

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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Feats of Strength and Agility

Difficult Exercises that Build Strength and Suppleness

By *Bernarr Macfadden*



AMUEL KLEGER, the subject of the illustrations for this article, is probably one of the most striking examples of the benefits that can be secured through following persistently and thoroughly a proper system of physical development.

He is employed in our office and came to us a little over two years ago a thin, sickly boy, weighing about seventy-one pounds. In two years' time he has developed into a superb specimen of physical health and strength. He now weighs about one hundred and twenty-four pounds. A result similar to what this young man has accomplished can be produced in almost every growing boy or girl, and the realization of this



Fig.
A

stern fact furnishes a large part of the enthusiasm which is noted in the articles and editorials appearing in this magazine. Here is a boy who, without special attention, would have grown up into a thin, weak strippling. The proper system of exercise has made him strong, hearty and manly. It has given him the proper foundation, and he has the whole future before him, and, with such a strong body, there should be no limit to what he might accomplish.

Though one's ability

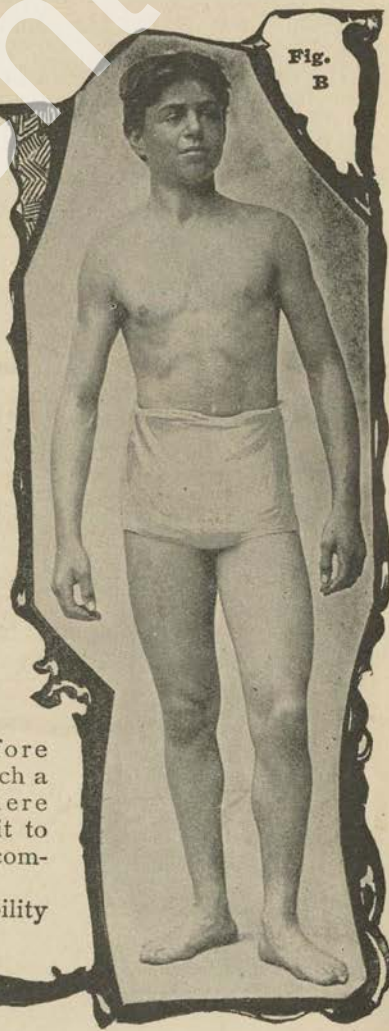


Fig.
B

to lift great weights may be of value in indicating superior strength, the possession of grace, suppleness and agility, the ability to handle the body easily, quickly and effectively, is unquestionably of far more actual value to life. In other words, it is far better to be active, quick and graceful in your movements than to possess a great amount of strength that can be used to handle with ease a great weight, but which tends to make one's movements slow and awkward. Of course, one may be very strong, and still agile and graceful, but where powers of this nature are combined it is usually the result of special training.

A strong man who is awkward may be made graceful by practicing exercises that require quick, active and graceful movements; and a weak man may not only be made strong by practicing exercises of this character, but he can develop suppleness and agility at the same time.

Regardless of the system of physical culture you may be following, keep in

mind the necessity for developing that character of strength which will enable you to easily and gracefully handle your body under all circumstances. This is after all of far the most importance. It means that you can walk or run, hop, skip and jump, and move readily in any direction at your pleasure. It also means that your internal functional system is capable of properly performing the duties required of it, which is of still more importance.

The feats illustrated here will not be found especially difficult if you are agile; and if you are not, it would be well for you to practice them until you are able to easily perform them.

Do not despair if the first few attempts are not successful. Perseverance will be rewarded in time, and when you have brought all your muscles under control, you will feel well repaid.

The agility, suppleness and strength developed by these exercises will be found of great value.



Feat No. 1

Place match between the thumb and forefinger, then with body in position as illustrated in fig. C, bend down and pick up match with the teeth; then raise up to same position as shown. Do not allow the hips to touch the floor. This is very difficult and requires very strong arms.

Fig. C
Feat No. 1

Feat No. 2

Grasp a broom as shown. Allow it to rest on the floor; then turn the body clear around, head coming under both hands, making a complete revolution without changing the position of the hands on the broom.

This may require several attempts before it is successfully performed.

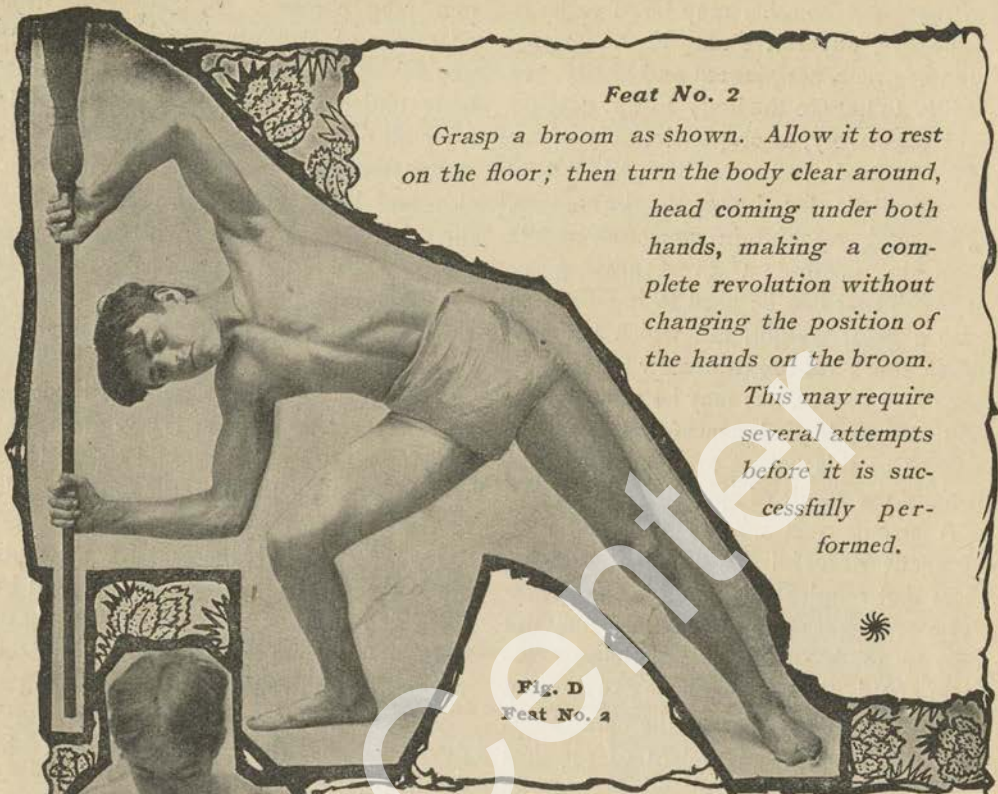


Fig. D
Feat No. 2

Feat No. 3

Grasp a small stick as shown in illustration and jump through it, then jump back again. This may be found difficult at first, but a few attempts will make it comparatively easy to perform.



Fig. E
Feat No. 3

Feat No. 4

Place the weight of the body on the hands while sitting with the feet in front, then bend and cross the legs and try to bring them from between the hands. This is not easy.



Fig. F
Feat No. 4

Fig. G
Feat No. 5



Feat No. 5

Rest the weight of body on hands and toes as shown. With a spring from the toes, keeping elbows straight, jump between hands and sit on floor without touching feet to the floor as they pass through the hands. This will require long practice.

Feat No. 6

From a kneeling position lean forward on your hands; bend your elbows and allow the weight of your legs to rest on your arms, balancing in this position. If you are strong you might attempt to raise the body to a handstand from this position. This is not very difficult.

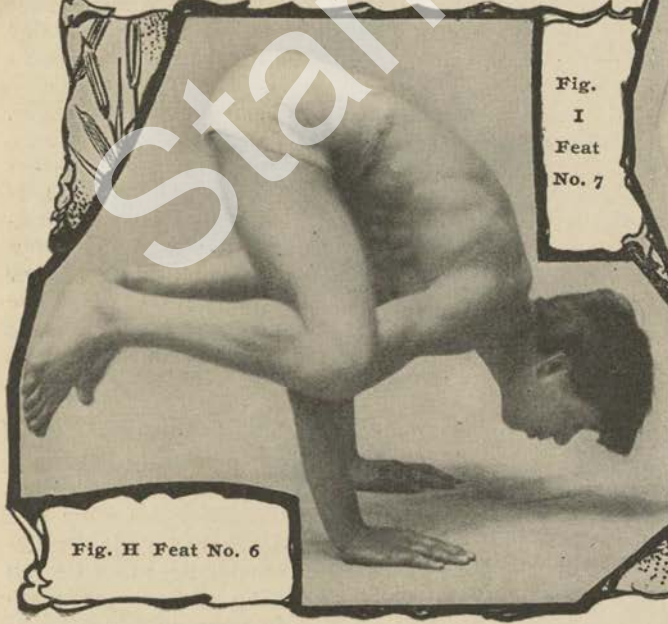
Feat No. 7

Grasp the toes of one foot with the hand as shown in illustration. Now spring and jump through with your other leg, then jump back again. This is not easy.

Fig. I
Feat No. 7



Fig. H Feat No. 6



Exposure of the Electric Belt Fraud

HOW THE GAME
— IS WORKED —
BY "JUSTICE"



WITH the editor's permission it shall please me from time to time in short articles in PHYSICAL CULTURE to describe the exact methods and lines upon which the quacks and electric belt venders, whose advertisements flood the newspapers from one end of the country to the other, conduct their honorable trade. As I, for my own part, have long ago ceased to be surprised at any fraud, rascality or inhumanity committed against the public in the name of "Business," I shall content myself by merely giving the straight facts, as they are in reality, leaving it to you to judge as to whether such talents as these ought, or ought not, to be confined within the walls of our penitentiaries.

It was only the other day that I overheard the manager in one of the offices of a self-styled specialist in nervous diseases, dictate a letter to an employee who was absent in another city, in which letter he recommended a friend of his for a vacancy in one of the offices, laying stress upon this friend's particular talent for *getting the last penny out of the patient* by aid of a strong letter; these being his exact words.

I mention this because I want to impress upon you the fact that this *getting the last penny out of the patient* is, in short, the underlying motive for all the efforts of the quacks and electric belt venders whose advertisements are so often seen; at least, I have found no exception to the rule as yet, and I know my worthy friends pretty well. Absolutely no scheme is too low, no trick too dirty, to be used as a means to this praiseworthy end. What is meant by a *strong letter* is an epistle to the sick couched in sympa-

thetic terms. In the guise of humane motives, they, on the one hand, cater to the morbid fears of the man or woman by suggesting still greater suffering, and death; and on the other hand, hold out hope in the shape of the imposter's medicine or belt, whatever it may be, to be obtained at a certain price. Thus they gather in these poor people's money, and continue to gather it in from month to month, as long as they have a penny left; for, as a rule, it is the very poor and ignorant and wretched who fall victims to this fraud.

In this paper I shall show you the methods of an electric belt establishment which has succeeded in throwing its dragnet out over the entire United States, Mexico and Canada (I am informed that it has gone over to Europe also), gathering in hundreds of thousands of dollars, thanks to these dear friends of the people, the popular newspapers which carry its advertisements.

Behind this scheme stands a man whose genius consists in an intimate knowledge of the sick, suffering man's or woman's longing for health. He knows that this impulse is the most powerful in the world. The contemptible leech has evidently been sick himself; he has therefore a perfect acquaintance with the symptoms and sufferings of the sick, and he now busies himself with turning this knowledge and experience into cash. He might have been a noble man if he had used the knowledge he possesses in a genuine and sincere effort to alleviate the sufferings of the world, but as it is, he is beneath contempt.

Daily you can find his advertisement in the paper, with pictures suggesting strength and health, telling the world that he has "*Joyful News*" for the sick; that he, and not Prof. Loeb, has made the discovery that electricity is life; that he can set the blood jumping, dancing and playing like a kitten in your veins by aid of

his wonderful belt (Send for my beautifully illustrated free book. Don't delay!), etc.

The essence of this can be put shortly thus: I am a humane man; I have discovered a method by which I can cure the sick and give new strength to the weak. I desire all of you who suffer to benefit by my discovery.

Thereupon let us proceed into one of the offices of this humanist, and acquaint ourselves with the methods by which he pursues his good work.

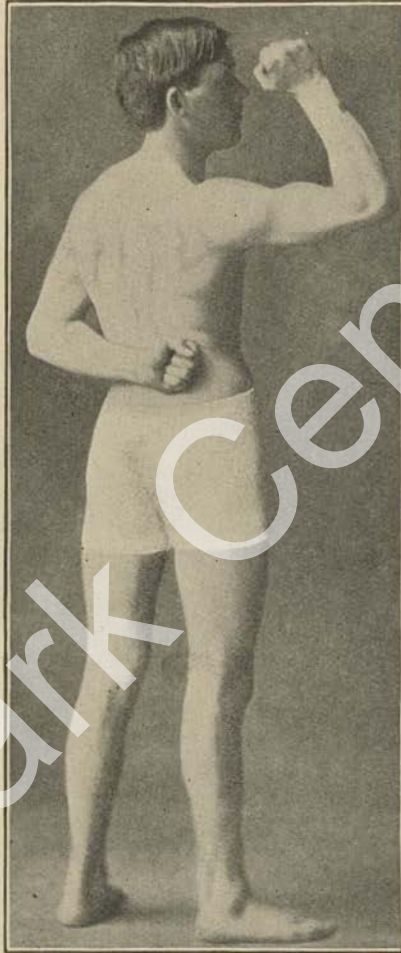
As my space is limited, I cannot go into any details, but must confine myself to giving an outline of the operations of the establishment.

We find no doctor there to look after the correspondence, nobody but a shrewd-looking, cunning, little old man, the manager, and half a dozen typewriter girls. The doctor himself, who, you must remember, is not a doctor at all, sits in a central office, and writes his artful advertisements, which are to spread over the country to gladden newspaper editors hearts, and gather in another crop of the land's sick and poor and miserable, who afterward, by the aid of "strong letters," are to be manipulated for their last journey at leisure. Let us see how he goes about manipulating them.

