

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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

PUBLISHED BY PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., BERNAER MACFADDEN, PRESIDENT,
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THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine for the coming year will be many times better than ever before. We have various features that will not only make it of great value to those desiring knowledge of the science of health-building, but from the standpoint of interest alone it will be brimful. Our friends have no doubt seen the wonderful improvement that has been made in this magazine within the last six months. It has been revolutionized, rejuvenated. I have tried to imbue it with what I would term life-interest. I want to make it alive and awake. I believe that PHYSICAL CULTURE should be in every home. It should be read by every man and every woman who are desirous of maintaining the highest degree of physical health.

A FORETASTE
OF PHYSICAL
CULTURE
FOR 1909.

HEALTH REPRESENTS HUMAN CAPITAL. It is capital in the form of flesh and blood. It is far more important than financial capital. **YOU CANNOT BUY HEALTH. YOU HAVE TO WORK FOR IT,** and what is more important you have to work intelligently. It is indeed pitiful that so few individuals realize the value of health, and even when they realize it they have no knowledge of the ways and means necessary to acquire these wonderful gifts.

HEALTH IS THE INALIENABLE RIGHT OF EVERY HUMAN BEING, and its acquirement should be recognized as a stern duty. **THIS MAGAZINE SHEDS A BRIGHT LIGHT UPON THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO SUPERB HEALTH.** It points the way clearly and emphatically! To those who have already seen the light, who are travelling along this road, it emphasizes the great value of many truths that one is liable to forget.

I intend that this magazine during the coming year shall be rich in material of value to our readers. I want to present within its columns what I would term a complete education in the science of body building. Not from the standpoint of mere muscular development. Our mission is far more important. We will teach the cultivation of those bodily powers that indicate superb health,—that give one the vim and vigor and energy, so essential to the enjoyment of life's wonderful gifts, as well as to the attainment of the success which is offered so liberally to all those who are willing to strive for it. **HEALTH OF THE HIGHEST DEGREE CAN BE YOURS, DEAR READER.** You should not be satisfied with anything short of this. **WEAKNESS OR DISEASE IS UNNATURAL**, and if you will carefully read the theories advocated in this publication, and apply them to your daily life, you will be absolutely amazed at the result.

We hear so much of physical culture cranks. Those who believe in the theories we advocate are often even termed fanatics. And why? The answer is simple. After trying a few of the suggestions we have made, the change in their health and bodily strength is so amazing in nature that they cannot keep quiet. They have to talk, and when they go into details, their statements are unbelievable. Their enthusiasm carries them away. But they cannot avoid being enthusiastic. When you are weak and miserable and ailing, and a few simple changes in your habits of living bring you the joys of life and health and strength, would you not become enthusiastic? If so, then you should be more tolerant when you view the enthusiasm of those who advocate the physical culture propaganda.

It would be impossible to carefully outline the many splendid features that will appear during 1909. I can only call attention to a few of the articles that I have already planned.

A COURSE IN PHYSCULTOPATHY.—During the year, I intend to present an entire course of Physcultopathy, the new science of healing. In this course, you will be given in detail the fundamental theories upon which this new science of healing is founded. You will know the nature and cause of disease, regardless of its character. If you absorb the theories that will be plainly set forth in these various articles you will be prepared to fight the battles of life, and furthermore, should you have an ambition to become a doctor of physcultopathy, should you desire to learn the true science of healing, these articles will give you a start in the work of preparing you for the course of studies that are a part of the curriculum of the school devoted to the teaching of this science.

THE TREATMENT OF ACUTE DISEASES.—There is no knowledge which is so valuable to the average individual as that which gives him detailed information of the many remedies that should be adopted in the treatment of attacks of various acute diseases. During the year I expect to present articles giving detailed information just how to treat various acute diseases that are met with so frequently every-

where. This knowledge will be invaluable, as there is hardly a home that is not subject to occasional attacks of complaints of this nature.

OCCUPATION AND HEALTH.—Up to the present time we have given but little attention in this publication to the influence of various occupations upon health. During the coming year, I desire to present various articles dealing with special occupations and giving detailed information as to their influence on health and strength. I expect to personally investigate many of the occupations that I shall write about, but I want to extend a special invitation to all those who feel that they have ideas of importance in reference to various occupations, to write me anything they may believe to be of value in an article dealing with any particular occupation. To encourage all those who might be desirous of assisting me in my endeavors, I will offer a prize of twenty-five dollars to the writer of the letter that I find most valuable in connection with each article. The writers of all other letters that are used, wholly or in part, in addition to the special one, will be entitled to a yearly subscription to **PHYSICAL CULTURE**. Remember, letters need not exhibit literary ability. I simply want valuable facts from those who have had actual experience.

HEAVY-WEIGHT LIFTING WITHOUT WEIGHTS.—I have a unique series of articles that I intend to present in the near future, describing exercises which, in a very strenuous way utilize the muscles of the body that are used so vigorously in lifting heavy weights. Although I am not an advocate of heavy-weight lifting, I believe that a small amount of vigorous exercise of this kind when taken in a manner that will be advised in these articles, cannot be otherwise than beneficial. The exercises that I shall give can be taken in your own room without apparatus of any kind, and they can be made as vigorous or as light as desired. The exercises are not furnished by one muscle resisting against the other, nor are they what is termed tensing exercises. They furnish with a new and unique method of lifting weights without weights, and should be of very great interest to those who are desirous of developing extraordinary strength.

HEALTHFUL ACTIVITY OF THE BOWELS.—Nearly all diseases begin in the alimentary canal. The average physician will tell you that if your stomach does its work properly and if the digestive process is continued in a healthful manner through the small intestines, and the lower bowel is evacuated regularly, disease is almost impossible. The value, therefore of maintaining healthful activity of the bowels can hardly be exaggerated. That our readers may be fully informed on subjects of this nature, I intend to write a series of two or more articles in which I shall not only give details of the various exercises of value, but will point out carefully and thoroughly the knowledge of dietetics which is of so great importance in bringing about beneficial results to those suffering from sluggishness of the bowels.

CITY LIFE AND HEALTH.—I am inclined to believe that in nearly every large city there are conditions that are inimical to health that could easily be remedied. It is my intention to try during the coming year to devote an article to some large cities that I shall select, in nearly every issue of this magazine. I intend to secure in-

formation as to the water supply, and will have water from various cities analyzed. I will have an analysis made of the air, of each community and find out as nearly as possible to what extent it is poisoned and the source of the poison. I shall also look into the sewerage, and if it is handled in such a manner as to be dangerous to the health of these cities, I will not be backward in saying so. It is my intention to have various experts to assist in these articles, though at the same time I would especially invite all those who may have information that would be of aid in preparing them to write me any details they may have. I am willing also in these articles to offer a prize of twenty-five dollars to the writer whose letter may prove the most valuable in the writing of any of these articles, and all others whose letters I may use will be entitled to a yearly subscription. Whenever possible I intend to visit the cities about which I shall write articles, in person, and while I am there to investigate, will give a course of lectures.

THE ALCOHOL EVIL.—We have had a great deal to say in past issues of the evil effects of alcoholic beverages, but I intend to enter into the subject more in detail in the coming year, and for this purpose I would invite all those who have had an actual experience with the alcohol evil of a nature that would be valuable and interesting, to write me the details. I also offer a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best and most interesting letter that I receive on this subject. The writers of all other letters that I may publish will receive a yearly subscription. Remember I am not seeking literary merit; I simply want interesting details of actual experiences. Whenever desired, the letters can be edited in our editorial office.

THE TOBACCO EVIL.—We have referred only at infrequent intervals to the tobacco evil, but it nevertheless needs much attention. It is one of our insidious enemies, that works slowly but surely. It is a brain dope — it benumbs the nerves. I want to call the attention of our readers in the most emphatic manner to this particular evil. I therefore make the same offer of a twenty-five dollar prize to the writer of the best letter that I may receive, giving actual experiences with the tobacco evil. I do not demand polished writing; all I want is a story of your experience. We can do the polishing in our editorial department. All letters that are used besides the one that wins a prize, will earn for the writer a yearly subscription.

These are only a few of the features that will be offered to our readers the coming year. I will personally guarantee that every issue of the magazine will contain articles which if carefully perused will give to our friends value many times the price of a yearly subscription. In fact, as my readers can no doubt testify, a single article often conveys information that is worth a hundred times the price of one copy, and there is hardly an issue but that contains many hints of this character.

Bernarr Macfadden

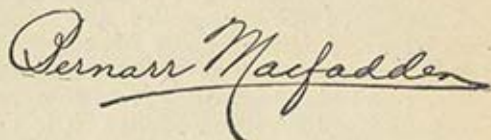
Result of the Editor's Appeal

As the December number of PHYSICAL CULTURE goes to press, I have received the communication herewith reproduced from the counsel who took charge of my defense in the case of the United States against me, growing out of alleged charges that a story directed against prudery, published in this magazine, was obscene. Among other developments in this strange and weird legal situation, in which the Judge refused to consider, or even to read, the requests to charge furnished by my counsel, and finally broke out in an attack against me, for trying to corrupt children's morals, is the fact that the upper Court solemnly asserts that this magazine is published as a guise under which I put out obscene literature for the purpose of gathering the money of the young.

For years I have published this work, have attacked enemies of society right and left, yet not even they ever before advanced this proposition—it is so preposterous that it staggers one. It would really be ludicrous, were it not for the fact that I am, on such reasoning as this, sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years.

I am not railing against the Court—I do not complain of the eminent jurists—the impartial Judges who have found that I am technically guilty of infringing a Post Office Law, and who condemn me therefor to two years in the Penitentiary, but when they go out of the boundary of the indictment, and hold that I am a purveyor of lascivious literature, whose object is to inflame the minds of youths, for my gain, I rise to say, with deepest respect to the Courts, that this I have never done. What is the use of the efforts I have made, and am making in the direction of moral reform, when such things can occur, in the name of Law, Justice, and Civilization.

I am informed by my counsel that they will at once take steps to appeal from this decision to the United States Supreme Court. The letter which follows will throw some light on this subject, for those who have so kindly extended to me their sympathy and confidence:



Bernarr Macfadden, Esq., New York City,

Dear Sir:

The Circuit Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the District Court in the case of the United States vs. yourself, on account of the alleged obscenity of an article published in PHYSICAL CULTURE entitled "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?)

Society." The opinion, which is by the Court (i.e., none of the three judges assumed the responsibility for it), plainly shows that instead of passing upon the article itself, the Court considered all the contents of the November, December and January magazines which WERE NOT INCLUDED IN THE INDICTMENT. That the Court should have done this, is nothing short of remarkable, but, what is more so, they found that the prejudicial and unjudicial, charge of the Trial Justice, which practically ordered the Jury to convict you, and which was a direct appeal to their prejudices, was correct.

If there were any doubt as to the obscenity of the articles, I at least expected the Upper Court to order a re-trial, on the grounds that you had not had a fair trial, for to that much every man is entitled. I have statements from some of the jurors, showing that they were misled by the Court's instructions. No one who knows your life, and your charities and how you have labored for the benefit of humanity in the cause of physical culture and kindred branches of higher and decent living, including the suppression of prudery, can for a moment hesitate to disagree with the Court in their statement that your object is to publish indecent stories under the guise of a magazine devoted to physical culture; that any one could take such a view,—well, here words fail me; it is as preposterous as is the fact that the Post Office Department and the machinery of the Government and Courts can be brought into use against you by the prudish cranks, whose real characters you have disclosed in your magazine.

As I was not your counsel in the trial, and represented you only in the appeal, I cannot, with any force, be accused of upbraiding the Court because of a lost cause. Further, such is not my custom, nor am I in any sense now doing so — I merely desire to acquaint you with the situation. One of the points against you that carried weight was the fact that on the cover of one of your magazines appeared sketches of the famous Greek statues, the "Flying Mercury," the "Venus de Milo," and the "Discus Thrower"—what could be a more appropriate design for a magazine devoted to physical culture? Verily this is the age of prurient prudery turned loose — you are a martyr in the cause now being fought out by the Bishop of London on the other side and the "Ladies' Home Journal," and your own publications on this side of the ocean. There is but to fight on, with the hope that the higher Court will be able to understand, as do your constant readers, that in teaching parents the dangers of failing to properly inform their children against the evils into which they walk blindly, that you are not to be classed among the criminals who deal in vile, lascivious literature for what can be made from its sale. Your case marks a period in the history of American civilization, and shows it to be in this regard, as backward as when, during the reign of Louis XV, the Theory of Linnaeus on the sexuality of plants was suppressed.

You are not the first man whose cause has been misunderstood, and who has had to bear the unjust penalty of it, and you will not be the last, but when a man of your type, and purposes, can receive a sentence of two years in the penitentiary, for an article such as you published, it is time for thinkers, publishers, authors and editors, to awaken to the dangers of having the obscenity laws interpreted by ignorant jurors, and by judges who blush at the sight of classic Greek statuary.

I advise that you say nothing, and do nothing; simply wait until the end, when I believe that the thousands who know you and have been benefited by your views will find their good opinion justified, and this strange anomaly of the law set aside; until then let every father beware what kind of a letter of paternal advice he writes to his absent son, especially if he has a political enemy in the Post Office Department. Meanwhile, I will take immediate steps to appeal the case to the United States Supreme Court, and will keep you advised as to the results.

Very truly yours,

HENRY M. EARLE.

New York City.

Chest-Weight Exercises in Bed

By Bernarr Macfadden

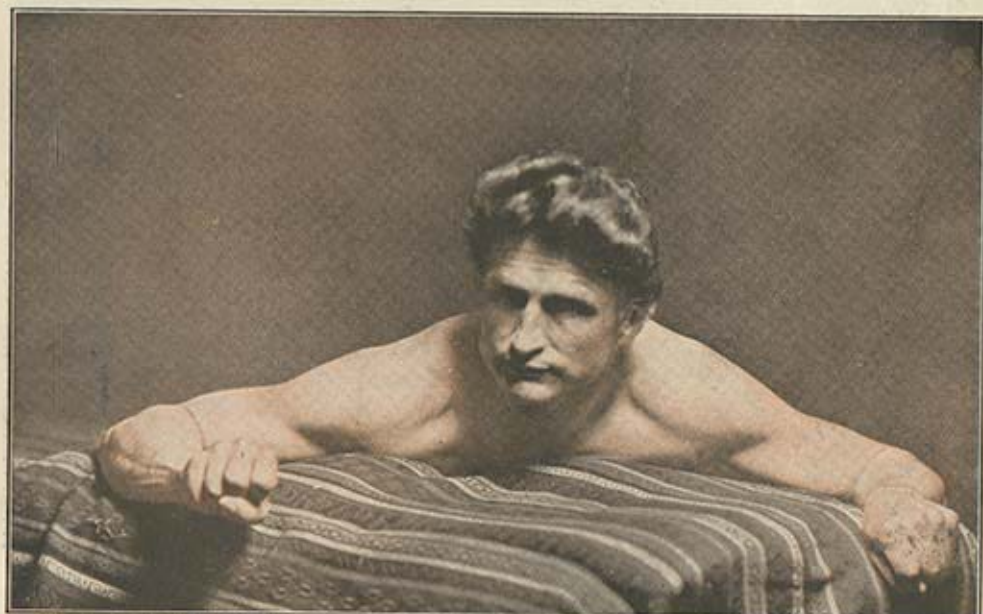
A SERIES OF EXERCISES WHICH GIVE ONE THE SAME OR GREATER BENEFIT THAN IS SECURED FROM THE USE OF CHEST WEIGHTS, AND WHICH CAN BE TAKEN IN BED WITHOUT APPARATUS OF ANY KIND.

FIFTH LESSON

THE two exercises presented in this issue are the last of the series of Chest-Weight Exercises in Bed. The various movements that we have illustrated furnish about the best all-round system of exercise that has ever been presented in this issue for the convenience of busy men. When the entire system of movements is taken as they have been given in the various lessons, my readers will really be surprised at the development that will be

secured as the result of persistent practice.

In order to build up the proper amount of muscular vigor, every muscle of the body must be used, and these exercises, if taken in conjunction with walking and with movements for the back and abdominal region, will actively and thoroughly use every muscle of the body, thus giving you the benefit of a systematic development. Walking is, of course, a necessary part of any system of physi-



Photograph No. 17, Exercise No. 9—Lie face downwards, with the elbows out on a line with the shoulders, as shown in illustration. Now, pushing the elbows downward as vigorously as possible, raise the chest over the bed as high as you can. Resume first position and repeat the exercise until tired. For developing the muscles on the front of the chest.

cal culture, no matter how thorough it may be. Although most of the movements which have been presented in this series are of such a nature as to bring about the development of the upper part of the body, the reader must not assume that the lower limbs should be overlooked. Walking is particularly useful in this respect. As I have stated on many occasions in these columns, walking seems to build vital power, seems to give you functional vigor. But the development of the muscles of the upper part of the body is equally as important.

Remember to continue each one of these exercises on every occasion until the muscles begin to tire. Between each exercise, it is a good plan, as has been previously suggested, to inhale a deep full breath, expanding in the abdominal region, thus at the same time securing the beneficial results

that accrue from abdominal breathing.

Of course the principal benefit in this system of exercises lies in its convenience. If you are in the habit of sleeping in a cold room, a few minutes' exercise under covers enables you to so thoroughly warm the body that you are able to resist with comfort the influence of a comparatively cold atmosphere, and an air bath when taken with exercise of this kind is of great benefit. It seems to quiet the nerves and assists in the general development of vigor.

The exercises presented in this series will be published in the form of a chart, which our friends can hang on a wall conveniently near the bed, and thus have them near at hand as a daily reminder. These charts will be furnished for fifty cents each, or will be sent with a year's subscription for ten cents above the subscription price.



Photograph No. 18, Exercise No. 10—Lie flat on the back, with the elbows extended outward on a line with the shoulders. Now force the elbows downward as much as possible and raise the central portion of the body as high as you possibly can. Resume former position and continue exercise until tired. Especially beneficial for developing the muscles in between the shoulders and the back. These are the muscles that require development when one is inclined to be round-shouldered.

Classic Forms of Dancing

By Mrs. Lou Wall Moore

THE DANCES OF THE GREEKS AND OTHER ANCIENT PEOPLES OCCUPY AN IMPORTANT POSITION IN PHYSICAL CULTURE, HYGIENE AND MODERN ART.

The author of this article is not only an admirer of classic forms of dancing, but is one of the leading exponents of the performance of the higher form of terpsichorean art. Mrs. Moore does not follow in the track of the conventional theatrical danseuse, but confines her exhibitions to reproductions of the classic forms of dancing of which she is such an able and enthusiastic advocate. I understand that she has been recently requested to illustrate her ideas of what is best in dancing at the White House, in Washington.—Bernarr Macfadden.

IN those days when the simultaneous cultivation of the body and mind was a part of the national policy of ancient Greece, and when in consequence, art and the human form alike attained a degree of excellence that has never been equalled in later stages of the world's alleged progress, dancing was held to be "the legitimate sister of music and poetry," to quote the words of a famous writer on the subject. This for the reason that while it made possible vivid expressions of feeling, thought and emotion, at the same time, it gave wholesome and exhilarating exercise to the person engaged in such expressions. In other words, it was in itself, the embodiment of the



Terpsichore, Goddess of Dancing

sound mind controlling the graceful and intellectual actions of a sound body. As Bliss Carnan puts it, "The classic dancer used motion as a poet uses words, as a musician uses tones, as a painter uses colors. It was no wonder then, that the ancients looked upon dancing with a sort of reverence that is unknown to us moderns." This, too, explains why, in classic Greece, the dance was not merely an interlude of, or an accompaniment to, the drama, but a real and important part of the latter. In fact, the ancient playwrights held that there were "situations," to use a dramatic phrase, which could be much better interpreted by dancing than by words or other means.



From Painting, "Dance of the Bacchantes."

But I think that old Greece valued dancing chiefly because it was both beautiful and begot beauty. For the underlying belief of the people of the classic ages was, that anything which tended to health, tended to beauty also. Dancing as then understood and practiced, made for health, and it followed that it made for beauty as well. The art and traditions of the days of which I write, are eloquent of this great fact, which by the way, has been repeatedly re-stated by the editor of this magazine. I also believe that the old Greeks loved beauty, not so much for its own sake, if I may be allowed the expression, but because of the things which it stood for, which included the strength, virility and vitality of perfect health. In the acquirement of these qualities, dancing of

a proper type played an important part. There is no reason in the world why the practice of the ancients, in this respect, should not be followed by we moderns. It is my purpose to indicate just *how* we may do it, in the brief limits of this article, and it is also in order for me to call attention to educational value of the subject. For no one can study the dances of the classic periods without being put in touch with a good deal of useful and interesting information which could hardly have reached them in any other manner.

What is dancing in the first place? As we chiefly know it, it is a meaningless series of movements, sometimes of an acrobatic kind, sometimes of a sensuous sort, sometimes merely "clever," to use the word of the unthinking public, some-



From Painting, "Rehearsal for The Dramatic Classic Dance."

times (and mostly) just trash, having neither beauty or sense or meaning to commend it to us. But actually, it is that which I have intimated; a fine art, serving not only as a vent for the ebullition of the animal spirits born of exuberant health, but also as an avenue for the definite expression of various emotions. What is more, dancing of the true kind, infects and fascinates others; conveying to them the buoyancy and feelings of the dancer. So that it not only does good to the one, but to the multitude also.

Dancing should furthermore be performed with a definite purpose; its

world are exactly in line with the teachings of this publication, in the pages of which I have repeatedly seen it urged that no exercise or recreation can do much good unless it is seasoned with the spirit of enjoyment. This goes to show that the principles of physical culture as interpreted by the editor are based upon truths which made ancient Greece that which she once was.

Dancing entered into practically all of the higher life of the ancients. Religion, the drama, weddings, funerals, victories, festivals and indeed anything which was removed from the ordinary things of existence seemed to call for



From Painting, "Classic Dance Before Cleopatra."

benefits, mental and physical, will follow in the wake of this purpose. Thus, the words of a modern play suggest to an actor certain expressions, gestures and intonations. But to the ancient Greeks, they also suggested rhythmic movements of the entire body. Certain dancing movements always accompanied certain ideas, somewhat after the theory of the motifs of Wagnerian music. So that there was always a congenial plan and purpose behind the dancing of classic times, and it was this that made it so physically beneficial to the dancer. Here too, the teachings of the classic

the dance and the dancers. Then there were what may be called the every-day dances—a series of movements descriptive of, or having to do with the daily life of the participants. But nearly everybody danced, and as a consequence, nearly everybody was healthy and beautiful and necessarily happy. For the last named attribute is certain to follow on the first two.

Before I speak of the elements of the old classic dance, I would call attention to two of its features which will commend themselves to physical culturists, these being the dress of the dancers, and the

fact that all their dancing was done in the open air. Most of us are familiar with the light and graceful garb of the times of which we speak, through the medium of pictures or the modern stage. The dress was practically a single garment, and it was so made that it afforded the needed covering and a maximum of ventilation at one and the same time. With a very slight re-arranging, it formed an ideal costume for rapid or unusual effort. The Greeks knew too, that terpsichorean work necessitated the lungs being given a full supply of oxygen, and they knew also, that an audience was apt to get sleepy and impatient where pure air was lacking. So, as I have said, all the classic dancing was done in the open. Some of these days, I hope myself to teach students this form of dancing with the hygienic accompaniments of which I have just spoken; in fact, I have decided to do so at a place of my own at Bellecrest, near Northport, Long Island. And I shall charge no fees, either, but the students will be selected from among those who show natural aptitude for the work. This I shall do, because I am a great believer in the value of health considered as a national asset and an aid to happiness; and in this regard I am assured that I shall have the sympathy of the *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine.

To come back to the practical application of the principles of the form of

dancing of which we are speaking. Such dancing is, I need hardly say, far removed from the high-kicking, ta-ra-boom-de-ay, can-can movements which are unfortunately dignified by the name of dancing nowadays. It is instead, the illustration of a given theme or idea by means of bodily movements, such movements not being by any means confined to the legs, but all the limbs and the whole of the body assist in making the story clear. In a way, the Japanese theory of dancing is much alike to that of the ancients, only in the former case, so much that is symbolical and artificial has been added, that a great deal of the original charm is lost. It is different with the dances of which I am now discussing, for their directness and "understandableness," to coin a word, constitute no small part of their total charm. For reasons which will readily make themselves clear, it will be impossible for me to describe in detail any of the classic dances, but I think that I can in a general way, indicate to the intelligent physical culturist, the manner in which he or she can imitate such dancing and reap the incidental benefits.

So then, having assumed garments which shall leave the body untrammelled, select some place in the open air in which you are not likely to be embarrassed by the observations of the curious and impertinent. For it is necessary



From Painting, "Seasons Dancing Before Time."

to have a peaceful mind if you would garner all the ensuing good. Now think of some little story, or incident or happening, and I may say right here that the richer this story is in what the playwrights call "action" the more available it will be for your purpose. Next, try to act out your story *through the medium of easy, rhymed and graceful movements*. Let legs, arms, head, neck, eyes and, as I have said, the entire body take part in the work. Suppose for example, that the story opens with the pleadings of a maiden with her mother for permission to go to the neighboring brook to gather water-lilies to wear at the evening's festival. Of the adventures which follow the granting of the plea, we need not now speak, except to say that even a simple narrative like this, can be turned into a most attractive dance by one who has the needed skill. But the maiden or dancer, as you like, will begin by assuming a winning expression of countenance; then she will tell in pretty pantomime of action just where she wants to go; describe with gesture, the windings and motion of the brook; indicate the lilies resting on its quiet stretches; imitate the motion of gathering them and twisting them into a wreath; crowning herself with them; dancing at the festival; show the admiration which she will excite and her coyness; the love-making which will follow, and—her mother still being obdurate—make a further and even more effective plea to the latter.

First of all, you will probably be a little stiff, self-conscious and awkward. By degrees, however, and as you lose yourself in the theme, you will forget yourself and remember only that for the

time being, you are *acting without words*. When you have reached this stage, you will not be so very far short of realizing the possibilities that lay, and still lie, in the classic dance.

It is not to be expected that you will fully grasp the theory of the practice at the first, or, it may be, during a half dozen attempts. A good deal depends upon temperament and physical adaptiveness. But in the long run, you are pretty sure to be able to dance in the classic and *true* sense, if you will persevere. In the early stages of, and right throughout your efforts, remember that dancing is in more senses than one, the poetry of motion. As poetry is harmony, so dancing should be the same. There must be rhyme of movement, balance of parts, and equalization of conditions. Practice will make you perfect in this as in literary affairs. Tell your story by your bodily movements, much in the same way that you would tell it by your tongue. Have an easiness, grace and poise of narrative, if the word be appropriate. After a time, you will instinctively feel in what you have erred and in what you have done good. This is the beginning of wisdom in other things as well as dancing. If possible, witness the dancing of those who are looked upon as authorities on the style which you are studying. Look for defects in your methods, for that is the only way of securing perfection. Avoid any movements which are vague or meaningless to the spectator.

In due season you will reap your reward in the shape of that grace, ease of movement and perfect health which waits upon those who diligently follow the major teachings of physical culture.

How to Make a Vaccination Scar.

TO THE EDITOR:

There are many of your readers who do not believe in vaccination, and they cannot send their children to school unless they have been vaccinated. Now if you would simply burn the arm with

a red hot piece of metal of some kind (curling-irons, for instance) about the same size as the usual vaccination scar, the average physician will be unable to detect the difference, and the child will pass as vaccinated.

J. B. S.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

The most striking type of muscular manhood among the celebrities of finance.

Physical Culture and Great Financiers

THE METHODS ADVOCATED BY THIS MAGAZINE ARE FACTORS IN THE LIVES OF SOME OF OUR GREATEST FINANCIERS.

By Joseph A. Seligman

Great men are nearly always strong men. They have to be gifted with superior nervous or muscular power in order to endure the extraordinary amount of work required to develop the characteristics that have made them great. Many of our great financiers have already realized the value of a physical culture regime. They have learned the necessity of exercise, of the value of the abstemious diet, and unquestionably they have been made more capable in every way because of their recognition of these great truths. The following article will unquestionably be of interest to our readers, as it will give them an insight into the lives of men known throughout the world for their great financial achievements.—Bernarr Macfadden.

NOT so long ago, a representative of a metropolitan newspaper was commissioned to fare forth to Boston

for the purpose of interviewing Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, in regard to one of the *coups* of the latter. After some trouble, the reporter ran the financier to earth in his residence.

"Mr. Lawson is at lunch in the library," said the butler, "but he will see you there, if you don't mind, so he says."

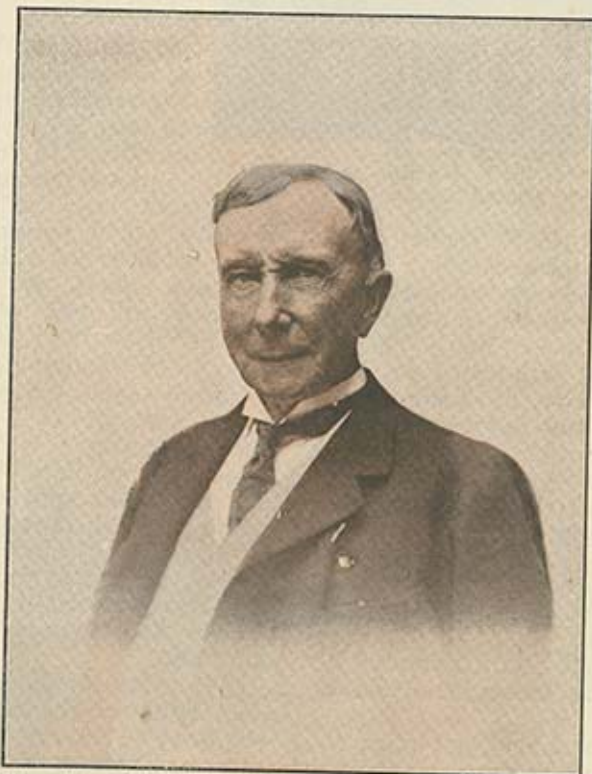
The visitor replied that he would be glad to chat to Mr. Lawson under any conditions, and so to the library he was shown. At a desk of huge proportions and massive make,

was the shaper of speculative destinies, surrounded by piles of books, papers, and continually receiving reports, tele-

grams and so forth. A couple of secretaries sat near, and in the intervals between dictating to these, Mr. Lawson, partook of his lunch. And the meal consisted of raisins, brown bread, cheese and buttermilk.

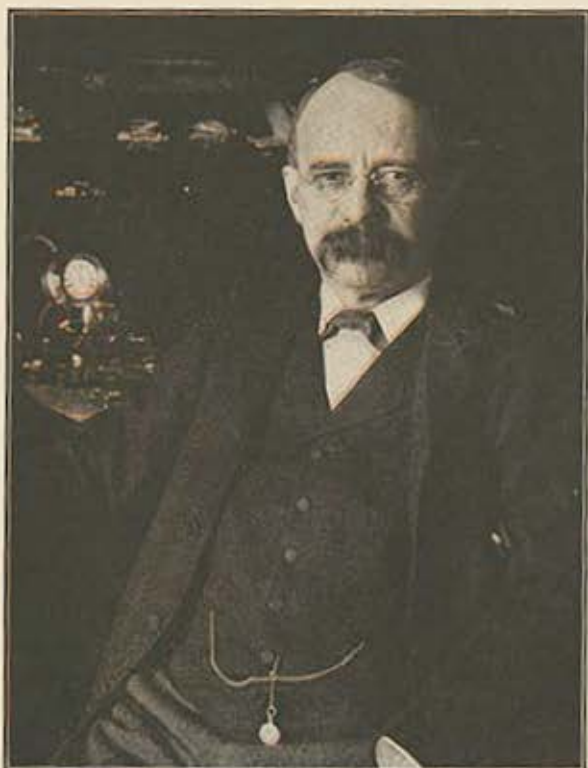
After the interview proper had ended, the newspaper man said, "You'll pardon the question, but is that"—pointing to the eatables—"the usual bill of fare at your luncheons?"

Lawson's eyes twinkled. "You read my advertisements I believe?" he said.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

John D. Rockefeller, who recently declared he felt younger than he did ten years ago, thanks to outdoor life and proper diet.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.
Edward H. Harriman, the "Napoleon of Railways"
of the United States.

"Most persons do," answered the newspaper man diplomatically.

"Well, then, the next time that you see one of them, remember that it was preceded by this sort of lunch. Young man, if you would keep your brain clear and your wits active, be careful of the things that you put in your stomach. The cheaper your meals, the more money there will be in your purse, in more senses than one. Frugality is the beginning of wealth—especially frugality at the table. By which I mean that the money-maker is, as a rule, a miser when it comes to the so-called pleasures of the palate. Look at myself." And Mr. Lawson, with another smile and a sweep of his hand, indicated the brown bread and the other edibles.

Some eight years ago, and when Mr. Lawson was showing signs of breaking down under the strain of the many undertakings with which he was connected, a friend who had experienced the

benefits which arise therefrom, advised him to adopt a physical culture régime. Like a good many other people similarly circumstanced, Mr. Lawson at first scoffed, then listened and finally tested. Since that time and whenever he is contemplating the engineering of a "deal" which calls for especially strenuous effort, he has "trained" for such ventures on the plan recommended in the pages of this magazine. On all occasions, Mr. Lawson is careful of his health in the matters of diet and exercise. But in the instances in question, he becomes a consistent physical culturist. He goes to bed as early as may be: he takes long walks; boxes and fences and—if the season permits—plays tennis in the open; he is also a "fresh air fiend" by day and night, while his food is of the plainest and of a vegetarian order.

The results of all this are to be seen in his work and his personality. In regard to the first of these, he undertakes tasks that in point of quality and quantity would knock out or strain the possibilities of half a dozen ordinary men. As to his personality, his intimates will tell you that "Tom Lawson" is as hard as nails. Which is not to be wondered at if one knows somewhat about the physical outcome of his methods of "hardening up." Surely, when one considers that in addition to his multifarious financial affairs he is yachtsman, patron of the fine arts, author of both poetry and prose, well known in society circles and all around man of the world, one must acknowledge that the régime favored by him, leads to the growth of muscle and mentality also.

J. Pierpont Morgan is another of the great lights of the financial firmament who owes an admitted debt to physical culture. Born at Hartford, Conn., in 1837, he has exceeded the allotted span of life for man by just one year. But his age sits lightly upon him. Physi-

cally, he is as strong and active as he was twenty years ago. His dearest enemies must admit that his mental acumen shows no signs of blunting. He is to all intents and purposes, a man in the early stages of middle age — a period at which one's faculties are at their best. And he cheerfully acknowledges his debt to physical culture in regard to his soundness of wind, limb and muscle.

