

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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PHYSICAL CULTURE is Published Monthly and is Primarily Devoted to Subjects Appertaining to Health, Strength, Vitality, Muscular Development and the General Care of the Body, and also to all Live and Current Matters of General Interest, Edification, Entertainment and Amusement.

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PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT SIMPLIFIED

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR DEVELOPING THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF VITAL, FUNCTIONAL, NERVOUS AND MUSCULAR VIGOR. LESSONS ARE GRADUATED AND ARE APPLICABLE TO THE STRONG AND WEAK OF BOTH SEXES. ALL THE INFORMATION PREPARED FOR THE BOOK "PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT SIMPLIFIED" PREVIOUSLY ANNOUNCED WILL APPEAR IN THESE LESSONS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

The Photographs Illustrating These Lessons Were Specially Posed for by the Editor Himself

LESSON VIII.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE REQUIREMENTS IN THE BUILDING OF BODILY VIGOR

- (1) *Air* (2) *Water* (3) *Rest and Relaxation* (4) *Food* (5) *Exercise* (6) *Bathing*

SPECIAL EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE MUSCLES OF THE MIDDLE AND UPPER THIGHS AND FOR ROUNDING THE KNEES—
A CONTINUATION OF THE DISCUSSION OF THE NATURAL FOOD DIET, AND ITS ADVANTAGES OVER THE ORDINARY DIET



THOSE who advocate the ordinary cooked diet will naturally point to the athletic world to prove the truth of the theory that the usual mixed diet of the average individual is superior.

Such evidence certainly seems conclusive at first thought, and deserves very careful consideration. We admit that nearly all successful athletes of whom we have accurate records live

PHOTO No. 71—Exercise No. 39. Assume position shown in the photograph, balancing yourself by placing the fingers of the left hand on the floor. Now, without raising the body, turn the body slowly, and as you turn rest the weight on the right leg instead of the left (See next photo.)





Now, in the face of these plain facts, how can I maintain that the ordinary food, cooked according to the accepted standards, is not all that could be desired?

My readers must remember that nearly all who adopt a vegetarian or natural diet have been induced to do so because of ill health. And those who make such a change are often termed peculiar, and "cranky." But you can well afford to be "cranky" if this enables you to change your condition from weakness to strength.

I called attention in my previous article to the processes of digestion. I showed that foods consist of nourishment and waste. I maintained that in natural, uncooked foods there is less waste than in a cooked diet. There is far less foreign matter, or impurities. The absorbent glands when in a normal condition take up only those elements needed to nourish the body, but when the bowels are crowded with indigestible and unwholesome foods, abnormal conditions are created and impurities are frequently absorbed into the system. This becomes necessary in order to more quickly eliminate them.

Alcohol,

PHOTO No. 72—Exercise No. 39 Continued.

Until you assume the position as shown above, being exactly similar to the preceding one, with the exception that the weight is resting on the right leg instead of the left. Repeat the exercise until tired. When making this movement the foot is turned on the floor with the weight resting thereon, and a pair of smooth slippers or shoes will make the exercise more easy. This is especially beneficial in rounding the knees and developing and making more shapely the upper legs.

on the ordinary foods. When training they, of course, avoid many articles known to be difficult to digest, or to be deficient in nourishing qualities, but beef, chicken, mutton chops and many meats make up a large portion of their dietary.

The average athletic trainer considers these articles of food essential to build the highest degree of muscular endurance and vigor.

for instance, is very readily taken up and distributed throughout the entire body. Every organ of the body recognizes it as a poison, and assists in the work of speedy elimination.

Natural, uncooked foods contain no stimulating elements, no undue waste, and the life cells of natural foods are maintained in all their natural, healthy, vital building qualities. They are not in-

jured and devitalized by cooking. They are not made difficult to digest by prolonged and unwholesome preparation. They contain all the nourishment needed to maintain the strength of the body with a minimum of waste. The amount of nourishment in food is decreased, and the amount of waste increased, when prepared on the cook stove.

But let us turn again to the athlete. Why have our celebrated athletes not given a diet of this character a trial? The first reason is because it has never been called to their attention. The average athlete possesses a high degree of vital strength in the beginning. Few of them have turned to training methods in order to regain health and strength, and the necessity for any particular diet has never been especially emphasized.

Athletes will recognize the superiority of



who have lived in the same way. So far, we only have one startling instance in the athletic world of the advantage of uncooked foods over the ordinary vegetarian and mixed diet. The particular event to which I refer was a hundred and twenty-five mile race that took place in Germany, a record of which appeared in a previous issue of this magazine. This race was won by an athlete who has lived almost exclusively upon uncooked foods for several years. In competition with him were nineteen vegetarians and twelve meat eaters. He beat the best meat eater by over eight hours, and the best

vegetarian by over two hours. In this case the advantages of natural foods were very clearly demonstrated.

Now, I do not for a moment maintain that one cannot acquire a high degree of health on the ordinary diet used in nearly every household, providing care is used in

PHOTO No. 73—Exercise No. 40. Assume position as shown in illustration, with the hands clasped behind the back. Keep the body in a perpendicular position from the hips upward. Now rise (See next photo.)

natural foods when they are defeated by those who use them. In the past they have maintained their supremacy while following the ordinary mixed diet because they have competed with men

avoiding indigestible and unwholesome foods and combinations. Many men and women have lived even to a great age, and have all their lives been accustomed to the use of cooked foods.

I do not wish my readers to think that they must necessarily live on natural foods at the expense of isolating themselves from their friends and relatives. If it is difficult to secure and use natural foods, it may be better for you to live as do others of your family, rather than suffer the annoyance brought on by making a radical departure from conventional habits.

Remember that a mixed diet contains a little more waste and is somewhat more stimulating than other diets, and that a vegetarian diet contains a little more waste than a natural diet. Therefore, the mixed and ordinary cooked vegetarian diets require in nourishing the body a little more functional effort than the natural diet. Your digestive organs have to work a little harder. Illness may be occasionally invited in order to cleanse the body of impurities that have been accumulated through foods of this character, but you may remain as well and healthy in early adult life as you would if following the natural diet, especially if considerable vital strength is possessed.

Athletic ability means the possession of muscular strength. Muscular strength cannot be acquired and maintained without the development of muscles by regular and prolonged use. It matters



not what diet you may adopt, these muscles must be used regularly and vigorously in order to acquire that strength essential for successfully competing in difficult athletic contests. This to a certain extent explains why one who adopts the natural diet is not able to immediately enter the athletic arena and defeat every athlete who might attempt to compete with him.

In order to develop strength there must first be a call for strength, there must be a need for it, and though the influence of diet is unquestionably of great importance, yet in the early years of adult life, when one is in possession of all the vigor, vitality and energy that come with a good inheritance and an active life, no matter what diet may be adopted, the assimilative organs will usually manage somehow to extract from the food used the nourishment essential under the circumstances.

The more vigorous your body may be, the more digestive power you possess. The absorbent glands of those in vigorous health can take up the required nourishment from almost any wholesome and nourishing article of food. The strong athlete can be well nourished, can be brought to a condition that is essential to success on almost any diet, that

PHOTO No. 74—Exercise No. 40 Continued. To above position. Repeat until tired. This is an old and simple exercise and is of great benefit for developing and strengthening the upper legs. The exercise can be taken quickly or slowly, as desired. It is better to vary the movements as to speed.



essential in digesting the ordinary diet. There will be less remaining to be exerted in muscular strength. But in early youth this may be so slight as to be hardly worth noticing.

The ordinary athlete is supposed to be in his prime at from twenty-two to twenty-eight years of age. When he reaches thirty his best work has been done. There is rarely any chance for him beyond this age. This usually results from the influence of stimulants and cooked foods. The digestive and other internal organs lose their greatest vigor. They have been overworked, and although the normal adult should be at his best at thirty-five, and should maintain this condition for at least fifteen years thereafter, it is a well known fact that but few athletes possess the strength essential in winning important contests after they have passed the age of thirty.

Now, *natural foods*, I firmly believe, although they may not be capable of very greatly improving an athlete much beyond his ordinary attainable strength at an early age of, say, twenty-five, *will enable him to continue improving up to thirty and even thirty-five*, and will enable him to retain this superior condition for many years thereafter.

The advantages of natural foods lie in the ease with which the internal functional system is able to transform them into nourishment that is needed to strengthen and beautify the body. *They should enable you to remain young nearly all your life.* They are capable of building the highest degree of physical vigor, and they will greatly assist in maintaining this superior condition.

I firmly believe that the athletes of the future will live on uncooked foods. Every athlete who will give a properly arranged diet of this kind a trial will find that his health is better and in time will notice a decided increase in strength and endurance.

Of course, all this must not be expected at once. You may not notice a very great improve-

PHOTO No. 75—Exercise No. 41. Place the hands on the inside of the knees, as shown in illustration. If you cannot keep your balance in this position, lean against a chair or table. Now, resisting slightly with the hands, bring the knees inward until the hands touch (See next photo.)

contains the elements needed to nourish the body, provided he does not stuff his stomach beyond its digestive power. But more nervous energy will be

ment in a month or two, though a decided difference should be apparent in six months. You must remember that your entire body has been constructed

of elements furnished by cooked foods and that the call for nourishment made by the functional system all during your life has been supplied by these same foods. Now, if you suddenly change your diet, you will not notice a very rapid transformation. It is a very slow process. Every cell in your body, to the minutest nerve and muscle fibre, must be changed, must be made over, by the new vital building food before any greatly marked improvement can be noticed.

A patient suffering from cancer sees a manifestation of his trouble in some part of his body, and imagines that his disease is there confined. The surgeon's knife removes the outward signs and the patient imagines he is cured. But in a short time the trouble appears in another part, thus proving that the entire body was permeated with cancerous poisons.

Your body is what your blood makes it. When you begin to furnish foods that make richer and better blood, there is a gradual transformation. Slowly, day by day, month by month, every cell of your body is renewed, made over again. It is said that the body changes throughout its entirety every seven years. It is possible that this change takes place more often. But if this conclusion is true, when you adopt a natural food diet, it would really take seven years to transform every cell of your body.

DAILY RÉGIME.

I herewith repeat the daily régime. The pupil should now be advanced sufficiently in this course to determine fairly well just what particular parts of the body are most in need of development. I would therefore advise each one to select from the exercises previously given those particular movements that are apparently of special value in remedying defective parts or building strength wherever it may be the most needed. Of course, if you have plenty of time and are fairly strong, the

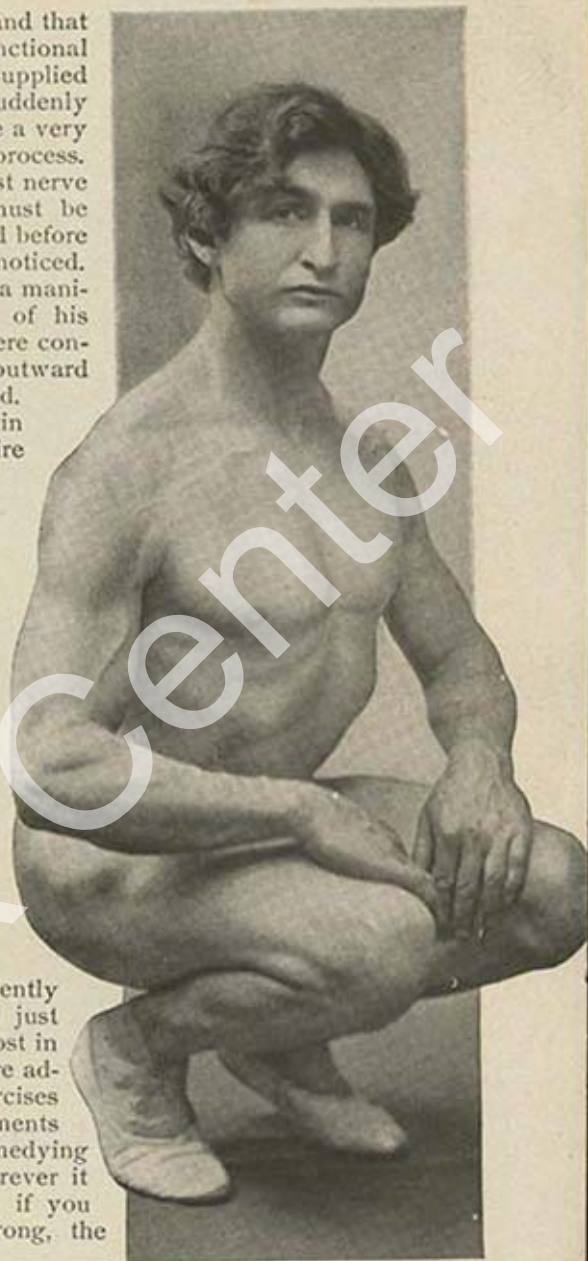


PHOTO No. 76—Exercise No. 41 Continued. As shown in above illustration. Repeat until tired. This exercise is especially valuable for developing the muscles on the inside of the upper thighs. These muscles give the upper leg a symmetrical contour and improve its appearance quite materially if properly developed. Many athletes with fairly well formed limbs have neglected to develop the muscles of this part of the leg, and naturally the leg does not appear symmetrically proportioned from all points of view. Horseback riding and all exercises which require an effort to bring the legs toward each other will assist in developing these muscles.

entire course which precedes the movements herein shown can be taken, though these are hardly necessary if you are merely exercising for health and do not care particularly for possessing an extraordinary muscular development.

About the best all-around exercises to precede those shown in this lesson, if you are simply desirous of accelerating the circulation throughout the entire muscular system, are exercises Nos. 12 and 13, though, of course, the exercises for building vital strength, Nos. 14 to 18, inclusive, can be added with advantage.

If you are weak, and are just beginning, rest when the slightest feeling of fatigue is noticed. If you are fairly strong, each exercise can be continued until the muscles are rather tired. The exercises should be taken in a room with the windows wide open, and with as little clothing as possible. Cultivate the fresh air habit. Leave the windows of your sleeping room wide open at all times. The colder the air the harder you have to work to bring about a feeling of warmth to the external surface.



Follow the morning exercises with a dry friction bath. This can be taken with a dry, rough towel, which should be rubbed back and forth over every part until the skin is pink from the increased amount of blood brought to the surface by the friction.

Follow this exercise with a cold sponge bath. Have the water as cool as you can bear and still be able to recuperate with a feeling of warmth. Unless working very hard at manual labor,

two meals a day should be sufficient, though many working-men are able to thrive better on two meals each day than on three. If you do eat three meals a day, be careful not to eat more than you can comfortably digest. I do not by any means wish to convey the impression that you cannot improve while eating three meals a day. I advise the two-meal plan to guard against the liability to over-eating.

Acquire the habit of drinking one or two glasses of water before or after exercise, before retiring and on arising in the morning. Although I ad-

PHOTO No. 77—Exercise No. 42. Cross the legs tailors-fashion, clasping the hands behind the back, as shown in the illustration. If you find it difficult to assume this position, the easiest method will be to sit on the floor, then cross the calves of your legs under you, the left foot appearing under the right leg, and the right foot appearing under the left leg. Some prefer to begin the exercise standing, as shown in the next photograph. It does not make any particular difference which method is adopted, but after acquiring the position as shown above satisfactorily, rise slowly. (See next photo.)

wise that you drink freely of water, I do not by any means recommend that you imbibe vast quantities. You can overload your stomach with water to disadvantage. Ordinarily you should use from three to six pints of water each twenty-four hours, though if you perspire freely the quantity required increases greatly. Masticate every morsel of your food to a liquid. Avoid all liquids during meal times, unless especially thirsty. If thirsty, satisfy your thirst freely, but do not use liquids to assist you in swallowing food that you have failed to thoroughly masticate. If accustomed to drink at meals, and it seems difficult to break the habit, you can use cocoa or a cup of hot milk after finishing the meal, drinking it very slowly.

If preferred by the pupil, all this exercise can be taken in the evening before retiring instead of in the morning, though ordinarily it is advisable to take a few movements in the morning. It will thoroughly awaken you for the day's work.

If you are working hard at manual labor, the exercises which use the same muscles as are employed in your work should be omitted. Two or three evenings during the week



a hot bath should be taken before retiring, and in every instance the exercises should precede it.

PHOTO No. 78—Exercise No. 42 Continued.

Until in erect position as shown in this illustration. Return to the first position and continue the movement until tired. This exercise is especially beneficial for developing the muscles on the outside of the upper thighs and the central portions of the upper legs. It may be found difficult in the first few trials, though practice will enable you to perform it with ease. Should the exercises be found too difficult at first, start in the above position and bend the knees as far as will permit of your easily regaining a standing position.





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YACHTING

INCLUDING A HISTORY OF THE AMERICA'S CUP

By *Gerald Keating*



INTERESTING as it must be to all lovers of yachting to note that the last two and the approaching third attempt to win back to England the coveted America's Cup, lost to her on the 22d of August, 1851, is born of Irish sentiment, it is still more interesting to note that the first au-

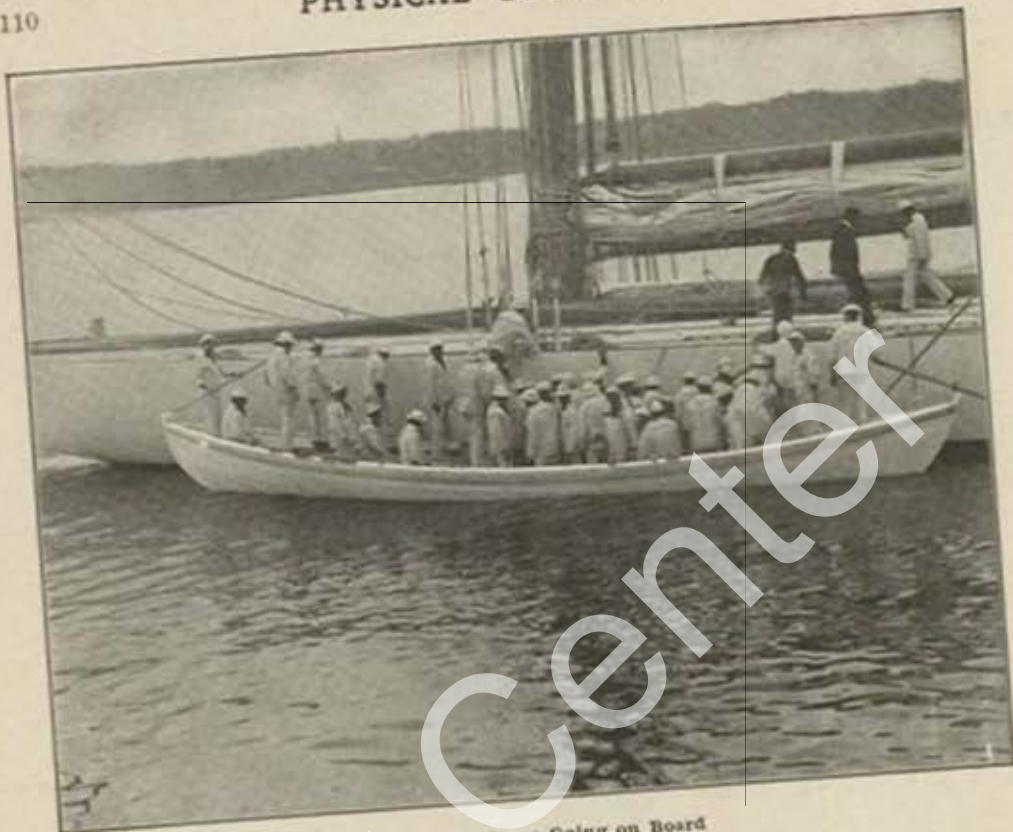
thentic record of a sailing club takes us back to the year 1720, when the Cork Harbor Water Club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club, was established in Ireland.

Yacht racing is one of the many clean sports that was cradled in Ireland, and there is a lingering desire in the hearts of many American yachtsmen that the honor of lifting the America's Cup should fall to the lot of the sporting owner of the three boats called after the national emblem of the country where Sir Thomas

Lipton and yacht racing first saw the light.

Up to 1844, England was almost alone in her yachting glory. About this period yacht racing sprung up in popular favor in the United States. Added stimulus was given to the sport by the formation of a club known as the New York Yacht Club, which was organized in the same year. In 1846 the first American match was sailed, over a course of 50 miles. The race was between the *Maria*, a type of boat known as the centerboard sloop, the property of Mr. J. C. Stevens, and a schooner named *Coquette*, owned by a Mr. Perkins. The race resulted in a victory for the *Coquette*.

Spurred by his defeat, Stevens commissioned a yacht builder named Steers to construct a racing yacht of 170 tons, and which was placed on exhibition at the great World's Fair held in London in 1851. This yacht, the *America*, was typical of the best skill of the famous designer. In construction she was much



Crew of Reliance Going on Board

after the shape of the English iron cutter *Mosquito*, a yacht with a length of 59 feet 2 inches along her water line, and measuring 50 tons. The *America*, however, had a very long and hollow bow, and her fullness aft was considerable. She crossed the Atlantic in 1851. Commodore Stevens himself was in charge of the boat, but she was disqualified for entry for the Queen's Cup at Cowes early in August of that year because of the refusal of Mr. Stevens to concede the usual time allowance for difference in size. The captain of the *America* then issued a challenge to the yachting world, backing his boat against all comers, irrespective of length, sail area or tonnage. The Royal Yacht Squadron were prompt in responding to the challenge, and matters were arranged so that the American boat was allowed to sail on the 22d of August for the Yacht Squadron's Cup, valued at \$500, which had been subscribed for but a few months previously. The course lay around the

Isle of Wight, just at the entrance to Southampton Water.

The greatest interest was displayed in the race, and *Queen Victoria* was one of the spectators on board the Royal Yacht *Albert and Victoria*, which was anchored near the starting line.

The names of the British yachts against which the *America* competed were the *Gypsy Queen*, the *Beatrice*, the *Aurora*, the *Freak*, the *Arrow*, *Constance*, the *Eclipse*, the *Brilliant* and the *Bacchante*. The competing yachts lined up a few minutes before ten in the morning, and at ten sharp the starter fired his signal. The *America* was the very last to cross the line, but, once under way, she quickly gained on her competitors. Half an hour after the start she showed her heels to the *Beatrice*, the *Constance* and the *Aurora*, and before noon her colors flapped back to the whole fleet. The race was not finished until long after dark, when the *America* was timed shortly after 9 p.m., as having run her course, with the

Aurora coming in second, but 14 minutes behind. All the other competitors, except three, dropped out, and the last boat that finished the course arrived at 20 minutes past one in the morning, or about four hours after the America. Such, briefly, is the interesting history of the great America's Cup which our sporting friends on the other side of the water have for the past 52 years been breaking their hearts to win back.

There is much speculation abroad as to the relative merits of the 1903 challenger for the America's Cup and the defender, Reliance. Shamrock III. has been described as a yacht as normal as could be produced under the rules governing contests for the America's Cup, and as less of a machine and more of a ship than we are accustomed to see in these times. For this reason alone she is entitled to the respect of all men who love the sea, whether she wins or whether she loses. In the recent trials between her and Shamrock I. the new challenger proved herself to be much faster than

the older boat, no matter under what conditions they were sailed. Shamrock III. is at her best when sailing to windward in a breeze of anything up to 12 knots. In such conditions she has proved herself a better boat than Shamrock I. by 32 seconds in a mile, which, in these days of fast sailing, is something to be proud of.

At the present writing, and assuming that the Reliance will be the yacht selected by the New York Yacht Club to defend the America's Cup, and calculating on the measurements given below, the Reliance will probably have to concede to Shamrock III. at least one minute over a 30-mile course on the day of the race. The Reliance, over all, measures 143 feet; her beam is 25 feet 8 inches, and her draft 19 feet 6 inches. Shamrock III., over all, measures 138 feet (just five feet less than the Reliance); her beam is only 24 feet, but her draft is the same as the Reliance, 19 feet 6 inches. The racing length of the Reliance is 106 feet, while that of Shamrock



The Reliance Preparing for a Run to Stretch Her Sails

III. is only 103. Her sail area, however, is larger than that of Reliance. Shamrock III. has a deeper and narrower hull than Reliance. Her fin is shorter, and it is thought that her tendency to plunge or pitch into the water when the sea is choppy is much less than that of Reliance. If this is so, it is a factor much in favor of the challenger if her at-



The Reliance Just Before Starting for the Trial Races with the Columbia and Constitution

tempt to lift the cup is made in a good breeze.

Yachting is a sport which need not be confined to the wealthy. It can be enjoyed in a 19-footer to just as great an extent as on a 90-footer such as Shamrock III. and Reliance. Even if a 19-footer is not available, all the exhilarating effects of running before the wind can be enjoyed in a canoe with a small lug sail. The only thing to be careful about when sailing is the uncertainty and suddenness of fluky and squally winds, which occasionally bring disaster to the careless and slipshod yachtsman. This danger, however, is not so prevalent on the open sea as it is in land-locked bays, or on lakes, where squalls come down from the mountain side at very frequent intervals. Their advent is heralded by a shimmering ripple traveling over the water, and which the careful yachtsman sees just in time to enable him to prepare to meet it. All he has to do is to keep a cool head and simply slacken the rope or halyard which holds fast the end

of the sail near him and let his canvas flap idly in the wind. Thus no resistance is offered to the squall, and its action on the sail and boat passes harmlessly on. This is about the only danger signal to be pointed out to would-be yachtsmen. The technicalities and minor details of sailing cannot be adequately presented in an article limited in scope.

An earnest beginner, in the hands of a competent yachtsman, will very quickly grow familiar with all that is worth knowing in handling his boat.