We first receive your letter, putting you in the patient's list. You have replied to our advertisement, and we send you our beautifully illustrated book, a list of

questions for you to answer, and a letter. The book does its work by the force of suggestion. It shows you up to yourself in a horrible condition; shows you plainly and convincingly that you have one leg in the madhouse, and the other in the grave, and that yours would

indeed be a pitiable lot had it not been for that boon to suffering mankind, Dr. Leech's Electric Belt, which, however, can cure you with swiftness and certainty. Many beautiful illustrations of strong men and women, with a sparkling belt around their waists, adorn its pages. In the question list you are asked to give a candid and fearless description of your disease; we, who now play the role of the humanitarian doctor (who is not there) pledging ourselves to sacred secrecy in regard to these secret ailments of yours, which trouble you very much indeed. *No correspondence reaches any other eyes than my own*, say we soothingly to you. You tell us your secret, and straightway we have an iron grip upon you. If afterward, when



C. H. Bastin, San Jose, Cal.

you have sent us your money, received our belt, and become disillusioned as to its merits, you become unmanageable and disagreeable in any way, all we have to do is simply to mention *that unfortunate trouble of yours* to make you as meek as a lamb. The letter we send you is ready-made, as it were; it is an imitation typewritten affair, to which one of our

typewriter girls adds your name and address, and stamps the doctor's name in imitation handwriting. Afterward we put it through a machine called "The Wringer," which wets it and blurs the print and the typewritten name and address, making it appear as though the whole was really typewritten. In the letter we have inserted an apology to you for the blurred appearance of same, which we tell you is due to our copying press. The contents of the letter make it seem as though it has been dictated for you by the doctor himself (who is not there). He tells you of the wonderful merits of the belt, of the thousands he has cured by it, and assures you that his personal attention shall be yours throughout the treatment. (Some people call this fraud, while others call it business.)

The question list, giving all these secret and other ailments of yours, comes to hand, together with a sample bottle of your urine, which we have requested that you send for microscopical examination; the receptacle for waste in the backyard always receives these bottles, which are never uncorked, the truth being that we have no microscope at all. But this does not prevent us from writing you artful letters, scaring the wits out of you, telling you all about what a serious condition the examination found your liver, kidneys, etc., to be in. (Some people would be inclined to give this some worse name than fraud, but others call it business.)

In answer to the question list, and your letter accompanying this, in which you, as a rule, give us the complete story of your life, laboring evidently under the supposition that we are a wise and grand old doctor, who will take a fatherly interest in your tremulous story, we send you our diagnosis letter, another imitation typewritten affair.

I regret that I cannot give this diagnosis imitation typewritten sheet here in its entirety, for it is a masterpiece of its kind. "*Your description of your disease is to hand, and I have given my careful personal attention to every symptom in your case,*" the doctor (who is not a doctor, and who is not there at all) is made to say to you in the beginning, and he goes on to tell you about what a hor-

rible unfortunate condition he finds you to be in, then switches off to praise his belt, which he says "will pump you full of life once every twenty-four hours," these being the exact words of the letter. "*Now, Mr. Jay,*" he winds up, "*I have made a most careful study of your case, and am sure that I have made no mistake. I desire you to use my belt, the price of which will be ———,*" and here the printer has left open space for the amount, to be filled in by the typewriter. This enables us to tax you at our pleasure, and as we previously on the question blank have inquired about your occupation, etc., we make the price conform to the idea we have formed as to your financial capabilities, our principal object, as you know, being to get your last penny.

When, after you receive this letter, and have convinced yourself from its contents that we have made a correct diagnosis of your case, and that you have no time to lose if you want to steer clear of insanity, or death, you send us our remittance, we say in the jargon of the office that we have "landed you."

You then get our belt, try it, become disappointed in it when you find that it does not do as you had anticipated, fill you with life once every twenty-four hours. You write us to this effect, and we straightway, in another imitation typewritten sheet, inform you that a short medical course should be used in conjunction with the belt to awaken your dormant energies, which will be only five or ten dollars per month. Please remit with order. And you, like the trusting fool you are, remit, and thus the game goes merrily on as long as your pocket-book and good faith abide. A "Strong Letter" man who can manipulate you, and make you remit from month to month, ad infinitum, is worth money to his employer at this stage of the game.

Sooner or later, however, comes the time when your money or patience gives out, and it is then for us to jolly you along. There is no money in this for us, and it is therefore the most important part of the proceedings. In this office we have trained one of our little typewriter girls to write these letters, and she has acquired a skill and expertness at this that makes the shrewd-look-

ing, cunning, little old manager proud of her.

You may write us from out of the depths of despair, in the convulsions of death, in an agony of pain; plead with us to get your money back, or grow abusive, and threaten us with the law; this little girl of nineteen will know how to answer, consoling or subduing you, as the case requires. With the same ease and dispatch does she give expert advice on heart trouble, consumption, men's private diseases, or prolapsus of the womb. She it is whom you consult about this secret ailment of yours, and who counsels you as to whether you ought to marry or not. When no money is to be gotten out of you, the manager simply writes "jolly" with a blue pencil on the top of your letter, and she and her faithful typewriter do the rest.

Space forbids me to go any further, but I hope I have given you some kind of an idea of how such a concern does business. You will understand that the whole thing is carried on by aid of imitation typewritten letters, which you are made to believe come from a doctor who has diagnosed your case, is interested in you, and has your welfare at heart. As to the belt itself, it is entirely worthless, as you can well comprehend after you

have become acquainted with the methods by which it is advertised. The whole thing is fraud, swindle and inhumanity of the most damnable kind—a means by which scoundrelism of the darkest type finds it possible to rob the weak and destitute and miserable right under the nose of the law, in full view of the whole stupid, uncomprehending world.

Under the mantle of humanity, disguised by their pretension of sympathy, friendship, charity, love, good will, shielded by the black night of the colossal and seemingly hopeless stupidity of the world, the electric belt fraud, the quack, and the newspaper men who do their advertising, stalk forth together on the same errand. Comrade-like, they aid each other in draining the money from the pockets of the trusting victims, and afterward share the loot. Hypocrisy, falsehood, deceit, fraud, inhumanity, rascality of the worst kind, gather in their foul harvest under the guise of humane motives, in the name of "business." But over the whole hovers steadily, silently, the sense of outraged justice, the sense of the unspeakable contemptibility, of the deep damnation of it all. Would that this sense become strong enough to burst its fetters and sweep the wrong before it!



D. J. SINNOLT, BOSTON, MASS., TAKING A SNOW BATH.

Shifting the Responsibility

By *William J. Church*



RECENT discussions with individuals on topics pertaining to health has revealed the fact that there are a great many people who labor under the impression that ill-health is one of the things God visits upon His people, not because they have violated any of the laws of health, but as a sort of admonition for a violation of some moral law.

They claim that if we are ill it is because God wills it. If death comes into the family, He has taken the loved one away. Everything that happens must be His will, because He permits it to come to pass.

It is true they do not hold the All Wise One responsible for the minor ailments of life; their common sense prompts them to see that they have violated some physical law, and as a consequence are paying the penalty.

It is when they have been afflicted with some serious malady for which they cannot account that they seek to shift the responsibility onto God.

Of course, we can all see plainly enough there is no reason why the more serious affliction is the judgment of God than the lesser, aside from the fact that our limited knowledge concerning things physical prevents us from discovering the why and wherefore of it.

While there is no doubt in the mind of anyone that disease and premature death are the judgment of God—through Nature—for the violation of physical laws, my idea is to show that this punishment comes only upon those who have in some way transgressed the laws of their physical being.

Man is not afflicted with physical punishment for transgressing moral laws, unless the moral law is one which governs the physical being as well; thus when we desecrate the human body in any way by acts of our animal nature, we

violate one of the commandments of our Creator, and we break a moral and physical law at the same time and must suffer the consequences. No pardon awaits those who heedlessly trample under feet the laws of Nature. Her laws are firm, unchangeable, and if we sin against her in the least possible way, we must pay the penalty, possibly not in any outward manifestation of disease, but in reduced energy of mind and body. In a truth, we sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind.

While I am trying to impress upon the reader that disease can come only from natural causes, I would add that many are afflicted with numerous ailments who are not altogether responsible for them. They may have inherited some undesirable trait from their progenitors, or are compelled by circumstances to follow some unhealthful vocation. Many are they who would gladly, yea, joyfully, leave the dark, ill-ventilated store or factory to bask in God's life-giving sunlight and breathe in the pure air of heaven.

To Nature, however, it matters not whether the laws have been broken willfully, ignorantly or through circumstances beyond our control. The one fact remains that the body has been abused, and the transgressor cannot escape the punishment which comes as a result.

Let us remember that disease, like sin, is a creation of man. It is as impossible for God to create disease as it is for Him to create sin. Sin is the violation of laws of moral conduct, disease the result of violation of the laws of the body. Imperfect health cannot be the creation of the Supreme Being, for God never made a spurious or imperfect article.

Let us, then, forever cease this charging up to God what can only come through unnatural living and remember that good health, like "all good and perfect gifts," is the gift of God, for it is His will that all should live in harmony with Nature's laws and enjoy the superb powers of manhood and womanhood.

A Woman's Husband

By John R. Coryell.



HERE was a time when the law of a country, supposed to be civilized, recognized the right of a woman's husband to beat her in the way of correction, provided he did not use a rod any thicker than his thumb. Under those

circumstances it surely behooved a woman to take note of the thickness of a man's thumb before she was married to him. Now, beating being no longer considered a legitimate marital exercise, a woman may properly concern herself about other matters in relation to the man who would be her husband.

For some reason, which is not quite clear to me, a woman has very much less choice in husbands than a man in wives; she must take what comes along and thank heaven that it came at all. She may think to herself that Henry Jones would be the very man she would like to mate with, but on no account must she permit Henry to have any suspicion of what her thoughts are in relation to him. On the contrary, if William Smith, to whom she is indifferent, or perhaps more than indifferent, should indicate a preference for her, it is her affair to encourage him, even while keeping her weather eye on Henry, lest he should show some tendency her way and be lost for want of a little watchfulness. I think this comes very near to being the limit of what a woman may properly do toward obtaining the man of her choice.

Why is it improper for a woman to be active in choosing a husband for herself, a father for her children? There are countries wherein it is not held wrong

for a woman to tell a man frankly that she loves him, and where it is the man who is coy and bashful. Indeed, the relations of men and women to each other vary so in different parts of the world that it is impossible to say that any rule is the right one. We are familiar with polygamy, because of our



John H. McIntosh, Butte, Montana.

Mormon settlements in Utah, so that, however shocking it may be to think of many women with one husband, at least there is no novelty in the idea; but with polyandry we are not familiar, and it may come as a surprise to many persons to know that there are

many peoples in the world who consider that the correct method of procedure is for one woman to have many husbands. Of course, in these cases it is the woman who holds the purse and who doles out the money to her husbands; and it is the daughters who are considered first in the division of an estate. Children of these polyandrous marriages take their names from their mothers, of course.

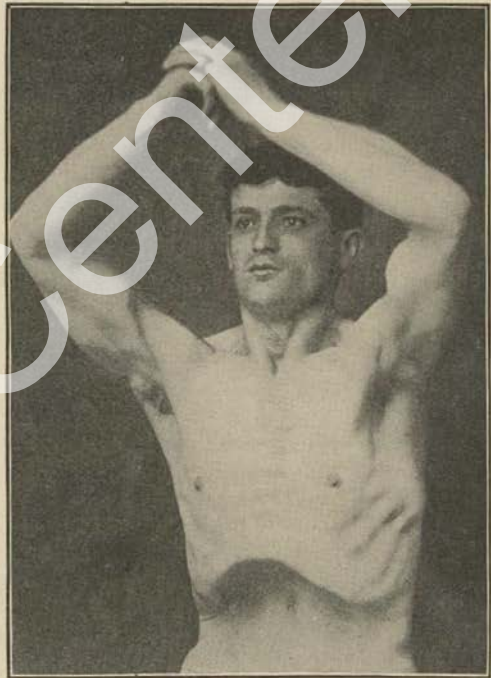
Among the lower animals, mating takes as many, if not more, forms as among us; and some of the ways of the lower animals are decidedly interesting, not to say exciting. There is the spider, for example, who marries in haste and has no time whatever in which to repent. Madam Spider, to begin with, is larger than her husband, but she never thinks of abusing her strength and size, as human husbands sometimes do; on the contrary, she is as kind as possible during the entire honeymoon, and only eats up her husband when the honeymoon is over. As for the queen bee, she not only permits no other female in the hive, but her nuptial flight is ended by the death of all her numerous husbands.

Of course, there is nothing in any of these examples to enable the woman of our civilization to improve on her way of coming by a husband; but they do show that there is more than one way; they do show that the male is not of necessity the superior animal. Woman may be inferior to man, and she may not be entitled to any wider choice in the selection of a husband; but I am not prepared to admit that these things should be so on no better ground than that they are so. And, indeed, it seems to me that the same notion is gaining ground among the women themselves; for the term "old maid" is heard very much less now than formerly, and its place has been taken by the less reproachful but more absurd term, bachelor girl, such girl being one who is unmarried from choice.

As a rule, the bachelor girl is one who realizes that if she will not marry the first man who offers himself, whether she loves him or not, she must

set to work at earning her own living. Formerly it was little less than disgraceful; certainly it was an evidence of queerness in a girl that she should try to earn her own living, instead of getting it in the good, old-fashioned way by marrying. But by dint of perseverance and by proving that she can do it as well as her fellow man, the world has settled down into acceptance of the fact that woman has a right to be independent of man if she have the ability.

Of course, there are only a few of the women workers who are deliber-



Mr. Joseph Baum of Boston, Mass.
A Wonderful Control of the Diaphragm is shown
in this picture.

ately trying to make themselves independent, and there are still fewer men, perhaps, who have discarded the old notion that there is just one place for a woman, and that the house. It is an odd thing, though, that many a lordly man has settled down, in the utmost comfort, to letting his wife support him. Of course, if the wife doesn't object, I don't know who should; but it does jar one a little to see a man living

on his wife's earnings and yet maintaining a superior air of manhood all the while.

I hope it will not be supposed that I am pretending to fight woman's battle for her. I am not. I think she is able to fight her own battles, and must do so if they are to be won; but I am anxious to assure her that there is no reason on earth why she should not have the best of everything; and that without any fighting at all. Nor do I mean a husband when I say the best of everything, although I do think that the right man to mate with will go far to making a woman as happy as any other one thing—perhaps further.

