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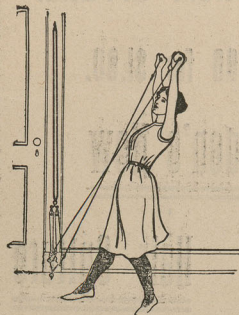
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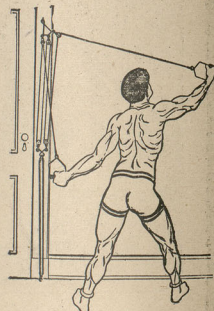


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# Physical Culture

A monthly publication devoted to subjects appertaining to HEALTH, STRENGTH, VITALITY, MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, AND THE GENERAL CARE OF THE BODY.

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## THE EDITOR MAINTAINS

**(1) That weakness is a crime.**

(2) That if suffering from weakness, there is absolutely no excuse for continuing in that condition.

(3) That the natural condition of a human body is one of health and strength of the highest degree, and that it is otherwise only when Nature's laws have been grossly violated.

(4) That there is no disease without a cause, and that the first duty in effecting a cure is to remove that cause.

(5) That the over use and wrong use of drugs kill more people than war, pestilence and famine.

(6) That drugs are a poison to the system and are useful only as an antiseptic, germicide or an antidote.

(7) That the natural methods for treating diseases are safer and more effective in their results.

(8) That consumption is a curable disease even in its second stages by natural means.

(9) That a proper system of muscular exercise, though important, is only a part of physical culture.

(10) That physical culture includes all natural means of cultivating the physical forces and that all disorders can be cured or greatly alleviated by it.

(11) That cultivation of physical power through muscular exercise requires simply the regular use of the entire muscular system, and that it is immaterial what the system of exercise may be, provided this object is accomplished without overwork or strain.

(12) That the object of this magazine is to teach the sick how to be well, the weak how to be strong, the well how to continue improving, the strong how to grow stronger.

(13) That vigorous, pulsating health is within the reach of one and all who strive to acquire it by natural means.

## THE DRUG CURSE.

### CAUSES MORE DEATHS THAN WAR, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE.

DRUGS EXPECTED TO CURE EVERY-  
THING:

A sick man is a rascal."—*Emerson.*

All the weakness, disease, misery and imbecility caused by the intemperate use of alcoholic beverages is as nothing when compared to the terrible havoc wrought by the "drug curse," which includes the use of alcohol as a medicine. Where one life is lost from intemperance, there are hundreds brought to a premature grave from the improper and too frequent use of drugs.

"That deep-rooted superstition which Dr. Holmes called the 'idea that sick people must be fed on poison,' has caused more injury than the combined natural causes of disease."—*Felix L. Oswald, A. M., M. D.*

Medicine! medicine! medicine! is the cry everywhere when there is a pain or the slightest disorder.

If the stomach rebels, after having been gorged with rich indigestible foods, or if the body is overloaded with impurities from sedentary habits, Epicurean dietry and other deviations from the rules of hygiene and health, relief is at once

sought in drugs. No matter how grossly Nature's laws may have been violated, drugs are expected to remedy all evil effects. The impression has somehow gone broadcast that there is no particular necessity for changing the habits of life, to any great extent, in the curing of disease—that it is of little moment what the cause may have been—drugs will, alone and unaided, effect the desired results.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF DRUGS—PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I remember with most vivid clearness my first experience with drugs. My disappointment was most intense when remedy after remedy failed to bring the desired health and strength. There is no lesson so quickly conveyed as that which is taught by the pain and misery accompanying weakness and disease. Why, I asked myself over and over again, do not the lower animals suffer as we do? Why is weakness and disease as rare with them as the opposite condition is with us? They have no drugs to remedy their ills, and they are always in health.

Is knowledge, therefore, a curse? Does the possession of superior mental capacity necessarily mean physical degeneracy? The conclusion deduced from this reasoning is plain. The lower animals follow their natural instincts. **THEY OBEY NATURE**, while man is constantly making vain endeavors to improve on Nature, and his intelligence is not yet equal to the task of replacing his lost animal instinct

#### WHAT IS DISEASE?

Has the reader ever asked himself the question, What is disease? Any intelligent human being, who studies the anatomy and physiology of the human body *from the right standpoint*, is forced to the conclusion that disease is an effort on the part of the functional system to right a wrong—an effort to restore a normal, healthy condition. No such conclusion as this can possibly be deduced if disease is viewed as a condition which can be remedied only by drugs.

#### DISEASE ACTUALLY SAVES LIFE.

It is disease that saves life. It is disease that actually cures the body. By means of disease poisons are eliminated, which might have caused death had they been allowed to remain. A person in perfect health is impervious to almost any kind of disease.

#### NINE-TENTHS OF ALL COMPLAINTS ARE FILTH DISEASES.

It is not the actual disease for

which medical science has thousands of high-sounding names. It is the outward manifestation of the disease. Filth diseases—the excessive accumulation of impurities or foreign matter in the blood—will cover nine-tenths or more of the diseases which commonly afflict humanity, and one method of treatment, with slight variation to suit individual needs, will cure nearly every case. When the ordinary organs are unable to eliminate surplus accumulations or impurities, the result is disease, which may take the form of a cold, headache, neuralgia, pneumonia, rheumatism, consumption or any one of the "filth diseases," for which medical science has thousands of different names.

"Certain diseases are called filth diseases, as diphtheria, typhus, typhoid fevers, etc., but nearly all physical troubles, aside from those due to accident, are filth diseases, and by cleansing of the body, through elimination, a cure is reached. Every one must know that the healing, curing power resides within the organism, and that it is ever alert to overcome the effects of errors in our treatment. For example, what is erroneously but popularly termed 'a slight cold' has a run of a few days and often completely terminates without the patient having done the least thing to help the cure. It is thus clearly shown, and no further proof could be desired, that the organism succeeded in doctoring itself and in curing a very serious disorder. The full significance of this is, that, no matter what the disease may be, the symptoms—pain, inflammation, general fever, etc.—are indicative of the process of restoration."—Chas. E. Page, M. D.

Simplicity, simplicity—good, hard, broad-minded “common sense,” is most shamefully needed in the treatment of diseases at the present time. Sawing wood alone will cure more cases of throat, lung and digestive troubles than all the drugs man ever heard of.

#### INTERNAL CLEANLINESS.

It is internal cleanliness which must be sought for. It is this internal cleanliness that keeps the body ever free from disease, and it cannot possibly be acquired and retained unless the circulation be regularly accelerated with some kind of muscular exercise, or a substitute is regularly used in the form of an internal bath or a hot-air or hot-water bath.

#### EVEN PNEUMONIA EASILY, QUICKLY AND SAFELY CURED.

Pneumonia is of little importance if properly treated. I had all the symptoms of a severe case on one occasion, and they disappeared entirely after partially fasting for four days and making use of internal baths. Had I adopted the usual methods—remained indoors with tightly closed windows, fearful of drafts, stimulated my appetite to eat the usual meals—I would have been confined to a sick bed for weeks and possibly months, with good chances for death as the finale. A fast of a few days or internal baths will cure almost any case of rheumatism. Unlimited quantity of fresh air, exercise, proper food in right quantities, and judicious fasting will cure

any case of consumption not too far advanced. To illustrate the imbecility displayed in this advanced (?) age of civilization, take the treatment used in the average case of consumption.

