

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 4

## ...CONTENTS...

(Copyrighted, 1904, by PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.)

	PAGE
Some Famous Players and Coaches at Yale (Frontispiece).....	290
Long Walks Build Great Vital Power..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	291
Football at Yale..... <i>By William Collier Dole</i> .....	297
The Saloon Issue..... <i>By Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow</i> .....	301
Prize Offers for Our Readers.....	304
A Young Woman's Ideal of Perfect Manhood.....	305
The Race Horse a Creation of Physical Culture..... <i>By H. M. Lome</i> .....	306
A Young Man's Experiment with Cooked and Uncooked Foods.....	311
Exercises for Increasing the Height..... <i>By C. M. Garland</i> .....	312
Physical Culture Advocates in the Administration..... <i>By Henry Curtis Biggs</i> .....	315
Characteristic Poses of J. F. Barth.....	319
President Theodore Roosevelt (Photograph).....	320
How Roosevelt Became a Man..... <i>By Willard French</i> .....	321
Being Cured By Medicine (Cartoon).....	324
Health Destroying Alcohol in the Well Known Patent Medicines.....	325
Worn-Out Stomach Saved by Fifty-one Days' Fast.....	326
Optic Neuritis (Fiction)..... <i>By Willard Parker</i> .....	327
How Not to Worry..... <i>By Silas Wright Geis, B. S., Ph. D.</i> .....	329
Why I Never Became a Celebrated Writer (Fiction)..... <i>By Jennie M. Scott</i> .....	330
A Year's Expenditure for Rum (Cartoon)..... <i>By Bill Nye</i> .....	332
Sumo, The Japanese Method of Wrestling..... <i>By Jihei Hashiguchi</i> .....	333
Roosevelt's Running Mate..... <i>By James C. Monaghan</i> .....	337
How a Doctor's Diploma Should Read.....	339
Muscle and Health for Boys..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	340
Do Actively Inclined Children Need Physical Culture Exercises?.....	342
A Valuable Lesson of the Meat Strike in Chicago..... <i>By H. E. Jones</i> .....	344
An Ideal Physical Culture Society..... <i>By G. Edwards</i> .....	350
Hunted Down (Fiction—Concluded)..... <i>By John R. Coryell</i> .....	353
Cultivating a Perfect Race By Controlling Marriage.....	360
The Cause and Cure of Catarrh of the Throat and Nose..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	361
Weekly Menus of Uncooked Food..... <i>By Amelia M. Calkins</i> .....	363
William Cullen Bryant's Habits of Life.....	366
Correspondence Club.....	367
Greek Athletes and the Olympic Games..... <i>By F. M. Mackie</i> .....	369
Human Pyramid-Building..... <i>By Claude E. Holgate</i> .....	376
Question Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	378
Editorial Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	380

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

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, August 11, 1899.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year, Postpaid.

With Foreign Postage, \$1.60

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,

29-33 EAST 19TH STREET,

NEW YORK, U. S. A

BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Send money by check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter. When sending check always add 10 cents for collection charges.

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

We accept no advertisements from those whose wares we cannot conscientiously recommend. Patent medicine and other "take" remedies cannot buy space of us at any price.

We will consider it an especial favor if readers will furnish us with proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. We have refused, are still refusing, to insert advertisements which deceive and rob the unwary of money and health. If any of this kind by accident secure insertion we desire to know it as soon as possible.

Date of expiration of your subscription is printed on wrapper. Please note, and renew promptly. THE ADVERTISING RATE IS \$160 PER PAGE PER INSERTION. HALVES AND QUARTERS PRO RATA. CARDS LESS THAN ONE QUARTER PAGE \$1 PER LINE.





Some Famous Yale Coaches and Players. A Team Picked From This Group Scored on Yale 'Varsity Inside Ten Minutes

1. Wright	4. W. O. Hickok	7. Chamberlin	10. Cross	13. Heppelfinger	16. B. Thorne	20. G. Brown	23. Butterworth	26. McClung
2. P. Stillman	5. Hall	8. F. Murphy	11. O. Hale	14. Shattuck	17. Walter Camp	21. Rev. M. Cutten	24. M. Ely	27. McCormick
3. Townsend	6. S. Coy	9. Jack Greenway	12. Corbin	15. Armstrong	18. O. D. Thompson	22. Dr. Hartwell	25. C. Chadwick	



# LONG WALKS BUILD GREAT VITAL POWER

HOW TO WALK FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUPERIOR VITAL VIGOR—THE IMPORTANCE OF DEEP BREATHING WHILE WALKING—THE GREAT VALUE OF LONG WALKS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

**I**N previous issues of the magazines I have referred frequently to walking as a valuable means of exercise, but have never attempted to furnish my readers with a long article giving detailed information on the subject. As a rule, if one walks a great deal, a proper position of the body will naturally be maintained, though it must be admitted that the average individual does not walk enough to make a proper method of walking a habit. There is a proper way to walk just as there is a proper way to do anything. No matter how you walk, a certain amount of exercise will be secured from it, and, unquestionably, benefit will be derived from it. But if you walk in a slipshod manner, if your movements are not harmonious, you will tire quickly, and will secure far less benefit than is easily within your reach when attention is given to the necessity of acquiring a proper gait and position of

the body. Even those who possess more than the average strength will become exhausted after walking a few miles, if they do not understand the secret of "proper method."

It is only within the last few years that I have learned how to walk. One must acquire an easy gait, every movement must be rhythmic, and the position of the body must be such that you go forward with strides that are almost without effort.

Several years ago, when I was an athlete of considerable prominence, I remember that a walk of eight or ten miles would frequently tire me out. Now I can easily walk from eighteen to twenty-five miles, and after a rest of an hour or two feel sufficiently refreshed to walk a similar distance. In the last few months I have been ex-



**FIGURE 1.** Showing condition of the muscles of the arms and chest while taking long walks. Exercise seemed sufficient to retain this development as but little of special exercise was taken at this period.

perimenting with the view of determining accurately the effects of long walks. Ordinarily, five to ten miles a day had been the limit of my walking exercises. But



realizing the great value of long walks I concluded to extend these walks very materially for the purpose of forming more accurate conclusions as to their effects. For some time now I have been taking walks of from fifteen to twenty miles in the morning before going to business, and the more I experiment the more I am inclined to endorse the exercise as being especially valuable.

Even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, a short brisk walk is always beneficial; but a long walk that will take from three to five hours of steady rhythmic movements as a means of arousing the entire functional system to increased activity can hardly be improved upon. Every organ of the body is benefited by such a walk. The stomach, heart and lungs are all beneficially affected. All the depurating organs of the body are aroused to increased activity. The blood is cleansed of impurities, the eyes become clearer, the complexion is improved, the flesh firmer, and all parts of the body increase in strength and general hardiness.

Several cases have been reported recently where consumption and other serious diseases have been cured by walking. In the next issue of the magazine there is a remarkable article showing what one man accomplished by an outdoor life with almost continuous walking during waking hours. For those who are striving for health, for those in

the grasp of a serious chronic disease, no exercise is quite so valuable as walking combined with deep breathing. Walking is more especially valuable for cases of this kind because the exercise is difficult to overdo. If you will simply stop when you are tired, nothing but benefit can be derived from it. I do not mean by this that you should stop at the very first moment that you feel the slightest twinge of fatigue, for you can continue with benefit until you can actually enjoy a

rest, until you sink into a seat with a feeling of relief.

Of course, any exercise continued to exhaustion cannot be called beneficial, but it requires a vast deal of will power to continue walking to this extreme. In this article I have tried to illustrate as clearly as possible the proper method of walking. Of course, the average individual believes that he knows how to walk. But I am inclined to think that a careful study of the illustrations and the comments made in this article will cause many to believe that they do not know how to walk properly. And remember, if you are not

maintaining a proper attitude and making perfectly rhythmic movements, it means that you are not walking correctly.

When assuming the proper attitude the body is always inclined forward while walking. Walking should be a continual fall forward just as is running. Each step should save you from a fall, and the body should be always inclined far



**FIGURE 2.** My favorite walking costume. Hat in one hand, coat and shoes in the other. Though not ideal, it is the most convenient under the circumstances when it is remembered that I am compelled near the end of the walk to assume the conventional manner of dressing.



enough forward to insure a continuance of this position. The entire body should always be erect, shoulders back, chest prominent, head back and eyes looking straight to the front, unless it is necessary to look to the ground in order to select your path. Many are of the opinion that because an erect attitude is advised in walking, it is necessary to swing the body far backward. This is a serious mistake.

Every step must furnish a forward propelling power, and if the body is not inclined forward this is impossible. If you will be sure all during your walk that the body is inclined in this way, remembering to make every step appear as though it would save the body from falling forward, then you can rest assured that your gait can be commended.

Of course, it is not easy to break old habits, and it will require close attention for a time in order to assume this attitude when walking; but careful attention will make a radical change in a very short time, and after a while it will become natural for you to assume this gait.

The benefits of walking are immensely increased if one will form a habit of drawing deep inhalations of the pure air, filling the lungs to their greatest possible capacity. I have illustrated in this article breathing exercises that will be found of immense value, not only as a means of increasing the endurance and general pleasure of the walk, but in assisting the building of greater vital power. One illustration shows the position of the body when the waist is drawn in as far as possible and the greater part of the air has been forced from the lungs. It is a comparatively easy exercise. Simply force all the air you can from the lungs while walking at your

ordinary gait. Make two or three attempts to force still more air from the lungs. Now inhale all you can, expanding from the abdominal region upward, as shown in the second illustration. This exercise will vastly increase your endurance, and as stated before, will add pleasure and benefit.

The lungs perform very important functional processes. They furnish the blood with those elements that are essential to continuous muscular effort. This is illustrated very emphatically when one attempts to take very violent exercise. The muscles quickly tire, and this fatigue is induced because of the inability of the functional processes to supply properly those elements essential to long continued, violent activity.

Though walking even on brick sidewalks is beneficial, it is far better to walk on the grass or ground if possible. Especially will a walk of considerable distance seem far more difficult on hard pavements of any kind. The proper place to walk is in the country, away from the city air and the dirt, dust and smoke co-incident to urban life. If you live in the city and cannot

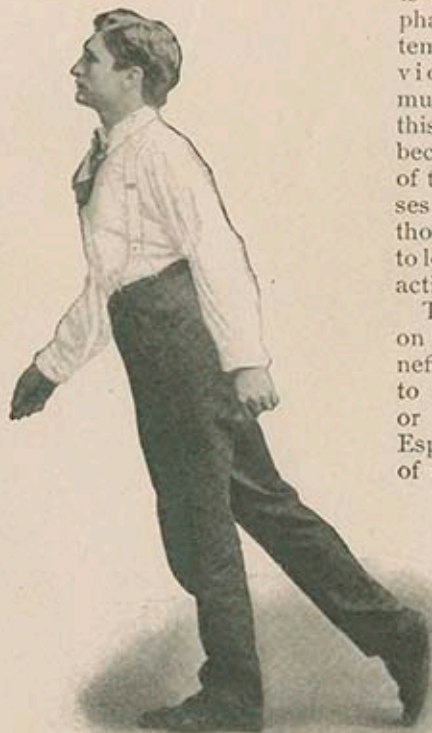


FIGURE 3. Correct attitude while walking, showing forward incline of the body that should be assumed. The head in this illustration has been held a little too high.

move out, your walk can be made far more pleasurable if you board a car that will take you into the country before beginning your walk. If you are compelled to go to business at a certain time each day, walk to your business instead of going by car. A walk of three to six miles in the city, though not so pleasurable nor so beneficial as it would be if taken in the country, is still a hundred times preferable to



riding. If you can live out in the country you will then be fortunate. You can rise early in the morning and walk almost any distance you choose before arriving at your place of business, providing, of course, that you have not to go to work at a very early hour. If you commence work at eight or nine o'clock it will not be found difficult to arise at four or five o'clock, and the time elapsing before you are compelled to appear for your daily labors will enable you to take a long and pleasurable trip.

Where I have been living all summer is a little over twenty miles from New York, and unless the duties of the day are especially exacting, it has been my usual habit, since I have been experimenting with long walks, to rise between four and six o'clock. Though walking at any time is pleasurable, I must admit that in the early morning hours

there is a peculiar, almost intoxicating element in the air which greatly adds to its pleasure. The air seems far more exhilarating at this time of the day. Another special advantage of the early hour in my case was that my costume was likely to excite the curiosity of the ordinary late riser. Those who rise as early as four or five o'clock are, as a rule, too busy to be

curious. I know many of my readers might suggest that I adopt the costume which I consider best, regardless of conventional criticism, but I must admit that I have hardly advanced that far. I like to attend to my business and my work without molestation. I like to be left alone, but if one excites curiosity by adopting extreme reforms, he will always be annoyed. I start out in the morning dressed only for comfort, but I always

prepare for making the change which would be necessary to enter the city in a conventional garb. I start out with hat in one hand and coat and shoes in the other. Thus equipped, when I arrive at the point where I again wish to enter the realms of so-called civilization, by stopping at a convenient brook by the road it is an easy matter to put on the articles necessary to become one of the human sheep.

But the pleasure and benefit that I derive from

all this is worth the trouble. I will admit that the first fifteen or eighteen-mile walk I attempted tired me, though after a few mornings I was able to walk this distance with but very little fatigue and after a short rest would hardly notice the effects of the walk apart from the extraordinary appetite that it induced.

Though my favorite method at first was

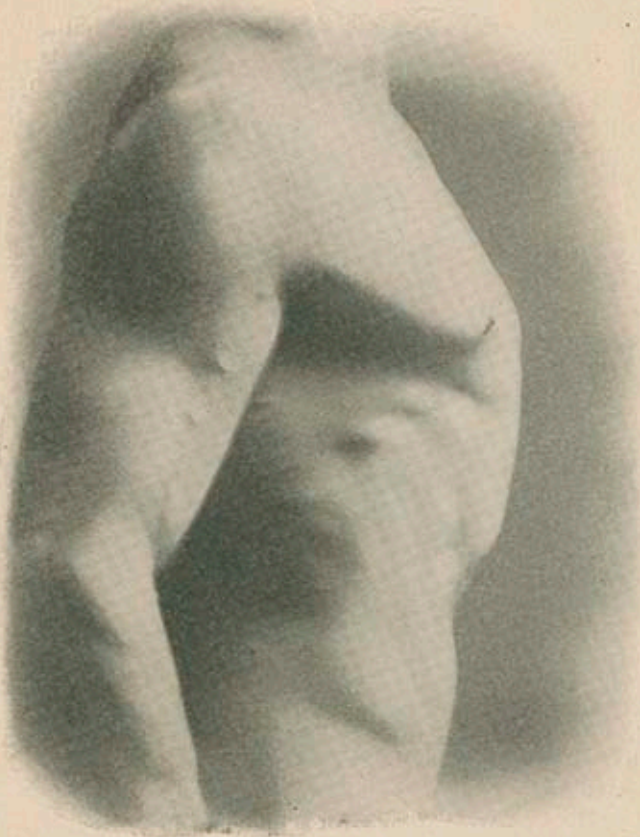


FIGURE 4. Illustrating the breathing exercise that should be taken frequently when walking. Expel all the air from the lungs you possibly can, drawing in the abdomen, and endeavoring to expel still more. (See next figure.)



to walk barefooted, occasionally I have used sandals such as are illustrated in this article. Sandals of this character, however, can hardly be recommended for wear on a dusty road or on one on which there is much gravel or stones. Small particles get into the toes of the sandal and are a considerable annoyance. For ordinary road walking the sandals should have the entire front part of the foot covered.

