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LUNG AND CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

BUBBLES AS A LUNG TESTER

REMARKABLE INFLUENCE OF BUBBLE BLOWING IN INCREASING THE STRENGTH AND HEALTH OF THE LUNGS AND CHEST.

By Bernarr Macfadden.



ON many occasions I have especially emphasized the great value of introducing as much as possible of the play spirit in all exercises. Exercise itself is unquestionably of some benefit, even when it

assumes the form of very laborious work, but when the exhilarating influence of play is added the advantage is undoubtedly more than doubled. Pleasure, natural pleasure, is a tonic of no mean value. It drives away morbidness quicker than any other means. It is a valuable stimulation to life and health. The crushing of the play spirit means the beginning of old age. If I could only instil within the minds of all human creatures



CHEST CAPACITY OF THE EDITOR SHOWN BY A BUBBLE.



CHEST CAPACITY OF MR. SARONY, THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER, SHOWN BY A BUBBLE.

the emphatic necessity for play, on and on even to extreme old age, then life would not only be more full of years, but years would be more full of life.

Thus I am endeavoring continually to find means of making exercise as pleasurable as possible, and with this object in view I recently made some experiments with bubble blowing as a means of developing lung capacity and power, and I can truly say that I was astounded, not only with its benefits, but more especially at the fascinating influences of the exercise. It is real fun; you enjoy every minute, and not infrequently one will continue until actually tired out from the exercise before realizing he is fatigued.

Now, the exercise of blowing, uses vigorously the expelling muscles of the ab-

dominal and intercostal regions. It induces one to inhale fully and deeply.

But the especial value of bubble blowing lies in the entertaining and competitive features that can be so easily introduced. Even if you have no one with whom you can compete, your attempt to see how large a bubble you can blow is decidedly interesting.

But small ones can be blown at first. Practice is required to enable you to blow a bubble that will contain from six hundred to one thousand cubic inches of air. My own photograph, given herewith, shows a bubble containing about three hundred cubic inches, or about one full breath, and I have at times been able to blow them three times the size without breaking.

An interesting competition at a social



1. BUBBLE COMPETITION—WHO CAN BLOW THE LARGEST BUBBLE, NO LIMIT AS TO NUMBER OF INHALATIONS?

gathering, or gymnasium, can be given by having each blow as large a bubble as possible without drawing in any additional breath. Of course, you should inhale all you can, filling the lungs to the utmost capacity before beginning to blow. This, if you blow out all you can, will indicate the difference in capacity when the lungs are completely filled and when emptied as completely as possible. When blowing in a lung tester the number of cubic inches is shown by measurement, but in a bubble it is indicated simply by the size. No matter how you may strive to exhale all the air from the lungs a certain amount will remain; therefore, no means of this character will indicate with extreme accuracy the exact amount of air that may be crowded into the lungs.

Interesting competitions may be given by offering a small prize—(1) to the one who blows the largest bubble with one full breath; (2) to the one who blows unaided the largest bubble, no attention given to breathing; (3) to the one who can keep a large bubble from breaking the longest time; (4) to the one who can throw from his pipe the largest number of bubbles, small or large, without dip-

ping the pipe into the water; (5) to the one who is able to keep the bubble in the air the longest time by blowing; (6) to the one who is able to keep the bubble in the air the longest time by bouncing it with the elbows or hands, using the necessary wollen material to bounce the bubble on.

Difficulty may be found in making the bubbles at first, and I would advise that you secure a circular from some of the manufacturers of the devices for blowing bubbles; this will give you full instructions. My limited experience has indicated that castile soap is the best, and that only a mild solution of soap and water should be used. Corn cob pipes are better than clay, though clay will do.

Wet the pipe thoroughly before attempting to blow a bubble, and then rub it slowly back and forth over the soap, so that particles of the soap will adhere to the outer edge of the pipe. Satisfactory bubbles can be made almost from plain water, if you do this before you dip your pipe into the water.

Attention is called to article in issue of this month in *Woman's Physical Development* on Bubble Blowing for Women.



BUBBLE COMPETITION—WHO CAN BLOW THE LARGEST BUBBLE WITH ONE FULL BREATH?

THE SOLDIERS OF THE KHEDIVE



By Paul Goad (Special Correspondent).



WHEN the traveler to Egypt is put ashore in the crazy little town of Port Said, he finds himself moving among a rag, tag and bobtail crowd of dirty Orientals, clad in the flowing garments and turbans of the East. Through this motley throng

strides a tall, straight figure, clad in neat uniform, red tarbush (fez), leather gaiters, and wearing a short sword at his side; he is one of the Khedive's well-drilled policemen, and represents an example of the many benefits derived from the white occupation.

The army of to-day in Egypt is drawn mostly from the fellahen of the Lower Nile region and the fierce black Soudanese from the south. In 1896-98 they earned universal praise and respect in the campaigns under Kitchener for steadiness and courage, and the drill and discipline have been steadily improved each year under the watchful eye of the British military staff.

The men serve for three years in the regular army, are then drafted into the police force and then go into the reserve.

All the senior officers are Englishmen, and it was through the kindness of Bimbashi (Major) Gillson, commanding a native battery at Abysiah, that I was enabled to judge of the physical qualities of

the men and make the accompanying photographs.

Except for the picked regiments of England and Germany, it would be hard to find men in the world to compare with these dark-skinned fellows for size and natural development.

They are very powerfully built in the chest and shoulders, and, while their legs are not so massive, these men make splendid marches in the heat of the



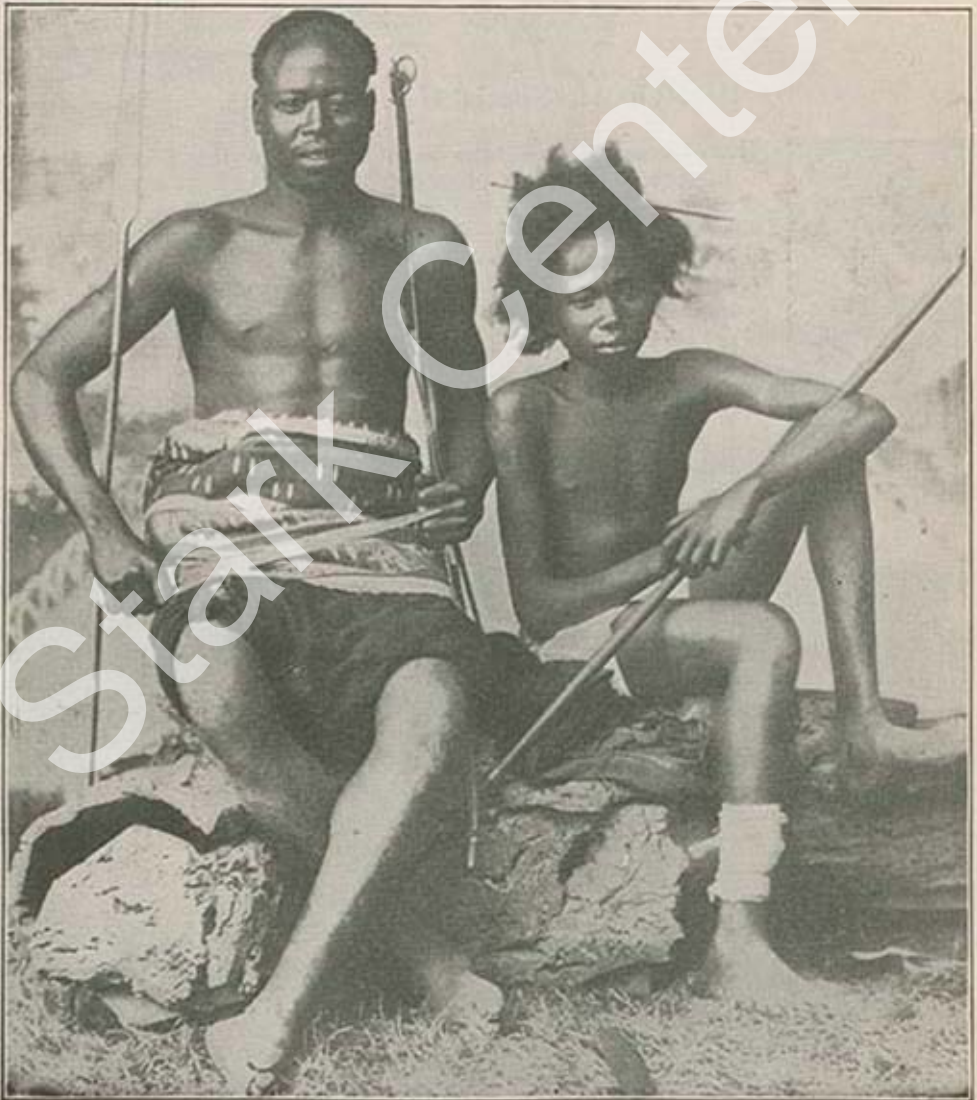
GIANT ARTILLERYMEN AND EGYPTIAN OFFICER.

desert. Gillson told me of a forced march in the Soudan in which his men, with heavily laden mules to lead, did nearly five hundred miles in twenty-one days.

During this march, the Bimbashi noticed that one of the men looked somewhat done up, and was the last to get his saddlebags in place on the back of his vicious mule. The Englishman, who is a big, husky soldier, kindly got off his horse

and essayed to help the tired artilleryman; but what was his discomfiture and surprise to find that he could not lift even one end of the bag that his man had been juggling for days.

Another case illustrative of the great strength of these fellows was brought up at a court martial of three native cavalymen. They had been caught with an iron safe in their possession, and during the trial the question of how they could



BERSKENI OF UPPER EGYPT.

move so heavy a thing, unassisted, was asked. "Oh," said one of them; "the corporal carried the safe!"

The setting-up drill used by the Egyptians is much like that of England, and although they do not take naturally to sports or athletics, they go through these drills with plenty of snap and precision. Each morning in the big square in front of the Abdin Barracks, in the city of Cairo, you can see the long lines of red

tarbushes, and neat khaki-clad warriors, go slashing about in a sun that makes a deep impression even on the quiet onlooker.

It isn't a land to breed enthusiasm for physical exercise, otherwise we should be hearing of a new "fellaheen Sandow"; and if these natural giants had the courage and intelligence of their white "foster fathers," the sad story of a wonderful nation's decay would never have been written.



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS OF TO-DAY.

HOW I WAS BORN AGAIN—MY 51-DAY FAST.

By George Propeter.

IBEGIN this article with the following borrowed thoughts, which I consider as important as any that ever emanated from the brain of man, because they give the only natural rules by which the quality of human action and thought may be rightly judged.

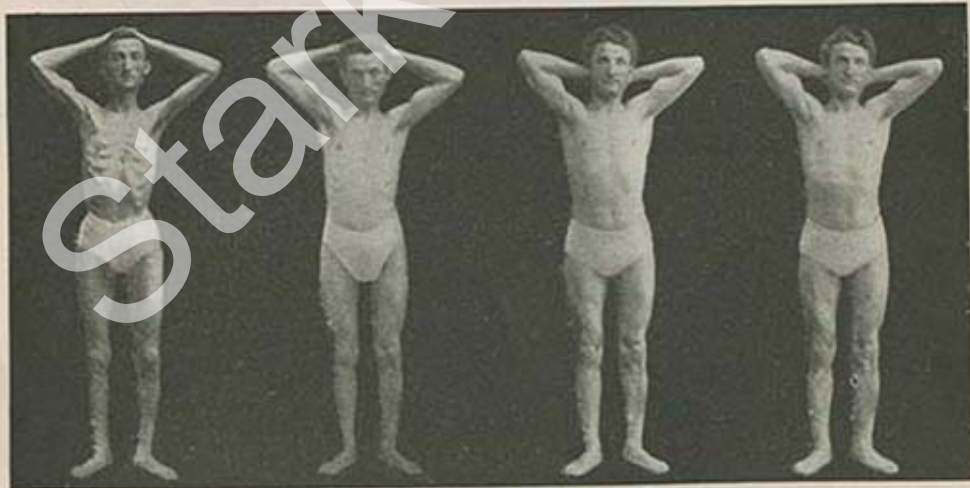
"Acts are called good or bad according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends;" and "ends are good or bad according as they affect the happiness of mankind." The results of all actions are equally certain, but not equally known, not equally perceived. If all men knew with perfect certainty that to steal from others was to rob themselves, larceny would cease. Therefore, it cannot be said too often that actions are good or bad in the light of consequences, and that a clear perception of consequences would control actions. Actions are neither right nor wrong by virtue of

what men can say; the right or wrong lives in results—in the nature of things, growing out of relations violated or caused.