Yachting is a splendid form of recreation, particularly for those who are unable to take exercise or go about on foot. The mind is constantly kept occupied, the pleasant and constant atmospheric alterations, the bracing freshness of the air, and the invigorating ozone, all have an exhilarating effect, and tend to increase the circulation, induce deep breathing, quiet unduly excited nerves, and gently stimulate those which are dulled by invalidism. Of course, for invalids, yachting is a sport which it would be advisable for them to follow only in very calm weather, or in a sea and wind that can be relied upon. When sailing on a lake, however, or in hugging headlands which are known to be dangerous on account of squalls, it is best not to be hampered with anybody except those who are capable of looking out for themselves

in an emergency. It is on these occasions that mental quickness and physical exertion of a high degree are called into action. The center of buoyancy of the boat and the equilibrium of those in her change almost every minute, and these are times when physical strength and mental acumen are the only barriers between an exciting sail, an upset, and perhaps disaster.

These are dangers which are almost entirely absent in rowing. True it is that from a purely muscular point of view rowing has far and away more to recommend it than yachting, but for excitement and convenience yachting sets the pace to rowing and sculling. What is there more delightful than stepping into a 19-footer alone, clad in flannels, with the consciousness of being able to explore waters and negotiate distances which it would be folly or impossible to attempt under similar conditions in a row boat? The writer can recall occasions, way back in his teens, when he covered a distance of sixty miles between noon and sundown alone and unaided by another hand.

It is with equal, if not greater, pleasure he recalls other days spent running before the wind in the stern of a lugger with a fairer hand than his to guide the rudder. When this can be said of yachting he must be a very choleric gentleman indeed who will not admit that yachting



Shamrock III. Passing Sandy Hook in the Early Morning of Sunday, June 14, 1903. The Photograph Shows Her Following Sir Thomas Lip-ton's Steam Yacht Erin at the End of a Long Cable

has more to recommend it than any other sport.

THE IDEAL FIGURE



GREAT many persons have written us, asking for the exact measurements of the ideal figure. The "ideal" figure is something hard to define. We have always contended that where there was harmony of proportion, proper strength, and good health, the development

was natural, i. e., what nature intended should be the proportions for a body of that particular type.

Artists, however, have in all times sought to show forth the ideal type of man. A figure that should possess the greatest possible beauty; most perfect physical development, and greatest beau-

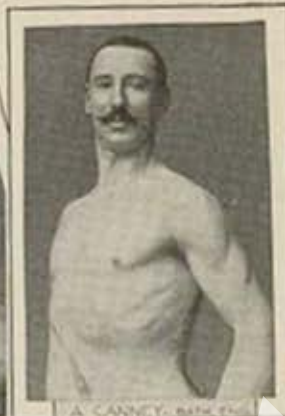
ty. Dr. Chas. Rochet, of Paris, a sculptor of renown, gave the following as the proper measurements of the ideal figure:

The head, from top of crown to base, measured through the center, should be 9 inches high in the male and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches high in the female.

The trunk should measure three lengths of the head; the arms, from the middle of the chest, four lengths each; and the thighs should measure two lengths of the head.

The ideal masculine figure, according to this sculptor, therefore, would be a trifle short of 6 feet in height.

The outcome of the approaching contests for determining the most perfectly developed man and the most perfectly developed woman in the world will establish standards worthy of universal recognition.



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Stark Center

THE STRENUOUS LOVER

Original Story by *Bernarr Macfadden*

Revised with the Assistance of *John R. Coryell*

"The Strenuous Lover" is being dramatized and arrangements are being made to put it on the stage as early as possible. The difficulty in securing professional or amateur actors and actresses whose physique and development are in harmony with the principal characters in "The Strenuous Lover" is very great. The play will be staged quite as elaborately as any drama of the day, and no expense or pains will be spared in accomplishing this. The author will be glad to receive communications from professional and amateur actors and actresses who deem themselves physically and otherwise capable of doing justice to "The Strenuous Lover." All communications with reference to this matter must be accompanied by photographs of the applicants in costume, together with an epitome of their careers on the stage.—EDITOR.

XX



It was appalling and it was incredible to Arthur that Charles Morgan could be the man who belonged in Helen's life; but there was no time then to study the matter; for Morgan, after a sudden start at the sight of Arthur, had continued to approach.

Arthur neither spoke nor moved, and Morgan, after that first movement, came toward him with no alteration of pace, but with a face distorted by an expression of hatred so malignant that it was actually Satanic.

He passed so close to Arthur that his shoulder brushed the latter's coat. Their eyes met and exchanged messages which it would have been difficult to translate into words.

But Morgan did not turn into the house from which Arthur had just emerged. He passed on, leaving with Arthur nothing more than a consciousness of a hatred implacable and undying.

"Is it an accident that he is here?" Arthur asked himself, as his eyes followed the tall, stalwart figure rapidly being lost in the early twilight of a winter's day.

He drew the piece of torn photograph from his pocket and tried to study it in the dim light; and when that proved futile, he tried to recall for comparison the

hair and forehead of Morgan and those in the photograph.

"How can it be? How can it?" he murmured to himself in misery. "What has such as he to do in the life of a woman like Helen Bertram? Besides," he thought, with a sense of reassurance, "if she had known him she would have told me, since she was fully aware of a part, at least, of my relation toward him."

Satisfying himself with this thought, he turned away from the house and set out to prosecute his inquiries regarding the truckman who had taken the furniture for Helen and her mother.

Hardly had he turned the corner of the street when at the other end of the block the tall figure of Charles Morgan came stealthily into view. He had, in fact, been watching the man he so hated; and, now that he was out of sight, came swiftly toward the house from which Arthur had just come.

His movements were almost a repetition of Arthur's. He pushed the electric button of the flat in which the Bertrams had been living several times until at last the door was opened.

"Curse them!" he muttered savagely, as he entered the house, "did they know I was here?"

The gas was lighted in the top hall by the time he reached there, and the woman and her child were standing there

to greet him just as they had been in Arthur's case.

"Ho!" cried the woman triumphantly, as she recognized him, "you're too late. She's gone!"

But Morgan, taken aback and surprised as he undoubtedly was, had not been educated in the shifty practice of the criminal lawyer to lose his presence of mind even at such an unexpected rebuff as this.

"She's gone!" he repeated, his black eyes searching her face. "Who's gone? What do you mean?"

"I mean Miss Helen's gone; that's what I mean."

A part, at least, of the truth flashed instantly into Morgan's mind, and, suppressing the savage oath that leaped to his lips, he cried out so naturally as to quite deceive the woman:

"Gone? Of course she's gone; nobody knows that better than I do. That's what I came to see you about."

"Well, you can't get anything out of me, I can tell you."

Morgan laughed with very well simulated amusement.

"I know I couldn't if I wanted to; Helen told me you were too good a friend of hers to betray her willingly; but I don't want to get anything out of you. I only want to make sure you won't let anybody else trick you into telling where Helen has gone."

"Where she's gone? Not very likely to, I guess, since I don't know myself. I wonder Miss Helen didn't tell you that."

"It wasn't necessary," he said indifferently, though secretly cursing the woman for her shrewdness. "What she was afraid of was that you might unintentionally say something to put her enemy on her track."

"Her enemy!" repeated the woman, with a little laugh. "I wonder what he looks like. He isn't a tall, dark man, is he?"

"You might describe him that way," he answered, with every appearance of not comprehending her very plain allusion to his own personal appearance, "but he isn't as dark as I am, nearly. The fact is, however," he went on, with all the theatrical impressiveness he had

learned to use in addressing juries, "she wanted me to beg you to simply refuse to talk to anybody about her. She does not know, I don't know, that the man she fears will know that she ever lived here, but he may discover it, and he is so clever that he may worm something out of you that you may not think is of any consequence."

"If I don't know anything how can I say anything?" the woman cried sharply, her face betraying a certain perturbation; for now that Arthur was gone and Morgan was there speaking in a quiet tone of authority, she began to feel misgivings.

"That is true, of course," Morgan said, shrugging his shoulders as if he realized that there was no more to say on that subject. "But I suppose Helen felt so nervous about this man that she couldn't help sending me to ask you to please be careful. By the way! I might as well give you a little description of the man in case he should come. He's not as tall as I am, and not so dark. He has brown eyes, and everybody calls him a very handsome man. He's an actor, and can put on any kind of look to suit the occasion."

"It's all very well telling me to look out for him," the woman said nervously, "but how do I know it's not you I'm to look out for? I don't know who you are."

"That's true enough," he answered good-naturedly; "for all you know I may be Helen's worst enemy. But whether I am or not won't matter in this case, for I'm not asking any questions of you, and all I am asking you to do is not to say anything about Miss Bertram to anyone. You will admit that there can't be anything wrong in that?"

"No, I s'pose not," she replied uneasily; and then snapped sharply to the little girl: "Do stop pulling my dress!"

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the child, who had been unusually silent up to this moment, "maybe that was a bad man."

"You hush, or I'll send you inside!" The opportunity Morgan had been waiting for had come. He pretended to give a start of extreme surprise, and cried out sternly:

"Is it possible that fellow Raymond has been here, and that you have be-

trayed something to him? Oh, madam! madam!"

"I didn't know anything about him. He didn't get much out of me, anyhow."

"Merciful heaven! poor Helen! poor Helen!" he cried tragically, as if plunged into the deepest grief by the circumstance. "Alas! what shall I do now? Is it possible that you have discovered Helen's hiding place and have let her enemy know it?"

"No such thing," answered the alarmed woman, becoming at last a facile instrument for the clever and unscrupulous lawyer to play upon: "I only told him he might go to the stables on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth or Sixth street to see if he could find the truckman that took her furniture."

"How long ago was that?"

"Just now. Why, you might almost have met him on the stairs."

"Then if I hurry I may head him off. You are sure he could have learned nothing else?"

"I let him into the flat, and he saw the upper part of a photograph that had been torn; a photograph of you, I do believe it was."

"There was nothing else?" he demanded, giving her no time for reflection.

"Nothing. Oh, I hope I haven't done anything—"

"I hope not, but I don't know. I'll hurry after him. Oh, if he comes again be sure to say nothing of my visit, or you may do worse harm."

"I won't, indeed I won't!" the woman cried.

Morgan had accomplished as much as he could hope to, and made all haste away from the house, eager to carry out a terrible thought that had been suggested to him by his evil brain.

"Curse him!" he muttered as he strode swiftly down the street, "does he think he can take Helen from me as he did Amelia? He will discover before he is through with me that he had better never to have crossed my path."

Arthur was indeed to discover that no man ever had a more subtle, dangerous or unscrupulous enemy than he had in Charles Morgan.

The latter, who knew the neighborhood better than Arthur, was perfectly well aware that the stables to which the wom-

an had alluded were in One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street; but instead of going to them, as he had made her believe he would, he went with all possible speed to a house on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, passed through a liquor saloon into a back room, and there tapped at a side door in a peculiar way.

A sliding panel opened in the door on a level with his face, and he was studied for a moment by a pair of keen eyes on the other side.

"It's all right, Billy," Morgan said familiarly.

The door was instantly opened, and Morgan glided through the opening. A stairway led to the upper floor, though it needed one familiar with the place to find it as readily in the pitchy darkness as he did. Up the stairs he leaped rapidly, and at the top came to a door, on which he again knocked in a peculiar manner.

As at the first door, he was admitted only after scrutiny, but evidently he had now passed all the barriers, and was at the end of his journey, for he was in a luxuriously furnished room, occupied at the moment by only half a dozen men, but plainly enough arranged for purposes of gambling.

"Hello, Charlie!" was the friendly greeting he received.

"Hello!" was his preoccupied response. "Where's Red Connor?"

"Here I am, Charlie; what do you want? Got another lamb to be shorn?"

There was a general low laugh at the speaker's words as he came leisurely forward from a corner of the room where he had not been visible to Morgan. He was a sharp-faced man, with sandy hair, small, restless hazel eyes, and a wiry frame. His speech was the least bit drawling, but his manner was alert, and marked by a certain aggressiveness, which, taken with his fastidiously clothed person, might easily impress the casual observer with the idea that he was a gentleman.

"Come into the other room!" said Morgan, sharply, leading the way into the front room, which was separated from the other by portieres.

"Nothing wrong?" queried the gambler.

"No; but I want you to do a piece of work for me right away."

"Oh, go on!" the other drawled.

"You know Murphy's stables?"

"On Twenty-sixth? Yes."

"A man by the name of Arthur Raymond has just been there—may be there now—to ask about a truck that took some furniture for a lady on One-thirty-fifth this morning. He's after the address of the new house. Did he get the address? What about him, anyhow? Find out all you can. Hurry!"

"What sort of looker?" demanded the gambler, imperturbably.

"Tall, brown-eyed, handsome, powerful."

The gambler stood a moment in reflection, then left the room without a word more to anyone even as he passed through the other apartment.

It might have been something more than half an hour that Morgan waited for the return of his emissary, and during all that time he paced the room a prey to bitter, hateful thoughts. Nor was he disturbed by the intrusion of any of those in the other room, an evidence of his importance in the place.

He turned and stood facing the other room when finally the sound of the opening of the door fell on his ears; and when the imperturbable gambler entered through the portieres his black eyes eagerly questioned him.

"Dead easy," said the gambler. "He'd only just gone, taking with him the information that the truck was stabled there, but that the driver was out then. That he could be seen before daylight in the morning, or in the evening, about seven. Your man will call again to-morrow night."

Morgan's dark face lighted up and a horrible oath leaped from his lips as he ejaculated his approval of the other.

"You always get there," he said.

"I mean to," was the drawling response.

"Now there's another thing, a little uglier, to do, but I want it done," said Morgan.

"Well?"

"When that man Raymond goes to the stable to-morrow night I want him done up."

"Killed?"

"No. I only want him spoiled a little. Can't you get some of the outside gang to decoy him into some quiet place and spoil his good looks? They may have his watch and money, too."

"How much spoiled?"

"Break his nose or his jaw; anything to rob him of his good looks!" was the answer, with the savage ferocity of a wild beast, "but don't finish him, for I am saving him for worse than that. Curse him! How I hate him!"

"And what do I get out of it?" asked the gambler, calmly.

"You may pluck the pigeon bare to-night, and keep all you get. I'll see that he comes here."

The gambler half closed his ferret-like eyes and studied Morgan in silence for a few moments, but presently smiled knowingly as he drawled:

"I begin to see, Charlie; this man Raymond is Arnold's employer. Deep, Charlie! Deep!"

"What makes you think that?" Morgan demanded angrily.

"Oh," drawled the other, "figures are in my line, and occasionally I put two and two together. I heard you and him talking about Raymond the other night."

An oath broke from Morgan's lips, and there was more of threatening in his manner than in his words as he hissed fiercely:

"Curse you, Connor! I don't like to be spied on. Play your own game, and let me play mine."

The gambler looked at him very calmly, drawing:

"Play your own game as much as you want to, Charlie, but don't think you can draw me into it, and then play me for a fool. I generally know what I'm doing. I can be dumb, but I won't be blind. I can see that you're playing for a big stake, and I'm not going to do your dirty work for a few hundreds while you, maybe, salt away the thousands."

"Perhaps you forget," snarled Morgan, "that if it wasn't for me you'd be doing time in Sing Sing."

"If both of us got our deserts from the law," the other retorted coolly, "both of us would be doing time—and a lot of it. As for what you've done for me, why I'd be rotting behind the bars now if I hadn't been useful to you. So don't

talk sentiment to me. Play fair with me and I'll play fair with you."

"What do you want?" snarled Morgan.

"I want to be let in on the ground floor. How much is there in this deal?"

"I don't know myself, but I expect to find out to-night."

"Well, do I come into the game?"

"What are your terms?"

"One third. That gives you one-third for your share and one-third for your brains."

"And you'll see that Raymond is done up to-morrow night?"

"Sure."

"Don't make the mistake of thinking him too easy, for he's a very tough proposition."

"So is a piece of lead pipe. Does one-third go?"

"Yes, it goes," Morgan answered sullenly; then added, as if he had made up his mind to accept the terms gracefully, "and I don't mind saying your third ought to be worth ten thousand."

"That's talking."

CHAPTER XXI.

It is a fortunate thing that premonition of impending evil is very rare, if not absolutely non-existent; for what would life be if the future were dark with the brooding of undefined terrors?

Certainly Arthur was better off for guessing nothing of the foul plot that was being hatched against him. He went home, troubled indeed, but only by the thoughts of Helen Bertram, which the events of the afternoon had rendered inevitable.

At the outset he had taken counsel only of his passionate love for Helen, and had hastened to her house; now, full of the disappointment of not finding her, depressed by the knowledge of the mystery in her life, and disturbed more, even, than he realized by the phantom of Charles Morgan which had passed so ominously between him and the woman he loved, he strode through the streets so absorbed in his painful thoughts that he could not have been more alone if he had been in the midst of a desert waste.

On reaching home, however, he was wrenched out of himself by the information imparted by Margie that his brother

Robert was violent, and that his father was too weak to cope with him.

Asking Herbert to assist him, he hurried to the room which served for the confinement of the poor wretch, and there found him straining at his chains and emitting those dreadful, inarticulate sounds common to those in his condition.

Heartsick at the necessity, Arthur and Herbert grappled with the maniac and put upon him a straight-jacket kept for the purpose; but as they finally left the room, Arthur cried out:

"It is barbarous, Herbert. There must be a better way than this. Besides, this is not life, but the degradation of it! Oh, if father would but let me try the experiment of the natural method of cure for poor Robert!"

"You would try it yourself, Arthur?" Herbert asked in surprise.

"No! Oh no! But I have been seeking the right man for some time, and I have discovered one who keeps a sanitarium up the Hudson River, who thinks it possible to cure Robert, though he can give no opinion until he has seen him."

"Have you spoken to your father about it?"

"I have, but Dr. Brayton has convinced him that nothing is possible in the way of cure, and I have no right to take a step without father's consent."

"It is true, but alas! that you cannot prevail upon him to at least listen to the doctor you have found. Is he a doctor, by the way?"

"Yes, he is a highly educated regular physician, but he practices the natural method altogether. I would urge father more insistently if it were not that he is so far from well himself. Oh, why have I not the eloquence to convince my own parents and my sister of the folly of the old way? There is Maude going to the hospital to-morrow to be operated on, to be ruined for life, and nothing I can say is of any avail!"

"Why not make one more effort after dinner, Arthur? Margie has been talking to Maude to-day, and it may be that something you might say would turn her from her purpose; for it can't be that she likes the thought of the ordeal she is to undergo."

Dinner could not be otherwise than a

dull, almost mournful meal in the Raymond household that evening, for of all who sat down to it only Margie and her husband were free from preoccupation of a painful nature; while they, happy to overflowing in their well-rounded lives, felt the weight of sadness that rested on the others.

But they soon escaped to their own room, where baby Gertrude awaited them, and where all was joy and peace and contentment; while Arthur, glancing from the drawn face of his father and the troubled, anxious one of his mother, to where Maude sat, wondered why it was that when he carried to them a message of hope, they refused to accept it.

"Do you go to the hospital to-morrow, Maudie?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes, I do, but I don't want to talk about it. The surgeon said I was not to be worried or troubled about anything."

"I don't want to trouble you, dear," he answered, "but I have been thinking that it was natural enough that you should not give much weight to my opinion, and that I ought to have it backed up by some good doctor's."

"Excuse me if I go to my room, Arthur," Maude said, rising and going to the door. "It is useless to open a discussion that can do no good."

Arthur saw the door close on his sister, and felt utterly helpless. He turned to his mother with a cry of despair.

"Mother," he said, "won't you do something? Call in a good, disinterested physician, and have his opinion."

"Why, Arthur," she answered, "I didn't suppose you believed there was such a thing as a good, disinterested physician. I am sure I gained the impression that you believed all doctors humbugs."

"I never have believed or said such a thing," he cried earnestly. "I consider the profession of healing as one of the noblest in the world, and I know well that there are many physicians who take a high and serious view of their work. My complaint is against those who enter the profession of medicine without any other purpose than to make an easy and respectable living; who only study enough to pass their examinations and get their diplomas; and who neither study after-

ward, nor really think at any time. They practice by formula, and prescribe on the hit-or-miss plan."

"I am sure I am glad to know that you don't condemn all doctors," his mother said.

"I am so far from condemning them that I even am prepared to say that I believe the medical profession holds within its ranks some of the noblest, truest men living."

He rose and went to the door, seeing that it would only distress his parents to urge them to interfere to save Maude from the terrible knife. The subject must be abandoned, and Maude must suffer. Alas! that it was so.

The servant handed him a letter as he left the room, saying it had just been brought to the house. He went up to the sitting-room to read it, and on reaching there carelessly looked at the address. He recognized the handwriting at once, and uttered a little cry of dismay. The letter was from Amelia.

Not two months had passed since Amelia had given him back his ring, but it seemed to him as if an age had elapsed since that distressing episode. The coming of Helen into his life had so dwarfed the figure of Amelia that this reminder of her gave him a painful start by the sudden recall of the importance she had once been to him.

He wondered what she could have to say to him, and prolonged the opening of the letter. If it had been from Helen he would have torn the envelope open; now he slowly took out his knife and carefully cut the end. Then he sighed, and drew the letter out of the envelope.

The faint odor of violets that hung about the paper brought back to him Amelia's love of those flowers; and the sight of her pretty, round handwriting recalled the many affectionate words she had put on paper for his happiness.

He sank sadly enough into a chair, the unread letter in his hand, and the questioning thoughts came: Was he fickle in love? Had he ever really loved Amelia? Was it love he felt for Helen? How could he be sure that he would not turn from her as he had turned from Amelia?

He did not put the questions away from him unanswered, as a weaker man would have done, but faced them all manfully.

He could not, and did not, blame himself for what had taken place between him and Amelia, but if inconstancy were a characteristic of his, then while there was time he would cry halt to his heart, and, let the pain be what it might, he would spare Helen any possibility of unhappiness by withdrawing from his pursuit of her.

"But I do love Amelia now," he murmured, answering his own questions. "I love her as well as ever I did. If I had married her, even had she been well, it would have been a terrible mistake, for there was between us none of that physical drawing which so many call passion, thinking to debase it. When I was in Amelia's presence I felt nothing of that; when I am with Helen I throb and thrill. If that were all, I should feel that it was the animal in me alone that was moved, but it is only a part. Besides that there is spiritual exaltation. If I feel the sweet thrill of passion, without which marriage would be a farce and an unholy mockery, I also experience the spiritual and moral exaltation which comes from the contact with a nature attuned to and complementing my own."

He had never analyzed his feelings in just this way before, and he did so now with a distinct sense of relief. He felt more at peace with himself, knowing that whatever pain Amelia might have suffered, she, at least, was infinitely better off than she could have been in becoming his wife.

"What if I had married her and met Helen afterward?" he asked himself.

The horror of the question was a sufficient answer to itself, as well as to any doubts of his constancy that had insinuated themselves in his brain. He unfolded the letter and read it:

"Dear Arthur: I want you to come and see me as one friend visits another. Because we are no longer in the relation of lovers is no reason why we should cease to be friends. I know as well as you now that we ought not have been lovers at all, but should have remained the friends we have been all our lives. How much harm is done us by the ignorance in which we are lovingly kept by those who should enlighten us! I know a lot more than I did; really I do. I was

such a little ignoramus I wonder you had any patience with me at all.

"Do come in just as soon as you can, if only to see what even a short time of rational dressing and living can do. Can you imagine this little butterfly of an Amelia without corsets? Oh yes, I dare to say that improper word right out loud—CORSETS! And two meals a day! Honest! No meat—not even a shred! Windows wide open at night! A physical culture girl? I guess I am. Poor papa! How he would like his third meal again! But no, I am firm; I am determined that he shall have no more indigestion. I am only sorry he doesn't wear corsets so I could make him take them off. I am just as crazy as you were to reform everybody. Papa says I'm a Mugwump, but I don't know about that; I'm afraid a Mugwump isn't something nice. Is it?"

"Now, be sure you come. I want to know about this girl you are in love with. You see I know all about it. I went to Margie, and got it all out of her.

"Affectionately, your little friend,
"AMELIA."

"God bless the little woman!" Arthur exclaimed, starting to his feet as he read the last word. "What a heart of gold she has!"

Within five minutes he was in the parlor of the Winsted house; and a very few minutes later there was a swift pattering of little feet on the stairs, followed by the appearance of Amelia.

He took a step toward her, but she ran smilingly toward him with both hands outstretched, so much like the merry, sprightly Amelia of the days before aches and pains were known to her, that he could not suppress the wondering cry of "Why, Amelia!" as he took the two little hands in his.

"I am so glad to see you again, you naughty boy!" she cried frankly, putting him quite at his ease at once. "This is so much better than hiding behind curtains to get a look at you. Sit down! No! Look at me first! Short skirt, red cheeks, bright eyes, big waist. Am I improved?"

"You are like yourself. It would be hard to improve on that."

"Good. You may go up ahead for that; and sit down, too."

"But indeed you are even better to look at than ever you were," Arthur said, conscious, in a most delightful way, of a perfect brotherliness toward her; "and are you feeling better?"

"Why, I am almost well. Of course, I can't walk as Margie can, but I do pretty well. Oh dear! I have tried so hard to coax Maude to try our way. Do you notice that I call it our way? Wasn't it horrid of me, the way I acted when you tried to advise me?"

"Why, you wanted to be convinced, I suppose, and I went at it in a clumsy fashion that repelled you."

"No; it wasn't that," she said, "I was horrid; but it was a good thing, too. If it hadn't been for that we would have been married, and then there would have been unhappiness. Yes, Arthur, I'm going to talk about it and get rid of it. I know now, as well as you, that I didn't love you in the right way any more than you did me. We loved like real good friends, and that was all; and now we may go on loving in the same way, mayn't we?"

"I shall be so glad to have you for a friend, Amelia. I can't tell you how unhappy I have been over it."