But how to mate with the right man is the question of questions. If a woman must wait shyly and silently until the right man hunts her out, the chances are that she may go to her grave unwedded; and the worst of it is that many a woman, eminently fitted to be a wife and mother, is forced by ultra-conventionalism to hide her good qualities behind a mask of indifference, and does go to her grave filled during that long, lonely journey, by a passionate longing to be a mother. And at the same time, quite as many women, who are so undersexed as not to have any longing for motherhood, but who have had fewer scruples about wedding without love, yet have been married and have either become unwilling mothers, or have not been mothers at all.

It is not right, is it? And yet what woman is going to set convention at defiance and boldly start out to court the young man of her choice? No doubt the time will come when a woman will be as free as a man in indicating her preference; but just at present a frankly husband-seeking woman would find that unaccustomed man would be repelled rather than attracted by her efforts to win the one whom she could make happy and who would make her happy.

But there is another way: instead of going out into the highways and byways seeking the husband she will be the happier for having, let the woman go her own way, making the best of herself as if that were her only object

in life; cultivating her physical, her mental, her moral self until she has no need of man for any other purpose than companionship and parenthood. Then she may be assured that she will have a free and full choice; then she will find that man will want her far more than ever the dependent, undersexed woman wanted man. Indeed, I am not at all sure, if one could get at the truth of the matter, but that man to-day cares more for woman than she does for him, and that if woman only had sufficient courage to try the experiment of independence, she would soon have man in a very anxious frame of mind.

I know it will be easy to point to the flirtatious young woman and her train of young men, as if she and they were a proof that the woman has a wide choice in husbands; but the fact is that her case is the exception, while it is also a fact that most of the young men in her train are only amusing themselves. The unfortunate truth is that it is the habit of our world—men and women alike—to look upon woman as the inferior animal. Our habits and customs indicate this attitude, and so do our laws. It would be easy to point to instances which disprove this assertion, but they would have little importance in view of the general feeling. Here, for example, is a quotation from a decision of Judge Dodge of Ohio, in a suit where a wife was suing another woman for alienating her husband's affections:

"A husband has a pecuniary interest in his wife, a father in his children. A father can recover damages against a man who seduces his daughter, but a mother cannot. She has not property in her, is not entitled to her wages. The father is head of the family, the husband is head of the wife, but the wife does not own the husband, the child does not own the father. I hold the child cannot sue for an injury to the father, nor the wife for an injury to her husband; but he can sue anyone who takes her away from him, who harbors her or injures her, because she is his own. The husband enforces his claim to his wife by striking down every one who interferes with his right to her.

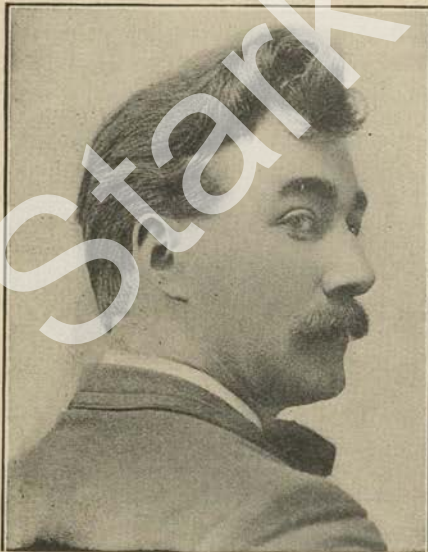
He owns her and dares the world to meddle with her. The law protects him in holding her. The law gives courage to his heart, strength to his arm, in defending his possession. But the wife looks to the husband. The law does not permit her to go forth to smite the seducer of her husband, nor the man or woman who entices him away."

That may not be good law—I hope it is not—but the judge dismissed the case. Anyhow, his words would seem to reflect the popular opinion on the subject. Then, too, if a woman's husband leaves her, she weeps and then goes to work, if she can find work to do; if a man's wife leaves him, he advertises in the papers that any one spending money on her account need not look to him for payment. It really is the truth that woman is considered the inferior animal.

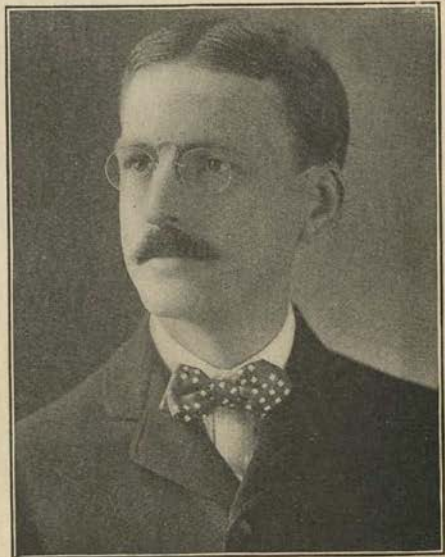
But is she? Is there any reason why a woman should not be physically the equal of man, as, I am sure, she has proven herself his mental and moral

equal. Is there any reason in the facts of her existence why a woman should not have a free choice of a husband? Is there any reason why she should not demand of him as pre-requisite to taking him for her husband at least as much as he demands of her? May she not properly say to the man who is offering himself as a husband: Have you been as clean in your life up to this time as I have been? Do you agree that there shall in the future be but one set of morals for both of us? Is it understood that I have as much right to get drunk as you? May I smoke tobacco or chew it if I choose? In short, may I have any habits that I see fit to take up? Or shall we enter into this partnership on an equal basis of decency, morality and health?

Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that until women have a real choice of husbands, a real choice of the fathers of their children, the children that come into this world will not be what they should be.



Mr. Gilman Low, the Artist and Athlete,
Instructor of Physical Culture
Society in Boston



Mr. John R. Whalen, President Physical
Culture Society of Boston

Vaccination is One of the Main Causes of Cancers and Consumption

A. Oppermann, M. D.



BEFORE vaccination was known cancer was almost totally unknown. In the State of New Jersey 1,001 people died from cancer alone during the year 1900. The physicians wonder why? The answer is very plain—Vaccination! The curse of the Devil!

Dr. H. R. Gaylord, of Buffalo, has proven the close relation between cancer germs and the vaccine organism, and that they are of the same group, thus proving that the cause, that is supposed to protect the people from smallpox, is also the cause of cancer! This in itself should be sufficient cause, from a true medical professional point of view, to condemn vaccination.

Just think of a free people being forced to be inoculated with cancer germs!

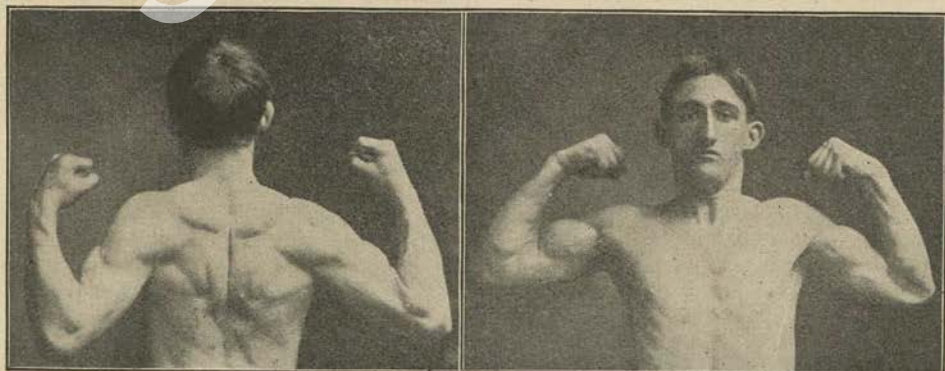
It was the theory of Dr. Koch that tuberculosis was *not* intercommunicable from a person to a beast, or from a beast to a person, but this is proven to be absolutely false.

Dr. George Barney, of Brooklyn, suc-

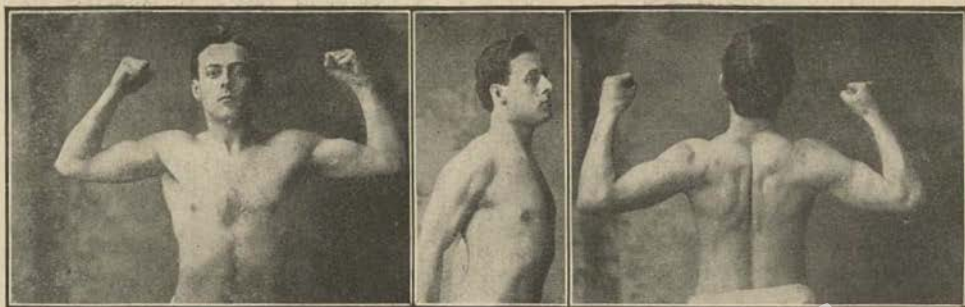
ceeded in inoculating a cow with tubercle bacilli from a human consumptive on October 22, 1901, and the cow took the disease; thus proving Dr. Koch's theory false. In November he succeeded in inoculating a woman with the bacilli from this cow, and gave the success of his experiment to the world.

This may seem as not being so very important to the people, but it is one of the greatest discoveries of the times, and for this reason: Before a calf is inoculated with the smallpox virus, in order to produce vaccine virus, to be used to vaccinate people, it is first inoculated with tuberculin, to see if the calf has consumption, the claim being made that the calf could not take consumption from the injection of tuberculin; but now that it is proven that it can, it will be easily seen what a vast number of people have caught the disease consumption—directly from being vaccinated—and no physician in the world, unless one of those diabolical beings of the Board of Deaths, can fail to condemn vaccination, after being fully acquainted with these facts.

After Dr. Barney gave the result of his investigations, the Board of Health



F. E. LEWIS, WELLESLEY, MASS.



J. J. BEAUDRY, BOSTON, MASS.

of Brooklyn condemned him for inoculating a woman, and seized the cow, as if it were more of a wrong to inoculate one person to save millions of others, than what they have done in inoculating millions before now. This proves the foul work and hellish bigotry of the different boards of health!

This we found in February Adept, written by Dr. R. S. Clymer, Souderton, Pa.:

In a late issue of the *Medical Record* (April, 1901), in an article on the importance of aseptic (non-poisonous) vaccination, Dr. W. K. Kubin has listed the complications that have *certainly followed* vaccination, as follows: Albuminuria, axillary lymphangitis, ulceration, gangrene, hemorrhagic vaccinia (akin to hemorrhagic smallpox), hæmophilia (bleeding and swelling of the joints), keloid (cancroid), protracted fever, bowel trouble, eczematous affections, ophthalmic vaccinia (poisoned eyes), psoriasis, pemphigus, phagedæna, purulent infection, erysipelas, sepsis, nephritis, choleric form diarrhœa, otitis media (running ears), tetanus or lockjaw, cellulitis, axillary adinopathy, septicæmia, abscesses, phlebitis, pyæmia, thrombosis, uræmia (kidney poison), axillary abscesses, purpura, lupus, asphyxia, suppurations of glands, gangrenous ulcerations, phlegmon, parenchymatous nephritis, paralysis, convulsions, œdema of lungs, multiple gangrene, acute septicæmia, acute osteomyelitis, contraction of muscles, impairing use of arm; neuritis, ankylosis, loss of sensation, synovitis, meningitis, cerebro-spinal meningitis, pneumonia, pyæmic abscess, pyuria, glandular abscess in groin, and phlegmonous cellulitis—only 56 different diseases!

It would be hard to find a more gruesome list anywhere. This fact should forever condemn the use of a poison which is the cause of so many human ills.

Such diseases have certainly followed *impure* vaccinations. Is it possible that even one physician can be found in the United States who will risk the *guess*, "Is this virus pure, or impure?" Have they all lost their conscience, their love for humanity, for the innocent children? Do they not know that a God lives to judge their deeds? Shame on the profession!

There are two principal kinds of vaccine virus in use at the present time in the United States. These two kinds are dissimilar in character; the one originating in smallpox given to a cow, and the other originating in cowpox, which has been traced to syphilitic sources, on the hands of persons who milked the cow.

By the use of the virus of the first sort smallpox may be communicated, and this is the reason that sometimes we read of persons just vaccinated starting smallpox epidemics. By the use of the second kind of virus, syphilis is frequently communicated, and this is the reason why there is such an enormous increase in syphilis among the younger persons of the population.

This increase is so pronounced that Dr. Matthews, president of the American Medical Association, in the same address, in which he scored the anti-vaccinationists, called upon the society to appoint a special committee to investigate the enormous increase of syphilis. Poor man! He was ignorant of the fact that he himself is one of the principal supporters of the system that manufactures

this and fifty or sixty other diseases by the wholesale!

The latest decision of the best bacteriologists is that they cannot differentiate the pure *aseptic* from the impure, *septic* or *poisonous* vaccine virus, before inoculation into the human body!

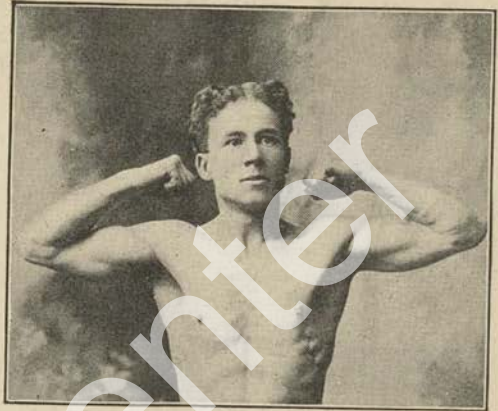
By looking into the Medical Dictionary we find: "Pox, from pocks;" "Syphilis—*variola*." By looking under the word "pock" we find it to mean a little pouch, a pock, a pustule of smallpox. Under "smallpox"—*variola*—we find it comes from the word "varius," "spotted"; or from "vari," "pimples." This disease is capable of being produced by inoculation, but this inoculated smallpox is communicated as readily through the air as the natural smallpox, or that received without inoculation. So we find pox (big pox) is variola, syphilis; and smallpox is variola, also—therefore, small syphilis!

Under the head of self-limited diseases in the same dictionary we find smallpox given as an example for a self-limited disease—not altered, cut short, or benefited by any kind of treatment.

Vaccination is a crime! Parents, will you submit yourselves and your children to this ghastly risk? Must we stand still and have the bodies of our innocent chil-

dren poured full of poisonous drugs, that may cause fifty or sixty different diseases? And if they do we cannot get damages, because it is *scientific treatment!* Legal murder! People, think, wake up! Demand your legal rights!

