

PHYSICAL CULTURE

DEVOTED TO HEALTH, STRENGTH, VITALITY, MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, AND THE CARE OF THE BODY

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THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

EXCESSES constitute a monstrous evil. With prosperity come all sorts of evil influences. By far the worst of them all are those which I would term excesses. The science of life, to the average individual, is a closed book. He knows little or nothing of himself and of his scientific requirements. We have lost our instincts, by which we were formerly guided, and the knowledge which should have taken their place is still lacking.

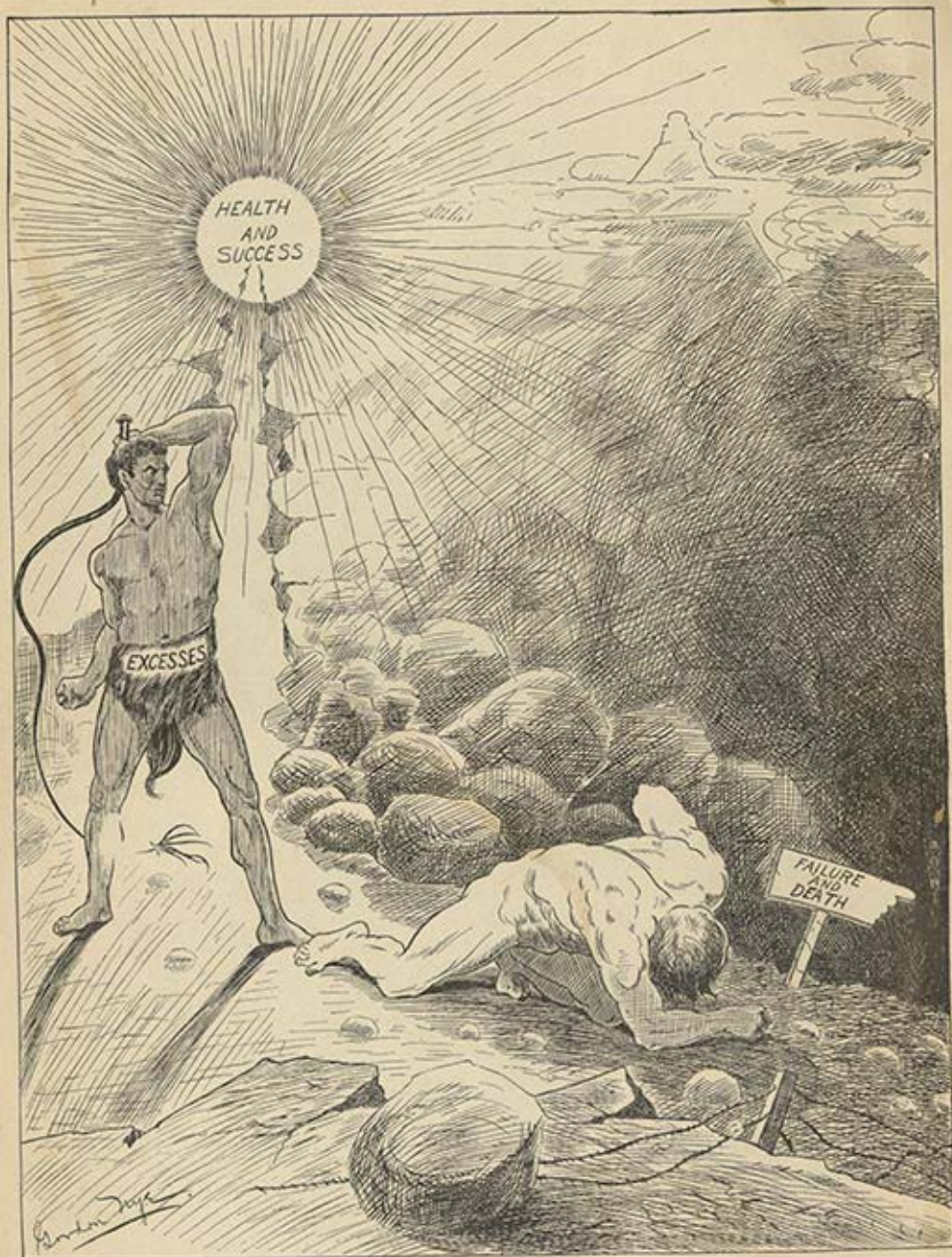
DEADLY EFFECTS OF EXCESSES

Everywhere you find excesses—**TOO MUCH EATING, TOO MUCH DRINKING**, and occasionally too much work. Everyone is inclined to go to excess. Temperance is taught everywhere, but even those who teach it know little or nothing of the real meaning of the word. The average civilized human being sacrifices one-half of his life to excesses. He wears out the human machine in half the time that it would easily be able to manifest life if cared for properly.

As a nation, we are rolling in wealth, we are revelling in luxury. Those families that even consider themselves poor often have many times more than they really need. They have more food than is good for them, they usually wear more clothing than is healthful, and they are superabundantly supplied with what are supposed to be the necessities of life.

Nothing is known of the value of abstinence in this age. Fasting and prayer as a combination have not been handed down to us by our forefathers. **DISSIPATIONS OF EVERY KIND STARE US IN THE FACE AT EVERY TURN.** Gordon Nye has very clearly portrayed the terrible effects of excesses in the cartoon which accompanies this editorial. See the monster with whip in hand goading his victim. He crawls, he grovels, practically all through life. The victim of excesses knows nothing of life from its most magnificent viewpoint. He is usually jaded, worked out; and there are very few moments in his existence that he really feels that exhilaration, that buoyancy, that comes with superb health.

INTEMPERANCE IS A TERRIBLE SIN. Alcohol has ruined millions of lives and has shortened the lives of millions more. But it is not by any means the only evil. **OVER-EATING IS A SIN** that exists in practically every home. It is not here-and-there—it is everywhere. How many years of your life are you spending for the privilege of stuffing your stomach? Some



MAN HIMSELF IS HIS OWN WORST ENEMY

Are you mastered by your lower self? Are you being goaded on and on to wreck and ruin by excesses? Too much drink, too much food, too much coddling, too much luxury, too much tendency toward immoralities and other vices!

give twenty to twenty-five years, others from forty to sixty years. Have you figured out, dear reader, how many years of your life you are expending in this manner? There are excesses everywhere in life, but there is no evil or no combination of evils that has such a terrible effect upon bodily vigor, upon nervous energies, as a continuous habit of eating beyond the needs of the body. You simply wear out the human machine years and years before there is really any need of its showing the slightest sign of weakness.

Eating three or more meals daily that are not intensely enjoyed, as a habit, is criminal. It is worse than criminal, because as a rule you sit down to a meal before the previous meal has been fully digested. That crazy idea that food is needed merely to keep up your strength has filled thousands of graveyards. Food is not needed for strength unless every morsel is enjoyed, unless your appetite strongly craves the food. Eating without enjoyment is a crime against the stomach. You force a mass of food within this organ that is not needed by the system and that cannot be properly digested. You simply force the organs of the body to eliminate this surplus matter. It ferments, it decays, and the results are often distributed by the blood throughout the entire body in the form of various impurities.

LEARN TO EAT WHAT YOU NEED. Learn to scientifically feed the human machine. Don't dissipate in work. Don't be excessive in anything. **TAKE CARE OF YOUR BODY.** It is the only one you have and you are liable to need it next year and the year after, and in fact, for many years to come. Don't wear out the vital organs by compelling them to handle from two to four times as much food as is needed to fully nourish your body.

Any attention that is given to these very important subjects will be repaid over and over again, hundreds, yes, thousands of times, not only in increased physical health, but your earning power financially will be vastly increased. You will be a better man, a stronger woman, and life will open up opportunities under these changed conditions that would amaze you.

AWAKE NOW! Do not be satisfied with the average doped mind and weakened body that we find everywhere at the present time. Insist on getting all there is out of life. **DON'T BE A TOBACCO-DOPE, a WHISKEY-SOAK or a BEER-GUZZLER.** Don't load your internal organism with needless food. If you follow these rules, you can then live in the highest sense. Life will be one continuous development, one continuous improvement, and you will be able to secure all there is in it from every standpoint.

WHAT shall we teach the child? This is a problem that has confused the minds of teachers of all ages. Several years ago this publication started the agitation for teaching children knowledge of sex. Thanks to many other conscientious and intelligent editors, the theories that we advanced are gradually spreading. They are gathering momentum as the people awaken to the tragic need of the change which we advocate.

SEX AND CHILDHOOD A clipping was recently forwarded to us that contained extracts from a lecture given in Hudson, New York, by Edward F. Bigelow, president of the Agassiz Association. The lecture was given before

five hundred women of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs. The subject was "Child and Nature." I quote the following from the learned (?) gentleman's remarks:

"Don't teach the child too much. Let it teach you. Ask the child questions and it is wonderful to see how much interest it will take in answering your questions to the best of its ability. There is one thing that I want to go on record as saying, and that is that I most emphatically do not endorse the plan of teaching the mysteries of sex in the public schools. I know that certain publications favor this plan, but in doing so, I say that they are printing stuff that is not fit for a child to read. Again, I want to go on record against a book on sex that it has been suggested should be used in the public schools. It tells about the mysteries of sex, and I contend that these should be found out by the children themselves and not taught by teachers in the schools through text-books."

How it is possible for a man with an ordinary amount of intelligence to voice conclusions of this kind is beyond my wildest comprehension. He contends that the children should find out for themselves this vastly important knowledge. We would be interested to know just by what process Mr. Bigelow expects the children to secure this knowledge. It would also be interesting to know from what source he would expect them to secure it. Is it to come from vile and vulgar companions? Is it to come through experience which in some cases so lessens the vitality that the victims of these errors are never able to develop into vigorous adult life? Because of the weakness that is the result of their ignorance of sex, they easily contract chronic diseases which bring on permanent invalidism and finally death. The insane asylums are practically filled with victims of Mr. Bigelow's policy. They were compelled to find out for themselves those things that are not taught in public schools to which Mr. Bigelow refers. There are but few men and but few women who do not sacrifice a large part of their vitality and many years of their lives through the errors that they make by finding out for themselves through experience the knowledge of sex that Mr. Bigelow objects to so emphatically.

It is this sort of teaching that is hampering the minds of men and that gives prudery its terrible influence. You cannot teach your child the details of sexual life too early. You will indeed find it difficult to implant the information in the mind of your child before some vulgar associate begins the process of tainting his mind with the vile idea that is held by nearly all children on these sacred subjects.

Mr. Bigelow also stated in his lecture that it was the first time in his life he had been asked to speak on the child. He said he had received many invitations to talk on bugs and flowers, and such subjects, but that he was very much complimented with the invitation to speak on children, as he dearly loved them. I am very much of the opinion that he knows more about bugs and flowers than he does about children. It would certainly be to the advantage of the children if he would adhere to the former subjects in the future. He evidently knows absolutely nothing of children. He knows nothing of the influences with which they come in contact, and he must be entirely blind to the fact that to-day the average child secures all the information that he possesses on these vital subjects from companions who have been previously tainted by the

low ideas of sexual things which children seem to take an especial delight in spreading at every opportunity.

Let me turn to an opposite view by a man who has been able to learn something of children, by one who has been compelled in his official capacity to study the nature of children and the conditions against which they must combat. We have many broad-minded men, who jump at conclusions as to the needs of children. There are none who can give us more accurate knowledge than those who have presided for a time in juvenile courts. They are in a position to see the evil side of child life. All kinds of children appear before them. They usually tell the cold, naked truth. The average judge when he takes up duties of this character must unquestionably be appalled at the perversion he finds among these growing children. Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, some time ago delivered a lecture on "Habit and Parental Responsibility." He said many good things. His experience had prepared him to furnish information on this subject that would be invaluable to every intelligent individual. Now let us turn to his special reference to the subject discussed by Mr. Bigelow. Read the words of a man who has learned by the most practical experience in the world the real needs of the child:

"Fathers and mothers owe it to their children to inform the children about their bodies. Their privilege and duty no one else on earth can perform so well. In earliest infancy the questions of childhood should be answered truthfully, carefully and prayerfully. Woe to that family whose young girls learn these matters from young men or young women bent upon their downfall; woe to the young man whose instruction in this line is received from bad companions, male or female. Herein lies one of the most tremendous responsibilities of parenthood.

"The greatest problem in the world is to properly train and educate the child. Only a few short years are given for the correct solution of this problem. If there is applied to the problem an earnest purpose to seek a right solution, no greater joy can be realized in this world than comes from such effort, and no greater sorrow can come in this life than comes from a neglect of parental responsibility."

I sincerely wish that there were more men in this world like Judge Wilbur. He has been awakened to the most tragic need of the times. He has thrown aside the vile shroud with which prudery invests the average human mind. He evidently believes in manhood and womanhood of the highest degree. He realizes most emphatically the need of teaching the child, in order to develop the man or woman. He has seen the terrible effects of this lack of teaching, and it is to be hoped that the influence of many men of his calibre will soon so change the opinions of leading men and women that the present neglect in the training of children will soon be relegated to the savagery of the past.

A RAVENOUS appetite for "sweets" in nearly all cases indicates that one is not properly nourished. Your food does not contain sufficient starchy or fattening elements. Candy is a heat or fat-producing food. The injury resulting from its use is largely because it is eaten between meals. It is used at times when there is no actual need for food. It is simply eaten to satisfy the palate. Candy eaten at meal time with other foods will, as a rule, digest satisfactorily. It could hardly be termed harmful any more than many other complicated mixtures, that are cooked until a large part of their nourishing qualities have been destroyed.

The principal objection to candy is that it is made from sugar which has been cooked until much of the nourishment which it contains has been destroyed or made more difficult to digest.

The appetite for sweets, however, need not necessarily be satisfied with candy. There are many other sweets which are just as tempting to the appetite, and which are wholesome in every way. Honey, for instance, is a sweet that is delicious and which has never touched fire. But you may say that it is expensive! Many of my readers may not be able to indulge their palates with honey. Well, there are dates, figs, raisins, and sweets of this character. Dates, for instance, would not cost over five or six cents a pound if bought in wholesale quantities, and sugar is but very little—if at all—cheaper.

I firmly believe that it is to one's advantage to thoroughly satisfy the desire for "sweet things." But there are plenty of wholesome foods that could be used for this purpose, instead of sugar or candies that have gone through prolonged cooking processes.

Bernarr Macfadden

EDITOR'S ADDRESS

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¶ When coming here in acceptance of our subscription proposition, be sure to ask for Bernarr Macfadden, for solicitors sometimes influence our friends to go to expensive places by false representations.

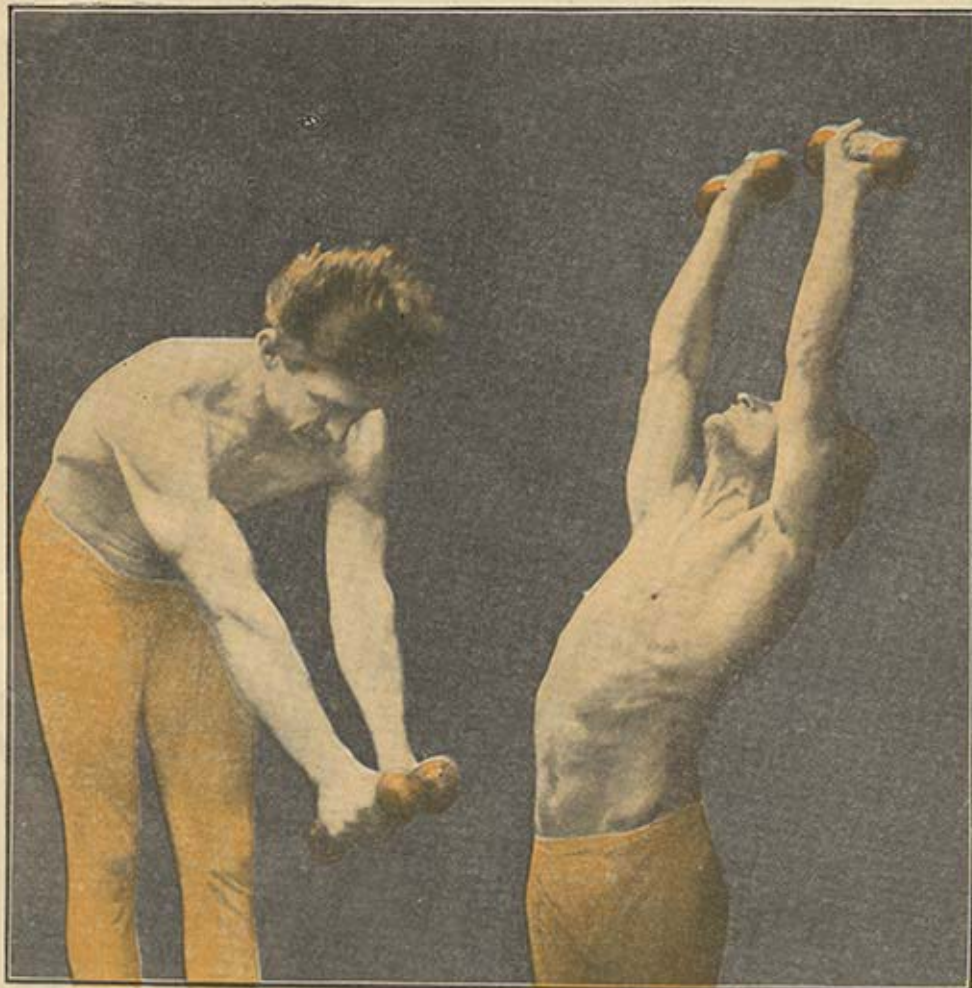
¶ Address all orders for subscriptions and premiums and for the business department to Physical Culture Publishing Co., 24 E. 22d St., New York City.

Development of the Back Muscles

By Bernarr Macfadden

ROUND shoulders are a defect that everyone fears. They lessen one's ability to make a presentable appearance. A straight, erect figure is of value to either sex. If one's shoulders are rounded, it affects the carriage of the body very materially. One cannot be graceful and pleasing while suffering from such a defect.

The exercises here presented will not only remedy a defect of this nature, but will enable one to secure a much more graceful mien. One will appear to better advantage when the muscles of the back are strong and vigorous, as they should be, because they then have a feeling of confidence and power which is worth a great deal to one, not only in



Exercise No. 1. Photo No. 1. Bring arms outward to the sides, and as far upward as possible. Try to bring them still farther back. Continue until tired.

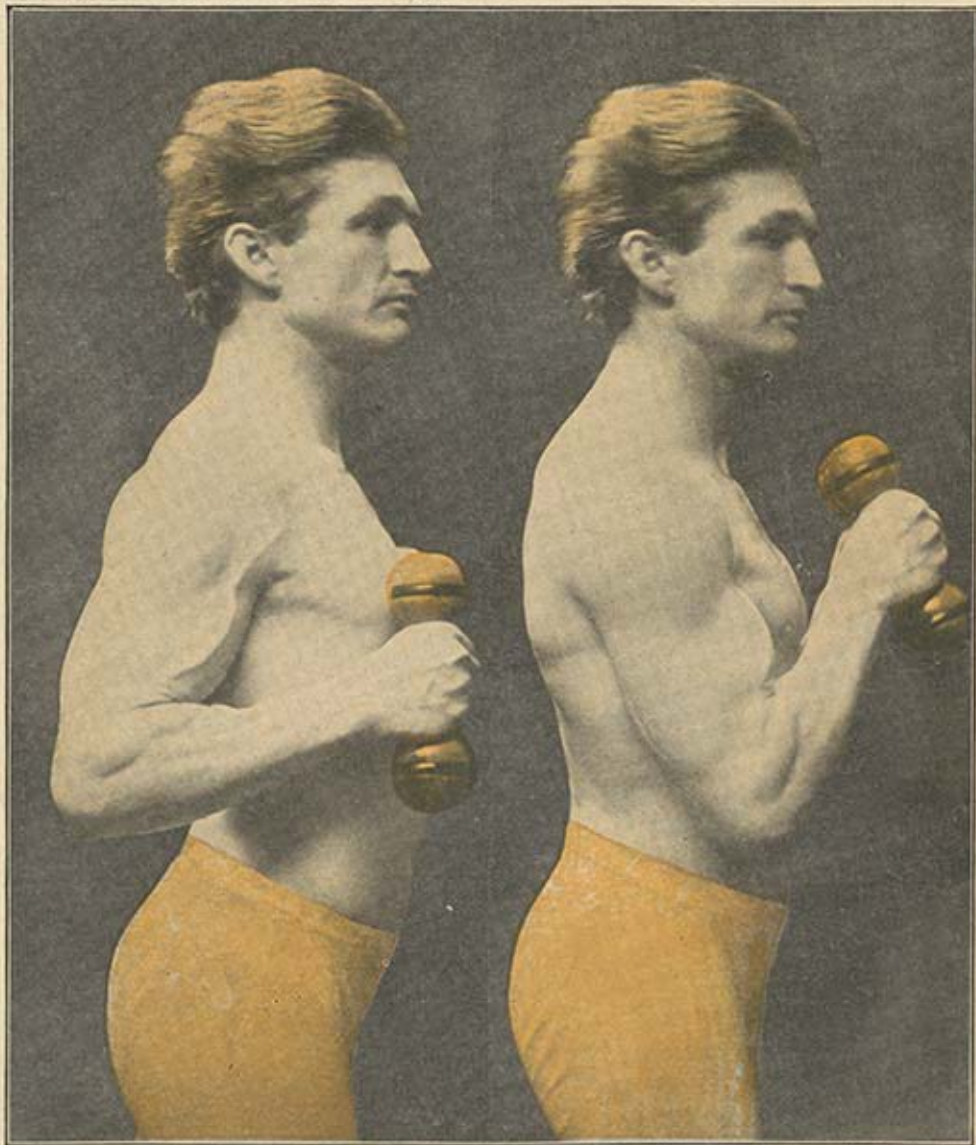
Exercise No. 2. Photo No. 2. Hold arms obliquely upward in front and then bring them far back, as shown in illustration. Try to bring them still farther back, continuing until fatigue ensues.

carrying the body in a proper position, but it has an influence upon one from a mental as well as from a physical standpoint.

In practically every case the individual who is afflicted with round shoulders remains in this condition because of failure to make a determined attempt to remedy this defect.

In those cases, however, in which general physical development is lacking in

many respects, or in those instances where the remainder of the body has been developed to an extent which is disproportionate to that of the shoulders, the movements which are presented herewith will be found of great value. If persisted in they are certain to strengthen and rebuild the muscles of the back and shoulders which are most involved in sustaining a proper poise of the shoulders, neck and head.



Exercise No. 3. Photos Nos. 3 and 4. Hold arms as illustrated in right photograph. Now bring arms back vigorously and bring the shoulders as far back as possible, as shown in the photograph to the left. Make a second attempt to bring the arms still farther back. Repeat the exercise until tired.



The Champion Basket-Ball Team of Fort Warren, Mass. Captain Adna G. Clarke, the Athletic Director of the Post, is Seen on the Left

Athletes of the Regular Army

By Franklyn Harvey

IT will surprise many to know that the athletic records of the regular army are, in numerous instances, equal to, and in some cases even better than, the best made by amateurs and professionals. This remark applies more particularly to track events, but the showing made by the wearers of the khaki with hammer, shot, and so forth, is by no means to be despised.

By order of Major-General Fred. Grant, Commander of the Department of the East, the records of the athletes of the various Army Posts under his control have been made known to the public. Heretofore, the information has formed a part of the official data which did not reach the hands of anyone outside of those in charge of the matter. But it would seem that the fact has been recognized that young America, especially that part of it which makes desirable recruits, will think none the less and probably a good deal more of the Army, when it is known that it fosters the athletic spirit and incidentally affords time, opportunity and facilities for the practical furthering of the same.

So it is that the enquirer into these matters is given every aid at Governor's Island, which is the headquarters of the Department, and if one is versed in athletic affairs, the wisdom of the policy which fosters team work rather than individual action, will be recognized and applauded.

The tenor of the order issued in regard to the necessity of promoting athletics in the Army applies equally to athletics for civilians, in view of the excellent nature of the grounds which are given for its issuance. Some quotations from it will prove the point. It is said that it is proposed to promote physical training, encourage interest and arouse zeal in athletic games, sports and exercises among the troops. To this end attention is called to the fact that the physique of the soldier is determined by the strength of his weakest part. Hence every effort should be made toward strengthening such weak parts, together with the increasing of the power of muscles already strong.

The order further remarks that everything possible should be done to produce

all-round athletes and not specialists in particular lines or in a limited number of athletic exercises. Hence exercises which result in an even moderate benefit to many are preferable to those which result in great benefit to only a few. This is in line with the ideas that have been consistently advocated in the pages of this magazine. So that, to use the language of the Government officials: "With a view to obtaining the best results for the greatest number, contests should be so arranged and managed as to arouse interest and friendly rivalry between squads, platoons, companies and battalions, rather than between individuals. Consequently, special attention should be given to team work and to team competition." This is very good indeed, and if the same spirit were encouraged among all sorts and conditions of athletes, the world of sport would be greatly benefited thereby.

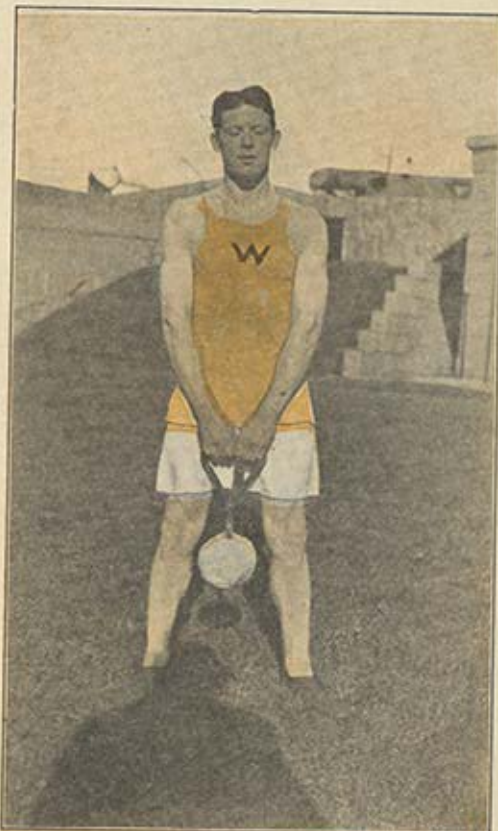
It is further directed that an officer, preferably one interested in the subject, be detailed to each Army Post as Superintendent of Athletics. He is to keep records of all matters pertaining to the athletics of the men under his supervision, and do all in his private and official power to encourage muscle and vigor-making. In his line he is possessed of more or less absolute authority, the only person to whom he is immediately responsible being the Post Commander. Except when the troops are in the field, on practice marches, in camps of instruction or engaged in target

practice or field exercises, the instructor will superintend the systematic teaching of the men under his charge in calisthenics, athletics and gymnastic exercises, thirty minutes a day, four times a week. This amount of time is, of course, independent of that spent on training of the men for special events. The athletic year is divided into two periods, one of which lasts from November 1 to March 31, and the other, from April 1 to October 31.

Drill-hall or barrack instruction is not looked upon with favor by the military authorities. The fresh-air idea is, on the contrary, fostered as much as possible. Consequently, specific instructions are issued to the Superintendents of Athletics that, whenever possible, practice and instruction must be held in the open air. And it is proper to say that this part of the instructions is rarely if ever

neglected. An athletic man is of necessity a fresh-air man by choice. As the conduct of Army athletics is in the hands of athletic men, it follows that only under the most pressing circumstances is the soldier called upon to do his athletic work under a roof.

That there is much more to athletics than the mere exercise or movement of the muscles, is duly recognized by the military authorities. As has been repeatedly stated in this magazine, change of environment—the play-element," in fact—must form a part and portion of any exercise if it is to be of benefit to the body. In line with



Corporal John Flynn, Who Holds the Department Record for the Broad Jump and is a Good Weight Thrower



Corporal Irving Streeter, C. A. C., Who Holds Department Records for Sprinting and Pole-Vaulting

this theory it is demanded that "the Superintendent will see that the exercises are constantly varied in order that interest in them may not lag. Monotony must be avoided at all hazards, and efforts must be made to excite and continue the interest of the men. Methods of doing this are left to the invention and ingenuity of the Superintendent; but in any event it is expected that the men shall welcome the time set aside for athletic pursuits as a pleasant period of healthful relaxation, rather than as a part of routine duty." These are sensible words, and some civilian teachers and pupils have much to learn from the Army in this respect.

It is also pointed out that instructions in regard to breathing and hygiene must be thoroughly understood and followed. Stress is laid on the importance of the proper use of the lungs in connection with all forms of athletics, and it is sug-

gested that no man can be an athlete in the full sense of the term unless he knows the theory and the practice of inhalation and exhalation.

Here is a nugget of Army wisdom that everybody interested in the development of the body would do well to ponder: "The mind must be put into the work and the will-power be concentrated upon the exercises, that the muscles may feel the strain. This is the fundamental principle of successful physical training." Indeed it is, or nearly so. It may be added that Uncle Sam's fighters are carefully taught the value of this "resistance" and, it is to be hoped, profit by it.

The first portion, or "period," of the Army athletic year is devoted to instruction in calisthenics, the use of the dumb-bell, bar-bell and Indian club; rifle drills



Sergeant W. Lynch, of the Coast Artillery Corps, Who is the Holder of Many All-Round Records and the Possessor of Dozens of Trophies Which Attest His Athletic Ability



Teams in a Rescue Race

of an ornamental sort, medicine-ball exercises, boxing, wrestling, and fencing with single-sticks, foils, broadswords and fencing muskets. Where the facilities of the Post admit, additional gymnasium exercises are prescribed.

During the second period the exercises are more strictly athletic in nature. Also, the period is divided into three courses, these last having due regard for the cli-

matic conditions of each Post and its available gymnastic facilities.

The first course is composed of the simplest form of the exercises alluded to, the second of the more difficult and the third of those hardest of execution. Some idea of the very thorough athletic education of the American soldier may be obtained from a recitation of the chief features of the trio of courses. Thus in



A Group of Army Athletes and Medal Winners. At One Meeting These Men Won Eighteen Medals

the first course the soldier is instructed in standing jumps forward, backward, sideways, upward and deep-ditch; two standing broad jumps; three standing broad jumps; hop, step and jump; leap-frog; chinning the bar; climbing ladders, pole and rope; hand-ball; putting 16-pound shot; throwing 16-pound hammer; throwing baseball for distance and accuracy; wrestling, any hold; running broad jump; high jump; one-half and one-mile walk, and so forth.

The second course includes sprinting for 100, 220 and 880 yards; the hurdles at 120 and 220 yards; pyramids, two tiers and three tiers; kicking football for accuracy and distance, and wall-scaling.

In the third course we find vaulting; tug of war; runs of 440 yards and one

There are three "big days" during the Army athletic year, one of which falls about the middle of May, the next on July 4th, or as near it as possible, and the last in the middle of August. These are known as "Athletic Field Days" and are designated by the Post commanders. "On these days," says General Grant in his instructions to commanders, "all duty, except the necessary guard and fatigue, will be suspended and the day devoted to military and athletic contests. Every effort will be made to give the day the air of a holiday, devoted to amusement and recreation. Whenever practicable, music will be furnished for the occasion."

Uncle Sam's boys evidently have good



An Army Baseball Team Made Up of Soldiers Stationed in Forts in Boston Harbor

mile; acrobatic feats, relay races and running in light marching order.

In addition to all this, sports such as skating, snowshoeing, ski-ing, swimming and the like are encouraged and taught to the men when seasonable weather permits. Purely for purposes of amusement, combined with athleticism, officers of Posts in general are told that it is a good thing to encourage tennis, golf, quoits, polo, baseball, football and other games which call for endurance and skill, and yet which furnish much fun among themselves and the men whom they command.

times of which the civilian knows little or nothing.

"And," continues the order, "the contests of the various Field Days will be of a progressive nature, sufficiently limited to avoid being tiresome, varied to such an extent as to afford diversion and amusement, and of a kind to arouse emulation, friendly rivalry and general interest in physical culture, while at the same time developing muscular strength, ability and endurance in performing functions pertaining to legitimate military training." The suggestions embodied in this paragraph are of such a na-

ture as should commend them to the attention of all promoters of athletic meets.

The rules of the Amateur Athletic Union obtain at the Army meets, and in most cases the officials are named by that organization.