"And haven't I, though? At first, after I was so horrid, I repented, and used to hide behind the curtains to watch for you; and I thought my heart was broken. I wished every day that you would come back to me. Then I took to curing myself in the sensible way—your way, you know. And I began to look into all sorts of things that I had been ignorant about—myself, for example; and you can't guess how much I learned. Anyhow, I learned that friendship isn't enough to marry on. Now I'm as glad as you that the engagement was broken. Do tell me what her name is!" she interjected abruptly.

Arthur blushed and laughed together, but Amelia had put him into such good spirits, with her arch, merry ways, that he answered without a moment of hesitation:

"Helen Bertram."

"What a lovely name! And she is beautiful, of course?"

"The most beautiful"—He stopped in confusion. Amelia laughed gaily, exclaiming:

"Go on! I don't mind. But do you love her very much?" And the laughing face grew suddenly serious.

"Very, very much."

"Ah yes," she said sympathetically, and leaned over and stroked his hand gently, "it is easy to see that you do. You are not making any mistake this time, Arthur. And she? Does she love you in the same way?"

"I don't know that she cares anything at all for me," he answered, his face falling.

"Oh my!" Amelia murmured, her sweet face betraying her concern. "I didn't mean to be indiscreet. I wouldn't have been so free if I had known."

"You haven't been indiscreet," he cried eagerly. "If you would care to hear about it I shall be glad to tell you. Somehow I couldn't tell Margie; but you and I have been confidants so many years that it seems easy to tell you."

"I shall be so glad to have you. Is she little like me? Or is she big?"

"Neither. She is——"

"Just right. I know," laughingly interposed Amelia. "Oh, Arthur, you just are in love, and I'm so glad. Now go on!"

And Arthur poured his story into the sympathetic ears of the honest, earnest little woman who had had the courage to convert a failure in love into a success in friendship.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was not only a comfort, but equally a benefit to Arthur to be able to express himself fully concerning his love for Helen Bertram. He thereby formulated many thoughts which had been lying in half obscurity before, and, too, Amelia's questions brought new light to bear on old thoughts.

Helen's reticence and the mystery in her life troubled Amelia greatly, for she could not comprehend them. Her own life was so open and frank that it was hard for her to reconcile mystery with perfect purity and innocence. But after hearing all Arthur could tell her of Helen, she summed up her thoughts in a few sweet, womanly words:

"I wish there was not the mystery, Arthur," she said, "but I know I am not a proper judge, since my life has been

an easy one. Helen's has been one of trial, it is very evident. She has had to earn her living, and she has been poor. I have been shielded from all the enemies which make an unprotected girl's life so hard to endure. You have talked with her, and your own honest nature has judged hers. I trust your impressions, your judgment."

"And what do you think I ought to do about seeking for her?"

Amelia smiled as she answered with a charming frankness:

"Well, you know, it is a compliment to her that you want to see her so much that you are willing to take any trouble to find her. If she does care for you she will be glad to have you find her; and if she doesn't care for you, you will be none the worse off for having found her."

"And what do you think of Charles Morgan?"

"I don't want to think of him at all, for I shudder every time I do. I remember with shame that I almost yielded to him that time he asked me to marry him. Maybe Miss Bertram knows him just about as I did; only she is wiser than I, and knows enough to drive him away from her. If I were you, I'd ask her the plain question when you find her."

When Arthur finally left Amelia he felt as if the situation had been greatly cleared up; and the next day he was enabled to better endure the suspense of waiting, and was no longer haunted by the fear that he perhaps ought not persist in hunting for Helen.

He threw himself into the work of the office with an energy that accomplished marvels, and also helped to carry him through the time until he went to the studio.

He had hoped that the sculptor might have learned something in the meantime, but the instant question of Mr. Bernardo deprived him of that hope.

"Did you discover anything?" the latter asked eagerly.

Arthur explained how he had found the apartment vacated, and told what he had done and intended yet to do in order to find Helen.

"Ah!" cried the sculptor, after listening to the end, "I do not understand it; I am fearful for that splendid girl. She

is not one to run from a mere phantom. It is not you, Mr. Raymond, but that other man. There is villainy in this, you may be sure. She is the personification of innocence and purity. I would stake my reputation on that."

"Oh, surely!" cried Arthur, showing that no doubt had entered his brain.

"You must find her to help her, Mr. Raymond. She is young, she is magnificently beautiful; she is a victim. I can see it as if I knew everything."

These things were easy for the sculptor to say, and quite as easy for Arthur to believe, but they did nothing to make the situation any clearer; and to ring all the possible changes on the subject got them no nearer to a solution.

But the more he thought on the matter the more confirmed Arthur was in his determination to prosecute the search for Helen. He reasoned that Helen might not love him, indeed, but that she might need the help of a devoted friend.

Dinner that evening was a gloomy affair, owing to the fact that Maude had left home for the hospital. Nothing was said on the subject, but the ghastly thought of the pending operation was present in every mind, unconsciously, with them all, affecting their conversation.

So it was a distinct relief to Arthur to exchange the atmosphere of depression for one of energetic action. He left the house as soon as possible, and shortly before seven o'clock entered the stables on One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

"Is the driver I was looking for here?" he asked.

"Very sorry, sir," answered the man in charge, giving Arthur an odd look, "but the man very unexpectedly threw up his job and has gone out of town. I don't even know where he's gone, but I'll try to find out, if you like."

Arthur frowned, and a suspicion entered his mind that he was not being fairly and openly dealt with; but when he questioned the man sharply, and was answered in a perfectly frank way, he could do nothing but accept the situation. He promised to reward the man if he would bring him into communication with the truck driver, and then reluctantly left the stables.

He walked up the block, and had

turned the corner, having determined to go to the flat again, when the sound of quick footsteps behind him was followed by an exclamation evidently addressed to him.

"Sa-ay, mister!"

"Did you want me?" he asked, turning around and examining the speaker.

"Was you lookin' fer Pat Glancey, the truck driver?" the other demanded.

"Yes. What do you know about him?"

"I know where he is all right," was the answer. "Them stiffs at the stable wouldn't put you on to where he was because he pulled out o' their stable this mornin', see? But he's a friend o' mine, see? and I'll show you where he lives if you like."

"Indeed I shall be very much obliged to you," Arthur answered eagerly. "Will you take me to him now?"

"Sure! Come on!"

Arthur followed him without a moment's hesitation. It did not occur to him to be suspicious, although he naturally studied the man as well as he could as they went along.

His guide was a young man, certainly not over twenty-two or three, shabbily dressed, and with a certain swaggering air that was not reassuring, but which, in fact, caused Arthur to say instinctively:

"How did you happen to know I was looking for Glancey?"

"I was hangin' around the stable. I ain't got no steady job, an' I puts in me time there, takin' me chances."

"Oh!" said Arthur, satisfied with the explanation, and at the same time struck by the thought that something more than friendship for the truck driver was involved in the young man's conduct. "Let me give you a dollar for your trouble."

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket as he spoke, and, unconscious of the greedy, glittering eyes of his companion fixed hungrily on the money, pulled a dollar bill from the roll and gave it to him.

"Thank you, sir," the fellow said, thrusting the bill into his pocket and starting forward again.

Arthur took no especial note of the streets through which he was led, for he was so familiar with the city in general that he unconsciously assumed that

he would know where he was when their destination was reached.

He did feel a sense of surprise, mingled with a touch of dismay, when his guide turned into a street which had the appearance, on that block, of being deserted.

On either side of the street there were rows of houses, but the heaps in front of them told the story of their unfinished state; and even in the darkness, but faintly illumined by a distant electric light, it was easy to see that the houses were destined to the class known as cheap tenements.

"Is it near here?" Arthur asked, breaking a rather long silence.

"Yep; it's on this block. His cousin's a kind of night watchman, an' some o' the rooms is finished so's they can live in 'em."

If Arthur had been at all suspicious he would certainly have noted that the young man spoke jerkily, and in a nervous way, as if repeating a lesson he had not perfectly learned; but the explanation seemed sufficient to Arthur, and he followed again without a word.

When the young man, after going slowly and carefully down the block, studying the houses as he went, finally stopped in front of one a short distance beyond the middle of the row, Arthur said in surprise:

"It can't be here. This house is no further along than the others. Are you sure you've made no mistake?"

"That's all right, mister," was the response, in a tone of growing surliness. "I ain't makin' no mistake. The room is on the back. This is the house. Come on in!"

The uneasiness Arthur felt was altogether too vague to have any influence on him; so, after a moment of instinctive hesitation he followed the young man into the house by the lower door.

He was struck at once by the odor of damp plaster, a proof that notwithstanding the lowness of the temperature the masons were still at work on the houses; and he knew too much about building operations to believe that the house could be made habitable at such a stage of its existence in a cold winter month.

"Nobody could live in this house," he said sharply, "you must be mistaken. I

don't hear anybody, and there isn't a sign of a light."

"That's all right, mister," was the answer, "you'll hear somebody soon enough, and there'll be lights."

Something in the tone, something in the general situation, brought Arthur to an undefined but strong sense of danger, and he stopped short in the narrow hallway.

"I think I'll wait outside," he said decisively. "Bring Glancey outside!"

"Wait a minute!" the fellow said quickly, and then raised his voice to a louder tone and called: "Hello, Pat!"

There was no answer, but Arthur, all

alert now, heard faint footsteps and the soft rustling of clothing, as if more than one person was stealthily approaching him from behind.

"Who's there?" he cried sharply, facing about.

Instantly the silence was complete, and he was no longer aware of even his guide's presence. And now, at last, the thought of treachery flashed into his brain, and he was preparing himself to meet it, when a sudden flood of light flashed into his eyes, followed by swift footsteps approaching him from behind, and then a blow upon the head that sent him reeling, half unconscious, against the wall.

(To be continued.)

VACCINATION VICTIMS

S. M. V.



ABOUT the middle of January, 1903, a ship sailed into the harbor of New London, Conn., flying signals of distress. Investigation disclosed that a member of the crew was a sufferer from smallpox, and the captain was, naturally, desirous of landing his unwelcome companion. Im-

mediately there was a stir. The health (?) officer appears, Washington is wired, the people oppose such action, the Mayor protests; but the health officer, a physician, of course, soon sees his way clearly, and orders the invalid ashore and carried to the detention hospital. Now, note what follows.

The public school board (upon which the medical profession is prominently represented) calls a meeting and at once orders the wholesale vaccination of every

child attending public schools. (Boards in the surrounding towns follow suit.) A week's time is granted for compliance with the order. The time passes, and so few have complied with the order that the time is extended for another week, after which every child presenting at the school a certificate of vaccination may be allowed to remain; all others are to be sent home. And should parents fail to comply with the ruling from their royal highnesses, they may expect prosecution under the Truancy law. The appointed day arrives, and the board takes account of stock. Less than fifty per cent. of the regular enrollment appears. What does it mean? That the parents are unwilling to have their children exposed to dangers greater than the disease? No, for few of them knew then what they have since learned, but simply that American people realize they are free by right, and refuse to be ordered like slaves. It might be added that the order has been rescinded.



ANOTHER SURGICAL HASH-UP

TO THE EDITOR,

Dear Sir :—The photographic reproductions in *PHYSICAL CULTURE* set me thinking, and reading the articles therein made me lose faith in the so-called "Medical Humbuggery" of the present day. Five years ago I developed a hip trouble, and life has been made miserable for me ever since. After trying all the "wise-men" in my home city and vicinity, I was advised to go to the State University Hospital—that there I would certainly be cured.

The cure runs as follows (it may make Physical Culturists smile): I was confined to bed and a sixteen-pound weight was applied, to relieve, I was told, the pressure in the joint. After about four weeks of this torture, a plaster cast, covering me from below the arms to the toes, was put on. Unable to move a joint with the exception of shoulders and neck, I was sent home, with instructions to return at the expiration of six weeks, to have another cast put on. But unlike the cat—I did not go back, and now, three years after, I am still trying to recover from the effects of that mummyfying process. Results were: the hip-joint ankylosed and an abscess formed. I submitted to an operation and now the "book-wise men" again say I am cured. But still there is pain and a portable extension brace to aid locomotion. And now the reason for writing. I want to warn sufferers of this terrible disease to **BEWARE OF PLASTER OF PARIS**—the cruellest and most barbarous treatment ever invented for this disease. The doctors in a great seat of learning, modern in every respect, unable to aid me, in the very first stage of hip trouble (before suppuration or any distressing symptoms had been detected), wisely shake their heads, cover over the trouble with plaster and send the patient home. And that in an age when we hear of the progress of medicine and surgery.

And now I ask kindly for advice through *PHYSICAL CULTURE* in the way of further treatment for my much-abused limb. I have some pain in hip joint, which is entirely stiff, no shortening of limb, but it is emaciated. Have no means to enter a Physical Culture Sanitarium. I am sure I could be entirely cured with proper treatment.

Please give me advice in any way, shape or manner, and you will gain the sincerest thanks and everlasting gratitude of one who has been a victim of doctors and druggists.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM GLEKWIN, Grand Haven.

Here is a sample of the methods of modern surgical science. It needs no comments. Our readers can form their own conclusion.

To the writer of this letter I would advise a thorough system of Physical Culture for developing and strengthening the internal functional system and building up the exterior muscles. Also special exercises for using and strengthening all the muscles of the affected limb. These methods, if continued a sufficient length of time, will undoubtedly bring about recovery. The application of cold, wet cloths to the affected part when pain is present will usually result in benefit.—EDITOR.



THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE

HOW IT IS CONSTRUCTED

By E. F.



The Foundation

In Figure 1 is shown the foundation of the structure. This, it will be observed, is very light consisting of but little more than skin and bone. It is absolutely necessary that it should be so in order to secure the best results, as the fashionable figure must be very slender. Flesh and muscle are unnecessary and inconvenient, hence, are discountenanced by the dictators of fashion. Upon this foundation is placed a framework as represented in Figure 2,

consisting of close-fitting

underwear, a corset of approved stylish pattern which, when tightly laced, will reduce the waist to fashionable proportions (this is of the utmost importance, as the perfection of the fashionable figure depends very largely upon the corset). The upper portion of this device is filled with the usual "bust-forms," to which is added such other filling as may be necessary to preserve the full and graceful contour of the corset; the lower portion thereof may be filled with hip-pads, and to the back is attached a stylish, flexible, automatic, back-action, birdcage bustle to secure the proper rear elevation of the superstructure; then, when the lower extremities are encased in fashionable



The Framework

hosiery and French-heeled shoes, and the hair is properly dressed, crimped, tousled and bushed up à la mode, by means of the usual devices, the framework, as shown in Figure 2, is complete.

Upon the above described framework is erected the ornamental superstructure as represented in Figure 3, which will, doubtless, be readily understood without further explanation.

It is quite possible that some captious cranks may attempt to criticize the figures here represented and make very unpleasant and indelicate remarks about "vital organs," "development," "health," and other such nauseating trivialities, but the devotee of fashion will understand that all such must be ignored. Fashionable society cannot tolerate anything of that nature. Fashion is a jealous goddess who requires

implicit, unquestioning obedience to all her dictates regardless of the opinions of the common herd of mankind, and her devotees must close their eyes and ears to everything that is not in perfect

harmony with those dictates; hence, the so-called laws of nature, rules of health, artistic standards of physical perfection and beauty, and all such tiresome nonsense, are to be regarded, or rather, disregarded,

as mere vulgar phantoms of whose existence the lady of fashion must be oblivious.

In fashionable circles it is generally conceded that one might as well be dead as out of fashion; therefore, those who desire to



The Superstructure

live and move in those delightful circles must cheerfully devote much time and earnest thought to all the numerous details that enter into the construction of the elaborate toilettes of the day and earnestly endeavor to make their figures conform strictly to the fashionable models regardless of all that others may say. There are many disagreeable people—some meddling doctors and those offensive "physical culture" creatures, and the like—who will not hesitate to declare that all the arts and devices of fashion fail to deceive intelligent people, that all her contrivances are so ridiculously simple that, to all well informed men—physicians and artists especially—the fully adorned, fashionable female figure appears perfectly transparent, so that their vision

readily penetrates all the external ornamentation and beholds the true inwardness of the most elaborate combinations so clearly that they could even describe and delineate all the details, including the corset, bosom pads, hip-pads, bustle and the form that sustains them, with a degree of accuracy that would surprise the owner thereof. But the true follower of fashion will not be influenced by the vulgar tirades of such people; she will simply ignore them, and calmly, steadily and zealously pursue the course mapped out for her by those dear creatures in our beloved Paris who are the recognized priests and priestesses of fashion, whose lightest suggestions we love to obey, and to whom be all honor, wealth and glory forever. Amen.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

Big Boast: "I feel it in my bones, Magdalen, I feel it in my bones that this Venezuela question will pop up again."

Wife (concerned): "I would see a physician, John. Mrs. Tellall told me about her husband feeling something in his bones, and it turned out to be the gout. He drinks excessively, too, you know."

Minister: "Has the child been christened?"

Mother: "To be sure. He hez the marks of the three plaishes on his left arm yet!"

It is a bad thing to take an orange in the forenoon. The little boy who tried it in a neighboring grocery store when he thought the clerk was not looking can vouch for the statement.

"Wife!" thundered the exasperated invalid from his bed, "tell that grinder to take his blinkety blanked squealing organ forever from our doorstep. Does he not know I am already suffering with an organic disease?"



WHY WE OVEREAT

By M. P. King



MUCH has been said in this magazine about the evil of overeating, and people everywhere are commencing to realize that this is the main cause of all our ills. But has anyone ever stopped to seriously consider the *real cause* of overeating? That we do overeat is manifest. But why do

we? It certainly cannot be natural to eat more than is necessary to sustain life and nourish the body, therefore what is the reason for it?

Let me answer. Overeating is caused by two things: Deficient mastication, and the abnormal mixing of foods at a meal! Have you ever given a thought to the variety of foodstuffs which goes into the stomach at an ordinary course dinner? Just count them, and you will find that from ten to fifteen different kinds of foods are eaten at one meal! Think of it! Under such circumstances how can we do other than overeat? Each different variety of food appeals to the palate in its own peculiar way, and the result is that we stuff ourselves before getting up from the table.

That this is so is easily proven. Take the breakfast as an example: Suppose a man sits down and eats as much oatmeal as he feels like eating. He will stop when the food palls on him, for this is the stomach's signal that it has enough. Now that man feels perfectly satisfied. He cannot eat any more oatmeal with relish. But what does he do? Does he heed Nature's warning, leave the table, and go about his daily labors without putting any more tax on his internal economy? No! He turns to a plate of bacon and eggs, bread and butter and coffee, and eats another full meal! But how can he do this, if he were full after eating the oatmeal? Simply because the bacon and eggs, bread, etc., appeal to his palate—they taste different from the oatmeal, and he can go on

eating until his stomach absolutely refuses to hold any more.

No one can deny this reasoning. And it is the same at every meal. A man will finish his dinner, feeling that he cannot eat another bite of meat or bread or vegetable; but he turns to his dessert, and gets away with a couple of pieces of pie, or an enormous portion of pudding, and thinks nothing of it.

Now, let us search for an illustration. Here is one. Suppose a native of a tropical country is hungry. He comes to a banana tree. What is the natural thing for him to do? Is it not for him to eat as many bananas as his appetite calls for, and then stop? Wouldn't you think it odd if he ate a banana or two, and then went on with his hunger unappeased, looking for a cocoanut tree, or some other sort of food? Why, it would be unnatural! His reason would tell him to eat of the first food he came to until his hunger was satisfied. And this principle is aptly illustrated all through the animal kingdom. The cow eats nothing but grass. The horse, turned out in the field, does the same thing, though when enlightened man starts to feed him he mixes his diet. The carnivorous animals eat nothing but flesh.

Take the nations noted for their longevity all over the world, and you will find they are the ones which subsist on the plainest of food. The Irish, whose moral and physical make-up are beyond compare, live practically on oatmeal and potatoes; the Chinese on rice; and so it goes. The American Indian in his primitive state lived on cereals; the natives of the tropics get along famously on fruits and nuts; the Esquimaux on flesh food entirely. None of them eats like modern civilized (?) man, none is afflicted with the ills of this same civilized man.

It is purely a civilized custom to eat such a great variety of foods at one meal, and it comes through the pernicious practice of catering to the palate instead of to the stomach. One can make a perfectly

enjoyable meal from one or two articles of food. What is more palatable for breakfast (if, indeed, any breakfast at all be needed) than boiled rice and milk? Then why change? Why not eat as much of it as the appetite calls for, *and then stop?* Surely this is but natural. For dinner, if one eats meat, let him limit his meal to meat and one vegetable, or meat and bread (graham, of course), always remembering that meat, being a concentrated food, should be eaten sparingly. Thus, a small portion of meat, with a large portion of vegetable or bread, would be the correct thing.

People who are accustomed to full course dinners may think such a meal very insipid and tasteless; but I will warrant if they wait until really hungry before eating, they will find a plain dinner like the above thoroughly enjoyable. I have found it my experience that since adopting this sensible method of eating I have had no desire to change from one food to another. I select the foods which I like best (and they never number more than two), and they taste so good that no other food appeals to me as strongly at that meal. What is more delicious, when one is good and hungry, than a sandwich—composed of but two articles of food? Then why not adopt this idea for every meal?

Then, in addition to the above, by thoroughly masticating every mouthful, you obtain more of the essence of the food, while still in the mouth, than if you swallow it down half-chewed. Thus, a little food, thoroughly masticated, will give you a feeling of satisfaction which is far more comfortable than the sensation of fullness which accompanies a stuffed stomach.

Perhaps some people who are slaves to abnormal appetites will say that by fol-

lowing the above method of eating the tasty desserts to which they are accustomed will practically find no place on the daily bill of fare. I would answer: As desserts, no; in fact, the eating of dessert, "to top off with," is a potent cause of overeating; for when one gets to that stage of the meal, one is apt to have a pretty good cargo of food stored away already. If, however, you feel at some time or other that you must have some of these delectable dishes, it is better to wait until hungry, and then make a meal of them. Rice pudding, for instance, is a healthful dish, and a full meal of it certainly can do no harm. Pastry should never be eaten, and the cutting out of it altogether can result in nothing but good. But, after all, when one is hungry there is nothing so satisfying as plain, substantial food, and if you eat of that until you feel that you have enough, there should be no desire for anything else.

Another great evil resulting from this pernicious mixing of foods is the fermentation which is bound to occur in the stomach. In the process of digestion chemical changes take place in the food we eat, and these chemical changes conflict with each other when a mixed variety of food is jumbled up together in the stomach. For instance, when bread and potatoes are eaten at the same meal, the yeast in the bread and the starch in the potatoes do not mix well, and fermentation takes place. When so many foods are mixed at every meal, we can easily understand what havoc this fermentation must play with the stomach. An eminent physician has said that every disease has its origin in the stomach, and can anyone doubt that it is this piling up of decomposed matter in the system which is the primary cause of all disease?



KENJUTSU, THE OLD-TIME SYSTEM OF JAPANESE SWORDPLAY

By *Tatewaki K. Kawasaki*

A Japanese Fencer of the "Jigen-ryu" School



THE Noble Soul dwells in the strong body," is a time-honored maxim of the Japanese; and it was by conforming with this precept that the great Samurai, the trained militarymen of Old Japan, were enabled to hold, from generation to generation, their rank, dignity and power. The time was when Kenjutsu, the art of swordsmanship of the Japanese, was the exclusive and almost the sole vocation of the knights. But now the age of their pride is past; no longer are they seen strolling the streets of Tokyo with their keen-edged, two-handed blades at their sides, for the enlightenment of the Mikado's reign, which was accomplished by the adaption of the Western civilization, has abolished the feudal system and prohibited the

carrying of the sword.

With this the art of swordplay has also ceased — ceased to be the sole occupation of the Samurai, or as the means of practical warfare, which is required only in a less civilized country; but, as a method of physical training, an indispensable part of the culture of the civilized, it may still be regarded as an important and, perhaps, one of the most highly developed arts.

I shall bring in here a few points in the Japanese fencing which are particularly fitted for physical development; but before entering into the details, it seems to me proper to give a general view in which are seen the superior aspects of Kenjutsu over the Western fencing as

a means of physical culture. The former as a rule requires more general movement and more vigorous exercise of the body than the latter. But the most important and, therefore, the chief point that I wish here to emphasize particularly is the fact that the two-handed play of the Japanese gives an equal chance for the development of both arms; whereas the Western system, in which the single handed sword is alone employed, tends to develop abnormally the muscle of the right arm. The first requisite in the Jap-



Figure 1. Shows how the contest is initiated by assuming the attitudes of Jodan (right) and Seigan (left)



Figure 2. The man in the Seigan (left) position receives a blow on the wrist from his adversary.

Japanese fencing is to stand as naturally as possible, as this gives the greatest freedom of movement to every part of the body. Different, as they are, when both are compared, in the bearing of the body, or attitude, the Japanese fencer squarely faces his opponent, while the Western fencer shows his side. The obvious result of the comparison of these two positions is that the one keeps constantly the normal posture, which saves him from a tendency to deformity, and the other risks this by an unnatural posture to which the combatant resorts in order to limit his exposure.

Figure 1 shows a contest initiated by the attitudes of *Jodan* (right) and *Seigan* (left), or the attitudes of "upper swing" and of "straight sight," respectively. It is readily seen by one who has a little knowledge of fencing that these attitudes are just such as to give the most effective defense. Especially is this true in the attitude of *Seigan* (left). When an expert fencer assumes

this attitude it is almost impossible to find an opening, even by an equally skilled one; and it is here that strategy is required, which may lead one into a trap,—he is invited by a pretended opening, or else is led to assume some other and less effective position. Yet, we can see in this how naturally he stands; there is apparently no strain in his feet or arms.