It is known to the friends of the financier that his allegiance to the principles of diet and exercise as advocated by this magazine, dates back to 1901 only. He was then engaged in organizing the United Steel Corporation, which had the stupendous capital of \$1,100,000,000. The labors of the task, combined, so it is said, with the criticisms and obstacles of many hostile interests, told upon him greatly. Towards the end, his naturally fine constitution nearly gave way. A European specialist it is averred, strongly recommended him to give up the doctors and live the life natural. However, this may be, it is certain that Mr. Morgan *did* change his habits of living. For nearly a year thereafter, his meals consisted of the plainest of foods "milk, cereals and fruit being the main edibles." At the same time, he took as much exercise as a man of his years consistently could: horseback-riding, walking and "bathball" forming the bulk of these. The last named game, if it may be so-called, was invented especially for Mr. Morgan's benefit by one of his attendants. It consists of the lively manipulation of a sort of inflated "medicine-ball" in the swimming pool and affords lots of fun and wholesome exercise.

Very recently, Mr. Morgan stated that he was "good for a hundred years," adding that "the man who ate little, exercised much and kept happy," was pretty sure of attaining the century mark. To which, all consistent physical culturists will assuredly respond "Yea, verily."

Mr. Morgan's example as far as the acquisition of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice are concerned, may not be a good one for our young men to follow. But when it comes to his adoption of the principles of physical culture, much benefit will result from one's doing likewise.

Edward Henry Harriman is another of the foremost financiers of this country who is a warm advocate of the teachings of physical culture. Now there may or may not be a good deal of truth in the things which have been said about Mr. Harriman and his business methods by a large part of the press and a larger portion of the public. With that, however, this notice of him has nothing to do, except that it may be remarked that a man holding the place and controlling the interests which he does, can hardly expect to escape the adverse comments of his rivals, his foes or, for that matter, of his alleged friends. The point is,



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

H. H. Rogers, a notable figure in financial circles.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Thomas A. Edison at work.

that thanks to the enduring fibre of his brain and body, reinforced by the practices of physical culture, he is enabled to meet and satisfy the tremendous demands made upon his strength by the various enterprises with which he is identified.

Think of it — he is senior partner and directing head of the banking firm of E. H. Harriman and Co., of New York City; he is a member of the Stock Exchange of the Metropolis, and he is *either President or Chairman of the Board of Directors of fifty-three of the biggest corporations in this country!* And in spite of the inconceivable responsibilities and — to the average man — terrifying nervous strain involved, he is invariably, cool, self-contained, wiry and enjoys capital health. Why? Well, as intimated, the explanation is to be found in his daily methods

of life. Whether at his country residence at Tuxedo Park, or at his town house on Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, he rises early, exercises mildly, takes a tepid bath, a rub down afterward, and has a short walk before breakfast. This same meal is a very light one by the way, as is luncheon, which is usually served in his office in the down-town district. The joke about the late Russell Sage making his mid-day meal off a single apple, is not infrequently repeated in the case of Mr. Harriman, and in both instances, there is more fact than fiction about the anecdote.

The Harriman dinner is mostly a formal affair when the financier is in town, but even then, his characteristic caution in regard to eating is made manifest. He is furthermore, an excellent golfer, takes delight in horses, was once a crack oarsman, but hasn't done much work on the water for a good many years, and only wears an overcoat during the coldest spells. Likewise does he personally attribute his "staying" powers and excellent health in general to his dietetic and other physical culture rules for maintaining health.

John Davison Rockefeller, whose riches can hardly be computed, has for many years, been living a life, which includes most of the tenets of physical culture. Once upon a time, and after a series of costly experiments with specialists and physicians from all parts of the world, he was advised by his own common-sense, so it is said, to diet in order to cure himself of digestive troubles which had not only interfered with his health for long, but actually threatened his life. Periods of fasting, followed by meals which consisted almost entirely of buttermilk and whole-meal bread followed. Later, those who were capable of instructing Mr. Rockefeller in the benefits of the life simple, aided him in completing the work which he had so sensibly begun. Exercise, and plenty of it, in the open was

ordered, and the "early to bed and early to rise" maxim became the rule in the household of the recovering man. It need hardly be said that the régime succeeded, where all else had failed. To-day, Mr. Rockefeller, in spite of his being close on seventy years of age, is not only a well man but is hale and hearty also. He is practically indefatigable on the golf links, and he can walk it out with most men who are forty years his junior. His digestive troubles have disappeared but he is still very careful of his diet. He sticks to buttermilk and lots of it; it is not only his only stimulant but it is his favorite beverage as well. Altogether, the financier furnishes a capital example of the potentialities of physical culture in restoring and maintaining lost health. And it too, can bring back to a man a good many of the years which may appear to have been gone for ever. Mr. Rockefeller insists that he feels younger than he did in the 80's. By which it will be seen that the benefits of right living are retrospective as well as immediate.

Henry H. Rogers, the Boston financier whose "operations" in gas, oil, steel, copper, railroads and so forth, have been and still are on a gigantic scale, is yet another of the financial Powers-that-Be, who is greatly indebted to the precepts and practices of the natural life as translated by physical culture. His case is, however, somewhat different from that of those already related, in that he has consistently lived out the fact that a man's health is in his own keeping. Also, that indulgences and excesses of any kind, cause heavy drafts on the vitality of the body and the brain. As a consequence, Mr. Rogers' existence, when ever possible, has been in accord with the principles advocated in this magazine.

Thomas Alva Edison may be truthfully classed among the financiers in view of the magnificent returns which some of the more important of his inventions have been yielding him for many years. A man who has given to the world ten of the most important applications of electricity, besides bringing into being scores of what he is pleased to call "minor matters," has a right to expect that he will be properly rewarded.

And so Edison is a very rich man and like other rich men, he has in his time, forgotten that there is something more valuable than wealth, which is health. So he fell sick some time ago, and every now and then there came rumors that we were on the eve of losing him and his services to humanity. It was then that Mrs. Edison took a hand in the matter. She told the doctors who were attending her husband, that all that was the matter with the latter was his neglect of himself and that a proper diet and plenty of exercise would soon put him on his feet again. It is averred that the good lady had a lot of difficulty in persuading the physicians and her spouse that she knew what she was talking about. But at last she did succeed, and then followed a season of what was in reality physical culture thinly disguised. Mrs. Edison put the inventor on a diet of her own stipulation; she saw to it that he had an abundance of fresh air both at home and at his laboratory—for directly that he could get on his feet he insisted on going back to his work—and she literally *made* him walk so far every day.

Mr. Edison soon recovered, and apart from some recent troubles which he attributes to certain of his experiments, is better than he has been for a long time.

But the list of the magnates of the "Street" who have benefited by the teachings of physical culture, wholly or in part, might be extended indefinitely. Of Andrew Carnegie and his devotion to the life healthy, to golf and other out-of-door sports, PHYSICAL CULTURE has but recently spoken. Charles M. Schwab has, according to report, given up the allurements of town life and will henceforth devote himself to the charms of country life and all that that means in the way of natural living and abounding health. Louis Carroll Root is another man of millions, who is said to be an ardent follower of the principles of physical culture. Henry Clews comes honestly by his love of the out-of-doors and all things which make for a sound body and a sound mind, by reason of his British ancestry. Theodore P. Shonts, Paul Morton and others follow his example. And so the story goes.



Photo by Pictorial News Co.

Group of Danish Girl Gymnasts. These magnificently developed young women illustrate the marvelous value of scientific body-building in the making of womanhood.

Magnificent Types of Womanhood

By Charles Merriles

REMARKABLE FEATS OF THE TEAM OF DANISH GIRL ATHLETES WHO APPEARED AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

DURING the Olympic Games, at London, the Danish girl athletes furnished a remarkable exemplification of the value of physical culture methods in developing strong, beautiful bodies. They were the "hit" of the games. They were by far the most popular team of athletes. They were one and all beautifully proportioned specimens of womanhood. In theatrical parlance, it might literally be said that every move they made was a picture,—every pose an artistic creation. Although these girls were powerful representations of physical womanhood, they were nevertheless graceful, lithe, supple, and in their ordinary appearance gave no evidence of possessing the marvelous strength which lay under the beautiful outlines of their symmetrical bodies. They could run, jump, swim, and do gymnastic stunts that many very competent male athletes could not perform.

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One of the daily papers, in calling attention to these remarkable young women said that "Among all the countless competitors in the stadium, this team stood forth as a telling example of splendid physical development and grace of movement. The beauty of the girls' figures and their graceful manœuvres were well set off by the tasteful uniform costume. This costume consisted of a cream-colored blouse and skirt and amber-hued stockings. The blouse was made somewhat looser, especially at the arms and shoulders, than the ordinary shirtwaist, and the sleeves were gathered at the wrist. The skirt, which was ample in width to permit the freest evolutions in stride, fell just to the knee. Ease and grace of posture and motion were the keynote of the Diana figure."

One means of securing this grace of posture and movement depends on perfect balance, as will be noted in one of

our illustrations of the favorite exercise of these splendidly developed girls. The performance of these young women was termed the Diana Drill, and they well deserve to be named after this mythical goddess, who was originally worshipped in ancient Greece and Rome. One of the most famous of the world's works of art was the statue of Diana at Ephesus. This statue and the temple surrounding it were of such beauty and magnificence as to long outlast the annals of the fame of the great city in which it was located.

Many of our women readers will no doubt be very greatly interested in the accomplishments of these Danish girls. They could hardly refrain from envying them their strength and beauty, and yet these admirable characteristics were obtained simply through a proper use of their bodies since early youth. Strength should always be an attribute of womanhood; in fact, it is a most important part of real womanhood. A woman is but little more than a poor imitation if she is weak, for strength not only gives one the power to handle the body gracefully and easily, but it adds additional energy to the internal functional organs. It not only makes one a better human being, but a more forceful woman as well. You have more character, more stability, more real womanhood, when

you possess a high degree of strength. The lackadaisical, doll-baby type of woman never understands the meaning of life from the higher, broader viewpoint. As a rule, these women are so poorly sexed that in some instances they actually belong to the neuter gender. It should be distinctly remembered that the more physical power a woman may develop, the more capable she becomes in her particular sphere; the more perfect she is as a woman, the more completely developed are those delicate instincts which are a part of her "sex-hood."

This magazine has stood for womanhood of this higher type since its very first issue. It has pleaded with its readers over and over again to recognize the importance of giving proper attention to those rules of life necessary to acquire the highest degree of physical power, even after one has attained the age of an adult. Of course, marvelous results can be achieved in adult life, but it is simply astounding what can be accomplished in the development of a strong, beautiful womanhood when you begin at the growing period. Poor, pale, weak, specimens of girlhood can, by proper forms of food and exercise, be developed into splendid and even magnificent women. When I think of these possibilities I can hardly refrain from



Photo by Pictorial News Co.

Danish Girl Gymnast. A Fine Example of Grace, Skill and Strength.

asking, when will this money-doped age awaken to the marvelous possibilities before us as a race? When will we realize the importance, first of all, of developing men and women with all the superb powers that are easily within their reach? Let us hope that the future will offer us rewards so complete

that parents everywhere will begin now, not only with their own bodies, but more especially with their progeny, who look to them for a capital in life in the form of health and strength, which, it should be remembered, is many times more important than any financial capital that might be left to them.



Photo by Pictorial News Co.

Drill of the Danish Girl Gymnasts at the Olympic Games in London.

Physical Culture on the Farm

TO THE EDITOR:

Through the teachings of your magazine we are trying to live a physical culture life on a farm. We rise at 4:30 or 5 a.m., do a certain amount of exercises and take cold water baths. We eat two meals a day and do as much farm work as our neighbors, who eat three. Of course, they think we have crazy ideas. We have not eaten any meat for over two years and feel better than when we ate it. We eat most of our vegetables raw and those that require cooking, such as beets, beans or rice, are allowed just to simmer down. We are fond of soaked whole wheat served with cream or sometimes ground in a common meat cutter. We never eat white bread and very little potatoes and no bread that has been fermented.

Recently my brother and I walked a distance of twenty miles. We left home at 5:30 a.m. at 10 o'clock we came to a creek, took a bath, ate an orange apiece, rested an hour, then continued our walk and arrived there at noon. Our friends thought we must have

meat after such a long walk, without breakfast, but our dinner consisted of raw eggs beaten up with milk, oatmeal and lettuce. We started for home next morning, arriving here at noon. We walked just to test our endurance, for we have six horses and could ride if we wanted to. My brother made most of the trip barefooted, while I covered five miles that way. Neither of us wore a hat and he has just put up fifty tons of hay wearing no hat while he worked.

In a recent number of your magazine a subscriber writes from North Dakota, that farmers eat pie three times a day out there, and contradicting a statement that they live on beans, white bread and strong coffee. I don't think conditions in North Dakota are much different than in South Dakota and that is the usual fare here, with bacon thrown in. Sometimes they do have pie three times a day, but often it is mortgaged, and then they shout about their good health when there is a bottle of "patent dope" on the kitchen shelf.

Reliance, S. D. PAULINE A. HAVEL.

Living the Radiant Life

Written Especially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

By George Wharton James

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

CHAPTER VII.

OUT OF DOOR RADIANCES—CONTINUED.

WHO can fail to understand the joy I have experienced in beginning on the desert to study its flora, and then rapidly ascending to the summit of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, where perpetual snow is found, and witnessing the entire change of flora in the ascent? The hidden valley and canyons, which were nearer to the summit than the desert were still subject to the influence of the latter, and so showed more desert flora than mountain. Words cannot begin to tell the surprise, the joy, the gratification I felt as I went over this battling place of flowers, plants, shrubs and trees, some belonging to the desert and seeking to climb the mountain, others belonging to the mountain and seeking to descend to the desert.

Then, too, when wandering where few steps have ever trodden, what a joy to see miles and miles of brilliant and gorgeous flowers, rare and prized, spread out like a vast carpet.

All such experiences enlarge the soul, for they reveal the largeness of Nature, the greatness of God and the extended wondrousness of his works.

How my own intellectual and spiritual grasp of things grew when I first went out with Joseph Le Conte, the eminent geologist, and began to look at the physical world of rocks and mountains, valleys and canyons, etc., through his trained and observant eyes. He showed me how mountain chains arose, how stratified rocks, that were made in the bed of some primeval ocean or lake, were lifted up to thousands of feet above the

level of the sea, how glacial lakes were made, how mountain summits were smoothed down, how alluvial meadows were made. Then, with the start he had given me, I began to observe for myself, I traced for hundreds of miles the shores (at three different levels, showing three different epochs of uplift), of a great prehistoric lake, which Isaac Russell has called Lake Labontan, and which finds its present day remnants in the Great Salt Lake and Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Can any mind realize the changes that have occurred in this region, as manifested by these different shore levels, and not have his mind broadened, his intellect quickened, his soul enlarged? And so I grow on, year after year, enlarging my knowledge and deepening my "ken," by wanderings in the vast abysses of the Grand Canyon, and the picturesque recesses of Havasu Canyon, on the towering heights of a hundred mountains, over the arid wastes of the Painted, the Mohave and the Colorado Deserts, in the Coconino forest, and wherever time and inclination made my presence possible.

There is another side to the out-of-door life to which I have not referred. That is the wonderful results that come from a sympathetic study of the living animals of Nature. Who can read books like those of Thoreau, Ernest Thompson Seton, W. J. Long, and not feel the profound and beautiful sympathy that exists between those men and the animals they observed. How absolutely delicious to the nerves of sympathy and feeling are the sweet meditations of John

Burroughs, Olive Thorne Miller, Elizabeth and Joseph Grinnell, W. C. Bartlett and others on the actions of the birds and other lesser creatures. Who can read Sir John Lubbock's articles, or Darwin's pages of observations on reptiles, beasts and fishes and not feel that he is being introduced to a new and large life, and such treatises as Michelet's on "The Bee" reveal an entirely novel and fascinating world to us. The great Agassiz once said, speaking of his great biological work, that the study of life in any phase was so interesting, that he could occupy a whole life time delightfully and profitably in studying no more than he could cover with his single hand. Professor Jacques Loeb, of the University of California, has devoted years to the study of the processes by which the eggs of the sea urchin are fertilized *not* by the spermatozoa of the male, but by a chemical substitute. I have watched the actual processes through the lenses of a most powerful microscope, but think of what it must mean to trace out, step by step, the processes by which this marvellous and apparently impossible result is obtained.

How such studies expand the mind and the soul! The ordinary frivolous and petty things of life sink into insignificance to the mind that is dealing with such problems as these.

Another wonderful result of the out-of-door life comes in that we learn to love what once we ignorantly hated. I could illustrate this in a score of ways, but in nothing more forcefully than in my attitude towards snakes and reptiles. As a child I had the most dreadful feelings if ever I saw a snake or a lizard. The sense of aversion and repulsion was almost so strong as to make me faint, indeed, I can remember, on several occasions, fainting when coming suddenly upon these creatures I so much dreaded. But when, twenty-seven years ago, I began to roam the canyons and mountain slopes of Nevada, and later of all the great Southwest, I soon began to see beauty, grace and charm where hitherto I had seen nothing but hideousness. Greater familiarity revealed to me the exquisite beauty of the markings on the bodies of these reptiles,

then, as I got to dread them less, I saw the charm of their graceful movements, and now, not only have I lost all dread and fear, but I spend hours studying them in close contact. By this I do not mean to say that I make friends with rattlesnakes and Gila monsters (though that would not be far from the truth), but I do say that I have learned to regard them as definite manifestations of the thought of God, as much as I regard myself as such a manifestation. Therefore, I ask myself, what right have I to question God's wisdom in allowing the existence of the snake any more than I have to question it in allowing my own existence. We are all His creatures. My business is to get into as complete harmony as possible with all His creation, and while at present, I do not know how to protect myself from the possible danger of a bite from the rattlesnake, save by killing it, I still try to look upon the reptile without any of the dread or hatred I once felt.

Now to many this may not seem to have any particular effect upon my moral nature, or to suggest any enlargement of soul. I can only say in reply that to have supplanted a hatred for a desire to comprehend and come into harmonious relation with something I once hated is as wonderful a change for the soul as to supplant a cancer with healthy flesh in the body. Health, enlargement, growth, new sources of joy have come with the new attitude of soul.

I have found that sleeping out-of-doors in the wilds, in forest, desert, canyon, and on majestic mountains has had a wonderfully broadening and enlarging effect upon both my mind and my soul. When I first began to sleep out I found myself timid and afraid. I was nervous about wild animals and wilder Indians, afraid lest bugs should crawl up my nose and into my ears, worried lest the night miasmatic airs should injure me, dreaded taking cold, scared of rattlesnakes, side-winders, and Gila monsters, and generally nervous and uncomfortable. I had no real, living, active trust in Nature or in the beneficent powers behind Nature that I should be cared for and protected.

Twenty-seven years of practical experience have taught me how foolish my want of trust was. I have slept out in the winter to wake up with my blankets covered with several inches of snow—and I never used a tent of my own in my life. One night on the Little Colorado River, after a most arduous day, though I saw a storm coming, I was too weary to carry my blankets up to the shelter of the rocks, so spread them out in the open sands. During the night the storm burst on us, and my, how it did pour! Thunder and lightning accompanied the delivery of the rain in car-load lots, freight paid. One of the members of my party was a Britisher who had come to the conclusion that whatever I did in the way of sleeping out was the thing for him to do, and in spite of my suggestion that he had better go with his friend under the rocks, he spread out his blankets near me.

When the storm came I should have snuggled down and let it come, made the best of it, and undoubtedly got considerable sleep, but a vivid flash of lightning suddenly revealed Mr. Britisher to me, sitting up, with his clothes and blankets rudely tumbled around him, an expression of terror and helplessness on his face, and calling for help. I am free to confess to a strong feeling of irritation, as I foresaw that I should have to go and help him get up to the rocks where his friend was dryly and snugly ensconced. When I reached him he was talking to himself, almost insane with terror: "Shall I ever live through this fearful night? What will become of me?"

Picking up his clothes and blankets, when the next flash of lightning enabled me to do so, I then urged him to follow me, and as we approached the cliff, I called upon his companion to make room for him and show a light. In five minutes he was sheltered from the storm, but I,—my nightgown and blankets completely saturated could find no more sheltered and comfortable place than a hammock shaped hole, into which, soon after I had curled up in it, the water began to pour from a natural spout above. Yet, incredible though it may seem, I went to sleep, awoke in the morning

warm, though, of course, thoroughly soaked, and suffered no injury, not even the slightest cold, from the experience.

Next night, with nothing but a single comforter, I slept on the lawn of a Mormon bishop; that is, slept, when my shaking from cold would allow me.

Scores of times have I slept out, wet through, in the rain; once in a sand-storm where the thermometer registered 127° Fahr. at midnight; on rough, rocky ledges without other bedding than the clothes I wore, in fierce and cold wind-storms, on snowbanks and in bedding thoroughly wet.

Only last March (1908), when, with two companions I made the trip down the Colorado River from Needles to Juma in a boat, we slept out every night. Most nights the dew was exceedingly heavy, resting on our canvas in the morning in large globules the size of the end of one's finger and thumb. While my comrades were exceedingly careful every night to see that their blankets were well dried and aired I did not always find it convenient for me to do so; and I jumped into them each night, damp or dry, perfectly assured that my deep breathing of the air around me would so oxygenate my blood as to protect me from any harm.

A sick millionaire once came to me from the East, asking that I would take him out with me into the wilds. He had been having hemorrhages and was dreadfully afraid of consumption. The first night out, on the high plateau in Arizona, I made him sleep on a snow bank. At first he was in terror at the thought, until I reasoned with him. Then, after I built a good, rousing campfire, heated some rocks for his feet and body, and gave him a comforting, warm supper, he stretched out,—a waterproof canvas between his blanket and the snow,—and in the morning he confessed that he had not slept so well for months and awakened with such a comfortable feeling in his bronchial tubes and lungs.

A few nights later we had to camp in a fierce and cold wind. A terror that he could not get rid of seized him at the thought of sleeping out in such conditions. I soothed him as far as was possible, aiding my words by building a

barrier of juniper twigs, and finally prevailed upon him to lie down and sleep. After a while he slept, and again on awakening expressed his surprise and delight that he felt so well; so much better than usual.

And I could multiply these cases *ad libitum*, but the burden of them all would be to enforce the one lesson, viz., that Nature is to be trusted, that she is far kinder than we think, and that when we lie down upon her gentle bosom, she refreshes, nourishes, comforts and strengthens us far more than we could conceive if we have never tested her.

Parents, also, may take to heart all I have said and utilize it for their children from their earliest years. My own first born son began to sleep out-of-doors an hour after his birth. In a chapter entitled, "The Indian and Out Door Life," in my book, "What the White Race may Learn from the Indian," I give a great deal of information and suggestion on this line, which parents will do well to read.

My contention is, and I want to make it so clear that no one of my readers can misunderstand me, that city life fails to develop the body or the larger, broader, better part of man's soul as does getting out into the great wide places of Nature. So I want all the influences of my life to radiate this love of Nature; I want to lead others to love Nature.

Get out into the open, brother. Get your soul biggened, enlarged, expanded. Become soul-aspiring as the trees, modest as the violet, reckless as the birds and beasts, who care not what they will eat on the morrow. Be generous as the sunshine, aseptic and inspiring as the winds, tremendous as the cyclones, irresistible as the earthquakes, vivid as the lightning, powerful as the thunder. Let men feel as they look at you that you will pay to explore as do the vast canyons; that you are illimitable in sweep as are the prairies, full of shade as the wide and vast forests, open, frank, and expansive as the boundless playas of the desert.

And don't sit down now and criticize in a small and picayune way, fit only for gingerbread men and women, the contradictions of what I have here written. He is a fool who never contradicts him-

self; who trims and shapes his words so that they always say the one thing, and that thing so trim that it is not worth saying. Launch out into the open, brother. Learn to feel things in a large open way, then you will say and feel and respond to them in a large, open way. Half, two-thirds, three-fourths, four-fifths of our worries, woes, and sorrows would flee away if we were larger, as large as Nature would make us if we would but get out-of-doors enough and let her have her way. How calm and serene the stars; how indifferent the Grand Canyon; how regardless of petty man and his frets the noble El Capitan; how untroubled the face of the desert; how resistless the swing of the sea. Get out into it all. Take it in. Enlarge, expand, grow. Become, partake and become like spirit with it.

But there are other, and even greater things come to men who get out into the largeness of Nature. It is not for nothing that we are told the stories of Moses spending forty years in the desert, of Elijah's fleeing thither, of Christ spending much time at various intervals in the solitary places, of Mohammed's flight into the sandy wastes, of the Indian medicine-man wandering into the solitudes. For in the silent places the voices of the silence speak to the soul, the real self. There is no madding crowd to distract; the world, the flesh and the devil are held away, and the soul sees its own naked self, it hears voices that the spirit alone can recognize, it views far-away distant things that the spiritual vision alone can discern, it aspires to things the spiritual alone can long for. It was in the desert Moses learned law, Elijah prophetic insight, Christ self-sacrifice, Mohammed leadership, the medicine-man power. It is in the desert, the solitary place, the aloneness, that any human soul can clearly hear the voices of silences, the speech of the Everywhere, which are to be crystallized into the doings of the Here. It is there only that the music of the spheres can be heard, those sweet melodies and harmonies that charm and enchant, and soothe and satisfy, when earth's misunderstandings and misapprehensions make harsh dissonances and excruciating discords.

Oh, then for a readiness to go into the secret places of God, where his Voice may be heard, His messages received, where, like Moses, we may see Him face to face and know as we are known.

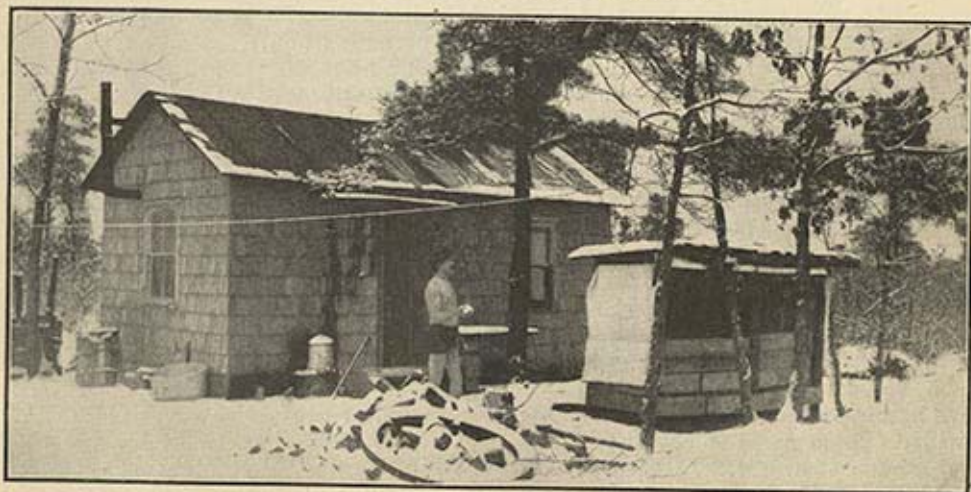
For over twenty years Joaquin Miller has lived almost alone on the heights overlooking the Golden Gate, in California. One day I said to him: "Why have you thus lived?" With intense fervor and earnestness he replied: "Do you think I have lived here solely for my own sake? Do you think I don't love to be with my fellows? But my dear lad, I knew I was a poet; I knew I was to be God's messenger, and I was compelled to come here, to live much alone that I might hear His voice clearly, positively undisturbed by the voices of earth, many of which I wanted to listen to, that would have led me into other paths."

So, seeking to radiate that which Nature has given to me, I call upon you by the mountains, which thrust their pearls through the clouds into the pure empyrean above, to let your aims in life be high. Be broad and expansive as the plains; aseptic, healing and pure in your influence as the deserts; deep and profound as the canyons; sweet, odorous, beautiful as the flowers; ever aspiring,

ever reaching outward and upward as the trees; constant, persistent in doing good to all—evil as well as good—as is the sun; bold, fearless, purifying as is the wind; decisive and incisive as the lightning; soothing and tempering as the clouds; tolerant and kindly as the rains, which fall alike upon the just and the unjust; vivifying as summer showers making beautiful and giving nourishment to all Nature that comes within their influence; charitable, all-covering, all-beautifying, as the snow; universal as the chemical forces which convert the poisonous carbonic acid gas laden with man's fetidity into food for leaves of plants, which take the refuse of yards, gardens and stables and make fertilizer of them, which even utilize everything on the lower plane and seek to convert it into something useful or beautiful on the higher. Finally, brother, sister, be as the rills that start in the mountains, gaining strength and power until in mighty volume they flow, as a great river into the heart of the boundless ocean. Constantly add to your own strength, majesty and power, knowing that you will ultimately flow out into the greater life we call immortality, there to begin afresh and on a grander scale the life you have begun here.

(To be Continued.)

A Hardy Physical Culturist



Mr. Kohler and his outdoor sleeping shed for winter use.



My Confidential Letters to Men

TO THE EDITOR:

Owing to youthful errors long since given up, I have a slight varicocele and spermatorrhea, which I don't seem to be able to remedy. I am not physically weak by any means; in fact, I can more than hold my own with the average man in all kinds of sports, including boxing, wrestling, rowing, swimming, walking, cycling, gymnastics, rugby, etc. Please excuse the egotism, but you must know something of me in order to give intelligent advice in my case. I am in love with a girl who is true and pure-minded. She is everything that one could desire. I am twenty-one and she is nineteen, and we have loved each other since I was about fifteen. It was her love for me that first brought me to my senses, and I struggled hard to give up my folly and soon succeeded. For a long time I have lived a clean life, and I am very strong physically, and have a reputation for daredeviltry, that few among my friends possess. Do you think I could ever be worthy of a good woman's love? I have the strength to look after and protect one, but I realize that I once fell very low. I should have cleared out to the colonies and secured a rough job in the open, though I have excellent business prospects here, but I felt that in some way I ought to stop and look after my girl. I could at least keep her from harm, and that is one of the few good things I have done, for I have known my sweetheart since she was little more than a child and have always taught her to live a pure, clean life. Men don't show much respect for a beautiful girl. I have hammered a few faces already and I will do some more if occasion arises, but I hope it won't. Although I fell very low, I did it in absolute ignorance, and as a result of having a prudish

father. He would be the first person to blame me if I did wrong, and he would have the least right to condemn me. But I am not grumbling at my lot and would not shirk the consequences of my folly but for the sake of the girl I love and who loves me so much and so truly. I would do anything to overcome my defects, and will work hard if there is a chance. But I have a high ideal and I somehow feel that I am a long way from it. I would like you to be quite candid with me. I know I have lost a lot, but I will do anything to recover what I have lost. Do you think I can ever hope to marry the girl I love so much? Without her, life would be empty and no mistake. I hope you can give me a little encouragement.

A. I see no reason why you should adopt your present hopeless attitude. The more than average strength which you claim to possess should enable you through the adoption of ordinary means of general physical upbuilding to entirely remedy the complaints to which you refer. You will find in various books detailed information for treating your troubles, and through natural methods you should be able to go on to a definite and permanent cure. You have the will and you have the reward that will come to you as a result of your efforts. It may be possible also that you are exaggerating the seriousness of your complaint. Frequently very mild symptoms are taken to be complaints that are really serious in nature. It is really difficult for one to be as strong physically as you state you are, and still be suffering from complaints of the nature that you describe. The symptoms of your trouble may be mild in character and may be of little or no importance. Nevertheless, it would, of course, be advisable for you to adopt natural methods for the purpose of ultimately eliminating them.

You are only one among millions of victims of prudery. Fortunately you

are able to recognize your mistakes, and the results therefrom. Many men go through life without realizing their deficiencies. They understand that they are not equal in many ways to other men, but they know but little of the nature or cause of this deficiency, and therefore, continue all through life, but half a man. However, the world is full of these half men, and in many instances the fraction might be re-divided again and again to secure a figure which would properly represent the human ciphers that we find everywhere as types of manhood.

I can see no reason why you cannot look forward to satisfying happiness with the girl of your choice. You have been lucky in being able to make an early selection. The influence of one sex upon the other, especially where there is a strong attraction between them, is always beneficial in character, and tends to uplift, to broaden, to strengthen; and boys will in all cases lead a cleaner and purer life if they have one or more girl friends of whom they think a great deal. As far as I can see, all you have to do is to work hard to accomplish the object you have in view, and to recognize the uselessness and the evil of worrying about your future.

TO THE EDITOR:

I am a bachelor of forty-three. I have led a pure, clean life. I am a hard worker and generally engaged in office work. I am at present in a very good position and have a fair income. When a young man I was compelled to give up all thoughts of marriage on account of my devotion to my mother and sisters, who were left without support by the death of my father. For years I have given my entire time to educating and supporting the family, and therefore deprived myself of the enjoyment of married life. At that time, I gave up a girl who attracted me very much, for my family. I am now financially able to marry, but the girl with whom I am in love is too young for me, though I hate to give her up on this account. It seems to me that where there is love the matter of age should not intervene. Still, I am afraid, as all my friends tell me that it is dangerous to make such an

experiment, and that I should remain single rather than marry a girl of twenty-four. Is this difference of age so much of an obstacle to marriage that I should again sacrifice the pleasures of home life and the girl I love, after having given my life up to this time to my mother and sisters?

A. So many conditions enter into a problem of this character that it would be exceedingly difficult to give you a reply of any very great value in the space that is allotted for this purpose. As a rule it is better for the contracting parties in the marriage to be very nearly the same age. The man may be a few years older than the woman, but a great difference in age will sometimes lead to serious unhappiness. These difficulties usually arise because of the absence of affection that often results after marriage on account of the difference in ages.

Then, too, you should remember that women do not always know their own minds. They are not as worldly as a man, because they have not seen as much of the world. They do not know themselves so well as a man; and as a result, they often make a choice that they have reason to regret thereafter. The girl, for instance, that you propose marrying, may meet a younger man who might attract her after marriage. This would perhaps be the greatest danger that you would have to consider. But if you have done your duty towards yourself, in other words, if you have retained your youth and the strength and virility that goes with it, you can well afford to incur the risk that you apparently fear.

If you ever intend to marry it is about time for you to take the step. A bachelor of your age would naturally be fearful, and he has a right to be. There are all sorts of imitations that parade in the form of womanhood to be found nearly everywhere at the present time. There are women who have been disappointed in love and they are looking for a man. They do not care much what he may be, they simply feel that they ought to marry and settle down, merely to secure a home. Be very careful that you do not marry a woman of this kind.

If the girl to whom you refer loves you truly and intensely and would stick to you through "thick and thin" to the last moment, then it would certainly be a mistake for you to continue a bachelor. Bachelorhood is a lonely existence. To be sure, it does not carry much responsibility with it, but responsibilities are what really give one an excuse for living. If one has no purpose in life, if one's life is aimless, objectless, it is hardly worth the living. "Nothing risked, nothing gained." I would certainly advise you to be sure you are right before going ahead, but you are undoubtedly entitled to whatever happiness may come your

way through the building of a home such as you propose. Have a "straight talk" with your intended and discuss these problems plainly, in detail, with her. If she is willing to take you with full knowledge of all the risks that are to be incurred under the circumstances, if she is willing to follow the higher life in her marital relations, then I see no reason why you should hesitate. Remember, however, that you are no longer in the freshness of youth and you should know something of the physiological laws of sex. There are many books that would contain information of great value to you and to your fiancee under the circumstances.