Apart from the satisfaction which every true athlete feels in getting the best of his opponents, he likes to have some tangible proof of his ability. In the case of the soldier, he may secure the coveted and official title of "The Best All-Around Athlete of the Post" and get a medal which records that fact. It need hardly be said that such a title and trophy are not for the specialist, which is the precise reason for them. A man must be good at pretty nearly all athletic sports to win the honor; in other words, he must fulfill the intention of Army athletics, as already set forth.

More than that, however, there are trophies for teams, for organizations and for Post athletic associations. In the case of these last, there is the possibility of winning the "Championship Post Trophy," one of which is the athletic property of each Post. It need hardly be said that the struggle for the award breeds the "healthy rivalry" which is desired by the authorities. The records made by some of the men, details of which will be given later, furnish proof of this.

Besides the events enumerated, the majority of Field Days have on their programs special contests that bear directly on the life of a soldier. Thus there are bayonet, equipment, obstacle, blank cartridge, hasty entrenching, retiring sharpshooter's, spare wheel, rescue and other races; tent-pitching contests and the like; while contests for mounted troops are always most spectacular. In this respect, a military athletic meet has a decided advantage over that of a purely civilian order, at least from the viewpoint of the average spectator. In all, there are just fifty-six events which figure on the cards of the three annual Field Days, and, as has been said, some of the records made by the soldiers are of a surprising nature. The average amateur or professional champion athlete devotes a good deal of his time to his specialty—he must do so in order to

hold his title. But some of the soldiers with comparatively little practice—certainly not as much as that possible to their civilian rivals—more than make good, as the figures which follow prove. The moral seems to be a pretty clear one. It is to the effect that a man whose profession compels him to lead a sober and regular life has the advantage, in an athletic sense, over those who can do much as they please and only "go in" for a season of self-denial and training at intervals.

Now for some of the individual records. That of $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds for the 100-yard dash is held by Sergeant Williams of the Coast Artillery Corps of Fort Preble. This is close to the historic record of $9\ 3\text{-}5$ of Arthur Duffey. Dan Kelly, who, so it is averred, has in the Far West made the same distance in the same time as Duffey, has never done anything before an Eastern public to warrant his claims to the title of sprinting champion. Consequently the sprinting honors of the world would seem to be divided between Sergeant Williams and Duffey, and, in view of the fact that the former was more or less handicapped by limited time for training, his performance is of a very wonderful kind indeed. The nearest approach made to it by an Army man was in 1906, when Corporal J. P. Menard, of Fort Warren, and Private F. Winters, of Fort Washington, each did the sprint in 10 seconds.

Another excellent piece of work is that of Private Matthews, of Fort Monroe, who holds the record for the 220-yard dash, his time being $22\ 4\text{-}5$ seconds. The honor has been his for two years in succession.

In the case of the 440-yard sprint, the Army is away ahead of any other amateur record. Private T. Holt, of Fort H. G. Wright, has negotiated the distance for two successive years in the unbeaten time of $46\ 2\text{-}5$ seconds. On October 4, 1900, Maxey Long, of the N. Y. A. C., ran the distance in 47 seconds on a straightaway course. Last year, J. H. Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, did the sprint in $48\ 4\text{-}5$ seconds. The late L. C. Meyers, in England, came inside 47 seconds, so it is said, but the time was never officially accepted. It

will be seen by this, then, that Holt is unapproached in the event named, and the Army is properly proud of him in consequence.

An even more marvelous performance was that of Sergeant F. B. Jones, of Fort Preble, at the hurdles for 120 yards. Up to the time that Jones faced the wattles, the world's amateur record was 15 1-5 seconds, this being held by A. C. Kraenzlein; but the Sergeant lowered this to 14 seconds two years ago, since when the time has never been beaten. As matters stand, the soldier could give the civilian several yards start and beat him on the finish line.

The mile run has been done by Sergeant Merrill, of Fort Preble, in the slashing good time of 4 minutes 20 seconds. This is not so many degrees removed from the best amateur record for the distance; indeed, it is doubtful if, just at present, there is an amateur in America who could beat the figures just given, and it is equally uncertain if a

couple of men could be found who could approach them.

Other Army records which are worthy of note are: Putting the 12-lb. shot, 44 feet, Corporal A. Sandroski, Fort Hancock; putting 16-lb. shot, 36 feet 11 2-5 inches, Corporal T. Nally, Fort Gretna; throwing 16-lb. hammer, 110 feet 7 inches, Corporal W. Lynch, Fort Warren; pole vault, height 10 feet, Privates J. H. Streeter and H. W. Lawson, Fort Warren; pole vault, distance, 21 feet 4 inches, Private Spahr, Eighth Infantry; 1-mile walk, 9 minutes 47 seconds, Private G. A. Dingee, Fort Hamilton; 100-yard swim, 1 minute 26 seconds, Private B. A. Thomasson, Fort Hancock.

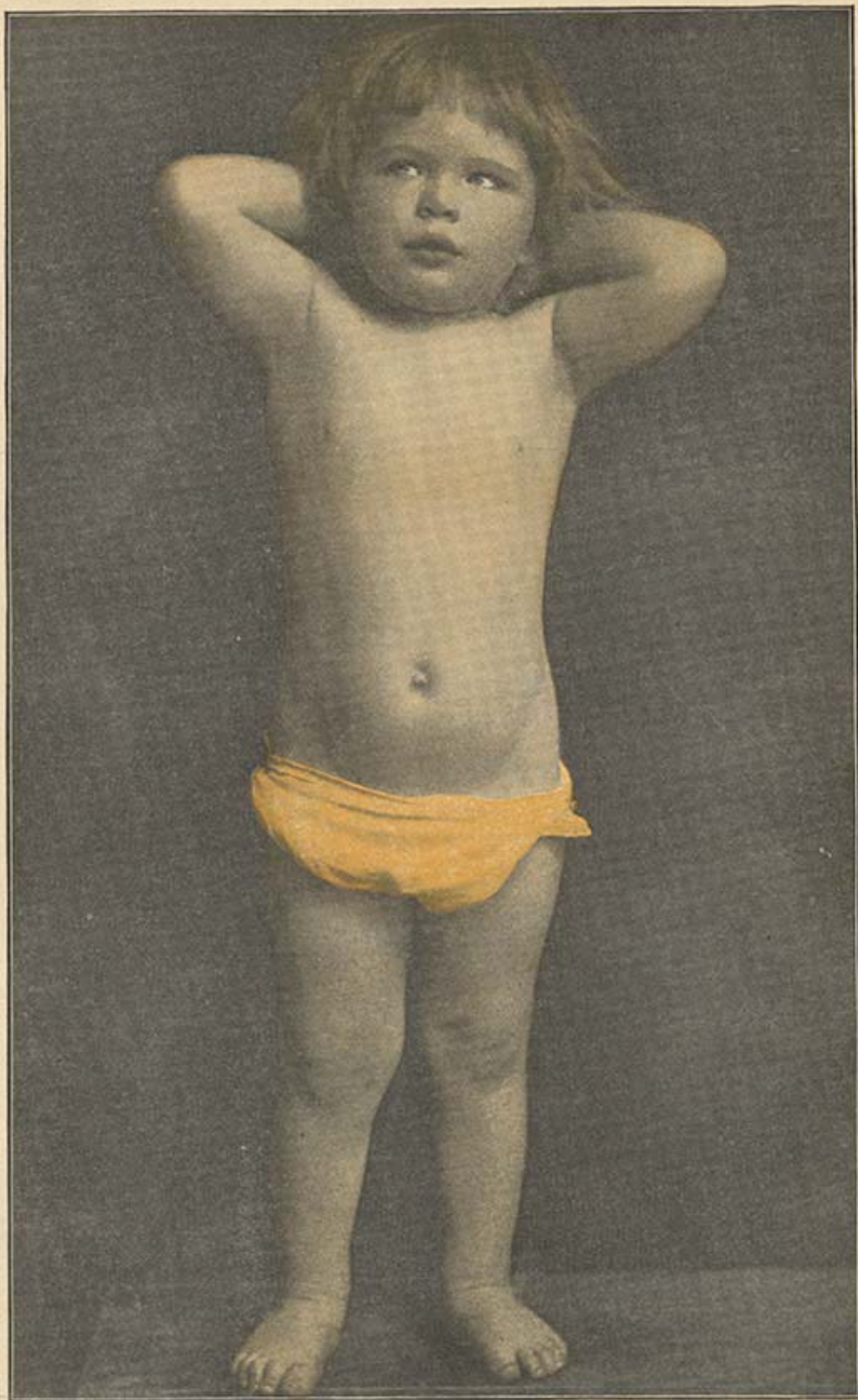
From all of which and other equally commendable records, it will be seen that the physical culture principles employed by the superintendents, non-commissioned officers and men of the United States Army bear most encouraging fruit in the form of first-class athletes.

A Merry Little Physical Culture Maid

This is a photograph of little Miss Kathryn Viola Pangle, which was taken some time ago. She may be remembered by some of our readers as being a prize-winner in the Prize Baby Contest held by this magazine a few years since.

Miss Pangle has lost none of the charms of her infancy, and her parents may rest assured that the benefits of rational methods of rearing their daughter will be fully borne out by the test of time.





MASTER GILBERT CROSSETT. AGE, TWO YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS

Physical Culture Motherhood

By Marion W. Forrester

A SPLENDID EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE BENEFICIAL RESULTS
OF FOLLOWING THEORIES ADVOCATED IN THIS MAGAZINE

GILBERT CROSSETT, whose photograph we reproduce in connection with this article, is a fine example of well-developed childhood, as a result of following physical culture ideas. When these pictures were taken, he was two years, four months and five days old. The father states that he became a physical culturist about eight years ago; that he has followed the theories we advocate for that entire period.

When Mrs. Crossett found that she was to become a mother, she became a strong advocate of the advantages of regular exercise. She did all her own housework, took long walks and exercises for special development, and slept in the open air, or near a wide-open window. As a result of her closely adhering to these theories she was in good health through the entire period previous to the birth of her child. She lives mostly on vegetables, fruits and nuts.

Mr. Crossett states that they began giving the son a few exercises at the end of the first week of his life, which consisted of rubbing, stretching his legs and arms twice a day. After this treatment he would sleep from three to six hours without wakening.

As Gilbert grew older, the exercises were increased. At four and a half months, he could hang on a bar with two hands. At six months he could hold his entire weight with one hand. At this age Mr. Crossett was also in the habit of swinging him by his arms and legs, or by one arm and one leg, holding his feet and raising his body to a sitting position. This exercise was followed each day by a rub and a bath and a long, sweet sleep in the open air.

At nine months he started to walk, and to acquire increased strength, that he might be able to walk more quickly;

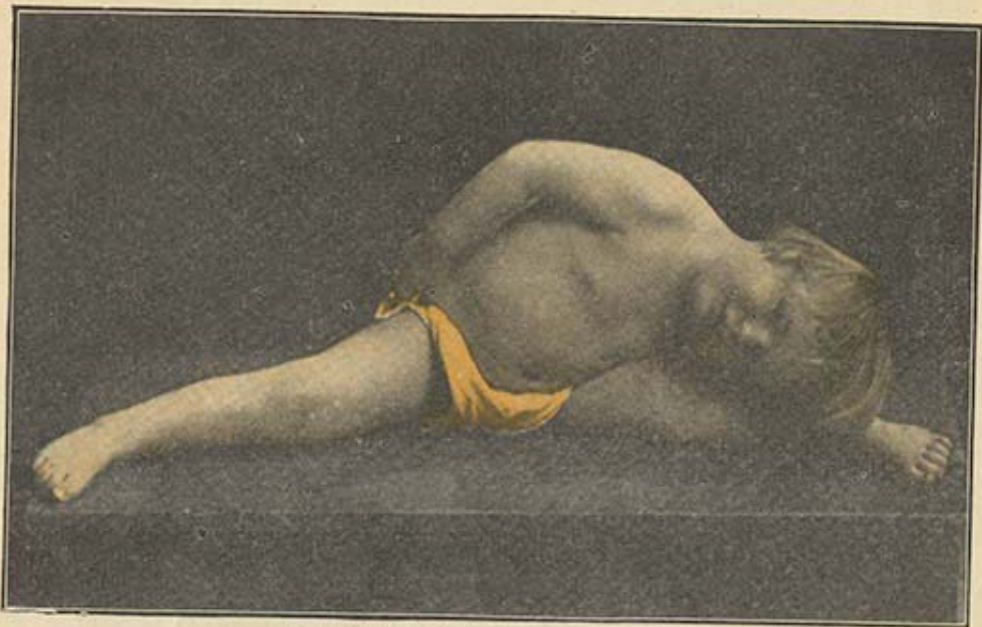
when he tried to creep, the father would pick up his legs and let him support his body on his hands. He would step along with his hands wheelbarrow fashion, while his feet were being held.

At the present time he is out of doors all day. He sleeps outside or by an open window at night. At present he can walk six miles at a stretch without a stop. His exercises now consist of walking on his hands wheelbarrow fashion, as previously described. When lying face downward, he raises the weight of his body on his arms, while the father holds his feet up. While lying on his back his feet are held while he rises to a sitting position, repeating this exercise about thirty times. He lies on his back, and raises his feet and legs upward. He swings on the rings by his hands.

Fruit is his main diet at the present time. His measurements are as follows: Height 3 ft. 1 in.; weight, 37½ lbs. without clothing; neck, 10½ in.; chest natural, 22¾ in.; extended, 23¾ in.; waist natural, 20 in.; waist contracted, 18¾ in.; arm natural, 8 in.; arm extended, 8½ in.; elbows, 6¾ in.; forearm, natural, 6¾ in.; forearm extended, 7 in.; wrist, 5 in.; hips, 22 in.; thigh, 13½ in.; knee, 10 in.; calf, 9 in.; ankle, 6½ in.

It is hoped that mothers and fathers everywhere will eventually awaken to what I would term the monumental importance of physical culture in building the highest degree of health and strength in child and infant life. Children can be strong or weak absolutely in accordance with the preparation that may be made for motherhood, and in accordance with the care that is given the infant after birth.

Beyond a doubt inheritance has a wonderful influence. A mother can unquestionably make her child a vast deal stronger than herself by simply giving



ONE OF MASTER CROSSETT'S "STUNTS"

attention to the building of superior muscular vigor for a while previous to the birth of her child.

We have referred on several occasions in this magazine to the astounding results that can be brought about through pre-natal influence. We cannot really refer to it too often. The neglect that is everywhere found in this very important sphere of human life is pitiable. There is no real reasonable excuse for weak, sickly babies. They might just as well be strong and healthy.

Why can not mothers and fathers everywhere awaken to the immense possibilities that are before them in this way? No parent likes to have a weak child. A child that is strong and beautifully made

is a continuous joy to a parent. He is proud of it. He wants to "show it off." But a child that is whimpering, complaining, always ill, is a burden, and an unwelcome addition to any home.

We hope that the wonderful results that we are giving in this magazine on numerous occasions that follow when parents give attention to the theories that we are here emphatically advocating, will bear fruit, and that the mothers and fathers of the future will begin to understand not only the importance of preparing themselves for motherhood and fatherhood, but at the same time, give them a clew as to the methods that should be followed in rearing strong, healthy babies.

"'Tis a Purely American Way"

When an American goes with a friend or two,
To a club or public buffet,
To have a pleasant smile or two,
And pass the time away;
As a friend he treats the friend or two,
'Tis a purely American way.
Then the one or two of the friends treat too,
It happens almost always,
So as to strictly follow the prevailing rule
Of the American of to-day.
'Tis then quite true, the friends or two

Declare in tones most gay,
That one treat round will never do,
It must be three, they say.
After strictly following their latest rule,
In an inarticulate way,
The American and his friend or two
Show signs of insobriety;
The end of it all with the friends or two,
They are carted or carried away,
To a Turkish bath, or their homes as a rule,
To banish their delinquency.

ARTHUR MITCHELL HIGGIE

The Average Woman

By Charles Merriles



THE average woman of today has nothing to boast of from the standpoint of mere physical attraction. When stripped of her fur-belows and fancy frills we usually find a startling contrast. In but few cases has she anything to be proud of under such instances. Between the corset, false hips, busts, padding here and there to fill out, even the leanest woman is at times able to make what might be termed a fair appearance. And a woman who is suffering from too much avoirdupois can pull in the waist line to an extraordinary degree and thus add to her attractions, so she thinks.

Now, I was anxious to know just what might be the appearance of, say, the average woman entirely from a physical standpoint. I thought it would make an interesting article for this magazine. At first I was rather doubtful as to how I could secure the photographs that would be necessary to illustrate what I might have to say. I finally concluded that the best method would be to advertise in a daily paper for models who would be willing to pose in athletic costumes. An advertisement was inserted accordingly. There was no scarcity of applicants. Of course the object in nearly every case was the moderate fee that was offered, though from the pretentious apparel of some, one would hardly think that the sum offered would have been attractive to them.

Each one of the applicants was supposed to have been a model. I hardly think many of them had ever posed before. They were probably looking for a new experience, or they needed the money.

Now, I am not going to criticise in detail the reproductions of the various photographs published in connection with this article, but will leave them to

speakers for themselves. I am not going to say that I was surprised, because I was not. I did not expect very much and so was not disappointed. I did not expect symmetry and beauty of contour. I could hardly expect that the young wo-



A TYPE OF THE UNGAINLY FIGURE THAT RESULTS FROM INACTIVITY. VIGOROUS EXERCISE CONTINUED FOR A SUFFICIENT PERIOD WOULD SOON BRING ROUNDED, GRACEFUL OUTLINES. IT WILL BE NOTED THAT THE ARMS, CHEST AND NECK ARE GOOD, BUT THE LEGS AND HIPS ARE DEFECTIVE



A STRONG, WELL-MADE YOUNG WOMAN
WHO HAS NO DOUBT SECURED HER
FINE PROPORTIONS FROM HARD
WORK IN HER GROWING YEARS

men who posed for me on this occasion should know how to pose to show off their figures to the best advantage, even if they possessed symmetrical outlines. But few women have fine forms; such are indeed rare exceptions. Even those that appear well in the ordinary conventional clothing would not by any means ornament an artist's studio if their figures were to be exactly reproduced. Most women are round-shouldered; very few have arms that are well shaped and their lower limbs are either too thin or too fat; rarely are they symmetrically proportioned; in fact, it might be well to note that any woman who does not actively use her body in some form will have an unsymmetrical figure. Symmetry requires activity. Beauty of form

can only be acquired and retained by the active use of all the muscular tissue that gives firmness of shape to the figure. Of course, the fatty tissue rounds out the hollows and gives the body that smooth appearance, but it is muscles that really give the body that particular shape which is classed as beautiful.

I know that the average reader will unquestionably be able to call to mind women friends or acquaintances whom they consider possessors of a beautiful form, but in many cases they are mistaken. The figure, as far as can be seen from the ordinary clothing that is worn by the young woman, might appear beau-



POORLY DEVELOPED CHEST. FIGURE TOO
SLIGHT. LEGS TOO THIN. ENTIRE BODY
INDICATES NEED OF DEVELOPMENT
THROUGH EXERCISE

tiful in outline, but when these garments are removed and the figure is seen just as it is, there are nearly always serious defects.

The truth of this statement, perhaps, can be proved nowhere more than at the seashore. Here the average woman appears just as she is. She is shorn of all the frills that she finds so useful in her ordinary apparel, and if you want to find out just what your lady-love looks like, take her to the seashore, and if you do not see an amazing change in her appearance, you will indeed be a lucky man. When the salt water takes all the curl out of her hair, and the wet bathing suit clings to her real figure you can, in most cases, then depend upon receiving a startling surprise. You will then very fully realize that not "all things are just what they seem."

If every woman could be compelled to wear a bathing suit, or a costume like those worn by the young women whose photographs have been reproduced in this article, we would soon have a supply of finely developed women. There would be less attention to external ornamentation, and more attention to developing and perfecting the body, for then the real shape of the body would be seen.

I have additional photographs which will be published in the next number, and I will have something to say as to what constitutes real beauty of the female form which may be of interest to the readers of this magazine.

(To be continued)



FIGURE FAIR, THOUGH HIPS TOO LARGE. ENTIRE BODY FAT AND SOFT IN APPEARANCE, AND BADLY IN NEED OF EXERCISE TO GIVE IT STRENGTH AND SYMMETRY



A Young Physical Culturist and His Feats

The accompanying photographs are portraits of Master William Katcher, of Bayonne, N. J., who organized the Junior Branch of the Bayonne Physical Culture Society. He has hundreds of admirers of his strength and skill in boxing and wrestling, and has walked 21 miles in a forenoon. He exercises night and morning with his elder brother, Mr. D. Katcher, who has for years been a reader of physical culture publications, and is the secretary of the Physical Culture Society of Bayonne.

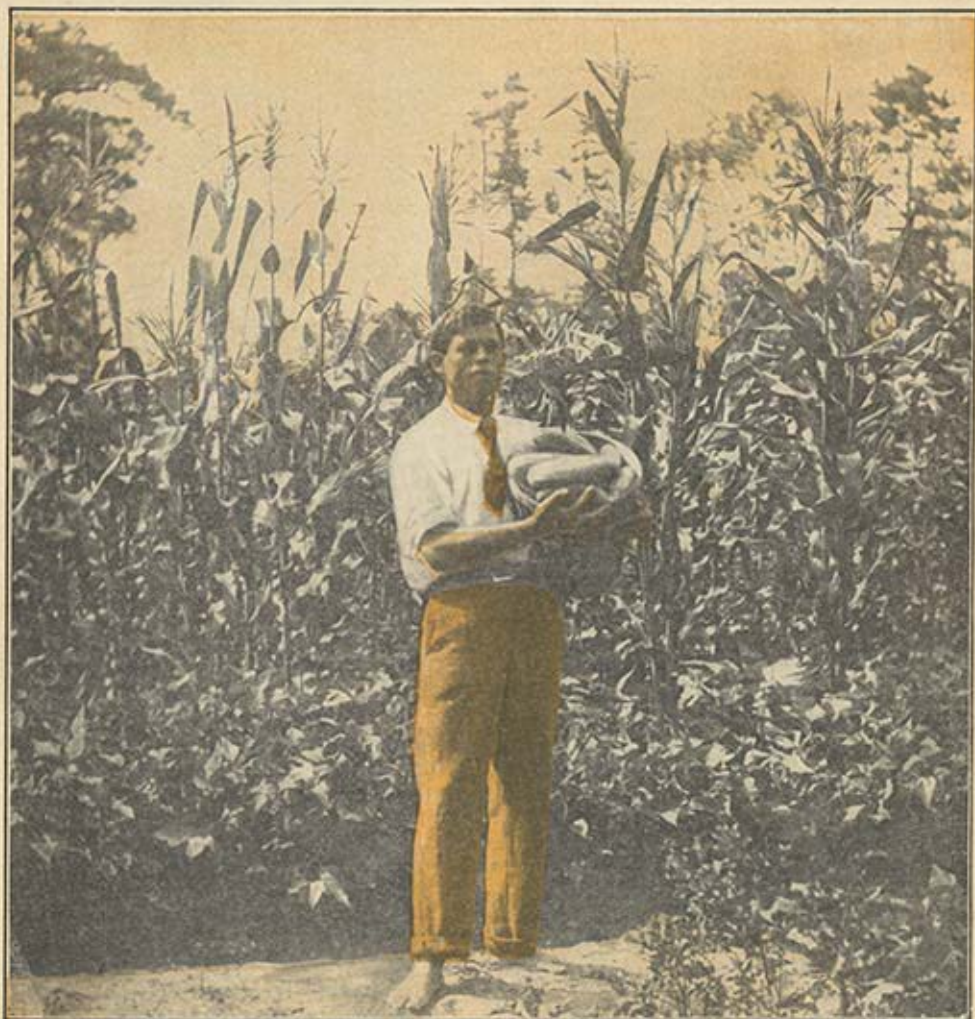
Gardening as an Exercise

By Milton Walford

NOW that summer is here, remember that any occupation that will keep you out of doors will be to your advantage. If you must be cooped up in the house in the winter, at least try to keep out in the air as much as possible during the summer.

Of all the various outdoor exercises there is perhaps nothing that can be

recommended more than gardening—plain, every-day gardening. I realize that most of you will say that the average gardener does not impress one as being strong, but in the majority of cases you will find he has vigorous health. Rarely is a gardener in ill health, unless he lives on white bread and bacon, and various foods of a similar nature.



MR. KOHLER IN HIS GARDEN AT PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY

Some diets will counteract the beneficial effects of the best of exercise.

There is a pleasure, too, distinctly separate from the exercise itself, in gardening. One enjoys seeing things grow. He there sees evidence of one of Nature's great mysteries. We plant the seed, and in a few days we see a greenish bud peeping through the ground. All this is interesting, and adds pleasure and zest to the exercise of gardening.

Try to avoid too much of the stooping attitude of the average gardener. Straighten up and throw the shoulders back and draw in a deep breath frequently. Fill your lungs to the fullest capacity several times during the day. Hoeing, shoveling, raking, all bring into play muscles of the body that are exceedingly important. Then, too, do not cumber yourself with too much clothing. If you do not live in a neighborhood where you will be disgraced for life in case you discard your shoes and socks, so much the better for you. There is a benefit in coming in contact with mother earth. Going barefooted is not only a pleasure, but you will secure increased health because of the habit.

I know some of your neighbors may

think that you have not the price of a pair of shoes, but what do you care, as long as you are securing additional health and strength?

If you are compelled to work at a sedentary occupation all day, get up early in the morning, at a time when you can see the sun rise. At this period of the day there seems to be more oxygen in the air. It seems to be surfeited with strength-building elements, and after shaking off the last remnants of sleep, you begin to feel the exhilaration and the joy that come from merely living.

But to enjoy all this, you must go into your garden at this early hour. Go out barefooted, please remember, and you will enjoy every minute of your exercise. It will not seem like hard work. It will seem more like fun, and an hour or two spent this way each day will not only bring remarkable results in the way of a garden that will be exceedingly pleasing and satisfactory at meal-time, but will make you feel better throughout the entire day. You will be a more capable business man, for your head will be clearer, and your nerves will be stronger, and much of these pleasing results will be due to your gardening habit.

Luther Burbank on Liquor and Tobacco

Luther Burbank, the famous botanist, whose wonderful work with plants has produced such marvelous results, was recently interviewed by a newspaper reporter, who asked him the following among other questions, "Do you think that whiskey and tobacco impair the faculty for work?" The great plant wizard replied in the following terms:

"If I answered your question simply by saying that I never use tobacco and alcohol in any form, and very rarely either coffee or tea, you might say that was a personal preference and proved nothing. But I can prove to you most conclusively that even the mild use of stimulants is incompatible with work requiring accurate attention and definite concentration.

"To assist me in my work of budding

—work that is as accurate and exacting as watchmaking—I have a force of some twenty men. I discharge men from this force at the first show of incompetency. Some time ago my foreman asked me if I took pains to inquire into the personal habits of my men. On being answered in the negative he surprised me by saying that the men I found unable to do the delicate work of budding invariably turned out to be smokers and drinkers.

"These men, while able to do the rough work of farming, call budding and other delicate work 'puttering,' and have to give it up owing to an inability to concentrate their nerve force. Even men who smoke one cigar a day I cannot entrust with some of my delicate work. Cigarettes are even more damaging than cigars, and their use by young boys is little short of criminal."—*Witness*.



THE AUTHOR

Confession of a Divorced Man

By Horace Kingsley

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.—The author of this story became very much enamored with Grace Winston, a young woman in his home town. He learned that she was engaged to another man. His love for her had taken such a serious hold upon him that he could not bear the remembrances brought to him by old familiar scenes and he decided to go to New York City. After being there for about a year he met a young actress who attracted him. Some information was given to him about her that was not to her advantage. He tried to destroy her influence over him and concluded to break the acquaintance with her, but was unable to do so. She finally convinced him that the statements he had heard regarding her were false. A character whom the author calls "Slim Jim" plots to injure him in his employer's eyes. A Mr. Perkins, who is in the same office and boards in the same house, becomes angered at him because of his attentions to Mary Malcolm (the landlady's daughter), whom Perkins seems to consider his own private property. Because of Perkins' attitude the author examines his books and finds there evidence of his dishonesty. Perkins is arrested, but vows that he will have vengeance. Edith Maxwell, the actress, has been annoyed by a man named Morgan, who was formerly her attorney. She asks the author to protect her. He accompanies her to the theatre and in protecting her from Morgan has a fight with him. He easily bests Morgan, hurries back to the theatre with a view of avoiding the police. Morgan soon follows with the police, but he manages to elude them by hiding. Morgan swears vengeance and keeps the officers on his track, but the author avoids arrest. One night he is awakened and finds the house in which he lives in flames. After hurrying out he is not able to find Miss Maxwell. He rushes back to save her, but nearly loses his own life in the attempt. He is saved by one of the firemen and when regaining consciousness again searches for her. He cannot locate her, and as he sees the doomed building wrapped in flames he wonders if she has met her death therein.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

IT would be impossible for me to even attempt to describe my feelings at this particular time. I suppose many of the spectators must have thought I was a madman. I ran here and there, all the time calling for Edith. She was not to be found. No one had seen her. They were not sure even that she had returned that evening. I remembered two or three former occasions when she had remained away all night, visiting her actress friends. I remembered also that on these occasions she had mentioned that she intended to make these visits, and it seemed to me that she would have said something about an engagement of this character if she had intended to remain away from home.

On many occasions I have stated that I did not love Edith Maxwell, but if I was indifferent to her why did the possibility of losing her affect me so strongly? I did not stop to ask myself this question at the time. I think I was so horrified at the mere thought of her perishing in the flames that I did not stop to define my feelings toward her. Unquestionably there were times when I actually did love her. It is the inclination of a man to avoid loneliness. He is bound

to seek diversion and sympathy and affection. No one can fully supply this need but a woman, and perhaps I can hardly be blamed for continuing the friendly relations that I had maintained for a considerable period with Edith Maxwell. She was certainly a lovable girl, and if it were not for the fear, that seemed to linger with me at all times, as to the possibility of her being "true," I think I could have given her a deep and strong affection, notwithstanding my previous experience, which at the time inclined me to believe that I could never really arouse an intense affection for any woman.

Mrs. Malcolm's house and several adjoining were burned to the ground. Not even the walls were left standing. Fortunately, the building and contents were well covered by insurance, and after the first scare of getting out of the burning building had subsided, she was her normal self.

"You are not sure that Miss Maxwell came home last night?" I inquired of her, after the fire was under control.

"I am not positive, Mr. Kingsley. Anyway, you must remember that she

comes home very late and we rarely see or hear her."

I made similar inquiries of all the boarders, but no one had heard her come in. Everybody was accounted for, however, and it seemed to me that she certainly would have been awakened had she been at home, and after I regained my composure I really felt sure I would find her at the theatre the next morning.

Mrs. Malcolm, her daughter and the boarders, went to a nearby hotel and secured accommodations for the rest of the night. I realized, however, that it would be useless for me to go to bed, as I could not sleep. Furthermore, it was far into the morning hours and daylight was near at hand. I turned my steps toward the park, which was only a few blocks distant, and my mental state until the time arrived for me to learn Miss Maxwell's fate was very disquieting. I thought she would undoubtedly return home the next morning, though I knew also that she was in the habit of reading the morning papers and would learn of the fire, so that the best method of determining her whereabouts would be to inquire of the man in charge of the stage door at the theatre. I turned in the direction of the theatre as soon as I thought there was a chance of his being on duty. He was not there, but was expected in a short time. He was rather confused for a moment at my eager inquiries.

"Miss Maxwell?" he repeated, slowly and thoughtfully. "Well, yes, I remember her going out last night with the two Miss Werners."

"Ah, those were the girls she visited on a former occasion. Do you know their address?" I inquired.

"No, I don't, but I'll find out. Just wait a minute. Here, John," calling to one of the stage-hands, "hurry to the office and get the address of the Misses Werner."

He returned in a moment and gave me an address. It could be reached by a ride of a half-hour on the elevated railway. I lost no time in getting to the address given. It was a large apartment house occupied by numerous families. I found the name over one of

the door bells, and pushed the button repeatedly. The door was opened by an attendant who directed me up two flights of stairs. One of the Miss Werners was standing at the door of one of the apartments as I came up the stairs.

"Is Miss Maxwell here?" I asked in excited tones.

"Why, yes, she's here."

"Oh, what a great relief! We have been searching for her for hours."

She invited me in and said that Miss Maxwell was still in bed, but if I would wait for a few minutes, no doubt she would be able to see me. I proceeded to tell Miss Werner of our horrifying experience and of our fear that Miss Maxwell had been burned to death. You can hardly imagine the excitement my story created. The two Misses Werner were occupying a small apartment of the sort that is usually termed a flat about New York. It was, however, tastefully decorated and seemed in every way a comfortable little home.