One of our enthusiasts who is greatly impressed with the value of long walks, speaks of a method that can undoubtedly be recommended, for the reason that it makes it more easy for one to assume the forward incline, the importance of which I have so strongly emphasized. He especially recommends the long stride in walking, and while endeavoring to make this long stride it is absolutely essential to assume this incline.

This same enthusiast also calls attention to the value of avoiding high speed. Three and a half miles an hour, he states, is as fast as one should walk to secure the greatest possible degree of benefit and pleasure. If you walk faster you are bound to tire quicker, and there is not nearly so much pleasure secured from the walk. He suggests a long, easy

stride, making every step a little beyond that which is your custom in ordinary walking. I quote the following from his letter:

"The majority of people are so much in a hurry that the steps they take are nervous and impulsive, and have no rhythm. Now, these steps, if taken at longer intervals and greater length, will enable the walker to cover more ground

with greater ease and less nervous energy and will bring about a more natural tired feeling than that following the short step action."

It might be well to mention to those who wish to follow my example in walking without shoes, that it will be found difficult until the soles of the feet are hardened. The first few attempts must be confined to a very short walk, but shortly a callous surface will form on the bottom of the feet and

you will then be able to walk almost any distance without shoes. I must say that I favor walking without shoes where the roads are at all smooth. I seem to walk with less effort, and do not tire nearly so quickly when walking barefooted as when wearing shoes. Of course, if sandals are worn that do not confine the feet, there is not a great deal of difference, but no

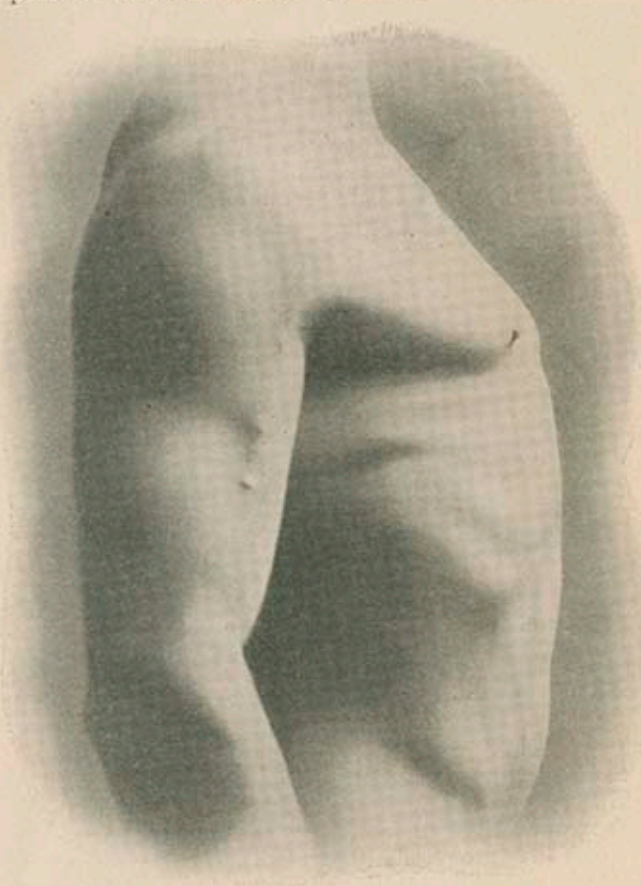


FIGURE 5. Then immediately draw in all the air you can, expanding the chest to its fullest capacity, beginning the expansion in the abdominal region, and expanding every part fully, as is shown in above illustration.



matter how nicely a shoe may fit, it always interferes to a certain extent with the free circulation of the blood.

Now, I do not want my enthusiastic readers to attempt immediately to walk from ten to fifteen miles each day, for benefit cannot be derived from attempting this extreme distance at first. Be satisfied at the outset with four or five miles. Try first of all to acquire a proper position before you attempt to cover much distance. In fact, it would be well to avoid trying to see how far you can walk. It is not really distance, but increased vital power that you are endeavoring to acquire. This is the only result that is of any special importance.

One photograph illustrating this article was taken merely to show the condition of the muscles of the chest and arms, while taking the long walks, although these muscles were exercised but little, with the exception of the movements required in walking.

If one is inclined to be too fleshy or "soft," long walks will naturally reduce the weight. If you are too thin they will increase your appetite, and in time increase your weight, though the first week or two, if they are regularly taken, the weight may be reduced slightly, yet very quickly thereafter a decided gain will usually appear.

It is proof of the great value of walking that athletes everywhere, no matter for what event they may be preparing, always make it a part of their training. They do this because it builds vital power. This added vitality enables them to increase the vigor of the muscles that they expect to use most in their contests.

Then, too, it is well to note that walking keeps one young. It delays old age. It drives out old age cells, makes

every part of you throb with life and health and strength. One of the youngest old men that ever I saw in my life was a professional walker who claimed that he made a habit of walking from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and although a man of nearly 60 years he had the complexion of a sixteen-year-old-girl, and did not look more than 35.

It is always an advantage to have some destination in view. When you start out select some place that you would like to reach. Wandering aimlessly here and there is not so beneficial as an exercise, though undoubtedly it is pleasurable. If you are walking in the country select a town a few miles away, and although there may be nothing of interest there that you desire to see, yet

you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are going somewhere.

From the illustrations in this article it will be quite evident that I do not believe in hampering oneself with clothing. The less

clothing you wear while walking the greater will be your benefits. In fact, if I could walk in the suit that is worn by the average African savage I would much prefer it. Unfortunately, this is carrying our ideas of freedom of dress to extremes, and we have to compromise, remembering continually that the less clothing worn the better, for the air, coming in contact with the skin, is a tonic of no small value.

Above all things, one should remember that regularity of breathing is of special importance. If you are unable to regulate your breathing satisfactorily you might adopt the plan of inhaling during a certain number of steps, say six or eight, and then exhaling while you count a similar number.

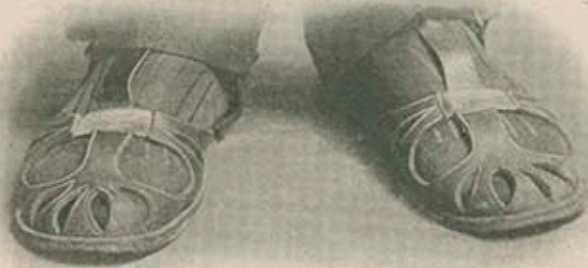


FIGURE 6. Showing sandals I wear frequently. This style of sandal, though comfortable, is of little value on roads where there is much dust or gravel. Sandals for roads of this kind should have the entire front of the foot covered.





Bucking the Line for Touch-Down

## FOOTBALL AT YALE

By William Collier Dole

"— an elder soldier, not a better; did I say 'better'?"—*Shakspeare.*

**F**OOTBALL at Yale! What a long breath one draws at the contemplation of these words; they are so eminently full of the ideality carried onward year by year nearer to the desired perfection.

For a quarter of a century football at Yale has ever made progress, has gained favor continuously at Yale, and in the world outside; it has had from its incipency a vast differentiation with football as played elsewhere. This game was born here. The same hands that guided its first feeble, uncertain steps are with it now, to point out the road along which it rushes with almost unchecked career.

How popular it is! True, there are some who sniffle and say, "It's too rough a game." But look at the crowds at big games; witness their enthusiasm, the disregard of snow or rain, the vying of gray-haired men and fair-faced women in strenuousness of applause, or depth of groan, as the game varies. What creates and sustains this enthusiasm? To a looker-on it seems to spring largely from the inborn desire of our people to see superbly conditioned men, in concerted effort, under level chances, strive for the vic-

tory. One does not have to know the intricacies of the game to realize football is a man's game for men, to be played in a manly way.

Football is everywhere. Other colleges play it; play it well; on some infrequent days play it a shade better than Yale. But, looking back over Yale's broad path of stirring events, these few rough spots serve merely to emphasize the strength and smoothness as a whole.

These qualities have not been obtained without pains and concerted action in every detail; out of years of practice has come wisdom, system, harmony; in the latter quality football at Yale has eclipsed its kindred sports.

The old players have come back year after year to advise, to stimulate, even by personal example. Especially is this true when affairs look darkly dubious. These old-timers give lavishly of their gray matter and bodily strength, yet ever defer to captain and head of coaches. While these coaches may differ on minor details, all stand on that plank which bears the legend, "Yale must win!"

High-water mark of returning coaches was reached in Bi-Centennial year, where, in the group produced on the frontispiece page, can be counted a dozen captains of



Yale football teams, besides those other men "whose names are household words."

One great determining factor of Yale's success has been in the return of these coaches. They have implanted (I had almost said injected) that indefinable essence known as "Yale spirit," which, by the way, is not as aggressively prominent all over Yale as in the former days. Why? The Yale spirit! It never tired, never slept. The bald records prove that defeat in those times was seldom seen.

We are nearing the season now. In a day or two it will have opened. There are three thousand students at Yale, with a few places to fill on the "eleven." That

years, and lo! he is made famous in a day. Time goes on. The eleven has been picked, save for a couple of places. The schedule of games, arranged in the spring with an eye to permutation of their trying-out possibilities, is through.

Now comes the moulding of the rough mass into the finished ingot; the 'varsity has to withstand the handicapped attacks of the "college" side, meaning the best there is after the eleven. On it are men who want a place on the 'varsity, and such, indeed, often happens at the very last hour. Hence the savagery of their assault, the fierceness of the strife.

The college team is another factor in



First Down

looks easy. For is there not an influx of new material—the "prep. school" wonder; the men from other colleges, eligible at last; fellows, also, are there not, who "would have made the team last year, but——?" Does not the "call-out" bring hundreds to the field? Yet the longest, hardest task is to pick the team. The searchlight of competition here illumines glaring faults in many a wonder; though, contrariwise, it finds each year some new man who has modestly toiled on the scrub, as it is called, for even three

the summing up. Many have done good work. So, even if the public knows them not, the coaches and the 'varsity do, honoring them for their devotion and their ability as well.

The day of the first big game is here. The captain, coaches, trainer, "heelers" and rubbers have done their all. Secret practice has smoothed many a kink and wrinkle; the new plays are up the sleeve; seats are all taken and filled an hour before the rival teams trot out on the field.

What hardy fellows the others are!





Yale and Princeton Putting Ball Into Play

And they know football, also. Besides, they more than any other college, have a "spirit" like unto that of Yale. They never quit fighting, and if a trick, a kick or a fumble on Yale's part makes it possible to "win out," that is the one college that is apt to do it. So, really, it is a question, "Which will win?" We must not attempt to answer now. Yale will try, and her try is generally synonymous with winning. While the evolution of football is going on toward a well-earned rest and finality, the environment has much to do with the policy of play in the different big colleges, which is more or less masked, held in reserve, for the day of days.

At Yale are changes, indeed, the most obvious being the tendency to try to arrive to that state wherein the backs are as big as the forwards. It is not here yet, but it is on the way. Eventually there will be no puny quarter-back nor light half-backs. Then the eleven will appear even in build. The result? More grief to lighter opponents, much more weight in formation. To resist this added

momentum, the rival teams will try to develop new plays calculated to nullify these odds. This brings us to another phase of football at Yale, one that has doubts hovering around, as well as high hopes present. In the old days a man on the 'varsity was primarily—yes, confinedly—a player of his position. He might be center, guard, tackle, end, back or quarter. He was not anything else, in any one game, at least. He studied his position possibilities in every light, was coached solitarily by men who by their work had made the position great in scope and a model to follow after. This policy was enforced all along the line literally. Upon the head coach devolved mostly the seeing that the men got the proper coaching, the getting the team together being merely a question of time, which was usually sufficient.

Nowadays the player is cast into dual, even triple, rôles. He is no longer solely a guard, tackle, etc., but any of them, at any minute. He is no longer the man given the ball to make that needed yard, or foot, and making it by his marvelous



Touch Down



ability and dauntless courage—the courage of conviction in him. He knows his fellows are able to look out for their man, and makes it. It was great work, splendid. He feels he can do it again, if asked, and, better yet, the other side feels it, too.

To-day it is different. The player is taken out of his position often. He has lost his identity to a degree. He is one of three or four—not a single force. He is an integer; he becomes part of a delicately constructed organism, which something trivial, even, may disturb, clog, overthrow. True, there are brilliant runs by individual players at exceptional times, but in the main is it not also true that formation plays are far yet from ability to withstand the ordinary vicissitudes of interference? Are they not at times ethereal, gossamer-like?

Has it, indeed, become possible to do away with straight football—individual effort? Has the old determination to win given place to calculating chance? Has the passionless, closet-conceived play over-shadowed the fiery, furious fighter for a foot? Are the players of to-day taught their position plays as much as they are those of others? Was not a certain big game last year a guessing match as to coming formations? Did not the other team guess right, often? Mistake not; these are queries, not assertions.

Yale's football interests are in able hands. Nowhere is there more of the right sort of obedience to athletic's best

needs than here. The mandates of all captains are respected. The players are earnest, pliable and anxious to win; nor are they cast down by defeat. The coming team will be a good one. When has Yale had a poor one? But there is a curve in the line of method, as indicated herein; a curve extended becomes speedily a divergence, and later a departure. Is it, then, to be a departure? May it not be classed, rather, as a tidal movement from its rocky, steadfast shore, appearing to drift away, but soon returning, to cling closer than ever to traditions of the past, on which it rests?

