him with longing eyes.

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Stories and articles of unquestionable merit suitable for publication in Physical Culture invited. Liberal compensation.

I feel that while editing this magazine I am engaged in philanthropic work.

The Gospel of Health, to my mind, is of far more importance than any religion. It is a religion, and I am proud to be working for a cause that promises so much to convert now, here, to-day and to-morrow.

It is not a theory—the rewards are palpable to the sense of sight and of feeling almost immediately. I may make errors occasionally—there are but few who do not—but the foundation of every fact proclaimed in this publication is Nature.

Man is an animal—and in order to enjoy the happiness and successes of this life, he must first be a fine, strong, wholesome, beautiful animal. That physical power is the “foundation stone” upon which should be built all that is elevating, inspiring, ennobling. When that exquisite power of superb manhood or womanhood is thrilling every nerve with the sense of life’s pleasures and possibilities, one is buoyed with confidence and energy.

A great number of letters have been received from sufferers who have spent all their available funds in drugs and other useless remedies. Of course it is impossible for me or the practicing physicians on our staff to take all such cases and give them the necessary attention, though we have ignored no communication of this nature.

If those whom I have benefited gratuitously will assist in spreading knowledge of the Gospel of Health, I will feel amply repaid for my trouble. I will, however, make a proposition to such cases who are able and willing to conscientiously follow advice. If they will allow an accurate description of their condition, with address, name—and photograph if desired—to appear in Physical Culture when starting treatment, and again when a cure is effected, a limited number can be given the attention necessary to effect a cure.
LIFE HAS NO CHARMS FOR THE WEAK.

Cry out for mercy, for health, for strength, ye wretched, weak and weary victims of disease. Does the pain, the misery of life ever become excruciatingly painful, for there is rest.

Millions sent to an early grave.

How many parents strive, strain and struggle that their children may be left pecuniarily independent. But rarely is one rational effort made to build up that health and strength of physique and character which would be a thousand times more valuable than all the wealth in Christendom. "What value is wealth without health?"

WEALTH VALUELESS WITHOUT HEALTH.

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Weakening or failing to develop their physical forces through insisting on their adherence to false conceptions of the laws of hygiene and health, and it is not considered an offense against the laws of God or man.

THE MURDER OF CHILDREN BY PARENTAL IGNORANCE.

Murder is a crime! And when it is the result of criminal ignorance, the gravity of the crime is not less serious; but parents may slowly murder their children by weakening or failing to develop their physical forces through insisting on their adherence to false conceptions of the laws of hygiene and health, and it is not considered an offense against the laws of God or man.

CHEAPNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Human life is cheap! A healthy baby can be bought for less than a pig or a well-bred dog. It should be a crime to allow children to grow to maturity weak and sickly; and there should be a severe penalty for allowing the community productive of more evil results than this.

Wealth valueless without health.

Less than half of those born grow to adult life. Probably less than one per cent. of the offspring from most lower animals die before maturity. Therefore, forty-nine per cent. of our children are killed by ignorance before they reach maturity. How many die in early maturity, or drag along a weak, diseased body throughout life from the same cause, we dare not conjecture. I wonder not why so many die, but why so many live with such awful difficulties to surmount!

WEAK CHILDREN CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

In the days of ancient Greece the laws of Lycurgus commanded that all weakly children should be killed at birth. This was excessively humane when compared to the modern method of weeding out the weaklings. Death with them was instantaneous, but the slow process of child murder, unknowingly adopted by many modern parents, is a thousand times worse than instant death. "May God protect me from my friends, for from my enemies I can protect myself," is a quotation wherein there is a world of truth.

FAMILIES FOLLOWING NATURAL METHODS DO NOT KILL CHILDREN.

Does the reader doubt the truth of any of these assertions? If so, investigate the power of natural methods in the treatment of child diseases—children do not die under such treatment; investigate the power of physical culture in the form of recreative games and special exercises to bring children from weakness to health, strength, beauty of body and clearness of mind. After you have seen weak arms grow strong and shapely, body-formed bodies made straight, supple and beautiful, then visit any of our public schools—these so-called educational institutions that often leave the body a physical wreck—and note the condition of those in attendance.

DEBILITATED CONDITION OF MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

You will see thin, frail bodies that could easily be made vigorous and comely; white anemic skins that could easily be made pink and clear with the rich blood of health; narrow, consumptive chests that could
easily be made broad, round and full. Can anyone view all these evils to exist, when they can be so easily remedied?