Miss Werner excused herself and I heard excited voices in the extreme end of the apartment, which plainly indicated she was repeating my tale to her sister and Miss Maxwell. In a few moments Miss Maxwell came into the room. She approached me with hands outstretched.

"Why, Mr. Kingsley, you have certainly had a terrible experience."

"Yes, it was one that could not be adequately described," I replied, taking her hands and gazing into her eyes. They seemed weighted with sympathy. We stood there for a moment, our hands clasped, without saying a word. I was stirred by a strong emotion. I hardly know what influenced me, but I leaned forward and our lips met. I had never kissed her before. There was no premeditation. I was unconscious of any such intention. When I realized the significance of my actions I dropped her hands and in tones that were somewhat strained I proceeded to tell her of our experience the night before.

"And you were really worried about me?" she asked, when I finished my tale.

"I was more than worried. I was frightened. Why shouldn't I be? The

possibility of your being burned to death was terrible to me."

"True, it is not a pleasant death," she remarked, gazing at me with the warm light of a strong affection shining from her eyes.

I remained but a short time, for I knew that I would be late for business, though she informed me before leaving that she would no doubt arrange to stay with the Misses Werner. Fortunately, most of the clothes that she especially valued were in her trunks at the theatre, and the loss incurred by the fire was not particularly serious.

My senses seemed numbed as I hurried toward the office that morning. I had had too much excitement. I was homeless, but that didn't worry me in the least. I had lost about everything I possessed in the way of clothing, but that would not bother me, as I was never much of a dandy, and my stock of clothing was not large. Now, however, that the excitement was over I could not help but go over the peculiar situation I found myself in at that time. Here I was, trying to earn an honest living; trying to be just to every one, and, if anything, doing my best to make friends and to avoid making enemies. But nevertheless, there were at that time three men who were doubtless plotting against me, and any one of them would unquestionably go to a great deal of trouble to injure me.

There was Slim Jim, for instance. I wondered what scheme he was devising. More than once I looked up from my work and saw him gazing in my direction with a fierce hatred shining in his eyes. He turned in another direction whenever I caught him. There was Perkins, my one-time friend. He had sworn to be revenged on me. No doubt he was still in jail and liable to remain there a considerable time. There was no need for worrying about him. Morgan, at the last reports, was still making indifferent efforts to have me arrested. To be sure, he had not searched very carefully, or no doubt the officers could have found me before now, but the warrant was unquestionably still out against me. All these thoughts were far from pleasing. I began to realize also that

my inclination to resist Miss Maxwell had almost disappeared. The same old desire to struggle against her influence was aroused only momentarily during my interview with her that morning. As her lips met mine, and I felt the exquisite thrill of their contact, I was awakened to the danger, but I seemed to feel that it was the last struggle. I realized somehow that it was useless. Why struggle against her further? Let the affair go on to a natural finale. I did not seem to be especially worried about it; in fact, I cannot say that I was really seriously worried about anything. But I did not like the general view of things at that particular time. I was over two hours late to business that morning, but there were no adverse comments. I buried myself in my work, and it was not until the noon hour arrived that my personal problems again assumed any importance.

While returning from my lunch I was surprised in an unpleasant way. A considerable distance ahead of me I saw Slim Jim crossing the street, and at his side was Perkins. They walked along arm-in-arm, apparently earnestly engaged in conversation. I was startled. How did Perkins get out of jail? What was he doing with Slim Jim? What scheme did they now have on hand?

These questions flashed through my mind in a moment. I knew that the meeting of these two men could not possibly be of benefit to me. Why had Perkins sought out Slim Jim? I very well knew that he did not even have a speaking acquaintance with him when he was arrested. Undoubtedly, after securing bail he had sought him out, and evidently the two men were planning some scheme that could hardly be to my advantage. The thought was not by any means pleasing. One becomes tired, after a while, struggling against the efforts of those whose one aim in life seems to be to "get even." I am thankful to say that I never possessed characteristics of that nature. To be sure, I would hardly call myself "namby-pamby" in character. I have a temper, and a forcible one. But how any one could lie awake at night and spend hours during the day, week after week, month

after month, and even year after year, laying plans to injure their fellow-beings, was utterly beyond my comprehension. It was a point of human character that I never could definitely understand. In fact, I believe that a man who wastes his energy in this manner is but little short of a fool. There are so many important things to do in life; there is so much that is interesting and profitable, and why should one harbor evil thoughts to such an extent that they finally control his entire life? There is certainly no doubt that one can cultivate a vengeful habit. It can become so forceful in its influence that one can live almost entirely for the purpose of "getting even" with various persons for fancied wrongs that they have done him. If one is always looking for someone upon whom to vent spite, he can easily find excuses for bringing this particular part of his nature into active use. These characteristics will take up so much of his time that there will be no room for anything else in life. I was far from being in a satisfied frame of mind when I went back to work that afternoon. I cannot say that I was worried, exactly, but it was not pleasing to know that men devoid of all honor were plotting against me.

Mrs. Malcolm immediately rented a furnished apartment, and although she had no room for boarders she said she would be glad to have me with her, as I had been with the family for such a long period. She telephoned me in the afternoon the address of her new home. It was certainly more comfortable for me than my previous quarters, and I felt just a little bit flattered at being so favored by her. I settled down in my new home and in a few days we ceased to discuss the terrible experience we had the night of the fire. I did not bother further about the possibility of being arrested; in fact, I was hoping that Morgan would let the matter drop. But apparently I knew but little of the man's revengeful character. I had not as yet seen any results of the meeting of Perkins and Slim Jim. Maybe they realized that they could do nothing without possible injury to themselves. In many instances this is the restraining influence

that holds back the manifestations of man's lower instincts.

The theatre where Edith was employed had closed for the season. I called on her at frequent intervals. The Misses Werner were popular girls, and they had company every evening I was there. A few days after I saw Perkins and Slim Jim together I found Mary waiting for me at the door when I arrived from work.

"Who do you think was here to-day?" asked Mary, in excited tones.

"How do I know?" I replied.

"Well, Perkins."

"You don't say! How did he learn that you lived here?"

"No doubt he found out at the grocer's, or from others living in the neighborhood."

"Well, what did he have to say?"

"You might better ask what he didn't say. I refused to see him, but mother had a long talk with him."

"Yes, and you should have heard the ridiculous charges he made against you," said Mrs. Malcolm, coming up at that moment.

"Charges against me?" in amazement.

"Yes, charges against you. If I had been able, I think I would have thrown him out of the house. He begged and pleaded with me, and although I knew he was a liar I listened to his story."

"What can Perkins have to say against me that can be especially harmful? Does he claim that I cut him out?" I asked, looking over toward Mary, smiling.

"Oh, stop your foolishness," Mary replied, blushing slightly.

"You won't be mad if I tell you?" said Mrs. Malcolm.

"Oh, why should I be mad at anything Perkins might say?"

"Well, he said that you put up a game on him. That you did it simply to discredit him in Mary's eyes—that you really stole the money and that you put it off on him."

"The cur," I exclaimed, my face flushing with anger. "So I stole the money. Well, I would like to have him face me with such a charge. How could I steal the money? I never had a chance to touch the firm's money. He

kept the key at all times and was personally responsible for it."

"Oh, I knew that, Mr. Kingsley. He was simply trying to protect himself and trying to injure you, but I could hardly help feeling sorry for the poor fool. He is a wreck of his former self; he is being severely punished for his sins."

"But I can hardly feel sorry for a man that will libel another for doing his duty. I know he feels angry because I reported him. What else could I do? I might have been blamed for his dishonesty if I had not reported him."

"You simply did your duty. You could not have done otherwise," said Mrs. Malcolm.

"Yes, and we admire you for it," added Mary, gazing at me with a kindly light in her eyes.

"Who bailed him out?" I inquired.

"Some political friend, so he said. He stated that there was no chance of convicting him, as they have no evidence against him."

"No evidence? Why, he talks like a fool. The money was turned over to him and it disappeared while in his hands."

"Well, but he claims that you can't prove that."

"There is certainly enough proof there to satisfy any judge or jury," I replied.

Perkins was the subject of conversation for a large part of the evening.

Mary was growing more attractive every day. She really gave promise of becoming a handsome woman. Though it seemed quite plain to me that she favored me, I still seemed to look upon her and treat her more like an immature girl. I hardly realized then that she had grown into womanhood before my eyes.

On the following Saturday night I was closing up my books and preparing to leave when the manager, Mr. Wicks, came into the office.

"Before you go, Mr. Kingsley, I would like to see you a moment."

I was rather surprised at the request, especially at this time. Then, too, there seemed to be a difference in his manner. It was not so sharp and brusque as was usual with him.

"I will be there in a moment," I replied.

He was sitting in his office waiting for me when I entered. His work for the day had been finished.

"Sit down, Kingsley. It seems to me that you have a knack of making enemies," he continued, as I took a chair opposite him. "Now, a man by the name of Morgan called me up on the 'phone to-day—" I was startled at this news. He noted it and paused, "and asked me if you worked here. Then he proceeded to ask me various other questions about you which I answered in your favor, as I naturally would under the circumstances. Now this man is apparently influential in a political way, and I am really seriously sorry to hear that you have incurred his enmity. How could you have done it, Kingsley?"

"Well, Mr. Wicks, it's rather a long story," I replied. "If you would like to hear it I would be pleased to relate it to you."

"I am not especially busy. I'm interested in you. The more I see of you the better I like you, and I would be glad to listen."

I proceeded to tell Mr. Wicks my experience with Morgan, and how I had attempted to protect Edith, and the fight that resulted. Mr. Wicks listened with keen interest.

"Well, I knew there must be some good reason for his enmity toward you," he said as I finished my story. "After an extended talk on the telephone he came here to see me. He especially impressed upon me the value of his political influence—the favors he could do for me, and that one of your character, who would attack a man, as he claims you attacked him, ought not to be in the employ of any respectable firm. At first he was very polite, but when he saw that I was immovable he began to threaten me. Of course, he didn't do it outright. They were what one might term 'veiled threats,' but nevertheless they were quite plain. The one object of the man was to have you discharged and disgraced. I refused outright to discharge you."

"I can hardly express my appreciation, Mr. Wicks. I have simply done my duty while here—nothing more."

"In one sense that may be true, but your work has been well done and one might say that you have done more than your duty because you have an interest in your duties that the average employee does not feel. Kingsley, I hardly know what to advise you. Now Morgan threatens to have you arrested for assault. Under ordinary circumstances I would say, go to the police station and give yourself up. But with this man's political pull, I hardly know what to say. You see, he's a much older man than you are, and he might get up a story about your attacking him—have several witnesses give false testimony, and he might succeed in sending you to jail."

"Surely I do not face the possibility of a penalty so severe?"

"Yes, you do. But you carefully think it over and whatever you do I'll protect you. If he arrests you I'll bail you out and see that you get fair play if I possibly can," said Mr. Wicks rising and extending his hand.

"I can not express my thanks too emphatically," I replied, grasping his hand firmly.

When I started toward home that night my thoughts were disquieting. With Morgan so incensed against me as to present perjured evidence, I knew that he might make a case against me that would be serious. I was in a quandary. In fact, I now realized that I might be arrested at any moment. He had found out my place of employment. It would be easy for him to learn where Mrs. Malcolm was now living, and maybe even now the officers might be waiting for me to arrive home. It was no doubt Morgan's intention to make his revenge as severe as possible, as he apparently intended first of all to have me discharged and disgraced and then arrest me for assaulting him. I have often heard it said that the wheels of justice grind slowly but surely, but it seemed to me at this particular period of my life that justice had disappeared. Perhaps the "wheels" were so loaded with various iniquities that they were incapable of moving. Anyway, there appeared to be but little justice for me anywhere. I was being attacked from all sides, and after all what was there against me? I

was trying my best to lead an honorable, useful career. To be sure, at times I may have been hasty; for instance, I might in some way have avoided quarrelling with Morgan. If I had been a cold-blooded snake or a coward I could no doubt have managed to evade it; but a red-blooded man with normal feelings could hardly have avoided the fight that he forced upon me. I began to feel as though my health was, to a certain extent, suffering. I did not seem as strong as when I first came to New York. I was a long way from being really ill. Yet I did not feel as energetic as I knew I should. No doubt this change was to be expected, for I certainly did not take care of myself as I should at that time. I had arranged to call on Edith that evening, and I found her in a very happy frame of mind. She seemed to be very well satisfied with herself and the world in general. The two Misses Werner were to visit some friends that evening and they left us as soon as the two gentlemen called who were to escort them.

"You seem so downhearted to-night, Mr. Kingsley," said Edith, as I settled myself in a luxuriously upholstered rocker at her side.

"Yes, I am somewhat. Life is so strenuous at all times. It seems especially so at the present time."

"Why, what's bothering you? You're young—have your health and almost everything you want."

"True, I'm young, but I haven't everything I want by any means. As for health, I suppose I'm as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

"What's bothering you, then?"

I gave her the details of my conversation with Mr. Wicks, plainly telling her of the threats Morgan had made.

"The old villain!" she said, as she realized the extent of his perfidy. "I had no idea he would be so persistent. I thought by now he had forgotten you. I haven't heard from him since. Evidently he doesn't forget an injury."

"If he pursues his enemies as actively as he has me, I should think it would keep him busy all the time."

"Why not take a vacation and get out of his way for a while?"

"Why, I haven't thought of such a thing. It seems cowardly to resort to such means."

"No, it's not cowardly. When there's no chance of getting fair play it's best to disappear."

"It might be worth thinking about," I replied.

We discussed the subject at considerable length, and it seemed to me that her suggestion might be adopted to advantage. Mr. Wicks could no doubt put some one in my position temporarily, and from his attitude toward me I believed he would be glad to put me back, provided I would return in a reasonable time.

I will not attempt to describe the alluring charm that Edith seemed to have for me that evening. She was in splendid spirits. Her eyes were peculiarly bright, and there was a light shining from their depths that might be described as betraying a yearning affection. She seemed to be especially happy in spite of all my troubles.

"Oh, forget all your troubles," she finally said, turning to me. Her eyes were looking into mine. Come what may, I was tired of striving against her irresistible beauty.

"You wouldn't have me forget the future and what it may bring?" I replied, in a tone in which there was a blend of seriousness.

"Oh, there are times when one can forget everything. There are times when the present is so complete, so satisfying, that it crowds out everything." Her tones were seductive. There was a caress in every word.

"Would you have me infer that such a time is now here?" gazing into her love-lit eyes.

"Why not?" was her reply.

Her mere words conveyed but little, but the tone of her voice contained a world of meaning. I could not avoid their plain intent, nor did I desire to. I moved nearer to her, and our lips met again and again in long, lingering kisses. It could not have been otherwise. It was entirely natural; it could hardly have been avoided; it would have been unnatural if it had been. I had thrown aside all doubts of her. My distrust

had disappeared. For the time, even my old love was obliterated from my thoughts. The ideal of my youth was blotted out. I reveled in the warmth of her intense affections.

Mere words are commonplace. They cannot describe human emotions. They are cold and meaningless. You can not put human joys on paper. I will not even try to describe the brief period of happiness that came into my life on that evening.

I did forget the world. I forgot everything but the present and the dreamy happiness that was brought to me. After a time we talked of the future. She promised to leave the stage. We talked of a little home we would have somewhere by ourselves. "Yes, and there will be little ones to make it bright and beautiful," I interrupted.

"Little ones? Oh, yes," she replied, flushing slightly and apparently a little surprised at my remark.

It was far in the night when I turned my steps homeward that evening. I left the house as one in a dream. I felt as one intoxicated. I could still feel the delight of her warm, red lips as I walked toward home. Remembrances of her moist breath and love-lit eyes clung to me tenaciously. I can hardly say I was myself entirely until the next day. It was well toward daylight when I fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning the realization of the seriousness of my position dawned upon me. Here I was engaged, and was I sure that I was engaged? Was I sure that I could trust my fiancée? Could she be a true wife? She had been engaged before. Other men had filled my place in her affection. Could I trust her? Ah, fidelity, thou art a jewel of priceless worth! Could I find it with her? My thoughts really tortured me. I had gone too far. I could not recede. I felt that I would have to go on to the end. I was no better than the average young man of my age. I lay no claim to a morality higher than other young men in my home town. Every young man who did not have an occasional intrigue was looked upon as a "goody-goody"; was made fun of, jeered at, gayed by one and all of the superior

beings who had dealt in the vices and dissipations that every young man is supposed to be tainted with before he becomes a real man. I am probably just as much disgusted with these principles as any of my readers might be, but I was created largely by my environments. You cannot expect a young man to be any better than those around him, unless he is of very unusual character. He secures his ideals and his principles from his associates. It is "the thing" to be immoral, to boast of your conquests among nearly all young men at the present time. You follow with the rest. No young man likes to be made fun of or considered lacking in those characteristics that go to make up all that is desirable in a man. The average young man draws a very distinct line between the girl he likes to flirt with and the girl that he might consider for a wife.

Now, all along I must admit that Edith belonged to what I would term the former class. In other words, she was not the kind of a girl that would make a good wife. My experience with her the previous evening had to a certain extent confirmed my opinion, notwithstanding my affection for her. She had granted me privileges that are liable to make a man fearful as to her being a true wife. All these thoughts crowded upon me on that Sunday morning. Oh, man is such a minute atom! His worries are such big things. They assume in his mind such monumental importance. Each one of us, for instance, usually has the idea that his troubles are many times greater than those that come to others, and at that time I was certainly of that opinion.

On the night before I was drunk with happiness. The past and the future were nothing. It was all the present. But I could not help but gaze into the future when the full realization of my position crowded itself upon me. I felt for a moment that I would like to get away from everything and everybody—even Edith herself. The remembrance of her warm kisses appeared for a moment in a fearful aspect. I thought I would visit Edith and have a plain talk with her, but after reflecting for a moment I realized that it would be useless. Her

old influence would overpower me. I would not be capable of reasoning clearly. I would forget everything as I felt the weird attraction that she possessed for me.

I remained in the house until the middle of the afternoon. I was seriously considering the difficulties before me. I felt, however, that I really must marry Edith Maxwell, and yet I was afraid. I hardly knew why. I could not give a really definite, substantial reason, but my intuition seemed to tell me to hold back. I called myself a fool again and again. I told myself that every man must take some chances. Nothing is sure—not even life itself. I definitely concluded, however, that I would leave the city for a while. I wanted rest. I badly needed a vacation. Edith had planned to visit her sister for a few days, and I concluded that it would be a good opportunity not only to get away from my enemies for a time, but to have a chance to calmly and seriously consider the situation in which I was placed. I called on Edith that afternoon, and after an affectionate greeting I told her my decision.

"I think it's a fine plan, Horace. I will be away for several days visiting my sister, and if you haven't returned by the time I'm through my visit I may be able to arrange to follow you."

That night I packed my dress-suit case, and bade Mrs. Malcolm and her daughter good-bye. I had decided to visit one of the seashore resorts located but a short distance from New York. While I was standing on the station waiting for my train I saw a familiar face. Who was he? I was puzzled for a moment; then I suddenly recognized George Benson, an old friend from home. He turned and saw me at the same time.

"Why, Horace," he said, rushing toward me, "what are you doing here?" giving me a glad-hand-shake.

"I might ask the same question, George. Can't say how glad I am to see you. How've you been?"

For a moment I forgot all my troubles at the pleasure of the meeting. We sat down and I purposely missed my train that I might continue the conversation

with him. He told me all the news of our little home village. He described the amazement of the village folk at my sudden disappearance. I, in turn, told him of my experiences since I had left home.

"And Grace Winston?" I asked, "how is she?"

There was a tremor in my voice when I uttered her name.

"Oh, Grace! Well, Horace, she's married. She married William Wardsley a little while after you left."

"So I supposed. Do they seem to be living happily together?"

"That's the worst of it. She was certainly a fine girl. Although you were a quiet sort of chap I knew you were

smitten with her. She certainly would have been better off had she married you."

"Why so? What's the trouble?"

"Oh, Horace, it was really too bad. You know Wardsley always did drink a little, and he hadn't been married a few months when he joined the ranks of the 'drunks.' I really think his wife is being tortured at the present time beyond all endurance."

I couldn't bear to hear any more. I made George promise to send me his address as soon as he was located in New York, and the thought of what "might have been" made the tears come frequently to my eyes as I journeyed toward the resort I had selected as my destination.

(To be continued)

Sport at a Young Men's Camp in Summer



AT AN OUTING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF A PROMINENT PHILADELPHIA CHURCH

TO THE EDITOR:

This picture was taken at our camp. We are young workingmen, and have an association at our church which we call "The Young Men's Association." Once a year we go camping, generally in July.

Last season we camped at Point Pleasant, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. It is about 35 miles above Trenton, on the Delaware branch of Lehigh Canal.

HERMAN S. MOORE.

772 N. Taney St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Secret of Human Power

THE SOURCE OF ALL HUMAN ENERGY—THE FORCE WHICH IMBUES
THE BRAIN AND MUSCLES WITH LIFE, AND WHICH FURNISHES
THE REQUIRED ENERGY FOR ALL THE VITAL ORGANS

By Bernarr Macfadden

ARTICLE II

This is the second article of a series that reveals the source of all human energy, and also plainly and emphatically points out the means whereby this source can be stimulated. Every organ of the body by this means can be made more vigorous and the muscles, nerves and brain be increased in strength to an astounding degree.

ENERGY STORED IN FOOD

IN searching for the source of all human energy, we might say that first of all it is stored up by the sun in the food that we eat, or has been extracted from the earth through the influence of the sun. Bodily energy, therefore, first of all comes from the food that we eat. That represents the fuel that furnishes indirectly the energy that keeps the human machine going.

THE BLOOD-MAKING PROCESS

The food passes into your stomach, and there the blood-making process begins. Those particular elements in the food that you eat, which are needed by the organism to replace the wasted tissues, are taken up and absorbed by a circulatory system created for that particular purpose. The process of absorbing the nourishing elements of food really begins to a very slight degree in the mouth, and this process is continued throughout almost the entire alimentary canal. It practically begins in the stomach, being continued to a further extent in what are termed the small intestines.

Now, as the nourishing elements that are finally to be converted into blood are absorbed from the food by the stomach and small intestines, this life-giving fluid thus formed is conveyed by various small tubes into a larger tube. These tubes constitute what is called the portal circulation. The larger tube enters the large vein which carries the impure blood to the heart. The heart then pumps this

impure blood, together with that which has been brought to it by the portal circulation, into the lungs, where the blood is oxygenated and returned to the heart, after which it is sent throughout the entire body by way of the arteries.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD BLOOD

Now, all human force comes from the blood. It is absorbed from this vital fluid. When this fact is fully recognized, can anyone for a moment doubt the vast importance of the quality of the blood? When one's blood is rich in those elements needed to create energy, it is naturally supposed that one will be more energetic. In other words, that one will be healthier and stronger than if this blood were of inferior quality and contaminated by various impurities.

THE BODY AN ELECTRICAL MACHINE

The body is really an electrical machine. The life and strength that it possesses are unquestionably electrical in nature. The impulse that comes to any part of the body, which is the cause of activity in that particular part, comes from the brain, through the nerves, and is transmitted by electricity. This is readily proven by an experiment that has often been made. You can cut the nerve that supplies stimulus to any muscle of the body, and then apply electricity to the muscle, and the muscle will contract or shorten, in the same manner that it does when it receives its stimulus from the human brain. In fact, electricity has



A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF MUSCULAR POWER

been applied to the muscular tissue of animals that have been dead for some time and the muscles have, to a certain extent, manifested action similar to that which they would while alive.

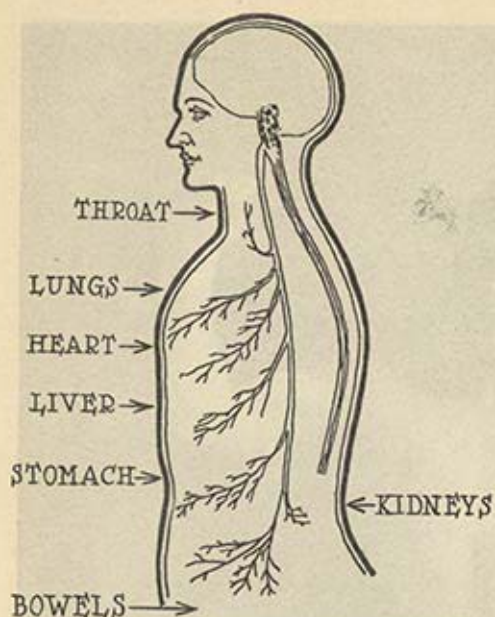
FROM WHENCE COMES THE POWER?

Now, if the body is an electrical machine, how and from whence does it secure its electricity? We have already traced the source of human energy from the food to the blood, and have traced the blood as far as the heart, where it has been distributed throughout the entire body. Now, this blood, when in the right condition, contains the nutriment needed to build up human energy. It contains those particular elements that replace all the worn-out cells with new, live cells. It contains those elements that are needed to supply the body with the electrical energy required.

Mr. W. N. Kerr, of Dublin, Ireland, a vegetarian, non-smoker, and teetotaler. Takes most of his exercise with heavy dumb-bells. Takes a cold bath daily the year round. Is physical culture instructor at the International Wrestling and Weight-Lifting Club of Dublin, and is also actively interested in wrestling, swimming, boxing and other exercises.

NERVES ABSORB ELECTRICAL ENERGY

Every minute nerve throughout the entire body is a part of the complicated electrical outfit that performs such an important purpose in all human life. Even the smallest nerve assists in the work of absorbing electrical energy from the blood as it circulates throughout the entire body. Just as the materials which form new blood are absorbed from the food as it passes through the alimentary canal, so electricity is absorbed from the blood by every nerve through the entire body, as the vital fluid



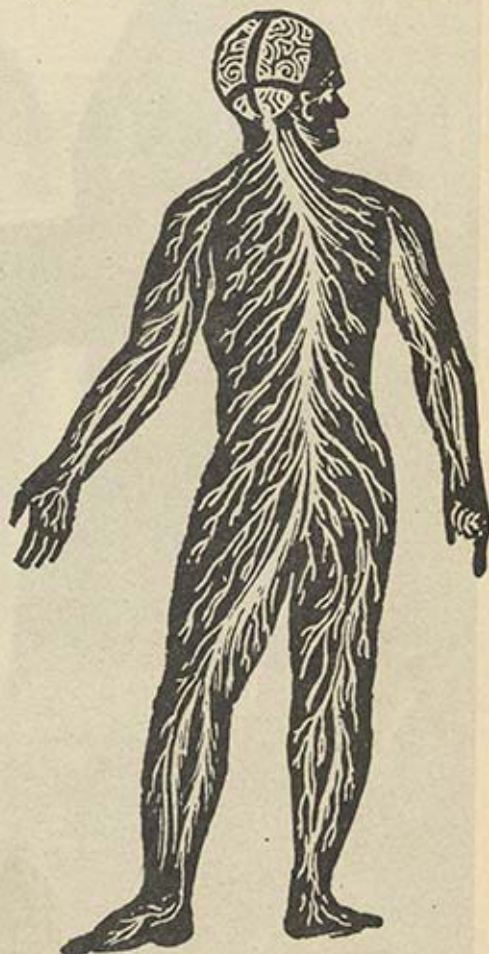
HOW THE VITAL ORGANS ARE CONNECTED AND CONTROLLED BY THE NERVES

circulates into even the most minute part of the entire physical organism. As this electricity is being absorbed by the nerves, it is transmitted to what I would term the nerve centers—that is, the brain and the spinal column. Here we have a storehouse for electricity. This electricity is constantly being gathered up or absorbed by the nerves, in every part of the tissues.

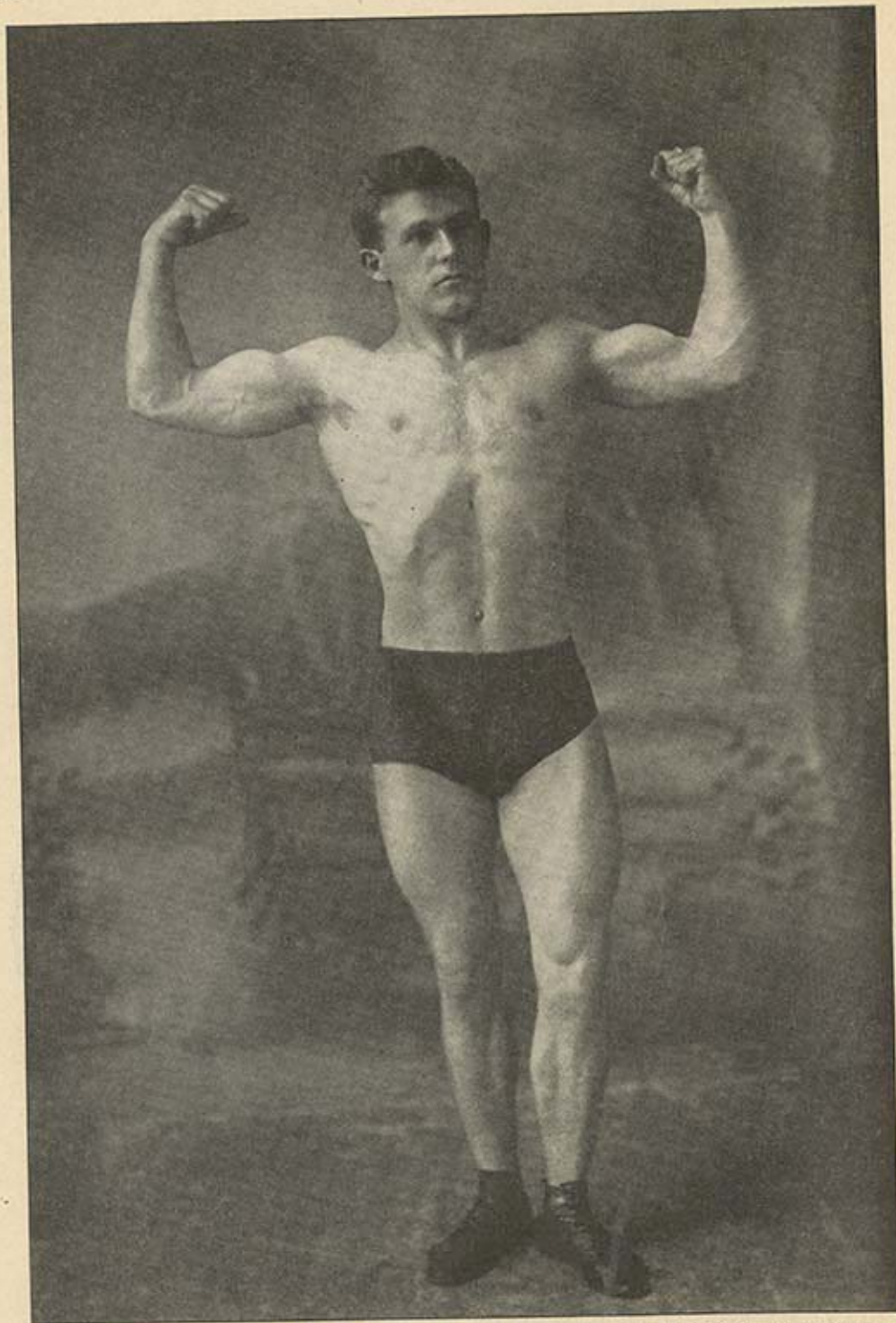
ELECTRICITY STORED DURING SLEEP

Electricity is unquestionably being stored, to a slight degree, during our waking hours, but while we are asleep, when there is but little energy required by the voluntary powers of the body, occurs the period when the electrical force is absorbed to the greatest degree. Then it is that one's life is renewed. The body is tired, you say. It needs rest. What does it indicate? Simply that much of the electrical energy has been consumed. You need a new supply. You require sleep. The activities required by the mind and the external voluntary muscular system must cease until the nerves throughout the entire body are given an opportunity to store up more electrical energy. We need rest, then, simply to add to the electricity of the body; simply to store up more strength in the

form of electricity. We may furnish any quantity of nourishment, but if one's energy is being used up faster than the nerves can absorb the electricity that supplies the energy, then these activities must cease and the nerves be given an opportunity through sleep to add more electrical energy. This very clearly shows why overwork of any kind has such a serious effect upon the body. Nearly all the electrical energy has been used up and we feel weak. Under such circumstances, every organ of the body is weakened to a corresponding degree, because if electrical force be lacking, the activities of all the internal organs are seriously affected. They cannot properly perform their duties and the entire



SHOWING HOW THE NERVES CONVERGE IN THE SPINAL COLUMN WHERE THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY IS STORED AND THENCE DISTRIBUTED



SPLENDID DEVELOPMENT OF MR. RUDOLF MAWRITZEN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
WHO IS ENTERED IN OUR PRIZE COMPETITION

human machine becomes a defective apparatus from every standpoint.