#### IMBECILITY DISPLAYED IN TREATING CONSUMPTION.

“Consumption is incurable by medicines, I admit; that it is often cured by pure air, exercise, right habits, no intelligent and candid physician will doubt.”—*Dr. Dio Lewis*

In this disease the system is actually “rotten” from the poisons or impurities that the organs have been unable to eliminate. Now, remembering this fact, view the average treatment. The patient’s appetite is stimulated with alcoholic beverages and all kinds of tonics; every endeavor is made to enrich the blood, already overloaded with impurities upon which bacteria feed and multiply. The very condition that every effort should be made to avoid is, therefore, actually invited. Instead of giving the functional system an opportunity to eliminate impurities, new difficulties are added by stimulating and stuffing the already overworked stomach—thus actually feeding and propagating the very disease they are supposed to be trying to cure. Such methods would cause most any strong, healthy person to acquire the disease, and no one could possibly escape if predisposed towards it. Should it cause wonder, then, that consumption is considered an in-

curable disease? Could it be otherwise under such circumstances?

DISEASE SIMPLY ACCUMULATED IMPURITIES.

Realizing the indisputable fact that disease, in nearly every case, is simply an accumulation of filth or impurities in the blood, is it not plain, therefore, that the very first duty is to use those means which will assist the functions of the body in eliminating these impurities?

FASTING, INTERNAL BATHS, EXERCISE  
CURE DISEASE.

Take internal, hot-air or hot-vapor baths and exercise, but by all means give the stomach a rest—that is usually the first duty. All animals refuse to eat when ill. Take a lesson from them and do not allow the stomach to continue supplying the impurities when the body is already overloaded. But no, such a method as this is usually tabooed. If one or two meals are missed, the average person imagines he is starving. It is drugs, drugs, drugs—the despoilers of health, the murderers of the fairest of our manhood and womanhood; the actual diggers of graves, for every dose steals a certain amount of vital strength, “spades out” just so much from the grave of death.

THE DRUG HABIT—ALCOHOL, OPIUM  
USERS.

The practice of using drugs is like the alcohol or the opium habit—it grows on the sufferer gradually. Slowly, insidiously, out of the

darkness of ignorance and greed for gain, this monster fastens its fangs into its victims. Deeper and deeper they sink as one remedy after another is tried—now cast down with despair, then revived with hope as a new drug that promises miracles is given a trial. On and on goes the victim—his steps gradually lose elasticity, the lustre disappears from the eyes, the color of health leaves the cheeks, the marks of premature old age appear, the keen sensibilities of feeling, of imagination, are dulled and almost destroyed. Who can predict the end?

ONE MORE LIFE SACRIFICED TO THE  
“DRUG CURSE.”

A life lost—ambitions, hopes, everything sacrificed at the altar of the “drug curse.” That is the story of thousands of sufferers now safely laid away in their graves. Every time a funeral passes, I wonder what system of drug treatment killed that poor victim. Then there is another side of the evil to which but little attention is given. How many drunkards, how many opium fiends owe their first desire for these base stimulants to drugs prescribed for their temporary ailments? Thousands of victims to the slavery of these evils exist today because of the drug habit.

NATURE, NOT DRUGS, CURES DISEASE.

Every intelligent, modern physician admits that it is not drugs that cure—it is Nature—it is the natural tendency of the body to remedy

existing defects, and drugs merely assist Nature. Taking this statement as truth, then, how can drugs possibly assist Nature further than as a germicide or an antiseptic? If used as a stimulant the relapse is always greater than the temporary gain. In a few rare instances there may be excuse for their use, for the same reason that whiskey is used as an antidote for the poison of snake virus. There are some drugs which create diseased conditions that destroy other diseases more deadly in their effect, and in such cases their use is no doubt allowable.

#### DRUGS ARE USEFUL IN THEIR PLACE.

Drugs have their place; they are no doubt useful in some acute diseases as well as for antiseptic purposes and for destroying the germs of contagious diseases; but their use is most outrageously abused. In some cases they apparently cure a disease, but in reality a cure has not been effected—the disease still exists in another form, or the impurities causing the manifestation of the disease have been diverted to another channel or means of elimination. For instance, a drug which benumbs the nerves will apparently cure headache—the conditions which produced the headache still exist, though the pain cannot be felt, and the nerves have been injured to a certain extent by the use of the drug.

PITY THOSE WHO TRUST SOLELY IN  
DRUGS.

May God pity those who attempt

to cure their ailments with drugs alone, for no pity will be found elsewhere. It will be experiment, experiment, experiment until the poor sufferer wonders what a remarkable complication of diseases must have attacked him. Some recover again and again—not because of the drugs, but in spite of them, though in the end they are caught. There comes a time when the vitality is unequal to the task of fighting both the drugs and the diseased condition at the same time, and death ends the struggle. We sometimes wonder why so few die of old age. The explanation is simple—though the body may be equal to the task of curing itself, when drugs are added at each slight illness, there always comes a time when the disease conquers.

#### THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN LIVES ANNUALLY SACRIFICED.

I have no quarrel with medical men; some of the noblest, most intelligent are of that profession. But the ordinary practitioners unfamiliar with the most modern methods of treating diseases, by continuing to prescribe drugs to each and every patient for all ailments, are to-day annually sacrificing more good American lives than would fifty Spanish wars. This is not theory—it is a fact. Go into any one of the ordinary hospitals where they treat diseases in the good (?) old allopathic way, and see the poor patients being fed on



noxious, poisonous drugs that would make any well man sick ; and then visit an institution where natural methods are being used and compare the percentage of mortality. Allow me to emphasize the fact that we need fewer societies for the prevention of cruelty to lower animals and more societies for the prevention of cruelty to human animals. The lower usually have the best of it—they have health. Even the street car horses that are prodded along all day enjoy this, and it is not due to tonics either.

GROSS IGNORANCE OF SIMPLE HEALTH LAWS.

What is it that keeps up this delusion that wrecks so many lives on the rocks of false hopes? It is the gross ignorance of the general public in reference to the simplest laws of preserving health, on one side, and lust for gain, on the other. Where would the patent medicine manufacturers be if the truth was told about their fake remedies?—which they never under any circumstances use themselves. Their business would be gone. They would have to adopt other pursuits.

PHYSICIANS NOT TO BLAME.

The physicians are not so much to blame—their hands are tied. If a medical man were to tell his average scared patient that there was nothing much the matter with him—that all he needed was less gormandizing, more exercise, more bathing, internal and external, the patient would think him a crank

and immediately visit another practitioner willing to humor his whims as to the necessary treatment.

The day is coming, and it is not far distant either, when the great masses of humanity will view disease in its true light—when a physician will be able to state the truth to his patient, and not be considered a fool for his pains—when he can adopt rational, radical methods and not lose his means of livelihood in consequence.

May that day be hastened, is the wish of

THE EDITOR.

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In a recent issue of the *New York World* an article was published with photographs of eighteen persons, whose aggregate ages reached 1,624 years. There is a short history of the life of each individual, and it is clearly shown that temperance and abstinence from alcohol and tobacco are of great advantage to longevity. Most of those who were addicted to the habit of smoking gave it up in middle age.

