

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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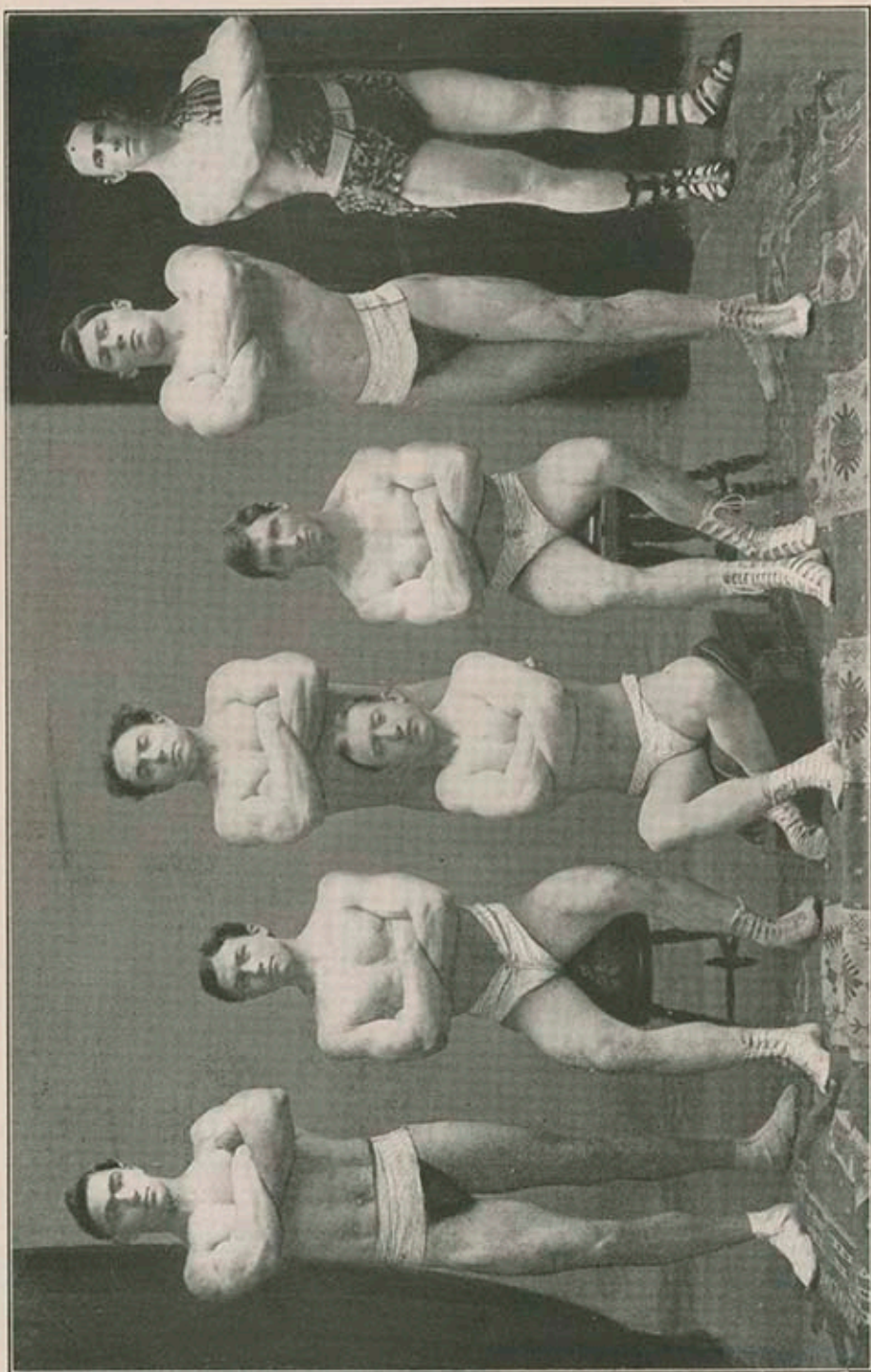
Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

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The Principal American Prize Contestants at the Physical Culture Exhibition Who Competed for the \$1,000 Prize and the Honor of Being Adjudged the Most Perfectly Developed Man in the World

EXERCISES BY WINNER \$1,000.00 PRIZE COMPETITION

AL. TRELOAR, WHO WAS SELECTED AT THE PHYSICAL CULTURE EXHIBITION AS THE BEST FORMED MAN IN THE WORLD, GIVES SOME EXERCISES FOR "PHYSICAL CULTURE" READERS



Exercise No. 1—The Hands and Feet Walk. Assume position as shown in the illustration and walk on the two hands and feet backward and forward. In this exercise nearly all the muscles of the body are used, and it is a decidedly beneficial variation to other systems of physical culture.

TO be the "finest developed and best proportioned man living," defines, indeed, a unique and interesting place in the world. Al. Treloar, who is in a class by himself, enjoys this peculiar distinction. He is a perfect Greek in proportions, measuring fully eight heads in height, and so he is a rare specimen among our modern athletes.

When Treloar entered Harvard University he was found, while undergoing the measurements in the gymnasium, to correspond exactly throughout with the scientific standard of perfect physical proportions that had been used by Dr.

Dudley Allen Sargent for the past thirty years. When you consider the thousands of athletes who have been measured at the Hemenway Gymnasium by Dr. Sargent, and who have varied more or less in some particular from the standards, you will have a better idea of Treloar's perfection. His height, weight and proportions in every part of his body corresponded to a minimum of variation from the standard.

Dr. Sargent claims that Treloar is the only man that ever came under his observation who, like the ancient Greek warriors, measured eight heads in height;



Exercise No. 2—For Developing the Muscles of the Back Between the Shoulders, and for Remedying Round Shoulders. Illustration No. 1: Assume position as shown in above photograph, and gradually bring your arms down and back until they assume the position (See next photo.)

and when his proportions became generally known, the whole athletic world opened its eyes in astonishment. It was not possible to believe the world possessed even one man who could rival the ancient Greeks in proportions. His measurements are: Height, 5 feet 10 inches; stretch of arms, 70 inches—equal to height—girth of neck, upper arm and calf of leg are the same, $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Both arms are the same size; his chest girth, normal, 44 inches; expanded, 49 inches. His weight, 185 pounds.

At college, young Treloar was a crack oarsman and was very prominent in the 'varsity crew. He captured easily all the strength tests and was the wrestling champion during his four years at Harvard; easily pinning all other aspirants to the mat inside of two minutes.

Treloar was graduated from the university in 1898, and immediately went to work as a professional poser for artists and sculptors throughout the country.

Many days of this kind of work exceeded eight hours in duration. Any one familiar with posing knows exactly what this means.

Treloar is always busy; when not posing for artists, he is touring the country with his troupe of artists' models in living statuary and bas-reliefs.

Treloar's object in life is not to be a champion strong man; yet he is a powerful man. His ambition has been always to attain perfection from a physical standpoint. For a man of his weight, his agility is of an unusual stamp. Especially is this so in the round-off, which is considered a very difficult trick. He can turn a row of flip-flaps with apparent ease, and this particular sort of work belongs really to the smaller men among the athletes. He is an expert on the Roman column, and it is of interest to understand one of his most difficult feats as well as the most dangerous. With straps attached between the calves of his legs and knees he bends back from



Illustration No. 2: As shown in above photograph. Hold them in this position for a moment, and then try to bring the arms still further back. Return to first position and repeat the exercise until the muscles between the shoulders are tired.

the column until his body is nearly parallel with the floor. Then, placing a dumb-bell, weighing one hundred and five pounds, on the end of a round stick, about four feet in length, he raises the dumb-bell with the stick and balances the other end on the base of the chin with arms folded, then quickly knocking the stick from under the bell, he catches it in the bend of the arms. Next, bending down backward, he places the bell on the floor, at the base of the column.

Treloar discounts many athletes in many of their own tricks, and for this no explanation can be offered save his physical perfection, gained by proper training and right living. To see him in the cabinet, in muscular posing and under the proper lighting, is indeed a

treat. It is then that his muscles show to their best advantage; and such symmetry of perfection and manly beauty are seldom witnessed.

Mr. Treloar's views on physical culture are lofty and ennobling, and show partly the spirit which actuated him in educating his body. "There are strong altruistic as well as personal reasons,"

he says, "why all men and women should build up their bodies by systematic exercise. Self-improvement is a duty to the community as much as to the individual. If all persons, through greater strength, could find increased

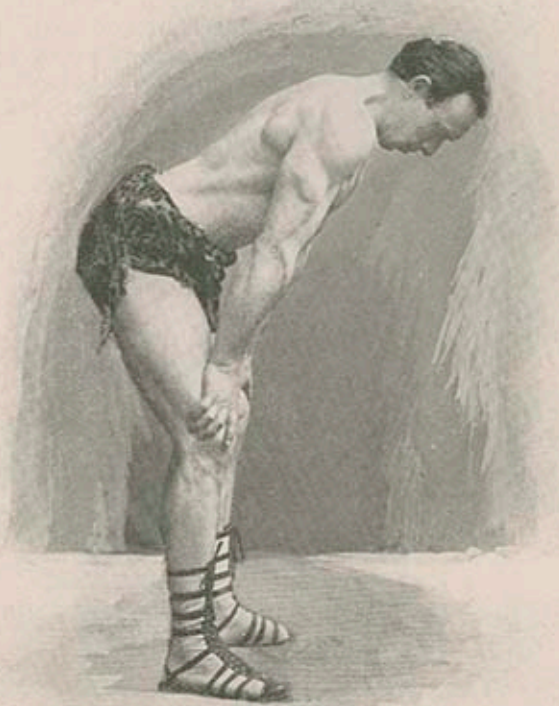
power for productive work and gain, as would surely be the case with universal ex-

ercise, together with cheerfulness and virtue, the social tone of the whole nation would be raised.

"Our duty to future generations should also be a cogent reason for physical as well as mental self-improvement. The man or woman who brings his or her body to the highest possible state of perfection not only lays up a store of health and happiness for personal enrichment, but

he or she is bequeathing to future children a legacy of strength, vigor and life, a freedom from evil tendencies, and a pleasure more valuable than palaces or titles. For the rewards of the father's right living are as surely visited upon the son through many generations as are the penalties of sins.

"Encouraging a love of strength and



Exercise No. 3—For Developing the Muscles of the Abdomen. Place the hands on the legs just below the hips. Now pressing vigorously on the legs, keeping the arms steady, bend the body and thus force the hands gradually down toward the knees, as shown in the illustration above. Hands should press upon the legs so vigorously as to make it quite difficult to perform this movement. The exercise should be continued until fatigued.



first place in the hearts of the people."

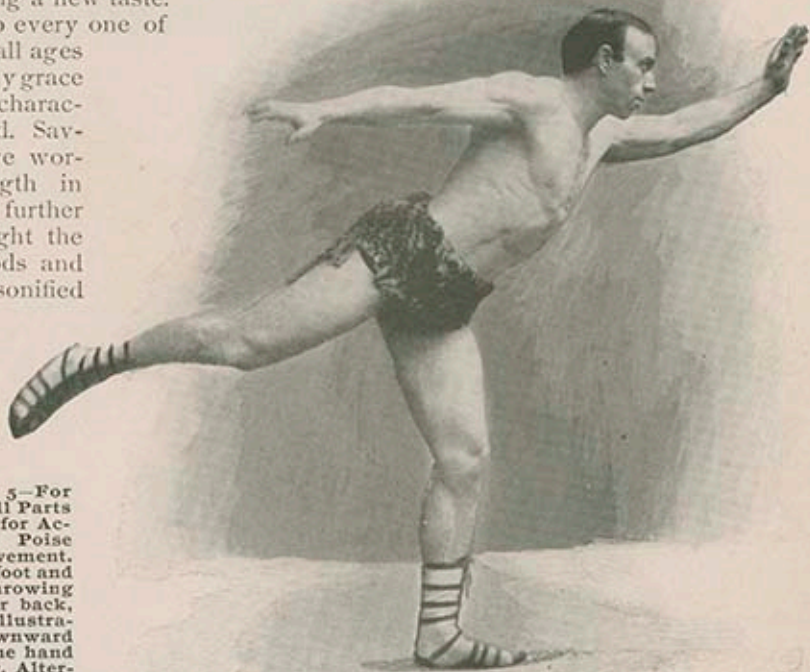
The exercises given in this article by Mr. Treloar will be found useful for strengthening and developing all the muscles of the body.

No one is perhaps so well prepared to give information as are those who have secured their knowledge from actual experience. Mr. Treloar has developed himself by diligent attention to the necessary exercises, and he is well prepared to advise others in building increased health and strength.

Exercises posed by Mr. Treloar, in addition to those which appear in this article, will be published in future numbers of the magazine.

Exercise No. 4 — For Developing the Upper Thigh, and for Rounding the Knee. Secure a low table, or very high chair, and place one foot upon it as shown in illustration. Now, gradually shifting the weight from the leg on the floor to the leg on the table or chair, rise slightly. If strong enough, you can rise until you can straighten the leg, though care should be taken to avoid a strain, as this is very difficult unless you possess very strong legs.

beauty of body for its own sake is not acquiring a new taste. It is natural to every one of us. Through all ages the love of bodily grace and vigor has characterized mankind. Savage races have worshipped strength in nature, and further progress brought the worship of gods and heroes as personified in bodily strength. The athlete and warrior, in all history and to-day, holds



Exercise No. 5—For Strengthening All Parts of the Body and for Acquiring Proper Poise and Grace of Movement. Balance on one foot and bend forward, throwing the other leg far back, as shown in illustration, bending downward slowly until the hand touches the floor. Alternate from one leg to the other in taking this exercise.

SOME STAGE FAVORITES

By *La Pierre*

TO James K. Hackett every true lover of nature owes a debt of gratitude for his masterly creation of "John Ermine of Yellowstone." For one who has lived close to the heart of things, in the woods and among the wild life of the West, it is indeed refreshing to see so able a characterization of one of America's truest types. We wander back again to the time when J. Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking tales stirred our blood to newer life and more rapid motion.

Hackett is to be congratulated that he has gotten rid of the stiff posing and historical novel type of hero that formerly seemed to be his only aim. That so manly and vigorous an actor is at his best as this breezy picturesque child of nature is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Hackett pays his actors

better than does any other actor-manager, and consequently his company is always of the best.

Twin stars seem to be the vogue now. There are Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, Julia Marlowe and Ed. Sothorn. Margaret Anglin gives us an entirely new Camille; first, because she is strong, healthy and well-formed, and therefore is not a fitting

type of the pale "lady of the camillias;" and secondly, because she does not make frantic efforts to destroy good lung tissue in the effort to be truly a consumptive. Her art is more nearly allied to that of the lamented Mary Anderson, who was so classical and statuesque—a type of American womanhood, more like Miss Anderson than any of our more recent favorites of the stage. That Miss Anglin should have attained such a wonderful grasp of the minutiae of stage business in so short a time was marvelous. Henry Miller, as "Armand," was somewhat at a disadvantage. He showed up



Mary Anderson

Who is of the classical and statuesque type of American womanhood



Nat. C. Goodwin

Possibly there is no more rugged a character on the American stage to-day than Nat. Goodwin

better last season as "D'Arcy of the Guards," wherein his soldierly appearance had a chance for recognition and display. But "Armand" must be always a secondary character, and in "Heart's-ease" he has more opportunity to bring out the really fine and lovable qualities of his acting.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, beloved for so many years as America's own contralto, seems rejuvenated as she appears in Francis Wilson's production of "Ermine." Mrs. Davis spends the greater part of every summer at the Davis home on the banks of Twin Lakes, Wisconsin. I had the pleasure one summer of visiting in the cottage adjoining the Davis grounds, and Mrs. Davis indulged in boating and fishing to her heart's content. The Colonel is a great sportsman! There is a tale to the effect that the Davis buggy never stopped for chicken, duck or goose in the narrow lanes surrounding Twin Lakes, but passed right over the fowl,

helter skelter, lickity-split—and the Davis table was always well supplied with poultry.

It was whispered some time ago that Jessie Bartlett Davis was beginning to lose her voice, but through her outdoor life and rational living she has managed to retain the admiration of her public, and to add another leaf to her wreath of laurels. Seeing her in a Chicago theater last spring, as she disengaged the train of her superb dress that had caught in one of the wings, and so put a sudden stop to her quick entrance, I thought her a truly beautiful and queenly figure. Long may she reign!

It seems that Julia Marlowe has long desired to star continuously in Shakespearian rôles, and now that her four years' contract with Sothorn is signed she will achieve, at least partly, her ambition.

Viola Allen's production of "Twelfth Night" is attracting a great deal of atten-



Jas. K. Hackett

He has lived close to the heart of things, in the woods and among the wild life of the West



Jessie Bartlett Davis

Through her outdoor life and rational living she has managed to retain the admiration of her public

tion. It is as complete as a Mansfield production, and that is saying a great deal. I wish every young actress would try to learn the secret of Miss Allen's easy, natural delivery and beautiful soul-stirring voice. A perfectly poised womanhood is at the bottom of it all.

Speaking of Mansfield reminds me that he is apparently the youngest actor on the stage when he appears as the rollicking student, "Prince of Heidelberg." This is not only because he is a great artist, but because, to appear young, one must feel young. And Mansfield is a well-developed athlete, and withal of thoroughly educated and refined attainments. In some portions of the South and in parts of Canada the people of the audiences look upon an actor as being a distinct species of the human animal—a creature to be seen and not heard except when upon exhibition. This is because few actors of the Mansfield type frequent these parts. That there is a prejudice against stage people, especially in small towns, is due no doubt to the mediocre quality of the companies that appear there, but the standard is being raised all

over the country, and to-day the more manly, well-developed and well-behaved an actor is, the surer he is of appreciation and a good salary. Because of the exhausting nature of the work, many old actors took to the unnatural stimulation of whiskey, strychnine, quinine, morphine, etc., but now all actors are discovering that regular habits, physical culture exercises and a commensurate amount of rest constitute the true safeguards for so strenuous a career as that of the stage.

It is curious indeed to note the apparently trivial trick of voice or gesture that endears an actor to his audience, so much so that the auditors will be disappointed bitterly if it be not forthcoming, no matter what rôle the favorite essays. Possibly there is no more rugged, homely a character on the American stage than Nat Goodwin, yet how closely is he identified with his audience. A Goodwin crowd bears all the ear-marks of the redoubtable Nat himself, and the spectators reflect

his moods and caprices as closely as does his make-up mirror. There are more funny stories going the rounds about Goodwin than about any other well-known star. His comical personality has become so thoroughly established in



Margaret Anglin

Strong, healthy and well-formed

the public mind that to be religiously true. care a whit! No more easy-going, jovial, good-hearted soul can be found on the American stage, and to be able to preserve one's good humor, good health and good heartedness, in spite of all odds and drawbacks, is a capacity that is akin to godliness. Not that any one would accuse Nat Goodwin of being a saint—in fact, on the contrary; but there are ways of being jolly and sincere and true of heart and purpose in spite of detraction and opposition that do not suggest the church, yet partake of the nature of religion.

The art of being kind is the truest art of all, and

it is all believed. And Nat does not

the hardest to learn—to be kind to one's self and to one's friends, to have a warm

heart in a healthy body. There is no surer breeder of discontent, misanthropy and pessimism than a sickly, worn-out body. The fountain of health is the fountain of youth and beauty, and of art as well. For what is art but a combination of the primordial and everlasting elements defying destruction? Is not Nature always putting on new forms, forever young and beautiful? Yet she is the mother of us all. The art of the Greek and of the Roman—is it not living still? Fashion changes, but art remains! Perfect Truth and Perfect Beauty are



Henry Miller

Whose soldierly appearance was recognized in "D'Arcy of the Guards"

twin stars in the Heaven of Art!

SCRAWNY EIGHT MONTHS AGO

Dear Sir: About a year ago, in some way, I got hold of a copy of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and after reading it I was so impressed with the common-sense talk in it that never since have I been without the magazine. *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, I think, is the finest thing of its kind I ever read. I have, besides myself, interested several friends in it, and they read it regularly.

I am sixteen years old and have been training for eight months. When I started I was scrawny at all points, but I worked at it every day until now I am greatly improved in muscle and in strength.

Yours very truly,

CLAUDE STOFFLET.

Ann Harbor, Mich.

FROM A NEWSPAPER WRITER

Dear Sir: I have always been interested in your publication for one simple reason.

You have made it to appeal to the large number, those who cannot be reached by technical treatises on such an important subject.

I am a reporter, and consequently I am engaged in a more or less sedentary occupation. I realize the value of systematic physical work, and for many years I have kept myself in good condition by following the very easy methods that are set forth in your magazine.

Sincerely yours,

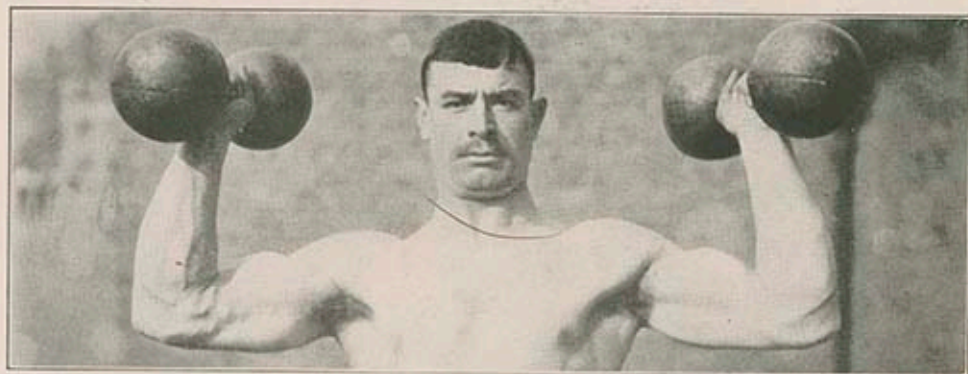
WINFRED C. MAC B.

Lowell, Mass.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE BRITISH INFANTRY

HOW THE RECRUITS OF GREAT BRITAIN ARE "SET UP" FOR SOLDIERS

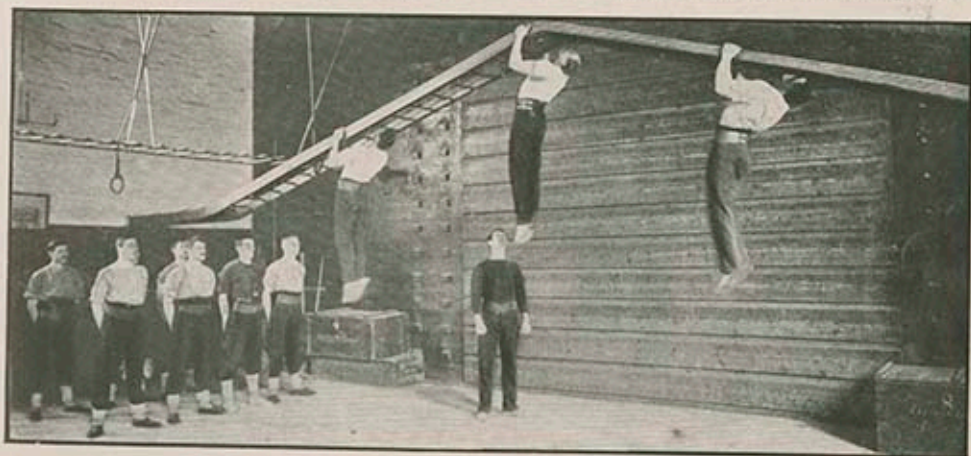
By Tommy Atkins



"THE backbone of a thorough military training," says Field Marshall Lord Roberts, "is the careful and gradual instruction of the individual." In the British Army this individual instruction is considered to be both mental and physical. Physical training is closely connected with squad drill, and is divided, in a general

way, into leg exercises, free gymnastics, and physical drill with one and with two rifles.

The physical exercises are performed by squads and in shirt sleeves or loose uniform. Their object is not display, but the "setting up" of the soldier, the development of his muscles and activity, and the quickening of his intelligence.



Recruits Exercising with the Ladder



1. Fatigue Duty
2. Entering the Army
3. Dinner
4. Leaving the Bed Reluctantly

5. Dinner Time
6. Cleaning Arms, Inspecting Belts
7. Tailoring
8. Receiving Kit

9. Making Bed
10. Inspecting Meat
11. Shoemaker Shop

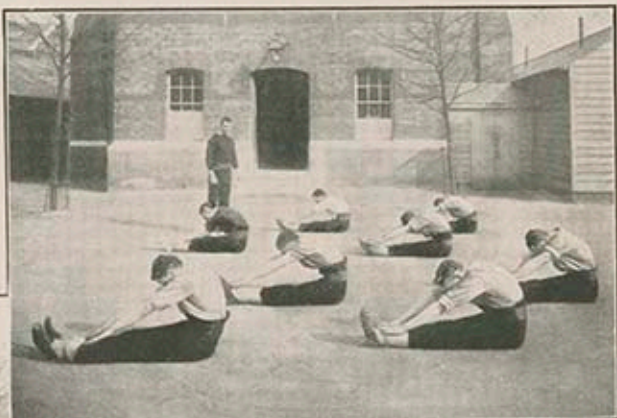
The work is so arranged that the exercises constantly vary, that the groups of muscles used in one exercise may rest in the next, so that no muscle is either neglected or unduly fatigued. The aim of the whole is the development and strengthening of the entire body, and not of any particular part of it.

Much importance is attached, by British physical instructors, to the necessity of maintaining the exact positions of body indicated for each exercise. Unless the correct positions are carefully observed, especially in free gymnastics, many of the exercises are useless. For instance, in bending and stretching the arms with the hands on the ground, if the body or legs are relaxed and allowed to bend, but little muscular exertion is thrown on the arms, shoulders, and chest, and the value of the exercise is lost.

The action of the heart and lungs is assisted by a strict observance of the

ping on one foot and on each foot alternately, rapid marching, and the double march. In all the marching exercises, the knees must be well braced, the toes must press the ground at each pace, and the arms must swing in alternate action with the legs. Rapid marching is fair heel and toe; and the instructor is careful to increase the speed so gradually as to attain the desired pace without undue exhaustion. In hopping, the heel is not allowed to touch the ground, and the men are required to hop as high as possible.

Free gymnastics are performed by the

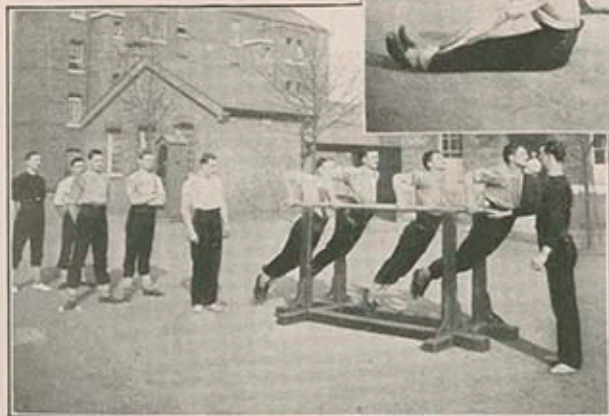


Splendid Army Exercise for the Development of the Shoulders, Abdomen and Back

squad in two ranks; these exercises include bending and stretching the knees and the arms, pressing from the ground, jumping off each foot alternately, swinging the arms, and chest-expanding with rifles, dummy rifles, or sticks.

The knees are bent and stretched by slowly lowering the body until almost sitting on the heels; then slowly straightening the legs by stretching up as high as possible on the toes before sinking on the heels.