ELECTRICAL ENERGY REQUIRED BY INTERNAL ORGANS

Now, the same electrical energy that enables you to lift a weight, to perform a mental problem, is also required by the internal organs in carrying on the functional processes that are so necessary to life and health. You can, therefore, readily realize the vast importance of being supplied at all times with a liberal amount of this electrical force. It would be really almost impossible to store up too much electrical force. The spinal column and the brain might really be termed an electrical storage battery. They have "on tap" that particular force which is required in running the human machine.

ELECTRICITY A MYSTERY

Nobody knows anything really definite about electricity. Nobody has ever seen it, except as manifested in the electric light, or the lightning, or as it is exhibited in the force that it is capable of creating. It is the great Unseen Power, though we know little about it. We know something of the force of the energy that it can create, and in the mechanical world scientists have learned how to make electricity. They have learned how to store this mysterious power. They have "harnessed" it and are using it everywhere with vast benefit to mankind; but little, however, is known of what might be termed "human electricity." We often hear the term human magnetism, and there must unquestionably be a close relationship between what we term human magnetism and human electricity. They are probably one and the same thing, because in nearly all instances one who possesses a large amount of human magnetism is strong and well built, and this indicates beyond all possible doubt the possession of a large amount of energy, which cannot be acquired unless the storehouse of human force—the nerve centers—is richly supplied with electricity.

NERVE CENTERS STOREHOUSE FOR ELECTRICAL ENERGY

During sleep one's powers are re-

newed. The electrical battery has been recharged. The nerve centers which comprise the human storehouse for electricity absorb during this period the strength, in the form of electricity, that is required to run the human machine.

The direct source of human energy, therefore, is the nervous system. The actual impulse that enables one to perform any action by means of the voluntary muscles of the body comes from the brain, and the energy required to perform that impulse is also supplied largely by the electrical force that has been previously stored in the nerve centers, represented by the brain and the spinal column.

MUSCLES DO NOT SUPPLY POWER

To illustrate the idea more thoroughly, I would say that the muscles themselves do not supply the power. They are simply the means used to which the power is applied. It may be possible that a small amount of electrical energy is created by the muscle itself during its activities, but the actual power is transmitted in electrical energy from the nervous system. To make the theory still more plain: If you were to fire a gun, the mere pulling of the trigger does not create the energy that sends the bullet on its way. It is the powder, the energy which is liberated as soon as it comes in contact with a spark of fire. The muscles could not be compared to the powder, for they do not furnish the force. They might more accurately be compared to a machine to which power is applied. For instance, you apply power to a printing press and it performs the particular work for which it was constructed. Now, you apply electrical power to the human body through the nerves and it begins to manifest life. It is the machine, as it were, through which the electricity works, just as the printing press is a machine that is capable of doing certain things when power is applied to it.

BODY CREATES ITS OWN ELECTRICITY

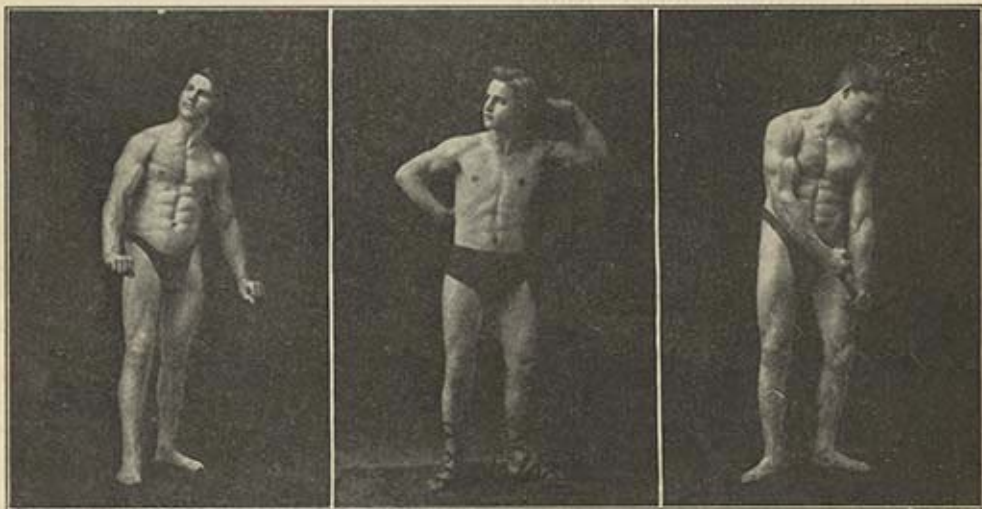
Of course power is supplied to the body in an entirely different manner. It creates its own electrical energy. It absorbs its own power from the blood.

Now, admitting that the body is an

electrical machine (and no student of science could possibly dispute this statement), how are we to add to its electrical energies? That is a momentous question. That is a problem of vast importance. Could ordinary electricity be applied to the body and thus add to its working power? Unquestionably it cannot be so applied. The electricity needed to run the human machine is of a different character; at least, the experiments that have been made at various times with electrical treatments would incline one to believe this to be true. If the human body could absorb electricity just as does a storage battery, there

to be electrical in nature. We have already shown that it is stored in the nerve centers. Now we come to the question: How can this source of human energy be stimulated? How can the nerves be stimulated to absorb an increased amount of electricity? How can the nerve centers be stimulated that they may be made to give out more freely the electrical energy that may have already been absorbed?

These very important questions will be answered in the next and succeeding issues. If my readers will follow the suggestions that will be made, with a view of adding to their own energies, in the



STURDY EXAMPLES OF PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

Mr. Ralph T. Lewis, of East Boston, Mass., on the Left and Right Sides, and Mr. Albert E. Bogdon, of U. S. S. Milwaukee, Pacific Squadron, San Francisco, Cal., in the Center. Both are Entered in Our Prize Competition

would be no need for sleep. One's requirements in the way of food would be very greatly lessened, for undoubtedly the electrical energy required by the body must use up a very large amount of the nourishing elements supplied by the blood which is absorbed from the food we eat.

VALUABLE INFORMATION PRESENTED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

In the next issue we will come to what will perhaps be the most interesting part of this series of articles. We have already shown the source of human energy

issues that are to follow, they will be amazed at the increase in their strength from a muscular standpoint, and they will find at the same time that there will be a corresponding increase in the nervous force that can be used to increase the efficiency of the brain worker. In fact, it might be added that the increase in nervous force that can be brought about through the means that will be directly advocated in succeeding issues will so increase the mental energies that one can not only do far better mental work, but can do a great deal more of it.

(To be continued)

Living the Radiant Life

Written Especially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

By George Wharton James

Author of "What the White Race May Learn From the Indian," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "In and Out of the Old Missions," "The Story of Scraggles," "Indian Basketry," "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," Etc.

(Continued from May Issue)

CHAPTER V

RADIANCES OF FEAR

FEAR is the greatest enemy of mankind. It is the creator of evil, for many people sin through fear. It is the maker of cowards and moral weaklings, the foe of all progress, the barrier to advancement, physical, mental, spiritual. He who is afraid dares not, and he who dares not, knows not, feels not, enjoys not. The fearful do not live; they merely exist, in bondage to a terror that leaves them neither night nor day. They know none of the delights of achievement, for they are afraid to dare. Fear throttles endeavor, stifles hope, murders aspiration. It is a hydra-headed monster of protean forms. It is a liar and a coward, a beguiler and a thief, a sneak and a poltroon, a slanderer and a cur. It comes in a thousand guises—sometimes as caution, then as tact, again as consideration for others, but ever and always as a deceiver and a destroyer.

If there is one thing above another that I wish I had learned in earliest youth, and I wish I had known enough to teach my children in their earliest days, it is perfect fearlessness. The only thing I fear to-day is fear. To go through life afraid of this and that and the other, is to take away all joy, all spontaneity, all freedom, all aspiration, all endeavor.

I used to believe and teach that I should "fear God." But the word "fear" as here used is not the abject, groveling, contemptible feeling that so many people imagine it to be. God has

made us in His own image. He wishes us to stand upright, and greet Him as filial beings should, proud and glad to come to Him as "Our Father."

Fear makes us whine and whimper before God, and go to Him in the same spirit of dread that leads the Indian to feel he must always be propitiating the powers that be. If he does not pray and sing and dance and smoke the good powers will be offended, and will injure him, and the evil powers will be made more evil and do him more harm than they otherwise would. Hence month in and month out, because of fear, he seeks by his dances, and smokings, and songs and prayers to protect himself from evil by soothing their possible anger and quieting their fury against him.

There is much of this same spirit to our old-time theology, and our present-day life. We are afraid of God. God doesn't want us to be afraid. Every man should therefore stand upright, afraid of neither God, man nor devil. God is no tyrant to be turned from His purposes by sycophantic worship, or by "much speaking" and importunity. He is a reasonable God, a loving God, a just God, a merciful God, and abject fear will never change His plans as to His treatment of any human being.

As to being afraid of men, why should one man ever be afraid of another? Let us stand upright as men—one man just as good as another—if he is as good, and if he isn't as good, knowing that all the potentialities of godhead are with-

in his own soul. We are gods, says Browning (and I believe him), though but as yet in the germ. Let us fearlessly develop the germ, or give it opportunity for development.

And as to being afraid of the devil, I have long since learned that the proper way to deal with what I suppose to be him—or his henchmen—is simply to straighten up my back, look him squarely in the eye and definitely and positively bid him "Go to hell!" Even the most modest and refined of preachers, whether of the new or old type, will agree that that is the only place for the devil and his myrmidons.

I would have my children, myself and the world afraid of nothing but of evil—and by evil I mean those sins that I myself know are evil—selfishness, pride, uncleanness, as well as the sins of the decalogue. But even here I would not let it be a fear that dreads falling into these sins. I would not anticipate or expect anything of the kind. Hence, in one sense I would not have them afraid of evil. Resist evil and it will flee from you. Harbor it not, do not dread it, but resolve to slay it by its opposite good. The evil is null if you live its opposite. There is no need for an unselfish man to fear selfishness. A man who gives freely never need fear that he will become a miser.

Yet people go through life afraid, and teach their children to be afraid, and thus lose nine-tenths of the love and joy and power and blessing of life.

Fear holds a large and powerful grip upon the human race. Scarce one woman in a thousand of the so-called civilized portion, but is afraid of child-birth—a perfectly natural process that should be attended with all the Angels of Love and Joy and Welcome, instead of the horrible Demons of Fear. From the time of birth until its body falls into the grave the newborn child is taught fear. We pay preachers, teachers, lawyers and doctors, and much of their work consists of fostering our fears. I have a picture before my mind's eye now of one of the noblest and best women that ever lived. Her whole life was a self-sacrifice, an unselfish devotion to others, yet, such was the theology that had been

taught to her that she was constantly in dread lest she had done wrong, she was ever sitting on the stool of repentance, and life was a gloomy, somber, awful, thing to her, because of her "dread of an angry God."

Thousands of people fear death because they have been taught that when they die they will "go to hell" for sins done on earth.

A mother was telling me only a few days ago of the perfect fearlessness of her boy until (when about six years of age) he went to a Sunday school, where he learned of the devil and hell and God's method of punishing sin. That night he dared not go to bed without a light and woke up several times crying that he was afraid of sinking into hell.

Whatever preachers may feel it to be their duty to preach of hell and God's anger to grown men and women I deem it monstrously cruel to put such fears into the plastic and trustful souls of the young.

Teachers, lawyers and doctors are as bad as the preachers. One is worse than the other. We must avoid "night air," and draughts, and getting our feet wet, and not eating enough, and eating too much. We must not eat this and that, and not do that or the other. Fear is instilled into our minds all along the pathway of life until if we are not healthy enough to throw them away and live our own fearless life, we are weighted down by the burden of our needless and senseless fears. All quack doctors work on the foolish and ignorant fears of the people, or their nostrums would never sell enough to pay a thousandth part of what their advertising costs. Fear is the club these scoundrels use to beat the ignorant into paying tribute to them.

I do not believe in these fears—to me they are all bad, and nothing but bad. I would banish every one of them from the human heart.

But, says an objector, you surely would not let your child go and handle a deadly rattlesnake, or send your growing and innocent girl into the company of expert roués, or wilfully sleep in a miasmatic atmosphere, or inhale the poisonous gases of a badly cared-for

plumbing system? Of course not. But neither would I be afraid of them. There is all the difference in the world between *knowledge of danger* and *fear* of that danger. Let a child be taught definitely and positively the danger of handling a rattlesnake, but do not fill his soul with fear of it; impress forcefully and strongly the wisdom of avoiding evil company upon your daughter, but teach her to be absolutely fearless in the presence of the debauchee; study to the full how to avoid all miasma and deadly plumbing, but be fearless about them. Fear is the product of ignorance; fearlessness of knowledge. If my child knows all the harm a rattlesnake can do, and all the power it possesses, he can avoid it as easily as not. Therefore why should he be afraid? The feminine fears of mice, rats, spiders and snakes are absurd and foolish, and are evidences either of crass ignorance, or of a developed hereditary tendency to fear. In the former case the fearful one should be shamed into removing her fear, in the latter she should resolutely set her will to work to overcome it, in which all her friends should sympathetically aid her.

Fear has ever been the foe of progress. Every advance step in all life has been taken by him only who had throttled his fears. Fire was conquered for the human race by the man who dared brave the strange and weird flames that grew and then disappeared. Prometheus—the fearless—is the type of all who have helped the race to progress. It is the same in every field of endeavor, on every plane of thought. Galileo, Newton, Savonarola, the barons of King John's time, Cromwell, Luther, Bacon, Captain Cook, Washington, Lincoln are but a few of the thousands of names of men who have dared, who have bid their fears depart, and in so doing have advanced the human race.

Joaquin Miller in his grand poem "Columbus" clearly shows what would have become of him and the discovery of the new world had he let the fears of the mate and his sailors affect him. Read it carefully with this thought in view. Indeed it is well worth memorizing as a standing lesson against fear.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admir'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admir'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, bra' Admir'l; speak and say——"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admir'l, say but one good word:
What shall be do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness, Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Sydney Smith once well said: "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves men who have remained obscure because of timidity. The fact is that, in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and danger; but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward. But at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his father, brother, cousin, friends, till

one fine day he finds he is sixty-five years of age. There is so little time for our squeamishness that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity of a little violence done to the feelings and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

In the mental world how fearful people often are of breaking away from old ideas. Only the other day a friend wrote me that he had been to a funeral, conducted by an orthodox clergyman. He said: "I imagine his is a very orthodox denomination, if he is a fair sample of what they believe. Glimmerings of a soul that hungers for larger things than its creed allowed was evident in his talk, however. Is it not pitiful, and more, is it not tragical, how people allow their soul-instincts and natural outreachings to be killed, or hampered, or stilled by what their befuddled brains, or the brains of others have decided is proper, or accepted as proper, to believe?"

I can remember when good Methodists and Congregationalists were "kicked out of the church" for daring to hope that all men would ultimately be saved, and I have heard preachers and doctors fulminating against Christian Science and everything else that did not conform exactly to what they believed, and seeking to work upon the fears of their con-

gregations to prevent any investigation. This kind of fear is unworthy the human soul. Be in a daring, a receptive, an investigative state of mind. I would radiate a readiness and willingness to listen to anything that has proven, or seems to have proven, a truth to another. I want to welcome truth from wherever it comes, whether popular or unpopular, wanted or unwanted. I would broaden my horizon, heighten my aspirations and deepen my conceptions of truth and be glad to receive from any source. I well remember John Ruskin saying to me: "Never read that book or listen to that sermon which you know beforehand you will agree with. By so doing you deepen the ruts of your own mentality." I want no mental or spiritual ruts. Good roads are never "rutted." I wish to be a broad, wide, well-paved, solid road, over which all truth may run, welcome, free, untaxed, life-giving.

In his "Memory and Rime," Joaquin Miller in speaking of poets refers to them as "these men who have room and strength and the divine audacity to think for themselves."

There you have it—the spirit I would radiate. Divine audacity. I like that linking of the two words, divine and audacity. Hirelings shrink, are afraid; kings, Gods, men, dare.

(To be continued)

A Summer Camp at Rideau Lakes, Ontario

The photo appearing herewith was taken at a summer camp in the beautiful Rideau Lakes, Ontario, Canada. These lakes are said to form a chain of waterways which, from the standpoint of the nature-lover, are not excelled throughout that section of the country. They are located near Portland, Ontario.

The picture we publish was taken by an enthusiastic physical culturist, Mr. James L. Smith, who is shown reclining at the right side of the photo. Mr. H. E. Smith, his brother, appears to his left.



History, Progress and Standing of the Prohibition Movement

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT TO
THE CHILD—ALCOHOLISM AND HEREDITY

By Mary E. Teats



BLACKSTONE defines law to be: "The rule of human conduct and action." "A rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." "The purpose of law is to fortify and maintain public morality, and not to create and invent it."—(Science of Jurisprudence.) "No Legislature can bargain away the public health, or the public morals; the people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants."—(Supreme Court of the United States.) "Not even by a unanimous popular vote can that which is morally wrong be made legally right."—(Edmund Burke.) "These are the eternal immutable laws of good and evil."—(Blackstone.)

The legislative bodies, whether local, State or national, must transcribe the above principles into human enactments, to protect and safeguard the home, the child, the State and nation, for "governments are instituted" to secure to them their right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and safeguard the three main pillars of the State, "morality, religion and education; and whatever interferes with these is forbidden and condemned by civil government." Blackstone says: "The immutable law of right, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God Himself, is superior in obligation to any other," and that "no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this." Moral and civil laws declare that "even if the Legislature does attempt to give sanction to and confer its authority upon any enterprise (the saloon business, for instance), which is immoral in its

nature, or which results in immorality, then, the Governor and the judge have each an oath registered in Heaven to declare such legislation void."

These statements ought to settle for all time to come the question as to the legal or moral right of any government to license the deadly curse of strong drink, which is productive of more immorality and degeneracy than, perhaps, all other agencies combined. The same spirit inheres in the "preamble" of the Constitution of the United States (and the Constitution itself), as follows: "In order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessing of liberty for ourselves and our posterity." For this the Constitution of the United States was framed. How absolutely the present policy of the United States, in licensing the liquor traffic, nullifies and assassinates every principle of "union," "justice," and, especially, "domestic tranquility," and the protection of "posterity" involved in that "preamble."

Every American citizen outside the insane or imbecile asylums knows full well that the liquor traffic produces and nourishes every form of crime, debauchery and degeneracy known to the subtle brain of his Satanic Majesty. And still our Government goes on fostering, for the paltry revenue of the blood money, this soul-destroying, hell-populating business! The United States Government is in the drunkard-making business; and has the first claim on every gallon of distilled and brewed alcoholic liquor. The Government receives \$2.10 for each gallon of alcohol, and \$1.00 on each barrel of beer. If the distiller fails to pay this

amount, the Government can collect from his bondsmen, or take possession of his distillery and sell to meet its claims! Officers are placed in the distillery to see that the Government is not defrauded of its share of the receipts of the business. The Government agent has the custody of the keys of the liquor storehouse, and the distiller himself cannot enter the building unless the agent is present. These agents remain in the distillery day and night to watch the process of distillation and the storing of the liquor barrels. The "gauger" measures by gallons the distilled spirits, making a daily report to the United States Government. The liquor is bottled, corked, sealed, cased and shipped under Governmental supervision. The rectifier of spirits must pay the Government \$2.00, which amount he speedily obtains from the public through the adulteration of the distilled spirits bought from the distiller and placed directly on the market to "steal away men's brains" and curse children into existence. The brewer must pay the Government \$100 a year before he can sell beer to his customers. The wholesale liquor dealer must pay the Government \$100 a year for the privilege of selling distilled liquors, and \$50.00 a year for malt liquors. The saloon keeper must pay the Government \$25.00 a year before a single glass of liquor can be lawfully sold.

No fair-minded person would, in view of the foregoing, presume to deny that the Government of the United States is the first financially and morally responsible party in the drunkard-making business in the United States and wherever the stars and stripes float.

The Grand Old Man, Mr. Gladstone, said: "It is the duty of governments to make it as easy as possible for everybody to do right, and as hard as possible for anybody to do wrong." The immortal Lincoln said: "Legalizing the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors is wrong, as all history and every development of the traffic proves it to be a moral, social and political wrong. Law is for the protection, conservation and extension of right things, of right conduct, not for the protection of evil and wrong-doing!" He

also stated that "wrong conditions could not be bettered by throwing around any evil the shield and protection of law, and never by any attempt to license the evil."

President Roosevelt, in the discussion of the best methods of doing away with the immoral conditions in the Philippines, said (through Secretary of War Root): "The only really efficient way in which to control the diseases due to immorality is to diminish conditions which are the cause of these diseases. Excessive indulgence in strong drink is absolutely certain to ruin any man physically and morally." It would seem, from the President's point of view, that the danger to the "moral" and "physical" well-being of the drinker consists in "excessive indulgence in strong drink." I am reminded of the little boy doing his examples in fractions. His father came home, and as the wife met and kissed him she said: "Why, Frank, you have been drinking something." He answered: "Oh, Mary, I just drank one glass of beer; it would take a dozen glasses to make me drunk." The little boy worked that problem out on his slate as follows: "Papa has drank one glass of beer, and it takes twelve glasses of beer to make papa drunk. Therefore, if it takes twelve glasses of beer to make papa drunk, and he has drank one glass of beer, papa is one-twelfth drunk!" The child was doubtless scientifically as well as mathematically correct. Our brave President could not put in his time to better advantage than to study the scientific, ethical, economic and hereditary phases of the liquor traffic, and then embody the facts derived from such researches in a message to Congress, and, as far as his jurisdiction goes, deal the liquor traffic a political death-blow! Why doesn't he do it? The Bible, which he claims to reverence and love, says: "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is a sin!"

Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., one of the most reliable authorities on "alcoholism and degeneracy," says: "Recent pathologic studies have cleared away much of the obscurity concerning the action of alcohol on the organism. We know now that alcohol, even in small

quantities, has a peculiar corroding action, both on cells and tissues, impairing their powers of growth and repair, and diminishing their functional activity. The nutriment which would naturally be used to repair cells and tissues is diverted, changed, and becomes waste product. Alcohol in the blood diminishes the oxygen-carrying property, destroying the hæmoglobin and is followed by a state of starvation. The waste products are retained and become sources for the growth of pathogenic germs. The pathogenic condition is clearly that of starvation and irritation, which rapidly merges into inflammation and exhaustion." "The common theory that spirits increase or aid digestion has no support in modern research." "Literally such persons (using liquors at meals) soon begin to drink at other times, and other occasions, and to excess." "No form of alcohol is safe." Physical culturists are rapidly learning the truth of this statement. "Recent study of alcoholic cases shows that over 70 per cent. are directly inherited."

"In the light of scientific research, the tides of dissolution and degeneration, with frightful mortality and disease which spring from this source, are only explainable from a study of the laws of dissolution."

"The observation of every physician presents many examples of revolution, changes, mortalities, diseases and degeneration, and many of these conditions are transmitted into the next generation, or can be traced from the generation past, and all are traceable to the use of spirits as a beverage." "This indicates a mortality far greater than that of tuberculosis, yellow fever, or any of the well-known epidemic diseases." "If we put aside all theories, and take up the alcoholic problem as a mass of facts that are apparent everywhere, one is astonished that medical men should not be teachers in this field." "The saloon has no claim for recognition as a business. It is simply a parasite, thriving on the decay and degeneration of the community. It should be classed with foul sewers, dangerous waters, and unsanitary, death-dealing forces."

In the light of the foregoing, in en-

deavoring to give the basic moral laws as given by Blackstone and others, upon which governments are and should be established; the highest court decisions obtainable; the opinions of the noblest Presidents and statesmen known to history; the voice of science from exhaustless scientific research; all with one accord standing diametrically opposed to the drink evil and the licensed liquor traffic—I ask, in the light of this indomitable moral, legal, and scientific force, what ought to be the attitude of the United States Government toward this blighting soul and body-destroying curse?

Heredity, according to the definition given in the Standard Dictionary, is "the transmission of physical or mental peculiarities, qualities, diseases, etc., from parents to offspring and the tendency manifested by an organism to develop in the likeness of a progenitor"; in other words, that "like begets like." A drunken, besotted parentage begets degenerate children, and especially is this true also of the man who is a steady though moderate drinker, for his system, unlike that of the periodical drinker, is seldom free from alcoholic taint!

The United States Government certainly stands, in the sight of God, as first criminal in propagating and perpetuating this wholesale robbing of the children of these United States of anything like a fair chance to become respected and useful citizens. Who compose the Government? Those who have the right of franchise. Hence, the voters, Christian and non-Christian, are responsible for not only robbing the child of its birthright, but they are also guilty before God of cursing millions of children into existence that might far better never have been born! Is this the proper attitude of the Government toward the child? Is this "making it hard" for the child to grow to manhood, a worthy citizen, an honored father and home-maker? Or is it not rather making it next to an utter impossibility for the child to be anything but a disgrace and a menace to society, doomed to miserable existence and an addition to Mr. Roosevelt's list of "bad citizens"? And yet, in the face of all this array of evil re-

sults, Mr. Roosevelt and millions of other good men are constantly voting for the parties whose policy is, through licensing the liquor traffic, producing, nourishing and continuing this tidal wave of human degeneracy!

It is frequently stated that there is no such thing as an honest saloon keeper. I found one who was at least truthful in issuing the following advertisement:

Friends and Neighbors—I am grateful for past favors, and having supplied my store with a fine line of choice wines and liquors, allow me to inform you that I shall continue to make drunkards, paupers and beggars for the sober and industrious to support. My liquors will excite riot, robbery and bloodshed. They will diminish your comforts, increase your taxes, and shorten life, multiply fatal accidents and incurable diseases.

They will deprive some of liberty, others of reason, many of character, and *all of peace!* They will make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all poor. I will train your sons in infidelity [Think of that, Christian voter!], dissipation, lewdness and vice. I will corrupt the ministers, obstruct the gospel, defile the Church. Thus I will accommodate the public. It may be at the loss of my never-dying soul; but I have paid for my license [to the government]. I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," and "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." I do not expect the drunkard-maker [And shall we say the license voter?] to fare any better.

As my business flourishes in proportion to your sensuality, I will do my best to prevent moral purity. Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawnshop, the poorhouse, the police courts, the penitentiaries and the gallows, where you will find my best customers have gone! A sight of them will convince you that I do what I say. Allow me to inform you that you are fools, and I am an honest saloon keeper!

Again, I ask, *who* is responsible for this blood-curdling, yet truthful statement (and half is not told) of this self-styled "honest saloon keeper"?

American womanhood has neither right nor voice in making the laws under which she is to live, and has to obey! But I wish I could ring the fact into the hearts and consciences of American manhood, that when motherhood has stepped into the jaws of Death to give to this country her citizenship, she has a right to demand protection for her children at the hands of the United States Government from that fell destroyer, King Alcohol. God is not dead! I have felt

sometimes that He would not condemn the mothers of our rum-cursed country if they would refuse to take upon themselves the great and grave responsibility of motherhood until the Government changes its policy of destroying our loved ones, body and soul, to a policy that shall safeguard our children. Thousands of mothers would not so dread the responsibilities of bringing children into the world if they felt they could have the hearty co-operation of local, State and national Governments in not placing the deadly temptation of the saloon in their children's pathway. This is the sacred duty of the Government to the child. Soon the political parties will meet in National Convention. The Prohibition party is the only one that sounds the note of "home protection" from the saloon, and stands steadfast and immovable for the destruction, root and branch, of the licensed saloon.

And what will the Republicans and Democrats be doing? Let the "poet" of the *Chicago Record-Herald* talk:

Soon the delegates will gather, from the North, South, East and West;

They will pass with flying colors and many a swelling chest.

There will be a great commotion, which will spread through all the land;

Every moment will be noisy through the tooting of some band,

And they'll haggle over platform, and pretend to be concerned,

Just as if they thought the people never saw, and never learned.

They will saw the air and thunder, they will tear their hair and roar,

And go through the same old motions they have gone through heretofore;

There will be the tall-browed statesman ripping eloquence to shreds,

As they tread the platform waving dear "Old Glory" round their heads,

And the "policies" and "doctrines" that dead ranters whooped about

Will be furnished up and dusted and serenely trotted out.

They will point with pride and also they will view with much alarm;

They will promise all that's lovely to the man upon the farm;

They will scold the trusts and railroads, and denounce the Standard Oil,

And they'll shed tears for the patient horny-handed sons of toil!

All the platitudes that ever have been passed
around by men

Will be hunted up and polished, and be made
to serve again.

They'll indulge in much palaver, and exhibit
great distress

Over planks they have so fashioned, as to
make them meaningless.

There will be the same old "keynote," and the
same old "clarion calls,"

And the same old "words of warning," that
they don't believe at all.

They will build their platform, using plans
their fathers used before,

And the people being foolish, will have faith
in them once more!

The question of "faith" is, we feel, a
mistake, for millions have lost faith in
both the Democratic and Republican par-
ties ever delivering our country from
the bondage of King Alcohol!

Camping Out

TO THE EDITOR:

I am sending you a photo of my summer-
house, which has an elevation of about 600
feet. It faces south, and most of the air
which reaches it comes over Dartmoor.

The house is about 7 feet long by 5 feet
wide by 7 feet high, and is roofed with Rub-
beroid." The front opens in the manner
shown in photo, but during inclement weather
I usually shut the front up and open a window
on the farther side. There are also two ven-

and really experiencing what good health is,
while in the winter, with the air clear, sharp,
and frosty, and with the sun brightly shining,
it makes one feel that after all, life is well
worth the living. What might be a pleasant
feeling is marred when one remembers how
the majority of human beings are cooped up
in small houses, situated in narrow courts,
into which fresh air, to say nothing of sun-
shine, never enters. I do not think that any-
one can be happy who does not wish to see
these things remedied; in fact, the largest



SUMMER HOUSE



ONE OF THE VIEWS FROM THE SUMMER HOUSE

tilators in the back, so that the air inside is
always fresh. It is my study and it is really
surprising what a remarkably stimulating ef-
fect the fresh air has on the memory. Of
course, there are no domestic noises to divert
the attention. I try to go out at least once
a day, because the exercise makes me feel
fresh and vigorous. In fact my friends tell
me that it is only since I have indulged in
these visits that I have been a credit to the
physical culture movement.

In summer it is nice to sit out in the open,
with the sun's warm rays tanning the skin,

portion of human beings live the life of brutes
and we ought not to cease working until
others have the freedom, the opportunities,
the right to life, nature and education which
we ourselves enjoy or desire.

I must say that I am in entire agreement
with the Editor in his remarks on the neces-
sity for pure air, but under the present indus-
trial system of production for profit (not for
use), the long hours, and unhealthy condi-
tions generally prevalent, it is impossible for
the people to be happy or have perfect health.

Exeter, England.

H. C. P.



My Confidential Letters to Men

These letters are written in reply to communications received here, though of course they are selected with a view of giving advice of a personal and confidential nature on subjects of vital interest. I especially desire to deal with subjects that assume grave importance when a young man comes in contact with problems appertaining to love, marriage and divorce.—Bernarr Macfadden.

Q. Two clean-minded, high-idealized people (the man married in name only), working side by side in the same office; knowing each other long and intimately and finding much in the other that each lacks individually; strong passionate, high strung, finely keyed, each longing for the other, yet having principle enough to keep them upright; the man suffering much from strong passions that refuse to be quieted and which his marriage but aggravates; the woman loving and hoping that time may lessen and bring relief, yet firmly keeping her faith in a higher power and holding her purity and the confidence and faith of the man to an unusual degree. Is there not some way to bring relief to the man even with strong drugs, or must people suffer until age lessens and relieves? Is it not possible for people who wish to do so, only lacking the knowledge of how to do it, under such circumstances, to live on such a high plane that these things are not present with them day in and day out, and in fact every waking moment, and sometimes in their dreams?