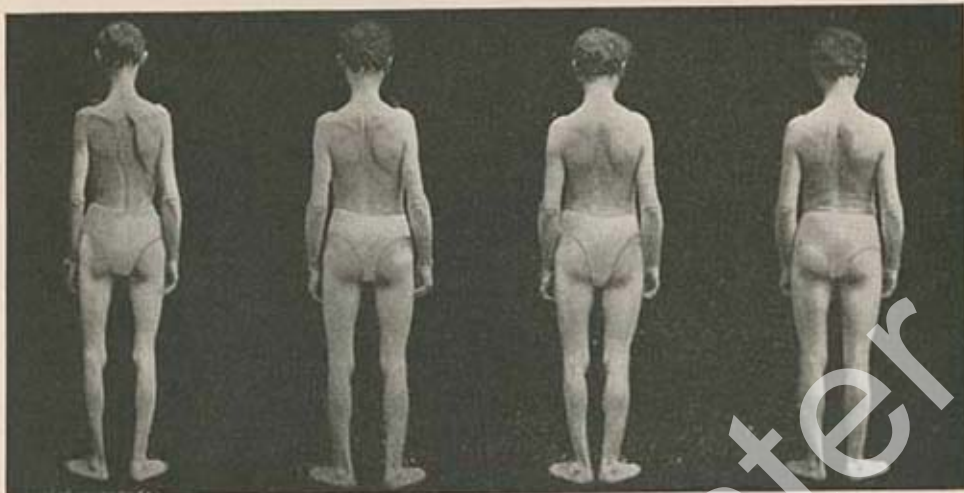
Nearly all mistakes made by man are due to misinterpretation of consequences; and the most prevalent mistake made by man in this direction is that of attributing curative powers to wrong sources and to substances. Upon this dreadful mistake, more thought-force has been wasted than upon any condition that touches the life of man; and the results, the misinterpreted consequences of this act, have robbed the world of more life and happiness than all the other combined enemies of life and happiness.

Superior persons in almost every department of human knowledge always seem to have room enough left in their storerooms of knowledge for this ancient error.

How often one hears the remark, "Oh!



These pictures were taken at intervals of 15 days, beginning at end of the fast. The picture on the left, in each of the series printed herewith, was taken at the conclusion of the fast, and before any food was eaten. The next picture to it was taken fifteen days after fast was broken; the third, 30 days after, and the fourth a month and a half after the end of the fast. Weight at end of fast 92½ lbs.; at end of 15 days, 113 lbs.; at end of 30 days, 128 lbs.; at end of 45 days, 137½ lbs. Two meals a day were eaten, and thorough mastication of food practised.



AT END OF FAST

15 DAYS AFTER

30 DAYS AFTER

45 DAYS AFTER

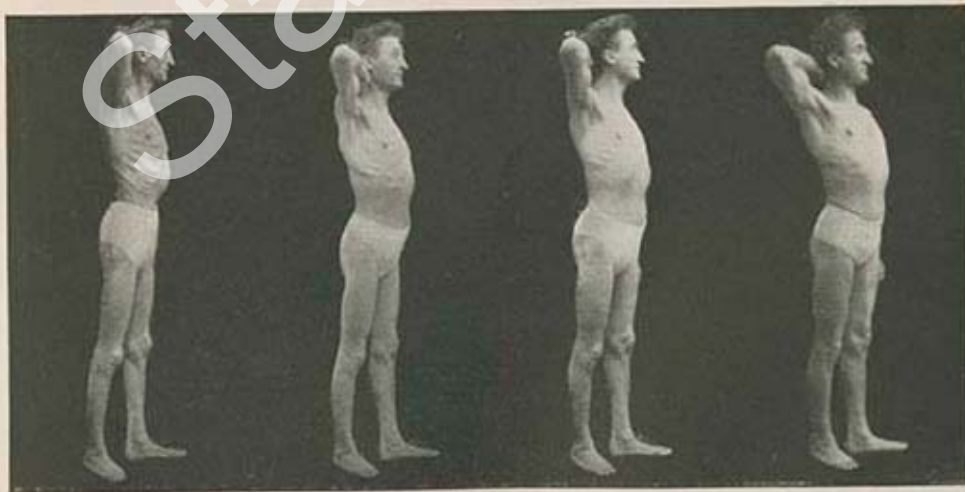
I wish I could be born over, and begin life with the knowledge I now have.

Well, rejoice, your wish can be made to come true. The miracle is within your power. Though after being re-born you will be a rather large baby, yet all the conditions you wish for—youth, health, knowledge and happiness—will be yours. And what is this wonderful power that can turn back the universe and make you a child again in all but size?

Why, it is the absolute purification of your blood by the only natural, short, sure method of undergoing an absolute

and complete fast to a finish, which means that absolutely nothing be taken but water and that the fast be kept up until a complete finish manifests itself in the unmistakable signs of a clean alimentary track beginning at the tip of the tongue; a pure breath; and a real, normal, natural constitutional call for something to eat.

If I can remove the erroneous idea that there is any danger whatever in undergoing an absolute fast to a finish, I shall have removed the great rock of prejudice that now obstructs the only natural, short, sure road to perfect health.



AT END OF FAST

15 DAYS AFTER

30 DAYS AFTER

45 DAYS AFTER

The most prevalent idea of the fasting-cure is, that the cure is brought about by real starvation—hence, the name starvation-cure. Nothing could be further from the truth, which fact I shall endeavor to prove.

In diseased conditions of all or part of the body, eating feeds the disease, whereas fasting starves it. All starvation that is undergone before the unmistakable signs of pure blood manifest themselves is starvation of the disease—the getting rid of dead cells, the diseased tissue of the body, and is therefore beneficial to health.

Real starvation first begins after these signs have manifested themselves; and this kind of starvation would necessarily be detrimental to health, because it would compel the blood to convert healthy tissue into food for itself, and death would not result until this tissue would be exhausted; and even then death could be averted by volition of the person starving, that is, by eating.

The danger of dying from the disease is infinitely greater than the danger of dying from the starvation of the disease; in fact, the two conditions are not comparable, because the one ultimately means death, and the other means life and health.

Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey gives the estimated loss of the several tissues of the body in cases of starvation, and ingeniously terms it,

“Nature’s bill of fare for the sick:”

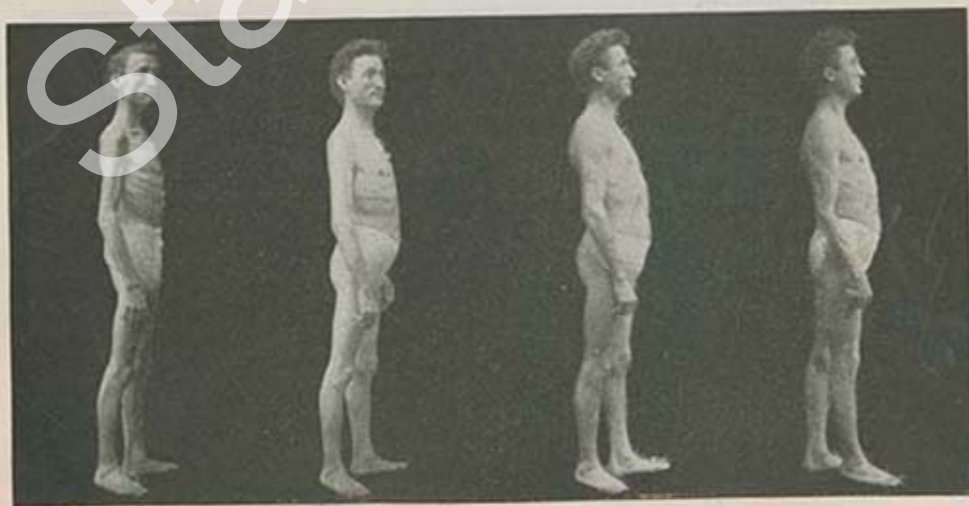
Fat	97 per cent.
Muscle	30 per cent.
Liver	56 per cent.
Spleen	63 per cent.
Blood	17 per cent.
Nerve Centers.....	0 per cent.

So death from starvation would mean that the person died with

3 per cent. of fat.
71 per cent. of muscle.
44 per cent. of liver.
37 per cent. of spleen.
83 per cent. of blood.
100 per cent. of nerve-centers.

and with brain, heart and lung-power apparently undiminished.

The heart, being composed almost entirely of muscle tissue, loses only about 30 per cent. of its power. But it must be remembered that during a fast the heart is called upon for only about 50 per cent. of its power, because it is not obliged to assist in digesting a quantity of food eaten in excess of what is really needed to repair waste of health tissue. During a fast the blood becomes purer and purer with each circulation through the heart, and therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the unnecessary expenditure of heart-power is still further reduced. These facts prove that the heart benefits in every possible way by a fast, and that the mistaken idea that the heart may be injured by a fast is only a weak supposition poorly founded.



AT END OF FAST

15 DAYS AFTER

30 DAYS AFTER

45 DAYS AFTER

A complete fast is merely a balancing of accounts with Nature, in which you pay the penalty for all the laws of hygiene violated by you to date. You may even be so unfortunate as to have inherited such a debt, for which Nature will also hold you responsible. The length of the fast is simply Nature's way of indicating the exact amount you honestly owe her, and as long as she allows you to retain the principal, she is allowing you an opportunity to pay the accumulated penalty. And when she has been fully repaid, she hands you her receipt in full in the form of perfect health.

So confident was I that the above reasoning with respect to fasting was accurate that in December, 1901, I commenced what I proposed to make a complete fast. Prior to this time, I had fasted for short periods, of from one to seven days. I had never, however, carried it to a termination; that is, fasted until the entire alimentary track was completely cleansed; until the breath was sweet, the tongue clear and I had a normal hunger, or craving for food.

When I commenced this fast I determined to go about my affairs as usual without paying any regard to the unpleasant feelings of the body. While it was in progress I visited the Pan-American Exhibition in Buffalo for a couple of weeks, and the balance of the time was at my office in New York or in the country. Every day while it lasted I walked from five to twelve miles. At the outset my tongue was heavily coated, and I had the usual harrowing symptoms on the second day; then I lost all desire for food, and did not become hungry until the fifty-first day of the fast. It was the thirty-fifth day before my tongue was clear.

The length of the fast was fifty-two days, my weight when I commenced was

one hundred and thirty-five and a half pounds, and when I concluded the fast I weighed ninety-two and a half pounds. Fifteen days after I commenced eating I ran my weight up to one hundred and thirteen pounds, and thirty days after I weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and in one and one-half months after conclusion of the fast I weighed one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half pounds.

Immediately at the close of the fast I went into the country where I engaged in out-door exercise, deep breathing, and ate two meals a day. I was a trifle weak at the conclusion, but quickly gained in strength. Before two months had elapsed I was able to perform a day's labor alongside of men who were accustomed to work in the open air, and who boasted of being the possessors of unusual strength.

At this writing some two months and a half have elapsed since the conclusion of my fast, and I feel better than I have felt in years, my strength is greater than it was before, and I can truthfully declare that I have been physically regenerated.

For any who may contemplate a fast, as a quick road to complete health, I would offer the following suggestions:

There are a good many requirements outside of the mere determination to fast, such as a proper mental attitude, deep breathing, light exercise daily, walks, etc.

To break the fast properly and control the appetite until a perfect adjustment of weight has been obtained, is important. The stomach should not be loaded with food at once when you break the fast, but your hunger should be gradually satisfied, and every morsel taken into the stomach then should be more thoroughly masticated than at any other time.



JAPANESE MASSAGE.

By Hrolf Wisby.



MASSAGE was known and practiced by the ancient Japanese as a profession. Centuries before the birth of Christ there existed in Japan a cult of "medicine men," as we would call them, who made a specialty of relieving people suffering from physical pain by treatment with the naked palms of their hands. In those days the Japanese masseur was regarded as a sorcerer, and it was believed that the ability to take away pain with the hands was a gift of Divine origin which a son might inherit from his father. But it was not otherwise transferable and could not be taught to anyone whose father was not a masseur. The profession was not only high-



JAPANESE MASSAGE IMPLEMENT.

ly esteemed, but was generally very remunerative, and was confined exclusively to the men. Sick persons were not only treated, but healthy and well-to-do people patronized the masseur for very much the same reasons that prevail in our modern world.

There can be no doubt that the Japanese are the original inventors of massage treatment. At any rate, there are no earlier records than those furnished by Japan, and the further back we trace the growth of the massage idea

in Europe, the nearer we approach the land of the Mikado.

Astonishingly little change has been made in the methods employed. It is safe to say that the style of rubbing, and the professional paraphernalia, are practically the same in Japan to-day as they were more than two, and possibly, three centuries ago.

This is not due to any lack of application or of invention on the part of this the cleverest people of the Orient. It is the natural consequence of the fact that massage is massage only at the hands of one who has the proper touch and knows how to do it. The method is so primitive when most perfectly applied that it does not admit of any improvement.

