

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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

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No. V

The Editor's Viewpoint

PRUDERY, THE SLIMY MONSTER, stares this nation in the face. It is grim, skeleton-like! It threatens the very existence of the race.

PRUDERY IS VILE. IT IS TERRIBLE. *It is pitiless.* If his Satanic Majesty were to have selected a special representative on this earth to influence the race toward dissipation, immoralities, crime,

PRUDERY, THE CRIME OF CRIMES decay, and early death, he could not have done better than select Prudery.

This magazine stands for anti-prudery. The vileness of Prudery taints every human life with which it comes in contact. It debilitates. It deforms. It demoralizes and ultimately destroys its victim. Slowly, but surely, it sucks the lifeblood of manhood and womanhood. Insidiously it creeps into the mind of the growing child. Slowly the taint of its slimy touch imbues his mental and physical characteristics.

PRUDERY IS A HORRIBLE MONSTER. Decent, clean-minded people must awaken right now to the malign influence of this Gorgon horror, or slow decay and ultimate oblivion is bound to be our fate as a nation.

Prudery has tainted our boys and our girls. It is in the office, in the factory, in the schools, in the colleges. It has crept into the innermost recesses of nearly every human soul.

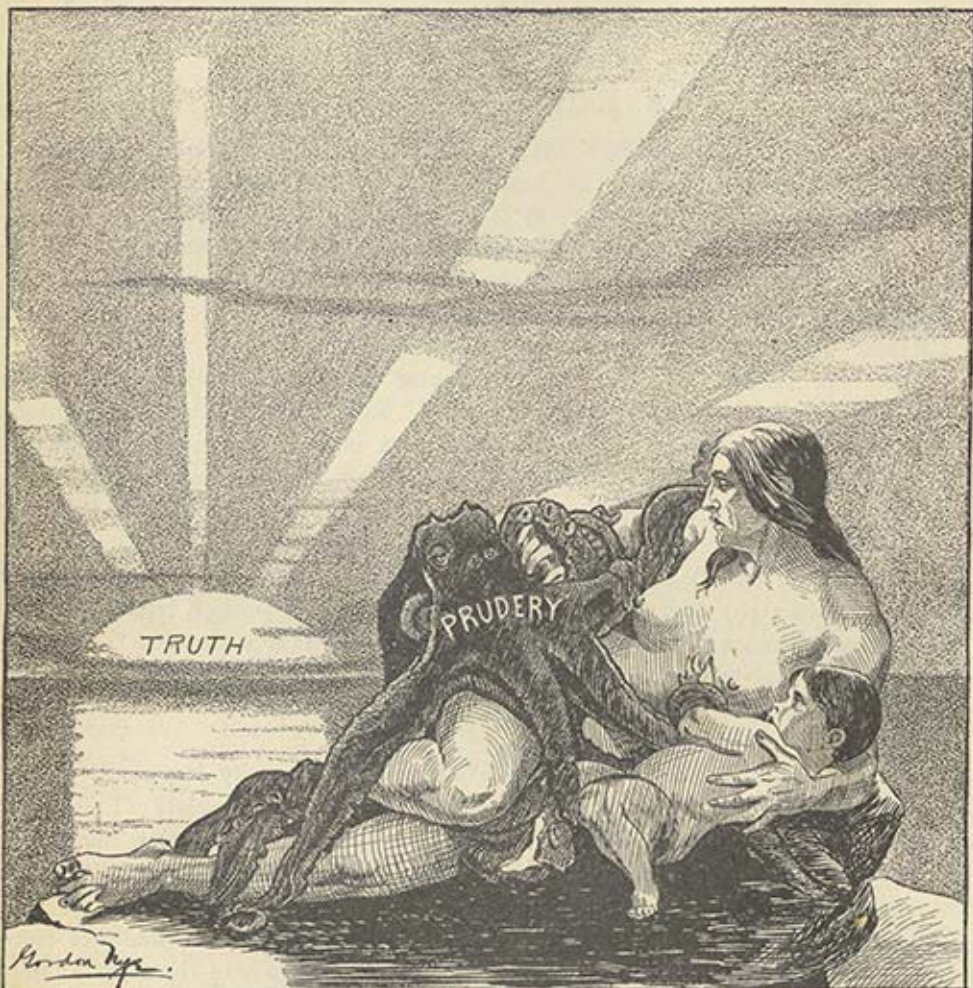
ITS VILENESS HAS MADE US VILE. Its vulgarity has made almost life itself obscene. Must this condition of affairs continue to exist? This slimy monster, reaching out, spreading broadcast the taints of its debasing mentality, has infected the entire civilized world. Is its influence to continue until it makes of this country a nation of degenerates?

Are there any men with clean minds and strong bodies? Men free from the taint of innate vileness, who are ready and willing to lead the fight against this unspeakable crime of crimes?

Prudery begins its debasing influence actually before birth; it continues its awful work after birth. It influences parents to tell debasing falsehoods. It covers up and makes of the most sacred truth a vulgar obscenity. How long is this to last? How long are human beings to be misled by the pitiless crimes that are being committed by prudery?

Tell your children the truth. If you don't know the truth, then begin to learn it. It is better to be late than to forever ignore such a serious duty. But if you commit the crime of deceiving your own children—if you falsify in answering their questions, you will have to answer before the court of the great Omnipotent Power for tainting and debasing your own child.

MOTHERS, FATHERS, WAKE UP! Don't be lulled into false security by the thought that you grew up under these conditions and that your children can also successfully contend against them. Conditions to-day differ from those of even a few years ago. Dissipation and evils of all sorts are constantly on the increase.



PRUDERY, THE SLIMY MONSTER, ENSLAVES THE MINDS OF MOTHERS TO ITS OBSCENE DICTATES, AND WEAKNESS, MISERY, CRIME AND DEATH REPRESENT BUT A PART OF THE AWFUL HARVEST

YOUR CHILDREN MUST BE WARNED. They must be guarded by an armor of truth so thick that falsehood, vulgarity and obscenity, created and perpetuated by prudery, cannot possibly penetrate their intellectual sanctuary.

PRUDERY IS THE DEVIL-FISH OF INTELLECTUAL LIFE. Gordon Nye has clearly shown the terrible character of this monster in the cartoon appearing on this page. Prudery has nearly every mother bound hand and foot. She is a slave to its obscene dictates. The sun of truth is undoubtedly rising. Signs of its appearance can be discerned here and there, but a

white, fierce light must penetrate every recess of the intellectuality of man to drive out the vileness that prudery has so thoroughly imbued in the average individual.

Readers of this magazine, do your part! Go out into the highways and byways. **BE FEARLESS! BE COURAGEOUS!** You have a duty to perform. You who see the truth must help to spread it; must help it to shine radiantly, brilliantly, until its rays become so intense that they will blind even the most prurient prude, that he too may see the light and cleanse his mind and body of the besotting influence of prudery.

THE Sterling Purity League stands for our principles. It is fighting for the same reform that we are trying to bring about. It stands for the Physicar Culture propaganda in every respect, with a special emphasis on the value of the moral revolution which is absolutely essential in order to lift the human race out of the mire and muck of degeneracy into which a large part of it has fallen in the last few generations.

**FORM A LEAGUE
IN YOUR COMMUNITY**

There ought to be a branch of the Sterling Purity League in every community, no matter how small. It stands for education, first of all, along moral lines. Every member could help, even in a small way, to spread broadcast those truths that are so vital to every boy and girl—to every man and woman.

Form a league in your community, if you are interested in the development of the highest degree of manhood and womanhood. A league of this kind will be of invaluable aid to all those with whom its members come in contact. Besides the personal missionary work which each member of the league could perform, lectures on various subjects appertaining to moral purity could be held at frequent intervals. The average young man knows nothing of these subjects and the average young woman knows still less. It is time that the moral perversion that is being spread everywhere at the present was branded, as it fittingly deserves. It is time that the defects of our criminal educational methods, which ignore the most valuable knowledge necessary to the preservation of manhood and womanhood, were understood.

Furthermore, I believe that a league of this character in every community could be made a mighty force, that would ultimately bring Physical Culture and all it stands for before the people in its proper light.

I would like to see this league with hundreds of branches everywhere within the next few months. Some time in the coming September or October we could hold a convention. The National officers could be elected at this convention and at the same time we could form plans whereby the league could be made a power in politics. Physical Culture has lain dormant politically about long enough. We ought to stand up and fight for the principles for which we stand. In organization there is strength. As individual units we are weaklings.

Usually there is in every community some one who is sufficiently interested in moral reformation to go to work and form a local league. All members of

the league will secure special privileges from the publishers of this magazine. From branches of the league members can subscribe for this magazine in clubs of ten or more for half the regular price. I would like every enthusiast who is desirous of helping to form one of these leagues to write me direct. I will send them several copies of the little booklet that contains the principles, objects and full particulars of the work of the league.

Please remember, however, that each local official should be selected with a view of giving the league standing in your community. You must fully understand that the inclination of the average individual is to worship at the shrine of prosperity. The higher the standing of the individuals whom you can secure as officials the better chance the local league will have for success. There should be but little or no difficulty in securing the services of physical culturists, osteopaths, physicians, and others who will agree to lecture for the club from time to time on the moral questions that represent the main objects of the league.

THAT paradoxical statement which is made so frequently, "The patient is dead, but the operation was a success," has been repeated so often that it may not sound unreasonable. It appears to me that if an operation was a success it would accomplish the object originally intended. A surgeon

surely does not consider an operation a success when the Patient dies as a result of the operation!

SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS

I noticed in a daily paper recently that Chas. Henry Fowler, a noted bishop, died "after a successful operation." Death resulted from the bishop's failure to rally after an operation for diabetes. "While the operation was successful" (please carefully note), "the shock proved too much for him in his weakened condition, as he has been very weak for over a year."

If he was so weak, why did the surgeon operate? Why did he not know that it would be dangerous to operate? Why does he have the audacity to call his operation a success when the patient dies apparently because of the operation? I may be "thick-headed," but I never could fully comprehend how an operation could be a success when death is its result. Perhaps some of my medical friends can enlighten me.

There may be occasional uses for surgery. There are rare instances when it can be of advantage, but the cutting hobby has gone entirely too far. There are thousands mouldering in their graves at the present time who would be alive and well to-day if it were not for modern surgery. To be sure, in nearly every case the operation was "successful," but that in no way lessened the possibility of death. It is just about as reasonable to say that a man was successful, but his life was a failure.

It is the extraordinary fees that support the present craze for surgery. Many physicians come in contact with symptoms that they cannot eradicate, or that they do not thoroughly understand. Under such circumstances, an operation is an easy "way out." The medical practitioner and the surgeon divide the fees between them, and it is profitable for all except the victim.

It is indeed fortunate for the recent fad for surgery, that surgical blunders can all be buried deep under the ground. No questions are asked, no detailed explanations are needed; into a box goes the victim, cold, lifeless—beyond all human aid.

How many thousands have met a fate of this character? If they could rise out of their graves at the present moment and make their charges against those responsible for their premature deaths, would their numbers not be so great as to populate a city of considerable size?

THE old-time objection to athletics has almost disappeared. Not so long ago they were thought to be a waste of time. A boy fooling away his time and energies in running races, jumping, playing ball, etc., was considered the height of folly. Considerable public attention was given to a recent attempt to induce the Swarthmore College to abandon participation in athletics. Miss Anna T. Jeanes, a wealthy Quakeress, in her will bequeathed a large block of mineral and coal lands to this university. At first they were thought to be worth a very large sum, though it was finally discovered that their value ranged from ten to forty-seven thousand dollars. The Board of Directors, after considering the bequest, unanimously declined to accept the land under the conditions offered.

**ATHLETICS
IN COLLEGES** You can well understand that there was great rejoicing among the students after this decision had been rendered. A college without an athletic spirit would, to a large extent, mean a boy without a possibility of manhood. You cannot make men out of inanimate substances. You cannot create strength without activity. You cannot develop a boy into a man unless you give him manly sports or strength-developing exercises. If we were desirous of developing a race of mollycoddles, if this nation were seeking oblivion at the earliest possible moment, if we were praying for conditions that would surround us with the remnants of manhood and womanhood in the form of degenerates, then the policy of destroying the athletic spirit in college boys could be most highly recommended. Boys must have some means of giving vent to their surplus energies. They cannot be spent in mental work solely. They must do something that will give their uncontrollable desire for activity full sway. Athletic exercises of all kinds fill this much-needed want and at the same time build up and strengthen the bodies. They make a boy clear-headed, strong of body. They make a MAN of him. They give him the emotions, the instincts that come with well-developed manhood. Without all this he would be a miserable weakling, a human cipher, an egotistical nonentity.

I AM in need of a few copies of November and December, 1906, and January, 1907, issues of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine for use in my appeal before the United States Supreme Court at Washington, which comes up for consideration next October.

I would be pleased to hear from any of our friends who could supply us with these copies of the magazine for the three months named.

**OLD COPIES
WANTED** And I shall be glad to credit with one yearly subscription, each one who is able to forward these three copies.

Kindly let me know if you can supply them and I will instruct you how they should be forwarded.

Bernarr Macfadden



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FAMOUS TROTting OSTRICH "OLIVER W." HARNESSSED FOR A MILE SPIN. HIS BEST RECORD FOR THIS DISTANCE IS 2.02. MADE AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

NEAR the St. John's river, in the suburbs of Jacksonville, there is a unique "farm." The proprietors have a magnificent flock of about two hundred strong and healthy ostriches, one of which, "Oliver W.," is a famous character in his way. He is about ten years old and ten feet tall, weighing 400 pounds. He was not an apt and willing pupil during his term of training for work in harness; like most birds of his kind, his intelligence does not go very far, and his temper is easily ruffled. A single vigorous forward kick from one of his two-toed legs could disable a man or a horse. Notice the heavy, round outline of the bird's breast, entirely different from the narrowed, keel-shaped breast of birds that fly and need to present the least possible resistance to the air. The wings of "Oliver W." and his relatives serve merely for the decoration of themselves and of humankind. Twice a year he grows a set of twenty-four long white plumes on each wing, with shorter black plumes over them (the female birds wear only plain drab colors). The feathers are not pulled out of the sockets, but are cut off, without causing any pain to the birds, and in a few weeks the old stub dries and falls out, somewhat as dead leaves fall from a tree, leaving room for a new growth. When the breeding season comes on, the male bird scratches a big hollow in the sand for a nest, and during the incubation period of six weeks he takes his turn, sitting on the eggs at night to give the mother a recess. The eggs are about 18 inches in circumference and weigh four pounds.

Developing the Chest

EXERCISES THAT ARE WARRANTED TO
STRENGTHEN AND BUILD UP THE CHEST MUSCLES

By Bernarr Macfadden



A THIN, poorly developed chest is a sign of weakness. In nearly all cases it is a defect that can be comparatively easily remedied. A flat chest not only indicates weakness from a muscular standpoint, but an individual possessing

efforts that are required in the development of the chest. In this issue I am presenting some exercises that will bring about certain results, if they are taken regularly, though please note that other exercises necessary for the general development of the body should also be used in connection with these move-



Photo No. 1.—Hold arms obliquely upward and forward, as shown in the above illustration, keeping elbows rigid. Grasp the dumb-bells tightly in the hands. Now swing arms outward and obliquely downward at the sides and next bring them—(See next photograph.)

it is usually deficient in nervous energy, and even the mentality is affected by conditions of this character.

Now, I firmly believe that there is no reasonable excuse for anyone to remain "flat-chested," if they will make those

ments. A great many persons make the mistake of trying to develop special parts of the body, while at the same time ignoring all other parts. You cannot get the best results unless all parts of the body have been given satisfactory attention.

The body must be used in every part with a reasonable amount of regularity, and then if especially defective parts are

a slight change in the manner of presenting the exercises this month. I expect to continue this method so that the idea of the exercises can be secured at a glance. I do not want my readers to be compelled to go over a large amount of reading matter in order to obtain a detailed knowledge of the exercises. The

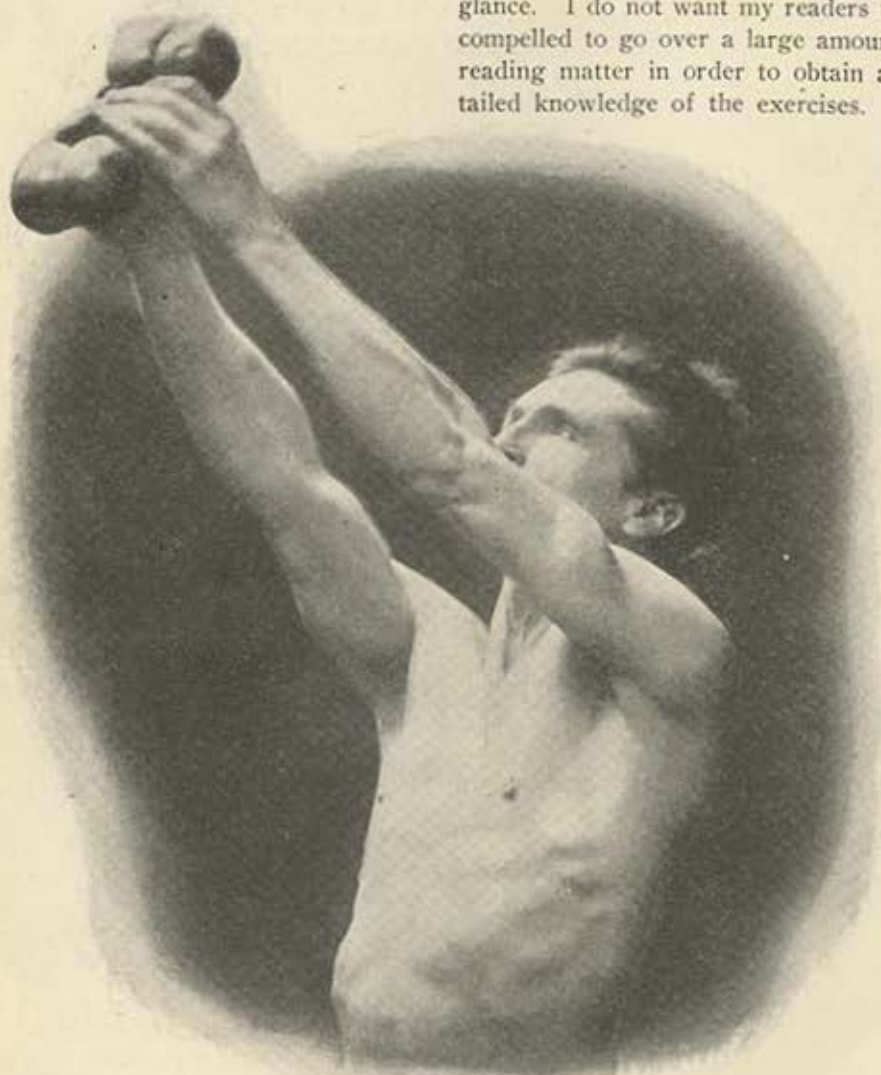


Photo No. 2.—To the above position. Be careful to bring the arms as far back as you can in returning to first position. In this exercise one can bring the arms back slowly and inhale a deep breath while the arms go backward, exhaling as they go upward. Or one can inhale deeply during three or four movements, filling the chest to its greatest capacity, and exhale during three or four movements.

given satisfactory attention, the development will be far greater than if certain parts were used and other parts neglected.

My friends will note that I am making

theoretical part of our instructions will hereafter be given in an article separate from the exercises. I think my friends will admit that this will be an improvement in every way.

The movements illustrated here-with, in particular, require little or no explanation, as the photographs show clearly the manner in which the exercises should be performed. It may well be remarked, however,

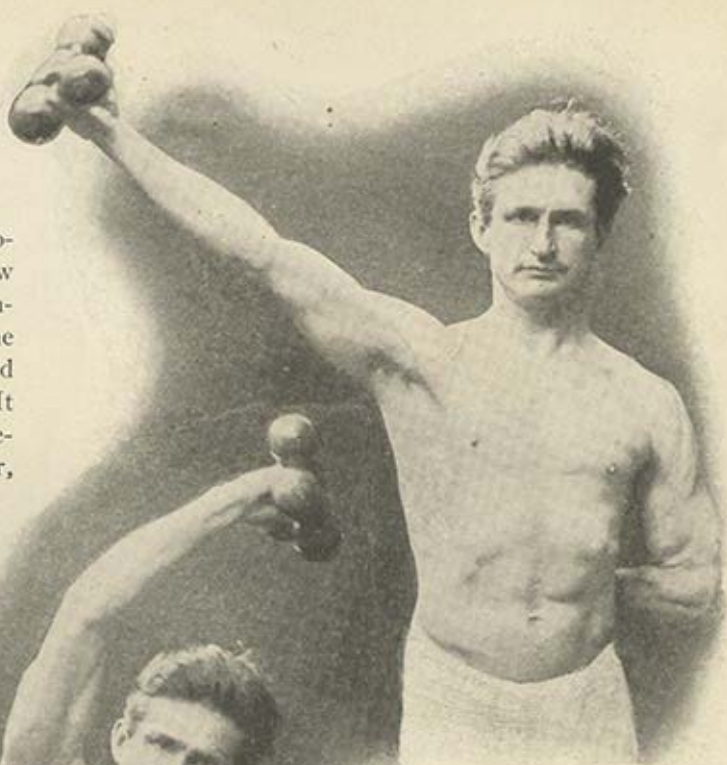


Photo No. 3.—The right arm held obliquely upward, outward from the side (as shown in the above illustration), elbows rigid, bring the arm over the head—(See next photograph)

that one should not lose sight of the fact that unless the reader performs the movements with vigor, the beneficial effects to be secured are lessened to a great extent.

It is also important that one bear in mind the fact that the effects of the exercises, while they may not be apparent within the first few days, are nevertheless in evidence at once. Before the outward signs of improvement in the contour and formation of the muscles are noticeable, the general condition of the system has been benefited to a great degree.

Photo No. 4.—Until the arm assumes the position shown in this illustration. In this exercise the body, of course, should be bent as far to the side as possible. Keep the elbows as straight as you can during movements. The same methods of breathing can be observed as in the previous exercises; that is, that movement can be made slowly and breath inhaled as the arm goes over the head and exhaled as it returns. Or a deep and full inhalation can be made during three or four movements and the same time can be taken for exhalation.



MARVELOUS FEATS PERFORMED BY A PHYSICAL CULTURE GIRL (See opposite page)

A Rugged Physical Culture Girl

THERE are but few young women who so closely approximate the Physical Culture ideal as Olga Porter, whose photographs appear on the opposite page. She is hardy and symmetrical, and strong to an extraordinary degree. The average athlete would find it difficult to perform some of her feats of strength and endurance. She has been interested in physical culture since she was a small girl. She always delighted in outdoor play, competing with the boys in their games, and since she has learned something of the science of physical culture has given a very large amount of her attention to the building of a perfect body.

In describing her daily life, she states that she rises early and immediately takes a system of exercises that bring every muscle of the body into action, thus thoroughly arousing the circulation. She devotes about fifteen minutes to her exercises. Then follows a dry friction bath with brushes, after which she takes a cold shower bath. She states this gives her a feeling of exhilaration which makes her daily duties more like play than work.

She continues her work till about 3 p. m. Then she goes out for a walk and a run for a distance of from five to ten miles. When she returns she exercises for about an hour, using dumb-bells and a horizontal bar, and engaging in various other kinds of vigorous movements. At the finish she is usually covered with perspiration and she takes a hot shower bath, followed by a cold one. Then she has a good "rub down" with a coarse towel.

Now, please note the rather startling feature of her daily program. She eats but one meal a day, taking this at five o'clock in the evening; also note that it consists entirely of raw food. She does not eat anything cooked. She has followed this dietetic method for a number of years. Her meal is composed

principally of fruits, nuts and cereals. She does not believe in a large variety of dishes at one meal, as this tends to make one overfeed. She uses only three or four different kinds of food, allowing her appetite to guide her in their selection. One of her favorite combinations is raw rolled oats, dates, and Brazil nuts, with some acid fruit, like an orange, added. She is very careful to masticate every morsel of food to an absolute liquid before swallowing it, and she considers her perfect condition due to this habit to a certain extent. She states that the small quantity of food really necessary to nourish the body would astonish the ordinary individual. Under such circumstances a disease cannot attack one. The entire organism is too strong to allow abnormal conditions of this character to appear. She drinks freely of cold water throughout the day, but uses no liquid whatever at meal time. She follows the above daily régime strictly and faithfully, omitting no part whatever, as she has learned from experience that it requires plenty of exercise, fresh air, pure, wholesome food, water internally and externally, and about eight hours' sleep to keep one in perfect health. One rather peculiar recreation of hers is to don some old clothes on a rainy day and take an extended run. She claims that it is very enjoyable. On one occasion she ran three miles without stopping, merely to test her endurance. She performs some very remarkable feats of endurance. One is to raise a 21½-pound bar one hundred times in succession with the right hand high overhead.

In the photographs accompanying this article will be noticed the position from which she begins when pushing the bar overhead. With one hand she pushes the bar direct overhead until the arm is straight. This movement is performed one hundred times without stopping. She puts up the eighty-pound

dumb-bell eight times overhead with both hands without a rest. In the photographs she is shown with the dumb-bell resting on hands and chest, and also in position when the bell has been pushed high overhead. If there are any gentlemen readers of this article who wish to test their strength, the writer would like to have them try to duplicate the feats mentioned. The average woman would find it difficult to put ten or fifteen pounds overhead with one hand, and

from this statement one can realize the difficult character of the feat herein described.

Raw food, abstemious eating, and careful attention to rules necessary to building up the body to its highest degree of physical vigor have accomplished wonders for this young woman, and absolutely the same results can be brought about in almost any one who is willing to work as conscientiously and as persistently for these splendid rewards.



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How the British Cavalry-man in India develops arm-muscles of steel. The horseman has just ridden at full speed past the pole from which a goat hung by its hind legs; at one stroke of his sword he has cut the carcass in two. In view of the present situation in India, this feat of strength seems to have at least a good chance of being useful practice.