A. The man in this tragedy is the writer of the letter. He is only one among many thousands. He is married and yet he is not married! He admits as much himself. Thousands of men are suffering in a similar way. They are the victims of the present perverted environments and conditions that accompany marriage in nearly all cases. It is really a problem of an extraordinary character to decide definitely and clearly and justly to all concerned just what is

best to be done under the circumstances. You say you are married in name only. Are you to blame for this result, or can some one else be blamed? The answer to this question might give one an idea of whether or not you would be capable of following the exalted conception of what would be right under the circumstances. The law would say that you should be true to your marriage vows, but apparently you are untrue in mind and thought, though from one standpoint, perhaps, this might be denied; for according to the laws of Nature, or to the laws of God, they are the same—
I are real, already divorced. A man who is married in name only may be married legally according to man-made laws and still be divorced absolutely according to the laws of that great Omnipotent Power that some call God and others call Nature. There is but one way to seek relief under the present circumstances if you are permanently divorced from your old love, and that is, to cling to the high ideals that you have apparently been able to maintain up to the present time; if anything, try to strengthen these exalted principles. Try to rise over and above and beyond mere passion. Following such a theory may bring some relief, as you term it, though you must remember that should you ignore conventionalism, should you take the step that might be indicated by the strong affection existing between you, there would be the disgrace to yourself, and the object of your affection, and then, too, to that other party, who at the present time simply bears your name.

Each human being is struggling to attain the highest degree of obtainable happiness. We must in all cases so arrange our lives that they will move along "smoothly and harmoniously." Unquestionably you are treading on dangerous ground, you are dealing with human emotions that often get beyond one's control. Time, however, will bring the reward that you may be seeking. It should bring a release even according to the edicts of man-made laws from the bonds that now hold you. When this release comes then you may take advantage to the fullest extent of the fruits of the sincere and intense love that you have described. There is no other remedy; there is no other relief. You should think of no other, seek no other. Any deviation from this rule will bring misery and suffering many times greater than the brief moments of happiness that might come to you if you followed the dictates of your emotions. A strong affection between man and woman is created but for one purpose. The existence of this affection in practically every instance commands the building of a home and that means children and the general accompaniments of home life.

No man should dare to view these sacred subjects from any other light. A love when sincere and permanent is always fruitful. The pleasures that come with it are so woven and intermingled with home life that they cannot be legitimately separated from it. When one tries to steal the pleasures and at the same time ignore the responsibilities of a strong, sincere love he is destroying the possibility of future happiness for himself and for the object of his affections.

You will have to gird up your loins and determine that you will follow out the rules of life that will be necessary to bring the greatest degree of happiness to you both. Do not think too much of the "now," remember that life is not for a day, or a week, or a year; it spreads over a fairly long period. No doubt you are liable to be impatient. You are liable to chafe at conditions that compel delay and on such occasions you will have to force yourself to view matters from a practical standpoint, and this will always indicate the necessity of waiting. You will have to delay until conditions so change that you can legitimately, lawfully, in accordance with the man-made laws enjoy the fruits of the love which you have so vividly described.

An Artist's Impression of the Milk Diet



AFTER FOUR DAYS' FAST



MILK DIET ON FIRST DAY



RESULTS AFTER ONE WEEK



THE VIRTUES OF OUR METHODS PROVEN

One Reader's Experience

TO THE EDITOR:

The following explains what physical culture has done for me. I first read your magazine some two years ago and became interested at once, always having been fond of outdoor sports. I was then employed as a messenger, and walking about seven miles each day, I naturally had a fine appetite and on coming home at night I would stow as much food away as possible. I nearly always had a cold which I attributed to the changeable climate of Chicago rather than to any dietary errors. Aside from this I now realize that I was in a fine state of health.

After a year, however, I got an inside position as a stenographer, and this sedentary occupation, coupled with the fact that I (of course) did not reduce my diet, soon caused trouble. About six months ago I began to suffer from constipation. All of this time I was exercising at irregular intervals, but being a member of the local Y. M. C. A., I now began to exercise regularly and joined a class, but this, instead of benefiting me merely made matters worse, as it caused me to eat supper late at night, about half an hour before retiring, and at this meal I would eat a large quantity of food, so that from all the exercise I took I only lost flesh and put on no corresponding muscle.

I saw people all around me who took no regular exercise who seemed to be fairly healthy and happy, while I was worrying about my work (a feature which always accompanies indigestion). I determined to study myself and find out in what I was lacking. I saw no reason why I should not be as healthy as any one, having no bad habits to handicap me. With this in mind I sent for your book "Superb Virility of Manhood" and commenced to follow your directions implicitly. In less than three months, from one who was well on the way to dyspepsia I am now approaching a state of ideal health.

This is what has worked the transformation: A friction bath on getting up in the morning, followed by a cold sponge bath, and another friction bath. I next punch the bag fifteen minutes. Then out for a short walk.

For breakfast I have a whole-wheat combination consisting of steamed whole-wheat grain with banana, prunes, figs, dates and raisins and rich cream, with baked apple for dessert. For luncheon three slices of whole-wheat bread, a boiled egg, baked apple and

an orange are sufficient. For supper a little meat, vegetables and rice, with an orange for dessert.

After supper an hour and a half of mental improvement, a long walk, ten minutes of exercise and friction bath and then to bed for eight hours of sleep in a well-ventilated room.

The moral of this is, then, that in order to attain that will-o'-the-wisp, the secret of eternal youth, the sense of freedom from all bodily ailments, perfect health, we must study ourselves, our own needs. When we study the lives of all great men, from the time of Samson down to the present, we find that they all had some vulnerable point which ultimately caused their downfall. Find your weakness then, the break in your armor, and determine to repair and strengthen it. A man is only as strong as his weakest part.

This is all the difference between the successful man and the man who stays in a rut. The first knows that to keep himself in health and consequently be successful in business he must keep all his bodily functions in good working order. The other neglects himself and then wonders at the result. He may be just as honest and work just as hard, but he lacks the clear mind, the healthy zest for work which the other has acquired. He usually becomes a pessimist and when he sees the other man forge ahead he lays it to luck.

Chicago, Ill.

GRATEFUL.

Cure of Polypus of the Nose at 57

TO THE EDITOR:

While writing on other matters I wish to state that a little more than two years ago I sent you a statement of my case: Polypus of the nose and catarrh of ten years' standing. I had undergone 27 operations for polypus in that time. I attended strictly to the instructions you gave me and in two months I was entirely cured. In six months I had reduced from 185 lbs. to my present weight, 155 lbs. I am 57 years of age. My flesh is almost like bone.

I can run up a steep hill without being distressed, and not a sign of polypus has manifested itself since.

I think it is truly wonderful, and cannot sufficiently thank you for your help.

You are at liberty to use this letter for the benefit of suffering humanity, and I should take pleasure in replying to anyone who may write me in regard to it.

T. L. WILLIAMS.

1473 Hancock St., Quincy, Mass.



Courtesy E. F. Hodgson, Dover, Mass.

A TYPICAL PORTABLE HOUSE CAMP ON BUZZARD'S BAY

Health Found in Portable Houses

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN PORTABLE HOUSES
—WITH THEIR AID, ONE CAN LEAD AN OUTDOOR
LIFE, SECURE CIVILIZED COMFORTS, AND STILL
HAVE ALL THE PLEASURES OF LIVING IN CAMP

THE comforts of camp life are continually on the increase. Inventive genius is continually adding to camping facilities. Outdoor life is being made more pleasing, and is attracting greatly increased numbers year by year. A tent does not always furnish the protection against the weather that is at times required. This, together with the need for more of the comforts of a home in camp life, has brought into existence what is termed the portable house. One can buy these houses of almost any size that is desired. They are made at the factory and can be easily erected and taken down; in fact, they require but little more work in their erection than is needed to put up an ordinary tent, and with such a protection you can, if you so desire, have all the comforts that you can secure in a city home.

But the principal advantage of a port-

able house is that you are at all times protected against the weather, no matter how inclement it may be. When one is camping out in a tent, a strong wind, on frequent occasions, will be found to work havoc with your abode. On some occasions, under such circumstances, a camper finds himself homeless in the space of a few seconds. A portable house overcomes dangers of this character, unless you come in contact with a western cyclone.

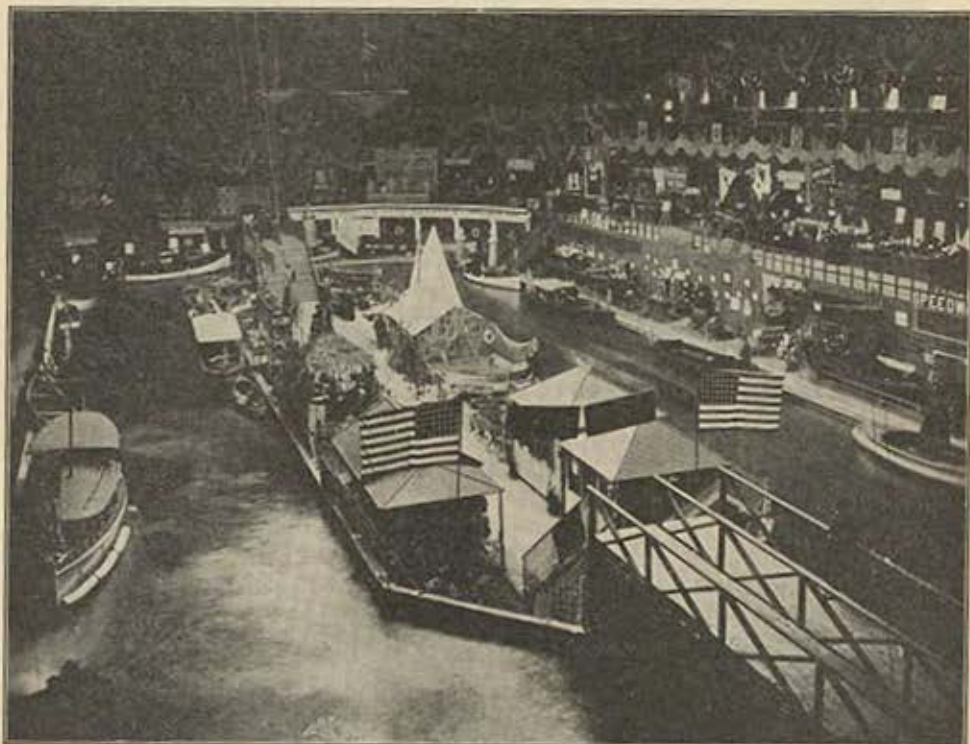
Modern portable houses offer every encouragement to outdoor life. They can be secured with as many windows as desired, with thorough protection against insects by means of screens. Some of them are also arranged so that the roof can be raised, thus making additional openings for the free circulation of the air, while others have windows in both end gables of the house, which when opened swing in, and leave the window

opening screened; in fact, in these houses you can secure all the advantages of an outdoor life without the incidental discomforts. Your house can be quickly erected on any spot you may select. It can be delivered to you wherever there is a station, and you are ready for a good time in short order with a habitation of this character to protect you from the elements.

With such an abode you can live the simple life from practically every stand-

for the master or mistress of the average home are lost sight of when one takes to the woods, the lake or seaside. The Life Simple renews the mental and physical fibers that have been worn and frayed by the demands of an artificial existence.

Yet, enjoyable and refreshing as camping-out undoubtedly is, it has, or rather, had, its drawbacks from the viewpoint of a whole lot of people who live their lives under ordinary conditions. Such



Courtesy E. F. Hodgson, Dover, Mass.

THE PORTABLE HOUSE EXHIBIT AT THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

point, and day by day add to your happiness, health and strength through the influence of the outdoor life you are able to lead through the use of your portable dwelling.

Thanks to our climate and the wholesome instincts of a large proportion of our population, "camping-out" in the summer time is not only possible, but is greatly favored by the city resident or the householder in general. The freedom from the cares which lie in wait

drawbacks were, for the most part, those which had to do with the shelter and sleeping accommodations of a camp.

The portable house is just that which its name suggests. It is really and truly a house in miniature. Six to ten hours' work, depending on the size of house, on the part of "unskilled labor" suffices to erect a dainty and inviting little domicile which can bid defiance, externally and internally, to any sort of weather during any time of the year.



Courtesy E. F. Hodgson, Dover, Mass.

A PORTABLE DWELLING IN A SHADY NOOK

All this by reason of the simplicity of the instructions for assembling the house and the manner in which each part and piece of it is lettered and numbered.

The location of a portable house, as in the instance of a tent, depends on the fancy of the owner. By reason of its snug coziness, it is a home in spite of its wild surroundings. Its rooms are not large, but they are free from the sensation of cramp and confinement frequently associated with the ordinary dwelling.

The portable house has very frequently proven its value in the treatment of those ailments which are curable solely by a régime having for its most important element living in the open air. In the treatment of tuberculosis, and of other affections of the lungs and throat, it is often adapted to the use of patients who are unable to secure proper outdoor sleeping arrangements in their own dwellings. This is particularly true in those cases where it is of advantage that a change of surroundings or of climate be secured. In an instance of this kind it is possible to erect the

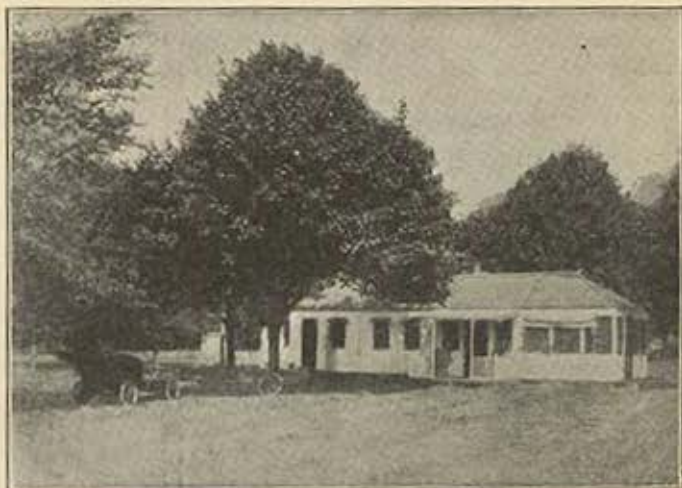
house in a location which is favorable to the needs of the person.

Some of the larger manufacturers of portable houses use lumber dressed on both sides in the construction of their houses, and advise their customers, after the house has been erected to stain the woodwork in the interior with wood stain, which is

very quickly done. This, with the addition of inexpensive rugs, curtains and poster pictures, gives a cheerful, comfortable and homelike appearance.

It will thus be apparent to the reader that the portable house is capable of many and various uses, not only in those cases where it is utilized as a dwelling for camping-out and other phases of outdoor life, but also in the instance of those who find it advantageous or even necessary, for the sake of their health, to secure the benefits of outdoor living by day and by night.

Some portable houses are so made



Courtesy E. F. Hodgson, Dover, Mass.

A IDEAL SUMMER HOME

that the entire sides and roof can be lifted up or opened out. By this means, one can enjoy the benefits of living or sleeping "in the open" in more senses than one. This magazine has time and time again laid stress on the advantages of the day and night inhalation of the purest of air and has at the same time protested against the usual methods of "ventilation," which, as it has pointed out, generally furnish no ventilation at all. But the portable houses, constructed in the manner related, yield shelter and at the same time the maximum of pure air, so that they meet with the

warmest approval of this magazine for this reason.

Houses of this sort may be said to furnish the only known actual cure for consumption. After years of disastrous experiment, the medical world has come to the late conclusion that fresh air in abundance is the one and simple specific for the Great White Plague. But the patient must have it by day and night or not at all. The portable house with removable sides and roof, is, therefore, a blessing to the sufferers from this disease, and apart from all else, is to be greatly commended and recommended for its hygienic value.

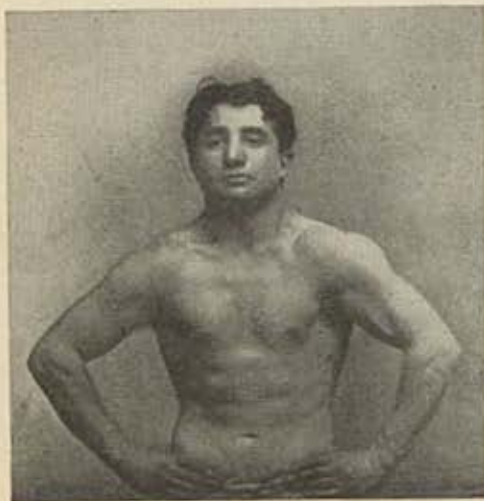
Some of the Editor's Recent Lectures

Some of our readers have expressed a desire to have copies of the editor's recent lectures. At least once a week he lectures to a large audience in the Health Home at Battle Creek. Several of the recent lectures contain matter that will, no doubt, be of special interest. These lectures were taken down by shorthand experts just as they were given. The titles are as follows:

Medicine the Science of Guessing.
Diet in Strength Building

Advantages of a Milk Diet.
Exercise in Strength Building.
Valuable Hints for Health Seekers.

Typewritten copies of these lectures can be had with a yearly subscription to the magazine upon receipt of twenty-five cents in addition to the price of subscription, or they will be sent upon receipt of fifty cents. The five lectures will be sent with a yearly subscription on receipt of \$2.50.



J. J. GOTTLIEB

Effects of Two Years of Exercise

Mr. J. J. Gottlieb, who lives at No. 809 8th street, Philadelphia, Pa., is a newsdealer, and has attained the sturdy physique exhibited in his photograph, appearing herewith, by the persistent and energetic following of the methods of living and exercise advocated in this magazine.

Mr. Gottlieb's case is only another instance of the benefits to be secured by anyone, regardless of his walk in life, who adopts physical culture methods of living.



A DINNER IN MID-STREAM, IN THE TIBER

Roman Water Sports

By Raffaele Simboli

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPORTS OF THE TIBER

WOULD you read the whole history of Rome written on a single page? Gaze at the Tiber. In its melancholy and silent course this river has seen rise and fall into ruins the Eternal City, and itself, an eternal spectator, flows through the city and on to the sea. Beneath its waters lie buried that Tiberino from whom it took its name; they have put to a severe test the courage of Clelia, the patriotic love of Horace, and for centuries, or until Appius the Blind brought the first water into Rome by aqueducts, the Tiber sated the thirst of the people. In the days of the republic the finest bridges were built to span it, and across these bridges passed the soldiers and cavaliers, with the spoils of their enemies, proud of their trophies. Still in the time of the republic its rapid current swallowed up Tiberius Gracchus and three thousand of his followers.

Fifteen centuries ago the ancient Romans assembled along the river and

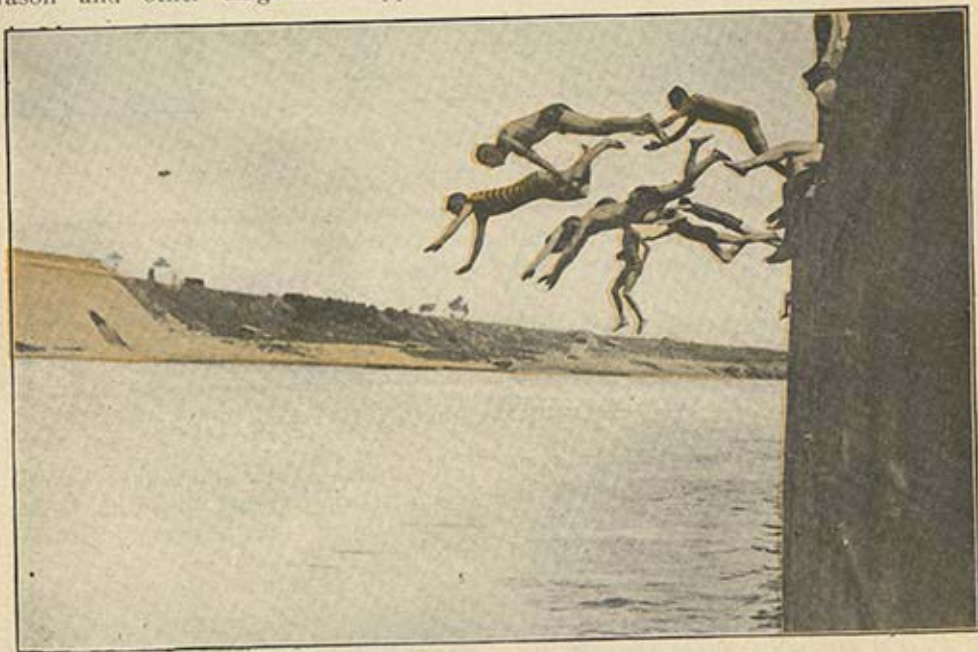
held noisy entertainments. Among others mock combats, like the famous assault upon the bridge of Horace, heroically defended, according to the legend, by Horatius Cocles, against the army of Porsenna. Later came the hunts of water-birds, and contests of the nature of jokes, like that of the goose. The poor animal was fastened to a cord attached to the two banks of the river, and swimmers vied with each other in grasping at it from the water. The regattas on the Tiber always attracted a crowd, the members of which sometimes amused themselves in watching swimming contests between humpbacks, who made superhuman efforts to win the prize. Two centuries ago the hunt of the bufala was still in vogue. This is a rough, black animal, larger than a bull, with short, blunt, curved horns, and very savage. The bufala, when domesticated, drags heavy burdens; but when it is angered by pricks of a goad, it becomes furious, and rushes at the bystanders who would surround it on all

sides, on the flat plain near the Ponte Rotto, and after a furious conflict kill it. The most important personages used to appear as spectators of the regattas, among them many cardinals and ladies of the aristocracy. The houses were fantastically decorated, and boxes built in the most advantageous positions from which to view the spectacle.

Once, as the *Cracas*, an old Roman newspaper, relates, a machine was constructed in the middle of the river, representing the ship of the Argonauts, and Jason and other Argonauts appeared

To-day the stream still exercises an extraordinary fascination over many. I once knew a fencer from Uruguay, Nicolo Revello, who during his stay in Rome passed a good part of the day beside the Tiber. "Where are you going, Revello?" his friends would ask, and nine times out of ten he would reply imperturbably, "To the river." He would have liked to live on a raft in the middle of it.

Some swimmers once thought to offer a novel banquet to their friends. Some tables were prepared with the care be-



A TROUPE OF DIVERS

upon it as when returning from the conquest of the Golden Fleece.

A droll side, sometimes unfortunately tragic, was always contributed by boys, who risked serious danger in their efforts to recover money or objects thrown into the river by the public. Generally great watermelons were thrown, and the boys would climb up the highest bridges, throw themselves head foremost into the river, and swim after these melons. But often it happened that they were swept away by the current and drowned; or sometimes, the leap having been made into too shallow water, they met their death at the bottom of the river.

stowed upon those for any banquet, and were thrown into the water. Unfortunately, but few of the guests were able to partake of food. One table had assembled around it the most expert of the guests, who managed to eat macaroni, roasts, and fruit without having either dishes or glasses of wine swept away from them by the river. The banks were thronged with spectators who applauded frantically.

The modern devotees of the river vie with each other in inventing new entertainments. For instance, the members of a swimming society received invitations to assist at a ceremony performed



RIVALRY BETWEEN MAN AND DOGS

by Red Indians. Arrived at the meeting place, they were greeted with savage yells. An interpreter assured them that they would not be eaten, but instead would dine well at the final banquet. The heads of tribes were decked out strikingly with arms, jewels and drums made of seashells, and which made a terrible noise. Along the river banks were grouped bands of Indians, who engaged in combats, after which they proceeded to refreshments, when the Indians no longer appeared savage, but dined exceedingly well, appearing to possess most refined manners.

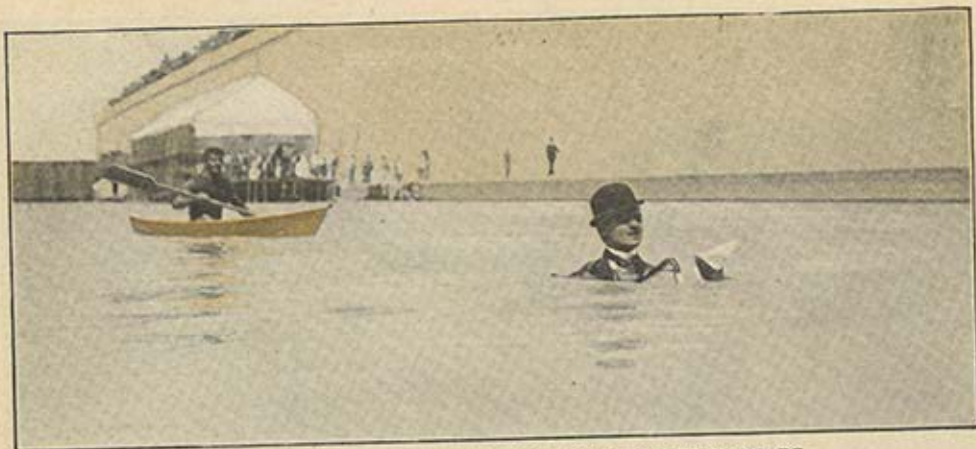
But more dangerous sports than those of the Indians are engaged in. The

Tiber, as is known, is about 100 metres broad during its passage through the city, and is enclosed by enormous walls of masonry which cost much labor and money. From the top of these walls (that is to say, about thirty feet) the best swimmers throw themselves into the water in the strangest positions imaginable. Some succeed in turning a somersault before touching the water.

The feat of a certain Ruggeri is still famous. He was a bold athlete who, mounted on a bicycle, wheeled along the wall for some rods, and then precipitated himself into the river. If it were not for instantaneous photography, which surprised him as he took the leap,



DIVING ON A TANDEM BICYCLE



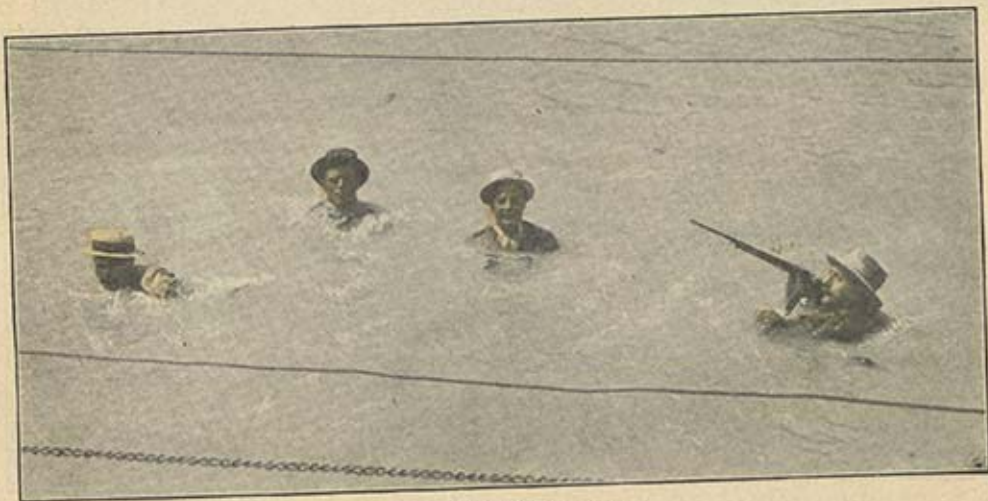
READING A NEWSPAPER WHILE ON A WATERY PROMENADE

some readers might not believe this. Many swimmers don fantastic attire and leap into the water thus dressed, which makes swimming far more difficult. Some wear women's costumes, even to hat and veil. Often bands of fifteen or twenty swimmers leap into the water at once, perhaps accompanied by a dog. All this takes place about noon on August or July days, under a hot sun, yet the bridges are crowded with spectators sufficiently enthusiastic to defy heat and sunstrokes, and contact with the burning stones of bridges, where there is not the least shade.

Another exercise which often excites general hilarity is a ball game. The *Rari Nautes*, the oldest sporting club of

Rome, do not confine themselves to summer games, but assemble in the river every day, even in winter. Rome enjoys a mild climate, but when the north wind blows the river is often coated with ice. Yet many swimmers courageously go into the water at a temperature of possibly 38 degrees Fahrenheit. They have also a strange manner of greeting the dawn of the New Year. On the night of the thirty-first of December the Tiber, usually flowing in gloomy silence beneath the bridges, reflecting only a few lights, is unusually illuminated with torches which one sees moving along its banks or on the surface of the water.

The young swimmers, like the ancient



A HUNT IN THE WATER

Spartans, who were forced to throw themselves into icy water, anxiously await midnight, which is the given signal for them to throw themselves into the river and swim for a hundred yards or so, and then emerge with chattering

teeth. Some mothers are terrified by this habit, and style it barbarous. When they are unable to keep their sons at home, they go to assist anxiously at this winter ceremony. At midnight a bounteous supper is served the participants.



TYPES OF ROMAN SWIMMERS

A Nervous Wreck Five Months Ago—Now Well and Strong

TO THE EDITOR:

Allow me to express my deep and sincere gratitude for what your magazine has accomplished for me. Five months ago I was a nervous wreck, suffering from everything that makes a man weak and miserable, but now, after this brief period, all is changed. Though I was completely disgusted and discouraged with life, now I am strong and well, with a strong heart and strong eyes, though before, I thought I was gradually losing my sight. I have been hard of hearing since childhood, and doctors told me that nothing could be done. To-day I can hear much better than ever in my life, and I believe that by following these instructions some day I may be able to enjoy a fairly good degree of hearing.

Before taking physical culture I was a weakling. To-day I am happy to state that I have defeated some of the strongest and most

skilled and trained amateur wrestlers in this section. To-day it is a joy to live. I see only the bright side of life, while before I was gloomy and depressed.

Your startling statements in reference to food were really ludicrous to me at first, but now I know that your ideas in every case were sane and logical. I found after a little experience that I was, as you say, "food drunk," though as soon as I changed my diet I had no craving for meat, rich pastry, candy or other injurious foods.

Since early manhood I have believed firmly that a man to be perfectly well, strong and happy should lead a perfectly pure life. I see no reason why a man should expect his sweetheart to be perfectly pure and good, when he is a slave to drink, tobacco, gambling and those evils that follow when one associates with immoral women.

Alton, Ill.

WALTER A. RIEHL.

The Corset Exposed

By Henry Winston Hardwick

A HEALTH AND WOMANHOOD-DESTROYING DEVICE.
A MENACE TO THE FUTURE OF THE RACE

I publish herewith an article that I think will be of more interest to men than to women readers. I am presenting it because I want men to understand the pitiful effects of corset wearing. I want them to learn that there is nothing admirable in a corseted waist; that it is murderous to womanhood, and destructive to all that is best and good in womankind. The photographs which illustrate this article tell only a small part of the story. I know that there are some of my women readers who could send me some photographs showing in a far more striking degree how even the external part of the waist is bruised and scarified through the pressure of the corset.—Bernarr Macfadden.

WOMEN as a class are slaves to fashion. The style dictates what shall be their wearing apparel from the tops of their heads to the soles of their feet. No really "up-to-date" woman would dare to be out of style, and yet being in style

the average woman wears pinch the feet to a certain extent and in nearly all cases they have to be "broken in"; that is, they are so tight that they cannot be worn with comfort until the leather has been stretched somewhat, but beyond the pain and inconvenience that they cause for a few days, they may not be especially harmful to the general health.

But the corset tells an entirely different tale. The corset represents the survival of the grossest kind of ignorance. It is simply a most tragic perversion as to what should constitute feminine beauty in the eyes of many men and some women. What is there about a small waist that could from any standpoint be called artistic? To be sure, a large waist would make one look ungainly and to a certain extent the opposite of graceful in appearance, but is not the

corseted waist—the waist that is laced and drawn in, many inches smaller than its normal size—inartistic and ugly to an extreme degree? It certainly marks a woman as lacking in intelligence. Not only is she deficient as to the knowledge that is essential in giving her a clear idea of the physiological workings of her own body, but she is lacking in artistic taste. The body was formed as nature intend-



CORSET SCARS ON THE FRONT OF THE ABDOMEN—MADE BY
THE BRUISING OF THE FLESH FROM CORSET PRESSURE
(From Actual Photograph)

simply indicates, in most cases, that a woman has no special intelligence of her own, and that she must be guided in every minute action by the intelligence of other so-called authorities. The unsightly hats that are being worn at the present time may be troublesome, but they are not especially injurious. They do not cost more than the time and price the women pay for them. The shoes that

ed it. When it has been developed, perfected, rounded, and made symmetrical and beautiful, it is attractive and at times alluring in appearance. And why should it not be? Has it not been made, so the Bible tells us, in the image of God? But the corset comes along and teaches a woman that in order to beautify her body she must reduce her waist that may have grown to gross proportions. All that is needed is a well-shaped corset and good, strong strings to draw it into proper shape.