Read what Mrs. Lew Wallace had to say in the Ladies’ Home Journal some time ago :

"Bethlehem was little among the thousands of Judah. We are told that probably not over thirty children fell under the order of Herod. The murder of the innocents of Bethlehem was little among the millions of deaths from consumption alone. The nearer one can come to Nature, the stronger he will be. Fresh air and sunshine are as essential to health as food. The breathing of enclosed air over and over again has made health impossible to many poor sufferers. Ventilation, ventilate, ventilate—have the

FEAR OF FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

Then we have the fear of fresh, pure air and sunshine that is some how instilled into children by many parents. This one evil has caused millions of deaths from consumption alone. The nearer one can live to Nature, the stronger he will be. Fresh air and sunshine are as essential to health as food. The breathing of enclosed air over and over again has made health impossible to many poor sufferers. Ventilation, ventilate, ventilate—have the

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PRINCIPAL CAUSE LACK OF MUSCULAR ACTIVITY.

But what deters children from growing into the natural vigor of superb manhood and womanhood? The most important cause is the lack of muscular exercise in the form of games or a system of physical culture. The tendency of many parents is to discourage the natural desire for activity which all children possess. THIS IS A CRIME! for that activity is as essential to the development of vigorous manhood and womanhood as the sun is to daylight. No fine, strong man or woman ever grew to this physical perfection without that activity in youth essential to its development.

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Then we have the fear of fresh, pure air and sunshine that is some how instilled into children by many parents. This one evil has caused millions of deaths from consumption alone. The nearer one can live to Nature, the stronger he will be. Fresh air and sunshine are as essential to health as food. The breathing of enclosed air over and over again has made health impossible to many poor sufferers. Ventilation, ventilate, ventilate—have the

PARENTAL DUTY.

But the climax in this most astounding perversion of the human parental mind is in the neglect to convey to boys and girls at the proper age that knowledge of the laws of sex absolutely essential, if they are expected to grow into wholesome and vigorous maturity. They are usually launched on this great change of life without the slightest knowledge or warning. A new emotion, a new power is given to them, and they are totally unprepared as to its use or control. May some higher power take pity on these poor, struggling souls that find themselves suddenly thrust into these new conditions, for no information or help can usually be expected from parents. One of the most imperative of all parental duties is the necessity of teaching their children the laws of sex. The want

PHYSICAL CULTURE.
BRAIN AND BRAWN.

By GEORGE RUSKIN PHELPS.

It is curious to note how error, due largely to lack of investigation and real thought on the questions involved, oftentimes receives such a degree of credit that among a large portion of the community it is accepted as truth and fact. How oftentimes, for instance, do you hear a person remark, in discussing some friend who is the fortunate possessor of a handsome and well-developed physique, due to wise exercising and careful training, "X has one of the most handsome figures of anyone I know. He is virile, muscular and strong, but he will never make any mark in the world, for great brains and great bodies don't go together, you know. The student and the philosopher and the athlete are never to be found together in the same personality." And, indeed, how general has been the opinion that the great student and great mental producer is almost inexhaustible. To those interested, I can only say read the numerous works that treat the subject more in detail.

Here is how a correspondent describes his feeling when enjoying an exalted state of physical health: "I and my friend went on a walking tour through the country. On the seventh day we both felt as if we could fly almost, so light and springy, and every breath was deliciously exhilarating. But few realize the intoxicating effects of overabundant physical health."

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

It is for the public's interest that our present knowledge of the simple laws of the human frame is presented and explained in this manner. The remedy lays in proper habits, diet, exercise, bathing, etc. Such cases often recover and become vigorous men and fathers of fine happy children, but there is no medicine that can be of benefit. There is no medicine of which I was unaware. I only wish to show you the facts in reference to it emblazoned on the sky in letters of fire and millions would be better and stronger men and women because of the knowledge thus imparted.

There is hope unquestionably for those in this condition—but there is no medicine that can be of benefit. The remedy lays in proper habits, in exercise, diet, bathing, etc. Such cases often recover and become vigorous men and fathers of fine happy children, but there is no doubt that they would have lived longer and possessed far more strength, vital and muscular, if their powers had not been depleted in this way.

In this short article only a few hints can be given. This subject is almost inexhaustible. To those interested, I can only say read the numerous works that treat the subject more in detail.
whether the undertaking was of the mind or of the muscle."