A One Hundred Mile Walk

IN order to test the endurance of the different dietarians of the Newark Physical Culture Society, an endurance contest, in the nature of a 100-mile walk was recently held. Three meat-eaters and two vegetarians entered. The course was from Newark, N. J. to Philadelphia, taking such roads as to make up the full 100 miles. The rules called for a four-mile-an-hour pace to be maintained during the entire walk, the contestants to start from Newark 5 p. m. on Saturday, and to arrive at their destination the next day at 5 p. m. thus making the walking-time for the first day 14 hours and for the second day 11 hours.

The walkers started off the first day in a drizzling rain, which kept up the entire day, ending in a shower at night. One of the meat-eaters, who entered without much training, dropped out after 25 miles had been covered. The rain made the roads very muddy and the pace they were to maintain well nigh impossible. Trenton, N. J., was the first day's destination and the pedestrians reached there in a pouring rain, drenched to the skin and with mud up to their knees. After a rub-down and a good night's sleep the contestants started out at five the next morning for their destination in clear weather. The roads were very heavy going into Pennsylvania on account of the mud, and about ten

or fifteen miles from the end of the journey it was seen that they were about twenty minutes behind the schedule time, but with a good clear, hard road, and a spurt which made some of them grit their teeth with determination, Broad and Market Streets, Philadelphia, was reached with two minutes to spare. It was then seen that a walk of 100 miles in the given time was not severe enough to put to a real test the endurance of meat-eaters and vegetarians. The four who finished trained quite a little for the contest, and all arrived in fine condition, feeling that they could have continued the pace for a few days longer. The meat-eaters has no especial diet, although care was taken so as not to overtax the stomach. The vegetarians, on the other hand, experimented on a nut and milk-chocolate diet, mainly the latter, consuming about two pounds during the walk, taken every two or three hours. They learned that a little nourishment taken every little while was much better than eating two or three fair-sized meals a day.

All are members of the Newark Physical Culture Society, which now has a membership of about forty physical culturists, all of them enthusiasts in every sense of the word. Walking has been the favorite method of exercise and many other minor contests have been held.

The Secret of Human Power

A METHOD OF STIMULATING THE NERVE CENTERS WHICH WILL BRING STARTLING RESULTS

By Bernarr Macfadden

PREVIOUS installments of this series have illustrated methods of stimulating the nerve centers located in the spinal column, by the aid of various exercises. These exercises were evolved for the purpose of developing and strengthening the muscles and cords around the spine, as well as for stimulating the spinal cord itself.

I am presenting in this issue a method of stimulating the spine that can be used very effectively by those who are suffering from chronic and acute ailments. As has been stated in former issues, the functional organism of the body secures its power from the nerve centers. Human electricity is stored in these nerve centers and is distributed throughout

the body to the various organs as needed. If one is able to store away a large amount of this human energy, it is, of course, easy to understand that there would be a greater amount distributed to the various organs; and the object, therefore, of the various suggestions that have been made in this series is not only to encourage the nerve centers to absorb an increased supply of electrical energy, but also to encourage the nerves to distribute this energy more freely throughout the body.

The treatment I am illustrating in this article can be relied upon when results of the latter nature are desired. In other words, it will stimulate the nerve centers to distribute more nervous energy, and



Movement No. 1.—Hold hands on the ankle and the small of the back of the patient as shown in illustration. Now have patient raise the chest off of the couch as far as possible, bending the back as shown in the illustration. The patient should then return to the former position and continue this exercise until there is a decided feeling of fatigue. Spread the open hand over the small of the back to insure the hot towel coming into close contact with these muscles.



Movement No. 2.—Have the patient place arms in position shown in illustration. Now allow arms to go slowly downward on a line with shoulders as far as possible, and then bring them back to their present position. As the arms come upwards, the movement should be strongly resisted by the operator. Exercise should be continued until there is a decided feeling of fatigue. If patient's muscles are weak, little resistance is needed; if strong, increase the pressure.



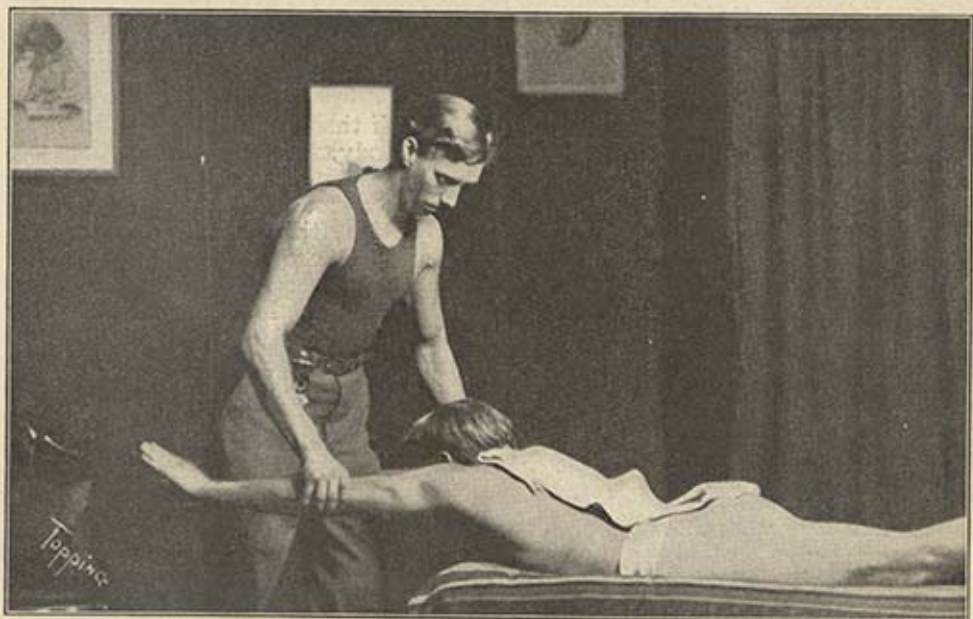
Movement No. 3.—Place the open palm of the hand on the small of the back of the patient, and the other hand on the back of the head. Now instruct patient to bring head down as far as possible, then bring head backward, and as head comes upward, press vigorously against the movement, thus very actively using the muscles at the back of the neck that surround the spinal column. Continue the exercise until there is a decided feeling of fatigue.

will at the same time encourage the functional processes of the body to increase the amount of energy absorbed. Or to be plain, it is a general stimulant to the entire vital organism. The treatment is especially valuable in acute diseases of all kinds. An acute disease indicates one or more defects in the functional organism. The functions of the body are not working properly, and a call is made for help, from outside sources. This help comes to you in the form of a disease, and this disease comes simply as a means of assisting the over-worked functional organism to right a wrong.

Now, for instance, we will suppose that one is suffering with a complaint that has become so serious in nature that one feels very weak physically, and doped mentally. Under such circumstances the organs of the body are not working harmoniously. The "wheels" of the human machine require more nervous power. You might say the body is "clogged up." Of course, in nearly all acute diseases about the first thing to be

considered is the condition of the bowels. Constipation is present in nearly all acute troubles, and this defect must be immediately remedied by a colon-flushing treatment which will thoroughly cleanse the lower bowel. This might be aptly termed the main sewer of the body, and when it is obstructed, various poisons are absorbed by the body from the contents of the colon, and naturally various other poisons that are ordinarily eliminated in this manner are absorbed by the system; and as a result, we often have what the doctors distinguish by the many-syllabled term of auto-intoxication.

As you will note by referring to the exercises illustrated in this article, special attention is given the muscles along the spinal column, and also to the muscles of the abdomen. We give special attention to the abdominal region for the purpose of stimulating the functional processes of this part of the body, as the value of harmonious activity of these organs is of great importance to the vital organism. In order to give this



Movement No. 4.—The above position shows the completion of the movement. Bring the arms from a hanging position in the manner illustrated. If possessed of a moderate amount of strength, the operator should slightly resist the movement. The exercise should be continued until there is a decided feeling of fatigue. Do not forget the necessity of changing the hot towel two or three times during these various movements and when finally removing towel, the back should be massaged slightly, or at least enough to thoroughly dry dampened portion.



Movement No. 5.—When the heated towel has been applied to the abdominal region for a short time, begin the exercise shown above. First recline on the back, then rise to a sitting position. If the exercise is too difficult with the hands behind the head, then the hands can rest on the legs. If too weak to take this exercise at all, the patient can take the operator's hands and be assisted slightly in the movement. Remember to continue the exercise until there is a slight feeling of fatigue.

treatment properly, an assistant is required. Almost anyone can perform the essential manipulation and can apply the hot towels which are the principal requirements for this treatment. No matter what the ailment from which the patient may be suffering, you will find that the general stimulation that results from this treatment will very materially help toward recovery. In fact, in very severe acute diseases, the results of a treatment of this character are almost immediately noticed. I have often seen persons who were very seriously ill, so ill that they were of the impression that they were too weak even to rise from the bed, after taking a thorough treatment of this kind get up and put on their ordinary clothes and go about their business with little or no trace of the illness which had so seriously influenced them.

Where there are serious pains of any kind in the abdomen, the patient should be given the abdominal treatment first,

though if there are no pains in this part of the body, the treatment of the spine should be given first. Where there is pain of a serious character in the abdominal region, the hot towels that are given with the treatment should be changed from three to four times and made somewhat hotter each time. The object of this is to enable the heat to thoroughly permeate every part of this region of the body, and thereby induce an increased supply of blood and to a certain extent remove the inflammation. At the same time the exercises are given for the purpose of increasing the strength of the external muscles of the body, thus stimulating and to a certain extent forcing the internal organs to properly perform their functions.

When giving this treatment the patient should be stripped to the waist, and as stated before, if there is no serious pain in the abdominal region, the patient should lie down on the stomach

and the treatment of the spinal region should be given first. You should have a very liberal supply of water of a temperature not far from the boiling point. You can then take an ordinary bath-towel, wet it in this water, and by exercising a moderate amount of care or by using two sticks, the extra water can be wrung from the towel without burning the hands, and still retain as much heat as the patient can bear. The towel should then be applied along the spine and the nape of the neck to the central portion of the hips, as shown in illustrations. If the towel is a little too hot when first applied, it can be raised and lowered a few times.

Of course, if one is familiar with massage, it is sometimes a good plan to massage the spine and the muscles of the back slightly before applying the hot towel. If the towels has been applied and the patient is fairly comfortable, you can then begin the various exercises so plainly illustrated in this article. Re-

member to continue each exercise until there is a slight feeling of fatigue, and if the patient is being treated for a chronic disease of any kind, the movements should be made a little more vigorous.

The first exercise illustrated uses very vigorously the muscles of the "small of the back," and to a slight extent the buttocks, or muscles on the back part of the hips. The towel should be changed two or three times while treating the back in this manner, and each time the change is made, the towel should be applied a little bit hotter than the previous one. The hot towel draws the blood to the spine.

In the next issue, I will illustrate a method that can be used in instances where one cannot secure the services of an assistant. In other words, the reader can give the treatment to himself. Of course, it cannot be given quite so satisfactorily, but at the same time, remarkable results can be achieved by its use in this manner.



Movement No. 6.—Lay the open palm on top of the hot cloth as illustrated. Instruct patient to raise both legs to a perpendicular position as shown above. Return legs to the couch and then continue the movement until there is a decided feeling of fatigue. The abdominal region can be massaged thoroughly after this treatment, if there is any functional trouble of the underlying organs. If no knowledge of massage is possessed, this part of the treatment can be left out.



Olga A. Howe

A Remarkable Experiment

THE MENSTRUAL FLOW ENTIRELY ELIMINATED THROUGH BODILY PURIFICATION OBTAINED BY A PHYSICAL CULTURE REGIME.

By Olga L. Howe

(Concluded from last issue)

I AM inclined to believe that the members of my sex have a great deal to learn from a physiological standpoint. The ordinary woman knows but little of herself, and what is still more deplorable, my experience has convinced me that the average medical practitioner, at least those of the old school, knows but little more than we do. They are like most women, and are inclined to take things for granted. They are willing to experiment to any extent in prescribing their various remedies, but in searching for physiological knowledge they depend almost entirely upon authorities. When some great man in the medical world presents a conclusion, it is often accepted without question or investigation. They seem to forget that men are not infallible, regardless of their superior intelligence, and no man can be an experimenter, or can possess that particular characteristic which inclines them to search for new truths, without occasionally making a mistake. I always believed in securing the best there is in life. I always had a craving to be a complete woman from every standpoint. I wanted strength and health in the highest attainable degree. It seemed to me that womanhood in its most superb sense should represent the supreme goal of every member of my sex.

When I first began to struggle for these great rewards, I was living an ordinary conventional life. Slowly but surely my

dietetic and other habits were changed. My attention was especially attracted to the menstrual period because I suffered severely at those times, my period often remaining from seven to eight days; but after following the theories advocated by physical culture for about three years, I was astonished when I noticed that the flow had diminished until it only continued three days. At first this discovery merely aroused my curiosity, but after a time it was the source of intense interest to me. I asked myself the question: Why should the change in my diet, the exercise, etc., have lessened the menstrual flow?

As the result of much careful thought on the subject, I finally became convinced that this function, which is considered normal by the average woman, as well as by all physicians, was nothing more than the means used by the system to eliminate surplus impurities. When I arrived at this conclusion, you can well understand that I was ready for some experimenting with a view of proving the accuracy of my theory. I immediately commenced to use various methods with the object of purifying the body. At that time my knowledge of physical culture was limited, but my enthusiasm grew as I continued my experimentation. Some will no doubt call me an extremist, but I was anxious to improve my physical condition, to strengthen my body. I possessed all the determination needed, but I realize now that I made many mistakes which at the time, no doubt, cost me a certain amount of vitality.

I first began by taking longer walks than usual, increasing the amount of exercise I was taking, and at this particular time I would take a cold bath in the

morning and a hot bath in the afternoon. I took a series of short fasts, alternating with the one-meal-a-day plan. I would fast two or three days, then eat my usual meals about the same length of time. I continued to alternate these fasting and eating periods for about three months. My diet at this time consisted of whole wheat bread, butter, cereals, fruits and raw vegetables. I ate no cooked food, with the exception of the bread. The purifying process was not continuing fast enough to suit me, and I finally concluded to use uncooked foods exclusively. I therefore selected raw rolled oats, moistened with cream, and slightly sprinkled with sugar. I ate only two meals a day. My dinner consisted of a small bowl of this mixture, and my supper consisted of the same dish. I lived in this manner for five months, and the results were simply wonderful. I realize now, with the experience that I have had since, that if I had chosen fruits and nuts with the oats, instead of cream and sugar, my purpose would have been accomplished many months sooner, for as a result of recent experiments, I have proven to my own satisfaction that one cannot indulge in eating cooked or animal foods without causing an accumulation of surplus impurities.

During my experiments with the raw food for one year, the flow gradually lessened. This success stimulated my determination, and I concluded to continue my efforts, though I had to continue to follow these methods for two years before my system was so thoroughly strengthened and purified that the menstrual flow ceased entirely. After procuring such remarkable results, you can well understand that my faith in the simple life increased a hundredfold, though to a certain extent I continued my experiments. For ten months I lived on a diet of fruit, nuts and cereals, taking two meals each day, being very careful to masticate every morsel to a liquid, and never consuming more than was necessary to fulfill the requirements of the body for rebuilding waste tissue. During this entire period I enjoyed better health than ever, and was much stronger. In fact, never before trying this diet, had I fully realized the

true meaning of superb, exhilarating health.

After proving the accuracy of my theory for eliminating the menstrual period, I concluded I would state my case to some eminent medical men with a view of obtaining their opinions. I realized in advance that they would probably scoff at my experiments and no doubt in some cases actually consider me mentally unbalanced. Nevertheless, I discussed the subject with twenty-four prominent physicians, and in nearly every instance, they doubted my statements. Their expressions showed distinctly that they considered such experimentation foolish, and to them the theory that these periods do nothing more than remove impurities in the body that could be avoided, was unbelievable. Among all these wise (?) men, not one of them was able to give me a satisfactory explanation of the cause and nature of this function. In every case, they considered my idea too radical and not worthy of the attention of a woman who might be desirous of adopting the same methods that I used to purify the body.

Some day I want to spread the knowledge that I have obtained through this experimentation far and wide. I have determined to become a capable lecturer. I want the women throughout the world to know that they can eliminate this troublesome function and at the same time very greatly increase their health and strength through the process of body purifying that is required. I do not see how any woman with a mind of her own can resist the desire to become a normal woman from this standpoint.

I would be very glad to have women who may be interested in my theory, experiment with it with a view of bringing about similar results. I believe firmly that any member of my sex who could enjoy the blissful experience of living a normal life from this standpoint; for one week, would never again enter the old sphere that she formerly occupied. The contrast would be so great when compared with her former experience that thereafter she would not be satisfied unless she enjoyed the health that comes with a superb physical condition.

Thousands of housewives are wasting

the better part of their lives in the preparation of numerous, complicated dishes over hot cook-stoves, and these mixtures are one of the principle causes of the sickness and suffering that we see everywhere at the present time. And is there anything in the life of a woman or young girl more miserable than to be afflicted with some female weakness, as the doctors term it? If the menstrual period was entirely eliminated by natural methods, it would be more difficult to find an emaciated woman with a haggard, hopeless, discontented expression. They would all possess fine physiques, sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks.

If you are suffering, dear reader, with female complaints, do not allow your family physician to convince you that this is one of the characteristics of your sex, simply because the majority of women are compelled to endure this torture. Apply a little common sense on your own account concerning the organs of your body. Ponder over a few of the facts that I have presented to you, and if they appeal to you as reasonable, give my suggestions a trial. What greater boon could be given womankind than absolute freedom from this monthly annoyance?

In order to prove that diet alone was responsible for this physiological change, I included cooked vegetables, butter and milk in my daily bill-of-fare, on one occasion, and in one month the menses appeared again. A few days' fast and an exclusive uncooked food diet quickly proved a remedial agent. I would not, of course, advise a beginner to adopt this radical régime all at once, but give it a trial gradually. In time, you will find that your craving for cooked foods and condiments is slowly disappearing, and the delicate and delicious flavor of the uncooked foods is being slowly but surely recognized. When this stage is reached you are well on the road to victory, and can ultimately expect the results for which you may be striving.

If you are accustomed to a cold bath each morning after exercising, do not for any reason omit either the exercise or the cold plunge during the period. Per-

haps you will have an idea that this advice is liable to be dangerous and congestion may result, but if you possess at least ordinary health and strength, you have nothing to fear, for I practiced this for years and obtained nothing but benefit therefrom. Of course, it is well to remember that in following this advice, do not immediately go from one extreme to the other. If you are accustomed to abstain from all bathing at this time of the month, do not immediately begin the cold baths, but modify the baths somewhat during the first few months and gradually develop the vigor which is necessary for one to secure benefit from following this advice. At one time my ideas were so extreme on this subject that I thought the colder the water the better effect it would produce, so during one winter, while the thermometer registered several degrees below zero I had a large galvanized tank in my bedroom and I always broke the ice and took a plunge regardless of my monthly periods.

As a result of following these ideas I have developed myself into a very strong woman. I possess endurance that is perhaps equal to many male athletes. I take a long walk regularly every morning and a few days previous to the writing of this article I walked fifty miles in twelve hours. I do not by any means consider these stunts of endurance necessary in order to develop the strength that I possess, but a woman who desires to possess all her attainable physical forces, who desires perfect development in every way, will have to work vigorously to attain this end. Nothing in life that is of much value can be obtained without effort. The goal that I have continually had in view is womanhood of the highest type. Every woman can be healthy, and that strength which carries with it confidence and power is easily within her reach. I do not believe that weakness should necessarily be associated with my sex, and if every woman would work for physical perfection, and would strive for the results that I have portrayed in this article, she can rest assured that they will finally come to her.

Muscular motion (voluntary and involuntary), is the great mainspring of life.

Christmas: Rational vs. Irrational

By Herbert C. Johnson

CHRISTMAS coming again? Yes, but what does it mean? Are we so very, very glad? Of course, we are; why shouldn't we be? And yet, it is significant that our fond memories of the joyous holidays of our childhood are sometimes mingled with regrets, for the fact, that, as adults, we no longer experience such keen delight in the anticipation and enjoyment of these festivities as in days of yore.

There is almost universal testimony to the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive, more conducive to true joy. Grown people can usually give more or less as they wish, while children can usually do little more in the matter of gifts than to receive. But yet, even with this advantage over the youngsters, parents and other adults fail to realize as much pleasure from the observance of the merry, gladsome day. What is the reason?

Perhaps you will object that the pleasures of adults are just as great, though of a more quiet order. But yet, men know that they cannot rise to the same heights of enthusiasm in the anticipation of this festive day as when they were nine years of age. A man does not count the days for a month before, and find himself scarcely able to keep his mind upon anything else for an entire week previous. And when the long-awaited day arrives, he is not so wildly anxious to be out of bed before daylight to examine the expected contents of one of Mother's long stockings which he has hung up on the mantel of the fireplace in the other room. In fact, your smug Mr. Man has even forgotten to hang up a stocking at all. And while, after blowing their horns and pounding their drums, the children rush out to try their new sleds on the hill. Father, after playing the glutton at dinner, lazies around the whole afternoon, unable to escape the conviction that after all Christmas is not so very different from other days. It

reminds him so much of Sunday! And what would the children say, if they could learn of his secret thought?

But why this change?

Perhaps it is dignity for one thing. But if his heart were filled with joy, dignity could not entirely stifle it, though it would prevent him from indulging in the activities which would stir his blood into action and arouse some enthusiasm. Forsooth, however, there is only one real reason why he may not get joy out of Christmas. And it is almost painful to mention it, though truth insists. He is no longer young. His dignity is partly the result, as well as partly the cause, of this. His great trouble is that he is more or less aged, more or less dead. For youth is not a matter of years, but of condition and activity.

The children get out of doors, coasting, skating, snowballing, and doing all manner of stunts. And Papa and Mamma could live over again the delights of their early youth if they too would get out in the snow and live over again the life of their childhood. Just play! For play is the same for grown up children as for the little ones.

The best suggestion that one can offer accordingly, is that the "grown up" should spend his Christmas in the open air, or at least the greater part of it. And let the same suggestion apply to all holidays and Sundays. Forget your dignity, for it is only a mask of your real self. Play children's sports and games, or arrange for a long tramp through the country with a bunch of your friends, and then sing. Take your Christmas songs along, for they will sound far better in the glorious out-of-doors than in a stuffy parlor, and they will prove of the greatest benefit to both lungs and general health.

A truly happy Christmas, indeed, is to be assured only by the maximum of physical health, and the effort to secure this should be made before as well as on the

day itself. If your blood is rich and pure, your circulation active, your functional powers vigorous and unimpaired, your body filled with vitality, then you can depend upon it, that you will be as glad as the children. Tinselled trees, presents, delicacies, big, elaborate dinners, can never bring merriment in the face of the protests of an outraged and rebellious liver.

But instead of such a rational observance, we find Christmas regarded chiefly as the occasion of unbridled gluttony. And for the sake of the gustatory delights of a scant half hour, the mother of the family, if not also one or two others, is compelled to drudge and slave in a hot, sweltering kitchen for fully half of the day, if not even much more than this, while the afternoon is passed in a state of torpor and stupidity as a result of the excess at the table. On the other hand, however, if people would only learn, they could be exquisitely happy, retain a clear head and a sense of unlimited vitality throughout the day by confining themselves to a simple raw diet, perhaps only of fruit and nuts, which by the way, are among the "delicacies" and desserts of the conventional table.

In the matter of gift-making, however, the most of us are equally irrational, this practice, which can be made the occasion for such unmeasured pleasure, having degenerated into such a silly formality as not only to prevent such pleasure, but even to make the advent of Christmas an unmitigated bore to innumerable individuals, not one of whom, however, would be honest enough to admit such a thing, even to himself.

It is hard to think of any custom more abominable than the practice of making "duty" presents. There is too much genuine delight in the doing of things for another or the giving of things, to have it spoiled in this way without a protest. There are no doubt many people who do not even know the true joy of giving for the very reason that shortsighted parents and teachers have ever insistently forced upon them the conviction that they *ought* to give, which is, in truth, one of the most certain methods of developing selfishness.

No one likes to be preached at.

Young people abhor it. And in the preaching of the duty of giving, there is one important fact that is invariably overlooked. It is this: The act of giving is the greatest of human pleasures when it is voluntary, when it arises spontaneously out of the heart of the giver. But the very moment one makes it a "duty" to give, and it is no longer a purely voluntary matter, it ceases to be a pleasure. The sense of obligation is always unpleasant. The giving under these circumstances, instead of being looked upon as a joy, is regarded as an expense. It deprives both the giver and the taker of the pleasure, for indeed, it is only the heart-given gift that the recipient can enjoy and appreciate. And this all applies as well to the giving of love. Better, far better, were it to abolish the custom of gift making entirely, than to follow it as a formality or a duty. And the parent or teacher who instils into the child's mind the idea of the duty of giving, is likely to rob that child of the possibility of one of the greatest pleasures of life, which without such interference would be sure to assert itself at some time as the natural expression of human nature.

And especially, what is the occasion for making extravagant presents to people that one does not care two cents for? Why this continued hypocrisy? The perpetual practice of it makes it impossible for one to know whether a gift is the actual expression of another's truly warm, friendly interest, or whether it is merely the stilted observance of a formality.

Another unfortunate custom is that of going beyond one's means in the matter of remembrances. People in poor circumstances sometimes cripple themselves for weeks by the effort to maintain appearances on Christmas Day. What folly! The merest evidence of remembrance, or even a friendly letter of good cheer, would be sufficient.

But if one has the means of remembering his friends substantially, he cannot possibly do better than offer something which will work for their increased physical welfare. Even if you are interested in your friend's intellect, or soul, you cannot possibly do much better than this.

And if you find it difficult to make up your mind as to just what you should buy for him or for her, let this suggestion decide the matter for you, right now. Perhaps you will find something in the brief list that follows, but if not, possibly it will help you to think of something else that will suit.

The boys would be pleased with boxing gloves, punching bags, skates, hockey sticks, bob sleds, roller skates, Norwegian ski runners, snow shoes, footballs, football clothing, spiked running shoes, running clothes, books on sport, a set of carpenter's tools, or perhaps a detailed plan by which one could construct a home made boat or canoe, which would be completed before the arrival of summer.

Most little girls would like many of the things mentioned above for boys, with perhaps the addition of a fancy skipping rope, though they might also appreciate attractive sweaters, gaiters, caps, and other accessories of dress that would add to the incentives for getting out of doors. Both boys and girls would probably be grateful for additional supplies of fruits and nuts, to take the place of candies, fancy figs and stuffed dates being especially pleasing.

Adults of both sexes would often find much favor in a pair of fencing foils, Indian clubs, a tennis set, a wall exerciser, an adjustable bar bell (for men), a vegetarian cook book or raw food preparation book, physical culture books, or subscriptions to *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, or a shower bath spray that may be attached to any bath tub.

Remember that anything that will tend to take one out-of-doors would be especially advantageous. Running shoes and many of the other things mentioned for boys would be equally well suited to their parents. A riding horse or motorcycle, would make a handsome present of a more expensive type, though even a cyclometer or pedometer would answer very well. A walking stick for men, or a walking skirt for women, would be very appropriate, as might also a tent in some instances, or camping out or tramping accessories.

Just a word, also, on the subject of Christmas charities, if you happen to be among those that wish to "help the poor." Don't send the poor family a turkey. Buy them a bag of beans, a bag of rice, some dried split peas, some potatoes, onions, oatmeal, whole wheat flour or whole wheat or rye bread, and perhaps a little olive oil for baking the beans without pork for their Christmas dinner. Instead of a *little* expensive fancy fruit, provide them with a *lot* of dried fruit, apricots, peaches, prunes—yes, prunes—and you will actually be giving them something. If you use a little discretion in this way, you will find that your money will go a long ways, so that the price of a turkey and a little fancy trash will feed the family, not for one meal, but perhaps for days or weeks. And furthermore, you will be giving them a lesson in the economy of inexpensive but substantial foodstuffs that may continue to help them in the future.

Condensed Wisdom

By HARRY G. HEDDEN

The three "D's" of "high society" are Dress, Divorce, and the Devil.

There are two animals which will eat and drink anything and everything: the hog and man.

"Contrasts go well together"—is that why the waist measurements of so many society couples are 15 and 51 inches, respectively?

An overloaded stomach is one of the Devil's most delightful habitations.

The woman who has a wasp-like waist usually has also a wasp-like disposition.

Many religious papers are advertising a new road to Heaven; the Patent-Medicine Highway.

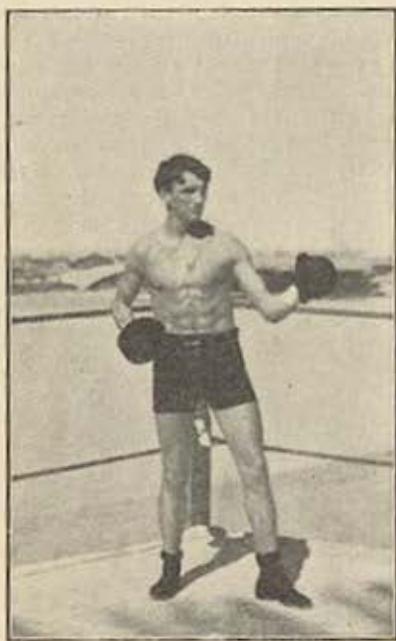
The early Christians practiced fasting and praying; not feasting and braying.

The making of money is often the unmaking of man.

Some people's highest ambition is to keep their hands as soft as their heads.

A Non-Meat-Eating Fighter

FRED WELSH, who has made such a remarkable record in California, during the last few months, writes to us and denies the statement that has been made in various newspapers in articles signed by James J. Corbett, to the effect that he has added meat to his diet. He states in his communication to us that he is more strictly vegetarian in his diet

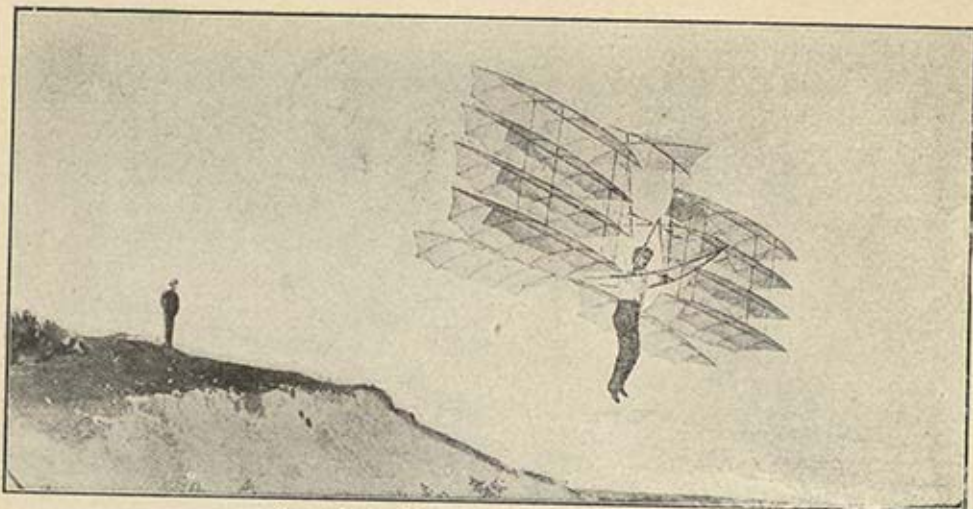


A New Photograph of Fred Welsh, the Physical Culture Boxer, who expects to become the Champion Lightweight of the World.

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boxing line without the use of meats has smashed the theories of many of the followers of athletics.

I believe that the time is coming, and perhaps is not very far distant, when every athlete of note in contests requiring endurance, will follow the meatless diet. Fred Welsh was formerly connected with the Bernarr Macfadden Institute, and is a strict follower of the theories advocated in this magazine. His diet is composed almost exclusively of raw food. The foods that he uses are mostly fruits, nuts and salads of various kinds. Lettuce, tomatoes, and all sorts of green stuff are used in making these salads. At one meal during the day, usually the evening meal, he eats one cooked vegetable. This is usually in the form of beans, peas, or any other vegetable that he may fancy. Outside of this his diet is absolutely composed of raw food. Mr. Welsh feels confident that he will ultimately win the lightweight championship of the world. Through the recent draw that he had with Packey McFarland, the Chicago wonder, he is entitled equally with McFarland to the next chance in a championship battle with Nelson, which will decide the lightweight championship of the world. I believe firmly that Welsh will win the lightweight championship of the world merely because of the clean life that he lives both dietetically and otherwise. He may not win it at the first attempt, but he will win it ultimately, and the time is not far distant when every fighter of any importance will be obliged to adopt the diet we advocate in order to get himself in championship form.



One of the Very Earliest Experiments.

Aerial Coasting

By Donald Harrison

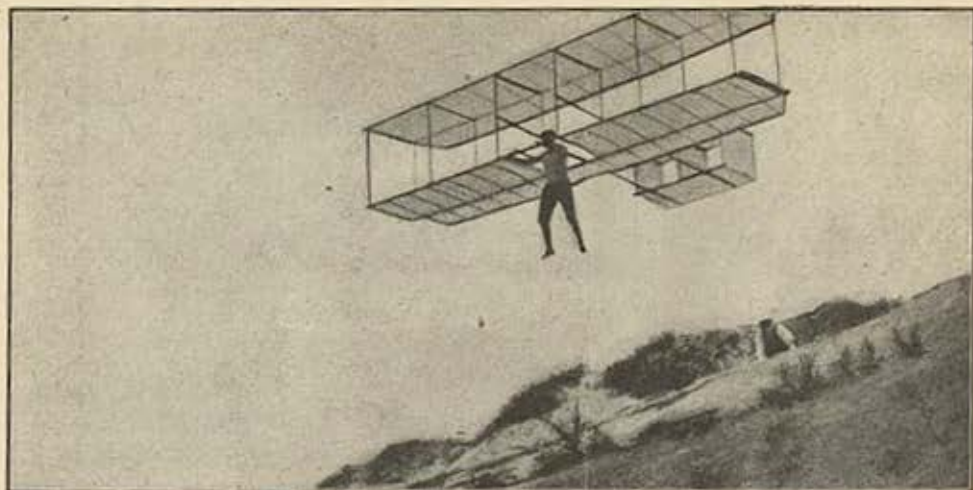
ONE of the supreme delights of boyhood in the past has been the bob-sled, added to a good long hill for coasting. It is true that there are many other joyful amusements for boys and girls, but certainly none of them affords any keener pleasure than the bobs, unless perhaps another form of coasting provided by the Norwegian ski. Now, however, even these may be eclipsed, and indeed, by another form of coasting, namely, in the air.

For sensations, thrills, and delightful exercise, the new pastime is charged with possibilities that make the old time winter sports seem tame and commonplace. Furthermore, while the enjoyment of bobs, tobogans and skis is limited to the few days or weeks of the year when the snow conveniently permits, yet aerial coasting or gliding may be practiced at any season, winter or summer, spring or autumn.

Now that the attention of the entire world has been drawn to the recent remarkable developments in the science of aeronautics, we are just beginning to learn of the sport and pleasure involved in the preliminary steps of learning to fly, though a few advanced students of

aviation have known of it for some years. I beg pardon — did I say preliminary steps? How careless of me — a slip of the tongue — I mean, pen! I should have said, preliminary flights.