A light, healing vegetable grease is used for rubbing now, as of yore, and the same movements prevail from the head downward to the toes with transverse kneading on the same line of progression. For treatment of joints and knuckles circular movements with the ball of the hand prevail, and the stretching of each individual limb is a never-omitted feature, as well as the finishing touch of a proper Japanese massage treatment. There are special treatments for various complaints, and a variety of ointments, almost all of which are deliciously perfumed.

In one essential respect the Japanese, however, differ from the masseurs of any other country. They employ a special instrument in connection with massage for physical well-being merely, and not for any curative effect. Nothing could be simpler than this instrument. Yet there is not a factory or mechanical shop in the United States that could produce, or even duplicate one of them. The method followed in the making of this instrument is a secret not as yet disclosed to the Western world, and it baffles description.

It is a rotating ball kneader, consisting of two pieces of hard, polished cherrywood. The ball revolves freely in a retainer, gripping it with a two-point

contact race, so that about one-third of the ball protrudes from the retainer, which is shaped in a way permitting of handy manipulation and an easy fit into the palm. The circular hole through which the ball projects is considerably smaller than the diameter of the ball itself; and as the retainer is made out of a single piece of wood the question arises: How was the ball put into the retainer? If we suppose that the entire instrument was made from a single block we are at a loss to know how the ball could be given its perfectly round, smooth shape, being cut out inside the retainer. One theory is as unlikely as the other, and no matter how we try to solve the puzzle we are at a loss to know in what manner the ball was put in; or, if it was not put in, how it could possibly be shaped and turned.

To further baffle the interested spectator the retainer will be found to have an incision mark directly in the center, and that this is inflicted by a sharp steel instrument there can be no doubt—but how, if the ball was in the way? And if it was out of the way, how could it be placed within the retainer when the aperture is much too small to admit it?

The operator takes the kneading ball

in the palm of his left hand, placing the right hand transversely over it for a guide, and then proceeds to rub each separate muscle with a long, easy stroke, releasing his pressure on the ball to suit the muscle formation, so that the effect obtained is very pleasant and, at the same time, exceedingly invigorating. No ointment is used with the kneading ball treatment. There is no friction, except by contact, to be overcome, as there is in the wearing strain of the rubbing process.

The ball passes over the muscles with a smooth and comfortable sensation. In the hands of an expert, quite remarkable results have been obtained in the way of restoring convalescent patients into a state of health quite beyond their normal standard.

It is not at all impossible that in this kneading ball, which has been in use for certainly more than two thousand years, we have the first, pristine application of the ball-bearing principle. Were steel balls inserted in the race of the retainer the device would be almost similar to the ball-bearing American caster now on the market. The Japanese make kneading balls by the thousand, and make a profit at the retail price of two and one-half cents apiece.



THE RUNNER.

A CASE OF VACCINATION.

By James Sterrman.

Here is a description of modern medical methods that should arouse every reasoning human being. This, my friends, is what they call science. Science indeed! Science was never more maligned, never so bespattered with the foul mud of ignorance and fanaticism as in this and other cases. Talk about the cruelty of vivisection, the tortures of the Spanish inquisition! Read this and realize the frightful character of the scourge that is everywhere attacking civilized humanity with its false and murderous theories.

THE EDITOR.



HERE has lately come under my personal observation a very interesting case in which prolonged illness, followed by death, has resulted from vaccination, and the allopathic treatment of the complications arising therefrom. I have carefully watched the case for a number of weeks, and there is absolutely no doubt as to the cause of the malady which eventually resulted as above stated. It is the case of a young boy—10 years old; and his father has a desk in the same office as myself, so that I have had all the information *at first hand, day by day*, as the various stages of the disease developed.

Before going further, I must here meet and answer a question which many readers of this magazine, no doubt, have on their tongues, viz: "If you knew what harm was being done, and knew also the means of relieving that suffering, why, in Heaven's name, did you not explain to the poor child's father your motives and ideas, together with the rational and sensible way of treating his case, and offer your services for the purpose of alleviating misery, and probably saving the boy's life?"

This is a very rational and natural question, and should be fully answered. In reply, I must say that I devoted over an hour one morning in fully explaining and expounding the views held by this magazine and modern literature of a similar nature, backing up my arguments by quotations from various sources, and assuring him that the tendency of modern scientific physicians was to adopt these ideas more and more, and concluding by offering to cure his boy free of charge and assume all responsibility for him, though

at that time he was practically given up by all the attending physicians. Mr. D— heard me with a smile upon his face, and, on my concluding, he merely remarked: "In other words, you think you know more about this case than the physicians in charge? I tell you, my young friend (he is a man considerably older than myself), that I have seven of the best physicians in the city there continually; I spare no expense, and everything in the world is being done for the boy that medical science is aware of. If he can be saved, they will save him; but I would assuredly rather trust a practicing physician than rely on the ideas of any quack and crank who comes along with some new theory of curing diseases. No, he is in good hands; let him remain so."

This, I take it, is the opinion of thousands of men at the present day. So deeply inrooted is their blind credulity and superstitious faith in the "family physician" that no amount of rational argument or impartial investigation will shake their faith. Like those persons who tenaciously cling to the orthodox dogmas of the Church, they will listen to no reason, or to any opinion which does not agree with their preconceived theories. To proceed, however, to my case:

R. E. D—, the ten-year-old son of J. B. D—, had scarcely known a day's illness since boyhood, and up to last October was a healthy, normal boy attending school regularly. Mr. D— was already somewhat opposed to vaccination, it appears, and on two previous occasions certificates were granted without his son having been vaccinated. Last October, however, he finally consented to let his son be vaccinated, owing to the great "smallpox scare" prevalent at the time. The poison "took"; the boy's health

commenced to decline; and within a few weeks he was confined to his bed, a poor emaciated little form, the victim of terrible internal disorders and complications arising from the poisoned and diseased condition of his organism.

The first part of the treatment in this case I have not been able to ascertain; but suffice it to say that the patient continually grew worse instead of better, and weaker instead of stronger, as the treatment progressed and doctor after doctor was called in. For the last few weeks, when the case came under my personal observation, several "specialists" were constantly in attendance. To give a detailed account of the entire treatment would be insufferably tedious; moreover, no one knew what it was except the physicians themselves.

But I can give a few brief outlines, which may give us a general idea of the methods pursued.

Firstly—They were very careful to exclude all fresh air and health-giving oxygen! The windows were all carefully and tightly closed, to prevent a draught.

Secondly—Exercise was out of the question; the boy was confined to his bed the entire time; sometimes in too weak a condition to move hand or foot.

Thirdly—Drugs were administered in every shape, form, manner and variety. A continued stream, almost, was being eaten, drunk, breathed and injected into the unfortunate boy's body.

Fourthly—But little water was allowed to be taken by the patient, as "his blood was already too thin."

Fifthly—And this is the greatest crime of all—we have continuous, heavy and enforced feeding, though absolutely against the patient's instinct and desires. After this had continued for some time, such a congested condition existed internally that the taking of solid food became a practical impossibility. But the course still lay open to continue feeding the unfortunate patient with liquid food, administered through a tube! Accordingly, raw beefsteak was purchased, and squeezed between two flat wooden surfaces, so as to obtain all the blood or juice of the meat. Perhaps, you think, this tremendously stimulating animal food was given with a teaspoon! HALF A TUMBLER FULL was given at one

time. Perhaps you think this amount was administered once a day? It was forced down the patient's throat *every hour!* Think of it—a quarter of a pint of beef blood every hour! Could any strong, healthy man stand such a diet as this and survive?

In fact, the boy's father admitted this himself. The patient's system must have been literally choked and ready to ooze with the stuff, and yet the eminent "specialists" still contended that he had no blood in his system, etc. Twice a serious hemorrhage from the nose occurred, during the earlier part of the treatment, and was stopped with difficulty; and yet the physicians continued to force the beef juice into the patient's system at the rate described above, with the result that the patient continued to decline more and more quickly.

Several times during the period did I protest to the father against the methods pursued in his son's case, and continually declared that the boy, far from *lacking* blood in his system, had more than he could possibly assimilate, and that his condition resulted, not from insufficient nourishment, but from an overtaxed digestive system. But no, nothing would suffice but that the boy had "no blood," and the feeding was continued at the same death-dealing pace. And the result? It was this, that at 7 o'clock one evening, this "bloodless" boy began to bleed from the mouth, nose, ears, and even from the gums around the teeth! Personally, I should not have been surprised to see it ooze from his finger tips! And this continued, think you, for several minutes? It kept up incessantly for over sixteen hours, in spite of the combined efforts of the seven attending "specialists," and their attempts to allay the terrible hemorrhage. Everything that these physicians could think of, or devise, was tried (such as blocking the nasal passages, packing the head in ice, etc.), with no result; the flow continued all night long unceasingly, and, when morning arrived, he was still bleeding from the mouth and nose—this, mind you, from the boy who had *no blood* in his system!

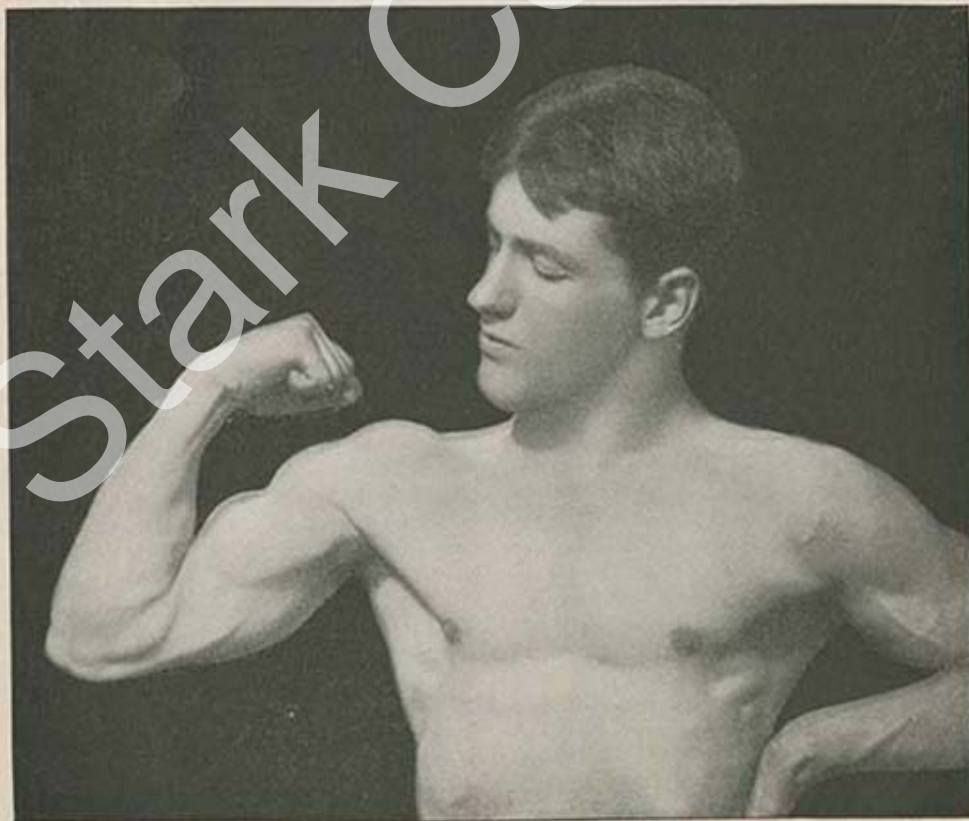
This bleeding was finally stopped—not by any of the ideas or devices of the doctors in attendance, but simply by the laws of nature; when the system had been suf-

ficiently relieved by this terrible discharge of superfluous blood, and the pressure reduced to something more like the normal than had been the case before, the hemorrhage quietly and naturally ceased, and those in attendance announced the patient as *far better* physically than he had been for many days, and pronounced him practically out of danger. This, after sixteen hours' bleeding, which, in the average person, would surely have resulted fatally, and yet in this "bloodless boy" results merely in improvement! Could anything show more unmistakably than this does that an *excess*, and not a *deficit*, of blood existed?

But now we come to the last scene in the drama—the final stage before life broke down. So great was the improvement noted that this boy was now capable of swallowing solid food, and accordingly an abundance of tempting dishes were provided, all containing "blood-forming" elements—meats, gravies and the like, for

the purpose of restoring the "terrible escape" of blood, above described, and in order to "build up" the boy physically. For two days this treatment continued, the boy growing steadily weaker and weaker, gradually sinking lower and lower, the vital powers lessening, the spark of life gradually becoming more and more extinct, until, on the fatal morning in question, death extended welcome hands, and terminated a life which, for three months, had been little more than a miserable struggle for existence.