Washington's measurements demonstrate that he was a more perfectly developed man, physically, than James J. Jeffries, the world's present champion pugilist, or either of his immediate predecessors in the possession of that title, James J. Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons or John L. Sullivan. Of these four great boxers, Jeffries, the present champion, has the finest and largest physique. Washington, therefore, as a man of brawn, for the purposes of this discussion, will be compared with Jeffries, and every measurement—whether it be in length, breadth or thickness, in biceps, thighs, waist, chest, forearm or height—reveals the conditions to be slightly in Washington's favor, so that the great patriotic soldier, the first of America's presidents, and admitted to be one of her greatest statesmen, if he were living to-day, could probably, with little difficulty, take on the world's champion pugilist for a boxing bout and put that famous gentleman to sleep and out. Washington was exceedingly fond of boxing, and before the outbreak of the War of the Revolution was known throughout the section of Virginia in which he lived as the best boxer and the hardest hitter to be found.

It was not in boxing alone as an exercise, however, that Washington took delight. Wrestling was an athletic exercise to which he was devoted, and it is related of him that, after spending a whole day in the forests of Virginia, blazing trees and, of course, tramping about for many miles, he would return home at evening and wrestle with anyone who presented himself for a contest or a trial, and the records show that on more than one occasion he took on as many as seven opponents, one after another, and gained a fall from each, and then, apparently still fresh and vigorous, would laughingly remark, "If anyone else wants to tackle this job, let him come on. I have hardly got warmed up yet."

Except Abraham Lincoln, perhaps, no one of the other great men named possessed as strong a physique as did Washington. Lincoln was a master also of wrestling and an expert boxer. His physical measurements were not as good as those of Washington, but he was angular, muscular and strong, and even during the days of his administration at Washington, while the Civil War was at its height, never omitted regular exercise from his daily program.

Jefferson's favorite exercise was walking, that of Adams was spurt with a gun. Franklin was fond of walking and driving, and was the possessor of a large and fine physique. Jackson was what would be called a raw-boned man, very muscular and powerful, and an expert at running. Webster, in his later days, left off his exercising, but at all times was the possessor of a massive physique, the solidity and
symmetry of which he owed, perhaps, to his earlier fondness for field
sport. Grant was an all-round athlete and was famous for his ability
in that line as a student at West
Point. Blaine was a devoted fol-
lower of the exercise of walking,
and Conkling, who had one of the
finest and handsomest pairs of
eyes ever seen in Washington, was
a devotee of boxing, and nothing
gave him greater delight than to
cause his length on the floor with a
deft blow.

In our own day, the two men in
public life who are probably
more general interest than any
other athletes, Dewey being an expert
boxer, and nothing gave
him greater delight than to
cause his length on the floor with a
deft blow.

The same facts that you find in
the cases of our American soldiers,
politicians and statesmen, are also
testimony, in the German army, to
the importance of physical culture,
and to the power and function of the body that no other
intoxicant can possibly approxi-
mate.

Some praise the intoxication ac-
quired from champagne and
other ordinary beverages. Why,
it’s prosaic, commonplace insen-
sibility when compared to the
delicious exhilaration of lovers’ kisses. And allow the writer to say right here that
if you are burning up your stomach
with alcoholic beverages in your
endearments to find a remedy for
indigestion, stop the habit immediately
and try the natural stimulating ef-
facts of a pair of ruby, appreciative
lips. There is nothing like them! If
the day is dark and gloomy, they
will create a brightness that no
clouds can obscure. If the “blues”
are clinging with adhesive per-
sistency, they will immediately be
dismittled into permanent oblivion.
Ah! if some patent medicine man
could only bottle up a quantity of
these kisses! His fortune would be
made! No bachelor’s home would
then be complete without them—no
lady’s boudoir would be minus this
blessing though effective intoxi-
cant.

He—“I see that a late medical
authority says that kissing is a cure
for indigestion.”
She—“Oh! we are a good deal more
mince pie for dinner than I should.”

—Detroit Free Press.

Small minds and tightly-laced
waists are usually companions.
STRONG MEN, PAST AND PRESENT.

Among the greatest feats of strength of the present day are the following: Lifting a 665-pound weight, pushing it up from a reclining position, back downward, using the hands alone, by Patrick McCarthy, in St. Louis, Aug. 18, 1898; carrying 2,250 pounds on the back for eight steps, side-stepping, done by the same man, Aug. 4, 1898; shouldering, with the right hand on the right shoulder, a barrel filled with sand and water, weighing 433 pounds, without help of the knees, and by taking hold of the chimes, by Louis Cyr, in Chicago, May 7, 1896; lifting, in harness, 3,239 pounds, by W. B. Curtis, in New York City, Dec. 20, 1888; lifting 1,897 pounds clear of the floor, using both hands, but without help of knees or artificial aid, by Louis Cyr, in Chicago, May 7, 1896.