In Figure 2 the attack has begun. The man who assumed the *Seigan* position has either been less skilled than the other, or been deceived by strategy; for he receives a blow on the wrist, which is delivered by his opponent with a quick swing of the sword. In this operation the assailant had only to turn his body by reversing the position of his feet.

The Japanese swordsman is not always two-handed, nor is his swordplay confined to the right arm alone. Left or right, or both, are constantly engaged.

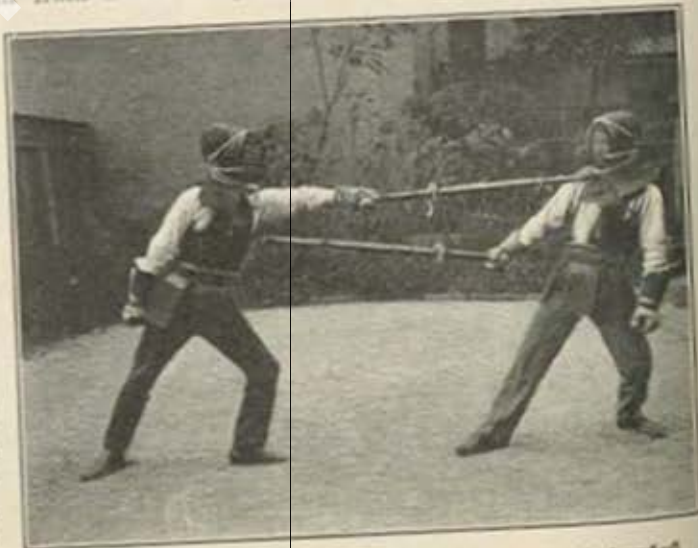


Figure 3. Shows the change from Kenjutsu to single-handed swordplay in an attempt to thrust at the throat of an opponent.

ing, as necessity may require or opportunity suggest. It is with almost the skill of a juggler that he does this; for even during the climax of a contest the exchanging of the hold is accomplished as easily as a trick. It will be readily seen that this skill is of great importance from another point of view also. Suppose that the combat here illustrated were a genuine duel. The blow given at the wrist (Figure 2) would have permanently, or at least temporarily, disabled one, and would probably have ended in favor of the other. But

here the one quickly turns his sword over to his left hand, and at the same instant thrusts at his rival's throat (Figure 3). The thrust thus given, however, fails by a narrow chance; for his opponent avoids it by simply turning slightly backward. Japanese fencers do not pass the hottest moments of their contest in jumping forward or backward; but the more critical their situation becomes, the cooler is their frame of mind, and the more firmly do they stand.

To beginners of Kenjutsu the most important instruction given is this: The body should be held perfectly upright, the head erect, and the chest raised. The position is well adapted for physical development. The timid bearing, the uncertain stand, and, above all, that instinctive tendency which makes one unconsciously stoop or shrink at an impending danger must be strongly guarded against. Beginners often fail to resist the involuntary closing of the eyes and the lowering of the head at the swing of the opponent's sword, unmindful, perhaps, that these prevent his seeing the direction of a blow and place



Figure 4. Illustrates evil results of involuntarily closing the eyes. The blow received by the man on the left might have been averted had he but kept his eyes open and turned slightly to the left or backward.

his head in more easy reach of the opponent's sword. Figure 4 illustrates this fault. The blow, which might have been averted, had the victim's head been erect by turning his body slightly backward, is here fully received. Beginners have to learn to correct the fault by somewhat painful experiences, especially if their instructor be a little careless man.

I cannot here enter into the details bearing on scientific principles that govern the Japanese swordplay, which I believe can be better discussed in the light of the mechanical and geometrical theories. The movements are just such as to illustrate well the principle of following the shortest distance, that is to say, of effecting a result by the expenditure of the least possible force.

The readers are now, I believe, ready to see the conclusion that Kenjutsu is well adapted for physical training. And to that I wish to add that it is not only the combination of pleasure and exercise, but it is also an art most manly, and, therefore, worthy of the attention of a most cultured race, the American.





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Reduced Facsimile of Letter Head Used by the Columbia Scientific Academy

COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC EXPOSÉ OF THE COLUMBIA SCIENTIFIC ACADEMY AND SUNDRY OTHER KINDRED FAKE CONCERNS

By Gerald Keating

We have taken the usual precaution of submitting this article to counsel before sending it to our printers. Though it covers in a general way the whole field of the operations of Neal, Atkin, Robertson and Clark, we must state that it does not exhaust the fund of information bearing on their institutes which is at our disposal at this moment. If they have tried their little games on you please write to us.—EDITOR.



A combination of fakes and fakirs could be more interesting and at the same time amazing than that covered by this exposé. If our feelings run high in our treatment of their low swindles, our admiration is excited for the ingenious and clever scheming of a band of impostors who have built up a flourishing business in canvassing dupes of both sexes and of all ages all over Europe and America. The band we refer to operate sundry so-called Scientific and Hypnotic Institutes, a Banking House and a Medical Institute Establishment of the same high order as those which are usually dealt with in these pages. We will now give them our attention.

First comes the Institute which is advertised in the yellow journals and provincial press under the glowing trade name of the "Columbia Scientific Academy, 1931 Broadway, New York." In the leading papers and magazines, their scheme is advertised under the accom-

modation name of "R. F. Robertson, Psych. D., 1931 Broadway, New York." In Europe and even in America careless readers very often confound the Academy with the educational institution—the Columbia University.

Up to a short time ago, these fakirs managed to sneak space in this magazine under the harmless guise of advocates of physical culture. The advertisement purported to be that of an individual named Robertson and was adorned by a bust photograph of a hirsute gentleman with a long-flowing mustache whom we have since identified as the President of the Columbia Scientific Academy. In this advertisement there was absolutely no mention made of the "Academy." The gist of it was that Robertson wished to have what he called a plain, straightforward talk with all readers of the PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine who were not successful in their undertakings. He claimed to have just published an elaborately illustrated treatise giving invaluable information disclosing the true secret of acquiring that physical grace, that attractive personality, and that vital energy characteristic of all great and successful

men and women. It was advertised as containing information of intense interest to young and old, describing a process of quick development which took Robertson years to perfect! It was a positive revelation, and for a limited time it would be sent to any address ABSOLUTELY FREE. It was described as highly approved by prominent ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors and business men. Hundreds were supposed to have endorsed it as just what they had been searching for years.

To come to the point at once, this FREE OFFER was worked after the

stationery and signed by Robertson as President. We were on intimate terms at the very outset, and they addressed us as their DEAR FRIEND. THE WONDERFUL BOOK WAS NOTHING MORE THAN AN ADVERTISING PAMPHLET SETTING OUT IN GLOWING TERMS THE MERITS OF THEIR HYPNOTIC, KI-MAGI AND SUNDRY OTHER COURSES.

The FREE OFFER of a physical culture course threw absolutely no light on any phase of Physical Culture properly so called. It was nothing less than a system of swindle organized and worked



Reproduced after a cut used in the advertising pamphlet of the Columbia Scientific Academy, illustrating the Human Magnet and showing how men and women long for the company of and fall in love with an ugly woman who possesses personal magnetism, while her radiantly beautiful sister lacking this "God-given" power is left out in the cold.

fashion of the FREE GIFT game advertised by Electric Belt and kindred Institutes.

Both under the name of Robertson and under the name of the Columbia Scientific Academy the elaborate treatise was offered to be sent absolutely free to any address on application. We fulfilled the only condition imposed and that was to drop a line embodying our request for the volume. In due course the siege was opened and up to this day it has not been called off or raised.

The first letter received was one written on the Columbia Scientific Academy's

on a scale which for ingenuity and cunning surpasses any scheme that has ever yet come under our notice.

Here is a sample of the manner in which they try to trap victims and of the outrageous bluff they stuff into their letters:

"I have just heard from a personal friend of yours who has completed our course and received his diploma; he has excited an interest in you that I believe I have never before felt in a stranger. I am more than ever convinced that you ought to have the Ki-Magi course. Since hearing from your friend I have no hesi-

tancy in giving you my personal guarantee to teach you so that you will be successful in the following courses."

The courses were four in number. The first is the Ki-Magi system of physical culture, the greatest discovery of the age, a course that develops the nerves, muscles and brain simultaneously and gives you a most beautiful physical and symmetrical form and rosy cheeks. It makes you cheerful and happy; it brings you a healthy flow of blood and a healthy action of each member of the body. It brings back lost vitality; it makes pale, bloodless women who lack vitality and strength, attractive, fascinating young ladies, or strong, vigorous, happy and healthy wives who LOVE THEIR HUSBANDS AND MAKE THEIR HUSBANDS LOVE THEM.

The second is the Ki-Magi course in reading character from the hands, head, face and handwriting; a course that enables you to read the character of any person with whom you come in contact at a glance, not from one source, but from four different sources. It not only enables you to read the character at a glance of those whom you meet, but it enables you to read the characters of those whom you have never met by merely glancing at their handwriting.

The third is a complete course in personal magnetism and magnetic healing, a course that has revolutionized the entire world of thought, a course that politicians have taken up with telling effect. The greatest financiers of the world studied and used this course and every minister of the gospel who sought to rival Parkhurst, every public speaker whose ambition it was to cry down Dev-ery, and every ambitious general desirous of the bubble's reputation would make his success doubly sure by using the principals taught by this Ki-Magi system. They cared not where you turned, they cared not to what success you pointed—whether in politics, in war, in finance, the pulpit, the platform, or in medicine—they cared not where, if he whom you so admired was really a success, he attained it only by adhering closely to the secrets of the complete course in personal magnetism and magnetic healing as taught by Ross F. Robertson of the Columbia Sci-

entific Academy, of the City of New York.

The fourth course is in what they call the ex-ray faculty and scientific second sight. All this set out in a stock type-written letter with the usual blanks filled in, to give it the semblance of privacy and of being written specially for us.

This did not work and a little later he tried us with another letter, the usual stereotyped gammon of course, addressing us as "My dear Mr. _____," stating that his Board of Directors had just voted to distribute 1,000 of his complete \$25.00 Ki-Magi courses for \$5.00. This reduction, he told us, was given to a thousand persons carefully selected for their personal influence. He went on to say that 99% of these thousand persons had accepted the course on this special \$5.00 offer and that as the time for us to order it had expired, the Board of Directors instructed him to send the course intended for us to a prominent citizen in our locality who was breaking his heart and lying awake at night to get hold of it. By an accident of the gods the eyes of Robertson happened to light upon our letter. He had just taken it out to destroy and cancel when he was attracted, he said, by our handwriting, and particularly by our signature and, to use his own words, "Like the educated eye of an artist that sees in a rough piece of marble an angel, my eye caught in your handwriting at a glance a whole life pictured vividly before me." There was so much honesty in our writing, so much undeveloped power and latent talent that he could not destroy the letter without writing and extending his previous offer for 15 days from the date of this letter. Robertson assured us that our handwriting was one of the strongest he had ever seen, but that we neglected the development of those "God-given faculties that lie dormant in every individual until brought to light and cultivated." Our mental power and ability would astonish us if we could only see them as Robertson saw them. Thousands of persons were dying every year who were just on the threshold of the greatest success if they only knew their powers. They could have been Morgans, Websters, Vanderbilts, Jeffersons or Talmages had they only known how to bring out their latent talents. We would be intoxicated with

contemplating our future success if we could only see our handwriting as Robertson saw it and read our character from it as Robertson read it.

He saw so much success, happiness, health, popularity, honor and influence in our writing that he could not possibly think of allowing us to miss this the last chance to turn our life into a full tide of prosperity. In fact, he went so far as to call a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Columbia Scientific Academy, and by the greatest persuasion he managed to secure their permission to lay aside for us one of the Academy's complete, latest, revised and enlarged \$25.00 courses, and as a further inducement he was throwing in for nothing a character reading, the usual price for which was \$10.00.

We would not hesitate at this offer. Robertson pointed out to us, if we only knew of the possibilities in store for us and which this character reading would reveal. It would reveal traits in our character which we thought nobody but ourselves were aware of, and it would get us to doubt whether, as a matter of fact, we were in existence at all. It would tell us **HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN LIFE, HOW TO MAKE OUR SWEETHEARTS LOVE US, OUR FRIENDS RESPECT US, AND HOW TO MAKE EVERYBODY ROUND ABOUT US DO THE SAME.** It would show us how to invest our money to the best advantage, how to live to a ripe old age and enter into the hereafter as light as a fairy. The only condition for this offer was that our order should be received by Robertson within 15 days and that we keep the price we pay *an absolute secret* or not let anybody outside our family into it.

Robertson told us the 15 days' limit was necessary because, at the end of that time, he would have to leave on a lecture tour through the principal universities in Europe, and before going he was anxious to give this character-reading business his personal attention. After the 15 days, no course would be sold for less than \$35.00, and no character reading for less than \$10.00.

About the method of sending money it was against their rules to receive payment by check, but still from our hand-



How the Columbia Scientific Academy Illustrates the Goddess of Fortune Bestowing a Ki-Magi Wreath of Success, and a Cornucopia of Sao Gold Pieces on the "Willing Mind"

writing Robertson had absolutely no doubt about our honesty, and would trust us to any extent. If we had the least doubt about them, or if we did not think them responsible people, why we could go ahead and deposit the money with a bank. If we had no bank account, or if we did not know of one which would accept so small a deposit, they would tell us of a bank which would accommodate us to any extent. If we read an enclosed slip we would find there particulars regarding a bank trading under the name of the E. VIRGIL NEAL BANKING HOUSE at 1931 Broadway, to whom we could write, instructing them not to hand over the money to the Academy on any account until we were quite satisfied with their course and satisfied in addition that everything set out therein tallied to the very letter with the beautiful description given in their circulars. If the bank did not hear from us within ten days after the course was shipped, the money would be turned over to Robertson, and the transaction would be closed and called square.

This letter had a postscript to the effect that Robertson was dictating the letter

"to-night," although it was quite late. He did this because he wanted us to get the benefit of the offer before the expiration of the time limit.

We shall say but very little of the constitution of the Columbia Scientific in this issue. They will come in for more thorough treatment later. Our readers, at this stage, will only be interested in learning that the Columbia Scientific Academy was incorporated by a body of men anxious to test the truth of Barnum's aphorism about a sucker being born every minute. They saw that a very arable field had hitherto been neglected by the patent medicine fraternity, and so it was that on the 29th of October, 1900, they incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey. They thus secured powers to acquire, print and publish circulars, to sell and dispose of books, pamphlets and publications of every kind, nature and description pertaining to chirology, physiognomy, phrenology, graphology, and every other subject of a scientific nature, and in general to carry on in all States and Territories, as well as in all FOREIGN COUNTRIES, any other business which seemed to the corporation capable of being conveniently carried on. The authorized capital stock of this corporation is \$100,000, divided into 2,000 shares of the par value of \$50 each. Three of the incorporators figure

not only in this but in *several other schemes*. E. Virgil Neal (of whom more in our next exposé) subscribed to 83 shares; Thomas Adkin (of whom more in our next exposé) to a similar quota; Charles S. Clark (of whom more in our next exposé) to 33 shares, and a man named Picaza, whom I presume is an enterprising Italian, was satisfied with only one share and the job as agent upon whom process may be served at its registered office, Nutley, New Jersey.

Since its incorporation Clark's place on the directorate has been filled by Robertson, who is now nominally President of the concern.

This exposé will be continued in the next issue of **PHYSICAL CULTURE**, and will include a description of the *modus operandi* of the following concerns, in which certain of the stockholders and guiding stars of the Columbia Scientific Academy are interested:

- The American College of Sciences.
- The Hindoo Occult Society.
- The Force of Life Co.
- The Banking House of E. Virgil Neal & Co.
- The Adkin Sanitorium.
- The Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.
- The New York Institute of Science; and
- The New York State Publishing Co.



Scotland Forever

Elizabeth Thompson



An Exciting Moment

BOWLING ON THE GREEN

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.



ONE of the latest and what seems to be a most popular game and physical culture exercise for men and women has come to America from out of the land of the canny Scot.

Like golf, it has been a long time on the way, but during the past two years the game of bowls has slowly and quietly made its way into the popular fancy.

Too much cannot be said about the physical qualities of the game, and in addition it has that element which is sure to make it as great a fad as golf; in fact, more so, on account of the great sociability and chances of conversation. For

those seeking both recreation, pleasure and health, Bowling on the Green is a health-giving exercise which bids to out-rival the strenuous game of golf.

Why the game was so long in obtaining recognition in this country, is difficult to say, for there is no game more calculated to give the greatest amount of good, systematic and sensible exercise at the least physical cost, nor is there one more entertaining or sociable. In fact, its chief charm lies in the fact that it combines the very best kind of physical culture out in the pure open air, while at the same time it affords every facility for social intercourse and the cultivation of good fellowship.

During the last two years the game has gradually gained a foothold in America and clubs have been formed in all parts

of the country, the most notable one being the Boston Curling Club, which turned from Curling to Bowling with such good will that this year it holds the championship of the United States.

The game is easy to learn. The objective point is not a tenpin, but a small, white china ball, known as the "Jack." The balls are made of heavy wood. They are flat at the poles and have one side a little more convex than the other. This causes the bowl to run on a bias, or to curve when the momentum is exhausted. The science of the game consists in util-

a rubber mat while delivering his bowl.

The motion of the arm is an under-hand swing, and as the bowls are quite heavy, there is a great deal of physical force exercised in the pastime, and great skill is acquired in gauging distance and direction.

As a rule the game is played by "rinks" of four men, each player having two bowls. The captains of the rinks are called "Skips," and play last. The other players deliver the bowls, each side alternating, while the "Skips" stand near the "Jacks" to note the results of each



A Typical Bowling Green Scene

izing this bias to send the ball around any bowl that may lie between it and the "Jack," the idea being to let the bowl rest as near the "Jack" as possible.

The greens on which the game is played are called "rinks," and the contesting teams are likewise called "rinks." The playing green should be 120 feet long and 20 feet wide, and the turf should be of the finest grass obtainable, compact and cut close to the ground. After placing the "Jack" at one end of the green the players bowl from the other, every player being obliged to stand on

and every shot, and to advise the next player regarding the speed and amount of bias necessary to hold position or to regain an advantage lost. The "Jacks" are, of course, movable, and often a skillful player will use his bowl to carry the jack out of a group of the enemies' bowls into a group of his own.

After the contestants, including the "Skips," have delivered their bowls a close inspection follows. The "rink" which has one or more bowls nearer the little china ball than is the nearest bowl of the opposing side scores a point for

every such bowl. After the score is taken the "Jack" is rolled to the other end of the green and the game begun anew, to be continued until one "rink" scores the stipulated number of points necessary to win—usually twenty-one.

Sometimes the game is played by "Ends." It is an "End" every time the opposing "rinks" have used all their bowls and removed them from the vicinity of the "Jack" to begin anew. The game may thus be counted by the number of points gained in a stipulated number of "Ends."

The game of bowls was essentially an English game, just as curling was essentially a Scotch game, although it is said that the Dutch make some claim to be the first hurlers of stones on their frozen canals. Nevertheless, the Scotch looked very favorably on the game, and there were in Scotland many greens which would compare favorably with the best English lawns. The game was played in England shortly after the Norman conquest, and was not only a fashionable, but a royal game. There is a plate in the Royal Library, London, of the date of the twentieth year (1481) of the reign of Edward IV., which represents the game of bowling, and this was

as early as the 15th century. We have only to refer to the pages of the dramatist of universal knowledge to establish that it was a court game in the following century. Shakespeare, in the play of Richard II., Act 3, Scene 4, describes the ennui with which the Queen was oppressed, and in describing the Queen's condition and the suggested cure for her disease, lays his scene in the gardens of the Duke of York. The Queen first speaks, and is answered by a court lady:

Queen—What sport shall we devise in this garden here to drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady—Madame, we'll play at *bowls*.

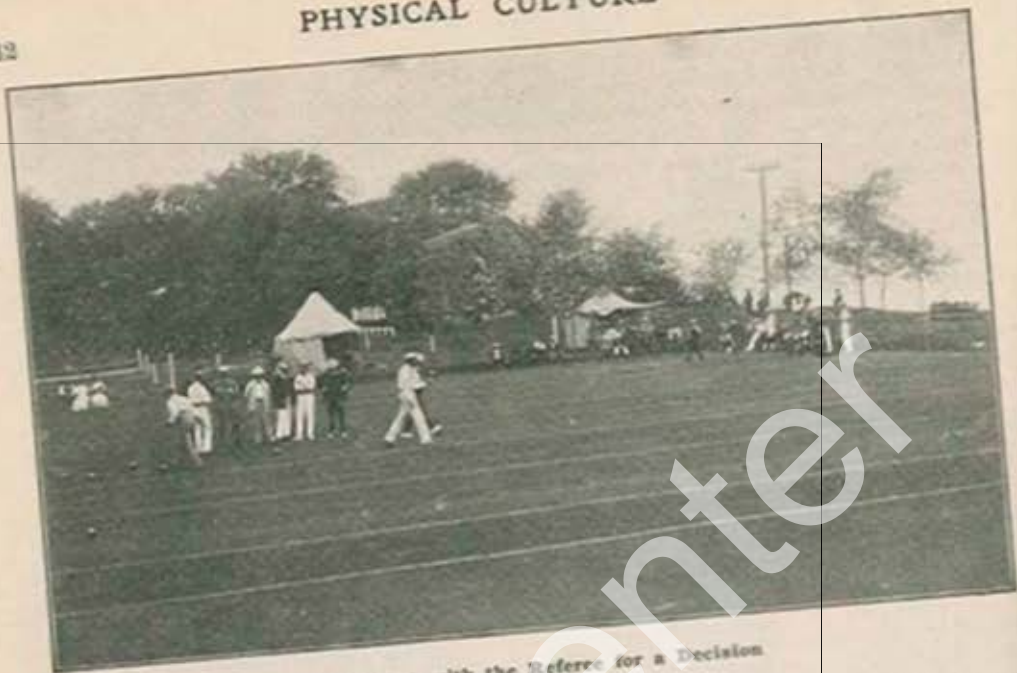
Queen—"Twill make me think the world is full of *rubs* and that my future runs against the *bias*."

In Queen Elizabeth's reign we have evidence that the English gentry and commonality alike engaged in the sport, for when the Spanish Armada appeared off the English coast, intent on the conquest of England, the subjects of the Virgin Queen were engaged in playing bowls on grounds near the sea.

At the sight of the Spanish fleet the men naturally abandoned the game to throw balls, not bowls, into the Spanish galleys.



"Lay Me a Guard"



Going Out with the Referee for a Decision

Charles I. was an expert bowler. In Blaine's Encyclopædia, the writer says: "The game of bowls was at one time a fashionable game, and to this day there are well-frequented bowling greens in many principal towns which command the attendance of the most respectable residents, and if the game be now less fashionable than formerly it still remains extremely respectable."

In the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, a literary lady, known rather more than a century ago (i. e., 1740) as Corinna, written by herself, mention is made of a house at Barking, called Barking Hall, which belonged to her great grandfather, Richard Shute, Esq., a turkey merchant, and one of the merchants for the city of London.

She describes it as situated at the end of a long avenue of elms, an antique building of a castellated form. Here, she tells us, Mr. Shute made one of the prettiest and most commodious bowling greens that had been seen, and that King Charles I., who was partial to that amusement, having heard the fame of his new bowling court, desired to dine with him the following day at Barking and try his skill. Mr. Shute made the best preparation the shortness of time would allow, and the

King was so well pleased with his entertainment that he would frequently lay aside his state and resort thither with only two or three of his gentlemen as his attendants. "They generally played high," says the author, and punctually paid the losings, and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the King would at one time bet higher than usual, and, having lost several games, gave up. "And if it please your Majesty," said Mr. Shute, "one thousand pounds, some rubbers more, perhaps luck may turn." "No, Shute," replied the King, laying his hand gently on his shoulder, "thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children."

Turning to the continent of America, we find the ancient game was played in the old province of Acadia (Nova Scotia) as early as 1734. Murdock, in his History of Nova Scotia, in that part referring to Annapolis (Port Royal), makes this statement:

"A. D. 1734. Proceedings in Council, 10th April, 1734.

"The officers of the garrison prayed that that small inclosure adjoining to the Governor's Garden and the White House field, and lying opposite to the Fort Gate, known by the name of the Bowling Green, shall be reserved and set apart for them

and their successors, and all other gentlemen, who may contribute toward the expense of making the said inclosure a bowling green and repairing and fencing the same from time to time, as the same may require forever."

It was agreed it should be.

Whether or not the Annapolis Bowling Green existed before that of New York I cannot say. It is more than probable that the Annapolis Club was the oldest in

what is now the Dominion of Canada, if not in all America.

From a physical standpoint bowling on the green is well nigh a perfect game, as it calls out every mental and physical resource the players have at command. It is also a game of strategy and of generalship. Above all, it is a relaxation as well as a good breathing exerciser, and can be indulged in by women as well as by men.

\$2,000.00 IN PRIZES. \$1,000.00 TO THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN AND \$1,000.00 TO THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED WOMAN IN THE WORLD



We are offering two prizes, one of \$1,000.00 for the Most Perfectly Developed Man in the World and another of \$1,000.00 for the Most Perfectly Developed Woman in the World. PRELIMINARY COMPETITIONS are to be held in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Denver and San Francisco to determine the Most Perfectly Developed Man and Woman in the area or district whereof such cities are centers. The winners in each of these preliminary competitions will be furnished with FREE Transportation to and from New York in order to enable them to attend the final competition to be held at a mammoth

ENTERTAINMENT to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, during the week beginning December 28, 1903.