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An article recently appeared in one of our well-known dailies, by William Blackie, showing that Washington was stronger and bigger than Champion Jeffries. It is a well-known fact that Washington was a wonderful athlete, and we are having prepared for the September number an article treating of his abilities in that line.

## FAMILIAR FEATS OF STRENGTH AND HOW TO DO THEM.

BY SANDOW.

MAN AGAINST MAN.

The first feat I describe is one which has much to recommend it, inasmuch as besides being a trial of strength it constitutes a very valuable exercise. The two antagonists seat themselves in chairs opposite to one another, the knees of one being placed inside those of his opponent. The object of the first is to force the knees of the second apart whilst the latter resists him by pressing his legs together. Each in turn takes the outside position, the movement, of course, being then exactly reversed.

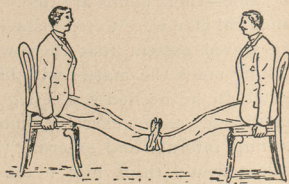
Now, there is a little trick in this, a knowledge of which may enable you to defeat a man whose leg muscles are really far stronger than your own. Properly you should be knee-to-knee with your opponent, but obviously if you grip him with your knees well *above* his, the advantage in leverage is on your side.

The muscles chiefly used in this feat are the quadriceps and gluteus, when with knees inside you endeavor to force your opponent's legs apart and the greater part of the biceps of the leg and the adductor longer and gracilis (the muscles

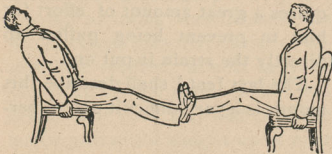
at the top of the inside of the leg) when you are gripping his legs to frustrate his efforts in a like direction.

A capital exercise for strengthening these muscles is furnished by doing this feat, each of the parties alternately giving way to the efforts of his opponent. Thus the legs are alternately separated and closed, the strain being kept on all the time, and only being relaxed sufficiently to allow of the opening and closing movements being very slow and gradual. Violent and spasmodic movements should be strictly avoided, as these muscles being rarely developed are likely to be strained thereby.

A similar feat and exercise may be practiced with the chairs sufficiently far apart to permit of the

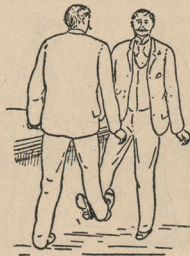


legs being held quite straight out and the exercise done foot-to-foot instead of knee-to-knee. Practically all that has been said with regard to the above exercise also holds good in this case.



A variation of the above consists of placing the feet *upon* those of your opponent and endeavoring to force him down to the floor. Here, perhaps, the element of trickery comes in a little more. The chairs ought to be fairly heavy and large enough to permit of sitting well back in them. Primarily the heavier man has the best of it, but if you happen to know the "hang" of the thing and your opponent does not, you will probably triumph in spite of his extra weight. The dodge is a very simple one. Sit well back and throw as much of your weight as you possibly can away from him, by throwing the head back and leaning the body over the back of the chair; then grip the chair underneath as far back as possible, and you will find you get an excellent "purchase" by which to resist his efforts. Similarly when your feet are on top and you are striving to press his down. Here again you are a bit to the good, if you take up

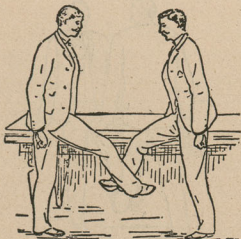
such a position that while he has to stretch out at full length to reach you, you can reach *him* with ease and with your legs *slightly* bent. But, of course, don't overdo this, or he will notice it and your little game will be spoiled.



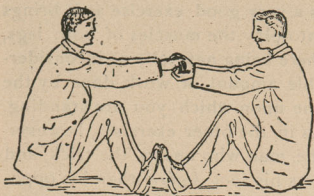
Another feat of a similar character consists of each of the two opponents standing upon one foot, holding out the other and endeavoring to force his adversary sideways. To hold the balance it will be necessary to rest one hand upon a table or the back of a chair. This is a very good exercise as it brings into play the muscles of, both legs, there being naturally no inconsiderable amount of work done by the one upon which you are standing. As in the other exercises, however the man who knows the trick, and gets his foot *higher* than his opponent's ankle, is almost sure to get the advantage.

Standing in the same position as in the last exercise, another trial of strength may be made by hooking your heel in that of

your opponent and endeavoring to pull him towards you while he, of course, strenuously resists. Here again, an advantage is obtained by leaning well back and while your opponent has his leg at full stretch, keeping yours slight-



ly bent at the knee, so that you can give way slightly without losing your balance. A feat which is often practiced and which, on the face of it, seems beyond the possibility of trickery, is that which consists of the two opponents seating



themselves upon the floor and placing the soles of their feet together, gripping hands and attempting to pull each other on to their feet. The man who knows what he is

about sits well down, throws his body back and thus makes his opponent reach right out to clasp his hands, with the consequence that the latter's buttocks may be clear of the ground at the very outset.

Of course in this position it requires a great amount of effort for him to prevent being pulled up directly the strain is put on.

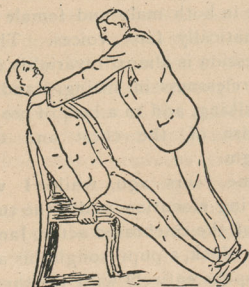
The last feat I shall describe this month is a very difficult one to per-



form in a genuine manner. Seated on a strong chair you take a tight grip of the seat and stretching your legs out to their fullest extent, invite another man to stand upon your ankles as your feet rest upon the floor. He had better take his boots off so as not to hurt your ankles, and he should rest his hands *lightly* upon your shoulders so as to preserve his balance. Then you lift up your feet, with him standing upon them, until your legs are horizontal. To do this with, say, a

140 lb. man is no mean feat and will probably excite the wonderment and admiration of all who behold it.

Now you will have noticed that I lay stress upon the word *lightly* in the preceding paragraph. My reason for so doing was because the feat becomes infinitely easier to accomplish—indeed almost anyone can do it—if the man who is lifted bends well over you and puts the major part of his weight upon your shoulders. For then, when you



raise your feet you are only lifting a small portion of his weight with your legs—he is really raising himself by pressing hard with his hands upon your shoulders. One would think that this would be apparent, and yet if it is done by two confederates who work skillfully together, it can be managed time after time without detection.

The New York *Herald* of recent date published a very interesting article, in which they illustrated the wonderful strength acquired by a seventeen-year-old girl, Miss Dunphy, daughter of a millionaire. Like many young girls on graduation, she was practically a physical wreck, suffering from nervous prostration and general weakness. Drugs were ineffective, and she seemed to be rapidly declining, but finally tried physical training. The improvement in her condition was marvelous. In a short time she was performing feats of strength that many athletes would find difficult. From a weakly, debilitated girl she was made strong, hardy and handsome in a few months

Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, who has given England considerable trouble in the past, is another example of the advantages resulting from combining brawn with brain. His boyhood was spent in hardy outdoor life, and he is practically a Samson in strength. In contests requiring enormous physical strength, it is stated that he was never worsted. Often he has raced all day with the swift-footed Kaffirs and came out ahead. Still more often he has subdued wild animals by purely physical strength without weapons. Even to this day he is extremely simple in his personal taste and never uses strong drink of any kind.