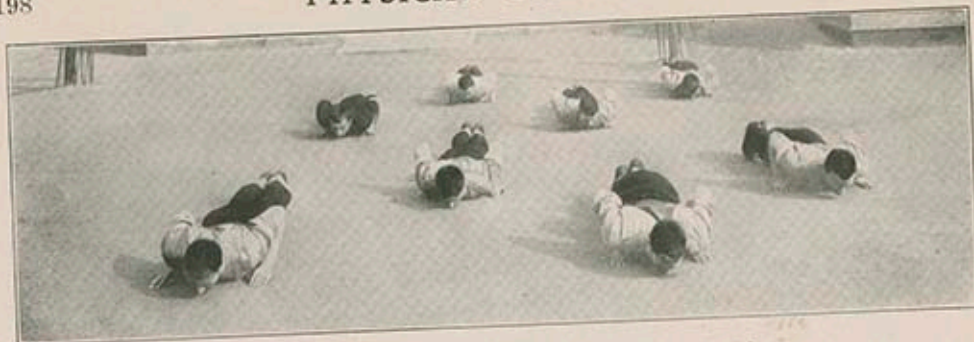
Visitors are always interested in the pressing-from-the-ground exercise. In this, the palms are placed upon the ground in front of the feet, the legs are then shot to the rear, so that the rigid body rests only on the hands and toes, and the chest is several times lowered



Exercise With the Parallel Bars

military position; but in order to produce mobility of the chest walls, a special practice of deep breathing is insisted upon. As much air as possible is quickly exhaled, the chest being contracted by bringing the head and shoulders well forward; then, while the erect position is gradually resumed, a deep inspiration is slowly made through the nostrils—not the mouth—and the air is held until the chest is fully expanded.

The leg exercises, performed by the squad in file, consist of marching, hop-



Exercise "Pressing from the Ground." First Position

nearly to the ground and raised again, by slowly bending and straightening the arms.

The chest-expanding exercise with the rifle or its substitute is naturally introductory to the severer physical drill with arms. And it should be remarked that in all this training the recruit is confined to physical culture, and is not yet introduced to the military rifle exercises proper. This physical drill begins with simple exercises in which the rifle is used somewhat as a practice-stick, and is gradually complicated until the rifles are transferred and re-transferred and each man in turn is practicing both with his own rifle and with that of another member of the squad.

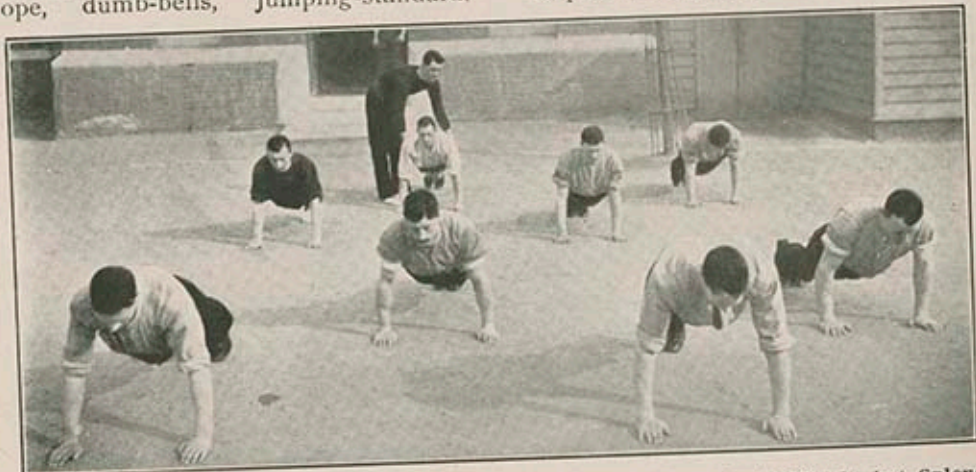
The regular physical training of the recruit is followed by a further course with special apparatus, consisting of parallel bars, the vaulting horse, the rope, dumb-bells, jumping-standard,

horizontal bars, and the bridge ladder. Scholars are advanced to this higher course as fast as individual proficiency permits. All exercises with apparatus are preceded by free gymnastics or some other part of the former work, in order to get the body warmed up. The subsequent exercises are so arranged that legs, arms, pulling muscles, and pressing muscles, are all equally exercised.

The exercises with the parallel bars consist of clearing the bar in various ways, and pressing between the bars by files, first with and then without words of command.

For vaulting, the squad is formed in two ranks, about a dozen paces from the horse, and the exercises consist of the spring from the spring-board to various positions on and over the vaulting horse, sometimes with the rifle in the disengaged hand.

Rope climbing is an interesting study



"Pressing from the Ground," Arms Erect, Legs Stiff. This is Somewhat Difficult, but Splendid Exercise in Developing the Arms, Shoulders, Chest and Stomach, and All the Internal Organs

and a valuable exercise. Rising on his toes, the scholar reaches up as high as possible and seizes the rope with the right hand, then with the left hand just below; then raising the knees, he grips the rope between them, the rope passing between the lower portions of the right shin and left calf—that is, over the right instep and outside the left heel; next, hollowing the back, he raises the body by straightening the legs and pulling up with both arms. Again reaching up with the right hand, he grasps the rope as before; he then grasps with the left under the right again; then, the knees again raised and gripping the rope, the body is raised as before; and so on. In coming down, the hands grasp the rope alternately, the right hand following the left, and the leg-grip is tightened and loosened as required. For left-hand climbing, the directions are reversed.

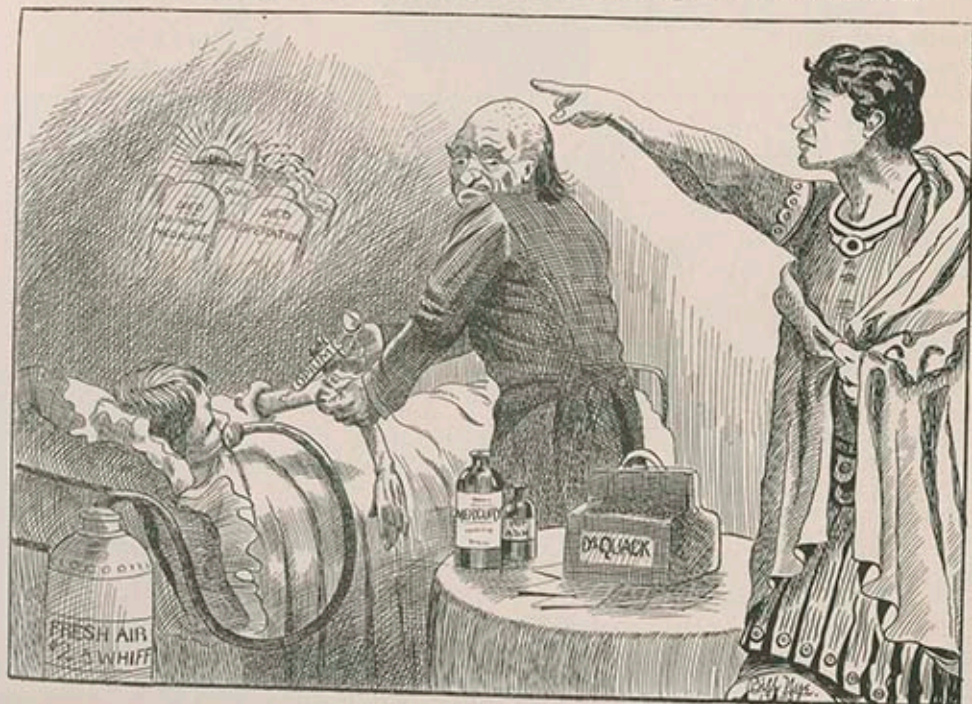
There are seven regulation exercises with the dumb-bells, known technically as bending and stretching the body, lunging, exercising the pectorals and the front, side and back muscles of the shoulders; swinging the bells, working the shoulders, bending and stretching

the arms, and the chest-expanding exercise.

Jumping is practiced individually and by files. In the latter case, two or more files are generally exercised at once.

For the horizontal bar and bridge ladder, the squad is formed in two ranks, one rank assisting the other in all the exercises—which include, for the bar, pulling with the ordinary grip, and with the hands reversed, raising and lowering the lower limbs, and, for the ladder, the usual "hand over hand backward by the sides."

British squad instructors are carefully selected, and are energetic, well-trained, and intelligent men. They remain with the same squad—which must not exceed twenty men—throughout the period of training, carrying out the whole of the instruction in physical training, drill, rifle and firing exercises, and skirmishing. Recruits are inspected at the end of the course. Those who pass are attached to battalion, and the weak and awkward are medically examined and are either retained for further instruction or are discharged from the service.



Truth Pointing to the Vision of the Tombstones!
This Cartoon is Respectfully Dedicated to the "Affiliated Order of the Society of Dope Doctors"

A NEW PIKE'S PEAK RECORD

THE NEW PIKE'S PEAK FEAT ACHIEVED BY A PHYSICAL CULTURIST

GEORGE W. PATTERSON, on August 3rd, reduced the Pike's Peak round trip record from five hours and fifteen minutes to four hours and thirty-one and one-half minutes. His phenomenal record is the best demonstration of the principles which he follows regarding sun-cooked foods, natural living and exercise.

Mr. Patterson never used liquor, tobacco, tea or coffee, and for three years no flesh, fowl or fish. He has lived mostly on Graham bread and milk, fruit and peanuts, with now and then a raw egg beaten in sugar, and all at a cost of about ten cents per day. This simple, natural diet, devoid of all cruelty to women or animals in its procuring or preparation, he would not exchange for the most costly viands on which he used to subsist.

Mr. Patterson's little seven-year-old daughter, Harriet, shown in the illustration, lives much as does her father, except that her exercise, in keeping with her years, is play, as was illustrated in April *Beauty and Health*. This exercise is interspersed constantly with study or light work. So far as is known, she is the smallest child who actually has ever walked all the way to the Peak. Yet she arrived there apparently as fresh and happy as when she started.

The Peak course is a climb of 7,520 feet in 8.9 miles, from the cog station to the Summit House, which stands at an elevation of more than 14,000 feet above sea level. The ascent was made in

three hours and five minutes, with a rest of five minutes to drink two egg lemonades, and the return was made in one hour and twenty-one and one-half minutes, thus beating the train time down; and this caused great enthusiasm among the passengers.

The little training that Mr. Patterson did for this record was at Manitou, while engaged in singing in opera, and in illustrating practical physical culture in vaudeville. After the show, instead of the customary booze fighting, he would retire immediately, and bright and early would be out climbing around the hills or for a trial trip up the cog road, studying every possible way of walking uphill. He found that going sideways, backward, occasionally running, deep breathing, stretching arms up, etc., relieved the strain and monotony. He always smiled in order to keep cheerful. Besides the smile, he wore the lightest clothing consistent with the altitude, and rubber-soled shoes to keep from slipping.

The former record, made three years ago by Captain Boyton, the trans-continental pedestrian, was thought to be safe for years to come. But Mr. Patterson believed that a no-meat, natural diet, coupled with head work and a muscular system that is always in training, could break it; and the forty-three and one-half minutes break (official time of and by the cog road conductors) attest the correctness of his and of our theories of diet and living.



Geo. W. Patterson and Seven-Year-Old Daughter Who Accompanied Him on Some of His Climbs

HOW MEDICAL QUACKS FLEECE THEIR VICTIMS

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE METHODS USED BY ADVERTISING DOCTORS TO TRAP THEIR PREY

By Charles Gitchell


THERE are in the United States a large number of quack advertising doctors who "treat men only." They appeal to a special class for their victims, young men who imagine they are not suitable for matrimony, middle age men broken down from natural causes, old men whose vital powers are declining, and men generally who suffer from disorders peculiar to their sex.

The strong lines in these advertisements, those that have been found to exercise a spellbinding influence on the readers of newspapers, are worked over in many forms to express the same ideas. The following are samples of them: "Nothing but curable cases accepted,"

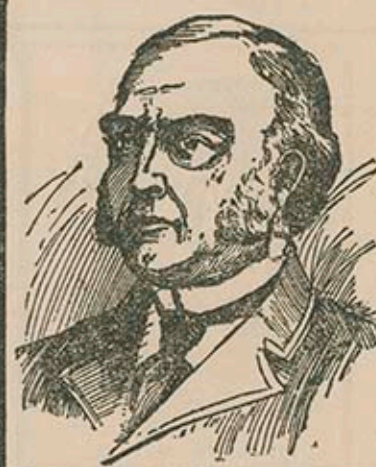
"I treat men only and cure them to stay cured," "I do not treat all diseases, but I cure all I treat," "Men come to me," "Everything confidential," "I cure men; come to-day," "No charge for a friendly talk," "I guarantee a cure in every case taken," "Suffer no longer," "I permanently cure in five to fifteen days," "Thousands cured, not one failure," etc.

But by far the most fetching of them all is, "Not a dollar need be paid until cured." It takes a good quack to work this, but in the hands of an adept it is the greatest producer that has ever been discovered. The country is full of the dupes and victims of the men who work it. In quack parlance a good money-getter is a "separator." That is, he is

I CURE MEN



MY BEST REFERENCE IS,
NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID
UNTIL CURED



This cut is used in the advertisements of the Doctor Egan Medical Co., with offices in New York, St. Louis and other cities. The Egan graft is: "Not a dollar need be paid until cured." Unlike most of the others, he gives this as his reference instead of referring to "leading banks, express companies and business men."

Doctor Kane's New York Medical Specialists use this cut. It is said to be the picture of a venerable and religious uncle of the business manager. This concern has offices also in the West, where some of the "leading specialists" preside as the imaginary Doctor Kane of New York.

an expert in the art of separating a man from his money. Not one of the victims of these "separators" dares say a word for fear of the humiliation that would come from its being known that he had some complaint affecting his sex. Here is an example of how the no cure, no pay graft is worked:

This patient, after waiting an hour while the "doctor" is "seeing" another patient, says: "Doctor, I called to consult with you about my case."

Doctor, jumping up and shaking hands and appearing very cordial: "Glad to see you. What is your name?" Then follows in rapid succession a series of questions all designed to ascertain the man's station in life and to get a chance to size him up before proceeding to talk about the case. Finally the doctor condescends to ask the nature of his complaint, or perhaps he has guessed it without being told, for these patients betray themselves easily.

Then follows, perhaps, the most absurd examination with the "X-Ray," the "stethoscope" and other means depending on the intelligence of the patient, or the doctor blurts it right out that it is a frightful case and gets the patient terribly

scared. During all this time the patient is not allowed to say anything. Then the doctor very likely will say: "Do you want me to cure you?"

Patient: "How much will it cost, doctor?"

Doctor: "Five hundred dollars."

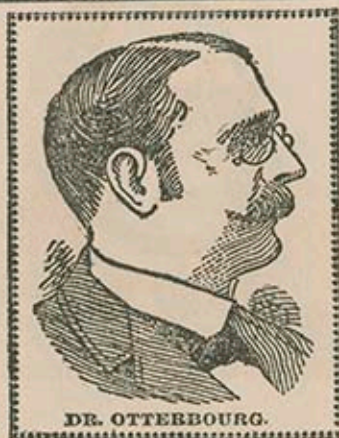
Patient: "I read in your advertisement that there was nothing to be paid until cured."

Doctor: "Certainly, I will cure you, and then you can pay me." He draws from his desk a blank and proceeds to fill it out. In this the patient admits he has a horrible disease and agrees to pay five hundred dollars. Once signed, the doctor becomes confidential, and, drawing near, says: "Now John" (or "Mr. Jones," as he thinks best,) "I will cure you absolutely in ninety days. What I want to know is can you pay me when you are cured?"

The patient, anxious to show his ability, tells his exact financial position, the very thing the quack is so anxious to know.

Doctor: "Have you any money in the savings bank?"

Patient: "Yes, three hundred dollars," and names the bank.



DR. OTTERBOURG.

This is used in the advertisements of the Otterbourg Electro-Medical Institute, of Pittsburg. There is no Doctor Otterbourg, and the place is run by a Doctor Fishblock, once with the State Electro-Medical Institute. He is a Hebrew, and a very smooth one, who is said to be making ten thousand dollars a month.

PRIVATE DISEASES OF MEN.
 All secret, and private diseases of men, \$100 stricture, varicocele, kidney and bladder diseases cured in a few days; consult free of charge, personally or by letter; write for our treatment at home; strictly private.

Blood and Nerve Specialists

This cut is used by the Hallett Medical Institute, with offices in Boston and in nearly all the leading cities, in advertisements appealing especially to young men. This venerable old man must be ever present in a large number of places at the same time—quite a trying and remarkable feat not capable of being performed by any one except a quack doctor.

Doctor: "Have you the book with you?"

Patient: "Yes," and shows the book.

Doctor: "You had better leave the book with me so I can investigate. You may begin treatment now, but it will be best for you to sign a judgment note for the five hundred dollars. It is the best way." The note is signed. Then the patient gets bamboozled with a lot of fake electrical treatment, perhaps in a dark closet with streaks of lightning flying around like an inferno, or some similar occult demonstration, and is then sent to a little room to wait for his medicine.

The attendant finally brings the bottles containing the fluid represented to be a veritable fountain of youth, and, handing it to the patient, says it costs seven dollars and eighty cents. Taken by surprise, and thoroughly mystified, the patient pays for it and is told to come again on the day after to-morrow.

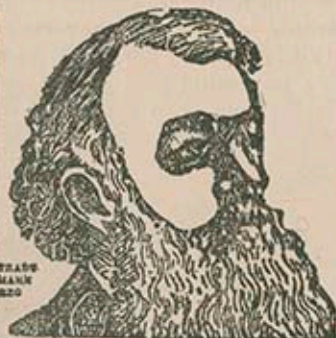
On the second visit the patient begins: "Good morning doctor."

Doctor: "How much better you look! Ah, I told you I would cure you, and I will."

The patient admits that he feels better under the cross-fire of questions and then it is the doctor's turn again: "Now I wish, for my protection, that you would give me a check for the five hundred dollars. Of course you haven't got it in the bank, but you can date it ahead." He gets the check. The patient is treated, jollied and bamboozled again, and goes away. Twenty days later he comes in and says he can't get all the money into the bank to cover the check.

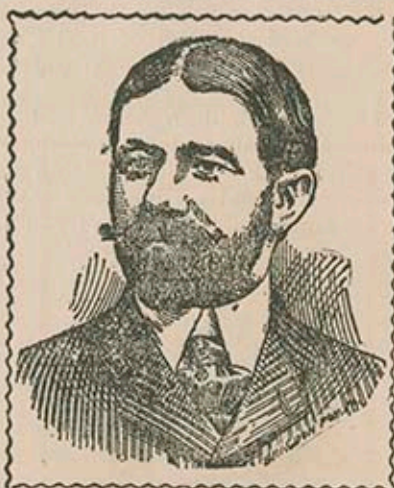
Patient: "Here is three hundred dollars, doctor—all I can get now." The doctor is so busy that he has no time to talk, but he takes the three hundred dollars and puts the patient into the hands of an assistant who polishes him off and sends him away. So it goes merrily on. The doctor then has the contract, judgment note, check, bank book and three hundred dollars in his possession, none

I CURE MEN



NEW YORK'S
MASTER SPECIALIST.

This cut of a superannuated individual is used by Doctor L. R. Williams & Co., of New York, Pittsburg and elsewhere, as a trade mark. Why a doctor has to have a trade mark is past finding out. Williams' methods were exposed in these columns some time ago.



Nothing But Curable Cases Accepted.

This is a good picture of Doctor R. H. M. Mackenzie, the presiding genius of the Pittsburg office and who hires doctors to run his other offices in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, always using this cut and the words below it in a series of advertisements inviting men to come in and have a "social chat" with him.

of which the patient will ever see again. When the check falls due it shows up at the bank for payment. When the patient finally quits, after paying eighty-four dollars for medicine—total, three hundred and eighty-four dollars—he is sued on the five hundred dollar judgment note, and rather than be exposed he pays it—grand total, eight hundred and eighty-four dollars for his experience.

Here is the second example: A man from Texas went to one of these "specialists." In this office you must register with the attendant before you can see the doctor. The object of this is to get a line on the patient so that the doctor will know how much to charge him. The patient finally saw the doctor, who took his case for four hundred dollars, all the Texan had. This office owns the drug store under it and all patients must go there for medicine. After being bowed out by the doctor the Texan went downstairs for the medicine. In the meantime the doctor had telephoned downstairs to charge the Texan one hundred and four dollars for medicine. When the medicine was ready, and the Texan was told the cost of it, he was stupefied. He would go back and see the doctor. He did. The doctor was surprised. He would go down and see about it. Addressing his own clerk, the doctor said: "I knew the medicine was expensive, but I had no idea you would charge as much as that. Can't you let Mr. — have it for less?"

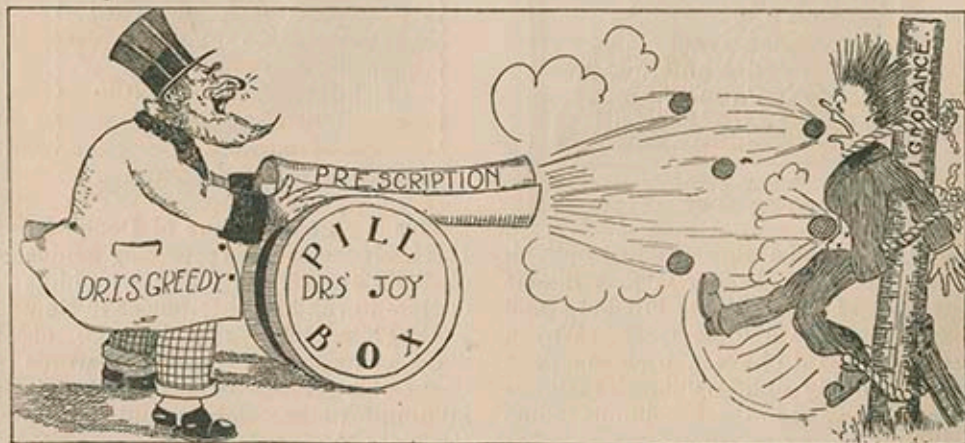
"No, we cannot," said the clerk.

Then going away, he returned, saying: "Well, doctor, since Mr. — is a friend of yours we will make it an even one hundred dollars." The Texan couldn't pay it.

"Now look here," said the doctor, "I know Mr. — to be good, and I suggest that, as he cannot pay for it, you send it to him by express C. O. D. for the one hundred dollars."

To this the Texan finally consented, and the doctor went back to his desk ready for the next "registered" patient.

Here is the third example: One doctor has a man attached to each of his offices who is called an "operator." In quackery an operator is a man who "raises 'em." That is, he gets the patient to pay an extra fee for an "operation," after the main doctor has received from the patient all the money the patient had agreed to pay. For instance: A young man with some pimples on his face and an imaginary nerve disorder comes in. There isn't much in him. The doctor will positively and permanently cure him for thirty-nine dollars, medicine included. How much can he pay down? The patient pays three dollars and then in small sums the remaining thirty-six dollars, and is no better. The doctor downstairs doesn't want him any longer, so the patient would better go upstairs and see the "operator." The operator charges him twenty-five dollars for a congenital imaginary operation and he is then put on the list as one who must pay for medicine every time he comes up to the office.



The Ammunition That Has Killed More Human Beings Than War, Pestilence and Famine

Miscellaneous Paragraphs From Everywhere

Life's Two Richest Blessings

Somebody sent a letter to the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, requesting an answer thereto in his column in one of the New York dailies. The letter read:

"What, in your opinion, is the greatest, wisest, and, in the end, most profitable thing for one to strive after in this world?"

The answer, part of which follows, appearing in the *New York American*, is characteristic of the trend of mind of the leading writers of our day:

"In our opinion there are two 'greatest blessings of life'—first, a healthy stomach, and second, a clear conscience.

"The man or woman who is fortunate enough to possess these two things has health and happiness, and health and happiness together constitute the greatest blessing that a human being can know in this world.

"Health comes first, since, whatever we may be potentially, we are primarily animals; and the best definition ever given of an animal is that it is 'an organization built up around a stomach.'

"If the stomach gets out of order everything else gets out of order; if the stomach attends to its functions as nature intended it should, then all is well, and the animal is able to do its work easily and beautifully, like a perfectly adjusted, smooth-running machine.

"A good stomach means good health, and good health means a strong, glad, victorious life. To have a good stomach is to be well; and to be well is to be good-natured, contented, full of enjoyment, keenly alive to the beauty of the world, open-eyed to everything that is calculated to make one happy.

"For the purely animal existence it is enough to have the healthy stomach; but for the human existence it is necessary

to have the healthy stomach plus something else.

"And that something else is a clear conscience—a conscience that you can go to bed with and sleep soundly all night—a conscience that will enable you to look into the eyes of a pure woman without blushing—a conscience that will enable you to be brave, confident, fearless, no matter where you may be placed."

No Marriage Without Physician's Certificate

There is now before the Iowa Legislature a bill proposing an amendment to the Iowa marriage law, offered by the Society for the Suppression of Disease and Degeneracy—a splendid society, by the way.

The bill, as prepared, prohibits the issuance of a marriage license until each party to it shall have produced the certificate of a reputable physician that he has instructed the recipient in the duties and responsibilities of the relations that they are about to assume.

C. J. Bayer, of Grinnell, who has written several works on the subject, and who is the official representative of the society, has made a personal appeal to all members of the Legislature and to every State officer in behalf of the bill, and the expression of his hope is that his words will be heeded.

He says: "The overcrowded condition of the State prisons and imbecile and insane asylums, and other reformatory, penal and charitable institutions, points significantly to the fact that it is high time to begin the work outlined in the bill proposed by our society.

"The medical men and other scientists

in our society are profoundly impressed with the idea that, as all other means of repressing degeneracy have failed, the extreme course of restricting marriages, and the instruction of prospective parents, must be adopted."

Regarding Fraud Advertisements

Ever since the exposé of medical frauds was begun in this magazine, innumerable letters have drifted in with doleful tales of money spent and of nothing obtained in return. But the tale of the man related in the London, Ky., *Echo*, who had followed the advertisements of some cheap newspapers, beats every other adventure of its kind.

He began by sending \$1 to a Yankee in Chicago to get a cure for drunkenness. He received it. The cure read: "Take the pledge, and keep it." He heard of a horticultural firm in Philadelphia selling crop secrets. He sent fifty two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turnips successfully. "Just take hold of the tops and pull" was the answer he received. He wrote to a "successful marriage" firm in New York and sent thirty-four two-cent stamps for the information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough."

Around Christmas he sent for twelve useful household articles, intending to surprise his mother, and he got a package of needles.

His faith in mankind was still whole, but his money was oozing away alarmingly. He determined to send \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work like the devil, and never spend a cent" came back in neatly printed form.

He wrote to a minister to find out how to write without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil.

He gave his last \$10 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal-card: "Fish for suckers, as we do."

Evil-Minded Prudes in St. Paul

A committee on athletics made up from members of the St. Paul Board of Education has reached the decision that it is vulgar and not exactly proper for boys to be allowed to watch girls play basketball in the basketball costume generally

worn, and that girls, from the viewpoint of modesty, should not see boys play the game. The sexes are now most carefully separated in playing the game.

The trustees of a college situated very close to this *virtuous* city reached a similar decision recently in regard to dancing. This august group of exemplary men admitted that dancing was a beneficial form of exercise, but they decided that "young ladies should dance with young ladies, and young men with young men, and that neither sex should dance in the presence of the other."

The inference these learned men leave us to draw from these decisions is that they have no confidence in the young manhood and womanhood of this land! The young man of present-day America cannot be trusted as a gentleman! The young American girl's virtue is so ephemeral that, even if that little is to be preserved, it must be guarded closely from any test! Both of the sexes must be bound down by rules, else the unmanliness and unwomanliness known to exist within them will break forth in insulting remarks and unclean thoughts on the least occasion.

Some witless parents formulate a similar policy to that of the learned men just mentioned. In sheer anxiety they hedge their children with such careful guidance that there is no virtue or honor necessary. The qualities are never exercised. Consequently, when a moment of temptation does come, there is no virtue or honor to be called upon. Sin is the offspring of prudery!