If God intended for women to wear corsets, she would have been born with corsets on. To a certain extent you might say that a woman is born with what might be termed a corset. The bony framework around the chest that extends down to the lower part of the abdomen is the natural corset, is the one that every woman is born with, and it is all that she needs. There is no necessity for any other. It performs every office that is required, and the soft fleshy parts of the abdomen, that are squeezed and crushed until it is pulled up into what is termed a stylish shape, were meant to be free and unrestricted. It should not be bound, even with a belt, for in a normal human body this is the only place where there is an external sign of the process of breathing. When you are normal the diaphragm moves downward with every breath you inhale. The descending diaphragm forces out the lower part of the abdomen. When the breath is exhaled, the abdomen moves inward to its former position. Therefore any restriction of the waist-line interferes with normal breathing. This is the explanation of the habit of chest breathing that we observe in nearly all women who wear corsets. You will notice that the upper

chest rises and falls with every breath inhaled and exhaled.

Just think of the vital organs underlying this important part of the body, that are squeezed out of all normal shape whenever a corset is what is termed "properly laced." Here is where the blood is made, and to a certain extent it is here that it is purified and made ready for its course through the body.

The corset, therefore, interferes with the digestion, interferes with nearly every blood-making process, and last but



SHOWING HOW THE FLESH AT THE "SMALL" OF THE BACK HAS BEEN SO BRUISED THAT IT FINALLY BECOMES HARDENED OR CALLOUSED BY THE PRESSURE OF THE CORSET (From Actual Photograph)

not least, by any means, it presses down upon all the organs of sex. Because of this, thousands of women belong to the feminine sex in name only. They are not real women in any sense of the word. Their sex instincts have really been destroyed through tight-lacing. Is it any

wonder, then, that the so-called "fashionable women" rarely care for children? It is only a well-sexed woman with all the delicate instincts of womanhood thoroughly developed who loves children. The "wasp-waisted" creature, who has sapped her vitality and destroyed her womanhood through following the wicked custom of crushing her vital organs, has nothing in common with the real, well-developed woman. She is simply a pretense. She would have to change her attitude; she would have to develop her womanly nature, before she could belong to the feminine sex in any sense of the word.

The corset has been the direct cause of millions of tragedies. It is destructive to marital affection; annihilates the love of home and of family, and every woman who looks to any real satisfying happiness should avoid this destructive device as if it were poison of the worst character, for it will certainly poison the life of any woman who dares to follow the dictates of fashion as it pertains to the corseted waist.

Just gaze on the illustrations that accompany this article. Do they not tell a story of their own that, no doubt, will be amazing to the average male reader?

To the average woman they will not, by any means, tell even a small part of the story.

In the photographs reproduced here-with you can very easily see the marks on the skin that came from the pressure of the corset, and the original of this photograph can hardly be said to lace to an extent beyond what would be considered as ordinary. She does not compress the waist to any great extent. Many women lace so tightly that the flesh around the waist is calloused and



SCARS OR MARKS OF CORSET PRESSURE AT THE SIDE OF THE WAIST WHICH NO YOUNG WOMAN WITH A CORSET "SHAPE" CAN AVOID
(From Actual Photograph)

shapeless from the continual pressure which this part of the body is compelled to bear. There are few women who wear corsets who are not marked, to a certain extent, by this fearful device, and if every man knew that underneath this steel-ribbed contraption

there is hardened and often blistered flesh, caused by the undue pressure brought to bear upon this part of the body, his admiration of the corseted waist would immediately disappear. Why should a woman be compelled to actually deform herself in order to follow "style," or even to please some foolish man who knows absolutely nothing of what constitutes feminine perfection?

About Bathing

The following incident actually occurred: A teacher in a New York public school had reason to complain to two mothers of the unclean state of their children, one especially being really offensive. His mother indignantly replied: "I don't want no interference with the

upbringing of my boy—he goes to school to be learnt, not to be smelt!" The other was somewhat more gracious: "I'm very sorry, ma'am. I would give him a bath, but there's his clothes now—I've sewed 'em all on for the winter!"—
EMMA TRIPP.

The Career of Dan O'Leary

By J. H. Pence

SOME DETAILS CONCERNING THE WELL-KNOWN PEDESTRIAN, WHO WALKS FROM TEN TO TWENTY MILES A DAY JUST FOR THE PLEASURE OF WALKING, AND WHO WALKED A THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND HOURS, JUST TO SEE IF HE COULD ACCOMPLISH IT

DAN O'LEARY was born in County Cork, Ireland, 63 years ago, and came to this country when he was 19 years old. He was a book agent in Chicago when he discovered that he possessed unusual pedestrian ability.

At that time the possibility of a man walking 500 miles in six days was scoffed at. Several noted pedestrians had tried and failed. O'Leary said he could do it, and was laughed at. He tried it in the old Randolph Street Skating Rink in 1874, and turned the trick.

He then defeated several of the best walkers of the day and challenged the champion Edward Payson Weston. It was not without some difficulty that the men were brought together in Chicago, in November, 1875. O'Leary won the contest in a decisive manner.

Another match was arranged to take place in England, and it proved one of the most memorable on record. For three days they divided honors. O'Leary's style of walking pleased the English, and his stubborn determination won their admiration. Early on the final evening Weston's backer, Sir John Astley, con-

ceded the race. O'Leary twice won the famous Astley Belt. He has walked in Europe and Australia as well as in America.

His greatest performance was only recently accomplished in Cincinnati. At the Norwood Inn he walked a mile at the beginning of each hour for 1,000 consecutive hours, finishing October 20.

This feat is considered by many the most remarkable display of human endurance, mental and physical, ever made by a man of his age.

In speaking of his extraordinary walk, O'Leary said:

"To walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, one mile at the beginning of each hour, seems not a difficult performance; in fact, I was a little bit deceived myself with the seeming simplicity of the task, probably from the simplicity of the statement, but the problem one faces is one of endurance, and the walking of each mile is but a small problem compared to the overcoming of Nature's efforts to cause one to live as the ordinary human does; that is, sleep



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF DAN O'LEARY

seven hours and spend the rest of the 24 hours at one's usual mode of living. I had already walked a distance of 500

miles in 500 hours. I went at the 1,000-mile walk determined to finish to the end, for I was told I could never accomplish the feat. No one had ever succeeded who tried during this century.

particularly all things that would give a false stimulation to the heart.

"At first the walking of each mile was accomplished, in about ten minutes' time, around a given sawdust path—under



J. R. Schmidt, Photo., Cincinnati, O.

O'LEARY AS HE APPEARED AT VARIOUS STAGES OF HIS 1000-MILE WALK. (PHOTO ON RIGHT SHOWS HIM BEGINNING THE TRAMP)

"At the beginning of my long walk I tipped the scales at 147 pounds, and had passed my sixty-third birthday. I never was an advocate of dieting, and therefore, during this walk, I did not resort to eating special food or starving myself. I ate just what I wanted and as much as I wanted, but above all things I avoided the frying-pan and its products, for I think the frying-pan is the beginning of all the evils of the stomach. I ate rare steaks, stews, mutton, rare beef, broiled bacon, raw and cooked fruit, eggs, oatmeal and plenty of fresh milk. Stimulants of all kinds were avoided—

cover in wet weather and, when weather permitted, around a measured path out in the open. I managed to find enough time in the remaining 50 minutes of each hour to eat, sleep and meet the host of physicians who came long distances to see me after I had walked off the first 200 miles.

"My heart, the chief object of the many physicians, was normal excepting for a few minutes after finishing each mile, when its action quickened for a short period. I only lost 14 pounds during the walk."

Shortly after O'Leary successfully

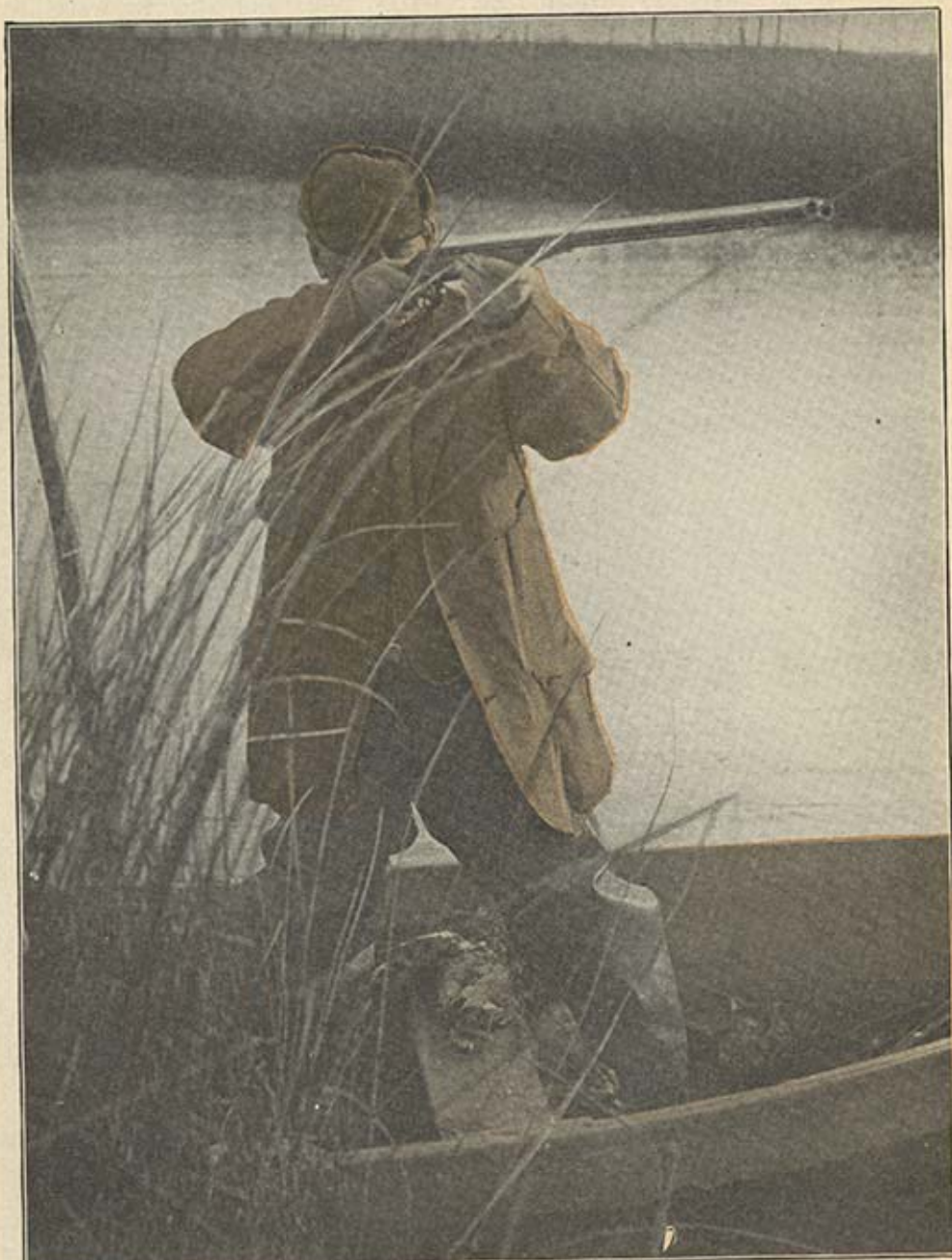
completed his 1,000-mile walk he walked for one week against his German rival, Henry Schmehl, at the Music Hall in Cincinnati, defeating him in a walk for the greatest number of miles in a given

time. O'Leary has walked officially 99,000 miles and after he walks 100,000 miles officially he will retire. He walks many miles daily just for exercise and never rides on a street car.



From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A YOUNG FARMER LEADING HIS CATTLE TO WATER



From stereograph copyright 1908 by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE WILD DUCKS AROUND THE SOUTH CAROLINA COAST CAN CERTIFY AS TO EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S BEING IN EARNEST EVEN WHEN HE IS OUT FOR FUN

Recreations of Prominent Men

By Alexander Marshall



THE great men of past and present times have, almost without exception, been noted for their capacity for recreation. It is true that in some instances their amusements were not or are not of a kind that would meet with the approval of the consistent physical culturist. But even then, the zest exhibited goes to prove the truth of the proverb that "A good player makes a good worker."

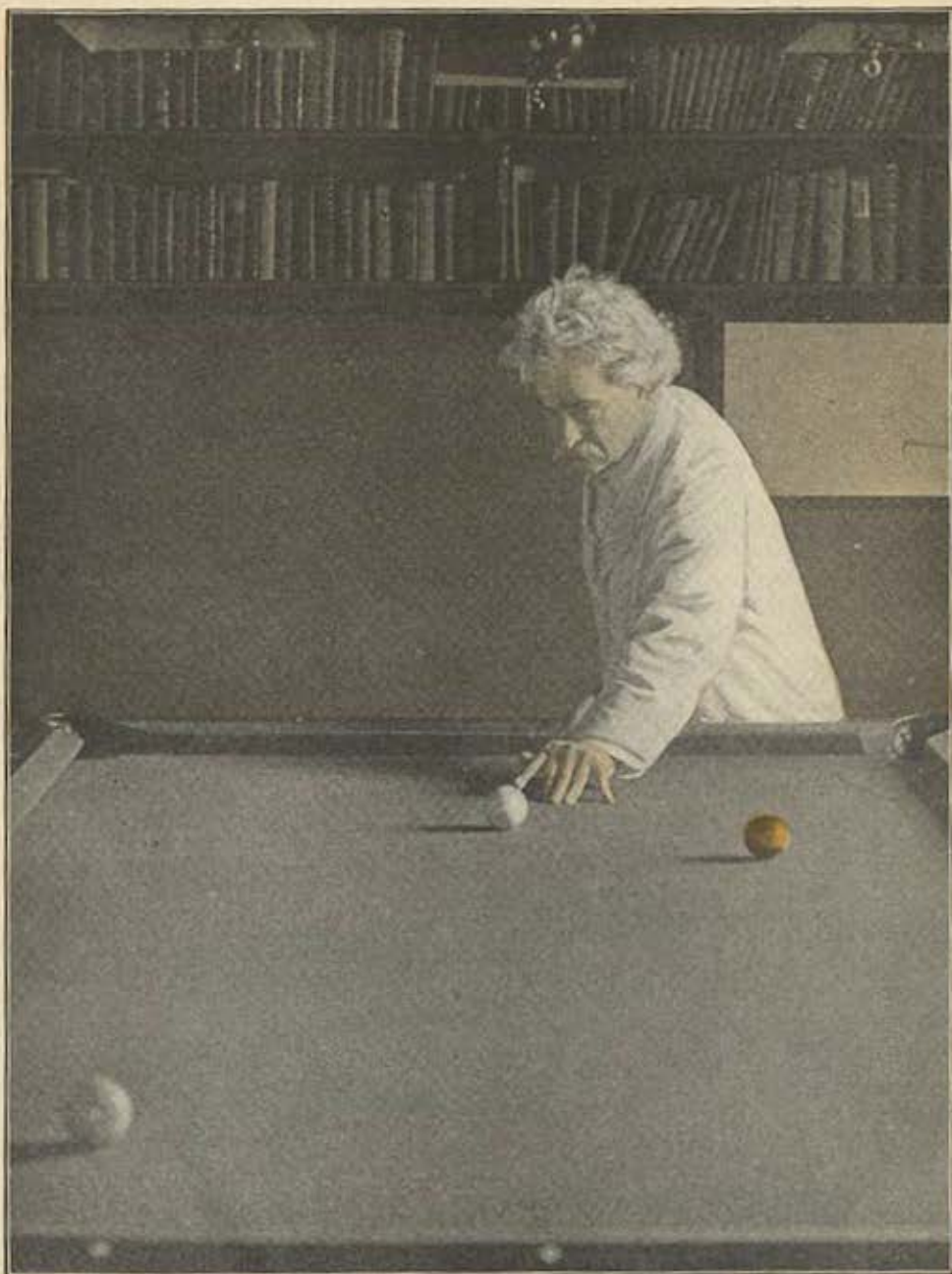
In connection with this article we are publishing pictures of two of the notables of to-day engaged in their favorite pastimes, and the reader has doubtless noted the photograph of Andrew Carnegie appearing on our cover. These individuals, by reason of the prominent places which they occupy in the public attention, as well as by the fact that they are experts where their favorite amusement is concerned, give point to the proverb already quoted. Andrew Carnegie, a potentate of the commercial and philanthropic worlds; Grover Cleveland, who at one time shaped the destinies of the United States, and Mark Twain, prince of humorists, are as earnest and successful in their chosen recreation as they were in the vocations of their lives. Let us consider them, then, as the camera has here caught them.

Andrew Carnegie and golf are as much identified as are Andrew Carnegie and libraries. But while the "royal game" is unquestionably the favorite one with the financier, yet it must not be forgotten that he is very fond of several kinds of out-of-door sports. Thus he is an expert "whip" and can tool a four-in-hand with the best of them. His book, "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," is a classic of the road and the "ribbons." He is also an enthusiastic yachtsman, and his steamer, *The Seabreeze*, has been

around the world on more than one occasion, bearing its owner with it. The shooting on his Scotch estate is said to be some of the best in that section of the country. The same remark applies to the salmon and trout fishing.

But after all, the "Call of the Links" has proven more powerful than that of the sea or the road; and the result is, as hinted, Mr. Carnegie is an acknowledged authority on, and player of, golf. Skibo Castle is situated on the north shore of Dornoch Firth, Sutherlandshire, Scotland. The Castle, as everybody knows, or should know, is the country home of the ex-steel-master. In the spacious park, about half a mile from the structure, are the golf links, and here it is that Mr. Carnegie, when in Scotland, can be found daily and almost from morning to night. It should be added that he believes that his rugged health is preserved and increased by reason of the constant exercise in the open air which the sport demands, which is not only reasonable, but obvious. When mental stimulus of a pleasant kind is allied to plenty of walking and lots of exercise of a special sort for the trunk and arms, it is manifest that nothing but benefit can ensue.

When, in 1895, Mr. Carnegie became the owner of Skibo, the first thing which he did, so it is said, was to consult his landscape gardener and engineer in regard to the links. The outcome of the matter was, that while the beauty of the park is unmarred, the links themselves are of an ideal kind from the viewpoint of the golf-player. So that when one remembers the natural fascination of golf, and that Mr. Carnegie is a votary thereof, it will cease to be a wonder that there have been repeated times when a series of games begun directly after breakfast at Skibo have only been ended by the coming of night. The natives round about the Castle have a lot of tales



From stere-gram cop., right 1908 by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MARK TWAIN IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC DEVOTEE OF BILLIARDS AND A REMARKABLY EXPERT PLAYER. THOUGH HIS OWN CHARACTERISTIC COMMENT ON THIS PARTICULAR PHOTOGRAPH WAS, "EVEN JOHN THE BAPTIST COULDN'T MAKE A SHOT OUT OF THAT!"

to tell in illustration of the financier's devotion to the sport. One of such is to the effect that last winter, when the thermometer was dallying with zero, Mr. Carnegie, apparently unconscious of the cold, played from early morning until it became too dark to see the hole-marks.

On the occasion of his last visit to this country, a story of much importance concerning the iron and steel industry of this country reached the office of a New York newspaper. It was evident that the man who, above all others, could throw light on the subject was Mr. Carnegie. So a crack reporter was put on his trail. Mr. Carnegie was finally located at his sister's home at Cumberland Island, Georgia, where the reporter found him busily playing golf. The game was suspended while the golfer listened patiently to long and typewritten questions which the visitor read to him. When at length it was up to Mr. Carnegie to reply, he said:

"I really don't know a thing about this matter. Consequently, I can't give you any information."

"But—," began the newspaper man.

Mr. Carnegie held up his hand. "However, I'll let you have an exclusive bit of news."

"Yes," said the other eagerly.

"Well, then, I've broken my record on these links this morning. I covered the holes in five less strokes than I ever did before!"

And the great little man was in earnest at that. It was evident that, as far as he was concerned at that moment, golf was of more importance than many millions.

Finally, Mr. Carnegie is said to be a clean driver, a good judge of distance, a clever putter and rarely if ever "foozles." Also, he is possessed of unvarying good temper, which is an essential if one would be a successful golfer.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland is known to most of the many millions of United States citizens by reason of his political services and prominence. But outside of these, he has a whole lot of admirers and friends who love him because of his wholesome habit of mind and body, the same being the outcome of his regard for certain out-of-door sports.

In allusion to these same sports, this magazine does not endorse the taking of animal life for purposes of recreation, yet it does recognize the vast difference between the mere brutal "game butcher" and the individual who goes fishing and gunning, not for the size of the incidental "bag," but because these pursuits bring him into close contact with Nature and necessitate the healthy exercise of mind and muscle. Mr. Cleveland belongs to the latter class. Also, he has very sound and practical beliefs regarding the absolute need of every man taking a due amount of recreation. His ideas in this respect cannot be better illustrated than by quoting from his book, "Fishing and Shooting Sketches." He says:

"Men may accumulate wealth by neglecting the law of recreation, but how infinitely much they sacrifice in the way of wholesome vigor and the loss of the placid fitness for the quiet joys of life."

Again, "Men, by disobedience of the laws governing recreation, may possibly achieve triumphs in science, art and education; but how unsatisfying are the rewards gained if they hasten the 'night in which no man can work,' and if the later hours of life are haunted by futile regrets for what is still undone—for what is impossible by reason of physical weakness. Those should not be accused of exaggerated fears who deprecate the wealth and rush and struggle of modern life, and the consequent neglect of outdoor recreation with resulting impairment of the mental and physical vigor absolutely essential to our national welfare."

By which it will be seen that Mr. Cleveland holds very decided views in regard to that of which he speaks.

The rod and the gun seem to come in for an equal amount of affection in the case of the ex-President. The shores of Maine, Buzzard's Bay and other ocean points of New England, the trout streams of northern New York and elsewhere, have all seen his skill with fly or ground-bait. But the fishing season over, Mr. Cleveland turns his attention to "blind" or "sneak-box"; woodland, marsh or stubble. Perhaps, of all these, the first two named are most favored by him.

Also, they are important factors in duck-shooting, which he admits is one of his favorite sports. And he advances very excellent reasons for his preference in the book alluded to. We need hardly remind our readers, too, that when he is in the "field" the newspapers give an ample amount of space to his doings and the number of ducks that fall victims to his cool aim and steady "trigger-finger."

Like all born hunters, Mr. Cleveland has his favorite haunts. Chief among these is the Back Bay Club, Princess Anne county, Virginia. Here, when the ducking season is on, he loves to sojourn not only for the sake of the shooting, which is invariably good, but because he meets a number of old friends and fellow-sportsmen. And the devotee of the gun will tell you that nothing ripens friendship so much as shooting talk and shooting things. Certain it is that Grover Cleveland has a large and sincere circle of friends.

When Mark Twain, the humorist, who, by the way, was christened Samuel Langhorne Clemens, but who is but little known to the American public by his actual name, decided to build a house at Hartford, Conn., his instructions to the architect who was to draw up the plans were characteristic.

"I want this house for comfort and not for conventionality," said the famous fun-maker. "And whatever you do, don't forget to put a billiard room in it. Cut out the kitchen or the conservatory or the belfry if you want to, but a billiard room I must and will have."

That a portion of his wishes were duly honored, visitors to the Hartford house are in a position to testify. The belfry is absent, but the kitchen is there, so are the conservatory and the billiard room. And the size and fittings of the latter prove the estimation which Mr. Clemens puts on the game.

Once upon a time he was given to a variety of outdoor sports. But he was born in 1835 and so it is that, just at present, strenuous exercises do not appeal to him as they did some thirty or forty years ago. Hence, too, his regard for billiards, which he declares "is the game for the middle-aged, the old and the senile—to neither of which classes do I belong. I play billiards for the love of them and for the sake of licking the other fellow, not because I feel that my white hairs fit me for them." For all that, time will not be denied and hence the moderate exercise and pleasant recreation of the billiard-room at Hartford.

It is certain, however, that Mark Twain could not have performed the amount of work which he has in the past if his boyhood and manhood had been spent in a less invigorating fashion than they were. The son of a pioneer, he had to take his share of the hardships which fell to the lot of his parents. And later, partially by choice and partially through circumstances, he lived the strenuous life which makes men and nations. There is no doubt but that it was this stern training of a physical culture sort which enabled him at the age of sixty to set himself the task of paying off the debts of a bankrupt firm of which he had been a member. Under the law, the creditors had no claim on him; but he felt in honor bound to repay his partners' losses. How successful he was is a matter of history. In a few years he had earned \$100,000 and his skirts were cleared from the moral obligation under which he believed he labored.

Apart from billiards, the humorist enjoys walking. He also rides a good deal. But, as has been said, he holds that the balls and the cues furnish the recreation and the amusement most fitting for the man of advanced age.

Cure for Rattlesnake Bite

I want to tell you of a sure and simple remedy for rattlesnake bite—one that will accord with physical culture ideas. I saw a young man who was cured and know of others who were.

Take raw onions and salt enough to make

them very salty, crush together thoroughly. Apply as a poultice directly to the bite. Remove it when it turns green. Renew frequently until it no longer colors. It is also good for insect bites and stings.

(Mrs.) CHAS. S. OSBORN.

Edgewood, California.

Our Coming War With Japan

By Captain John A. Anderson

It will be noted from the letters which appear at the conclusion of this interesting article by Capt. Anderson that many readers are of my opinion with regard to the danger of a war between this country and Japan. I have tried to publish those letters which seem to take the most intelligent view of the situation, regardless as to whether or not the writers coincide with my viewpoint. I need hardly reiterate my previous statement that this series of articles is not published with a purpose of fomenting strife between the two nations, but rather of pointing out to the people of this country the effect which the perverted mode of living pursued by the average individual would have in determining the final outcome of an international struggle if the ranks of our very small standing army were depleted and the general public called upon to come to the defense of the nation.—Bernarr Macfadden.

FROM a student's viewpoint, the most remarkable feature of recent wars has been the unpreparedness of one of the combatants. Equally notable, too, has been the suddenness with which one delivered the first blow. And in the great majority of cases, the nation so striking has proven to be the victor. Only fatuity or the egotism which is to be deplored, whether it is manifested by an individual or a country, will blind one to the facts recited. But let us be a little more specific.

Warfare of the modern kind dates back to 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war inaugurated the use of breech-loading weapons on a large scale. Of the effect on tactics and strategy for which those same weapons were responsible I shall not speak except to say that they revolutionized the old order of things, that they brought about warfare as we now know it and bred that highly specialized individual, the private soldier of to-day. I want the persons who may read this to remember my allusion to the soldier, for I shall have occasion to speak of him later.

The Prussians had been preparing for the war with Teutonic thoroughness for years. The French had a fine military establishment—on paper. Also they believed that they were invincible. And when exception was taken to this attitude of theirs, they referred doubters to the glories of the past. The results we all know. Within a few months of the breaking out of hostilities, the Commune had been proclaimed, and not long afterward, the Uhlans entered Paris. The

power and the temporary prestige of France had been destroyed by the national conceit! Are we profiting by the lesson?

The disasters and humiliations which befell the British arms at the outset of the late South African war were due to the long and careful preparation on the part of the Boers and the fact that on the other side there was a disposition to make that most fatal of military mistakes, the despising of the enemy. The ultimatum of the Boers found the British in such an unprepared condition as far as the theatre of war was concerned, that it taxed the resources of the most wealthy empire on earth to recover lost ground. Overconfidence allied to neglect of precaution left stains on the British colors which will not be removed for generations. Are we heeding the lesson?

Of our war with Spain I shall say but little. But it made manifest the fact that we were so wanting in readiness, that we had more or less difficulty in overcoming a fourth-rate European power. This remark includes the proposition that the cost in time, money and lives, was totally out of proportion to the work accomplished. Are we better off in this respect to-day, when our next fight will assuredly be with a first-class power instead of practically the weakest of them all? Not one whit! And those who know the inside of military affairs will confirm my statements if they dare speak out.

As to the recent Russo-Japanese war, the lessons which it conveyed are of so

plain a nature that I hardly need call attention to them. Again it was the story of long and painstaking preparation as opposed to national egotism backed by a bureaucratic class. This class raised a howl of "traitor" and "unpatriot" against everyone who ventured to protest against the Russian military and transportation and medical methods. The rest is history. From the sudden attack of the Japanese fleet to the last stand around Mukden, the Russians hadn't the slightest chance. It was complete organization against stupid and selfish disorganization and the former won out as it always will. Have we taken the lesson to heart? Alas, no!

The truth is, that we are as badly off in a military and even naval sense as we were ten years ago, in fact worse, for at the period in question we had no Philippines on our hands and the troubles with Japan were not even thought of except by the few possessed of a foresight born of a knowledge of the East. And right here I am going to say something which is not based merely upon conviction or belief. I am certain that the Japanese foresaw and began to prepare for armed conflict with us from the time that they thrashed China in their last war with that country. That war was not merely a revelation to Japan as far as her military strength was concerned, but was, in addition, a disclosure of the trade possibilities of China, which could hardly escape the notice of such an astute nation as the former. And this disclosure brought with it the knowledge that the only trade rival which had to be immediately feared was the United States. Only one thing remained and that was to begin preparations looking to the crippling of our power in the Far East when the proper time arrived for so doing. My belief is, that, from the Japanese point of view, that time is now near at hand.

What is the truth about our Navy? As far as its personnel is concerned, no one in possession of his sober senses can take exception to it. But ships and men are alike useless for fighting purposes unless they can be fed. And, putting aside the question of the men, how are we now circumstanced in the matter of

feeding the ships with—coal? Miserably! In fact, we simply could not sail our fleet to Japan from the Pacific and ask it to keep to sea for even a short time with our coal supply as it is! We *have* no coal supply worthy of the name on the Pacific coast. The present cruise of the fleet is possible only because of foreign colliers and foreign coal dealers. And this in time of peace! What would be the results, or how would we be circumstanced, if we were at war and the laws of neutrality forbade our getting coal from those who are now supplying it to us? Of course, I am aware of the fact that we could get together a fleet of colliers and coaling stations and all the rest of it. But the fact remains that we don't! More than that, such a fleet and such stations are not to be assembled or installed in a week or a month or many months. Again our lack of preparation. And again the opportunities that we are affording a daring enemy to strike us a blow such as paralyzed the Russians at the beginning of the late war!

In regard to our Army, I will not speak at length of the numerically pitiful organization which is, theoretically, to be the nucleus of an Army proper when we need one. All I want to say is, that those who imagine that you can make a full-fledged soldier out of a raw recruit in a few weeks are hugging a delusion which is apt to cost us dear in time of need. As I have intimated, the soldier of to-day is a specialist, who is made so only by years of training. The semi-guerilla fighting of Washington's days and the rough and ready contests of our Civil War are gone forever. Now, the soldier is trained to fight in an individual capacity when necessary, and in a collective manner when the opportunity serves. Most of the work, however, takes place in the first named way, and hence it is that it becomes essential to spend years of patient training on a man in order to develop his self-confidence and personal resources. More than that, the instinct of discipline must be so developed in a fighter that he does that which he is told to do without hesitation, even if he knows that death awaits obedience to orders. This same instinct can

only be brought into perfection by comparatively long service with the colors. And, it may be added, that without it, in a smaller or less degree, the soldier is worse than useless. Bravery is one thing; disciplined bravery is quite another. The first we, as a nation, possess to the highest degree. But from a military point of view, we are terribly lacking in the second. And if we opposed men who did possess bravery and but little discipline to troops who had both qualities to a high degree, can any sensible person doubt the result of such a meeting?

If war was imminent and a call had been sent out for volunteers, the response would be overwhelming; of that there is no doubt. And then we would find ourselves beginning precisely where we should have left off! In other words, we would have our hands full of raw material which, under the circumstances, would be embarrassing, not to say disastrous. Meanwhile the enemy, finding little or nothing to oppose him, either in our colonies or at home, would be securing himself in strategical positions from which it would be hard to dislodge him when we were ready to make the attempt. And we should have to do this with green troops, as opposed to the trained and seasoned men who would be at his disposal. Again I ask, can any sane person doubt the result of such an unequal state of affairs? If you have ever seen a riot you will understand how tremendously discipline counts. The mobs of tens of thousands melt before the handful of men who advance in disciplined order and with disciplined arms. Exactly the same kind of thing would take place if we ever faced a disciplined enemy with levies, the members of which a month or so before, had been at work in the factory or in the store. I am not even excepting the militia from this category, although I yield to none in my professional and personal regard for that body. But it stands to reason that the militia itself cannot be imbued with the proper spirit of discipline when it is only under military sway, so to speak, for a few hours every week. The profession of arms is, nowadays, an exacting one, and in order to make a soldier

we have to continually surround him with influences which are of a military and disciplinary nature. Because we do not do this to the extent which we ought to, and because we trust to luck and the "natural courage" of our citizens, we are courting defeat, not only from Japan but from any first-class power which sees its way to take advantage of our stupidity. "Natural courage" is an essential in the case of any nation which desires progress and power; but such courage, if untrained and undisciplined, is of little value. And we as a nation are guilty, in that we cannot or will not see the necessity of training a proper proportion of such of our courage, so that it will be available when the time arrives in which we shall need it. That this time is not so far distant I am fully assured. Preparation is the price of liberty.