## VOICE CULTURE.

BY GEORGE RUSKIN PHOEBUS.

There is no quality of man which is of greater value both in business and in social life than a well-modulated, resonant and round-toned voice. To the one in professional life the possession of such a voice is simply invaluable. To those in commercial life, or in any other pursuit where conversation, argument or persuasion are necessary to success, a happy voice is as well a remarkable accessory.

Given two persons, with equal capacity and with an equally strong and valuable proposition to present, the possession of well modulated and well-rounded tones will win an audience, and the resultant success, where the falsetto, or rough-tone, voiced person will be given an unpleasant reception or refused entirely.

Every one knows how important a part the voice tones play in his social relations with his fellows, and how often the remark is heard, "What a delightful fellow, he speaks so elegantly and with such fine tones," whereas the one with the head-tones, or the rough voice, is dismissed from consideration with the remark, "I can't bear him. He has such a harsh voice. Its tones grate upon my every fibre and make my blood run cold."

There is no reason in the world for any one's possessing a harsh, falsetto, head-toned or throaty voice, and a trifling bit of care and proper exercise will invariably, where there is no disease of the larynx or the vocal chords, relieve this unhappy situation. Physicians everywhere agree that the falsetto voice in the male and the throaty voice in both male and female are emphatically false voices. Their possession is almost invariably due to carelessness in sitting, standing or walking, and to a lack of proper exercise of the chest and diaphragm.

Some years ago, while I was studying elocution under the tutelage of the celebrated actor, James E. Murdock, a pupil sought his aid, who spoke entirely with the throat and head and flattered himself that he possessed a finely tuned and persuasive voice.

"What is your profession?" asked the actor-teacher.

"A clergyman.

"Did you ever speak in the open air—at a camp meeting, for instance?"

"No," was the answer, "but I have little doubt that my voice would be competent for such a test; it has been much complimented for the clearness of its tone. My main

purpose in coming to you was to study expression."

"Humph," said the great old actor, "that voice of yours would last about four minutes in the open air. If you will get it down somewhere near the place where the appetite grows, I may teach it some expression. As it is now, I have got to teach it first how to forget that it has been in existence."

The clergyman was given a telling course in physical culture, boxing and breathing before a single effort was made toward the regulation of his voice for expression. Within three months he had moved his voice downstairs with such complete satisfaction that it was at once resonant, delightful and strong.

The development of the muscles of the arms, chest and body, at the same time that it produces strong, healthy and rigid ridges upon the exterior anatomy, produces a healthy condition within that opens the vocal channels and, with a little care in abdominal breathing at the time of taking physical exercise and voice practice, a strong, sweet, resonant and delightful voice is produced.

Probably one of the finest of all the voices of the stage in recent years among the male actors was that of the late John McCullough. Among actresses the voice of Adelaide Neilson has oftentimes been called one of the most wonderful speaking voices that the stage has ever known. Indeed, in alluding to Miss Neilson's voice, after hearing

her in a performance of Juliet, a celebrated Philadelphia lawyer said: "That voice seems to come from everywhere." Both McCullough and Miss Neilson kept their voices in good form by careful physical culture and exercise. "I never have a cold," said McCullough on one occasion, "and have never known from personal experience what catarrh means, and I think this is largely due to the fact that, in protecting, preserving and developing my voice, I devote myself to physical calisthenics and a thorough system of breathing exercise."

Henry Ward Beecher, the possessor of one of the greatest voices of all the platform orators of recent times, devoted a portion of each day to physical culture, with the main object of keeping his voice resonant and healthy.

Among the actors and actresses famous for the sweetness, vigor and healthfulness of their voices, who are before the public to-day, such as Maude Adams, Olga Nethersole, Ada Rehan, Wilton Lackaye, John Drew, James K. Hackett, James Young and others, physical culture as an aid to the voice is as much a prerequisite to their successes as are their rehearsals.

It is within the power of every one to develop within them pleasant, conversational and speaking voices through this method, and in no way can they add more to their popularity or their own personal comfort.

## THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Criticisms, MSS., Photographs, etc., invited.

Questions of general public interest answered in this department.

*Question:* CAN DIGESTIVE TROUBLES BE CURED BY MEANS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE?

*Reply:* I have seen hundreds of cases cured by a thorough system of exercise. The muscles over the great vital organs and around the waist line should be strengthened by various movements, and the diet should be confined to wholesome, appetizing foods. Of course, the general laws of health must be rigorously obeyed. The treatment should be varied to suit individual needs. If, after trying the ordinary methods, no relief is found, write, describing the course followed, symptoms, etc., and if of general public interest, will advise treatment in this department free.

*Question:* WHY DON'T YOU GIVE US A FEW IDEAS ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE HAIR IN "PHYSICAL CULTURE"?

*Reply:* My methods for cultivating the strength and luxuriance of the hair are so radically different from those usually advocated that I would hardly care to take the risk of making my theories plain in a short article. However, now that a cheap edition of the book on hair culture has been printed, any

one interested should not be deterred from securing the information contained therein on account of the price.

*Question:* CAN CATARRH BE CURED BY NATURAL MEANS?

*Answer:* Catarrh can be cured by natural means. I suffered from catarrh for years, and it was not until recently that I managed to find a simple natural cure for the trouble. The treatment, of course, varies slightly in different cases, but a cure can be effected in every instance. Please write me more fully as to your general health, height, weight, condition of digestion, skin and other information of value. If your case is of general public interest, and advice can be given in this department, no charge will be made.

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## WOMANHOOD—MUSCLE.

## A PHYSICIAN ON THE EVILS OF MUSCLE.

When the human mind loses all respect for Nature's plain laws—when the reasoning power becomes so great, so exalted, that it considers itself capable of criticising the lack of judgment displayed by the Creator of this universe—then, indeed, has a great (?) brain opened its vast storehouse to the bewildered public. Dr. Arabella Kenealy, in an article published in a recent issue of "The Nineteenth Century," bewails the evil effects produced by the indulgence of the feminine sex in athletic and other muscular exercise, and to prove the truth of her views cites a few cases of overtrained or improperly trained women, some sexual perverts and the female members of savage tribes. Because unwholesome bread, or too much bread, has injured one person, does it necessarily follow that bread is not a nourishing food? Every clear, unprejudiced reasoner must admit that athletics have in some few cases been productive of injury; but where one woman has been harmed by too much exercise, thousands have suffered from weaknesses and disease and have filled early graves for the need of it.

## NECESSITY FOR USE OF EVERY POWER

One of the simplest of all Nature's

laws—one which no reasoning mind can by any possible means evade—is the necessity for the use of every function and power of the body. No human body, be it male or female, ever grew to adult life with beauty of face and form, unless this law was followed, knowingly or otherwise. The boy in his play, running, wrestling, pushing, pulling, tumbling, is unconsciously developing those powers that serve him so well in after life.