It is true that the use of the balloon as a means of sport has been known for a century, though the pleasure of its indulgence has been generally confined to those of means, while even at that the practice has been very limited because of its uncertainties and dangers. But with the development of the aeroplane and the perfection of the dirigible balloon, by means of which one can definitely control his flight, there is every promise that before long men will fly the air as they ply the sea. And why not? We have done everything else. We have not only sailed upon the surface of the ocean, but we have gone below, diving and moving about at will among the deep water fishes. The horseless carriage, which twenty years ago was no more than a dream, has not only become a reality but has been developed to such a marvelous extent that it equals the speed of the fastest railroad trains. We have reached a stage where we no longer need electric wires for distant communi-



Charles Voisin Studying Aviation in His Glider.

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any ingenious mind the simple method of construction. It is likewise very possible that many will be able to improve upon the suggestions given here, or, after some experiment, may desire to alter slightly the form of the apparatus in accordance with the results of study.

The practice of "gliding," as it is usually called, is the beginning of learning to fly. For navigation the air, easy as it seems for the birds, is not as simple as it looks. And even among the birds, with the advantages of the instincts derived from the hereditary experience of thousands of years, each fledgling must learn for itself to fly. But with man it is all new, and before he can operate machines to fly high in the air, he must practice with little short glides, until he gradually learns the tricks of balance and control. In "gliding," the body is best suspended by the armpits, which rest upon two parallel bars, the swinging of the legs and trunk forwards or back, or to either side, and maintaining such positions as may be necessary providing exercise of a vigorous and sometimes almost severe character. If one has mastered the art of gliding, he may then contemplate equipping his machine with a motor and a propeller, but it would be folly to do this unless he is an accomplished engineer and a deep student of aviation in its more difficult phases. The air is not a settled, definite medium, for even in the absence of

any noticeable wind, it is filled with innumerable small currents moving in all directions. And especially in the neighborhood of buildings, steep hills or high trees, these currents of air are treacherous.

There have been various forms of gliders used in experiment, and all of them partake somewhat of the nature of a huge kite, but the most satisfactory type has proven to be the double-planed apparatus shown in these illustrations, though there may be any number of minor variations in construction. The weight may be anywhere from twenty-five to forty-five pounds, depending naturally upon the nature of the materials used. Each deck should be from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, preferably the former, and four and a half to five feet wide, for men of average weight, though a surface of perhaps two thirds this area, or even half, will sometimes answer for boys. The two decks should be four feet apart. A space of two feet may be left open in the center of the lower deck, in which the body of the operator may rest, with armpits on the two rods or bars already mentioned, or these two bars may be suspended some eighteen inches below the lower plane. The construction should follow the lines of a bridge girder, the spars and upright posts to be stoutly braced with steel piano wire. The framework would be well-braced with brass joints, though this is not absolutely necessary. It is well not to go to any unnecessary expense, owing to the likelihood of break-

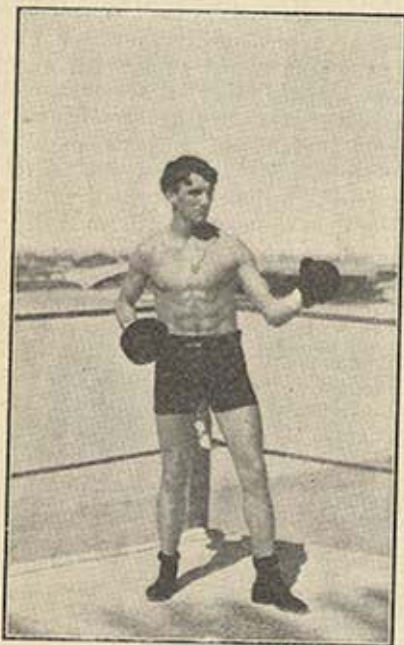
ing the glider at any time. The joinings may be made by lashing the uprights to the spars and ribs with soft wire or stout fish line. Bicycle tubing is excellent if one wishes to go to the expense. Usually a half dozen upright posts in front, with an equal number in the back, will answer, and when joined to the sixteen-foot spars which form the basis of the two decks, the piano wire should be stretched diagonally between the joints, drawn to a uniform tension, and in a manner that anyone will comprehend, who has ever noted the construction of an iron bridge. You will therefore need four of the sixteen-foot spars and twelve of the upright posts. In each deck there should be six ties of a size and strength uniform with the uprights, though in addition to this, there should be the additional brace of light ribs, preferably one foot apart. These ribs may consist of willow wands, such as basket-makers use, and which have naturally a very slight arch, or light wooden sticks may be steamed and slightly curved, then being dried in this position. This is to provide for a slightly concave surface underneath, the surface which will meet the resistance of the air, though this curve should not be more than one-twentieth of the length of the rib. It is also generally admitted to be best to have the framework narrower than the ribs, so that the latter, with the covering, extending some inches behind, may bend upward under pressure, for the sake of increased stability. In other words, if the ribs are four and a half feet



Charles Voisin Ready to Drop from a Cliff in His Chanute Glider.

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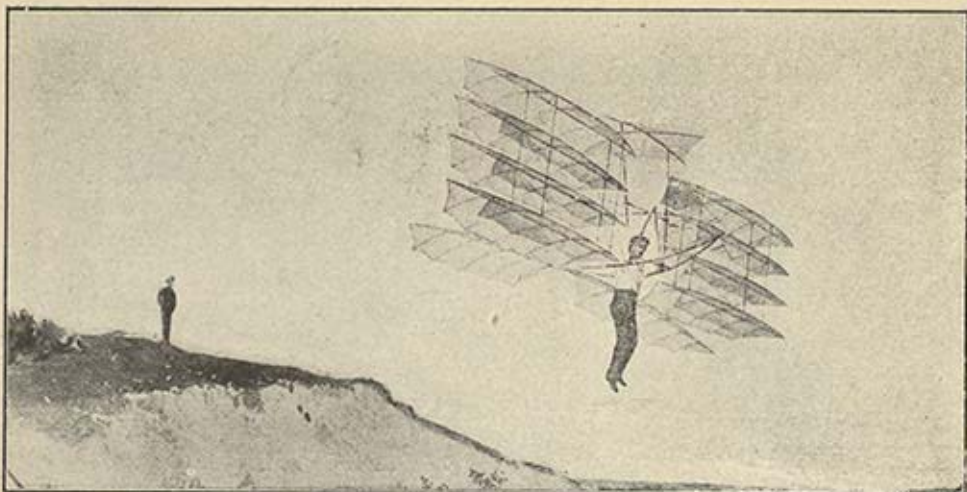


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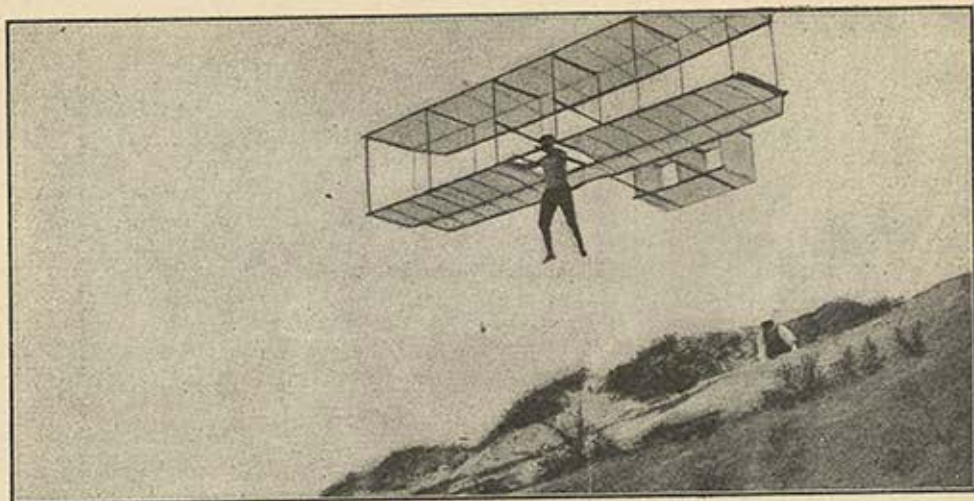
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any noticeable wind, it is filled with innumerable small currents moving in all directions. And especially in the neighborhood of buildings, steep hills or high trees, these currents of air are treacherous.

There have been various forms of gliders used in experiment, and all of them partake somewhat of the nature of a huge kite, but the most satisfactory type has proven to be the double-planned apparatus shown in these illustrations, though there may be any number of minor variations in construction. The weight may be anywhere from twenty-five to forty-five pounds, depending naturally upon the nature of the materials used. Each deck should be from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, preferably the former, and four and a half to five feet wide, for men of average weight, though a surface of perhaps two thirds this area, or even half, will sometimes answer for boys. The two decks should be four feet apart. A space of two feet may be left open in the center of the lower deck, in which the body of the operator may rest, with armpits on the two rods or bars already mentioned, or these two bars may be suspended some eighteen inches below the lower plane. The construction should follow the lines of a bridge girder, the spars and upright posts to be stoutly braced with steel piano wire. The framework would be well-braced with brass joints, though this is not absolutely necessary. It is well not to go to any unnecessary expense, owing to the likelihood of break-

ing the glider at any time. The joinings may be made by lashing the uprights to the spars and ribs with soft wire or stout fish line. Bicycle tubing is excellent if one wishes to go to the expense. Usually a half dozen upright posts in front, with an equal number in the back, will answer, and when joined to the sixteen-foot spars which form the basis of the two decks, the piano wire should be stretched diagonally between the joints, drawn to a uniform tension, and in a manner that anyone will comprehend, who has ever noted the construction of an iron bridge. You will therefore need four of the sixteen-foot spars and twelve of the upright posts. In each deck there should be six ties of a size and strength uniform with the uprights, though in addition to this, there should be the additional brace of light ribs, preferably one foot apart. These ribs may consist of willow wands, such as basket-makers use, and which have naturally a very slight arch, or light wooden sticks may be steamed and slightly curved, then being dried in this position. This is to provide for a slightly concave surface underneath, the surface which will meet the resistance of the air, though this curve should not be more than one-twentieth of the length of the rib. It is also generally admitted to be best to have the framework narrower than the ribs, so that the latter, with the covering, extending some inches behind, may bend upward under pressure, for the sake of increased stability. In other words, if the ribs are four and a half feet



Charles Voisin Ready to Drop from a Cliff in His Chanute Glider.

long, the ties forming the stout framework of each deck should be only four feet long, the length of the uprights, or even a bit shorter. The spars, uprights and ties may be made of bamboo, though this is not very reliable, and it is much better to use well seasoned spruce, with a straight grain. It is also best to have them fish-shaped, so that they may offer as little resistance to the air as possible.

Having thus completed the framework, except for the tail, which will be referred to directly, you are ready to turn your attention to the completion of the wings by supplying the covering. Japanese silk is excellent for this purpose, being fairly strong and exceptionally light, but it is also rather expensive for the beginner. I would suggest, therefore, a light but strong muslin, which should be attached to the underside of the ribs, rather than over them. This can be done by tacking thoroughly to each rib by means of very small tacks. The cloth is naturally stretched as tightly as possible, so that it will not bag in the wind, and its edges should be folded over the spars and ends and tightly pinned or sewed; though pinning will be the simplest plan. After being attached and properly stretched it should be stiffened by treatment with a light application of starch paste, or, what is considered better yet, pyroxyelene varnish.

It is absolutely necessary to provide a suitable tail which will act as a rudder

to give stability to the machine, and this may be attached to two or four spars, fastened to the uprights in the center of the apparatus. The tail itself should be at least eight feet from the rear of the two main decks, and may either assume the box-like form, or may take the shape of a cross, in which the horizontal and vertical rudders set through each other, as it were, like the two planes of a toy, four-bladed water wheel. In the latter case the horizontal and vertical rudders might each be four feet square, thus affording an area of thirty-two square feet altogether, in the tail, each section or blade of same being four by two feet. A tail of less dimensions might answer well enough, and in the case of small gliders, for boys of light weight, the proportions can be estimated from the above description. It might be well, in cutting the materials, to provide duplicates if it does not involve too much expense or trouble, for you cannot tell how soon you may take a tumble and break the thing.

This suggestion may not seem encouraging, but it is just as well to understand in the very beginning what you may have to expect. And if you are disposed to resent an occasional tumble, it would be wise to dismiss the entire matter from your mind at once. You are almost certain to rub or scratch your skin a bit in your first efforts, and you will therefore, see the necessity of selecting for your experiments a hill that is



One of the Old Style Experiments, Lilenthal Type.

especially suited to your purpose. And you will also realize the importance of the advice not to attempt a flight of more than eight or ten feet at the beginning.

The selection of your hill is of first importance, for it should provide a very gradual incline. A steep hill would be dangerous. A sand hill is advantageous though any hill with a fairly smooth surface, and free from rocks and high bushes, would be satisfactory. A hillside well packed with snow, in winter, would prevent much bruising in case of a fall. And in the beginning it would be best to attempt your flights from a point near the bottom of the hill, gradually starting from farther up as you become more expert in the manipulation of the glider. If in the course of some practice you reach a point where you can cover fifty to sixty feet at each flight, you may feel that you are doing very well, and will be more than rewarded for your trouble by the exhilarating delight of sailing through air for such distances. However, much longer flights are possible, and some skilled aviators, with the use of the glider alone, that is to say, without motors and propellers, have risen against the wind to an altitude above the starting point, and have covered distances of several hundred feet at a time. This should be avoided, however, and if one is not reckless in this regard, he need not anticipate any serious danger or accidents in connection with this experiments. The death of the now famous Lilienthal, was due to the fact that he was sailing at a height of one hundred feet or thereabout, and with his apparatus in bad condition. However, it is well to scrutinize the apparatus after each flight, or rather before each flight, to make sure that it is sound and whole in every part.

If you have been fortunate enough in the selection of your materials to secure a glider, which does not weigh more than twenty-five or thirty pounds, you should be able to make your attempts without assistance. In any case, however, it is sometimes advisable to have two friends to help start each flight, each one to take hold of one end of the wings and run with it as you make your short run before leaping into the air. They should

let go when you shout to them to do so. It is assumed that you follow the plan of suspending the body by the armpits, in the manner illustrated, which enables you to get the best control of the glider and furnishes the best exercise.

In beginning the flight, the aspiring one will face squarely against the wind, if there is any, though if very windy, or gusty, he had better postpone his attempt to a more auspicious time. As he poises himself in readiness for his little run, he should keep the front edges of the two surfaces down, so that the wind will blow rather upon the top than against the under surfaces, though at the same time he should not depress it to such an extent as to offer resistance to the wind. Then as he runs forward a few steps he should raise the front edges until the under surfaces meet the resistance of the air, and then leap upwards. He will find himself soaring, though gliding downward in the direction of the decline of the hill.

And now comes the trick of learning to balance himself, for the air currents will undoubtedly keep him busy, and especially if a sudden breath of wind from one side should quickly lift up one wing. In that case, he should smartly swing his body and legs toward the up-raised side, so as to shift the center of equilibrium and tend to bring that side down to an approximate level. In tipping to the left from a bicycle, one would throw out his left foot to catch himself, but in the air he should throw all his weight in the opposite direction, for the reason given. If at any point you wish to rise higher in the air, or to clear some object in your airy path, then you may raise the front edges of the planes by shifting the body backwards, or rather, perhaps, by swinging the body backward and holding it there, though this will naturally decrease your speed for the moment. You will of course grasp with the hands the parallel bars upon which your weight is suspended at a point some eighteen inches in advance of the spots where your armpits rest, in a manner similar to the position frequently assumed when at work upon the parallel bars of the gymnasium.

The question of alighting is an exceed-

ingly important one, for it is here that you are likely to part company with little precious bits of epidermis, if you are not careful. The first aim should be to check the speed at which you are traveling, and this is done in the same manner that you would rise higher in the air, except that you raise still higher the front edges by shifting the body backward, and thus offering more resistance to the air. By this means you will descend lightly to the ground somewhat in the fashion of a soaring bird, the broad wings of your glider serving the function of a parachute. Even at that, however, you should not drop down at a steep angle, but on a very gradual incline or slope in the air, and as soon as the feet touch the earth you can run a few steps until you have come to a stop.

These movements are the most important ones for gaining control of the apparatus and maintaining equilibrium, though they may not be learned so well that you can do them almost automatically, until after you have made many, many trials. Above everything, do not attempt to descend from the edge of a cliff, or any other steep declivity. You will find this form of sport sufficiently fascinating and engrossing without recourse to foolhardy stunts. After you have apparently mastered the trick of balance, you may arrange to control your rudders, both horizontal, and thereafter learn to operate in that manner, instead of by shifting your weight, but when you have reached that point, you are advancing pretty well in the problem of flight, and should enter into an exhaustive study of the subject. The writer is dealing here only with the pleasure and the exercise which any one may secure from the first and simplest attempts at aviation.

If in some manner you should find the front edges of the two decks so depressed that the wind strikes upon the top of them, thus tending to force your apparatus downward, or even to throw you to the earth, you should instantly contrive to raise the front edges so that the under surfaces will offer their resistance to the wind, and this is to be done, as already explained, by smartly shifting the weight of the body backward.

If you find that you are not sufficiently handy in the use of tools to construct the apparatus yourself, then if you would summon the aid of some carpenter or any one with ordinary ingenuity in the making of "home-made" articles, you will have no special difficulty. The practice of "gliding" is so new, and so little known as yet, that the apparatus is not to be purchased, and those that have experimented along this line have invariably made their own machines. The cost will of course vary with the materials, though probably it will vary anywhere from \$50.00 to \$150.00.

Generally speaking, the principle involved is practically that which is demonstrated in the sailing of a kite, in which the kite is caused to rise because of the resistance to the wind which it offers. Consequently, if the beginner will make it a point to run a little faster, he will find himself lifted into the air more effectually, and if the wind is fairly brisk there will usually be no difficulty in rising higher than the point at which the flight was begun. In the case of aeroplanes equipped with engines and propellers, the possibility of continuous flight and of rising very high in the air is due to the fact that the speed at which the machine is driven provides for a greater atmospheric resistance, and one which is uninterrupted. All of which is really as simple as the operation of the windmill, in theory, though it has required considerable ingenuity and study to apply the theory. And, speaking of windmills, it may be casually interesting to know that a number of students of aeronautics are endeavoring to solve the problems of aerial navigation through the development of a device known as a "helicopter," which consists of a pair of wind-mills, so to speak, or propellers, which are arranged to operate in a horizontal, rather than vertical plane.

However, aside from the sport involved in experiment, and the limited uses to which air craft may now be put for military purposes, it may be stated that we are still far from attaining a development of aeronautics in which the average man will be able to traverse the broad spaces of the air as do our feathered friends.



Helene W. Johnstone.

The Sacredness of the Home

TO WHAT EXTENT SHOULD DIVORCE LAWS BE PERMITTED TO INTERFERE WITH OR PERVERT THE TRUE OBJECT OF THE HOME?

By Helene W. Johnstone

Here is an article that presents a view of the divorce question that is unusual. The sacredness of home is supposed to be preserved by divorce laws. This writer claims that these laws sometimes have an opposite effect. Her views are unique and will at least prove interesting.—Bernarr Macfadden.

THE life of a nation depends upon the home. Home-life represents the formative period in every human life. It creates what might be termed indelible impressions, it develops or mars the character, it builds or destroys manhood and womanhood. When there is nothing in the home to criticise, you will find but little in the nation that can be condemned. The sacredness of home-life and the development of the family that should always accompany it, should be preserved at any cost. There is no national requirement that is so important. If you want to build the nation, first build the home. If you want to destroy a nation, first destroy the home. Within the home, therefore, you have the means of making or marring the welfare of the country. The beauties, the grandeur of home-life have been dwelt upon by great writers of the past and the present. Mere words are weak and language fails when one tries to fittingly describe the human possibilities that may evolve from the home.

The old pioneer Americans loved their homes. There was a reverence imbedded within their very souls for everything appertaining to home life. With the development of the present financial spirit, this love for home and all that it might mean has gradually declined, and in some cases almost disappeared. All this very clearly indicates degeneracy. No normally developed man or woman can possibly avoid a desire for a home and the happiness and responsibilities which accompany it. This love for home is really not a matter of education

or polish. In fact, our present educational methods, when combined with our financial teachings, in many cases actually obliterate love for home.

Many men and many women also marry and determine beforehand that they will not assume the responsibilities that come with children. To be sure, in nearly every case, as they grow to more mature years, they have reason to regret this decision, but they have to taste the bitter fruits of their sins, they have to begin to pay the penalty before they realize their mistake. The home should be looked upon as a "thing apart" from ordinary life, should be viewed reverently, sacredly. It should be protected and upheld at any cost. Under no circumstances should anything be allowed to interfere or in any way mar its true sphere. It is the foundation stone, upon which rests the strength, permanence and power of the nation. Much has been written about the sacredness of home-life, though but little has been done to make the home sacred.

To beautify and make attractive the home, should be the one aim of our life, and that does not merely mean that the dwelling of stone or wood in which we reside should be given all our attention. The house in which we live is immaterial when compared to the body. This house (our body), cannot be changed at will in a moment's notice. It is the real house or the home that should be strengthened and beautified and be made to harmonize with all its environments. Many people are so wrapped up in the necessity of dusting and sweeping and the ordinary cares that usually accompany

home-life, that they entirely forget the home of flesh and bone and blood, in which they reside throughout their entire life.

It is the duty of every man and every woman to maintain the house, the body, in a cleanly and pleasing condition at all times. This should be the first duty. The kitchen utensils, and the carpets, the walls and the pictures, etc., of the external house in which you live can be given secondary consideration, but the woman who allows her body to be dirty either internally or externally, and spends her time keeping the house clean and bright, has neglected to use her reasoning powers. You can move from one house to another most any time; if you have enough money, you can buy another house, but you cannot buy or rent another body. Therefore, it is your duty to take care of it, to keep it clean internally and externally, to maintain its strength in the highest degree of excellence.

Speaking of the attitude of the nation towards the home, it should be such as to maintain the sacredness of home life and family life at any cost. Every law that is made that appertains to the home should recognize this necessity. The happiness of the individual, the progress of the nation and the power and greatness of its people absolutely depend upon the maintenance of due reverence toward the home and home-life. We find laws being made everywhere with these objects in view, but the very laws that are supposed to add to the sacredness and the permanence of home-life often have an opposite effect. There is but one condition that can make a home sacred and which will insure its being productive of the happiness necessary to home-life, and that is an intense love between the man and woman who are the principal contracting parties in the building of a home. When, through perversion or abnormalities, or through any cause, this love disappears, the home ceases to be sacred. Thereafter it is a place to eat and sleep and exist. There is nothing sacred about such a place, and laws that are made for the purpose of continuing such a home (?) aim a terrific blow at the real, true home-life, which

should be upheld under any and all circumstances. If the home is to be held sacred, if we are to be taught that due reverence should be given to the family, then we may well ask, shall divorce laws be allowed to destroy the sacredness of the home life? A home ceases to be a home when the love which should be a part of home-life has disappeared from it. You often here men say, "Let us not break up the home." Is it breaking up a home when a loveless couple are separated? Is it breaking up a home when backbiting and quarreling, which are the usual accompaniment of a loveless couple, are made impossible by separation?

The sacredness of the home should be maintained at any price. A loveless marriage is a product of the devil. A loveless home is a corner in Hades, and laws that are made for the purpose of giving permanence to products of this kind are evolved from the brains of men who know absolutely nothing of human life. Laws of this kind feed degeneracy, promote misery, and unhappiness, and assist greatly in filling the asylums for the insane, the jails and the penitentiaries.

It is a crime of the first order to compel a loveless couple to reside in the same house. In fact, there should be laws compelling them to separate. Their own instincts, their own natures, call for a separation, and when men and women such as this, bearing actual hatred toward each other, bring children into the world, there is no crime on the calendar that is so evil.

What right has the law of this land, what right has any man or any woman, to blight and taint and curse an unborn child? A child should be the product of love, and when it is otherwise, it is nothing more than a creature of degeneracy. Suppose that child becomes a criminal, suppose it commits crime after crime, and its perversion finally ends in murder, who is to blame? Is the child that was cursed before birth to blame? Is it not rather the monstrous laws that allow a man and woman to bring into the world a child that is created through evil? I believe in the sacredness of the home, but when the laws of Nature and

the laws of God divorce a man and a woman by taking from them the love that has tied them together, mere man has no right to step in and say, "You are married. You have made a mistake. Now make the best of it."

If I had the making of laws, I would found them upon the natural instincts of men and women. I would say that no child should be brought into the world that is not a product of a great and intense love between mother and father. I would say that marriage is made first of all by love, and that a ceremony is simply an official recognition of the existence of that love. But it should be remembered that love comes for a purpose. It was made to promote the happiness of human kind, but the laws of love cannot be desecrated with impunity, and when man and woman ignore the fundamental physiological principles of life, when they pervert their true instincts and absolutely destroy their love for each other, they have to bear the penalties. There is no deviation, and when this perversion has been so great as to absolutely reduce the love of the man and woman to ashes, when there is not a spark of affection remaining, they have already been divorced. God has divorced them. They have sinned and they are compelled to suffer the consequences. There can be no happiness, no sacredness, attached to such a home thereafter, and dare you say that children should be allowed to grow up in a loveless atmosphere of this character? Dare you say that another child should be brought into the world under such damnable conditions?

If you believe that this reasoning is clear, then you have to admit not only the necessity for divorce, but you might

say that laws should be made to actually compel the breaking up of such a so-called home. Children brought up in such a home would far better be in the home of a relative, in an orphan asylum, or almost anywhere, because as I have said before, the sacredness of the home should be maintained at any cost. That should be the one and only object of the laws as they appertain to home life, and no matter what laws are necessary to give the home its due reverence, they should be made and enforced, no matter how many human lives they might cost. You can take an adult human being and submit him to the grossest sort of injury, and you may by some process of reasoning feel that you are justified, but there is no conceivable intricacy of the human mind that will enable anyone to conclude that we have the right to curse an unborn child.

Laws are very well in their place, but when they pervert the morals, subvert human instincts and feed weakness, crime and degeneracy, then they are clearly the product of the devil.

Divorce laws should not be such as to interfere with the sacredness of the home. The home should be protected at any cost, for in protecting the home you are protecting future generations. You are giving every child its birthright, you are giving it the right to be well-born and well cared for, and no matter whom it may strike, no matter how many lives it may interfere with, no matter how many human beings it may sacrifice, the sacredness of the home and home life should be maintained; and divorce laws that interfere with the breaking up of a home that is a mere pretense, that is a travesty on real home life, cannot be too scathingly condemned.

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Mr. Bumpus and His Bath

By Willie Shookspere

MR. BUMPUS had considered physical culture, like religion, to be a fine thing for other people. Like most men who weigh between one eighth and one quarter of a ton, he was more or less leisurely in his habits, except perhaps in regard to speech. Accordingly, after subscribing for *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine for the boys he paid no more attention to it until another copy of the publication reached the house. He glanced through it this time with very approving eyes, and declared that it would be a good thing for the entire family.

"Funny," he commented to himself, "How a man gets out of the habit of taking a cold bath. Pressure of time, I suppose. Well, I am going to renew the habit. I will soon be getting on in years. I shall have to take care of myself.

The next morning, accordingly, he filled the tub and stepped into it. The water was none too cold, but usually when one is out of the habit of cold bathing for some time he will experience something of a mild shock when he attempts it again. The water seemed not at all bad as he merely put his feet into it, but as he sat down and then immediately dipped the entire upper body backwards into it, it made him gasp for breath.

"W-o-o-f!" he ejaculated, "G-r-r-r-r!" and quickly climbed out. But by the time he was on his feet the reaction had set in and he was warm and comfortable, his skin tingling.

"Great! Great!" he said, as if to convince himself that it was not only the proper and hygienic thing, but also a delightful thing. He emerged from the bath room in his robe a minute later, snorting and blowing for the benefit of his children, and especially of his wife.

"Ha! I tell you!" he began. "Great! Great! Feel like a fighting cock! G-r-r-r-r-r! Great! I tell you, Sarah, you ought to take a cold bath every morning."

She looked at him curiously. She knew him very well; knew that for some reason he was trying to find glory for himself in this matter of the cold bath. She said:

"Well, it's all right for you and the boys, I suppose, but I guess I am too old for such tricks."

"Old Nonsense, my dear," he grunted, depreciating the idea. "Why, a cold bath every day would keep you young. The cold baths and the long walks."

The two boys went into the bath room together, Willie trying it first after filling the tub, and wallowing in the water.

"How is it?" asked Jimmie.

"Aw, it's all right, but nothing to make a fuss about. Why, Jimmie, it's just exactly like going swimming, only you can't move around much, that's all. I'd a heap rather go swimming. Still, it cools you all right.

Jimmie, on trying it, agreed with his brother, after which they went to breakfast.

"I suppose you just sponge off with the cold water," suggested Mrs. Bumpus, with her curiosity aroused.

"Sponge off, nothing," returned the big, blustering man. "You fill the tub full of cold water and then get into it. That's all."

"Oh!"

"Only fault I've got here is that the water isn't cold enough. I used to take them in ice water when I was young. That's the only proper way, by thunder, ice water!"

The conversation then drifted to other topics while the subject of bathing was forgotten—by all except Mrs. Bumpus. The suggestion of a bath in ice water rather startled her; she could not get it out of her mind. But then, if cold water was good, of course ice water would be even better.

"Sarah," said Mr. Bumpus that evening, just before retiring, "If you get up first, would you mind filling the tub for me, so that I won't have to wait?"

She said she would, and the next morning kept her promise, getting up perhaps a half hour before he did. But just as she had filled the tub, the ice man appeared to make his daily delivery. She recalled her husband's desire for colder water. It would do no harm, she said to herself, just to put that big chunk of ice in the bath tub for a few minutes.

The ice man himself usually placed the ice in its proper place in the refrigerator, and so she asked him now to bring it into the bath room and drop it into the tub.

"In there?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yes, in the tub; to cool the water," she replied, simply.

He did as he was told and walked out, grinning broadly.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Bumpus heard her husband stirring about, looking for his robe. With the tongs she promptly put the ice in its proper place.

"I guess that will satisfy him, all right," she said, as she went back and dipped her fingers into the chilling, icy liquid. And as she started out she met him going in.

"Ha! I'll show you!" he said. "I'll show you how to take a bath; just watch!"

She turned to see. Now that he was on exhibition he would do it more daringly than on the previous morning. He would not try it with his feet. She shivered as she saw him approach the tub and then sit for an instant on the side of it. But summoning unusual resolution, he placed one hand on each side of the tub and then dropped into it, immersing the entire body, except the head, almost at once. There was a splash and a violent gasping for breath, followed a few moments later by a howl.

"Oh-oh-o-o-o-f!" he cried. "Ye gods! Bloody murder! Oh—Oh!—Ow-wow! I'm paralyzed! I'm paralyzed!"

He tried to get out, but his hands slipped from the sides and he went back into the tide for another chill. His teeth chattered and he thrashed around like a wounded, maddened sea-lion, throwing the water about the room.

"Confound it, woman!" he yelled. "Help me! D-d-d-don't you see I'm

paralyzed? What the h—! D-d-d-d-don't stand there staring like a scared cat. W-o-o-f! G-r-r-r-r—!"

By this time the astonished woman had taken one of his arms and had helped him to a sitting position, from which he hastily but awkwardly climbed out.

"W-w-what in the name of suffering Moses have you been doing to that water?" he yelled. Do you want to murder me?" He scrutinized it closely, looking for icebergs. "Whew! Did you put any ice in there? I don't see any, but, by Christopher, it felt like ice!"

"Well, you said yesterday," she timidly explained, "that the water wasn't cold enough for you. You said you wanted—"

"Oh, you did, did you! Well, never mind what I said! Wanted to get even with me for saying that you were skinny, huh? All right, only you'll be responsible for my death, that's all. I'll catch my death of cold, that's what!"

Again she shivered, but she felt that she was not to blame. By this time he was himself again, and was glowing like a well-boiled lobster.

"Well, I only thought I was fixing it just as you wanted it," she ventured. "It's your own fault. I thought I was doing you a great favor, and this is the thanks I get. Any how, it did you good. They use ice in hospitals. May be it will take off some fat."

"Well, never you mind; don't you get fresh!" With the increasing warmth of his exterior he fairly boiled internally as he glared at her. But with the horror of it passing away, the humor of it appeared, and she laughed aloud in his face.

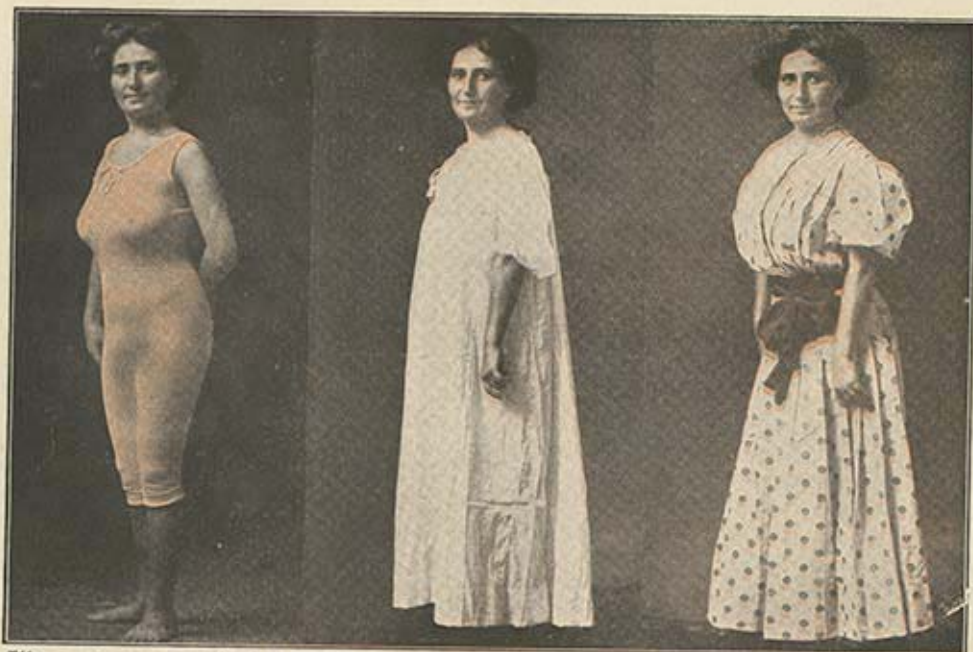
"That's right, laugh!" he raged. "Laugh, damn you, laugh!"

She did. And the more she laughed the funnier it seemed, until she was almost hysterical. He fumed and raved, but she could not stop. She laughed until she cried, and then the two boys came rushing in to see the cause of the uproar.

"Oh!" she cried, "Your father,—ha-ha-ha-ha, your father—ha-ha-he-he-he. Your father took his bath ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Mr. Bumpus glowered fiercely at the two boys and ordered them away.

"Damned foolishness!" he growled.



Illustrating one method of dressing a physical culture girl. One-piece underwear, combination one-piece corset-waist and skirt, and one-piece dress, with sash.