The Recent Progress of Japan

TO THE EDITOR:

That an armed conflict between the two dominant powers whose common interests center in the Pacific is inevitable, is conceded by many leading diplomats, naval and military men, a foregone conclusion, in fact a certainty.

Since the close of the late Russo-Japanese war the latter nation has steadily been secretly preparing for some invasion or conflict, as is attested by the abnormal energy and activity that is being expressed throughout her arsenals, navy yards, and gun foundries, the output being that of no peaceably inclined power.

This state exists within her army and navy, the former being brought to its highest standard of efficiency through the reorganization, remodeling, and material increase of every branch of the service; especially the active army with its first and second reserves, which is used for foreign service or offensive work, all of which points to some contemplated invasion, and as Japan has no conquests to make in eastern waters, the seizure of the Philippines or Hawaii requiring no such preparation, her only objective point for material results must be the Pacific coast.

As a matter of policy and through the instigation of higher officials, many amicable expressions and courtesies are being directed toward this country through mediums of her press and diplomatic channels, yet notwithstanding this, there exists throughout Japan a feeling of distrust and animosity which will in time overcome all opposition to any measure of a friendly nature.

It is true that in view of her rapidly increasing taxation, and already burdensome

war debt, that to-day the Japanese nation is in no adequate condition to finance a modern war of average duration, with any first-class power, without financial aid from her ally or a neutral power.

While this condition will for a little time prevent that nation from declaring war, and assuming the initiative, some incident like the San Francisco school case can be relied upon, or forced by the Japanese, to bring about such an issue that blood will be shed, our Government being obliged to demand reparation or its consequence—war.

Then Japan can, until further prepared, financially and otherwise, carry on a defensive war and for this she is superbly equipped, with her modern merchant marine, her highly efficient army and navy, and excellent system of coast defense, together with adequate naval bases, repair facilities and coaling stations, coupled with the ability to place in the field of action an army of over one million trained men with every modern facility for maintaining them there, showing her to be a powerful factor to be contended with for the supremacy of the Pacific.

The Japanese nation has made remarkably rapid progress in shipbuilding, the Government yards at Yokosuka and Kure have demonstrated their ability to construct the largest and most powerful of ships, therefore the margin of superiority in ships, guns, and tonnage, that we now maintain over Japan in the Pacific, will gradually decrease as her new battleships and armored cruisers of the Huki and Ibuki types are completed, these ships equaling if not surpassing the latest battleships and armored cruisers in foreign navies.

Should present popular theories be correct the fleet that has the advantage of mobility, and is able to concentrate the largest number of heavy, long range, armor piercing guns within the shortest battle line, will unquestionably win future naval engagements, this being one of the most important lessons of the battle of Tushima Straits; the principle being carried out in the naval construction programs of the leading powers, the latest battleships of the American Delaware, English Bellerophon, and French Danton, classes, having main armaments of ten or twelve inch guns, with powerful secondary batteries of five-inch guns for the repelling of torpedo attacks.

The United States being an isolated power therefore maintaining no standing army in comparison with other first-class powers we naturally look to our navy as our protector, or first line of defense, the coast defenses being the second line, the army the third, and we are not mistaken, as should our fleets become disabled, it would be nearly impossible to prevent a modern foe from destroying our commerce, landing successive armies at divergent points, establishing bases of supplies, and eventually capturing many of our leading maritime cities with their fortifications; and with swift initial strokes de-

stroying our army before its proper condition of mobilization and concentration could effect the necessary resistance to hold them in check.

In the event of hostilities the first objective would be the command of the sea, and as the fleets of the respective navies would have to bear the brunt of engagements upon whose issues would probably depend the future destinies of two nations, it therefore may be of interest to compare a few main points of the fleets concerned.

As we have no battleship equaling the Aki type of the Japanese navy (19,250 tons displacement) main battery 4 12-inch, 12 10-inch; secondary battery, 14 4 and seven-tenths inch guns; or armored cruisers of her Ibuki type (14,600 tons displacement) main battery, 4 12-inch, 8 8-inch; secondary battery, 14 4 and seven-tenths inch guns, our advantage lies in our having divisions of ships of the same type, such as the six superb battleships of the Kansas class (16,000 tons displacement) main battery, 4 12-inch, 8 8-inch and 12 7-inch guns, with secondary battery of 20 3-inch rapid fire guns, or the five battleships of the Georgia type (14,950 tons displacement) main battery, 4 12-inch, 8 8-inch, 12 7-inch; secondary battery, 20 3-inch guns; these types greatly simplifying mobility of units, battle tactics, radius of action, speed, and the concentration of the most effective gun-fire.

In future naval engagements it will not be so much the ships or the guns that will determine the issue of an action, as it will be the men behind the guns, the general efficiency of the personnel, and the effective genius of their commanding officers.

As failure of adequate preparation in time of peace for time of war is no economy, our defenseless condition being an open secret in foreign intelligence offices, American public sentiment should be aroused, the army placed upon a substantial basis, and our Pacific and Atlantic coast defenses increased in number and efficiency before we awaken—too late—defenseless in the dilemma of a modern war.

NORMAN K. SAWYER.

Jacksonville, Florida.

War and the Workingman

TO THE EDITOR:

I have noticed your editorial on the prospects of war between this country and Japan. I am curious to know who is to fight the Japs. Do you expect the working class to make the fight? If so, why? I cannot see that it makes the slightest difference to me as to which set of capitalists takes the product of my toil from me.

If I am not to get the results of my efforts, I am willing for the Japs to have it. Of course this means that the Japs will assume the functions of Government in this country, but why should I care?

If I am to be ruled by American capitalists they will rob me of all I produce except a bare subsistence, and the Japs can do no worse.

I hope that you will make it plain to me

why I should risk my life in defense of a Government that will rob me and my children.

Missoula, Montana.

D. BURGESS.

A Canadian's View

TO THE EDITOR:

I noticed your editorial "The Coming War With Japan" and beg to express my humble views on the subject.

If your country fights Japan I honestly believe she will get a terrible licking; yes, she surely will.

Having traveled from Buffalo to New Orleans and across the Southern States to Los Angeles, then up the Pacific States to Vancouver, B. C., I have a good idea of the United States generally. In all the large cities I stayed from a week to three months, and besides visiting the navy yards in Washington, D. C., and Bremerton, Wash., I have also been aboard some of your warships. So you see, while on my tour I took a special interest in your navy.

In Los Angeles I went through the Old Soldiers' Home, where I understand about 2,200 retired soldiers are under Uncle Sam's care. So far as I could judge you certainly treat your veterans very well indeed. On the whole, they seemed thoroughly contented and most of them looked healthy.

Now, as regards the American navy, I was sadly disappointed with the general appearance of the sailors. Both the officers and men looked haggard and far from healthy as a body, compared to those of the Japanese navy. The men of your army, too, gave me the impression of being an exceedingly poor lot so far as physique was concerned. In both branches of the service I know one will easily find some very healthy, well-developed men, and many that any nation would be proud to boast of, yet the average American sailor and soldier cannot be compared to the small, but strong, healthy men behind Japan's guns.

Probably the true reason of this is that the Americans live a much faster life, and their chief aim seems to be to collect the dollars only to spend them freely on tobacco, liquor and amusements. On the other hand, the Japanese spend their money mostly in every way that will improve themselves. They certainly smoke a lot too, but they take things very calmly and are not continually looking for excitement like your people.

The most important comparison between American and Japanese in both the armies and navies is in regard to their food. Americans like plenty of meat, spices, pastry, cakes, etc., and nine out of ten of them seem to reckon their one object in life is to "live to eat." Not only do they eat ten times too much, but they also eat twenty times too quickly.

Japanese eat mostly rice, fish and vegetables, and they don't usually overeat, but "eat to live."

Now, do not put me down as a Canadian who has any ill-feeling toward America or her army and navy. I was born in Scotland and have lived twenty-five years in New Zealand; so beyond having lived in different parts of Canada for three years I have no claim to be a Canadian.

No man would like to see America give Japan a right good licking more than I, but unless she increases her army, builds more ships and tries to improve the physique of her men no power on earth can prevent Japan coming out victorious. Time will prove this.

America has the money and the men, but to-day she is sleeping quietly while Japan is straining every effort to prepare for the coming great war.

Right here we can see ample evidence of it. Local Japanese are always going off to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, gathering information and spying out your defenses. They freely say they will lick America in short order.

Vancouver, B. C.

GEO. GRAY.

A Soldier for Six Years

TO THE EDITOR:

Having read your article on "The Coming War With Japan," published in a late number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, I beg permission to write a few words on same.

After six years' service in the regular army, and having just been discharged, I am in a position to talk freely on the subject. The army of the United States to-day, I am sorry to say, is not worth its keeping. The physical condition of the men is not in keeping with its prestige. Of late, or since the Spanish-American war, the physical condition has been dropping; until, at the present time, the United States army is, I dare say, among the lowest. The men are more often seen drunk, and associated with other crimes. You frequently read that the cause is the taking away of the army canteen. But look at it in the right light and you will see that such is not the cause.

Their great plea is, that taking away the canteen has driven the soldier out of the post and into the low dives that surround it, and that once in the dive, or low booze joint, he will not leave until he is full, because he knows that he can get none in the post.

So, if the soldiers drank less and were in a better physical condition when they had the canteen, why would they not be in a better condition physically if they could not obtain the intoxicating drinks at all? I believe in physical culture, and if they had a great deal more in our army to-day it would go very far in bringing it up to the standard that it once maintained.

I agree with the editor's viewpoint, that a war with Japan will come and come when we least expect it.

B. D. C.



GEORGE WILLIAMSON

From Another World

A CAUSTIC ARRAIGNMENT BY ONE WHO VIEWS US FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN OUTSIDER. HIS CRITICISMS ARE SEVERE AND CONTAIN FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By George Williamson

Here is some very plain talk. There are no doubt many exaggerations. Some readers may even think that the writer is crazy. Others may feel that such extreme sentiments should not be published. I think, however, that his views at least deserve a reading. We have been drifting along in almost hopeless egotism about long enough. It is time we saw ourselves as others see us. This is my excuse for publishing a series of articles by this author.—Bernarr Macfadden.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

THE so-called civilization which you are enjoying, or I might more accurately say, suffering from, at the present time is largely pretense. It is superficial. It exists only on the outside. It might be said to be loud and bombastic. It is very well mated with what you term the "yellow press" that I find in so many of your large cities. It is something like the clothing you wear—it is entirely for show.

It took me a long while to become accustomed to your clothing. In your country, to a very large extent, the clothes make the man. If the noblest of all human souls were to come to you without your conventional costume, if he were to come to you as God made him and in God's image, how would you receive him? Did you ever ask yourself that question? Did anyone ever ask himself that question? Well, I think he would be rushed into jail, into a dark cell, away from air and sunlight. He would be tried; he would be examined as to his sanity and then, if he managed to live through all these proceedings he would be sent to one of your insane asylums. And then—God help him—for if one-tenth of the stories that I hear about your insane asylums are true, the sign should be put over the door of each institution, "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here."

You have a clothing-civilization, pure and simple. Take your shoes, for instance. I long to go where I can take off your abominable footwear in which one's feet are practically in prison all the time. They can not breathe; and to a certain extent this hampers one's mind. Freedom of body and freedom of mind are closely connected. Enslave a man's body, and his mind soon arrives at a similar condition. Your shoes interfere with every movement. Just look at the soles of the average shoe which you all wear! Does it in any way resemble the sole of a human foot? It is more like a stiff board and consequently the complete powers of your feet are really never developed.

Then there is the heel that you consider necessary. It interferes with natural walking. In a perfect shoe the heel and the ball of the foot should be on the same level.

Many of you boast of your small feet. Why is it any more of advantage to have a small foot than a small nose or a small head? It must be a crazy idea that some fool originated in years gone by that has come down to you. But this foolish idea has ruined the feet of most of your countrymen. The foot of a baby is beautiful. But look at that same foot after it has been enclosed in tight and uncomfortable shoes for a few years. In all cases there is remarkable change. The

toes are disfigured. They have been squeezed together until they are all out of shape. If your foot is not covered with bunions you are lucky, or else your intelligence is above that of the average man.

Your shoes are made apparently with but little regard to the shape of the foot. Now, is this not senseless? Is it not beyond one's comprehension? Why are they not made to conform to the shape of the foot? Why should the foot be treated as if it were deformed?

You have no right to ridicule the Chinese woman. To be sure, you do not go to the same extremes but you seem to be slaves to the same foolishness. In fact, you must have secured your idea of the beauty of a small foot from the Chinese. The size of the foot should conform to the size and weight and the general structure of the body. A two-hundred-pound man would look ridiculous if he possessed a foot of a man half his size. To buy a shoe just as small as possible is a universal tendency among your people. You squeeze the foot into the smallest possible space, and then you have the incomprehensible audacity to wonder why your feet do not give you satisfactory service. You have to go to the chiropodist at frequent intervals to have your corns shaved off and to have your feet "fixed up." The average human foot can stand a large amount of abuse and still be able to give one a fair amount of service.

Shoes are bad enough even at their best. Even were they heel-less they would still be a miserable makeshift. They interfere with the free movement of the body and lessen the inclination to walk and run. In fact in a stiff-soled shoe one cannot run. It is impossible for the foot to perform the normal action required under the circumstances. Of course one can attempt to run, but it is but little more than an attempt. If you have to continue the habit of wearing shoes, and I suppose you cannot very well avoid it as long as you live in your beloved country, then at least try to secure something that will not pinch your feet.

I came here in search of knowledge. As soon as I saw the shoes you are in the

habit of wearing I wondered what could be the shape of your feet.

I visited one of your large shoe stores. I must confess that I was out of place, but it was intensely interesting to me to note the amusement of the clerk at my footwear, and it was still more interesting to see his endeavors to fit me with a pair of shoes. There were a number of customers in the store and I tarried there for a considerable time. I watched the various clerks as they hurriedly served their customers. I listened to their conversation. It was all so amusing to me.

"Oh, yes, those shoes are a little tight, but wear them a few days and they will stretch." Imagine a man wearing a shoe several days merely to stretch it. Why not stretch it in the shoe shop? Why not buy a pair that will not have to be stretched? Must the flesh and bones that constitute the human foot be compressed so tightly that it will stretch strong leather?

"What is the matter with your feet?" one clerk said to me. "Are you bothered with corns?" At that time I hardly knew the meaning of "corns." In an indefinite way I knew that the feet would become calloused in spots by the friction of a tight shoe; but my knowledge of "corns" was very indefinite.

I think I must have tried on at least a dozen pairs of shoes. He brought me at least a dozen pairs that I did not think were worth trying on. It was really an abominable experience trying to force my feet into shoes that were not made to fit a normal foot.

The most comfortable shoe in the world is what you call an Indian moccasin. That is what I use when I have need for footwear. It fits the foot like a sock. It does not give shape to the foot; the foot shapes the moccasin. To be sure, the air is excluded. It is not by any means satisfactory from this standpoint, but the sole is soft. It allows you to walk just as nature intended. I fully realize that it is not stylish. It would hardly be appropriate in a ballroom. If you feel like running, and are lucky enough to have on a pair of moccasins, you are ready. You can enjoy it, you can get the benefit that comes from this sort of activity.

Not only that, but you feel free, fully alive and capable of meeting almost any emergencies.

I have tried your shoes, I have worn all kinds, I wanted to know why there was need for a heel on a shoe, why the heel should be raised higher than the ball of the foot. I learned that it was a conventional decree, and nothing more.

God forbid my saying anything about the foot apparel of your womankind. The shoes your men wear are bad enough. The heel on the shoe of the average man represents a freakish idea, therefore what can I say of the shoes worn by your women? Why, I have seen shoes of some women where the heel extended forward until it was almost in the middle of the foot. Pointed heels and pointed toes! You *talk* about savagery, you *talk* about the feet of the Chinese women. You certainly have no excuse for criticising the foot-wear of any nation.

Any woman who will wear shoes such as I have seen surely has but little more brains in her head than she has in her feet. No woman can move freely in a shoe of this kind. She simply "shows off," nothing more, nothing less. She thinks it is stylish. She parades around impressed with the idea that she is well dressed. No doubt she thinks that being in style helps her to create an impression.

I do not like your silly women. There is too much hypocrisy, too much superficiality in many of the women that I have met in this country. They are not all of this kind, I am glad to say. There are many exceptions. I have seen women, apparently strong in mind, superb in body, beautiful specimens of womanhood. They would almost equal some of the exquisitely modeled women that you will find in my own country. I suppose I cannot blame your women; they are creatures of their environment. They have been made what they are by your false conceptions of life, but it all represents a most tragic waste of human life.

Every woman should be comely. Every woman should possess a strong and superb body, and beautiful figures should be the rule instead of the exception. But

I have deviated from my subject. I am not through with your shoes. Why can your women not find some footwear that will enable them to be themselves? A woman can never be fully developed if she is compelled to walk on stilts, and that is what I would call your high-heeled shoes. In a shoe of this kind a woman really walks on the ball of her foot and her toes. The heels are raised so high that the foot is pushed far forward in an unnatural position, and often squeezed into such a small space that it is distorted almost as bad as the foot of the Chinese woman.

Shoes are an abomination anyway. There is no need for them. They help one toward ill health. They prevent one from acquiring the highest degree of strength and beauty. Your women can never possess well-formed legs as long as they wear their present foot gear. High heels ruin the shape of the calf of the leg. A normal action of the toe is impossible, consequently instead of the calf of the leg being nicely rounded it is often not unlike a stick in appearance.

Then there is walking, one of the finest of all exercises, being avoided almost entirely, because of your foot gear. A comfortable pair of shoes that does not interfere with the free action of the feet, that does not bind them, would make walking a joy and a comfort. No one then would find a walk on a pleasant day a task. It would be a pleasure. But when considering the shoes worn by the average woman I cannot blame you for patronizing the street cars. Why, some women do not walk at all; that is, outside of that which is necessary around the house. They take the cars rather than walk even a quarter of a mile, and they cannot be blamed when you consider the shoes that they wear.

Suppose one of your women should suddenly acquire my ideas on this subject. Suppose she should conclude to stop wearing shoes. Suppose she would conclude to go around barefooted. Imagine if you can a woman walking around New York barefooted. She would certainly create a sensation. The very idea of a woman walking barefooted! Is it not shocking?

On one occasion I was traveling behind two ladies. The train stopped at a small station and a barefooted man appeared. You should have heard those two women. "How shocking! How vulgar! What a beast he must be!" If remarks of this kind would be made at the sight of a barefooted man what could be expected if a barefooted woman should suddenly appear? She would certainly be the talk of the city. But pray why should a woman not go barefooted if she wanted to? Is there anything really wrong about it?

She would be healthier and stronger because of the practice. I hardly think she would be allowed on the street. It would be shameful! Yes, even a disgusting display, according to your ideas. Just think of it—a woman walking on the street barefooted! Why, you don't even allow your women to go in bathing barefooted. And right here I want to say that about the funniest sight I ever saw in my life was the first American woman that I saw in bathing. When she first started for the water I was under the impression that she was crazy and intended to commit suicide. She had on a complete costume, even a cap on her head and rubber soled shoes on her feet. To be sure, the skirt was a trifle short, but I have seen so many strange sights in your country that that did not seem especially peculiar to me. The very idea of talking about bathing in connection with such an exhibition! When one takes a bath at least part of your clothing should be removed. The right kind of a bathing costume is no costume at all. Of course I could not expect that view to be endorsed in your country, but what senseless idiocy is represented by the policy that compels women taking an ocean bath to wear stockings and skirts and all the conventional paraphernalia that accompanies the average bathing suit. It is all caused by your silly ideas of modesty, by your debauching idea that the body is vile and vulgar; that the exposing of any part of the body is shameful and immoral.

You remind me of a lot of nasty-minded children. How dare you call the image of God immoral and shameful. What sort of Christians are you any-

way? If man has degenerated from God's image, who is to blame for it? Are you gaining anything by covering up your deficiencies, your ugliness? If they were brought to light of day, if they were plainly apparent everywhere, they would soon be remedied. Who told you that the body was vile? Who connected all sorts of excesses and immoralities with the shape of the unclothed body? Did you not make all this vileness yourself? Have you not filled your mind with these foul pictures? Have you not filled your mind with all sorts of erotic imaginings? And does not the hidden body and the vileness with which it is connected do more to arouse erotic thoughts than if it stood out before you unclothed and unashamed?

I am not going to try to convert you to my way of thinking—I know it is utterly impossible. I am either so far beyond you that you cannot comprehend me or else I am so far below you that I cannot comprehend you. I am not going to say which. I will leave that for you to decide. I know positively, however, that no clear-minded, unprejudiced man can find any reason in taking a bath clothed from head to foot. The benefit that can be secured from bathing is greatly lessened when bathing in a costume of this character. The water should come in direct contact with the skin. It should be allowed to secure the tonic effect of this contact. And how many skirts have been the actual cause of drowning? The skirt interferes with the movement required in swimming. Is it not reasonable to suppose that on frequent occasions a death is caused by this ridiculous costume?

But to go back to my barefoot idea (now don't be shocked), why cannot a few brave women get up a barefoot club? Start the fad of going barefooted. Boycott the shoemakers. You are not living merely to support them. Let them find some other occupation. To be sure, a few of you may be arrested, but that will only help to advertise the idea. And furthermore I believe it will grow and expand with marvelous strides if it can once secure a real start. Why should women be stiff, sedate, and dignified, almost before they have finished

the girlhood period? Why cannot they be girls even until the end of life? There should be no middle aged or old women. They should be nothing but girls. Not only figuratively but literally. But imagine a girl wearing the clothes that your women everywhere consider necessary and still remain a girl. When you speak of girlhood we think of romping and playing. We think of an active well-shaped specimen with a joyous light in her eye, a prettily rounded cheek

and a color that indicates health and strength of a high degree. This sort of girlhood can be retained on to womanhood, on to middle age, even to old age.

I hope some one who is yearning for girlhood days will help this idea along. The more I think of it the better I like it. And if women everywhere will begin to strive to retain their girlishness and the strength and activity and suppleness that accompany this period, it will make an amazing change in their career.

(To be continued)

Vacation or Treatment for Subscriptions

We are getting applications from our friends in all parts of the country who are interested in our proposition to increase our subscription list by offering a vacation or treatment in exchange for subscriptions. Here is certainly a splendid opportunity for one to spend a vacation that will be productive of the finest possible results from the standpoint of health without costing you a cent, provided you are willing to spend some time among your friends soliciting subscriptions for us. You will unquestionably admit that this issue of the magazine is by far the most attractive that has ever been published. We intend to improve it each issue. Bernarr Macfadden is giving the publication his personal attention, and he intends to make every issue of more interest than the one that preceded it. This magnificent Health Home which we are using to accommodate our subscribers is located in Battle Creek, Michigan, which has a national reputation as a health re-



The Magnificent Health Home at Battle Creek, Mich.
Where Our Subscribers can Secure Treatment or an
Enjoyable Vacation by Selling Subscriptions

sort. When our friends come here they must be careful to avoid being fooled by persistent solicitors who often meet trains. These solicitors frequently take our friends to other places where the accommodations are very high in price. Whenever you come here, if you will be sure to ask for the editor of the maga-

zine, you will then get to the right place. If you simply say you want to go to the Health Home or the Sanatorium, you are liable to be taken to another place. The other sanatorium located here is in favor with the medical profession everywhere and they believe in the medicine idea.

and have one of the finest surgical wards in the world. If you don't want to be doped, and if you want to avoid the cutting mania, you must be sure that you get into the right place, for suave oily tongues are sometimes capable of making an ordinary layman believe almost anything if he comes in contact with arguments from medical men who are experts in the "gabfest" line.

More About "The Sand Cure"

Those of our readers who read the article on "The Sand Cure," which appeared in June PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine, will doubtless be interested

to learn that we have in preparation another interesting article on the same subject which will appear in our next issue.

Remarkable Results of Our Endurance Contest



Test No. 1

WE had no idea when we offered prizes for tests of endurance that the exercises we had given for these tests would bring out the remarkable results which we are now about to present to our readers. Endurance is really the highest form of strength. No matter how great one's strength may be it is of but little value if endurance is not a part of it. Endurance indicates a fine nervous organism. It shows that the functions of the body are working harmoniously and satisfactorily. When you can repeat a given exercise but a few times, it should be a warning then and there of the need of building increased endurance, for this simply means more vitality. Endurance is vitality. It accurately indicates the quantity of vitality you may possess. A strong man may drop dead at any moment if endurance is not a part of his strength. A man who can endure, for instance, a very long walk, or a long run, or can repeat muscular exercises of any kind for a long period is in the finest possible functional condition. He cannot contract disease of any kind while in this high state of physical health.

The very great importance of endurance in strength-building was the principal reason for these tests. We wanted to impress our readers with the value of endurance, and at the same time we wanted to establish records in these various exercises, so that our readers could find out something of endurance. Our

friends will, of course, understand that those who have been able to make the remarkable records that we are herewith announcing, have no doubt practiced the special exercises in which they have made these records for a long period. Endurance of this kind cannot be developed in a short time. Up to the present time none of the records that have been sent to us have been verified, but we will announce the claimants of the various tests just as they have come to us. We are of the opinion that if each one of the contestants who has made a winning record will call the attention to this article together with his record to a local paper, that the editor will be glad to arrange an especial occasion for repeating the feat of endurance at some public place. The contestant can then duplicate his feat and can forward to us the newspaper article referring to it. This would be the most valuable method of verifying the claims of the winning contestants.

Test No. 1 consisted in raising on the toes as high as possible and returning to the floor. Eugene Frizzell, of Utica, New York, has outdistanced all competitors in this event. On April 18, before various witnesses, he raised on his toes twenty thousand times. Three hours was required for this remarkable feat. The second best record was made by Emery B. Wolf, Taneytown, Maryland. He performed the exercise 2,193 times. Neil McFarland, of Pittsburg, was third, with 200 times.

In Test No. 2, the weight was raised with the strength of one leg alone while the toe of the other foot was grasped by the hand, as shown in the illustration. There was only one record of any



Test No. 2



Test No. 3



Test No. 5



Test No. 6

value made in this test. Samson Demmick, of 106 Broadway, Detroit, repeated this exercise 76 times with the left leg and 75 times with the right leg.

In Test No. 3, there was only one competitor who made a notable record. Wendelin Kueller, Jr., of Utica, New York, reports that he performed this exercise before witnesses 4,600 times, and the test took one hour and five minutes.

There was no competitor in test No. 4.

Test No. 5 consisted in bringing the body from an inclined position to a sitting posture as shown in the illustration. Fred Stutzrihn, of Rochester, New York, repeated this exercise 1,500 times. This was the only record worthy of note made in this contest.

Test No. 6 consisted of shooting the feet out backward until the weight rested upon the tips of the toes and the palms of the hands, then returning to first position. There were no especially good records in this test, though Mr. Morris G. Jory, of Baltimore, Maryland, wins first prize, he having repeated the exercise 35 times.

Test No. 7 consisted of raising the arms high overhead as far back as possible from the position illustrated in the accompanying photograph. Mr. George W. Hey, of Bozeman, Montana, repeated this movement 1,000 times. Mr. Otto Marshick of Cleveland, Ohio, repeated the exercise 610 times. Miss Marie Macklin, of New Springfield, Ohio, performed it 125 times. H. P. Keates, of London, England, 110 times. John Mikes, of New York, repeated the exercise 100 times. Neil McFarland, of Pittsburg, 100 times.

In Test No. 8 the body was lowered with the strength of one arm until the chin touched the back of the hand, then raised to the position illustrated. Sam-

son Demmick, of Detroit, was first, repeating the exercise 15 times with the left arm and 15 times with the right. I. W. Pugh, of Indianapolis, Indiana, was second. He repeated the exercise fifteen times with the right hand and fourteen times with the left.

In Test No. 10 the body was lowered until the chest touched the floor, the weight of the body then resting on chest and toes. From this position the body was pushed up with the strength of the arms as shown in the photograph. First place for this test was a tie, the exercise being repeated 150 times by Glenn W. Davis, of Minneapolis, and Emil Suhr, of Chicago. We are of the opinion that it would be a good plan for these gentlemen publicly to repeat their performance and thus to determine the winner. The next best record was made by I. W. Pugh, of Indianapolis, Indiana, he having repeated the exercise 81 times. Emery B. Wolf, of Taneytown, Maryland, made a record of 61 times. A seventeen-year-old boy, Arthur J. Johnson, repeated the exercise 27 times.

The prizes will be given out in accordance with our offer, though we would like to have the winners send us newspaper clippings in accordance with the suggestion previously made in this article. If they cannot secure the opportunity of publicly repeating their performance as described above, please write to the editor direct, at Battle Creek, Michigan, and he will give further information as to the verification of the test.

Mr. George W. Hey, of Montana Agricultural College, Bozeman, Montana, has performed five of the tests a very creditable number of times, as follows: Test No. 1, 5,000 times; Test No. 5, 500 times; Test No. 7, 1,000 times; Test No. 9, 600 times; Test No. 10, 150 times.



Test No. 7



Test No. 8



Test No. 10

Have Some Respect for Your Stomach

By Samuel Upton



HE human stomach is usually a most "terribly" abused organ. It is ill-treated in every conceivable way. It often revolts at the almost continuous abuse and refuses to be used as a receptacle to accommodate anything and everything that the average individual seems to consider appetizing. The heart seems to be able to work almost continuously without a rest, but the stomach is a different organ. It requires rest occasionally, and when three meals a day are eaten, whether you need them or not, you can hardly blame the unwilling stomach for working in a sluggish, monotonous fashion. You must remember that the muscles of your stomach are just as tired and worn out as all the muscles throughout your body, and when you arise in the morning, feeling irritable and only half alive, it would require an extraordinary change to make you feel like indulging in any athletic stunts, such as running, jumping and the like. If feats of this kind were made compulsory, no doubt you would go through them in a monotonous fashion. Now, your stomach is in exactly the same condition. You are not hungry and it is breakfast time, and you might be hungry before noon, and you proceed to eat a breakfast that is not needed to sustain your body; that is not needed to satisfy your appetite, and then you have the incomprehensible audacity to expect your stomach to go to work and digest this mess of stuff without complaint. To be sure, it does the best it can, and you get just "what is coming to you," that is, an inferior quality of blood. The stomach cannot begin the work of manufacturing good blood under such circumstances. The stomach should be able to digest a meal of food with the same vim

and vigor and energy that you would put into a short run if you thoroughly enjoyed it. In other words, the stomach must be able to enjoy the digesting of meals, and this is possible only when you enjoy every morsel of food you eat.

Eating without appetite is criminal. You are committing a crime against your stomach. You are compelling this organ to work and it has neither the desire nor the need of work.

Wait for an appetite. Do not use your stomach as a general convenience for dumping everything that may momentarily please your appetite. Have some respect for your stomach, and it will have some respect for you. Treat it as though you expected it to do good work, and it will reward you a thousandfold. Many individuals treat their stomach as though it was a garbage can. Every conceivable mixture that the human mind can possibly concoct is dumped into the human stomach. Take the average course dinner, for instance; combine all the various mixtures that are eaten at a meal of this kind, and take a glance at the mess. Could you imagine a human stomach satisfactorily digesting such abominable stuff, and at the end, making pure blood from it?

Take plain, wholesome food—food that will nourish and strengthen the body—food that will fill you full of nervous vigor, full of muscular energy, that will make every day of your life a pleasing experience. Then you may say that you are treating this important digestive organ with the respect which is due to it. Remember that you are what food makes of you, and if you have a proper respect for your stomach, you will be rewarded by the possession of those superb energies that make the hardest task in life easy to perform.

Close of the Prize Competition

We are still receiving photographs for entry in our Grand Prize Competition to determine the most perfectly-formed men and women. We will publish those photographs, from time to time, which

we think will prove of interest to our readers. The Competition will close finally on January 1st, 1909, and the decision of the judges will be published as soon after that date as practicable.