If a child should have been vaccinated



A. ENISON, LISCOWELL, ONT.

against the parents' will, and you aim to destroy the efficacy of the virus, alcohol, strong vinegar, lemon juice, or the application of a hot compress, will counteract the virus, if applied very soon after inoculation.

Surgeons Perform Needless Operation with Fatal Results

Mr. Frank Buettner, of Cleveland, O., one of the city's most prominent business men, is dead.

Mr. Buettner was attacked one night with severe laryngitis. The choking which followed so confused him that he imagined he had swallowed his false teeth, and that that was causing the trouble. He was taken to a hospital and X-rays applied by an expert. The resulting plate showed what the doctors concluded must be the false teeth in the oesophagus next to the orifice leading into the stomach.

The only remedy, they concluded, was to cut open the oesophagus. The operation was nearing a close and no trace of the teeth had been discovered, when

the doctors were astounded by an attache of the hospital who walked in and handed to the surgeon in charge the teeth. The doctors could not find them in the oesophagus for the simple reason that they were not there.

A relative of Mr. Buettner, being in doubt as to his swallowing his teeth, made a search for them in the house while the doctors in the hospital were looking for them in the oesophagus. Their mistake was due, so they say, to some fault of the X-ray apparatus, which indicated an obstruction in the oesophagus, whereas the whole difficulty was caused by acute laryngitis.

Mr. Buettner was seventy years of age and the shock of the operation was so great that he died.

Random Shots at the Unnaturalists: Hygienic vs. Unhygienic Methods

By Charles E. Page, M.D.



STRANGE as it may seem to some persons, even the best treatment cannot always cure; it will not raise the dead, nor cure the moribund. A sick person may die even in a good sanitarium where natural means for cure are employed; it is a fact that there was a death in one not long ago. And what a shout went up from the regular medical profession and was echoed by the newspaper press. It is not doubted by thoughtful students but that the patient would have died just the same, probably somewhat sooner, if she had been in a "regular" medical hospital. We are well aware that thousands on thousands of patients do die in the hospitals who would not have died had they been in such a sanitarium as the one above alluded to.

It will not be questioned by anyone but that the Massachusetts General Hospital of Boston compares well with all other regular institutions of the kind in this country or Europe; it is

strictly "regular," or "old school." No better illustration can be given of the boasted "progress of medical science" than is found in the history of the mortality in typhoid fever during 78 years, up till 1899. During the first period of 38 years, the death rate in this disease was 12.75 per cent.; during the second period of 40 years the death rate was 15.5 per cent., an increase in the mortality of 2.75 per cent.! That is, the average mortality was more than 20 per cent. higher the last 40 years than the previous 40, or 38, to be exact.



J. George De Cost, Boston, Mass.

And this, too, in face of the known fact that the normal death rate, so to speak, in typhoid fever, is not above 5 per cent. at the outside; that is, not more than five patients in one hundred die when they are given physiological or natural treatment, viz: skillful hydrotherapeutic treatment and therapeutic fasting. In one series of cases numbering 1,223, treated by Drs. Brand, Juergensen and Vogl, there were but 12 deaths (1 per cent.). "And most significant of all," says Dr. Baruch, a leading New York regular, who has made great efforts to propagate hydro-

therapy in this country, "not one of these twelve deaths occurred in any case that came early under the treatment." This means, practically, no death rate at all under the most favorable circumstances, in this disease which does kill—or in which the prevailing medical treatment embracing drugs, alcoholic stimulants, and forced feeding, does kill—more than fifty thousand people in this country every year according to the estimate of Prof. Victor C. Vaughan, of the University of Michigan. Nor is this all, for to this terrible slaughter we have to add another fifty thousand lost lives, since the statistics supplied by our life insurance companies show that one-fourth of all patients (about 200,000) who are said to recover from typhoid fever finally die prematurely of consumption!

Now, the foregoing is a long way from being a "random shot;" it is a clean, straight shot in the bull's eye, after prolonged study of the entire field. It was the same sort of medical men as those connected with the hospital above named and those who do most of the killing in private practice, who treated President Garfield, and "fed him for pus" during his long illness, drawing off the pus in quarts every day, finally killing him; for it was not at all the bullet that did it; that was found nicely encysted at the autopsy, and it had not occasioned the least disturbance for a long time prior to the patient's death. Garfield was fed *ad nauseam*; he was fed till his stomach could not be made to retain a drop of food, and till he was tortured with pain; then he was slugged with morphine to deaden his senses, while the doctors filled up his lower bowel with food substances to putrefy there, as they did in the stomach and intestines; and all this putrefaction was, as above remarked, drawn off in quantities from hour to hour. And this, too, in the case of a very obese man, who could have lived, and with advantage to his vitality, on fresh water for sixty days at the very least. Had he been thus "fed" he would have been at ease while the wound was healing, with not the slightest occasion for opiates or other drug poisons; and he would have recovered.

The same sort of doctors kept the President's little son, Teddy Roosevelt, sick

with pneumonia for many weeks, and gave him a close call for his life, but added to their "reputation" and wealth thereby. The same sort of doctors helped Queen Wilhelmina into a dangerous illness, and kept her ill much longer than was necessary; they didn't kill the tough little Dutch girl, so she knighted them, and paid them enormous fees. The same kind of doctors fed President McKinley toast and coffee when he was apparently convalescing on a water diet, and his ending speedily resulted. Was it \$31,000 granted by Congress for reward to these "same kind of doctors?"

A glance at young Roosevelt's case: Of course it is not scientific to guess about the condition of the young man when the doctor was first called, nor about the entire treatment given; but the newspaper accounts clearly indicated that it was "regular," for they gave out that he was given several of the stock drugs and stimulants, and plenty of food all the way through. The prevailing treatment for pneumonia embraces various kinds of "pack" for the chest, the "pneumonia jacket" being one of these, a sort of sweat-pack, which would tend to provoke congestion of the lungs (inflammation of the lungs, pneumonia) of a healthy jungle elephant thus packed for any length of time. The average death rate in pneumonia under the prevailing treatment is close to 20 per cent., and, as in typhoid fever, those patients who are not killed suffer greatly from the treatment, and are apt to be left weak lunged, weak all through, in fact. But under the chest-chilling treatment, skillfully applied, even in spite of some feeding in face of stomach conditions which contra-indicate the ingestion of food, the death rate is less than 5 per cent. A Philadelphia hospital doctor who has practised this method for several years has published a mortality of only 3.66 per cent. in several hundreds of cases of true pneumonia; but he finds it impossible to induce any great number of his colleagues to adopt the method, curiously enough. It is reasonable to suppose that had Master Roosevelt applied a heavy cold compress over his chest when he first felt the difficulty in getting a deep breath, and had stopped eating till convalescent, he would have escaped his sickness entirely. And even when the phy-

sician was first called, this treatment, applied *in extenso*, would have aborted the attack within two or three days, in all human probability; at any rate it would have been the right thing, and would have abbreviated his illness materially; for every drop of alcohol and every swallow of milk or other solid food administered was on the wrong side of the account.

The great majority of the medical profession hold to alcohol as a remedy and (God save the mark!) as a food, and employ it more or less freely in typhoid fever, pneumonia, and all febrile diseases, in spite of the most convincing evidence that it is devitalizing to the animal organism under all conditions in health or disease. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. C. P., etc., recently deceased, was for many years before his death the chef of the great London Charity Hospital; for many years not a drop of alcohol was employed in the treatment of either acute or chronic diseases, and the hospital reports showed a smaller death rate, disease for disease, than in any other hospital in England.

To the lasting shame of the medical profession in Massachusetts, they are even now urging upon the State the necessity of monopolizing the trade in vaccine virus, or rather the manufacture of all the vaccine used in the State. The doctors advocating the bill are producing

evidence of the fatal results from using the vaccine virus of commerce, citing a very large number of cases of fatal tetanus in proof of their present contention. Though only a short time ago, when it better suited their purpose to suppress all such facts, in their fight before the public health committee against the anti-vaccinationists, they were as energetic in doing this. It was through medical log-rolling that they secured the compulsory clause; now commercial log-rolling will defeat State vaccine very likely.

Vaccination is about the most serious question before the human race to-day; it is serious enough when merely concerning those adults who are unwise enough to choose it; but to force it upon anyone, worst of all on a little innocent child, is an unforgivable crime. The first scratch on the little arm is an outrage; the ingestion of cow pox virus into a babe's circulation is a brutal outrage; the succeeding sore is a tribute to Nature in her efforts to repel and eliminate the vicious stuff, and a condemnation of the anti-naturalist's "interference with the order of Nature," the outcome of which can never be foretold, though it does not require the wisdom of a sage to assure us that it is necessarily harmful. Now that infant damnation has been eliminated from the Presbyterian creed, is it not high time to eliminate it from the medical one?

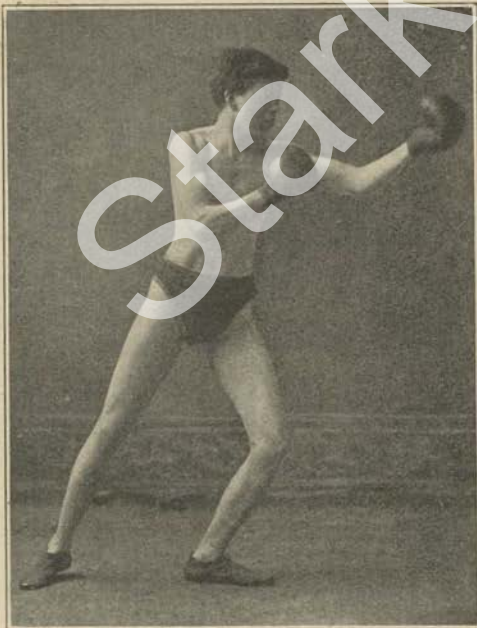


FROM THE PAINTING "THE RAINBOW."

The Practice of Physical Culture Ideas Seems to Bring Satisfactory Results

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir—I am on a farm, where I came for my health some little time ago. I cannot do the work of a hired man, but fill a boy's place. If I had to depend alone upon the food furnished at meals I should "pull up stakes," "give it all up as a "bad job." When I came here, very much weakened in body, it was with the firm belief that country life and the vicissitudes of daily outdoor labor was the normal, natural, most probable way to obtain a perfectly well-regulated physique. I have lived in the city all my life till now. The rush and turmoil of city life, the "rapid transit," the ear-splitting commotion of heavy traffic, cramped quarters, small skyspace, dingy buildings and hardening, soul-deadening effects of life so far from Nature—all this led me to try country life and the people here! With everything to encourage ideal life, in the beauties of abundant nature, they are contented to treat themselves a great deal worse than their cattle! For I noticed that cattle are fed with great care; calves are given just so much milk, only twice a day, and no more. It wouldn't do to overfeed them, no matter how ravenous they are. Yet the all-wise farmer will stuff and stuff a lot of worthless foods down his own throat and then



R. A. Ramsay, Toronto, Ontario.

wonder why it is that the world is so manifestly wicked. What can be done with such people—who do not know, will not know, cannot know. "Eyes have they, and see not; ears have they, but hear not." They are fit for an asylum, men and women who will not learn how to take care of themselves. They are criminals in society whose influence on young and weaker ones is demoralizing, aye, damning. They discourage and dampen youthful ardor, and drag out a miserable existence, and would drag down others to that kind of life. Oh, if people everywhere only knew themselves—that is, their bodies—better, what a different world this would be. But we, who do comprehend a right and wrong way, should encourage each other to go on and stick to it, "though as many devils as were tiles on the other's house-top would thwart our just ends."

JOSEPH RAY HARRIS,
Treadwell, N. Y.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir—I have been a watchful reader of both your magazines for the last two years, and have been much benefited by the teachings both theoretical and practical that I have found therein. I have interested several of my friends in the subject as well.

I have found the simple formula of Air, Light and Water to be the secret of good health. For twenty-three years I have been teaching by life and work God's gospel. About three years ago I found this was incomplete without the added doctrine of good health, thus making a body that is fit to be a temple of the Holy Spirit.

I am superintendent of a large electrical manufacturing concern, and the constant care of those in my employ would be too much for me, but for the simple lessons of living, eating, breathing and bathing that I have learned from your splendid publications.

I eat a good meal at noon and a light one at night, drinking plenty of water and little else. I take a cold bath every morning, winter and summer. I took a recent bicycle trip of twenty-nine miles in two hours and a quarter before seven o'clock in the morning, taking deep breaths along the way. This is no more than I do very frequently. I walk also a great deal; for instance, twenty-two miles yesterday before 11.30 in the morning. I wear light clothing all the year, which helps very materially to keep me in good trim.

There are many people who could be made more pure-minded and clean by knowing the laws of health which your magazines so ably show. Believe me to be with you body, soul and spirit in this great work.

Very sincerely yours,

IRJAH A. TERRELL,
1433 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TWO MEN WHO TURNED

By GEORGE TOWNSEND WESTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY GILMAN LOW.

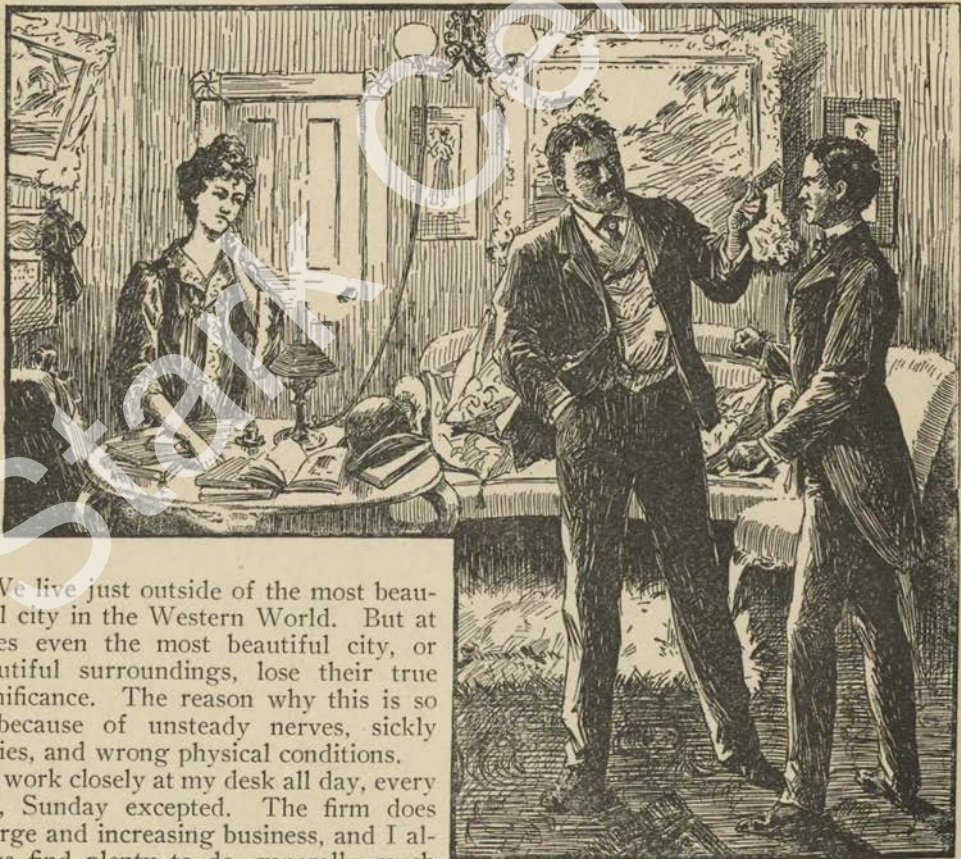
This story is entered in the Prize Competition and we would be pleased to have any interested readers write us their criticisms. The story which arouses the most favorable comment will win the prize.