Football at Yale! Yale at football! It reads either way. A great game, played by a great college. Not alone played, but made by it. Football is rich already in prestige, examples, brilliant runs, victories snatched from the very lime dust of the goal line. One last misgiving. Are the players backed up by the college at large as heartily as of old? Is the Yale spirit to-day as effective on the bleachers as then? Yes. Organized cheering is here. Students are coaxed, cudgeled out to cheer for Yale. Time was when they went of their own impulse and cheered gleefully all the afternoon.

Again, after the victory came the celebration. Well, these of to-day are pretty mild in comparison. To conclude, "Whatever is, is right." So it will be immaterial whether they cheer long and loud, or little and low. But it will make a big difference if there is not occasion for some kind of a celebration after the two big games of football this fall.

#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR READERS TO SEE THE WINNER OF THE \$1,000 PRIZE FOR THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN

TO the lovers of the classical human figure an opportunity will be given to study it in the beautifully formed and perfectly developed body of Mr. Albert Treloar, who was adjudged, by eminent sculptors and physicians at the Madison Square Exhibition, to be the most perfectly formed man in the world to-day. For the benefit of our readers we give Mr. Treloar's itinerary below:

	Week beginning	
Orpheum Theater, Denver, Col.	Sept. 26	
Orpheum Theater, Omaha, Neb.	Oct. 10	
Orpheum Theater, St. Joseph, Mo.	Oct. 17	
Orpheum Theater, Kansas City, Mo.	Oct. 25	

St. Charles Orpheum, New Orleans, La.	Oct. 31
Haymarket Theater, Chicago	Nov. 14
Olympic Theater, Chicago	Nov. 21
Hopkin's Theater, Louisville, Ky.	Dec. 5
Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, O.	Dec. 12
Grand Opera House, Indianapolis, Ind.	Dec. 19
Circle Theater, New York City, N. Y.	Feb. 20
Orpheum Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Feb. 27
Auditorium Theater, New York City	Mar. 6
Keith's Theater, New York City, N. Y.	Mar. 13
Keith's Theater, Providence, R. I.	Mar. 20
Keith's Theater, Boston, Mass.	Mar. 27
Mechanic's Theater, Salem, Mass.	Apr. 3
Portland Theater, Portland, Me.	Apr. 10
Keith's Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.	Apr. 17
Keith's Theater, Baltimore, Md.	Apr. 24
Alvin Theater, Pittsburg, Pa.	May 1



# THE SALOON ISSUE

By Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow

Rev. Dr. Swallow, Editor of the "Pennsylvania Methodist," is the candidate for the Presidency of the United States on the Prohibition ticket. The sensation created throughout this country by the public endorsement of the New York City saloon in such a fashion that it instantly gained a patronage greater than that of the most popular resorts where liquor is vended, turned the eyes of the nation upon Dr. Swallow, as the most prominent defender of Prohibition principles in the public eye.

In the forceful, eloquent letter that follows, Dr. Swallow defines the manner in which he regards Bishop Potter's action and the results which must inevitably flow from it. In terms that are unmistakable in their meaning, he analyzes the fallacy of the "poor man's club" as a help to virtue, when it is given over to the consuming of alcoholic drinks. With equal vigor, he exposes the profoundly dangerous error of treating the rum traffic as a "necessary evil"; and he reviews briefly, but with characteristic earnestness, the national crime of government partnership in a traffic which, throughout the ages, has dealt destruction invariably to human bodies and souls.



Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow  
Candidate for the Presidency of the United States  
on the Prohibition Issue

The editorial views of this magazine have been sufficiently reiterated to make necessary here no expatiation upon the opinions expressed by the Rev. Dr. Swallow. But it is worth while recording, at this point, that editorial study of public opinion, as expressed throughout the United States in the pulpit, almost unanimously endorses the position he assumes. Bishop Potter's action stirred all practical, sincere, consistent Christians as no other incident in the history of the sale of alcoholic liquors has stirred them. It is because of the swift and large importance Bishop Potter's action assumed, as the assertion of a principle wholly fallacious and exceedingly dangerous to the public welfare, that we have called upon such a representative man as Dr. Swallow for an expression of his views.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



To the Editor:—The hypothesis of some correspondents, that we will make the Bishop Potter episode the basis of our campaign, is no more correct than that we will turn aside to discuss his reported refusal to pay duty in the New York custom house, a few years ago, on a barrel of Scotch rum which had been presented to him "in the land of the rose, the thistle and the heather."

Or, that we will discuss his reported junket across the Continent with a lot of congenial convivia, in a car loaded at the start, but empty at the finish, with the finest grades of "bug juice" known to the connoisseur.

Or, that we will turn aside to notice his reported denunciations still later of the W. C. T. U.

Your request for my views of the said episode starts this train of thought.

The use, by a Bishop, of prayers, benedictions and doxologies over wine, gin, brandy, whisky and beer, all to be used for beverage purposes, though in itself a matter of little account, yet was so monstrous an act of desecration, not to say of profanity, as to arouse the just indignation of all classes of people, found in all the varied walks of life.

### BAD MOTIVE

The professed motive of the Bishop was wholly bad. For, though he may "belong to a dozen clubs" where liquor is used, a thing in itself very culpable—since the home, the church, and a man's business duties, whether the latter be sacred or secular, should absorb all of his time and energies—yet, if he sees proper to defile his vestments in an atmosphere reeking with whisky and tobacco fumes, he should at least spare himself the punishment threatened against those who not only "break the least of all these commandments, but *teach* men so."

What does he, as a student of The Book, with the enjoinder not even to "look upon wine;" or with the "woe" pronounced on those who "put the bottle to their neighbor's lips"; or with the divine commands to "be not among wine bibbers," and "be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit."

If he belongs to the higher critics who eliminate from the Bible the teachings that antagonize their carnal desires; and if "Thus saith the Lord" has ceased to bind his conscience, then observation of a few facts should have dissuaded him.

First: That of the \$1,400,000,000 spent for strong drink in America last year, not one purchaser was helped in body, intellect, spirit, morals, or in the increase in earthly possessions; or in the preparation for heaven. On the other hand, one hundred thousand bodies were by the traffic sent to the grave; a hundred thousand souls were sent to perdition; and thousands of families were forever dismembered. The traffic filled police courts, almshouses, jails, penitentiaries, and insane hospitals. For every dollar received by government as revenue, it required the tax-payers to pay out sixteen dollars and fifty cents, to take care of the results of the business.

Did Bishop Potter suppose that by saying prayers over the vile poison it would contain less delirium tremens, less quarrels and fights, less potency for dividing families, for promoting idleness, sickness, strikes, poverty, crime, and death?

He knew better. He knew that his desecrating act of consecration, would be heralded far and near as the signal for an army of hitherto sober and virtuous young men to begin a downward journey toward, if not to, a degraded life. He knew, provided his thinker has not in some way become befogged, that he was encouraging this army of young men toward a course of life that would place an embargo on their employment by the great railroad and other corporations, and employers of skilled labor—they having lifted the standard of "total abstinence from intoxicant" as a condition of giving, or continuing in, employment.

### "THE POOR MAN'S CLUB"

His assigned reason, that the poor man must have a resort as a relief from being shut up for the evening, in two rooms, with a wife and six children in order to



imitate faintly the rich man, who belongs, as the Bishop says he himself does, to a dozen whisky-selling clubs, was the most cold-blooded and cruel proposition that ever fell from the lips of a follower of the Man of Calvary. "What meat does this modern poor man Caesar feed upon?" that he should spend so much of his money for whisky, gin, or beer, as to be unable to rent a house, instead of two small rooms, for his wife and six small children, the latter possibly largely the fruit of whisky-inflamed lust? And if two small rooms, for twenty-four hours of every day, are good enough for the woman he swore at the hymeneal altar to "love, honor and keep only unto, so long as they both should live," are they not good enough for twelve hours for him who has shown himself too lazy, improvident or drunken to provide something better? Most clubs, whether provided for the rich or poor, for men or for women bent on aping man's folly, are clubs in deed and in truth, with which the very life is beaten out of the home, the family altar, the instruction of childhood, and not infrequently the business and domestic success of those who frequent the club-house. And that, too, whether it be an ethic and aesthetic literary center, or what most of them are—a rendezvous for booze-loving loafers and polite gamblers in human virtue.

### NO "NECESSARY EVILS"

Bishop Potter's speech deals with liquor drinking, and the traffic that begets and fosters it, as a "necessary evil," to be regulated but never prohibited. This is an attempt to impeach the wisdom, if not the integrity of the Almighty Father. If we read the Word aright, there are no "necessary evils," in either the vocabulary or the economy of Jehovah. The Ten Commandments, on which is founded all law worthy the name the world over—whether it be domestic, statutory, national, or international law—are prohibitory, but never permissive. "Thou shalt not," rings out from Sinai like a reverberating bugle-blast, blown by the breath that breathed a world from naught. And the fact that men will swear, lie, steal, break the Sabbath and commit adultery and murder, furnishes as good but no better reason for attempting to regulate these sins and crimes by licensing them for government revenue than is found in an attempt to regulate a traffic that produces a large proportion of these evils.

### GOVERNMENT PARTNERSHIP

The tendency of the teachings of men like Bishop Potter and his blind followers is to encourage our government to continue in partnership with, and take a share of the profits of the greatest crime and poverty-producing agency which the world has ever known. The taxation of the business gives it dignity, and implies protection not only to the business, but to the men engaged in it. Next to the great crime of human slavery, that cost a million of lives, and hundreds of millions of treasure, comes this present "sum of all villainies," the legalized liquor traffic. It is coming more and more to be understood that the five millions of voters in the Christian Churches of the country will be held responsible for the manner of disposing of this national curse. They can settle the question as to whether it shall be done by votes or at the cost of blood and treasure. For, while individuals are compelled to pay the penalty of violated law in this life and in the life to come, nations are reckoned with only in this life.

We must commend the consistency of Bishop Potter in this, that he votes for and with a party that favors the legalization of the liquor traffic. He simply consecrated the creature of his own vote. Thousands vote as he does, but have not the courage to sing the "Te Deum Laudamus" over their own child—the legalized saloon.

Yours fraternally,

*Silas B. Swallow*



## LIBERAL PRIZE OFFERS FOR OUR READERS

### PRIZES FOR ADVANCING PHYSICAL CULTURE WORK.

As a special inducement to those interested in making converts to the physical culture methods of living we offer twenty prizes:

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.

Second Prize.—\$10.00 Physical Culture Library.

Third Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.

Fourth Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.

Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes.—\$2.00, value in Subscriptions or Books.

Ten Consolation Prizes, from Eleventh to Twentieth, inclusive.—\$1.00 in value in Subscriptions or Books.

This Prize Contest will close January 1, 1905. It is open to all our readers except agents engaged in the work for financial reward. Begin at once to make converts in this cause. If you wish any circulars or sample copies to distribute, write to us and we will supply them. Before the date the contest closes write us and state in detail just what you have accomplished to advance this work. Of course, subscriptions received and books sold will naturally count, but what is of still more importance is the number of persons whom you have converted to this rational method of living, and whom you may have cured of serious diseases through following your suggestions. All letters referring to this department should be addressed Department No. 1, though we have no further information to give you than that which we have stated herein.

### PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LARGEST FAMILY.

We desire to know who has the largest family in America. The photograph should include mother, father and children. It may also include grandchildren or grandparents, but these will not figure in the contest. Prizes are given for actual photograph of the largest number of children from one father and one mother:

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.

Second Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.

Third Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.

Ten Consolation Prizes, Fourth to Thirteenth, inclusive.—\$1.00 value in Books or Subscriptions.

Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description of the family, with special reference to their general health. In case photographs are submitted with the same number of children, prizes will be awarded on general physical condition. This contest closes January 1. We reserve the right to use all photographs presented, and where photographs are used for which prizes are not awarded we will pay one dollar each for them. Photographs sent to this department must be addressed "Prize Large Family" Department.

### PRIZES FOR THE BEST FORMED PHYSICAL CULTURE BABY.

This contest is open to all readers of the magazine and to all who believe in the application of physical culture methods in the training of their children.

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.

Second Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.

Third Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.

Ten Consolation Prizes.—\$1.00 each in value, Books or Subscriptions.

Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description of the child. Photograph must be taken in a standing position to show the figure of the child. If two photographs are taken, side and front views are preferred. Weight, height and age of the child should be given. We reserve the right to use all photographs contestants send to us, whether they win a prize or not. This contest closes January 1. Photographs sent to this department must be addressed "Prize Baby" Department.

### PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES

We are especially desirous of securing more short stories. Beginning with the January issue, and continuing for three months, we offer two prizes each month, one of \$20.00 and another of \$10.00, these two prizes to be paid in addition to the regular amount paid for space rate. Stories submitted for this contest should not be more than 1,200 words in length, and not less than 500. Longer stories are also invited, and will be paid for at space rates if used.

## KNOTTY PROBLEMS WORKED OUT IN THE SOLITUDE OF NATURE

"I have a suspicion," said "Buffalo Jones," chief game warden of Yellowstone Park, "that last year the natural beauties of the park furnished the inspiration for the working out of some knotty problems of state. It was in the spring that President Roosevelt visited us. He would start out almost every morning with his rod and line, and be gone all day. We wanted to accompany him, of course, but he gave us to understand that he preferred to be alone. I have an idea that the fishing was merely a pretext to get out alone amid the noble calm and impressiveness of the big woods and hills to revolve momentous matters in his mind.

"We arranged several mountain lion hunts for him, but he

always declined to shoot the lion when we had treed it, although he knew that these beasts were playing havoc with the sheep and elk and that the park would be well rid of them.

"When he was installed in his tent, upon his arrival at the park, we had a soldier pacing up and down before the door.

"What's that man doing out there?" demanded the President.

"He's the sentry," I answered.

"Oh go and tell him to sit down," replied Mr. Roosevelt: "I came out here to rest, and it makes me tired to see a man walking without getting anywhere."—*Clipped.*



## A YOUNG WOMAN'S IDEAL IN REGARD TO PERFECT MANHOOD

BELIEVES MAJORITY OF MEN, OUTSIDE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, LIVE  
IN A NARROW-MINDED RUT

To the Editor:

Your magazines have caused me to look at life and humanity from an entirely different standpoint than I had been accustomed to look at them. They have opened my eyes and they have literally pulled me out of the pit of ignorance in which thousands live out their lives and die, never seeing the light of knowledge and of truth.

As soon as I began to read and study your books I did not content myself with the mere knowledge of the better and nobler life, but I began to live it also. I now live on two small meals a day, consisting chiefly of fruits, nuts, whole wheat or rye bread and raw vegetables. Drink plenty of cold water. I feed my lungs on all the fresh air obtainable, *never* closing the windows of my room. My garments are loose and I wear just enough to cover my body and give comfort. My weight is one hundred and thirty pounds and I am the very embodiment of life and vigor. While all of those about me who live on three and four big meals a day, including tea and coffee, constantly sigh and complain of aches, I feel like a lark in the air and do not know what a pain is.