## GREAT BEAUTIES "TOMBOYS" IN YOUTH.

With hardly a single exception, all women who have had great reputations for beauty were "tomboys" in their youth. They ran, wrestled, climbed trees, fences and indulged in all sorts of romping games. Thus they developed the beautiful symmetry of muscles that, as maturity approached, rounded out into the lines of a glorious womanly woman. There may be a few exceptions to this rule in the delicate society "buds"—poor, pale, characterless creatures—that blossom for a short period into beauties. But how soon these frail "plants" wither! Like those flowers that blossom into fragile beauty away from sun and air, they quickly fade, and the remainder of their brief existence is

occupied with the mysterious ailments which physicians make vain endeavors to fathom.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES MADE POSSIBLE  
BY MUSCULAR AND FUNCTIONAL  
DEBILITY.

Coming from a woman physician, and knowing, as she does, the deplorable condition of her sex in general from a physical standpoint—probably four-fifths of all adult females suffer from female complaints—this article is astounding in its absurdity. What causes all this female weakness? Why is it they are cursed to-day by ills that ravage the happiness and the peace of the entire civilized world? The cause is simple, and I defy anyone to find a single flaw in the conclusion that female weaknesses are made possible by the debilitated condition of the muscular and functional system, caused principally by the lack of exercise in the growing years, the use of the corset and other enemies to vigorous health. Let each and every girl, by healthful play or by physical culture, develop all the powers and beauty of her muscular system—let her be free from the physically degrading effects of the corset and other restrictions to the buoyancy and natural desire for activity—let her be free from that curse of that fear of being undignified, and all the symmetry, grace and beauty of superb womanhood will be slowly evolved. And do you imagine that such a woman could suffer from weak-

ness? Could she be otherwise than womanly, capable of giving to the world, under the influence of the right inspiration, children possessing all the virility and beauty of vigorous health?

"There are many factors in health deterioration, but the great and universal remedy, pending the removal of these factors, is wholly and absolutely the conservation of womanly forces."

It is apparently her opinion that energies are conserved by entire inactivity—by allowing the powers to rest in a condition of dormancy; in other words, by doing nothing and thinking of nothing.

BODY WILL "RUST OUT" BEFORE IT  
WILL WEAR OUT.

The human body is like a machine—it will "rust out" years and years before it will wear out, and although extreme activity is required in girlhood to develop the powers and beauty of harmonious womanhood, a certain amount of regular exercise for every muscle of the body is still necessary if this beauty and vigor is to be retained.

STAGE BEAUTIES RETAIN YOUTH WITH  
PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Take a lesson from those whose business requires that the youth and beauty be retained to advanced years. The beauties of the stage—how do they hold their powers to charm year after year, and at times even on to the advanced age when other women are grandmothers? Is it done by inactivity, as this physician would have us believe? There is not a woman of the theatrical

world of to-day who does not most thoroughly realize the necessity of physical culture as a means of retaining the grace, suppleness and beauty connected with youth. They all practice it—it is as necessarily a part of their daily routine as are their meals.

“In every instance the children of the less muscular and less robust women carry off the palm, some in beauty, some in intelligence, some in, high mental or moral development.”

Will the experience of any clear-minded individual bear out such a ridiculous statement? Go over the names of those whose energies and talents have made history in the past and are making it to-day. Are they the progeny of frail, delicate women? On the contrary, are they not from the most vigorous stock?

WEAK PARENTS CANNOT CREATE FINE CHILDREN.

You cannot make something from nothing, and as much as we may dislike the comparison, fine, strong, beautiful children can no more be generated from fragile, delicate women and weakly fathers, than a fine “blooded” horse can be secured from “scrub” stock. Like makes like. To be sure, there are women who appear delicate that have inherited such wonderful vitality that they can afford to ignore the necessity for exercise, but such women have great dormant strength, and under the inspiration of all that intensity which should accompany a true love marriage, would, of course, give to the world vigorous children,

but these children would have been still finer, stronger and more exquisite if all the dormant powers of their delicate bodies had been developed.

“Indeed, were it true that the habit of muscular activity conduces to the welfare of the race, the children of the working classes would be much superior in brain and physique to those of their more leisured neighbors, but they are in fact inferior.”

The master minds of to-day in business, in politics, and even in the various professions, will be found in nearly every instance to have been born of parents who labored with their hands.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND MANUAL LABOR NOT IDENTICAL.

Hard, continuous overwork of the muscular powers will, of course, use up the vital forces and bring on old age long before it should appear. But why confuse mere manual work with physical culture? One is taken for pleasure and physical improvement, while the other is mere drudging labor. Furthermore, the manual workman usually overworks part of his muscular system, while other parts are left to entire inactivity. He is often but little better off, as far as increased health is concerned, than one who takes no exercise at all. It is a well-known fact that a trained athlete who exercises an hour or two per day is far stronger than the ordinary workman. This result is achieved by using and developing every part of the body.

The only way I can account for

Dr. Kenealy's conclusions is that she has mistaken fat for muscle, and has selected some of her very fleshy patients and acquaintances as terrible examples of the evil of athletics.

A sure guide can always be found in natural laws—the Power that created this universe possessed an intelligence a thousand times superior to the greatest minds.

Nothing so thoroughly illustrates the tendency of an inactive muscle to waste away as its condition after the prolonged rest necessary in the knitting of a broken bone; and every muscle in the body under a similar condition of non-use would waste away to the same degree.

THE EDITOR.

An article entitled "War on Corsets" appeared recently in a New York paper which contained the opinions of several prominent men and women on the habit of wearing corsets.

They all agree that the use of the corset has become a curse to woman. It injures, instead of improving the figure and often produces fatal results.

Several physicians were interviewed, and one states that it is "a crying shame," and that it displaces and compresses the liver and stomach and seriously injures the vital organs.

Women in general are beginning now to realize the dangers of this habit, and many have given it up, substituting a bodice or ribbon cor-

set instead to support other garments.

Photographs were used of several famous actresses and prominent women, whose figures are all that is natural and beautiful, though they have long ago abandoned the corset.

All, however, have agreed that if the device is not used the body must be strengthened and made symmetrical by exercise, that no need for it will exist even for the sake of appearance.

We quote the opinion of one:

"As for English women, they exercise so much their flesh is hard and firm." This was the opinion of a French woman, who, though in favor of corsets, had to admit they could be discarded if the body was made symmetrical by exercise.

Dr. W. Gill Wylie, in the New York *Herald*, calls particular attention to the dangers in overwork to which the young schoolgirls are exposed. Their work is rarely finished in school. They must spend many evenings in hard study in addition to the ordinary duties usually required at home.

He emphasizes the responsibility that mothers should feel in the future health of their daughters, and states that a certain amount of active exercise is indispensable—that it is the only means by which they can be made to grow into that perfect state of health and strength which should be the characteristic of every young woman, and he very clearly points out that it is through the lack of this exercise that so many girls, when they leave school, are physical wrecks, instead of being, as nature intended—the embodiment of health and strength.

## THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

(REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.)

## CHAPTER IX.

At the home of the Watson family on the following morning all were seated at the breakfast table except Horace (Mr. Watson). The meal was half finished when he entered, and as it was unusual for him to be late, they turned towards him inquiringly.

"Why, Horace, you are late this morning," said Helen.

"My! goodness, what is the matter with your features?" not giving him time to speak.

"Well, of all things! Where have you been?" interposed Edith.

"You have asked several questions without giving me an opportunity to answer one," said Horace. "I will wait until you have finished and answer all at once."

"How kind!" from Helen. "You look as if you had been in a prize fight."