There is little to be added to this case, which I leave to the reader's own judgment. Speaking personally, and knowing all the details of the case as I do, I have no hesitation or doubt in affirming that this boy's death was brought about (1) by vaccination, and (2) by enforced feeding and drugging the boy's system until it finally broke down under the load of poison and impurities collected therein.



ARTHUR McENHORN, CHICAGO, ILL.

WHAT MUST A MAN DO TO BE A STRONG SWIMMER?

By G. H. Corsan.

IF there is any weakness in a man's physical make-up there is no quicker method or surer way of finding it out than by entering for a swimming race. He may be a strong man and yet not be able to swim, which shows, not necessarily that he is cowardly, but that he is timid of the water. Many such men I have met and, after instructing them in the art of swimming, I have found them turn out as good water dogs as any of us. I myself learned to swim at the age of six years the very instant I struck water; this I consider accidental, more than inborn ability in that direction.

Many young men ask me what muscles are chiefly used in fast swimming? I say "every muscle in the body;" but if I were compelled to name any one muscle as "chief" I should say, the diaphragm—that muscle that cannot be seen except by dissecting a cadaver.

A question I am asked every day is, "By what method do I swim, what stroke do I use?" I use the double overarm (Trudgeon) single kick method. In a 50-yard race, I swim almost on top of the water, crawling over the water as it were, and do not bother about breathing on time. In a 100-yard race I travel for the first 25 yards in the above method for all I am worth, then I submerge more, using the double-overarm-side-stroke-single-kick, taking a long reach and breathing on time (that is, I grab a mouthful of air as I take my right arm out of the water and press it through my nose under the water). By this method of swimming I have swum two miles without being out of breath or having a feeling of exhaustion.

A writer on the *New York Sun*, in an article on swimming, declared that no man could swim the pure "Trudgeon" stroke for 100 yards and not die from exhaustion. At the closing exhibition of the Toronto Swimming Club's season (1901) on September 7, another member and myself swam the strait "trudg" stroke in the 220-yard scratch race without a break, and came out of the race without being out of breath, and almost immediately entered into a 100-yard handicap race from scratch, doing the last race in 79 seconds.

"Must a man train dietetically for a swimming race, as well as physically?" is another question often asked me. Most decidedly. No man can swim fast and smoke. The effect of tobacco on the heart is apparent even to a blind man. A man's wind and endurance are decreased by the use of tobacco. It is by such a tremendous exertion as a swimming race that the extreme susceptibility of the heart to the least evil influence tells upon a man. Thus, I have seen good swimmers, those who could run 100 yards in 10 seconds and swim 100 yards in 75 or 76 seconds, slow down to 120 seconds, for a straightaway course! And in every case it was owing to the habitual use of tobacco, and not the lack of exercise and physical training. Again, I have seen men who considered themselves strong athletes and extra strong swimmers, but who had never been in a swimming race with properly trained men, enter a race, getting all the way from 50 to 82 and even 100 seconds' start in a 100-yard handicap race, and even then the scratch-men would beat them by from 10 to 20 yards. Why? Because, at the 70-yard mark, they felt dead or, as the doctors would say, almost ready to die of syncope. Their heart demanded a rest. "What do I eat?" is another question I have to be answering every day. Meat? Most decidedly, no. "Are you a vegetarian, then?" No;

NOTE—In connection with Mr. Corsan's pictures, published last month, a typographical error made it appear that in a competition he swam one hundred yards in eight seconds. It should have been eighty seconds.

I am the last man in the world to eat vegetables when training; they are too much bulk with too little and too complicated a kind of nourishment. In dieting I aim to get as much nourishment in as little space as possible, so as to have the stomach and vitals reduced to as small a size as possible, in order to allow the diaphragm as much room to work as possible. The reader might have in mind bovril, honey, eggs, etc.; but these foods rely only upon their chemical analysis for proof of their utility to man. It is for that reason, as well as a test of them, that I utterly discard them for fruit and nuts; as, for instance, dates and water, figs and water; nuts and raisins or bananas have won me many a swimming race. A diet of dates and water, or nuts and raisins, I would take five hours before the races. If my diet consisted of bananas I would reduce the time down to three hours, or if raw apples to two hours before racing. As most of us know, we get strong as much by sleep as by exercise, and that it is the food we eat the day before that makes us strong, and that the food we have in our stomach retards us rather than stays us; it is for that reason I always enter a race on an empty stomach.

The old adage, "What is one man's food is another man's poison," I consider a very mischievous lie; with the Drs. Densmore I consider fruit and nuts the

normal or proper food of man, and the inferior foods of man are flesh products, vegetables and grains.

Another question often asked me is, "Should I sleep before entering a race?" Most decidedly not. It is always bad to jump up out of a sleep and enter into violent physical exertion. My first race generally wakes me up, my second I do better, and my third I do better still.

"When is the best time to learn to swim?" In the wintertime the Y. M. C. A. tanks afford one every facility for learning the art of swimming. "What rules would you give to a learner? The German army method?" No; I have met hundreds of ex-German army men who never learned to swim by their methods, there is too much up and down motion in their method; this fills the mouth and nose with water and discourages the learner. The main point in learning is to keep the forward moving edge of the hand elevated; in the outward push the little finger is elevated, in the inward draw the thumb is elevated. Gather the hands under the chin and the feet up; now kick out the feet and push out the hands together. Make a full arm stroke and a vigorous stroke without jerking or wiggling the back. Keep the hand always open, and the fingers and thumb tight together. Breathe between the wavelets through your mouth.



A BIT OF EFFERVESCENCE.

By Terry Bull.



HAD the pleasure, recently, of reading a work of considerable length on bacteriology, and almost decided to go into the bug hunting business myself. It must be fun to hunt bugs and worms through a microscope, particularly when one gets paid for doing it. The book took

me back to the days when I hunted tobacco worms and used a broomstick to beat the big-horned variety to death. There seem to be bacilli of awful and marvelous varieties; worms with horns and buzz-saw bills and bugs with sword-fish beaks and dragon claws. They're little and can't horn one, though. That's why I almost decided to become a bacteriologist.

I learned from the book that every disease in the category—except ingrowing toe nails—is carried around in bags by these moasters and let loose on the inside of human beings whenever their devilishness becomes unconfined. Like the rooster that would burst if he couldn't crow, these bugs get so bang-up full of devilment that something would happen to them if they didn't make something happen to man now and then. After forty hours' reading I deduced that the bacteriologist's sole duty was to corral a few of the bugs off on a cantico, count their legs and stripes and name them. Another school of science was then to get you and see if you could survive the murdering of the bugs.

When I finished that book I had lost my appetite. Bugs were in the water I drank, in the air I breathed, in my meat, and in everything else on the table—except the tablecloth, which I couldn't eat. I learned that the average railway station is loaded with only 27,666 assorted germs to the cubic meter. The gentleman evidently hypnotized the bugs and made them stand quiet while he counted

them. The next time I take a train I mean to walk to some flag station and wait where the building has no front to pen things in. That same gentleman found 268 germs on the roof of his house on a clear day. Think how crowded that roof is on a cloudy day! Egad! I'd have moved right out.

That wonderful book cost only \$6.50; but when I closed the back cover I wondered how it felt to be ignorant. I was a bug aquarium—a cold storage warehouse of some two hundred and forty diseases. When one begins to think he is somebody he wants to read that book. It was the worst call-down I ever got. I knew a thing or two about bugs, though; and I practiced frowning in order to look like other learned men.

An hour later I went back to the desk to memorize the book. A recent issue of a scientific journal was lying there, and I opened it for a moment's diversion—to read a bit of lighter stuff. My learning suffered a terrific shock. The first thing I saw was an article by one Alexander M. R. Ross, M.D., P.R.S., part of which was as follows:

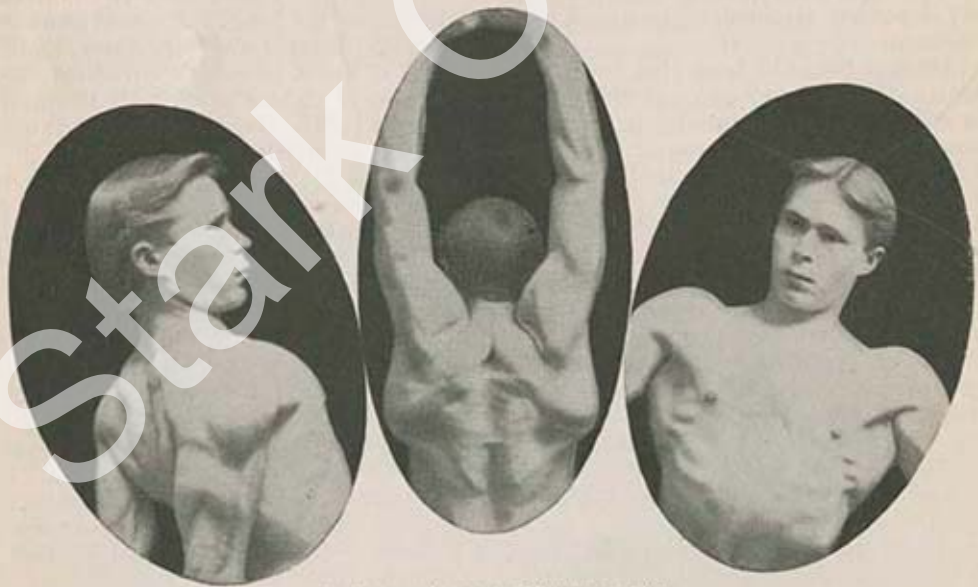
"Bacteriologists have encouraged superstition and humbug by the germ theory of disease. I do not question the existence of infinitesimal micro-organisms; but they are the result, not the cause of disease. They are scavengers; their legitimate work is to clean out the sewers of our bodies; whenever there is decay, pus or decomposing matter there, these little life savers are doing their work of neutralization, sanitation, purification; they feast upon effete and decaying animal matter—they are beneficial helpers to an important end."

I had used forty hours to read \$6.50 worth of bugology, only to learn that my hero author was a liar. I had decided to spend the rest of my life dodging disease germs, and here I was told to make the bugs avoid me. I regarded the Spitting Hog, who expectorates on car floors, as being in league with

the National Undertakers' Association, but I was now told that the bugs in saliva on street car floors are no more vicious than those in saliva on highways. I was assured that, like the poor, these bugs will be with us always, and that the rational thing to do, instead of living a bug nightmare, was to make our bodies an unhealthy residence for them.

I found myself going over to the doctor's side. It may be interesting and scientific to hatch fighting bugs and set them loose in one's body to chase another brand out; but these bug scientists don't tell us the whole truth. Apparently, they want to retain their jobs. We are led to believe that our whole duty is to kill the assorted germs which beset us instead of making our lung tissue such an unhealthy residence for them that they

will be glad to let us alone. Instead of consuming all the time teaching public school pupils the names of germs, devote ten minutes of the physiology period to lung gymnastics and instruction on the care of the lungs. If every adult and child were to devote ten minutes a day to lung gymnastics and the development of their bodies, bacteriologists would soon be driven back to the farm, and in a decade consumption would be a forgotten plague. The learning that keeps one well is superior to the knowledge which teaches one how to pronounce the name of his disease. Less bugology and more hygiene in the schools would teach pupils to forget about the bugs of the air. If I had those forty hours back I would use them to increase the dimensions of my wood-pile.



O. OSWALD LINDROOS, MONTREAL, CAN.

A WONDERFUL LIFE.

By Carolyn Kendall Easterly.



DOCTOR JOHN P. WOOD, now living at Coffeyville, Kansas, at the age of one hundred, has had a life not only rich in years but in experiences as well.

The following facts are given in Doctor Wood's own language:

"I was born January 4th, 1802, at Lockmaw Parsonage, Dublin,

Ireland.

"My sister, Mrs. Theresa Wood Medary, was born December 18th, 1799, at Brest, France.

"My brother, James Wood, was also born at Brest, France, in November, 1809.

"In the latter part of the winter of 1810 my father, the Reverend James Wood, and family came to America and located at New Orleans, where we lived a few months and then located in Cincinnati, my father having accepted the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church of that city. In 1813 my father became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lexington, Ky., where we lived till 1818, when he returned to the Second Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati.

"In 1817 I entered Augusta College at Augusta, Ky., and graduated there in 1821. I then began the study of medicine with Dr. B. F. Dudley, of Lexington, Ky. I graduated from Transylvania Medical University, April 14th, 1824, also at Lexington. On the 15th was married, and on the 16th located at Georgetown, Ky., and began the practice of medicine.

"When the Mexican war began in 1846, I went there as a surgeon in Henry Clay's regiment.

"After the Mexican war I located at Danville, Illinois, and continued the practice of medicine; some three years later I located at Astoria, in Fulton County, Illinois.

"In 1853 I came to Kansas, and this has been my home ever since.