Wonderful as these feats of strength are, they are equaled by many, and surpassed by some, of historical fame.

Milo, of Cretone, ran a mile with an ox on his shoulders, then, with a single blow of his fist, killed the animal. If the Bible story of Samson overpowering the wild lion of the forest and killing him with the jawbone of an ass be ruled out by "the higher criticism," Polydamus, of Thessalia, is recorded to have done the same thing, without the jawbone or any weapon at all.

The same Grecian strong man held back a chariot which two horses vainly strove to draw away from him. King Darius I, of Persia, called him to his court and pitted three of the strongest men of his army against him. He killed all three by giving to each a slap on the ear. Seizing a bull by one of its hind feet, the animal only got away by leaving its hoof in his hand.

The Roman Emperor Caius Julius Verus Maximus was a giant in stature as well as in strength. He stood over 8 feet high and could squeeze the hardest stone to powder with his fingers. He used to wear his wife's bracelet as a ring.

Athanatus was a Roman athlete who used to run around the arena carrying 500 pounds on his shoulders and 500 pounds fastened to his feet.

Iccus, another Roman strong man, could seize a furious bull by the horns and tear them away from its head with ease. (It is only a few weeks ago that one of our present-day strong men tried to throw a tame ox and failed.)

Coming down to later times, the Emperor Charlemagne was 8 feet...
high and, just for fun, used to seize a knight in full armor and hold him out at arm's length.

Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, could carry a man of average weight in his open hand, and his son, the famous Marshal Saxe, who led the French at Fontenoy, seized a London dustman by the head, tossed him high in the air, caught him with his one hand as he came down and dropped him, as he might a cat, into his own dust cart. Breaking new horseshoes with his bare hands was another of Marshal Saxe's pleasantries.

Thomas Topham, an English strong man of the eighteenth century, easily lifted three casks, filled with water, weighing 1,836 pounds; lifted a large horse over a turnpike gate, and lifted two hundredweights with his little finger over his head. Being set to guard the entrance to a race course, the driver of a coach filled with passengers and drawn by four horses tried to pass in, when Topham seized the hind wheels of the coach and upset it, with its occupants, into the roadway.—The World.

THE LOSS OF FORM IN WOMEN.

After women pass middle age they lose a considerable amount of their height, says the Family Doctor, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down; this is to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of corsets and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears corsets that press upon these muscles and restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them of their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed, incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the pieces of that which does duty for a human body picture to himself the wasted form and the seamed skin. Most women, from long custom of wearing the corsets, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of twenty, intended by Nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her corsets are not tight, being the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in height and two in shoulder breadth. Her corsets are not too tight because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waist of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by corsets. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and quite as flexible.
THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Questions of general public interest answered in this department.

Question: Would muscular development count in one's favor from a health standpoint, or would it merely mean increase in measurement and in the power of the muscles?

Answer: The development of the muscular system to normal standard always increases the strength of the digestive organs and of the entire functional system. The muscles are not only improved, but one's energies are vastly increased, and no matter what may be the occupation or profession followed, this increased strength enables one to accomplish more by far because of it. Furthermore, the emotions are stronger, finer and more acute. Every movement is filled with life, and the tingling intensity of the power to enjoy or to suffer makes one capable of living instead of merely existing.

Question: Do you think one hour and a half exercise at home and a half mile walk daily sufficient exercise to develop the "pick of condition"? I have never been in thorough training but once in my life, and if I thought I could regain that perfectly heavenly—there is no other adjective to express it—feeling, I would do almost anything.

Answer: If one is training merely for health, for the energy, suppleness and vigor essential to the thorough enjoyment of life's pleasures and successes, I would say that a half hour's exercise daily, with a four or five mile walk, would be sufficient. Of course, if training for some particular contest or for strength, or desirous of becoming an athlete, from one to three hours' exercise should be taken daily.

Question: Will you please give us in the columns of your magazine, what system (diet, exercise, etc.), you follow, as we understand you were at one time in poor health, and I want to ask you, Mr. Editor, if you believe there are any women possessing a character and physique as described in "The Athlete's Conquests," though such women are usually too modest to have a long list of acquaintances. I would advise the gentleman to continue his search, and if any of our readers can assist him, a letter addressed to him, in care of the Editor, will be forwarded.