The Confession of a Divorced Man

A STORY BASED ON FACT—AT
TIMES VIVID WITH REALISM

By Horace Kingsley



THE reader, perhaps, may not believe in divorce, but regardless of what his ideas may be, I trust he will not start this story with any prejudice against me. I am human, just the same as yourself. I may have erred—who has not? No man is infallible. We all make mistakes. I am fully satisfied that I have made my share—maybe more than my share. But somehow I feel that I am not so much to blame. It seems to me I have done the best I could at all times, or very nearly all times. Occasionally, every man is ruled for a time by the devil within him, and perhaps I am no exception in this regard.

It is said that every man has two natures; one that is struggling to do right, another that dictates in the opposite direction. I very well know that I have not been ruled at all times by the higher dictates of my nature, but, dear reader, don't condemn me unheard. I am going to tell you my story.

Somehow I feel that you will find it interesting. I can vouch for one thing, and that is, there is plenty of action in it. I do not believe in dullness and monotony. I do not like anything prosaic. I must have action of some kind. I am like a schoolboy who cannot sit still. I must do something. If there is nothing good to do, I am apt to be found doing something bad. But all this is deviating from the original purpose of my tale. You no doubt want to hear my confessions, and perhaps care little or nothing for my opinions.

In my youth I was what most people termed "a peculiar young man." I lived within myself a great deal. I was not very fond of what is termed "society." I had but few friends and did not mingle very much even with them. I liked my own company rather well. As a natural consequence, I did a great deal of reading and thinking and grew into a very serious-minded youth. I was one of those very intense natures that feel very keenly, with a capacity to enjoy and suffer with a corresponding degree. Life was either ex-



THE AUTHOR

tremely enjoyable or I was deeply encompassed in the realms of despair.

I had some very definite ideas of my own about life and was naturally inclined to be "set in my ways," as many might say. I make this brief explanation that my readers may know something of my nature, that they may be able to more thoroughly understand the various incidents of this story.

When I was young I was swayed entirely too much by my feelings. I think but few men are so influenced—that is, to such an extreme extent. Like all young men in good health, there came a time when I "fell in love." It was not an ordinary affection, as my readers can well realize. My vivid imagination and strong emotional nature kindled the fires of my affection until it burned to a white heat. The intensity of my love reminded me very much of the ardor of the Spanish race.

It is a mistake to fall "head over heels" in love with a girl. She does not appreciate it; in fact, she cannot understand it. You are even liable to half "scare her to death" with your intensity.

The object of my affection was a more than usually good-looking girl. At that time to me she was literally a goddess. Beautiful brown eyes, soft, wavy, luxuriant brown hair—I can remember these with remarkable distinctness even now. I loved her so much that I was actually afraid of her. Her least whim seemed capable of putting me into ecstasies or down into the deepest mire of human misery. I was actually her veritable slave.

My love-making was not successful; in fact, I did not have much of an opportunity to win the object of my affection. I was not her sort of a young man. I suppose now, when I look back at it, that I would have had a better chance had I been more light and frivolous. Life to me then was terribly serious. To her it was a sort of joyful delight. With her youth and health and more than average beauty, the pleasurable side of life was naturally attractive to her. I think I had known Grace Winston a little over six months when I called at her home, which afterward proved to be the last time. What a fool a man is when he is in love!

I had met and talked with her a great number of times. Notwithstanding this, a peculiar tremor ran over me whenever I came in her presence.

"Why, good evening, Horace," she said, with that bell-like voice which always seemed to enthrall me. She felt her power and I must admit that I realized she liked to use it. I had the pleasure of being her only caller that evening, and she appeared to be far more gracious than usual.

"How happy you look this evening," I remarked.

"Why shouldn't one be happy all the time?" she replied.

"I suppose so, but I wish I could share your joyousness."

"I will give you half," she answered, laughingly.

We talked on and on of meaningless "nothings," and as the evening advanced my shyness wore away. The thought occurred to me again and again, "Why not settle your fate here and now?" I tried several times to awaken a serious vein of thought within her, but I was rewarded on nearly every occasion with a jesting reply. She positively would not be serious.

"Why, is life nothing to you but one glad, sweet song?" I said, a little irritated at her attitude.

"Truly yes! Why not?" Her eyes flashed and a smile illuminated her features which affected me more than I dared to acknowledge.

"Have you no thought of the future? It is all right to take the pleasures in life, but I think every one should also seriously consider the future."

"Oh, Horace, you are entirely too serious."

"But now, won't you be serious just for a moment?"

"I believe that I will have my share of serious things some day. I do not want to climb mountains before I come to them. I want to take the joys as they come, but I hate serious things. They are too severe—too harsh; sometimes unjustly so."

An expression slowly crept over her features that I had never seen there before. It was the unseen part of her na-

ture which she had not before betrayed. I won't bore the reader with the details of this last conversation with my idol. I finally summoned up enough courage to tell her of my intense regard for her, though I very well knew that she was fully aware of it at the time. With all her frivolity, she was not a fool. She did not pretend that she had not noticed my love for her.

"Horace," she said, "you are a worthy young man. I believe there are prospects for you that promise considerably beyond the average. You are honest. You do not know how to deceive, and I hope, for your own good, you will never learn how. I am not going to deceive you. I have been engaged to William Wardsley for two weeks."

Her eyes were suffused. There was a world of sympathy in her voice. But if she had struck me a heavy blow I could hardly have felt more physical pain than that announcement caused me. I could not hide its effect. She plainly saw it.

"Horace, there are plenty of good girls who would appreciate the love of a man like you," she said, her voice quivering.

I hardly think I could have spoken even if I had tried. I had risen while she was talking, for I realized that it would be almost impossible to control myself; that I must go out into the air, away from her presence. I

thanked her, with my voice choked with emotion, for her sympathy, and as I went out of the door she was standing in the brilliant rays of the lighted hall. She seemed more beautiful than ever with that expression of sym-

pathy so impressively marked on her features. I gazed at her long and lovingly as I went out into the night.

I did not ever expect to see her again. I left the town the next day. I could not bear the thought of remaining there. I wanted to be away, amid new scenes,



"I HATE SERIOUS THINGS. THEY ARE TOO SEVERE—TOO HARSH: SOMETIMES UNJUSTLY SO." AN EXPRESSION CREPT OVER HER FEATURES THAT I HAD NEVER SEEN THERE BEFORE."

new environments. I well knew I could never forget her.

I went to New York City, a bad place for a reckless man. I must admit that

I was reckless. I wanted to drown the past. Life seemed to hold but little or nothing for me. I had left behind everything that seemed of tangible value. It really is peculiar how a woman can seem so terribly necessary to a man. There is no other way to express it, for at that time there was absolutely no object in living. I was fairly well educated, had had considerable business experience, and was a good all-round office man. And I thought that in a big city like New York I could at least earn a living and find some way of drowning the feeling of misery that seemed to be eating away the inner recesses of my very soul. Life in New York was new to me. I cannot say that it was attractive, and yet the excitement of the city life, coming and going, crushing and crowding, did have a diverting influence.

I will pass over at least a year of my experience while in New York. There was no event of importance. I had but little difficulty in securing a position. I buried myself in my work. I had no outside interests. I soon developed a knowledge of the business that was invaluable. I had made no friends, though I joined in the small social pleasures that were to be found at my boarding house.

One evening, just as I returned from work, I noticed a young lady standing in the hall with her back turned toward me. As she turned for one brief instant I thought she was Grace, but the resemblance was only slight. I was introduced to her afterward at dinner. She was playing a small part in one of the New York theatres. I was interested in her really more because of her resemblance to Grace, and naturally I took advantage of every opportunity which occurred to talk to her. After she was there a few days I accompanied her to the theatre one evening and watched her work in the small part that she filled. I must admit that she encouraged me in every way that she reasonably could, and she had been there but a few days when it occurred to me that her regard might be beyond that of friendly interest.

I never was a conceited man, but you need not be swelled up with egotism in

order to deduce a conclusion from the actions and attitude of other persons as far as yourself is concerned. Anyway, a knowledge of this kind comes to one largely through intuition. I felt sure she had more than a passing interest in me. My first idea was to cease my attentions altogether. I did not want to marry. I knew I could not love her as I thought a man should love a wife. My affections were buried. I felt that I had no power to love anyone. In the meantime I was in Edith's company nearly every evening at dinner, and somehow I did not feel inclined to break off our associations. I continued to accompany her to the theatre at frequent intervals. Three or four weeks passed in this manner. The drama in which she was playing "caught on," and the audience was large every evening.

I remember as a very young boy I was always looking forward to the time in life when I would have a home. I had a most intense love for young children. I used to play with them and fondle them at every opportunity, and in my dreams I would picture myself in a home with a woman who possessed my very soul and with little prattling voices to add music and joy to our household. These dreams came back to me at this time. I felt that my power to arouse an intense love for any woman had disappeared. I might be able to arouse some affection, but an intense regard would be impossible for me. The thought came to me that maybe Edith Maxwell (the name of the young actress) would make a good wife; that she would help me build a home, and that life would not be so lonely perhaps under such circumstances, as it would if I carried out my original idea of remaining unmarried.

"Horace, you are a peculiar young man," said Edith on one occasion when returning from the theatre.

"Why am I peculiar?" I asked.

"You don't seem to have any enthusiasm. It seems to me that you are one of those natures which are described as 'still waters run deep.'"

She seemed more than usually handsome that evening. She had played her little part especially well, and though

there was but little chance for appreciation of the audience, she was applauded once or twice enthusiastically. We were just about the same height. I suppose if she had known my thought she would have felt resentful, but her eyes that evening seemed to look peculiarly like the eyes I had loved so well. There was an expression within them at times which was significant. I was attracted more than usual. She was certainly a handsome girl, and just what she saw in me I must admit that I cannot understand even now. Maybe I attracted her because of my indifference.

"How do you keep your hair so beautiful?" I asked, as we walked along the brilliantly lighted street. She started. I suppose it was because I had never complimented her before.

"My hair beautiful? Why, Horace, I didn't know you admired hair."

"Well, yours is well worth admiring. You certainly must spend considerable time keeping it so glossy and beautifully arranged."

Her hair had a peculiar glint that made it change color when in a strong light. Ordinarily it was brown, but in the sunlight it would often look like bronze.

"You are so cold and indifferent. Your past ought to make an interesting story."

"Let's not talk of the past," I replied, for I certainly wished to forget it. "It has been such a source of continual misery that I long to obliterate it altogether."

"Well, let it be at present," she replied. "Nothing can be gotten from the past. The possibilities of the present and the future are ever before us."

Her presence influenced me more than usual. We talked and laughed and undoubtedly secured a great deal of pleasure from being with each other on that evening. It was not until I arrived home and was by myself in my own little room that I seriously thought of the possibilities in the way of future developments if I continued my relations with Edith.

"What shall I do?" I asked myself over and over again. I must acknowledge that I fully realized that I could not possibly arouse the intense love that would make me strongly desire mar-

riage, and with a full realization of this before me I knew that I should sever our relations absolutely. But then I thought that here was the possibility of the home of my dreams. Maybe she might be satisfied with the respect and affection that I could give her. I knew that if our home was fruitful in the cheery voices of lovely children I would find a certain amount of happiness within it. Then, too, there was so much talk about the unfortunate results of marriage where the love of each for the other is too intense. It seemed to me that there might possibly be something in that theory. I must admit that I was searching for a reasonable excuse to encourage a continuation of my friendship with Edith. Life seemed so hopeless, so forlorn, that I was willing to grasp at anything that would give me a little life—that would promise even a moderate amount of happiness.

The reader may be impressed with my conceit for concluding that Edith would be unquestionably glad to accept me before I had even asked her, but my intuition made me form that conclusion. I slept but little that night. I turned and tossed from side to side. My mind was engaged in the problem before me. "Shall I, or shall I not, marry Edith? Shall I continue my associations with her, fully realizing that they can have but one end? Is that end not to be feared?" These and many other questions I asked myself many times before my eyes closed in slumber less than an hour before the dawning day.

All the next day I was very much engrossed in my work. I did not have time to think of my personal troubles, but as I wended my way home for dinner, the problem that bothered me the evening before again appeared. I was still undecided. Somehow, I felt that it was my duty to make a decision. It was quite plain to me that I was drifting into an attitude that I was almost certain would result in my accepting what apparently seemed to be the easiest solution of the problem. I was thus cogitating when I entered my boarding house. I arrived a little earlier than usual, and as I entered the parlor, I saw Edith and a tall, well-dressed gentleman engaged

in an animated conversation in the far end of the room. She turned as I entered.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Kingsley," apparently just a little perturbed at my sudden appearance. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Morgan, my legal adviser."

There was no warmth in Mr. Morgan's manner as he shook hands with me.

"I did not know your business was of such an extensive character that legal advice was required," I remarked, jestingly.

"It is always better to be on the safe side," she replied. "My business interests are small, but even under the circumstances, the advice of an attorney is sometimes badly needed," smiling archly.

I felt, somehow, that Edith did not care for me to remain, and Mr. Morgan's manner was decidedly cool. I remained perhaps a little longer than I should, to study the man, and to discover, if possible, if there were any other relations between the two than lawyer and client. I was not entirely satisfied on that point when I left them and went upstairs to my room.

Although there seemed to be nothing more between Edith and Mr. Morgan than appeared on the surface, there was an impression left on my mind that their relations were not entirely of a business character.

My nature was trustful to an extraordinary degree when I first came to New York, but I had changed. I have passed over many of my experiences, especially during the first few months I was in the city, which were inclined to obliterate this characteristic. It does not take one long to develop a suspicious nature, when, time after time, one is "taken in" by sharpers looking for just such victims. I had had several experiences of this nature. I was not yet at that position where every one is to be considered bad until he has proven himself to be otherwise, but I was not by any means as easily duped as I had been when I first came to the city.

Edith and I sat opposite each other at the dinner table. She was late to dinner on that evening, and after ex-

changing a few commonplace remarks, she referred to her caller.

"What do you think of Mr. Morgan? Is he not a fine man?"

"Well, I can hardly express an opinion. His appearance is certainly above the average."

"Above the average! Why, Mr. Kingsley, he is noted for being one of the finest looking lawyers in New York."

"I have no criticism to make of his appearance. How long have you known him?"

"Oh, for several years. You see, little things come up at intervals in which I find it necessary to consult him. He is a very brilliant man."

Edith continued for some time to dilate on the remarkable talents of Mr. Morgan. I did not like the man, and the more she praised him, the stronger grew this feeling.

"Mr. Morgan has certainly impressed you with his remarkable talents," I said.

"Well now, you should know him and I am sure you would indorse every statement I have made!"

I really did not want to accompany her to the theatre that night. I was tired from my labors of the day, and from lack of sleep during the previous night. Edith seemed to read my thought, for as we left the dinner table she asked, "You will accompany me to the theatre this evening, will you not?"

I had been her companion on so many occasions that there was no impropriety in the inquiry, and, under the circumstances, I could hardly do otherwise than accede to her request. I was not in a specially good humor as we started down Broadway toward the theatre, and I know she realized it.

"Why, Mr. Kingsley, you are really unpleasant this evening. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied rather shortly, trying to force a smile.

"I don't believe you," she answered; "something has gone wrong with you. Any misfortune in business?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Well, I won't try to fathom your secrets, but don't be morbid. It's a waste of time to have the blues."

The street was crowded, and just as she made the last remark, a man walking very fast and recklessly trying to push through the crowd, struck her a very hard blow with his shoulder in passing. A little cry escaped her at the pain or fright, and I turned and rushed after the offender. He was speeding along, a tall, lanky man. Under ordinary circumstances, I might have been satisfied with an apology, but I was half angry in the beginning, and no doubt really was looking for some one on whom to vent my ill humor. I caught up with him, tightly grasped the two shoulders of his coat from behind, and began to shake him as a cat would a rat. The extraordinary energy that I used evidently made the man think that a giant had him in his grasp. He was unable to look around because of the hold I had on his shoulders. He began to plead for mercy while I was still shaking him.

"Oh, Mister, I'll never do it again. Please pardon me this time," he repeated over and over again in plaintive tones, and when I finally let go of him, Edith had arrived on the scene.

"What do you mean by striking a lady with your shoulder in this manner?" I asked angrily.

"I really beg pardon, I didn't mean to do it," he repeated again and again.

"Well, we will let it go at that," I said. "Come on, Miss Maxwell."

I was about to start away when I saw the victim of my anger "sizing" me up from his unusual height, and his courage was apparently returning. He had had it scared out of him.

"I think I'll get a policeman," said he, as we started away.

"I think you had better myself," I replied. He followed along, no doubt being very much ashamed of his previous attitude, though apparently not able to get up enough courage to take any steps to retaliate, and after another block he had disappeared.

"Why, Mr. Kingsley, I didn't know you were such a brave man."

"Oh, no bravery was required. It was simply my duty under the circumstances, and I performed it gladly and willingly."

"I had no idea you were so strong.

You shook that tall spindle-shanks until I thought his bones would crack."

The excitement had certainly shaken me out of my ill humor, and I watched the play that evening with considerably more interest than usual. Edith was especially attractive in her part, and we were both in a good humor when we started for home. I had forgotten all about my suspicions of her attorney; forgotten all about the hours I had spent the previous evening trying to decide definitely on my future actions. I simply realized that I was with a handsome, attractive girl, who made me forget everything in the time being and the pleasure of her presence. Her smile was so winsome, and there was a magnetic charm about her manner that seemed to be especially in evidence as we wended our way homeward. Though I made light of my act in promptly punishing the man who had injured her, still I was just a little proud of it, though I did not realize until afterward that I had made an enemy who was to take a considerable part in my future. We went to a restaurant and had a small supper; that was something quite unusual for us, and by no means in accordance with the theories of this publication. In those days, however, I knew little or nothing about physical culture. I was strong mostly from the hard work I had performed while growing to manhood. I was not specially large, but my figure was very closely knit and the muscles in every part of my body were more than fairly well developed. Most of this no doubt came largely from inheritance.

In the brilliantly lighted restaurant we were able to converse freely. There was an expression of admiration, or it might be called affection, in Edith's face that I had never seen so plainly before. It encouraged me to gaze into her eyes with my feelings more clearly portrayed than ever.

"There was more sympathy and feeling in your part this evening than I have ever seen you express," I remarked.

"It is good of you to say that. Somehow, I felt like playing to-night. It is really hard when it's a grind. It is only when one can throw herself in a part that she can really do it justice."

"Yes, to-night you seemed to play as

though your whole heart and soul were in your work."

"Well, I knew you were listening to me," smiling archly.

"Yes, I was listening eagerly, and wondering if your words to your supposed lover might be meant for me."

She was silent, but there was a world of significance in the expression of her eyes as she gazed into mine.

At this moment we were interrupted by one of her friends who was playing in the same company with her. While they were talking, I had an opportunity to realize the danger of the situation, and I was careful, on our way home, to talk of more commonplace things, though I think Edith would have been pleased to renew our interrupted conversation. As we left the restaurant I thought I saw someone who looked very much like the tall, lanky man whom I had shaken so roughly a few hours before, but he was lost in the crowd, and I did not get a second view of him, though on going up the steps of our boarding house, I am sure I saw him under a street lamp about half a block behind. I turned and stood on the steps, but as soon as he saw us standing there he turned, crossed the street and disappeared in the darkness.

"What could it mean? What is his idea in following us?" came into my mind as I prepared for my bed.

I now realized the strength of Edith's influence over me. I hated myself because of the power she seemed to exert and I determined then and there that I would see there were no more opportunities for a repetition of what had occurred.

I seemed to be quite a favorite with Mrs. Malcolm, who conducted the boarding house. She had a daughter, Mary, about eighteen years of age, who surpassed her mother in every way as far as business acumen and the ability to read character were concerned. I had noticed several times that Mary did not like Edith Maxwell. She had made slighting remarks about her to me, though I had paid no attention to them.

Next morning, as I was going down the hall, I was surprised to hear my name mentioned, and immediately after,

in quite loud tones, just as though engaged in a very heated argument:

"If you don't tell him, I will."

"You shall not do it, Mary."

In an instant I realized the conversation referred to me, and though I refused to act the part of an eavesdropper, I certainly did walk more slowly.

"That woman deserves to be exposed," said Mary. "She's deceiving him, and although it is not my part to tell Mr. Kingsley, if you don't do it I will consider it my duty to do so."

At these words I stopped. I felt that I was in duty bound to know the drift of the conversation, especially when considering my present difficulties. I somehow felt sure that Edith Maxwell was the subject of the conversation.

"Well, then, Mary, if you insist I suppose I will have to tell him."

I barely heard these words, but realizing that there was nothing further of interest to me I passed on. You can well understand that I was anxious to know what the information might be that Mary was so desirous of my receiving. Somehow, I felt sure that if it referred to Edith it would not be to her advantage. All during the day I could hardly avoid referring to the conversation of the morning and wondering anew what I was to hear.

Edith did not come home to dinner that evening. I was really glad of it, for I was beginning to actually fear her and the influence that she seemed to wield over me. First I was inclined to go to the theatre and accompany her home as usual, when the thought occurred to me that someone else might be there to perform that duty, so I concluded to stay at home, and I also remembered that I would perhaps have an opportunity to hear what Mary had insisted her mother should tell me.

Mary, that vivacious miss, entertained me with some music, and after some of the guests had retired, Mrs. Malcolm indicated to me that she had something to say to me.

I replied that I would be glad to hear what she had to say. About half an hour later we were seated in the far corner of the back parlor, where no one could overhear our remarks.

"Now, Mr. Kingsley, I don't want you to be angry with me for what I am going to say. I have grown up in New York; I have seen a great deal more of life and human frailties than the average woman. Living here in this boarding house, and with ears to hear and a clear brain with which to reason, I have learned that but few men or women are to be trusted. Somehow, we felt like you were one of the family. You were like a fresh breeze from the country. I was so amazed at your honesty of expression that at first I thought you were playing a part, and it is because of my interest in you that I am going to tell you some things I know about Edith Maxwell."

I shuddered slightly as she mentioned the name, remembering very distinctly my experience of the previous evening.

"Now, you are sure you are not prejudiced? I know you have made some statements about her of a very derogatory nature before."

"Well, that's it. I am prejudiced against her, and I want you to consider what I have to say from that standpoint. Now, I have seen that you think a great deal of Miss Maxwell. You go out with her evening after evening, and I have wondered if you have known that she is engaged."

"Engaged?" I repeated, in surprise.

"Yes, engaged. At least, so I have heard on several occasions, but what makes me more positive is that on one occasion here, about two weeks ago, a young gentleman came with her and from her conversation with him, which my daughter accidentally overheard, I am positive they are engaged. In fact, Mary heard her say to him: 'I cannot marry you for at least six months, Harry.' If that doesn't mean an engagement, I don't know what does?"

I was mute. Words failed me. Not that I was so much in love with Edith Maxwell, but I could not understand how any woman could act as she had toward me while apparently in love with another man.

"Mrs. Malcolm, I thank you for your interest. Your and Mary's friendship is more than worth having. It is splendid. I don't know how I can thank you

both for giving me this information. I must admit that Miss Maxwell has been attractive—in fact, at times, seriously so—but in my rational moments I have always condemned myself for allowing her to influence me."

"But, Mr. Kingsley, that is not all; I have something else to say that you should know. Mary told me that I should not allow Miss Maxwell in the house, and yet we have nothing positive against her, simply a mere suspicion. You know Mr. Morgan, her friend; I think you met him last evening. Well, we don't like him, or the attitude of proprietorship that he seems to assume when he is around Miss Maxwell. Now, remember, I am not saying that there is anything wrong, but little things, as you well know, are extremely significant under such circumstances. She says that he is her legal adviser. If this is true, I think she would confine her visits to his office entirely, and I know positively that she has taken dinner with him on several occasions. In fact, I understand she is to take dinner with him to-night. That is why she is not here."

There was much more of this conversation. Mary and her mother were surely true friends, and after thinking over the information given me, I felt that at last I was really a free man. The problem had disappeared. I would not allow myself to be again influenced by Edith. I was certain of this at the time.

I met Miss Maxwell the next evening at dinner. She recognized almost immediately that there was a difference in our relations. I tried to be unconcerned and talk in my usual way, but I was unsuccessful. She was really an amazingly clever woman. To her, I suppose, I must have been like an open book. She realized that I would not accompany her to the theatre that evening on my own account, and she sought me out in the parlor after dinner, and asked me if I would go with her.

"Miss Maxwell, I would like very well to accompany you, but I have some very important work to do." Of course, this statement was false, and she knew it. Even that was better than refusing to go.

"Now, Mr. Kingsley, I specially want

you to go with me this evening. I have something I want to tell you. There is a man who has been bothering me for some time, and I want some one to protect me from his advances. I know you can do it; I had a sample of your powers this way the other evening," smiling at me with a sympathetic expression in her eyes.

"I really cannot go, Miss Maxwell."

"Now, you come in here; I want to talk to you," leading me to the far end of the room, which had been decorated as a cozy-corner. "Now, what is the matter, Mr. Kingsley? Why have you changed so toward me? Have you heard something about me that has lessened your respect for me?"

I was silent.

"I want you to tell me. I have heard that statements have been made here by jealous people, and I would like to find out who has made them, because someone will suffer for them." There was an earnestness about her manner that impressed me.

"Now, why don't you tell me? I want you to answer. You have been a good friend to me. I do not want you to condemn me unheard. If you have heard anything against me, tell me what it is."

The pleading tones of her soft voice were hard to resist. "Surely, I should not condemn her without even giving her a chance to explain," I thought.

"Are you not going to tell me now? Our friendship has been so pleasant, and I have looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to its continuance. Regardless of our future relations, I do not want you to lose respect for me, especially through malicious falsehoods."

"Well, Miss Maxwell, I will tell you on condition that you do not require me to give you the source of my information."

"I'll promise, though you are certainly exacting."

"I have heard that you were engaged to be married."

She started. It was nothing but a tremor, but I saw it.

"It is false, Mr. Kingsley," she declared emphatically. "It is false. I am not engaged. I am not saying that I have

not been engaged, because I was engaged until three months ago, but I broke it off. I saw that we were not suited to each other, and there was but one thing to do under such circumstances. Are you not satisfied?" looking over at me with pleading eyes.