Vaccinated Twenty-four Times, Doctor Dies of Smallpox

Dr. John E. Stanton, of the University of Pennsylvania, died July 10, 1903, at Philadelphia, in the Municipal Hospital. He died of smallpox. Dr. Stanton was the proud proprietor of a drug store that sold thousands of vaccine points throughout the country. He so thoroughly believed in what he sold that he was vaccinated twenty-four times, and, in addition, had virus hypodermically injected, in order to safeguard himself. Papers that commented on the case say "his system became in such a condition that he contracted the disease."

Poor Dr. Stanton! Death lurked in every vaccine point you sent around the country to be scratched into the pink little arms of unknowing school children. And in one of them death lurked for you, also!

Americans Tobacco Bloated

From recent figures compiled by an expert it is shown that Americans have the distinction of consuming annually more tobacco than the people of any other nation. The total is so large as to be almost beyond the reach of the ordinary mind. According to these statistics, the quantities used in this country every year read something like this: 280,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco, 10,000,000,000 cigarettes, and 7,000,000,000 cigars. The value of the tobacco chewed and smoked annually in the United States, exclusive of cigars and cigarettes, is more than \$500,000,000.

If the energy necessary to exude the yellow perspiration from the skin of smokers were weighed, and if, likewise, the enormous extra vitality consumed to keep a "tobacco heart" pumping, it would be found that they represent a dynamic force capable of crushing the 280,000,000 pounds of tobacco, and with this a few corpulent tobacco magnates thrown in.

On the Subject of Hair

To a bald man hair has been always an intensely absorbing subject. He will watch a new hair or two sprouting from his shiny pate with the greatest amount of excitement. He will glance at it with every opportunity.

Baldness, with the average man, is a dreaded thing. The moment he is conscious of his hair falling out he leaves it studiously alone, as if that would save him.

The great fear is that he will reach that stage where a towel instead of a comb must be used for parting the hair. A woman does not mind becoming bald half as much. She can save her appearance at a trifling expense.

An interesting question was answered, a short time ago, in the columns of a prominent paper on this subject. "Can you tell us," the writer asked, "why consumptives almost invariably have full

heads of hair, and why we seldom hear of a bald-headed man or woman having died of consumption?" Another man wrote that 13 per cent. of the women wear wigs. "That seems incredible," was the answer, "but one thing I am aware of, namely, that furniture manufacturers never put a marble top on a cheap table; hence, your bald-headed man or woman is seldom an inferior creature. I do not recall among my acquaintances of the road a single bald-headed tramp. Nor do I know a bald-headed monkey.

"Adam was created before hat manufacturers established themselves in business; therefore, for a covering God gave him hair. Who cut his hair? In all the pictures of Adam his hair is short and curly. He lived 930 years after eating the apple, yet was never bald. Why? Because he never wore a hat. Women are less bald than men of to-day because they seldom wear hats. Eve's tresses were glorious, sufficient almost to hide her nakedness."

Canada's Onward March

Perhaps no country within the past fifty years has made so marked progress in temperance matters as has the Dominion of Canada. The decrease in drinking is everywhere apparent. Since 1875 the number of tavern licenses has been reduced from 4,793 to 2,621; the shop licenses from 1,307 to 308; the wholesale licenses from 52 to 21, and the 33 vessel licenses have been done away with altogether. In time, Canadian liquor licenses may become unknown. In the meantime let us hope that our sister across the line will take a short step in the right direction by adding considerably to the internal revenue duties on whiskey and its alcoholic consorts. At the present time liquors are sold at much lower prices in Canada than in the United States.

Benefits of Cross-Country Runs

Young athletes, no matter along what lines they are training, should remember that cross-country running is a valuable aid in their object, since it develops strength, courage, endurance and stamina. John J. Joyce, the champion ten-mile and cross-country runner of America,

gave some sound information recently in an interview for the *Sunday World*:

"Cross-country running should be encouraged in every possible way. I don't think any form of sport will bring out the good qualities of a young athlete like a stirring run 'cross country. It takes strength, stamina, lung power, and, above all, a good heart. A novice may not be a success at his first attempt, but if he is ambitious and courageous he makes up his mind to try again and again until he has the stamina and endurance to keep with the best men.

"The great fighters, wrestlers, football players, oarsmen, and other athletes, are strongly in favor of cross-country work to condition themselves for hard tasks. I believe by living a regular life, eating plain food, and keeping good hours, a young athlete can easily get in condition for a cross-country race.

"For one week before an important race I go over the course. It is better for a runner to do his work over the course where the race is to be run, if that is possible.

"Sprinters, short-distance and middle-distance runners, are all benefited by cross-country running. It improves their wind, strengthens their legs, and surely does not detract from their speed. I have known sprinters who have gone out of training for the winter to be greatly benefited by taking part in three or four good stiff dashes 'cross country at from two to five miles."

Doesn't This Appall You?

It is stated that from 10,000 to 20,000 young medical graduates are dumped annually, at present, on the American market with nothing but an artistically written diploma, a bundle of prescription slips and—an eye glued to your pocketbook. What an army of misfits!

Beer-Besotted Germany

For the one year 1902 the sum spent throughout the German Empire for alcoholic liquor amounted to \$625,000,000, which is an average for persons over fifteen years of age of about \$35 per head. The imperial health officers who compiled these statistics have become alarmed at

the figures they themselves worked out, and have arranged for the issuance of an enormous amount of educational pamphlets showing the injurious effects of alcohol.

Is Beer Harmful?

While on the subject of the beer-drinking habit among Germans, it will not be out of place to quote from a recent article in the *Muenchener Medicinische Wochenschrift*, which was written by one of Germany's prominent scientists:

"So far as pathological lesions are concerned, no appreciable differences exist between beer drinkers and those who are addicted to the stronger alcoholic liquors. Furthermore, the early idea that beer drinking would largely do away with the use of brandy, whiskey, etc., has proved fallacious so far as Germany is concerned.

"The nutritious qualities of beer, which have been loudly exploited by many, are not to be considered when compared with the damage wrought by the alcohol which it contains. Taken all in all, the substitution of beer for the stronger alcoholic liquors as a beverage has been a failure, since its devotees neither live longer nor show better mentality than the consumers of brandy, whiskey and the rest."

On the same subject, Professor Pfluger, of the University of Bonn, states that in a careful record of deaths registered in Munich, one-third are due to heart disease brought on by the habitual use of beer, to which his race is accustomed.

Fires the Physician

ENTER, ENORMOUS APPETITE AND THE BOY IS GETTING WELL.

For nineteen months William Stilz, of 1806 Logan street, Louisville, Ky., was confined to his bed with stomach trouble, and all hope was given up of his recovery. Almost a dozen physicians attended him constantly, but he showed no improvement. In fact, he became worse.

The lad is only sixteen years of age, but he is bright and intelligent, and evidently is "wise" on doctors. At his request his family consented finally to give up the doctors entirely. Young Stilz, as is natural, immediately began to improve, and within two weeks he had improved

so much that he could sit up and smile over the happy decision he had made. He is now the lad with *the* appetite, and declares he could eat a wooden image.

In speaking of the case, the boy said: "I just got tired of nasty medicines. I had taken about ten barrels of bitter stuff, and got worse all the time. As soon as I quit I got better, and hereafter, when I see a doctor's sign, I'll shy on to the other side of the street."

Tobacco's Effect on the Physical Growth and Appearance

The physical director at Yale has measured all students entering that university, and has kept an interesting record for the last nine years. The non-smokers average fifteen months younger in their facial and general physical appearance than the smokers. They are taller, and during the four years in school they gain 24 per cent. more in height and 27 per cent. more in chest growth than do habitual users of tobacco.

The Arch Enemy of Health—Drink a Disease Breeder

The *Evening Express*, of Portland, Me., in an article on the alcoholic evil, brought out some able facts to substanti-

ate the well-founded belief that drink opens the avenue to almost any kind of disease. Here are some of the most pregnant points:

"Alcohol is a poison which attacks the nerve cells of the higher cerebral centers, causing a weakening of will power and a blunted moral sense.

"An important preceding cause of suicide, insanity and murder is intemperance, and it is an important contributory cause of deaths from apoplexy, tuberculosis, pneumonia, Bright's disease, and the many diseases of the nervous system. The habitual drunkard has a debilitated nervous system bankrupt in vital energy and lacking that stamina and reserve force which is the chief dependence in fighting any disease.

"Alcohol is a poison which, circulating in the blood, produces a destructive action on every tissue cell, but it exerts a selective influence upon the nerve cell, destroying the essential elements, the nuclei, and impairing the function and nutrition of the whole nervous apparatus. That is bad enough, but the effects of alcohol are much more far reaching, for the offspring of the intemperate inherit a degenerate and unstable nervous system which renders them especially liable to the attacks of disease."

TAKES A SUN BATH INSTEAD OF HIS NOON MEAL

To the Editor:

One year ago I bought a copy of your *PHYSICAL CULTURE* and became very much interested in the contents, as I was feeling very miserable, both in mind and body. I made up my mind that perhaps I might get some benefit, and started to take what few exercises were in that number, with regular bathing. I found that in a week's time I felt better. At that time I weighed 212 pounds. By the time the next number came out I was very much interested. I procured a copy of "The Virile Powers of Superb Manhood." That book is worth its weight in gold. I am working at iron moulding, and my work came easier to me every day. I was in the habit of eating four times a day; lunch at half-past nine, besides three regular meals. I first cut out the lunch,

then gradually cut down my noonday meal until taking only an apple and drinking lots of water, and finally cut out the apple. I never think of getting hungry now. I take a sun bath instead of a noon meal, eat breakfast at six, supper same hour. I have cut meat down to once or twice a week, eat whole wheat bread, shredded wheat biscuit and all kinds of vegetables. No tea, no coffee, but clear water instead. Gave up tobacco and all kinds of strong drink, and, thanks to you, I feel more like a boy than I have in all my life. I was always called the fat boy; I weighed 180 pounds when I was ten years old; at seventeen, 325 pounds; at thirty, 265 pounds. Was married at twenty-three years old. I am now thirty-five, and I weigh 166 pounds.

Buffalo, N. Y.

AT THE BELLA ROSA

A ROMANCE THAT NEARLY ENDED IN A TRAGEDY

By Mary Heath

MOLLY sung blithely as she bustled about the mess tent, setting the table for dinner. Molly was a radiantly healthy young person—the most casual observer must have seen that from the dancing light in her gray eyes and in the roses of her cheeks—and she was also radiantly happy. She was good to look upon, was Molly, with her shining gold-brown hair piled high above her white forehead; with her dimpling cheeks and her laughing red lips. So thought the miners at the Bella Rosa, and above all so thought a certain stalwart, handsome young carpenter at camp. He was himself one of Nature's children, a son of the mountains, of the cool, fresh Colorado air, and the warm sunlight. He made a pleasant picture as he strode, straight and tall, along the road toward the tent, and Molly, glancing out of the door, laughed gaily at the sight, and, dropping the last knife hastily on the table, ran out to meet him.

"Jim!" she cried; "guess what's happened? No, don't guess, because I want to tell you. The new superintendent's come. His name is Hawkins, and he's real handsome!"

The smile died on the young man's lips and he frowned a little.

"Oh, Jim, you silly!" laughed the girl, in great glee at his displeasure; then she added, slyly: "I don't like his looks, though."

Jim's face cleared, and he laughed at her nonsense, as they walked back together to the tent. There Molly's mother, a worn, faded-looking woman, was putting dinner on the table.

Mrs. Wesson cooked and kept house for the miners at the Bella Rosa. The men took care of their own little rough log cabins, but ate together at the mess tent. Here they presently congregated, and sitting down at the long table made a silent, serious business of disposing of the meal before them.

The new overseer was among them, and Jim eyed him sharply. He was slight, and dark, and good looking, if one failed to note that his restless black eyes were rather too close together and that the lips under his black moustache were very thin and curled unpleasantly at the corners. Jim at once distrusted him, and was glad he was not working under him. Jim, himself, had charge of a gang of men who were felling trees, putting up the supports of the mine, building cabins, etc. Jim was a sober, sturdy young American; rough indeed, but true as steel, and he loved Molly Wesson with all his honest soul. All the men were fond and proud of Molly as the chief ornament of the camp, but they tacitly acknowledged Jim's superior claim. And he understood their loyalty. Yet as he glanced at the stranger he felt a vague uneasiness. He determined to guard Molly carefully.

A week passed uneventfully. Hawkins, busy with his new duties, scarcely noticed Molly, and Jim was disarmed. Jim was, at the time, building a corduroy road to take the place of the old rough trail to the mine, and now he determined to have his men pitch camp along the line of their work, wherever night overtook them, rather than to return daily to the mine.

He left Molly with reluctance. "I'll run in as often as I kin, but I'm afraid I shan't be able to see much of you, little woman," he said. Molly had walked with him far enough to be out of sight of camp. "You be careful, Molly," he went on; "don't have too much to say to Hawkins while I'm gone."

"No, Jim," she answered, readily. "Mr. Hawkins never speaks to me, anyway."

"It's just as well." He looked down at her tenderly. Then he asked, simply: "Are you sorry I'm goin', Molly?"

"Of course I am," said the girl, smiling brightly at him.

"Oh, Molly," he cried, suddenly. "If

you'd only say you loved me a little. It's hard, waitin' so long, dear."

Molly's heart smote her. She wished that she felt sure she loved him. Her mother approved of the match, and Jim was so good to her! She loved his love for her, so she let him court her, tacitly agreeing that some day she would be his wife. And now he was going away for a time, and he looked at her so longingly!

"I am fond of you, Jim," she said, slowly, "and maybe—when you come back, perhaps—we might be—engaged."

Jim's eyes shone with happiness, and he put an awkward arm about her waist. Then,

"Will you kiss me good-bye, Molly?" he asked, softly.

Molly flushed, but she raised her face. He stooped and kissed her red lips hungrily, tenderly.

"Good-bye, dear, I must go now," he said, and with another kiss he left her.

Molly watched him out of sight, waving gaily when he looked around, and then turned and went slowly back to her morning's work, thinking as she walked of the many brave, unselfish things Jim had done since she had known him. At a turn in the road she met Hawkins, going to the mine. He stopped to speak to her, and this surprised her.

"Good mornin'," he said, pleasantly enough. "Guess I startled you, didn't I?"

Molly, for some reason, could think of nothing to say, but stood looking at the ground. Hawkins, too, was silent a moment, and at last Molly raised her eyes.

"What puts them pretty roses in your cheeks?" the man asked, in what he thought a light and gallant tone. Molly flushed and moved uneasily. His eyes held hers. Then she remembered Jim's warning. With a distinct effort, she looked away.

"I must get home," she said, hastily. "Good morning, sir." Then she hurried away.

The man looked after her a moment, then, with an odd smile, he walked on.

One evening, soon after this, Mrs. Wesson and Molly were sitting in their rough little cabin, Molly reading a belated newspaper which had found its way into camp. A knock at the door inter-

rupted her, and she ran to admit,—not Jim, as she had expected, but Hawkins! Molly was too surprised to speak, but Mrs. Wesson rose to greet him.

"Good evenin', Mr. Hawkins," she said, pleasantly, "come right in. Molly, where's your manners? Set over here by the fire. It's chilly to-night, ain't it?"

Hawkins took the proffered chair, and chatted with Mrs. Wesson. He had seen much of the country, East and West, and he talked well. He said little to Molly, but she soon was listening eagerly to his adventures, and descriptions of distant cities. He entertained the two women for a couple of hours, and when at length he rose to go, he had promised to run in again some evening. He shook hands with Mrs. Wesson, then turned to Molly, who extended her hand with a smile. He caught her eye and gazed steadily at her. Molly felt a strange misgiving and tried to lower her lids, but, as before, she was powerless to do so. When, after a scarcely perceptible pause, he dropped her hand and turned away, she gave a little sigh of relief.

After this, Hawkins spent many evenings at the cabin. He gave them small trinkets and curios he had collected in odd corners of the country. When he went to town he always brought them something, if only a book or magazine. He made himself useful occasionally, and he entertained the two women by the hour with tales of his marvelous adventures. Molly began to think often of this man and his thrilling experiences. Only occasionally, when he caught her gaze and held it, with a peculiar glint in his eyes, she would be vaguely troubled, and would try to draw away from his influence. Once, Jim came in to see her, and she tried to tell him about Hawkins, but something restrained her. Jim had but a short time to stay. He told her that probably he would not be able to get in again until he got the road finished. Molly felt that his visit was rather unsatisfactory, and probably Jim did too, for she was silent and distraught—not the same Molly he had left so short a time ago.

One afternoon, soon after this, Molly felt restless, and started out for a long walk. Mrs. Wesson encouraged her to go, hoping the air would do her good. She had noticed, of late, that the girl was

not her usual self, but was apt to be quiet and moody, with moments of wild gaiety very different from her old sunny happiness.

Molly walked fast, as though trying to escape something that was pursuing her. The fresh, cool air and the exercise quieted her, and presently she slackened her pace, feeling almost her old joy in the very fact of life among those wonderful mountains. She paused, and was looking up at the snow-tipped peaks when she heard a step behind her, and knew intuitively that it was Hawkins.

Instantly her peace of mind was gone. Her heart gave a sudden bound and she felt an impulse to run from the man. She made a slight motion, and Hawkins spoke.

"Hello! Molly," he said, and the force that impelled her to raise her eyes to his was not in those simple words. He met her gaze a moment, then laughed lightly.

"You little witch," he remarked, "I believe you wanted to run away from me."

Molly did not answer, though she would have gone then if she could. She was as powerless to move as though some physical force had held her. With another laugh, Hawkins put an arm about her and drew her to him.

Molly's heart beat wildly. She was filled with conflicting emotions. She felt repelled, but could not struggle to free herself. Then, as he drew her closer to him, a thrill shot through her, and she felt herself yielding to him.

"Do you know you love me, Molly?" he said at length.

She tried to speak, but only shook her head.

"Yes, you do," he repeated, lightly, "and you are goin' to be Mrs. Hawkins one of these days. And—look at me—now you are goin' to kiss me."

Suddenly Molly remembered Jim's kiss. Oh, if Jim were only there! She struggled to free herself, and with an effort lowered her eyes. She tried wildly to recall that first touch on her lips, but her mind seemed numb.

Hawkins lifted her face and kissed her trembling lips. With that kiss Molly's resistance ceased.

After that they met often in this place. Hawkins' love was sincere, and apparent-

ly honest, and while with him, Molly was wildly happy. But when alone, a chill would creep over her spirit. She distrusted his power over her and sometimes felt that she would give up his love if she might have her freedom back. Yet Hawkins treated her well and seemed to delight in giving her pleasure.

"Molly," he said one afternoon, "Monday I'm goin' to town to settle up some matters. I've got a good bit of money saved up now, and we might as well get married. We won't say anything about it, because there might be objections raised and I hate to be interfered with. We'll just run into Little Creek and git spliced."

"And leave mother?" cried Molly, in a dissenting tone. This was another thing that troubled her. Hawkins would not hear of her telling Mrs. Wesson about their engagement.

"Oh, we can come back after we're married," he answered, easily. "It'll be a good joke. I ain't a poor man, either, Molly," he continued, persuasively. "I've saved my wages here, and I had some money when I came here. And I can always earn good money wherever I go. You shall have everything you want, dear, and be a real lady."

"Well, let's tell mother," began Molly, but at that Hawkins' manner changed. He fixed his eyes on hers and said, in a low, firm voice:

"Molly, listen. I'll be back from Little Creek Tuesday. Wednesday mornin' you'll tell your mother that you and me are goin' for a ride. We'll take the fastest horses in camp and get half a day's start of anybody that follows us. Now, mind, not a word to anyone about this."

Molly nodded silently. Then Hawkins was all tenderness again, and planned all sorts of happiness for her in their new life together. Before she left him, he gave her minute details of his plans for Wednesday morning and she promised to follow his directions carefully. They would take the new road part of the way to town, then leave it for the trail where the latter struck off for the last ten miles.

Monday morning Hawkins went in to Little Creek. He had several hundred dollars in his pockets. He had saved his wages—and wages are high in Colorado

—perhaps because of lack of opportunity at camp to spend them.

Little Creek is a dirty village of rough one-storied buildings set down hap-hazard on the side of the mountain. The general store is also the post-office, and here Hawkins went first. There was a letter for him. Glancing at it, he slipped it in his pocket while he leaned against the counter and chatted with the post-master and storekeeper. Once well down the street, however, he took the letter out and tore it open impatiently. It read: "Dear Tom:

"Come back to me. I have plenty of money now, a nice home here in Bullen, and we can start over—perhaps be happy as we was in the old days. You kin easy find work here, and you won't be known. Come back and come soon to

"Your neglected wife,
"BESSIE."

Hawkins folded it sharply and put it back in his pocket. As he walked along the village street his brows were drawn into an ugly scowl. He was upset, apparently, by his letter. He jingled some loose change in his pocket as he went.

"I reckon I've got enough to get me married and out of here," he reflected. "They don't know me in these parts, and the next time I settle I'll keep out of *her* way."

He strolled along until he reached a red-painted little shanty on a side street. After slight hesitation, he turned and entered.

When he came out again the hour was well after midnight. His face had a hard and reckless look. He cursed softly under his breath. After a moment he turned to walk slowly in the direction of the station. As he went, he once again took out his letter and read it through.

"She says she's got money," he reflected. "I wonder how in thunder she got it. I wonder if she really has. I guess she'd know better than to try to fool me. Well, as things are—"

Walking into the station he bought a ticket for Chicago. The ticket agent, half asleep at his post, undertook to question him a little, but one reply sufficed him. Hawkins drew his brows into an ugly frown, and spoke with a wicked drawl.

"It's none of your durned business where I'm goin'," he said.

All day Monday Molly was in a state of tumult. Out of Hawkins' presence she was never quite happy. His touch, his voice, his eyes, mastered her and thrilled her; but alone, away from those influences, in a measure she distrusted him still. Yet she knew that when he came for her Wednesday, she would go with him—away from all she held most dear—and she went about her preparations carefully. Once she thought of Jim, and of the old days, when she was never disturbed by doubts and conflicting emotions. She threw herself on her bed, burying her face in her hands. "Jim, Jim," she cried, "if you was only here." Then she raised her head proudly. "Hawkins loves me better than Jim ever did," she told herself, and tried to believe it.

Monday wore away, and Tuesday came. Hawkins did not return in the morning, and Molly concluded that he had been detained, and would come in the afternoon. Toward evening she felt a feverish anxiety. After her mother had gone to bed, she stole out to the old trysting place, where Hawkins and she had met, waiting until she was numb with cold. She crept back and threw herself down on her little cot, but she slept little and in the morning rose looking pale and ill.

That afternoon, Jim rode into camp. Molly was in her room, and when she recognized his voice she shrank back into a corner, her heart beating fast.

"Yes," she heard him say, "I got a day off. Beside, I wanted to tell the boss about Hawkins." (Molly listened eagerly.) "I was in town yesterday, and I heard Hawkins had been gamblin' Monday night and lost all his money. He skipped. Tuesday mornin' he took the train out of town—"

Molly heard no more. She drew a long, long breath that ended in a sob. Yet it seemed as if a fearful load had been lifted from her life. With a hysterical laugh, she pushed aside the curtain and literally threw herself into Jim's arms.

"Jim, Jim, I'm so glad you've come," she sobbed. The astonished man drew

her head down on his breast and gently kissed her hair.

"There, there, dearie," he said, soothingly. At the sound of his voice, Molly drew away from him.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "When you know it all, you'll hate me." He tried to speak, but she went on quickly. "I was engaged to Hawkins."

Jim flinched, but he put an arm about her. Mrs. Wesson started.

"Wait, Jim," said Molly, as he tried to draw her to him. "I was going to run away with him to-day."

Jim gathered her into his arms again.

"Poor little woman!" he said, simply. "Poor little woman! Jim won't leave you agin."

ARE WE TOO HARSH IN OUR CRITICISM OF WOMEN?

To the Editor:

It seems to me you are a little hard on woman, and after reading your article on "Rubber Physique" I feel inclined to say a word in defense of my much abused sex.

PHYSICAL CULTURE is a magazine for men, edited by a man, yet scarcely is there an edition that does not take woman to task for endeavoring to make herself as presentable as possible. I cannot see what is the difference between a *woman* padding to fill out little deficiencies, and a *man*. Pick up any man's coat, made by a tailor, and you will find layer on layer of wadding between the lining and outside cloth.

Why pick out a few silly women (for they are few) who will always persist in carrying everything to the extreme, let it be the straight-front dress, or the kangaroo walk? Poor things, they don't know

any better, for nature failed them mentally as well as physically.

Give me the man or woman who rises in the beginning of each day with *work* to do, and who does it in a proper manner. Take the mother, for instance. After she has cooked three meals for her family, washed the soiled linen for Charlie, Beth and Richard, used the slipper on Tom, and the hundred and one duties that are performed six days in the week, and sometimes seven, where has she the time for a punching bag, or dumb-bells? Rather give her an easy chair in a sunny window, where the children love to find her when coming home from school.

Say all the good you can of woman. Hold up to your young men readers the very best type, for, after all, she is the mother of the *perfect man!*

A WOMAN.

INCREASED TWELVE POUNDS IN WEIGHT AND ADDED ONE QUARTER INCH TO HEIGHT

To the Editor:

In writing this letter I hardly know how to express myself. Your magazine has certainly been a savior to me. I was always sick, until about a year ago I got hold of a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE. The reasoning was so fair that I tried it, and since then I have been a strong advocate and a thorough practitioner. No one could lure me from it. The change in myself is so great I can hardly realize it.

I am seventeen years old, weigh 138 pounds, and am 5 feet 3 inches in height. My weight has increased almost twelve pounds and my height one-fourth of an

inch. I think nothing of walking twenty miles. I play shortstop on a baseball team, and fullback on a football team which has an average greater than my weight by about twelve pounds. I also play tennis and can swim. You must understand I always was athletic, but I did not understand true physical culture in eating and sleeping. I have come to like it so well that I would rather do it for a lifework than anything else, as I know of no other thing that would better me and my fellows more. Yours for health,

ROBERT P. EBERLY.

Lancaster, Pa.

THE SYMPTOMS, CAUSE AND CURE OF SKIN DISEASES

By Bernarr Macfadden

THE various diseases of the skin cause much annoyance and suffering. They often make one appear unsightly and convey unfavorable impressions to the general observer. Skin eruptions or any bad condition of the skin is *not* a disease. Treating it as such is one of the biggest blunders of which medical science is guilty. Bad condition of the skin is merely a *symptom* or *indication* of a disease. The disease is within, and that disease is impure, poisonous blood. Eruptions indicate that your system is making brave efforts to throw out the poisons and impurities.

There is a large variety of diseases of this character. It would be difficult and really unnecessary to describe the various manifestations of all the different phases of these diseases. We have the reddish or purple discoloration under the skin, pimples, with and without the formation of pus; scabs and crusts, with the formation of pus underneath; large, discolored swellings which often look like small boils, and many other unsightly manifestations in these diseases.

The management of skin troubles by the drug profession is radically wrong, both in theory and practice. Generally the trouble is treated from the outside by means of salves, or, when internally treated, they use poisons which only aggravate the serious condition of the blood.

The surface of the body simply indicates the internal condition. Figuratively speaking, the skin might be termed a mirror or a sensitive negative which clearly portrays or reflects the condition of the internal organs through the blood, for healthy blood in nearly ever case insures good color and a clear, smooth skin.

It would be well to note that this article does not refer to skin diseases which are caused by parasites. In troubles of this character, usually about the best remedy is a mixture of sulphur and vaseline, that can be prepared by any physician or a druggist. It should be applied to the affected parts im-

mediately after a bath of hot water and soap, and allowed to remain all night, repeating the application as often as necessary to effect recovery, though one or two treatments is often sufficient in effecting a cure.