To THE EDITOR.

I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine since its inception. The attempt of the hero of your novel to win the natural beauty which he found after much searching, has especially attracted my attention—more particularly because I am similarly situated, though he has the advantage of me, for I have not been able to discover a refined, educated young woman who possesses the beauty of body, intelligence and strength of character described as your heroine. I searched for such an undeformed creature long before I ever saw your publication, and I want to ask you, Mr. Editor, if you believe there are any women in existence such as you describe? I am of athletic figure and a successful business man, and possess sufficient egotism to believe that I could win the woman I might choose.

J. S. D.

I have published the above in full, for I have received a number of communications of a similar character. I believe there are many women possessing a character and physique as described in "The Athlete's Conquests," though such women are usually too modest to have a large list of acquaintances. I would advise the gentleman to continue his search, and if any of our readers can assist him, a letter addressed to him, in care of the Editor, will be forwarded.

If you would enjoy your food be good-humored. An angry man doesn't know whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrillas.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, a colored woman, 120 years of age, an occupant of the Home for the Aged and Infirm in Philadelphia, says she fact that she was brought up on the plainest kind of food and always had plenty of exercise.

INSPIRATION in MUSIC and the ARTS need no acceptance by the ear. Knowing what many of our readers are not familiar with the medium called music, the following is an interesting story. We are not conversant with "Psychic Vibrations." We are not familiar with the "Plan of Inspiration." We are not aware of the "Wills through Money of Wills through Inspiration." We are not acquainted with the "S.O.O. Literary Club in Daytona, Florida." We do not know whether to copy instructions, and if any of our readers could assist him, a letter addressed to him, in care of the Editor, will be forwarded.

If you would enjoy your food be good-humored. An angry man doesn't know whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrillas.
ONCE AN INVALID, NOW AN ATHLETE.

The Editor would like to hear from those who, like himself, have been brought from extreme weakness to health and strength through physical culture. It encourages others in their endeavors to improve their physical condition. Whenever possible please send photographs.

J. C. Welsh, of Newburyport, Mass., Musical Director for the "Peck's Bad Boy" Company, whose photographs are shown here with, has achieved most remarkable results from a few months systematic exercise. Here is the story in his own words:

"During my travels, covering a period of eight or nine years, I contracted inflammation of the bowels three times, and the last attack left my lower abdomen so sensitive that even the pressure of my clothes was painful. One year ago last April I again became ill. This time my trouble was inflammation of the bladder and kidneys. Two eminent physicians from Bradford and Buffalo hospitals, in consultation over my case, concluded that I had small chance of recovery. I, however, recovered after an illness of twenty weeks. For three weeks I was in the Paterson (N. J.) Hospital. Left there weighing ninety-four pounds and extremely weak. I improved very slowly, though my weight finally increased to 130 lbs. I exercised fifteen minutes in the morning and just before retiring, and followed methods similar to those advocated by this publication. After the morning exercise I took a sponge bath; after the evening, a full bath. I have followed this regularly, and to-day I feel twice as strong as I ever was in my life. My abdomen has become so hard that my "solar plexus" seems a mass of muscle, and the blows that I can stand now at this part of the body without inconvenience, I fully believe would have killed me, even before my last illness. You are at liberty to use photographs and letter, and am willing to verify any statement made."

Pain is a signal of danger, a very necessity of existence. But for it, but for the warnings which our feelings give us, the very blessings by which we are surrounded would soon and inevitably prove fatal. Many of those who have not studied the question are under the impression that the more deeply seated portions of the body must be most sensitive. The very reverse is the case. The skin is a continuous and ever-watchful sentinel, always on guard to give us notice of any approaching danger, while the flesh and inner organs, where pain would be without purpose, are, so long as they are in health, comparatively without sensation. — Lubbeck in The Pleasures of Life.

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Edith hurried to her room as Harry disappeared. Tears welled in her eyes as she remembered how earnestly he had pleaded with her. And she had refused him the slightest opportunity. Did she regret it? She knelt by her bed and sobbed like a child. The misery of soul was almost unbearable. It seemed as though it would suffocate her with its intensity.

"Have I done right?" she incoherently asked herself again and again.

"Should I have sent him away? How honorable and self-sacrificing he is! Oh, but the misery in his eyes as he turned away! Such a grand fellow, too! But he's gone; gone forever!"

She unwound her luxuriant brown hair and began to brush it. Her eyes were blazing, her hand clenched.