Contestants from ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD WILL MEET HERE. Preliminary contests will also be held in the following cities on the other side of the Atlantic, viz.: London, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Sheffield, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Successful contestants in these cities will again compete in the SEMI-FINAL CONTEST IN LONDON, and the winners will be furnished with FIRST-CLASS passages to and from New York and expenses for a week's stay.

The first four days of the competition at Madison Square Garden will be set apart for American contestants. The last two days will be devoted to determining the winners of the final contest between the man from Europe and the man from America and the woman from Europe and the woman from America. The result of this final competition will determine the winner of the two ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZES.

The successful contestants are to be chosen by popular vote. Every ticket giving admittance to Madison Square Garden will have two coupons attached, entitling the holder to one vote for the Most Perfectly Developed Man and one vote for the Most Perfectly Developed Woman.

No element of favoritism will be allowed to enter into this contest. The man and woman receiving the greatest number of votes will be awarded the prizes.

Send for application blank without delay to

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,

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FIVE
LIKELY COM
PETITORS

FOR
\$1,000.00
PRIZE



DOCTOR CROCKETT

BOSTON'S SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD STRONG MAN



He have reached the proverbial age of three score and ten years, with muscles like whips of elastic steel, with a skin as

smooth and ruddy-brown from exposure to sun and wind as the waist and arms of a young 'varsity oarsman, and with an endurance at feats of strength that is accredited only to men less than thirty years of age, is the remarkable record of Dr. William E. Crockett of Boston, Mass.

That Dr. Crockett is a phenomenally strong man at the age of seventy years was attested, when, in the presence of the writer, he lifted a thirty-pound dumb-bell from the floor and raised it the full arm's length above his head three hundred times in twenty-two minutes.

This was done without bending the body in pushing up the weight and with an ease that may well banish any doubts as to the aged athlete's ability to raise the weight five hundred and eight times, which feat he accomplished a few days previous to his seventieth birthday, which occurred on April 15 of this year.

Dr. Crockett is a direct descendant of the famous Davy Crockett of pioneer days, and his perfect condition and ability to perform tests of strength endurance

are the result of inheritance, a lifetime of total abstinence and constant physical culture practice, and as a systematic walker, runner and swimmer.

The doctor is himself the pioneer of winter bathers in Boston. Twenty years ago he attracted attention throughout the East by going into the salt water at Revere Beach throughout the winter months.

Many letters were received by him inquiring as to the method which he followed in maintaining this practice. In his replies it was stated that he began by going in early in the spring and continued late into the fall until the two periods overlapped.

Until five years ago Dr. Crockett was the only frequenter of the old L street bath at South Boston during the winter season.

He has never used the glass sunhouse which has been recently built at the South Boston bathhouse, but continues



Dr. Crockett



Dr. Crockett raises 30-lb. dumb-bells from 300 to 500 times daily with windows open

to go in for a winter swim without the warmth which the sun affords to the winter swimmers when they come out of the water.

On the 13th of February, two years ago, he swam from the shore at the bathhouse almost to the channel and brought back a cake of ice twelve feet long and half as wide.

Sunday, April 19, with the water at 43 degrees, he went out two-thirds of the distance to the channel and back again, being in the water fifteen minutes. Two years ago, at the age of sixty-eight, he swam four miles on August 25, two and one-half miles August 26, and five miles August 27, performing the latter feat in three hours and forty-five minutes, from the L street bath at South Boston, round the pumping station and back.

Dr. Crockett is a remarkable example of the perfection of physical endurance at an age when strength feats are usually left to much younger people. Only a few years ago he put up a thirty-pound dumb-bell 1010 times, a performance which attracted much more than local attention.

At present he can raise with ease a dumb-bell weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds several times at arm's length above his head and with both hands he puts up three hundred pounds. He has practiced with heavy dumb-bells until he declares that every feat which he performs is rather one of endurance than of strength.

On the doctor's fiftieth birthday he performed the phenomenal feat of lifting a fifty-pound dumb-bell straight above his head one hundred and eleven times.

He wears only the lightest clothing the year round, going through the winter with apparel which by many would be considered cool for the warmest days of summer.

Every morning before breakfast he lifts his thirty-pound weights from three hundred to five hundred times in a room where the windows have all been raised. After this exercise it is his custom to walk from two to eight miles in the early morning hours.



Showing Doctor Crockett's Back and Shoulder Muscles

A TEXAS ROUND UP

By W. B. Ferguson



“Posey, Ind., Monday.—It has just leaked out that the Gallatin National Bank of this town was robbed of fifteen thousand dollars early Friday morning. The robbery has hardly been equaled for cool audacity. The paying teller and cashier were held up at the point of a revolver in the hands of a gentlemanly individual, who after shooting the former through the shoulder compelled the latter to open the safe. He then quietly made good his escape.

Despite the efforts of some unknown influential party to keep the affair secret, the facts have become generally known and the thief has been tracked through Illinois and Missouri, thence to Hope, Arkansas. His destination is believed to be Texas or Oklahoma where, once among the wilds of those rolling states, he can safely bid defiance to all pursuit. The sum of one thousand dollars has been offered for his capture. It is rumored that he is the son of a once famous Indian, Amagnate.”

and loafers who were basking in the white June glare.

The circle shuffled uneasily, as if it were personally guilty of some grave act of omission if not commission. One of their number, a long raw-boned puncher with a scarlet neck, felt it incumbent on him to answer the query. He was regarded by the circle as its most fitting bulwark for Bill's attacks. He pulled his wide white sombrero deep over his eyes, and then, as preparatory to opening a discussion, swamped with a heavy stream of tobacco juice a struggling Stag bug which was endeavoring to navigate the stock of a Winchester.

“Thet's my gun, old hoss,” observed Bill warningly.

“Well now, so 'tis for sure,” exclaimed the expectorator in mild astonishment. He let another stream flow over the gun.

Bill swung savagely to his feet, seized the rifle and assumed a threatening pose opposite the desecrator. The latter eyed him in affected perturbation, but there was a cold steady glare in the depths of the blue-gray eyes.

Bill sullenly sat down again, the Win-

HOCTAW BILL laboriously spelled out the foregoing Associated Press dispatch, one dirty finger carefully following each word in order to facilitate perusal. The fringe of the Two Owls Hotel listened with flattering attention.

“The famis injun, Am-ag-na-te,” Bill repeated contemptuously. “Who th'ell is he? Ever hear of th' cuss?” He glared round accusingly at the circle of punchers

chester across his knees. The circle coughed meaningly.

"No, reckon I never heard of Amagnate," began the expectorator musingly, as if the foregoing by-play had never been enacted. "But this here son of his must be a nery cuss for sure. Gettin' clean off with \$15,000. Must be eddy-cated too. Else how could he go into a bank without bein' spotted for a injun?"

"Thet's nothin'," commented Bill sourly. "Any fool knows they're all eddy-cated now. Why, I know one thet's a perfessor in a Chicago school. Yes, siree bob. Per-fessor of Greek mathematics and joggraphy."

"Huh," grunted the circle, skeptically.

Bill was the reluctantly recognized savant of the circle. His assertions might be discredited but never contradicted.

"Well, boys," began one of the circle, speculatively, a fat man with large blood-shot hands, "it seems as if thet air injun were makin' a straight bee line for these diggins. Fifteen thousan' dollars. Ding my vitals, but I would be set up for life with that."

"One thousan' dollars reward," mused the expectorator. He looked over at Bill who was leaning somnolently against the classic lines of the hotel. "Want to earn a thousan' dollars, pard?" he enquired, casually.

Bill stirred luxuriously in the white glare. "Sure thing. I reckon yes," he murmured, feebly.

"Go ahead an' earn it then," was the unfeeling retort.

Bill took the advice in earnest. "For catching thet injun?" he asked, drowsily brushing away an importunate fly. "Well now, thet's easy money if th' cuss ever sets foot in Nocona. Easy money for me. I'm th' only one of you boys thet's got sand. Yes, siree bob. Just let him come. There'd be somethin' done real sudden like. I reckon there would."

"An' I reckon it'd be yourself, William," commented the expectorator.

A prolonged defiant snore was the only rejoinder to the circle's appreciative coughs.

The expectorator smiled at the nodding sombrero of the egotistical William. "He be a po'ful desperate man thet," he observed.

II.

The 2.25 train had pulled out of Nocona, and was rapidly disappearing in a swirling cloud of rubble and dust. It had deposited three passengers; an unusually vast amount for that little station.

The three passengers slowly picked the dirt from out their eyes. One was a meager middle-aged gentlemen with flowing tarnished locks and gold-rimmed spectacles. One was a callow youth with a 5 x 13-inch collar, a fawn-colored Benjamin and an aggressively new dress suit case. One was tall and distinguished looking; dark almost to swarthinness, rigged out in the regulation cowboy outfit and wearing a pair of guns about a foot long. He alone of the trio seemed to be in tune with the surroundings. He cast an indifferent glance at the station loafers, picked up his battered kit, and was swinging up the principal street, a wide, white dusty street of primitive appearance, when he felt a gentle tug at his sleeve. The little old gentleman was peering up at him with large near-sighted eyes.

"Pardon me, my dear sir," he began, bashfully, in a girlish treble, "but could you direct me to the principal hotel in this town? You see I am a stranger here. I am Professor Everett of Johns Hopkins University, an excellent university, my dear sir; no doubt you have heard of it. And——"

"Not by a jugful, stranger," interrupted the cowboy, decidedly.

"I am en route to Mexico where I intend joining several colleagues, our purpose being an exhaustive study of the Aztecs. They are, as you probably know, a member of one of the aboriginal tribes of Mexico which was dominant on the central tableland at the time of the Spanish invasion under Cortes in 1519, and I may state——"

"Stranger, damn the Aztecs," said the cowboy, with simple brevity. "I don't want to 'pear im-polite, stranger," he continued, apologetically, "but them fellers never owed me money. I heard from a pard of mine thet th' 'Two Owls' were th' best bunk in town. Trail in behind an' I'll tote you there myself."

"Now, that is awfully good of you, Mr.——"

"Pete."

"Mr. Peter," said the little professor, genially, entirely ignoring the introductory rebuff. "You will have no objection, I trust, to my bringing a friend of mine along? A gentleman whose acquaintance I made on the train. A Mr. Brown of New York. A *litterateur* come South to write you folks up. Ah, beware, Mr. Peter, how you comport yourself, for your actions will be handed down to posterity in cold dispassionate print. Now, the Aztecs which I am about—"

"Howdy, Mr. Brown," said the cowboy, heartily, extending a remarkably well-shaped hand and shaking the glove off the fawn-colored Benjamin.

"You chaps are refreshingly unconventional, don't you know," commented the ruffled Mr. Brown, patronizingly. "So wide, so free, so untrammelled—so fresh. Grand and simple as a Millet canvas. Furnish such excellent material for us literary geniuses, you know. Thought I'd run out here for some atmosphere. Writing an uncommonly clever little book, you know. Quite a little gem in its way, I assure you. Create quite a furore in literary circles. Send you an autograph copy, Mr. Peter," he finished. "Know you'll enjoy it. All lovers of aesthetic in nature are—"

The cowboy looked helplessly from one genius to the other. "I'm from Carlos Ranch," he said, simply. "Ran in here for a blowout. Never read a book in my life but th' Bible. Be plum glad for certain to do what I can for you folks so long as you stay here. I'm a stranger myself, but I reckon one town is nigh much like another in good old Texas."

The three arrivals made their way to the "Two Owls." The conversation was varied. A succession of monologues on ancient Aztec pottery and architecture, on the creative ideals of fiction, on the latest clash between the shepherders and cattlemen up at One Horse Range.

III.

"If he ain't got injun blood, pot me for a coyote," said Bill, heatedly.

"Huh," grunted the circle. They were discussing the three arrivals at the "Two Owls."

"'Spouse you take him for th' son of

this here Amagnate," observed the expectorator, mildly.

"Wouldn't surprise me. No, siree. He might be makin' for th' 'Pache reservation acrost th' border."

"That's why he stopped off here," commented the expectorator, sarcastically. "No, William, he ain't no injun. I'll 'low he might be a breed or a greaser, but no blood."

"I didn't say he were," said Bill, "I say he's got injun blood, an' so he has."

"I guess what he says is straight goods," continued the expectorator. "Come down here from Carlos Ranch way. This here robbery's got on your buckshot, Bill," he added kindly. "Mebbe you want th' one thousan' purty bad an' are willin' to make out th' next man the thief."

Bill listened impassively. "Mebbe," he said, slowly, "you boys think I'm cross-eyed 'n this here game. Mebbe I am. But what if I was to show you somethin' th'et connected this here injun with th' robbery? A piece of in-criminating ev'dence as them lawyers say. Reckon you'd whistle another tune for certain."

"Stow it, Bill; stow it," advised the expectorator, gently. "This here puncher th' thief? Huh. He's a likely cuss to march into a city bank, ain't he? Gentlemanly, ain't he? Huh."

"Yes, ain't he? Tog him out in cit duds an' where's your cowboy? You boys are as blind as owls. Didn't happen to notice his hands? Smooth as bread. They swung a lariat, didn't they? Huh. An' his hair. Said he'd been nigh two months up Carlos way. Could get his hair cut city fashion up there, couldn't he? Huh. Cowboy? Cowboy you're old woman. I'll bet he don't know th' off side of a steer from plug tobacco. What's more, he didn't come from Carlos Ranch. He come straight through from Paris."

"I reckon you can't prove th'et," said the expectorator.

Bill surveyed the expectant circle with curling lip. "I just reckon I can," he said at last, softly. "Th'et's my in-criminating ev'dence." With a melodramatic gesture he removed his sombrero, felt inside the sweatband and produced a small morocco pocketbook with the initials, "P. E. T. E."

"I found thet near th' bar," he said, laconically.

"Thet proves it's his'n," said the expectorator, sarcastically.

"Ain't thet his name?" said Bill hotly. "P. E. T. E.—Pete. What more do you want?"

The expectorator scratched his chin, thoughtfully. "'Pears you're right. But can't there be more than one Pete? Besides I reckon they put their whole names on them things. It should be 'Mr. Peter.'"

"Open it," said Bill, loftily.

The doubter reluctantly obeyed. A grunt of excited incredulity swept round the circle. It contained a through ticket from Paris, a receipt from a Hope transfer company, a clipping from a Missouri paper describing the Gallatin National Bank affair, and an execrable tintype of the swarthy cowboy in citizen's clothes plus patent leathers and a good-looking "lady friend."

The expectorator sat down completely crushed. The circle whispered excitedly.

"In-criminating ev'dence," he said, impressively eyeing the pocket-book with gloating approval, "in-criminating ev'dence—"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," interrupted a girlish treble at his back, "but I perceive that you have found my pocket-book, which I am afraid I must have misplaced. May I trouble you for it?"

Bill swung savagely round, and confronted the little old professor.

"Wh-at?" he shouted, his mouth and the circle's agape.

"My pocket-book, please," reiterated Professor Everett, shyly. "I am very much obliged to—"

"Come again," said Bill, coarsely. "Thet game don't go. This property's mine until you prove it yourn. It's with-in th' law. What's more, if it does happen to be yourn, which it ain't, you'll have some purty ticklish questions to answer. Yes, sree bob, an' I'll—"

"Hold on there, hossfly," interrupted the expectorator, quietly. "You've got no call to insult this gentleman. We boys won't see it done. His word's as good as yourn. I'm not sayin' but what it might be better. Let him say what th' book holds an' if he's right why you'll

dig it over or I'll know th' reason why."

"That is my pocket-book, gentlemen," reiterated Professor Everett firmly. "There are my initials—Philip Emmonds Travers Everett. It contains nothing of consequence. Merely an old Hope transfer receipt, a Missouri clipping of the Gallatin National robbery, my ticket from Paris, and the photograph of a gentleman whom I met to-day. I asked him for it because I liked him and because he is a—gentleman. I make these superfluous explanations to you, sir," he added, looking at the expectorator, "because you are the only one who appears to possess any intelligence and—and courtesy."

Bill meditated mutiny until he caught the well-known smothered glare of the gray-blue eyes. He disgorged reluctantly.

"He's a liar," he affirmed, decidedly, when the successful claimant was out of earshot. "If he was an injun I'd bet he was the thief. Bet he's a pard of thet breed's."

"Huh," grunted the circle, derisively.

But several hours later, Mr. Brown of New York had occasion to make some trifling purchases at the town emporium. He produced a pocket-book well supplied with bills—a small morocco pocket-book with the initials "P. E. T. E."

IV.

Four of the circle were engaged in the nightly game of draw poker in the bar-room of the "Two Owls." Three of them evidently had been having poor luck and cards. They left the game completely broken in spirit and in pocket.

Choctaw Bill was the recognized champion poker player of Nocona. He counted his winnings with aggravating indifference, then looked round for fresh victims.

Mr. Brown of New York was leaning luxuriously against the bar. He seemed to have been bending the elbow more than was quite good for him. The cowboy, chair tilted against the wall, was idly whittling a piece of wood.

"Step right in, boys, an' have a friendly game of draw," announced Bill, encouragingly.

No one evinced the slightest anxiety for a game.

"I've stepped all I'm goin' to to-night," said the expectorator.

Mr. Brown came forward and took a seat opposite Bill. "I don't mind having a little game just to oblige you, Mr. William," he said, patronizingly. "All is grist, you know, that comes to the mills of literary chaps. I can use this scene in a little gem of a book I'm engaged in writing. Quite a little masterpiece in its way, I assure you. Send you an autograph copy, Mr. William. Know you'll like it. All lovers of the aesthetic in nature are lovers of the——"

Here the cowboy yawned protestingly, stretched himself and came over to the table.

"Reckon I might as well join this here game if you folks don't object," he said, apologetically. "I'm not much of a whale at it."

Bill evidently did object, but Mr. Brown decided the issue by saying genially: "Certainly, Mr. Peter, certainly. No objection at all. What an impression for a thought picture," he continued rhapsodically. "The old bar there to our right with its fixture of thirsty sons of nature. The quaint old window to the left through which the whispering zephyrs rhythmically sift. The freckled light half disclosing, half revealing—er—that is concealing——"

"Cut," interrupted Bill, laconically.

Mr. Brown reluctantly cut the deck and with it his thought picture.

The game progressed with satisfactory swiftness—to Bill. The cowboy was a green hand; an excellent loser. Mr. Brown appeared to be more intent on receiving some new thought impressions than on the game. Bill smiled encouragingly and raked in the shekels. His estimation of the cowboy had undergone a subtle change. He thought him a delightful comrade—a fine, open-handed sportsman.

Then the tide shifted in the luck. Mr. Brown began to win steadily. It was pure luck, of course; for evidently he paid no more attention to the cards than heretofore. Still he won, and Bill's genial smile had evaporated. The cowboy still lost steadily and gracefully.

Mr. Brown idly, almost apologetically, cleaned the table three times in succession, and Bill developed a scowl.

The circle were coughing appreciatively.

Mr. Brown dealt indifferently. It was Bill's ante and he caught a pat flush. The cowboy caught two pairs. Both the latter and Mr. Brown came in. Bill tilted it \$15. His face was like a granite block, but his eyes were working overtime. The cowboy quietly made good, and Mr. Brown apologetically came back with \$20 more. Bill calmly boosted it another \$20. The cowboy stayed and Mr. Brown hoisted it \$50.

The circle were all eyes.

Bill reasoned for a while, and then decided just to see the raise, and the cowboy trailed. On the draw, Bill of course stood pat. The cowboy took one, getting a seven full. Mr. Brown helped himself to one. He had hardly filled his hand when Bill boarded his with a crash.

"You damned skunk," he shouted, savagely, swinging hand to hip. "Thet card come off th' bottom. I'll——"

He never could tell how it happened, but before he could draw breath or gun he was staring down the barrels of two Colts.

Mr. Brown rose easily from the table, fanning the cowboy and the circle with one gun while he operated on Bill with the other.

"I owe you something for those words, Mr. William," he drawled easily. "Where shall you have it? In the shoulder, perhaps the hip? Anywhere to oblige you."

Before Bill could stir he had been knocked sideways with a bullet in the hip. Another in the shoulder sent him sprawling over the chair and up against the wall. He began to spit blood, swearing softly.

The circle were ranged stiffly up against the bar. Every time the Colt began its slow, merciless semi-circle, they straightened up like mart'nets.

The cowboy idly picked up Mr. Brown's discarded hand. It was four trays. He smiled sarcastically.

There was something supremely ludicrous in the sight of this effeminate-looking stripling cowing that crowd of hard cases, any one of whom could have broken him across his knees with the greatest ease. But the guns were as

steady as rocks and the eyes behind them as hard.

"Youse guys is a lot of lemons," observed Mr. Brown, sweepingly, abandoning his literary vernacular. "Why, say—"

But just what he intended saying was indefinitely postponed for the time being.

"Table them guns. Quick!" said a sharp voice at his right. Out of the tail of his eye Mr. Brown perceived that some one was effectually covering him through the open window. It was Professor Everett and a Winchester.

"Quick, Buddy," came the hard voice again. "Down on the table or you're po'ful likely to lose a lung." There was no mistaking the command.

Mr. Brown walked slowly over. He hesitated for an instant and immediately a bullet cut a long white streak across the table and sank into the wall.

Mr. Brown deliberately deposited both guns. As he was raising his hands, the cowboy calmly leaned over and snapped a pair of bracelets on the slim wrists. "All over, Bud," he said, cheerfully.

Mr. Brown pursed his lips as he mildly surveyed his ornaments. Then he laughed easily and took a seat. "You dubs have been one too slick for me this time," he said, admiringly.

Professor Everett crawled through the window in company with the Winchester and Mr. Brown's dress suit case. The latter he flung on the bar. "The farce is over, gentlemen," he announced, genially, removing his tarnished locks and spectacles. "This gentleman here," waving his hand to the delectable Mr. Brown, "is wanted out Indiana way for the Gallatin National affair. I'm Sheriff Williams of Posey and this here is the bank's detective, a former government scout, Tail Feathers. Perhaps you boys heard of him in the Sioux scrap of '90."

The cowboy bowed gravely to the gaping circle.

Bill muttered weakly, "Th'ell you say." He had forgotten his wounds.

"I owe you gentlemen an explanation about that pocket-book which I claimed to-day," continued the Sheriff apologetically. "You see, 'Mr. Brown' happened to drop that in the bank. By it we trailed him. Tail Feathers here put some of his

things in it. He accidentally lost it here. I claimed it, told Mr. Brown I found it near the bar; of course he claimed it thinking he probably only lost it to-day. By doing so, he identified himself as the man we were after."

"Vewey clevah, bah Jove," sneered "Mr. Brown."

The circle eyed each other blankly. Bill, despite his wounds, was the first to grasp the situation.

"Look a here, Mr. Sheriff," he cried, excitedly, "guess you got th' wrong man. This here chap ain't no injun. Not on your continental."

"Who said he was?" said the Sheriff mildly.

"Why, th' papers, you fool. Yes, siree bob, an' they don't lie. You got th' wrong man this time."

"I've got th' evidence here," said the Sheriff, grimly, tapping the grip. "But tote out your papers. Guess you can't read straight."

"Sheriff, you got th' wrong man," echoed the circle, earnestly. They leaned over his shoulder as he scanned the pregnant paragraph.

"It is rumored that he is the son of a once famous Indian, Amagnate," he read slowly.

He gave a little chuckle and eyed the circle in amused curiosity. Then he laughed outright.

"Say, this paper here," tapping the sheet with contemptuous forefinger, "has got diked up most extraordinary. Either your typesetter is an ass or your telegraph operator is a fool."

The circle blinked hopelessly.

"Look at that sentence," continued Mr. Williams, peremptorily. "How should it read? Why: 'It is rumored that he is the son of a once famous Indiana magnate.' Ain't the article headed Posey, Ind.? Who did you think this here Amagnate was? Would he be the influential parties who were trying to suppress the news? No sir, this here 'Mr. Brown' ain't no injun. He's only a hard cuss of a good family and he'll get several years in a nice quiet place to reform, where they gives board, lodging and clothes all free."

"Youse is all lemons," observed "Mr. Brown," disgustedly, to the spluttering circle.



HOW BEAUTIFUL AND SENSIBLE YOU ARE!

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CORSAGE -
THE FOOLISH
HAT.
ETC. ETC.

Taylor

HOW TO PREVENT TIRING OF PHYSICAL CULTURE EXERCISES

By F. A. Smyth



THOSE persons who are constitutionally energetic feel more call for exertion and do not tire of the routine of exercising to the same degree as those of a phlegmatic nature. But there are times when the interest of the most vigorous flags. What is to be done when this occurs? To work without spirit is useless, but sometimes the invigoration of the exercise brings the spirit even when it was lacking at the beginning. The question is, is it best to give in to the disinclination to go through the regular formula and to take those special periods for absolute relaxation, perchance by that means giving an impulse later for fresh exertion; or is it advisable to spur oneself on to the appointed task, which, though, as a rule, pleasurable, becomes occasionally a tax on the will? For some people the former may be the better way; others might gain by adopting the opposite course. To study oneself and notice which tends to the best development is a plan that can be tried by all. The suggestion may be offered to relinquish the exercises on the days of exertion that taxes most of the muscles of the body, such as much walking, lifting weights, horseback riding, working in a garden, or actively indoors.

But those who have passed most of the

day in sedentary occupations or brain work should on no account relinquish the morning, evening and midday stretching and resisting exercises, accompanied by deep breathing in fresh air, all of which so stimulate the whole system that fatigue, drowsiness and aches vanish. If attacked with this ennui of which we are speaking, to simply stand in a good position and quietly breathe with the intention of refreshing oneself will bring an invigoration which will cause exercise to be pleasurable. Beginning with slow stretching exercises, and gradually taking up the more active ones, no one can long resist the impulse to use the inflowing energy.