My view of young men has changed considerably with the reading of your books. I am determined never to marry a man who is not equally enlightened in physical culture. I have learned to know myself, but where is the man who would understand such a woman? The majority of men, outside of physical culture, are living in a narrow-minded rut. They have no initiative. They have not will-power enough to lift themselves out of the old life into a better life. They have not the powerful determination to make themselves superb

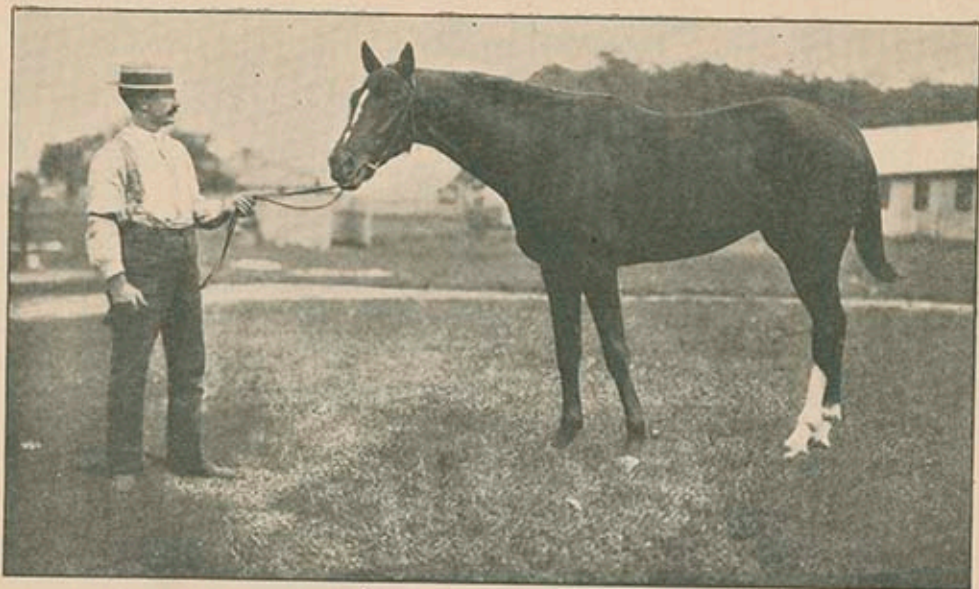


Miss Katherine A. Pfaff

specimens of manhood! Many of them are as weak as women. They are physical weaklings—bones and blood built up from alcohol, tobacco, white bread and meat. How in the name of common sense can such a man be richly endowed with strong moral, mental and physical qualities? I have very high ideals and my ideal of manhood is especially high. I suppose I will have to lower my ideal in order to be married, or else remain single all my life. If I do not do the first I may have lived without accomplishing the highest purpose in a woman's life, but I would rather sacrifice this privilege than face the misery that exists in a life companionship with one who is not a thoroughly broad-minded, generous, manly man.

MISS KATHERINE A. PFAFF.  
Cleveland, O





Hermis, a Type of the Ideal Thoroughbred

## THE RACE HORSE A CREATION OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

SWIFTEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF FOUR-FOOTED CREATURES IS THE PRODUCT OF CAREFUL BREEDING—POWER OF PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES RECOGNIZED ON STUD-FARM—PARENTS SELECTED AND MADE IDEALLY FIT TO TRANSMIT THEIR SPECIAL GIFTS TO OFFSPRING—PURE BLOOD FROM PURE PEDIGREE FLOWS IN VEINS OF THE INTELLIGENT, HIGH STRUNG, BEAUTIFULLY DEVELOPED AND PERFECTED RACE HORSE OF TO-DAY

*By H. M. Lome*

**T**HEORETICALLY, racing associations exist for the purpose of improving the breed of horses. At all events a clause to that effect can be found in the charters of each and every one of them. The cynically-minded, having a knowledge of the things that are in evidence at the race track, may be pardoned if he smiles at the declared intention of the associations as stated. For the query as to whether the "sport of kings" would be as popular with the public as it now is, were the betting ring abolished, can have but one answer.

It is hardly probable that the associations would remain in being were it not for the

stimulus of gate receipts and the fat fees that are harvested from bookmakers, owners, trainers and so forth. Brief as are the various meetings, the amount of money which they add to the treasuries of the corporations under whose auspices they are held, is something enormous. A racing event that attracts some thirty or forty thousand people is by no means unusual at the metropolitan tracks, and it has been computed that a million of dollars may change hands over an equine contest such as the Suburban or the Brooklyn Handicap.

With the ethics of all this, however, this article has nothing to do except to re-



mark that he who thinks that he can get rich quickly via the betting ring is more or less of a fool. And the good old adage regarding fools and their money is never better illustrated than in the case of the man who has "doped" out a winner, who "has it from the inside," who is allegedly in a trainer's confidence or who plays a system.

Still, aside from that, the fact remains that that swiftest and most beautiful of four-footed creatures, the thoroughbred of to-day, has been evolved in a great measure through the medium of the asso-

in regard to diet, exercise and hygiene, the racer serves a purpose outside of its normal sphere and not contemplated by its creators; and that, too, in every stage of its career and, indeed, even before its name is added to the stub-book.

Some of these days, when the world has grown wiser and more courageous, it may follow the example of the owners of breeding farms and see to it that only those who can give their posterity healthy bodies and sound minds, shall be allowed the privileges of parentage. Sentiment is a fixed factor in the affairs of human-



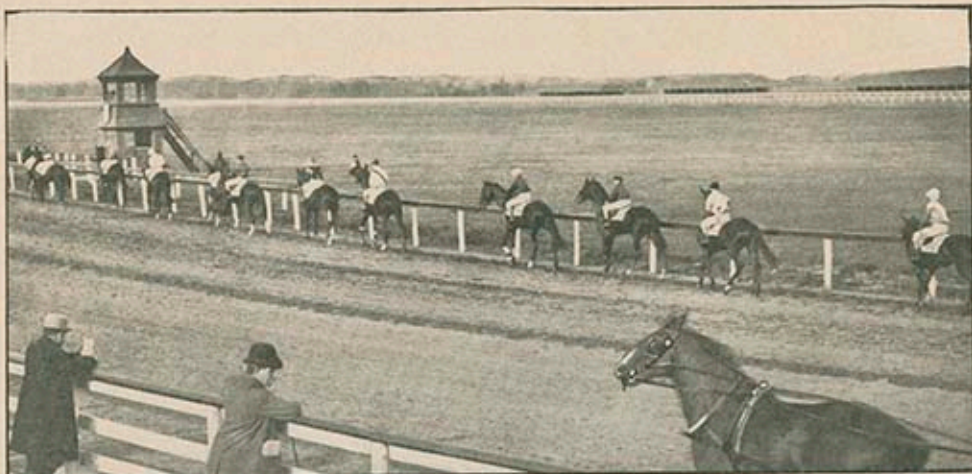
Before the Race - Posting Starters, Jockeys and Weights

ciations. In other words, they have made it possible and profitable for horsemen to breed the animal by creating a market for it. And what is of peculiar interest in the case of the thoroughbred is that it is a product, pure and simple, of scientific physical culture. As an emphatic proof of the correctness of the principles advocated by the editor of this magazine

ity, it is true, but sentiment that results in the perpetuation of the unfit is a menace to the community in general. With the racer the elimination of all but sterling "horse-sense" is the rule of the stud, and should be the rule, too, in a sense in the case of human unions.

The object of the breeder is to combine in the foal that is to be the most de-





Parading to the Post

sirable qualities of a prospective sire and dam. A stallion may have great staying powers yet lack speed. A mare is fleet over a short course, but wants bottom. And so on, including a dozen varying peculiarities, physical and mental. The parents being selected, a period of preparation follows, until the animals are ideally fit for transmitting their special gifts to the generation that is to carry the colors and uphold the reputation of the stable in the future.

During the period of gestation the breeder puts into practice that course of treatment which experience has taught

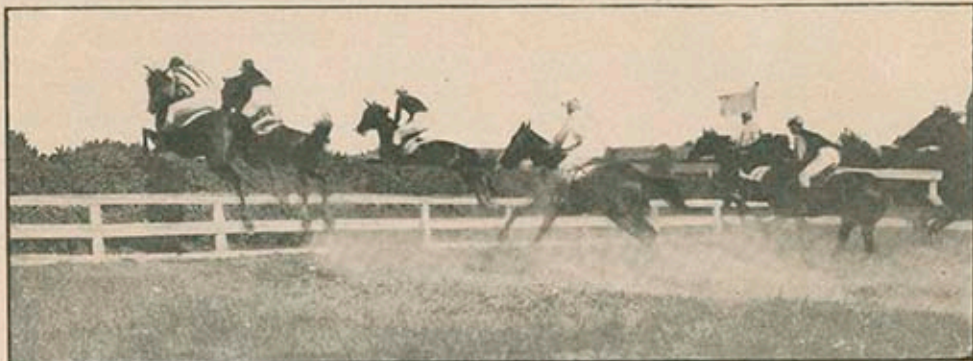
him is essential to the well-being of the brood mare. Appropriate food, proper exercise, absence of excitement and so forth are included therein. The power of pre-natal influences is recognized at the stud-farm, and such as are of a harmful nature are carefully guarded against. In this regard, also, we could well afford to take a leaf out of the horseman's notebook.

The physical culture education of the baby thoroughbred begins at its birth. The awkward, sprawling, long-legged little creature is first of all overhauled by the veterinary surgeon. Should it be



Winning Easily by Three Lengths





Steeplechasers Negotiating a "Liverpool"

found to be deformed, or otherwise physically defective, orders are issued for its destruction. Such cases are infrequent, though, and for the reasons stated. Usually the colt is given a clean bill of health, and with the aid of the rich food furnished by its mother proceeds to build itself up in bone, brawn and brain.

A word here as to the home of the youngsters: The stud-farm of the first class is, architecturally speaking, the embodiment of physical culture principles in as far as they can be crystallized in bricks and mortar. Perfect ventilation, pure water, plenty of light, and sanitary arrangements of the best, are the main features of the buildings. The thoroughbred is a highly-strung animal, and as such is impressionable to a degree. This our modern trainers have recognized to the extent indicated. Sunshine, and lots of it, and an untainted atmosphere breed health

and cheerfulness in horses as well as in men.

The colt is now enjoying its colthood. He waxes strong, if not exactly fat, on his milk diet. In the paddock, he meets other youngsters, with whom he enjoys a tottery romp, while his mother is exchanging views on oats and horse babies and such matters with her fellow-matrons. The grass is very thick and soft and sweet and green, and he ventures to nibble at it with his toothless gums. Better does he love to lie and roll, getting to his feet again with difficulty and at once refreshing himself with the aid of mother. For he is perpetually hungry and any additional exertion makes him ravenous, which is a good sign in a growing racer.

Meantime men come to him daily and rub him with cloths, which he likes, and gently currycomb him, which tickles him, and douse his fetlocks and quarters till



Returning After the Race



he drips delightfully, and feel of his bunches of budding muscles, which rather scares him, and talk to him and handle him until he has no longer a coltish fear of humans.

The veterinary keeps his eye on him all along. One day after returning from the paddock, he finds himself standing on something soft and pleasant which has an unfamiliar smell. Subsequently the veterinary remarks that the colt's hoofs were a trifle small for his size, and so he has been given a bedding of hoof parings in order to spread them. Still later comes the edict that the youngster is to drink so much lime water per diem, the idea being that his food of the moment doesn't furnish him with quite enough bone-building material. With the coming of his teeth, however, he will consume grain rich in silicates and phosphates and those other minerals that are responsible for the big-boned, oatmeal-fed Scotchmen and kindred races of cereal eaters.

So the months slip on, and the physical culturist—otherwise the breeder—sees that the system which he probably ignores in his own case and religiously observes in the instance of his horses, has given him a yearling of undoubted promise. Another period of good food, properly devised exercise, unlimited light and air, baths and massage, and then the sporting editors begin to publish articles about the most notable candidate for the chief two-year-old event of the season.

A very striking picture does this object lesson in physical culture make as you see him led out of his stall at his training quarters for an early morning breezer. He has powerful quarters, a deep barrel, an intelligent head of great width between the eyes, and he walks with that dainty antelope-like step that is so characteristic of him and of his kind. His coat is as burnished metal and beneath it the long, smooth muscles can be seen sliding in Hogarthian lines of beauty. The veins in which runs the pure blood of a pure pedigree cluster around his graceful neck and forequarters like vine tendrils.

See his breadth of chest that tells of untiring lungs and the alert, fearless eyes that bespeak his courage. This is the type of horse that will run as good and gallant a race, though pocketed and hope-

lessly beaten, as if he were leading his field in the stretch—the kind that, as did a competitor in the English Derby last year, will gallop with a broken leg until the bone splinters tear through the flesh.

From the artists', the naturalists' or the horseman's viewpoint he is equally satisfactory. And the physical culturist surveys him with special delight because, as already stated, he is a creation of the cult. His are the virtues that reside in cereals made manifest in the flesh. He is at once a proof of the possibilities of physical culture and an inciter to the acceptance of those same possibilities on the part of his biped admirers.

That portion of the thoroughbred's life which is spent on the track, or in preparation for his races, is characterized by what may be called elaborate simplicity from which there is but little departure except in the case of some unlooked-for happening such as accident or illness. Taking them all around, however, race-horses are pretty, hardy creatures, popular beliefs to the contrary. The doctor's bills of a "string" are rarely heavy except in the case of an epidemic. And it is worthy of note that the up-to-date veterinarians use simple remedies—fomentations, compresses, fruit and vegetable extracts and so on, as opposed to the red-hot iron, fly blisters and blue boluses of their generally ignorant and not unusually brutal predecessors.

For the rest, the thoroughbred is exercised in the early morning, rubbed down, receives his quantum of feed, after a time is groomed—practically massaged—is given again a goodly season of walking and galloping, is once more groomed, fed and will probably be walked around a bit before going to bed and dreaming—if horses do dream—of the glories that are yet to be his. It is an assured fact, anyhow, that the thoroughbred does take a keen and understanding interest in the races in which he participates.

A daring theologian has written that he questions whether the power of free will which the Almighty has given to man is altogether a blessing. You will be inclined to agree with him if you visit the race-track. The horses, not being possessed of free wills, have been made physical culturists by the wills of their owners. And the results have been told. But



the owners, trainers, handlers, stablemen, jockeys and others, being bipeds and not quadrupeds, have consequently the power of thinking and acting as they please. Then, with the inconsistency that is one of the mysteries of human nature, they ignore the benefits and beauties of physical culture, although every day of their lives they are putting its precepts into practice in the case of their charges.