"Gone forever?" queried she, raising her head, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. "Not gone forever! No, no; one little word will bring him back.

She grew pensive, her lips parted slightly, and a faint smile dawned through her tears.

"Yes, one little word," she repeated, gazing off into space.

"Shall I bring him back?" while the smile deepened until her fine features were lighted with happiness in spite of the tears.

"Shall I? Would it be right? Yes; for I love him! Oh, how I love him!" she cried vehemently, quickly rising, brushing the hair from her eyes, and hastening to the mirror.

She gazed at her reflection. Her lashes were still wet. Marks of her tears as they coursed down her cheeks were plainly evident, but she smiled happily to herself.

"Why need I cry? He's mine; all mine—the darling fellow," she cried tenderly, half aloud, while a soft light appeared in her eyes.

She unwound her luxuriant brown hair and began to brush it. It hung far below her waist in thick dark masses.

"Yes; I will write to him to-night," she murmured, a serene smile illuminating her face, as she stood there brushing her rippling locks.

She suddenly noted the traces of her tears and turned to remove them. The cold water made her feel much refreshed. She again returned to the mirror and began studying her comeliness carefully.

"What does he see in me to admire so much?" she murmured.

"I scarcely know, but I cannot resist him. Oh, how I trembled and longed to kiss him to-night when he was so near, holding my hand. It was so difficult to move away," biting her lips, while a loving, passionate mood took possession of her.

She turned to a comfortable rocker and reclined there, thinking deeply. In a moment she arose and went towards her writing desk.

She stopped suddenly and laid her hand on a chair for support, as though she were dizzy. A happy, serene light shone from her eyes. Her lips were parted. She scarcely seemed to realize her actions. Her thoughts were far away.

"My, how happy I am," she murmured in whispered tones. "That man! I love him! I worship him!"

"Oh, to love like this!" she cried, throwing herself at full length on the bed, face downward.

"I will write to him to-night," she said, opening the drawer that contained her writing paper.

That afternoon she had been composing a lecture for delivery before a woman's club. All the manuscript lay in the drawer, and this first met her gaze. It gave her a shock. She remembered her intense enthusiasm when writing it—how her thoughts had flowed faster than she could write them. She recalled her satisfaction at having made many points clear, and how she had walked the floor after finishing her task, vowing that she would sacrifice even her life for this great purpose.

The manuscript brought all this vividly to her mind. In her glorious new love she had forgotten the old—she had forgotten her great ambition to please a child. She took up the manuscript and read three or four pages, standing by the desk. Her facial expression changed. She scarcely appeared like the same person. Her eyes assumed a piercing, fiery brightness that Harry had seen on former occasions. She threw the manuscript on the table and began to pace the floor. Back and forth she went again and again, with slow, steady steps. Her eyes were blazing, her hands clenched.

"What!" she thought, "you indulging in this weakness! You, having suffered untold misery, almost unbearable agony, because of the ignorance of the fundamental laws of life; you, having learned that this ignorance is universal, and whose heart has cried out in sympathy for your suffering sisters, yearning to make universally known the true laws of health—you have willed your life to this cause; to-night were about to forget all and live for your own happiness!"

"Have I forgotten what I suffered? Have I forgotten that there are thousands, yes, millions, of..."
young girls and women suffering to-day as I did? Their suffering will last all through life—mine was of short duration, for, by accident, I acquired the proper knowledge of the laws of life. Shall I forget all my suffering sisters and live for my own enjoyment? No! A thousand times No," she cried vehemently.

"I feel that I have a duty to perform," she continued to herself. "I feel that my physical power and beauty were given me for a purpose, and that purpose was to assist in the dissemination of that knowledge which enabled me to obtain this great boon to womankind. I have the power to make every girl, every young woman more beautiful, more healthy, and to-night! yes, to-night! I have the power to make every girl, every young woman more beautiful, more healthy, and to-night! yes, to-night!"

"He will forgive me, I know. I could never accomplish this great work if I were married. It might be possible, but I suppose he views marriage from a conventional standpoint, and the duties of a wife and mother would be imposed on me, seriously impairing my usefulness in this great work; later I may change my opinions, but now it becomes necessary to risk life or make great sacrifices, they spring forward with alacrity.

She read on and on, page after page. Her features betrayed the intense expression of peace and content which was in her eyes, sitting there with clasped hands. "What a power I possess! How glorious to be able to work in such a cause," she said, half aloud, with emotion in her voice.