I AM a bookkeeper. I wasn't always one, but that doesn't matter here. What I am going to narrate is something that concerns every man, whether he be a clerk, a porter, a writer, a bill collector, or what not. I meet scores of men every day who might profit by my experience in one way or another. I leave you to draw your own conclusions after reading this.

The prominent persons in this little story are The Minister, The Doctor (called plain Doc), The Other Fellow, and once in a while The Bookkeeper.

after a while, and he becomes unfit for about everything, mentally and physically. Why? Because he pays but scant attention to his physical needs. There is one way to avoid much of the discouragement, much of the monotony of this life, to say nothing of impending disease, caused by close attention to details, or, in other words, caused by "over-work." I say there is one way, for I have tried that way. It did wonders for me, as well as The Other Fellow.

The Other Fellow is really the most important man in this story, for without his presence, causing, as it did, constant



We live just outside of the most beautiful city in the Western World. But at times even the most beautiful city, or beautiful surroundings, lose their true significance. The reason why this is so is because of unsteady nerves, sickly bodies, and wrong physical conditions.

I work closely at my desk all day, every day, Sunday excepted. The firm does a large and increasing business, and I always find plenty to do, generally much more than I can do properly. Now, years of constant work like this tell on a man

"See How Easy," and He Shoved the Thing Nearer

irritation to me, I doubt if I would have ceased in my downward course until too late.

He lived in the upper flat; I was supposed to exist in the lower. I didn't know him when I moved in, nor did he know me. Before we got through with each other we both had learned a lot.

Now persons in the upper flat have rights and privileges; so also do persons in the lower flat. This was intended for a world of "give and take." Some don't know it now, and never will, even should it happen that they lived a thousand years. There's such a thing as too much density in some natures. Well, the Other Fellow is city editor of a down town daily. He has influence, credit, and friends—the kind that hover around any man with "pull" and power. He receives a large part of his living by "diplomatic pressure." Those who are "in" know what this means.

I had not been in the flat a month before he dropped in one night and talked politics. He wanted me to vote for "his man." It was going to be a very close shave for as dirty a politician as ever was to carry the Eighth Ward. Of course, he didn't designate his friend in these terms, and not being a truthful man, one could not expect he would. Would I help him? Now I suppose most bookkeepers are pliable men, both the little and the big, but especially the little bookkeeper. I wasn't large, and, what was more, was in very poor health, but I said very plainly, "No." I added, "I have only one vote, and that shall be cast for a clean man, if I can find him; I don't care who or what he is."

The Other Fellow was much put out at this. He began telling me how much he might be able to benefit me if I would put just my one vote for his choice. He said a lot more. It rasped on my nerves, yet I kept quiet, after I had said my say. I never like to repeat, but he didn't know that. Finally he sidled up in a snake-like way and flashed a bill (it looked like a fresh tenner) right in front of me. "It's yours, my little man," he continued patronizingly, "by just doing as I ask, and saying nothing. See how easy," and he shoved the thing nearer. His voice was as silky as corn tassels.

I involuntarily stepped backward, for

his breath was foul with his habitual beverage. He was persevering. "Come, brace up, and accept a friend's aid." I was mad before, but madder now. He evidently had concluded I was a mere puppet. I don't just know what happened at the beginning. Hope (she's my wife) said the center-table went over on the floor with a crash! Even a little man in ill health will make a noise if you prod him right. I showed The Other Fellow the door. I could scarcely breathe as I told him "to get." How I did wish I was able to forcibly put him out! But that was out of the question. When he passed out, he did so my avowed enemy, and I was equally determined to show up his rascality.

That was the beginning. From that time, to make a long story short, it was his pleasure and endeavor to make life as miserable and as uncomfortable for us as possible. He must have sat up nights and planned how to disturb us. If he could cause an insult to Hope, he would do it, and once, publicly, in the theater, he did so. I could not retaliate, because it would make a scene, and Hope dreads a scene. One dark night I was just entering the front stoop, when a form fell against me. I received a stinging blow on the head. I saw more than a million stars. It was no joke. I was in bed three days from the effects, and the Doctor took several stitches on my top scalp. Did I know who did it? Yes, perfectly; but why go to court unless you have proof and evidence? Better stay out. He took every advantage of me because I was weak and sickly, and knew I couldn't retaliate. He was large and strong, a noted pugilist, and wasn't afraid of any man. How at his mercy I was!

To go back a little. As I said, I was far from well. I would get up in the morning with not the least desire for work. There are a lot of men who go through life that way. But I enjoy my work. I wanted to feel perfectly well and to work hard right along. I began to wonder why I could not do this.

I had taken medicine, as thousands do—a lot of it. I'd take a half dozen bottles of this remedy, then switch off onto some other well-advertised brand of that. I guess I sampled all the kinds there were on the market. Yet I grew worse; didn't

want to acknowledge it; but pretty soon I had to do so.

Hope said one day, "Go see Dr. Swell." I cautiously inquired what he charged to feel your pulse and watch you hang out your tongue, and when I told Hope his price, there was nothing more said about seeing him. It's cheaper to die, sometimes, than to try to live.

Well, a friend came in. He said he knew a Doctor who was a "dandy." He wanted me to go to him, so one night I did so. He was a big, slow and lazy. He had Santa Claus whiskers, and certainly acted as if he would like to be thought of as a wise chap. He was quite deaf, and would smile equally as well when I asked a question or stated a fact, 'twas all the same to him, but not to me. For a while I wondered why it was he smiled. Then I thought it must be because he saw an "easy thing." It may be reasoned thus: "This fellow is most done; I'll jolly him along and get all I can from him. If I don't, some other man will." I felt creepy at the thought, yet I took his medicine. Here is where I was just human, I suppose. It was rank stuff. I felt worse after taking it, always, and stood it three days, then threw it all overboard. I was far worse now than I had ever been.

The Minister lives just across the way. He's a good fellow. I don't like what he preaches very much, and I'm of the belief that he doesn't, either; that is, a good deal of it. He's got to hold his job. Quite right, too. Then there's his flock. They want just what he flings at 'em, considerable Hell, and some fire and sulphur (though not quite as much as their fathers and mothers used to have). I never took any stock in this damnation business. It always seemed to me like going backward. I tell Hope if we slip up now and then in our earthly career, that it seems a mighty poor plan to throw us down harder. Physically, I've had a stretch of it right along, too, and enough's enough. Yet you can't blame The Minister, and, as I say, he's a first-rate fellow when you know him.

He came in one evening. He said, "You look done up." I said "Yes; it's a short road, too." There are times, don't you know, when things look so "away down," so miserable, that you just

want to have it all over without any fuss. I was there. The Minister began. 'He knew a doctor.'

I entered a mild protest. It was mild because I didn't have the strength to do otherwise. He placed his hand upon my shoulder, a strong, firm hand, and said, "Come with me. Right now," as I hesitated. "It's only a little way, and I know he'll help you." Anything would have touched me then. Don't you know sometimes that a kind word, even a glance, from one whose nature is sympathetic, eases that dull heartache? There was something in the way he put his hand on me, his great sympathy, that fixed me. I would have gone anywhere with him.

As we made our way slowly down the steps we met The Other Fellow coming up. He jostled me purposely, and rudely. I would have fallen had it not been for the stout grasp of The Minister. The Other Fellow passed on with a leer, while The Minister breathed hard, and muttered between his set lips, "'God made man in his own image,' but yet the Devil was cast in the same mold."

"Strange, isn't it?" I said. He nodded.

We found the Doctor in. He lived in a quiet street, unostentatiously, in a simple manner quite pleasing. He had a good face, a brainy face. It didn't look like a "fakir" face. It wasn't puffed up with conceit. He didn't appear to act as if he "knew it all" and expected you to take everything he might say as the only "right" thing. Yet, instinctively, I felt "here was a student." While taking my seat wearily, I noticed his library. Was it all medical works? Not all. There was a large case of those mysterious volumes, but I noticed another case equally as large, and among them noted the familiar Spencer, Fiske, Darwin and Huxley, with the lesser lights associating. I began to feel at home.

The Minister did most of the talking. I couldn't. I just wanted to lay back quietly and listen. Pretty soon The Doctor (I call him Doc now, for I know him so well) began to question me. He must have asked a hundred. He went at it in a clever way. He got at my disposition, likes and dislikes. I began to be interested. He didn't seem to bother much about my liver, or kidneys, or stom-

ach. He found my head was normal, and then asked a lot about the food I ate. I didn't dare to tell him the stuff I'd taken for years. Perhaps he knew it by looking at me. It is a wonder that the patent medicine ads. didn't stick out all over me. After a while he summed it up like this.

"If you will do just as I advise you, I'll have you feeling like a new man in two months. In six, you'll be as good as you ever were, and in less than a year, far better than you ever expected that you could be. There are just two things you need," he continued, "neither of which is medicine." He saw my surprised look, but made no comment. "The first is a proper diet. The second is proper exercise. I will write out for you a diet that you may begin with, and The Minister (here he gave a mysterious wink) will attend to the exercise."

This kind of treatment struck me as certainly out of the ordinary, and as he mentioned The Minister as one who would impart to me "exercise," I looked at that dear man, and noticed for the first time what a finely proportioned fellow he was. As a rule, you know, they are not anything great on physiqués.

I went home that night feeling rather doubtful, but I said I would try this treatment for a while. The Minister took me in charge. In a month I was feeling better; in two, I was simply looking forward again to everything in life. A change was surely coming over me. The sky was blue once more, the birds sang carols I never had listened to before, and the flowers and trees had a new interest for me.

One night The Minister came over. We sat on the front stoop talking, when The Other Fellow came out. He had a large and heavy bundle under his arm, and as he passed he conveniently allowed it to drop upon my foot. The pain was excruciating, for it was an injured foot, but I managed to keep a stiff upper lip. The Minister told me afterward, my face was white. He had jumped to his feet, and I heard him grit his teeth, then he as deliberately and with studied calm, sat down again. But his eye was on The Other Fellow, flashing fire. The Other Fellow made a loquacious apology. I accepted; what else could I do? Oh, if I

had been strong! As he went leisurely down the walk, The Minister quoted "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul; but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh." I saw the half smile concealed beneath his mustache. After a while he said quietly but with much emphasis, "The glory of young men is their strength. I want you to begin to-night and apply it. Come over to the house."

We went, and he took me up to his den. He opened a drawer and threw upon the table a pair of boxing gloves. "Now, my dear Bookkeeper, I'm going to initiate you into a new world. You have only just begun to taste the delights of life in the exercises to which you have been treating yourself."

Well, sir, he placed those gloves on my hands, The Minister, mind you! Ah, he is indeed a man! For the next two hours, he put me through the first rudiments of sparring. Did I enjoy it? Does a duck like the water? I entered a new life that moment, as he had told me. I was slow at first, but in two months, I found I was surprisingly quick. "You learn as easily as a young bird does to fly," remarked The Minister.

One evening Doc dropped in. The Minister called up his two boys. One a lad of fifteen stood up with Doc, and Doc stepped lively, too. But such beautiful specimens of anatomy! All brought to this splendid development by a bit of reasoning, care and common sense. I knew I was each day growing stronger, and what a thrill shot through me at the thought! At last my physical being was responding to the only treatment ever made for it—fresh air and proper exercise and proper diet.

One day The Minister showed me an article in the Daily Bludgett. It had come from the pen of The Other Fellow. It was a needlessly severe criticism on a sermon preached by The Minister. Criticism is proper, but insult, harsh and stinging words are not commendable. I said to The Minister, "Why don't you make him retract?"

"Oh, he has done that just because I'm friendly with you." Then he uttered another quotation, all the while gazing out of the window, "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other."

"Would you?" I asked quickly. He

made no answer. Some people forget that a minister is human.

Time went on, and I progressed rapidly. I found my work going like a well-regulated clock. Trial balances, hidden errors, other's blunders, the petty details, troubled me no more. My mind was clear and was working as the Almighty intended it should.

Every night The Minister, Doc and myself were at practice. I was soon able to stand my turn with either. What jolly times we had! How like a trio of big boys we were, and what great results were obtained!

Hope said one bright morning, "You look now like a boy I used to know so long ago."

Word was brought to me one day that friends wished me to enter as a candidate in the Eighth Ward. I felt strong enough now for anything, and you know (those who have been there), that politics makes about the most severe drain upon mind and body of any pursuit. In a moment of weakness (so Hope said, but which I really never regretted), I consented, and my opponent was the same particular chum of The Other Fellow.

I will not tell, could not tell, all that The Other Fellow tried to do in this campaign. He held us up to the public in the Daily Bludgett. First the Doc, then The Minister and then myself, all, as men who should be avoided. At times it was difficult to keep from answering his spurious and slurring attacks, but The Minister, he would quote Scripture by the yard; and Doc, he would smile in his quiet way, and I would go take it all out of the punching bag! In that way we avoided much trouble.