"Well, yes, I suppose so," I replied.

"You suppose so? Surely, there is nothing wrong in breaking off an engagement?"

"The wrong would be in continuing an engagement where the parties are not mated. But there is something else," I said.

"Something else? Why, what can you mean?"

I was abashed. I hardly knew what to say. I had nothing definite against her as far as her relations with her lawyer were concerned. It was given to me as a suspicion, and the mere suspicion was so terrible that I wanted to be satisfied as to whether or not there was the least ground for the statements Mrs. Malcolm had made.

"Now, why don't you tell me?"

"You won't be offended? No matter what I say?"

"No, I will promise not to be offended. Simply tell me what you heard."

"Well," I said reluctantly, "I have heard something to the effect that Mr. Morgan is not merely your attorney, that he is a near and dear friend." I could not look into her eyes, and make statements more harsh than I did.

"Mr. Kingsley," she said slowly, "I know what you mean. I know the disgraceful suspicions that you have heard. A woman cannot do anything without being talked about, especially if she possesses good looks, and more so if she is so unfortunate as to be on the stage. I have had to work for my living. Mr. Morgan has been a very good friend and he has helped me in many ways with legal advice; but he has always charged for it, and I have paid him for his services. To be sure, I took dinner with him on two or three occasions, but I have always considered him a valuable friend. He has opportunities to advance me in my profession at times."

She paused. She was very near crying.

"Why cannot you trust me, Mr. Kingsley? Yours is a trustful nature. Why do you allow these common suspicions to affect our friendship?"

Her old influence over me was returning. I grasped her hands.

"I will trust you," I said; "I do trust you."

"Thank you," she replied, sinking back into the rocker with a sigh. I looked down at her eyes and felt that she was honest, and that she was doing the best she could to meet the difficulties with which she had to contend in the profession which she had selected for herself.

(To be continued)

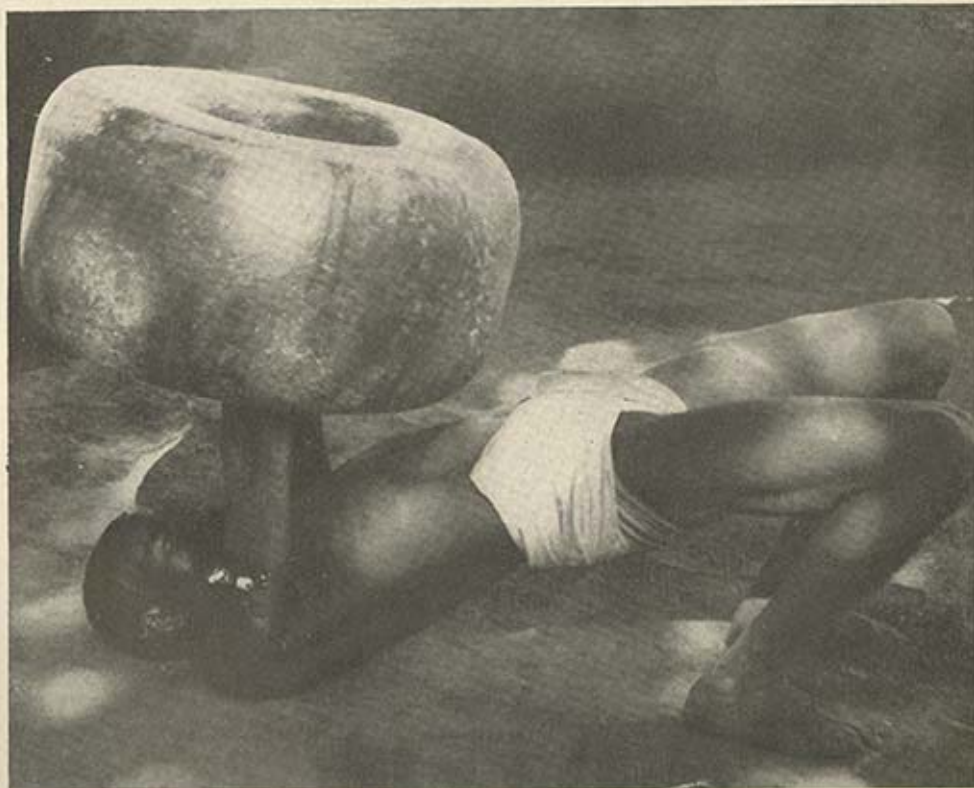
These were my ideas while I was with her, but when I was alone, a few hours later, I thought over the charges made by Mrs. Malcolm. I felt, somehow, that I could trust her a great deal more than I could trust Edith. I was again doubtful; in fact, more than doubtful. I had definitely decided, before I went to sleep that night, that I must get away from Edith Maxwell. I could not resist her; I could not trust her. I would leave the boarding house, or even my position if need be, to free myself from this terrible attraction against which I was struggling.

The Strong Man of India

Disciples of vegetarianism can add strength to their arguments by calling attention to the fine health and physiques of the Hindoos, the nation most nearly

given over in its totality to abstention from flesh meat.

The Registrar-General of England some years ago, commenting on the cen-



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DABEE CHOWDRAY PALWAN, OF BENARES, INDIA. A VEGETARIAN OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS LIFTING A 960-POUND WEIGHT

sus, declared that any large density of country approaching two hundred persons to the square mile implies mines, manufacturing or the industry of cities. But in India, a density of six hundred to the square mile is found throughout large districts entirely devoted to agriculture, and the people are well-nourished, strong, almost crimeless, and enjoy the even tenor of their lives with a happy placidity unknown in this bustling America. Of course, we are not speaking of the India of famine times.

The native Hindoo is generally built on the lines of a greyhound; the muscles play under the bronze skin like well-oiled machinery. He is wiry and cat-like in his movements and possessed of a strength that is surprising in one of his thin frame.

Strong as the average native is, there is one who stands alone as India's strongest man—Dabee Chowdray Palwan. Dabee is fifty-six years of age and a vegetarian. At one time he drove a bullock team in the "High-road" and did not suspect that he was of greater strength than most men. One of the bullocks stumbling while crossing a freshet was picked up and carried across by Dabee, who suddenly realized that he was too strong to work and forthwith became a professional strong man.

From his village there went forth tales of his marvelous feats, but they were only heard by the poor natives and anyone knows that from the white man comes all good things in the shape of

ready money. So for many years Dabee was cock of the walk at Benares, his place of nativity, and was more efficient in suppressing riots and brawls than the constabulary.

He was serving as a sort of unpaid guardian of the peace, satisfied with the daily rations that were given him and which permitted his loafing like a lord without making his hands calloused. Then one day Lord Curzon, Viceroy of all India, blew into Benares and the local government made haste to provide entertainment for its distinguished visitor. Outside of the military post and a few polo plugs they had little or nothing to show, but they determined to show that to the best advantage. So the affair was pulled off and the Viceroy was becomingly bored until a swarthy figure ran across the enclosure and began to perform feats of strength that few had ever witnessed before. The Viceroy dropped his listless manner and became interested and when the performance had finished the royal hands applauded.

"Who is he?" asked the visitor.

"It is Dabee Chowdray Palwan, who was not asked to entertain but took it upon his own shoulders to 'butt in' on the program."

But Lord Curzon was pleased, so what could the local government do? Dabee Chowdray Palwan had come into his own and to-day from one end of the empire to the other he is regarded as a very great and rich man.

South Flooded With Dirty Money

"Clean Money" agitation has become one of the vital points of interest in Washington since John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee introduced a resolution in the House which will save the United States Government a good deal of money, while the bankers and general population of the South will also be substantial gainers. "In my opinion," said Mr. Gaines, "the sub-treasuries at New Orleans and Louisville should be made distributing points for new paper money. The whole South is flooded with filthy, worn-out paper. The same condition prevails in the West. All the

new money is shipped to points in the East because it can be shipped cheap. Chicago, being on a main line, gets some also. If the express rates were not excessive the Government could send new money to New Orleans and Louisville with which to redeem worn-out bills. The express companies no longer even bid against each other for the contracts, for they stand on the old excessive agreements signed way back by Secretary Carlisle." Thus it appears that high rates of expressage are responsible for the great amount of dirty and infectious money in the South and West.

History, Progress and Standing of the Prohibition Movement

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH
AND THE PRESS TO PROHIBITION

By Mary E. Teats

The Prohibition Party stands first for the complete prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. The platform embraces the initiative and referendum and the recall; the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people; the arbitration of differences between nations, and between capital and labor; suffrage without regard to sex, with an educational qualification.

THEORETICALLY, the Church stands for all moral reform. No one doubts her aim to do the right thing; but sometimes she misses her aim. Christianity aims to do the right thing, and never fails, so long as her followers prove true to the teachings of Jesus Christ. Christianity, *per se*, recognizes no obstacles, policy or defeat. When the Church follows unflinchingly her leader, she too will know "no defeat."

At one time the Church thought African slavery quite the right thing, and persecuted Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Lovejoy, Lucretia Mott and tacitly hung John Brown, whom Wendell Phillips, while standing by his dead body, designated as the "marvelous old man."

Christianity, deeply embedded in the hearts of the faithful, broke the shackles from four million human beings, once and for all, abolishing human slavery from our "land of the free and home of the brave!"

Nevertheless, it has ever been the true Christ-like spirit within (and without) the Church, that has ever carried forward all great reforms.

In the following, with reference to the responsibility of the Church toward prohibition, I quote at some length from a recent address of Clinton N. Howard, before the ministers of Rochester, New York. He said, in part: "A religion that leaves the saloon undisturbed, unattacked, when day by day its record of crime, outrage and assassination is

chronicled by the daily press, is not worthy to be called after the name of Jesus Christ.

"Shall we lay the laurel on the brow of the Church, whose complicity with the curse (of slavery) caused Abraham Lincoln to weep bitter tears, as he looked over the canvass of the Protestant ministers of the city of Springfield, and said, 'There are twenty-seven ministers of the Gospel, and all of them are against me but three! I do not understand my Bible so! I know that Christ teaches liberty, and these men will find that they have not read their Bible right!'"

Continuing, Mr. Howard said: "The twentieth century is face to face with a similar condition. God is thundering the doom of the saloon through this generation with a trumpet of fire! Where has been the Church in the last generation? Silent often, when she ought to have spoken; indifferent often, when she ought to have been a flame of fire; consenting often, when she ought to have died rather than hold her peace! Jesus Christ is walking across the American continent; every place His holy foot is lifted, leaves a dry spot; and its meaning is, *the liquor traffic must and shall be destroyed!*"

What Mr. Howard said with reference to the Church on the liquor question was doubtless all too true, until the past few years. But I am sure the attitude of the Church has greatly changed for the better in the past three years. The next Presidential election will decide how deep the conversion has been; for it is

votes that count, and tell where a man stands! If this prohibition wave does not increase the prohibition vote a few millions, it has not gone deep enough. The Christian citizen who fights the saloon three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and on election day casts his ballot for any political party whose policy is to license the liquor traffic, will have to meet that inconsistency at the bar of God!

However, the utterances and declarations of the Christian Church, embracing all denominations, Protestants and Catholics, are becoming stronger and more and more outspoken each year. One denomination declares: "We record our deliberate judgment, that no political party has a right to expect, nor ought it to receive, the support of Christian men, so long as it stands committed to a license policy or refuses to put itself on record in open hostility to the saloon!" The same Church at the general conference declared officially that "the schools must teach, the Church must plan, the press must proclaim, the pulpits must thunder, and the ballot must be utilized," if the saloon is to be outlawed and receive its death-blow. I would suggest that if the Church will furnish the prohibition "thunder" from every pulpit in the land fifty-two Sundays during this Presidential campaign year, and vote a prohibition ticket on election day, the temperance hosts that have been on the "firing-line" of this momentous question for lo these many years, will agree to furnish the *lightning* without stint, and unitedly we can sweep this curse of all curses out of existence for all time to come! Will we do it? It has been said, and truly so, that "the saloon would kill the Church if it could, and the Church could kill the saloon if it would."

Bishop Berry asks, "What paralysis has taken hold of the Christian citizenship of the Republic? The enemy (the drink evil) has bound us in bondage worse than any other human slaves have endured. 'We have licensed hell!' 'For a price we have given the devil permission to produce poverty, profligacy, cruelty, wretchedness and death.' The great God yearns to save this world; and He will do it, just as soon as His Church

will lend its co-operation. If we really mean to crush the rum power, it means *war!* Speeches are good, prayers are good, denunciations are good; but all these combined are powerless to rout our altogether vicious enemy! We must fight; we must fight hard; we must fight with a strength born of desperation. This means *war!* The distiller is against us; the brewer is against us; the saloon is against us; the respectable citizen who rents his property for whiskey purposes is against us; the gambler is against us; the divekeeper is against us; the politician is against us; the weak-kneed merchant, and professional men, who think more of their business than of their principles, are against us; the time-serving Christian, who thinks more of his party than of his fealty to Christ, is against us; all the Satanic forces which are operating to pull men and women down to hell, are against us. This means *war!* The day of resolution is past. What does the devil care for resolutions? While we have 'resolved,' and 'arraigned,' and 'denounced,' he has laughed. Enough of this sort of campaign. The issue is clear, it looks us squarely in the face. We cannot avoid it. Men and women who profess loyalty to Christ, what will you do about it?"

Bishop Berry has enumerated a long list of enemies that are "against us!" But the God of hosts is with us; and final victory must be ours.

However, do not let the Christian voter forget that while he is deliberating, on the ground of policy, expediency, and business relations, and whether it is best for him to cut loose from all license parties, hundreds of thousands of souls are going down into drunkards' graves and out into the drunkard's eternity, and each vote is either decreasing or increasing that army; and every voter of the license parties will have to stand his full share of the responsibility of every soul lost through strong drink. In casting a vote for political parties that license strong drink the voter becomes responsible to God for the results of the business he helps to license! Hear what the late President McKinley said, with reference to the responsibility of the voter. When he

was a voting prohibitionist in the State of Ohio, he stated in the Legislature of that State, in a strong address against the license system: "There is not a home or a hamlet in the State that is beyond its (the liquor traffic's) influence. Can we afford thus legally to sanction a great wrong? By legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor seller the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for license (or license parties) becomes of necessity a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences!"

Let me ask, in all sincerity, can a Christian man, after studying the relation of his vote to the long, and almost endless list of crime, debauchery, murder and every phase of moral degeneracy, ever again cast his ballot for a political party that licenses a business, its only policy being to bring about all the abominations that his Satanic Majesty can conceive of? Surely not.

Bishop Foss said: "There is no neutrality between right and wrong. If the liquor traffic is morally right, it should have the largest liberty; if morally wrong, it should have no liberty. The liquor traffic and free institutions are nearing the crisis of death grapple!" Wendell Phillips said: "Our rum-ridden cities will test our free American institutions as African slavery never tested them." All who know anything about our "rum-ridden cities," and our "rum-ridden" nation as well, know that Wendell Phillips's prophecy has come true. Bishop Wilson says: "Never sing the praises of motherhood, or of mother, next to Jesus the sweetest name in all languages, until you are ready to go out and grapple with this monster evil (the drink curse) that is draping the windows of her heart in mourning." Christian men, patriotic men of America, who love your homes and loved ones better than "party" or "revenue," what are you going to do about it?

THE PRESS AND PROHIBITION

The conscience of the press of our country is being awakened as never before on the liquor question. More and more our great dailies are giving large and valuable space to the prohibition

cause. More and more a fair discussion of the drink curse is being given in favor of the home and against the saloon. Still the agitation must go on, with ever-increasing vigor; for a large portion of the daily press is still under the financial domination of the liquor power. Fabulous sums of money are being brought to bear; every measure that his Satanic Majesty can conceive of, in the form of infamous falsehoods sent out broadcast throughout the country, is being utilized, quoting statements in favor of their business of men who never lived, or have been dead half a century; purchasing everything in the form of a man, a business or a profession that is purchasable. All these, and much more, are among the dastardly machinations of the liquor trade at the present time. And why all these strenuous efforts on the part of the "trade"? The answer is written in letters of fire across our national sky—*that our beloved America shall be free from the rum power!* The time has come, God's hour is striking the death-knell of the drink curse, and the sound thereof has struck the liquor dealer's ears; they are "sitting up and taking notice" that the American people are demanding the "righteousness that exalteth a nation," and are determined that the sin that "is a reproach to any people," in the form of the drink curse, must die!

The press, Christian and secular, can, if it so wills, become one of the greatest factors in bringing about our country's deliverance from this national evil. The question that millions of the cream of American citizens are asking is, "Will it do it?" We believe it will! The daily press does not relish the arrogant threats of boycott, etc., of the liquor traffic. The "traffic" is overstepping the bounds in its demands. *Collier's Weekly* says: "The brewers, moved by fear of the prohibition wave, which is now causing shivering in the bones of those who deal in alcoholic beverages, are making an apparent effort to be good." (By crying, "We want respectable law-abiding saloons.") "The awakening is tardy." By pre-natal influences, and by admonition in babyhood, suffering women made martyrs by husbands' habits, have

put an abhorrence into the minds of children who are now men! The same papers to-day, which by reason of pay or policy, denounce local option and every other form of restriction of the liquor traffic, neutralize daily the effect of their own argument by being compelled to print the news of the crimes of the previous day. There is not a daily journal anywhere, however allied with the liquor trade, which has not been preaching a temperance sermon each morning, by printing the facts of the court proceedings. "If the daily press would classify regularly all the crimes, suicides, murders, railroad accidents, business failures, conflagrations, pauperism, divorces, death and destruction, political and social scandals, due to the drink traffic, the nation would rise *en masse* inside of twelve months and sweep the whole curse into the depths of the Atlantic and Pacific!" (I'd pity the fishes!) "Inaugurate a movement to give the liquor traffic all the publicity it deserves!" Several of the leading daily newspapers of the nation have recently declared themselves favorable to the proposition of giving the "traffic," with all its villainous results, all the airing possible!

Among the daily papers that are giving more and friendly editorial endorsements of the prohibition issue may be mentioned the following: *The Boston Post*, *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, *The Hartford Times*, *The New York Evening Post*, *The Philadelphia North American*, *The Washington Post*, *The Washington Star*, *The Columbus (Ohio) State Journal*, *The Cleveland (Ohio) Leader*, *The Indianapolis News*, *The Detroit (Mich.) News*, *The Chicago Record-Herald*, *The Chicago Evening Post*, *The Minneapolis (Minn.) Journal*, *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *The Woman's Daily (St. Louis)*, *The Kansas City Star and Times*, *The Memphis (Tenn.) News-Scimitar*, *The Lincoln (Neb.) News*, *The Denver Times and News*, *The Portland (Ore.) Journal*, *The Times-Democrat (New Orleans)*, *The Atlanta Georgian*, *The Birmingham (Ala.) News*—a goodly list, and still there are more to follow!

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The writer of these prohibition articles for the readers of the PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine is very largely indebted to Mr. Charles R. Jones, Chairman of the National Prohibition Party, for the up-to-date and reliable prohibition news.

A Delicious Recipe

I especially recommend the following simple recipe to our friends. If you will follow directions accurately in the preparation I feel confident you will consider it about the most delicious article of food that you have ever tasted in any cooked menu—vegetarian or otherwise. A physical culturist who is compelled to do his own cooking originated this manner of preparing this dish, which probably accounts for its simplicity in preparation. Of course, the quantity used will depend upon the number of persons to feed. The following recipe, however, should be sufficient for two or three persons:

Take one-half dozen medium sized po-

tatoes. Wash them very thoroughly. Don't peel. Take half a dozen onions about the same size as the potatoes. Place the potatoes in a fairly hot oven. Place the onions in the oven about five or ten minutes after the potatoes. Cook both until they have assumed the proper degree of softness. Remove them from the oven. Cut up the potatoes, allowing the peelings to remain. Take off the outside cover of the onions, cut them up and mix them thoroughly with the potatoes. Now add a quantity of olive oil, sufficient to moisten the entire mixture. Salt to taste. If you do not admit that this is the most delicious dish you have ever tried, I will be greatly surprised.—
BERNARR MACFADDEN.

The Liberty to Print

The Kansas City Post, in a recent editorial, comments upon the attitude of the Government in arresting the offenders against the so-called obscene law.—Bernarr Macfadden.



DURING the past two or three years there have been no less than three arrests and convictions of persons of note for writing and circulating what the judges have decided is obscene literature. The first to be arrested and convicted was Dr. Alice B. Stockham of Chicago, a venerable woman of more than three score years and ten, whose fame was nation-wide. Miss Stockham had written and published a number of works for her own sex, dealing with certain subjects usually tabooed. The Rev. Dr. Thomas, one of the best known clergymen in Chicago, testifying at her trial, stated that he considered her work of a very uplifting nature, and one in every way to be commended, yet the judge who tried the case in giving his decision against the defendant, said: "When the laws were framed, it was not believed the general discussion of the marriage relation was advisable. If the persons believe they are right in teaching these subjects so that the young may learn of them, they should have their doctrines interwoven in the laws of the land. What we have to do is to uphold the law as it stands." In other words, according to the decision of this judge, it is not permissible for an estimable female physician to teach her sex what she honestly believes to be scientific truth.

Some time after the conviction of Dr. Stockham, Moses Harman, also of Chicago, was arrested, convicted and sent to jail for airing some of his views on the subject, and only a few days ago Bernarr Macfadden, the physical culturist, was sentenced to pay a fine of

\$2,000 and serve two years in jail at hard labor for a similar offense.

In each one of these cases the offense is that the person has written and circulated obscene literature. But it must not be forgotten that these persons believe, or claim to believe, that they are performing a much-needed service by telling what they conceive to be the truth. Nevertheless, judges have decided that a man or woman cannot always write for the public what he or she regards as truth. Is not this a beautiful commentary on the condition of freedom in America, and the love of truth among us?

Americans are very fond of swelling up, especially on the Fourth of July, with bombastic assumption about our country being the land of the free and the home of the brave, when, as a matter of fact, we Americans are the most ardent slaves and the biggest moral cowards to be found on earth outside of England.

On the continent of Europe—in Germany, in France, in Italy and even in Spain—a scientific treatise is venerated as an instrument of human culture. Works which neither the English nor the American courts will tolerate are openly exposed in the windows and on the shelves of book-shops, and they are sold to all who desire to purchase them. The prudery of the Anglo-Saxon mind is justly excoriated by European savants. Heine wisely said that an Englishman loved liberty like his wedded wife, while a German only loved her as he loved his old grandmother, but he added that an Englishman was quite capable of putting a halter around his wife's neck and taking her to the auction block, while a German never quite forgot his old grandmother, but always reserved a place for her in the chimney corner, where she could tell her tales to the listening children.

If we in America loved liberty as well as the German loves his old grandmother, we would have far more liberty than we have to-day. The average rhetorical liberty-spouter among us is analogous to the frog in Æsop's fable,

who tried by the constant inflation of his chest to make himself as big as the bull, with a result somewhat disastrous to himself. The American of to-day regards liberty as merely a word, just as Sir Jack Falstaff regarded honor as merely a word.

Up-to-Date Styles in Corsets



Here are some examples of what are said to be the latest styles in corsets. Just examine them carefully. Look at the forms which are forced into them. Corsets are rarely made to fit the wearer; the wearer is forced or squeezed into the corset. Imagine a real, live flesh-and-blood woman wearing a device that distorts and presses upon this vital part of her body, as shown in the above illustration, for instance. **A REAL WOMAN HAS TO BREATHE.** She possesses a stomach which is supposed to help her digest her food; a liver, and various other important organs that perform valuable service under right conditions. If the circulation of these organs is impeded, if they cannot properly perform their func-

tions, the individual suffers. No real woman can be comfortable in this device laced as shown above unless the nerves in this region of the body are paralyzed through the influence of long-continued unnatural pressure.

TIGHT CORSETS RUIN WOMANHOOD. They destroy the power of a woman to become a natural mother. If continued a sufficient length of time, such women finally belong to the neuter gender; in other words, **THEY BECOME SEXLESS,** useless, without ambition, and as far as **REAL WOMANHOOD IS CONCERNED, THEY ARE MERE PRETENSES AND NOTHING ELSE,** and if you are searching for a wife avoid the wasp waist as you would a venomous reptile.

Once Hopeless Cripple Now An Active, Strong Woman--Physical Culture Did It

I AM very pleased to tell the readers of PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine what has been done for me by following the theories advocated in this magazine.

Five years ago, while in Natal, South Africa, I had a bad attack of enteric fever and soon afterward, while only convalescing from that, broke down with brain fever, which was soon followed by paralysis of my left side. I am naturally of an active, energetic disposition and the prospect of lying helpless entirely dependent on another for everything almost drove me crazy. As soon as I could bear the journey I returned to England, where I was by one of the leading London physicians ordered to take the Weir Mitchell cure, from that something else and so on. I tried several electrical cures and improved some, but as soon as the treatment was stopped for any length of time I found myself worse than before. By this time I was utterly weary of trying "cures" and living a sanatorium life and had refused to listen to any more suggestions about going to them. After considerable persuasion I decided to try another sanatorium, though, to be strictly honest, it was more because I was desirous of learning more of physical culture methods, but must admit that I had but little faith in anything. I think you will pardon

me when you think of the many cures I had tried before. I was so low when I first began physical culture methods that I was unconscious for several days, but perhaps that has its advantages, for it certainly helped me through some of my fasting days. I fasted thirty-eight days, the longest period being seventeen



MRS. MINNIE T. WELLS

days; to this and careful nursing I largely attribute my recovery. Many who try the methods you advocate fail to understand the importance of the fast; they seem to think a few days is enough to undo the suffering and diseases of perhaps years, and because they do not receive results at once, become discouraged and give up. In my opinion, if they would only hold on in spite of their feelings of hunger, depression, etc., fighting for the cure against all present feelings, they would in many cases, like myself, see good results.

I have spent many years in England as hospital nurse, working hard during my training and in charge of wards, but I never expected to see the day when I

could work again at nursing, but to-day finds me well enough to take charge of the nursing department of a large institution.