"He will forgive me, I know. I could never accomplish this great work if I were married. It might be possible, but I suppose he views marriage from a conventional standpoint, and the duties of a wife and mother would be imposed on me, seriously impairing my usefulness in this great work; later I may change my opinions, but now it becomes necessary to risk life or make great sacrifices, they spring forward with alacrity.

CHAPTER XII.

What were Harry's feelings when he quitted Edith's presence so suddenly? What had caused him to make such a rash proposal? He thought that she was intensely interested in her proposed work. In praising her purpose, his own words thrilled him—moved him so that he formed a noble purpose. He would leave her to follow the vent of her aspirations without his interference. For a moment he felt ashamed for trying to marry her—she seemed so much above him. Why should he interfere with her purpose, especially when of such a worthy nature?

With these self-sacrificing thoughts in his mind, he concluded to risk all. If she seriously desired him to leave her presence forever, he would obey her wish. For a moment, as she hesitated, he felt encouraged. Even when she said she should go, he did not lose hope.

"After all," he thought, "she may return my love." But when she said so emphatically, "Yes, you must go," he feared his doom was sealed. But even then a ray of hope remained.

"Why does she turn away from me?" he thought, and he asked her to look up into his eyes. But her only answer was to beg him to go, and it was too much.

He thought that she so hated to cause him pain that it made her suffer. He called himself a brute, and braced himself for the few final words he said in parting.

He went down the stone steps with all hope for happiness left behind. In that moment the nobleness of this man's character, and his great, magnanimous love for Edith, were shown with remarkable clearness. He had his faults like all men, but there were moments when his imagination carried him into the upper realm, and his last thought was for himself. There are men, there are women with such natures. In the ordinary vocation of life they are as others; but when something of great importance arises, when it becomes necessary to risk life or make great sacrifices, they spring forward with alacrity.

How we love this trait, so seldom seen in the physical day of selfishness and strife for gain. Rushing, crushing, crowding, down the stream of life they go, each one striving to be uppermost. If, in the efforts to gain the desired position, one forces a human being under the water of life's stream, it makes no difference. "It's all in the game, you know," he will grin and say to himself. It is money, money, money, everywhere! Harry walked towards his home with his face drawn and rigid. A miserable, glaring light was in his eyes. So tightly had he clenched his hands that his finger-nails brought blood. He believed that he could win Edith's love if he persisted in his attentions. But in his present mood he was willing to sacrifice his chances because she seemed to conscientiously desire him to do so. He had offered to make this sacrifice; she had accepted, and he would disturb her no more.

For hours he walked the streets. He knew the stifling atmosphere of his room would drive him mad. He had resigned himself to his fate. For once he was baffled, not
from the lack of ability, but because of his noble, self-sacrificing nature.

The night was bright and clear.

The soft light of a full moon made all the world look cheerful.

He tried to call his attention to this, but failed dismally.

His feelings were numbed.

"What have I to live for now?" he asked himself as he hurried along.

"How I have learned that he still wore his clothes.

He looked wan and haggard.

He felt the blood throb, throb, in his

and hardly recognized himself.

and fumbled around for a match

The latch-key in his front

in·

Physi·calIUte.

Physi·calIUte.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

What's the matter with

in·
street, I landed on a confounded banana peeling, and up went my heels, and down I went. For a moment it seemed as though the sidewalk was a roller skating rink and my face was a roller from the manner it slid over the rough pavement."

He grinned to himself every time he repeated this tale, when he saw how heartily his hearers laughed at his misfortune. "How much more they would enjoy it if they knew all the circumstances," he often muttered to himself with a smile. "Well, a fine business man must be a good liar, so I may as well practice in that way as any other."

He called on Harry later in the day, and found him at leisure in his private office. "Well, Watson, you are looking fine, everything considered," was Harry's cordial greeting. "Yes; all things considered, I am," Watson answered with a smile. "It seems that our escapade has not yet been traced to us."

"No, and I don't believe that it ever will be," answered Watson, laughing. "Well, I hope not."

"If it should ever become known, my business friends will think I'm a devil of a liar," Watson then told Harry the story he was using as an excuse for his marred features. Harry laughed heartily.

"There was no necessity for creating that tale," he finally said. "Ah, phah! I would like something of that nature to tell my customers every day. It creates general good humor, and they buy more goods."

"Yes, there may be something in that," answered Harry, sarcastically. "By the way, Moore, we expect to have some company at our house tonight. Won't you join us?"

"Certainly, I will be pleased to." "We will depend on your being there, then."