The Dress of a Physical Culture Girl

By Marion Malcolm

IMPORTANCE OF THE PROBLEM OF DRESS IN THE BUILDING OF HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL BODIES.

WHEN a woman becomes imbued with the theories of health so strongly presented in this publication, as a rule she immediately begins to wonder how she is to dress without interfering with the thorough development of the body and at the same time observe the conventional laws sufficiently to avoid attracting undue notice or unpleasant criticism. The average woman enjoys being comfortable, but she is to a great extent a creature of habit. You can become accustomed to being uncomfortable; in fact, it has been stated that one can become habituated to almost any condition, and whatever suffering may come, she bears it with that fortitude which is

developed by the feeling that she is compelled to endure it.

The ordinary woman feels that she must be in style, that she is actually compelled to wear the apparel approved by her sex, and to observe the convention's laws as they are applied to female dress. No matter how much suffering this may cause, she looks upon it as necessary, in the same manner that little Chinese girls bear the torture that they are compelled to endure in order to deform their feet in the manner decreed by fashion in their country.

It is about time for women to begin a great movement that will bring about their emancipation. Negro slavery was never nearly so bad as the slavery in

which most women are held at the present day. It never caused even a small part of the misery and weakness and all around suffering that is caused by fashion's decrees, which women feel they are compelled to follow.

Is it not about time for us to do something to shake off the shackles that are binding us? Must we continue to parade around like a lot of mummies? Women are made of flesh and blood, they have the same desire for activity, for play, and for indulgence in outdoor exercise as have men; that is, they have the desire until they have been crushed absolutely by the weakness and ill-health that result from following the edicts of fashion.

I am presenting some illustrations in this article that will no doubt be of interest to my readers. They show how a woman may dress and observe the demands of convention to a certain extent and at the same time be moderately comfortable. There is no binding at the waist line. A woman can wear a costume of this kind and breathe. She need not cramp her lungs or destroy the instincts of sex—a condition which

often results from the binding process of tight corsets. I am not presenting these costumes as a perfect method of dressing, by any means, because a woman must be freed absolutely from restriction of her movements before we can have anything approaching a perfect costume. It is a heinous crime against womanhood to restrict bodily movements in any way. It lessens a woman's strength, it lessens her ability in her chosen sphere or occupation. Even the costume worn by the average man to a certain extent interferes with bodily development; and, what can be said of the apparel that fashion has decreed should be worn by women?

The young girls of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow. The strength and permanence of the nation depends upon these young women, but fashion steps in and proceeds to dictate to our future mothers, proceeds to mar their strength and health, and in every way seriously interfered with the development of the physical and mental characteristics most essential to their complete development.



One-piece underwear, one-piece corset-cover and underskirt, shirt-waist, yoke and skirt, used in the rational dress of a physical culture girl.

Corsets are a terrible device. His Satanic Majesty must have been called upon for a special consultation when these instruments of torture and degeneracy were first invented. Their origin resulted largely from the influence of those whose lives reek with the worse kind of immoralities, and to a very large extent, the same can be said of the skirts which are considered necessary by the average woman.

It is to be hoped that some day both of these garments will disappear from the apparel of my sex. They are both monstrous in their influence, and when real womanhood is sought for and understood, they will soon be discarded. As to what we can expect to take the place of the skirt, I do not know. Many will, no doubt, suggest bloomers as a substitute, but it seems to me that something more artistic could be recommended, and perhaps the time is not far distant when the miserable degenerates who have infected our present civilization with their impurities and their prudery, will have so nearly disappeared that a woman can wear a garment which will distinctly show that she possesses two legs without being criticized. It is about time that these prurient perverts were eliminated. Weakness, degeneracy, and moral and physical ruin have been the results of their teachings, and until my sex can have a chance to develop into real women, there will be but little hope for the future of this nation. With minds besotted with the erotic imaginings that are paraded everywhere by prudes, womanhood will always be shackled by slavery.

The illustrations accompanying this article very clearly show the suggestions to my readers as to the best methods of dressing when discarding corsets. Of course, if the abdominal measurement is too large, you will have to moderate your diet, you will have to take a little more exercise, in order to appear at all well in a costume of this character, but whatever you do, do not lessen your waist measurement with the strictures of a corset, for it can easily be reduced by the means already referred to. If you have worn a corset so long that the parts of the body are really too weak to perform their proper office, then, of course, you are privileged to continue wearing it until after you have developed sufficient strength to hold the body in the proper position, but in securing your skirts, be sure to select them of sufficient width to prevent their interfering with the stride when walking. The average woman takes short, mincing steps. She ought to be able to develop a stride almost equal to that of a man, and it is the interference of skirts that has handicapped women in this manner. You will note by the illustrations that no corset or corset waist is needed if you make your clothing in accordance with these suggestions. There are various methods of fastening the stockings. Some women simply pin them to the underwear; others wear suspenders over the shoulders to which they are fastened; some find a hip belt more comfortable. When ankle-length underwear is worn a very loose garter will usually hold up the stockings. In fact, it should be worn so loose that it will not interfere with the circulation.

A Mother Voices Her Approval

I have taken *PHYSICAL CULTURE* for four years from a newsdealer, and I am sure I would have been a "thing of the past," if it were not for your magazine. I was so taken up with that wonderful magazine that I just could not live without it. I practice all the different exercises, eat the proper foods, and read the grand stories that are published in your magazine to make the next generation improve, as well as straighten out a million silly prudes.

The story "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society" is the best story I ever read. I gave the story to my 16 year old son and he said that was just the way boys were, and said any man that reads *PHYSICAL CULTURE* would not want to be like him in the story. I'll do all I can to save you from those two years at hard labor, although I am a poor woman with five young children.

Lake City, Minn. MRS. VIOLA SLITER.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
Childless Paris. Scene in one of the busiest centres of the gay capital without a child in sight.

The French Nation Dying Out

By Rene DuBois

OFFICIAL FIGURES PROVE THAT THE "VOLUNTARY STERILITY" OF FRENCH WIVES IS RAPIDLY DESTROYING THE RACE. A WARNING TO AMERICA

This article should be read with interest by every patriotic American citizen. It should furnish a warning of great value to us. Exactly the same conditions that have brought degeneracy to the French nation exists here in this country. Here we have had the advantage of nearly a million immigrants landing on our shores each year. We have had this new blood, new vitality, to build upon, and consequently we have grown with mammoth strides. But if we were to take the old-time Americans and were to have depended upon their progeny alone for our increase in population, I fear that we would be in far worse condition than the French nation, and if this statement is true, the actual American citizenship is degenerating, dying out, far faster than the French nation.—Bernarr Macfadden.

ONE of the cardinal principles of physical culture is, that it is the duty of normally healthy men and women to perpetuate their kind. Physical culture has also insisted that any attempts to interfere with the great law of Nature which is responsible for the family circle, is bound to breed disaster, first to the individual, and then to the nation. And it has furthermore asserted, that one of the chief dangers which threaten this nation, is the increasing dislike of American wives to undergo the pangs and responsibilities of maternity. Such a dislike, it may be remarked in passing, is the direct outcome of the highly artificial and consequently unwholesome life led by the great majority.

And now from France comes a terrible confirmation of the views held by this magazine on the lines indicated. Official statistics published by the French Government, prove beyond a doubt that the French nation is dying out, not by slow degrees, but with ominous rapidity. Its fate in this respect, is entirely due to what M. De Foville, President of the Academy of Political and Moral Sciences of Paris, calls "the voluntary sterility of French women." In other words, French wives take steps to prevent themselves from becoming mothers. But let us quote some of the figures published under the auspices of the Government before we go further, and through their aid, we may get a preliminary glimpse

of the fearful condition which faces a great nation through the folly and selfishness of its women and perhaps, its men.

It has been intimated that the extinction of the French, is being accomplished with leaps and bounds. The figures alluded to justify this statement. According to the official reports, in 1902 the excess of births over deaths in France was 74,000. This was incomparably lower than the birth rate in Germany, but still it was hardly alarming.

In 1903, however, only 73,000 children were born in excess of the deaths. The following year, the birth excess sank to 57,000 and from thence on, the decline was swift and as follows:

Excess of births over deaths, 1905 37,000
Excess of births over deaths, 1906 27,000

But last year—1907—the most portentous change occurred. *Then, the deaths exceeded the births by just 20,000.* That condition which for long had been anticipated and dreaded by the social economists, the philanthropists, the politicians, and the patriots of the French Republic, had at last come to pass. France, on the evidence of statistics which could not be disputed, was, and for that matter is, a nation doomed to extinction!

It need hardly be said that the recent publication of these statistics by the Government, have spread something akin to consternation in the country

which they affect. Already there are a host of plans being formulated by those in and out of authority to the end of checking, or at least retarding, the catastrophe which threatens the nation.

But it must be confessed that most of such plans, while theoretically sound, are hardly likely to be found practicable, because they do not deal directly with the affairs and things which have brought



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

Interior of the home of a childless millionaire, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, near the Arch of Triumph, Paris. Such homes are unhappily the rule among the rich in France.

about a nearly sterile France. Appeals to national pride, and to the paternal and maternal instinct, are all very well in their way, but they are likely to prove futile in the presence of the greed and personal vanity which have apparently produced the evil in question. No Government in the world can legislate people into obedience to human moral law, and it is equally powerless when it attempts to deal with those who seek to evade the jurisprudence of Nature. The desire for offspring is one of the strongest of all the desires of normal man and woman. If this desire dies, individually or nationally, it proves that abnormality rules, and that Providence is taking steps to remove the race which has outlived its usefulness.

This may seem hard language to use in connection with the land which has produced Napoleon, Lafayette, Balzac, Dumas and a long line of famous men and women. But listen to that which M. De Foville has to say about the subject and judge if the words be too harsh. He remarks:

"The shrinkage in the birth rate is due mainly, if not wholly, to moral causes, which cannot be removed except by the drastic purgation and vigorous refashioning of the mentality of our people. The roots of the sterility which is becoming the curse of this country, are to be found in the disappearance of our traditional morality, coupled with certain economic and social tendencies. The forces of materialism and individualism combined, have by their activity, produced the artificial barrenness which is afflicting the French people. Ambition, social vanity, the craving to become a "personage," the passion for enjoyment and possessions, and the growing love for artificial and unwholesome pleasures are the matters and motives to which my fellow countrymen and countrywomen, are abandoning themselves, more and more. From the point of view of the votaries of these things, the advent of a child is dreaded because it is regarded as a hindrance, a charge, an obstacle in the way of one's pleasures and worldly prospects. Even where parental love has not been quite extinguished, the number of offspring is minimized. Thus the

home and the nation are alike robbed. Some parents justify their action in this respect by referring to the Code Napoleon, by which the property of the parents is equally divided among the children. Hence, say they, one child will be better off than a half dozen. This is true in a sense, but is the State any the better off by this interference with the intentions of Nature? Let the damning figures of the Bureau of Vital Statistics furnish the reply!"

It is alleged by others—and the learned persons for whom M. De Foville acts as spokesman, partially agree with them—that outside of the causes named, there are other conditions which contribute to the appalling falling off of the birth rate. Chief among such causes so it is averred, is the decline of the religious sentiment and the neglect of religious duties which now distinguish France as a whole. That this is not wholly a sentimental view of the subject is shown by figures gathered and given out by the Academy. These figures prove beyond doubt that in those provinces in which the old religious spirit still flourishes, the birth rate is normal. Thus in Brittany, in which religious sentiment seems to be firmly entrenched, the infant population is the most numerous in the country. It is explained that Christianity has always severely condemned an attempt to tamper with the sources of human life, regarding such as a cardinal sin. In this respect, physical culture is in hearty accord with the Church—using the latter term in the broader sense. Apart from the mental and moral harm which comes from an interference with the most sacred office of the human body, the evil wrought to the physical being of the silly and erring mother is of an incalculable kind, no matter what form such interference may take. Stress has been laid on the consequences of such meddling time and again in the pages of this magazine.

The feature of the induced sterility of the French women, which is giving the most concern is, the inability of anyone to suggest a practical remedy for it. As one of the high officials of the Government puts it: "There is no reason for doubting that the decline of the birth



From Stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A Sunday scene at Gruemene-sur-Scorff, Brittany, one of the few provinces in France in which the religious instinct survives, and the birth rate is normal.

rate will continue, and that consequently France is marching to her ruin with accelerating steps. A dwindling population means a decrease of defensive power and an ultimate incapability to resist invasion."

This last named fact, from the viewpoint of the patriotic Frenchman, is one of most lamentable phases of the situation. France and Germany have, since 1870, been friends—in a diplomatic sense. But actually, they have been the reverse. Deep down in their hearts, the French have for over a generation, cherished hopes of a "War of Revenge," which should restore to them Alsace and Lorraine, and wipe out the stain of their former defeats. Germany was fully cognizant of this feeling and has been on the defensive in the interval. Indeed, it has been repeatedly asserted that if it were not for fear of interference on the part of some of the other European Powers, she would ere now have tried to cripple France beyond healing.

So it is, that the French begin to see in their sterility, the opportunity for which Germany has so patiently waited. The allusion to the country's coming "incapability to resist invasion," will now be understood. M. De Foville, in a published address on the subject, does not hesitate to prophesy national disaster on this score. He says: "Conquest is the fate which inevitably awaits us at the hands of our Teutonic neighbor. Although Germany sends forth her emigrants by the thousands, she signally increases her population at home. These are facts—terrible and significant—to which we dare not shut our eyes."

That he does not exaggerate, is proven by the fact that in 1875 the inhabitants of Germany outnumbered those of France only by 6,000,000. But just at present there are 20,000,000 more Germans than there are French! At this rate, and if the depopulation of France continues as it is now doing, there will in twenty years time, be two Germans to every Frenchman at home, to say nothing of the huge German population abroad, a large percentage of whom

would return to the defence of the Fatherland. It will be seen then, that France may well be alarmed at the situation created by her selfish and unpatriotic and childless citizens.

The threatened extinction of the French as a race and France as a nation, should warn us on this side of the water of the dread possibilities which are to be found in a prosperity and a civilization which stifle the natural and encourage the abnormal in man. It is said that, per head, the French are the richest race in Europe. There is no reason to doubt the assertion. Also, and outside of some of her country provinces, she is the most voluptuous and luxurious nation on the other side of the Atlantic. This is to be expected in view of her natural wealth, and that her capital and southern resorts draw the "idle rich" from all countries of the globe. Remembering these things, it ceases to be a matter of wonder that she has forgotten her duty to herself and to Nature, preferring rather the scented pleasures of the moment to the lasting, but more hardly earned joys of the hearth and the home. And where this love of "paint and perfume" does not exist, there is a sordidness which is equally destructive of the paternal instinct. It was this kind of thing which caused Rome's decay: which swept ancient Greece into oblivion and obliterated all traces of the mighty races which once peopled the plains of Nineveh.

And what of us in the United States of America? Have we taken warning by the past, or will we heed the lesson of the present? Alas! let the childless palaces of Fifth Avenue; the discouraging birth statistics of the Eastern States and the multiplicity of convenient "doctors" furnish the answer. The solemn truth is—that if it were not for the influx of immigrants from the plains and forests and fields and fjords of Europe, we, like the French, would be a disappearing people and that too, from the same causes which are leading to the undoing of one of the greatest nations of the Continent!

Gymnastic exercises cause the blood to course in livelier flow through the veins, and maintain a youthful vigor through all the ages of a man's life.—Dr. E. A. Parkes.



Marjorie Wood, leading woman with Robert Edeson.
(See "Physical Culture An Essential in the Life of An Actress.")

Physical Culture an Essential in the Life of An Actress

By Marjorie Wood

DO I think that physical culture is a necessity for the actress who desires to succeed in her profession? Assuredly. And what is more, I do not see how that, in one form or the other, it can be dispensed with by any woman, on or off the "boards." This for the simple reason that a proper use of physical culture means health. Now as health is wanted by all, it seems to me that all must or should, practice those principles of the science which are possible to, or appropriate for them. Having in mind that which it has done for me, I speak thus decisively regarding it.

It also appears to me that of the two sexes, ours is more in need of the common sense teachings which underlie physical culture than are the wearers of trousers. This for the reason, that women are so much more liable to the harm which arises from silly fashions or equally silly conditions forced on them by well meaning but mistaken male friends. You know that a woman cannot afford to quite ignore certain habits of dress, which in her heart she despises, for the reason that if she did, she would be laying herself open to all sorts of charges, the mildest of which would be a disregard of conventionality for the sake of social or professional advertisement. Now, and in spite of all opinions to the contrary, an actress does *not* like what I may call "freak" advertising although she is naturally never averse to that which comes to her legitimately as a reward for good work. Hence, she will often submit to fashions and customs and habits, which she doesn't really like, for the sake of not being considered "peculiar" or of not trying to obtain cheap publicity.

To offset the harm which is easily wrought by the fashions, and customs,

to which I have alluded, she will, if she be wise, turn to physical culture. She will find that in it a friend who will afford her relief from the strain and stress induced by tight gowns, improper food, irregular hours, badly ventilated dressing rooms, the close and heated air of theatres and many other more or less necessary evils." If she neglects herself in this respect, her work is sure to suffer. Many a promising stage career has been brought to an untimely and disastrous close, simply because its victim didn't know enough, or didn't take the trouble to attempt to, counteract these influences to which allusion has just been made. Such influences are so insidious and so inseparable from our profession, that it behooves one to be constantly on the watch for them lest they obtain a permanent and blighting footing on us.

I need hardly repeat that which other contributors to this series of articles have emphasized, which is, that of all professions, the stage demands a sound physical personality. Nor need I attempt to explain why this is so, in view of its obviousness. But at the risk of repetition, I will aver that the requisite wholesome state of the body can only be brought about by the exercise of, at least, some of the principles of physical culture. To be a thorough and consistent physical culturist is, so I think, hardly possible to the average actress for reasons which are the outcome of her environments. But for all that, there is no reason why she should not practice it to the extent to which I have alluded, by which means she will keep both body and mind in a condition which will add to her comfort and advance her interests in a professional sense.

Perhaps a brief reference to my daily régime may be of help to those of my sisters on the stage, who have not as yet experienced the benefits which arise from exercise and natural living. I rise as early as I can, by which I mean that I get out of bed when I feel that my body has been given the rest to which it is entitled. Between thus rising and the taking of light exercise, I let at least fifteen minutes elapse, for I've discovered that the body should be slowly awakened, so to speak. A light breakfast, then a rest and a reading follows, and next, I take a long walk. This walk by the way, I never neglect, no matter where I am or what the weather is. Tea and coffee I rarely if ever take, and

the same remark applies to alcoholic beverages. Meat is reduced to a minimum in my daily dietary. Nuts I eat at nearly every meal. When I've been subject to nervous or physical strain, I find that a couple of lumps of cut sugar are a great help, acting as a sort of mild stimulant. Fresh air by day and night, is a sort of religion with me. I also ride, and, whenever I have the chance, row and fence. But after all I believe in walking. If I have a holiday, or want rest—paradoxical as this may sound—or if my nerves are shaky, or if I am studying a more than usually difficult part, why I just *walk*. To my mind, there is no exercise in the world which can compare with that furnished by "Shank's Mare."



Glusburn Institute Ladies' Physical Training Class. Eight of these young women can jump nearly four feet.

A Team of Lady Athletes.

In the team of athletes shown above there are eight young women who are able to clear a bar over three feet nine inches in height. The best of the eight is able to jump four feet. This is really a remarkable feat, when it is considered that these young women are incumbered continually, when in conventional attire, with the ordinary skirts which interfere

so immeasurably with the easy and active use of the legs. Four feet is a remarkably good jump for an amateur, as our male readers will readily discover if they attempt to jump this high without previously having considerable practice. Several of these young women took part in the Olympic Games, London, representing a portion of York's ladies.



Banana in perfect condition for eating. The skin should be nearly black and as thin as paper, though its contents should be solid.

The Banana as a Food

By Charles Merriles

A FRUIT THAT WILL FURNISH COMPLETE NOURISHMENT
FOR AN EXTENDED—EVEN AN UNLIMITED—PERIOD

BUT few understand the value of bananas as a food. Of course, in hot countries, where it usually grows, it is a staple article of nourishment, and there, of course, it can be obtained completely ripened; and when ripened properly it has a delicious taste that is very seldom noted in the bananas that we secure throughout North America and England.

Now the banana is really a complete food. One could live on it for a lifetime and be thoroughly nourished, if the banana was used when properly ripened. This fruit, however, in nearly all cases is eaten entirely too green. As a rule it is not allowed to ripen properly. Of course in many cases it is cut too green, though usually the bananas that come to America, if they are ripened under proper conditions will retain nearly all the delicious flavor of the fruit. I have known many athletes of more than ordinary ability to live almost entirely on bananas for an extended period, and their strength was never reduced under the influence of the food. In fact, a limited diet of this character is as a rule inclined to increase one's strength.

But the principal object of writing this article is to give the readers of this magazine some very valuable information, not only as to the superior character of the banana as a food, but of the manner in which the banana should be eaten and ripened in order to secure the most advantageous results from its use as a food. According to the Agricultural Department at Washington, twenty one per cent. of the banana is composed of fat and starch—carbonaceous elements which go to produce energy and replenish the fatty tissues of the body. It contains considerably more nitrogenous, or muscle-making elements than the ordinary fruits, and can be depended upon to fully nourish the body, no matter what may be your requirements.

The banana, it is said, was originally an East Indian product, though now it is cultivated in nearly all tropical countries. Some regard it as a variety of plantain. There are various kinds of bananas, though the red and the yellow are about the only kinds we see in this country. The most delicious bananas that come here are raised in Jamaica. Splendid grades of fruit are also sent



Both of these bananas are in fair condition for eating, though the darker bananas should be the best, if the meat is solid. Please note that neither of these bananas, in the ripening process, have passed through the freckled stage, which always indicates that they have been properly ripened.

here from various tropical countries. When the bananas arrive, they are, of course, very green. They are stored away in warehouses and allowed to ripen until they are ready for eating. This ripening process is most important, if the banana is to retain its full, delicious flavor. Of course, where they have been cut too green, they never acquire a proper flavor and under such circumstances they often ripen with a dark, solid substance in the center. When this dark substance is noted, the banana has not been properly ripened, or else it has been cut before it was sufficiently matured. Happily, the habit of cooking the banana has not as yet developed. It is far better in its raw state. This is especially true when it is properly ripened.

One of the objects of this article is to supply suggestions that will enable our readers to select bananas that have been properly ripened, or else to ripen them themselves.

I am presenting a few illustrations that will help readers to select properly ripened fruit, though while preparing this article for publication, I could not find a banana that was properly "freckled." A banana that has been ripened properly, in nearly all cases, has the appearance of the complexion of a much-freckled boy, the only difference being that the freckles on a banana are black instead of brown. When you can find bananas that are freckled in this manner, you will know that they are properly ripened, and if you will buy them and put them away until the skin becomes very dark or, in fact, actually black, if the inside of the banana still remains solid, you will be amazed at the palatability and flavor of the fruit.

Even those bananas that do not freckle as they ripen will develop a flavor that will be pleasing in every instance, and in many cases even delicious, if you leave them in a dry atmosphere with a moderate temperature and allow them to ripen in the manner described. Remember that the blacker the skin of the banana is, the better the fruit, provided the "meat" of the banana has not decayed. The ordinary yellow bananas eaten everywhere are really not fit to eat. They are nothing more than a green fruit, and it is no wonder that bananas do not agree with a great many who eat them. I do not think green apples or any other green fruit would agree with such people. Where the inside of a banana begins to decay before the outside starts to blacken, as a rule the fruit has been picked too green, and has not been properly ripened, and is really not fit to eat. Bananas might really be truthfully termed the bread of the fruit world; in fact, they furnish an article of diet that provides nourishing qualities almost as valuable as wheat-bread made of the entire grain. Of course, comparing bananas to white bread, it is many times more valuable as a food, because the banana is a complete food while the white bread is merely a partial food.

A few experts have recommended that bananas be scraped after they have been peeled before eating. There is no advantage in this process provided

the banana is fully ripened. If the fruit is green, such preparation can in some instances be recommended, though please note that a green banana is really not fit to eat under any circumstances. If you want bananas for immediate eating, about the best way to secure them is to look for fruit that the average merchant would believe was about ready to throw out.

As long as the skin of a banana is yellow, it contains a certain amount of flavor that has yet to be absorbed by the fruit itself. If you fully realize the value of the banana as a food, and want to secure it properly ripened, it is best for you to buy the fruit in bunches as green as you can possibly secure it. If you want the fruit to ripen speedily, place it where it can secure a certain amount of sunlight, also cut off the lower part of the stem and place it in water. This process will enable the banana to retain its life as long as possible, so that the fruit will secure its full supply of flavor. If you will adopt these suggestions, that is, place the stem of the bunch of bananas in water and give them a certain amount of sunlight, keeping them in a moderate temperature, you will really be amazed at the flavor of the fruit when ripened as suggested. It will taste like nothing you have ever eaten before, under ordinary circumstances. The fruit will then have almost the same delicious flavor that it possesses when picked ripe from the tree.

There are various ways of eating bananas that increase their value as a food, and add to the delicious qualities of the fruit. For instance, bananas sliced and eaten with cream make a delicious dessert. Bananas sliced and mixed with a chopped acid fruit of some kind—oranges, apples, peaches, pears—likewise make a delicious dessert if slightly sweetened and eaten with cream. Sliced bananas are especially delicious with olive oil. If the sweet taste is not especially pleasant, a little lemon juice can be added to the oil. Bananas, combined with sliced acid fruit, as previously mentioned, if eaten with olive oil make a very delicious dish. Bananas and pitted dates with cream make a splendid combination. Bananas mixed with any

of the sweet fruits, with olive oil added, will be found delicious. There are many other combinations that will no doubt suggest themselves to the reader.

Bananas make a splendid sweet salad, and when sprinkled with ground nuts and some chopped acid fruit, they will be found delicious served in this manner. Dried bananas can be purchased everywhere throughout England, though they are not sold to any great extent in America. In this form they are almost as sweet as a fig, and they taste delicious. Flour has been made from bananas and can be used for various dishes, just as ordinary wheat flour is used. Coffee made of bananas—which makes a delicious substitute for the ordinary coffee without its stimulating qualities—is also manufactured.

The banana is a cheap and a delicious food which is much neglected, and if the suggestions made in this article are given a trial, their value as a means of nourishment and their deliciousness will surprise the average individual.



Both of these bananas are too green for eating. The one at the left is in better condition, although even this one should be allowed to ripen two or three days longer. If ripened properly, at this stage of the process they should have been freckled. They were probably too green when cut from the tree.



Josef Stiller, Seattle, Washington. A fine type of the strong bodies that are developed by the methods we advocate.

Menu for Christmas Dinner

By Sherwood P. Snyder

	Malaga Grapes	
Oranges	Bananas	Pears
	Cream Tomato Soup served with Croutons	
Celery	Whole Wheat Wafers	Ripe Olives
	Vegetarian Turkey	Cranberry Sauce
	Baked Mashed Potatoes	Brown Gravy
	Creamed Onions	Petty Poise
Whole-Wheat Bread		Butter
	Celery Apple Salad	Triscuit
	Grape Juice	
Physical Culture Ice Cream		Physical Culture Pound Cake
English Walnuts		Brazils
	Cocoa	

Tomato Soup.

Take one quart of strained tomatoes, bring them to the boiling point and add one and one-half pints of rich milk. The milk should all be turned into the tomatoes at once so as to dilute the acid. This will prevent the milk from curdling. Bring to the boiling point again, add one tablespoonful of butter, salt to taste, and it is ready to serve. Make the croutons out of whole-wheat bread. Cut the bread into cubes one-half inch square and toast in the oven until they are a delicate brown. Drop ten or a dozen of the cubes in each dish of soup just before serving.

Vegetarian Turkey.

One cup of grated whole-wheat bread crumbs

- One cup of lentil pulp
- One cup of English walnut meats
- One-half cup of raw peanuts
- Three-quarter cup of rolled wheat
- One-half cup of cream
- Four well-beaten eggs
- One tablespoonful of grated cheese
- One tablespoonful of grated onion
- One tablespoonful of celery
- One teaspoonful of powdered sage
- Two even teaspoonfuls of salt.

The bread crumbs, the nuts and the rolled wheat should be grated quite fine. It is better to have the nuts as fine as nut meal. The lentil pulp should be as dry as possible, say the consistency of mashed potatoes. This is very easily done by turning the lentils into a colander, allowing all the water to drain off before pressing them through the colander. The cheese should not be strong. Mix all the ingredients well together and put in a muslin bag, about three or four inches in diameter. The bag should be tied so that it will allow the mixture to expand a little, for otherwise the bag will burst. in cooking It will require about an hour to steam the size loaf that this recipe will make. If you have not a steam cooker or any other facilities for steaming it, the next best way is to put the mixture in a baking dish or pan and bake it in a very slow oven for at least an hour and a half. The oven should be at low enough temperature to prevent forming a hard crust. After the loaf is baked or steamed it should stand for at least twenty-four hours, in order to permit the flavor of the different ingredients to mingle. Re-heat, slice down and serve with cranberry sauce.

Baked Mashed Potatoes.

Mash potatoes same as for plain mashed potatoes. Then place in pan, sprinkle a liberal amount of grated cheese on top and place in moderately hot oven until the cheese becomes a golden brown.

Brown Gravy.

Take one pint of strained tomatoes, one cup of grated English walnut-meats. It is better to have the English walnuts ground into a meal if possible. Put the tomatoes over the fire and bring to the boiling point, then add the English nut-meats. Allow it to cook for five or ten minutes. Then add one cup of lentil pulp, the same as the lentil pulp used in the vegetarian turkey. Add one tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of grated onion, and salt to taste. Allow it to cook for two or three minutes more and it is ready to serve. If the walnut-meats are ground quite fine, you will have a nice smooth gravy without putting it through a strainer. However, if the nuts are coarse, it is well to put it through a strainer to remove all the large particles of the nut meats. The brown gravy that is ordinarily made with white flour browned in butter or grease is not to be compared with this as far as palatability is concerned. Not only that, but the gravy made by this recipe is nutritious and strictly hygienic, while gravy made in the ordinary way by browning white flour not only contains very little nutritious elements but is decidedly unwholesome and injurious.

Celery Apple Salad.

Take nice bleached celery that has been crisped in cold water and cut enough of it into one-eighth inch lengths

to fill a pint measure. Peel several tart eating apples, cut into eighths and slice the eighths crosswise. Have enough of the apples to fill a pint measure. The apples should be pared and sliced just before starting to make the salad, otherwise they are apt to turn dark and will spoil the appearance of the salad. Sprinkle one tablespoonful of sugar over the apples and mix them with the celery.

For the salad dressing, take one pint of sour cream, whip it until it is quite stiff, then add one tablespoonful of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix the lemon juice and sugar through the cream, pour the cream dressing over the salad and mix until every particle of the celery and apple is covered. Serve on a lettuce leaf and garnish each portion with three halves of English walnut, or a small spray of parsley laid on top. This is a very delicious as well as hygienic salad.

Physical Culture Pound Cake.

Take three-fourths of a pint of seeded dates, one-half pint of English walnut-meats, or any other nut-meats that may be desired, and one pint of grated whole-wheat bread-crumbs. The nuts and the bread crumbs should be grated quite fine. Put the dates through any ordinary meat or vegetable chopper. Mix the three ingredients well together. The bread crumbs should be slightly moistened or the cake will be too dry. Press the mixture in a small pan and allow it to stand ten or twelve hours, in order to allow the flavors to mingle. Then cut into pieces two inches long and one-half inch square. You will say when you taste this cake that it is far ahead of any cake that you have ever eaten, and, best of all, it is strictly hygienic.

Power Developed by Exercise

Exercise develops a consciousness of power, which inspires courage, confidence and resolution. Through its influence the moral self comes forth healthier, purer and stronger, and man becomes in every way better fitted to

lead a life of usefulness to his fellow men. The moral forces are also affected by exercise, for immorality goes hand in hand with morbidity of mind in nearly every case.

—BARON NILS POSSE.



Grace Winston

Confession of a Divorced Man

By Horace Kingsley

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.—The author of this story became very much enamored with Grace Winston, a young woman in his home town. He learned that she was engaged to another man and he decided to go to New York City. After being there for about a year he met a young actress who attracted him. Some information was given to him, about her that was not to her advantage. He tried to destroy her influence over him and concluded to break the acquaintance with her, but was unable to do so. She finally convinced him that the statements he had heard regarding her were false. A character whom the author calls "Slim Jim" plots to injure him in his employer's eyes. A Mr. Perkins, who is in the same office and boards in the same house becomes angered at him. Because of Perkins' attitude the author examines his books and finds there evidence of his dishonesty. Perkins is arrested, but vows that he will have vengeance. Edith Maxwell, the actress, has been annoyed by a man named Morgan, who was formerly her attorney. She asks the author to

protect her. He easily bests Morgan, who swears vengeance and keeps the officers on his track, but the author avoids arrest. One night he is awakened and finds the house in which he lives in flames. After hurrying out he is not able to find Miss Maxwell. He rushes back to save her, but nearly loses his own life in the attempt. Miss Maxwell was found the next morning. She had been visiting friends the previous night and this accounted for the author's inability to find her. He visits Miss Maxwell quite frequently and they finally become engaged. Miss Maxwell goes on a visit to her sister, and the author, feeling the need of a vacation, goes to a resort near New York. While waiting for the train he meets an old friend of his home town, who informs him that Grace Winston had married, but that her husband had turned out to be a drunkard. The author marries Edith Maxwell and for a short time they are happy. Edith tires of home life, she goes back to the stage. They quarrel frequently. He becomes suspicious as to his wife's fidelity and watches her. He is amazed by finding her with Morgan, his old enemy. The author's anger is greatly aroused, and he is at first inclined to be revenged upon Edith and Morgan. He accidentally encounters Perkins who had accused him of committing the crime for which he was arrested. The latter is but a wreck of his old self and cowers before the author's anger. He claims to have some information of great value to the author. The author meets his wife the next day and insists upon a separation. She finally agrees to this. He goes back to live with the Malcolms. As he leaves a train one morning he looks ahead and sees Grace Winston, his old sweetheart, in the car ahead. He tries to board the train, but the gates are closed in his face. The author realizes it is useless to make an effort to find Grace in a big city like New York. The bondsman for Perkins has the bond canceled and he is thrown into jail. He tries to induce the author to refuse to testify, in exchange for information he can give about Grace Winston and his wife. The author agrees to help him in any honorable way that he can. The author meets a Dr. Milford, who awakens him to the importance of drugless health-building methods, and who is the means of making a great change in the author's life. He receives a note from his wife requesting an interview. She suggests that they be divorced and that he should appear to be the guilty party. He refuses to accede to this. Perkins is released. The author is served with notice of a suit for divorce. His wife's attorney tries to force him to make the evidence but he refuses. Perkins makes an appointment with him and tells him of indiscretions of his wife, and also furnishes him with Grace Winston's address.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

I WAS very busy all the next day in my search for a position. My energies were redoubled because of the thought of what might be before me. I had an object to work for which steadied my nerves; which made me think life was worth living. Toward evening, I was successful in securing a position in a very unexpected manner. I was naturally in the habit of carefully studying the want columns of the newspapers daily. As a rule, my attention was confined to the morning papers, but late that afternoon I thought I would look over one of the evening papers. I saw an advertisement for a chief clerk for a firm of Wall Street brokers. I applied, and as they were desirous of having a man who could begin immediately, after a brief conversation with me, they con-

cluded to give me a trial of a day or two. My duties were to begin at once. I was quite favorably impressed with the manager of the business, and he seemed to be well-pleased with me. I returned home that evening in rare good humor. My friends, Mrs. and Miss Malcolm, quickly noted the change, and after I informed them of the good news, they were profuse in their congratulations. But all during the evening meal I was much pre-occupied. I had no appetite. I was thinking of the call I was to make that evening. I was wondering if Grace Winston had changed in appearance. After the experiences she had been compelled to endure through her recent marriage, I could hardly expect her to be the same. Undoubtedly she would look altered.