GENERAL SYMPTOMS.

It is not at all difficult to recognize the presence of a skin disease. It is usually quite apparent to the eye and frequently it is accompanied by extremely uncomfortable itching sensations. In fact, it is the inclination to scratch the affected parts which often irritates and prolongs the disease. The disease may assume any of the forms previously described, and the continuous manifestation for a long period of any symptoms which disfigure the skin, from internal causes, usually indicates its presence.

GENERAL CAUSES.

There is but one fundamental cause of skin trouble and that is **BAD BLOOD!** This absolutely simple fact has been ignored by medical science for almost two thousand years, and yet it is so reasonable and sensible that a child might grasp it. Of course, there are various causes which lead up to this direct cause. Probably one of the most usual is neglect of proper bathing and proper care of the skin. As described in a previous article, not only is it necessary to bathe frequently, but the friction of the skin with a dry towel is another great aid to thorough cleanliness, and for the healthful acceleration of the functional processes of the skin.

Diet is, of course, of extreme importance. A rich, full diet continued for a prolonged period will frequently be an important contributory cause to skin troubles. Of course, in those possessed of great vital and functional vigor, it may take years for any sign of disease to appear; but the average civilized diet of today, especially when combined with alcoholic liquors, overtaxes the excretory

functions of the skin, manifesting itself in diseases of this character. Rich dishes, high seasoning, the use of spices, pastry, vinegar, greasy foods, meats of all kinds, and all foods which are inclined to encourage the stuffing habit, have much to do with these troubles.

The lack of systematic exercise, especially walking, running and other outdoor exercises, is unquestionably a prevalent cause. It is difficult to keep the functional system of the body in the highest degree of physical vigor if the muscles are allowed to lie inactive and the general circulation is not frequently accelerated by activity of the entire muscular system.

Of course, dissipation of all kinds, or any influence which will be inclined to debilitate the natural functions of the body, would assist in bringing about diseases of this character.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

In the treatment of skin diseases it must be distinctly remembered that, as stated above, the *blood* must be improved and purified as a primary treatment of the trouble before any great change can be expected. Frequent bathing with hot water and soap must be emphatically insisted upon. In very obstinate cases a daily bath of this character is to be recommended. In ordinary cases a bath every other day would be sufficient. It is usually best to take this bath immediately before retiring. The greatest possible care should be used to have thorough ventilation, and only sufficient covering should be used to maintain warmth. Never smother yourself with covering.

In order to effect rapid recovery, the adoption of the fasting treatment is absolutely essential. If the patient will fast from one to two weeks the system will rapidly eliminate the poison with which the skin is loaded and that remaining within the blood. In many cases the trouble will disappear entirely from this treatment alone. If not desirous of adopting such extreme methods, the patient can take several fasts of one or two days' duration, eating for a similar period between each fast.

The purest of water should be kept at

hand at all times, and should be used freely whenever the slightest thirst exists.

A desire to scratch the affected parts should always be resisted, as this increases the irritation, and usually extends the time of a complete recovery. The application of wet cloths around the abdominal region or to the affected parts on retiring, allowing them to remain for a few hours, or until morning, will often prove very beneficial. If constipated, it is imperative that means be adopted that will remedy this, as a large amount of impurities are eliminated through the bowels.

The diet should be limited in quantity, and should be of the plainest of foods. Tea, coffee and all stimulating drinks, alcoholic or otherwise, should be avoided. Highly seasoned, rich foods of all kinds must be tabooed. Fruit, whole wheat bread without butter, various vegetables, and cereals, raw or cooked, whichever proves the most palatable, with a moderate quantity of eggs and milk, can be suggested to one who has been accustomed to following the ordinary mixed diet.

A cold bath with a wet towel every morning, following some moderate exercise, will be found valuable, if one can recuperate with a feeling of warmth, and provided that the bath does not arouse the inclination to scratch the affected parts.

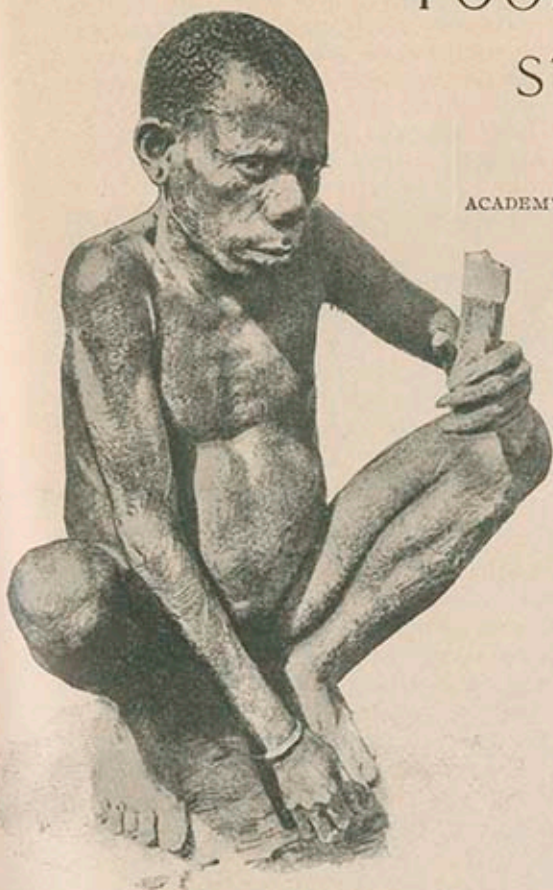
Salads made of all sorts of green stuff, such as watercress, lettuce, onions and tomatoes, are advised for building a better supply of blood. Thorough chewing of each morsel of food at meals must be insisted upon if speedy recovery is desired.

Long walks in the open air, with deep breathing exercises, will be very beneficial. A thorough system of physical culture which brings into play every part of the muscular system should also be vigorously followed out. Wear as few clothes as you can through the day, consistent with convention and comfort. All these suggestions given above tend to create an increased supply of fresh, pure blood, and with pure blood there can be no skin troubles of any kind.

FOODS THAT MAKE STRONG MEN

By H. Newell Wardle

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, PHILADELPHIA



A Typical Pygmy of Africa

The physical degeneration of the pygmies of Africa is attributed to their fondness for meat as a daily food

P RIMITIVE man, untouched by the vices of civilization, exhibits many qualities of mind and body that the civilized may well envy. A typical example may be found in the North American Indian of yesterday. Lithe, straight, supple, with great powers of endurance, spare rather than fleshy, muscular, with an even development of tendon and fiber, in lieu of the great knots and cords that disfigure the professional athlete, the magnificent physique of the men of many of the tribes excited the admiration of the white settlers.

While much of this physical perfection may be attributed to the adaptation of

the organism to its environment through natural selection, to the open air life, and to the activities called into play by the chase, still, the red man was much less carnivorous than is generally believed.

It is a popular fallacy which asserts that the great western plains of this continent, in pre-Colombian times, were sparsely populated by a few Indian bands roving up and down in the pursuit of the "buffalo." The bison were plentiful before the introduction of the firearm, and the tribes were practically sedentary, depending largely upon crops of corn, potatoes, squashes and beans, which they planted and tilled, in addition to harvesting the seeds of many wild grasses.

The physical characteristics of every organism, in so far as they are individual and not racial, are dependent upon the "milieu" in the broadest modern sense of the term. And one of the most potent of these environmental forces is the quality and amount of the food supply. This has now been demonstrated by the experiments of the French stock raisers. The demand for the Norman breed of horses, famous for their great size and strength, exceeded the actual supply of the province when it was discovered to be possible to buy up the stunted colts of less favored districts, transfer them to the rich pasture lands of Normandy, and after a time sell them as the true Norman stock.

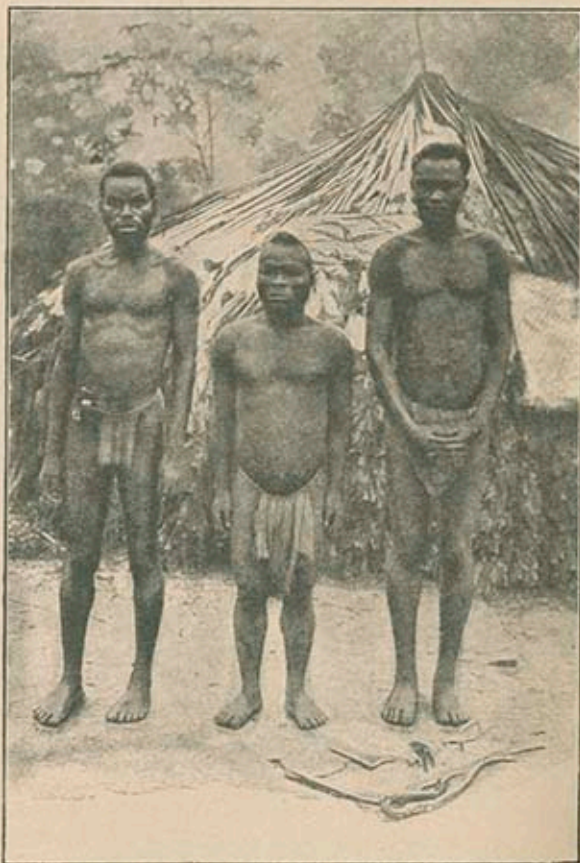
Man, even in a primitive state, may partially control external conditions and coax a living from Nature in her most crabbed moods; but some peculiarity of the food supply, either quantitative or qualitative, is sure to be found dominating a people of stunted, though often of vigorous, growth. Hard conditions will

weed out the weaklings. The Shetland ponies pick a scanty subsistence on their tiny islet homes, but they are sturdy little beasts.

The American Indian was thoroughly conversant with, and utilized to the full, every resource of his habitat. Nothing edible escaped his attention. In many regions fish was an important dietary item. Weirs were constructed in the small streams; stone and bone hooks were suspended from set lines; while on the Pacific coast the speared catch of the annual runs was, when dried, sufficient to last throughout the year. Besides the domestic crops, such wild plants as the Indian turnip, the bulbs of water lilies, acorns and other nuts, berries and cactus tuñas and hundreds of other vegetable products were laid under regular contribution by the various tribes. The vast beds of the American wild rice were annually sheaved and harvested.

The great prehistoric and historic cultures of America were erected on an agricultural basis. The "mound-builders," like their modern representatives, the Cherokees, drew their chief sustenance from the corn fields which encircled their towns. The ancient peoples who laboriously built the great communal houses far up the steep cañon sides, took refuge in their cliff dwellings from the tribes who preferred draining their neighbors' full granaries to the arduous work of the field. So essential to the very existence of the Pueblo peoples is vegetable life that their whole religion is a nature cult, of divers forms and expressions, all focused into one heartrending prayer for rain, that maize may grow and man may live. The ancient Piman people, that dwelt in thousands in the now arid Rio Salado valley, dammed up the mountain basins behind them to make a series of huge reservoirs, and constructed hundreds of miles of "mother acequias," besides great stretches of smaller irrigating ditches and local reservoirs. The ravines and moun-

tain valleys of Northern Mexico show extensive terracing from wall to wall, to obtain level, arable land. As with the Mexican peon to-day, corn and beans were the main dependence of the Aztecs and neighboring tribes. To these staples chile, pumpkins, magueys, cacao, vanilla and numerous other fruits and seeds lent variety. Great irrigating works supplied the high tableland with water, and even the lakes around Tenochtitlan, the ancient Aztec capital, were dotted with soil-laden rafts and made to add vegetable to piscatorial tribute. In Yucatan and the now almost uninhabited forests of Gautemala are the ruins of the beautiful of the Mayan civilization—the highest in the New World—the last vestiges of whose culture crumbled to decay under Spanish rule. In the mountainous region they are perched along the slopes, not so



A Munande Pigmy, in Contrast with Two Ordinary Vegetarians of the Bambula Tribe of Africa

much for defense as because the valley soil was far too precious to be used for anything but tillage. Their food was practically the same as their northern neighbors, for active trade throughout this great culture area supplied all local deficiencies.

Corn and beans, too—especially the former—constitute the chief diet of those

days' time; and their food on such trips consists solely of a little bag of *pinole*, parched corn, ground to powder, and, when wanted, mixed with water to a thin gruel. Some meat is considered by them indispensable to good living, but a man may work a whole day and chop down half a dozen trees to obtain one squirrel for the family evening meal, and their



Eskimos in Comparison with Lieutenant Peary, the American Explorer
Peculiar conditions in their surroundings have forced carnivorous habits upon these stunted people

distant kinsmen of the ancient Aztecs, the Tarahumaras, the most wonderful runners in the world. It is not their fleetness but their endurance which makes them unique. They have been known to run one hundred and seventy miles without stopping, to carry a burden of upward of one hundred pounds one hundred and ten miles in seventy hours, to traverse six hundred miles in five

breakfast of maize cakes may be given a special relish by a field mouse or two, trapped over night. It is scarcely necessary to add that, except on feast days, they are not liable to derange their digestion by an over-indulgence in meat.

It is a curious fact—perhaps not without significance—that those tribes which are the lowest in stature depend largely upon animal food. The small Lapps of

Northern Europe are a well-known instance; the pigmies of Africa are far fonder of using their weak little bows and poisoned arrows than of raising crops; while the puny Negritos of the Indo-Pacific islands are essentially hunters. Peculiar conditions in their surroundings have forced carnivorous habits upon the Eskimos, the least in stature of all the North American Indians. Their very name, contemptuously given them by their Indian neighbors, implies this—"Eskimansic," eaters of raw flesh. Bitter weather, frequent dearth of food, again, tough, indigestible flesh of sea mammals—seal, walrus and narwhal—have exterminated all but the hardiest. Nature has not spared the rod with them, and of those remaining she has made a sturdy, vigorous people not lacking in energy or mental power.

In sharp contrast to these little wizards of the north, stand such magnificent physical men as the Seminoles of Florida swamps and their kinsmen, the Creeks

of Georgia. These tribes were much more largely vegetarian than is generally supposed. Their year began with the sacred green corn dance, when offenders were forgiven and friendship sealed. Directly or indirectly, the maize was the central interest of their life, religious as well as social, and public granaries were filled by voluntary contribution for state and charitable purposes.

Thus it may be shown that the highest social status in America was reached and the greatest powers of endurance displayed by tribes living mainly on vegetable products. Primitive man, as found on this continent, was eminently healthy—free from most of the diseases which make miserable the life of the civilized. Such physical defects as he had were in large measure due to abuse of his natural diet—stomach and intestinal troubles, which may be traced to gorging with animal food when game was particularly abundant.

WHAT CONSTITUTES BEAUTY?

IN a recent number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* the opinion of Dr. Charles Rochet was published in regard to the ideal figure of woman. There are other standards, however. One authority gives six rules for beauty in woman—six groups of essentials. In the first place, women are to be comparatively small; second, they must be "smooth;" third, there must be a variety in the forms of the parts; and, fourth, there must be no angularity in these parts, but all must melt uniformly into each other. The fifth essential is that the woman must possess a delicate frame and must show no remarkable evidences of strength. The last requisite is that the woman must have all her coloring clear and bright, without being strong and glaring.

This standard I regard as being much better than that of the sculptor, Rochet. When considering the ideal figure, it is impossible to apply the same standard to man and to woman. Woman's ideal figure is not consistent with that of man, for woman is man's opposite. In the

best-developed woman muscular energy must not interfere with the grace of her contour, but must lend merely aid to that beauty. When the ideal form of a woman is considered, muscular indications must be held as being secondary to graceful outline.

Another authority states that, in order to be beautiful, a woman must display four points in black. Hair, eyebrows, eyelashes and eyes should be of jet color. There are four white points to be shown—skin, eyeballs, teeth and hands. There are four forms of pink to be attained—in tongue, lips, gums and cheeks. Roundness should be developed at four points—in the head, in the neck, forearms and in the ankles. Four forms of length are required. These are in the back, the fingers, arms and legs. There are four points in narrowness—in the eyebrows, the nose, the fingers and the lips.

Beauty in woman's figure must be largely a matter of taste, but there can be little doubt that the two foregoing descriptions cover the ground to the best advantage.

THE DEFORMITY OF THE CIVILIZED FOOT

FOOT TORTURE COEXISTENT WITH CIVILIZATION—THE WONDERFUL MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN FOOT—CRIMINAL SHOEMAKING—ITS HORRIBLE CONSEQUENCES—THE REMEDY

By A Reformed Shoemaker

ONE of the signs of a vicious taste in matters of personal appearance is the desire for an abnormally small foot. The Chinese in Asia, the French and English of modern Europe, and the people of America, are guilty, above all others, not only of a

breach of all the canons of beauty, but of bringing untold misery upon themselves and their offspring, in their insane compression and distortion of that wonderful piece of living mechanism, the human foot. Of these, the Anglo-Saxons, on the whole, are the most generally and inexcusably answerable for the torture and demoralization

resulting from this one phase of what Herbert Spencer has called the "pursuit of prettiness." And this notwithstanding, for the American at least, the perfect example of the aboriginal Indian, who encased his foot in a soft moccasin that enhanced his comfort and, like the wings of Mercury, accelerated his fleetness.

The Chinese custom of female foot-bandaging is largely overstated. In many extensive districts it is wholly unknown; and where practiced, it is confined mostly to those whose leisure enables them to enjoy the dismal luxury.

Among these children of fortune, to look long upon a woman's foot is a declaration of love; and to tolerate the gaze is a mark of her complacency. But so excruciating is the agony of producing the "foot of the golden lily" that even here deception is a welcome ally; and many

a sighing Celestial has found, after marriage, that the wee lily feet that "stole in and out like little mice, as though they feared the light," were pretty bits of wood, dexterously shoved out in front of the real foot.

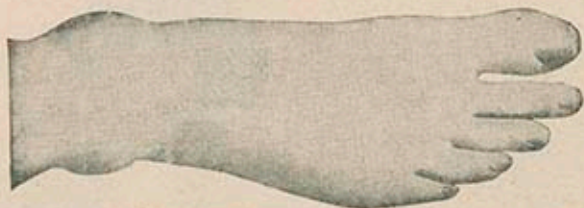
A really "Frenchy" French shoe is no more fit for the human foot than is a horseshoe. But the French, as leaders of the

foolies and fashions of the world, have a kind of business excuse: Like the spider in the web, they are in it for what is to be gotten out of it; and the wiser course for the fly is to keep away.

Men and women alike are guilty of this self-torture; but the folly of foot-cramping is more noticeable in women, whose shoes seem to unite all the conditions of discomfort and deformity. The clouted shoe of the tramp is not more shocking to the normal sense of taste than is the conventional, diminutive, ill-shaped thing into which the society woman squeezes her suffering foot



The Influence of the Shoe. A—The Normal Foot and Its Companion, the Sensible Shoe. B—The Same Foot with Its Torturer, the Fashionable Shoe

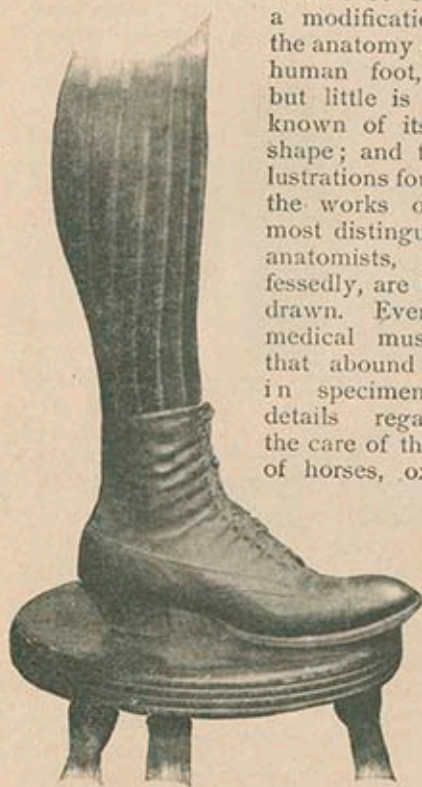


The Normal Foot—Showing the Individuality of the Toes; the Great Toe Lies Apart from the Others, Pointing Backward in Direct Line with the Middle of the Heel

at the behest of a cruelly silly fashion.

Children are, as usual, the innocent victims. The compression of children's feet by tight leather shoes is cruel and injurious in the extreme. The child's foot would be better if left altogether unclothed than when it is cramped up in the fashionable instrument of child-torture. Indeed, no foot is so well modeled as are those of the children of the poor, who run about entirely unshod.

The wearing of leather has brought about so serious a modification of the anatomy of the human foot, that but little is really known of its true shape; and the illustrations found in the works of the most distinguished anatomists, confessedly, are badly drawn. Even the medical museums that abound most in specimens of details regarding the care of the feet of horses, oxen—



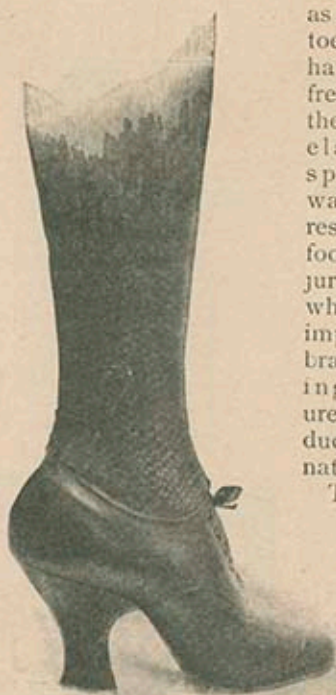
A Compromise Shoe—Much Better than the Ultra-Fashionable, but not Scientifically Correct; Does not Allow for the Normal Spread of the Toes

and asses—are lamentably wanting in illustrations of the hygiene of the foot of man. Its original lines and proportions can be studied only in infants, in savages, and in classical statues. The matchless forms of sculptured beauty left us by the masters of classical art exhibit to us the finest specimens of what the foot would be if it were allowed its free and uninterrupted action.

The foot should be proportionate in size to the rest of the body. A small foot is properly a part of a small body. A small foot on a large body is as unsymmetrical as a large foot on a small body. A beautiful foot is neat and shapely, but is neither small nor short. It should be the length of the arm as measured from the joint of the elbow to the joint of the wrist. The fore-part of the foot should be wide. To alter the natural shape is to sacrifice grace of

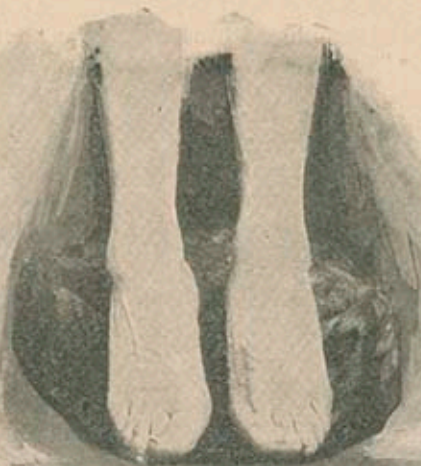
motion, as well as beauty. The toes should have absolute freedom, that they may be elastic and springy in walking. All restraint of the foot is an injury to the whole body; impairing the brain, distorting the features, and inducing an unnatural gait.

The uses of



The Cruel High-Heeled Shoe—A Freak of Fashion; A Cause of Constant Anguish, of Brain Troubles and of Many Female Diseases

the foot are numerous, and some of its performances are wonderful. Armless men and women write, paint, sew, handle the knife and fork in eating, and have been known to play the violin, with their toes alone. Many Hindus and Malays use their toes almost interchangeably with the hand in picking up objects and for other simple purposes. The foot as a climbing organ has been



Feet of a Girl of Nineteen—Part of the Second Toe is Hidden and the Rest of the Toes are Pressed Together in a Wrong Direction

the subject of much scientific study. Its principal uses, however, are to make walking easy and healthful and to furnish a firm base for the body in standing.

There are twenty-six bones in each foot. Seven of these form the heel and back, and are so arranged as to make the arch of the instep. Further forward lie five parallel bones, the fore part of each forming the ball of the toe to which it is joined. The arch of the instep combines the elasticity and resistance necessary to bear the strain of leaping, carrying heavy weights, and the like. There are two bones in the great toe and three in each of the others, making fourteen in all. A wonderful arrangement of muscles and tendons keeps this compact little framework in position and renders it capable of an extensive range of movement. In the healthy normal foot, every part of the machine is always

ready, upon an order from the brain, through the nerves, to bring the whole into position to lift the body, to bound, to receive the shock of coming down again, to bear the body upon alternate feet in walking or in running, to carry it through the quick and graceful complications of the dance, or to perform any of a thousand other wonderful functions.

But the vanity of those who wear shoes, and the ignorance of those who make them, have done much to destroy the beauty and usefulness of this piece of mechanism, and have produced a picture of misery that is painful to contemplate. Chapman, the artist, tells us that it is hopeless to look for perfection of form in a foot that has grown under the present restraints of leather. "The toes," he says, "are cramped together, and are of little more value than if they were



Feet of a Young Woman of Twenty-two, Distorted by the Pressure of the Shoe, but Otherwise Healthy

all in one; their joints enlarged, stiffened and distorted, forced and packed together, often overlapping one another in sad confusion, and wantonly placed beyond the power of service." The little toe and its neighbor are thrust out of the way altogether, and all the work is thrown upon the great toe, which, however, is scarcely allowed working room in its prison-house of leather.

The fashionable foot-covering is responsible for corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, painful deviation of the toes, torturing bursæ, and many other miseries and inconveniences. The high-heeled shoe has brought about many of the muscular alterations, inflammations, pains, contractions, and paresis so common among girls; while many inconveniences of menstruation, as well as congestions of the ovaries, are directly traceable to the same cause.

Difficulty of parturition is often due to compression of the foot, which retards the growth of the leg and thigh bones and of the pelvis. Above all, the moral effect of ill-fitting shoes and boots is too often seen in the bad temper, the low spirits, the nervous excitability, the general demeanor, the expression of torture of their wearers.

The affections to which the human foot is subject have never yet received the careful scientific investigation to which their important bearing upon the happiness of the race entitles them. They have been deemed of so trivial a nature as to be unworthy of serious inquiry, and consequently have been left to a

class of men whose supreme ignorance has plunged the wearers of foot clothing into the deepest misery. Every student of physiology knows that the feet, the pelvic viscera, and the brain are closely inter-related; yet every doctor overlooks this important fact. The feet must obey the mind, and, if their action is hindered by tight shoeing or by anything else, the result is an imperfect human being. It is well known that an entire profession, allied to that of medicine, flourishes upon the fact of the general cruel treatment of the foot.

But the doctors are not alone to blame. Lord Palmerston used to say that shoemakers had inflicted more suffering on mankind than any other class he knew; and that "they should all be treated like pirates: Put to death without trial or mercy." And a high medical authority has not hesitated to assert that ourso-called "anatomical shoemakers" are for the most part the veriest frauds



Foot of a Woman of Twenty-eight—Showing Callosity on the Outside, a Bunion on the Inside, a Corn on the Little Toe, and General Pressure by the Toe of the Shoe.

and humbugs. The shoe manufacturer of the present day, in his dense ignorance of the science underlying the art he professes, is doing as much harm, maiming and deforming the part of the body for which he is supposed to provide protection, as is any quack alive. Even the collection of lasts in the United States Patent Office, when compared with the real foot of a man, woman, or child, are in almost every instance wanting in the most rudimentary features demanded by nature, and are suspiciously suggestive of the torturing machines of the Inquisition or of the tools of a dentist.

Corns have become so common as to be regarded as quite as much a portion of the anatomy of the foot as are the toenails; yet convulsions, lockjaw, and death have followed upon the injury sustained from neglected corns, and equally so from attempts to remove them. A corn, it is said, is a wicked demon, incarnated in a piece of callous skin, whose mission is to distress and to agonize humanity and increase its wickedness. It may be hard or soft, or black, or "bleeding;" but so little does the profession know of the corn that even a chiropodist will talk blandly of the "root" of a corn.