"Pardon my changing the subject so suddenly, Moore, but you were saying the other day that I ought to develop my physical powers, and you were about to instruct me how to begin when we were interrupted. I was of the opinion that it was too late in life for me to do anything, but you appeared to believe otherwise. Are you sure your theories are right?"

"Certainly; I sincerely believe in every statement I made. You can undoubtedly secure a great improvement if you will adopt proper methods," answered Harry. "Well, what are proper methods?"

"You should begin by taking from ten minutes to a half-hour exercise every day, following a system that uses all your muscles. This can be done at your own home, or else you can join a gymnasium. I also understand that you are in the habit of drinking alcoholic liquors and that you smoke several cigars daily!"

"Yes, I do."

"You should stop immediately."

"It is all very well to say stop immediately, but the task is not easy."

"You merely make it difficult."

"No, I don't; I have tried once or twice and failed."

"You try it once more; make up your mind to conquer, and with the elevating influence of exercise on your general system you will be successful. Smoking and drinking are both bad habits, even when indulged moderately."

"Well, I'll make the attempt. What else?"

"Take long walks, and—"

"Long walks! Don't I walk nearly all day, now?"

"Yes, in these smoky, dusty, old streets; but go out among the trees in the country; fill your lungs with fresh, pure air; then you will secure some benefit. Take a run occasionally, too, when you can. Running is fine exercise. It makes you draw long, deep, full breaths—natural breathing exercises."

"Well, I intend to follow your plan and commence at once. By the way, what do you think of my cousin Edith's views? She said she had discussed the subject with you."

"She has the right ideas. That cousin of yours is a remarkably intelligent woman. I admire her greatly for her beauty as well as intellect."

"Yes; her mental powers are remarkable, but she is far from my ideal as a representative of feminine beauty."

"What is your ideal?"

"I don't admire such strength of mind in a woman. It gives her so many curious ideas."

"In other words, you would not desire your wife to have ideas."

"Oh, no; not that. I would want my wife to have intelligence, and still would not allow her the privilege of using it in forming conclusions of her own."

"No; I don't mean that. Somehow, I cannot admire a strong-minded woman. Such women unsex themselves. I like to see them in their place."

"You don't admire a strong-minded woman, you say! Now, what is your conception of a strong-minded woman? I would define a strong-minded woman as one who possessed strength and breadth of intellect. I have seen fools that possessed strength and breadth of intellect, and—"

"Yes."

"In other words, you would not want your wife to have sufficient brains to think clearly on any subject? Now, I tell you, Watson, I don't agree with you. You also say you like to see a woman in her place. Now, what is a woman's place in your estimation?"

"Ah, Moore, you have no doubt, studied the question more than I. That is plain; but there is this much about it—a woman's place is
at home. Her object in life should be to beautify herself and her home, that true marital happiness may be enjoyed."

"Don't you see where we differ, Watson? You want a wife who will lean on and be protected and guided by you—a child; and I desire one who would be ready, willing and able to care for and protect herself under all circumstances. In my estimation, a woman should have as much freedom and as many rights as a man. She should remain at home whenever she desires, and at no other time. Her slavery to rules laid down by society is the most abject servility. If a woman has a mind of her own, the increased intelligence and strength of character acquired from this mental freedom will assist in elevating and improving the man she loves."

Harry paused a moment. Every tone of his voice was fired with enthusiasm. He was explaining his theory. "When such women," continued Harry, "are plentiful the millennium will be at hand. Then one can marry a real woman, and not a parcel of clothes with padding here and there to give shape. Civilization! Ugh! What is it? And the general idea of education?"

"Instead of preparing one for a life of usefulness, in many cases it paves the way to the grave. But little knowledge is acquired that is retained and used in after life, and even in the acquisition of this the laws of hygiene and health are often so grossly disobeyed that the student is a wreck at graduation. An Indian learns to like whiskey, but he usually falls to discover until too late that it will destroy his manhood, demoralize and corrupt his entire physical self—evolving prematurely a weak and nervous old man. Civilization of to-day is the same thing over again. "Our daughters must have an education," says the rich father. How I pity those poor, sickly daughters!-curbed by the love of a father whose ignorance is criminal! He would never allow them to work or exercise! "Oh, no! they are too fine, too nice; they might soil their pretty white hands, don't you know!" sarcastically, then pausing a moment.

"My daughters shall grow into great grandames. I'll give them a refined education; send them to boarding school, where they can learn to play the piano, talk French and acquire other fancy accomplishments." (To be Continued.)

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