Contrast the animals with the humans the next time you have an opportunity of so doing. In the case of the latter, you see scores of narrow chests, spindle legs, stunted trunks, faces that indicate internal disarrangements of one kind or an-

other, languid gaits, lack-lustre eyes and the like. Unhappily with truth it has been remarked that the more a man is associated with a horse the less he is a man morally. Just why the society of such a noble animal should tend to deprave his human intimates is hard to say. But the fact remains. A glance around you as the horses are parading to the post. See—faugh!—let us turn to the track and cleanse our eyes by looking on the long line of four-footed physical culturists that are coming toward us glorious in their perfect balance of grace and strength!

#### BECAUSE OF IT

"Why do they call this a free country?" asked the unwashed anarchist.

"Because," answered the respectable citizen, "you are at liberty to leave it if you don't like it."—*Saturday Blade*.

"Say, maw," queried small Tommy Toddles, looking up from his picture book, "am I descended from monkeys?"

"Not on my side of the house, Thomas," replied Mrs. Toddles with much emphasis.—*Chicago News*.

### A YOUNG MAN'S EXPERIMENT WITH COOKED AND UNCOOKED FOODS

To the Editor:

I began, three months ago, to experiment with the food that is commonly used in everyday life. I made no change otherwise in my mode of living, as to exercise, bathing, sleeping, etc. In these three months I did no work other than study.

The first month was devoted to a meat and white flour bread diet. I began with this weighing 172 pounds, from which I gradually went down to 165 pounds at the end of the month.

The second month I used cracked wheat, milk and raisins, and by the end of the month had regained five pounds of what I lost the preceding month.

The third month I lived on oatmeal and milk. I am now back to 172 pounds. The food I used in the last two months

was uncooked. The wheat was soaked from ten to twelve hours before using, then served with milk. The oatmeal was used direct from the package with milk.

I do not pretend to say that everybody could accomplish what I have along these lines of experiment, but I do say that unless one is in perfect health he can improve his condition by using less cooked food and more in the shape Nature has given it to him.

The following are my measurements to-day after my three months' experiment:



Harry E. Spalding

Height, 5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins.	Waist, 32 ins.
Weight, 172 lbs.	Hips, 38 ins.
Neck, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	Thighs, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Biceps, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	Calf, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Forearm, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins.	Ankles, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Wrist, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	
Champaign, Ill.	HARRY E. SPALDING.



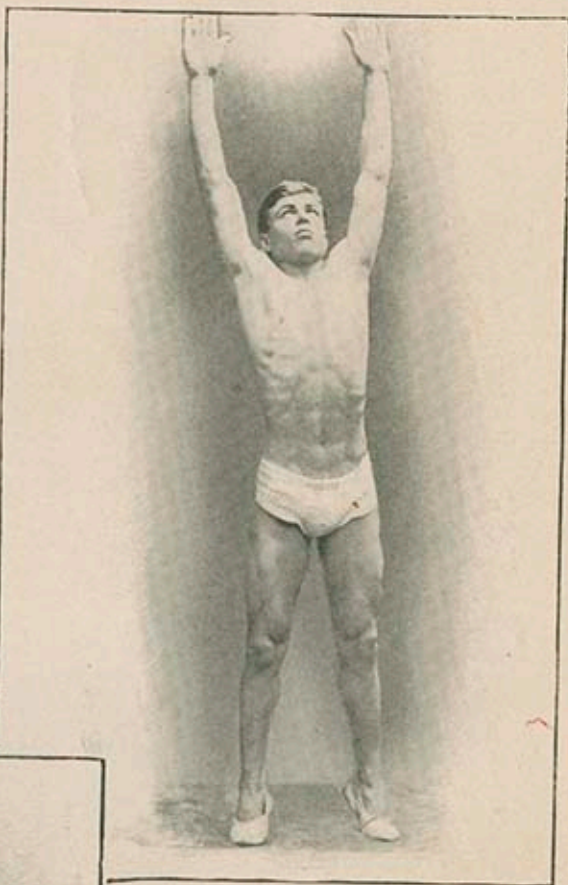
# EXERCISES FOR INCREASING THE HEIGHT

By C. M. Garland

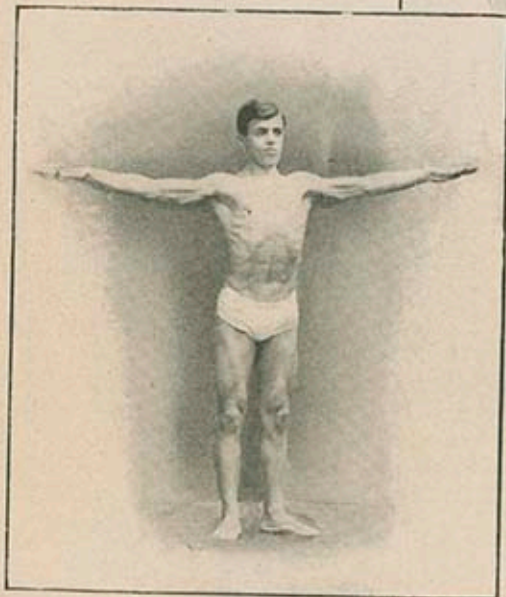
We have received hundreds of inquiries in reference to the methods extensively advertised recently for increasing the height. Although the result of our investigation has not been entirely satisfactory, many persons have assured us that they have grown in height by following a stretching system. This article will give our subscribers a chance to experiment.

The author of this article claims to have increased his height from 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches to 5 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches after three months' practice of these exercises. These should be worth a trial if interested in acquiring an increase in height. Information as to the results of following methods recommended for increasing the height is especially desired. - BERNARR MACFADDEN.

PHYSICAL culturists, as well as non-physical culturists, were no doubt surprised on first reading the ads. of some of the parties that guaranteed to increase the height of any individual from two to five, or even eight inches, in the course of one year's time. This, at first thought, would seem impossible. Such, however, is not the case.



Exercise No. 1

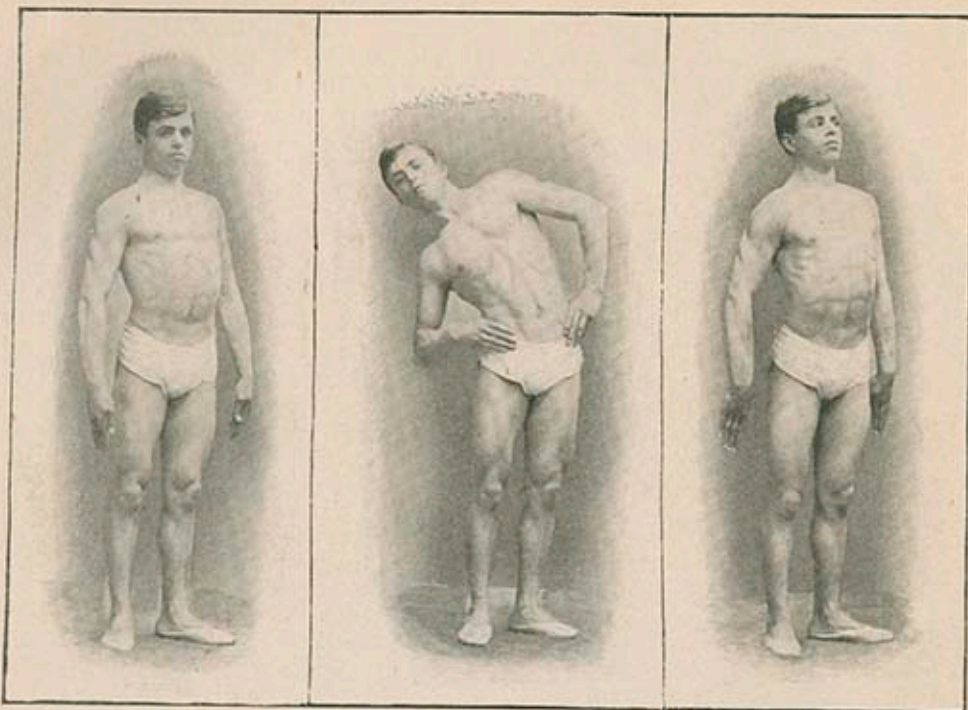


Exercise No. 2

From my own experiments and observation, I am led to believe that the height is the easiest dimension of the body to increase. As is well known, there are, between the joints of the body, layers of gristle or cartilage that serve as cushions, so as to prevent jar and shock as one moves about. It is this cartilage that makes possible an increase in the height of nearly every individual. And this is brought about by simply stretching, which causes the cartilages between the joints to expand or grow.

The method employed by some of the parties in the height increasing





Exercises Nos. III., IV. and V.

business is to provide the patient with a harness, consisting of straps for the head, shoulders and feet, and a block and tackle. The patient stands with his feet strapped to the floor, and his head or shoulders in the harness, to which is attached one end of the cord which passes through the blocks fastened to the ceiling. By pulling the other end of the cord the patient draws himself out. This operation is repeated night and morning.

A course of this kind is somewhat expensive, and there are many, no doubt, who would like to increase their height, but can not pay the price. I have outlined a series of stretching exercises which, from the results obtained in my own case, I am led to believe will accomplish as much as the stretching harness, though possibly not so rapidly. On beginning these exercises, I measured five feet six and three-quarter inches. After going through them in a somewhat perfunctory manner every evening for three months, I was much surprised to find my height to be five feet eight and three-eighth inches. Following are the exercises:

## EXERCISE I.

Extend the arms high over head as if trying to reach the ceiling, stretching the entire body at the same time. Now bend forward at the waist only, until the finger tips approach as near as is possible the floor. From this position return to upright position, but do not stop; continue the movement as far backward as possible, stretching the entire body as the arms pass over the head. Repeat from five to twenty times.

## EXERCISE II.

Stand with arms extended in a horizontal position in a line with the shoulders. Now stretch both arms as-if trying to touch two walls on opposite sides of the body. Repeat from ten to thirty times.

## EXERCISE III.

Stand erect, with hands at sides, palms turned in. Now slowly but rigorously raise the arms sideways until the backs of the hands touch above the head, keeping the elbows stiff. As the arms ascend



rise on the toes, and as they pass over head stretch the entire body, legs, back, neck and arms so that every muscle feels the strain. Inhale deeply as the arms ascend; exhale as they descend. Repeat from ten to thirty times.

#### EXERCISE IV.

Stand with feet about twelve inches apart, hands on hips. Now bending at the waist line, only rotate the upper part of the body about the lower portion of the trunk, first to the right then to the left. Go slowly at first, but gradually increase in speed, until the exercise can be done very rapidly. Make from ten to thirty complete revolutions.

#### EXERCISE V.

Stand erect, hands at sides, palms to rear. Raise arms forward, up over head and back over head to starting position, keeping elbows stiff. As the arms ascend rise on the toes, and as they pass backward overhead stretch the entire body as in exercise No. III. Inhale as the arms ascend; exhale as they descend. Repeat from ten to thirty times.

#### EXERCISE VI.

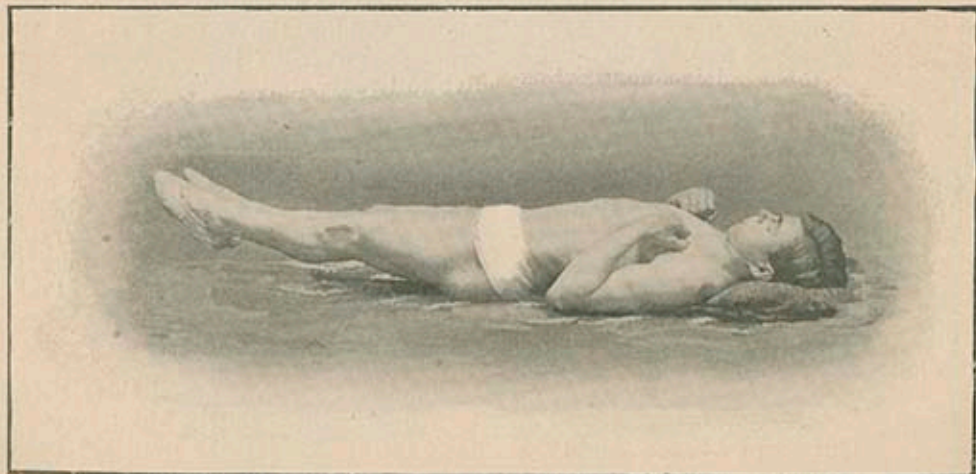
Lie flat on the back, either on the floor or on a cot, with the feet about half an inch from some stationary object. Now endeavor to touch the object with the toes by stretching the legs from the hips down. Repeat from ten to thirty times.

#### EXERCISE VII.

This exercise is very important, as it limbers up the entire body, and has no equal in developing symmetry and graceful carriage. Stand erect with hands at sides. Drop to a squatting position, with hands on the floor in line with the toes, but to one side. At the same instant that the hands touch the floor jump out backward with the feet so that the body is in a straight line, and rests only on the hands and the toes. From this position jump to squatting position, and then to erect position. Repeat from two to ten times.

The object of exercise is primarily to maintain health, and secondarily to increase the strength and develop symmetry. The above exercises are for developing symmetry, and should be intelligently carried out with that end in view. On beginning the exercises the reader should determine, first, which portions of the body are long and which are short. If he is short-waisted, special attention should be given to exercises I. to V. inclusive. If long-waisted, exercises V. and VII. should receive the most attention. In every case the increase in height should be carefully watched, and if one part tends to increase too fast relatively to the others, the exercises that produce this increase should be stopped until the other parts are increased.

As I have stated already, the main object should be to attain symmetry, for height without this is worth nothing.



Exercise No. VI.



## PHYSICAL CULTURE ADVOCATES IN THE ADMINISTRATION

MEN OF MAGNIFICENT PHYSICAL STRENGTH AND RUGGED HEALTH COMING INTO CONTROL OF GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS

*By Henry Curtis Biggs*

**A**THLETES and men who live perfectly ideal physical culture lives are rapidly coming into the control of the affairs of the national government, President Roosevelt himself having long been a striking exemplar of the type. Associated with the Chief Executive in the discharge of the important and onerous duties imposed upon him are men who, without a single exception, are of robust health and possess rugged constitutions. Three men of the administration who are conspicuously men of energy and are invested with real power are Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy; George Bruce Cortelyou, formerly a member of the Cabinet and now Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who has assumed the stupendous and exacting task of conducting a Presidential campaign; and Victor H. Metcalf, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

They are all men of magnificent physical strength, endowed with exceptional mentality, and appreciative of the vast

importance of physical care and training. They are not athletes in the strict sense of the word; but since childhood they have been devoted to outdoor exercise of

every form, including rowing, fishing, hunting, pedestrianism, horsemanship, boxing, tennis and golf. They are energetic men, alive to the inestimable value of temperate habits, each being a model in this respect. Exceptionally well balanced, the development of their bodies has improved their minds, for all are known as men of keen perception, excellent judgment, quick decision, and promptness in execution of their plans. In fact, they are men who "do things"; and

good health, which carries with it the ability to perform hard work continuously, is largely responsible for their distinguished positions.