A bunion may bring on a serious inflammation; it may lead to suppuration; and it is known to surgeons that many patients have sought relief from its effects in partial amputation of the foot. An ingrowing toenail may produce ulceration; and sometimes the corrupt matter is re-absorbed and blood poisoning sets in. Patients have been known to die from the effects of overdosing with chloroform or ether, supposed to be necessary to alleviate the intense pain of the ingrowing nail.

A very eminent German anatomist has stated that an improper form of sole may give rise to "those unseemly and painful swellings at the root of the great toe, which, either from mistaking their

true nature or from wilful deception, are called chilblains or gout, just as the one or the other term appears to be the more interesting."

Elephantiasis, a disease of the skin, so called because the skin assumes a thickness, roughness and general appearance somewhat like the hide of an elephant, has been induced by dislocation caused by the pulling off of a tight boot. Sometimes amputation of the whole leg has become necessary.

Flat-foot, or splay-foot, a breaking down of the arch of the instep, generally the result of wearing ill-formed shoes, deprives the walk of its natural spring and the foot of its beauty. It is accompanied by impairment of the general health. In pronounced cases there is a partial displacement of the bones, a turning up of the toes, a convexity of

the sole, as well as a thickening and weakening of the ankle by fatty degeneration.

The following evils of the shoe of civilization are enumerated by a Scottish anatomist who made a special and enthusiastic study of the foot for the purpose of introducing a reform in the art of shoemaking: "Shoes are too short, they are too narrow at the toes and in the sole; the sole is not conformed in shape to the inner curve of the foot, nor to the line of the instep and the great-toe; it is too stiff and un-



Feet of a Woman of Thirty—Showing the General Evil Effects of the Common "Easy-Fitting" Shoe; a Corn on the Little Toe; a Tendency to Ingrowing of the Nails; Besides Two Soft Corns that are Not Seen

yielding at the waist and middle; the toe of the shoe is vertically too shallow; the heel is too high; the sole turns up too much at the toe."

The foot is squeezed into an unyielding case of hard leather which is never as large as the foot itself; and this, and the high appendage called the heel, are the cause, together, of most of the frightful maladies that afflict the feet of the men, women and children of our time. A tight shoe interferes with the circulation, robs the foot of its natural warmth, and causes a wasting away of the tissues. The high-heeled shoe tends to shorten the step, to make the tread less steady and secure, and to impair the action of the muscles, especially those of the calf; besides, it places the toes below the level of the heel, thus throwing the weight too far forward and cramping the fore-part of the toes and the nails against the upper leather of the shoe.

When the sole is too narrow, the foot is cramped, and stiffness of joints and wasting of the muscles are produced, together with the usual corns and calluses. A shoe too narrow at the toe crowds the toes of the foot tightly together and stops their free motion. In the normal foot, the great toe does not touch the others; it points forward exactly in line with the heel. In the foot, as distorted by the fashionable shoe, the great toe is crowded against the others so that it lies at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the foot. This mal-treatment is a prolific cause of corns, bunions and ingrowing toe-nails. The shallow or wedge-toed shoe holds the toes immovable in the angle between the sole and the upper, crowds the forward protecting cushion of flesh back, and induces frightful waste and disease of the bones. Such a shoe has been well compared to the mediæval instrument of torture known as the iron boot.

Thus it appears that all our notions of elegance and propriety, with reference to foot-gear, are radically unsound. What, then, is the purpose of a boot or shoe? It is to protect us from the roughness of the ground and from cold and wet. The sandal would be sufficient for protection from the roughness

of the ground, but for protection from wet and cold a covering for the whole foot and part of the leg is added, producing the shoe or boot. This two-fold object of the foot-gear ought to be fulfilled without giving rise to any disadvantage; but just here it is that fashion, influencing the shape and size of the shoe, has produced the most baneful effects on the mechanism of the foot and on its soundness, so affecting our moving about that we are unable properly to perform the functions of life.

The shoe or boot should conform to the shape of the foot, should allow it free play, and should afford it protection from injury. Doubtless the moccasin, which adapts itself perfectly to the shape and motion of the foot, is the easiest and most comfortable covering known. But as we are likely to continue to wear the soled leather shoe and boot, the following important points should be remembered: The inner margin should be straight to the great toe; the toe should be of a natural width; the heels should be broad, low, and under the natural heel; and the waist of the sole, answering to the arch of the foot, should possess a certain amount of elasticity. The practical common sense of any shoemaker, who will make a study of his art, ought to suggest to him that every shoe should be made in accordance with the form of the foot; that it should fit properly and well; that the upper should be of soft and pliable leather; that there should be sufficient room for the toes to expand on pressure; that the heel should be broad and not more, even for a large man, than about an inch high; and that the sole should be of moderate thickness, with a broad welt.

The foot being arched, an elongation takes place in walking, and a more pronounced elongation in running and in jumping. This elongation is like that of a carriage-spring under pressure. A long and high-arched foot may thus require as much as an inch of spare length in the shoe. A shoe that is too short will bend the toes, diminish the elasticity of the foot, impair its muscular force, produce corns, and cause ingrowing of the nails.

An old drinking toast was: "May all our foes have shortness of shoes and

corns on their toes." The so-called "heel" is of some little use, especially in dirty weather, but it must be as low as is possible. High heels have serious disadvantages, and ought to be carefully avoided. Another point to remember is that the two feet are seldom of the same size, and that therefore each ought to be measured by itself. When, therefore, you get measured for a pair of shoes or boots, have no confidence in the legend of "learned shoemakers"; but see to it that your feet are measured separately; that the breadth of each foot is measured while you stand with all your weight on it; that a full half inch is allowed more than the length of the foot; that the space over the toes is equal to their thickness; that no tightness is allowed anywhere, and that all snugness is about the waist, under the instep and on its sides; and that the soles are thinnest and narrowest at the waist and broadest at the tread. Don't be ashamed of the size of your foot; remember that a well-formed large foot is more beautiful than a distorted small one. Well-proportioned parts look smaller than they are. And, after all, it is not worth all the pain, the corns, the crooked toes, the ugly limp that come of wearing a shoe a size too small.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S SENSIBLE

To the Editor:

I have never yet seen but two men who were as morally, intellectually and physically robust as I believe a man should be.

In all my acquaintance I know of only *one* man under thirty who has any of your ideas of right living, and he is not physically strong.

I used to hope that some day I could see my idea of a man, but have about given up all hope.

The messages sent forth in your papers seem but expressions of my own innate notions. I firmly believe that people should eat more natural foods; dress more sensibly, strive for the attainment of more perfect bodies, broader minds, purer souls.

I despise the prudishness and consequent sin which has always existed.

I hate the ordinary ugly attire women have to wear, and the way they lace the

Other essentials to a good condition of the feet are: A sock or stocking that fits; absolute cleanliness of the feet; care of the nails; and exercise. The sock or stocking should be long enough to allow for the elongation of the foot in movement, wide enough at the end to permit the spread of the toes, and of material not rough and harsh enough to induce irritation of the skin of the foot. Perfect cleanliness is no less important than is the fit of the shoe or hose. The neglect of this essential is followed by irritation resulting from a softening of the skin and often developing into a dangerous traumatism. The feet should be soaked and carefully and regularly bathed; and should always be wiped perfectly dry, especially between the toes, where constant moisture favors the production of soft corns. The nails should be properly cleaned, and kept well-trimmed, although not too short. They should be so pared as to prevent growing into the flesh, and the adjacent cuticle should be kept pushed back. With the feet thus kept in normal condition, exercise will be a delight, and all lotions, ointments, and medical or other professional attentions will be rendered superfluous.

VIEWES OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

waist, pad the hips and bust and back, in order to have "handsome figures."

I am now "baching," rather than boarding, while here in school, simply because I want sensible food and can get it no place else. I have always been so different from any of my associates that sometimes I feel I must be a freak, with no business on the earth, when I can neither admire nor sympathize with the other people here. To me life seems to be going on wrongly, and I never could understand why everybody is so dreadfully ignorant. I have so often wished people lived according to the ideas put forth in your articles.

I do not blame the physical culture men for complaining. I know that the average woman is prudish and silly, and entirely ignorant of what the human body should be, but they are mostly moral and virtuous, while men are not.

L. E. E.

Chicago, Ill.

MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

One of my boy readers recently wrote enquiring if I thought a little light wine would be of advantage if drunk at meal time.

We do not publish very many articles on the alcohol evil. We believe that the many papers which devote almost their entire space to this subject handle it more thoroughly than we possibly could. But temperance and physical culture go

muscular, vital and functional systems.

The most ignorant athletes, though they may indulge in alcoholic liquors when out of training, will immediately become total abstainers when they begin to prepare for a hard contest. They know that alcoholic liquors weaken the muscles, lessen the endurance, and thereby imperil their chances of winning a contest.



The feat illustrated by the two photographs is not by any means easy, though a little practice will usually enable you to perform it. The boy standing should grasp the right foot with the right hand and the left foot with the left hand, standing on the hands as shown in the illustration. Now jump slightly, and as you go upward the boy lying on the floor should straighten his arms and you should balance yourself by still holding his feet (See next photo.)

hand in hand. They are always companions. They should travel together at all times.

Any liquid which contains alcohol is not healthful or wholesome. Every particle of the alcohol is poisonous to the system. It accelerates the action of every function of the body to eliminate this poison.

The wines taken at meals, or at any other time, cannot be of permanent benefit. They may stimulate, and in some cases may appear to afford a temporary aid; but the ultimate result will always be baneful. I want my boy readers to be total abstainers. I want them to shun alcohol of all kinds. Wines, whiskies, beer and every concoction of this character will tend ultimately to weaken the

If you want health and strength, let all stimulants alone. Eat pure foods, drink plenty of pure water, take the exercises illustrated here, indulge regularly in active, outdoor games; and there should be no doubt of your developing into a satisfactory specimen of manhood.

Q. If children's teeth are continually poor, what diet should they live on; vegetarian or raw?

A. The uncooked diet would be much preferable if the teeth are poor, though a cooked diet would be satisfactory if care is used not to consume too much mushy food.

Q. I am told that boys under twenty-one years of age should not try to build large muscles, the growth of the bony framework being stunted thereby. Also, that resisting exercises build large

muscles, but do not give positive strength, as for lifting weights. Is this true?

A. A boy secures most of his growth before the age of twenty-one; that is, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one is the most important time for him to develop the muscular vigor which he desires to possess in after life. The growth of the bony framework, under the influence of proper exercise, would be augmented instead of stunted. Strength secured from resisting exercises should add very materially to one's ability to lift heavy weights.

of the heart, and sometimes make you nervous for a brief period. There is no harm in this, though if the nervousness continues beyond a few moments it usually indicates that the exercise has been too violent, and you should be more moderate in the future.

Q. Have pains in side, near heart. Please tell me how to cure them.

A. Would refer you to article appearing in a recent issue of this magazine on "Cause and Cure of Heart Trouble." The exercise contained therein would be beneficial for you.



Until you can let go and maintain your balance, as shown in this photograph. This is an all-around exercise of considerable advantage for expanding the chest and for general development. Each boy should take turn about in assuming the reclining position. The boy reclining should be careful to straighten arms while the other boy is jumping, otherwise it will be difficult for him to hold the weight. In case there should be a fall the boy standing on the hands should be careful to spread his feet, so that his reclining partner will avoid injury.

Q. I fell from a horizontal bar a short time ago, landing on back and shoulders. Had pains in chest for three days, which have left me, but I spit up blood. Should I practice deep breathing?

A. Would not advise you to practice deep breathing if it is painful. Symptoms of this character, from a fall or sprain, will nearly always disappear in a few days, though a short rest is usually advisable.

Q. Sometimes after exercising I have a shaky, nervous feeling. What causes this, and what does it denote?

A. A nervous feeling of this character is often induced by very vigorous exercise; though ordinary exercise will usually accelerate the action

Q. Although my back is straight, the shoulder blades project an inch. Can this be changed by exercise?

A. Exercises for developing the muscles between the shoulders and those of the back, and for general chest development, should remedy the defect which you mention.

Q. Am fourteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Is my weight good for my age? Can hold a seventy-five-pound boy above my head with two arms without straining.

A. Your weight is especially good for your age, and your strength is far above the ordinary. You can be congratulated upon having already secured so much benefit from physical culture.

ASTONISHING ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF A CHIMPANZEE

CONSUL II. NOT ONLY EATS AND DRINKS "LIKE A GENTLEMAN," BUT SHINES SHOES, WRITES LETTERS, AND WASHES AND DRESSES HIMSELF. BUT HE HAS ONE BAD HABIT—HE LIKES HIS AFTER-DINNER SMOKE

CONSUL II., a high-caste Borneon Chimpanzee, whose present abode is Philadelphia, may astonish the world some day by addressing an audience on "The Advantages of an American Education." Consul does everything but talk now. Although quite a baby, "Chim"—he is only one year old—has been taught to sit up like a Christian when at table, to eat with a knife and fork, having first decorously tucked his napkin under his chin, to drink from a cup, to remember his table man-



ners and to keep his feet under the board, instead of on it, as uncultured monkeys usually do, and to act as little as possible like his ancestors of the Borneon jungle and as much like a well-behaved child as the most exacting could wish.

Consul has only one bad habit—he likes his after-dinner smoke. It is a weird sight to see this little monkey, after finishing his repast, gravely wipe his mouth on the napkin provided by his owner and then climb down from the high chair in which he sits at the table, settle himself comfortably on a stool, pick up his filled pipe, accept a proffered match and light the pipe, then puff serenely away until the pipe goes out for want of fuel. The dull expressionless look is very similar to that of the ordinary smoker in this respect. Apparently he derives great satisfaction from his after-dinner smoke. At any rate, it has come to be considered a regular part of the day's doings with him.

Perhaps the most interesting of Consul's accomplishments is his ability to hold a pen and to write a letter in some mysterious Chimpanzee caligraphy of his own. It is necessary only to place a pencil and paper in front of the high chair in which Consul is accustomed to sit for him to know immediately what



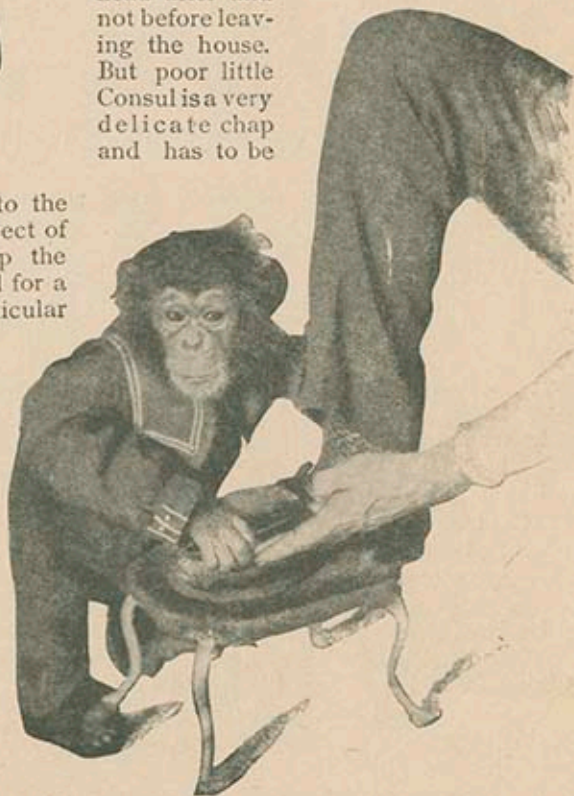


of the animal places his foot on the little box that Consul uses as a rest, the little monkey picks up his brush, rubs it in the blacking, thoroughly blackens the shoe and then diligently polishes away at it until the shoe is properly shined. Then he will wait until the other foot is placed on the box and repeat the work with that one. When he has shined both the shoes, and not before, Consul will accept the nickel offered by his owner, pocket it, place his brushes away and retire with his wealth. The nickels he stores away in a receptacle provided for the purpose, and from the jealous watch he keeps on the money box it is evident he knows that some unusual value attaches to the jingling contents.

No dirty boy is Consul II. He washes himself with soap and water, dries his head on a towel as would any well regulated boy, and gets into his trousers and coat without the assistance of his his owner. If he went out at all, "Chim." doubtless would place his hat on his head after and not before leaving the house. But poor little Consul is a very delicate chap and has to be

is expected of him. He sidles into the seat with all the seriousness of aspect of a Supreme Court judge, picks up the pencil, meditatively chews the end for a while, as though thinking what particular items of news he has to impart, per United States mail, to his relatives in Borneo. Then, apparently making up his mind with a rush, he writes furiously after the manner of the stage heroine dashing off a note of warning to her imperilled lover. The letters would not be accepted as samples of first-class penmanship, but Consul's owner insists that there is some meaning attached to the characters that the Chimpanzee confides to paper.

If his writing is not particularly impressive from the scholastic standpoint, Consul has one accomplishment that is useful: he can shine shoes. When the owner



kept in a room heated to a certain temperature, or he will speedily catch cold and die. Chimpanzees are very prone to pulmonary troubles in cold climates, and the slightest draft would endanger the clever little monkey's life. So he sits in his little room from week's end to week's end, amusing himself with his pipe and his pencil and paper, seemingly as happy and as contented as though he was enjoying the freedom of the Borneon jungle.

It is intended to teach Consul to play cards, to remove his hat when com-

pany approaches, bow and to shake hands; to bat a ball when it is tossed to him, to dance a jig and play a mouth organ. So tractable and teachable has Consul proved in the short time his education has been in progress that it is believed that much cleverer tricks than these can be taught by patience. In fact, his owner does not despair of accomplishing some day that oft-tried but never successful feat of teaching the monkey to utter sounds that at least resemble the language spoken by the human race.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH AILMENTS

By Grant Hedricks

He was big and strong and husky, and he never had been ill	He went to see a doctor, just an everyday M. D.,
Till he read an advertisement of the "Lightning Liver Pill,"	Who prescribed a "wonder" tonic. All he charged him was a V.
Which extolled the wondrous merits of a remedy so sure,	So he took a course of tonics, half a dozen kinds or more;
There was scarce an ailment known to man it ever failed to cure.	Each kind developed symptoms that he never had before.
He never knew that he was sick until he chanced to look	Then he wrote off to a "specialist," who advertised a cure
Through the interesting pages of this timely little book.	By means of an "Electric Belt"—he guaranteed it sure.
It treated of diseases that mankind has long endured,	So he bought a thirty-dollar belt. It hadn't long been tried
And the simple plan to be pursued in order to be cured.	Before his ills were aggravated by some blisters on his hide.
First he found he had a liver that was surely out of whack;	After many kinds of treatment he was pretty near a "case,"
As he read about his kidneys he felt trouble in his back;	And the slimmer grew his pocketbook, the thinner grew his face,
And as he kept on reading, lower did his spirits fall,	Till one day, like Newton's apple, something struck his bigot head,
For of twenty-seven ailments he had symptoms of them all.	"Why in blazes don't you exercise?" the thought that struck him said.
So he bought a box of Lightning Pills, and used them every day,	Now he's big and strong and husky, as he never was before;
Thinking that his trifling ills would take to heels and fade away;	All his ailments have departed, and they'll bother him no more.
But his thoughts they never realized, for in a month or two	He has no more use for doctors, with their tonics and their pills,
He had the same old symptoms, and some others that were new.	Since he took to daily exercise to cure him of his ills.

HUNTED DOWN

By John R. Coryell

This story was begun in the January issue and will be continued through several numbers. I believe it will be read with fascinating interest by every reader. The plot is well laid, the characters are wholesome, and the story progresses naturally to a dramatic climax. Mr. Coryell has written, under various pseudonyms, about one hundred and fifty well-known novels. He collaborated in the revision of my story entitled, "A Strenuous Lover."—
BERNARR MACFADDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE wretch had made up his mind that his one chance of escape from the consequences of his failure was to make favor with his captors. He flashed a swift glance from Harry's handsome face to his father's stern one, and cried out:

"Your factory was going to be set on fire to-night! And it's on fire now, if the thing was pulled off."

Perhaps this was not an unconsidered contingency in the calculations of Henry Thorne. At any rate, he only stared for a moment at the tramp, and gave no sign of incredulity.

"Where was the fire to be set?" he demanded, sharply.

"In the basement, near the engine room. I can take you there, boss. I know the spot."

"I'll go ahead," Harry cried; "you follow with him."

"Right! Go!"

Harry darted from the house without waiting for anything further, and went by an accustomed short-cut toward the factory, searching the black night anxiously for any sign to indicate that the fire had yet taken hold of the building.

He never doubted that this was the first step in the effort of the trust to sweep his father from its path; and even as he ran, to save, if possible, yet his paramount feeling was the exhilaration of one fighting to win in a contest.

"At any rate," he muttered to himself as he sped swiftly along, "we are well insured; I know dad had his policy renewed last week."

At last the factory building loomed up before him, silent and ghostly, too far

away as yet to give out any sign of activity within it, should there be any there. But at any rate there were no flames in evidence.

A few minutes more of swifter running than at first, being now on a level, well-trodden road, brought him to the great gates, in which was cut the small door for the help to go in and out, and behind which the watchman should be. At the little door Harry pounded vigorously, and shouted, but received no response.

It was a contingency he was prepared for, and his key to the office buildings was in his hand while he pounded. In another minute he was in the offices and passing swiftly through them. The failure of an answer from the watchman was ominous, for the man had been a faithful employee since Harry could remember.

Harry darted into the yard, and across it to the engine house. A suspicion of smoke touched his nostrils, and his eyes caught a red gleam through the tightly closed shutters of iron. And the door of the engine room was locked. Harry shook it and threw himself against it in a sudden, fierce, but vain attempt to break it down.

Remembering that it was an iron-reinforced door, he desisted, and ran to one of the other doors, hoping to find it unfastened. In vain. He turned instantly back to the office. His brain worked swiftly; he was struck by the care with which the incendiaries had worked, and he was seeking the one entrance into the factory building which might have been overlooked even by one ordinarily familiar with the place.

Through the offices, down a few steps into what had been the main work-room of the factory in the early days of its existence, and was now a storage room, up a few steps, and through a little-used door, was a brief process for Harry, now roused to the keenest activity.

And now, once in the factory building, though yet remote from the engine rooms, the smell of smoke was pungent, and suggestive of oil. Knowing every foot of the way, Harry dashed across the rooms, one after another, noting that the doors were all open, though many of them should have been closed.

The smoke grew more and more dense, but yet was not thick enough to drive Harry back; and it seemed to him that he felt a distinct draft in the movement of the smoke. In a moment, however, he forgot everything else in the sight of the flames leaping up the side of the engine room, the great fly-wheel standing out strangely in the mingling of smoke and red flame.

There were two sorts of fire extinguishers provided for each room—glass hand grenades to throw, and a knapsack affair, with hose attached. Harry darted to the rack where these were, and reached out for them. Not one was there! The work of the scoundrels had been thorough.

Now he rushed across the room, thinking he might fight the fire with something else; but already the flames were beyond control, and each second the smoke grew thicker and more stifling. He cast a hopeless glance about him to assure himself that he was missing no possible opportunity of conquering the flames, and then, with a shocked cry, leaped toward the flames and caught up the body of a man from where it lay on the floor, with the red tongues of flame leaping hungrily out toward it.

He could not distinguish the man's features, but he knew intuitively that it was the watchman, and he could tell that he was bound hand and foot. He knew the man was conscious, too, by his movements, and he guessed at once that he did not speak because he could not. The man was gagged, as he found by passing his hand over his mouth.

The importance of freeing the man was too patent to need prolonged consideration, and Harry only carried him a short

distance before putting him down and cutting his bonds. The man instantly staggered to his feet and began dragging at Harry's arm, crying hoarsely:

"My God! Come out! Cellar's dynamited, and oil room fired!"

Harry resisted, wanting to ask questions to assure himself that the man knew, but at that moment his father's voice, with a note of anxiety in it, rang through the building.

"Harry! Harry! Harry!"

"Here, dad! Stay where you are!"

And now he dragged the watchman after him. They came upon Mr. Thorne in the adjoining room, and Harry would have stopped to explain what he had discovered had not the watchman dragged at them, repeating his story that the cellar had been dynamited.

And it was well that they finally heeded his entreaties, for they had not more than reached the offices when there was a loud explosion, a faintly billowy movement of the floor upon which they stood, and a lurid glare that illumined the room they stood in.

"The books!" cried Mr. Thorne, his wits instantly at work; and the three men darted toward the inner office where the safes stood holding the books of value.

As if the movement of the fire had been timed in theatrical order, a huge volume of flame and smoke burst up through the floor of the inner office before their very eyes and feet.

Harry, with the vehemence and impetuosity of youth, was for trying to make his way through the flames, in the hope of saving something, but his father knew how utterly useless such a risk would be, and he held him back, crying bitterly:

"You could not open the safes, Harry. We must save ourselves."

And not too soon they ran out into the open air, looking back over their shoulders at the terrible sight of the flames devouring the great structure at every part.

They stopped in a safe place, and stood with the calmness of impotency to watch the end of the fire. They knew the village fire apparatus would be inadequate in any case; and that, now, the engines of a great metropolis might vainly drench the doomed structure.

"It must have been fired in a hundred

places," the watchman said in a low, awed tone.

"Tell us about it," Harry said; then explained to his father how he had found the man, bound and gagged, near the fire in the engine room.

"Why, you know," said the man, "I don't remember ever before when the building was clean emptied as it was to-night."

"There was to be that change of gearing," Mr. Thorne said. "Somehow the fiends must have known of it."

"By the way!" cried Harry, "where's that fellow?"

"Got away in the dark, Harry. I was careless, but I was thinking of you. I know we ought to have him now, but we shall have to get along."

There was something hard and incisive in his father's tone that made Harry know that he was already planning retribution on his enemies.

"Go on, Dick," he said to the watchman.

"I went around to see that everything was as it should be. The men must have been hidden in the building; they fell on me in the engine room, and tied and gagged me. I could see them; they were like tramps. I heard them tell how they'd place the dynamite with a long fuse in the cellar. I think they talked to torment me. By and by they went away, and were gone a long time. I tried to break loose, but couldn't. When they came back they fixed up the fire in the engine room, put me up near it and went away; but I knew from what they said to each other that they had started slow fires all over the building."

"And you had to lie there and think," cried Harry.

"And wait!" said the man, in a tone of such horror as seemed to impress the awfulness of the situation on them more than any description.

"How many did you say there were?" Mr. Thorne asked.

"Two."

"Anyhow," said Harry, "you are well insured."

"I suppose so. I told Nixon to renew the policy last week. It expired—the old one did—this morning. I suppose it is all right."

As they talked, the population of the

village had gathered. At first they were unnoticed, but now were made the awed center of observation, no one venturing to come near until the chief of the little local fire company, as having some responsibility, pushed his way near, and asked:

"How did it happen? Do you know, sir?"

"Set on fire," Mr. Thorne answered, after a moment's pause to deliberate the propriety of answering fully. "Dick, here, will tell you all about it."

Thus set free by his employer to tell his story, Dick broke out at once into a dramatic recital, and told it to the astonished listeners. And one after another made the remark under his breath, until one bolder said it aloud, when all joined in the chorus of:

"The trust did it to get rid of opposition."

When the story was told, and a lull came in the confusion of voices, Mr. Thorne said in a tone that commanded immediate attention:

"I will give a thousand dollars apiece for the capture of those tramps. There were three of them. I will have a description of them written out and posted. They cannot have got far away."

"Are you insured, Mr. Thorne?" someone asked.

"I don't know; I ought to be. I told Nixon a week ago to have my policy renewed; my old one ran out this morning. I went to see him this morning about it, but he wasn't home. Does anyone know whether he is home yet or not? He was to be home this evening."

"Here I am, Mr. Thorne! My God! This is terrible! Come away from here, I want to talk to you."

"One word, first," said Mr. Thorne, still speaking in a tone that could be heard by all the group, "tell me if you reinsured me."