I am sending a photograph which I have had taken to show your readers. It may interest you to know I walked through snow several feet high to the photographer's; this and the picture of my left arm are a convincing proof that *there is no paralysis left.*

I would like any of your readers, who desire so, to write me for any further particulars I may be able to give them which might help them to decide to try the methods of curing the diseases, which have done so much for me.

MINNIE T. WELLS.

Minister Commends Physical Culture

STRIKING RESULTS SECURED IN THE TREATMENT OF CATARRH AND MUSCULAR ATROPHY

Rev. Edward J. Young of Bartow, Fla., formerly of New Orleans, La., an invalid minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church, writes as follows:

MR. BERNARR MACFADDEN,

Dear Sir: I will now fulfill my promise to give a statement of my case and the benefit derived from physical culture methods. I have a rare and peculiar disease known as muscular atrophy, which has been pronounced incurable, combined with catarrhal deafness, both of which maladies have been coming on almost from boyhood. I am much reduced in flesh and of very light weight. The muscular atrophy has made me a cripple, compelling the use of a cane. My general health is excellent and I rarely have an ache or a pain, except occasional twinges of rheumatism. But until I began physical culture methods I gained no flesh, and the atrophy was slowly progressing.

Under the physical culture régime I have, however, gained thirteen pounds, an inch in size around the neck, one and three-fourths inches around the thigh, two and a half inches around the waist,

and proportionally in other parts of the body. The catarrh has also improved somewhat, as the dropping of mucus into the throat is not as frequent or profuse as formerly. I am also considerably stronger than when I began the treatment, but to get full results I realize that I must keep it up for a year or two.

Physical culture has taught me much about exercise, diet, breathing, the value of air, sun and water baths, with other hygienic methods which assist Nature in regaining a normal condition of health. I have tried several systems of healing and have been to three sanitariums, but physical culture treatment has done me more good than any other. It seems to be the most reasonable of all, using only natural agencies to eliminate impurities and restore the body to health. One great inducement is that if the treatment does not benefit one it will not injure him. From my own experience and my observation I can heartily commend your treatment for all chronic diseases.

Wishing you all success, and thanking you for your advice and personal interest in my own case,

Bartow, Fla. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Zeal Without Knowledge

The Louisville Herald is apparently edited by men who have the courage to express their convictions. The following editorial appeared in a recent issue of their paper.—Bernarr Macfadden.



BERNARR MACFADDEN, the editor of a publication favorably known to thousands of believers in the gospel of good health, and issued in New York under the name of PHYSICAL CULTURE, has been fined \$2,000 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor by a New Jersey Judge for the alleged crime of circulating improper literature.

For years we have been a reader of Macfadden's little monthly, and have grown in that time to admire its editor for his fearlessness, liberality and sanity. We believe he has been in the past decade one of the greatest influences for health and morality in this country. He has taught the dignity of the human body, the sin of ugliness and ill health, and has shown many a man and woman the way back to vigor with the use of no other remedies than exercise, water and open air.

These are things for which the people owe Macfadden a debt of gratitude. In his earnestness, and by reason of his bold attacks upon evils, which have been put to rout largely as the result of the campaign he initiated and others followed, he has made enemies, who, whether or not they were instrumental in causing his arrest and sentence a few weeks ago, will rejoice in the annoyance and indignity that have been heaped upon him.

These enemies include certain parasitical individuals who prey upon human gullibility and need, and whose infamies Macfadden has exposed, and the forces of prurient prudery led by Anthony Comstock.

Macfadden has dared in his magazine to talk frankly of certain things that cause the immaculate St. Anthony to

blush. St. Anthony repudiates the proverb "Honi soit qui mal y pense" because of its indelicate association with a garter. He is mentally constructed so that he cannot help thinking evil of many things that to a healthy mind are not suggestive of wrong. He has done good work on occasions, but his methods are mistaken. We have enough draperies and concealments and disguises in our social life. What we need is a little more of the naked truth.

It is because Macfadden thinks so that they want to put him in prison. Perhaps he was injudicious; perhaps he spoke too frankly; was more honest than the times can stand. Men who speak the truth usually have to suffer for it, and should the editor's appeal to a higher court fail, and he be forced to work out this harsh and unjust sentence, truth will profit by his sacrifice.

We have a certain sympathy for the people whose traditional view of life makes them blush when the truth is spoken. They are under the bondage of convention, but the penalizing of a man like Macfadden with a sentence so severe shows a zeal for the proprieties sadly lacking in knowledge, if it does not indicate a personal animus lurking somewhere in the background.

We write thus not so much to eulogize Macfadden as to file protest against the use of law to muzzle free speech and the frank discussion of questions vital to human happiness and morality. It is an absurd travesty of sense and justice that allows a publishing house with a big reputation to foist upon the country so disgusting a piece of literary garbage as "Three Weeks," and sentences a man to two years at hard labor because he is fighting the very animalism which Elinor Glyn has chosen to embroider for the public eye.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

For nearly one-quarter of a century my time has been entirely devoted to the study of ways and means of building perfect human bodies. Strength—more strength, is the one great object in view; strength not only of muscle but of nerves and brain as well.

What is strength? From whence comes the energy that is found within the human body? These are questions that have come to me over and over again, thousands and thousands of times. These queries have not been satisfactorily answered until within the last year; in fact, it might be said that it is only within the last few months that the answer has come to me in all its simple detail.

Considerably over two years ago I came to a conclusion that was at the time a little indefinite, but since then I have been experimenting, when time would permit, with a view of proving whether or not the conclusion was accurate. I am more than fully satisfied at this time that the conclusion can be depended upon, and, beginning with the June or July issue of this magazine, I intend to publish a series of articles entitled, "THE SECRET OF HUMAN POWER." The whole theory as to the How and Why in the building of phenomenal vigor of the nerves and muscles is explained in comprehensive detail.

I believe that this discovery is so remarkable in character that it will revolutionize the theories of every broad-minded follower of the healing art, medical or otherwise. Allopaths, homoeopaths, osteopaths, hydropaths, physical culturists, and all who follow the profession of healing the sick, of making the weak strong, or the strong stronger, will have to change their theories, if they do any experimenting, in accordance with the new facts that I will present in this series of articles.

Discoveries of the character that I have made are usually hidden away, used only on patients who might be able to pay from \$50 to \$500, but I am passing this on to my readers. I want every follower of Physical Culture to secure the advantage of everything I may learn, and at no time have I ever presented in this magazine information of even a small part of the value of that which will be given in the promised series of articles. Every issue containing one article of this series will be worth more than the price of a yearly subscription.

Pernarr Macfadden

From Another World

A CAUSTIC ARRAIGNMENT BY ONE WHO VIEWS US FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN OUTSIDER. HIS CRITICISMS ARE SEVERE AND CONTAIN FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By George Williamson

Here is some very plain talk. There are no doubt many exaggerations. Some readers may even think that the writer is crazy. Others may feel that such extreme sentiments should not be published. I think, however, that his views at least deserve a reading. We have been drifting along in almost hopeless egotism about long enough. It is time we saw ourselves as others see us. This is my excuse for publishing this article and others by the same author that will follow.—Bernarr Macfadden.



My little world differs so greatly from that which I have found in New York and other American cities that I might be termed a visitor from another planet. I don't pretend to be a writer—never had any particular ambition in that direction; but what I have seen since I arrived in this country has aroused within me an inclination to say many things. I admit that I expected to be surprised. I was prepared to absorb all the wisdom that I believed would freely come my way in my travels.

But let me tell a little of myself, and my object in being here. My ancestors were English by birth. My great-grandfather differed so radically from his countrymen in those times that he finally determined to take his family and search for a habitation where he could live and act as he elected

without being criticised. With his family and two other young men, who had similar ideas, he came to America. They thought that in this great country they could find a community that would be amicably disposed toward them. They were disappointed. They were not pleased with the people or the climate. After traveling for some time, enduring

all sorts of hardships, they finally drifted to Hawaii. They had been so displeased with the treatment they had received from various communities in America that they had definitely made up their minds before arriving at Hawaii that they would search for some section of the country where they could build up a community of their own.

Nearly a century of years has now elapsed since our community was founded. The main desire of my people was to get away from everything in the nature of civilization. My great-grandfather



GEORGE WILLIAMSON

was a very broad-minded man. He detested anything in the nature of prejudice or superstition. He wanted freedom to draw whatever conclusion suited his own individual intellectuality.

I will not attempt to give details of our community, because they would fill many books. My grandfather and my father went on a tour similar to that which I am taking at the present time. On these tours they found individuals here and there who were in sympathy with their efforts, and one by one have been added, until now our community numbers nearly one hundred persons, not counting children under sixteen years of age.

The climate is delightful, our habits are simple, and life is to us a continual joy. Our people live to very advanced ages. We know not the taste of liquor. We never eat anything which has touched fire, and we have had all the advantages of what might be termed higher education. We are, first of all, taught all that we need to know about ourselves. These truths are considered fundamental to our very existence. Then we dive into all sorts of subjects with a view of broadening our knowledge, widening our horizon of reasoning. The climate of our little country is of such a nature that clothing is not required to keep the body warm; therefore, we seldom wear clothing. Clothing fills the skin with dirt. The impurities that are being constantly eliminated from the pores cling to the clothing, and even if one should change clothes every day, he would still be compelled to wear garments that would contain a certain amount of this excrement.

The tour made by my father and grandfather was considered a necessary part of their education. They wanted to keep in touch with the "doings" of the world. They did not want to be classed with the savages, notwithstanding their mode of living. I will be glad when I go back to my own country again. I looked forward to this journey with a great deal of pleasure, but it has not been a joyful period of my life. For instance, I had to become accustomed to your garments. I had to wear your clothes. I had to smother the pores of my skin,

and notwithstanding my daily bath, I still feel dirty all the time. Imagine me—a man accustomed to a wild, free country where everybody is honest, and true, and faithful even until life's last moment—coming in contact with the commercial spirit that you find everywhere in these United States. Why, it seems to me that the larger part of your population must be crazy. They are certainly money-mad, and they do not seem to have intelligence enough to realize that they have only one life to live, and that if they eat more food than they can digest they will suffer from it; that if they wear more than one suit of clothes at one time they will be uncomfortable.

You can only use a certain amount of money. When you are assured of board and clothes and the ordinary comforts of life, in the way of cleanliness, what more can a man want? Why is every man crazy to amass a fortune? I say crazy with a purpose, because it seems to me that it is the proper word. Every man seems to be almost mad for riches. He will sell everything for these so-called rewards. He will even sell himself, his conscience, his intelligence, every atom of his individuality, for money. You have thousands upon thousands—perhaps millions—of men of this character in your country. I pity them, for they get nothing out of life. The songs of the birds, the exhilaration—the beauty of living, that are made so much of in my little world, are nothing here. You are all so engrossed with the necessity of making a success of life, and success means first of all financial rewards. It means glory, fame—all empty baubles. I would not give five minutes of my time for anything that could be presented to me by your country; that is, from the standpoint of the general ideas of success. You are all wasting your time. You are all working vainly, uselessly, and toward ends that accomplish absolutely nothing for the benefit of humanity in general or individuals in particular.

I started out on this tour as part of my education, but I am appalled with what I see everywhere. I am so amazed at the alarming ignorance displayed in

this country as to the real important things of life, that if I thought there was the least possible chance of my efforts being appreciated, I would like to stay here and try to help in educating your people. You all need education—need it most pitifully. You are all standing in your own light—standing in your own way. Each one of you has before you a possibility of happiness, but you won't allow yourself to be happy. You have not enough intelligence. You have been wrongly educated. You are the product of all-round human perversion. Degeneracy and weakness are stamped on the features of nearly every man. To be sure, had I come to your country without knowing something of your defects in the beginning, I might not have viewed you so critically. I might not have looked so much for your errors. It might have taken me a long while to realize the sad deficiencies of the human characters and human intellects that I come in contact with daily in my travels.

Most of you are what I would term criminally ignorant because you do not even know the first fundamental principles that are taught to our little boys and girls, as soon as they are able to reason for themselves. There may be hope for you in the future. Some day you may learn of your mistakes. Some day you may find out that money is not everything—that there are other things in human life that are a thousand times more important. You will some day learn that development of character, that development of the highest degree of manly strength and womanly beauty, are a million times more important than the regulation of the tariff, or governmental control of that which applies only to financial things.

I am surprised that the editor of this magazine should published my ideas. They are so unusual, or "unconventional," as you might call them. We are accustomed to being honest in our country. We advocate the most extreme courtesy, but in our case this feeling of friendliness toward others, which is fundamental to courtesy, is also inculcated. Our politeness is not all on the surface. We treat others with extreme consideration because we feel that way

toward them. In your country you say, "I beg your pardon," when in reality you often feel like telling one to go to the infernal regions. Now, we know of no such place as this in our country, either figuratively or literally. Life is to us a sort of continuous heaven, and the life hereafter (so my great-grandfather taught) is a continuation of this heaven. He taught that we secured our punishments now and here for our mistakes, and I most heartily believe in the accuracy of this conclusion.

To a certain extent, I am a reader of character. I studied this a great deal in my own country and perhaps this has helped me a great deal to thoroughly understand your people. I go out into your streets and I have to view hundreds of faces before I can find one that is calm and placid, and which in any way indicates even a moderate amount of satisfaction with life in general. Discontentment shines forth with startling emphasis on the features of nearly every individual. Almost every one wears a mask. That is, they try to hide their real feelings, but they cannot do it. It is impossible to hide feelings as they slowly year by year shape your features, in accordance with your particular mental characteristics. You may think that the skeleton in your closet is hidden safely away. You may feel that in smiles and laughter you can turn aside the insidious workings of your individuality as they shape your features to comply with their demands, but you are laboring under a mistake. Each face tells its own story. The outline of your features, the expression of your eye, the contour of the cheek, and all the various little marks that go to make up one's individuality, are the "handwriting upon the wall" that anyone who is a scientific student of character can read as easily as he can an open book. The features of many of your people when I first saw them haunted me for days afterward. Such an expression of extreme misery! Sometimes this expression would be hidden within rounded cheeks, within bright clear eyes, but there was evidence of suffering—evidence that the individual was being tortured at times almost beyond endur-

ance. And what a terrible thing it is when one realizes that it is so unnecessary. You are the makers of your own unhappiness. You have created your own miseries. You have made your bed and you have to lie in it. You have absorbed the so-called wisdoms of your times. You are all stereotypes. You follow each other along in the same old rut, after the fashion of a flock of sheep. Here and there you find a man who has some ideas—who has courage in his convictions—who is not afraid of them—who will come out and express them, and might even be willing to fight for them if compelled to; but such men attract but little attention. They are labeled "peculiar" by so-called society. They don't belong in the set. I admire them for their courage, but their efforts are fruitless. They are casting pearls before swine. What do your country and your people know about original ideas, from the standpoint of human happiness? Please note that I am not talking about original inventions. But your inventions have done nothing for you. They have added to your riches, to your responsibilities, and enabled you to travel faster and to communicate with each other more readily. But all this is of questionable value to the race from a standpoint of human happiness. Of course, later they may be of value. I am not saying they are useless. I am only saying that they have not yet added to human happiness.

The real men of worth in your country are nobodies; that is, they are considered to be nobodies. They would not be admitted to the drawing-rooms of any of your "swell" sets. They could not secure an invitation to any social event. Their work attracts but little attention, because there are so few people who think. I am fully aware that I would be immediately tagged as "crazy" if any of your authorities had a chance to view my sentiments. Original thinking in your country is so rare that it is looked upon as almost a crime.

I realize that this is all very plain talk, but the editor of this magazine, after an extended conversation with me, said he would allow me to write just as I felt

and thought and that he would publish it and take the risk, notwithstanding the fact that he has already been sentenced to the penitentiary for trying to educate his countrymen. And, by the way, that is another evidence of the absolute asininity of your people in general. There are many evils that are flourishing in this country, but the editor of this magazine, in attempting to expose a particular kind of evil, put his finger upon the principal cause of the misery, the weakness and the crimes that are everywhere to be found. Because he tried to tell you the truth he was arrested. I must take this opportunity of saying that I think he is foolish. He is wasting his time here. If he were in our community he could get something out of life. He would not need to be struggling and striving to teach grown people fundamental truths that they should have learned as children.

No doubt many of the readers of this magazine, because of my freedom of utterance, will immediately brand me as an infidel. But you will have to "take it back." You will have to mark out the brand. I am not an infidel. I am a Christian—a believer in the religion of Christ, and I do not merely follow it from a figurative standpoint. I carry it with me all the time. I do not wear it as a cloak like most of you, that you can put off at any convenient time. It is inside—part of my soul, of my very being. Most of you amuse me with your religion and your ridiculous pretenses from a religious standpoint. Your gorgeous palaces that you call churches! What would Christ do if He should see them? Would He say that they are a part of His religion? Would He not demand that you tear them down and the riches that come from them be given to the poor? I have yet to see any real religion in this country, unless it is in the Salvation Army. I have seen little or no Christianity; that is, the kind of Christianity I believe in and follow. I think this will do you for one month. I can supply material of this kind by the volume, and the editor has agreed to give me a few pages each month.

(To be continued)

False Delicacy of Parents

WEAKLY BODIES, LESSENERED VITALITY, DESTROYED MANHOOD, DEVITALIZED WOMANHOOD, PARTLY REPRESENT THE FEARFUL COST TO HUMANITY DUE TO THIS EVIL

By Mary E. Teats

National Evangelist of Purity of the W. C. T. U.

"Ignorance is the curse of God; Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."

I WISH that the parents in this broad land could go with me to some of our insane asylums, and see there the wrecked manhood—and womanhood as well; that they could look into those faces that do not possess a mark of intelligence, with pallid pinched features, wasted frames, starved brains—physical and mental wrecks. Most of these unfortunates were endowed at birth with average ability to think, reason, learn and love; but these God-given faculties have in the main disappeared. There has never been a result without a cause. I ask the attending physicians the cause of all these commitments, and he replies, that many of them are there as victims of the "solitary vice." Is this the first cause? No! Back of this soul and body destroying habit, is ignorance. Is ignorance the first cause? No! Back of the ignorance of the child is the *false delicacy and false modesty of the parents, especially the mothers.* When from whatever source it is borne in upon the mind of a mother that she ought not to delay the giving of such instruction to her child

as will keep him from taking the first wrong step, she is apt to say, "I cannot talk to my child about these things, I do not know what to say." I wish I might sound the alarm into every loving mother's ear, and tell her what her timidity and false modesty is almost sure to cost her.

In these days when a proper understanding of the laws governing the procreation of human life is so easily obtainable, to fail to give due instruction, to warn of the dangers resulting from physical violation, is criminal. Our land is reeking with crime to-day because parents have thus shut their eyes to their plain duty.

Oh, that mothers would give more time, thought and effort to the personal morals of their children, and less to fashion and pleasure. Nothing can

ever compensate a mother for her child's ruin; yet in how many thousands of cases is she ignorantly and unwittingly responsible!

Many a boy's mentality is injured, and his advance in school an impossibility because of his personal unchaste habits. A school teacher in a California



MRS. MARY E. TEATS

city came to me for advice in the case of a fourteen-year-old boy. He had been, in his earlier schooldays, a bright, intelligent lad, but had recently become shy, dull, and unable to learn his lessons. She had ascertained the cause. She went to the boy's mother, and with expressions of the most kindly interest in the child's welfare, laid the matter before her, only to meet with a severe rebuff, and unkind accusations. She made a second call, only to be told by the mother that she did not believe a word of the story, and would thank her to mind her own business. Brave teacher; blind mother! Unfortunately the latter represents a large class of mothers who think *their* children would not be guilty of so gross a habit. Oh, that I could give the *facts* to the mothers of this country, that they might know something of the size of that vast host of children and young people that are in the path of personal impurity, fast becoming physical and mental wrecks, criminal and moral perverts.

In my personal work I have met hundreds of young men whose minds had not as yet become thoroughly impaired, who realized the danger of practices that were making life a terrible nightmare as they found themselves bound in their chains, but who seemed powerless to break their fetters. A young man holding a prominent position in a church in New York City said to me, "I do not know but my life is blasted. For three years I have kept company with a sweet, pure young woman; she is the idol of my heart, and I know that my love is reciprocated; but I will never ask her to become my wife until I am master of myself; but sometimes that seems a hopeless task." A young man in San Diego, Cal., told me the following pitiful story from the deepest emotion: "I realize from what I have heard you say in your lectures that you understand somewhat of the difficulties young men have to meet. Through lack of proper instruction on the part of my parents, and the example and advice of older boys, I contracted this vicious habit, when a mere child, all unconscious of the baneful results. When I was well in my teens I found that the habit had

become so fixed that no light effort to break loose from this fearful bondage would avail, so I consulted a physician; he advised an early marriage. But this was obnoxious to me even at that time. So the years went slowly on, marked with some victories and many defeats. When about twenty-three I made the acquaintance of a beautiful young woman. Our friendship grew into a holy love; but this terrible demon of vice was making me utterly wretched; and, almost in despair, I threw myself on the mercy of God, and began a Christian life. But I found that this horrible demon of solitary sin still held me in its deadly grip. I continued to struggle on, and God only knows what it has cost me. I felt that I must give up my young lady friend who had become the very idol of my heart. One day I went out to the woods alone, and there prone on my face, pleaded with God to take away the curse. I arose, took my penknife, cut the flesh of my arm, and with my blood wrote a solemn vow that I would never, so help me God, yield to the vicious habit again. I arose, feeling strengthened, and was possessed of a sense of peace in my strong resolve. I began to picture myself and loved one happy in our home of the future. But oh, my God, there was but a short time of this blissful dreaming, for the accursed vice took possession me with seemingly ten-fold force, and with an aching, breaking heart I penned a farewell letter to the one whom I had fondly hoped some day to call "wife," and left that part of the country, to wander life's ways alone. This was ten years ago. I did not lose my hold on God, I am glad to say, and five years ago I learned that God's grace was just as sufficient for one characteristic of our nature as for another, and I dedicated my entire being—spirit, soul and body—including the sacred powers of fatherhood—to God. Not until then did I become a free man in Christ Jesus. And now, kind sympathetic friend, you ask where lies the blame for all this wreckage of happiness, this maelstrom of misery. This and only this, because of the false modesty of my father and mother. If they had taken me in my earliest years

and told me the simple story of life, of the sacredness of my entire being, and the dangers that await those who do not hold sacred the sex powers, I would have been a man among men in the broadest sense of that term."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Another said in his prison cell—there because of this vice: "In the name of God, what are parents, doctors and ministers for, if not to teach the youth the dangers of these evils. If I had a million dollars I would use every cent of it for the instruction of children regarding this awful vice." I found a young man locked up in jail, not because he had committed any crime, or violated a civil law, but because he was found wandering around the streets, so demented through this terrible vice, that his public indiscretions made it necessary to keep him in close confinement. In a talk with him I learned that he came of a highly respectable, Christian family, and that he was a college graduate. I could not put in print the unspeakable condition of this poor wreck. And again I ask who are responsible? and as certainly must the answer be given, "Father and mother."

A young man for whom I entertained a very high opinion because of his faithfulness to his Christian duties, and also to his widowed mother, confided in me the following story: "Mrs. Teats, one of two things must be done, I must either get the victory over this soul destroying habit or leave the church and give myself over to the adversary. I feel all the time in my religious work like a hypocrite. In desperation I went to a physician, one of the leading members of a large church, and sought help. This vile wretch told me to make the acquaintance of some nice (!) young girl, and advised a *crime* for a *habit*." It is to be hoped that such doctors are few, for they are a disgrace to humanity, and should be ostracised from society, if not placed behind the bars. He has since married a devoted Christian girl, and both are engaged exclusively in the Lord's work.

One more instance will close part first

(To be continued)

[This article has been published by the author as a small pamphlet, which sells for ten cents.]

of this little treatise. Not long since I addressed a theological school. In the audience of students was a boy of fourteen who listened with close attention. When opportunity was given for questions, a minister arose and said, "How would you tell the story of life to little children?" The answer, in the main, is told in Part II. The personal conference that followed, the emotion shown by those thoughtful men, gave evidence of how tender and sympathetic a chord had been touched in their hearts. The wife of one of the ministers who was present, told me the next day that her husband had thrice attempted to tell the "sweet story" and had broken down each time. A week later in another city I met the fourteen-year-old boy who had been in that audience. After greeting me he said, "I was at your meeting for men at Eugene"—and he straightened up as if he soon expected to be a man—"and I want to tell you how much good that little 'story of life,' as you called it, did me." I said, "My little man, did you understand enough of that lecture, that it will be of any help to you in living a pure, manly life?" "Yes, indeed; and I shall always thank you for the instruction I received. But, Mrs. Teats, can you tell me why our parents do not talk to us boys and girls as you did?" I told him it was not because parents do not love their children, but because they do not know how to teach them. He very quickly asked, "Why don't they learn how? They learn everything else."

Beloved mothers and fathers, it is that you may learn how to tell your innocent little ones this sweet "story of life," and thus arm them with the proper knowledge before they have time to take the first step toward an unclean life and an insane asylum that my little book on this subject has been written.

Parents, will you not "lend a hand" in helping to reduce to a minimum such instances as I have related, and bring about the glad day when the "Sir Galahads" shall be the rule; and all young people shall be able to say:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,

Because my heart is pure."

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

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A Baby Hercules

A PHYSICAL CULTURE BABY CREATES
 ASTONISHING INTEREST IN CHICAGO

ANATURE baby has astonished the residents of Hyde Park, Chicago, by his remarkable athletic feats. We have had a great deal to say in previous issues of this magazine of the value of physical culture in developing health and strength in infant life. Leland Anderson, who was born less than six months ago, can perform many feats that children several

years of age could not accomplish. One of the Chicago papers, in commenting upon his feats, describes them as follows:

"Hanging on mother's fingers in mid-air.

"With body flat on floor passing up his head and chest from the floor with his arms.

"Putting a cane underneath his knees and holding fast, the cane in turn being held by his mother.

"Standing upon the hand alone, feet held by mother.

"Standing on his head, feet held by mother.

"When six weeks old he did acrobatic feats which even a four or five year old child might envy. He has muscles on his arms and back which stand out as if the infant were almost a trained grown-up. His tiny legs are solidly built, like an athlete's."