I started out in the direction of the address she had given me as early as I consistently could. Would she greet me in the same old way? Would her smile be as alluring? Would she be her old beautiful self? These and other questions came to me as I hurried along. The address that Perkins had given me was not very far from my home, and I had concluded to walk the distance. I had developed the walking habit since I began to follow Dr. Milford's advice. When I finally arrived at the address, I found it was an unpretentious residence that had no doubt seen better days. At one time it had undoubtedly been a magnificent home, but now it had joined the boarding-house class, so many of which can be seen throughout New York City. There were strange emotions running riot within me as I rung the bell. I could feel my heart beating with unusual quickness. I was to see my first love; in fact, I realized then that up to that time she had been my only love. My marriage was simply the result of a fascination, and I fully realized that if I had known Grace Winston was free any time previous to its occurrence, the marriage would never have occurred.

The door was opened by a servant.

"Yes," she said in reply to my query, "Miss Winston is in. Won't you step into the parlor?"

The inside of the house impressed one as being scrupulously clean, but the furniture and the general appearance confirmed my first impression of the exterior. There were many signs of bygone magnificence. I looked around me in a dazed sort of a way, as I seated myself in a comfortable rocker. I was alone in the room, but I could hear voices in the room adjoining, into which the parlor opened by folding doors. I could hear the monotonous tones of these voices as I waited there expectantly.

I was listening for the footstep that I remembered hearing so often in years gone by. I could hear the thump, thump, of my fast-beating heart. I do not know how long I sat there, but it seemed a long while. I was awakened from my reverie by footfalls that I clearly recognized on the stairs. I tried hard to regain control of my emotions as I rose to

meet her. I was only partially successful, and as she appeared in the doorway in the full blaze of the brilliantly lighted room, I hesitated for a moment.

"Why, Horace," she said, advancing rapidly toward me, "I am so glad to see you."

I took her outstretched hand in my own. I was hardly able to answer for the moment. She was the same girl. There seemed to have been little or no change in her. Her smile thrilled me as it had in bygone days. Her brown eyes, that seemed so deep and impenetrable, appeared as beautiful as ever.

"There is no need for me to say how glad I am," I finally replied, after finding my voice. "I never imagined that I would ever see you again," gazing at her in a manner that must have clearly betrayed my feelings.

"We had all given you up for lost," she replied. "You disappeared so mysteriously, it was quite the sensation of the village for some time."

"You know why I disappeared."

"I know? Why should I know? But why don't you sit down, Horace? You might just as well be comfortable."

"True, I suppose I had," I replied, as I returned to the seat I had just vacated. She sank into a chair opposite me and for the moment it seemed to me as though I was dreaming. It seemed to be back in my old home town seated in Mrs. Winston's parlor, and that all the tragical happenings of the last few years had been obliterated.

"Horace, you are not like your old self. You have changed very greatly. I suppose you think the same of me."

"No, you are mistaken; I've just been thinking how little you have changed. You seem more mature, there is something in your expression that was not there before. You have learned and suffered, and I should think you would really be better because of it."

"No, don't say that. I'm not better. I do not imagine how anyone could be better by experiences such as I have had to endure," she rejoined, her features assuming a more serious expression.

"Oh, don't think of it, Grace. It is in the past. You are young, there is still a future for you, and you ought to be in a

better position to make something of it. You know the world and yourself better than you did before."

"Yes, I suppose I do. But let's not talk about those things. How about yourself? What have you been doing all these years? I understand you are married?"

"Yes, I've been married, but I was also unfortunate. Some day, if you will give me the opportunity, I'll tell you of my experience, though you have had so much trouble of your own that I would hardly care to burden you with mine."

"Oh, I suppose everyone must expect a certain amount of trouble. We can hardly expect life to be smooth sailing continuously."

"Yes, but I am inclined to believe that both you and I have had more than our share. Maybe it's better for us to have it early in life, for then we should know how to avoid it in our later years."

We talked of our old home for a long time. She told me all the changes that she thought would be of interest. Some went into details when referring to the gossip of the village after I had disappeared. I did not feel much like talking. I preferred to sit there and listen to her. Her voice was so musical, and her tones so clear, that, as I studied the changes in her features, I began to live again in the years long past and gone. As she talked, I realized that the suffering she had been compelled to endure had left its mark upon her. A strain of sadness now and then appeared in the tones of her voice, and was reflected in her features.

"To think that you are married!" she said musingly. "It is hard for me to realize it, Horace. You look just like your old self, and yet you are different. There seems to be more determination about you. I would call it more strength of character. I really do not think that suffering affects a man so much as it does a woman. A man can rise over and above it. He can profit by it. He can be made stronger because of it. But in many instances its results are very plainly indicated in a woman."

"Now why do you say that? To look at you I would not say you had suffered. You are the same Grace. Not quite so merry, perhaps, not so impetu-

ous, not so much influenced by your momentary feelings, but you are still the same."

"Ah, Horace, I know I'm not. I try to be, but there are moments when I am the same, but there is a difference. When you knew me, I was strong, healthy, actually vibrating with the joys of life. Now there are moments when I almost feel crushed."

"Why, Grace. What makes you talk so? You look to be just as strong as ever. I do not notice any difference."

As she ceased speaking, there was a sorrowful note in her voice, that strongly affected me. I would hardly have thought it possible for one's expression to change so completely. There was a hopelessness about her expression that pained me severely.

"But, why burden you with my troubles?" she remonstrated, brightening up and apparently trying to obliterate the thoughts that were influencing her. "I know I look strong, but I am not. I have not the same energy that I formerly possessed. Before, I could walk for miles and not feel it. Now I am compelled to ride everywhere. A walk of a few hundred yards tires me out."

"Why don't you secure advice from a competent physician? Maybe there is something serious the matter with you."

"That's really what troubles me, Horace. I've secured advice so often, and it is the same thing over and over, and the disease, whatever its peculiar nature, seems to grow gradually worse and worse."

"If I could only induce you to see my doctor, I know you would be quickly benefited," remembering distinctly the value of Dr. Milford's methods in my own and in Perkins' cases.

"Your doctor would hardly do me any good. I have tried so many of them that I am losing faith in them, and today I visited a specialist and the result of that visit was really disheartening."

"Why disheartening? Surely a cure is within your reach."

"Oh, let's not talk about these things, Horace. I want you to have pleasant recollections of this visit."

"But I insist on talking about it. As

an old friend I have the right to know something of your condition, for I may be able to help you."

"If I had not had the advantage of the advice of so many well-known physicians I might have some confidence in your suggestions, but I have seen the best of them and the final verdict was secured to-day."

"The final verdict?" I repeated in a voice that must have clearly indicated my fear and emotion, for it greatly pained me to hear her talk in this manner.

"But I could not talk about it, Horace. You are not a doctor and do not understand these things."

"But you will tell me, won't you? My doctor has theories quite different from the ordinary medical man. If you will let me know the nature of your trouble, I'm satisfied I could give you an idea as to whether or not he could assist you."

"But you are not a doctor, and a woman does not like to talk of these things to a layman."

"I know, but if you will just tell me a little something about your complaint I'll see my doctor for you, and then he can give me some information that I am sure will be of value to you."

"As you insist, I'll tell you, for maybe you ought to know because of our former friendship, and your interest in me, though I hardly think there is any chance for your physician to help me; I have seen so many. The opinion as to my affection that was expressed to-day, was that of a specialist that I consulted at the advice of my regular physician. He claims there is only one chance for me, and that is —"

"What is it, Grace? Why do you hesitate? Please tell me," as she sat there apparently endeavoring to the best of her ability to control herself.

"An operation, Horace. Why do you insist on knowing these things?" She leaned forward with her face in her hands and tears began to well-up in her eyes.

"Don't cry, Grace," I said, with my own voice choked with emotion, rising and seating myself in a chair beside her. "Surely it is not so hopeless as that."

"Yes, but it is, Horace. I have tried

everything else. I have followed the advice of doctor after doctor, and it is the last resort," wiping the tears from her eyes as she endeavored to control herself.

"But you promise me you will do nothing until I can consult my doctor about you?"

"Yes, I'll promise that, if you will see him at once."

"I can see him to-morrow morning."

It would be impossible to describe the sensations that crept over me at the knowledge that she had just given me. An operation! It seemed awful. So many women seemed to be turning to operations. I had often heard women talking among themselves about their various operations, and I had a horror of them that I could not clearly describe, and the knowledge that Grace, my Grace, for somehow I felt that she was mine, had to be cut up by some brutal surgeon was heartrending. If I had followed my inclinations, I think I should have sobbed outright. I could have joined in the misery that seemed to oppress her so severely.

There was much more of this conversation, and I remained perhaps a little later than I should have, in view of Grace's condition, but, as much as I hated to go I finally realized I would have to depart.

"I'm so glad that you called, Horace," she said. "I really started out to try to help you enjoy your visit. I had not the slightest intention of drawing you into my troubles, but somehow, I don't know why, I was compelled to tell you my secret."

"I'm glad you did, for I believe that I shall be of some aid to you."

"As far as that is concerned, I am hopeless, and if you had been through my experiences, you would be in the same state, and although I would be inclined to accept any aid you might proffer to me, and would be pleased to see a great deal of you, at the same time we must realize our position."

"How is that, Grace? What do you mean?"

"I am a divorced woman. Women of that kind are looked upon with suspicion, no matter how bad their husbands may

have been; no matter how blameless they may be, a certain amount of what some people would call disgrace is connected with them."

"I know, but what do we care?"

"Perhaps we don't care, but you are a married man, I am a divorced woman. I don't see how, under the circumstances, I could really allow you to call on me again."

"Surely you are not going to compel me to stay away from you now that I have found you?" clasping one of her hands with my own and looking into her eyes pleadingly.

"I'll have to do it, Horace," drawing her hand away. "You have no right to come to see me. You are not a free man."

"Yes, I am a free man."

"But you said you were married."

"Yes, I'm married according to the laws of man, but in reality I'm no more married than I was when you first knew me."

"But the law says you are married, and if you were to call upon me, there is bound to be scandalous talk, and in spite of all my troubles, up to the present time I have been free from that. They know here that you are my old friend, and, of course, nothing will be said about this call, but if you were to come again and again, idle tongues would begin to wag, and in the end it would probably mean disgrace for me and might be productive of harm to you."

"But if I should have a divorce, if I were a free, then what?" I asked.

"Then it will be different. I would have no objection to your calling. Then we could be good friends and see a great deal of each other; that is, if I survive the operation."

"Don't say that. You won't need to have an operation. Don't incur such a terrible risk. I'll see Dr. Milford in the morning, and can at once communicate with you by telephone to-morrow, and let you know the result of my interview."

She gave me the number of the telephone at the office where she was employed.

It was hard for me to release the hand that she extended to me in parting. It was so warm and magnetic. It thrilled my every nerve, but as I went out the

door, the remembrances I carried with me were far from satisfying. There was sadness in her eyes, in spite of her endeavor to appear otherwise, and the possibilities presented by the opinion of the specialist she had consulted, were indeed painful. I knew little or nothing about operations, but they seemed unnatural, uncanny. Why should it be necessary to cut open the human body? How could the adoption of such a means be otherwise than experiment? My thoughts were by no means pleasing. The future had seemed bright and hopeful, more so than it had been for years, before my call upon Grace, but now everything was dark and forbidding. I went home and to bed wrapped in gloom. I slept but little. I tossed from side to side. I wanted to know about that operation. I wanted to save Grace from such a terrible fate. Early the next morning I was at Dr. Milford's office.

"Why, how did you come to be here so early?" exclaimed the doctor in surprise. I proceeded to tell him of the reason for my call. He clenched his fist in anger as I proceeded.

"The d— butchers!" he ejaculated as I finished my tale. "That's all they know. Cut, cut. The proper trade for men of that stamp is cutting beefsteak. They have absolutely no right to experiment with human beings, because it is nothing more than experiment."

"That's exactly what I thought, doctor. And you believe there is no need for the operation and that you can give her advice that will bring about a cure without adopting such dangerous means?" I asked eagerly, after I had explained to him all the details of the case that she had given me.

"I would naturally like to have more information of the case before expressing a definite opinion, but I would say in the beginning that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the operations that women so freely turn to at the present time are not only needless but they are a very frequent cause of death, and sometimes they are worse than death. I refer particularly to the unsexing process of which many surgeons are so fond."

Dr. Milford gave me many particulars

that were of intense interest. In a vague way I had heard something of operations, though the terrible character of this method of remedying the troubles of women had never before been fully comprehended.

I was hardly in a condition to do justice to my new duties the next day, but I went into the work with an energy and enthusiasm that surprised myself. I was determined to accomplish something in a business way. I knew not what the future might offer to me, and I wanted to be financially prepared for any emergency.

I telephoned Grace during the day and told her as much as I could over the telephone of the opinion expressed by Dr. Milford. I asked if she would not let me call that evening to give her more particulars.

"Do you remember what I said last night?" she replied. "I should like to have you come, but I think you had better not."

"And if I were divorced, it would be different," I replied.

"Under such circumstances you could call as often as you liked."

"All right, I'll get one quick," was my reply.

"I hope you do," came to me as the telephones were disconnected.

She had promised to see Dr. Milford, and she stated that she would at once make an appointment with him. I was very greatly pleased to hear this, as I felt that if he should have a chance to talk with her, she would not allow the operation. After my telephone conversation with Grace, I began to seriously consider some method of securing the divorce I so much desired. I thought over various plans, but none of them seemed feasible. There seemed to be only one way, and that was to accede to the request of the lawyer of the woman to whom I was legally yoked. I made an engagement over the telephone to see him that evening after business hours. He did not want to agree to this, at first, but he finally assented.

My new employer was pleased with my work, and I left there that evening fully assured that my position was permanent.

Mr. Tracy, Edith's attorney, greeted me quite cordially.

"Well, I hope you have decided to work with us in this suit."

"I hardly know what to do, Mr. Tracy. I want a divorce and I want it quick."

"That's the way to talk. They all want it quick," said Tracy, laughing loudly.

"It may be a laughing matter to you, Mr. Tracy," I replied, trying my best to enter into his spirit, "but there's nothing to laugh about on my side. I want a divorce, and I am willing to do almost anything to get it."

"You say 'almost anything.' Why don't you say 'anything?' What do you care? All you have to do is to make the evidence. I told you that before."

"And I refused to make it."

"Yes, you refused, but you have thought it over and I hope by now you have decided to acquiesce."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I am ready for almost anything."

"There you are again with your adjectives. Say you are ready for anything, and then we can get down to business."

"Well, all right, go ahead."

"You must compromise yourself somehow, and I'll see that this evidence is presented in court and your wife can then secure a divorce."

"Compromise myself? Now tell me just exactly what you mean. Talk plainly."

"I'll talk plain enough for you. I mean simply that in order for your wife to secure a divorce from you, I'll have to present to the court evidence that will satisfy the presiding judge that you have been untrue to your marriage vows."

"Well, I am ready for anything, as I have said before."

"Oh, you are not so squeamish as you were the other day!"

"No, I've changed my mind, and if you'll tell me just what to do, I'll follow instructions."

"I've no special instructions to give you. All I want you to do is to tell me when and where I can have a couple of witnesses who can find evidence of the kind that I need."

"Well, I have no women friends who

would accommodate me under the circumstances, so you will have to make your suggestions more explicit."

"You are certainly an innocent chap to be the husband of an actress, and a New Yorker at that. Well, I will particularize. I want my witnesses to see you in a house with an undesirable reputation, or with a woman whose character is known to be bad."

The conversation between myself and the attorney continued for some time. It was hard for me to agree to his terms, but I saw there was no other course to follow, and I was desperate. I was determined to free myself from my so-called marriage vows by anything in my power, and I agreed to everything. I was to meet him and his two witnesses the following night. I was to act under their instructions, which was bad enough, goodness knows, but had I known their full import at the time, I believe I would have objected, notwithstanding my willingness to make almost any sacrifice in order to secure the divorce.

It was hard for me to stay away from Grace. I wanted to see her that evening, but I satisfied myself by taking a walk which enabled me to pass her house. Had I known the sufferings, of which I learned later, that she was enduring on that evening, no doubt I would have been much more perturbed than I was.

Next morning I called up Dr. Milford on the telephone, and asked him if Miss Winston had seen him. He replied that she had not. Later in the day I telephoned the office in which she was employed. I secured a reply to the effect that she had not been down that day, and on inquiring further I was informed that a note had been received to the effect that she was very ill. I wished to satisfy myself to the nature of her illness, and scribbled off a short note which I sent to her home by a messenger. I was closely occupied with various duties in the office, and naturally I hardly had time to brood over my troubles. The boy returned in a short while and stated that he was told on delivering the message that Miss Winston was very sick and had been taken to the hospital.

It is difficult to express my feelings upon receiving this news. Somehow I

feared the worst. She was in a hospital, and was absolutely in the power of those who might be conducting the institution. I knew very well what that would mean. If she was suffering to any great extent and it was an operative case, ten chances to one it would be an operation and maybe even now she was being operated upon. Had I been in my position any length of time, I would have found some excuse for being released from my duties the balance of the day, and would have immediately visited the hospital. As it was, I hardly knew what to do. I satisfied myself by telephoning the hospital to which they had informed the boy she had been taken. After a great deal of trouble I received a reply to the effect that she was there as a patient; but that they could give no definite information regarding her. My state of mind can easily be imagined for the balance of the day. I could not afford to lose my position, as I did not know what was before me, and I did my best to interest myself in my duties. I was only moderately successful, as one can well realize. I was worried continually as to what might have been her fate.

I hurried to the hospital as fast as the elevated train could take me at the end of my day's work. Somehow I felt that I would be too late. I do not know why, but I seemed to have acquired, to a certain extent, the same hopeless attitude that had so impressed itself upon Grace. The business manager of the hospital turned me over to one of the physicians.

"No, it would be impossible for you to see Miss Winston," was the reply of the physician to my eager inquiry. "She is very ill at the present time. In fact, I hardly think she would recognize you."

"I have a message of extreme importance which I think she ought to have."

"Messages would not be of any value to her in her present condition. What is your relation to her?"

I hardly knew what to reply to that query. My reply could only be that I was interested merely as a friend. I knew that that would not satisfy him, and I experienced a strong temptation to state that I was her brother.

"I am simply a friend," I had to reluctantly acknowledge.

"Well, my dear sir, your request is indeed audacious. We would question the right even of a sister or a mother to see her at present, and to think that we would allow you, a mere friend, to see her is indeed presumptuous."

"I have known her since she was a mere child. We grew up in the same town together, and I, therefore, have very good reasons for my interest in her."

"It would be impossible for us to allow you to see her."

"You won't object to giving me some information as to her ailment?"

"She has a very severe affection that is quite common to her sex. In fact, her condition is so serious that I understand the specialist who has her case in charge intends to operate on her the first thing in the morning."

Operation again! His words cut me like a knife. Was there no way of avoiding this operation? Was Grace to be led to slaughter in this heartless manner? These were the questions that readily impressed themselves upon me.

"Don't you think that some treatment can be given that will promise results without resorting to an operation, which is bound to be dangerous to life?"

"It would be foolish to expect results from treatment of any kind in her case. An operation is the only remedy."

"What do you think are the chances for her recovery?"

"The chances are undoubtedly splendid. She has considerable vitality. This is her only trouble apparently, and the mortality records in cases of this kind is usually not over twenty or thirty per cent."

"In other words, you mean she would have from twenty to thirty chances out of a hundred of dying from the operation?"

He nodded his head in assent. The information was not reassuring. What could I do to prevent the operation? That was my one idea at that moment.

"Has she agreed to allow you to operate?"

"I understand she told the surgeon if that was the only hope he could perform the operation."

"And he feels that is the only hope?"

"Yes, so he has stated. Why do you object to the operation? It may save her life."

"But suppose she dies during the operation or as a result of it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. The man was cold and heartless. He was in the habit of handling human beings as a coal dealer would shovel out coal. It made but little difference to him whether she lived or died. I realized it very emphatically. I saw it was useless to talk with him further. I hurried out of the building and started for Dr. Milford's office by the nearest and quickest route. He was busy with some patients, but I was able to see him after waiting a short time.

"Why, what's the matter, Kingsley? You look worn and excited," the doctor queried as I hurried into his office.

"I expect I am both, Doctor. You remember my talk with you about my friend, Miss Winston?"

"Yes, I thought she would have seen me before now."

"She has good reason for not seeing you. She is in the Bellville Hospital at present, and although they have not allowed me to see her, I understand they are going to operate on her to-morrow morning."

"The devil you say! The heartless maniacs! I cannot call them anything else. They are simply a lot of crazy men whose one hobby is to cut at every opportunity. There are a few competent, conscientious surgeons, but the cutting habit grows on one. It is like the gambling habit. It has a fascination about it which no one can explain. It is really a part of the gambling instinct within a man. The trouble is that the surgeon gambles with the lives of others, but the average gambler deals in money only. It is the habit of the average gambler to run all sorts of risks. Occasionally he wins out. It becomes a habit with surgeons to incur risks of every character. They are looking for fame. When they perform a unique operation, it is spread throughout the world, and when once a surgeon begins to taste of the success that comes with publicity, he is always searching for it."

Dr. Milford's remarks were interesting,

but I was impatient and felt that I had to interrupt him.

"But what are we going to do about this, Doctor?"

"My friend, I do not know. It is you and I against perhaps a hundred—or even a thousand—physicians. If the patient has consented to the operation, I do not see what can be done."

"But won't you go to the hospital and use your influence?"

"My influence! Why, my dear boy, I have little or no influence there. They know my opinions. They look upon me as a fanatic. I do not believe in their drugging theories, and condemn their operations at every opportunity, and if they could stop my practicing, they would go out of their way for a long distance with that end in view."

"But won't you go up there and try?" I repeated. "Doctor, you don't know how much I am interested in this young woman," and I proceeded to tell him of the reason for my interest. I told him how we had grown up together, how I had fallen in love with her, that she had been engaged to another and that I left my home town broken-hearted, that she had married a man who turned out to be a drunkard, and had afterwards secured a divorce—all these facts I gave him as quickly as I could.

"Kingsley, I don't blame you for your interest," was his reply, as he listened attentively to my story. "I am willing to do anything I can for you, and will go to the hospital and inquire into their authorization for this operation; but I fear that nothing can be done. I pity you, for if I had anyone whom I loved in the hands of the human monsters who have been fascinated and in some cases crazed by the theories of disease that cause the fad for operations, I would indeed be in a sad mental condition. I would almost as soon trust her in a den of wild beasts. Now that's my candid opinion expressed to you. I am not saying these men are not conscientious. They are. That's the worst of it. They really think they are doing right, and the danger is far greater because of it. They are so damnably conscientious that they would kill you in following out their par-

ticular theories rather than see you live through following some methods different from their own."

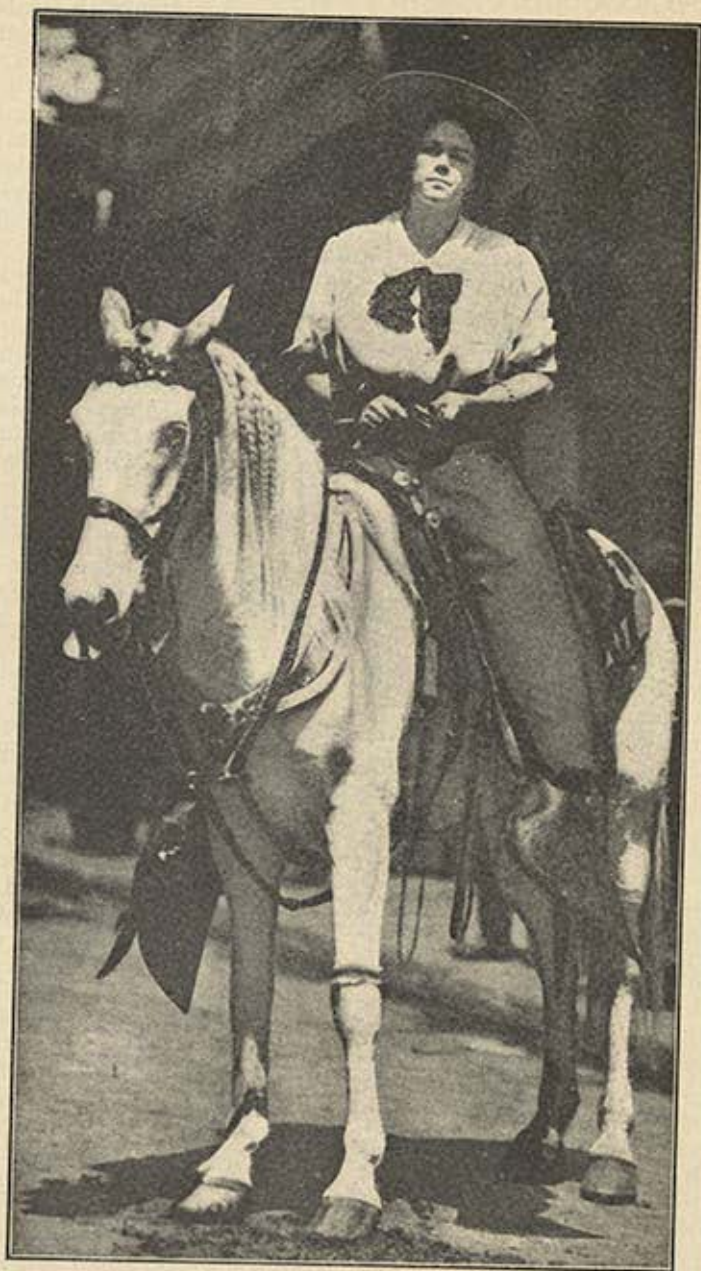
My conversation with Dr. Milford was not reassuring. He promised to call at the hospital early next morning. I knew he would keep his word, I knew he would do the best he could under the circumstances. I was doubtful of his success and as I made my way slowly toward home I began to feel in a very decided way the effects of the strain upon me. I did not seem to be myself. My brain was far from clear. I was not able to locate streets with which ordinarily I was very familiar. On street corners that I had passed and repassed hundreds of times, I would be confused as to which way to turn. I was really alarmed when I arrived at home, and in answer to the eager inquiries of Mrs. Malcolm I could only say that I was tired.

"But aren't you going to have some dinner?"

"No, I'm not hungry, I'm only tired."

I dragged myself as best I could to my room. I lay down on the bed without removing my clothes, and almost immediately fell into a deep sleep. Many hours thereafter I awakened suddenly. My brain was confused. The electric light from the street was shining through my window. I sat up in bed and looked around. I began to recall the events of the day, one after the other. I remembered my previous sleepless night, I lived over the torture I had endured because of the news that I had received of Grace, and suddenly I recalled the engagement I had made for that night with Edith's attorney and his two witnesses. I had arranged to meet them at eight o'clock. I had forgotten all about it. He would think that I had no intention of keeping my word, that I was trying to fool him. I jumped up and began to pace back and forth in my room. Troubles seemed to be coming upon me thick and fast. I finally realized that nothing could be accomplished and on consulting my watch found it was two o'clock. I concluded to go to bed and try to secure more sleep. I really needed it, as I knew not what emergency I might have to meet the following day.

(To be Continued.)



Miss Lucille Mulhall, Mulhall, Oklahoma. A remarkable lariat-thrower and revolver shot

Athletic Women of the West

By Marion Walford

SOME of the best specimens of athletic womanhood can be found in the far west. Out there they lead an open-air life a large part of the year. They know but little of luxuries. Many are compelled from necessity to perform the hardest kind of labor, and not infrequently assist the men in some of the strenuous work connected with farm or ranch.

A life of this kind develops a girl into a strong, rugged woman. It rounds and makes almost perfect in proportion, every part of her body. Such a woman is active, energetic, and naturally possesses the instincts of her sex, developed to the highest degree of excellence. She has had but little to do with the frivolities of our so-called civilization, and she grows up with the superior principles that usually come with the wild, outdoor life, providing she comes in contact with a high code of honor that is usually upheld by these hardy pioneers.

Many examples of the truth of the foregoing statements could easily be found. Among the ranches out west where the cow-boys are so frequently seen, there are many young women who have become so interested in this strenuous life, that have taken up the various sports that are associated with cow-boy life.

It is not generally known, even on the Western plains, that there is a pretty golden-haired miss of nineteen summers who holds high honors over all comers in the art of lariat throwing and expert revolver shooting. Miss Lucille Mulhall, of Mulhall, Oklahoma, is the honored young woman. She has also the rare

distinction of having entertained the President of the United States upon her father's big ranch, and President Roosevelt was so well pleased with her accomplishments that he pronounced her the best woman horseback rider he ever rode with, and advised her to go on the stage and show the members of the fair sex in the East how the women of the West live the strenuous life.

There is no doubt that Miss Mulhall, could accomplish a deal of good for the women of the older and more conservative sections of the country, if they would but accept the lesson taught by her example. Even though they are, for the most part, so situated as to be unable to indulge in equestrian exercise, and even though their inclinations do not permit of indulgence in pistol shooting, and lariat throwing, they would, nevertheless be brought to see the beneficial effect of out door life, as exemplified in this young woman. A few more instances of this sort would doubtless enable women to realize the fallacy of the old idea that they must remain weaklings.

Miss Mulhall holds a gold medal for her accomplishment as a lariat thrower, which she won at a competition held among the experts of the West. The same competitors met her in the revolver shooting contest. Her ability in this line has developed to such a degree that she can easily drive a nail with the bullets from her revolver. Miss Mulhall has ridden horseback from childhood and is an expert rancher on her father's great expanse of land. She is the daughter of a wealthy Western railroad official.

Cross-Country Running and the Art of Team Racing

By Charles W. E. Ford

LATE HON. SEC. REDHILL AND REIGATE HARRIERS

CROSS-COUNTRY running is essentially an Englishman's winter pastime, and it is curious to note that although other countries are able to produce short distance runners, capable of carrying off our sprint championship trophies, they are hopelessly beaten by the British at long distance flat, or cross-country running.

The English schoolboy has always

shown a liking for "paper chasing" and this has done much to develop the sturdiness and staying power so much needed by the followers of this fascinating sport. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that it has been increasing in popularity for the past 60 or 70 years, and is to-day firmly established in public favor in England.

The pleasure of cross-country run-

TO THE EDITOR:

I enclose the accompanying photograph to show the result of following the practice of physical culture for ten years.

I have succeeded as a cross-country runner because of the study I have made of physical culture. One of my ambitions was to bring out the value of physical culture in the popular winter sport of cross-country running. In 1899 I won the Sandow bronze medal for symmetrical muscular development, but I was unable to secure the desired increase in the development of the legs. At this time I became interested in running and other exercises of value in building muscular strength of the legs. For four years I practiced exercises regularly, using all the muscles of the body. I started running again in 1903 and won prizes in races at all distances—hurdle, obstacle and flat races from 120 yards to three miles. Since then I have won nearly \$1,500 (£300) in



A. F. LEWIS

prizes at sports meetings.

At cross-country running I was less successful. I was generally considered by judges of long distance runners to be a failure in a race over three miles. It is here that I wish to point out the value of physical culture. By adopting a method of training that would bring out the highest degree of endurance required in long distance running, I secured remarkable results. The exercises which I used were especially for developing vital power and it was but a few months before I felt a decided improvement in my powers of endurance. I won all three of my club's handicaps in 1905. I won the senior championship medal of the same reason and I was in the team that beat the pick of the Continent in Paris in 1905. Most of the thirty medals were won in cross-country races and this is certainly a remarkable proof of the value of physical culture. A. F. LEWIS.

ning consists of running in congenial company in the midst of a variety of charming surroundings. As an exercise, too, it is undoubtedly beneficial, and it has the advantage of being less violent, although more sustained than short distance racing.

Nowadays every town and village has its athletic club, and those who do not care to start running on the road can join in a paper chase held by the local club, where visitors are always welcome, and thus can make their first appearance unobserved, and also receive coaching and encouragement from the more experienced runners, who, as a rule, are good natured fellows only too pleased to help a novice at the game.

The following hints may be of assistance to those who would like to take part in this manly, health-giving pastime.

The first thing to be considered is the outfit, which consists of a pair of running drawers reaching nearly to the knees, a woolen vest, and a pair of spiked shoes with low heels. If, however, there should happen to be a piece of road included in the course, which is often the case, canvas shoes with rubber soles must be worn, otherwise the runner would be crippled by about a hundred yards on a hard road if wearing spikes.

Before getting to work on the country it is advisable to have two or three preliminary evening spins of two or three miles on the road, as five miles of genuine cross-country would be too much to tackle straightaway. My idea of training, generally, was dealt with in my article on walking in the September issue of this magazine. With regard to style, although every man has a natural one of his own which it is best not to attempt to alter, still by paying a little attention to the matter it is possible to form good habits at the outset, to one's ultimate advantage. A long stride with good knee action is best, and the arms should be allowed to hang loosely and naturally and be swung at hip level, rather than across the chest.

There are many ways of clearing the various obstacles encountered. Nearly all fences, gates and stiles should be vaulted. Do not stop to open a field

gate, as even if you succeed in doing so, you have only wasted your time, and the benefit is reaped by those coming after you. Generally speaking, jumping is not to be recommended. It is better to climb over an obstacle that cannot be vaulted than to jump and risk a nasty fall or a sprained ankle. The jar on landing, too, will often bring on stitch, besides shaking you up considerably and taking a lot out of you. Always make a special effort to get over brooks and ditches with a dry skin, if possible, and when running neck and neck with another man up to an obstacle, try to get there first. A gap can generally be found in hedges. A ploughed field is always very trying, especially if it is a stiff clay soil; when crossing one incline the body slightly forward, lengthen the stride and occasionally shake the clods off your shoes.

Always keep on the run, however slowly. The indescribable feeling of fatigue and laziness which comes over you when you stop is well known to old stagers. Once you stop and take to walking you will find you have little inclination to start running again, and if it is nearer to go home the way you came, you will probably turn back and go that way, at the same time mentally resolving that you will never run again.

Like other branches of sport, cross-country running would be nothing without an element of competition. The principal events in the athletic calendar in England are the annual championships held by the various cross-country associations—National, Northern, Midland, and Southern Counties for seniors, and the North and South of Thames championships, which are intended more particularly for junior clubs. Every club of any importance is affiliated to one of these associations, and individual and club honors are always eagerly sought for in the annual championship races.