"My God, Mr. Thorne!" the man gasped.

Still Mr. Thorne, in a voice that grew more and more implacable, insisted:

"Am I reinsured? These people have a right to know. It means livelihood to them. I begin to fear there has been some strange miscarriage in this matter. I gave you my order a week ago."

It was a singular, even uncanny, sight

to see the men and women, their rough faces lighted up in patches by the lurid flames, crowd nearer, with craned necks, to catch the agent's answer. Perhaps their interest in their future employment was not as great as that in making a part in the tragedy of the conflict between the rugged man they knew as "boss," and the silent, ominous power that was bent on relentlessly crushing out all opposition.

"And I sent your order in at once," the man answered, eagerly. He knew the general feeling about the trust, and was eager to prove himself no party to any scheme to ruin the industry that maintained the town.

"Have you my policy?" Mr. Thorne asked, grimly. He knew now that in some way the trust had been favored by the insurance company as well as by the incendiary tramps. The head of the trust being a religious man, might ascribe the conjunction of circumstances to Providence; he did not.

"When the policy didn't come back," answered the agent, "I wrote twice. And this morning I went down to see about it. You can't blame me, Mr. Thorne. I did what I could."

"Then you did not get me reinsured? You haven't the policy?"

"No. It was to be signed, and sent up to-morrow."

A mingled howl and jeer went up from the listening crowd; the interest in the tragedy was beginning to fade before the conviction that their means of earning bread had suddenly been taken from them.

The insurance agent, who was a small and shrinking man by nature, involuntarily pushed nearer to Mr. Thorne and Harry, as if he would take his chances with them rather than with the smaller losers.

"I—I hope you'll acquit me of blame, Mr. Thorne," he cried.

"Yes, readily," was the response; "but I would like to know if Edgar Saunders is a director in your company."

Edgar Saunders was the head of the trust. Silence fell on the throng. The answer might be the indictment of the man who had for so long been feared as one beyond the reach of human punishment, and fortified by his wealth and cunning from the law.

"No, he is not. Indeed, Mr. Thorne, it cannot be as you suppose, so far as my company is concerned. The secretary has been ill, and yours is not the only policy which has not been signed."

"Very well," said Mr. Thorne, curtly, "I don't blame you, and I shall not blame your company until I have investigated further. Only I hope no one will think I mean to sit down and accept this fire as a dispensation of Providence. Men, your wages will be paid to the last cent. As soon as possible this evening I will have descriptions of the tramps posted in the post office. I hope you will all hunt for them. They can't be far away. I have money enough left to pay the rewards with. Good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Thorne called Dick, the watchman, to join them, and the three walked home, leaving the fire to burn itself out; for, having decided that nothing could be done there, he was eager to be doing what he could elsewhere.

The talk on the way was chiefly that of the watchman, who, feeling himself the hero of the fire, felt a keen delight in going over and over the story; and Mr. Thorne did not stop him, but rather asked a question here and there in the hope of eliciting something new.

When they reached the house, however, Mr. Thorne checked the man's garrulity, and by asking pointed questions obtained his description of the men who had bound him and made the fires. Harry supplemented this description by his own recollection of the appearance of the men, and then the offer of the reward was written out and a copy made.

One of these Dick was told to put up in the post office, while the other was to be used for another purpose which Mr. Thorne talked over with Harry when they were alone.

"I don't wish to lose time," he said, when Dick was gone, "but neither do I wish to spoil anything by haste. My intention, unless you see good reasons for some alteration, is to telegraph this description to every office in the adjoining and nearby counties, to telegraph to William Christy to return at once, and finally

to telegraph to New York for a detective."

"I have no objection to offer to anything," Harry said, eagerly; "but why can't I be doing something at once? Why not tell me just where the man broke away from you, and let me see if I can't find his tracks?"

"Because I don't think it would do any good, Harry; and there are so many other things for you to do. I shall have to leave you to see after the telegraphing and other matters, while I get the office men together and talk over with them the possibility of starting up again at once. You know I have orders to fill, and my arrangements have been made for filling them; materials ordered, and contracts made. I must see if I can't get ahead of the trust by going on somehow. Now you do these various things in the village, besides looking up Benson and the other clerks, and sending them to me. I wonder they haven't come of their own accord."

"All right, sir," Harry answered, briskly. "Do you mind telling me just at what place the man slipped you?"

"At the big oak near the turn of the road."

"Had you asked him any questions at all?"

"Yes, but got nothing from him."

"After I've done what you want, do you mind if I take a look at the road with my lantern? I can't do anything else, and it can do no harm for me to go on the hunt for the men."

"Perhaps it will be a good thing, Harry. But do everything else thoroughly before you set out on the search. And don't spend much time over it, for you may be needed in the morning. Get your full rest to-night."

It happened, happily for Harry's plans, that the office men he was to seek came hurrying to the house just about as he was setting forth from it; so that he had so much less to do in the village, and could so much the quicker get at the attractive business of trying to track down the tramp who had escaped from his father.

He went at it with enthusiasm and hope and an acetylene bicycle lamp; and he kept at it after hope had left him and

he was convinced that he was wasting his time in seeking on the hard roadway for footprints that were not to be seen by his eyes.

But finally he went home, showed himself at the library door to his father, who was busy with the clerks, and said good night.

"Discover anything?" Mr. Thorne asked, relaxing for a moment as his eyes met Harry's.

"Not yet; but I'm not done. I'm going to try again in the morning."

The fact was that Harry found something peculiarly exciting in the man hunt he had undertaken, and he was loath to give it up. He had a boyish desire to forestall the detective who had been sent for.

He intended starting out very early in the morning, but Mr. Christy came almost with the dawn, saying he had almost turned on his heel at his own front door in order to give his old friend his help in such a trying time. Harry made one of the party in the library, and the whole ground was gone over for his benefit; the fire and all its circumstances described, and the steps since taken rehearsed.

"Then you mean to resume operations?" he queried, "and I need not waste words trying to dissuade you?"

"I shall resume if I can, and as yet I do not see why I cannot."

"You have the means?"

"I can clear up one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make a new start with."

"To be again wiped out in some mysterious way. Don't you see that you cannot fight the trust?"

"I only see that I shall fight, and fight hard. Words are useless, William. What do you think about the insurance company?"

"I will find out the status of Edgar Saunders in the company. I know that is one thing you wish me to do."

"Thank you; it is important. Nothing will convince me that his fine hand has not directed the two movements; fire and a lack of insurance coming so pat must mean something."

"And yet you will never bring either home to him, Henry. Never mind! I will do what I can. You say you have sent for a detective?"

"Yes. He should be here on the next train, which comes in at nine o'clock. If we could only lay hands on those tramps!"

"With the country aroused as you have aroused it they ought to be caught; and yet my mind is full of misgivings. If the trust be behind this fire, you may be sure there has been no slipshod work."

"And yet we had one of them in this very room."

"And lost him," commented the lawyer. "I only say that to show you that you are not as careful as the man's employer, whoever he was. And besides, think of the provocation Harry gave them. How naturally revenge suggests itself."

"You won't pretend, William," said Henry Thorne, scornfully, "that you think that scene on the road was planned in advance by the trust? Surely that is asking too much of credulity."

"Perhaps you believe that Providence works for the trust," answered the lawyer, drily. "Of course, I don't think that scene was planned, but it does no harm to call your attention to the fact that whenever any opposition to the trust seems to be the least effective, accidents begin to happen in the most opportune manner, and always to the profit of the trust. I would not like to fight Edgar Saunders, myself. However, I see your mail has come, so read it, and we will talk after."

Mr. Thorne ran over the envelopes in the pile of letters that had been placed at his elbow by a servant, and Mr. Christy turned to talk with Harry. The conversation had not progressed beyond a few preliminary phrases when both of them turned at a fierce exclamation from Mr. Thorne, and saw him, with trembling hand, holding a letter, which he read.

"Contemptible wretches!" he said, hoarsely, looking up, and half crushing the letter in his hand. "I told you I had made my arrangements for materials of manufacture, so that I was in position to defy the trust?"

"Yes."

"Here is a letter from the railroad company saying they will be obliged to put up their rates. And the new rates are prohibitive. I cannot manufacture and sell at a price to let me out."

"It is infamous! Infamous!" cried the lawyer; then calmed instantly and shrugged his shoulders. "You cannot fight them, Henry; give it up. That man Saunders foresees everything, stops at nothing. I confess I believe that he instigated the fire, is behind the failure of the insurance company to have your policy signed, is the power that puts up the railroad rates; but what can you do? You are powerless."

Henry Thorne leaped to his feet and began to pace the room, his rugged features distorted by the fierce anger that moved him. He knew that his friend was right; he knew that wisdom said to save what he could and retreat before the power and malignity of the trust; but his nature was averse to yielding, and his sense of eternal justice was outraged.

Up and down he paced, and they watched him in silence. Presently his features began to harden into stern lines, and he stopped in front of his friend and lawyer.

"I shall give up manufacturing, William," he said, "but while I live and have one cent left I will not cease my effort to hunt down that pious scoundrel, who stands behind the crimes that have ruined me."

"And I, dad, dedicate myself to that work, too!" cried Harry, enthusiastically. "I am better fitted for it than for manufacturing, anyhow."

"Ah, Harry!" his father said, with a sudden change of manner; "you are dedicated to a loftier task than hunting down a hypocritical money-grubber."

CHAPTER IX.

Harry made no answer to his father's words. He had been brought up to consider his father's decisions in all matters as final, and the habit of acceptance was strong. And yet he did not like being turned away so calmly from the excitement of the struggle with the trust. He had always counted on being in that fight.

Then, somehow, he resented being dedicated, particularly as it seemed that dedication was going to interfere with the delight, perhaps even the danger, of the coming struggle; for it was plain his father meant to fight the trust now in its own secret way.

It was all very well to be set apart to beget magnificent children who would help to regenerate the world, but there was blood stirring in his veins which bade him be doing things in competition with others now; and it occurred to him that there was more than one way of viewing any proposition.

He was out on the road, striding along swiftly, as he thought these things over. In fact, he had left the house on purpose to think, for he found it difficult to be contented indoors now that he was to take no active part in what was going on there.

Of course, he had a reason for going over his walk of the day before. For one thing, he wished to search the place where he had seen the three tramps in the woods, hoping that he might, by finding something of value as a clue, prove himself of such use as to be employed in further seeking. In fact, a plan had formed itself in his brain; but as it savored rather more of romance than his father would have liked, he had not as yet spoken of it.

Another reason for going out that way, and one which Harry did not in the least disguise from himself, was a desire to see Ruth again. Even the fire and the subsequent excitement had not driven her out of his mind. He wished to see her in order to assure himself that she was not really angry with him, and also for another reason.

He contrived to be at the camp of the tramps early enough to thoroughly search it before Ruth should come along on her way to school. He found nothing, however, that meant anything to him, and he wondered if a trained detective could have made any more out of the search.

Satisfied that there was nothing of use to him there, he started toward the farm where Ruth lived, walking briskly, and easily enough putting away from his thoughts his disappointment at not finding some clue in the camp.

The country was very beautiful in the morning light, with the new grass blades gemmed with dew and the trees fluttering their pale, soft green leaves and the robins crying out their harsh but cheery spring notes.

Harry enjoyed these things in nature and his eyes and ears and nose were all

plunged deep in delight as he looked around. And then he discovered that a new pleasure was added in a particularly quick and throbbing way by the sight of a small figure detaching itself from the farm-house in the distance.

He knew he saw Ruth, and he wondered if she saw him and knew him. Of course, she would be sure to wonder why he had come to meet her, but he had reasons enough and to spare, so it was with no embarrassment whatever that he strode on toward the entrance of the lane into the road.

He reached the place before Ruth, though he noticed with a little throb of pleasure that she was moving far more briskly than she had done the previous afternoon, when he had found fault with her for her weakness.

He stood out in the middle of the lane in the frankest possible way, for which Ruth was extremely glad, for it enabled her to be certain that her first wild, foolish guess was correct; and also it enabled her to compose herself before she came up to him.

Nevertheless, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were bright when he stepped toward her with outstretched hand, and he said to himself that really she came very near being pretty. Indeed, by the time he had done shaking her hand he was sure she was quite pretty.

"Of course, you wonder what I am doing here at this hour of the day," he said, in that open, cheery way of his that was so very charming to her.

"Why, yes," she answered, finding it pleasant to be perfectly truthful and frank; "I couldn't believe my eyes when I became sure it really was you."

"Well, I won't say I didn't come here for the sake of walking to school with you, for I did; but what brought me out into the country was a desire to search the camp of those fellows."

"Oh, I forgot!" she cried, suddenly, looking up at him sympathetically; "they burned down your factory. I was so sorry when I heard about it last night. I did not think of it at first when I saw you because you looked so—so—" He had looked happy, in fact; but she seemed to have a reason for not telling him that, so she substituted another less compromising word—"unconcerned. But per-

haps the story was not true. We were told that the building was burned down by some tramps and that it was a total loss. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is true."

"Oh dear! I'm so sorry. Does it—does it mean much to you?"

"Why, no; not so very much to me personally. You see, my work is laid out for me—Oh! by the way! one thing I wanted to see you about was to tell you that I had concluded that I was a wretched prig to take the ground of being so superior and being so cock-sure that I was right."

"Oh, don't say that, please!"

"Why not?"

"Because," and she laughed in the merriest way imaginable, so that Harry was really sorry to have her stop, "because I have come to the conclusion that you were right."

"That one ought not consider love in marriage?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I had forgotten about that. Oh, I don't think I was wrong about that. I meant about—about—" She caught her breath several times before she could say that dreadfully improper word, corsets; but she did finally gasp it—"corsets and fresh air and my being puny."

"Oh!" he said, looking at her with shining eyes.

"I—I haven't any on now."

He started to look at her waist, but saw that she was catching her breath and going red and white, so he kept his eyes on her face and said:

"I'm awfully glad of that."

"And I want you to tell me what to do," she said.

"Of course, Elizabeth could help you a great deal more than I," he said, musingly.

"No, no! I don't want her—that is, I think I would rather not have so much made of the matter. It is just my own affair you know."

"Yes. Well, I can give you some books. Perhaps they will help you all you need. You know, you look better already."

"If you should see me when I get out of school you'd call me puny again. Do you know, I think it was horrid of you to say that. I'm cross whenever I think of it."

She made such a pretty little face as she spoke that Harry felt like saying on the spot that she was puny. Elizabeth never made faces, he regretfully considered.

"I suppose you do get awfully tired cooped up in that stuffy place all day. I suppose it is stuffy?"

"Fearfully."

"Why don't you open the windows?"

"I'm going to. You see if I don't."

"By gracious!" said Harry, as if making a stern resolve, "I will see."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'll come around again this afternoon and see if the windows are open and how you are. Anyhow, I have something I want to talk with you about. You know what you said about love and marriage?"

"I know I was awfully sorry I said so much."

"I wasn't. I thought a lot about it. You know, you may have more reason on your side than seems at first sight. Elizabeth can't see anything in it at all, and wouldn't—"

"You don't mean that you have talked with her about—"

"The first thing; I was so interested."

"And told her that I had been talking with you?" gasped Ruth, her eyes bigger than ever.

"No, I said nothing about you; I thought you might not care to be brought into the matter. You know you were rather vehement when I—"

"Yes; I was horrid about Miss Mowbray. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I don't think you were horrid at all. In fact, I'm more obliged than I can tell you that you put the idea in my head in that way. That is what I want to talk with you about. You see, I have always been taught certain things, and, of course, I accepted them as correct; even though dad thinks I have been trained only to reason. You see, I talked to Elizabeth about the matter, and the more I wanted to talk about it and the less she did, somehow the more I felt there was something in it. Anyhow, we'll talk it over this afternoon."

"If you think it best," she said, looking down. She wanted to be strong and wise, so that she could tell him not to come; but she did want to see him again,

and she made up her mind on the instant that no harm could come to anybody but her, and she would let harm come if it would.

"Why, certainly," he cried, in so unquestioning a tone that she made no more objection. "I want to bring you the books, you know."

"Oh, yes."

"About half-past three, isn't it, when you dismiss?"

"If I don't have to keep anybody in."

"You won't, if you try hard not to," he laughed.

They had come to the place now where

the tramps had had their camp, and that suggested to her to say:

"All the talk was about three tramps; what became of the other one? There were four, you know."

"There was no sign of him. I wonder what did become of him."

"I suppose," said Ruth, deprecatingly, "that it is very foolish of me, but, do you know, I keep wondering if they were tramps. Two of them might have been, but the other two——"

"By jove!" Harry cried; "that gives me an idea. To think that you should be the cleverest of us!"

(To be continued.)

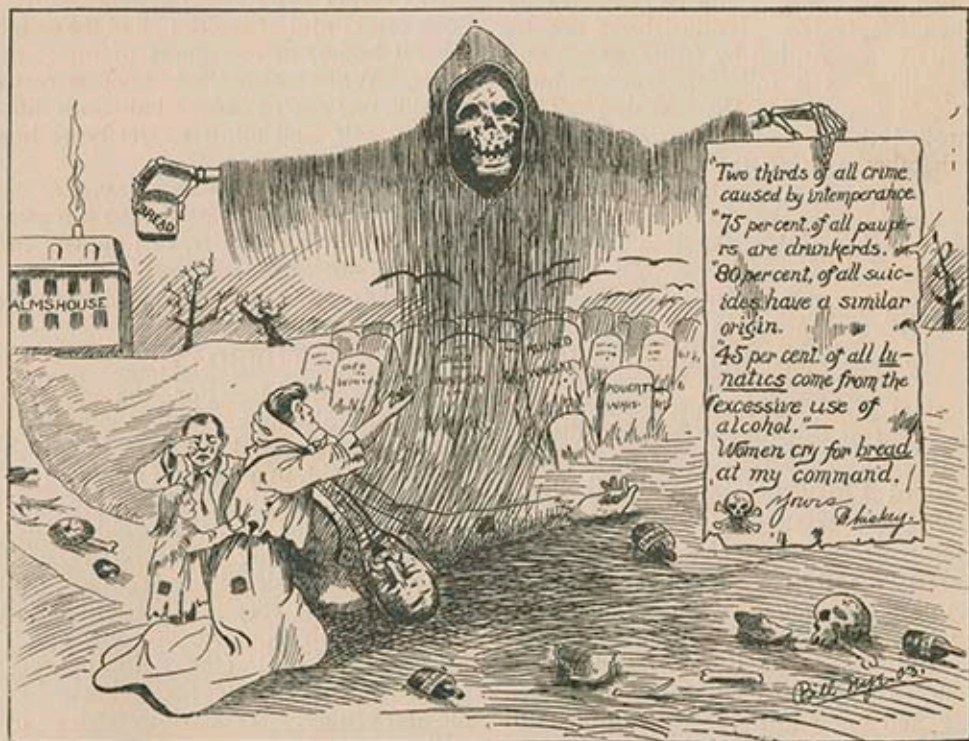
FROM 135 LBS. IN WEIGHT TO 165 LBS. SOLELY THROUGH EXERCISE

To the Editor:

I have been a reader of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* for some time and have been taking a course in physical culture for about six

months. I started in at a weight of about 135 pounds, and have now run up to 165 pounds. Very truly,

Indianapolis, Ind. E. E. SHELTON.



A Faithful Record of King Alcohol! And to the List Might Have Been Added: "I Cause Profanity, Brutality, Cowardice, Unkindness and Selfishness. I am King Over a Legion of Human Beasts!"

WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

USE AND VALUE OF NATURAL FOOD AND SOME PLAIN AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR ITS PREPARATION

By *Amelia M. Calkins*

This is the third of a series of Weekly Menus which began with the January issue. Weekly Menus of Cooked Foods entitled, "Physical Culture Menus," are appearing serially in the BEAUTY AND HEALTH magazine.

So many inquiries have been received for more detailed information of the uncooked diet that I have arranged for a series to appear monthly during this year. Some cooked foods can be added to each of the meals if desired. In fact, it would no doubt be better to use some cooked food with each meal in the beginning if not accustomed to following an uncooked diet.—BERNARR MACFADDEN

Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live,
Kill noxious creatures when 'tis sin to save;

'Tis only just prerogative we have;
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.
—PYTHAGORAS.

FIVE hundred and forty years before Christ was born, on the island of Samos was born the man Pythagoras.

"The Philosopher of Crotona," as he was called, required that his followers practice purity and simplicity of living, which, he claimed, could be reached only when the body was nourished; not by flesh of animals, but by fruits, grains and vegetables. His followers were enthusiastic in devotion to the teaching. They enrolled themselves in a society to aid each other, uniting their property in one common stock. So, all the way "down the ages" we see the efforts made to reach the best that each generation feels itself capable of doing and being. The demand now for purer, simpler living meets its "supply" in the menus given below for simple, nourishing food that shall relieve the overworked digestive organs from the constant grind that has proven too great, the result of this overwork being disease and death. Wherein is seen, not "the hand of Providence," but the thoughtlessness and ignorance of man.

MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—ORANGES, PRUNES.
FRENCH CHOCOLATE.—One tablespoonful for each person. Pour on boiling water and allow it to thicken; add cup of milk, to cool; then stir in a well-beaten egg, and sugar to the taste; add quart of milk to six spoonfuls of chocolate, and boil from five to ten minutes. Beat up a cupful of cream and the whites of two

eggs, and pour over it when ready to serve.

FRUIT BREAD. Raw eggs, or rare boiled if too difficult to take uncooked; but served as an oyster, with orange or lemon juice, they are most palatable, and more quickly digested uncooked.

SECOND MEAL.—**TAPIOCA SOUP.**—Soak one cupful of tapioca all night or for several hours, in one quart of milk and water. When needed, add another quart of milk, one cup of chopped almonds, butter and salt, and allow to get quite hot, and serve with oysterettes.

GRAHAM GEMS, BAKED POTATOES.

SALAD.—Arrange watercress on a platter. Slice over it tender, tart apples, and add mayonnaise dressing.

DESSERT.—**STUFFED DATES, HONEY and FRUIT BREAD.**

TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—For the children, make oatmeal coffee. Soak one-half cup of oats (Scotch or domestic) after washing, over night, in a quart of milk and water. In the morning add another quart of milk, and one egg, thoroughly beaten. It is more appetizing if the white is beaten separately and stirred in carefully at the last. Let it get very hot, but do not boil, and serve with croutons.

COFFEE.—Wheat (the natural grain) ground as coarse coffee; add chopped apple and prunes. Serve with cream or hot milk.

GRAPE FRUIT, RUSSET APPLES.

FRUIT BREAD, SMEERCASE OF CHEESE.

SECOND MEAL.—CABBAGE AND ONION SOUP—One small onion and a cupful of cabbage, chopped; add three pints of milk, butter, salt and pepper, and a few drops of celery extract. When hot, not cooked, serve.

BRAZILIAN NUTS AND PRUNES—Soak large, fine prunes for an hour in just water enough to cover them; remove the stones, and stuff with Brazilian nuts. Roll them in almond meal.

EGG GEMS—Three cupfuls of Graham flour, three cupfuls of milk, three eggs, and one saltspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs separately until very light; add flour, yolks of eggs, milk and salt first, and beat four minutes very fast; add whites last. Have gem pans hissing hot and bake in quick oven.

TOMATO SALAD—When fresh tomatoes cannot be obtained, use a can of the best. Drain off thin part and use for soup. Chop together with the tomatoes two apples and one small onion; add one cupful of nuts and French dressing, i. e.: A lemon, juice and pulp, dessertspoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Serve on lettuce leaves, or, if preferred, or for variety, make some hot, *not* cooked, and serve on slices of toasted brown bread.

BAKED POTATOES.

SYLLABUB—One quart of cream, the whites of four eggs, one glassful of white wine, and two small cupfuls of powdered sugar. Whip half the sugar with the cream, the remainder with the eggs. Mix well, add wine, pour over oranges and bananas, sliced, and sweetened, and allow it to stand for an hour before being added to cream.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—POSTUM, CHOCOLATE. Hot water, taken ten minutes before meals.*

*In climates where there is special inclination to malaria, hot or cold lemonade should be used most generously. The writer knows of an instance where a contractor building a railroad in an undrained, marshy district in the South, was unable to proceed with the work on account of the attacks of chills and fever to which his men were subjected. In his desperation he sent to the nearest city (which happened to be Memphis), bought lemons by the box, had a large water tank in which he had the lemons boiled, and gave strict orders that no other water should be drunk. The result was, the men recovered and the work went on.

Apropos of the same thought, an Englishman said: "Aw, yes, you know, if lemons were worth a guinea apiece, then the folks would begin to learn their worth!"

OATS, the natural grain, soaked all night in water, just sufficient to cover; add chopped raisins and nuts. Serve with hot milk or cream.

ORANGES, BANANAS, FRUIT BREAD, CHEESE.

SECOND MEAL.—POTATO SOUP—Six boiled and mashed potatoes, one quart of milk and one spoonful of butter. Season with pepper and salt. While washing, add the butter and pour in the hot milk gradually. Stir well, and strain through a sieve. Heat once more. Beat an egg thoroughly and put in soup tureen, and pour over it the soup when ready to serve.*

GUAVA JELLY, OLIVES, RADISHES.

CORN MEAL GEMS, COLD SLAW, BAKED POTATOES.

CELERY AND WALNUT SALAD—Two bunches of crisp celery, one cupful of English walnuts or hickory nuts, one large tablespoonful of salad oil, one lemon, one teaspoonful of fine sugar, and salt to taste. Wash and scrape the celery, cut in inch lengths, and add the other ingredients, mix well together, and serve in salad bowl.

DESSERT.—PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM—Three pints of cream, one pint of milk, two ripe pineapples, two pounds of sugar. Slice the pineapples thin, scatter the sugar over them, and let stand for two or three hours. Chop the fruit very fine and beat it and the syrup gradually into the cream, and freeze. Peach ice cream is made in the same way.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT LEMONADE, POSTUM COFFEE, STEWED RHUBARB. SCOTCH OATS, mixed with filberts and

*There being more nourishment in a pint of milk than in a pound of meat, these menus are not as elaborate as they would be were all the food cooked, for satisfaction of the appetite comes so much sooner that cooking is unnecessary. Speaking of the use of oats recalls this anecdote: Dr. Johnson said to Boswell: "You Scotchmen eat oats; in England we feed oats to our horses." "That is the reason," replied the Scotchman, "why you have such fine horses in England, and in Scotland we have such great men!" As to the use of nuts, grains and fruit, it seems strange that one should be thought a faddist to prefer them to meat, as seven-eighths of all the people in the world do not eat meat, either from choice or necessity, and there are really many good reasons why many of the one-eighth should begin to revolt from the habit of eating the dead carcasses of our animal friends. Meat contains seventy per cent. water, but grains have only fifteen per cent. water, so in grains there is more nourishment per pound.

dates, which should be chopped if children are to eat them, unless the children have been taught correct mastication.

FRUIT BREAD, TOAST.

SECOND MEAL.—CELERY SOUP, OLIVES, RADISHES, FRENCH PEAS.

CHEESE SANDWICHES—Grate the cheese finely; rub it to a paste with butter. Spread on thin slices of brown bread. Peanut butter sandwiches are fine with the addition of nuts and raisins.

BUTTERMILK and a salad of WATER-CRESS.

DESSERT. JUNKET—Sweeten to taste one quart of sweet milk. Stir in one tablespoonful of liquid rennet, and pour into a glass dish. As soon as it begins to thicken, set on ice or in a cool place. Serve with bananas and cream.

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—ORANGES, HOT WATER.

COCOA, with which add one-half cupful of cream and the white of an egg, whipped together.

GRAHAM GEMS, FIGS, EGGS.

SECOND MEAL.—OYSTER SOUP, OLIVES, CELERY.