It is well to have a scale of difficulty—a ladder to climb (a real ladder would not be bad practice), so that the mind is interested in overcoming, and always looking to the unachieved. Another incentive to work is the thought of the uses of the exercises, and the substantial advantages the cultured body has over the uncultured physique. There is the good health, the appearance of good health, which is beauty. There is symmetry of body and limb, and the safety that comes from suppleness. There is the satisfaction in knowing one is not growing older, but younger looking, as well as younger feeling. When these facts are taken into consideration the spirit to continue soon returns.



AN ARDENT PHYSICAL CULTURE FAMILY

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir:—As a Physical Culture advocate I am glad to see the good result your work is accomplishing. In my little sphere the good seed is beginning to take root, not only from talking Physical Culture, but the result is daily observed by my friends and associates, some of whom are becoming disgusted with "quack medicine" and doctors in general, and are learning my phrase, "I've got no use for a doctor." They ask, "Why are you always so cheerful and lively?" "Easily answered," say I, "I am healthy. I have no use for a doctor."

I am raising six young Physical Culture enthusiasts, ages ranging from two years to twelve, who are familiar with clubs, dumb-bells, boxing, wrestling (their favorite pastime), punch-bag, climbing ropes, turn somersaults; in fact, do all and possibly other exercises not given in PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A "Gym" set which I bought four years ago has been used to a finish, and now they are after the bar and trapeze.

An amusing incident occurred not long ago when a pale-faced individual, observing one of my boys at play and noticing the rosy color on his cheeks, exclaimed, "My! that boy certainly has got a bad fever."

Very respectfully,

WM. GEO. INGLEY, Washington, D. C.



UNCLE SAM: I am sick and tired of this medicine business. I must try something else. I am getting sicker every day.



UNCLE SAM: This physical culture is great. I am getting well and strong.



UNCLE SAM: Once more I am well and strong, thanks to physical culture, and feel big enough to take care of the bunch.

THE GOLD DUMB-BELLS

By W. Dunning



ceding high noon I was pedaling slowly past an old colonial house, lonely, and set well back from the road, when my attention was arrested by the glim of the front door. An old woman hurried out on the front steps, and beckoned wildly but silently to me.

"Crazy!" I thought the first second. The next, I had thrown my wheel on the grass and was sprinting on the path border up to the house.

The old lady received me with open arms. "Sh! mon, quick!" she mumbled, as she hustled me to the door, "they's a barghar up stairs—nobody to hum but Miss Ellen—he's after the jew'lry—stop him!"

As I entered the hall she locked the door and threw the key in the great open fireplace. For a moment my suspicions returned. Then I heard from upstairs undefined sounds, a chair falling, and a voice hoarsely haranguing.

I sprang up the stairs, three steps at a time. On the second landing two buttoned fencing foils leaned against the wall, and

seizing one in each hand I rushed on to the top. Before me was a portiered doorway, from behind which came the sounds. I halted a moment and eaves-dropped to a hidden dialogue.

"A step nearer and I'll throw them out of the window!" The voice was low, clear and resolute.

Just at hand a great ruffianly bass boomed out the reply: "Don't ye do it, young woman! Don't ye dare to do it! Gimme those keys and I won't hurt yer. But you throw 'em away and I'll twist your wrists off—twist 'em off, see?"

I threw aside the portiere. Just before me was the monstrous, uncouth figure of a tramp, a Goliath, in ragged and nondescript clothing. Beyond, pressed close to

ALONG the bank of the Connecticut River runs a cycle path, bordered on one side by the water, on the other by a long stretch of greensward, dotted at irregular intervals of a quarter of a mile or so with the country home. Here farmer and commuter dwell peaceably side by side, and the thirst of the cyclist, which he brings with him wherever he goes, hath added unto them a third, the ubiquitous "Cyclist's Rest."

Here I was ridine one burning day in July, 1902. In the sultry hush pre-

the open window, stood a girl, in one hand holding a bunch of keys. Even as I looked she threw them far out on to the lawn.

The tramp rushed forward and gripped her wrists. Dreading the cry of pain that must come, I sprang forward. What was my amazement to see her grasp his hand with both hers, and sharply bend it back till he yelled for mercy. At the same moment my foil struck his head.

Courage is not measured by girth and stature. The tramp sprang aside and snatched up a chair to ward off my blow. For a moment he waltzed around with it in his arms, then with a shout threw it crashing at me, and rushed from the room.

The girl screamed, and shouted:

"Stop him! He's got my dumb-bells—a gift! Go!" She darted out of the room.

I sped down the stairs, my head in a whirl. Gold dumb-bells!

Thanks to the cook, Goliath was still fumbling at the knob. He looked up, saw me coming, and dashed toward the rear of the hall; but as she decamped, the cook had locked this door also.

Trapped! Goliath stood the image of despair. Then he ran to the fireplace, and springing back to the center of the hall, bellowed defiance, armed with the heavy poker.

Sudden distaste seized me for an amateur duel in which I must necessarily be knocked *hors de combat*. So I lingered on the last step, debating the ways and means, when my eyes fell on the telephone. Here was a way of salvation, could I but use it.

But Goliath took advantage of this delay and made a lunge at me which I was forced to parry.

For a few moments steel rang on steel in the hall, as in the gallant days of the duello. I fenced brilliantly, and by very skillfulness kept him off. Thrust, parry and riposte! He was winded, and twice I touched him on the jaw, bringing his fury to fever heat.

At the end of the third minute Goliath hurled the heavy poker down on my foil. It snapped off short. Again the poker twirled above his head. I held out the useless stub in vain. He brought it down again, and passing my feeble guard, landed a crashing blow on my brow. Stars

and planets flashed before my eyes, the foil flew from my hand, and I reeled against the great chimney.

For a moment the floor swayed under me, and a great pit seemed to open below. Then I heard in the parlor to the left the snap of a window lock. Goliath was escaping! I staggered into the room in time to see him hoist himself upon the window ledge. I caught him by the foot just as he jumped.

He dived head foremost into the shrubbery beneath, and a medley of curses floated up to me.

He started, shambling, across the lawn. Leaning out, I descried my wheel, on the grass, and directly in his path.

A hand fell on my shoulder. "Here, take this pistol, and frighten him." A great horsepistol was thrust into my grasp. Looking up I saw the girl.

I leaned far out and shouted: "Stop, or I shoot!"

He still ran, and toward the wheel.

"Shoot! Shoot!" she cried.

Instinctively I lifted the pistol, aimed at his calf, and pulled the trigger.

Goliath gave a frightful yell and stumbled on the grass. In a twinkling remorse seized me; but instantly the old rogue jumped up, and without looking back, ran to the bicycle. He mounted and flew out of sight around the bend.

The girl ran into the hall, and was vainly tugging at the front door as I followed. "The key! Where is it?" she demanded. For the moment my head was spinning so I could not think. Then I remembered. "In the fireplace." "Let me have it, please." I ran to the fireplace, mechanically noting the time as I did so. It was 12.14. I bent toward the andirons and groped among the ashes. As I did so the blood poured into my head, there was a roar as of many waters in my ears, I plunged downward toward the floor, and an enveloping night rushed over me.

The football field—darkness! Ugh! That last scrimmage! My "sub" was fixing the bandage around my head. A demon of a pain leaped and throbbed there. Ah! that wet sponge—feels good! "Harry, old pal," I muttered feebly, "why don't they cheer? Did we get the goal?"

I opened my eyes wearily to see. Close before them passed a bare, firmly rounded

arm, mantling into rosy tints in the light. I regarded it in dreamy wonder, then lifted my eyes in inquiry. They fell on the peacefully ticking clock; 12.26. With a rush I sped from the end of the great game to the lonely country house; the ignominious truth forced itself upon me—I had fainted!

I sprang up from the sofa on which I was lying, but the hall skipped like a merry-go-round, and I was only too glad to fall into a convenient chair. In a moment I felt better.

"Goliath?" I murmured.

"Escaped!"

"How did I get there?" indicating the sofa.

"I carried you there," she said simply.

For the first time I looked at her fairly. Tall, erect, and glowing with health and beauty.

"Have you telephoned?"

"No. I have been too busy bringing you to." My brain should have been busy hatching schemes, but instead I noted the music in her tones.

"Are you better now?" The question recalled me to my senses.

"There is a store he must pass some ten miles down. They will stop him there, at Finch's Rest, if you will telephone at once!"

"233-2, Central. Hello, Finch's Rest! Mr. Finch? Seen a tramp going by at full speed on a wheel?" "No," quavered a voice, tremulous, old. "What is it? A stolen wheel?" "Yes," I cried, "and if you can stop that man I'll give you five dollars."

"Big tramp?" queried the voice with interest, but rather shaky. "A monster," I replied incautiously.

"M—'m! But say, I'm alone here!" and the voice quaked in evident alarm.

"All the better. You won't have to share the profits. Five if you get him."

"Five dollars won't pay for my broken furnicher."

"Ten!"

"Ten won't pay for my broken bones! Sorry, sir, but I don't keer for this contract."

My despair was poignant, and no doubt expressed on my face. The girl touched my elbow. "Let me come a moment."

"Mr. Finch!" she called softly, "this is Miss Stoddard. I'm going to add to

that ten dollars, a punching bag; myself! Please won't you do this for me? Thank you." She handed me the receiver again.

Her eyes questioned me as I left the 'phone.

"I must get the sheriff and go to Finch's at once. Where is he?"

"The next house, half a mile beyond; the first of a bunch of them. But are you able? Let me go instead. I learned to run—at Vassar!"

But my grit was up. I felt I must go.

"You are not afraid to stay here alone?"

"I? I am never afraid," she archly declared. "Still I will telephone my next neighbor, Mrs. Warner."

I got out on the path, pistol and foil stub, which would make excellent extempore grips, and might come in handy, too, in either hand, and started.

Out of breath, and very weak and dizzy, I reached the first house and thundered with my pistol on the door. A minute passed; footsteps creaked in the hall. Impatiently I pushed it open and ran in.

I came right on the back of a man in shirt sleeves, and outlined the situation hurriedly.

"What's the rewa'd? 'Dhe steal anythin' 'sides the bisickle?"

"A pair of dumb-bells, solid gold dumb-bells."

"What! A pair of gold dumb-bells? Snakes alive, man, why didn't ye say so?"

"It was Miss Stoddard lost *them*," I added.

That name was an open sesame! The sheriff seized me by the arm.

"Young man, what Miss Stoddard says goes! Jest come along with me. Lemme borry your pistol and we'll borry a wheel."

As we hurried along a path running in the rear of the houses he queried: "The's a law, ain't they, that ye can assoon property in case o' public danger?"

"Martial law."

"Yes. Wa'al, we'll proc-claim martial law in Riverbury while that hobo's loose. Ole Pa Harkins hez got a ladies' tandem, bought for his two darters. Mebbe he'll be a leetle unwillin' to lend her, but th' name of old Connecticut'll bring hem raound," he chuckled. "She's contraband of war! 'N'if he objects we kin refer it

to the court o' last appeal, as the newspapers say." He patted the pistol.

My ideas on State Law were rather hazy, but in spite of the legal terms he used so freely, the sheriff's plan seemed, to say the least, unconstitutional. However, we were in straits, and necessity knows no law.

We were at the rear of a large white house with abundant verandas, a woodshed in the back.

"Sh!" whispered the sheriff. "He keeps her here. Mum's the word." He lifted the latch and in a minute he reappeared trundling a tandem wheel, both seats for women.

As the sheriff silently motioned me to jump on, a door in the house flew open and an old man stepped out. Tall and lean, a square-jawed thunder-browed six-footer, with a shock of iron-gray hair. He stopped short and stared at us a moment. A formidable pair we must have looked, and fit for any evil deed. Then:

"Dave Putnam, what in blazes ye doin' with that wheel?" he demanded.

"Abe," wheedled the sheriff, "we was just a-borrerin', just a-borrerin' of her to chase a bicycle thief. This gentleman"—indicating me of the foil.

"Huh?" snorted the old gentleman, striding up. "No, ye don't!" The sheriff snatched the pistol from his pocket and pointed it at the old man's baggy trouser knees. "In the name o' the sov-reign State o' C'nnect'cut," he chanted, "I do assoom, constitoot, and confisheake this here tandem to the lawful uses of her true and faithful servants, David Putnam an'"—he turned to me.

"John Carleton," I laughed.

The old man glared and then turned toward the door and disappeared.

"Quick!" roared the sheriff. "Jump on! He's gone to git his old Colonial musket!"

We vaulted into the saddles and tore around the house corner and down the cinder path. As we reached the bend I heard a faint shout. I looked back. On the front veranda, shouting and gesticulating, stood Mr. Harkins, and in one uplifted fist a long, long gun.

Ten miles of dusty agony; then, at last, coasting down a hill, we came in sight of our destination, a little, lonely, lopsided shop. Overhead the legend:

.....
: EPHRAIM K. FINCH. :
: CYCLISTS' REST. :
: Refreshments for Man, Maid and :
: Machine. :
:.....

Dismounting, we hurried into the store. In a chair tilted against the counter crouched, a hunted look in his eye, a little old man, gory as an Indian brave, and exhausted as the society bud of eighteen after the twenty-sixth dance.

To make a long story short, Mr. Finch had been reminded by my suggestions over the 'phone of an old dodge which he had played "when you 'n I, Dave, went to school together, forty year ago," namely, to tie a rope across the path: "Twas a scurvy trick, but I've paid for 't, pressed down and runnin' over," he groaned.

"Wa'al, when he struck the rope, he struck her a-flyin'. He summersaulted and hopscoched near two rods. When I got there he'd dead fainted away. I tell ye it scared me for a minute. I drug the whole seventy-fi' inches of him into the store. I didn't have nothin' to bring him to but sody, and I poured fifty cents of it down his gullet. But he kept a-whisperin', sort o' to himself, 'W'isky, gimme w'isky,' and me votin' the straight Prohibition ticket sence Noah wuz a baby! Wa'al, I baound him all the tighter for it. I felt it in my bones there'd be trouble brewin' when he'd recovered his nat'ral mind, but for mebbe ten minutes he lay like a log, and I begun to hope he was goin' to act sensible-like, and went over to call yew up. Jest as I'd given Central the number I heard a noise. There he was on his feet in the corner, straining at the ropes like blue fury. He busted 'em just as I looked 'round. Well, I jumped for him."

"Pure grit," murmured the sheriff admiringly.

"Somethin' doin'?" The things that happened in the next few minutes I can't even reckon up. I fit like a good one, but 'twant no use, for he fit like a wildcat. 'Twas 'go 'way back and sit down' with me. When he said good-bye I was lyin' down in the corner, and I didn't have breath enough left for a thank-ye, sir.

"Fact is, Dave, I wan't in condition," he acknowledged, sorrowfully. "Like a

dern fool I have been smoking a good deal lately."

The sheriff groaned. "That's where ye fell down, Eph'um, that's where ye fell down. But for that ye'd 'a' likely knocked him out." (Mr. Finch stood about five feet three in his shoes.)

"We'll," the storekeeper continued, rubbing his aching head, "mebbe. Guess he'd had enough of burglarizing, for he left your wheel, young man; but I dunno; whilst I was bindin' of him, what d'ye s'pose I come on in his pocket?"

"No! What?" gasped the sheriff.

"Two gold dumb-bells! I knew then I was a goner. A man that'd steal them sooner'n anythin' else would be a tough one to handle.

"Yes, them bells," cried the sheriff, starting up, "lemme see 'em, Eph, lemme see 'em. I been hankerin' for a sight o' them."

Ephraim pointed to the counter.

On the counter lay the dumb-bells, twin shining beauties; but, alas! "all is not gold that glitters." Great scratches were on them and revealed dull iron underneath.

The gold dumb-bells were a "fake!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the sheriff, disappointed and irate. "I thought ye says they wuz pure gold. H'mf!"

When I paid Mr. Finch the \$10, which I thought he richly deserved, and promised him a punching-bag from N—, the sheriff fully recovered, and grew sentimental about Miss Stoddard.

"I tell ye," he said, "that same young lady what started ye out, Miss Ellen Stoddard, one o' the salt o' the earth, she put us onto this. Eph an' I would do a good deal for her, wouldn't we, Eph? You bet! Walkin', horseback, golf, swimmin' or looks, she's a daisy at 'em all. She's the girl o' five caounties! Ye're a lucky cuss, Mr. Carleton, spite your sore head. And I tell ye, young man," in a burst of confidence, "ef ye air lookin' for white treatment and straight talk, you want to get on the right side of Miss Ellen Stoddard."

On our way back, I left sheriff and tandem before the Harkins' house. His last word, as he started up the path, was: "My 'dvice to you, young feller, is get acquainted with Miss Stoddard. If you

hafter, git sandbagged agin, but git acquainted. She's the genooyne."

As I walked up the Stoddard's path, two women rose from chairs on the veranda, one a nice old lady, unknown to me; the other—mistress of the dumb-bells.

"Well, questions, introductions, and felicitations were in order. Just as they were concluded, I heard the crunch of gravel, and looking up saw a gentleman coming quickly up the walk.

"Mr. Carleton," explained the girl, "Mrs. Warner *would* have me, quite unnecessarily I'm sure, telephone father to come out. And here he is two hours late for the villain."

The father, a tall, bearded, silent man, greeted me courteously. "Lucius Carleton of N—?"

"My father," I said.

"Indeed? I know him well in business. You must stay to dinner," he added with a slow smile.

"And you too, Mrs. Warner," said the daughter. "Come, we will have a party of four."

At table, the day's adventures were gone over in detail. Then silence fell.

"Those dumb-bells—scratched?" The tone sounded queer. I looked—well, where I *had* been looking pretty steadily. Her gaze rested on Mr. Stoddard. He suddenly choked over a grape. "The donor gave me to understand that they were *solid* gold." Her gaze pierced him through.

She looked up. Apparently she was addressing the chandelier. Scorn, dainty, humorous, merciless, quivered in her voice. "Oh, doubtless he laughed in his sleeve over that gift, doubtless chuckled at the apt comparison between that gilt and the hollowness of our physical culturist pretensions. But I will be revenged. Long enough has he quizzed me and my 'scheme.' Now he shall discover that a fad is not necessarily folly. Sir, I lay it before the court.

"Mr. Carleton," she appealed, "you have said you were interested in physical culture work in N—; you can judge fairly. Don't you think a club, started here in the country, might work great good? How ignorant our farmers are! This escapade of my dumb-bells illustrates the old truth anew. They traveled ten

miles in a tramp's pocket. How many, do you believe, within that radius, would have been ignorant of their use if they had seen them? A *majority*, I'll wager; a commentary on twentieth century ignorance! Meanwhile, send your missionaries to Africa and the Philippines!

"Joking aside, how many know that for which a dumb-bell may fitly stand—the *higher* physical education? In the city every street Arab has at least an inkling, but in the country, in God's country, *not one in twenty!* And a knowledge of physical culture is just what we in the country need, despite the seminaries and schools, and in them as well as out. It would broaden our shoulders and fortify our hearts.

"In my mind's eye I see them—two societies for physical culture in Riverbury, one for women and another for men. It has long been my darling scheme, but unrealized so far."

"And unrealized, doubtless, forever," teased her father.

She went on steadily. "You, Mr. Carleton, have seen a little of the results of my propaganda hitherto, the stirring of the leaven. I have found ready disciples in Mr. Putnam and Mr. Finch."

A guffaw burst from Mr. Stoddard. The girl flushed and went on again.

"You may laugh, but do you know the sheriff has given up—for the cause—his habit of not three but *four* hearty meals a day, and Mr. Finch his cigarettes? . . . I plead for Riverbury. If a movement does not start somewhere, where will it start?"

She smiled at me, and I felt the glow of her infectious enthusiasm.

"Vassar madness," yawned her father; yet, unless I was mightily mistaken, a gleam of pride in his daughter's eloquence shot through his dark eyes.

"Mr. Carleton," she turned to me, "don't you think this scheme could be put in practice, and might work at least as great good in our midst as, say, a 'Browning Literary Society'?"

"Yes, undoubtedly," I replied.

"Father," turning to him, "you used to maintain that this was forever impracticable. How about it?"

"We'll," skeptically, "maybe not *impracticable*, but I tell you, I'll make a little bet. I'll write to-day, and date July 3,

1902, a check for \$50. If you start your society, if it is not moribund in a year from to-day, July 3, 1903, the check is yours. I'm safe!"

"Behold the widower's mite! You witness this, everybody?" cried his daughter, with sparkling eyes. "We want the fifty dollars."

Mrs. Warner spoke. "Ellen, my mite is a ten-dollar bill, *now*. I'm interested in your society, my dear, and would gladly see it prosper."

"You are a tramp," she was told, heartily.

"One more," said I, "if it is permitted an outsider. My experience, what it is, is at your service."

"We shall be very glad," rejoined the girl. "Mr. Carleton has already paid his entrance fees. I don't wish him to pay any more. I will give ten dollars. So here is a society already on its feet financially. We can count as members Messrs. Putnam and Finch, the Misses Harkins, and a dozen others, to start with. Mr. Carleton's offer of assistance is gratefully accepted: he shall be our business manager. The Fates brought him, for the good of Riverbury, to our door."

"Or Goliath," I supplemented.

"Or Goliath," she laughed. "I propose a toast. Rise, all! Here's to Goliath, the god on the wheel, who took a dumb-bell and left a society—here's to him in clear well-water: May his stature never diminish!"

"And now, sponsors assembled, we will christen it"—she paused, and glanced smiling around the circle.

"The Society for the Physical Development of the Young Gentlemen and Ladies of Riverbury" would be a very *genteel* name, don't you think?" lisped the old lady.

"Too long," chuckled Mr. Stoddard.

"Here it is, short and sweet—"Stoddard's Folly, Incorporated." He betook himself abruptly to the piazza.

"The Riverbury Athletic Association, Limited," I suggested, idly.

"We will adopt Mr. Carleton's suggestion," declared Miss Stoddard, pausing at the door. "But let it be the R. A. A., Unlimited."

Twelve months! Like a dream they have slipped away. Now, in August, 1903, as I sit at my desk in N—, I am

in receipt of a letter from the sheriff, from which I quote:

"Dear Captain.—The twins" (the two associations) "air boomin. This mornin' I deposited Mr. Stoddard's check for fifty cold plunks. Our account is now considerable above par. We've got Deakin Harkins, the skule trustees, and the post-master wild enthoosiasts for physical culture. Rah! rah! rah! The Dumb-Bell, the Punchin-Bag, and the Injun-Club, that glorious Trioomvirate now tirannizes everywhar, as Mr. Stoddard says. And I says, *What Riverbury hez dun enny town kin du.*"

I sit dreaming over the letter. The joke has become fact, a reality, all through the potent charm of a pretty and

earnest girl. So youth and enthusiasm rule the world.

I glance up from the letter to the top of my desk. There, glittering in the sun, lie two tiny, gilt, much-bescratched dumb-bells, crossed triumphantly, as the vain-glorious baseball pitcher crosses his bats, or the tennis champion his rackets. On them, straining my eyes, I distinguish two initials faintly traced, an E and an S.

As my eyes drop again to the letter, I discover a postscript, overlooked before. "The female R. A. A.'s got together last night, me, as chairman, bein' the only man member present, and they have bawt ye a bewtiful present, the name of which I refoos to divulge, but as man to man, I'll tip ye the gist and confidential wink —it's for the Weddin'!"



THE ROMANCE OF ZARIMONA

By Frank Hall

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Some experiences read more like an Arabian Nights' tale translated into an everyday reality. Such a story is the following, which at first might seem like a modern miracle. The entire narrative, however, with its thrilling adventures and strange happenings, was an actual occurrence.

The subject of the story started upon the journey of life under difficulties. With an only partially formed backbone, the first few years of that life hung by a thread. Medical resources had been about exhausted. Parental hopes had almost expired. But one day there came an opportunity of saving the child to youth and manhood. A noted specialist suggested a course of treatment, and up to the 'teens there was a steady improvement.

Now, it chanced that the lad was a prodigious reader. Barred, through necessity, from all romping and sports, he took to books. At the age of fourteen, a good-sized library had been devoured. The juvenile cranium was packed full of general knowledge. As a consequence, there was

a collapse. A naturally weak body gave way under the strain of an unnaturally active mind. The health of the latter needs the strength of the former. "Mens sana in corpore sano."

The future looked dark, and prospects were dim. The breakdown was so complete that the medical men could offer no encouragement. One physician, more sanguine than the others, suggested absolute isolation. He urged removal from all environments—separation from books and playmates. He advised an indefinite outing, and in the wildest possible country. Taste and choice must be considered. The decision was for Arizona, and the place was the Apache Indian Reservation. The specific reason for this choice does not concern the story.

It is enough to say that the fourteen-year-old cripple was shipped off to that desolate region to die—or

to live. Which? That was the sphinx problem, and the Apache was the Oedipus who solved it.

Just here, it is well to mention that a certain plaything was taken on that



Zarimona



The Council of the Braves

memorable trip. It was an electric scarf-pin; the outfit including a pocket battery, a push button, and a tiny incandescent lamp. This was quite a popular toy with boys some years ago. It was worn mostly at night, and in the street, and flashed in the hope of scaring timid women or girls. In this particular case, a spirit of boyish mischief suggested that it might, on some occasion, likewise frighten the unlettered savage.

II.

Some weeks passed by. Nothing unusual transpired on the Reservation. Then the night of the annual fire-dance came around. Every Indian tribe has its annual dance. The Moquis have the snake dance; the Sioux, the ghost dance; the Apaches, the fire dance, and so on.

The invalid, a privileged character, was on hand to witness the great event; and he wore the electric pin. Neckties being no part of the frontier dress, it was fastened on the left side of the blouse. It chanced to rest *just over the heart*. The battery and push button were concealed, as usual.