It is really deplorable that the average mother has not sufficient intelligence to bring about the conditions which are essential to the development of similar health and strength in her progeny. This should not be an unusual baby. The average baby that we see before us at the present time should really be the exception.



LELAND ANDERSON AND HIS MOTHER

Prudery must bear the blame for this crime—it is many times worse than a crime, for when you can fully realize that every baby in the land, with a rare exception here and there, could be as strong, or stronger, than this infant you will then understand the extent of the evil that this race has to contend with in its struggle against the ignorance and the vulgarity inculcated by prudery.

I thought my readers would be especially interested in reading the comments of both the father and the mother of this infant that seems so marvelous to the average mother. Their communications are interesting and will do a great deal to show other mothers how they might be able to accomplish similar results.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANDERSON

TO THE EDITOR:

While the articles contained in the daily papers concerning my baby boy, first styled by the *Chicago Tribune* as "the infant Hercules," have not been overdrawn, yet they have prudishly omitted to mention some facts which I believe your readers will be interested in. To begin with, I commenced preparations for motherhood more than one year before baby's birth, and during that time lived and acted in every way as naturally and hygienically as I knew how, all of which resulted in the bringing forth of a child the perfection of which, to me, is all that I could ask.

Since his birth I have given some attention to training him physically, but have never imposed any hardships upon him, as one "busybody" would have the Humane Society believe, but have given him his own freedom and while I have not encouraged him in his exercises I have not hampered him with tight or unnecessary clothing.

If you could only see his intense enjoyment while taking his physical culture exercises you would know that they could not be unnatural or overdone. When time for his gymnastics he commences to kick, coo, laugh and squeal with delight. He seems to realize that the exercises are for his good and there is no question as to the great benefits he derives from them, and if mothers

would only devote a little time to such practices they would have no need for paregoric and soothing syrups.

There is no secret system about it or anything difficult to learn, but good judgment should be used in selecting such exercises as are calculated to bring all of the different muscles into play so as to insure a harmonious development of the body as well as of the mind.

Deep breathing is a natural result of vigorous exercise and the very full chest of my baby is doubtless due to his physical culture exercises. His stomach and waist are entirely free from the usual bandages and tight fitting clothes, which allows him to breathe very deeply, thus developing lung capacity and purifying and enriching the blood with the health-giving oxygen he inhales while sleeping out-of-doors, which he does even during the coldest weather. On account of its uncommonness it doubtless seems to many as though such treatment was too severe, and even cruel, but I can assure anxious mothers that their little ones will enjoy life ten times as much as the result of such treatment, to say nothing of the laying of a good foundation for a long and healthy life, for if a baby's health is good and its body strong everything else desirable must follow as a natural result.

I always give him a tub bath night and morning in water at about 85 degrees Fahrenheit, or even a little colder, which produces a reaction and he comes out of the tub all aglow, and anxious and ready for his exercises, which are followed by a sun and air bath, then an almond oil rub; after that a well-earned feast from the maternal fount, and then a sound sleep of three or four hours on the back porch in sunshine, snow or rain, from the inclemency of which he is, of course, protected. I have a thermometer near his cot, so as to observe the sudden changes which often occur, but never have I found his face or hands the least bit cold, which is, of course, due to good circulation. When he sleeps indoors it is always near an open window, and this window has been open ever since he was born.

I really believe that Leland com-



YOUNG MASTER ANDERSON PERFORMING
A "SCALE"

menced his physical culture exercises before birth, and this was the only discomfort I experienced during the entire period of gestation. I never experienced the usual "morning sickness" even once and parturition was of less than one hour's duration and practically painless, all of which I attribute to a natural and simple life, as it relates to diet, dress and exercise.

I have never posed as an athlete or paid special attention to physical culture, yet I have for years practiced regularly and systematically such bodily movements and light gymnastics as were calculated to develop qualities of strength and endurance, not only in my own body but in that of my child as well, and am delighted to say that the demands I have made upon Mother Nature have been most bountifully supplied, not with the massive, knotty muscles of the professional athlete, but strong, solid and alert ones which never fail me, and if women will only persist in these simple exercises and live hygienically in all respects they will not only greatly enhance their own happiness but endow their children with that quality of strength and perseverance which means so much in achieving success in this strenuous, exacting world.

That all these things are of the ut-

most importance throughout life cannot be for a moment doubted by anyone who gives them a fair and impartial trial. An understanding of the laws of health has brought sunshine into my own home, and I am only too glad to give others the benefit of my experience in rearing a baby on hygienic principles. Of course, there never was such a baby as mine. Every mother who has lovingly bent over her first-born will understand why I naturally think so; but that he is entirely different and superior to most babies I do *know*, and I also know that there are many good reasons for it. My baby is only six months old, yet he conducts himself far more decorously than most babies at two years. He goes to sleep between six and seven at night and sleeps until six or seven in the morning. He is always rosy cheeked and healthy, and during his waking hours laughing and happy—a source of real pride to his mother and a wonder to all those who do not understand the results of natural law applied to babyhood both pre-natally and continuously.

Let mothers understand that if a healthy baby cries or has to be taken up unnecessarily (which should not be the case) the treatment it is receiving is wrong in some respects and should be changed. The barbarous custom of putting tight bandages around the baby as though it were necessary to squeeze it into shape is wrong and mothers should be taught to abandon this and many other detrimental and even murderous customs. The newcomer should be made as comfortable as possible in a common-sense way and Nature will do the rest. No wine, brandy, paregoric or other dope is necessary under *any* circumstances. An ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure, and the *only* cures are to be found in Nature's way.

MRS. L. H. ANDERSON.
5346 Jackson Ave., Chicago.

LETTER FROM MR. ANDERSON

TO THE EDITOR:

While systematic exercise, fresh air and sunlight are of vast importance, they are no more so than the subject of reproduction. This is undoubtedly the least

understood, yet most important subject for prospective parents; but in spite of this fact it is usually ignored in textbooks on physiology, is not taught in our schools and colleges, not even in medical colleges, and physicians as a rule say but very little about it, for the very good reason that they know little or nothing concerning it.

It is indeed a sad reflection upon our supposed advanced civilization, upon this our new and much-lauded twentieth century of progress, that people should be left to live, propagate and bring up their little innocents in entire darkness, relying upon haphazard results solely on account of having been uninformed or not having been taught concerning this most needful of all subjects; while every other yet less important branch of physiology is taught.

So long has this subject been neglected and tabooed that it is now hedged around by a prejudice which is born of ignorance, that few dare to try to surmount the barrier; and when they do, like your worthy editor, Mr. Macfadden, strike out boldly for the good of the race, they must suffer petty annoyances and unjust and tyrannical persecutions at the hands of the prudish fanatics employed by a sincere but misguided set of would-be philanthropists. Could these latter mentioned people, however, only be persuaded to lay aside their prejudice and examine the subject with unbiased minds, they could not help being fully convinced of its great value.

When I first became interested in pre-natal culture, some years ago, I was astounded at the almost universal ignorance and prejudice concerning it. This fact and the widespread interest which the public press has given the somewhat miraculous yet nevertheless perfectly natural feats of little Leland convinces me that a scientific study of stirpiculture as propounded by the different physical culture publications is of the utmost importance to the masses.

While pre-natal influence has been frequently briefly alluded to in medical literature, yet such references have been not only illogical but arrayed in such bigoted terms as not to be understandable by the masses, even if they were

possessed of any real value. Aside from such so-called scientific mention, a number of laymen have dealt with the subject in a popular form, but few have investigated upon a perfectly natural, hence scientific, basis, putting it in such form as to be readily understood and made practical by those who should be most interested—prospective parents. That priceless benefit would result from a proper handling of the subject there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.

It is a subject which is and should be of universal interest and of the most vital importance to all, whether it be considered from a physical, mental, moral or social standpoint, as it lies at the very foundation of all human improvement and progress.

Husbands and wives should desire to bring into the world welcome, healthy, well-born children both physically and mentally, but in order to do this they must be supplied with the proper knowledge. It is the supreme right of every child to be well-born with a strong, healthy well-developed body and a clear, bright, pure mind, with only the seeds of goodness, nobleness and grandness sown therein. Such children have the right



THE YOUTHFUL ATHLETE ON A LOFTY PERCH

kind of a start in the world and with proper care, education, and culture are predestined to live healthy, happy and successful lives; a pleasurable existence for themselves and an unflinching source of pleasure to all those associated with them.

While Mrs. Anderson and I do not claim to have put one-half the amount of study and investigation into this subject that we should or would have liked to have done, or to have had the necessary will power to carry out all that we felt we knew upon the subject, yet the little we have done has produced marvelous results.

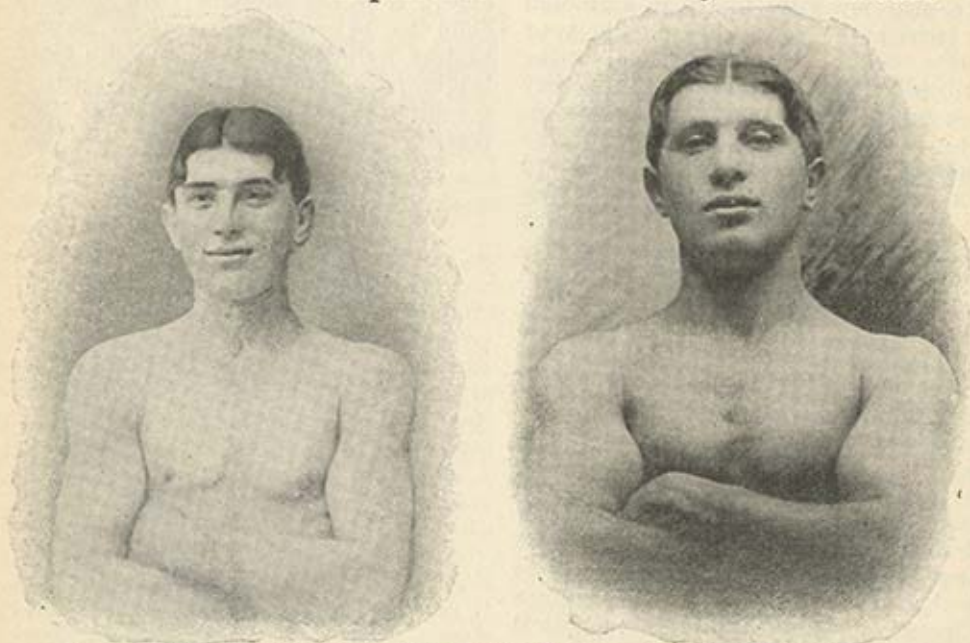
For many weeks we did not consider the playful antics of little Leland of any consequence, simply because we fully expected such results, but when neighbors and friends commenced to criticise and open their eyes in astonishment at his

feats we began to realize that they were out of the ordinary. The many who have been attracted to our home, either through idle curiosity or with a firm desire to profit thereby, always say that they "could not believe such things possible without seeing them with their own eyes," which leads us to believe such things are unusual, to say the least.

As Leland's mother is the one who is responsible for the unspeakable and indescribable pleasure which it is our good fortune to jointly enjoy as the result of a "little stranger's visit to our home," I have asked her to give you a brief account of circumstances that led up to this happy consummation, which she will do with pleasure, being always more than willing to hold the light of truth up to all who are sincere and anxious for it.

L. H. ANDERSON.

Three Years' Experience With Physical Culture



MR. NORMAN L. APPELBAUM THREE YEARS AGO, AND AT THE PRESENT TIME

Accompanying this article are two photographs of Norman L. Appelbaum. There is little need for further remarks to indicate the remarkable results that Mr. Appelbaum has received from his experience with physical culture. He was twenty years of age when he first

became interested in perfecting his physical development and the last photograph shows him at the age of twenty-three, as he is to-day. He is indeed a remarkable example of what can be accomplished in building the highest degree of physical perfection.

Treatment of Acute Illnesses

SOME PLAIN AND VERY VALUABLE ADVICE
FOR THE CURE OF ACUTE TROUBLES

By **Bernarr Macfadden**



THE great mass of human beings, as far as the rational treatment of disease is concerned, are groping along in the dark. Disease of every kind, to the average individual, is a great, impenetrable mystery. It assumes a most fearful aspect when one is compelled to deal with it in his own case. This awful dread of disease, common to nearly all individuals, very materially increases the seriousness of any ailment.

Fear is a disease in itself. It takes away one's courage. It obliterates the fighting instinct. A coward cannot fight, and fear is a part of cowardice. The battle for life and health is going on continuously, every day, every hour of your existence. When you introduce the element of fear, you are already half sick. There is nothing to be afraid of in disease; in fact, the very worst result that can happen from any disease is death, and death is not so bad. There is nothing to fear about death. You have to die only once. Now, that is the worst that can happen. Just firmly fix that fact in your mind whenever tremors run over you at the mere thought of disease.

But there is no need of fearing death, because, barring accident, death is almost impossible, if one leads a normal life, unless one is approaching an age which would indicate that the body is just about worn out. There is really no rational excuse for anyone to die of disease. I received a letter on one occasion, containing the following statement: "You talk so much about strength and health, when you die, you will die quick." I think the writer of this communication would be surprised to know that I so

readily accepted his statement as truth, for I believe that when death comes it should be quick. I detest the idea of going to bed and dying a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and a little the next day, slowly, day by day, seeing life slip away. In fact, death should not come under such circumstances. If a complaint is properly treated, the mere fact that you are able to struggle against disease shows that there is enough vitality to effect a cure if proper methods of assisting the body are quickly and thoroughly carried out in the early stages of the disease.

Now, there is a great deal in the Christian Science idea. Disease in many instances is largely in the mind. Weakness is often as much mental as it is physical. In fact, being confined in a close room, wherein the air is deficient in oxygen, often brings on a feeling of fatigue that is so seriously oppressive that one appears to be really ill. A few minutes in the open air, especially if deep breathing is practiced, will in many cases dissipate symptoms of this character. There is absolutely no excuse for any individual possessing normal strength ever being what is termed "sick in bed," if the disease, whatever it may be, is "taken in hand" at the right time. One should learn the art of studying the body, that he may be able to "scent" disease far ahead, whenever there is a liability of being attacked, since under such circumstances the treatment begins really before the disease has fully taken hold, before you are "down and out," as it were. Real serious sickness is inexcusable. There is absolutely no necessity for it. It is only the lack of knowledge of the nature of disease which makes such results possible. It would take a

book of considerable size thoroughly to give one the details necessary, in order to make clear what I would term the rational theories appertaining to the cause and cure of disease.

In order to understand fully the nature of disease, also the cure of disease, one must first of all familiarize himself with the cause of disease. If you simply treat a disease itself, and do not in any way connect it with the cause, it is almost impossible to understand clearly its nature. If I could only make every reader of this magazine fully and clearly understand that disease is not an enemy, that it is a friend; that it comes for a beneficial purpose, that it is a process by which the body really cures itself, all the complicated theories in reference to human ailments that are dealt with so exhaustively by medical authorities would immediately be cleared of all their mysteries. The great light of truth in all its naked simplicity would shine with such brilliancy that never more would there be any need of fearing disease.

There is no excuse for being afraid of disease. Would you fear a friend who is at all times trying to be of service to you? Then you have no cause to fear disease. Disease may come in the guise of an enemy, but it is really to purify the body, cleanse it of impurities and poisons, and in some cases, actually save life. Disease is physical house-cleaning. It is an effort on the part of the functional organism to clean the internal parts of the body. If it were not for disease in certain conditions, the accumulation of poisons would finally cause death. If the purifying organs of the body are unable to eliminate or throw out the excess poisons that accumulate, then there is a call for help. Where the body is in a fairly vigorous condition, this cry for assistance is often answered in the form of a common cold. This is one of the simplest methods adopted by the functional organism to relieve the body of excess poisons. The soreness and inflammation, followed by the elimination and the throwing out of mucus—which really represents poisons or foreign matter in the blood—all indicate a curative process. If the instincts of the

body are not in a normal state, then the impurities are liable to continue accumulating until the system becomes so clogged with poisons that a more serious disease than a cold is acquired. Pneumonia, fevers, and various other kinds of serious complaints are liable to attack one, but even under these circumstances disease is curative. It has come as a friend; it has come to cleanse the body of the vile impurities that are encompassing every organ, and would ultimately cause death if not thrown out.

I would like every reader of this magazine to understand first of all the nature of disease. To be sure, it is not pleasing to have it, but it never comes unless you are seriously in need of the changes that it brings about. After you have lost all fear of disease, after you have realized its beneficent characteristics, then I want you to learn to detect its approach a considerable time in advance. Learn to read the "barometer" of your physical self. It is very easy to know when you are feeling well, and *vice versa*. When you are oppressed by that chronic tired feeling, when your appetite is not good, when the joyousness of life seems to have entirely disappeared, as a rule, there are "breakers ahead." Disease is waiting its opportunity to jump in and save your life. Then is the time to actually "get to work." Disease may be a friend, but you don't want him unless the services to be rendered are absolutely necessary. Then is the time to see the need of action. Then is the time to annihilate absolutely every atom of fear of disease. Begin to cleanse and purify the body. If you have no appetite, stop eating. You want to rid the body of poisons. Why give the digestive organs an opportunity to add to these poisons?

Remember that the alimentary canal, which under ordinary circumstances absorbs or assimilates the nourishment which is needed by the body, in a condition of illness, often becomes an excretory organ. In other words, this tube helps to throw off or eliminate the poisons with which the body is surfeited in these conditions. It is especially so if one does not make the serious mistake of forcing food on an unwilling stomach.

A coated tongue in nearly all cases indicates a similar condition throughout almost the entire alimentary canal, the poisons are coming out and, as a rule, this symptom shows the necessity of fasting. This is especially so if one is not possessed of a decided appetite for food.

Feeding in acute diseases is a crime. It can never be of benefit. Food under such circumstances is always injurious and thousands of people whose deaths were caused directly by forcing food on an unwilling stomach, have been laid in their graves amid sighs and tears of their friends and relatives.

Do not eat when you are suffering with an acute illness. Do not be influenced by a fear of disease. Keeping these main facts in mind, remember also that, when the body is in a condition to invite disease in nearly every case the bowels are constipated. The mere fact that there are regular movements of the bowels does not in all cases prove that this symptom is not present. The first remedy to be adopted when one feels sure of being attacked by an acute disease is, therefore, to cleanse the lower colon. From two to four quarts of water should be introduced for this purpose. This might be termed the main sewer of the body. A vast amount of poisons or impurities are eliminated through this channel. The mere opening and cleansing of the lower bowel will often effect a cure without any other treatment, because it gives the body a chance to eliminate immediately the poisons. Following this treatment, it is usually a good idea to rest or sleep for a while. If there is inflammation of the bowels, a hot wet towel, folded until it is from six to eight inches wide, snugly pinned around the abdomen, and covered by a dry towel and allowed to remain two or three hours or all night, would be of very great benefit. Do not, however, make the mistake of overdoing a "good thing." Do not take too much treatment. Give the body a chance to right itself. I knew a mother to give her ten-year-old daughter seven colon flushing treatments in one day. The child died, and probably the mother's

mistake was to a certain extent the cause of her death.

No matter what disease one may be suffering from, in nearly all cases, by stimulating the organs throughout the abdominal region, very great benefit can be secured. By the application of very hot towels to the abdomen, changing the towels frequently and making each towel a little hotter than the preceding one, massaging and kneading the abdomen will be of benefit in nearly all acute ailments. Hot towels applied to the spine from the base of the skull to the small of the back, changed very frequently as in the treatment of the abdominal region, is also a very strong stimulant of the nervous organism, and will be decidedly valuable in remedying various acute ailments.

Please note, however, that if you learn to "look ahead," learn to study your physical "barometer," there will never be any need for hydropathic treatment or even for the colon flushing treatment. You will know when a complaint is coming so far ahead that you can increase your exercises, or begin them if you have been neglecting them entirely. You can lessen the quantity of your food, or take more appropriate food, or fast entirely. You can increase the extent of your bathing and, in fact, adopt various methods for lessening the accumulation of poison, and for increasing its elimination from the body. The disease is then warded off or avoided. The sickness does not appear.

All the information given heretofore is useful and valuable, but you must become imbued with the idea that you should never give up to sickness. Fight it out to the last "ditch." If you feel an illness coming on and you are advised to go to bed, don't do it. It is all right to rest to the extent of your needs, but do not allow yourself to be called "sick in bed." Get up and walk around. Ventilate your room just as though it were out-of-doors. Place your bed in such a way that your head will be very near a wide-open window. If you are right in a draught, so much the better—you are then sure of pure air. Fear of draughts has filled mil-

lions of graves. It has caused more misery than pen or tongue can ever fittingly describe. If you feel like giving up to illness, go out and walk. If you do not feel as though you were strong enough, walk anyway, breathing deeply and frequently. Continue your efforts, and in nearly every instance you will find that you will slowly, but surely, begin to feel better. I had charge of a case recently in which a young man was attacked with complications combined with severe indigestion. It was so serious that he felt a gripping and almost unbearable pain around the heart. At the same time a feeling of faintness and weakness took possession of him. Instead of lying down and calling for assistance, he managed to drag himself out into the open air. He walked along slowly, supporting himself with the fences as he went along, and breathing deeply and freely. Though it required a great effort to walk, he continued and in less than half an hour all symptoms of his ailment had disappeared. Had he given up, gone to bed, the trouble would undoubtedly have weakened him and might have actually caused death.

Do not go to bed until you actually have to, and if you are compelled to adopt that extreme, do not stay there one moment longer than you feel that you are compelled to. Get up, move, exercise, use your muscles, even if only slightly, for by these efforts the ailment, whatever it may be, will disappear far more quickly. I have not been sick in bed since I have been interested in physical culture—that is, for the last twenty-five years. I do not believe that there is any necessity for any one to allow himself to become so ill as to be sick in bed; and if you will follow those rules of life that are necessary to keep the body in a fairly vigorous condition, you should be strong at all times, filled with vim and energy, and actually thrilled with the joys of life and health. Sickness is sinful. Disease, though friendly, is a penalty sent for broken laws, and if you will become a constant follower of the principles that we advocate, you should permanently enjoy the highest degree of health, even unto life's last moment.

Physical Culture for Dogs

Having been long an interested reader of the advanced ideas on the subject of health as set forth in PHYSICAL CULTURE, and knowing the value thereof, I have come to think that they might in some cases be applied to animals; man and beast, in many ways, being essentially the same.

I determined to experiment upon my dogs when they fell ill. I have a kennel of Irish terriers and in rearing puppies have found that some are apt to die of distemper, a very trying malady which kills a great many well-bred dogs every year. Last winter several puppies of mine came down with it; one of them was soon so badly off that I called in a vet., who declared it a hopeless case. The little animal was a mere skeleton and so weak it could not lift its head.

My thoughts turned toward physical culture treatment just then and at once I began treating the puppy accordingly.

That is, I stopped feeding and dosing at once, only giving plenty of water. The effect was very soon apparent. On the fourth day there was a demand of food which I withheld, not giving any nourishment for ten days. By this time the little animal was on his feet with fever all gone and fairly crying for food. I proceeded to feed sparingly till all signs of weakness had disappeared.

Well, to make a long story short, this dog was the first one outdoors and the vet. on seeing his hopeless case cured was amazed.

Now I am as keen for physical culture for dogs as for humans.

FANCIER.

Our Coming War With Japan

The general interest which this department has excited is pleasing. The writers confirm the belief of the editor of this publication that a bloody conflict between this country and Japan is inevitable. The control of practically all of the Chinese trade is at stake, and should we be beaten, an enormous indemnity; and when one considers the teeming millions of Chinese who are on the verge of awakening to the value of foreign goods, it will be admitted that this stake is of utmost importance. War is that which General Sherman named it—simply Hell. Nevertheless, as long as human nature in the individual and nation remains that which it is, so long will there be war. We commend the letters which follow to the attention of our readers.
—Bernarr Macfadden.

TO THE EDITOR:

I am glad to see that one of the magazines of this country has the courage of its convictions in matters relating to the United States and Japan. And I trust that the department which has been inaugurated by *PHYSICAL CULTURE* in regard thereto will remain a more or less permanent feature, or until this country is aroused to a due sense of the questions involved. To the writer, the issue which is to be raised between the nations is so plain and so self-evident that only those who are blinded by stupid, blatant patriotism will decline to see it. This issue is, in the main, the control of the Pacific trade, which is growing annually, and which promises an enormous increase in the immediate future, chiefly by reason of the "awakening" of China to the needs and advantages of articles now made either in America or Japan. In this connection it may be pointed out that almost all wars have been based on the struggle for commercial supremacy. To the sentimentalist this statement may seem to be of an iconoclastic nature. But the fact remains, that a country, like an individual, has to live, and the struggle for existence very often takes on a physical form. Rome, in her most balmy days, was greedy for more territory in order that she might expand for the benefit of her merchants. The hordes of barbarians who overran Europe were seeking an outlet for their surplus population. Spain, Portugal, England and indeed all nations which have left their mark on history through the medium of their soldiers or sailors, have been incited thereto by the pressing demands of their commercial life. And what stands

good of the past, stands equally good of the present. The more recent wars which have stained this green earth a bloody hue have been brought about, not by a desire for glory, not by military lust for laurels, but by the man behind the ledger, the autocrat of the office, the czar of the financial districts. Commerce is the life of a nation, and unless that life is constantly growing and expanding, the nation dies. In this fact we have the explanation of the fierceness of the struggle which has characterized the attempts of nations of the first class to "dominate markets," and from this fact also will come about the war between Japan and the United States, which is as inevitable as is to-morrow's sunrise.