The climax came one day with a certain issue of the Daily Bludgett. It was rabid in its attack. It began with The Minister. It endeavored to show him a hypocrite, narrow-minded, small-salaried (and consequently proportionately small-brained), and wound up by saying he had been known to marry any couple for a price, without scrutinizing the license. This was the kind of man who supported The Bookkeeper in his candidacy in the Eighth Ward contest!

Then he started in for Doc, and did him to a turn. It intimated that he had been in numerous malpractice cases, was

"a backwoods chopper of a surgeon," and had never regularly graduated from any authorized school (The Doc had a dozen honors; he called them "empty affairs"). This was the kind of a doctor who supported The Bookkeeper in The Eighth Ward contest!

It was my turn next, and I got it. My record was an extra fine piece of work. I had been all but convicted of felony, blackmail, and was known as a bribe-taker, and, oh, well what's the use? I felt he was getting the worst of it, even then. The more some men get beaten, the louder they shriek.

All this was the day before the election, but the following night showed that The Bookkeeper was far in the lead in the matter of votes. It was a heavy fall for The Other Fellow. He wouldn't acknowledge defeat, and the following night the Daily Bludgett's columns had this to say: "The apparently successful [he claimed a re-count] candidate in the Eighth Ward may be a fighter. He weighs, we should say for a guess, one hundred and ten pounds with his winter clothes on, and we understand all the exercise he takes is from slinging ink. He hasn't the spunk of a worm, which insect will turn if trod upon. We fail to see how a man like this won the campaign, unless it was by more helpful but suggestive methods. What's he ever done? What's he going to do? Does he know anything? If he can answer any of these, the writer would be glad to be enlightened."

When The Minister saw this, I think he was what would be called "a wild Minister," if you ever saw one. He showed it to Doc. The Doc never scowls unless it means business. They did a bit of whispering, then came over to me.

"We think it is time to act. We want to ring down this curtain, and in such a way that it won't go up again, either." The Minister was the spokesman. "He doesn't know he's beaten, fair and square, and never will unless it's by his own weapons." Here he ceased for a moment or two. The Doc began to whistle softly. Pretty soon The Minister turned abruptly to me and said, all the while looking so queer, "Finish him."

They both waited to see how I would act.

"You mean to challenge him?" I asked, wide-eyed.

"Why not?" answered both with a knowing smile. "You are perfectly able to do it."

"All right," I replied. The Doc began to whistle again, and I caught the soft strains of "Narcissus," and could hear the Minister keeping time with his fingers on the table.

I grasped pen and paper. When I had finished I handed over the following:
To The Other Fellow:

Dear Sir: Your article in to-day's *Bludgett* has been brought to my attention. It will give me great pleasure to meet you to-night, at Sampson's at 8 o'clock. Regulation gloves, to a finish. Any second you may name is agreeable to me.

Yours,

The Bookkeeper.

Here's what I received in reply:
To the Bookkeeper:

Dear Sir: The pleasure is mine, I assure you beforehand. I'll be there promptly.

Yours, etc.,

The Other Fellow.

We met at the appointed place, and I didn't make my will ere I left home, either. The Doc was there to see that neither got beyond the danger line, so he said. I always believed it was just for the satisfaction of seeing The Other Fellow get what he deserved.

The Minister—well, the truth must be told—he was there as Referee. Think of it! I always do with pleasure. Just before we began I heard him quoting scripture. I caught this part as I stepped out on the floor:

"The merciful man doeth good to his own soul, but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh." I breathed a silent "Amen!"

As I stepped out, The Other Fellow opened wide his eyes. It was his first surprise, but not his last. His second, a well-meaning loafer, was less tactful, for an exclamation of approval escaped him. I said nothing, of course, but felt good to think they approved me.

We barely touched our finger tips, and began. I was calm; The Other Fellow a little nervous, but extremely confident. For a half minute nothing was done, but some lively work. Then I landed on his cheek, and left a bright red spot there.

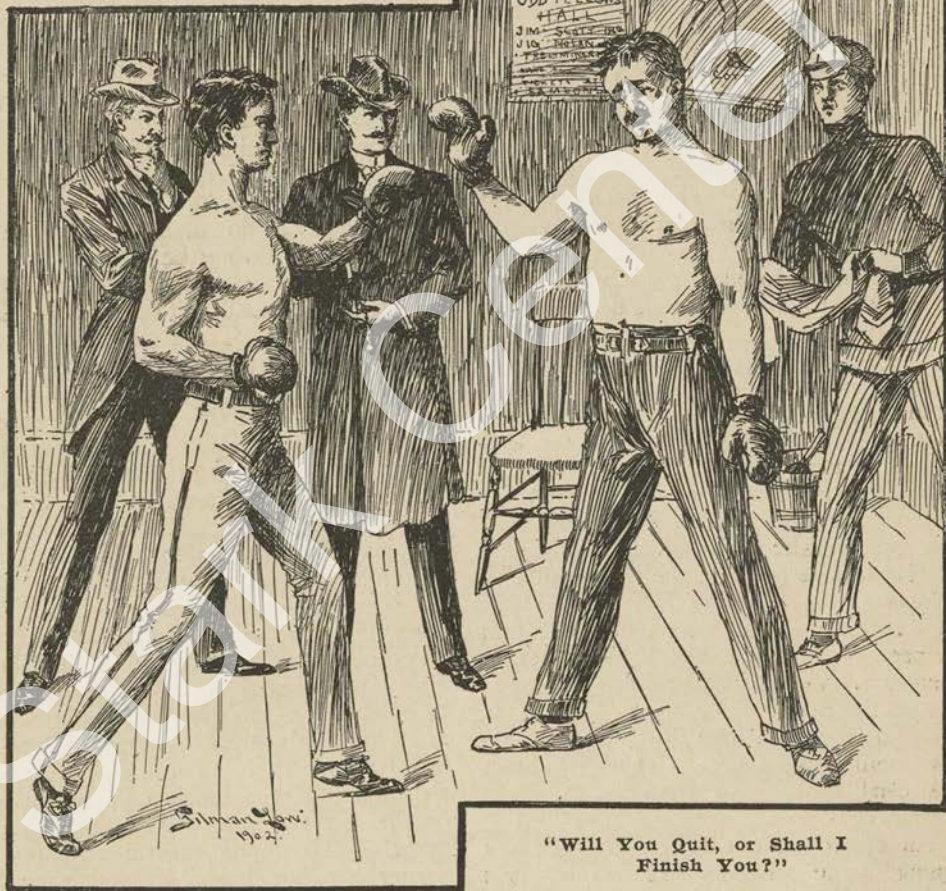
As I sprang lightly back I heard the Doc's voice reading from the *Bludgett*, mockingly, "The apparently successful candidate in the Eighth Ward may be a fighter." Just as he had ceased speaking I planted as nice a blow as I knew how, right on my opponent's nose, and a little red stream ran down through his mustache. I was back in position again, out of reach of his terrific swing, when I could hear The Minister saying, in his deep, resonant tone: "All the exercise he takes is from slinging ink, is it?"

I could see that The Other Fellow got badly rattled at this, and he came for me in dead earnest. He might have been trifling with me before, but he meant business now. I heard his second admonish him, but he never heeded the advice. It was all I could do to keep my guard up. Once I thought he would actually pound it down, but I simply was determined to do my best. Finally I let drive at his jaw and landed hard. It jarred him and he didn't offer to hit back; he acted weary. The Doc began his infernal quotations again: "He hasn't the spunk of a worm." I was soon called upon to apply all the skill I had at my command, for The Other Fellow seemed to obtain new strength, or was he just playing with me, after all? In a desperate moment I reached his wind. He gasped. The Minister said loud and clear: "What's he ever done?" Ere my opponent could recover I closed one eye with a smart right-hander. "What's he going to do?" solemnly inquired Doc. I let myself out then, for I knew it must be quick work. In the short resting spell, after the first round, I made up my mind to do whatever I did quickly; so, when we came together again, I gave him two or three quick jabs which worried him greatly. He made several attempts to corner me, but I was quicker than he, and in a little while he was puffing loudly and I saw his face was swollen. I said in an aside to Doc. "Is it enough?" "Yes," he answered. I braced again, and as we faced each other I said quickly, but very meaningfully, "Will you quit, or shall I finish you? Say quick," I added, as he hesitated between his labored breathing, and I sailed in, putting a hot one on the neck. It was hard enough to stagger him, but not to down him. I fainted for

an opening; it soon came, and a stinging left to the stomach, followed by a right swing on the point of the jaw, brought him heavily to his knees. Then, with a groan, he rolled sprawling to the floor. He tried to rise, but fell back. His eye, the good one, looked pleadingly into mine. He read his answer. "I'm beaten," he gasped as he staggered to his feet and fell exhausted into a chair.

His second was speechless with amazement. After a while everybody appeared

friends now, though that may seem strange. He stopped taking his beverages, looked into my method of living, and decided after a little advice that it



"Will You Quit, or Shall I Finish You?"

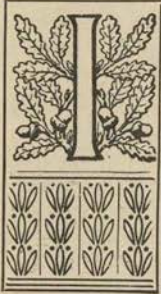
satisfied, even The Other Fellow. I hadn't a scratch.

Now this all happened years ago. We are all older now, and I don't suppose any of us would approve of such doings again. The Other Fellow and myself are

was a good way to live. He has followed it and has never been sorry. He's a good citizen, a fine specimen of a man, and thanks me for a great deal of it, and I return the compliment twofold. Why not?

Answer to a New York "Journal" Editorial on Vegetarianism

By George Prophter



IN writing against strict vegetarianism, and in favor of habitual meat eating, the editor of the *New York Evening Journal* has again slipped down from his high pedestal by way of a recent editorial entitled "Man Cannot Digest Solid Rock."

No, he cannot. If he could, he could digest that editorial.

I am neither a strict vegetarian nor a habitual meat eater, and am probably, therefore, better qualified to answer this than if I were strictly

the one or the other.

One of the greatest students of nature has said, "We do not know one-millionth part of one per cent. of anything."

Another old saying is, "The more knowledge you acquire, the more you know how little you know, and how much you do not know."

To believe these sayings honestly true, is in itself a mark of great intelligence.

To believe that you know all about a single thing is evidence of pitiful ignorance.

Meat, even when fresh, is unwholesome, naturally stimulating food (?), and when it is allowed to hang in a refrigerator until it is tender, that is, until it is ripe, or, in undisguised English, until it is rotten, putrified, it is no better than the decayed carcass of a bloated dog.

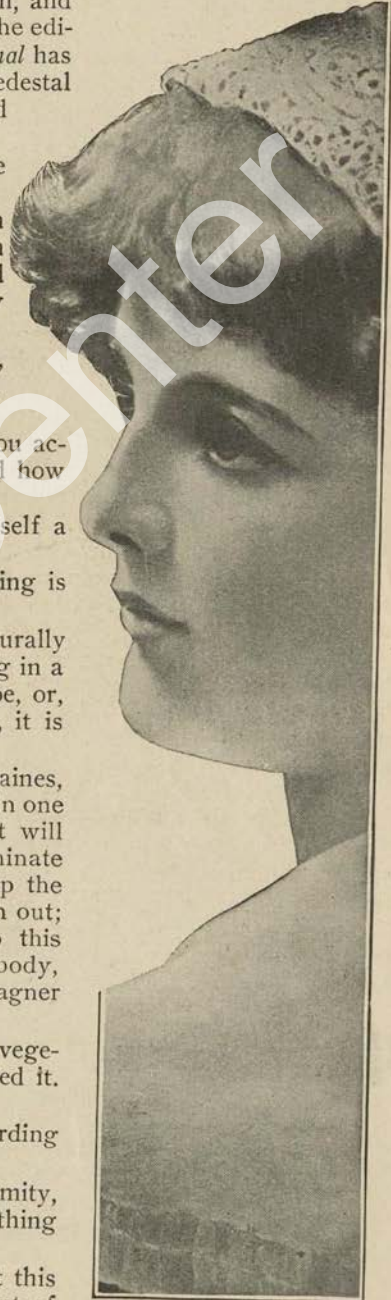
Both are rank poisons, aggregations of the ptomaines, which, if taken into the system, will be disposed of in one of several ways. If the constitution is strong, it will eliminate them; if it is not strong enough to eliminate them, liquor or some other poison is used to whip the functions into the effort necessary to throw them out; and if the constitution is too weak to respond to this "whip," the ptomaines simply take possession of the body, as was the case with Anton Seidl, the greatest Wagner musician this country has ever known.

The editor of the *Journal* sarcastically offers the vegetarians his sympathy. They neither want it nor need it. He is the one who needs sympathy.

Then he proceeds to give his point of view regarding vegetarianism.

Sometimes it requires a great grief, or great calamity, or the illustration of great heroism to make one see a thing from the right point of view.

It may take a case of ptomaine poisoning to shift this editor to the place where he will get the natural point of



From Painting by Jofert.

view of meat eating. We quote from the editorial:

"The process is as follows: First rain, sunshine and frost crumble the rock. The earthworms make the soil. Then come the grass and the vegetables. Then the inferior animals, and then man.

"You don't ask man to eat the rock, or the soil, or the grass. But you do ask him not to eat the cow, which is the next step in nature's process of condensation. You ask him to hunt around and satisfy himself with other vegetables which cannot possibly take the place of the condensed, *brain-building nourishment* which he finds in meat."

Now, to carry this line of reasoning just a step further, the proper food of mankind is man (beg your pardon Pope, I assure you this was unintentional), and brings us to the beautiful idea of cannibalism, and clearly explains why a diet of intelligent, humane missionaries eaten by cannibals, always tends to make the cannibals humane and intelligent; for see, here the satirical rogue says, "flesh, even of the *inferior* animals, contains *good brain-building nourishment*."

It therefore must follow that the flesh of the *superior* animal, man, must necessarily contain the *best brain-building nourishment*.

This man with so much influence and knowledge is constantly being educated by "great" teachers. And doubtless the great meat trust has "educated" him up to "the value" of meat as a food for man.

Then he learnedly discourses further. "If a man ate forty tons of soil there would not be enough nourishment in it to support him for a day, and his stomach holds only about a quart."

Somehow this editor's omniscience was not omniscient enough to embrace the knowledge that there is a tribe of human

beings called "the clayeaters," whose stomachs hold only about two and one-quarter quarts, and who get sufficient nourishment by filling their stomach once or twice a day with clay. And, strange as it may seem, these people are not troubled with dyspepsia.