The scene is worth picturing—in fact, is necessary to the story. There were the hundreds of braves, gathered in a wide

circle of nude, painted humanity. Tom-toms were beating, reeds were screeching, and a confused babel of discordant sounds suggested Hades. The darkness of the night added something of horror, and was only relieved by the sort of spectral glimmer of a new moon. In the center of the circle was piled high the brushwood for the fire. It was the custom not to light the fire until a certain stage of frenzy or madness was reached. Then, as the flames leaped skyward, the naked savages would jump into their midst, and dance like blazing devils.

Just before this inferno was to break loose, the Government Agent stepped forward to hold a moment's parley with the big Chief, and the mischievous boy pushed the button! He was half-curious, half-fearful; but the effect was unlooked for, startling, wonderful! The great Apache acted like a madman, and yelled like a demon. Then he cried aloud, in his own tongue: "Ah-lee-hoo-cha!" which means "See, the Fire-Hearted!"

The Indians were wild. All the braves took up the cry. Seldom before was there a more terrible scene. Words could not picture it. It was vivid and pre-Raphaelistic. Those hundreds of dancing red

devils! Those horrible blood-freezing yells! That brandishing of weapons! And a mere lad was the cause of it all.

They surrounded him. They fondled him, and bore him aloft. They danced about and worshipped him. And why? Because, unconsciously, he had touched the vital spot of their religious or superstitious belief. The Apaches are sun-worshippers. They believe, in their crude way, that the Great Spirit is (as we say) omnipresent, and that the sun is only his heart—a heart of fire! Here, in their midst, stood a child of the sun-god—a creature with a heart of fire. Recollect that the pin was worn over the heart.

The Great Spirit had shown them his favor: he had sent his child to them. It mattered not that the whole outfit was revealed, and the light flashed away from the body. That the fire-heart could be removed and that it could still shine were proofs of divinity. The mechanical side of the toy they could not—would not—understand. Here was superstition run riot.

III.

That night the fire dance was wilder than ever. It was always followed, on

the succeeding day, by the Council of the Braves. It convened to consider matters concerning the welfare of the nation. On this occasion, the event of the preceding night was discussed. It was, without doubt, a good omen. The Great Spirit was pleased. The least reciprocity they could offer was to adopt the lad into the tribe, and clothe him with honor. Accordingly, he was made a chief, and thus became the nominal head of some of the mightiest braves of all that nation.

Omitting details, for lack of space, let it be said that this sickly youth adopted their dress (or rather, undress), fell into their manners, and eventually acquired their tongue.

From the first, the savages deemed it their duty to restore the body of the Fire-Hearted. Hence, he was put in the charge of the medicine men. Their natural abilities were wonderful. Their intuitive knowledge of anatomy, physiology and body-building was almost beyond belief. So there followed a course of treatment which, if adopted by the medical profession, would revolutionize the practice of medicine.

To be more explicit, a cure was en-



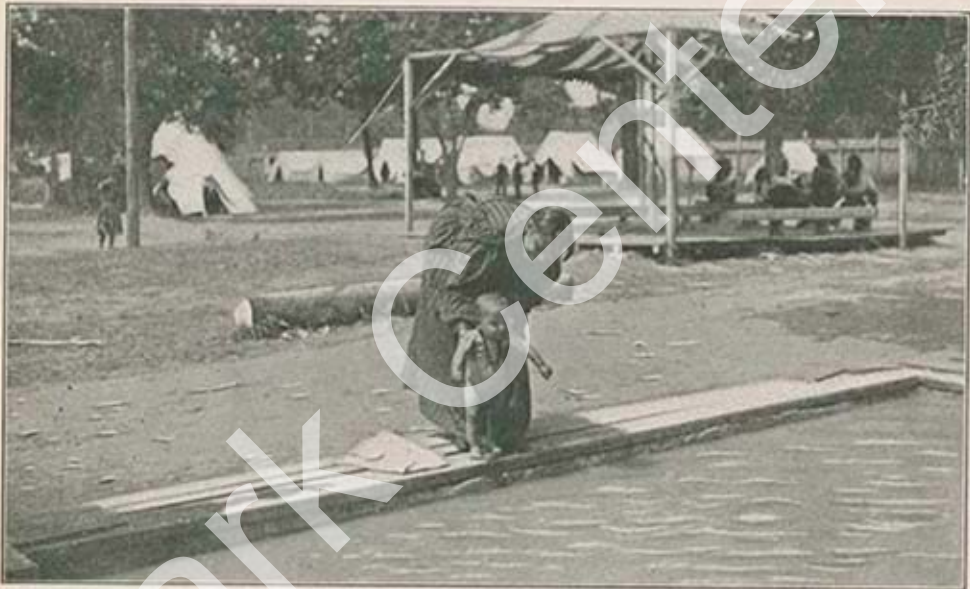
One of the Teepees of the Redskins

tirely effected. At the end of a year there was no stronger youth in all the tribe. Then began a career which has since become a part of history. The great Apache uprising came. With Geronimo and Cochise the Indians went on the war-path. The young chief stood by the redskins and went through the campaign. Named Zarimona, or "One-Eye," because of an optical defect, he was as savage as the rest. And it was not until this terrible frontier warfare was ended, and the Apaches subdued, that the now young man returned to civilization, and after a

their treatment? Technically, no. Instinctively, yes. Just as the animal seeks specific herbs, or follows certain habits for its ailments. The human being is an animal. Civilization, unfortunately, educates us away from nature. In this respect, at least, the savage and the beast have the advantage of us.

These latter know neither anatomy nor physiology; they have neither books nor gymnasium; yet they are seldom if ever sick; or, when ill, they are easily and quickly well.

In this individual case, what treatment



Apache Baby Being Led to Water

"toning-down" process, blossomed into a peaceable member of society.

This is the story of how I became Zarimona, the White Chief of the Apaches.

IV.

As a matter of course, the all-important question arises: What method of procedure did the Indians follow (and so far superior to the medical scientists) as to accomplish what the physicians failed to do?

The simple answer may be given in two sentences: Being children of Nature, they understood natural methods of cure. They worked to adjust this particular body to those natural principles.

Did they understand the philosophy of

was followed? A four-fold treatment: Diet, exercise (active and passive), rest, and water.

a. Diet.—The medicine man understands (as none others do) the use and value of nature's foods, viz., vegetables and herbs; hence, he administered these with an effect that science cannot surpass.

b. Exercise.—Every animal, including the savage, is in constant activity (of one sort or another) when not at rest. It is the law of the universe, from the largest planet to the tiniest atom. Stagnation means death. So they "prescribed" exercise. Where it was not possible, owing to the malady, to engage in *active* exercise, they used *passive* exercise.

c. Rest.—Following the habits of all

animals, they included this in their natural treatment. Rest means recuperation. More than anything else, it means a conserving of energy—a storing up of vital force. Though they did not know it by these names, they were themselves the best living proof of the truth of the theory.

d. Water.—This refers particularly to the bath or plunge. Cause and effect are the only laws they follow. The effect of a dip in the cold water is a stimulation of the entire system. Hence, they concluded the daily treatment with a plunge in an adjoining river.

A study of these four principles will appeal to common sense. The body is a machine—a wonderful bit of human mechanism. Compare it with a locomotive, for instance, and the analogy is very striking.

The engine has a stomach—the boiler. It requires food—that is, fuel. It must be the *proper* fuel; not dirt nor stones, but coal, or something containing latent energy. Second, it must exercise—that is, “run,” in order to assimilate that food or fuel. Third, it must rest, that the mechanism may cool off a little. Continual friction is dangerous. Lastly, it must be kept clean, dust removed, bearings oiled, and so forth.

This comparison I did not get from the Indians, but worked out some years afterward.

In conclusion, a word with regard to the exercises. I emphasize again—everything they did was instinctive. Of course, there was no pretense to science.

After much inquiry, in those old days, I gathered this explanation:

The Apaches had long admired and envied the strength, the agility, the grace, and the endurance of the wild animals. (These, by the way, constitute the perfection of bodily development.) Apparently, the animals followed no regimen to bring about and maintain this condition. But, on close investigation, it was seen that they acted in strict accordance with clearly defined principles. Their habits were studied, then imitated. The result was the physical perfection that has won for the Apache the distinction of being the most perfect type of physical manhood and womanhood. In the four animal characteristics, as mentioned above, they are unsurpassed by any race.

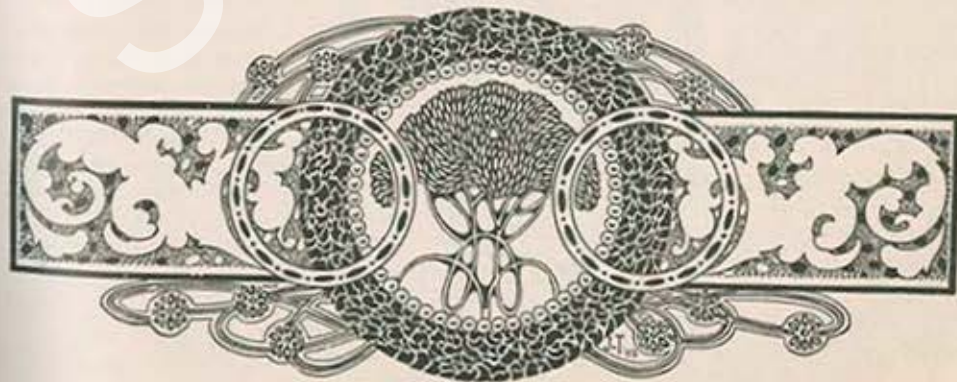
After many years' practice of these animal movements, or this Indian system of body building—reduced to more of a system than they observed, however—I am able to characterize them under four heads.

1. Individualizing.—Exercise one portion of the body at a time; if possible, only one muscle or group of muscles.

2. Concentration.—The whole attention should be centered upon the particular exercise. The mind plays a strong part in the development of the body.

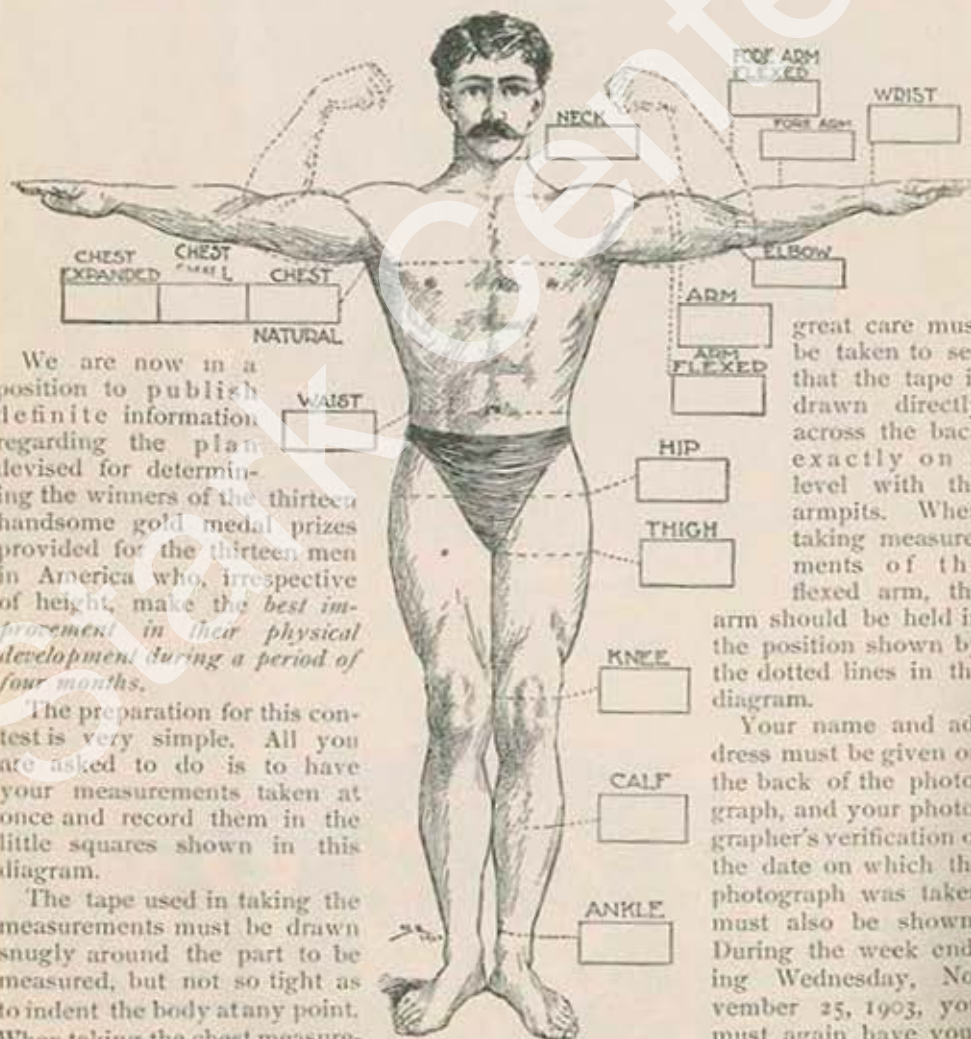
3. Imaginary Resistance.—Contract the muscles as though overcoming an actual resistance.

4. Contraction followed by immediate relaxation. In other words, when a muscle is brought to its greatest tension, it should be held a moment, then wholly relaxed.



CONTEST FOR BEST IMPROVEMENT IN PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT IN FOUR MONTHS

After careful consideration it has now been decided to place only one time limit to this competition and that is, that the second or final photograph and measurements must be taken during the week ending Wednesday, November 25th, 1903. This means that all subscribers to PHYSICAL CULTURE are eligible for this contest, provided the time they spend in preparation for it does not exceed Four Months. Competitors are at liberty, therefore, to train for a shorter period of, say, three or even two months; but our advice to all who are contemplating entering is to take advantage of the full period and have a photograph and all measurements taken and verified as indicated in the Supplementary Editorial which appeared in the June issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. Place these in the squares in the diagram reproduced in this page, then make immediate application for Entry Blank No. 1.—EDITOR.



We are now in a position to publish definite information regarding the plan devised for determining the winners of the thirteen handsome gold medal prizes provided for the thirteen men in America who, irrespective of height, make the best improvement in their physical development during a period of four months.

The preparation for this contest is very simple. All you are asked to do is to have your measurements taken at once and record them in the little squares shown in this diagram.

The tape used in taking the measurements must be drawn snugly around the part to be measured, but not so tight as to indent the body at any point. When taking the chest measurements the arms should be allowed to hang at the sides, and

great care must be taken to see that the tape is drawn directly across the back exactly on a level with the armpits. When taking measurements of the flexed arm, the

arm should be held in the position shown by the dotted lines in the diagram.

Your name and address must be given on the back of the photograph, and your photographer's verification of the date on which the photograph was taken must also be shown. During the week ending Wednesday, November 25, 1903, you must again have your photograph taken and fill up another blank

Diagram Showing How Measurements Must be Taken and Recorded

showing your measurements at the end of the period allowed for the contest.

The only condition governing the competition is that each competitor must be a subscriber to this magazine on the date upon which the Physical Culture Publishing Company receives your application for entry.

Every reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE, no matter how scraggy or ill-developed his proportions may be, should put his best leg forward and make application at once for the entry blanks.

The great point to note is that the

skinny stripling has just as much chance of securing a Gold Medal as the man who is at this moment in a state of normal development. The medals are for IMPROVEMENT made within a period not exceeding Four Months and not for PERFECTION in development.

Competitors are warned against resorting to FASTING or any special training calculated to attenuate their *present* development or reduce their *present* measurements before having the *first* photograph taken. No subscriber under 18 years of age will be eligible for the contest.

EXPERIENCE WITH NATURAL FOODS

By Harria Gray



THE people who do not eat cooked foods, but subsist entirely on nuts, fruits and vegetables are increasing in number every day. Especially is this true in the large cities, where families are small, and so many people live entirely alone, that a good opportunity is offered for the devel-

opment of individual inclinations. Where there is only one's self to consider, a change of habits in eating, even though those changes be very radical, is quite possible. In the large cities there are many young men and women who live in furnished rooms and have no relatives who will be alarmed if they do not eat the regular number of meals and the regular kind of food at those meals.

Mr. Jacob Cappe, of New York, had cured himself of incipient consumption some time since by the aid of exercise, fresh air and cold baths. His great improvement in health encouraged him to try further experiments. In January last he adopted the nut and fruit diet. With no idea of how much nuts and fruit were necessary, he ate at his first meal a half pound of nuts, together with a generous supply of fruit. To his astonishment he was not hungry again for three days, and

he concluded that he had eaten more than was needed.

Not by one trial, not yet by two or three, did he find the right amount, but only by careful painstaking experiments which covered a period of many weeks. And he has finally come to a place where he knows how often it is best to eat, what it is best to eat, and how much.

Each meal (he has two a day) consists of about 2½ to 3 ounces of shelled nuts, 6 to 12 dates, 4 figs, 2 bananas, 1 or 2 apples, or else 1 or 2 oranges, and 1 or 2 glasses of milk.

He varies the kind of nuts he eats. Sometimes he has pecans and Brazil nuts, sometimes English walnuts. He eats fruit in season, substituting for the apples and oranges, strawberries, blackberries, etc.

The sample meal indicated above gives an idea of what a man may eat who works hard every day to fully sustain his weight and increases his strength by natural foods.

Practically all the work there is in connection with his meals is carefully washing the fruit. The nuts are bought ready shelled. There is no doubt but that much of the labor now required of housekeepers would be quite done away with if people could be convinced of the feasibility of living on elementary foods.

THE SYMPTOMS, CAUSE AND CURE OF HEART DISEASE

By *Bernarr Macfadden*



THIS is one of the most harrowing of all complaints. The average victim of heart disease goes through life with a sentence hanging over his head. He feels like a condemned man. He knows not what moment he may be suddenly called to the other world.

Medical science offers but little relief. It can give the sufferer but little hope. All remedial agents suggested by scientific physicians only promise temporary relief from the painful and dangerous symptoms that appear from time to time. Various strong drugs are prescribed, and are to be kept close at hand at all times for immediate use. The most famous medical men candidly admit that there is no cure for heart disease. You can only prolong your earthly existence by taking the best possible care of yourself as you go slowly on to your impending fate. The sword of death hangs over your head; it is liable to descend at any moment, and cannot be removed, if we are to believe the conclusions of the most famous medical men.

The writer does not care to controvert the theories of those who are supposed to know so much more than he, but his experience has taught him beyond all possible doubt that the heart and the great arteries connected with it can be strengthened, can be made more vigorous in every part by those natural methods of increasing the general vigor of the internal functional and muscular system.

Medical men frequently condemn athletics; they maintain that the exercise often over-strains the heart; but it will be well to note that in nearly every instance where over-strain of this character is noticed the victim has changed his habits from one extreme to the other, from activity to entire inactivity, though he still continues to eat the same quantity of hearty food. The strain, therefore, in-

stead of being caused by the over-use of the external muscular system, is really caused by the over-work of the stomach and other blood-making organs. Investigation will usually prove that it is not the hard training, but the sedentary life and the extremely heavy eating which follows training that causes the heart troubles of athletes.

There are many diseases of the heart, but those most usual are: Overgrowth, Dilatation, Fatty Degeneration, Inflammation, Valvular Disease, Palpitation, Angina Pectoris and Aneurism.

GENERAL SYMPTOMS.—It would be impossible to accurately describe in this short article the various symptoms manifested in the different diseases classed as Heart Troubles, but rarely is there any special difficulty in realizing its presence, if serious. Each of the various diseases mentioned is accompanied by symptoms that indicate its character, though they differ only in minor details in many instances. As the entire treatment is intended to remedy the abnormal condition simply by building up the strength of the entire internal functional system, the particular character of the disease, as manifested in declared symptoms, is of but little importance.

Some of the following symptoms accompany and often indicate affections of the heart: Palpitation; heavy beating of the heart; ringing in the ears; spots before the eyes; dizziness; slight, feeble pulse, which is greatly increased on very slight exertion; shortness of breath; occasional pain in the region of the heart; attacks of faintness; irregular beating of the heart; inability to lie on the left side without pain; noises in the ear; rubbing sounds heard on listening to the heart. Congestion of the stomach; bloody and sometimes highly-colored urine; paroxysms of pain in the heart, which are frequently so great as to make tense and rigid every part of the body. Dropsy and apoplexy are sometimes accompaniments.

GENERAL CAUSES.—The causes of

heart disease are various. Any influence inclined to weaken the functional system would affect the heart. Dissipation, over-work, use of stimulants, excesses in eating and drinking, could probably be classed as the most prominent causes. The victims of heart disease are usually heavy eaters. Remember that it is more likely to be over-work of the internal functional system than of the external muscular system that induces this trouble. The process of blood-making practically begins in the stomach. When conditions are such that this blood cannot be made of proper quality, if the stomach is overloaded, or indigestible combinations and unwholesome foods are used, difficulties are bound to ultimately arise, and if the heart is not especially strong it may be the first organ affected.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT

—It is not within the province of physical culture treatment to attempt to advise where serious and painful paroxysms of the heart are manifested, but the writer firmly believes that usually where such symptoms do appear the application of cold, wet cloths to the affected parts would be a far safer and more beneficial method of treating even those acute manifestations than the introduction into the circulation of the strong poisons that are frequently used. No physician can dare to predict with absolute certainty the effect of a powerful drug. The heart cannot be stimulated unless it has sufficient vital strength to awaken to the danger of the presence of poisonous elements in the blood. You may be able to spur on even an exhausted horse, but there is a limit. When he has gone to the farthest point no amount of spurring will affect him. The heart is, to a certain extent, similar. The properties of all heart stimulants are poisonous to an extreme degree, and if the heart has sufficient vital strength to be aroused to greatly increased activity because of their presence, it certainly has sufficient strength to continue to maintain life.

The first object to be continually kept in view in remedying a chronic weakness of the heart is to keep the entire circulatory system in a clearly normal condition, so that the work of pumping the blood throughout the entire body may be lightened as much as possible. Cold

applications, massage, rubbing and kneading the various parts of the body will be found of advantage. Cold water is an especially valuable assistant in accelerating the external circulation. Whenever cold water comes in contact with the body every part of the tissues which it touches contracts, thus forcing the blood contained therein on its way toward the heart; and when this tissue again relaxes, new blood flows in.

If you are not accustomed to the use of cold water it is your first imperative duty to begin its use. Do not go from one extreme to the other. Begin by using water of a moderate temperature, bathing the entire body with a sponge or wet cloth. Or, if your condition is very serious, you can bathe only a part of the body at a time. But gradually, day by day, you should use water of a lower temperature, though care should be exercised that the water is not so cold that you cannot quickly recuperate from its effects with a feeling of warmth. About the safest and most comfortable method of bathing is to first take your exercise, then a dry friction bath, using two soft bristle brushes or a very rough towel, rubbing the body thoroughly all over until every external part is pink from the accelerated circulation excited by the friction. Following this, water of a decidedly cool temperature can be used and enjoyed.

Exercise is another agent that will assist vastly in circulating the blood throughout every minute capillary of the entire body, and it will also greatly increase the activity of all the depurating organs. The skin, kidneys, lungs and bowels will perform their work of eliminating the impurities far more effectively if you exercise regularly than if leading an inactive life.

Many patients suffering from heart trouble are actually condemned to die because of the physician's fear of exercise. No sufferer from heart trouble has ever recovered without a certain amount of exercise. It is absolutely essential to build up the nervous, muscular and functional system. Supply to the heart a better quality of blood, build up superior powers in the stomach and in the nervous system, and the heart is naturally affected thereby. Slowly but surely it will in-

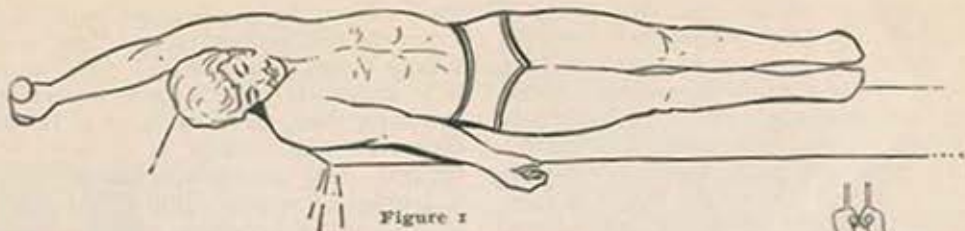


Figure 1

FIGURE 1. (See Figure 1.) Recline on the right side with the right shoulder on the edge of a bed or lounge. Secure a light weight with which you can make from fifteen to twenty-five movements without tiring. Now reaching as far back and downward as you can. Bring arm from position illustrated upward, keeping elbow rigid, until immediately over you in a perpendicular position. Inhale a full breath, expanding in the abdominal region, each time the arm is raised.

SECOND. (See Figure 2.) Secure an exerciser that will pull from almost directly overhead. Most any rubber wall exerciser can be placed high enough to take this movement satisfactorily. Now holding the handle high over head, elbows rigid, pull them downward and outward at the sides. Inhale a full breath, expanding from the abdominal region upward, each time the arms come downward. There should be only sufficient resistance to tire you in from fifteen to thirty movements.



Figure 2

crease in strength and become more normal in every way.

It is well, however, to remember the necessity of extreme care in taking exercises while suffering from a trouble of this nature. Violent exercises of every kind should be avoided entirely until all symptoms of the disease have disappeared. Light, easy movements, such as moderate walking, and swinging of the arms in various ways, will be found of special advantage. Deep abdominal breathing, which brings the air down to the lowest part of the lungs, can be especially commended. Exercise with a chest weight for developing the muscles of the walls of the chest, accompanied with deep breathing, is especially commended.

Two exercises that I illustrate herewith can always be used to advantage. These exercises will bring into action those large muscles located near the heart, and in every instance will be of great benefit. They will often produce immediate relief if an uncomfortable feeling is noticed in that important organ.