There are two main factors which insure the coming conflict, both of which have been already hinted at. The first of these is, that Japan has "found itself," in a military and commercial sense; the second, that China is in the act of doing likewise. The awakening of the Celestial Empire dates from the China-Japan war of '94, subsequent to which the Chinese began to sit up and ask themselves how it was that they had been conquered. A nation which for centuries has been fossilized by custom and habit is not easily set in motion. Nevertheless, those who are familiar with the Chinese public situation as it was after the war are aware of the fact that commissions were sent out into all the world to investigate the political, industrial and educational conditions, and many students closely connected with Chinese official families sought the training offered by the schools and colleges in Europe and in the New World. Thus

began the transformation of the Empire which has since established schools, opened mines, built railroads, telegraphs and telephones, organized an army, and is laying the foundation for a constitutional government. This is the "awakening of China." With all this has come about a demand for foreign goods of an unprecedented kind. Within the past few years the foreign trade of China has nearly trebled, and we are only seeing the beginning of the end of the old conditions. Small wonder is it, then, that the alert Japanese, with their modern factory facilities, their natural common sense and their undying enthusiasm for and belief in their army and navy, are unwilling that there should be any serious interference with their plucking of the plums that are growing at their door, so to speak. And in view of the fact that their only serious rival in this regard is the United States, it is hardly any wonder that while the more conservative of her statesmen declaim peace, yet a large majority of her people, led by the more or less yellow press, do not hesitate to regard America and Americans as inevitable enemies, and even clamor for war whenever the occasion presents itself.

"The Orient for the Orientals," is the cry of the more noisy if less careful of such Japanese. With these, too, "The Open Door," is a form of speech, and that only. The presence of Americans in the Philippines is regarded with anything but friendly eyes. Consider it as we may from our viewpoint, the presence of our fleet in Pacific waters at this juncture is looked upon as a piece of "American brag and bluster," in keeping with that reputation which we have unhappily acquired not only in the East, but in other parts of the world. It is furthermore pointed out that, while we insist upon the letter and spirit of the Monroe Doctrine being accurately observed as far as North and South America are concerned, yet we absolutely ignore the principle of that doctrine by grabbing colonies in the further Pacific. In other words, say the Japanese, it is as incongruous for us to hold the Philippines as it would be for Germany to seize Long Island. It is true that this

fact is not in itself a cause for war, but it must be remembered that conflicts between the great nations while, as already stated, based on the struggle for commercial supremacy, are very often brought to a head by a contention of a minor sort. From the Japanese viewpoint, the incongruousness of observing the Monroe Doctrine at home and ignoring it when we go abroad, is one of the irritating conditions in question.

When we come to consider the relative advantages of the two nations for the control of the Pacific trade, we must admit that Japan is very much to the fore, and that when she rises, as she unquestionably will if our greedy policy is still pursued, right and reason probably, and might certainly, will be arrayed on her side. First of all, Japan's proximity to China is of transcendental importance. The fastest freighter between San Francisco and Shanghai consumes twenty-five days in passage. On the other hand, Shanghai can be reached from Japan in four days or less. Japan, again, is more liberal with shipping and railroad subsidies than any other country in the world. Furthermore, the Japanese government has established an elaborate system of industrial commissions, the members of which live or travel in China in order to find out what goods are in demand there by the people. Again, Japan owns Corea, has practical control of the "sphere of influence" in Manchuria, and of the Southern Manchuria Railroad, which opens up to her a territory as large as that from Maine to Northern Carolina.

Besides all this, Japan has in a variety of ways given proof that not only does she intend to keep her present grasp on Chinese trade, but, in addition, she proposes to extend the latter. More than that, she has given unmistakable indication that she doesn't propose to share the Orient with anyone in a commercial sense. Not only has she scores of concessions and privileges in Southern Manchuria, but she has and is extending these in what formerly was considered Chinese territory. In view of all this, then, is it reasonable to suppose that she will stand for American compe-

tion when she has everything in her favor and is fully cognizant thereof?

It is a fact that since the Russian war, American business houses have closed, and American capital has been withdrawn whenever one or the other came in contact with Japan in Southern Manchuria or attached territory. Ask any of the Americans who have returned to their native country from these regions why they have done so, and they will tell you that it was impossible for them to remain in business because of the discrimination against them on the part of the Japanese in the control of the railroad and custom houses. A straw shows which way the wind blows.

One more: Just toward the close of the Russian war a railroad deal between American interests and Chinese officials was practically completed. A Chinese government franchise was to be issued on a nineteen million dollar railroad project. Then came word from the Foreign Office in Tokio, that no such franchise must be granted, and the scheme was squashed then and there. Again the straw. In this connection, the old problem as to what would happen if an irresistible something came in contact with an immovable something occurs to one. Certain it is that Japan will not retreat from her position. It seems to be equally positive that the threatened American interests in the East will receive moral, and, if necessary, physical support. A quotation from the speech made in Shanghai by Secretary of War Taft yields, so it would seem, the note of American opinion on the question. He said:

"How far the United States would go in the protection of its Chinese trade, no one, of course, can positively say. This much is clear, however, that the merchants of the United States are being roused to the importance of the Chinese export trade. Hence they will view any political obstacles to its expansion with deep concern, and this feeling of theirs would be likely to find expression in the attitude of the American Government."

In other words, the American Government is prepared to uphold and protect its Eastern trade by force of arms, if

need be. If we remember this, and remember the obvious determination of Japan to control the East at all events, what conclusion can we reach? Simply the fact as already set forth that war between this country and Japan is inevitable.

WALTER GRINDLEY FORREST.

New York City.

TO THE EDITOR:

I am glad to see that you, for one, are not blind to what I think is the gravest danger that has confronted this nation since its threatened destruction during the late Civil War. I allude to your recent editorial on, "Our Coming War With Japan," a war which I think is absolutely certain, or nearly so, and this for many reasons, the chief of which is, Who shall be the controller or arbiter of affairs in the Pacific.

The fact is, that we are suffering from a bad attack of big-head, superinduced by the fact that we have not done anything that actually warrants our being "up against" a first-class Power; that we have been enjoying a degree of prosperity of a nature without parallel in the history of nations, and that a yellow press and our national vanity have taught us to look upon ourselves as invincible. All the lessons of history have been ignored by us. We have deliberately shut our eyes to the thought that modern warfare, unlike that of half a century ago, calls for long and careful preparation, and that our prospective adversary has an army and navy which are the product of many years of the most painstaking training. Also, that Japan as a nation is flushed with recent victory and imbued, from the highest to the lowest, with a self-sacrificing patriotism to which, unhappily, our citizens are strangers.

Apart from all of this, however, we overlook what, so it seems to me, is the most important factor in the whole question, which is the proximity of Japan to the coming base of operations. It would be insulting the common sense of the readers of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* to point out to them that the transportation of an army of even decent strength to Japan or the Philippines would necessi-

tate the use of a fleet of transports and convoying men-of-war which we simply do not possess, unless, indeed, we propose to leave our home ports defenseless and open to attack by Japanese fleets. During the Spanish-American war, a shadow squadron of the enemy caused no end of alarm to the people and a disastrous expense to the Government, from Maine to Florida. If this were so, what would be the result if we had to do with an active and actual enemy, such as the Japanese would undoubtedly prove themselves to be on our Pacific coast? All this is saying nothing of the Philippines, our rule in which would, in my opinion, last but a few hours after a declaration of war. It is all very well, and to some minds even comforting, to think of "a million of freemen springing to arms at a Presidential call." But Japan can put two millions of trained men in the field on two or three weeks' notice. It would take two or three years for us to even train this same number of men, and even then, there is every possibility that they would be rendered useless, or nearly so, through the greed and graft of the politicians who would control the incidental food, equip-

ments and transportation of the army. In Japan, so I am told, the official who seeks his personal aggrandizement in place of that of the department to which he is attached, is, in time of war, simply shot as a traitor to his country. And properly so. In America we do these things differently. There is an "investigation," which does not investigate, and the incident ends by the "traitor" returning to private life, a wealthy and highly respected individual.

I am an American by birth, and I yield to no man in the matter of sincere, bred-in-the-bone patriotism; yet I believe that one of the best things that could happen to us would be for us to engage in war with a first-class Power. We should then, perhaps, learn how our egotism and our rotten system of politics encumber our institutions and threaten our national existence. And my belief is, that we should, in the long run, prove ourselves to be the nation of real men which we undoubtedly are or would be, were it not for the legions of parasites and barnacles which hang onto and retard the progress of our ship of state.

Philadelphia. HORACE WALLSBY.

A Youthful Hill-Climber



These three pictures of Chas. A. Hathaway, Jr., were taken when he was two years and four months of age. This little chap climbed to the top of a hill 200 feet high without help, taking one hour and eight minutes to reach the top. The picture taken with his hat on is about half way up the hill and the rock on which he is standing is twenty feet from the path. The other pictures were taken at the top of the hill and show that the climb did not tire him in the least.



BY A GIANT CACTUS. ARIZONA

THE AUTHOR

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS—AN
ELEVATED VIEW

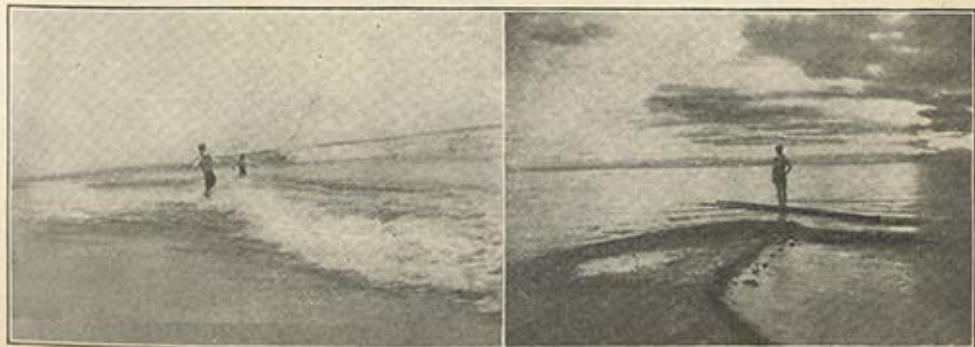
An Illustrated Cycling Trip

By Julius C. Wright

THE accompanying pictures were taken while touring from Missouri to the Pacific coast on a bicycle. Traveling on a cycle is an ideal way of cross-country travel, the cyclist going slow enough to gain a comprehensive idea of the country he passes through, besides being able to visit places inaccessible to those who travel on the railroad.

The latter is an advantage often lost sight of by those undertaking pleasure trips. While, of course, railroad and

steamboat lines enable us to go from one point to another quickly, nevertheless they have many disadvantages when compared to cycling and pedestrianism. Many points of interest which are lost to the traveler engaging in more rapid methods of locomotion are often observed at close hand by the more leisurely traveler, and as the chief pleasure of traveling lies in the observation of scenes and incidents which are found on one's path, surely this advantage will far outweigh the advantage of speed in tran-



IN THE SURF—THE BREAKERS

BATHING IN SALTON SEA AT SUNSET



IN AN ORANGE GROVE, CALIFORNIA



NAVAJO WINTER HOGAN, NEW MEXICO

sit, at least in the case of one who has sufficient time at his disposal.

Although much privation and many hardships are encountered, they are expected and should be overcome by a sternness of purpose. The constant life in the open air gives the traveler an appetite such as he never had before, and puts him in the finest physical trim. He will gradually form the habit of eating only twice a day, a light lunch about eleven o'clock and a more substantial meal at the close of his day's ride. As far as luggage is concerned, he should have a bicycle case filled with all the necessary repairs; also a small quantity of food, a good woolen blanket, a canteen (if traveling through desert country), and by all means a camera, for in years to come the traveler can look at his pictures and live over again his well-spent days a wheel.

The writer was the only one of three to reach his destination by wheel, the last few hundred miles traveling alone.

Our route of travel led us through Kansas, most of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and a portion of California. We explored cliff and pueblo ruins, visited many of the existing Indians, took in the petrified forest and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, besides many other places of great interest.

On arriving in Los Angeles, California (January, 1907), my cyclometer registered the distance traveled, three thousand three hundred seventy-eight (3,378) miles. The greatest distance traveled in one day was one hundred thirteen miles, and the shortest, only nine miles, was made with rain beating down upon us, pushing and dragging our wheels through the mud and water.

Although one hundred eighty-seven days were spent on my trip, only sixty-six days were spent in traveling. Altogether, our time was well spent, with the added knowledge of our country and the physical vigor gained.



A BRIDGE OF SOLID AGATE, IN PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA



IN GRANITE GORGE, GRAND CANYON

Comment, Counsel and Criticism by Our Readers

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

Another View of Dusty Railroad Cars

TO THE EDITOR:

As I read in your magazine, so often, recitals of conditions that drag down human beings into the depths, I wonder why it is that you are opposed to socialism. Take the article on the filthy condition of railroad cars. In this age of selfish commercialism, can anyone expect a corporation to spend more of its earnings that it has to?

How many thousands of people in New York City alone grind out their lives for long hours each day, at desks, or work benches, breathing foul air all during the working day? Can one person regulate the ventilation of an office or workroom containing many people? I know they cannot, for I have tried it often. There will always be one dissipated brute or weakling to protest against "the draught" and prevent others getting the fresh air they need.

To what is the crazy rush for a livelihood leading? Colleges are making entrance examinations more rigid, business houses demanding more work from the individual and greater technical knowledge; all these mean additional sedentary work for the growing boy and study for men after they have done their day's work.

How long can the race stand such a strain? Would it not be better to change to a system of living that will not ask, "How much does it cost?" or "What will be the profit?" Every one knows that each must work out his own destiny, but when life becomes so exacting that only a few of exceptional ability or stamina can make a success, and the others, though exerting themselves to the utmost, fail or expend all their energy in just keeping their heads above water, how can we expect much advancement of the human family except along sordid lines?

If the only struggle that develops strength of character is the battle for bread, then the man who has always had abundance has never been chastened and the man who has made his fortune and is safe from bodily want ceases to be further strengthened. And if every one should have the wolf banished forever from his door, is the Creator of the

universe not able to direct other ways of building character?

The struggle of the individual, in this life, will never end, but when the battle becomes so fierce that only the minority can maintain themselves with any degree of certainty, progress, in an ethical sense, must be of small degree.

Socialism will compel the lazy man to work, give to others work under proper conditions, and to all the opportunity to live upon a higher level. J. C. M.

Russian and Turkish Baths Sometimes Strengthening, not Weakening

TO THE EDITOR:

Seeing in a recent issue of your magazine that Russian and Turkish baths are weakening, I wish to state that my experience of these baths is otherwise. Having made a study of how to obtain perfect health by natural means, I venture to say that pure air, pure food, pure water, exercise, bathing, etc., are great factors in obtaining same. A cold bath, though it has a valuable tonic effect on the nerves, cleanses scarcely at all; even hot water and soap merely cleanse the outer skin or surface of the body. I therefore give preference to vapor or hot air baths, which not only cleanse the skin thoroughly, but purify the entire system; they are not weakening but invigorating and strengthening, because they take all the poisonous matter out of the system, purify the blood, and make up for the lack of exercise, invaluable in overtraining, as it induces the relaxation necessary to sound, restful sleep, and is helpful in diseased conditions. As a physical culturist, I did not make much headway until I went in for Russian and Turkish baths. I could then enjoy wrestling, which, previous to taking the baths, made me sore and was very unpleasant, although I used my skin to rough treatment by taking friction baths with coarse towels, bristle brushes, etc. My skin took on a different texture, was much stronger and smoother, I put on more weight, have better endurance and am much stronger. I know of several athletes who make a habit of tak-

ing these baths. I trust by these statements to convince you of the benefits of these baths. I sincerely hope that you will live very long and continue your noble work of uplifting fallen humanity.

R. BRAHAM.

Toronto, Canada.

One Victim of Prudery—Hope for All

TO THE EDITOR:

The following lines are meant for the victims of that secret and soul-killing disease, masturbation.

I represent one of the worst cases of that abominable curse. I say "represent" because I am still far from being free of that habit. It all started through "ignorance," which is often worse than death, and is a responsibility under which parents well may shudder. At the age of thirteen I fell a prey to this practice and continued unknowingly for a year. Then came the awakening. I knew what I was doing and the horror of it kept me entirely clean during the next six months. Then, alas! I fell again and this was the beginning of a life and death struggle which lasted during seven interminable years of agony. I made four deliberate attempts on my life which in some inexplicable manner were unsuccessful. Suicide was my constant thought and nightmare, and I often felt myself slowly going crazy with unspeakable grief. Once I managed to master myself continuously during eight months. Oh, the joy of it! It all seemed like a long bad dream vanishing before the glorious rise of a new life with all its magnificent possibilities and promises of happiness.

Then back again, back into an abyss of despair and filth I fell deeper and deeper. Well, I lived it through and drank the bitter cup to the end. Although not cured yet, I am firmer than ever in my purpose of making a man of myself. No more suicide for me, but grim, unrelenting determination to kill that fatal germ.

Now, dear fellow-sufferer, here comes the point whose importance I wish to urge. What made it possible for me to bear this awful fight and to hope against hope? Just because I never gave up practicing physical exercises. I always had a natural liking for sport and never missed any occasions I found to develop my body. Here are the results: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; weight, 165 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds (hard trained muscle); health, altogether very fair. In swimming, running, boxing, wrestling, fencing, skating, snow-shoeing and football, I am considered pretty fair. I don't mean for a moment to pose as a champion, but simply as a well-trained all-around athlete, which may perhaps, under the circumstances, be deemed worthy of interest. Anyway, it shows that it can be done.

Cheer up, boys, and hold on like grim death, no matter how often you fail in your attempts. Know how to strengthen your body; never lose hope, and you must remain victorious at the end. Then you will see whether the struggle was worth your while or not.

But parents, think of the untold misery you

could save the children you profess to love, if different methods were used!

It is unfortunately not possible for me to publish my name for reasons that are obvious. However, I want you to know that I am with you heart and soul, and may God bless you for the splendid work you are accomplishing.

A SINCERE FRIEND.

A Novel Cure of Insomnia

TO THE EDITOR:

During the last year I had been troubled a great deal with insomnia. I would awake in the morning more worn out than the night before. For hours at a time I would toss and roll and finally drop to sleep from sheer exhaustion. It grew unbearable. It was rapidly tearing me down and shattering my nerves. I began exercising and dieting, but still there came no relief. One night while tossing and rolling about I fell out of bed. I lay on the floor and immediately went to sleep. Next night I made a bunk on the floor beneath the window and slept soundly. I have kept this up and now, though it is the coldest part of the winter, I sleep beneath the wide-open window with the frosty air blowing over my face and enjoy the untroubled slumber of childhood.

A JOHNSTOWNER.

Johnstown, Pa.

Irregular Meals Natural

TO THE EDITOR:

In the January issue I read with much interest the article by Charles O. Tarbell, on "Frequent and Light Meals." The physical culture life, as I understand it, means the *natural* life. The lower animals are often pointed out to us as lovers of a perfectly natural life. Why are we never referred to the lower animals as regards *eating*? We are told to eat only a certain number of times each day and at regular intervals. Is this natural? Watch a horse or a cow out in the field; it has no regular meal hours, but eats whenever it chooses.

Last summer I took an eighteen-day fast and when I commenced eating again I found that I had lost my habits of "regular" eating. I now eat as the lower animals do, that is to say, always and only *when hungry*. A long fast is the best way to get rid of an unnatural and perverted appetite.

Del Norte, Colorado. W. E. GRAHAM.

A Boy's Clever Shower Bath Device

TO THE EDITOR:

My brother and I, not having the luxury of a shower bath, have invented a crude but very effective one. Putting a hook in the ceiling and attaching a stout cord hanging from it to a common tin sprinkler we tied another cord around the bottom, passing it up to and through a screw eye three feet back of the other. To take our bath we would fill our can, place a tub underneath, and pull the second cord mentioned, which afforded a good shower.

GILBERT L. SCOBIE.

Salem, Oregon.

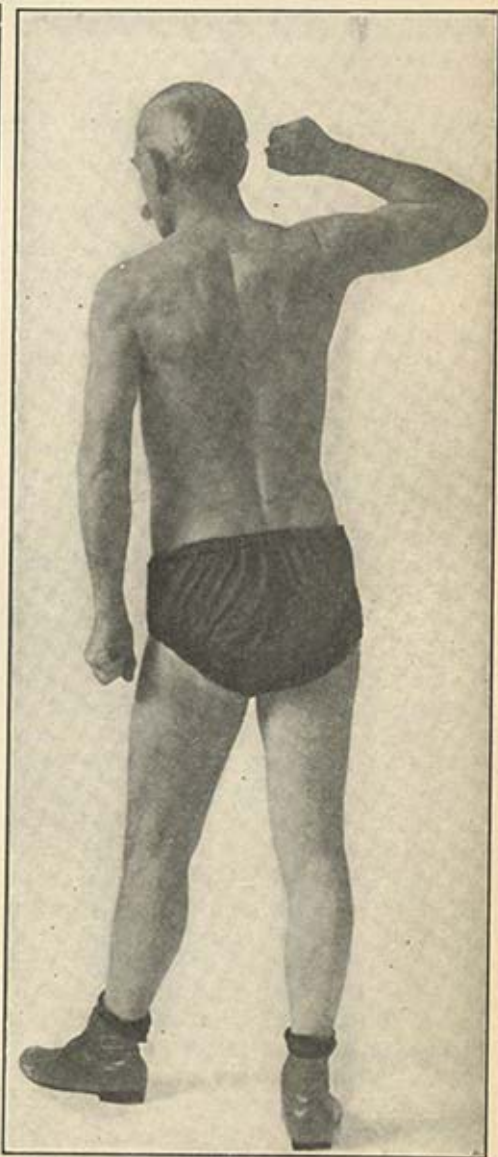
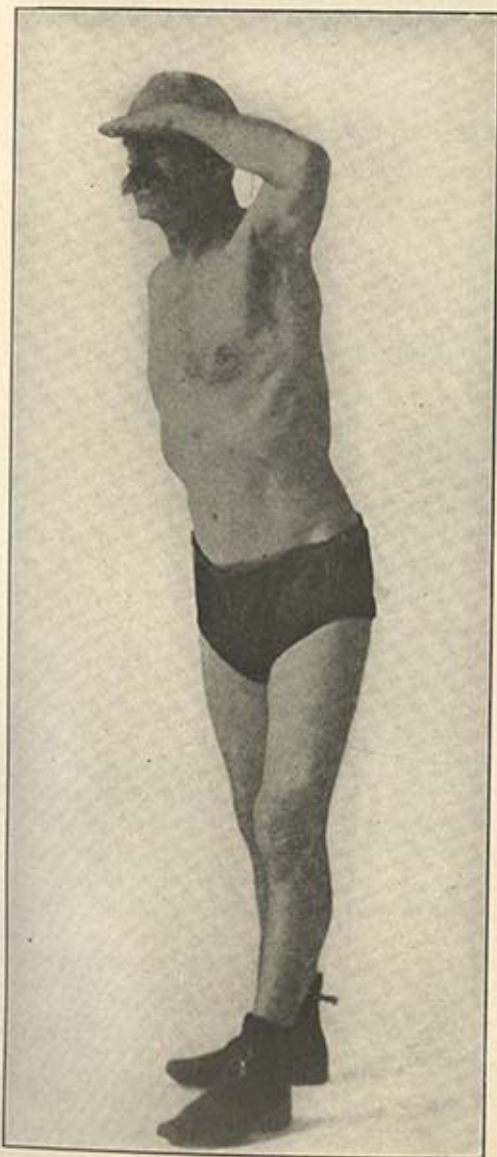
Sixty-Three Years Young Because of Physical Culture

TO THE EDITOR:

Some months ago I saw in your columns a question from a man working twelve hours per day in a hot engine-room, asking how to proceed in order

to obtain the benefits of a physical culture life. The answer given was, to quit the engine-room and take up some other line of work.

Now, although perhaps this advice



REMARKABLE PHYSIQUE OF A SIXTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD PHYSICAL CULTURIST

might be the best possible, yet I confess that I was somewhat disappointed with the reply, as, from five years' acquaintance with the magazine, I had been led to expect something different.

I am in the same position as the inquirer, working twelve hours per day in a hot engine-room in the basement of a city building. I am never sick, never have a cold, and while I am sixty-three years *young*, yet I consider myself as good a man, physically, to-day as the

average person of fifty. I dress very lightly, wear only overalls and shirt in the engine-room, and often omit the shirt. I wear no underclothing at any time, take a cold shower or sponge bath three or more times daily, eat practically no flesh food, and do not use tobacco or liquors; always walk to and from my work, a distance of two miles, and never neglect an opportunity to get fresh air when any comes my way.

Spokane, Wash. G. W. SMITH.

Condensed Energy in Dates

HOW ONE CAN MAKE COFFEE FROM DATES

Dates can rightly be termed condensed energy. They contain a very large amount of fattening and energy producing elements. To be sure, they are too rich for most stomachs, though it is well to note that this is largely because they are not properly masticated. A date should be masticated absolutely to a liquid before swallowing, if the digestion is to be carried on satisfactorily in every way. Dates are especially valuable in combination with an uncooked diet. They furnish highly nutritious food that is in most cases very palatable. They can be mixed with various articles of food for sweetening, instead of sugar, and are a far more wholesome sweet. The ordinary sugar purchased in the market is cooked to such an extent that nearly all the nourishing elements have been destroyed, or brought into such a condition that the digestive organs find them difficult to handle.

There are various kinds of dates, but the most palatable and the most easily digested are those termed Persian dates. As a rule these dates are cheaper than any other kind, and when they are clean and fresh they are by far the best. When in good condition they contain but little fibre. Fard dates are smaller, contain more fibre, are harder and darker and more difficult to masticate. They are not nearly so easy to digest, and are not so satisfactory a food as the Persian

dates. I would advise everyone who is fond of sweets to avoid sugar and substitute dates. They are a wholesome addition to any food, and they will sweeten anything as satisfactorily as sugar. They can be used to sweeten puddings, cakes, and, if you have no device for grinding the date meat to a pulp, they can be soaked in water and the water added to whatever you desire to sweeten. They can be used to sweeten coffee or tea, though a really advantageous drink can be made of any one of the food coffees by adding dates for sweetening instead of sugar. A drink of this kind is very nutritious. The writer has used Postum in this manner on several occasions and it proves highly satisfactory. It is really a "meaty" drink; that is, as far as richness and nourishment are concerned.