"Now, Horace, I don't know whether to laugh or be serious," said Edith. "Clear up the mystery before we die of curiosity."

"And your cheek, Horace, how was it hurt?" asked Helen.

"Ah! girls, give Horace a chance, if you expect him to tell you any-

thing," said Mrs. Watson, a very old lady.

"Well, now we are quiet; hurry and tell us all about it," said Edith, after waiting a moment for him to begin.

"You know I called on Harry Moore last night," gazing at them in a mysterious manner.

"Yes," they both answered.

"Well, what about it?" asked Helen, after waiting a moment for him to continue.

"What about it! Is not that sufficient?"

The girls seemed nonplussed, and exchanged glances to see if either understood his meaning.

"Did you have a boxing match with him?" asked Edith, laughing.

"Do you think I could box a locomotive?"

"Ah! Horace, quit fooling and tell us all about it," interposed Helen.

"It is a long story, but here is a synopsis. It was very warm in his room. We walked towards the park and stopped to hear the services of the Salvation Army. Half an hour afterwards he went home

without a scratch, while I—well, you see my condition.”

“Why, Horace, you do not mean to say that you and Mr. Moore were fighting?” asked Helen.

“Yes, Mr. Moore and I were fighting, but not fighting each other. We were fighting a gang that attacked us; or rather, he did the fighting and I endeavored to assist.”

“Wouldn't he help you?” asked Helen.

“Help me! Well, he did help me, but he had to thrash five men before he had an opportunity, and while he was performing that Herculean task two others were striking and rolling me around the sidewalk,” said Horace, smiling as much as his bruised features would allow.

“You say he had to thrash five men?” ejaculated Edith in surprised tones.

“Yes, and he did it in grand style, too. Utterly cleaned out the lot, and then come over and knocked the man senseless who was striking me, then raised the other fellow and gave him a kick that sent him flying; and I declare if he wasn't gritting his teeth and looking around for more, with four lying on the sidewalk and the balance frightened away. He's a terror, that fellow,” shaking his head.

“Well, that's the best fairy tale I ever heard,” said Helen, sarcastically.

“Fairy tale, eh! Well, the result of my connection with the fairy

tale shows a marked difference in my appearance,” said Horace, with emphasis.

“Is that true, Horace, or are you jesting?” asked Edith.

“True as Gospel,” said Horace.

The girls finally succeeded in learning all particulars, and they laughed until Horace thought they would hurt themselves.

“It is funny enough now, but I tell you it wasn't funny at the time,” said Horace. “Did you see the morning papers?”

“No,” the girls answered.

“I'll go for one,” said Helen.

“See anything?” asked Horace, impatient with curiosity as she returned scanning the paper.

“Here it is,” said Helen, “with three head lines.”

“Who is it? A remarkable man; thrashes seven toughs, and leaves the battle field without a scratch, so an eyewitness asserts. Two men picked up unconscious; another had his jaw broken; the fourth had two broken ribs. The rest fled.” When she finished reading these paragraphs they looked from one to the other in astonishment.

“Holy Moses, I didn't imagine he thrashed them so bad,” said Horace. “I tell you that man is a terror. He has the strength of four lions!” laughing at his own comparison.

“Well, it certainly looks that way,” added Edith. “Go on—read it all, Helen.”

The article was over a column in length. A reporter had interviewed

one of the injured, and when asked what sort of a man they had encountered, he said: "He wasn't so big, but terribly strong, and he flew around like a wild hyena; he must have been some bloke of a prize fighter."

It was some time before the girls' curiosity was fully satisfied.

Horace, after examining his countenance, concluded he would not go to business that day.

#### CHAPTER X.

Harry was much surprised on perusing the morning paper to find his exploit of the previous night described so elaborately. He congratulated himself on the fact that his name had not appeared in connection with the affair.

After looking over his mail he called at Watson's office. He was told by the office boy that Watson had not arrived yet.

"Tell him to come over, I want to see him as soon as he arrives," said Harry to the boy.

Watson's boy came over in about an hour and told him they had received word that Watson was not well, and would not be to business that day.

"I would not feel well either had I received the punishment he did last night," thought Harry.

"Ah! there is a good excuse for me to call," said he smiling to himself.

He sat down and indited a note to Watson, expressing his sympathy and warning him not to mention to

anyone their exploit of the previous night; and in case those at home insisted, to require their promise of absolute secrecy before telling them.

"I will call and see you to-night," were his closing words.

He dispatched this note by his office boy, and went on with his work.

That evening when he called Helen, Edith and Horace were on the lawn.

"Come over here, Moore," called Watson to Harry when he saw him.

Harry came towards them and was cordially greeted.

The temptation to squeeze Edith's hand was hard to resist. He looked questioningly into her eyes for a moment as he took her hand, searching for signs of any change in her towards him, but nothing could be detected. She returned his gaze calmly with her clear brown eyes, while a friendly smile lighted her intelligent face.

He had not seen her since that memorable evening. The terrible moments of torture endured for a time after leaving her that night were vividly remembered.

"Moore, how do you feel to-day? Stiff after the violent exertion of last night?" asked Watson, after Harry had seated himself.

"Oh, I'm all right. How are you?" smiling.

"Every part of my body seems sore, and I think my features have an extra share."

"Suppose you told the ladies

about our escapade last night?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes; we heard about it," said Helen. "In fact, we bothered him so much this morning, when he appeared in this condition, that he finally had to tell all."

"It seems, Mr. Moore, that you will persist in covering yourself with glory," put in Edith.

"On this occasion I thought it better to cover myself with glory than to be covered with gore," answered Harry, smiling at her.

"True; that was good logic," smiling.

"Suppose you saw the morning papers, Moore?" asked Watson.

"Yes; that was my reason for writing you. I feared that it might be known we could easily clear up that mystery. I feel sorry for those fellows. I had no desire to seriously injure them, but self-defence is the first law of nature," said Harry, smiling grimly at the remembrance of the affair.

"You taught them a lesson they won't soon forget," answered Watson.

"They will think twice before again attacking two innocent 'dudes,' I'll warrant," said Harry, at which they all laughed heartily.

"Moore, do you play croquet," asked Watson.

"Yes, slightly."

"Well, girls, suppose we retire to the rear lawn and play?"

"All agreed," said Helen, rising.

They went back to the croquet grounds, which were separated

from the front lawn by lattice work, profusely covered with growing vines. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated with incandescent lights.

"Now, who are to be partners?" asked Helen, after they secured mallets and balls.

"I'll tell you, Helen; you and I can beat those two good-for-nothing men," said Edith in playful tones.

"Yes, we can—easily, too," answered Helen, entering into the spirit of her cousin's playful humor.

"All right, my fair maids; we will give you the opportunity. Won't we, Moore?" asked Watson, turning to Harry.

"We certainly will," answered Harry.

They finished one game and were playing the second, when the housemaid came towards them and announced that Mr. Woodruff had called and asked for Helen.

"Well, tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Helen.

"Why don't you invite him out here, Helen?" asked her brother.

"Have him come out here! and see you in your present condition! With that face!"

"Well, I'll go in," answered Watson, somewhat crestfallen.

"Oh, no, you won't. I merely desired an excuse to monopolize his society," said Helen, smiling in a way that raised a general laugh.