"During my college days eight young men of my class entered into an agreement as to rules of living, to demonstrate

how long we could live. Our mark was to live to be one hundred.

"Our rules required temperance in all things, total abstinence from all intoxicants, tobacco and all other potent stimulants and narcotics.

"Of those eight, seven lived to be over sixty-five. One died as the result of an accidental injury within a few years. Four of the eight attained eighty years of age, and two of us were living at ninety-nine; and I am now past one hundred. Strangers usually estimate my age to be between sixty-five and seventy.

"I have never had any serious illness, excepting an attack of cholera in 1852.

"I spent about four months during the Mexican war in the hospital as a result of being wounded by seven buckshot and two pistol shots, all within an instant.

"I was a participant in all the territorial history of Kansas, serving as United States Commissioner of the First District of Kansas from its territorial organization till Kansas became a state. Held the first commission as probate judge in Douglas County and served for four years, and then resigned.

"My oldest daughter, aged 68, lives in East Portland, Oregon, and my oldest son in California, and three daughters and a son live in Oklahoma; the youngest, a daughter, is 38 years old.

"My sister, who is 102 years old, is in possession of all her faculties. I received a letter from her, in her own writing, since her birthday last December. She and my brother James live in Cincinnati. He has a law office in that city, and is also in possession of all his faculties.

"I have never been a member of any secret society, nor of any other organization of any kind. Have never slept much. Nearly all my life four hours of sleep in the twenty-four have been sufficient. Retire at from nine to ten and often rise and read, then sleep again. I lie awake and think, but never become restless nor nervous."

"A letter received on February 22d, since the above was written, tells of my sister Theresa's death. She passed away in the night without warning."

On the anniversary of the doctor's one hundredth birthday, he and Mrs. Wood were feasted and dined by friends, from 8 A. M. until evening. The affairs of the day were rounded off by presenting the venerable doctor with 100 silver dollars, given to represent the years of his life and the honor and esteem of his many friends.

On that day, too, the photographers of the city made the venerable doctor's picture, copies of which, by different artists, accompany this sketch. The one with hat on was not retouched, and looks as the doctor looks to-day, as seen on the streets of Coffeyville. The other one was retouched and finished just as are other negatives—no more, no less.

Rev. Mr. Wood, the doctor's father, was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church when events were transpiring which finally divided the church. This church was in the same block with the First Church, whose pastor was the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. The children of those two pastors were young people and friends together.

It is an interesting story to hear Doctor Wood talk of the Presidential campaign of 1824, the Mexican war and the trying times of

the '60's, and on up to present-day issues.

He came to Kansas under a commission from President Pierce, bearing date of 1854. He located his family at Lawrence, with Government office at Le-compton, then the capital. He was in the hottest of the fray, being Chairman of the famous "Sandbank Convention" on the bank of the Kansas river.

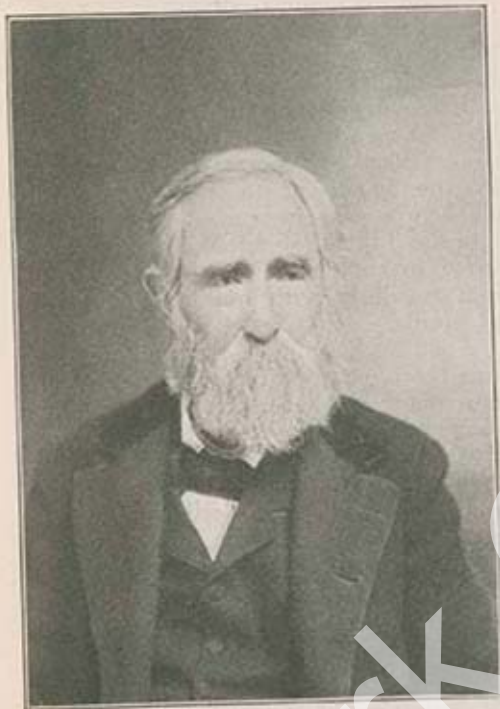
Being educated himself, Doctor Wood became deeply interested in the educational outlook for Kansas, and was one of



DR. J. P. WOOD, OF COFFEYVILLE, KAN.
100 Years Old, January 4, 1902.

the prime movers and original planners of the present State University at Lawrence.

Doctor Wood has never worn glasses nor used a cane. He is erect in figure and



steady of nerve. A short time ago he stood writing a prescription with the prescription tablet resting on his hand. A traveling man of about thirty stepped up

and said: "They tell me you are a hundred years old." The doctor replied, "I was one hundred years old yesterday." The young man looked the doctor over and remarked, "I want to live to be a hundred years old, so my hand will be steady enough to write on." When the doctor told me this he laughed heartily, and said, "He wanted to live to be a hundred so as to get steady nerves."

His ordinary conversation is as interesting as the most attractively written history, and he is just as interesting in matters pertaining to the situation in South Africa and the Philippines as when talking of the trying days of old. He read all the proceedings of the Presbyterian Church last year touching the revision of its creed, or faith.

Brigadier-General Wood, of the Federal army, and General Wood, of the Confederate army, were the doctor's brothers.

This venerable gentleman enjoys a joke and is as bright in repartee, seemingly, as he ever was. When listening to his conversation it is hard to realize that you are listening to a man who has lived more than a century.

Though Doctor Wood seldom uses an incorrect form of expression, when he does he immediately corrects it. Probably this habit was formed in youth, and may be one of the reasons for the choice language used by him at one hundred.

Doctor Wood incloses a specimen of his handwriting, and it may be observed that the lines are as steady as those written by much younger men. The doctor expects to live for many years.

Yours truly

*Dr. W. T. Wood Born in
Lockmaw Cottage Dublin
Ireland Jan 4th 1802. Come
to America in May 1870.*

MR. ADELTHORPE'S PILGRIMAGE.



HE train drew up slowly to the Black Moose Spring's station and deposited one man and several trunks. Then the conductor boarded it again, and after a weary "toot" it continued on its way. The man just deposited crawled around the station disconsolately, and asked the stationmaster, with an irritable whine, if there was not someone to carry himself and his baggage to Dr. Underdale's Sanitarium. Being answered in the negative, he whined and wheezed, and deplored his fate, but the stationmaster continued telegraphing with the greatest composure.

After coughing himself blue in the face, the man at last summoned energy enough to potter around the station till he found a little boy who was willing to go and get a conveyance for him and his luggage.

The man just described was Mr. Hector Adelthorpe, a being of some 35 years of age, who had inherited \$100,000, and the liver complaint. A large amount of the former legacy was now represented by pill boxes, empty medicine bottles, receipts from specialists, and board bills from sanitariums galore. His second legacy had increased many fold, until now he was able to boast, in addition to his liver complaint, of heart trouble, kidney trouble, rheumatism and dyspepsia.

He had chased health all over the world. He had pursued her over pill boxes, in medicine bottles, around doctors' offices, and in private sanitariums. Up mountains, down valleys, on ocean steamers and on railway trains, she had led him, but always seemed to be beyond his reach. If he had sought fleeting Hygeia on foot he might at least have touched her, but that, alas, was too exhausting.

This last quest was prompted by an advertisement he had read in a magazine. It described a wonderful spring which contained all the elements of perfect health, especially if taken with special treatment, at Dr. Underdale's Sanitarium, which was on the grounds. Mr.

Adelthorpe, on seeing this, had gathered bag and baggage and had come once more on his endless pursuit.

He was not really a bad fellow at heart, but his chronic disease, and his own brooding over it, had reduced him to a sallow, splenetic invalid. He had been brought up with the utmost care from a conventional standpoint; had been placed in the hands of a nurse, when a child, who was instructed never to let him stand in a draught, and if he sneezed twice to summon a doctor, who dosed him regularly with quinine and syrup of squills.

Amid such sanitary surroundings Mr. Adelthorpe blossomed, or rather faded, into young manhood. His education had been under tutors who came to the house. He had been denied the companionship of boys, except one cousin, but even he had so shocked Mrs. Adelthorpe by sliding down the balustrade, and shouting aloud, that he was excluded from saintly Hector.

So young Hector grew up to be a scraggy, sallow youth, who took every breath of fresh air he ever enjoyed under protest. Is it any wonder that when twenty years had passed over his head he was practically a physical wreck? His dotting parents could never understand why it was so, and began to ship him around to all sorts of specialists and all sorts of climates.

The one gleam which had lightened up his darkness was a little girl who lived across the street. Every morning she would go out for a long walk or a romp in the park. People called her a tom-boy, but she never minded a whit. On rainy days, when she had to stay in, she used to come to the window and wave at Hector, who responded joyously. In fact, so attached had he become to the circumstance that he yearned for rainy days so as to have the pleasure of acknowledging her salutes.

With his jaundiced eyes he had seen her grow to maidenhood, and a comely, vivacious girl she was; in marked contrast to his own condition. Mabel Winthrop was her name. What ecstasies had

filled his soul when she spoke to him on the street, and with what remorse he realized that she could never think seriously of such a wreck as he was. How he used to envy the fellows who came there regularly; big, handsome youths, who rowed on college crews and captained football teams.

Miss Winthrop had disappeared quite suddenly from her home, and Hector, having made an investigation through a mutual friend, discovered that she had married against the wishes of her family and gone away. Soon after this he had started on his pilgrimages, and she had become to him little more than a memory.

This in brief was the history of Adelthorpe. His life from that time had been a burden to him, and he, irritable, sickly, envious and choleric, had become a thorough nuisance to all with whom he came in contact.

Over the dusty road rattled the conveyance which bore him to the Sanitarium. How familiar the latter seemed to him, with its sun parlors and white-robed nurses, and its characteristic chorus of coughs and jingle of glasses. The other inhabitants were decrepit, listless, forlorn beings, who shivered ceaselessly in spite of the warmth of the day.

He went to his room and prepared to be dosed again, according to the old routine. The methods were the same old ones he had tried again and again, except that the water was a little more bitter. A week passed by and he was not improved a single iota. He spent his days smoking and shivering in the sun parlor, and occasionally in the afternoon was pushed around the road adjoining, in an invalid's chair. On one of these trips he was passed by two dashing young women on horseback. One of them, a handsome blonde, was attired in black, and as she passed there seemed to be something familiar about her manner and face. "Do you know those two ladies?" he asked his attendant.

"Them women? Oh, yes; that one in black is Mrs. Winthrop-Roberts, and the other is her cousin, Mrs. Jim Anderson."

"Mrs. Winthrop-Roberts, you say," said Adelthorpe, with a touch of vivacity, "do you know anything about her?"

"Somewhat. She came here from one of

the big cities and settled with her cousin. Her husband came along with her, but the poor fellow was killed by a railway accident soon after, and she's kept on living here since. They say she married agin the wishes of her folks. He warn't as rich as might be, and they didn't want her to have him. So they just cut loose and came out here. Her people relented and wanted her to come home, but she reckoned she'd sooner stay where she could get some fresh air."

"And her husband, what kind of a man was he?"

"Him? Oh, he was just the kind of a feller anyone would take to, big, healthy and chipper as a cricket, none o' your little yaller"—the attendant caught himself, and Mr. Adelthorpe sighed.

He remembered Roberts well, as one of those big, florid fellows, who used to come around the Winthrop house. He returned to his room and wrote a note and directed the attendant to deliver it to Mrs. Winthrop-Roberts and to bring an answer.

The note was a very formal one, stating that he had seen her on the road and, if she had no objection, would like to renew the old acquaintance. The answer stated that she would be delighted to see him again.

The next day he dressed himself with the utmost care, and securing a carriage was driven to the Anderson mansion.

Adelthorpe was greeted cordially.

"And where are you stopping?" his hostess inquired.

"At Underdale's Sanitarium."

"You'll never find health there," she exclaimed, "for nobody else ever did. People walk in there with some little ailment and come out in a coffin. But, come, you must meet cousin Edna and Jim—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson," she said, correcting herself.

Adelthorpe was heartily welcomed by the pair. Mrs. Anderson was the woman he had seen on horseback the day before, and Jim was a stocky black-haired man who nearly wrenched Adelthorpe's hand off when he shook it. The three made him promise to stay to dinner, in spite of his doctor's injunctions not to stay out after 6 p.m.

"So you're stopping at Underdale's, are you?" said Anderson. "Well, I advise

you to change your residence or you'll stop in a house six foot by two."

Adelthorpe shuddered at this assuring bit of information.

"You're going to stop here," said Mrs. Winthrop-Roberts impulsively, and her cousins both joined in the appeal.

In spite of his protests, Mr. Adelthorpe was compelled to consent, and when he left promised to be back the next day with his trunks. The next morning he settled his bill at the Sanitarium in spite of Dr. Underdale's assurances that he was improving every day.

At the Anderson household he was treated with the greatest informality, and they very seldom made reference to his ill-health.