BRAZILIAN NUT SALAD—Chop a pound of nuts and a half pound of apricots, soaked in water for two or three hours, together. Add one lemon, juice and pulp, two spoonfuls of olive oil, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Stir well, and serve on lettuce leaves.

NUT CROQUETTES, POPOVERS, CHEESE.

DESSERT—GRAPE JUICE, APPLE SNOW—Peel and grate four large, sour apples, sprinkling over them a cupful of powdered sugar as you grate, in order to keep the pulp from turning dark. Break into this the whites of four eggs and beat all together steadily for fifteen minutes. Be sure to have it in a large bowl, as it beats up very stiffly and lightly. Heap this in glass dish and pour around it an uncooked custard, for which see directions in February number PHYSICAL CULTURE menus.

SATURDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER, HOT LEMONADE.

Wheat, coarsely ground in coffee mill,

to which add dates, raisins and almonds, cut or chopped. Serve with hot milk or cream.

PRUNES, FRUIT BREAD, HONEY, CORN MEAL GEMS.

SECOND MEAL.—NUT SOUP—Blanch one-half pound of filberts, and chop, not too finely. To three pints of milk add one spoonful of ground wheat, the chopped nuts, butter, salt, and a dash of paprika, or pepper if preferred, or none at all. Let the soup get hot, not boiled, stirring frequently.

BUTTERMILK, GRAHAM GEMS, EGGS.

CRESS, CELERY AND WALNUT SALAD—Arrange a wreath of watercress upon your dish. Inside this put, alternately, celery, cut fine, and walnuts, sliced thin. Pour over this a mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with sprays of curled celery.

DESSERT—Crackers and jelly, figs and bananas, custard.

SUNDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER, HOT LEMONADE.

CORN MEAL COFFEE, BAKED APPLES and CREAM, OATS, with DATES and CREAM.

EGGS, PRUNES.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAM OF CELERY SOUP, OLIVES.

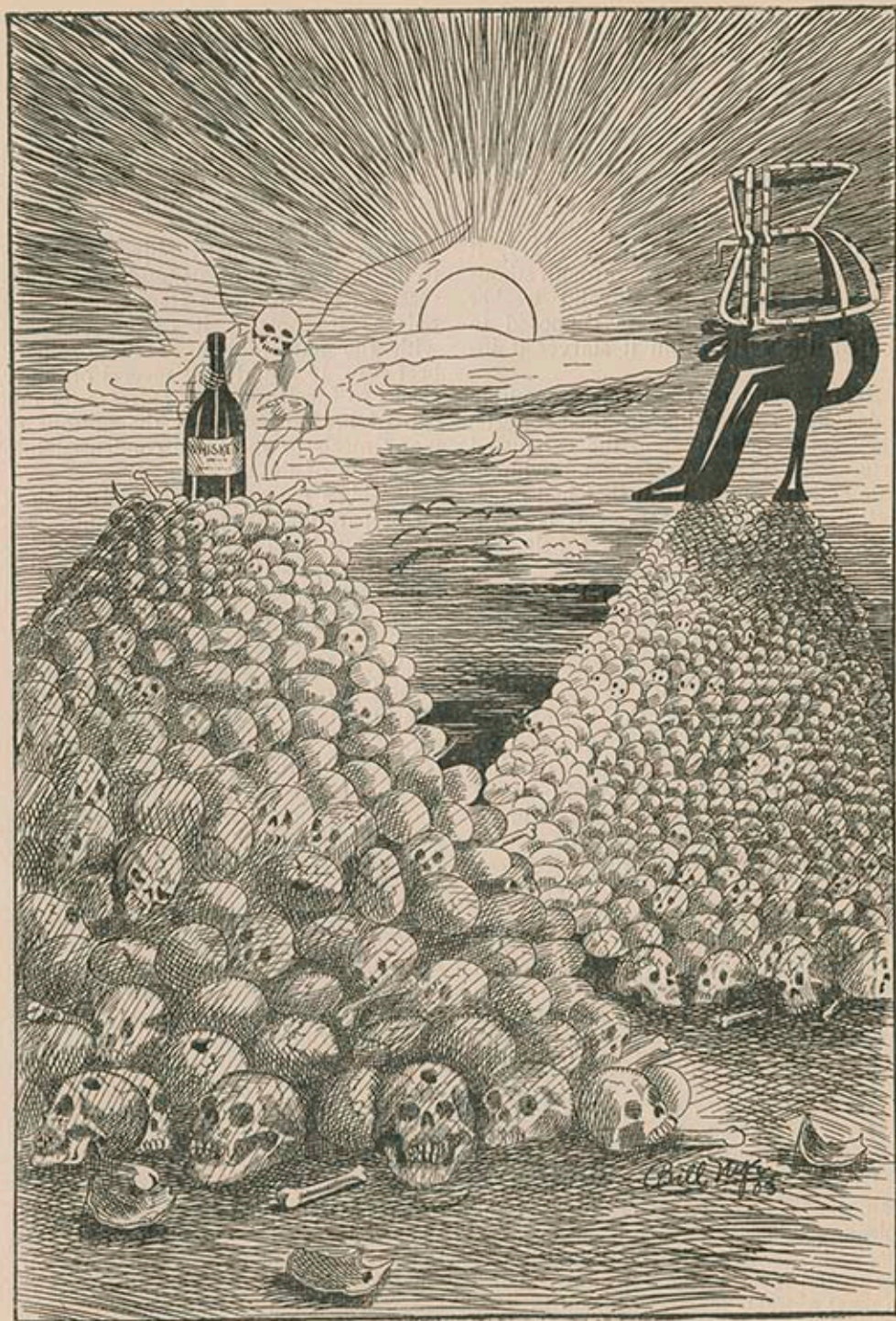
GRAHAM POPOVERS, MAPLE SUGAR, PEANUT BUTTER.

SALAD—NUTS AND CHEESE—Mix a spoonful of rich cream with a cream cheese, roll into balls, pressing halves of English walnuts on each side. Serve on watercress or lettuce leaves, with cream dressing.

DRESSED CLAMS—Juice of two lemons, teacupful of tomato catsup, and a dash of cayenne. Pour over clams.

FRUIT BREAD, CORN MEAL GEMS.

DESSERT—CREAMED PRUNES—Soak one-half pound of best prunes over night. Remove pits, and press through a sieve, sweetening to taste. Beat whites of three eggs stiff, and beat together very lightly. If desired, this dish may be set in an oven until it puffs up. When cool, serve with whipped cream.



These Monuments of Our Present Day Civilization Represent a Vast Collection of Ruined Lives. The Largest Public Square in the Largest City could be Filled Higher than the Tallest City Building with the Grim Skulls of Those Whom Liquor and Fashion Have Carried Through Sorrow to the Grave.

BEEF TEA A DELUSION

By James Montgomery

THE above well-known and more or less popular beverage enjoys the reputation of being exactly what it is not. It purports to be a food and to impart strength. On the contrary, it dissipates the bodily forces through stimulation, and leaves the invalid weaker than before. Beef tea is supposed to nourish the system, but it starves it instead.

Beef tea and beef extracts are purely and solely stimulating in their effects. They act as a lash upon the exhausted tissues and nerve centers, and whip a little activity out of them that had much better been held in reserve. It is not a food, but a stimulant! Not a help, but a goad!

To those who have been relying more or less upon this article in times of sickness the above statements may not be welcome, but the following facts will substantiate what I have said. First, a stimulant is defined by Potter's *Materia Medica* as "stimulus, a goad"; and by Gould's *Medical Dictionary* as "stimulus, anything exciting an organ." So, if we are certain that beef tea is a stimulant, we are sure that it is a goad or an excitant to the sick organs that need rest.

The tired horse may trot a few steps when the whip is applied, but he receives no help from it. Whiskey may revive and enliven the old toper, but it lands him finally in the gutter. Thus, to a certain extent are the nerve centers enlivened by the use of beef extracts, but the end thereof is exhaustion and greater weakness.

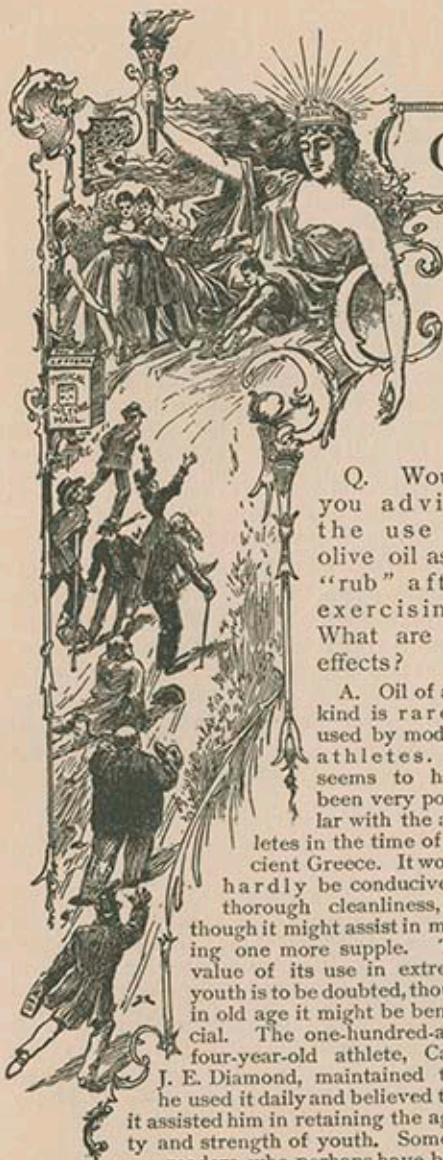
One writer gives the composition of beef tea as "a solution of ptomaines—the poisonous products of tissue waste," and the *Medical Dictionary* defines ptomaines as "a crystallizable, nitrogenous poison, produced by bacteria in dead tissue," all of which must be very interesting to the invalid who has been relying on meat extracts for nourishment in sickness. It is odd to think that one's choice viand is almost wholly composed of waste matters from the tissues of a dead animal, which should have been thrown off by the

kidneys, exhaled from the lungs, ejected by the bowels, or eliminated by the skin. Such "food" must indeed be rather disastrous to the appetite.

There may be many objections made to the use of flesh meats, and for various reasons; but from the standpoint of the poisons it contains it cannot compare with the harmfulness of the ordinary beef tea. It would take several ordinary steaks to furnish enough extracts for one cup of beef tea, so that the poisons of many meals of meat are condensed into one drink of the tea.

"Liebig's extract of beef and all similar preparations are pure stimulants. This fact was pointed out by Professor Liebig himself, who stated that his preparation must be regarded, *not as a food, but as a stimulant allied to tea and coffee.*"—Kellogg.

"Physiologists sometimes, for experimental purposes, separate from its bony attachments one of the muscles of a frog's leg, and arrange it in such a manner in connection with a battery and a suitable device, that by a repetition of electric shocks the muscle may be made to contract and lift a small weight. After being thus made to work for a longer or shorter period, the muscle becomes fatigued to such a degree that it no longer contracts in response to the electric stimulus. This is shown to be due to the accumulation of waste matters." [We may remark here that it is these waste products that enter into the principal compositions of beef tea.] "If at this point the muscle is washed with a weak saline solution, it at once recovers its ability to work. If, now, a fresh muscle be thus prepared, and strong beef tea, or solution of beef extract, be applied to it, the muscle is at once exhausted, and unable to contract, the same as if it had been working for a long time, but without having done any work whatever. The reason for this is that the beef tea is simply a solution of the *same* poisons that are developed in the muscles by work, and to the paralyzing effects of which their fatigue is due."—Kellogg's "Shall We Slay to Eat?"



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

It is impossible for me to give individual advice outside of the columns of the magazine. All those desiring advice for their individual needs are requested to consult some good Physical Culture teacher or natural cure physician.

Q. Would you advise the use of olive oil as a "rub" after exercising? What are its effects?

A. Oil of any kind is rarely used by modern athletes. It seems to have been very popular with the athletes in the time of ancient Greece. It would hardly be conducive to thorough cleanliness, although it might assist in making one more supple. The value of its use in extreme youth is to be doubted, though in old age it might be beneficial. The one-hundred-and-four-year-old athlete, Capt. J. E. Diamond, maintained that he used it daily and believed that it assisted him in retaining the agility and strength of youth. Some of our readers who perhaps have been

experimenting with oil in this way may be able to give us some more accurate information in reference to the subject.

Q. Will a mixture of witch hazel and alcohol prevent soreness when rubbed upon hard-worked muscles? Is there a better remedy?

A. The mixture which you mention is often used by athletes to rub down after training. Am very much inclined to think the rubbing is of more benefit than the mixture applied. Rubbing and kneading of the muscles after having exercised vigorously naturally accelerates the circulation of the parts and there is far less liability to soreness.

Q. My mother is troubled with catarrh of the stomach. What can you advise? She thinks physical culture is for young people only.

A. If you will call the attention of your mother to some of the physical culturists whose pictures we have used in this magazine, and who have reached and in some cases are beyond the century mark in age, you might convince her that physical culture is for the old as well as the young; also to Vol. I of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* which contains an article on "Exercise in Old Age." For treatment of catarrh of the stomach would refer you to Vol. II of the magazine, containing discussion of The Cause and Cure of Catarrh.

Q. Could you kindly tell me through your Question Department the needs and requirements of a teacher of physical culture? Is it necessary that I attend a school of physical culture first?

A. To become a competent physical culture teacher it is necessary that you familiarize yourself with all the various natural methods of treating disease and the systems of exercise for remedying defects and developing all parts of the body. There are several schools of physical culture conducted for the principal purpose of preparing teachers of physical culture. I regret, however, that there are none at present who teach the theories advocated in this magazine. The application of physical culture methods to the treatment of all diseases, acute and chronic, although old as the human race, had not been advocated to any great extent until it was taken up through this publication. Before embarking in the business, it would perhaps be well for you to secure some experience as an assistant teacher, since self-confidence, in addition to knowledge, is necessary to success in this profession.

Q. Is it necessary that one should sleep while at rest, in order to build up the tissue worn out by muscular exertion?

A. Sleep is always required for perfect rest. It is only during sleep that the brain and nervous system relax sufficiently to secure satisfactory recuperation. Of course, one can secure a certain amount of rest without sleep, but it is always advisable to obtain the required amount of sleep if one desires to secure and retain the highest degree of health and strength.

Q. I perspire too freely. Would you kindly suggest some remedy for this?

A. An inclination to perspire too copiously usually indicates a rather poor condition of the functional and muscular system. A proper system of physical culture connected with outdoor walking, running and appropriate diet, will in time remedy your trouble.

Q. Is a man who attains a good development by years of systematic training equal to the man who is endowed by nature with a strong physique?

A. The degree of vital strength inherited at birth varies very greatly. The man who attains a strong physique by years of systematic training is in many cases not as strong vitally, and will not live as long as the man who has been endowed by nature with a very strong physique. You can only do the best you can with what you possess. By the best possible care you may live out and enjoy the best of health to the extent of your inherited vigor. It would be well to note, however, that no matter how strong a physique one may have inherited, even one who inherits a poor physique may possess greater strength and live a greater length of time through proper care, than one who inherits superior vital vigor, if he wastes his powers in dissipation.

Q. Is bashfulness a trait to be remedied by physical culture, or is it merely lack of self-control mentally?

A. Bashfulness usually indicates a lack of self-confidence. The self-confidence that comes with muscular power and superb health will usually remedy any extreme tendencies toward bashfulness.

Q. It is almost impossible to secure whole wheat flour, for the reason that

the stores will not keep it on sale. Kindly tell us where it can be secured.

A. Whole wheat flour is usually called Graham flour by grocers. If you will inquire for Graham flour, they will usually understand what you mean. Most grocers have acquired the impression that whole wheat flour is that from which the covering or extreme outer woody fibre has been removed. When a part of the covering of the wheat has been removed, it is really not whole wheat flour. If you ask for a high grade of Graham flour, you will usually be given the real whole wheat flour.

Q. Kindly give us some information on the cause and cure of lumbago.

A. Lumbago is usually caused by dissipation, over-work, or some debilitating influence. Rubbing and kneading of the affected parts, and a wet towel, if applied to the part before retiring and allowed to remain until morning, is often beneficial. But in order to be free at all times from troubles of this nature, it would be necessary for you to maintain vigorous health.

Q. We always have apples on hand, which we eat between meals and on going to bed. Are they harmful when eaten at this time?

A. Light, acid fruit, such as apples, pears and peaches, can usually be eaten between meals, if one has a special craving for them. It would usually be better, however, to eat them at meal times, or in other words, to make them a part of the meal.

Q. What exercises, if any, will remedy what is known as "Adam's apple?"

A. The only exercises which can be recommended in a trouble of this kind are the various exercises for developing the muscles of the neck. Of course, general physical training which will be inclined to round out and make symmetrical all parts of the body, will usually assist. Nearly all sufferers from this unsightly defect are weak and undeveloped. The training required in developing the muscles will gradually build physical vigor and round out the neck to proper proportions to cover this part.

WAS NARROW SHOULDERED, FLAT CHESTED AND BROKEN IN HEALTH TWO YEARS AGO

To the Editor:

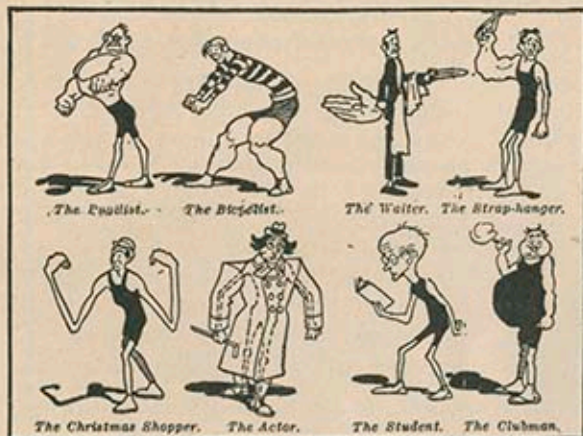
I have been reading your magazine for a year and a half, and have been greatly benefited by it. I am very enthusiastic over it and can hardly wait till each new issue comes to me. I was considered a weakling two years ago; I was narrow shouldered, flat chested and was broken down in health, and now I am strong and alert. I do not use tobacco or beer in any form whatever. I exercise every

morning and night vigorously and live mostly on nuts, cereals and fruit, and I masticate my food thoroughly. I sleep in a room which is well ventilated; I always have the window wide open. I wish every young man would be a subscriber to your magazine and so spend his money for something that is good for his health.

GEORGE BEIER.

Dubuque, Iowa.

How an Artist of Harper's Weekly Viewed the Physical Culture Show
at Madison Square Garden



Ideals of the Perfect Man.



Preference in Angles and Curves



Obsolete and
Incurious.
(Old Style.)

Dapper, Up-to-date,
and Healthy.
(Nature.)



The most Perfect Man in the World.



What
Correct
Lining
will do
for You.

(An Ex-
hibit.)



As a Test of Strength a Foot-race was held after the Contestants had Fasted three Days.

A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD GYMNAST

WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE CAN DO IN THE "TURNING" SCHOOLS

MR. HENRY METZNER, whose portrait we take pleasure in bringing before our readers, was born in Germany some seventy years ago. At the age of twelve years he came to this country with his parents. In 1853 he entered the studio of a sculptor as an apprentice, and soon afterward joined the New York Turn Verein, devoting much of his time to drawing, modeling and practical marble carving, but also much to the practice of gymnastic exercises.

In 1856 Mr. Metzner was chosen teacher of gymnastics for the senior classes of boys in the School of the Turn Verein. He has taken always an active part in all matters concerning the welfare of the Turn Verein Societies, as well as that of the Turner Union, and has held repeatedly the position of president or "Turnwart." During eight years he held the position of vice-president, or corresponding secretary of the executive board of the Turner Union, as long as that body resided in New York.

Of late Mr. Metzner has devoted all his time to teaching gymnastics in the school of the Turn Verein and in some private institutes, and in promoting the cause of physical culture by regular contributions to the press. In 1881 he was elected principal of the School of the New York Turn Verein, and he has had the satisfaction of seeing that school prosper and grow to a point where it now numbers over twelve hundred pupils—very likely the largest school of its kind in this or any other country.

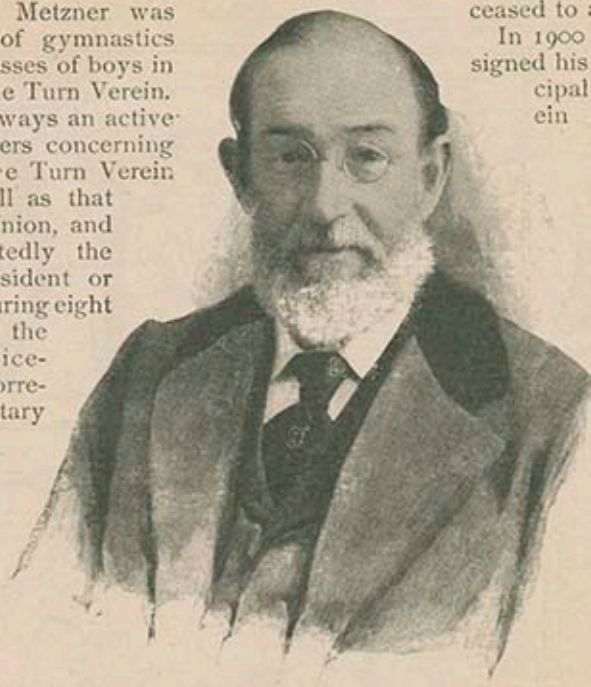
Mr. Metzner is editor of "Bahn Frei," the official organ of the New York Turn Verein, a German paper devoted to physical culture and education and for chronicling the proceedings of the Turn Verein, etc. Mr. Metzner also issued the "Yahrbuecher der Deutsch Amerikanischer Turnerei," a magazine devoted principally to the interests of the Turner Union, its history, biography and literature. After accomplishing its object—that of relating the history of the Turners in the United States—this magazine ceased to appear.

In 1900 Mr. Metzner resigned his position as principal of the Turn Verein and teacher of

gymnastics and has limited his services in the school to teaching the German branches and drawing.

At present Mr. Metzner holds the position of President of the New York Turnbezirk (New York District of the Turner Union), a body comprising some twenty societies in Greater New York and vicinity. Mr. Metzner, although seventy years of age, still finds great

pleasure in bodily exercise and frequently takes long walks with his sketch book around New York, hunting for old landmarks, as the study of old New York is a hobby of his, and it gives him both pleasure and recreation. He is a regular contributor to prominent German dailies, and is not only a prolific writer but an exceptionally good pen and ink artist as well, making all of his own sketches for his articles.



Henry Metzner

One of the Pioneers in America of the German Gymnastic System and President of the New York Turnbezirk, a Body Comprising Some Twenty Societies in Greater New York, and Vicinity

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN CONGRESS

By George Barton

IT is significant that those public men who, in the days of their youth, laid the solid foundations of a good, healthy body are much better equipped to grapple with the great intellectual problems that confront the statesmen of this restless age than are those who are compelled to struggle with the handicaps of ill-health and a weak constitution. It is an undeniable fact that the early care of the health and the development of the body have prompted the material success of many of the men who are conspicuous in public life to-day. A study of some of the active men in the present Congress proves that even the unconscious observance of the laws of nature is followed generally by the most gratifying results.

United States Senators George Frisby Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Edmund Winston Pettus, of Alabama, are exam-



Sen. George Frisby Hoar, of Massachusetts
Senator Hoar Has Adhered Steadfastly to the Good
Old New England Doctrine of High Thinking
and Plain Living



Sen. William Andrews Clark, of Montana
Began Life at an Employment that Required Severe
Physical Exertion

ples of consistent dietists. One is a conspicuous instance of the sound results that are obtained where mind and body work in perfect unison; the other is a man who constantly, in season and out, has preached the gospel of plain living. When Senator Pettus was a young man he rode all the way from Alabama to California on horseback, and the memory of that delightful journey lingers with him even in his old age. Senator Hoar never has taken any violent exercise, but has adhered steadfastly to the good old New England doctrine of high thinking and plain living. The more than threescore years and ten of his useful existence have been marked by regularity both in work and in recreation. He has been abstemious to a high degree; and, with a wide charity for the faults and omissions of others, he has not failed to raise his voice in protest at whatever he considered to be an injury to the people at large.

Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, is a splendid specimen of a young man in the full vigor and flush of perfect health. He comes of a hardy stock. His father still lives in the enjoyment of contented old age, while his four brothers yield to the Senator alone in the matter of physical and mental prowess. He is passionately fond of nature—not the sort



Sen. Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania
He is a Splendid Specimen of a Young Man in the
Full Vigor and Flush of Perfect Health

that basks in the foggy and uncertain light of city yards—but the wild, wierd, rugged, unclaimed nature that shows itself in trackless prairies, in unexplored mountains, and in the limpid, rushing waters that carry the speckled trout through their crystal and never-ending mazes. The corridors and rooms of his city house are filled with trophies of his travels. In 1902, the Rocky Mountains were the theater of his sport. Last year, he spent three months in the least known part of British Columbia. Combining the stoic's insensibility to pain with the alertness of the Indian and the natural American love of adventure, he has roughed it for weeks at a time, sleeping on the ground, living on bacon and hard tack, and having only the companionship of French and Indian guides. When he returned from his last trip, he had reduced his weight by thirty pounds, did not carry an ounce of superfluous flesh, was as hard as rock, and had biceps that would have excited the envy of a professional pugilist. And all of this in a man of culture and brilliant attainments and who, it happens, was a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard College.

Unlike Penrose in his physical appearance, and in his mental make-up, Matthew Stanley Quay, the most talked of man among the politicians of America, is at his best in the rôle of fisherman

and philosopher. He is, and always has been, a man of singular mental tranquility. Never of a robust constitution, he has so husbanded his strength, nevertheless, that he has been enabled to grapple with tasks that would have appalled men of much greater vigor and physical strength. A matchless political leader, it is no secret that some of his most intricate political campaigns have been thought out and planned, even to the farthest detail, while he was out in a rowboat, angling for the uncertain tarpon. From his blank expression, one would wonder if he had even the slightest interest whatever either in tarpon or in politics; but those who know him best know that his heart is wrapped up in these interesting subjects, and that never has there been a time when he has not been deeply absorbed in both. Quay usually spends the bleakest part of the winter in his Florida retreat; and the splendid condition of his health when he returns from these periodical vacations has been a never-failing source of wonder to his friends.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, once a page in the distinguished body of which he is now a member, has been always a lover and an ardent advocate of outdoor exercise. In his younger days, he was a baseball enthusiast, and



Sen. Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland
Has Been Always a Lover and an Advocate of Outdoor
Exercise. In His Younger Days He was a
Baseball Enthusiast



Sen. Edmund Winston Pettus, of Alabama
Has Preached the Gospel of Plain Living in Season
and Out

there are still Washingtonians who remember with delight the numerous occasions when the future Senator played second base on the old National Baseball Team, which was one of the features of the District of Columbia. Senator Gorman at that time was Postmaster of the United States Senate; but, even after he had entered that body as one of its most conspicuous members, he continued to be a patron of the old Nationals, which at that time enjoyed the reputation of being the crack baseball nine of the United States.

Senator George Clement Perkins, one of the Republican colleagues of Senator Gorman, joins with the Maryland man in preaching the gospel of the open air. Senator Perkins was reared on a farm, and had limited educational advantages. When but twelve years of age, he went to sea as a cabin boy. He followed this calling, and that of a sailor, for several years, and in 1855 shipped before the mast on a sailing vessel bound for San Francisco. That voyage from Maine to California determined his future career, and when he reached the Pacific Coast he found that, in addition to invaluable experience, he was the possessor of a sound body. His experience on the water had seasoned the man thoroughly, and even to-day he unhesitatingly declares that

there is nothing comparable with the sea for planting the germs of good health. Indeed, it is a notable and undisputed fact that those who follow the sea as a calling live usually to a ripe old age.