Paul Morton is a splendid type of physical ruggedness and health. He is distinctly athletic in appearance, stands six feet in his stockings, and has broad shoulders and a deep, strong chest. He



Hon. George B. Cortelyou  
Chairman of the Republican National Campaign Committee



has the reputation of being a man of giant strength. Well proportioned and a man of commanding presence, his physique attracts attention wherever he appears. His head is well formed, and his high, broad brow indicates a superior order of intelligence. Eyes, dark blue, by their steadiness denote a nerve organization of the first class. A prominent nose, strong jaws and firm lips are un-

tions of flabbiness; he does not carry a pound of superfluous flesh.

This fine representative of physical manhood is an excellent horseman, a successful hunter, an inveterate pedestrian, an enthusiastic devotee of golf and tennis, a strong swimmer and a good oarsman. His favorite forms of exercise are horseback-riding, walking, hunting and swimming. Fishing does not find



*Copyright, 1904, by G. V. Buck*

**Hon. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy**

Special pose by Secretary Morton, on the day he became a member of the Cabinet, in his private office in the Treasury Department at Washington

mistakable evidences of the determination of the man. His hair and moustache are sandy, and tinged with grey. Carrying a weight of 195 pounds, his step is nevertheless light and elastic, for pedestrianism is one of his favorite forms of exercise. Arms and legs are sturdy, with the muscles firm. There are no indica-

favor with him; the sport is not energetic enough for a man of his activity. When on duty it is his custom to take a long and brisk walk every day, this exercise keeping him in trim for his labors; and he is capable of performing a prodigious amount of hard work. He rises early, takes a cold bath, eats a light breakfast,



then a walk before he begins the labors of the day.

Temperateness marks his habits. Tobacco is not used in any form, and health destroying coffee and tea find no place on his menu. Although not a total abstainer from the use of alcohol, he seldom drinks wine or spirituous liquors. Blessed with a healthy stomach and a good digestive apparatus, he eats what he likes; but he is what is known as a small eater, and fruit, so urgently recommended in this magazine as a healthful food, makes up a large part of his diet.

The importance of outdoor recreation is fully appreciated by the Secretary of the Navy. Every year he endeavors to spend a month in the open air. Mr. Morton takes especial delight in tramping over the mountains and through the valleys and woods. Generally, he goes *on foot*, but at times he takes advantage of the healthy exercise derived from horseback-riding. If there is a body of water convenient, Mr. Morton devotes some of his time to swimming.

The greater part of his early youth was spent on a farm, and at the age of fifteen this sturdy but not impulsive representative of the strenuous life began his career by entering into the employ of the Land Department of the Burlington Railroad System.

Like most men who enjoy good health and possess wholesome minds, the new Cabinet officer firmly believes in treating with courtesy all who come in contact with him. He is of the type of President

Roosevelt, except that he is deliberate and not impulsive. His well-balanced mind and strong physical powers will bring a rounded equipment to the trying responsibilities of his exalted position.

George Bruce Cortelyou, another of the men of power of the administration, is an enthusiastic lover of outdoor sports. At the age of twelve, and before he was strong enough to handle, unassisted, the heavy single-barrelled shot gun, in use when he was a child, he was a huntsman. He is descended from a

long-lived, sturdy race, seven of whom lived to the ripe age of ninety years. His paternal grandfather trained the youth to have no fear of man, beasts, or the elements. This training, received during the formative period of his life, has stood him in good stead, and he has never failed to rise to every emergency, both mental and physical, regardless of how severe the test has been. Before he was large enough to mount a horse without assistance, the Chairman of the National Republican Committee was a horseman of no mean ability; and that he has not forgotten the les-

sons learned during his childhood is indicated by the fact that when that accomplished horseman, President Roosevelt, rode through Yellowstone Park two years ago, Mr. Cortelyou accompanied him on a good mount and won even the commendation of his chief.

Several other forms of physical culture have received the attention of Mr. Cortelyou. He is fully qualified to take excellent care of himself in a boxing contest.



Hon. Victor H. Metcalf  
Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor



Aquatic recreation also finds favor with him, and all his life he has been a good oarsman, a strong swimmer, and a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton. Pedestrianism is another form of exercise indulged in by the man who has assumed the difficult task of conducting a national campaign. Realizing the value of temperate habits, this exponent of the modern, sane life, abstains from the use of tobacco, wines and liquors in all forms. His correct habits and athletic training, together with his fine brain, are responsible for his rise from the post of stenographer to membership in the President's Cabinet and the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee.

No particular form of diet is adhered to by Mr. Cortelyou, who never suffers with indigestion; but he eats in moderation, fruits constituting a large part of his food. He endeavors to sleep eight hours, but if his duties demand, thanks to his fine physical make-up, he does without rest for long periods, with no apparent discomfort. During the nerve-racking and trying days of the Spanish-American War, Mr. Cortelyou, who was Secretary to President McKinley, frequently remained on duty all day and night, went home for breakfast, returned to the Executive Mansion, and stuck to his post all day, through the night until the small hours of the following morning. Throughout all this strain, Mr. Cortelyou's wonderful mental and physical force never failed him; and under the most trying circumstances he was at all times, the polished, suave, courteous gentleman, who kept his wits about him.

President McKinley's powers of endurance were really marvelous, yet on all his trips the faithful and untiring Cortelyou was by his side, fit for duty. The mettle of the man was perhaps most sorely tried as he stood by the side of the lamented President on that fateful day at Buffalo. Amid all the confusion of that awful day it was George Bruce Cortelyou who, although affected deeply by the wounding of his friend, directed with calmness what should be done to relieve the distinguished sufferer. For the moment, he was practically President of the United States; yet the sudden shifting of the tremendous responsibility did not disturb this man of courage.

Secretary Cortelyou is well built and

muscular. He stands five feet ten inches in his stockings, is deep-chested, broad-shouldered, and his muscles are firm, showing his athletic training. His figure is erect, and he walks with a firm, quick step. His head is unusually well formed. His nose is prominent, jaws strong and mouth firm. Hair and moustache are black, and his piercing eyes, of the same color, are steady and never flinch before the gaze of any one.

Utterly untried in work of the campaign now in progress, a masterly campaign is being made. He is clear-headed, of excellent judgment, and physically able to stand the tremendous strain that the campaign involves. He will soon be required to be on his feet from fifteen to twenty hours daily, meeting the leading politicians of the country, hearing their tales of woe, quieting their fears, raising the funds for defraying the expenses of the campaign and devising ways and means for electing the Republican candidate. With his successful record behind him, and with his wonderful mental and physical powers of endurance, this modest athlete has been allotted a labor of which he may well feel proud.

Victor H. Metcalf, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, ranks well with the others, and by no means yields the palm to them when he is considered mentally and physically. He is a devout believer in healthful exercise, and from his early boyhood days has been an ideal representative of the vigorous life. His methods of exercise are varied, and take the forms of boxing, rowing, hunting, swimming, wrestling and walking. When at Yale, he was captain of the freshman crew, and won several prizes. He is now the possessor of a number of cups and medals that came to him as rewards for his triumphs. So strong is his belief in the value and importance of physical culture that his sons are being trained to follow in the footsteps of their father, and their physical, as well as their mental, development is being attended to carefully. The Californian makes companions of his sons and, whenever the opportunity presents itself, they enjoy outings through the country side.

Mr. Metcalf is an Easterner by birth, having first seen the light of day at Utica, N. Y., fifty-one years ago; but he has made his home on the Pacific Coast

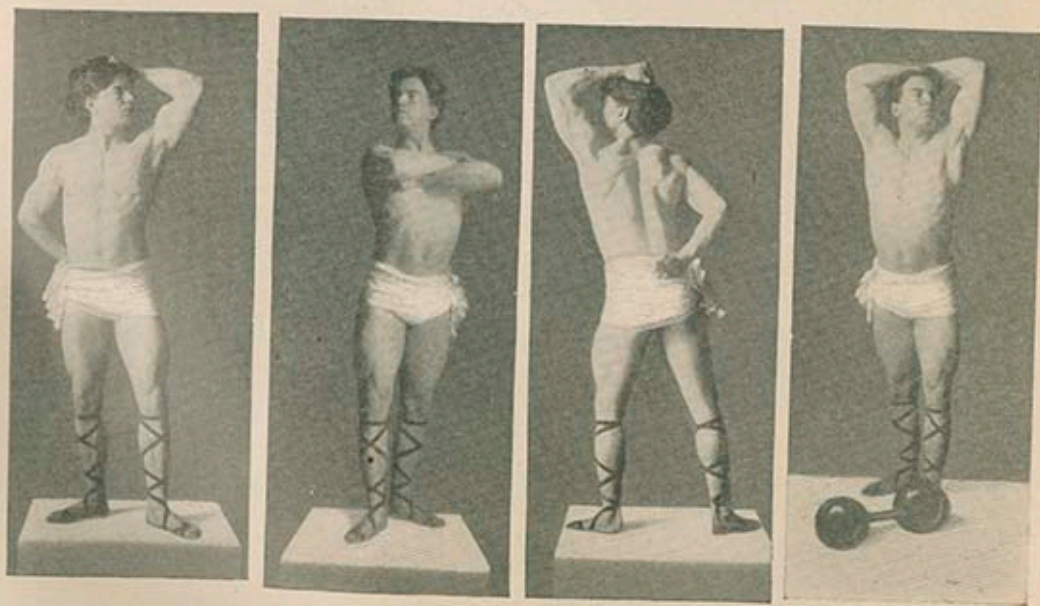


since 1879. He graduated from the Utica Free Academy, Russel's Military School and Yale Law School. While at college, he participated with great enthusiasm in all athletic games. His erect bearing and fine physical development are striking illustrations of the great value of military training and of outdoor recreation. At fifty-one he is an active man, walks with a brisk step and appears to be ten years younger than he really is. He stands five feet eleven inches, and has a well-developed chest, broad shoulders and muscular limbs, which are firm yet supple.

Temperate habits mark the life of Mr. Metcalf, who eats in moderation. Fruit is always found on his table. Believing in the old adage, he leaves his bed early each morning, partakes of a light breakfast and, before beginning the labors of the day, enjoys a long walk. The first glance at the face of the new member of the Cabinet convinces one that he is a man of determination, for he possesses the brow, the prominent nose, and strong square jaws that mark men of

mental and physical strength. The color of his eyes is blue, and they twinkle good naturedly. His hair and moustache are light brown, sprinkled generously with gray. Thirty days of each year of his life are spent in recreation, which generally takes the form of tramping over the mountains, in the valleys and through the woods. It is a part of his religion to locate near some large body of water, for he is not satisfied with less than two plunges daily.

Mentally and physically, Mr. Metcalf is well equipped for the discharge of his new duties, and the exactions of his office do not trouble him in the least. He is an excellent organizer, and will be given ample opportunity to display his abilities in this respect, for his department is a new one and, although left in perfect condition by his predecessor, it will require constant attention and executive ability of the highest kind in order to maintain the standard fixed by Secretary Cortelyou.



Some Characteristic Poses of J. Barth, Showing a Splendid Development of Body





**Theodore Roosevelt, the Athletic President, In One of His Characteristic Poses**

*Copyrighted by Peter A. Juley.*



# HOW ROOSEVELT BECAME A MAN

A PAGE OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S YOUTH—HIS FISTIC ABILITIES IN KNOCKING OUT A BULLY AND HIS PARDNERS—HIS AMBITION TO POSSESS A STRONG BODY—HIS RUGGED LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR AND THE FINAL ACQUIREMENT OF PERFECT PHYSICAL MANHOOD AND STRENGTH

*By Willard French*

THERE was trouble in the Assembly Chamber. There was a new member with new ideas. He had a way of looking at questions under consideration in the Department, under the heads of Right and Wrong. It was unusual, if not novel. It was an innovation that clashed with custom; and several members, in secret caucus, resolved to arrange a breaking-in for the new member that should make him more tractable.

The new member came down the corridor. He was alone. In the elaborate refreshment room there were the members of the caucus and a choice band of toughs gathered for a purpose that presently developed.

As the new member passed, the gang of toughs emerged, while the angels of the caucus, who feared "to tread," gathered in the background, where they could look modestly on. Stubby was leader of the gang—Stubby, the local pugilist of renown; Stubby who had been hired by the caucus members as the Hand of Nemesis for the auspicious occasion.

Stubby knew his man. He knew him by the glasses that he wore. Glasses have come to be a kind of off-hand indication of physical inferiority. Stubby had not been fully invested with some of the latent peculiarities of the new member. He had been engaged simply to "do" him, neatly and completely, while the combination of caucus members, in the rear, enjoyed the fun.

Stubby was not afraid. If he could not "do" any member of the Assembly, even one who didn't wear glasses, it was high time he left the professional ring. He was accompanied by a few comrades-in-arms only, because a captain in that industry feels lost in legislative halls unless he has a company of fists at his heels.

In order for a pretext of assault, Stubby lunged into the new member as he passed the entrance; then, turning quickly, and striking a savage blow straight from the shoulder, he muttered:

"Whatcher mean, a runnin' inter me?"

Very much to Stubby's surprise, the blow did not land, for the new member had moved to one side of it. Still more to Stubby's surprise, he immediately found himself sprawling on the marble floor, from a beautifully scientific knock-out blow, fresh from the new member's fist.

A few of Stubby's more venturesome friends rushed in, as fools sometimes will, and one by one went floundering to keep an appointment with Stubby on the marble floor. Then the new member, with an unbroken smile, not even his glasses disturbed, walked quietly past the angelic corps of caucus members who, he knew, were responsible for it all. He nodded pleasantly and remarked:

"Much obliged to you, gentlemen. I have not enjoyed myself so much for a long time."

This is a kind of half-way house, being only a little more than mid-distance between two pictures that greatly interest the world to-day.

The first of the pictures is out on the pavement, in front of No. 28 East Twentieth street, in New York City, and from that central point outward, anywhere between Broadway and Fourth avenue, and between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets, some thirty-five years ago.