New clubs are constantly being formed in fresh districts, and for the benefit of these I will proceed to give a few useful hints, as the various tricks of running are only picked up after years of experience. If it is intended to enter a team for a championship the picked men should train together as often as possi-

ble, as this helps them to judge their running better.

To run a long distance to advantage a man must have his feet comfortable and he should therefore look carefully to his shoes. Ordinary socks should not be worn, as they cause discomfort by holding water, but chamois leather toe socks are to be recommended. The shoes may be made waterproof by rubbing with blacklead or grease, and they should always have a strap fastened to the heel to buckle round the ankle, as this prevents the casting of a shoe—by no means an uncommon experience in racing.

When engaged in a race always make use of the other competitors by letting them act as your "pacemakers." It is killing work to run alone, and by no means nice to feel the men just behind you. When near a man you have decided to catch up and pass, it is best to reserve yourself for a few yards and then go by him quickly as this gives him the idea that you are fresh and running strongly and he will let you go. Knowing this, however, should a man go by you like a whirlwind, make up your mind that he is at the same game, and hang on as long as you can.

We next come to a very important point, viz., that of running a team in the packing style. One of the best illustrations I can recall of this occurred in March, 1904, when the club of which

I was secretary at the time met a well-known London walking team. The Redhill men were on a strange road and the home team got the first two men home; then followed the whole Redhill team of eight men occupying third and tenth positions, thus enabling them to win the match by 33 points to 5. If a club has two or three very good men they will naturally get away at the start but it is well worth while for the medium class men to keep together as far as possible during the race for mutual encouragement and assistance.

A mistake is often made by the back-markers in a race. They think that if their club has got the necessary number home to count (generally six) they need not exert themselves any further. This is not the case really, as if the rival team should only have got five men home the non-counting men should endeavor to finish in front of their rivals' last man and push him out, thus adding to their score, and, incidentally often helping their own side to win.

Packing is well worth studying and when it is generally recognized and adopted we may look for a great improvement in team racing. Most clubs hold a number of paper chases and inter-club races during the season, and if members will only take these opportunities of studying combination, they will doubtless become useful and successful members of an equally successful club.

A Useful Birthday Present

TO THE EDITOR:

Having just passed my twenty-second birthday, I know of nothing better in the way of a present to give myself than another year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE. I feel as though I could not get along without your valuable magazine even if it would cost four or five times the price that is asked for it. I took my present measurements on the day of my birthday and am going to see how much improvement I can possibly make in the course of six months' time.

I feel that your magazine has done me a world of good; it has entirely changed my ideas in regard to the human body. Before taking your magazine I was a very prudish person, but through the theories promulgated in the magazine have wrought a great change, and am trying to help others along to see it in the same light as I do. I sincerely hope that your paper will grow and grow until it will be in every household in the land.

S. O. DIEHL.

Sheboygan, Wis.

Our Conception of Morals Arraigned

FINAL CONTRIBUTION OF AUTHOR
"FROM ANOTHER WORLD" SCATHINGLY
CONDEMNNS SOME OF OUR FAULTS

By George Williamson.



George Williamson

THIS will be my last article.

You will never hear

from me again. It has not been a pleasure to me to write these articles, but somehow I felt it was a duty, and now that I approach the end of my task, I begin to realize the apparent hopelessness of any effort to stem the tide of degeneracy that is rising higher and higher every year of the life of your country. Nations have gone down to ruin in the past. You are doomed to the same fate. If there were a thousand men like myself preaching the gospel of true Christianity I believe your fate would be still the same. I am going back to my country, or my community, back to where dishonor and the immoralities and the excesses that I find everywhere in your country, need never meet my eye. Wealth is nothing to me. What you call honor or fame, I consider valueless. Where civilization means the propagation of thievery, the increase of crime and human suffering, and the evolvment of those conditions that bring the race speedily toward ruin and oblivion, it really needs another name.

I am not saying that I saw nothing good in your country. That would be a falsehood. I saw much that I could commend. I admire many of the principles that you try — in a dull, stupid sort of a way — to impart to the coming manhood and womanhood of your race. I admire many of your fine, discredited reformers. They seem to be stanch, true specimens of superior manhood. They are fighting for great principles. They see the needs of your civilization and they are trying to supply them. They

are trying to make the blind see, the deaf hear; they are trying to awaken the mentality of your race that has been doped and bewildered by tobacco, liquor, and excessive feeding. Their task is a terrible one. It is beyond the power of mere man, and yet they are working on and on, seeing the impossibilities of the present accomplished in the future. They are dreaming of the time when their great principles will reign supreme. They dream of civilization that will place truth and honor, and justice and happiness and love, on pedestals where they can be held up as an inspiration to the coming man who is to bring about these astounding transformations.

But in closing my criticism of your country I would speak of one particular phase of the conventionalism that seems to be indelibly stamped upon every community, Christian or otherwise, in your land. In considering this prevailing characteristic I would like to ask every reader where he secured his conception of the moral law. Did he use a reasoning process of any kind, or did he simply accept it as a matter of course? As a rule, the answer to the latter query will be yes. Your ideas of morals have been "saddled" upon you. They have come to you with a lot of other superstitions. They have come to you together with a great deal of what I would term scientific "rot." The moral law in your land as interpreted by many of your church dignitaries and by your authorities is simply unbelievable. It is tragically unjust. It is more than monstrous. You have made one law for man and another for woman. You are liberal with the man and you are almost murderously harsh with the woman. You protect the roué, the pervert, the debauchee,

and you rail at and punish their victims. Was there ever anything so infamous?

While on my travels, I remember an instance in a community that I happened to be visiting that actually made my blood boil with indignation. A girl had been led astray by a man who was about ten years her senior. She did not know any better. For the time being, she probably felt that there was nothing wrong in her actions. The man had apparently deceived her from the first, and now note the result. The man was received by the best society in the small city in which he lived. The girl was turned out of her home disgraced; her father and mother refused to recognize her as their child, and she was compelled to go out into the world and earn her own living alone and unaided. She was compelled to meet the jeers and the jibes of the miserable degenerates that you see everywhere. You may say that incidents of this kind are unusual, but they are not. They do not usually take up space in the newspapers. They are hidden away safely and securely in the innermost recesses of the souls of thousands of human beings. The doctor is often called in. He commits what you call a crime and the matter is "hushed up." There is no disgrace. Merely a rumor, a suspicion. Sometimes the parents use threats as a means of making the outcome of such an escapade legitimate. In other words, they force an unwilling husband upon their daughter, which is nothing more than adding a crime to a crime.

You bring your girls up in ignorance, or innocence, as you term it, and if by accident they happen to meet someone who appears to be a hero in their eyes, you can hardly blame them for "falling in love," you can hardly blame them for being affectionate and trustful, and you have absolutely no business to blame them for "falling," as you term it. It would be senseless for you to consider other results possible, under the circumstances.

Of course, many of your girls are learning, many of them grow up in thickly populated communities and learn to protect themselves from the wiles of conscienceless scoundrels who parade in the

form of manhood. But a girl is not skilled in the ways of the world. She is human, she is gifted with the emotions and imagination that belong to her sex, and when you brand her as an outcast for following the dictates of her own nature and when you force her, into a life of prostitution—as is often done—merely to make her bread and butter, you commit a crime that is so dastardly that the English language contains no words that would fittingly describe it.

There is no Christianity, there is no humanity in the soul of the man who will turn his daughter from his home for committing the sin that he has not even prepared her to avoid. Without a single warning, a great change comes into a girl's life. She feels for the first time the powerful influence of love. Her nerves are thrilled, she is bewildered, and it is a part of the great law of Nature that she should give herself up to the object of her affection. Then because the laws of the land have not recognized this union, because it has not been legalized, as you term it, the girl, is disgraced forever. I cannot find words to express the contempt that I feel for those who have built their life to conform to such principles.

No, I do not like your country. I am glad to get away from it. If your nation is ever to be saved, if the express train speed at which you are now travelling towards degeneracy is ever changed you will have to begin to see the truth that I have presented in the various articles that have been published in this magazine. Maybe I am mistaken, perhaps there is hope for you. I wish I could think so. You have a great country, there are many "big" souls among you, there are fine men, there are beautiful women, strong in body, superior in mind, and it may be that such characters, in the near future will be commended and looked up to. Perhaps their ideals may some day impress your people everywhere, and result in your achieving a real civilization which will not be far different from the community of which I shall soon rejoin. That the possibilities in this direction may grow more and more until they become live forceful realities is the wish of the writer.

Comment, Counsel and Criticism by Our Readers

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

A Medical Instructor Criticizes and Commends Us.

TO THE EDITOR:

I greatly desire to endorse your firm stand on the drug question for I know something of the terrible power the use of drugs has on the bodies and souls of men. I am an instructor in *materia medica* and in other things in a small sanitarium in Ohio, and I know whereof I affirm when I assert that "drugs never cured any malady," as we have it in one of our treatises on drugs and drugging. The legitimate use of drugs is very limited—confined almost wholly to anesthetics—in the dressing, or amputations, of emergency cases; to narcotics to ease the dying moments of incurables; and to deodorants and disinfectants in offensive or cancerous cases. And, I might be justified in saying, "more than this cometh of evil."

I would protest a little against your repeated, reiterated, and much emphasized statement calling upon us, one and all, to "*be a man!*" Not that I think we should not be a man, but I fear you are asking more than it is possible for mortal man to do without aid. You seem to be a man in the full sense that the term means, that we develop what the Bible calls the "entire" man. It says, "May your spirit and soul and body be preserved *entire*, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess., 5:23, A.R.V.) To develop the body only is to produce an animal—a beast, or a brute; to develop the mind only is to produce a fossil, and eventually an invalid physically, and an infidel spiritually; and to develop the spiritual only produces, sooner or later, a fanatic in religion and an invalid physically. To develop the entire man as God requireth is to produce a man. So I say that to do as you ask—to "*be a man!*"—one must not ignore the spiritual nature, as you have done in your magazine the seven or eight years I have been reading it.

In a recent number there is a communication from C. DeVos under the head "Fighting against God," that I am minded to notice briefly, as he seems to be perplexed about the statement of the Apostle concerning our duty toward the "powers that be." I think it is evident that he entirely misconstrues the in-

tent of that Scripture, as it is clearly taught by Paul and by all other Biblical writers that when the "powers" enjoy obedience to laws that are in opposition to the law of God that we are not only not to obey them, but we are to disobey them. They are ordained to be a terror to evil and to evil workers and as a protection to the law abiding. There is no "damnation" (condemnation, A.R.V.), to those who oppose the evil practices of governments, for do not the Democrats, the Socialists the Populists, and the Prohibitionists all oppose the present administration? They oppose them but they do not resist them, and it is in the use of the terms "resist" and "oppose" that our friend from Coopersville is perplexed. It is right to both oppose and resist this terrible traffic called the "liquor traffic"—it should be called "a traffic in mankind!"

And I hope sometime to see you give more thought and time to the importance of a clean religious life in conjunction with a clean body, and a chaste mind. Not until then will you be able to say with authority: "*Be a man! Be a man!*"

Newark, Ohio.

J. D. M.

(We have purposely ignored all religious subjects because there are others better prepared to discuss them. Our object is to develop strong, clean-minded men and women and there are hundreds of publications that can supply their spiritual needs. This is an age of specialization, and we adhere to themes that we fully understand.—Editor.)

Walked Six Miles on a Railroad Rail.

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been an interested reader of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** for the past four years. Through the teachings advocated by you in your publications I have attained a degree of health that is about perfect. In one way especially do I find physical culture to be of great benefit to one and that is in the way of endurance. While I have not made any tests in your particular exercises for recording endurance (although they form a part of my daily routine), still I believe I have proven my powers in this particular characteristic of strength in the following—probably odd—manner:

On August 30, 1908, under a very hot sun and during part of the distance against a stiff wind, I covered a stretch of six miles of railroad track on one rail and at no time during the

entire distance did either foot touch anything but the iron rail, every step being made upon the rail. Track was made up mostly of curves. This is great exercise for the entire body and also the mind, as every action and thought must be concentrated upon walking on the rail. There are times when the performer will go through some rather queer antics and contortions to remain on the rail, but all these movements are very beneficial, since they bring into active use muscles over the entire body, also causing healthy respirations of the lungs in pure outside air. I can conceive of no better form of out door training than a jaunt of two or three miles in this fashion twice daily. I covered the six miles in one hour and forty minutes continuous walking—no rests.

It is needless to say that I am a vegetarian and two-meal-per-day advocate, since it is rarely we find a non-meat eater other than possessed of some degree of high endurance power. Also might add that I am one of the most fiendish of fresh-air fiends and am never without its exhilarating influence, winter or summer. I only wear a hat at those times when it is absolutely necessary for fashion's sake.

I would like to hear of any other feats "on the rail," that any of the readers of PHYSICAL CULTURE may have attempted. Would like to know record for this mode of pedal accomplishment. Perhaps I might mention that I made the above stated walk with my feet shod in sandals (my foot-wear at all times possible.)

Hoping you will be relieved of that most unjust charge you are now burdened with and that you will receive from the world the commendation so justly deserved.

Irvington, Ia.

R. M. WATSON.

A Seven Day Fast.

TO THE EDITOR:

I made no preparation for this fast, as I had been eating from three to six times daily and was "piecing" at every opportunity.

I had two years previously, when living a more rational life, fasted at different periods, the longest fast being of one hundred hours duration.

Having read much of experiences in fasting, I decided to follow them closely and watch daily results. For fear of burning the candle too much at both ends and not feeling sure of my ability to walk ten miles a day, I decided on a daily walk of five miles. Even this, I felt, would on the seventh day prove much more than I could accomplish.

I began my fast on Sunday evening, after eating my supper as usual. Monday morning I drank freely of pure cold water and took my five mile walk to promote a good circulation and begin the work of tearing down the effete and useless tissue. I weighed 144 pounds at the beginning of my fast and on Monday evening had dropped to 142 and possessed my normal appetite.

Tuesday was a repetition of the previous day. I imbibed plenty of cold water, walked

five miles and returned to my room to read. My weight on this evening was 140 pounds. There was little increase in appetite on Tuesday but the day was marked by a gnawing sensation and a rumbling sound in my stomach and occasional belching of gas, and herein lies a most important point, for my condition on the following days was so changed that I was completely puzzled.

I awoke Wednesday with badly coated teeth and tongue, something almost unknown to me, which I removed temporarily at least with tooth brush and warm salt solution. I gargled my throat with this solution and drank freely of it all day. I took my usual five mile walk Wednesday afternoon, followed it with a good hot bath and retired. My weight on this evening was 138½ pounds, and my appetite had considerably increased.

Thursday morning I awoke early with my mouth in the same bad condition, which I might state here remained with me throughout the fast. I used the same cleansing process, and drank freely of the warm salted solution. I increased my walk to six miles and took a few minutes exercise with two and one-half pound Indian clubs. My weight had dropped to 137. My appetite remained about the same.

Friday, the fifth day I walked seven miles. My weight dropped to 136 by Friday evening. My appetite remained about the same. In fact, the third, fourth and fifth days were the only days of real hunger. On Friday night, after retiring, I was kept awake and much annoyed by the heavy beating of my heart against the chest wall, which in the short period of rest following exhalation was so heavy that my wrists and temples throbbed.

I awoke Saturday morning early, as usual, and took a ten mile walk. I returned to pure cold water and only used the salt solution as a mouth wash in the morning. My weight was 135 on this evening. My appetite had entirely left me on Saturday and I can truthfully say I felt more buoyant and energetic than I had in years and felt that I could have extended the fast to two weeks without any discomfort. On Saturday night my heart beat heavier again, though slow and regular. I took a hot bath on this evening before retiring.

I awoke at four o'clock Sunday morning after a sleepless night and went out for my walk. I returned at eight having covered twelve miles, making a total of fifty miles for the week. My weight was 134 pounds, a loss of ten pounds in seven days. On my last fasting experiment I lost ten pounds in one-hundred hours, but at that time was heavier, weighing 149 pounds.

I broke my fast Sunday evening with two small oranges. These were followed one hour later with three raw eggs beaten in milk. I awoke early Monday morning and after a half mile run on the lake front, I took a cold plunge and swim before returning to my breakfast of poached eggs, toast and coffee.

Chicago.

JAS. M. McELROY.

A Physical Culturist for Twenty-two Years

TO THE EDITOR:

Since about thirty years old, I have been an adherent of physical culture methods, or rather of the natural way of living, as it is called in Germany. I am now a man of fifty-two years, enjoying robust health and a certain youthfulness very unusual with men of my age, having lived twenty-six years in the tropics.

Ever since I began to think independently, I grew more and more convinced that the greatest obstacles of human health and happiness are the conventional lies which some professional men use to make money. They are alas, often against their will prompted by the ignorant mass to show something mysterious, inconceivably wonderful, in other words to concoct a complicated conventional lie, in order to inspire belief in their higher knowledge of the human body. The plain, cheap truth will never do with them.

Now, for instance, that general complaint of so-called civilized mankind, constipation, how easily could it be avoided, if the crown of organic development called man, would first of all consider that his body is (according to Darwin, Haeckel, and common sense), developed from a lower animal form. This lower extinct form no doubt points to the ape, that is to say to a chain of forefathers who all had been fruit eaters; man therefore must also be a fruit eater, for whom Nature prepares the proper ready-made food the same as for any other animal. In fact it is unthinkable that the natural higher development of man should have been possible without fruitivorousness, which is economical and constructive, in comparison to carnivorousness, which is wasteful and destructive, and consequently doomed to eventually disappear.

Anyone who takes interest in his bodily functions will observe that the more he deviates from the mode of nourishment provided by Nature, the more he leaves the standard of good health. One of the first consequences of refined, unnatural eating is constipation. Through the silly mania of our cooks, not properly restricted by medical men, our daily food has become more and more artificial, refined and concentrated. The fibrous part of the grains, vegetables and nuts, the small hard seeds of other tree fruits and berries, because indigestible, are considered a burden to the stomach. I believe, whoever put this wrong idea into the heads of poor degenerating mankind, has done more harm than even the doctors with their nauseating poisons.

The sand cure undoubtedly had its origin in this ever growing unnatural refinement of human food. The coarse round sand is recommended to take the place of the fibrous part of the grains and small seeds of berries and other fruits, which are necessary for the normal healthy digestion of what we eat. They keep the digestible part of the food loose as it passes along through stomach and bowels, and by their mechanical action on the mucous membranes prevent constipation. Yet, as man is

not created to pick his food out of the sand, as fowls do, I should recommend the grape-cure in preference to the sand cure. Anyhow fresh grapes will be more enjoyed than the tasteless sand and the effect of the grape seeds in connection with the citric acid and fruit salt will be so much more natural.

There is, however, a class of sickly people whose stomachs and bowels have been so ill-treated that these organs are in a chronic state of inflammation; and these unfortunate beings must beware of either sand or grape cure, as they will only increase this inflammation by the friction of sand or grape seed.

I find that the general adoption of a more natural way of living is often retarded through the failure of sickly persons experimenting with a diet which keeps healthy individuals in good health, but which does not always agree with the shattered nerves of victims of inactivity, alcohol, tobacco, ice, hot tea and coffee, candy, white bread, sweet, fatty cakes, and highly seasoned and salted meat dishes.

GEO. WINZERLING.

Belize, Brit. Honduras.

A Splendid Corset Cover

TO THE EDITOR:

Being a reader of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* and other of your publications for some time, I must say that I have derived a great deal of benefit from so doing; and I will continue to put into practice, as far as circumstances will permit, the methods you advocate for right living; I am a firm believer in your methods for the enlightening and alleviation of suffering humanity, and you can always count on my sympathy and hearty good will in the great work you are doing. I very seldom lose an opportunity to spread as best I can the truths you are expounding.

I think I am safe in saying that there is more harm and misery caused, either directly or indirectly, by that great curse, the corset, than from any other one thing; and I agree with the writer who says twenty lives are lost or made miserable by the corset where one is sacrificed to drink, and too much can not be said in condemnation of them, so I never let a chance go by, when I can deliver a straight-from-the-shoulder blow at them.

I happened to see a young lady friend making a corset cover the other day, and I said to her, "I can show you a far better way to make a corset cover than that." These are the directions I gave her:

Take a sharp spade or shovel, dig a hole in the earth about a foot or so long by six inches wide and as deep as you like, the deeper the better; wrap the corsets up carefully, put them in the hole, cover with earth and trample till solid, and you will have the best corset cover that I know of. If all those who wear corsets, would use this cover, there would be a great improvement in the physical condition of women in a short time. Wishing you the best of success in the noble fight you are making, I remain, yours for health and success.

C. J. HELM.

Tidnish Bridge, West. County, N. B.



THE VIRTUES OF OUR METHODS PROVEN

Heart-rending Experience With Drugging Methods

TO THE EDITOR:

For the past two years I have been a reader of your magazine and have been much interested in the theories you have advanced for the up-building of the body, curing of diseases and the possibility of so living that one could attain to a ripe old age and still retain strength of the body sufficient to enjoy to its full extent all the powers God originally intended man should have. I am particularly impressed with the last issue, in which you give something of the manner in which you purpose showing to the world that disease can be eliminated from the body without the use of *drugs*, which in the past have blotted out many a life that might have been spared if a little intelligence and common sense could have been exercised.

Fifteen years ago, if I had known what I have since found out concerning the human body and its proper treatment through the columns of your magazine it would have saved me hundreds of dollars and months, yes years, of mental and bodily suffering, which has made me, although only fifty-one years of age, a gray headed man. At the time I was engaged in a private banking business of my own, not a very rushing business, but profitable, and one for which I had strength enough to do all the work without assistance. I was unfortunate enough to get an internal injury through being thrown from a horse, which wore on my constitution until I had a complete nervous collapse. Of course, the proper thing seemed to be to go to some sanitarium where they were accustomed to handle such cases, so my wife went with me to a noted place in Michigan and we engaged room, board and services for three weeks. The head physician gave me a careful examination, inquired *particularly* if my banking business was *successful*, looked very wise and said my case was very serious, but he hoped with the treatments I would get there and the medicines he would give me to soon get me on the road to recovery.

Next I was advised to go before the Medical Board at the University, Town of Ann Arbor. I went—was examined, and made up my mind college professors sometimes didn't seem to show much more sense than doctors in some country towns. I took their advice, but not their medicine. Next I went to a sanitarium at Ypsilanti, and for several weeks I took treatment under the head professor, with frequent consultations with one of the College

Professors from Ann Arbor. The same practice of stuffing me with all kinds of drugs was kept up, medicines being changed sometimes every forty-eight hours. I got no better, in fact worse. Finally friends got me to go to one of the leading doctors in Detroit. He looked if anything a little wiser than the other fellows had (his fee was larger), gave me a prescription on a store where, I heard afterwards, he got a rake-off on the price. It cost me \$1.50, for a six ounce bottle of medicine and aside he gave me a prescription for one-eighth grain morphine pills to be taken to cure the pain I was suffering.

Having been a druggist myself I told him no doctor, no matter what his reputation was, could get morphine down me. If I had to go to Heaven with a headache, I'd go wide awake and take chances in getting asleep afterwards.

Next I tried Mt. Clemens Baths, was sent to a doctor who had been there fifteen years and had wonderful success. I found he drank on an average of two glasses clear whiskey every two hours of the day while he was awake and yet they said he was as successful a physician as they had in the city. He said I would be liable to die in the *bath tub*, if I took a bath without his prescription.

After two long years of this kind of suffering I was in such a condition I could not do business and sold out my banking interest I had worked eight years to establish.

Utterly discouraged, after being bled of my money by these doctors, I went home from Mt. Clemens one week and said to my wife: "If I have got to die I will die a natural death, and not let these doctors experiment with their medicines on me as they would a dog, and I quit it right there." I had a horse and buggy and drove all I could in the country air; kept a cow, and although I had no definite plan of exercises, I began to get better. For ten years I have not taken a dose of medicine but once. In a way I am following your suggestions along intelligent exercise to keep the body in a healthy condition. I am in better health than I have been for twenty-five years. If you succeed in getting God-fearing, intelligent men to study the plan you have laid out, and teach men and women that God so constructed our bodies that if we give them a show, and let Nature and exercise and fresh air have a chance we can be made well and strong without the use of miserable drugs, you will leave an everlasting monument to the people of this country, that will give you a place in the Hall of Fame.

I would like to see in your magazine occasionally letters from the editor to young men and women impressing upon them in their early years' the advanced ideas of the editor, showing how a strong body, full of stored energy, drives out the low minded thoughts and suggestions so often thrown in the way of young people, by careless men and women through low stories, and suggestive inferences, when in public places. The low talk and stories of some of these degraded people do more harm to young people than one imagines, and especially is so in some of our country towns. I wish you unlimited success in your experiments of healing along your new ideas, and shall always watch with expectancy each new issue giving results of your work.

FREDERICK E. KELSEY.

Middleton, Michigan.

Clean, Strong Manhood Developed From Interest In Our Literature

TO THE EDITOR:

My purpose in writing you this letter, is to let you know what physical culture has done for me in two years. I have also been able to rouse the enthusiasm of the boys here in my town (Mexico). Of course, not too much is to be expected, as it is only a short time since I came from college, in Indiana.

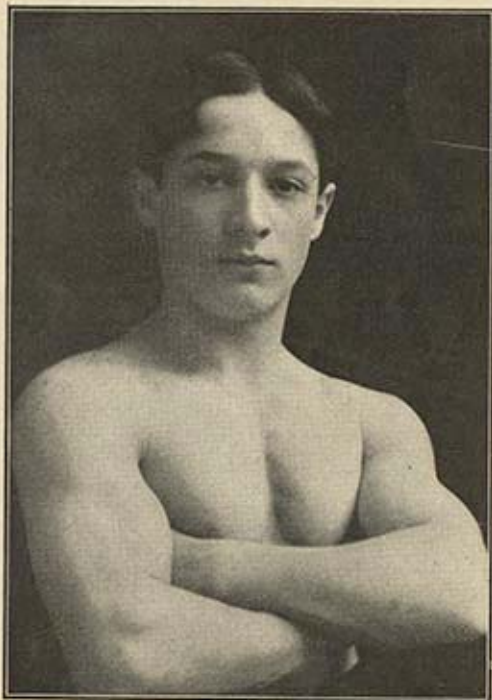
It was while there that I ran across your magazine. I say "ran across" because it was by the merest chance that an old torn, 1902 copy came under my notice. This happened in 1906. I sent my name for subscription, and can truthfully say it has done for me a world of good towards acquiring a strong and well built body. This is not all, however, as I have avoided former companions, who were little else than degenerates. They delighted in vile stories, obscene pictures and their whole aim and desire, it seemed to me, was to degrade woman. They seemed indifferent to anything requiring manhood, rather boyhood (as they are mere boys of whom I am speaking); nothing that called forth one's muscles seemed to delight them.

I must tell the truth, nothing but the naked bare truth. I have been among your American boys and young men for nearly eight years, have associated with them, have been their fellow-student, and while there are some exceptions, I must say, that on the whole, your American boys are far better in every way, than the boys of my own country—Mexico. But a plea for them—I attribute the condition existing between your country and mine, from this particular point of view, to the facilities which you have for practising athletics, etc. As far as I know in many of your towns you have a gymnasium, clubs, societies, etc. Then you have such invigorating games as base-ball, boxing, foot-ball, basket-ball, and others too numerous to mention, which are very little known here.

Your easily procured literature must also be taken into consideration—in fact, everything in your country tends to make better people physically, and morally, than in my own.

Perhaps you may think that I am Americanized, and am therefore condemning my country. No, I am not, I am merely stating the plain facts that have come under my observation.

Now to let you know what I have been doing among my friends. When I first came home, I nearly went wild. Being used to live as close a physical culture life as a college permits, I was taken back very much when I found no pure air, with the narrow streets full of foulness, and refuse of all kinds thrown about, no place in which to spend a half hour exercising—nothing to which I had been accustomed. I built a small gymnasium, and began to live as best I could under the circumstances. I aroused the boys' enthusiasm, and



J. V. Prada, Jr., Celaya, Mexico, whose great physical vigor is due to the influence of our literature.

showed them your magazine. I translated the most important articles, and in many cases, the illustrations were enough to produce the desired effect, the result is that all whom I have interested have various forms of apparatus, such as rings, parallel-bars, dumb-bells, rubber exercisers, etc., showing the willingness and energy produced by reading your magazine. Oh! would that we had a magazine like PHYSICAL CULTURE, in our own language. It would be a boon to this nation.

The writer is 17½ years old; 5 ft. 2 ins. in height and weighs 125 pounds. I can press up with right hand 100 pounds, with left hand

90 pounds. A bandage is tied on my wrist, and doubling my arm I can resist successfully the efforts of twelve boys (sixteen and seventeen years old), of ordinary strength, to pull my arms apart. This is what physical culture has been able to do for me, and I expect more in the future too.

Enclosed you will find my photo., which you may publish if you see fit.

Celaya, Mexico. J. V. PRADA, JR.

Gains Seven Pounds After Reading Two Copies

TO THE EDITOR:

After purchasing but two copies of PHYSICAL CULTURE, I am glad to state that they were sufficient to induce me to take up the matter, instantly. Having purchased a pair of dumbbells, I spend ten minutes each morning exercising, and find that there is an increase of seven pounds in my weight as a result.

San Francisco, Cal. BILL BERNARD.

Pale and Weak All His Life—Now Strong

TO THE EDITOR:

It is hard for me to describe the benefit I have received from reading your magazine PHYSICAL CULTURE.

All through my life I have been weak and pale, without aspirations, and always thinking I had to depend on somebody else. I now enjoy good health, aspire for something, and can think independently.

I am from the little Republic of Panama, and I can't help thinking about the need we have in that country for a magazine like yours.

I will encourage my friends who speak the English language to subscribe to your magazine and do what they can in practicing your theories in the *baby* Republic.

Wilkesburg, Pa. AURELIO GUARDIA, JR.

"Daft" On Physical Culture

TO THE EDITOR:

This time last year I began to try your methods in earnest. Since then I have gained fifteen pounds and am an entirely different man. At home they tell me I am "daft" on physical culture. I think it's a mighty good thing to go crazy over. It pays the biggest rate of interest of anything I know of. Have been a subscriber to your magazine for two years and always will be. I have eleven of your books and another one ordered.

Canton, O. C. B. STEELE.

Has Attained Clean and Healthy Manhood

TO THE EDITOR:

Due to your efforts to lift men to a higher and nobler life, I have learned that I can attain to that clean and healthy condition, where life is most desirable and joyful.

Knowing that the fruits of your labors is good, your conviction is sad and a cruel injustice. I therefore wish to enter my protest; that is not enough, I must be on the firing line

in the fight, so please accept the \$7.50 enclosed using it in your defence in the coming trial. I have determined to become a physical culturist of the highest order, so will enter the Physical Culture Training School a year from now. Right must prevail. Success to you,

Hammond, Cal. OLIVER W. JONES.

Improved So Much His Friends Did Not Know Him

TO THE EDITOR:

I would drop all other periodicals coming to my address rather than lose one month's issue of your magazine. By following, as nearly as possible, the teachings as set forth therein I have increased fully fifty per cent. in strength and general health in the last seven months. Even my old friends of this town did not identify me upon my return after six month's absence. I cannot praise the magazine too highly to others, after considering what a rut in life its teachings have lifted me from. I find that all the necessities required for muscle-building are contained in small quantities of vegetables properly masticated; rather than stuffing the stomach with cooked foods, with meat always a part of the menu.

GEO. H. SPARKS.

Lacombe, Alta., Canada.

Saved From the Grave

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been a reader and lover of your magazine for the past two years, and through the suggestions contained therein, have been brought from the edge of the grave back to splendid health.

Prosser, Wash. H. R. ADAMS.

Cured of a Serious Weakness

TO THE EDITOR:

Some time ago I was suffering from seminal debility and was very sad and disconsolate, as, after many trials with prescriptions and patent medicines, there was no improvement. I decided to abandon everything and to look for something more practical. I began to exercise systematically and after a short time noticed I could do things differently. I continued the treatment, and in a short lapse of time I gained ten pounds. That is the reason why I believe in your magazine.

F. J. MORENE.

Guayama, Porto Rico.

Home Life Made Simpler, Sweeter and Happier

TO THE EDITOR:

Believing it must add to your encouragement and happiness, I want to tell you that by reading your literature, the lives of my husband and myself have been made infinitely simpler and sweeter and happier. Words could hardly express our appreciation and thanks.

J. B. S.

General Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

Our friends will please note that only those questions which we consider of general interest can be answered in this department. As we can only devote a small portion of the magazine to matter of this kind, it is impossible for us to answer all the queries received. Where the letters, however, do not require lengthy replies, the editor usually finds time to answer by mail. Where an answer of this kind is required, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Danger in Too Much Water

Q. Is there any danger in drinking too much water between meals, and will the water in any way carry off the natural digestive juices of the stomach?

A. Of course, it is possible to drink too much water between meals. One can easily "swill" water to such an extent that the functions of the body are to a certain extent taxed in eliminating it. As a rule, however, one should average about a glass of water for every one or two hours while awake. I do not, however, advocate the forcing of water upon one's self. Many who are very busily occupied neglect to drink water, and finally the taste for it disappears, and it is to the advantage of such persons to actually cultivate a taste again, not by drinking a glass or more of water when it is unpleasant, but by keeping water handy and taking a swallow now and then, thus gradually encouraging a taste for water.

Mental Depression

Q. How can continued mental depression or melancholia be cured?

A. Mental depression in all cases means digestive or assimilative disorder of some kind. It practically means that your blood contains elements which are not properly nourishing the brain. In other words, the blood contains impurities or poisons, and this is seriously affecting the mental powers. Mental depression can, therefore, be cured in every case through the physical transformation that comes from vital upbuilding. In other words the diet should be regulated in a manner to insure perfect digestion. Exercise and various other means should be used to assist in purifying of the blood stream, and you can depend upon a definite and permanent cure of a trouble of this nature in every case where this method is followed. Diet is perhaps more important than any other means to be adopted, and the one meal a day régime will often bring immediate results that will almost seem marvelous in character to the sufferer. This is especially true if the diet is confined mostly to uncooked foods.

Tired, Sleepy Feeling in the Morning

Q. How can I rid myself of the tired, sleepy feeling in the morning? After getting up and sometimes during the

whole forenoon, I feel sleepy and tired out, as if I had worked all night.

A. First of all, you are unquestionably eating too heartily. Lessen the quantity of food, and the easiest way to accomplish this might be to lessen the number of meals. The kind of food you are eating may also have something to do with your condition. You may also be sleeping in a closed room. This is the usual cause of a manifestation of this character. If you will so arrange the head of your bed to absolutely insure you a liberal supply of fresh air all during the night, and follow my other suggestions, you will soon get results that will please you.

Fasting and Manual Labor

Q. Is it practicable for a man doing manual labor to fast? How long would it be advisable to keep it up? I eat only two meals a day, but I find that after fasting several days my system becomes so weak that I cannot continue it any longer.