FIG. 48. Photograph Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A BOXING BOUT AT A REMARKABLE FESTIVAL IN BURMAH

While boxing forms a part of the ceremonies it is hardly carried on in accordance with Queensbury Rules, as the contestants kick each other with their bare feet, and inflict violent upward blows with their knees

Strange Ceremonies at a Funeral

AN ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT ONE OF
THE FEATURES OF A BURMAH FUNERAL

By Sydney Cummings

BEYOND a doubt, admiration for contests calling for strength and valor on the part of the participants exists in the heart of all normal human beings. In every land, whatever amusements may be most favored by the people, sports of one sort or another are encouraged and fostered. This feeling exists in varying degrees in different countries, although the athletic contests of some parts of the globe are much unlike those of other sections.

In Oriental countries, athletic contests frequently constitute most important events on the programs of the many ostentatious ceremonies which attend religious and other festivals. In the Empire of Burmah, for instance, which is situated in the southeastern section of Asia, the imposing ceremonies which attend the cremation of native potentates of great rank, embrace many contests between native athletes.

The photograph on the opposite page shows a boxing bout which occurred at the funeral of a famous Buddhist high-priest in Burmah. The contest could hardly be said to have been carried on according to a strict interpretation of Queensbury rules, for the participants were permitted to kick each other with their bare feet and indulge in violent upward blows with the knee, together with many other tricks which would hardly be considered legitimate in athletic circles in our land. Throughout the duration of the contest wild bursts of music filled the air, and at its conclusion a series of weird and fantastic ceremonies occurred.

In Burmah the cremation of a reli-

gious potentate of rank is an event of great importance, and the various ceremonies which attend it extend over several months, previous to the actual cremation of the body, during which time the body lies in state. One of the strangest parts of the ceremony at which our photograph was taken, consisted of a frantic and uproarious tug-of-war. This was participated in by as many able-bodied natives in the throng present who could find room to grasp a portion of a series of strong ropes fastened to either side of the funeral pyre. There was no selection of sides or numbers, and bystanders were always ready to reinforce the side which appeared to be on the point of losing. The contest continued for hours, and was explained by the fact that it is considered an act of the greatest merit to drag a *po-hu-gyee's* body to the funeral pyre, and this honor is conferred upon the winners of the tug-of-war.

Whatever may be one's opinion of the strange rites and contests which attend these extraordinary ceremonies, it cannot be denied that the performance of athletic feats is far more commendable than excessive indulgence, on the part of so-called mourners, in the various foods and drinks which are so frequently served at ceremonies of this nature.

Physically the natives of Burmah display the characteristics which are common to the Mongolian races and the tribes of the Eastern Himalaya. They are generally described as of a stout, active, well-proportioned form, of a brown complexion, with luxuriant black hair and a little more beard than is possessed by the Siamese.

One Free Patient From Each City

THIS MAGAZINE, TO PROVE THE ACCURACY OF THE THEORIES WE ADVOCATE IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE, WILL PAY FOR TREATMENT OF ONE CASE FROM EACH CITY

By Bernarr Macfadden

THERE are so many people who doubt the value of physical culture methods in the cure of disease that the publishers of this magazine are inaugurating what might be termed a monumental plan for obliterating from the mind of every intelligent individual all doubt that may exist as to their marvelous value. There is practically no disease that cannot be cured by these methods. After medical men have tried every conceivable dope, patients adopt these methods and often recover so quickly that in many instances they are inclined to believe that they simply imagined they were sick. It might be well to add right here, however, that if one continues to imagine he is sick, even if he is not really ill at the time, he soon will be, and though recovery in the early stages of a trouble of this nature is easy, if allowed to continue for a long period, a chronic disease of a serious nature is bound to result.

Now please note that we will take one case, and one case only, from every large city. We will pay all expenses for treatment of these cases, with the understanding that we have the right to use photographs and letters showing the changes in the condition of these cases from time to time, as we may desire to illustrate the effects of the methods advocated in this magazine. We will only make one exception to the cases we agree to accept, and that is consumption. We have no facilities here for consumptive cases, and, furthermore, even the medical profession have now admitted that the methods we advocate are the only rational means of curing this disease. All other patients will be taken,

and we, of course, want cases that are considered very bad. We want those who have tried about everything, and who are in such a bad condition that a return to health will make a very radical change in their appearance.

Those desiring to accept this proposition, write us and state as briefly as possible the name of the disease you are suffering from, how long you have had it, the names of physicians who have treated you, or the hospitals and sanitariums you have visited, together with your height and weight, whether or not you are able to walk around and take light exercise, and other information, very briefly stated, that will give us an idea of your condition. We will then reply, telling just what can be promised.

Remember only one case will be taken from each city, and the first case that applies, which seems to suit our requirements, will be accepted in each instance.

Every patient accepted will have to go to Battle Creek, Michigan, for treatment.

Our offer to pay for all treatment does not include board and room, though we have arranged for even these charges to be greatly reduced in these special cases.

Patients accepting this proposition are expected to send us one hundred (100) subscriptions for this magazine for every month they remain under treatment after they return home.

Make your letters short. Write plainly. Tell us all the facts briefly. We do not desire a history of your case. We want to know the condition you are in NOW—nothing more. Address, Bernarr Macfadden, Battle Creek, Mich. Put "Treatment Offer" in the corner of your envelope.

Comment, Counsel and Criticism By Our Readers

If, at any time, there are any statements in **PHYSICAL CULTURE** that you believe to be erroneous or misleading, or any subject discussed regarding which you take issue or upon which you can throw additional light, write to us, addressing letters to this department. We intend to make this a parliament for free discussion. Problems that you would like to see debated, interesting personal experiences, criticisms, reminiscences, odd happenings, etc., are invited. We shall not be able to publish all letters, but will use those of greater interest to the majority of readers. For every letter published we will present the writer, as a mark of our appreciation, with a subscription to **PHYSICAL CULTURE**, to be sent to the writer or to any friend the writer may designate. For the convenience of our office, kindly write us after the publication of your communication, giving name and full address of the person to whom you wish subscription to be sent.—Bernarr MacIadden.

A Four-Day Fast

TO THE EDITOR:

Permit my writing you at some length on fasting.

Last Easter holidays I determined to fast for a few days.

On the Tuesday preceding Good Friday I made up my mind to fast till the Friday night, and during those four days I had nothing to eat whatever, drinking only water, both warm and cold, several times every day.

I went with a party from the Sunday school to a place called "Hardcastle Craggs," just beyond Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, roughly speaking about 12 miles from Burnley.

It was a bright, clear, sunny morning when forty of us set off for our walk over the bright upland moors, and I never felt lighter or better in all my life than during that walk. There was plenty of pure cold water to be had; such water as only can be got on the moors, pure, exhilarating and bracing and you may be sure I drank plenty of it.

When we got to a farmhouse most of my friends had a good "tuck-in" as they called it, washing down the food with lemonade and various other gaseous matter. It was a great temptation to me to break my fast, but I managed to avoid joining them.

By and by we reached Hardcastle Craggs, and there all the others with the exception of your humble friend, went into a kind of eating-house and ordered various kinds of foodstuffs, meanwhile I stayed outside and played football in order to divert my attention from the feeding department.

About 6 o'clock they set off again toward Burnley and when I reached this town I broke my fast, mark you, not by gorging myself with all kinds of food, but simply by sucking the juice of a few oranges, and really and truly I never felt so well in all my life.

Of course my friends thought I had gone mad, but I knew quite well what I was doing. I may say that during my fast I only required about four hours' actual sleep each night.

It was a splendid way of purifying the blood.

Next springtime will find me renewing the fast.

Burnley, Lancashire.

FRED BALDWIN.

Peruna the Only Remedy

TO THE EDITOR:

I have got rid of all the drugs, pills, tonics, etc., that I had accumulated in my room by opening my window wide and throwing them outside. I never since closed my window and now the drugs themselves enjoy the gifts of Nature from which they so long kept me away: sun rays and fresh air.

The only thing I have kept is a Peruna bottle. Of course I have thrown its contents out, but I keep the bottle and endeavor to drink its capacity of water during my office hours. Everybody can see it on my desk and it is certainly a great ad. for Peruna. I expect my picture to be used some day in the newspaper as an ad. for this great medicine. That bottle of water and a couple of fruits compose my entire dinner. The results are marvelous. I never had a cough this winter and I cured myself of a sexual weakness of which I was a sufferer for six years.

If anybody intends following my advice and throwing away his drug store he should keep a Peruna bottle. It's the right size!

Of course one must not forget while he drinks the water to think as strong as possible of P-e-r-u-n-a. There lies the secret of the cure.

FRED LARUE.

Lachine Locks, Canada.

Living the Simple Life

TO THE EDITOR:

I have read your publications and been an enthusiast for several years. About two and one-half years ago I met a young lady, and got her as deeply interested in physical culture as I was.

We were married in August, and are trying to live up to the principles you advocate, and I'm thankful to say that we do not find it very hard to do. We have recently bought a small fruit ranch, and are going to come as near living the ideal life as possible. We are building a house now, and are doing all the work ourselves. My wife has worked with me every day, and has become quite handy with all the carpenter tools. We eat only two meals per day (at 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.), have friction and cold water baths every day, and take a great deal of exercise. Our favorite exercise is a tramp in the mountains. We

recently walked to Auburn, a distance of eighteen miles, and made the trip in five and one-half hours, and neither of us was any the worse for wear, excepting a blistered toe where my wife's sandal did not fit just right. We started off without breakfast, and covered nine or ten miles before eating breakfast, then we sat down by a fine mountain spring and lunched on parched corn, peanuts, apples, and Graham crackers.

Mr. Macfadden, my wife and I owe you more for what you have done for us through your publication than money could ever repay. We are going to do all we can to help the good work along. Wishing you the best of success in the noble fight you are making.
Colfax, Cal.

BERT M. JEWELL.

Who Will Publish a Physical Culture Directory?

TO THE EDITOR:

It seems to me the time is ripe for physical culturists to get acquainted and work together; as that is the only way to accomplish much nowadays. To publish a physical culturist's directory, each year, seems a good way. Advertise it in *BEAUTY AND HEALTH* and *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazines, asking everyone who is a physical culturist to send their name and address with 25c. Publish these names by States and towns in pamphlet form of pocket size, and send a copy to every subscriber. If the 25c. is not enough to cover the cost of getting out the books make it 50c. or more.

A glance at this would tell each of us who else in our own town or vicinity was of the same beliefs and purposes. We could call on one another and thus find congenial society and work together in many ways.

Having lived in four different towns during the past year without being able to meet or become acquainted with a single physical culturist (though I am sure there were some in each place) the need of something like this has been brought home to me very forcibly. Physical Culture societies, the Purity League, etc., are all right and do much good, but they do not help us to find one another. For instance, Arthur A— is the son of a well-to-do hardware dealer, his older sister, mother and father are in high (?) society and he is naturally thrown in the same class, but he has read some copies of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine, and begun the practice of the things he believes in, as much as possible, and as a consequence finds himself alone and called a crank. Frank C— is the same age and they went to school together until Frank had to quit and go to work; he has a position in the railway shops, his people, perhaps, are in another class of society, but when Frank takes up physical culture he too finds himself alone. These boys meet on the street, but neither knows the other is a P. C. I believe the plan mentioned would bring these boys and others together, they would buy books, read and exchange, camp out, and spend their vacations together and call on all the other physical culturists in their vicinity.

Let us all get acquainted, live better, and work together.

Huron, S. D.

HARRY O. WIBERT.

The Gospel of Physical Culture

TO THE EDITOR:

It appears to me that the physical culture propaganda is on a parallel with the Gospel of Jesus Christ; I do not say on an equal basis. However, it has been said—and I think the saying is worth repeating, and with much emphasis—that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," the fact being that we must be cleanly, if we would be Godly. Our bodies are temples of the living God, and can any one conceive of God in all His purity, dwelling in the body of a dissipated man or woman? But, do I hear some one say, "What does that have to do with physical culture—does not physical culture stand for the development of the muscles?" Yes, it stands for that and vastly more—it stands for a clean, pure and chaste life; a life whose possibilities are such as will enable man to attain unto something near what our Creator expects us to be, or expected man to be when God said that He would make man in His own image; not in the image of Him physically, for we can have no conception of God as being in such a form; rather "God is spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit." But the point is this: That to attain unto the highest plane possible for the human, we must lay aside the various crutches and cosmetics; return to the natural modes of living. Does it not look as though we are casting reflections upon our Creator by the use of these various things, commonly called helps, but which I think could be properly termed hobbles, when we can, by the use of a bit of energy, so fortify our physiques that they will not only throw off the various diseases that so often overtake us, but also beautify ourselves with the beauty that is real and lasting? Again, we are only stewards of that which we have, and are expected to use it, whether it be wealth, health or strength, physical or intellectual, in a way that will count for most. It is a demonstrable fact that if we have a talent and do not use it, we lose it. Just so with our physical strength; it matters not how little it be, if we do not use it to gain more, we soon have less, but when used it increases and we soon become strong, and to have a strong body, means to be in a condition to develop a strong intellect, for the intellect depends on the body to support it.

To attain to the highest state, not only from a physical standpoint, but intellectual and spiritual as well, we must have a clean, strong and pure body and mind, which can be acquired only by the use of Nature's laws. So, after all, physical culture is the route.

Those who would have their lives count for the most, not alone for self and self-aggrandizement, but also in helping their fellowman to a higher plane of living as well as self, owe their support to physical culture.

Indianapolis, Ind.

W. H. E.

General Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

In connection with the subscription department, there has been organized a competent staff, including the editor, for the special treatment of ailments in accordance with the theories we advocate, and each applicant will secure the same individual attention as he would if he applied to a competent physician for treatment. Write for full particulars, and refer to "Offer Q." If you are willing to solicit subscriptions you can secure our treatment free in return for your services.

Chicken-Breasted

Q. I am chicken-breasted. I have exercised a great deal, but do not seem to notice any improvement, being so badly deformed that my clothes do not hang properly. I am about six feet in height, and weigh only 145 pounds. Am eighteen years old. Can you not tell me some method of remedying this defect?

A. But little change can be made in the formation of the bony structure of the chest, which is the cause of the defect referred to. You can, however, by taking vigorous exercise develop the muscles of the back and chest to such an extent that the defect would not be especially noticeable. Then deep breathing exercises in connection with the movements recommended would be inclined to make a slight change in the bony framework, and would to a certain extent assist in remedying the defect. All the deeper muscles of the back and those overlaying the chest should be exercised persistently each day in order to bring about any great change in your condition.

Pimples and Blackheads

Q. I am an energetic physical culturist, but I have an oily skin, with many pimples and blackheads. So far I have failed to eradicate them. What would you advise?

A. First of all I would advise that the affected parts be rubbed over thoroughly at least once or twice daily either with a brush or a very rough towel. Rub the parts until the skin is pink from the friction. This would provide the local treatment that would be necessary, but in order to permanently obviate a trouble of this kind it would certainly be of advantage for you to give attention to your general constitutional condition. Even if you are a physical culturist you may be eating too heartily, you may neglect to properly masticate your food or eat at proper hours, and then, too, you may not be eating the proper sort of food to make the purest kind of blood.

Method of Using Olive Oil

Q. Kindly give me your experience in the use of olive oil; that is, whether one should use it as medicine, or is it best to put in food when cooking?

A. The best way to really use olive oil is

to put it in the food when cooking, or to mix it in the food at the table. There are various other kinds of food that are made more palatable by the use of olive oil after you get rid of the prejudice that one often has against oil. A great many people have a very vivid impression of cod-liver oil, which is often administered to youngsters and they cannot avoid comparing it to a certain extent with olive oil. I know many persons who use olive oil on their bread instead of butter. They eat it with dates, figs or prunes; in fact, one can mix olive oil with almost any kind of food and learn to enjoy it in that way. I would certainly not advise that it be taken as a medicine as long as it can be looked upon as a food.

Belts or Suspenders?

Q. Which do you advise as the most conducive to health, the belt, which brings discomfort to the abdomen, or suspenders, which tend to make a person round-shouldered, and are inclined to make one feel uncomfortable about the shoulders?

A. I would say that suspenders might be termed the less of two evils. The belt, naturally, has to be worn so snug that it is sure to restrict the abdomen, to a slight extent at least, and as my readers well know, this should be avoided, as the abdomen should rise and fall during every breath that is inhaled and exhaled. The downward pull of suspenders unquestionably has an influence in making one round shouldered, and to a certain extent, they bind one's actions. One does not feel so free to move the arms and shoulders about when restricted by suspenders. I expect really the best way to solve this problem would be to go back to the old style that all of us used when small boys; that is, to have the trousers buttoned to the shirt. This would allow freedom of action in every way such as could be obtained while wearing clothes of any kind, and the support required in holding up the trousers would then be evenly distributed over the entire shoulder and could not in any way cause discomfort or be inclined to make one round-shouldered.

Offensive Perspiration

Q. Will you kindly suggest a method of remedying offensive perspiration?

A. Offensive perspiration simply indicates an internal condition. It shows that more than

a usual supply of impurities or poisons are being thrown off or eliminated through the pores. By following a more cleanly diet, eating perhaps less heartily, taking active exercise of some kind to accelerate the activities of all the internal organs, you should be able to remedy the trouble to which you refer. It is, of course, hardly necessary for me to add that frequent bathing with the use of soap and hot water is especially valuable in a complaint of this character.

Youthful Follies

Q. I am a member of the Y. M. C. A. and I would like to know if the average young man who has ruined his health by youthful errors can regain a vigorous constitution by a special system of physical culture? Can he expect to possess the same physical power that he would have had if he had not made mistakes of this character?

A. There is no doubt but what a young man who has injured himself in the manner described can regain vigorous health by following rigid methods of building up general physical vigor. I must admit, however, that unquestionably one loses at least a portion of his vitality, or you may say his years of life, by wasting his nervous forces in this manner. He can, however, depend upon building up a vigorous constitution if he will follow physical culture rules in every respect for the period of time required to make the necessary change.

Stiffness of Knees and Ankles

Q. Will you kindly advise an exercise to overcome stiffness in knees and ankles? I have seen no exercise in your magazine for this purpose.

A. Any exercise requiring active use of the parts of the body affected would be inclined to lessen the stiffness referred to. Raising on the toes, bending the ankles from side to side, and raising on the heels, if continued at least once or twice daily until the muscles are thoroughly tired, should make the ankles far more supple. About the same can be said as far as the knees are concerned—that is, the active use of the muscles used in bending the knees in various ways will make the knees more supple.

Are Persian Dates Sweetened?

Q. I read your article about dates. I use them quite liberally. One whom I consider an authority says that Persian dates are sweetened with sugar, and that unless so treated, they are tasteless. I have also been told that Fard dates are not so treated.

A. Your authority for the statement that Persian dates are sweetened I do not think can be very reliable. I never heard of their being sweetened, nor do I think that they would need sweetening. As I stated in my article, Persian dates, if they are of good quality, are sweeter and more tasty than Fard dates and are more easily digested. I personally use all kinds of dates, but as yet have not been able to find any kind that is superior to the ordinary Persian dates. What are often called stem dates in the market, that is, those that have not been removed from the stem on which they grew and which are usually sold in long narrow boxes, can be recommended, though note that they are far more expensive than Persian dates and they are but little, if any, better.

A Physical Culture Home Wanted

Our readers will remember that we recently announced that we would endeavor to help those who were desirous of finding physical culture homes for children that they were not able to care for, and that we would do what we could to find children for those who desired to adopt them.

There seems to be considerable interest in our efforts, though we would be glad to hear from any of our readers who might be interested in assisting us.

We publish herewith the pictures of two baby boys—one two years old the 22d of last March, and the other one year old the 11th of June.

We also publish herewith letter from the grandmother who is not able to care for them and who is desirous of having some one to adopt them:

To the Editor:
I received your letter about a month ago, regarding the two children I would like to have you find homes for. They are both boys, one was two years old the 22nd of last March and the other will be one year old the 11th of June.

They are my daughter's children and her husband has left her, and will not find a home for them or try to support them, and I am too old to take

care of them and bring them up as they should be. Enclosed you will find their pictures.

MRS. JESSIE KINSEY,
162 So. Main St., Grovesville, N. Y.

Any communications in reference to the adoption of these little ones should be addressed directly to Mrs. Kinsey.



Medical Diagnosis in Chicago

A RESIDENT OF CHICAGO VISITS SIX PHYSICIANS AND SECURES OPINIONS THAT GREATLY DIVERGE IN CHARACTER

By Chas. Stewart Windsor

FOLLOWING out our plan of giving our readers a clear idea of the inaccuracy of medical diagnosis, we recently arranged with John E. Huling, a resident of Chicago and a pressman by occupation, to visit six physicians and give the details of his condition to each physician, and record as nearly as he could remember the advice in addition to the prescription given in each instance.

We will not criticise the doctors who gave careful attention to the description of his complaint rendered by him, and charged from one to three dollars for their services. They, no doubt, did the best they could under the circumstances. They unquestionably "guessed" to their utmost ability. Every physician, however, seemed to think a prescription was necessary, except Dr. Davis, and he also considered medicine essential, as he supplied it himself.

It is about time for the public to awaken to the glaring inconsistencies that are found everywhere in the practice of medicine. No two physicians agree, and we are inclined to think it would be a very difficult matter to get an identical diagnosis even in cases where the disease is very plainly indicated. Medical men are groping along in the dark; their science, so-called, is enveloped in an unfathomable mystery. They do not understand, nobody understands, no one will ever understand it; the science of medicine is beyond human understanding.

Medicine has seen its day. The world is rapidly coming to see it in its true light. It will soon go the same route as bleeding and the numerous other medical fads that have done a vast deal to fill graveyards.

Now, we instructed Mr. Huling before he called on these physicians to be very

exact in describing his symptoms. We told him, by all means, to avoid telling one thing to one physician and something else to another. In order to avoid this, he wrote down in detail the symptoms of his complaint, and was very careful to make the same statements to each physician.

We present, herewith, the exact symptoms manifested in Mr. Huling's case, just as he wrote them.

PARTICULARS OF STATEMENT TO PHYSICIANS

1. I have had trouble with breathing for several days past. It was formerly very difficult to take long breaths, although I felt like doing

DR. GORDON G. BURDICK
No. 111 N. LAUREL ST. CHICAGO, ILL.
Prescription for Mr. J. Huling 118 March 18
Painful cough
Painful breathing
Painful chest
Stomachic coughs.
Painful throat.
Sore throat no XXX
Sing. and defec. & eating
April 25-08
G. G. Burdick

2	06
8	
4	18

20. Before meal-time I would often have an empty feeling. I have noticed this only for about two or three weeks. I have not had much trouble for the last few days, though the breathing has not been entirely natural.

2. I have been troubled to some extent with constipation.

3. Occasionally I have spells which cause a blur before the eyes and spots in the air.

4. I have eaten no meat for over ten years. Live almost entirely on fruits, vegetables and cereals. Use no milk. My daily meals usually are as follows:

Breakfast, one shredded wheat biscuit, some Egg-o-See, and sometimes a little Grape-nuts, with two teaspoonsful of shredded cocoanut with half a glass of water on it; an orange or apple; prunes recently; no bananas.

Lunch, soup or vegetable, sometimes both;

DR. LISTON HOMER MONTGOMERY.
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 1884
 STEWART BUILDING, 27 STATE ST.
 PHONE 276 12 W., 1 1624 W.
 WASHINGTON, D. C. 17 W.
 TELEPHONE CENTRAL 248

R

e. e. pills
Alphonse J. D & Co
No XXIV
Sig. Take a pill every
night if necessary upon retiring
Liston Homer Montgomery

THIS PRESCRIPTION CANNOT BE REFILLED WITHOUT MY ORDER

whole-wheat bread, custard, baked apple or something similar; seldom any pie.

Supper, a variation—sometimes mashed potatoes, baked beans, canned peas or corn, orange, prunes or other dessert.

I drink no water between meals, except after supper. Drink a glass of water before each meal.

5. Feeding a press in a printing establishment is my occupation. This gives the arms exercise, but does not use the rest of the body. I walk about one hour a day at various intervals. Also take a little exercise after arising in the morning.

6. I have not been feeling very bright and robust for some time.

Now, from the description of Mr. Huling's symptoms his lungs are apparently not very strong. They are probably not diseased, but they unquestionably need more active use in the open air. The constipation referred to is probably caused by the food he is eating, and by his neglecting to drink sufficient water. You will note that he drinks but one glass of water before each meal. This is not sufficient. The spots before the eyes often accompany a devitalized condition. They are no doubt caused by foreign elements in the blood, though the statement has been made that this is produced by the white blood corpuscles getting into the field of vision in its migratory movement of the circulation across the retina. As far as meat-eating is concerned, there seems to be no complaint to make. We are inclined to think, however, that he is eating too heartily and too fast. It would probably be better if he would entirely avoid breakfast and depend on the two meals for his nourishment. His occupation is, to a certain extent, against him, though it is no doubt better than office work, as running a

printing press requires a moderate amount of exercise.

Now, with this plain statement of Mr. Huling's condition, let us view the opinions of the various physicians who advised him. Mr. Huling did not give a very extended description of his various visits. They are brief and to the point, and they brought out a good example of the diverging views of the members of the medical profession.

Mr. Huling's description of his experience is put in the form of an affidavit, which complies with the instructions we gave him.

I, John E. Huling, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct statement of the advice and comment given by the following respective physicians after I had made the foregoing statement to them:

Dr. J. J. Davis, 112 Clark St.—Not serious. Hard breathing caused by a sort of indigestion. Heart beat not exactly right. Bananas good for constipation. Gave medicine. (Said nothing about eyes.)

Dr. J. Gordon Burdick, 74 Madison St.—Hard breathing and stomach trouble caused by eyes and to some degree by occupation. Ought to consult oculist about eyes. *Will have to wear spectacles temporarily and probably permanently.* Says meat would be good. Ought to take some beef tea or beef bouillon occasionally. Rest would be a good thing. Eat eggs. Drink hot water before breakfast and bend forward many times with hands on stomach, for constipation. Made prescription.

Dr. Liston Homer Montgomery, 92 State St.—Hard breathing caused by a little nervousness brought on by general rundown. Says eat anything I feel like. Get more sunshine. (Said nothing of eyes being cause). Made prescription.

Dr. John Franklin Campbell, 100 State St.—Hard breathing caused by lack of proper expansion of the lungs. Advised exercise, plenty of fresh air and ventilation while sleeping. Blur and spots caused by eyes. *Ought to have*

DR. J. P. CAMPBELL,
 100 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
 PHONE 276 12 W., 1 1624 W.
 WASHINGTON, D. C. 17 W.
 TELEPHONE CENTRAL 248

R. W. Huling

Tom Redick - St.

Summer health *gr. v.*

Winter health *gr. 1/2.*

Reflexes *gr. x.*

Stomach *gr. x.*

Child in office No XX Company
Sig One 3 times a day

#300

A

eyes attended to. Diet all right. Drink milk or buttermilk between meals. Made prescription.

Dr. D. A. K. Steele, 103 State St.—Hard breathing caused by stomach trouble. Not serious. Heart action not perfect. Thinks I will outgrow this. Says don't overwork. Diet all right. Use but little milk plain. Milk better with other foods. Said nothing of eyes. Made prescription.

Dr. Edmund D. Converse, 72 Madison St.—Said I had emphysema. Not serious. Said lungs are good. If eyes trouble much get glasses. Made prescription.

(Signed) JOHN E. HULING.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of April, 1908.

CHRISTIAN H. HANSEN.
Notary Public.

In the analysis of this series of opinions, let us first compare them in a general way, and then take up each individually with the medicine ordered to find, if possible, the reason, supposing such to exist, of its being prescribed. First,

DR. EDMUND D. CONVERSE.
1310 HEYWORTH BUILDING, 72 MADISON STREET.
Hours: 12:30 to 6 p. m. Telephone Central 5120
Residence, 412 N. PARK AVE., AUSTIN ILL. Tel. Austin 73.

Ph
Apr 27
Dr. Converse
Syrup Hyd Sodic Acid. Z^{iii}
Signum
Take one dessert spoonful
or 2 teaspoonful 4 times
a day.
Edmund D. Converse M.D.

\$2.00

DALE & SEMPILL
PHARMACISTS
42 MADISON ST.
CHICAGO

note the divergence; one says indigestion, another eyes; one says generally run down condition, another stomach trouble and improper heart action; one says lack of expansion of lungs, another too much expansion of lungs (emphysema). Did you ever see such perfect and charming unanimity of opinion arrived at by so-called "scientific" doctors? Which one is right where they all dis-

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D. A. K. STEELE, M. D.
SUITE 507 COLLEGE MEMORIAL BUILDING, 90 STATE STREET
Telephone Central 4117
Residence, 103 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
Hours: Used 9 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sander 3 to 4 P. M. only

R *Elisia Iron Livia*
et Stycolivia Z^{iv}
Sig. one Teaspoonful
before each meal

TAKE THIS TO
DINET & DELFOSSE
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS
Room 102, North Plaza, Columbia Memorial Building
S. E. Cor. State and Washington Streets
Chicago

Steele

agree? But note well that three advised the patient to see an oculist. Worse and more of it. Let us ask where the patient is "at" now. Is he not perplexed enough already? With his eyes, his stomach, his lungs, his heart, his general system, all diseases, why send him to another doctor to add more to his troubles?

But let us consider what the doctors have done for him. One has given a cathartic, one a heart tonic, one an alterative, one a simple tonic, and two have given a compound, conglomerated, complex, complicated, confounded combination, which is popularly known on the "inside" of the medical profession as a "shot gun"; that is, a mixture, which from its variety of ingredients is bound to hit you "right in some old place, anyway." Observe that one prescription has six different drugs, another has five, all supposed to be taken into the human stomach, thence to scatter. These prescriptions typify the state of mind the doctors were in when they wrote them. They did not know, and they could not

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Hours: Used 9 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sander 3 to 4 P. M. only

R *Phl. Strophilanthus* gr^{ss} to xx
Sig. one 3 times daily
on a heart tonic

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PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS
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S. E. Cor. State and Washington Streets
Chicago

Steele
\$3.00

tell in this simple case of illness what really was the trouble.

Now, did they say so? Ah, no! That would be unprofessional, and they had to get the patient's money, to "earn" the fee, as they laughingly term this hold-up process, therefore the prescriptions. "Hit or miss, they will strike somewhere, anyway."

Is it necessary for us to go on? Have we not already shown how thoroughly ridiculous this drug system has become in the hands of "scientific" doctors? This putting of chemical bodies, of which they know nothing, into physical bodies of which they know less. For, has any-

one of the physicians arrived at the real trouble in the above case, and if so, which? It would be hard to tell where there is such a wide difference of opinion, and we do not care to raise the immaterial question whether one out of the six has really arrived at a correct conclusion. The point we wish to make and to bring out strongly is the utter chaos of the opinions when compared.

Is not this miserable mixup an eloquently pitiful commentary on the state of present-day medical practice? Sum it up as you see it recorded above in black and white. A "guess" for diagnosis, and a "blunderbuss" for treatment.

Some of the Foolishness of Fashion

By Harry G. Hedden

It has always been fashionable to be a fool.

The height of fashion and the height of folly go hand-in-hand.

Nearly all fashionableness is extremely foolish, and nearly all foolishness is extremely fashionable.

In the most elite society, conventionality is an ever-acceptable substitute for character, wealth for worth, broadcloth for brains, jewels for judgment, style for sense, riches for righteousness, money for manhood, vanity for virtue, position for purity, decoration for decency, paint for piety, treasure for truth, conceit for conviction, silk for sincerity, gout for goodness, gold for godliness, culture for Christianity, polish for purpose, manners for morals.

In the dictionary and in high society, satin and Satan are not far apart.

Sin is the most stylish thing in the world.

According to the Bible, it is very fashionable to go to hell. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby."

Prudishness, weakness, disease, crime, immorality, vice, deformity, debauchery, degradation, sin, shame, sorrow, ignorance, and error are all children of the goddess Fashion.

Fashion is largely responsible for the senseless arguments heard for ages in favor of saloons, brothels, corsets, and other similar abominations.

Fashion makes a white shirt more important than a white life.

Fashion prohibits a man from appearing in public without a coat, but permits him to appear anywhere without a character.

Fashion is one of the principal promoters of depravity, one of the worst enemies of progress.

It is not fashionable to think.

Fashion makes unconventionality in any form a worse crime than drunkenness.

Fashion is the author of our double moral standard, of false standards of success, and many another enslaving principle of error. When truth shall finally triumph over error, then will freedom triumph over fashion.

Fashion transforms the human body, the holy temple of God, into a vile hovel of Satan, converts love into lust and home into hell, and makes mockery of the sacredness of marriage and motherhood.

Fashion ever stands as a monstrous foe in the path of Christian conquest.