It is the picture of a pale, nervous, sickly little chap, far inferior, physically, to the average boy of his age, but aggressive in disposition and constantly requiring the championship and defence of his sturdy brother Elliott. There was only



this about him that all of his playfellows remember with vivid distinctness: Though such a puny little fellow, he was always full of ideas—not altogether free from mischief. His eyes were funny, but the ideas were great. He was forever designing new games or new ways of playing the old games, and plotting captivating adventures, and a very good friend of those old days, and of these days, says of him: "We all of us liked Ted, and we frequently forgot that he was such a weakling; he was so often our leader, in spite of his disadvantages."

The second picture is of the Man in the White House; filling a position that never existed, until now; that does not exist to-day anywhere but in the gigantic United States, and which none of his predecessors in the Presidency could have filled. It is an epoch and a man made for each other, as truly as were Lincoln and '61.

President Roosevelt is the first complete, all-round Man to preside in the White House, and it is the first time that the country has required or could appreciate the value of such a man as Chief Executive; a new man for a new era opening in America's history.

When the era is well established and understood, and the question comes seriously before the people of selecting a successor for the present Chief Executive, the nation and the world will appreciate better than they can to-day the radical change that has been quietly taking place. It will be as plain, then, as the writing on the wall, and, being interpreted, will mean that former things have passed away; that the old Presidential possibilities are no longer available; that in the future the United States must have complete and all-round Men at the head of her affairs—and in all of her affairs!

It will not be at all the result of an accident, nor of a single successful experiment. It will be from a deep and profound fact, which subtly worked to the accomplishment of the experiment, and in its current carried the experiment to success—the fact that people, high and low, rich and poor, sick and well, old and young, have become dissatisfied with narrow and deformed development; that they are refusing to rest themselves or their neighbors as half-and-half, one-sided

things; that they are all doing something (or at least envying those who do) to "all-round" themselves to the best of their ability.

People everywhere are recognizing the possibility of vast improvement, through enjoyable efforts, to make of themselves the most and the best that is in them. They are realizing that only by producing and sustaining a body capable of bearing the burden easily can the mind and soul expand to their full, broad, best capacities. Others are discovering that only by similar efforts can they keep up with the times and, in this new era, be something that is worth being. And that which we most admire in men we must demand in our leaders.

In this connection the two word pictures that I have presented are of infinitely deeper interest than as side-lights upon a President. The great majority are making individual efforts to-day in the same direction and, in a simple spirit of emulation, the question leaps to our lips:

"How did he manage it? How did he transform that puny lad, emerging in the morning and disappearing at night through the door of 28 East Twentieth street, into the sturdy physical giant of limitless intellectual capacity and solid integrity that we know to-day?"

It is true that the man is unique, as yet, but he will not be unique for long. He is the consistent outgrowth of a persistently developed idea; the same idea that to-day possesses and is expanding millions of his countrymen—a system inspired as a natural reaction from the miserable things that they were becoming through neglect of body and development, and which is destined to produce in the United States a race of people as far beyond the present types, mentally, morally and physically, as President Roosevelt is beyond what might have been expected naturally of the nervous, sickly lad who had to look for brawn to his brother Elliott five and thirty years ago.

In that arena of his earliest campaign, the theater of his first conquests, while reorganizing games and originating mischief, the juvenile leader was already unique in having a brain sufficiently bright to see beyond the partial conquests,



which were considerable under the circumstances, into the causes which prevented them from being greater. He deliberately set himself to devising ways and means to obviate the disparagement, and fortunately possessed a *will*, all by his small self, that was strong enough to execute the measures as fast as they were devised.

Either the mental sphere must forever be restricted to the physical or the physical must be developed to the mental. He resolved upon the latter, and perpetual untiring energy and discretion in developing that idea have produced the visible result.

Tin tomahawks and wooden swords were but early incidents. Out in the west of his own broad, expansive country, living a frontier life in the open air, he faced dangers and lived a life of hardship that completed his ambition to acquire a strong body and to develop into the sturdiest kind of manhood. As fast as the body developed the vigorous spirit expanded, keeping always in the lead, always devising new methods, or new applications of old methods, just as in the earliest games.

Common sense became an important Minister in the Cabinet of the young President of Himself. There were opposing politicians, with sinister arguments, about him in abundance. An intense love for certain studies tried in vain to accomplish the old feat that has wrecked so many promising prodigies. A growing love for certain sports tried to turn the tide the other way; but, as the student himself expressed it: "Every day was split between study and recreation." The same principle holds with him to-day.

Sports, athletics, exercise were his servants, not his master. They were cultivated for a definite purpose and were held up to that purpose and not allowed to go beyond it. They were specifics for the development of the idea, precisely as they are with him to-day. In their appointed time and place the student gave to them every vital thought and energy of life, precisely as to-day the President

throws off the tremendous burdens of his office for the hour of recreation, and is enabled thereby to lift them again and carry them as no predecessor has ever succeeded in sustaining them.

He was in rowing, cross-country running, riding, boxing, fencing, racing, and was considered a fair amateur in all, though he was champion in none.

He says: "I was a slender, sickly boy, but I determined to be strong and well, and I did everything to make myself so. By the time I was ready for Harvard, I was able to take a hand in any sport I liked. I never came out champion, but I got more benefit from it than those who did, for I enjoyed myself immensely without injuring myself."

Therein lies a profound secret which is indispensable to successful physical culture. No one can doubt that, if young Roosevelt had allowed himself to be tempted into an effort for championship, he would have succeeded; but the success would have been at sacrifice of the other end he had in view—health, for overdoing is as dangerous as underdoing.

*Exercise* he made a conscientious duty, and the system an irrefragable science. It was all *work*—honest, incessant, enjoyable, constantly varied work. Unwittingly the fact shines in his statement:

"What every man should recognize is the necessity of faithful, honest *work*, every afternoon."

His earliest conquest over himself was the determination to make it all a common sense duty. Born to ease and luxury, he has lived a life of ceaseless energy. Heir to a delicate, inferior body, he has made it a tremendously powerful citadel for a brilliant intellect, capable of anything he may require of it. He came to the White House the youngest of all the Presidents, but better than any prepared for the demands and possibilities of the office. And for the millions who are following the same path through the field of physical culture, there is no better motto than the words of President Roosevelt:

"It is better to be faithful than famous."







**"Being Cured By Medicine"**

Blinded by the fake testimonials of the manufacturers of bottled alcohol dope and bound down by a popular ignorance that believes firmly in the efficacy of medicine as a means of cure, the easy victim of some disease lets the black bottle of death be put to his lips by the patent medicine criminal.



## HEALTH-DESTROYING ALCOHOL IN WELL-KNOWN PATENT MEDICINES

THE MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF HEALTH EXPOSES THE FRAUDULENT REPRESENTATIONS OF THE PATENT MEDICINE VENDERS WHO ARE MAKING ALCOHOL SLAVES OF INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN THROUGHOUT OUR COUNTRY

THE Massachusetts Board of Health, in one of its published reports, issued some very interesting data in reference to patent medicines. Although it calls attention to the fact that many of these analyses were made previous to the year 1897, the various remedies have probably not varied since then. Many of these so-called tonics are recommended by their makers as free from all alcohol, but most of them contain far more alcohol than the strongest whiskey. Even temperance workers all over the country have been deceived by the fraudulent representations of the manufacturers of these so-called remedies, though they have become actively engaged since in fighting them. You can depend upon it with almost absolute certainty that patent medicines, no matter what may be their name or supposed character, contain alcohol. They depend upon alcohol for the immediate stimulating qualities that are essential in deceiving the patient into a belief in cure. The difference between moderate alcohol tipping and the patent medicine habit is hard to recognize. One habit is perhaps as bad as the other, if not a great deal worse. Temperance workers, and those interested in the annihilation of the alcoholic traffic, should accurately understand their position when they commend proprietary remedies of this character.

The following were examined by the Massachusetts Board of Health for the purpose of ascertaining the percentage of alcohol in each. Some of them have been recommended as "temperance drinks:"

	Per Cent. of alcohol (By volume.)
"Best" Tonic .....	7.6
Carter's Physical Extract.....	22.0
Hooker's Wigwam Tonic.....	20.7

Hop Tonic .....	7.0
Hoofland's German Tonic.....	29.3
Howe's Arabian Tonic, "not a rum drink" .....	13.2
Jackson's Golden Seal Tonic.....	19.6
Liebig Company's Coca Beef Tonic.	23.2
Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic.	16.5
Parker's Tonic, "purely vegetable," recommended for inebriates.....	41.6
Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic, "entirely harmless" .....	19.5
Atwood's Quinine Tonic Bitters...	29.2
L. T. Atwood's Jaundice Bitters...	22.3
Moses Atwood's Jaundice Bitters..	17.1
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.....	16.5
Boker's Stomach Bitters.....	42.6
Brown's Iron Bitters.....	19.7
Burdock Blood Bitters.....	25.2
Carter's Scotch Bitters.....	17.6
Colton's Bitters .....	27.1
Copp's White Mountain Bitters, "not an alcoholic beverage".....	6.0
Drake's Plantation Bitters.....	33.2
Flint's Quaker Bitters.....	21.4
Goodhue's Bitters .....	16.1
Greene's Nervura .....	17.2
Hartshorn's Bitters .....	22.2
Hoofland's German Bitters, "entirely vegetable and free from alcoholic stimulant" .....	25.6
Hop Bitters .....	12.0
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.....	44.3
Kaufman's Sulphur Bitters, "contains no alcohol" (as a matter of fact, it contains 20.5 per cent. of alcohol and no sulphur).....	20.5
Kingley's Iron Tonic.....	14.9
Langley's Bitters .....	18.1
Liverpool's Mexican Tonic Bitters	22.4
Paine's Celery Compound.....	21.0
Pierce's Indian Restorative Bitters	6.1
Puritana .....	22.0
Z. Porter's Stomach Bitters.....	27.9
Pulmonine .....	16.0
Rush's Bitters .....	35.0



Richardson's Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters .....	47.5	Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic, "recommended for treatment of alcohol habit" .....	26.5
Secor's Cinchona Bitters.....	13.1	Ayer's Sarsaparilla .....	26.2
Shonyo's German Bitters.....	21.5	Thayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla .....	21.5
Job Sweet's Strengthening Bitters	29.0	Hood's Sarsaparilla .....	18.1
Thurston's Old Continental Bitters	11.4	Allen's Sarsaparilla .....	13.5
Warner's Vinegar Bitters, "contains no spirit" .....	6.1	Dana's Sarsaparilla .....	13.5
Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters.....	35.7	Brown's Sarsaparilla .....	13.5
Warren's Bilious Bitters.....	21.5	Corbett's Shaker Sarsaparilla.....	8.8
Wheeler's Tonic Sherry Wine Bitters, 19 .....	18.8	Radway's Resolvent .....	7.9
Wheat Bitters .....	13.6	Hoff's Extract of Malt and Iron..	5.24
Faith Whitcomb's Nerve Bitters..	20.3	Peruna .....	28.59
Dr. William's Vegetable Jaundice Bitters .....	18.5	Vinol, Wine of Cod Liver Oil....	18.88
Whiskol, "a non-intoxicating stimulant, whiskey without its sting" .....	28.2	Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound .....	20.61
		Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root.....	7.32
		Dr. Peter's Kuriko.....	14.00

### WORN-OUT STOMACH SAVED BY FIFTY-ONE DAYS' FAST

An interesting letter has been received from Dr. A. M. Eidson, of Topeka, Kan., that tells of a case under his supervision in which he transformed a practically dead stomach into a renewed, powerful organ by a continued fast of fifty-one days.

"I was called upon," Dr. Eidson writes, "to see Mr. M. N. Butler, of 1201 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kan., a very intelligent man, ex-college professor, ex-editor, now author and newspaper and magazine correspondent. I found him much reduced, from 160 to 130 lbs. He had been a good liver, after our race habits of diet, three square meals a day, tea, coffee, animal foods, etc. He had been, as most of such livers are, cursed with catarrh, more or less, for years. His stomach seemed to be completely worn out. It seemed to go out of business. As usual, he patronized the 'regular' M. D., and patent medicines, etc., receiving but temporary relief.

"I recognized only one method of saving his life; that was, to give the stomach and bowels, as well as the nerves and general system, a rest. Having lost faith in everything, and expecting to go very soon, he consented, recklessly, as he thought, to the treatment. Everything was at once proscribed but distilled wa-

ter; as much of that was ordered as he seemed to want, or that the stomach would bear.

"At first but little water was borne, but the quantity was increased as the stomach had rested. He thus continued until the fifty-first day. All the time of this fast the thick, heavy, muddy-coated tongue had been as gradually disappearing, until at the fifty-first day we found it as clean and perfect as any healthy boy's and ordered him a breakfast for the morning of the fifty-second day of poached eggs on whole wheat bread toast, following with three regular but light, wholesome meals each day, and you ought to have seen how grandly his stomach resumed duty after its necessitated rest; and has continued to be healthy.

"My patient avers that his boyish appetite returned after the fast, and it saved his life.

"I don't prescribe more than one-tenth the medicine I formerly did, and have ten times better success in saving all manner of heretofore considered incurables from early departure, and now believe at least ninety per cent. of all diseased conditions is self-imposed by excessive indulgence of the morbid appetite, under the delusion that the indulgence is needed."





# OPTIC NEURITIS

A TRUE STORY OF HOW A HOPELESS DISEASE OF THE EYE WAS  
CURED AND THE SIMPLE NATURAL METHOD THAT WAS  
EMPLOYED TO BRING ABOUT THE RESULT\*

FICTION

*By Willard Parker*

IT was in the year — that Mortimer White, junior partner of mine, and the mechanical genius of the firm, discovered that, by close application and devotion to his work, he had succeeded in weakening his eyesight to that extent where the service of an oculist was the most expedient and only remedy that gave the least promise of relief. In consequence, White sought out one of the reputed oculists of the city and described his case. When the poor fellow returned he bore traces of worry on his face that told me, in unmistakable terms, that something serious was wrong with his eyes.

"J. W.," said he to me, "either Dr. Rover is crazy, or I'm up against a pretty stiff proposition. He tells me I've got optic neuritis. It seems," he continued, as if rehearsing the doctor's explanation, "that there is a spot back there behind the eye-ball, where the optic nerve joins it and spreads over the retina, and a kind of inflammation settles there, and if it isn't driven away in mighty short order the nerve burns off—a good deal like the fuse-wire of an electric light, as nearly as I can make out—and then atrophy sets in, and the pupil turns white, and everything else turns black, and that is the end of things."