They started another game, and as they finished Watson complained that his eyes were paining him



severely, and he went in to bathe them. He evidently was anxious for an excuse to go, as experience had taught him that "two are company and three a crowd."

"Will we have time to play a game while you are gone?" Harry asked, as Watson started away.

"Oh, yes; plenty of time," he answered.

"Shall we play, Miss Edith?" turning towards her.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry we are left alone because I know you don't desire it," said he, watching her place the ball in position to begin the game.

"Why should I not desire it? It makes no difference to me," she answered.

"Oh, it doesn't! Well, I beg your pardon for mentioning it," said he, irritated at her tone and seeming indifference.

They played in silence for several minutes; he gave her no attention outside of that necessary in the game.

While she was directly under the electric light, with her profile towards him, croqueting his ball, he stood watching her. The anger and indifference all died out of his eyes in an instant. She looked so beautiful; he was again her passionate lover. She wore a light China silk dress which fitted her to perfection; it clung to her and outlined her superb figure in all its magnificence. He noted her rounded arms, her beautifully shaped neck, her oval cheeks, her rich red lips.

She felt his gaze, looked up, and for an instant their eyes met. Her cheeks flushed; and he, turning his eyes from her, clenched the croquet mallet in both hands and asked:

"Where is my ball?" in as clear a voice as he could command.

"Over there where I knocked it," answered Edith.

"That's mean of you to knock my ball so far.

"Well, all women are cruel anyway," said Harry, as he viciously struck his ball.

"Why so?" said she, raising her eyebrows slightly, opening widely her eyes as she gazed at him.

"I'm sure I don't know; but it's a fact," not looking in her direction.

"You should have reasons for your opinions," said Edith continuing her play.

"Well, for instance, your treatment of me," said he, as she missed and it came his turn to play.

Her eyes were upon him; she was twisting the mallet handle and endeavoring to control her emotion. Her face wore a serious expression.

"Mr. Moore," said she, as he missed and turned towards her, "haven't I always treated you well?"

He turned his gaze from her to the ground, and did not answer her for a moment.

"I don't know, Miss Edith," he finally said with an effort, digging into the grass with the toe of his shoe. "I sometimes think you haven't been just to me."

"In what way should I have been

different? Haven't I been fair and honest with you always?" still gazing at him.

"You have, Miss Edith. I know you have. You have been more considerate with me than I deserve," he said with emphasis, after a silence of a moment, turning away his head.

"No, not more than you deserve," said she, as she turned and began to play.

"There are occasions, Miss Edith," gazing at her as she played, "when I think you have been most cruelly harsh, but they are moments of extreme bitterness. When I am myself, when I am able to deduce an unbiased conclusion, the evidence of your impartiality is clear."

She had ceased playing and was listening intently.

"I have always extended to you every possible consideration that I could, and still be true to myself and my ideas of honor," she said with emotion.

He missed the wicket for which he was playing; she sent her ball through the arch, and came near enough to croquet his ball.

Try as he would, Harry could not keep his eyes from her. He knew she surely noticed it; whether she was annoyed or not he could not tell. She played on, making a remark occasionally about the game. He watched her every movement. Strange emotions stirred his senses, affecting him like strong wine, as he stood there studying her beauty—each movement seemed to show

him more and more how superb she was. He wondered if he would be successful in winning her. Again he had some doubt; tears sprang to his eyes and wet his lashes.

He turned away from her with set teeth and clenched hands, endeavoring to quell his rising emotions.

"My God!" he cried to himself, moving a few steps away, "this is terrible! It's heaven or it's—Well, if not heaven, what then? Ah! it would be worse than hell."

"Now, Mr. Moore, I've beaten you," said Edith, turning towards him. "Well, what are you doing over there?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," said he, drawing near her and making a vain attempt to return her smile.

"Why, you look as sober as a judge."

"Do I?" this time smiling faintly.

"Yes, you do. You needn't feel so badly because I've beaten you; I'll let you win the next game if you wish," still smiling.

"How kind of you! Your benevolence overwhelms me with magnanimous gratitude," answered he assuming a mock tragic position.

"Really, that 'mixes me up,' as the little girl said. You'll have to define your meaning."

"All right, when school closes," answered he.

"When will that be?" looking at him archly.

They were standing underneath a small tree. The shadows were interspersed here and there with

patches of electric light. She was almost as tall as he; in the shadows her eyes shone with sparkling brilliancy. The patches of light seemed to be playing hide and seek on her beautiful face. In such light even plain-looking women look beautiful, but she was divinely handsome. He looked at her a moment before answering her last question. He thought what a child he, with all his strength, was in her hands. If she wanted to plunge a knife into his heart he would stand there and allow her. He was gazing at her with worshipful eyes; almost unconsciously he took one of her hands as she was toying with a leaf, and, holding it tightly clasped in his, said in soft, endearing tones:

"My school will close when you go home."

He took her hand in such a natural, unpremeditated manner that she failed to notice the action. For a moment they were silent. She turned her eyes away, looking down at the button on his coat, with which she was playing with her disengaged hand. She was so near! He could feel her soft, moist breath upon his cheek.

While standing there, holding her hand, he was thrilled to intoxication. Her hand seemed so warm and pliable, her flushed cheek so close that a wild desire came over him to enfold her beautiful figure in his strong arms. For a moment it almost overpowered him. Her full lips trembled as he looked at

them, and her averted eyes had a soft, loving expression. A delicious aroma seemed to surround and enfold her. In a moment all would have been over, but she seemed suddenly to realize her position, and slowly she released her hand from his and drew away.

"Mr. Moore, this is not right," she said softly.

He saw a drawn expression on her features, as though she was trying to control some strong emotion.

"I could not help it," he said in a quivering voice. "Forgive me if I did wrong," looking at her with pleading eyes.

"There is nothing to forgive," she answered.

"I wonder if that bad boy, Horace, is ever coming back," she said in louder and changed tones, picking up a croquet mallet.

"Oh, I suppose he will be down directly," said Harry, seating himself on a seat near her, wishing at the same time for a continuance of Watson's absence.

"Do you wish to play another game?" she asked, turning towards him.

"I'm too tired; I have been walking all day," he answered.

"Tired! You're lazy, that's the trouble with you," she said, going over to him.

"It's much easier to sit here than to play. Suppose you try it?" smiling up at her.

"All right, if you think there is room for both without quarreling," said she, seating herself.

"What! I quarrel with you? Couldn't do it! If you were angry, I should run; if you should strike me, I would turn the other cheek," said he, smiling at her.

"Mere talk," answered she, smiling.

"Do you know, Miss Edith, your nature is decidedly unique?"

"In what way?"

"Well, sometimes you are like a child. You enjoy everything with all the intensity of a child, while at other times you are one of those dignified, set-me-on-a-pedestal creatures. Your dignity fairly paralyzes an ordinary man."

"It hasn't paralyzed you yet, has it?" asked she, laughing gayly.

"Oh, no, but then——"

"But then—what?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"But then, I'm not an ordinary man. Don't you see?" raising his eyebrows and smiling at her.

"You're not? Since when did you come to that conclusion?" she asked.

"I didn't come to it; it came to me."

"How strange; you are very clever to-night."

"If I expect to keep pace with you, cleverness is a necessity," smiling.