What I term date coffee can be made by adding one quart of water to one and one-half pounds of dates. Allow the dates to soak for a few minutes. Then with a potato masher, or something of the kind, break up the dates until the water has reduced them to seeds and fibre. Strain the water; heat it to very near boiling point. Then you can add cream or milk in accordance with taste. It makes a splendid drink with about half milk. To those who lack energy this will often help to bring about surprising results.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

General Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

In connection with the subscription department, there has been organized a competent staff, including the editor, for the special treatment of ailments in accordance with the theories we advocate, and each applicant will secure the same individual attention as he would if he applied to a competent physician for treatment. Write for full particulars, and refer to "Offer Q." If you are willing to solicit subscriptions you can secure our treatment free in return for your services.

Reducing Height

Q. I am eighteen years of age, weigh 140 pounds and am six feet tall. How can I reduce my height?

A. I know of no method that I can recommend for reducing height. At your age you have hardly stopped growing, and under a proper system for building up your bodily powers you ought to be able to expand in size to such an extent that your unusual height would not be noticed. In other words, if you weighed 180 or 190 pounds and were built in proportion, your height would not cause you embarrassment.

Bunions, Corns

Q. Will you kindly explain the cause and also the cure of bunions? I wear comfortable, easy shoes with medium heels.

A. There is only one cause for bunions or corns—the constant irritation of the surface of the foot by the friction of the shoe. It is possible to wear a shoe so loose as to produce a bunion, but only in exceedingly rare cases are they so produced. In nearly every instance the cause is the combination of friction and pressure. Wear a comfortable, easy shoe that you do not have to "break in," and you should not be bothered with bunions. The foremost thing for you to remember is to avoid irritating the bunion or corn. If you have to wear a shoe, I would advise your using a corn protector which will prevent the shoe from touching the inflamed surface. A wet towel tied around the foot at night and applied to the affected part would also be beneficial.

Acid Fruits and Milk

Q. Do acid fruits harmoniously combine with milk and cream?

A. It would be impossible to answer this query in a manner that would be applicable to all cases. There are times when the stomach needs additional acid, and under such circumstances it would be about the best combination that could be selected to accompany milk and cream. In an exclusive milk

diet lemon juice, which is about the strongest fruit acid, is given freely whenever there are signs of biliousness or nausea. As a rule, if the fruit acids have a pleasant taste I would say that they could be combined with milk or cream without other than satisfactory results. If one is inclined to be bilious, however, milk and cream should be used sparingly, unless a great deal of acid fruits are also taken.

Massage Cream

Q. Do you consider the use of massage cream dangerous?

A. I see no reason why it should be at all dangerous to use massage cream; in fact, if made mostly of vegetable oils it could hardly be otherwise than beneficial, especially if the skin is inclined to be dry and rough. If the cream, however, is made from animal fat, it is not nearly so clean, and by no means as satisfactory in the results of its use. Nevertheless, even in that case it should not be productive of any serious harm.

Soap in Washing Hair

Q. What is the best kind of soap to use in washing the hair?

A. Almost any kind of vegetable oil soap could be recommended for this purpose, though soap made from olive oil is unquestionably the best. Castile soap would usually be satisfactory, and this can be purchased wherever soap is sold. Also keep in mind that the less alkali there is in soap, the better it will serve the purpose. Strong alkali takes out too much oil from the hair and scalp.

Percussion Exercise

Q. Kindly tell me something of your percussion exercises mentioned some time ago in PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine.

A. The system of percussion exercises, published some time ago, consisted of deep breathing exercises, and while the chest and abdominal regions are fully inflated the body is struck as vigorously as possible without

pain by the open hand, and in some cases the closed hand. This system of exercise is especially beneficial where there is need for stimulating organs that are weakened or diseased.

Uncooked Starch

Q. Is the uncooked starch of cereals any better for building up the system than the old-fashioned way of cooking unleavened bread?

A. Various physical culturists have experimented with uncooked cereals and where their experiments have been extended over a sufficient length of time to warrant accurate conclusions, they unquestionably assert that the uncooked starch is better than the cooked, not only in strength and endurance-building results, but, if anything, it seems to be less difficult to digest. That need not by any means indicate that it takes a shorter period of time to digest—the process of digestion is not so noticeable as when cooked. I know that many physicians maintain that the human stomach cannot digest uncooked starch. This view, however, is unquestionably erroneous. Perhaps it may be true that a stomach accustomed to digesting cooked starch may not at first be able to digest uncooked starch, but physical culturists everywhere who have been using uncooked foods will testify to the value of uncooked starch as found in raw cereals.

Olive Oil

Q. What is the best olive oil on the market?

A. It would be difficult to name special brands of olive oil without perhaps doing injustice to other brands. Those advertised in the columns of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* we can conscientiously recommend. There are, of course, other brands of pure oil, and if one is careful in buying he should not have any special difficulty in securing a satisfactory grade.

White Bread

Q. What are the principal objections to white bread, and what are the best substitutes?

A. White bread is an incomplete food. That is the most serious objection to it. It does not furnish all the elements necessary to nourish the body. You can starve to death while living on white flour products exclusively a great deal quicker than by fasting. You grow weaker more rapidly while following a diet of this character than by not eating at all. We proved this by some experiments carried out by readers of this magazine some time ago. Then, too, white flour products are inclined to clog up the bowels. They bring on constipation, and not infrequently result in various ills of which this is the predecessor. You do not need a substitute for white bread. What you need is better food.

Rye bread, whole-wheat bread, or Graham bread are far more satisfactory.

Marble Cutting

Q. Is marble cutting hard on the eyes and ears? Also the lungs?

A. Any occupation that requires one to breathe minute particles in the form of dust is exceedingly injurious. Under such circumstances one acquires a disease of the lungs much more easily, and naturally the delicate surface of the eyes is sometimes affected. Those who are compelled to work in a dusty atmosphere acquire consumptive troubles very easily. The air should be pure and free from dust. If your occupation is of a character that compels you to breathe air of this kind, it would be well to make a change, regardless of any difference in remuneration.

Position in Sleeping

Q. What is the best position in which to sleep? Some say if one lies on the left side it interferes with the action of the heart. Others say that lying on the back is conducive to immoral dreams. Experts advise one to sleep on the right side. It seems to me that the position that is the most restful is the best for one to adopt.

A. To a certain extent you have answered your own question. Your statement that the position which is the most restful is the best to adopt, is very nearly accurate. At the same time, one should remember that it is very easy to acquire bad habits in the position assumed while sleeping, and it is well to give the subject some thought, and as nearly as possible try to cultivate a position that gives the lungs full freedom and keeps the body in as nearly a normal position as possible. It is, however, a mistake to think that one position is always best in sleeping. One should change his position frequently. If one were to lie on one side all the time there would be a difference in the shape of the right and left side of the body. Do not lie in a cramped position. Stretch out at full length; try to keep the shoulders well back. These hints are merely superficial, but they should be of value.

Food Value of Pop Corn

Q. What is your opinion of the food value of pop corn. Is it better than peanuts?

A. Pop corn is highly nutritious, though as a rule it is not eaten for a food. It is eaten more as a confection and is usually sweetened or flavored in other ways to such an extent that the actual taste of the pop corn is almost lost. I would consider peanuts more valuable as a food than pop corn, though I think that either one of these articles can be highly recommended.



My Confidential Letters to Men

Beginning with this issue, I intend to write a series of letters to men. These letters will be written in reply to communications received here, though of course they will be selected with a view of giving advice of a personal and confidential nature on subjects of vital interest. I especially desire to deal with subjects that assume grave importance when a young man comes in contact with problems appertaining to love, marriage and divorce.—Bernarr Macfadden.

MR. BERNARR MACFADDEN:

I am a young man, twenty-eight years of age. I believe in the physical culture idea and have been a reader of your magazine for two or three years. I must admit that what I have found in your publications has made a great change in my life. My past would hardly bear close scrutiny. I am more than ashamed of it. I have made the usual mistakes. My companions, previous to my reading your magazines, led me into various excesses, though I was no doubt a willing victim. At the present time, however, I am being tortured by memories of what "might have been," for even now I bear the marks of a complaint that medical men usually claim to be incurable as a result of my early dissipation.

I am especially worried because my inclinations in life are now of a serious nature. I am in love with a good, pure girl. She returns my affection. We want to build a home of our own, but I am afraid, continually tortured by fearful possibilities. Maybe the sins of a father will pass on to the next generation, and I feel that it is grossly unjust for any man to so condemn his own progeny. Can I dare to take the step I am contemplating without the possibility of there being tragical results? I would prefer to pass out of life rather than cause one pang of suffering to my loved one. What shall I do? This is a question that continually comes to me over and over again, thousands and thousands of times.

I am signing my name in full, though

for obvious reasons I do not wish it to be published.

Thousands of young men are compelled to deal with problems such as have been propounded by the writer of the above letter. Many of them deserve the suffering that they are often compelled to endure. They fall into evil ways knowingly, willingly, often anxiously, for it must be admitted that thousands simply go with the "tide." They follow the usual habits of their associates. If a young man tries to lead a clean, moral life he is jeered at; he is called "goody goody," and often the taunts of his companions actually compel him to adopt the vices that at the time are repugnant to him.

Moral young men are scarce, and as long as the present environments exist they will continue to be "few and far between." The writer of the above letter has awakened to new emotions—to what might be termed his normal desires. Every young man should have within him a serious love for a home. This particular characteristic should be developed early in life instead of being stunted and almost obliterated by the defiling influences with which the average boy comes in contact during his growth to manhood. As a rule, it is only after a young man has passed through all sorts of immoralities and excesses, that he begins to learn that indulgences of this kind "do not pay"—that the pleasure derived from them is fleeting and often obnoxious when recalled by the memory.

The physical culture theory does not

believe that the disease referred to in the letter given is incurable. Hundreds of cases have been permanently cured by following the natural methods advocated in this magazine. The disease can be absolutely stamped out, obliterated, destroyed beyond a power of ever again returning, if one's habits of life are conducive to the highest degree of physical wholesomeness and strength. My advice in this particular instance would be to spend months, and even years, building up the physical organism. Do not be satisfied with ordinary strength. Go on, and on, and on, working daily with a view to cleansing the body of every conceivable taint.

Do not be hopeless. Do not give way to fears. Have courage. Realize truly that you are master of the situation. Then month by month the body is being cleansed of all taint as the strength increases and the functional organism becomes more perfect in its workings. No drugs can be of any aid. You have to depend upon your own eliminative organs to cleanse the body thoroughly of this much-dreaded poison.

You will, first of all, have to avoid overeating. The body cannot cleanse itself if you continually overwork the functional organism. Eat only enough to keep up your strength. Avoid meats of all kinds. Use water freely so that the entire system will be flushed and the purifying organs accelerated in their activities. No matter how you may be marked by the taint referred to, slowly but surely you will find the skin beginning to assume a pinkish hue. Every sign of your complaint will gradually disappear, and after you have once eradicated all evidences of the disease, you have learned how to be free from it.

Do not go back to your old dietetic habits, but continue the purifying process furnished by an abstemious non-meat diet for months and even years after every sign of the disease has disappeared.

As to whether or not you have the

right to accept the possibility of happiness that has come into your life, is for you to judge. If you are sure that you are absolutely freed from all taint; if you are sure that your life will be so guided that never again would it be possible for signs of this ailment to appear, then you may take the risk, but do not assume such a responsibility until you are absolutely certain. Your progeny may have a tendency toward scrofula, but you can rest assured that it will never appear provided they are raised in accordance with physical culture theories. It is abnormal conditions that bring a child into the world actually diseased. There may be a tendency toward weaknesses, but as a rule a child is born perfect, and with right environments even the weaknesses it may have inherited from mother or father will slowly but surely disappear. The science of medicine has made many tragical blunders, but one of the most terrible of its myriads of costly errors is in the treatment of the particular disease referred to. Such "science" often considers it incurable. Its practitioners often try to cure the complaint by the use of drugs that really create a disease that is far worse than that which is being treated. They seem to be absolutely ignorant of the power of the body to cleanse itself of this vile poison. They ignore the powers of the eliminative organs in removing poison from the system and, as a result, countless numbers of human beings have had their ambitions destroyed, their hopes for the future blasted, and their lives turned into monotonous and objectless existences. If the truth were known as to the misery, weakness, sickness, and deaths that could be directly traced to the theories of medicine, the world would stand appalled and the natural methods in the building of health and strength advocated in this magazine would immediately assume the importance which they deserve.

Yours for wholesome manhood,
BERNARR MACFADDEN.



Breathing Exercises for Boys and Girls

By Harry Wellington

I WISH to introduce to my young friends this month some exercises which may perhaps not partake so much of the nature of fun as many that we have presented previously, but they will be especially valuable by reason of the physical benefits and improved general health derived from them.

The photographs presented this month illustrate some simple deep-breathing exercises, and, irrespective of any other exercise that you may take, I would suggest that you put these breathing exercises into practice each and every day, before or after your other exercises. They will be very beneficial if taken the first thing on arising in the morning, or even just before retiring at night.

As my young friends probably know, air is the first essential to life. Food, drink and sleep are among the other vital necessities, but none of these is so urgent and continuously necessary as the breathing of air. I do not wish in my talk this month to make myself uninteresting by entering into a scientific or tiresome discussion of the physiology of the lungs, for this can be obtained from other sources, and will probably be taught you in school, if you have not already learned considerable in regard to it. Nevertheless, it is of the utmost importance that my young friends should realize the exceptional value of breathing pure air, and of breathing it deeply.

We can live many days without eating; in fact, a bear will sometimes sleep through an entire winter without food. A camel will traverse a desert for many days without either food or drink, and it has been found that men and women can likewise fast for weeks at a time. One cannot conveniently avoid drinking water for so long as he can abstain from food; he can go without water for some days, but cannot live more than a min-

ute without air. If one is strangled or denied a supply of air, he dies, showing



Photo. No. 1.—This represents the correct position for diaphragmatic breathing. Place your hands on the waist in the manner shown in this photograph, with the thumbs above the hips, and the fingers at the waist-line in front. Now, without raising the chest or expanding the upper part of the body, draw in a deep breath and feel that the body expands underneath your fingers. When you exhale you should feel that the body contracts at the waist-line and grows smaller. Unless you feel this expansion in this region, you are not breathing properly by means of the diaphragm. Keep the mouth closed and inhale through the nose. Inhale as much as possible, and hold the breath just a moment, not long enough to count, then exhale. Repeat a number of times.

how essential it is for the body to secure a sufficient amount of oxygen from air continuously.

In the process of life the tissues of the body are unceasingly being destroyed



Photo. No. 2.—This illustrates a splendid movement for chest breathing as contrasted with the diaphragmatic breathing in the first photograph. In this case you should stand first with the arms hanging at your side. Then raise the arms straight forward and upward until they finally reach a position high above the head, as shown above. As you raise your arms inhale a deep full breath, drawing in as much air as you can. Then, as you slowly lower the arms, exhale. Repeat a number of times, or until tired. This movement can be varied by raising the arms sideways, and upward instead of forward and upward. In both cases the hands will be together, high above the head.

—burned out, as it were—with the result that life, energy and warmth are continually produced, just as the heat and energy of an engine are produced by the consumption of coal or wood. As all of my young readers know, it is necessary to have a good draft of air to make a fire burn, and in precisely the same way it is necessary to have a good supply of air in the lungs if one wishes to maintain a high degree of health, strength, and, I might say, of life. In the case of an engine there is waste matter in the form of smoke and ashes. Similarly, in the body there is the equivalent of the smoke, in the form of carbonic acid gas, which is brought to the lungs and then exhaled with each breath. Other waste matter corresponding to the ashes is eliminated from the body through the natural depurating organs, including both the kidneys and the skin.

The carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs is not fit to be used again. It is actually poisonous. If you are in a small room entirely closed up, you will in time absorb all of the oxygen, and by continually exhaling the carbonic acid gas will ultimately fill the room with the latter, and the result will be suffocation. It is for this reason that it is necessary to have good ventilation, to have windows open continuously or frequently, in order that you may have fresh air containing the pure oxygen which your body requires. It is for this reason, also, that it is so beneficial for one to live out-of-doors in the open air.

The air we breathe is inhaled into the lungs, and there the blood is enriched and purified and laden with the oxygen to be distributed throughout the body. Simultaneously the blood absorbs the carbonic acid gas through the tissues of the lungs, and it is in turn exhaled. You will see, therefore, that there is no organ of the body more important than the lungs, and it will likewise be apparent to you that if the lungs are exercised and improved to the highest possible degree of efficiency, you will acquire a far higher degree of health and be able to obtain a superior degree of strength and endurance. In the ordinary activities of life this is not so important, but in the case of any strain or crisis, such as

a diseased condition to overcome, or the undergoing of some test of physical endurance, the advantage of good lungs is inestimable. Therefore, you should make a practice of breathing exercises which will call into active use every remote corner of lung tissue, causing every cell of the lungs to grow and expand. Furthermore, the continuous and regular practice of such deep breathing exercises will in time result in a very marked improvement of the chest, making this part of the body round, full and beautiful, whereas if this form of exercise is neglected one is likely to become flat-chested and weak as a result. It must be remembered that a flat-chested condition does not allow sufficient room for the heart and other vital organs, whereas the possession of a full chest is conducive to long life and the development of great vitality. Moreover, a good chest is necessary for the production of a pure, rich, resonant voice, either in singing or speaking.

It is not, however, my purpose to encourage deep breathing merely for the sake of developing the chest. I wish to emphasize the importance of what is known as diaphragmatic breathing, sometimes called abdominal breathing. This does not require the expansion of the chest, but rather the expansion of the body at the waist-line and even in the abdomen. Chest breathing is only necessary when you wish to inhale an unusually large amount of air. In diaphragmatic breathing, the air is brought deep down to the bottom of the lungs, and in so doing the body is compelled to expand at the waist-line, as I have just said. If you breathe properly in this manner, you can place your hands either at the sides in front on the waist-line or even at the back at the waist-line, and feel the expansion of the body. You will then know that you are breathing correctly. One of the chief evils of corset wearing in the case of women is that it prevents the normal expansion of

the body in this region, and makes it necessary for the unfortunate one to depend entirely upon chest breathing, in some cases even the shoulders being raised in order to inhale and breathe. I sincerely trust that my young girl readers will be too wise to adopt this hideous custom of corset wearing, as they grow older. If you will notice the breathing of a sleeping person, especially of a child, you will see that the expansion of the body takes place not high in the chest, but at the waist-line, showing clearly that this is the most natural method.

My boy friends should likewise be careful not to wear clothing too tight about the waist, so as not to interfere with their breathing properly. The belts sometimes worn with trousers interfere in this way with correct breathing. The diaphragm is a large muscle in the interior of the body, which enables one to practice abdominal breathing. The expression "diaphragmatic breathing" comes from the name of this muscle. The diaphragm acts as a wall, representing the floor for the little room inside the chest, containing the heart and lungs, and acting as a ceiling for the room below which contains the stomach, liver and other digestive organs. It takes the form of an inverted soup plate or big bowl. When this great muscle, the diaphragm, contracts, it pushes down the digestive organs to make room for the incoming of air in the lungs, and in this way causes the expansion of the body in the region of the abdomen and waist-line, although the lungs themselves are not located there.

I wish to suggest as a general practice, that when you are in the open air taking walks, or engaged in any other pursuit, it is advantageous to practice frequent deep breathing, even though it may not be convenient for you to make use of the arms in the same manner as shown in the illustrations given herewith.



Appendicitis Frauds

AN EXPOSURE OF A SO-CALLED "NECESSARY OPERATION" THAT IS INEXCUSABLE AND CRIMINAL, AND OFTEN MURDEROUS IN CHARACTER

By M. J. Rodermund, M. D.

Dr. Rodermund has recently written a book entitled, "As It Is." It contains sledge-hammer blows in abundance. He calls a spade by its right name; there is no deviation. He goes straight for the truth, as he understands it. He handles the medical profession without gloves. Besides many other interesting chapters, there is one devoted to appendicitis frauds. I am reproducing a large part of this chapter herewith. I am sure that our friends will find it interesting.—Bernarr MacLadden.

IF the subject matter of this article does not open your eyes to a scene so atrocious in its involution and inexcusable in its manifest ignorance, or something worse called by another name, which would not appear proper in print, then I have formed too high an estimate of the American people and a large number of the general practitioners.

First I call your attention to the difference between the anatomy of the appendix in a dog and in a human being. Figure 1 shows that in a dog the appen-

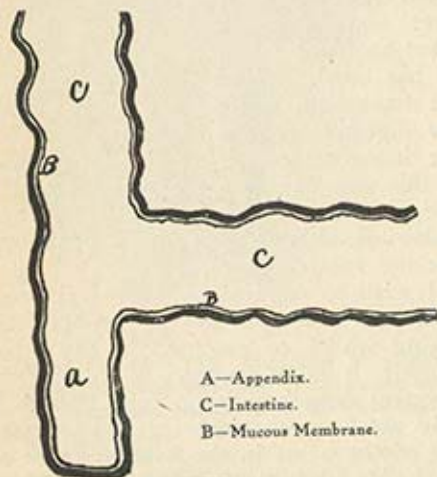


FIGURE 1.

dix is practically a continuation of the intestine. The construction of this part of the dog's anatomy would make it natural to assume that this free and open appendix could be obstructed by substances passing through the intestines, as

it is practically a part of it. Yet a dog does not seem to have appendicitis.

Dr. J. B. Murphy of Chicago, if I am rightly informed, has a hobby for experimenting upon dogs, and he is also considered the father of this atrocious and criminal operative practice for appendicitis. Did he conclude that the appendix was the same in the human being, and that it was unnecessary and a dangerous little piece of anatomy?

But why did the surgeons continue this atrocious practice after finding out the difference here explained? It can only be for the large fee, and the undeserved reputation in making the public believe they have made a wonderful discovery and found a cure for a disease that is not very common and rarely needs an operation when it does exist; not once in a thousand cases, and then only because it was neglected or badly treated.

If this same anatomical feature of the dog existed in the human being it would be quite natural to infer that it would easily become obstructed with plum stones, grape seeds or anything else that might pass along the line and thus set up inflammation or other serious trouble, and its removal would be a blessing to man. Then we might be justified in assuming that the all-wise Creator made a mistake in leaving such a dangerous little organ within the body.

Figure No. 2 shows the appendix and its relation to other parts in the human being. We find here a very decided difference in the anatomical structure between the dog and the man. We find

here exploded such a gigantic fraud and deception played upon the public and, no doubt, upon many physicians that it seems almost impossible for it to be true. The universal impression has been given to the public that plum stones, grape seeds, lemon or orange seeds, and other things get into this appendix and set up an inflammation, and therefore, it was a blunder of the Almighty when he constructed man with this useful attachment.

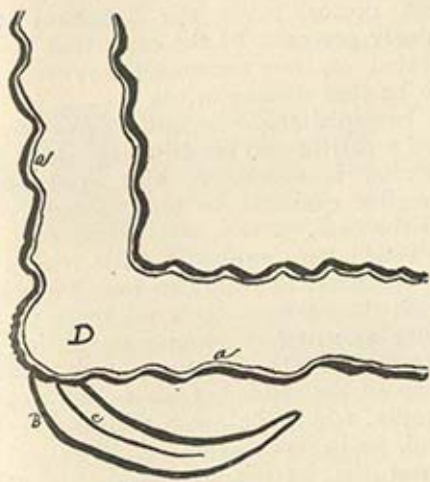


FIGURE 2.

The anatomy shows that it is an absolute impossibility for the appendix in man to become obstructed any more than the glands that secrete the saliva can be obstructed by the food in the mouth. (The inflammation might spread from the mucous membrane of the intestines which would cause a swelling of the mucous membrane of the appendix and thereby obstruct the lumen of the appendix.)

Cut No. 3 represents a common form of a condition called appendicitis, and if it does not expose one of the greatest, most atrocious, and murderous frauds and deceptions ever perpetrated upon the American people, or if it is not as plain to the prejudiced as to the unprejudiced mind, then it is high time for any man who again attempts to benefit the physical welfare of our citizens by exposing fraud and murder to be sent to state's prison.

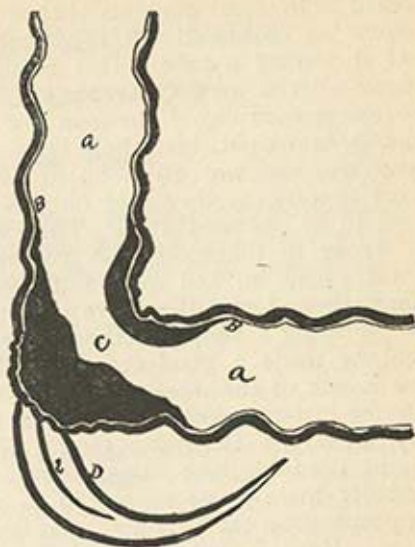


FIGURE 3.

In the above cut, No. 3, the dark space represents a condition in which the gut has filled up partly with fecal matter and makes it difficult for other contents to pass. It is plain that such an individual will complain of pains at intervals, and if he consults a physician it is called appendicitis; in fact, it is no more appendicitis than a common belly-ache would be inflammation of the bowels.

This impacted condition may exist for days, or even months, and often nature relieves itself perhaps by the person eating something that has a tendency to loosen the packed substance in the gut, or it may be removed by the simple purgation treatment of some old grandma, or by some high-up-in-the-professional-I-am-it-non-de-poops will cause a cure by unnecessarily removing the appendix scientifically (?) for a \$500.00 fee. Keeping the patient in bed two to four weeks, cleaning out the intestinal canal, the long rest cures the patient, and then the murderous operation and wonderful surgical skill of the operator gets the credit. The beauty (?) of it all is you (the public) are ever ready to denounce and ruin every man who has force of character and manhood and courage to take the stand and expose these pious broadcloth rascals.

A man, who still lives in this city (Milwaukee), had several yards of gut

packed with fecal contents, but it had become so channeled out in the center that it formed a tube. This condition existed eleven weeks, having a slight movement each day. The man lost 150 pounds in weight, his whole body was paralyzed, and was given up to die by seven doctors, as they said he was too weak to be operated upon. They were all wrong in diagnosing his condition. I was called in, and after a thorough examination, found the above condition, and by using a simple method of treatment he made a good recovery. This case is one of the most remarkable and extreme instances known in medical history, therefore, illustrates clearly what can be done in these cases. But as a reminder there is no money in it, and the people soon catch on and treat themselves. Have I explained the necessity of making simple diseases to appear as very serious ones and prove their seriousness by killing a good percentage of them?