Probably this editor can explain this, because he has a wonderful ability for explaining all about things he knows nothing about.

This man has done great good, but he has also done great harm.

His recent editorial on the importance of breathing and air to life and health will prove absolutely invaluable to every person who applies this knowledge to practice.

His knowledge on many things he writes about is superficial, though he has the knack of making superficial people think his knowledge is profound.

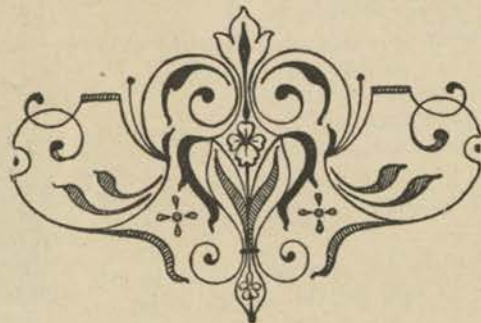
This twice-daily newspaper pays one man an enormous salary to write editorials encouraging and advising meat eating.

Then this same newspaper pays an art genius like Nuss Conrad to sketch picture orations praying against the awful moral and physical evil of meat eating.

And then, on the same page, in the same newspaper, Ella Wheeler Wilcox tells in poetic word-pictures how beautifully one can live and think and act if one abstains from eating meat, from drinking unnatural stimulants, and from over-eating generally.

Probably this editor can show the consistency between these apparently inconsistent ideas of "an ideal newspaper for the people."

Is not this very much like hiring a great artist to paint a beautiful picture, and then hiring some vandal to destroy it?



The Greatest Need



THE greatest need of the hour is the typical American man and woman. These types must be similar in vigor of mind, in soundness of health, to those forbears of ours who laid the foundation of the republic. Moreover, they must be possessed of the trained, fully developed intelli-

gence modern environment makes possible.

Such men and women are needed to maintain the everlasting freedom of this fruitful American land, and to hold up the hands of the weaker brethren of humanity against ignorance, oppression and wrong.

Each one of you, my readers, should be such an American. You are a traitor to the cause the fathers of our country fought and bled for if you are not.

Virility and stamina are required more than ever in business life and state affairs. The law of evolution adapts modern products to its necessities. The strong succeed, the weak fail. No sickly, sallow, aching body can compete with a sound, robust one; and no mind housed in a miserable, dilapidated tenement will long shine with its proper effulgence.

The American to-day is impelled to cultivate strenuously his physical and mental attributes. He need not think himself a complete man who neglects either mental or physical development.

The opportunities of the world have not all been closed to the man who tries. They lie close to his grasp. Endeavor—a manly, persistent striving for them—will assuredly bring out reward.

And what a glorious reward it is!

Perfect health; a discriminating judgment; capacity to enjoy life; knowledge of how to avoid unnecessary suffering. The knowledge of life's whole truth; the courage to be one's self, and not a moun-



tebank aping another, or some mere figurehead following conventional standards.

Wake up, then, young men and young women of America! Opportunity is not closed against you. The sands of time have not been entirely tracked up by your

predecessors.

Begin on yourselves. Work out a physical salvation; labor to produce the greatest strength of body and mind; and you will find all other noble things, desired of your soul, within the reach of a perfect physical being.

Smothered by Medicine

Mr. M. V. Richard, the coroner for the parish of Orleans, has been asked to thoroughly investigate the death of Miss Lina V. Dickinson, who strangled several days ago while taking medicine for her throat.

A short while before her death Miss Lina was at the breakfast table, and complained bitterly of her throat. She said that she was feeling very badly.

The Dickinsons live at No. 804 Napoleon

avenue, and it appears that Miss Lina had been in delicate health for some time, with an affection of the throat. She was given a gargle by her physician to use, and it was while swallowing this concoction that her throat closed entirely, and she strangled.

It was suggested that she go upstairs and use the gargle, and it is thought that in her hurry she swallowed the stuff too rapidly.

Cold Water Fools Doctor

Mrs. Gertrude Stark, of New York, was attacked by a severe pain, which the doctors said was the result of ptomaine poisoning. She was sent to the German Hospital, where powerful emetics were prepared, but Mrs. Stark refused to swallow anything but cold water. She was told that she would die unless she took the medicine, and she laughed at the doctors and told them she had been cured of a whole curriculum of diseases by the simple use of cold water.

The doctors gave the woman up, saying

she would succumb to the ptomaine poison in a few hours. Two days later she called Dr. Deming, of the hospital staff, to her ward, and demanded that her clothes be brought, so that she could return to her own home at 652 Kosciusko street.

The doctor was surprised to find that instead of being dead, the woman was nearly well, and her demand was complied with.

She walked to her home, and later she there declared the cold water had cured her.

The Harm Drugs Do According to a Druggist

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir—I am a young man twenty-three years old, a pharmacist, a college graduate licensed by the state board.

A year ago while still in college I was given a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE, in which I became very much interested. I subscribed for it and have since then read it every month.

I put many of your theories into practice and proved all to be excellent, especially the constipation cure. I lost hope and belief in drugs and found that the majority give temporary relief, but the reaction is disastrous. When I graduated I resumed my profession; but, alas! the miserable feeling that I am selling that to sick people which really and honestly puts them farther away from health always haunts me.

It was only the other day a young man sick with typhoid was given by his doctor bismuth and chalk in large quantities. This coated his alimentary canal and prevented the excretion of deadly waste matter which was the cause

of the whole trouble. In addition he was given strychnine and nitro-glycerine. He died in one week.

The taking of those coal-tar derivatives in the form of headache powders, phenacetin, caffeine, sulphonal, is increasing and working a deadly havoc.

It is terrible to see people coming in day after day more and more haggard and worn asking for morphine and cocaine, increasing the dose constantly.

A young man but yesterday told me the old story that he first used the above drugs for sleeping and now they have no more effect on him. He could not sleep any longer, and pleaded with me to give him something. I advised cold baths and exercise, but he simply laughed and went away taking trional with him. That man is slowly but surely going to destruction physically and morally. I hate the work I am doing and expect to get out of it as soon as I can find some other employment.

Very truly,

Question Department

Q. Will a series of short fasts, aggregating forty days, have the same effect as a continuous fast? I am suffering from neurasthenia. A short fast as a trial has convinced me that this is the only remedy that will ever benefit me.

A. A series of short fasts can be made to eventually accomplish the purpose of the long fast, but it will take longer than you think. If you are very thin and weak we would recommend the short fasts, rather than the protracted one. You must be exceedingly careful between fasts, however, to eat only the most nutritious food, and in barely sufficient quantities to stop the waste of tissue. Six or seven-day fasts, with intervals of a week between, we do not think you would find too great a tax on your powers of endurance.

Q. How can I strengthen my voice? I have a weak, thin voice, like a woman's, and it embarrasses me greatly. Please recommend a remedy.

A. You will have to develop your physique all around, as well as endeavoring to specially develop the parts of the body involved in speaking. Adopt a systematic course of body building; a plain, nutritious diet; sleep in room with windows wide open; practice deep inhalations at frequent intervals during the day. At night add to your other physical culture exercises the following: Hold mouth as wide open as possible, and pronounce the vowels over and over again in as deep tones as you can. On the beginning of treatment, upon retiring, wrap wet cloth about throat and allow it to remain for half to three-quarters of an hour.

Q. What food, how much, and when taken; also what exercise, and when taken, would you advise for a student in a university, who has a rather difficult course of studies?

A. The same diet, exercising, etc., applicable to a man of sedentary habits and mental work should be followed in your case. Ten to twenty minutes' vigorous work with dumb-bells or an exerciser as soon as you get out of bed; a brisk rub down and cold sponge bath; light fruit for breakfast; chief meal at noon; dried Lima and other beans, and peas, whole grain breads, plenty of vegetables; no pastry, coffee or tea. Supper light, of bread, butter, vegetables and stewed fruits. Make it a point to take a good long walk every afternoon, and practice deep breathing.

Q. Please tell me if there is a remedy for a slow pulse? My health is fairly good, with the exception of indigestion, and my pulse beat is as low as forty-seven.

A. A fast of three days, then two-meal-a-day plan, diet largely vegetable; friction and cold sponge baths morning and night, and vigorous walking exercises during the day, will cure the trouble.

Q. What is your opinion of mineral waters in the market to-day?

A. The purer the spring water you can get, the better. Any water unduly impregnated with any mineral solution is deleterious, just in proportion as the mineral matter carried in the water is great or small.

Q. I have been troubled with pimples on face and arms for eight years—ever since I was vaccinated. What is the cause?

A. The evidence tends to establish vaccination as the direct cause. We know that it produces various eruptive disturbances. A fast of eight to ten days, brushing and bathing the skin daily, will do much toward removing them. Then adopt a fruit and vegetable diet for a period.

Editorial Department

PHYSICAL CULTURE, from the standpoint of a magazine, made one of the most immediate successes that has ever been known in the history of monthly publications. Though its success in the past has been phenomenal, I believe that it has a future of far more brilliant promise. I want to put it in every American home. It should be read by every man and woman who desires health and strength, a possession far more valuable than all the wealth in the universe. I do not expect all of my readers to accept all the theories advanced here. In fact, I do not fully endorse all the conclusions of my contributors. Many have failed to note the line on the page of contents which reads as follows: "The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions of contributors."

Our Plans for 1903.

I want the readers of this magazine to broaden out, to have opinions of their own, and therefore I publish the opinions of experts who may hold theories differing from my own in many details. Beginning with the January issue we intend to broaden our policy still more. It is my intention to use articles discussing all phases of the various subjects of importance to our readers. I take it for granted that you are all thinkers, and that from these various articles you will be capable of deducing conclusions of your own. I do not want my readers to follow the principles set forth in this magazine merely because they are my theories, but because they are endorsed by your own reasoning. You then have confidence in them and are ready at any time to defend and use them.

With the object of broadening our readers still more, beginning with the January issue, I expect to publish articles giving my readers all the various theories advocated by different experts. Many of these theories may differ very widely from my own or the theories of the great majority of my readers, but when one carefully considers both sides of a question, he is able to strengthen his own position if it is the right one.

Some time ago I inaugurated a discussion as to the advisability of making the price ten cents instead of five. After giving this very careful thought I decided to continue at the old price. I believe that the decision at the time was wise, but I think that the time has come now when the magazine can be consistently made ten cents in price, in size, and quality. We will begin by doubling the pages of reading matter and a little later will no doubt be able to still more increase the number of pages and the quality of the matter used.

My last book, entitled "Physical Development Simplified," instead of being published in book form, will be published in the magazine, each part being complete in itself. As this book practically contains my most recent conclusions in reference to the best method for developing the various parts of the body and also the best method of breathing, diet, etc., the reader will, no doubt, fully realize that the

magazine for the next year will contain matter with which every student of health and strength should be thoroughly familiar. It was my original intention to sell this book at \$2.00, and as this will be given to my readers in its entirety in about the next twelve issues, but a few will doubt the magazine being worth ten cents per copy, or \$1.00 per year.

Another plan we have inaugurated which will, no doubt, be of great interest to many of our readers, is our intention to start an athletes' home for experimental purposes. In this institution we will train athletes who give promise of being able to compete in the various athletic events upon the particular diet advocated by us. The magazine will contain the results of all these experiments, and we believe that the athletes themselves will be heard from in the various athletic events throughout the country. It was recently demonstrated in Germany that an ordinary meat eater, or even a vegetarian, could not in any way compete with a fruit and nut eater in a race requiring prolonged endurance. One might say that absolutely nothing is known at the present time as to the effects of different diets in bringing the body to the highest degree of physical perfection. It is our intention to spare no expense with the object of discovering what is the most perfect diet for athletes. In other words, what is the best diet for developing the body to the highest degree of health and strength. When we discover what is the best diet for athletes, that which is most appropriate for building the greatest possible degree of strength, we have, to a very great extent, discovered the best diet for anyone who leads an active life and wishes to attain and retain his highest and most perfect powers.

We would like to hear from athletes who think themselves specially proficient in certain lines and who are following our system of diet as near as they know how and who are willing to put themselves into our hands absolutely and train for the different events in which they may be able to compete. Of course, it is impossible for us to take those who require years of training in order to accomplish results. We want men who are already strong and well developed and whose past records as to integrity, character, etc., are beyond the slightest reproach. We want boxers, wrestlers, runners, weight throwers, jumpers, and, in fact, desire to have representatives in all the various athletic events. Any men who have given promise of possessing the vital strength which is essential to the development of that highest state of physical vigor necessary to success in athletic contests, and who are ambitious in this particular capacity, are specially invited to write us.

Particulars of the \$1,000.00 prize offered for the most perfectly and symmetrically developed man will be found in an Editorial to follow.



Physical Culture
A Ten-Cent Magazine.

BEGINNING with January issue, PHYSICAL CULTURE will contain twice the number of pages of reading matter and will be sold at ten cents a copy or

\$1.00 a year. The new magazine will be sent to our old subscribers for their full unexpired term, just the same as if there was no change in price.

Every fully paid subscription received by us before January 10th, without premiums, will be credited with a full year's subscription to the new magazine. After this subscriptions will be \$1.00 a year.

THERE are some kinds of fools that one can find excuses for, but there is not one reasonable excuse on earth for the existence of the purging fool. He represents the very acme of idiocy, or ignorance, or both.

Day after day he loads his stomach with indigestible stuff (I would not disgrace the name of food by so designating it), and then he has the incomprehensible audacity to wonder why his food will not digest, why his bowels are clogged. The real cause for wonder, under the circumstances, is how his overworked alimentary canal has been able to continue performing its duties, even in an imperfect manner.

The Purging Fool.

And when the bowels are completely clogged, what does this purging fool do? Now, listen to the idiotic process that the functional system must undergo at the behest of human beings who imagine that they are gifted with intelligence.

When this clogging process has been completed, when the bowels are so weakened by the strain they are compelled to endure day after day and meal after meal as to be unable to continue the process of digestion and assimilation which requires the contents of the alimentary canal to be gradually forced along, then the purging fool thinks it is time to begin his work. The already overworked, strained and tired-out stomach is now compelled to contend with a dose of poison, which acts like a whip on an already exhausted horse. A pill, or some other so-called mild cathartic that may be called by fancy names, like cascarrouts or red robin slits, furnishes the whip that spurs on the exhausted stomach. Those who prescribe will say, "Oh, these are mild; they will not hurt you. They will simply accomplish the object desired, and then you will be all right."