"Now, no compliments, please; I hate them," said she, emphatically.

"Even when they are sincere?"

"Yes, even then; because there is always a suspicion of their insincerity."

"Even with me?"

"Yes, with you; I wouldn't trust any man."

"Don't blame you; neither would I. I don't trust myself, and how could I expect you to trust me?" answered he, smiling.

"How you do talk?"

"Do you think that all my assertions and ambitions will end in talk?"

"Sometimes I don't know what to think of your sex," answered she.

"Well, if you consider them collectively, you are liable to be puzzled: but don't do that; consider them individually—one at a time, if you please."

"There are none worth considering one at a time."

"Not even this one?" jokingly.

"Ah, you are not even considered in the matter," turning her head away with pretending indifference.

"How pleasant! I'm not supposed to be alive, then?"

"No; you are a live-dead man."

"You mean lively dead man?"

"Any way you choose; fix it to suit yourself."

"Yes; but I want to suit you."

"But you don't suit me."

"Sure?" gazing at her searchingly.

"Yes; very sure," not looking his way.

"But couldn't I be taught to suit you?"

"No; nothing suits me as far as a man is concerned."

"You are a perversion of nature, then," answered he with emphasis.

"Why so?" turning to him.

"Because a woman as handsome as you, who dislikes all men, is not a natural woman."

"That's your theory," not noticing the compliment; "but even you might make mistakes," gazing at him with a half smile.

"Well, yes; such a thing is barely—yes, barely possible," with drawing emphasis.

"Yes, I imagine it might be b-a-r-e-l-y possible," answered she, mockingly.

"Why, did you ever hear of a man making a mistake?"

"Yes; I once read of a man who 'married in haste and repented at leisure.' He evidently made a mistake," smiling.

"He must have had something to do with the writing of the essay, 'Is Marriage a Failure?'"

"I don't know; but we might find out," answered she.

"Now, seriously, Miss Edith, what are your conclusions? Do you believe that marriage is a failure?" earnestly gazing at her.

"It depends on the standpoint on which it is viewed," said she, a serious expression coming over her features. "From a standpoint of happiness it is usually a failure; but that is not the fault of marriage as a condition; it is the fault of those who marry. Marriage under right conditions, contracted by proper parties, could not be otherwise than a success in every way"

"What would you consider proper parties and right conditions?" he asked.

"In the first place, the conditions should not be that of ignorance. Both should understand the meaning of marriage; they should be most intensely in love and thoroughly understand the laws that should govern the marriageable relations. Without this knowledge there is small likelihood of matrimonial happiness."

"You think, then, that ignorance causes many marriages to end unhappily?"

"Ignorance and physical weakness—the last is the result of the first."

"Your conclusions are similar to mine, but necessarily theoretical, as we lack experience," smiling.

"True; we lack experience; but we can profit by the experience of others."

"Pardon my changing the subject so suddenly," said Harry, after a moment's pause; "but when do you leave us?"

"Why should you wish to know?"

"Oh, I'm curious to know if you like our city, and should your stay be brief, I would conclude you are not pleased, but, if otherwise, I will, of course, draw a different inference, don't you see?" raising his eyebrows and smiling at her.

"Yes, I see. You must be interested in your city to show so much anxiety as to the opinion of visitors," she answered, smiling slightly.

"I am, indeed."

"Why don't you answer my question?" he asked, after a silence of a moment.

"What question?" with a look of pretended surprise.

"What question! Now don't make sport of me."

"You wish to know when I am to leave your city?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," knitting her eyebrows and counting on her fingers; "about one week from Friday; Saturday at the latest."

"Miss Edith," he said, looking at her earnestly, "you said the other evening that you did not wish me to call on you again."

"Yes," she answered, after a pause of a moment.

"I requested you to reconsider that resolve." Slight pause.

"Yes."

"Well, have you done so?" earnestly gazing at her.

"Yes, Mr. Moore, I have."

"Did you come to a different conclusion?"

"No; I did not," playing with her mallet and looking downward.

"How cruel!" he muttered, more to himself than to her, turning his eyes from her.

"I told you at the time, Mr. Moore, that further reflection would not alter my decision. You remember that, don't you?" gazing earnestly at him.

"Yes," absently.

"I gave you good reason for my resolution, did I not?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Do you only suppose so? Don't you know, deep down in your heart, that I did right?"

"One cannot reason clearly in my situation, Miss Edith," now frankly returning her clear, honest gaze. "I desired your friendship and an opportunity to win it. I asked for nothing more. You admitted being my friend, but denied me the rights of a friend. Of course, it is your privilege to decline further acquaintance; but you don't know how your resolve hurt me."

His voice was husky as he finished, and he turned away to control his rising emotions.

For a moment neither spoke. She seemed to be deeply moved.

"Mr. Moore, I pursued the only course left open for me. You know that," she finally answered.

"I know it? How do I know it? I know you gave me a reason for it. You said you had willed your life to a higher cause than marriage; that you were afraid our mutual regard might exceed the bounds of friendship. The cause to which you have willed your life is a noble one, and I admire and respect you beyond words for your resolution. A woman conscientiously following such a profession would do more to elevate the standard of morals, far more for the development of true womanhood, than those following conventional methods in assisting their sex. Such a woman could teach young girls how to grow into

all the grandeur of perfect womanhood; she would go far beyond the paltry and superficial knowledge imparted by the average teacher. Such a teacher would be accompanied and followed all along her path by bright eyes and ruddy faces—by girls proud of their knowledge, of their teacher and of their intelligence and beautiful physiques." He had risen and stood looking down at her. "Miss Watson, you have a grand work before you. Not for the world would I do anything, no matter how much it might benefit me, to deter you from your noble purpose. I honor you, I respect you above all women. If it is your wish, I will leave you now, and never allow my face to darken your life again."

He looked down at her with her earnest, dark eyes, and was silent a moment.

"Shall I go?" a determined expression coming over his features.

She gazed at him as he stood before her; how strong and handsome he seemed. Knowing how well he loved her, knowing what she was to him, and seeing him there, ready to renounce all chances of winning her for the cause she was about to espouse, she hesitated. Already she had experienced momentary feelings of love for him. She had struggled against this influence with all her power. She looked up into his intelligent and expressive face; she could easily trace every shade of his emotion

there. His beautiful, honest, clear eyes returned her gaze and awaited her verdict.

"You know it is for the best," said she, finally, in hollow tones.

"Yes, you must go," said she, emphatically, after a pause, as though making a sudden resolution. She turned her eyes away from him and held out her hand. He took it firmly into his own.

"Look into my eyes and tell me that, will you, Miss Edith?" he asked in a saddened though clear voice.

"Please don't. You said you would go," in quivering tones.

"Do you wish it?"

"Yes," with an effort.

"Well, good-bye. May success and happiness meet you at every turn, and if there be a God, may He bless you and protect you as you deserve," he said, in husky tones.

"Good-bye," he said again, as he dropped her hand, turned and started swiftly away.

"Good-bye," she answered faintly.

She dared not look into his eyes. The fact was slowly dawning upon her that she loved him. She resisted and fought against it, but his image would bring tender thoughts to her mind. His fearless frankness and great strength of character and physique attracted and fascinated her. As he turned and went out of her life, she looked after him with longing eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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