Anderson made him throw away his omnipresent pill boxes and give up smoking. That afternoon they took a long ride into the country, and Adelthorpe, for the first time in years, came home with an appetite which was satisfied with fresh milk and vegetables from Anderson's own place.

After an evening spent in the cool air, which he had always shunned, Adelthorpe retired and slept soundly. The next morning he walked down and saw Anderson chopping wood. He ventured to suggest that he be allowed to try it and Anderson acquiesced. He managed with an effort to lift the axe above his head, and where it dropped it actually made a dent. After a couple more trials he gave up the attempt, puffing like a porpoise. He then took a short walk with Anderson, although the latter had to restrain himself constantly so as not to leave Adelthorpe in the distance. On their return they sat down to a light, wholesome breakfast.

Anderson suggested that they go to a stream which skirted the place and bathe there. Adelthorpe shuddered in anticipation, but Anderson would hear no excuse, so they went together to the bath-house. Anderson plunged in headlong, while Adelthorpe, arrayed in one of Anderson's suits, waded along the shore, shivering at every step and disregarding Anderson's advice "to plunge in and he would feel all right."

Finally he followed the advice, and came up spluttering and anxiously fearing for his rheumatism. Anderson soon came out and suggested a run up the bank, and Adelthorpe, willing to do anything to get out of the water, consented.

Anderson started away at a brisk trot, while Adelthorpe limped, and walked and crawled after him, a ludicrous figure with his shapeless limbs arrayed in Anderson's voluminous suit. He sat down finally to wait for Anderson, who soon returned as fresh as a daisy. After dressing again they returned to the house, and Adelthorpe, in spite of his fears for his rheumatism, acknowledged that he felt a hundred per cent. better.

He rested until luncheon, while Anderson and the ladies played tennis. In the afternoon a horseback ride was proposed, and Adelthorpe, mounted on an old mare, accompanied the party, which indulgently went slow. He came back stiff and sore, but after another wholesome meal retired, and rose again the next morning ready to go through the same procedure.

Day after day he followed the same methods with some variation, and slowly but surely the color came to his cheeks and dyspepsia ceased its ravages, and his breath became longer.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, and still he stayed at Anderson's; nor would they hear of his going away. His eyes became brighter, his skin clear and his face rounder, and gradually he took on flesh. His pulse and nerves became steady, his rheumatism disappeared and with all his irritable temper.

As he became healthier, he became noticeably handsomer, for his face was naturally well-formed, though blemished by disease. Even after he had attained nearly perfect health he still lingered at the Anderson homestead, for he was seeking another treasure.

He and the "treasure" often went out riding together, and the "treasure" showed no dislike for his company. In the course of time there was no Mrs. Winthrop-Roberts but a Mrs. Winthrop-Adelthorpe instead.



AN AID TO PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Sam E. Conner.



AS the winter days lengthen, and the sun mounts higher and higher in its annual journey northwards, all minds and thoughts revert to the pleasures of last year's sports. The eye kindles, and the blood throbs faster in its course through the veins, with the anticipation of the sports that are to soon be with us, and the subsequent pleasure that shall come with them. I say all, for what good, healthy man is there in these days who has no sport or recreation; who does not recognize in it the one great fountain of youth, that means a ripe and respected old age? Not many, you may rest assured, and the number is growing less each succeeding year.

The day when he who took an hour or a day from his business for the purpose of pastime was considered a spendthrift, a good-for-nothing "loafer," is past, and in its place has risen belief in the old saw "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

And none, I venture, have watched this revolution of public sentiment with more interest, or have noted the change with greater pleasure than have the disciples of dear old, patient Izaak Walton—the fishermen, or, if you prefer it, the anglers.

I think I hear you say, "But what has this to do with physical culture?" My friend, I assure you that it has a lot to do with the subject. You may be interested in the matter of developing the body, and yet be so constituted as to be unable to undergo the course; the legs may be so that you can't get about, or there may be many reasons why you must forego most of the violent exercises. You content yourself with reading about the benefits to be derived from such a course, and wishing that you were so that you could enjoy them. You're not a fisherman. If you can, get away to some lake or pond where fish swim, and get there just as quickly as you can after the open season begins.

There row about, and troll for the fish, and when you've got a "strike," fight your fish, and fight him good and hard. It isn't like the work that you would get in the gymnasium, but it livens up the sluggish blood in your veins, quickens your thinking powers, and, above all, the excitement of the battle causes you to inhale long, deep draughts of the pure fresh air of God's own country—the woods and waters of the earth.

Is not this one form of physical culture?

A man may take all the exercise that he wants to in a gymnasium, or any other place, but unless he can get the good, fresh air of the country once in a while he will not get the full benefit of his work. It is a physical impossibility for any man to go out for a day in his canoe or skiff and cast for the beautiful spotted and hard-fighting trout, or the ugly, pugnacious black bass, without absorbing a large amount of this much to be desired pure air, and not to get a fair amount of exercise for his arms, chest and back. Even he who simply fishes for the lazy white perch will get the air and some exercise; but the man who puts in the entire day whipping the stream for the dainty brook trout—

Ah! doesn't he have exercise?

Only those who have never tried it can answer this in the negative.

There are rocks to be climbed, deep pools to be waded, slippery logs, requiring the skill of a slack-wire performer to be crossed; casts requiring not only skillful manipulation of the rod, but a quick eye and active brain, to be made. Here is exercise that develops the muscles.

Yet the beneficial results of the sport do not stop here. No man can go a-fishing in the spirit that characterizes the true angler and not find awakened in him a desire to be more perfect in his body; to be better fitted for the battle of life. Once this feeling is aroused in a man he begins to look around. He works and

trains, and diets, until, instead of the weakling, he becomes strong.

And so I say that the so-called gentle art of fishing is as much a branch of physical culture as is fencing, boxing, cycling, wrestling, gymnastics, or anything else; and further would I say: If

anyone who reads this still doubts, because he has never tried the fishing branch of this process of building up a perfect man, before completing your final verdict, get some old angler who knows the game to take you out on a real, genuine fishing trip.



R. S. GOETZ, NEW YORK CITY

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. I am suffering from long-standing illness, catarrh of the head and stomach, and bladder and bowel disorder. Can you suggest a remedy? I am weak and short of breath.

A. The first step in treatment of your case is to strengthen the stomach and bowels by giving them a rest. Commence, therefore, with a fast of two to three days, abstaining from food entirely. When you begin to eat, adopt a natural food diet; that is to say, eat only such foods as can be eaten without preparation. Eat two light meals a day, consisting of nuts, grains, fruits, vegetables and milk. Masticate food till it is half liquid. Take no meat, salt, pepper or other seasoning under any circumstances. If confined to house, have room thoroughly ventilated by an open window at all times; if able to get out, walk much every day, and practice deep breathing.

Q. I have a fistula, which discharges pus after I walk; have been operated upon without benefit. Can you help me to a cure?

A. I should judge from your statement that the condition has become chronic, and stubborn of treatment, and it will require long and consistent constitutional treatment to effect a cure. The following procedure is advised: Reduce your daily diet one-half, and, better still, fast four days absolutely. Walk four to five miles daily, and exercise morning and evening, reclining, by raising legs to perpendicular position; rising to sitting position; lying on stomach and lifting legs backward as high as possible. Take cold sitz bath, morning and night, and keep mouth of fistula clean. Flush colon thoroughly every third day.

Q. I came North from the South a year ago, and since then I have been troubled with tonsilitis almost continually. My doctor says that the tonsils are badly diseased and advises me to have them removed. Can you suggest a remedy?

A. The best course for you to pursue

is to exercise vigorously every day, and spend as much time in the open air as possible. Eat sparingly, and apply cold, wet cloth to the neck upon retiring. These attacks are unquestionably due to sleeping in a badly ventilated apartment, and over-supplying some elements of food.

Q. Can you tell me how to abolish fear and how to obtain a strong mind? I do not sleep well, and I tremble like an old woman of 80. What would you suggest?

A. The best antidote for fear is perfect physical poise. We do not believe that fear can exist in a body that is perfectly developed. Walking and running in the open air for the next five or six months will aid in the production of muscle. Eat two meals a day, bathe night and morning, and go to bed thoroughly tired out every day. Before the warm weather ends, you will be in a condition to laugh at your present troubles.

Q. I am 20 years old; weigh 112 pounds; am a bookkeeper; have always had good health, with the exception of being troubled every three or four months with bilious attacks. Please advise me what to do.

A. Exercise regularly morning and evening, and drink water freely at all times. There is nothing else necessary in your case. If you will follow closely these simple directions your biliousness will quickly disappear.

Q. I have been interested in your ideas, and have been practicing going without breakfast for some time. I would like to know, however, if it is advisable for a youth, say from 16 to 20 years of age, to go without breakfast; or should he eat three meals a day in order to secure full development of his body?

A. The "stuffing" idea as applied to growing children is just as erroneous as applied to individuals. The amount of food one succeeds in eating in the course of a day is not what produces

development, but the amount that is assimilated. To secure the greatest development, the system must be able to perform its functions most vigorously. Digestion and assimilation must be perfect. Therefore, the function of over-feeding is as harmful upon an individual who is growing or developing as it is in a case where the growth has ceased. Two meals a day are ample for the bodily needs of the most lusty and vigorous youth.

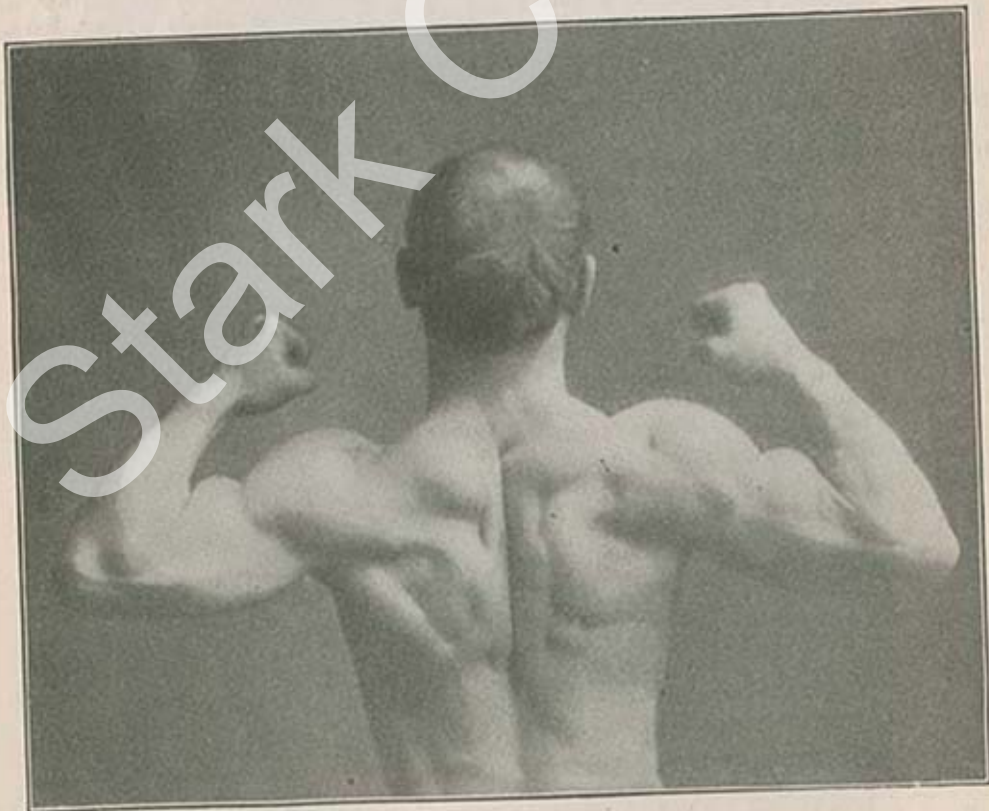
Q. Kindly suggest in your question department the best hygienic rules for an epileptic.

A. We should advise a preliminary fast of four to six days, followed by a strictly vegetarian diet, natural foods preferably, no salt or pepper used; as much out-of-door exercise as the patient is able to take, and cold sponge baths

morning and night. The quantity of food eaten should be very light.

Q. I want to ask if there is any way to avoid catching smallpox. I do not believe in vaccination and have not been vaccinated. I am 19 years old.

A. You may abandon the fear of contracting smallpox if you determine to get your body into a healthy condition and keep it so. One of the most important things to be considered is to keep the body absolutely clean, internally and externally. Adopt a diet that consists of only the most nutritious foods, avoid all stimulants and highly seasoned dishes. Take cold sponge bath in the morning, hot bath with soap every other night, followed by cold sponge bath. Sleep in apartment with windows wide open, and practice deep breathing regularly. If you live up to these rules you need have no fear whatever of smallpox.