True, for the first few times you adopt this unnatural means you may feel much improved; but just as there is a limit to which even an exhausted horse may be forced, so there is a limit to the powers of your stomach and bowels in answering the demands made upon them in eliminating the poisons that are dumped into them in the form of cathartics.

A cathartic secures its power from its poisonous properties; therefore, how can it be absolutely harmless, no matter how mild it may be? The moment it is taken the stomach recognizes it as a poison, and it immediately begins most strenuous endeavors to rid itself of the dangerous intruder. Thus we have the purging process. The stomach and bowels are doing their best to save your life by eliminating at the earliest possible moment the poison that you have forced upon them.

If there was no other way of cleansing your system, there might in an occasional instance be some excuse for the use of poisons in this manner; but when one can wash the entire internal bowel with water almost as easily as one can wash his face, then, indeed, is the utter idiocy of this vital-destroying purging process fully comprehended.

The purging habit is like the whiskey habit. It grows on you gradually. Slowly, yet insidiously, it fastens its poisonous fangs into your vitals, until finally your bowels lie inactive and lifeless without its aid. Then, indeed, are you a slave, for your entire body is in the same dozey condition as your bowels. You cannot think connectedly, you cannot decide quickly on any important matter, and your muscles are frequently as slow in acting as your brain is in thinking.

Of course, the proper way to avoid the purging habit is to eat wholesome nutritious foods only, avoid over-eating, masticate thoroughly every morsel and

drink freely of pure water whenever there is the slightest desire for it; but if you will not do this, if you must persist in treating your stomach like a garbage barrel, when the time comes that your bowels refuse to act, then clean them out with water, not by goading them with poison. There are two methods of accomplishing this. One is to secure from a half gallon to a gallon of water, as pure as possible, distilled preferred, of a moderate temperature, and drink it slowly, a glass or two at a time. In other words, drink as much water as you can without severe discomfort. The other method is to inject into the lower bowels through the rectum, with a syringe or a device made for the purpose, from two to three quarts of water. Either one of these methods will be found effective, and they will not leave the bowels exhausted, like the poisons that are always used in cathartics.



THE infantile ignorance as to some of the simplest laws of life, displayed by men famous the world over for their superior talents and intelligence, is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary human mind. For instance, a literary man, famous throughout the entire civilized world, recently died. He was known everywhere as an investigator, as a man who desired to be familiar with every subject of importance to the human world; and as nearly as possible for mortal man he is supposed to have accomplished this ambition. He was a courageous man with strong convictions, and he proved on more than one occasion during his life

*Closed Windows The Cause
of Emile Zola's Death.*

that he was willing, when the occasion demanded it, to enter the arena even against the scorn of public disapproval, and fight for the opinions deduced by his unprejudiced mind.

His death was everywhere mourned, and there

was, probably, not a newspaper in all the civilized world that did not prominently notice and comment on his death. And though the manner of his death was commented on, and the lessons taught by his life freely discussed editorially, there was no mention made of the powerful lesson taught by the manner of his death. Many lessons may have been taught by his life, but no one of them is as valuable or as startling as the lesson taught by the way in which he died. Emile Zola, the great novelist of world-wide fame, died because there were no open windows in his sleeping room. He had just returned from his summer residence. The weather was cold. He had a fire built in his bedroom. He and his wife retired without apparently giving a thought to the necessity for open windows through which the life-giving oxygen must come. The fire did not draw properly. It filled the room with gas. His wife awoke and realized the danger, though she was partially stupefied. She aroused her husband. He arose and started to open the windows, but dropped to the floor in a faint before he reached them. His wife rushed out for assistance, and when the assistance arrived, Emile Zola, the great novelist, was dead.

Was there ever a truth more paradoxical than this? Here was this profoundly intelligent man in his sleeping room with windows tightly closed, and with a fire in the room. Could any human mind imagine an intelligent man familiar with the simplest laws of hygiene committing such an outrageous error? It is bad enough to be in a room with closed windows when there is no fire to eat up all the available oxygen; but when a fire, in addition to the lungs, must be fed with oxygen, then indeed must the poor lungs of stupefied human beings suffer. And when the lungs

suffer, when you are not able to properly purify the blood, the vile poisons carried to the lungs for elimination must circulate and recirculate through the body until they stupefy the brain, and fill every part of the body with vile poisons. Under such circumstances, it is but a short step into the eternal sleep called death.

The lesson taught by the death of this famous man should be of far more value than any taught by him during his life. It should show the thousands, who are daily committing similar errors, the great danger of breathing and re-breathing the foul air of tightly enclosed rooms. May the sacrifice of a life so important convey a lesson that shall save thousands from committing similar errors.

Keep a fire in your room if you must; **BUT KEEP YOUR WINDOWS OPEN. LIVING ROOMS MUST BE VENTILATED.**

DON'T BREATHE STAGNATED ENCLOSED AIR. WHEN IT HAS BEEN BREATHED AND RE-BREATHED IT IS FOUL WITH POISON.

WOULD YOU DRINK STAGNATED WATER UPON WHICH HAS ACCUMULATED A THICK SLIMY GREEN SCUM? If not, then why drink stagnated enclosed air that is really in a similar foul condition?

What the Corset Does: It Restricts Development of the Lungs to Almost Half Normal Size.

- (1) It lessens, and sometimes robs the digestive power.
- (2) It restricts development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately injures and makes shapeless, flaccid and nerveless the flesh at the waist size.
- (5) Destroys the beauty lines of the body, of the limbs, arms and bust by restricting so—sometimes, interfering with normal circulation and thus lessening vital power, and by the continuous and unnatural support of the bust in an abnormal position.
- (6) It is absolutely, in most cases, the direct cause of weakness peculiar to women, and from which every corset wearer suffers at some time in her life.
- (7) Greatly weakens, sometimes destroys, or makes abnormal, the instinct of sex.
- (8) Produces tumors and the inflamed condition from which women so frequently turn to expensive and dangerous operations.
- (9) Causes serious displacement.
- (10) Prevents the return of the venous blood from parts below the waist line.
- (11) Weakens and sometimes kills unborn babies.
- (12) Is one of the principal causes of marital miseries and divorces.

THERE are many fearful charges to be made against the use of corsets, but one of the most destructive is that which heads this editorial. The normal power of breathing! One cannot compute the value of this to the body!

The breath is really and truly the life. The oxygen that it contains performs vastly important offices which have been often explained in this magazine.

Notice a child as it breathes when unhampered by bands or clothes of any kind. Whether it is lying or sitting or standing, the region of the waist line will be seen to gradually expand at every inhalation and contract at every exhalation.

Now what does this indicate? It shows very plainly that as the air is brought down to the lowest part of the lungs the diaphragm forces the abdominal region outward. When this is done, the entire lung capacity is made use of.

The more of the lungs that are used the greater the quantity of oxygen absorbed; and you cannot have energy, you cannot have strength or fine health without a full supply of oxygen.

Notice any of the lower animals, the horse, the dog, and you will find further evidence to prove that the abdominal region moves outward and inward at each breath during normal breathing.

But now turn to the corseted woman. I care not whether she will admit the charge of lacing or not, you will find in every instance that she breathes from the chest. The chest walls are seen to rise and fall at every breath inhaled and exhaled. She is breathing only in the upper part of her lungs. The lower part is

never used. She is a shallow breather, and in the end this shallow breathing means the development of shallow characteristics both physically and mentally; for without power, without energy, without these essential elements to think clearly and act intelligently and rationally, one in time becomes slow, dopey and phlegmatic.

Now, to illustrate another evil result of chest breathing, I will again call your attention to a child. You will notice that at every breath there is a slight movement of the entire abdominal contents. It requires but little intelligence to realize the vast influence of this upon the digestive functions. Nearly all corseted women suffer with digestive troubles, torpidity of the bowels and other ailments which frequently cause serious diseases. The entire assimilative system is vastly lessened in effectiveness through the lack of that slight movement of the abdominal region induced by normal breathing.

Beware of the shallow breather. Beware of the corset-crushed waist, for it means, in every instance, a gradual decay of all that is desired in perfect womanhood.

Associate with weakness, sickness and disease and you cannot avoid being affected by it; but avoid it in your own person and in others, and health and strength will finally become a habit that will cling to you all through life.

WHO is the most perfectly developed man? To whom is this great honor due? What are the particular characteristics which denote perfection in development? These are questions which should be of interest to every one of our readers, and in order to secure a satisfactory answer and set up a standard of physical perfection in manhood, from which all of our enthusiasts can

*One Thousand Dollar Prize
to the Most Perfectly
Developed Man*

copy to advantage, during the year 1903 we propose to offer a prize of \$1,000.00 to be presented to the most perfectly and symmetrically developed man. This prize is open to all. We have not yet decided as to the rules which will govern this contest. We will announce them later.

We would advise those who believe their development approximates perfection, to begin now and bring about as much improvement as possible, for it is not merely the \$1,000.00 prize that is to be won in this contest. The honor of being the most perfectly developed man is something to strive for, and in addition to the \$1,000.00 prize and the honor in connection with winning it there will be fame and fortune.

The winner of this prize will find theatrical managers willing to offer him handsome salaries, and if the winner's ambition inclines him toward teaching, no matter where he may locate, he will find himself overwhelmed with applicants who are desirous of securing a similar perfection to that which he possesses.

*Prize for Best Story
Published.*

THE prize story contest will close the first of the year. There are some stories included in the contest of this year that will be published during 1903, but we intend to inaugurate

another contest immediately upon the close of this one to encourage writers everywhere to forward us their best efforts.

We pay for all stories used at regular rates and for the best story published during the year we will give a prize of \$100.00.

**Prizes Offered for
Photographs.**

DURING 1903 we will give a prize of \$5.00 every month for the best photograph published, and will pay \$1.00 each for all other photographs which we use. Photographs to be appropriate for use, if of fully developed figures, should be clothed in trunks. If the subject is a baby or child, but little clothing of any kind should be used.

Writers will also please note that we solicit articles of every kind pertaining to subjects that interest our readers. We will pay more liberally for matter of this kind than any other publication.

WE have received many letters suggesting that we give more attention in our columns to exercise and methods of developing strength and health and beauty in boys and girls.

No one realizes more than the editor the need of such instruction. When it is thoroughly understood how easily every boy and every girl can be developed into strong and beautiful men and women, one is astounded at the neglect that is everywhere noted among parents in training and developing their children.

If ever ignorance can be called a crime, it certainly assumes that character when it neglects to give to a child the instruction which is essential in building a rugged physical foundation.

**Strong and Beautiful
Girls and Boys.**

In fact, the average father and mother, by various restrictions, are largely to blame for the weakness, sickness and physical ugliness of their children.

The subject is simply inexhaustible. This magazine could easily be filled every month with matter of utmost importance to those parents who desire to develop the highest degree of health and strength in their girls and boys.

I want to talk to every girl and boy in this country who is able to read. I want to tell them the truth in reference to health and strength. I want to impress them with the vast value of this important possession, and beginning with January or February I intend to publish a magazine entitled Strong, Beautiful Girls and Boys.

It will be profusely illustrated and will contain pleasurable exercises, especially adapted for girls and boys, that can be readily indulged in without apparatus.

It will also contain stories and other matter which will be of interest to my juvenile readers.

The price will be 2c. per copy, or 20c. per year.

All interested readers who would like to assist in increasing the circulation of this new magazine, which will do so much for the future men and women of this country, are requested to send us their names, and the moment the first copy is out we will forward a sample.

We will offer liberal prizes to those who will use their best endeavors to secure a large number of subscriptions for this publication. At the low price of 20c. a year, it appears to us that there is hardly a home in this country that cannot afford to subscribe to this magazine for boys and girls.

I want to hear from some bright, intelligent boy or girl in every school who will agree to act as our agent and solicit subscriptions. We have liberal offers to make to all boys or girls who will become our agents in their locality.

Strength, health, manhood and womanhood, and all the power and beauty that is clearly intended for us should be the great object of all boys and girls, and we desire to help them to attain it in its highest degree of perfection.

So let us hear from every enthusiast, every girl and every boy, who will lend a helping hand to the noble cause of developing superior men and beautiful women.

Bernarr Macfadden

nothing about it, and in many cases they are no doubt advocating theories for which members of the Meat Trust are paying liberal sums.

In answer to the following offer we have received a number of subscriptions to be presented to those in need of the advice found in this magazine who are unable to pay for same, and we would be pleased to have subscribers recommend persons to whom these subscriptions should be sent.

NOTICE.—It is impossible for us to answer all inquiries in the Question Department. If you desire advice, read this: For answer requiring short letter, send us two yearly subscribers; a long letter will be answered for four subscribers. If you wish detailed advice adapted to your particular needs, send twenty fully paid subscribers. A long question blank will then be mailed you to fill out. Upon receipt of this, we will send you full instructions for a daily regime which will build health and strength.



WE are pleased to announce to our readers that the free Sunday night Educational Lectures will begin in New York City at the Murray Hill Theater, Lexington Avenue, near 42d Street, Sunday night, November 16th.

We hope that every reader interested in the advancement of the principles set forth will attend and bring friends.

**Sunday Night
Lectures
in New York.**

There will be posing by male and female models, and a full orchestra has been engaged to assist in making the evening enjoyable.

There were favorable comments from everyone who attended our last entertainment of this kind, and we believe that they will be equally pleased with this one.

No admission will be charged, though seats may be reserved up to Saturday night previous for 25 cents each. There will be no reserved seats on sale the evening of the lecture. They must be reserved in advance. All seats not reserved will be free.



**What the Corset Does: It
Restricts Development of
the Lungs to Almost Half
Normal Size.**

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“**T**HE Breath Is Life.” We depend largely upon the air we breathe for strength and health. Air is not ordinarily looked upon as food, but it is a very important food. We cannot live five minutes without air. It is the oxygen of the air that purifies the blood. It keeps it supplied with those elements which thrill the muscles and the nerves with energy. It is not a difficult matter therefore to realize the great importance of the functional processes performed by the lungs.

These vastly important organs can be aptly compared to a sponge which expands and contracts as the air passes in and out through the myriads of