A. It is of course much more difficult to fast while doing hard manual work, than it is under ordinary conditions. More energy is used by the body and naturally more of the tissues are consumed. A week's fast while doing manual work could be recommended, though care must be used in continuing beyond that period. Very active persons, unless their assimilative organs are especially good, will find it difficult to continue many days beyond this. I have heard of a fast of three weeks by a machinist who continued at his trade right along, though I believe that he was an exception. I know of one fast of thirty days, hard labor being continued for a large part of the time, but injury resulted from this fast. As a rule while fasting it is better to go by our own feelings. If you feel strong and vigorous two or three hours after rising, nothing but benefit can be secured from continued fasting. If you find you are weak and your legs are "wobbly" all during the day, it is then about time for you to begin to take some nourishment. Of course, you must remember that it is quite usual to feel weak when first rising in the morning. In some cases I have known persons to feel so weak that they could hardly walk. They would feel dizzy and would stagger as though they were drunk when first rising in the morning; but after going out in the open air, walk-

ing around, and starting up the circulation through various exercises, they would feel as strong as they had ever been.

Weights Fastened to Feet in Running

Q. Is there any benefit derived from weights being fastened around the ankles when training for a foot race? How should they be fastened, and how heavy?

A. No benefit can be derived from using weights when running, in the manner described. In fact, instead of benefit, harm would result. The principal thing to keep in mind when preparing for a footrace is speed—quick action of the muscles—and weights would, of course, interfere with the development of speed. Running up-hill is splendid practice. Practicing quick starting can also be recommended especially if you are in a short race.

To Enlarge Bust, Reduce Waist, and Correct Round Shoulders

Q. I should like to know a few exercises that will develop or enlarge the bust, reduce the waist, and most of all correct round shoulders and give one an erect graceful carriage. I have three boys and want them all to be physical culturists, and want to learn how to make them so.

A. Any exercise that brings into active use the muscles of the chest, arms and back, will, of course, develop the chest and round out and make more solid and symmetrical the bust. To reduce the waist it is in nearly all cases advisable to lessen the quantity of food eaten, though, of course, various exercises, bending back and forth, from side to side, and in every conceivable way, will very materially add to the reduction of extra flesh about the waist line. We have frequently referred to methods of correcting round shoulders in these columns. It can usually be effectively accomplished by exercising the muscles between the shoulders in the back, and of course, the habit of holding the shoulders downward and backward when standing or walking will very materially help in remedying a defect of this character. To accomplish these results, however, the necessity of building general vitality must be fully remembered, and under these circumstances it is necessary to follow the general régime that is advised in our literature for accomplishing this object.

Superfluous Hair

Q. A young woman writes that she is afflicted with a growth of hair on the lips and chin of some years standing. She states that she has tried several remedies and spent a great deal of money with no good result. She states that she has tried

electrolysis, but it only seemed to leave dark marks and as many hairs as ever.

A. I know of no remedy that can be definitely relied upon to remove superfluous growth of hair except the method mentioned by the writer, that is electrolysis. This, of course, is a very painful method, as each hair-root must be killed separately in order to be effective. There are various preparations that can be used in removing hair, and they are effective for the time being, but in many cases they seem to really stimulate the growth almost as much as shaving. If any of our readers have any suggestions to make that would help solve this problem for our friend, I should be pleased to hear from them.

Removing Corns

Q. I have a young lady friend who suffers with soft corns on her toes. She wants to go to the hospital and have them cut out, but I advised her to wait a suggestion from you.

A. As a rule it is advisable to go to a good chiropodist who understands the treatment of troubles of this kind. I would say, however, that corns of all kinds are in practically every case caused by the constant pressure and irritation of the shoe. If she could by any means arrange to go barefoot awhile, or wear a shoe which would not in the slightest way irritate the affected parts, she will find that the corns will gradually disappear. If any part of the foot is sore or inflamed, the slightest irritation of the shoe will materially increase the inflammation. The corn protectors that are sold in nearly all drug stores, which are nothing more than a round piece of felt with a hole in the center, to be worn over the corn for the purpose of protecting it from the shoe, can be used in most cases of this kind with advantage.

Unpolished Rice

Q. I have been told that the Japanese and many other nations use rice different from ours. I understand we simply use the kernel while they use the kernel and covering also, and that they get more food value from the rice in consequence. If we only get starch and carbohydrates, and not proteids, I do not think rice would be so highly commended.

A. Unpolished rice contains considerably more nourishment than the white, polished rice that is sold everywhere in this country. Our countrymen seem to prefer it this way because it is white. Unpolished rice not only contains far more nourishment, but is far more delicious to the taste. I do not by any means think that the white rice we use is as deficient in nourishment as our ordinary white flour, but it is far better to use it in its natural color, that is, dark and unpolished, whenever you can secure it, though it is difficult to procure.

How to Make a Snow Plow

By Harriet M. Houghton

IT began with a red sled and an old box cover. It now plows all the paths about the house, and even the paths in the school yard. It is drawn by three boys and it leaves behind a clean, smooth path.

The making of a snow plow is a comparatively simple thing, for three school

The prow was made by the joining of two boards, each about a foot wide and four times as long. When there is a good snow fall the top of the prow just rises above its level. A stout board joining either side of the V on the inside gave this a strong frame work. Then the whole affair was fastened firmly to a long



The Snow Plow at Work and the Boys Who Made It. Note the Human Ballast

boys have done it. They planned the plow, piece-by-piece, and then they collected their building material. This was not at all hard, for somewhere in the cellar and work-room they found a few boards, an iron screw and two strong hinges. After this they were ready for construction, and at nine o'clock one Saturday they were busy in the work-room with saw and hammer, and before the morning was over the new plough was ready for the first snow.

board which was nailed down upon the sled.

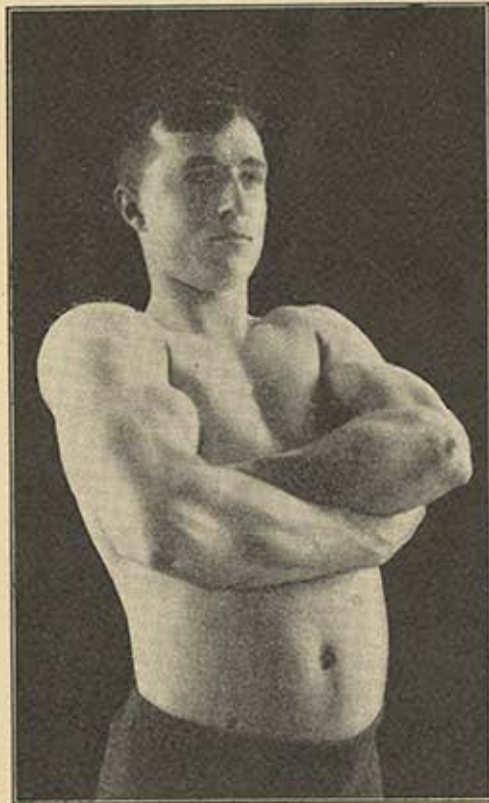
But the real work of the plow falls upon the big blade. At this stage in the work the boys found that the old box cover was just the thing. The cover was larger and stouter than the boards of the prow, and it was attached to one of them by two hinges. By this device the big blade could be swung out to clear a wide path, or it could be drawn in if the path were to be made narrow.

It required some mechanism, however, to regulate this blade. The boys puzzled over this problem and after making one or two false starts finally solved it. Through the frame work, directly over the middle of the sled, they inserted a pivot. Where this passed through the thickness of the wood it was round, so that it could turn easily, but it was whittled square on the top. Upon this was fitted a thin board, or kind of handle, and another was attached to the big blade at right angles, or nearly so. It was cleverly arranged so that the handles in crossing fitted closely over one another. A hole was bored through both handles and they were fastened by an iron pivot. After this was completed the blade could be regulated by turning the center pivot. Whenever the right

distance was determined the handles governing the blade were held in place by a peg, or iron nail, which was placed in one of a series of holes which were bored in a row at right angles to the foremost handle.

A rope was fastened upon either side of the foremost boards and the plow stood complete. There was little to be seen of the original sled, but the plow worked all the better for the sharp runners underneath.

After every snow storm, big or little, during the last two winters, the boys have been out plowing the neighborhood. The snow plow skims through light snow easily. When there are drifts it is ballasted in the simplest way possible. As a rosy cheeked driver said in explanation. "One of us just sits on it!"



A Giant at Nineteen Years of Age

A Powerful Nineteen Year Old Youth

TO THE EDITOR:

I enclose my photograph, accompanied by principal measurements for the Prize Competition. Would add that I spend most of my time at heavy gymnastics, being a professional gymnast, and my diet consists of highly nutritious food, rich in proteids. I take advantage of every available aid in Nature to increase and perfect my muscular development, of which I make a specialty. I heartily endorse the teachings of your magazine, with the exception of urging so exclusive and strict a vegetable diet, for I have attained the development here shown by the use of more highly nutritious foods and comparatively small quantity of vegetables.

Even at the immature age of 19 years I stand among the best in these parts at heavy-weight lifting. I give my measurements as follows: Chest, contracted, 40 in.; chest, normal, 42 in.; chest, expanded, 44 in.; waist, 32 in.; biceps, 17 in.; neck, 17 in.; forearm, 14 in.; thigh, 21 in.; calf, 15 in.; weight, 165 lbs.; height, 5 ft. 9 in., and age 19.

Plainville, Conn. NORRIS L. BULL.



The Imposing Faculty of the Physical Culture Training School (Inc.), an Institution which Prepares Men and Women for the Physical Culture Profession.

Top line, reading from left: Dr. E. L. Berggren, Professor of Swedish movements, Dietetics, Anthropometry, Diseases and Treatments. Dr. J. C. Larson, Professor of Dietetics. Prof. J. T. Wagner, Gymnastic Instructor.
 Second line: Mr. I. H. Silver, Football Coach. Dr. E. R. Petsky, Professor of Hydrotherapy, Hygiene, First Aid, and Physiology. Prof. Jack Daley, Instructor in Boxing. Dr. A. Still Craig, Professor of Anatomy. Prof. L. F. Carlton, Wrestling Instructor.
 Third line: Mr. G. S. Hall, Registrar. Prof. Frank Smith, Teacher of Massage. Dr. G. F. Lathrop, Professor of Gynecology and Obstetrics. Mr. George A. Keene, Business Director.
 Fourth line: Miss F. B. Johnson, Physical Instructor. Prof. S. Kleger, General Physical Director. Mrs. L. M. Jacobs, Pianist.

Preparatory School for Doctors of Physcultopathy

THE accompanying reproduction of a photograph of the faculty of the Physical Culture Training School gives one a very clear idea of the complete facilities for instruction possessed by this institution. There is perhaps no school in the country that has such a varied and complete course of instruction. Some time ago, when this course of instruction was not so complete as it is at present, one of the graduates entered an eastern school, which teaches similar subjects, and which has the reputation of being the best, and although this student had taken the course only for one year, she was advanced to the fourth year in the school that she entered. In other words, by taking this course of one year, she had accomplished as much as she would have in three years in the other institution.

The course in theory includes anatomy, physiology, diet first aid, hygiene physical education, physical diagnosis, therapeutics, hydrotherapy, massage, anthropometry, gynecology and obstetrics. The practical work consists of gymnastics of all kinds, boxing, wrestling, fencing, heavy-weight-lifting, base ball, basket ball, football, and outdoor and indoor games of every description. Fancy drills, dancing and calisthenics of all kinds are also included in the course, and one of the special advantages of this course is that graduates are given credit for two years if they are desirous of becoming a Doctor of Physcultopathy. In other words, this course of one year advances you two years towards the splendid opportunities that are offered to practitioners of the healing art who believe in the natural methods advocated in the science of physcultopathy.

The Deadly Headache Powder

By Benson Walker, M. D.



AMONG the many nostrums which work injury and destruction to mankind, probably no one is so insidious in its action as the deadly "headache powder." The headache powder's guise—or disguise—is legion, and poisons form the basis of them all. Some one of the coal tar products, phenacetine, acetanilid or antipyrin, or frequently a combination of two or more, or all of them, are the basic constituents.

A brief glance at the physiological action of this class of drugs will be of interest and benefit to prospective users, and will explain to a large extent the frequent cases of death following their administration. It is easy to go into a drug store and ask for something to relieve a headache. If the small fee of ten cents or twenty-five cents were all one had to pay for such a thoughtless and seemingly innocent act, all would be well. But that paltry sum is only a tithe of the price the poor victim has to pay for his or her subserviency to established custom, to the custom of considering only symptoms and not looking back to causes. It is merely a toll which is paid to the druggist for the valuable privilege of being poisoned and by due process and sanction of the law.

These drugs lower temperature in fevers. Of their use in this condition, especially in typhoid fever, we wish to speak later with the greatest condemnation, having seen numerous instances of death by their use. It is of their incidental action as analgesics, that is, as relieving pain, that we wish to speak at present. On this point let us quote from Prof. H. C. Woods, of the University of Pennsylvania. He says (edition 1902, page 592). "In April, 1887, *Sée* announced to the Academy of Medicine of France that antipyrin is a powerful analgesic which, when given in doses of from

45 to 90 grains a day, will control almost all forms of pain. Such doses, however, border upon the toxic, and are rarely justifiable." He continues: "Abundant clinical experience has shown that antipyrin for the relief of ordinary inflammatory pains is not reliable and is in every respect inferior to opium."

An elevating comparison! Sure as the needle turns to the pole, just so sure the drug doctor, however eminent, turns to the "dope." But let us go on. Of the toxic symptoms, Dr. Wood says: "When taken in large enough amount, the drug causes languor, somnolence, epileptiform convulsions, a measles-like rash, coma, and collapse." Such is the remedy one takes into the system in the "headache powder." Of another of this class of drugs, Prof. Hobart A. Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, in his treatise (edition 1905, page 56) says: "Although it has been asserted that no untoward effects result from the prolonged use of acetanilid in large doses, there can be no doubt that this assertion is untrue. Under these circumstances congestion of the liver, kidneys, and spleen occurs." "In man the drug in toxic quantities causes the lips to become blue and the face livid, cyanosed, expressionless or anxious. The forehead and cheeks become covered with sweat, which gradually extends over the rest of the body. The pulse is soft and compressible, but slow and finally weak. The respirations become slow and shallow." Of phenacetin, Prof. Samuel O. L. Potter says in his treatise (edition 1899, page 406) that "it (phenacetin) is undoubtedly as poisonous as any of its analogues (antipyrin, acetanilid)." He quotes the case of a child who "from its use for three days was deeply cyanosed for three days (following) and less so for nearly a month, notwithstanding the repeated employment of oxygen inhalations. There was marked jaundice,

grave anemia, and pronounced loss of flesh."

And the above precious triplet blended thus or so as the rum dealer blends his fusel oil and alcohol for various tastes or under various names, is the noxious conglomeration called the "headache powder." The paralyzing effect of these drugs is recognized even by the compounders, so another poison, citrate of caffeine, is often added to counteract that effect. Of this drug, caffeine, Prof. Wood writes: "The peculiar wakefulness, the increased mental activity, and the nervous restlessness which are induced by strong coffee are familiar phenomena to almost every one. After twelve grains (of caffeine) Pratt was seized with intense physical restlessness conjoined with a very uneasy condition of the mind; very marked general muscular tremulousness soon followed. After this state passed off, there was obstinate sleeplessness."

Can anyone picture a more perfect means of inducing a nervous breakdown than by thus whipsawing the human system, first, a paralyzant, then, an excitant? Yet this is called scientific prescribing, and the mixture compounded and sold over the counter by the pharmacist is often only a copy of a prescription sent in by some eminent so-called specialist.

Let us analyze the headache powder still further. We have seen that one drug, as acetanilid, shocks and paralyzes the system; another, caffeine, is given to counteract that effect, and this excites and irritates the nervous system. Now, to offset that, still another is added, "monobromate of camphor," to counteract the last effect. Thus is insult added to injury. The insult, that this should

be called—as it is—"rational prescribing." Is it rational to introduce poison after drug chase each other hither and thither through the channels which God has created for nobler purposes? Is it rational to make our bodies the battlefield in which is fought the sanguinary conflict of nostrum against nostrum? Is it any wonder that the human frame is wrecked by such "rationalism"?

The most serious effect of the headache powder is yet to be told. There are in nature certain substances that break up the blood corpuscles, that dissolve out of them their most important constituent, namely, hemoglobin. This it is which carries to all the organs and tissues of the body the oxygen necessary to the proper performance of their various functions, necessary even to our very existence. This power of breaking up the blood corpuscles the coal tar derivatives mentioned above possess. They slowly and quietly, or quickly and fatally, according to the dosage, perform their work of destruction. On this point let us quote from Prof. Hobart A. Hare (above mentioned). Of acetanilid he says: "When used in large doses, the action of this drug upon the blood is more pronounced than its influence upon any other part of the body, causing that fluid to become brownish red, decreasing its oxygen-carrying power, and finally reducing the hemoglobin to methemoglobin to a very considerable extent."

A death directly attributed to such drugs occurred recently in Sandusky, O., where a three-year-old child, named Mildred Wilson, found some headache tablets at her home and ate about half a dozen and died within an hour. Physicians were unable to save her.

Training the Child

A teacher in a downtown public school the other day received this note from the mother of a pupil who is opposed to her girl being taught physical culture, as she feels perfectly able her-

self to teach her "the jumps": "Please don't teach my Mina any fiskel torture. Make her mit the gografy, and Ile give her the jumps."—*From the Philadelphia Record.*

Salvation from Dried Slimy Pus

By Harry B. Bradford

THE VILE POISONOUS DISCHARGE FROM A RUNNING SORE USED FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE

Here is a writer with some firm convictions, and furthermore he is not afraid to express them. He talks plainly on the subject of vaccination. As far as I can see he has the truth to back him in nearly every statement he has made. Of all the foul practices which the human race has ever permitted, vaccination is the worst. Some day this nation will wake up, and when they once realize the crimes that are now being perpetrated upon the race in the name of medical science, I am afraid that every representative of this poison-doping creed will have to change his faith or search for pastures new.—Bernarr Macfadden.

IF a doctor were to ask a parent as he was bringing a child for entrance into the public school, if he could poison the child's blood, what would any sane parent answer him? Why deceive and disguise things? The operation called "vaccination," which is often done without the parent's sanction, is nothing less than polluting a child's blood with one of the worst, rotting poisons known to science! How can such a diabolical crime be permitted to continue in this age of intelligence, and in a civilized (?) country? There is only one reason; any doctor who puts cow-pox virus into the blood of a little child is either criminally ignorant of what he is doing, or he is an inhuman monster!

It is high time for parents to look into this thing. Don't let any one endeavor to make you believe that filth is a "protection" from anything. The thought of such a thing is preposterous; absurd; lunacy! No doctor living can explain the theory of how vaccination "protects" from small-pox. Even if such a filthy performance as putting putrid pus from a diseased animal into healthy children's blood were any "protection" whatever, the medical profession would have no right whatever to enforce such a thing on other people's own children! Any one who is ballasted with a fair amount of common sense ought to know that health is the only real protection against every disease to which flesh is heir. Any doctor who offers a better

protection than the cultivation of perfect health, is a fraud and a grafter; look out for him.

Those doctors who are now practising this outrage of blood poisoning upon the people's children, will be viewed in the same light by future generations, as those members of the same profession who withheld water from the parched lips of fever patients; who put the pus from the small-pox patient's bodies into healthy people to "prevent" their taking small-pox, and did several other things which caused the deaths of thousands of their fellow human beings who trusted in their theories! When there is such a magnificent array of "scientific" wisdom displayed in such performances as these, it would seem about time for the public to take up the study of Nature, and see if they don't find better ways of curing and preventing diseases than this set of educated fools are palming off on them as the latest "scientific" wisdom! One does not need to flounder around for several years in a ponderous "Materia Medica," which is full of the miracles of how diseases are cured with deadly poisons, and fairy tales about how the pus and poison industry has "stamped" out epidemics of various kinds! The study of such rubbish seems to have the faculty of depriving many medical men of ordinary, horse sense. After a course of this kind they imagine that science has overpowered Nature in the cure and prevention of disease. They are so anxious

to practice that they can't even wait for people to get sick, but begin to operate upon the well! The fact that these men have had to resort to legislation to hedge in their foul business, proves that the people are becoming acquainted with the fraudulent character of many of their practices. Any man who will deliberately poison a healthy child's blood with a condensed essence of diseased commercial calf pus, is unworthy the respect of any man in his right mind! If there were more doctors like the author of the following, they would get and deserve the respect and confidence of the public.

In "Vaccination a Grand Past Master Humbug," Dr. John S. Snaveley, of Lebanon, Pa., answers Dr. Dixon, the health officer of that state. I quote, in part, from the three column article in *The Bridgeport Evening Farmer* of May 1, 1908. "The curtain rose upon the twentieth century stained with the infamy of compulsory vaccination on our statute books. Compulsory vaccination so far as prohibiting the admission of children into our public schools unless a vaccination certificate be shown.

It is a sad commentary on the civilization of this age, that free-born American children can not enter the public schools of this state unless their blood is contaminated with the putrid matter drawn from the festering sores of sick animals, and not until the mark of the beast is stamped or supposed to be stamped on their bodies are they adjudged to be fit to begin their school life.

Such a law is a flagrant injustice upon personal rights and contrary to the dictates of common sense.

What is the spectacle presented to us by the dogma of vaccination and the tyranny of compulsory vaccination? What does all this mean? It means terms that no intelligent, freedom-loving American citizens would accept. Consider the numerous diseases that afflict mankind, insidious, lingering, tormenting, and then consider that vaccination adds at least one more intentionally, and indirectly four or five dozen more to the sum of human ills. In the light of that fact vaccination can not command any intelligent consent nor possess any sensible quality of belief.

Vaccination contravenes the fundamental principles of sanitary science, the aim of which is to remove the products of disease from the organism, and never to introduce them. Vaccination therefore degrades the name of sanitary science, covers it with ridicule and subjects it to reproach.

Every one who can think logically must recognize the falsity of the claims of the advocates of vaccination, because it violates the order of blood formation and lessens the power of the individual to resist disease. The eminent English physician, J. J. Garth Wilkinson, says: "The history of medicine, rife in delusions which compress each other in grotesque succession from the earliest ages to the present time, supplies no instance comparable to the absurdity of vaccination. In many ways, he adds, medicine has been growing toward common sense, but into this inveterate, now political question, all the stupidity, blindness and recklessness of the middle ages seem to be gathered." Dr. Dixon, state health commissioner, in answer to an invitation to debate the question of vaccination with Porter F. Cope in Witherspoon Hall in Philadelphia, May 16, 1906, declined the invitation on the ground that the value of vaccine as a prophylactic against small-pox is one of the best settled medical questions; and further for the reason that he finds it absurd to discuss questions of such importance with laymen.

A cause that cannot justify itself in free public debate is a weak concern. Vaccination is now leaning on the crutches of blind belief and is bound by the barnacles of a barren faith. Its claims will soon awaken nothing but ridicule. Its coercion will soon be gone. Dr. Dixon speaks of vaccination as being one of the best settled medical questions as a prophylactic against small-pox. There are high medical authorities who differ with Dr. Dixon whose arguments he cannot and dare not refute. The statement that vaccination is a question for doctors, will not bear investigation, for the reason that doctors are very often biased in their opinions and are therefore not competent to pass a fair and impartial judgment upon their own acts and beliefs. The subject is an open ques-

tion for discussion, and in so far as being a medical question, this is only true in a subsidiary sense, for the reason that whenever an attempt is made to force vaccination on any one, the medical character ceases and the question assumes a broader scope of human interest and becomes a social and political question. To submit to an operation that concerns our health and our lives is a vital question and one that concerns everybody. A practice that will produce disease to the greatest number that can be hoodwinked or intimidated is a public question. The dogma of vaccination has become so ossified upon its advocates by years of precedent that a great many doctors take no time to investigate the subject and find no inclination to break the shells of custom. And on account of this ignorance and indifference of the history of vaccination, the people are held in the grasp of a filthy fad, sinking their knowledge of the laws of hygiene to a level of the filth pens of barbarism.

Against the opinion of Dr. Dixon relative to vaccination, I beg leave to call attention to the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Dr. Creighton. Dr. Creighton found that vaccination rests upon no scientific basis. He shows the origin of cow-pox, its irrelevance to small-pox; its consequent uselessness as a preventative of that disease, and he points out its analogy to syphilis.

In the face of the facts as stated in a work of world-wide reputation, that vaccination is the cause of loathsome and disgusting diseases, it is enough to make the blood of honorable and clean-minded citizens boil within them to learn that boards of health compel and have compelled residents in different parts of the state to submit to the forcible insertion of poisonous pus into their arms, and equally as outrageous, as base and unmanly in the case of those who refuse to submit to having their pure blood contaminated, to have them reported to their employers, so they may be discharged, unless they bow in servile fear before the vaccine god. To propagate calf pus for the express purpose of propagating disease, and by the double-barreled process of creating disease, first

in the beast to afterward disease the human being, when there is no disease in the person diseased by vaccination, is one of the craziest, most grotesque and most fantastic dreams that ever found lodgment in the brain of man. The practice is in open opposition to the moral order of the world, because it belongs to the unclean order of things. It makes the health angel struggle with the disease demon. It makes the dove consort with the vulture.

There is no parallel to the absurdity of vaccination within the whole range of *materia medica*, except the villiany of inoculation, which was made a penal offense in England in 1840. Inoculation was the quintessence of deviltry, but vaccination outstrips the forbidden inoculation by adding new forms of deviltry.

We pride ourselves that we live in a country that proclaims civil and religious liberty, and whose institutions are founded on those principles and not on despotism or bigotry of any kind whatsoever. It behooves the American people to watch well their rights and liberties, and awaken to the realization of the designs of the cow-pox syndicate, and to the effects that will be produced by such malignant influences.

We are precluded by the law of common sense from supposing that vaccination is for the public good, the public good does not mean a general lessening of functional vigor of the people. Depression of vital forces threatens the very foundation of public health. On the ground of reason alone, to say nothing of the teachings of sanitary science, all the claims made for vaccination have absolutely nothing to rest on; all the claims made are but bold assumptions and barren of every law of evidence. The vaccinators never mention the statistics from the Philippines; they say nothing of the vaccinated victims of small-pox, and their graves, to prove the allegation of the preventative and mitigating effects of vaccination. It is within the reach and research of thought, that the poisoning of the blood is a violation of the laws of health. In the definite relation of cause and effect vaccination stands condemned.

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Vaccination has no valid claims as a preventive of small-pox. It has no basis for such claims, save those constructed out of ignorance or selfish desires, or those fabricated from the mouldy statistics of Germany or the more recently hatched fairy tale of Porto Rico. Unable to answer logically the contention of their opponents, the disease planters promulgate fallacious doctrines and resort to the enactment of laws, making the state view any protest against the vaccination scheme as a danger to civil order. The attempt to hedge in a foul superstition with the strong arm of the law is the last refuge of retreating error, the weakest subterfuge to conceal its stupidity. In all history all unpopular allegations of truth have been answered by legalized bigotry, by the inquisition and the stake, but persecution is a necessary ordeal through which truth always passes successfully.

It requires no extraordinary depth of thought or breadth of vision to survey the grandeur of creation and the perfection of organic structure to understand that the foul products of diseased animals used for the purpose of diseasing healthy people should have no right to an existence. Sanitary science teaches and humanity demands that we shall keep our bodies free from poisonous substances. Cleanliness is the first law of health. The physical constitution is safe when no disease or injected poison undermines its vitality. The intentional and deliberate production of disease is an abominable medical fallacy.

Among the foothills of this state mothers keep careful watch on their little ones, lest a rattlesnake crawls from its hiding place and bites them, yet the injury caused by rattlesnakes is but an infinitesimal per cent. of the population in comparison to the general poisoning of children wherever the parents can be cajoled, wheedled or coerced by the cow-pox blusterers, to submit to the unholy conspiracy. The efforts of sanitary science are toward reducing sickness to a minimum. The efforts of the advocates of vaccination are directed toward producing disease to a maximum.

The compulsory vaccinators want universal vaccination. It has been esti-

mated that there are \$20,000,000 invested in the blood poisoning business in this country. There is no intensity of demand for the product of the cow-pox farmer and the cow-pox planter is simply voluntary vaccination, but under compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination, and that continually, the business of these gentlemen would expand enormously. Viewing compulsory vaccination from its ethical standpoint, we find it irreconcilable with right conduct, and to say that wrong conduct is conducive to human happiness is preposterous.

Small-pox is an infraction of the laws of health and will disappear when the laws of health are better understood and obeyed. Vaccination is an intentional infraction of the laws of health, and is to all intents and purposes a criminal operation. The principles of justice and the laws of compensation are universal in their operation and as stern and inexorable as time and space. Those who believe that they may disregard and trample on the rights of others have studied the finer forces of our being to very little purpose.

Vaccination pollutes not only the vaccinated, but the vaccinator and the entire community. It degrades wherever its polluting touch falls. Voluntary vaccination is a delusion and a snare, but compulsory vaccination embraces the sum of all viciousness, like human slavery in this country embraced the sum of all villainies.

Of what avail is a knowledge of the laws of health under such disease-peddling conditions? The people's systems can be made impure enough without legislating and scheming to fill them with the beastly vaccine virus. It will be noted that the vaccinators do not think for a moment of the possibility of keeping the system clean by proper habits of living, but instead of that method they proceed to introduce an animal substance in the last stages of absolute rottenness to disease the hale and hearty!

Vaccination is a stupid and pernicious perversion of the basic principles of sanitary science. The careful operator guards with the utmost care against the entrance of any pus germs into the

wounded tissues, cuts or scratches, yet the vaccinator will deliberately engraft into the circulation of healthy persons morbid pus germs of one disease under the pretense of protecting them against another they may never get, and a very great majority never get it. Is it possible for inconsistency to go farther or for absurdity to strike a lower level? This age is teeming with imposition, deception and delusion; the human mind is being used to advance their interests, and the human body is becoming the gaming board to promote the trade of the cow-pox farmer and the vaccine planter.

When Packingtown fouled a portion of our food supply the world stood aghast at the damnable crime and it did not take long to learn the lesson. The day is dawning to learn the next chapter.

The flesh of the animals at the time when they yield their harvest of commercial calf pus could not be publicly sold as an article of food, and yet better, vastly better to have that kind of meat in the digestive apparatus, than to have the decayed animal tissue in the circulatory system poisoning the blood, breeding such diseases as scrofula, syphilis, cancer and consumption. If we moralize but just for one moment what should we justly conclude?

A penalty attaches to the sale of diseased meat and a universal verdict is pronounced against it, but the filthy excretions extracted from the sores of the animals whose flesh would not be fit to eat are manipulated into vaccine virus, and this satanic concoction is in-

serted into the healthy bodies of the children of this state in order that they may go to school.

Compulsory vaccination is a lack of moral development. The medical philosophy of the plan of preventing one disease by creating a worse one, will be considered a relic of barbarism, placed beside the simple and sublime declaration, that the well need no physician.

Do the evils of physical slavery show a more wicked spectacle than to forcibly forbid perfect health? Can physical slavery show results more immoral, more brutal than the viperous disposition to poison the blood of men, women and children?

Compulsory vaccination is foreign to American ideas. It was spawned in monarchical forms of government, and enforced under despotic rule. The people of this state require of their servants the repeal of the compulsory vaccination law, which is obviously unjust and unnatural, because it ignores the protection nature gave the people by depriving them of the inalienable right to enjoy health.

Let it be continually kept in mind that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and the liberty that keeps our bodies clear from cow-pox propagators and disease boomers is of all other liberties of greatest value."

The above will give the people a very clear idea of some of the reasons why the various doctors whom I have challenged over and over again, have not seen fit to appear in public and discuss this subject in free debate.

A National Bureau of Longevity

Parker H. Sercombe, editor of *Tomorrow*, a magazine that talks straight from the shoulder, has organized a national bureau of longevity. It is planned to have this bureau connected with the Department of Health which is to be established at Washington, under the Federal government. He purposes to publish a biennial directory giving the names and addresses of all those above ninety-five years of age, together with tables made up from these reports showing the manner of life, diet, habits, etc.,

of those who have enjoyed good health and lived to a great age, thereby furnishing accurate data based upon results, showing how people should live, how parents and teachers should train the young to live, in order to attain a life of comfort, good health and old age. All persons over ninety years of age, and all those who might be interested in those of advanced age, are requested to write to Mr. Sercombe for literature that will be of special interest. He can be reached at 139 East 56th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Foolishness of Hate, Malice, Etc.

OF all the fools in the universe, about the most foolish fool is the man who wastes his vitality, his energy, in hating some minute atom of humanity, who, he imagines, has in some way offended him. His spiteful nature represents a fearful handicap. It stands in the way of his mental and physical progress. It really indicates a mental narrowness. Those who allow themselves to be influenced year after year of their lives by characteristics of this kind are doomed ultimately to be classed as failures. If you are possessed of an inclination to hate anybody; if your spiteful nature is aroused at the slightest opportunity, if you allow feelings of personal dislike to become a power in your life, you belong with the human ciphers. There is nothing of importance in the future for you. You might just as well drop into Nowhere at once, because you will never do anything of importance or value to yourself or anyone else. Yet there is hope for you. You may determine, with all the intensity that you can command, that those characteristics which sway you must be annihilated. Then go to work, struggling and striving, day after day, to effect that result. You will have a contest before you. It will not be easy. Day after day, maybe year after year, you will have to struggle to "get the better" of what may be termed your lower nature. But, if you rise up, and determine again and again, and if necessary, again and again, a hundred times, yes, a thousand times, to conquer, you will finally discover that your higher self holds the dominating power. You can then come forward—a man in every sense of the word. You are yourself. You are better than that—you are your higher self, and the struggle that you have had to win shows that the attainment of this power is an education in itself. It is true that it is that sort of an education that gives hard knocks, and it leaves its marks. But it is well worth the acquiring, for all that.

William Walker Atkinson, in a recent issue of *New Thought* magazine said: "If one is troubled with Fearthought, he should begin by filling his mind with thoughts of Courage and Fearlessness. Never mind about the Fearthoughts—just let them alone for the time being, and place your attention upon the new thoughts that you are thinking. I know of no better illustration of this process than the familiar one of the washbowl filled with dirty water, into which a stream of clear, clean water is slowly running. As the clean water runs in it dilutes the dirty water and besides causes a portion of the volume of water to run off in the pipes. Gradually the water in the bowl grows clearer and clearer, and finally it is as clear and clean as the stream that is flowing into it."

The same author says further that another good plan to realize fully the waste of energy in malicious thoughts is to try to realize the infinitesimal importance of a single minute human being and he quotes the following from Flammarion: "'But where shall I be in a hundred years?' In space; no one can go out of it. 'And in a thousand years?' You will still live. 'And in a hundred thousand years?' You will be forever. 'But in a million years—where shall I be then?' You will still exist in infinite space; and so in ten millions, and in a hundred million years. And at the end of a hundred million years, you will be no older than you are to-day. Life is without a possible end."

"But do not let this feeling of the smallness of relative and personal things cause you to forget the *real individual* within you—that Something Within which defies Time and Space, and personality and relative things—that Real Self—that "I AM." Fix your mental gaze upon the Light of Spirit that burns ever within you—and then forget about Hate, and Malice and all such nightmare phantasms that have disturbed your rest and calm and peace."