ERNEST MARSON, CENTRAL Y. M. C. A., TORONTO, CANADA.

HAS PROVED ITS WORTH.

MR. BERNARD MACFADDEN:

Six months ago, while glancing over the books on sale in a book-shop, I purchased a copy of "Physical Culture." I think you are entitled to, not only my thanks, but the thanks of a number of my friends as well.

Formerly an open window would well-nigh send me into a spasm, so afraid was I of the danger of catching cold. My windows are now never closed. I have thrown away about \$5.00 worth of "dope" and cannot now catch cold if I tried. I have corrected my stomach through fasting and exercise; in fact, feel better than I have for five years.

CHAS. H. RYDER.

MR. BERNARD MACFADDEN:

I have been a reader of your "PHYSICAL CULTURE" magazine ever since the first volume came out. It started me exercising, and after a week's time I began to improve. I only commenced training last Summer and have kept it up nearly ever since. A friend of mine asked me to join the athletic club so that I would get to be a strong man; he was surprised when I told him that I had a gymnasium of my own. He asked me to show it to him. I told him that it was in the open air, and that the exercises commenced at 5 o'clock in the morning, rain or shine. He asked me what instruments did I use. I replied, a sandbag, a mile sprint, and five-pound dumb-bells. He then got interested and offered me \$1.00 per month to put him through.

CLARENCE GOODRICH,
Nashville, Tenn.

PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Allow me to offer this indorsement for the good work which you are doing throughout the country. I am a reader of your magazine and would feel lost without it.

I commenced with "PHYSICAL CULTURE" a few months ago, and I now owe my physical strength to you and your paper. I only wish that every young man would read it. I thank you for this gift to suffering man.

WILLIAM MORRIS, Johnstown, N. Y.

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUB. CO.:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for my renewal, and a year's subscription to "PHYSICAL CULTURE" for a friend. Your magazine has been of the greatest help to me. Something over a year ago I was a consumptive; my weight fell from one hundred and forty-one to one hundred and twenty-eight. I saw a copy of "PHYSICAL CULTURE" in a book-store and purchased it, became convinced of the truth of its teachings, and began exercising. I weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds with clothing when I began; in six months my weight was one hundred and forty-five without clothing.

THEO. H. LUCABAUGH.



THE MAN OF FORTY-FIVE.

By J. R. Stevenson.

WITHIN the past year there has been a general realization on the part of the public of the fact that the large employers of labor, whether of a mental or physical nature, object to the employment of men who have reached middle life, or what is generally designated as such. Scores of articles have been printed in the newspapers regarding this ban against the man of 45, who is also compelled to be a wage earner. The facts have been sifted bare, and on their face they present a staggering array for the contemplation of the man who is about to enter upon life's decline. If he has a family dependent upon him, or if merely himself alone dependent upon the results of his labor, he will find in nearly every instance that his earning capacity has been greatly curtailed, notwithstanding his increased experience, which ought to afford him a capital, so to speak, and in a great many businesses he will find the doors closed absolutely against him.

Being made aware of this condition, the public has jumped to the erroneous conclusion that it is age which employers of labor object to. Certainly this is a mistake. The experience which comes with age is always a more or less valuable endowment, and one which commands increased remuneration. This the business man can appreciate; but to the infirmities which invariably, nowadays, begin to appear in a majority of men before they reach the age of 45, curtail the employee's usefulness. The modern business man is one of the keenest and most alert observers of men the world has ever known; he is quick to discover the signs of decay, and being inspired wholly by business principles, he has no further use for the man who has been serving him.

For a long time scientific observers, notators, collectors of data, students of sociology, have been declaring to the public that the men and women of this country, especially such as dwell in cities, are rapidly deteriorating in a physical sense.

It hardly needed this act of business men to force this conclusion upon anyone of ordinary intelligence. The population of our country has erected monuments to its physical degeneracy on almost every street corner. Go to whatever city you will, and you will find the drug store and the saloon occupying the most frequent and prominent locations in the place. It needed, however, the staggering confirmation of the above conclusion, furnished by the rank and file of the business men of this country, to fairly open the eyes of the public to the gravity of the situation.

It stands thus: A majority of the men who enter life in the laboring class—and I mean this term to cover all those pursuits in which men are engaged, whether it is in the fields or in the office—live such lives that by the time they reach 45 they are mere physical wrecks, men whose employers have no further use for them, played out, broken down, done for; all back numbers, fit only to sit in the warm corner by the side of the toothless, gray-haired granther and croon over old wives' tales while rubbing their bald heads and nursing their aching limbs.

The picture is alarming enough, is it not, for that vast army of men who are marching straight to the same goal that their predecessors have already reached; to be thus shelved at an age when life should be but practically half over? But none can say that a great many do not deserve it. They are simply reaping what they have sown. They are not physically the equals of the younger men who are crowding for their places, when they should be.

I contend that no man at 45 should be a weakling. Intellectually he should be approaching his zenith, and physically he should be as robust and as enduring as at any period of his life. All this, providing his living has been in accordance with the laws of nature.

It follows, therefore, that all these men who are being thrust out from the choice places of employment, forced to accept

smaller salaries and insignificant positions, owe their misfortunes entirely to themselves. Had their lives been modeled along different lines the results would have been entirely different. They would have found themselves better equipped for business life, worth more money to their employers, and enjoying a far different degree of health if they had but lived differently. They may deserve your pity, but that is all. Even the most philanthropic individual would not ask the employer of labor to continue to pay an individual, who through his own negligence, had squandered his talents of life to such a degree that he can no longer render value received to his employer.

These lines are not written with an object of benefiting those who have heard the challenge, "Go way back and sit down," but to warn those who are pushing forward. The men of 45 who are being pushed to the wall will never be redeemed, never set up in their places again. Here and there an individual among them may pluck up his spirit to try for better things, and by pluck, perseverance and endurance, achieve them; but the majority will mope for a few months or a year or two, and die, old men before they have passed the half-way point of life.

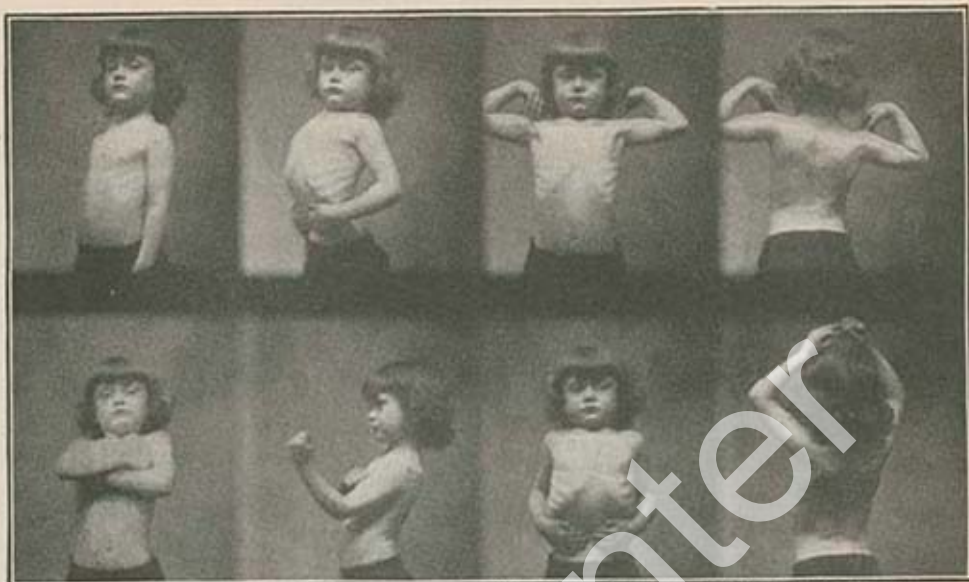
But the young man may be warned in time. Pray, therefore, ye ambitious youths emerging from colleges, ye boys struggling to make a place for yourselves in the world, be warned and taught by what you see. If you live the same life as your predecessors you can expect nothing better than to be cast out in the same way. Two ways of life lie before you. The strenuous course of abstemiousness, sobriety, activity and honesty, which leads to a green, vigorous and honored old age; a life of long usefulness and enduring intellect; a career that never breaks down and never entails dismissal because a more vigorous competitor knocks at the door for admission. The other way is that of indulgence, over-eating, idleness, luxury and vice. This is the way to certain failure.

Look about you. Study your companions. Read what their future is to be in the fate of the men who have been forced to go. The hours of labor are no longer now than they were 100 years ago, the work no more exacting upon well-balanced, healthy men; but there the parallel ends. The men engaged in the business pursuits of to-day are totally different from their predecessors in a former century. They work or dawdle through a day, it doesn't matter much which; overeat; continually seek excitement for their nervous centers for diversion, instead of turning to healthy physical activity. They drink, smoke, live lives of idle viciousness outside of the hours they are actually employed in the office or factory, and are immersed in an immorality of a broader, deeper, more damning kind than Divinity exponents mean when they use the word.

Ten years of over-stimulation, of constant excitation of the nerve centers, disuse of the muscular powers, abuse of the stomach, liver, kidneys and other organs, and I put it to you, no such man is worth employing in any capacity. By that time he is a slave to half a dozen demoralizing appetites. His mental and physical powers have declined until he is capable of but very little exacting work, and his moral nature has been so deadened that he is unfitted for the smallest place of trust. He has been acting as a spendthrift and a criminal in his trust of health, strength and vitality—talents which nature endowed him with. How, then, shall any man trust him with money, the visible, tangible medium to luxury, idleness and gratification of abnormal appetites?

What you sow you shall reap again after many days, and the men who have had failure written over their lives, and find themselves never advancing, when the first gray hairs begin to appear are cast forth upon a pitiless world, wrecks; sad, disheartened, impoverished wrecks. Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth are but the concluding bars of the wild aria begun in their youth, when they commenced a course of excesses that led to their present predicament.





FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON OF E. J. McCROSSIN, JR.,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

A REMARKABLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

The pictures accompanying this text were sent to PHYSICAL CULTURE by Mr. E. J. McCrossin, of Birmingham, Ala. Mr. McCrossin is a National Guard man, and deeply interested in matters of physical development.

He writes that he has five children, the boy whose pictures appear herewith, and four girls, whose ages run from 8 to 14 years. Each of these girls has a chest expansion of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and performs acrobatic work regularly by way of exercise. All of them are strong and healthy, and enjoy life, apparently, with a zest beyond the powers of children not similarly trained.

The boy's photographs show remarkable development and muscular control for one of his age, for he is but five years old. This young athlete has a chest expansion of three inches, and his father claims that he is the best all-round athlete of his age in the country. He can throw a boy of eight years old, at Graeco-Roman wrestling, and lift a weight of 56 pounds.

The training of this boy was commenced when he was a tiny baby. His father started him at mild exercises as soon as his baby fingers could grasp anything, and he has been kept at it daily ever since. It has been in no sense a wearying schooling for the youngster, for he likes nothing better than his exercises.



DOING THE HEAD STAND.

Editorial Department

NOT that liquid which demoralizes the body, befuddles and benumbs the brain, but water, plain, every-day, pure water. If not you are working under difficulties, every bodily organ is handicapped. A plentiful supply of pure water is imperative if one expects to acquire or maintain vigorous health.

Do You Drink?

Three-fourths of the body is composed of water. True science tells us that every part of the body except the bones is practically in a fluid state.

This fluid is composed of millions of little cells and each cell is absorbing and eliminating a certain amount of water at all times. Then, too, worn-out effete matter, dead cells are removed and eliminated and new cells are brought to replace them by the means of a still thinner liquid that assumes the form of blood. The proper consistency of this blood depends upon the quantity of water supplied. It is thin or thick, flows through the body freely or phlegmatically according to the condition as influenced by water. We often refer to water as an external cleansing agent, but how few are aware that it is of far more importance as an internal cleansing agent. A glass of water is taken into the stomach. Some of it enters the bowels, but most of it is quickly absorbed and enters almost immediately into the general circulation. This absorbing process is of course greatly hastened if the blood is thick and sluggish because of the need of additional liquid. This water now begins its rounds through the body. Some of it is exhaled with the impurities that escape through the lungs, some with the refuse that is eliminated through the pores, and the over supply, if any, is carried away by the kidneys often loaded with effete matter.

The involuntary organs and the involuntary instincts such as hunger and thirst are to a very large extent "creatures" of habit.

There is a saying that the body can become accustomed to most anything, and though this statement is not literally true, its power in adapting itself to varying and sometimes decidedly baneful influences is most astonishing.

Unless one is in the habit of regularly inducing copious perspiration by vigorous exercise, or by the influence of a high temperature, the drinking of water is largely a habit, which is not by any means difficult to gradually discard.