This little appendix is a glandular organ and evidently there for a purpose similar to that of other glands, i. e., to furnish lubrication and answer as an oil can to prevent any obstruction when the contents are passing from the large intestine into the smaller one. Doctor, how do you feel now? I would have to get a new mainspring put in my vocabulary to express my feelings, so I will let each use his own adjectives, especially giving my compliments to those who have been sending their patients to Chicago surgeons or any other place to get a rake-off when the patient had only a belly-ache which almost any old woman could have cured with a little common-sense treatment.

It might be possible that this appendix may become influenced by cold, or secondarily through an inflammation of the surrounding parts, but I never have seen such a case. *I have witnessed and assisted in thirty-four operations of so-called appendicitis, but never have I seen a diseased appendix. Yet, I have seen a number of healthy, blooming young men and women sent to the angels just because the surgeons wanted the fee of three to five hundred dollars.*

I mean just what I say, that it was

absolutely for the fee only, and the surgeons made no bones about saying so before the operation was performed.

A. B. Stockham, M. D., quotes the statement of a physician at a meeting of physicians in Boston, which shows how hard it is to get the actual proofs, even if you are standing by and seeing the criminal performance, as long as credit is given to the statement of these prominent surgeons. This physician, who is said to have performed more operations for appendicitis than any other American doctor, made the statement that ninety per cent. of the cases that he operated on for appendicitis proved not to be that disease at all.

In explaining it he said: "We always tell a patient and his friends that the operation is successful, and show some tangible excisions to prove the validity of the case."

I will here explain a little trick that is too good and cute to miss. By this trick the surgeon fools all those physicians assisting or looking on during an operation. The surgeon puts his finger deep in the wound, finds a healthy appendix, which the touch will usually reveal, he begins to talk scientifically (?) about the intense adhesions, and contorts his face into all sorts of expressions, and explains the serious apprehensions while breaking up these imaginary adhesions. But what do you suppose the surgeon is really doing all this time? He is pinching and squeezing the appendix so as to look diseased when he finally takes it out. His finger nails will have produced dents and swelling sufficiently to deceive any doctor or layman looking on, or any inquiring friends of the patient.

There is hardly a disease that man is heir to that physicians have not studied out tricks and schemes to show the seriousness of simple and easily curable diseases, and giving them a big name, so that when they run up against the real thing and the patient dies he can show he did cure many other cases. There are hundreds of tricks played which, if a little knowledge was possessed by the public, would drive one-half of the rascals out of business or to state's prison.

Living the Radiant Life

Written Especially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

By George Wharton James

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

CHAPTER III

THE RADIANCY OF INDIVIDUALITY (Continued)



HIS, therefore, is the individuality I would radiate. I would have the Hindoo, the Hottentot, the Hopi, the Roman Catholic, the Mormon, the Chinaman, the Methodist all feel that I revere and respect their individuality even as I revere and respect my own. But, further, and here is the important thing, I would so radiate that they will respect and revere mine as I respect theirs. When the Methodist says either in words or acts, "I am a Methodist and therefore you should be one," he violates the law of individuality. So with the Hopi, the Catholic, the Hindoo.

I would have it clear, therefore, that individualism is not toleration. Indeed the very word is an insult. Tolerate? Tolerate what? What is there in my exercise of a God-given native right and duty to be myself that should call for the impertinent and impudent assumption of my fellow being that HE will "tolerate" my being what God has placed me here to be. "Confound the tolerance" and "hang the tolerator." I want none of it or him. Therefore, I do not want to be "tolerant" to my fellows. I would radiate individualism so well that they frankly, unashamed, boldly—yet by no means defiantly or unkindly—would go ahead and do things that I could never think of doing, things even that in myself I reprobate and condemn. It is all very well to say that we

should learn from the combined wisdom of the ages. I am not so sure of much of it, after all! I accept the astronomy of to-day, but by no means believe our astronomers have said the last word, any more than I believe that the great and humble Newton said the last word when he declared that man had gained the summit in the art of telescope making. Just four years after he made that foolish assertion John Dolland invented the achromatic telescope which has revolutionized the astronomical science of the world by adding infinitely to the astronomer's seeing power.

Nothing in human life is yet complete. There is no absolute truth carried out to its ultimate. When numbers were first discovered our forefathers thought they had gone as far as it was possible, in discovering that two and two makes four. Then geometry was discovered and Euclid changed the arithmetic of the world, and the teachers said we had gone as far as it was possible. Then algebra was discovered and the world found out the teachers were wrong in limiting the science of arithmetic. Yet the fools would not learn from the folly of the past. They wisely and sagely declared that *now, at last*, the ultimate had been reached. But Newton comes along and with his "Calculus" opens up new worlds in arithmetical science. NOW we have got in all, declares the teacher of *fixed* truth. Simpleton! In the year of Our Lord, one thousand

nineteen hundred and six there comes a Japanese, and in his Handbook of Chess, demonstrates as great an advance in arithmetical science as Newton did in his Calculus. We are yet children. We shall ever be learning so long as we are human. The knowledge we have so far gained is vast, apparently, when compared with the knowledge held in the Dark Ages, but, as compared with what there is yet stored away for us to know, I verily believe it is so insignificant, so slight, so small, so puny, so infinitesimal, as to excite the pity and the contempt of any superior beings who look down upon us and see us strutting in our doctor's mortar-boards and gowns in our assumed wisdom.

God forbid that any arrogant preten-

sion of mine should ever prevent one truth from entering a human soul. I want to radiate my acceptance of all there is, but my expectancy for the large *more* that is yet to come.

One thing I would radiate that is often overlooked by Individualists. That is that one must gladly, joyfully, and bravely accept the consequences, no matter what they are, of his own decisions. If I choose to decide for myself what my acts shall be I must not shirk the necessary consequences. Be they good or evil to my finite comprehension I want to accept them.

This sense of responsibility is well expressed in railroad parlance in the following poem from McClure's:

IN THE OPEN

By Arthur Stringer.

I have thrown the throttle open and am tearing down His track;
I have thrown it out to full-speed and no hand can hold me back!
'Tis my arm controls the engine, though Another owns the rail,
But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

*Green lights! Red lights! He has hung His signals out!
Caution here! Danger ho! And what's the man about!
'Tis true he owns the Engine, to do as he has done,
But how about the Final Word—when he ends the run?*

So from siding on to junction-point now I shall have my day;
I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right-of-way.
Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing,
For my hand is on the throttle and my heart shall have its fling!

*Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block His track?
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,
But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!*

CHAPTER IV

CONFLICTING RADIANCES

THERE are few, if any, human beings in the world who radiate only evil, or, on the other hand, only good. Man is a *human* being, not *divine*. Humanity implies a lower stage than divinity, and whether what we call evil be but manifestations of the imperfect and incomplete, or deliberate wrong choice for which we are personally responsible, we are all compelled to admit that there are few people with whom we meet who radiate toward us and all others only that which is good. Sometimes these "not good" radiances have

no immoral intent in them, or consciousness of immorality, though they produce immoral results.

For instance: It is a well-known fact that many a man is driven to drunkenness by the depressing radiances of a whining, complaining woman. I know strong, good men who openly confess to a desire to do wrong when they come under the influences of certain depressing or pessimistic radiances. The depression has the effect of leading or driving them into a desperate state that generates a temporary insanity—or a moral recklessness that is akin to it—with results that cause unhappiness to all concerned.

There may not seem to be any im-

morality in the nagging of a husband, or a wife, or a parent, yet every one familiar with crime and its manifestations in old and young will tell you that many a criminal has been made so by the persistent nagging of some person, whose intent was only good, and who cannot possibly see any connection between his or her words and the direful effects they have produced.

These and a thousand other tendencies of the human being point to our present imperfection or subjugation to error, out of which we must rise.

I know a poet. His words have thrilled millions to a nobler and better life. His pen has never incited to a mean or ignoble thought or action; it has always written high and noble truth—peace good will to men, the dignity of labor, the joy of helping, the blessing of purity, the never failing help of God—and yet in his personal life he sometimes radiates the degradation of drunkenness and the awfulness of impurity.

I know an editor. He is one of the most brilliant men of his State. His knowledge is profound. He devotes more time, unselfishly, to the good of his adopted city and State than any other man I know. His work is untiring in its fervid zeal for the preservation of historic landmarks that without his efforts would possibly have disappeared; and also for a museum for the accumulation of evidences of past civilization. Yet he radiates a vindictive jealousy and fierce hatred of those whom he does not like that makes even his friends afraid of him and fearful lest they incur his anger.

I know a writer and lecturer. Noble, sublime, elevating sentiments flow from his pen and lips as easily as the waters of Niagara tumble over the brink into the abyss below. Millions have been stimulated to quicker thought, higher life, grander endeavor by his words. Yet he radiates ideas of sex relationship that fill people with horror and distress

Shelley, Byron, Poe, Bret Harte, Leigh Hunt, Landor—and thousands of others, including the Psalmist David, the Hebrew king whom God loved—radiated grand, sublime, divine truths, yet

they also radiated weakness and moral wrong.

What should be our mental attitude toward those who give such conflicting radiances? Shall we ignore the evil and see only the good? How can we? How dare we?

Shall we ignore the good and see only the evil?

Again I ask, How can we? How dare we?

There are good people, I know, who do both of these, to me, impossible things. I want to do neither. I will do neither if I can possibly help it. I will not stultify *my own* sense of right and wrong by ignoring what I deem to be wrong in another. I will reprobate it, for myself, and earnestly strive to be kept free from it, but, at the same time, I will see the good in all its beauty and power and will glorify it and accept it, and thank God that so much good does exist.

The whole question thus resolves itself to me. Shall I refuse to accept the good of certain men because they do many evil things? Shall I refuse to accept good except from those who are perfect? If so, from whom shall I gain good? From you, reader? Are you perfect? If you take that position you had better drop this book, here and now, for you cannot receive good from me for, too sadly do I know that neither the book nor its writer are perfect.

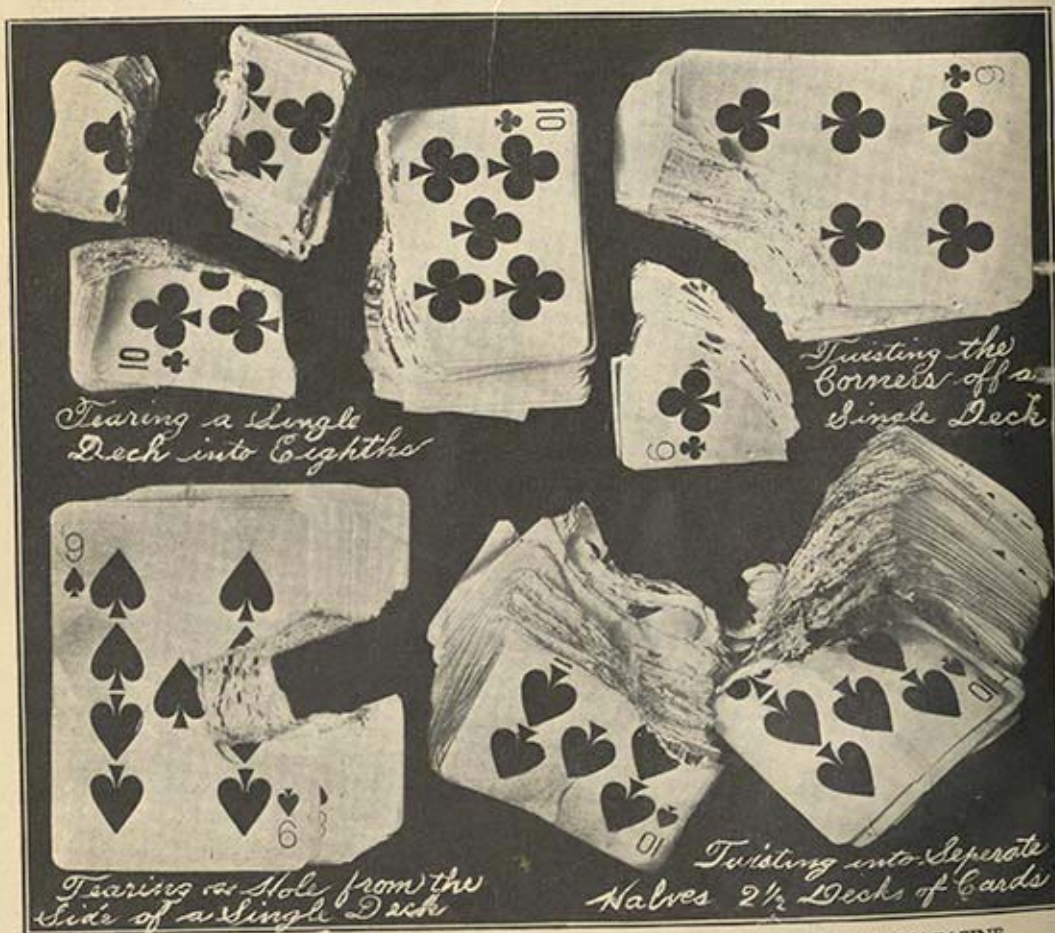
Let us be men! women! fearless, honest, just, frank. Too often we condemn people who have as much good as evil in them—or more—because we are afraid if we do not condemn openly and loudly people will think we tolerate evil because we ourselves are evil. Hawthorne wrote his Scarlet Letter to teach us different. The harsh, stern, vindictively pure and good people—in my humble judgment—have as many and as grave sins to answer for as those whom they so mercilessly condemn. I condemn all that which appears evil to me, and I seek to avoid it, but I condemn no man, no woman. That is not my privilege, my work. Judgment belongs to God who knows all circumstances and understands all hearts. I know and understand very little for I am

very short-sighted and ignorant. Then, too, how can I look with so severe an eye upon the sins of my brothers and sisters when I, too, am a sinner, am imperfect, ignorant, prone to wrong. John Wesley taught the people of his denomination very differently, though they haven't yet learned the lesson. One of his hymns says:

"To hate the sin with all my heart
And yet the sinner love."

And the Lord of the whole Christian Church spoke in no uncertain terms when He said, "Judge Not," and in His action to those who brought the adulterous woman to Him clearly showed us what our attitude should be. Joaquin Miller wrote a much-needed lesson for this age, this civilization, this people (the

puritanic American and Anglo-Saxon), when he took this incident in Christ's life and made it the theme of his poem, "Charity." May its deep and sympathetic truths sink deep, so that henceforth you will be able to stand side by side with the Divine, even in dealing with an adulterous man or woman, and while condemning the sin be able to say: "Go and sin no more." And, remember, it is not for you to say which sin is more or most sinful in God's sight. You may know which is of greater horror to yourself, but it may be that the "darling sin" you cherish in secret, or the "weakness" of your life may be regarded by the Divine as of as great culpability as the "horrible sin" you so much deplore and feel you must condemn so bitterly in another.



SOME CARD TEARING FEATS WHICH ARE PERFORMED BY THE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE

Physical Culture as a Cure for Paralysis

FOR TWO YEARS NOT ABLE
TO MOVE RIGHT HAND OR
FOOT. PHYSICAL CULTURE
PRODUCES A CHANGE
FOR THE BETTER



MRS. FARRAR AS SHE WAS

THERE is no disease so appalling to the human mind as paralysis. It sometimes comes upon one in a moment, and there are times when it creeps upon one slowly and insidiously. The power to feel, the power to use any part of the body often disappears under the influence of this disease. Whatever one's ambitions in life may have been previous to an attack of this character, thereafter they are *nil*, as far as accomplishing anything in life is concerned. This disease robs one of enthusiasm, destroys the ambition, and in some cases even the desire to live disappears if a disease of this kind continues for a great length of time.

Life offers but few advantages under circumstances of this nature, and one can hardly be blamed if death is looked upon as inviting.



MRS. FARRAR AS SHE IS

Mrs. E. H. Farrar, of Greenville, Plumas County, Cal., is a young woman. She is in what might be termed the hey-day of youth. Two years ago she was stricken with this dreadful disease—paralysis. Her entire right side was affected. She could not move the right arm or the right leg and had not the slightest power over any of her voluntary muscles on this side of the body. You can well imagine her mental attitude under the circumstances. She began to go the rounds of the medical profession. She tried this doctor, and that doctor. She did not improve; in fact, she actually grew worse. She tried all the various remedies recommended. She finally consulted some high-priced specialist, but all to no purpose. Her disease still clung to her with a tenacity that made her hopeless and her future dark and forbidding. At last she concluded that a cure was beyond her reach. She definitely decided that her case was hopeless—that she must plod along in her deplorable condition the rest of her years.

While in this state of mind her attention was called to physical culture as a means of curing her complaint. The simple methods advocated were so radically

different from what she had tried before that they deeply interested her. They appealed to her common sense. She finally concluded to give these natural methods a trial. The effect of even a brief trial was little short of marvelous. She had been following these methods for about two weeks when there were signs of life in her fingers and toes. She also felt brighter and stronger in every way. Slowly, but surely, thereafter her lost powers returned. Every day she seemed to find new life in the paralyzed parts of her body. It would be difficult to describe here the joyful feeling that came over her when she realized at last that the possibility of cure was within her reach.

In about a month she was able to take a few steps. Her strength increased day by day. She actually had to learn how to walk again, as would an infant. After the ability to walk had returned she increased in strength much faster. In three months she was able to walk around as easily as any one in the possession of normal health. There is at the present time no evidence of her former ailment. This case represents a victory for physical culture that is indeed startling.

Olive Oil in Shaving

I referred in a recent editorial to the value of olive oil in shaving. One of my readers asks what are the advantages of its use? Its advantages are two-fold. It softens the skin, and to a certain extent effects the same purpose as the rubbing of the face that is quite usual after the lather is applied. If the olive oil is rubbed in thoroughly one can shave immediately after applying the soapy lather. It also prevents the feeling of dryness or the cracking of the skin that is not at all unusual after shaving. Of course, if one uses a very good grade of soap there is not much danger of this dryness, but even the best of soaps contain a certain amount of alkali and this

has a tendency to draw the oil from the skin, thus making it feel dry and harsh.

The oil should be used first and the soap be applied afterward. There will be no need of using any application to the face after shaving in this manner, excepting water thoroughly to remove the soap, preferably hot water, followed by cold.

Try this method of shaving and you will never be without olive oil, though do not forget my previous hint that if you do not care to have your skin slightly darkened you had better leave the oil in the sun long enough entirely to remove the coloring.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Vacation or Treatment for Subscriptions

WE have just completed arrangements which enable us to offer to our friends an opportunity which should, undoubtedly, be of advantage, and at the same time add very materially to the subscription list of this magazine.

We want subscribers. We cannot secure too many friends of this character. We want more readers in every State, in

rest, recreation, and the treatment of the sick. Here you can secure all the benefits that can be derived from a scientific dietary and the thorough development of the body through health-building exercises that are used in the form of recreation and also in various systems adapted to the needs of the weak as well as the strong.

There is no excuse for weakness!



THE MAGNIFICENT HEALTH HOME AT BATTLE CREEK, MICH., IN WHICH YOU CAN SECURE TREATMENT OR SPEND YOUR VACATION IN EXCHANGE FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS

every town. Take this copy of the **PHYSICAL CULTURE** magazine, show it to your friends, tell them what we are trying to do, talk to them of the remarkable reform work that our efforts are bringing about, call attention to the value of exhilarating health, give them details as to how they can acquire this glorious reward by following the instructions given in our magazine.

If you will do this conscientiously and continue your efforts for a sufficient length of time, you will secure subscriptions, any number of them, and these subscriptions will pay for your vacation in Battle Creek, Mich., at one of the most magnificent institutions in the world for

Sickness is a sin! Here is an opportunity for our subscribers to help place this magazine in every household.

If you are sick, ask your friends to subscribe to the **PHYSICAL CULTURE** magazine and thus help to defray your expenses. If you want to go on a vacation and haven't the necessary funds, a little work among your friends and acquaintances will quickly put you in possession of the required amount of money.

Please note furthermore, that, if you so desire, we agree to pay your railroad expenses to and from this institute, providing you secure a large enough list of subscriptions. Write for further particulars of this plan if you are interested.

One Way to Punish Quacks

A VICTIM OF MEDICAL IMPOSITION
TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS



R. FRED ICKLER, a young man of 21, residing in San Francisco, became so incensed from the false representations of the Miles Institution of that city, that he calmly and coolly decided to kill two physicians connected with the institution. It is certainly a terrible state of affairs when there seems to be absolutely no legal redress for those who have been imposed upon by medical sharpers. Mr. Ickler's own story follows:

"I did not want to kill the druggist at first. I was not after him. But then I thought he might as well go. He had been with these people a long time and he knew, just as well as they, that patients were being robbed. Again I thought that the other man in the room might be a doctor and I concluded to return and kill every one I found in the place.

"When I returned I found that one of the men had gone. I opened the door, raised my revolver and as the druggist turned I commenced to shoot. I fired two shots, but thinking he was only shamming, I crossed over to the body with the gun still in my hand. When I saw the blood spurting from the head I realized that he was done for and started for the door.

"When I reached the head of the stairway I saw a man enter one of the front rooms. I believed that he was the man I had seen with the chemist a few minutes before, and again opened fire. The man jumped inside a door and slammed it. When I approached the door I tried it, but found it was being held from the inside. For a long time I struggled with the man. Then, seeing his shadow against the glass, I fired another shot. The hold on the door was released, and whoever was inside gave an awful scream.

"Knowing what I had done, I grew nervous and laid the revolver at the head of the stairway. I walked into the street and saw people looking up at the house, but no one made any attempt to stop me and I walked away. Then I returned and lingered in the crowd, and then went to my home and told my brother what I had done. At first he would not believe me, but came downtown, saw the morgue wagon in front of the door, and knew that I had told the truth. He advised me to surrender, and I have done so.

"I am not sorry for this affair, as these men robbed me as they have robbed thousands of other poor souls who are suffering and who have little money to pay for treatment. For months I have been receiving their treatment, and received nothing in return but their oily promises. I was tortured more and more each day, and the promised relief never came. My earnings have been small, and every cent went to pay for either medicine or doctors' fees.

"At last I concluded that these people were only in the game for the money and that they did not intend to cure me. I discussed the matter with a number of people and the most of them told me that I had run into a nest of quacks.

"Then I figured on how I could repay them in their own coin. I knew that legal proceedings would bring me nothing. There was no use of suing them, because that game had been tried before and it only resulted in a further expenditure of money. So it seemed to me that it would be a good thing to put the whole bunch out of the way, and I went up there with a determined purpose of doing so.

"I cannot say that at first I wanted to kill them all. The two doctors, Lee and Miles, were the ones I was looking for, but when I came back after my first visit yesterday I was prepared to get them all."

Closing of Endurance Contests

LAST NOTICE TO THOSE DESIROUS
OF COMPETING FOR THESE PRIZES

THERE seems to be considerable interest all over the country in the endurance contest we have inaugurated, frequent notices of which have appeared in this magazine. At the request of several of our readers the closing of the contest has been extended to May 20th, as we are desirous of giving every one interested in this contest a chance to compete. Your record for each test in which you are competing must reach us by the 20th of May. Do not be afraid to make a trial at the various exercises. One writer inquired if a competitor attempting the various exercises will be allowed to rest between the exercises. There will be no objection to a contestant taking a reasonable length of time to rest between the different exercises. The tests should be taken before witnesses who can make affidavit to the performance of the exercises, including the number of times the exercises have been performed.

In previous issues we have clearly described the exercises, but the description of each exercise is again repeated.

It was previously announced that no one person would be considered a competitor for more than three exercises. It was thought better to change this rule, allowing any one to compete in all the exercises, if he so desires, though no one competitor would be entitled to more than one first prize. As the medals are all alike for these contests, and as the object of giving the test is to encourage the exercise habit, whenever the record of one contestant is so high as to win more than one medal, he will be given the medal for the test in which he has made the highest record. In the next exercise the competitor securing the record nearest to his best performance will be given the gold medal. This arrangement will give all competitors a better opportunity, and will make it impossible for one competitor to win all prizes, even should he be so proficient as to be able to accomplish this remarkable feat.

Test No. 1. Raise on the toes, as high as you possibly can, return heels to the floor.



of its endurance before beginning the exercise with the other leg.

Test No. 2. While standing, grasp the toe of either the right or left foot as shown in the illustration. Bend the other leg and touch the knee of the leg to the floor. Return to original straight standing position. In this test the exercise must be taken with both the right and left leg, continuing with each leg to the limit



side to the other, standing with both legs straight as you rise.

Test No. 3. Stand with the knees straight and legs far apart. Bend far over to the left, keeping the right knee straight and rigid, bending the left knee as much as possible. Straighten the body in the same exercise to the right, continue, alternating from one



endurance before change.

Test No. 4. Stand with the left leg far forward and the right leg far backward. Go forward, bending the left knee as much as possible. Take the same exercise with position of legs reversed and continue exercise in one position to limit of



Test No. 5. Lie flat on the back with the hands under the head; with the legs rigid rise to a sitting position as shown in the illustration, return to first position. A weight can be placed on the feet as a brace if desired.



Test No. 6. With hands on the floor and feet in the position shown, throw the weight forward on the hands and shoot the legs out straight backwards, stiffening the body, then return.



Test No. 7. With knees rigid, touch toes with tips of fingers. Keep elbows rigid and swing arms upward as high as you can reach and as far backwards as you can bend the body. Return to position as illustrated.



Test No. 8. The body in position as illustrated, bend the left arm and touch the chin to the back of the left hand without touching hips to floor. Test right hand.



Test No. 9. Lie flat on the back with the hands behind the head. Raise the legs, with knees straight, to a vertical position, as shown in the illustration. Return to position.



Test No. 10. The body in position as shown in the illustration, bend the arms and allow the chest to touch the floor. Hips must not touch floor. Return to position.



THE COUNTRY SCHOOL AUTOMOBILE