Though exercise, massage, cold bathing, and other means of building up general vigor are of value, an appropriate diet is also of great importance. The greatest possible care must be used to avoid over-loading the stomach. This does not by any means indicate the necessity of starving, nor eating so little that you will be poorly nourished, but your diet should be so regulated that the digestion will go on in a harmonious and satisfactory manner. Avoid eating too heartily of meats. Stimulating drinks of all kinds should be tabooed. Even tea

and coffee should be avoided. Two meals per day will be found superior to three; though, if you are eating three, and apparently digest without difficulty, there should be no special necessity for a change. Pure distilled water should be kept at hand at all times, and should be used freely. Every morsel of food should be chewed to an absolute liquid before swallowing. Never drink at meal times. Be sure that several hours elapse between your last meal and the time you retire.

The friction bath and cold bath can be taken in the morning or evening, whichever is most convenient. The exercises found in the March issue of this magazine, for building vital strength, are commended as a valuable means of assisting toward recovery, though it would be well to note that many of these movements are quite vigorous, and the greatest possible care must be taken to avoid over-work.

In some few cases where serious digestive disorders accompany disease, fasting one day out of three will greatly hasten recovery. The uncooked food diet would undoubtedly make recovery more speedy, but health may be regained while using the ordinary diet if it be confined to wholesome foods, and if the hygienic means for assisting in building general health here suggested are rigorously followed.

Cooke and Clinton, two excellent specimens of womanhood

LADY SHARP-SHOOTERS



Clinton, America's Crack Lady Shots, as they are professionally known, are two fine specimens of vigorous womanhood. They were specially snapshotted by our photographer in the act of performing two of their truly marvelous feats of marksmanship.

One remarkable feat this clever pair accomplish with apparent ease is for Miss Clinton to hold her partner head downward in her arms while the latter fires several shots in rapid succession, and at such tiny and apparently impossible targets as the edge of visiting cards, etc.

In reply to an inquiry as to whether they underwent any special course of training or gymnastics, they replied in the negative, but added that they always took plenty of exercise, long country walks for preference. Indian club swinging is also one of their favorite exercises.

They have toured and given exhibitions of their powers in almost every quarter of the globe.

An accomplishment that imperatively demands that steel-like nerve and thorough self-confidence only to be attained and retained by long practice combined with thoroughly healthy condition of body, is to become an expert rifle shot, an accomplishment that calls into play not merely a quick and accurate eye, but also demands that the muscles be continually exercised in order to enable them to retain the lithe subtleness and quickness of action that are necessary adjuncts to success.

Cooke and



Firing at the edge of a visiting card. A feat which calls for great strength and steady nerves

SCIENTIFIC SURGERY SAID SCIATICA

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir—In the early part of December, 1902, I was laid up. The doctor said I broke a muscle in my leg. He treated me for eight days by keeping me full of morphine and opium. Then I went to Cooper's Hospital, where they started to treat me for sciatic rheumatism, which they soon discontinued (fever during this time was from 100 to 103½). What was supposed to be an abscess appeared. The surgeon operated on my leg, but he found out after cutting me it was a BROKEN GLAND. My leg is healing up quite rapidly and is getting strong. The doctors expected I would be laid up about eight months and also confess that they do not know what was the matter with me in the first place. I was in the Hospital ten weeks. On account of having a strong constitution, and having followed somewhat your advice, my recovery was speedy. I beg that you will give this rather lengthy appeal some consideration and tell me what I should do to thoroughly eradicate the abscess from my system and make myself strong again. I would rather follow your natural treatment than take the drugs of the most eminent doctor in the land. Thanking you for what you have already done for me, I remain,

Yours very truly,

FRED. C. JACKSON, Camden, N. J.

While severe inflammation or the abscess is present, it will be necessary, for Physical Culture treatment, for you to fast absolutely—drinking freely of water. As you approach recovery, eat only one meal a day. Masticate every morsel of food to a liquid. Ventilate your living rooms thoroughly. Take some deep breathing exercises, and as much exercise as your strength will allow. Take a hot bath twice a week and a dry friction bath once a day following your exercise, and this should be followed by cold, wet sponge or towel bath, as cold as you can bear it and be able to recuperate with a feeling of warmth—EDITOR.

ANOTHER DOCTOR ENDORSES OUR VIEWS

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I have lately become a reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE and like it very much. My attention was called to it by a physician acquaintance. I like your views against vaccination. I used to vaccinate, but I saw the evil of it and gave it up. I now save every child I can from being inoculated with the vile pus.

I like your views against the indiscriminate use of the knife; it is a fearful thing. Take the so-called appendicitis. Dr. Ball, a western physician, in his late work says: "Nine-tenths of the operations for appendicitis are frauds. I have aided in just such nefarious work (not willingly) to save the reputation of the surgeon, who took the little offending member, and, after ligature, removed it and filled it with all the dark gummy mass it would hold to show it to the family, when it had been in a perfect state of health before excision. These are sad confessions, but it is not only true in my experience, but every surgeon knows he has witnessed the same phenomena." What an arraignment for a leading physician to

make of the members of his own profession, and yet the writer is a responsible party.

A letter called me to a case a year or more since to make an examination. I found the patient had been under treatment for three months for ulceration of the cervix of the uterus. The day before I was called the physician in charge had treated the patient, telling her that the ulcer was as large as his finger nail; on examination I found no sign of an ulcer, not the least indication of it. Then she told me how the doctor had called in a surgeon and they had made examination and he had told her that if his friend the physician could not cure her he could remove the uterus. I then asked the husband to look through the speculum, and he assured his wife that "he saw only healthy-looking tissue, with no sign whatever of ulceration." The treatment for three months I am satisfied had been simply a bluff and the surgeon's examination was a bluff in the interest of the physician.

Yours truly,

D. S. VOLES, A.M., M.D.,



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

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

Q. How long a time should one spend eating a meal?

A. The time necessary in properly masticating a meal depends altogether upon the character and quantity of food required to satisfy your hunger. If you will acquire the habit of chewing every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing, you need not bother about the length of time required in eating a meal. At health homes, where thorough mastication is insisted upon with extreme severity, some of the patients take from an hour to an hour and a half to eat a meal. Of course, the quality and quantity of saliva of one in poor health is rarely normal, and under such circumstances it will require longer to masticate your food.

Q. Does cooking detract from the nutritive value of all foods?

A. Cooking at an extreme heat lessens the nutritive value of all foods. Cooking at a moderate heat lessens the food value but very little; in some cases not at all. Nearly all foods are greatly injured when subjected for a prolonged period to heat beyond the boiling point.

Q. Do you think that on the "one-meal-a-day plan" there is danger of causing permanent injury to the stomach by over-distending it?

A. There is not the slightest danger of your being injured in the manner you mention by the one-meal-a-day plan. I never heard of any one

being troubled with a distension of the stomach from following the régime. Nearly all who have eaten but one meal daily for a prolonged period continuously enjoy far more than the average degree of health.

Q. I would like to know how I can best increase my weight. Am thirty years old, six feet seven inches tall, live on raw food, two meals a day, take plenty of baths and exercise, and yet don't seem to get my normal weight.

A. Drink from two to four glasses of milk at each of the raw food meals you mention, sipping the milk very slowly, and masticating every portion thoroughly just as is done in infant life. Raw eggs, if you can take them in some way in which they are palatable, would also be of benefit to you. Olive oil, the highest grade that can be secured, should also be used freely. You will find that it will increase the palatability of nearly all kinds of foods.

Q. What are the merits of olive oil as a food, and how should it be taken?

A. Olive oil is one of the finest foods that one can use. It is not only palatable as a food, but it affects the body just as oil does a machine. It seems to make the functional processes work more smoothly and satisfactorily. If it is used quite freely it will cure the most obstinate case of constipation, and after the habit of using it is acquired it will increase the palatability of nearly all kinds of foods. It can be eaten on vegetables, raw or cooked. It is a satisfactory addition to sweet fruits. It should constitute about three-quarters of a salad dressing. You could eat it on bread just as you would butter, and you will find it to be an improvement.

Q. What kind of underclothing is best to be worn next the skin—linen or silk? Please give the comparative value of wool, cotton, and linen mesh for under-wear.

A. The best underclothing that can be worn next the skin is linen. Place a small piece of linen, a piece of wool, and a piece of silk, in a glass of water, and you will find that the wool

and the silk will float around on the top of the water for a long period, while the linen will quickly absorb sufficient water to become wet through. The value of underclothing lies in its ability to assist in maintaining warmth, and to absorb the impurities which are eliminated from the body. This little experiment just mentioned proves quite emphatically that linen will absorb moisture, and therefore impurities, far more quickly than underclothing made from silk or wool.

Q. After adopting the one-meal-per-day plan, would one movement of the bowels a day be sufficient? If so, about what time of the day would it be most natural, if the meal is always taken at noon?

A. One movement of the bowels a day, when one is eating but one meal daily, should be sufficient. It is not of very great importance what time of day this movement may occur, though ordinarily it is advisable to encourage it at a particular time and try as near as possible to acquire regularity as to time in this way. Ordinarily upon rising in the morning and taking a few exercises sufficient to awaken the circulation, a desire for a movement will appear. This will especially be noticeable if you are in the habit of drinking a glass or two of water on rising, which is a desirable habit to form.

Q. Can catarrh of the bowels be cured by a long fast, or by any other means? In a prolonged fast, how often should there be a movement of the bowels, and what means should be employed to secure a movement if it does not come about naturally?

A. This trouble can be remedied in nearly every case by a prolonged fast. A series of short fasts might be sufficient and more pleasant method of effecting a cure, but a prolonged fast would be the quickest way. If not accustomed to fasting it would probably be better to begin by fasting one day out of three, then two days out of four, after which a long fast could be attempted if there has not been a very noticeable change in your condition. In fasting

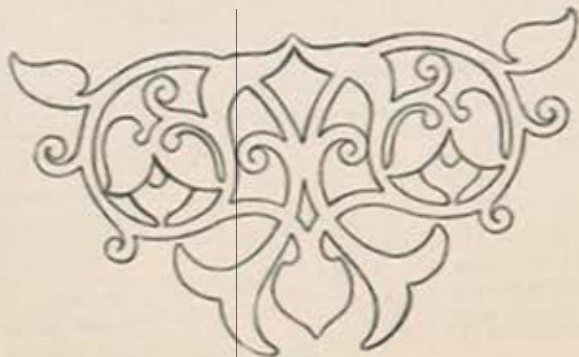
there is very frequently no movement of the bowels for several days. In some cases it might be necessary to employ some method of securing a movement, though this is not a serious matter by any means, provided you drink water rather freely. Where one feels heavy and loggy, as though a movement was desired, the colon flushing treatment is suggested, using two or three quarts of water, or as much as can be comfortably endured, and allowing it to remain a short time.

Q. Measurement of the calf of my left leg exceeds that of the right by one-quarter of an inch, while the thigh of the right exceeds the left by one-quarter of an inch. Can you give some exercise that would develop the calf alone?

A. When there is a difference in the size of similar parts of the body, like the calves, arms or legs, the size can be made uniform by simply giving the smaller part more exercise than the other. For instance, in the above case, rise on the right toe as high as you can and exercise the right calf in other ways considerably more than you do the left. The left thigh can be exercised more than the right by lowering and raising the body, using the left leg only, keeping the right leg off the floor.

Q. When in business one is required to sit in a stooped position and the work is very confining, what would you advise as the best exercise and food? Also the best way to develop the lungs?

A. For developing the lungs would refer you to the January issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. Very frequently during the day would advise you to straighten up and inhale deeply, throwing the shoulders back as far as you can. The best exercises for using all the muscles quickly and to bring about the most effective results in the shortest time, would be those found in the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. A diet composed mostly of uncooked foods would probably be the best for you, though if this cannot be secured conveniently, almost any wholesome diet will do, providing you exercise sufficiently and breathe properly.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT



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

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

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

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

FROM the time the readers of this magazine exceeded the one hundred thousand mark, I have dreamed of a future PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY, where there would be no sickly prudes, sallow faced dyspeptics, saloons, drug stores or tobacco shops, where every inhabitant would be able to use his God-giving intellect and where he could live and act according to its dictates.

Shall We Have a Physical Culture City?

Everywhere that the noble (?) animal Man is found in large numbers, the air is polluted with coal and tobacco smoke, and with odors ranging from the whiskey tainted breath to that which often arises in almost sickening fumes from the bodies of those who are unclean outside and foul with disorders inside.

The building of such a city is a mammoth undertaking. A great amount of money would be necessary even to make a start. It is money, money everywhere. You can hardly turn around without feeling the need of this crime-soaked standard of values. I detest it for the outrages, the murders, it has caused to be committed, but I love it for the power that it gives to those who live for purposes higher than the mere gratification of selfish desires.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY! Ah, my friends, I can go on preaching in this magazine for a century. Here and there my words will be heard, my advice and warnings heeded. But when all the environments of life from early childhood are teaching false standards and perverted conceptions of life and health and truth, where is there hope for the future? Thousands of letters have been received commending the work of my magazines. To receive such evidence of having already accomplished so much is pleasing, but when I view conditions as they are, when I realize what a sweeping divergence from present influences is essential in order to bring the human world to a proper conception of life in all its highest beauty and truth, I am appalled, and I am able then to more fully comprehend my weakness,

my inefficiency, my inability to cope with the monstrous perversions that have been the growth of centuries.

What can I, a little, pigmy man, do to stem the resistless tide of errors that is slowly bringing the human race onward and downward to weakness, sickness, misery, death, and possible oblivion?

I can only preach and talk and write, but where one stops to listen, where one takes time to give a moment's thought to my words, there are thousands who go heedlessly by or else laugh in derision at my efforts.

Who is to save the human race from itself? Not you, dear reader, nor I. No one person can save it. A thousand, yes a million, tongues are needed to preach the truth of human health and human happiness.

I have called for help in the past. My words have voiced the pain that stirred within at the thought of my weakness in an emergency so terrible.

And I call again to those who have seen the light. Rise up and accomplish something of value to your fellow men.

Are you too busy trying to earn enough to eat and enough to wear?

POOR, WEAK SOULS! Do you know that you can live comfortably on five cents worth of food each day? That the less clothing you wear to maintain warmth, the healthier and stronger you will be?

STOP BEING A STEREOTYPED DUPLICATE! BE YOURSELF!
Guide your life by your individual intelligence. Do something of benefit to others. Make the human race better for your having lived.

But a **PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY!** Imagine, if you can, what an object lesson to this country, even to this world, a city like this could be. Such a city would be built, not so much of beautiful buildings and well laid out streets, but its power and its beauty would be largely confined to the healthy, well formed bodies of its inhabitants.

It would also be necessary for such a city to find some source of income. Money would be needed there as well as elsewhere, and with proper management a great financial success could no doubt be attained by furnishing the world with the most healthfully prepared foods and with the health literature that would naturally find its birth therein.

If viewed from a practical business standpoint, it would be well to locate it within an hour of New York City. In case employment could not be furnished to all those desiring work within the city itself, it could easily be found in New York. The location should be the healthiest that could be found, and should be convenient for shipping, as this will aid financially, for it must be remembered that such a city must be self-supporting, otherwise it could not thrive.

How many will be willing to join me and help build such a city? How many are there who will spend their money and time in assisting in such an undertaking? How many are there who will live in such a city after it has been built? These are important questions, and I would like to hear from all who would be interested.

It would first be necessary to lease, with an option on buying, at least one thousand acres of land occupying and adjacent to the town site. Then a large amount of money would be needed to erect a printing establishment, to build food factories, and a large sanitarium and other enterprises would be necessary to furnish employment and make the city commercially successful.

I would like nothing better than the privilege of giving all that I now possess, and my services from now until death, for such an undertaking, for the purposes of my life could then be far more effectively accomplished.

This is all but a dream of mine at present, but it will be quickly realized if there are enough persons interested to subscribe about two hundred thousand dollars. Then a stock company could be formed, and the enterprise, with all the needed accessories, could soon be started.



MANY of our articles and editorials, strongly condemning white flour as a food, have aroused the ire of the white flour manufacturers. They are doing everything they can to maintain the confidence of the public in this so-called "staff of life."

Some time ago I stated that there were many enthusiastic physical culturists who could fast absolutely for a longer period than any of the white flour advocates could maintain life on this so-called food product.

*The Counterfeit
Staff of Life*

I want to prove, to the satisfaction of any intelligent and unprejudiced person, the great deficiency of white flour as a food, and about the most effective method would be to so interest some of our enthusiasts that they would be willing to carry on an experiment for us.

A test conducted by various so-called experts, in which they endeavored to prove the food value of white flour, was made *combined with milk and other foods. One can easily live on milk without white flour products.* **THEREFORE, THESE TESTS ARE ABSOLUTELY VALUELESS.** To test the value of white flour as a food, one must live on it solely for a period.

I would like some experimenters who are anxious to increase their knowledge, and also to benefit the general public along physical culture lines, to live on white bread, or in other words, white flour products, for from one to two weeks, testing the strength and general mental condition both before and after the experiment. Then, after resuming normal diet and acquiring normal strength, I would have them live for a similar period on whole wheat bread and other foods made from the whole grain, testing the strength and general mental condition before and after the experiment.

How many of our enthusiasts will be willing to make an experiment of this kind? We could easily make the experiment ourselves on those directly connected with us, but we would like to have it tried by persons not financially interested, so that the general public can not for a moment question the value of the results. I would be pleased to hear personally from those who might desire to undertake such an experiment.



*What the Corset Does:
Prevents the Unrestricted
Return of Venous Blood*

THE above charge against the corset has been referred to and has been fully proven on several occasions in preceding editorials.

Life is maintained by the blood. The arterial blood carries nourishment to the tissues. The venous blood carries waste

material away from the tissues. Both are most important functions. Cut off entirely the blood supply to any part of the body and that part will surely waste away and quickly die. Cut off the supply of arterial blood partially to any part of the body and that part will be injured, weakened and starved. Prevent the return of the venous blood from any part of the body and the waste matter which is thrown off from that part will accumulate and cause trouble in a human system just as surely as a stopped-up drain causes difficulty in the plumbing of a house.

The Royal Worcester Corset (Ruinous Warping Constrictor) is modeled after the latest style. It raises the stomach to the conventional height. It clogs the circulation and prevents the blood from properly nourishing the parts below the waist. It forces the flesh from the waist upward to chest and bust, and downward to the hips. It gradually dries up the natural maternal feelings of a woman, and if worn long enough is bound to make an unfeeling sexless nonentity of the finest girl that was ever created. Encourage your wife to wear one, and your doctor will pat you on the back in the friendliest manner, for you will have need of him often.



ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET

(Ruinous Warping Constrictor.)

People who see the necessity for keeping their houses pure and sweet should realize the extreme importance of keeping the body in perfect condition by offering no hindrance to the carrying away of what is really refuse matter. If the sewer pipes in our houses were compressible as are the veins and arteries, the housekeeper who would be unwise enough to allow them to be cramped and bent out of position would not be surprised when the plumbing was out of order. But the woman who wears a corset and pushes her liver and stomach and other organs against the large blood vessels which supply nourishment and carry away waste is surprised to find that there is anything the matter with the human plumbing.

She tampers with Nature, and then wonders that her body gets out of order.

The waist line was made soft and pliable because of the necessity of expanding and contracting. At every breath there should be a decided change in the size of the waist. This is not possible when a corset is worn.

While the nerves at the waist line are normal, undue pressure by the corset will cause pain and thus indicate that injury is being done, but indifference to this warning causes the nerves to become benumbed and deadened. They cease crying out in painful protest.

When the corset is first worn it is difficult for a healthy girl to bear the pain. But gradually the power of feeling is destroyed. The nerves become dulled and deadened to pain and finally lose all power of transmitting sensation.

The nerves have been aptly likened to telegraph wires. When they cease to transmit messages of pain to the brain, they cease as well to transmit messages of any kind. Normal natural sensations which Nature meant to be transmitted by these nerves are never known to the woman who wears a tight corset.

So the poor corset victim, who is really not a woman in the fullest sense of the word, may be all right as a plaything for man, but she can never be in the fullest sense of the word a perfect companion, A SATISFACTORY WIFE, or A HEALTHY MOTHER. Women who wear corsets are to be shunned.

Read article in August BEAUTY AND HEALTH, "On a Simple Wardrobe." It tells how a woman may dress comfortably without a corset.

Peirarr Macfadden



Publisher's Department

A Heart to Heart talk
with our Friends

THOSE who have followed PHYSICAL CULTURE for the last two or three years will have noticed that we have come out of our old rut, and are now putting on the newsstands a magazine whose pages contain more value for ten cents than the majority of ordinary publications containing even 140 pages, and selling as high as 25 cents.

* * * *

Help Us to Please You.

Our constant endeavor is to secure matter which will be an agreeable set-off to the dominant tone and policy of the magazine. We flatter ourselves that each succeeding issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE so far published in 1903 has been an improvement on its predecessor; but we are far from being satisfied. We found a little difficulty at first in gathering attractive material. Our grappling irons are now pretty well laid out, though a large percentage of what comes to our net is not fish. We realize, too, that we can sooner attain our ideal of what a Physical Culture Magazine should be if we invite the co-operation of our readers. As a first step to this end, therefore, we want you to very carefully read this, the August, issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE and tell us the particular articles and features which, first of all, are a source of greatest PHYSICAL BENEFIT to you; secondly, tell us what are the articles and features which you feel inspire and STRENGTHEN you INTELLECTUALLY and MORALLY; then tell us what articles and features are a source of greatest ENLIGHTENMENT, PLEASURE, ENTERTAINMENT,

INTEREST and AMUSEMENT to you.

* * * *

Praise or Condemn us as we Deserve.

If there is any feature which you think we are overdoing, tell us frankly about it. If there is any new feature or idea which you would like us to embody in our pages, give us a clear outline of your suggestion. If it is a good one you can fairly well count on our adopting it, sooner or later. Criticise the whole make-up of the magazine. Pick holes in it from cover to cover. It is only what you should have done long ago. The pleasure will all be ours in repairing or doing away entirely with the blemishes which mar the beauty or detract from the interest with which we are trying to dress PHYSICAL CULTURE. If we do not adopt your suggestion at once, do not come to the conclusion that we have discarded it or pitched it into the waste basket. The main portion of the magazine goes to press five weeks before publication, so that should your ideas strike us as being worthy of adoption it will not be possible for us to make use of them until two or three months after we receive them. Kick and hollow out as much as you feel you have occasion to. When you pay us a year's subscription it is our duty to work hard to give you good value for your money and to meet you as far as possible in a fair and reasonable way in building up the magazine after your conception of what it should be.

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Suggest Improvements to Us.

We make this appeal to our readers for co-operation in the hope that it will excite their interest still further in us. Help us all you can, therefore, with your ideas.

but be REASONABLE. Remember that, allowing five readers for every magazine we print and publish, *there are about 800,000 besides yourself who must also be pleased.* In outlining any improvements which you think ought to be made you must, therefore, ask yourself the question, "Would this also be of interest to the rest of the great army of readers of PHYSICAL CULTURE?" If you will be honest with yourself in deciding on this point we shall then receive suggestions of incalculable value to us.

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Dearth of Good Stories.

We have very great difficulty in securing really first-class fiction and humorous short stories. The only explanation which suggests itself as accounting for this dearth of short stories is that the field we have mapped out for contributors is too restricted. Following up the policy we have adhered to all along compelled us to reject manuscripts which were excellent in every way, albeit the essential physical culture element which our contributors apparently found hard to work into their stories. We now see that this demand was too exacting. In future, therefore, we shall be very happy to consider fiction of the ordinary kind, such as is published in the other leading magazines. We want the best that is to be had, but our preference is for good, wholesome and timely stories, from one to three thousand words, the plot in which is not overdrawn or almost impossible.

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Short Story Competition.

We take advantage of this opportunity also of again calling attention to the SHORT STORY COMPETITION, which is in effect up to the end of March, 1904. To the winner of this competition a check for ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid, in addition to our ordinary space rates. The conditions governing this competition have already been announced in past issues of the magazine.

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A Boys' Department.

A little time ago it was our intention to publish a Magazine for Boys and Girls.

After more mature consideration we have decided to put the idea aside, for a time, at any rate, and as a tentative measure to open a department in PHYSICAL CULTURE which will be of ESPECIAL INTEREST TO BOYS, and a corresponding department in BEAUTY AND HEALTH devoted to the INTERESTS OF OUR LITTLE MOTHERS. This department will begin with the September issue, and every effort will be made to make it one of the most interesting features in the magazine. Its scope will include a series of exercises especially prepared for the young idea. These exercises will be illustrated by photographs arranged and posed by the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, and sound common-sense talks to our young boys will make it of inestimable use and benefit for the PHYSICAL AND MORAL WELFARE OF YOUNG AMERICA.

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We Want to Hear from the Boys.

We shall be glad to hear what our juvenile readers have to say about this new feature. We shall be grateful, also, if they will send us any suggestions as to what they think would be calculated to enhance the interest of this feature. Ask us all the questions you wish about your physique, but ASK THEM AS BRIEFLY AS POSSIBLE, and write your letters on ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY. This will help us considerably. We do not promise to give replies to every letter that reaches us. We will ascertain what it is our young readers are most anxious to be informed on, and it will then be our endeavor to discuss these matters in subsequent issues of the BOY'S DEPARTMENT in PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We would like to be presented with photographs of all boys who approve this new feature. Some of them we promise to reproduce in the magazine, and all of them will be allotted prominent positions in our boy's photograph gallery in our offices. There is one point, however, that we call your very careful attention to, and that is to write your age, name and address legibly, and in full, on the back of photographs.