Representative Joseph Warren Fordney, of the Eighth Michigan District, is a man who for years has breathed the health-giving air of the pine woods of his adopted State. Congressman Fordney lived with his parents on a farm until he was sixteen years of age. Then he removed to Saginaw, Mich., and began life in the lumber woods, logging and estimating pine timber, thus acquiring a thorough knowledge of the pine land and lumber industry, which not only has brought him good financial results, but has given him a set of digestive organs that are the envy of his less fortunate members in Congress.

Representative James A. Tawney, of the First Minnesota District, owes his splendid physique to the fact that he was once a blacksmith. When he was fifteen years of age he entered the blacksmith shop of his father as an apprentice, and subsequently learned the trade of machinist. When he attained his majority, he left his Pennsylvania home, and secured



Sen. Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania
He Has so Husbanded His Strength that He Has Been
Enabled to Grapple with Tasks that Would Have
Appalled Men of Much Greater Vigor and
Physical Strength

employment as a blacksmith and machinist in Winonah, Kansas. While there, he employed his early mornings and evenings in the study of law, and in the course of a few years was admitted to the bar. Since that time he has been regarded properly as one of the successful men of his State. He looks back with pride to the period when he was a blacksmith. Like John G. Johnson, the famous corporation lawyer, and Robert Collier, the illustrious clergyman, he takes a certain amount of joy in the fact that the first dollar he ever earned was pounded out of the stubborn iron to the sweet music of the anvil.

Senator William Andrews Clark, of Montana, who probably has been talked about recently more than any other member of the present Senate of the United States, is a man who began life at an employment that required severe physical exertion. This multi-millionaire and man of affairs worked with a pick and shovel in a quartz mine in Montana, and, after years of persistence, dug success and health from the solid rock. He was born on a farm in Pennsylvania, taught school in Iowa, and finally found his real vocation when, in 1862, he began to work in the quartz mines around Central City, Colorado. Since that time his wealth has accumulated so rapidly that it is doubtful if he knows really just how much he is worth. But the significant feature of his career is the fact that the years he spent in working on a farm and in the mines have meant more for his peace of mind than has any other period of his existence.

Senator William Morris Stewart, of Nevada, miner and prospector, is the perfect specimen of a well-preserved old age. He was born in New York, taught school in that State, and was subsequently a student in Yale College. In the winter of 1849-50, attracted by the gold discoveries in California, he found his way thither, arriving in San Francisco in May, 1850. He immediately engaged in mining with a pick and shovel, in Nevada County, and accumulated the money that led eventually to the immense fortune he now possesses. But, like the other distinguished prospectors of those days, he not only secured money, but that other advantage which is the greatest material possession any man can have—perfect health. Those who see Senator Stewart walking the streets of Washington to-day, with his patriarchal beard and benevolent manner, would never suspect that he is almost in his eightieth year. Early exercise, and a regular mode of living in later life, have brought their inevitable results.

Numerous other illustrations might be cited; but the most conspicuous members of Congress have been indicated already, and they tell their own stories. The moral cannot be misunderstood, even by the merely casual observer. As a man sows, so shall he reap. Every deposit made to the bank of health in the morning of life, in the form of outdoor living and rugged exercise, pays later on handsome and ungrudging dividends, which tend to sweeten the disposition of man and to make grateful and philosophic a contented old age.

NOBILITY OF EXERCISE

Exercise makes strong
The body, mind and soul;
According to the kind we take
Will be our future goal.

A shapely form endowed with grace,
A mind well bent in useful thought,
A soul most powerful for good
Cannot in sluggishness be bought.

The lazy are diseases' prey,
The workers gain the goods of life,
For action is the law of growth,
Inaction breeds diseases' strife.

By action all the spheres were made,
Celestial in the spacial depths;
Each moving well in proper place,
To God's great law itself adapts.

So man, within his smaller sphere,
In motion may evolve with God,
To paths of usefulness and joy,
Which mortals yet have never trod.

The heights beyond are limitless,
For those who work with Nature's laws,
Perfected souls are the effect
Of which God's harmony is cause.

—WILBUR F. GEARHART, Louisville, Ky.

THE "NATURE" MAN—MINUS CLOTHES

SEEKING TO ESTABLISH A PARADISE MADE UP OF SOLITUDE,
PLENTY OF FRUITS, SUNSHINE, AND THE PRIVILEGE OF
GOING NAKED

By Mrs. Maud Johnson

ON the northern border of the city of Los Angeles, on the summit of a hill some three hundred feet elevation, there lives a rather odd specimen of humanity known to his friends as Ernest W. Darling, or the "Nature man," to his enemies as "the freak," or "crazy man."

"Look at my name," says Mr. Darling. "I like to call it 'Dareling,' for I dare to do anything. And my first name, you see, is Ernest." He did not say what the W. stands for, but I am ready to guess that it means "Will-I-Am."

The beautiful range of the Sierra Madres stretching across the north, the city of Los Angeles and its suburbs huddled among the hills toward the north and east, the hills and valleys and a lesser range of mountains toward the west, and on the southern horizon the sparkling and radiant Pacific—such is the view commanded by the Nature man from his home on Lookout Mountain.

I said "home," but there was no house, not even a tent. The only "convenience" Mr. Darling can boast is a bed that consists of a hole in the ground of about

seven by four feet and two feet in depth. Here, wrapped in his blankets, with only the stars for company, this lover of nature finds rest. At the side of this hole, and made from the dirt excavated from it, is a pulpit where, every Sunday afternoon, Mr. Darling preaches to an audience of from one to two hundred people.

When asked as to his religion, Mr. Darling said: "Good health is the first requisite. Any religion or occupation that causes the loss of health should be exchanged for one that brings health. I consider Jesus the greatest health teacher that ever lived. Jesus never wore hat or shoes. His clothes were light and He lived outdoors. And what was Christ's mission? 'I am come that ye may have life and more of it.' Life is health. Jesus said, 'The righteous man shall never see death.' I firmly believe that if



E. W. Darling, The Nature Man

Who Advocates a Return to Nature by Discarding Clothes

we take perfect care of our health, avoiding all accident and disease, we shall live eternally in these bodies of ours. Every person should learn gradually to live outdoors and to live on natural food—that is, food just as it comes from the hand of Nature. Personally, I prefer the well-

ripened fruit of the tropics. Bananas, persimmons, figs, dates, have been proved to give as great strength and endurance as does any mixed diet ever served at a restaurant.

"The objects in living on natural food are:

"First. To make us more natural in thought and in action.

"Second. From an economical standpoint, it is far cheaper where these fruits grow. It is well known by travelers in the tropics that we can live on one dollar per month, or less. Millions of carloads of luscious fruits drop to the ground untouched by man.

"Third. There is a very decided humanitarian issue in this diet. No animal has to suffer imprisonment and final cruel slaughter in order to feed the fruitarian. The fruitarian asks no woman to stand slavishly in the kitchen frying beefsteaks and baking bread during the sunshiny hours of the day. The fruitarian will take his meal directly from the tree and will have the housekeeper sit down beside him and eat the meal that was cooked by God Himself."

Mr. Darling laid special stress on the following statement: "The first food of man is good, pure air. His first stomach is his lungs. Therefore, get all the vitality possible from the air and use just as little table-fare as is possible in order to get results."

Mr. Darling seems to have found these results in his mode of life, as he has built himself from an extreme weakling of ninety pounds to his present weight of one hundred and forty-five pounds. This was done without a drop of medicine. He depended solely on diet and plenty of fresh air. It is to be regretted that Mr. Darling has not yet discovered the value of vigorous exercise in dieting, since with good, strong muscular work he would be able to build a great deal more flesh and muscle upon his body. As it is, he is exhausting too much of his strength and vitality with his restless travels from place to place, and his constant work of lecturing before open-air audiences.

Mr. Darling was born in Kansas and

reared in Ontario, Canada. The Darlings emigrated to Portland, Ore. In 1899 the son came south and matriculated at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Here an elective course, embracing studies kindred to medical science, was pursued. While studying at Stanford the desire to get nearer to Nature's heart grew upon Darling, and in the seclusion of his own home practiced simplicity in dress, often taking to the woods, where, unobserved, he could be studied in the nude.

It may be interesting to add that Mr. Darling never uses a comb or brush on his hair, merely using his fingers for refreshing the scalp. He has a splendid growth of strong hair, and his face is wonderfully clear and handsome.

When asked his opinion regarding marriage, Mr. Darling replied: "One should obtain the highest possible degree of health before assuming the marriage relation, and then should assume this relation not oftener than once in two or three years if one wants to produce vigorous and intelligent children. And, most emphatically, the marriage relation should never be indulged in for mere pleasure. It is too sacred for that."

Mr. Darling rises at daylight, takes a quick, cold shower bath; then, if necessary, dresses very warmly and runs half a mile or so, throwing off superfluous clothing. Then he takes fifteen or twenty minutes' calisthenics, stretching, bending, twisting, and a thorough massage, making exercises long or short according to needs and convenience. He eats a breakfast of light, easily digested fruit at seven, and is ready then for a few hours' work until dinner time. Mr. Darling believes that a man ought to have a good appetite three times a day.

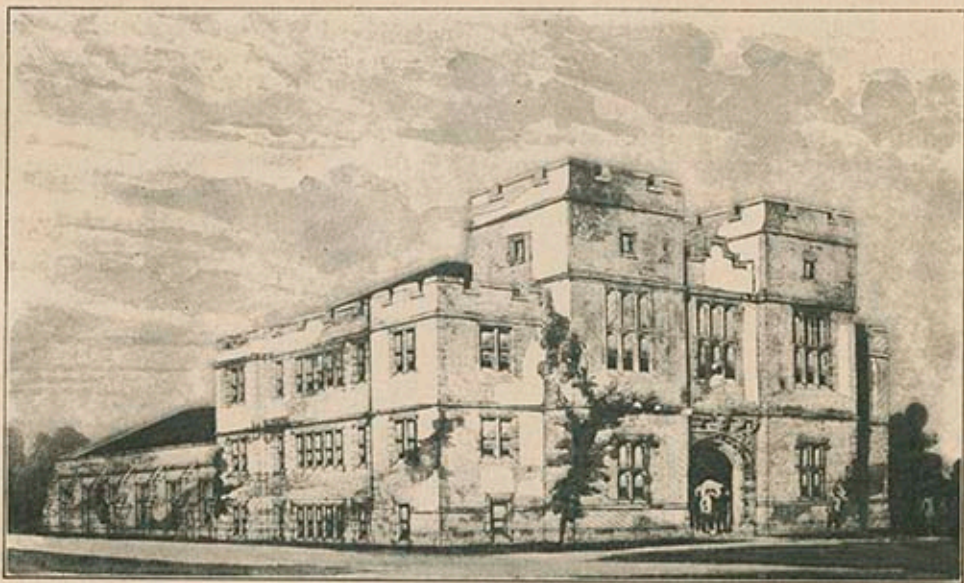
If the night is disagreeable he retires at sundown, but if it be warm and balmy he remains up till ten or later, in order to enjoy the beauties of the night. He is careful to give his bedding sunning during the day and to have it in proper place before sundown, that he may avoid dampness, "for," he says, "warm, sunny bedclothes are a splendid sleep-producer."

PHYSICAL CULTURE AT THE ST LOUIS EXPOSITION

By G. Edwards

FOR the first time in the history of Physical Culture, this great factor in the welfare of society is officially recognized as a special department by the Exposition. An appropriation has been made for this purpose. A gymnasium, which is to be a permanent one, has been erected upon the Exposition site, as also

which are the reproduction of the famous games of ancient Greece—was held at Athens in 1896, when an American astonished the world by winning the discus throwing championship. The second series of Olympic Games was held at Paris in 1900, in connection with the Paris Exposition, where they were a world's at-



Palatial Physical Culture Gymnasium at the Universal Exposition at St. Louis

a stadium with a seating capacity of 35,000.

Within this stadium are to be held, during the season 1904, all known Physical Culture sports, for which valuable prizes are offered. The famous Olympic Games may be designated as the most important feature of this remarkable Physical Culture festival. These will last an entire week, and it is the intention of the management of the Exposition to make the Olympiad of 1904 the greatest ever held. The first of these modern Olympiads—

traction, and where American athletes won nine-tenths of the prizes. The representatives of athletics in America propose that nothing shall be left undone to make this first American Olympiad a phenomenal success. A special American Committee has been organized in addition to the International Committee of the Olympic Games, to this end.

The program of World's Championship contests, which is scheduled to take place during the Olympic year, is, without question, the greatest program of its kind ever

arranged. It will include the Handicap Meeting, the Junior Championships, and the National Championships of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, World's Contest at Bicycling, Olympic Interscholastic Championships, Swimming Championships, open to the swimmers of the world; Plunging Contests, Fancy Diving, and the Water Polo Championships. Lawn Tennis is well taken care of, one week having been set aside for this sport. World's College Championships will be held, as well as sectional events. Several days have been set aside for Mass Exhibitions by Turners, and two days will be devoted to the Turners' International Individual and Team Contests. The All Around Championship will be held on July 4, and will be open to the athletes of the world. Three days will be devoted to International Lacrosse; and Basketball Championships for the schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, Athletic Clubs and Colleges will extend over several days. Irish sports, including Hurling and Gaelic Football, will occupy four days. An Interscholastic Championship, open to the schools of the world, will be given, occupying two days. The World's Fencing Championships will occupy three days; two days will be set aside for Cricket, and a Military Carnival will extend over a week. Two days will be devoted to the Wrestling Championships, and the amateur gymnasts of the world will be given several days to contest for Olympic honors. A Relay Racing Carnival, open to Schools, Athletic Clubs, and Y. M. C. A.'s, will extend over a period of several days. College Football will receive attention, many days having been set aside for this game. Association Football will occupy several days in the fall of the year, and the World's Cross Country Championship will occupy one day. The National game of Baseball will be played by Schools, Colleges, and professional organizations, the intention being to have the two major leagues play for the World's Championship in conjunction with the Olympic series.

School gymnastics, with and without apparatus, will be shown in as complete

a way as the great opportunities presented will allow.

There will be an extended exhibition of games suitable for the conditions of city life; games which can be played by large numbers of children in limited spaces; games which can be played under the restricted conditions of the classroom.

Under the head of anthropometry, the aim will be to secure an exhibition of material and methods bearing upon anthropometry as related to physical training in a more complete way than has previously been attempted. The general field of anthropometry as related to anthropology, will not be entered into. The distinctive aim will be to bring forward those facts and methods which are of greatest importance with reference to the development of physical training from the standpoint of anthropometry, as applied to elementary schools, secondary schools, and colleges.

It is the desire of the Department to have the Physical Culture features center about the national idea. To this end papers will be sought from eminent workers in the field of Physical Culture and allied sciences as to national systems of gymnastics, and their relation to the specific characteristics among the people from which they arose, and as to the effects of these systems of gymnastics upon the people who use them. These papers will aim to discuss the subject of Physical Culture from psychologic, sociologic, as well as physiologic standpoints. Historical papers will be sought upon the rise of the specific ideas which underly the different systems. The national sports of the different countries of the world will also be studied with reference to their significance as reflecting the type of people among which they have received their highest development, and also as to their effect in the development of these types. In this way it is expected that a more philosophical interpretation will be given to athletic sports as a factor of evolution in civilization than has hitherto been attempted.



THE SEVEN-DAY FAST AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

IT is hard to shatter time-honored belief! It is, as Dr. Dewey says, "like laying profane hands upon gods of wood and stone."

The prominent medical men who came from different parts of the city to study the fasters on the last day of their fast, came with a cynical inquisitiveness, and with an expectation of seeing the bottom of the "fast" demonstration fall through when the crucial test came on the evening of the last day. We trust that this harmful prejudice, so well known to exist in the medical profession to its undoubted harm, will be alienated after the performance that the men of medicine witnessed at the end of the seven-day fast. Gradually, we expect to see articles appear in the medical journals on "the advantage of a fast, in saving the American people from eating themselves into their graves," or

under some such similar titles. Whether this recognition will be accorded soon or not, one thing has happened to the profession: Their god of medicine, for the first time in history, has been disturbed—shaken, before an assemblage of the most desired of judges, the

great common public, assembled in the greatest deciding hall in the world.

Dr. Tanner fasted forty days. Other notables followed his plucky example. These men wanted to demonstrate to the world, and to medical science, that a man could *exist* for some reasonable time without solid food. They were slightly ahead of their age. They had convictions, and went to a great deal of trouble to demonstrate them. That was one step out of hide-bound medical ignorance. In the large arena of Madison Square Garden, more than a month ago, before thousands of people, a demonstration was enacted that was



Joseph H. Woltering, of New York City

Winner of the First Prize, According to Points, in the Athletic Events at the End of the Seven-day Fast

greater and more valuable by far to the human race than was the single assertion made by Tanner and his associates.

Earnest demonstration was made that not only could a person continue to exist during a prolonged fast without injury, but, what is of greater value, that *he was actually benefited* thereby. Furthermore, that abstinence from food for a reasonable time was a *cleansing process*, a *renovator* for the body, and that, unimpeded by refuse, the circulation became quickened, *elevating* the vital strength and mental powers of the faster, instead of *decreasing* them!

This great physiological truth is imbedded in every knowledge we have from past ages! It is rock-bed in the creeds of every religion, Brahman, Hebrew, Egyptian and Christian! From the sages of the past to Christ, who fasted in order to intensify Himself for the work before Him, to the monks who followed in His steps, fasting has existed, but it never was recognized as a rejuvenator of the body by the mass of people and by medical science.

The great principle of fasting had to be revitalized and brought forward before the people in a simple, practical way, and this was done in the difficult feats of strength of the athletes who performed before a public at the Physical Culture Exhibition.

Eight athletes were entered on the lists on Saturday night at the beginning of the fast. Eight athletes presented themselves at the last final contests of endurance on the evening of the seventh day. The remarkable records they have made are now world-renowned.

Joseph H. Woltering, of New York City, was awarded the first prize. In the races, he won the 50-yard dash in 6 2-5 seconds, the 220-yard run in 27 4-5 seconds, and the mile run in 6 minutes 14 2-5 seconds.

Gilman Low, the well-known artist and athlete, won second prize. In the weight events he was first. Nine hundred pounds were lifted in a straight hand-grip lift, and the 56-pound weight was thrown 13 feet 6 inches high. In addition to this, Mr. Low, in order to prove that his strength had not deteriorated a particle, lifted on the sixth day, with hands alone, 500 pounds twenty times in 15 seconds, and 900 pounds twice in 20 seconds; with back lift, one ton twelve times in 12 seconds. After the events on Saturday

night he lifted one ton twenty-two times in 19 seconds. This strength test was performed before a group of doctors in order to demonstrate what Mr. Low knew to be true in regard to fasting.

A glimpse of the physical condition of the fasters can be had from the statements obtained from day to day. Monday and Tuesday were the hardest days. In a fast, the stomach is the first thing that troubles the faster. It is, one might say, a slave to the habit of eating, and craves its accustomed food. A violent drawing-in sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, and the extreme pangs of hunger are accompanied often by headaches.

After the third or fourth meal has been omitted, the morbid, languid feeling, together with the pangs of hunger, disappear. The tongue becomes clear, and the breath remarkably sweet. An intense feeling

of exhilaration, owing to the quickened circulation of the blood, follows. The heart, released from the work of pumping blood to the stomach during digestion, beats more easily and freely, and thus this active circulation of the blood is caused. The face becomes thin at first, but the complexion, in turn, becomes wonderfully clear, and the eyes bright.

There is but little loss of flesh in a fast; at least, not until all the fat, or,



Mr. Gilman Low

Well-known Artist and Athlete, Winner of Second Prize, According to Points; First Prize in Weight-Lifting Events

rather, conserved energy, has been used up by the body. The brain is the intelligent commissary of the body. It distributes food wherever needed. The least essential material is fat, which, as is well known, is stored up merely as reserved nutrition. The brain, therefore, seeks this in nourishing the body, and as long as there is the least amount of fat by which the brain can nourish itself and other parts of the body, death cannot ensue. This could be studied on the bodies of the fasters. The cheeks lost their fullness first, and the fat that rounds out the chin followed. Gradually, wherever the fat is stored to give grace to the body, the process of thinning goes on, according to the length of the fast.

A remarkable result was shown in the case of Mr. Estapper, Jr., one of the fasters, who gained three-quarters of a pound during the fast, instead of decreasing, as is usually the case. This increase in weight can be explained only by the fact that pure distilled water, which Mr. Estapper took in large quantities, was absorbed and retained by his strengthened assimilative powers.

On Saturday evening, when the critical demonstration impended, all stated that they were feeling strong and in a refreshed condition. How far this feeling of exhilaration and renewed bodily

vigor and strength was a positive reality is known by the accomplished feats already mentioned.

Mr. Gilman Low, a scientific faster, giving his own view of the fast, said: "The fasting was remarkable in that we had to contend against the terrible amount of dust and tobacco smoke that naturally exists in so large a place as the Garden.

"I do not believe the fasters got as much benefit from the fast as they might have received had they been in a different mental state. That is to say, that fasting for health and fasting for money are different things. The mind works more in harmony with bodily needs when health demands, and when no thought of material recompense exists. It is a necessity rather than a business factor.

"I broke my fast on the eighth day, waiting until my natural hunger returned to me, which is the only proper guidance in breaking a fast. Otherwise, injury may result."

The value of fasting in curing disease, so long advocated in the columns of PHYSICAL CULTURE, has been demonstrated thus to the world and to physicians. Let us hope it will break down the superstition so long set up against it, and that it will mark a new era in the curing of human diseases.

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF INHALING CIGARETTE SMOKE

To the Editor:

Without waiting to hear the result of Dr. Wiley's experiments as to the effect of smoking, I for one can heartily endorse the stand you are taking in your attempt to show the ill effects which tobacco has on the human system.

My experience with smoking has led me to the conclusion that I had better leave it alone.

Some little time ago I commenced the use of cigarettes, after having left it off for some time. One morning, soon after commencing the use, I was going through my exercises, swaying the body from the hips forward and backward, attempting to touch the floor with my fingers each time; all at once I fell over unconscious and rigid for a few minutes.

I came to the conclusion, after that morning, that I had better leave smoking for some one else to do, for I could trace the accident directly to the cigarettes. I found that when I did not use tobacco I was not bothered in the least with the dazed feeling, and I had to put it down to the fact that, as I was in the habit of inhaling the smoke, I had, with every puff, aided in the final knock-out blow, above referred to.

Everybody knows that the juice of tobacco kills life in an insect, but the cigarette fiend does not know enough to see that the same poison will at least have a demoralizing effect, if no other, on the body of what God intended to be His highest creation. THOS. E. RIDYARD.

Walla Walla, Wash.

Editorial Department

Accept every conclusion you find in this magazine for whatever your own reason shows it to be worth.

There should be no authority for you higher than your own intellect.

No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.

If you accept absolutely, without full and due consideration, the theories of any one it is an acknowledgment of your own mental deficiencies. Accept nothing that your own common sense, your own reasoning power, do not endorse as truth and fact.

EVER since President Roosevelt expressed his views on "Race Suicide," a vast deal of attention has been given to the subject. Much valuable information has been given publicity because of this discussion. It is a subject upon which light should be shed, for Race Suicide is at the bottom of all individual and national decay.

Race Suicide is at work in every family. Race Suicide has been so busy with the progeny of the old-time Americans that they are almost extinct. Where are the sons and daughters of the pioneer Americans? Race Suicide accurately indicates their fate. They have gone to deserved oblivion, for they failed to recognize the necessity for observing Nature's highest laws.

Though Race Suicide may have been busy in the past, it is still actively at work, and there is perhaps no feature of its influence that is more murderous than that which is found among the children of the average school of to-day.

Mrs. John H. Judge, addressing the Society for Political Study of New York, said recently: "School burdens are crushing out the existence of our children. Their minds are crammed with matter of no earthly use. The three royal 'R's' are lost sight of. Books and education have become a disease.

"We have heard of Race Suicide from the fathers' viewpoint. In the selfish point of view of men it is all a question of quantity. From the grander and nobler viewpoint of motherhood it is a question how those that are born and are to be born shall be preserved.

"A child is born every five minutes in this city. If all lived to be men and women there would be no question of Race Suicide; but a large proportion die between fifteen and sixteen. Boys are allowed to do anything, because they are boys. There are more boys born than girls, but more girls live to womanhood.

"It is not my purpose to criticize the public school system, although I frankly admit I think it too complicated, but to find out if it helps us to preserve our children. It is not more children, but how to keep those we have. Little children of six are given nature study. Thirty minutes are given to arithmetic and thirty-six minutes to manual training. Why, you cannot even dance unless you know arithmetic. The dust from the physical culture classes makes every child cough; they have to bring medicine to school. What I ask is, that we should give our children a little rest and rust."

This maddening drive in the average school is most deadly in its effects upon future men and women. The growth of the child depends upon nervous stamina. When he is crammed continually, forced, as it were, to perform hard, grinding, mental work, which is at times almost as exhausting and debilitating as that required of a mature business man, how on earth can a child grow into vigorous manhood or womanhood?

Everywhere the importance of physical culture is beginning to be recognized. A calisthenic drill is being used in many schools. Five, ten or fifteen minutes each day are devoted to the exercise, and the teachers imagine that with this drill they are introducing physical culture.

Physical culture means something more than a few movements. It means that the child should be taught how and what to eat, how to breathe, and that he should be made familiar with every one of Nature's beneficent laws governing the acquirement of the highest degree of health and strength.

There is in this country at the present time a most deplorable need for real men and women. The schools are supplying us with a lot of characterless, physical nonentities. Here and there we have brilliant exceptions. Often it is remarked, jokingly, that the most brilliant boy in school is outstripped frequently by the dull-headed dunce whom all had enjoyed ridiculing. This is no joke. It is very frequently a fact. The dullard secures an opportunity to build a good physical foundation. He has something to work on when he arrives at man's estate. He has not exhausted his nervous vigor and vitality in over-work, and, in later life, he stands out as a shining example of the benefits of neglected school work.



THE success of the mammoth Physical Culture Exhibition has marked an advance that is worthy of note. Though this movement is being maligned and ridiculed by many, it is advancing in the hearts of the people with giant strides. No counteracting force can retard its onward march.

Madison Square Garden can hold an enormous crowd. During some successful exhibitions from twenty to thirty thousand people have been known to pass

*The Influence of the Great
Physical Culture Exhibition.*

eminently a success.

It was to be expected that a few newspapers would see fit to cast discredit upon the Exhibition. PHYSICAL CULTURE has not been in favor with a few members of the newspaper world. We have talked too plainly. We tell the truth about medical and other fakirs who depend for their continued prosperity upon the victims they secure through newspaper advertisements. We have seriously injured the business of many medical quacks, and in that way we have materially lessened the income of some newspapers that depend upon this advertising patronage.

Though many imagine that the editor is the dictator-in-chief on all newspapers, in many instances the business manager shapes the policies, and the editor must follow his instructions.

This may explain why certain newspapers refused to give prominence to the Physical Culture Exhibition. PHYSICAL CULTURE has not left a pleasant impression with these newspaper managers. It has opened the eyes of the public regarding the victims of quack medical advertisements, and these advertisements are harder to catch.

But PHYSICAL CULTURE is of and for the people. It is a part of the people. It meets their demands and their needs, and the wave of interest and enthusiasm now sweeping the civilized world in its favor cannot be stemmed in its onward roll.

PHYSICAL CULTURE is here to stay. Its power will grow greater and grander and more forceful as the days go by. And those who are financially interested in lessening the interest of the public on this vastly important subject, may try just as well to drown the roar of the ocean with their pigmy voices, as to try to stem the onward march of this momentous movement.

Bernarr Macadden



To enact a medical creed or command a medical process is usurpation, not legitimate legislation.—Prof. F. W. Newman, Oxford University