Mental workers especially suffer everywhere because of their neglect to drink water. They become deeply absorbed in some occupation, and they will

gradually begin to ignore their desire for water. The water is not handy or they are too busy. This when continued for a long period results in the body adapting itself to the conditions imposed. It loses the desire for water almost absolutely. Now begins a condition that is certainly dangerous, more especially so if no exercise of importance is taken. The sewers of the body are never flushed. Impurities collect and diseases of most kinds are not merely extremely liable, but almost certain. The body becomes continually more foul, as the impurities collect, and the vital instincts, always struggling to maintain life at any cost, search for a means of elimination, and if small-pox or any other so-called contagious disease, preceded or accompanied by inflammation of any kind, is near at hand, it will be grasped by the life-saving instinct as a means of cleansing the body, as a drowning man would grasp at a straw.

The impurities must be eliminated, no matter at what price.

The neglect to drink water is unquestionably an evil of vast magnitude. Constipation, that preparatory incubator for nearly all diseases, is caused largely by ignoring the necessity for water.

If you have lost the desire for water by ignoring thirst you must cultivate it again. This is an imperative duty if you expect to be free from serious diseases.

Do not force water on yourself when it is unpleasant, but keep it near at hand and drink a few swallows at frequent intervals, and by attending to this assiduously you will find ultimately that you will gradually acquire a normal thirst. It is a good plan to drink a glass of water upon arising and one or two on retiring at night.

Notice the great quantities of water consumed by a cow or a horse, far more in proportion to their weight than the average human being. From one to two quarts of water should be drunk every twenty-four hours by an ordinary normal person. Of course the purity of the water is of especial importance. Many who find extreme difficulty in drinking ordinary water, will greatly enjoy drinking distilled water, and the best way to secure it in all its purity is to catch it on perfectly clean roofs as it descends as rain, and store it in a vault free from all contaminations.

No man-made still can supply purer water than the vast resources of Nature. If you cannot secure pure clean rainwater, then buy distilled water, or distill it yourself, but if you are not drinking sufficient water and if you will change your habits and adopt some of the suggestions made here, you will be compelled to admit that the information contained in this one editorial is worth a hundred times the price of a year's subscription to this magazine.

THERE are in this country thousands of enthusiastic followers of the teachings of this magazine who need the encouragement and association of others similarly interested.

During my lecture tour in England I organized over twenty societies which are now apparently doing a vast amount of good. It was my desire to

**Organize, Organize
Everywhere.**

visit every city in this country and organize a society and ultimately to amalgamate all these societies into one great national body. I sincerely regret that the duties connected with my business here has made this impossible, but I believe that

there is easy means whereby the enthusiastic persons of every locality can be brought together and can be influenced to start a local society, it being understood that it is merely a branch of the national organization that I will ultimately form.

Now I would suggest to all enthusiastic persons who would like to enjoy the influence and inspiration that would result from coming into contact with those similarly interested and who are desirous of forming a local organization that they send me their names and addresses.

All these names and addresses will be separated according to localities, and whenever we have heard from half a dozen or more in any locality, we will communicate with those who have forwarded their addresses in that particular town or city, and arrange for them to meet and select some hall where a meeting may be held to form a permanent organization. When this hall has been selected and date named for the meeting, an announcement will be made in the magazine that all readers in that particular locality may attend. Those engaging the hall should also arrange for local newspaper notices and for a talk or an entertainment to especially attract a large audience. We will furnish the plan of work followed by other societies, and each society formed can follow this, or change, as it may desire.

In any cities where there are already athletic societies where the members would be willing to hold free lectures and entertainments to advance this work, and where they are entirely in sympathy with the teachings proclaimed in our magazines, and where such a society or organization is conducted as a society and not as a means of profit, it might be arranged for such an organization to become the branch society in its locality.

"In union there is strength." Therefore I say to every enthusiast, help in this work of organization.

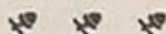
With the vast importance of this in mind I have secured the Grand Opera House in New York City for Sunday evening, June 1st, and call upon all Physical Culture readers to assemble there on that evening. I will lecture on "The New Religion of Health," and will be assisted by others.

Now this will be the first of a series of lectures which we would like to inaugurate in this locality, and at this lecture we desire to secure the names and addresses of every one who is sufficiently enthusiastic in their interests to become a member of a local organization formed in New York for the special purpose of giving free lectures by authorities every Sunday night. Every interested reader should make strenuous efforts to bring as many as possible to this lecture. Admission will be by ticket, and one ticket admitting two has been inserted in every magazine in this locality. If you have not received one, write to us enclosing a stamp and we will forward, or if you will do some missionary work and help swell the crowd of interested persons by distributing tickets among your friends, write and state how many you desire and they will be forwarded.

Sometime ago I stated in my magazine that I would be willing to give my entire magazine property to a great national society, well organized in all large cities for the purpose of carrying on the work which *Physical Culture* and *Woman's Physical Development* have so well started, and I will repeat that offer here and emphasize that it can remain permanently.

These magazines have but one object and that is, the physical emancipation of

the American people, and if that object can be better advanced with a great national organization, as the owner of these publications, I will be the first to take the necessary steps in hastening such results.



A BILL was recently introduced in the State Legislature to make vaccination compulsory in New York State. From last accounts this bill has been killed by the Committee.

Another bill of special interest to all interested in crushing the vaccination curse, has been introduced. This bill provides for a thorough investigation into vaccination, its history, effects, and influence, if any, towards preventing smallpox. This investigation is to be conducted by an unpartisan board.

*A Bill to Investigate
Vaccination.*

The Governor is to select an intelligent non-medical jury able to decide as to the merits of vaccination from the evidence presented to them by both sides, representatives of those in favor of vaccination presenting their side of the question, and those against it the opposite side.

All our interested New York readers desirous of having such a bill passed are especially requested to send their names to Dr. Levenson, 81 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, President of the Anti-Vaccination League, and he will forward them a printed petition with space for fifty names.

It is the desire of the Anti-Vaccination League to secure a petition consisting of several hundred thousand names to present to the legislature to influence the passage of this bill.

I hope every reader of the magazine will assist in this work.



IT is a deplorable fact that the average individual always believes that the more expensive an article, the more valuable it becomes. In the matter of food and drink the opposite condition really prevails in many cases. Take the various drinks, for instance: pure water is unquestionably the best drink under nearly all circumstances. Next to water, however, in value for drinking purposes are the various unfermented fruit juices. These could be supplied very cheaply, but usually they are extremely difficult to secure.

*Cheap Drinks—
Unfermented
Fruit Juices.*

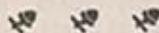
Take cider, for instance; about the easiest and cheapest fruit juice to manufacture, and one will ordinarily have to go to considerable trouble in order to secure this healthful drink, and if you dare to ask for it where expensive drinks are served, the tone and manner of those in charge will quickly indicate that they consider it a "cheap" drink, and do not keep it. It is a cheap drink, but that does not prevent it being the best. Unfermented apple juice is one of the most beneficial drinks. In many cases it has been known to remedy very serious troubles. It is almost a certain means of arousing a torpid liver to activity, and if one's stomach does not furnish a sufficient supply of acids to properly digest food, it is of special advantage. It is well, however, to remember that what is sold for cider on the market at the present time is usually a mixture of water and acids. These drinks are, of course, deleterious in their influence. Be sure that you secure good cider. It is a drink which can be specially recommended.

Grape juice is also especially valuable, and is really as much of a food as a drink when pure and properly bottled to prevent fermentation. The nourishing qualities it contains are almost equal to milk. It is especially valuable to weak stomachs and for invalids, but anyone can be benefited by using grape juice when a fruit juice of some kind is needed.

It would be well to note, however, that one cannot drink grape juice as freely as

cider or some other of the lighter or milder fruit juices, not so rich in nourishing qualities.

Many who find it extremely difficult to drink sufficient water can make a palatable drink by adding a small portion of grape juice to a glass of water.



WE are desirous of securing stories by the very best writers for our magazines. In order to stimulate endeavors along this line we will offer four prizes: \$100 for first prize, \$75 for second prize, \$50 for third prize, \$25 for fourth prize.

**We Want
Stories.**

These stories are to be not over five thousand words in length, and are to embody physical culture ideas of living. Originality, cleverness of plot and excellence of style will, of course, be considered. The greatest stress, however, should be laid on originality of invention, and the unusual story will stand the best chance of winning, other things being equal.

Stories that fail to secure a prize, if available for either Physical Culture or Woman's Physical Development, will be paid for at the current rates. The competition will close September 1, 1902.



DAILY we are in receipt of letters from enthusiastic physical culturists desirous of entering the physical culture work. Many were physical wrecks in the beginning, and superb health has been their reward of following the simple laws of body building. These remarkable results, so easily produced, naturally inspires one with a desire to spread this simple knowledge from which the great unthinking mass of human beings can acquire and retain permanently until death, that condition of health and strength which changes life as veritably as the sun when it appears and dissipates the gloom of a cloudy day.

**How Enthusiasts
May Assist.**

Now to these enthusiasts, to all those who feel inspired with the desire to spread this gospel of health I have a message: I want to help you into this work, encourage you in your desire to assist in spreading this gospel. You all can understand that for us to engage every person who might apply would be impossible. Serious business losses have taught us that we cannot experiment in this way. No matter how deserving or how much ability the applicant may possess, before we can in any way assist him financially or by our influence, he must have already demonstrated beyond all possible doubt that he is capable of satisfactory and effective work.

There is hardly need of emphasizing the extreme necessity for study and thought on any subjects one may attempt to teach. One cannot know too much. The more facts you have, in easy reach, the more convincing and the stronger your arguments become. The great problem with nearly every enthusiast is how to begin. My friends, there are many ways of beginning. You can open an office or studio and begin teaching. Send out circulars to advertise your work, and thus secure patrons. You can begin among your immediate friends by convincing them of the truths which you intend to ultimately teach.

I want to most emphatically emphasize the great need of to-day for teachers. Not teachers who merely know a set of movements and who come in personal contact with only a few pupils, but teachers who really and thoroughly teach at every opportunity. Those who have sufficient enthusiasm; those who are inspired with a divine desire to elevate and ennoble humanity and who would be willing, if the necessity occurred, to even stand on street corners and preach to those who might assemble there, the great, yet simple, truths of the religion of health and strength.

Lecturers! We want lecturers! Were we at the present time able to select a number of lecturers whom we knew were able to expound in a clear, convincing and concise manner, the facts in reference to the valuable, curative and health building qualities of physical culture in its broadest sense, we could almost immediately supply them with audiences and an occupation which would unquestionably furnish at least sufficient funds to satisfy their daily needs even in the beginning. Therefore, I say to enthusiasts of this character, it is your duty to develop and demonstrate any abilities you may have. Take advantage of every opportunity that may appear, to talk in public. Begin by lecturing to your friends, and see that your audience is gradually enlarged. If possible, and you feel that you can talk creditably, secure the use of a small hall or church, and give free lectures. If you are inspired with the proper spirit, the amount of money that may result from your work is but of little importance beyond its power to advance your objects. Do not make the mistake of giving your lectures in your own town, especially if it is small, unless your ability is of such a superior character as to overcome the usual prejudice against home talent. Strangers measure you by what you are; friends by what they think you ought to be.

We would be pleased to hear from all lecturers who have already demonstrated their ability to interest audiences on these subjects. When name is presented please send newspaper clippings and dates of a number of your lectures given, so that we may satisfy ourselves as to your ability in the work.



IN the last issue I called attention to the Experimental Restaurant started in New York, at 487 Pearl St. This restaurant proved such a success that we were not able to furnish sufficient food. We were, therefore, compelled to close after the first two days and arrange to vastly increase our facilities.

Since opening the second time there have been a large number of patrons who were greatly pleased with our Bill of Fare.

The One-Cent Meal Restaurant

It is, of course, impossible to state at this writing whether the Restaurant can be conducted at the prices we are charging without a loss. In the future issue of the magazine more will be stated in reference to this

experiment. Following is the Bill of Fare we are using now:

Bowl of thick Pea Soup	1c.	Bowl of Steamed Barley with Milk and Sugar	5c.
Bowl of Steamed Hominy	1c.	Bowl of Steamed Oats with Milk and Sugar	5c.
Bowl of Steamed Oats	1c.	Whole Wheat Bread and Butter	5c.
Bowl of Steamed Barley	1c.	Beans Cooked in Milk	5c.
Food Coffee and Cream	5c.	Date Whole Wheat Pudding	5c.
Bowl of Pea Soup with Bread	5c.		
Bowl of Steamed Hominy with Milk and Sugar	5c.		

All Physical Culture readers with their friends are specially requested to attend the Monster Meeting to be held at

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, New York
Sunday Evening, June 1st, at 8.15.

The Editor will lecture on "The New Religion of Health," and others will assist. Admission by tickets, which can be secured at this office.