"End of nothing, old man! Brace up! You're not blind yet."

To be candid, I now felt serious concern after hearing this diagnosis, but attempted to keep up Mortimer's spirits, for I knew that worrying would bring on "the end of things" much more quickly, perhaps, than the malady itself could do.

We went back to the oculist, and the learned (!) little man hustled poor White

into a chair in front of a big black semi-circle in which were two white spots—one movable and one stationary.

"Now, Mr. White, just close the left eye and look steadily at the fixed white spot with the right eye while I move the other spot around in the circle. There—now, the moving spot disappears, does it not? There is the seat of the disease. Now I move it a little farther, and it comes into view again—it has passed the diseased spot."

That was too much for me.

"Dr. Rover," said I, "do you mean to tell us that the disappearance of that white spot is a symptom of optic neuritis?"

"It certainly is, Mr. Parsons."

"Then you have got it, and so have I," said I. "Jump up, Mortimer, and let the doctor sit down there, while I work this thing a while."

Down sat Dr. Rover, shut one eye, and was constrained to admit the disappearance of the white spot at exactly the same spot where Mortimer had lost it, and its corresponding reappearance a few inches farther on!

I repeated the same experiment on myself, of course with the same result. It was the old trick, learned years before in the natural philosophy class:



Close the left eye and look steadily at the circle, holding the page about a foot from the eye. The cross also will be plainly visible. Move the page toward the eye, and suddenly the cross disappears. Continue moving the page toward the eye and the cross will reappear. The doctors say that "unprofessionally" the spot where the optic nerve joins the ret-

\*The incidents and remarkable cure related in this story are strictly true. Full names and addresses of the dramatis personæ are in possession of the Editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE.



ina is called the "blind spot." What its professional name may be, I know not, but I took my partner by the arm.

I pulled him from the office and we put in the day visiting several of the leading eye specialists—and good ones they were, too—and finally brought up at the office of my old schoolmate, Dr. Loomis, to whom we stated the case as to both a physician and a friend. He made a careful examination, his diagnosis agreeing perfectly with the others. He explained to us that optic neuritis could not be treated locally with success, but, arising, as it did, from some disorder in the system, it must be reached by remedying this underlying cause.

After a conference lasting far into the night, Dr. Loomis said:

"Mr. White, there is just one man on earth who may be able to save you. Dr. Knapp, of \_\_\_\_\_, stands at the head of our profession in the world. To him you must go. I fear," and here his voice fell perceptibly, "that even his skill will be of no avail; but if the sight must go, you must feel that everything in the power of man has been done to save it."

That night the New York sleeper carried at least one sleepless passenger, and at nine next morning—Saturday—White presented his introduction from Dr. Loomis to the great oculist. A quick examination of the retina confirmed the diagnosis. This was followed by a physical examination—inch after inch of the body coming under scrutiny—such as no candidate for the navy, or for a million-dollar life policy ever dreamed of. Twenty local patients were turned away to "come back on Monday." At noon the ordeal was finished, and the old doctor said:

"Mr. White, I wouldn't think much of my profession if we would let a man like you get blind with optic neuritis. Telegraph your wife, and telegraph your partner that we will cure your eyes. Leave me a sample of urine for analysis, and come back in the morning. Get some enjoyment this afternoon and some sleep to-night—you need them both. And don't worry, for WE'LL CURE YOUR EYES."

Next morning the same examination was repeated. The head of his profession takes no chances of error. Then:

"Mr. White, here is all there is to your case. You are built for hard work—lots of it—and you cannot live without it. Up to the age of twenty-five you led an active life of healthful manual labor. No longer working yourself, you were overseeing others, and in the years that have followed you have been allowed to get lazy. The circulation in the upper part of your body has become sluggish, and the result is a congestion of the blood vessels and an inflammation settling in the optic nerve—optic neuritis. It could have settled anywhere else, but it didn't, and it will destroy the sight in another three months unless cured.

"Go home. Take no medicine. Wear no glasses. But go to the best gymnasium in your city and tell the physical director that in four months' time you are to have a meeting with Mr. Sullivan in the ring. Tell him to get you ready to meet Mr. Sullivan, and I will answer for your eyes in the meantime."

It seemed incredible, and White's voice trembled just a little as he asked:

"Is that right, doctor? You wouldn't send me home to go blind, would you?"

"Mr. White, follow my directions, and I stake my professional reputation, whatever that may be, on the result."

There was no insomnia on the Barlow sleeper that night, and the little German instructor at the Barlow Turn-Verein rubbed his hands with glee when, the following evening, two two-hundred pounders—for I went in for the exercise with White—placed themselves under his care, with a special request for hard work.

They got it.

In ten days the sight of the left eye returned.

In thirty days both eyes were completely restored.

The firm of Parsons & White is still doing business, but no optic neuritis has appeared in its annual inventory for many years.

Dr. Rover never presented his bill.



# HOW NOT TO WORRY

A CONCISE LESSON IN CONQUERING AND DISPELLING HEALTH'S  
GREATEST AND COMMONEST ENEMY, THE HABIT OF WORRYING

*By Silas Wright Geis, B.S., Ph.D.*

Formerly Editor AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HEALTH, AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF SANITATION AND HYGIENE, and  
NOTES ON NEW REMEDIES

**W**ORRY is a great destroyer of happiness. No other mental process consumes brain-substance with such rapidity. Modern research has proven that mental states have a direct effect on the stomach and intestines, the connecting link being the pneumogastric nerve. A pleasant condition of mind promotes healthy action on the part of the digestive and assimilative organs. It is with good reason, therefore, that the family physician so often says in parting: "And, above all, don't worry." But it is to be remarked that he never tells you in a definite, practical way what he means.

Let us say that for some irrelevant reason or other you are in a state of anxiety. You let your mind dwell on it continuously, and refuse to entertain a thought of anything else.

How can you get the harassing thought off your mind? By reasoning with yourself thus:

"Either this thing is past remedy, or else it *isn't*. If it is, I had better not waste time thinking about it, and subject myself to no more nervous strain over it. If it *isn't*, what I want to do is to find the easiest and most expedient way out of my difficulty.

"Having devoted my entire and continuous attention to the matter of my worry for some time, and having lost considerable sleep and appetite over it, my brain is not in a condition to think and reason to the best advantage just now. So I'll take a short mental vacation and then return to this thing, prepared and resolved to *think* a way out of it.

"Returning to the subject refreshed, and 'in condition,' I shall probably see my way clear. If the hardest thinking doesn't discover any solution then, and

I find myself again going over the same old ground, and arriving at the same inadmissible consequences as before, I shall be bound to conclude, once and for all, that my difficulty admits of no remedy."

A good way to allure yourself away from the object of your anxiety is to select some incident, situation or period in your life that is marked, in an unusual degree, by happiness.

Two mental objects cannot occupy your whole attention at one time, any more than two physical objects can occupy the same space at the same time. Your salvation, therefore, lies in making the joyful picture the sole occupant and possessor of your brain. Don't say you can't. You can if you really want to use your will power! If you don't, it's because you dislike the effort it takes in exercising your memory or imagination, and had rather make yourself and others—especially the latter—miserable than exert yourself in the direction of wholesome mental activity.

And now for your reward. After you have succeeded in keeping your mind on the pleasant scene for a time, you will find your task is getting easier. Your worry obtrudes itself less often, and each successive time it is easier to dispel. And finally comes that splendid exaltation, born of the consciousness that you, by your own exertions, are not only conquering, more and more, each day, each hour, this particular worry, this anxiety, but are storing up within your being the means of subduing all future instigators of mental unrest. Without being conscious of it, at first, you gradually become, in an ever-augmented degree, that supremest of beings—master of yourself.



# WHY I NEVER BECAME A CELEBRATED WRITER

By Fennie M. Scott

## FICTION

MY father as a young man had decided to enter upon a literary career. He had mapped out for himself a long life of fame as a great correspondent, or a composer of sympathetic verses, and it was a bitter disappointment to him when he failed. So, taking up a business life, he married and surrounded himself with a family of six.

As each of us grew up he talked of the glories of journalism, of the fame that might be ours, and as each took up some other line of work his hopes sank. But finally he centered all his hope in myself, the youngest member of the family.

At twenty-two I had read all the classics, any amount of good novels and a number of foolish ones; had delved into science and anatomy, touched on chirol-ogy, had spent weary hours over phrenology, sat up late studying astronomy, explored physical culture, waded through metaphysics, and took up spiritualism with an attenuated old fossil for whom I had a mortal dislike. I floundered in hypnotism, studied music so I could play at a piano, drag out a mournful air on a guitar, tear a banjo to pieces and rasp on a violin.

I studied all the masters of art, took a course in stenography, understood a little of religion, read the Bible and formed my own conclusions, studied Catholicism, Protestantism and Christian Science, tried to fathom the depths of the emotions and the frailty of human nature, took a course in nursing, had fasted one week, became a vegetarian for six months, also a drummer for chewing gum in order to study character, and took up demonstrating for the same purpose.

I traveled to every spot of interest in the country, understood horse-racing and lottery, played billiards and pool, made a wild attempt at dramatic speaking, had worn glasses just to see how it felt, became a kodak-fiend, smoked

cigarettes so I could speak of the injurious effect, and drank wine, beer and cocktails for the same purpose. In fact, I had done everything but fall in love.

Thus had I seen, read and traveled enough, father said, to make a successful writer. But I was not satisfied yet. I felt that I was still deficient in many things.

I exhausted every subject. I heard every lecturer that came to town. I saw every good play. Our house was littered with magazines of every description.

I lived according to a schedule, and was happy—perfectly contented with my lot. As for love—well, that was a subject we laid aside. When the proper time came, we—father and I—would select a man who could appreciate my literary ability and be in sympathy with my ideas, and we would join forces, and that was all there was to be to it.

I was sent to a farm to study nature; jolted one hundred miles out of civilization, in a springless buckboard to tell the civilized world how the original farmer lived; relegated to an old farm house to see life from the farmer's standpoint, and was sent to Newport to study caste. I went to St. Louis to see the wonderful exhibits from all countries that I might be up-to-date.

No time or money was spared. I went to a boarding school for six weeks. I studied canines—knew every breed; could tell the value of every dog that I met, and knew the names of all the prize-winners. I took up woman suffrage, could discuss anything in the line of history, knew the exact spot of every important city in the world, could hunt, fish and swim like a duck—and could swear, if necessary.

To my friends—what few I did retain—I was an utter bore. My mother smiled. My brothers pitied me; my sisters tried to discourage me, but I stuck to my father, as confident as he that one



day I would electrify the world with my stupendous knowledge and ready wit.

I used to argue with elderly gentlemen over political economy or the Panama Canal. I delivered temperance lectures, upheld Carrie Nation, lauded prize-fighting, entered into athletic contests, howled at football, and went wild over baseball.

How proud my father was of me! I can see him, now, beaming on me and saying: "Some day, before long, Johnnie (he never called me Johanna), your father will read the favorable criticisms on his daughter's work, and proud he will be." And then we would discuss my ability and the fame and renown that would be mine.

Finally I became so egotistical that no one could tolerate me. I made myself a center of attraction in every place I went by taking the floor on all subjects and "downing" anyone who even ventured an opinion. After a while I found I was dropped from the visiting lists of even the old friends of our family, but I consoled myself by thinking they were jealous of my superior knowledge.

Finally the time came when we decided that I should begin.

I had a lovely room fitted up with my favorite pictures and photographs, all my books, a Turkish rug, bright wall paper, a large roll-top desk, a typewriter, a large library table and student lamp, a Morris chair, an office chair, a foot-stool, and a comfortable chair for father when he would be permitted to enter my sanctum.

There were piles of scratch paper, small tablets, large tablets, note paper, legal cap, a box of pens, a gallon of best black ink, a case of lead pencils, the newest improved erasers and a waste-basket. So I was thoroughly equipped.

We discussed the subject that was to begin and mark my literary career, but could not agree, and it was decided that I should wait for an inspiration. All great writers were inspired, father said, and he wished me to be a great one, not a mere scribe.

So on a balmy Tuesday in early May I parted with father at my private room door and prepared to write. I opened my desk, drew forth a tablet, seated myself comfortably, sharpened a pencil—and waited!

I could think of nothing to write. Well,

I decided it was best to write in the afternoon, so after wasting three hours I left my sanctum for dinner.

The afternoon and evening slipped away in the same manner. I had scratched my head, walked the floor several hundred times and clutched my hands, but no inspiration!

But the first day is always hard, and I knew I was over-anxious. To-morrow—ah, yes! the great and glorious morrow—would see me near the head of the literary world!

But the next day it was the same. I was becoming disheartened. What would to-morrow bring? To-morrow was destined to bring a change in my career.

Brother Warren came home from college and with him brought Jack Hand to spend the summer. He was an old friend of the family, and frequently spent his vacation at our home. He was tall, handsome, good-natured and a stroke on the 'varsity crew, and if I could be accused of having a tender feeling for anyone, it was for Jack. He was brimming with knowledge and gave me a chance to let myself loose. I kept him pretty busy answering questions all that day.

I spent part of Friday morning trying to write, but in the afternoon Mr. Jack and I entered into a hearty discussion of socialism.

Warren had told Jack of my aspirations and he touched on the subject once. I immediately launched into a long dissertation on my plans for the future and he looked at me sympathetically, then advised me to become interested in having a "jolly good time" and not to bother about being famous.

For three weeks, I went to my office each day and thought and thought—but I would only begin one subject when another would flash across my brain and seemed to be better. At the end of three weeks I was a pale, haggard, dejected, hollow-eyed, miserable specimen of humanity. Each succeeding day became more intolerable. My father praised my ambition, and told all of his friends what a wonder I soon would be. That made me wish that I could take wings and fly.

One evening I sat in my room, which I now hated, after completely exhausting myself in a vain endeavor to write something—no matter how insignificant. My



desire to electrify the world was gone. Just to see a note at the foot of a newspaper or cheap magazine which I had written would suffice.

Oh, for one idea!

Discouraged, disheartened, I laid my head on my desk and sobbed bitterly. How disappointed father would be, and what a disappointment to myself! How long I cried I know not, but the door opened and I heard someone enter, and I raised my tear-stained face to Jack. He led me to the big Morris chair, waited until I had collected myself a little and then opened fire on me. He told me how foolish I was to waste time when I knew I could not succeed. He added that I was cut out to make a man happy, not to write "a lot of rot." This upset me somewhat, at first, but he continued, and finally, from the thumps my poor heart began to give, I found there was one thing I had failed to study, but was fully

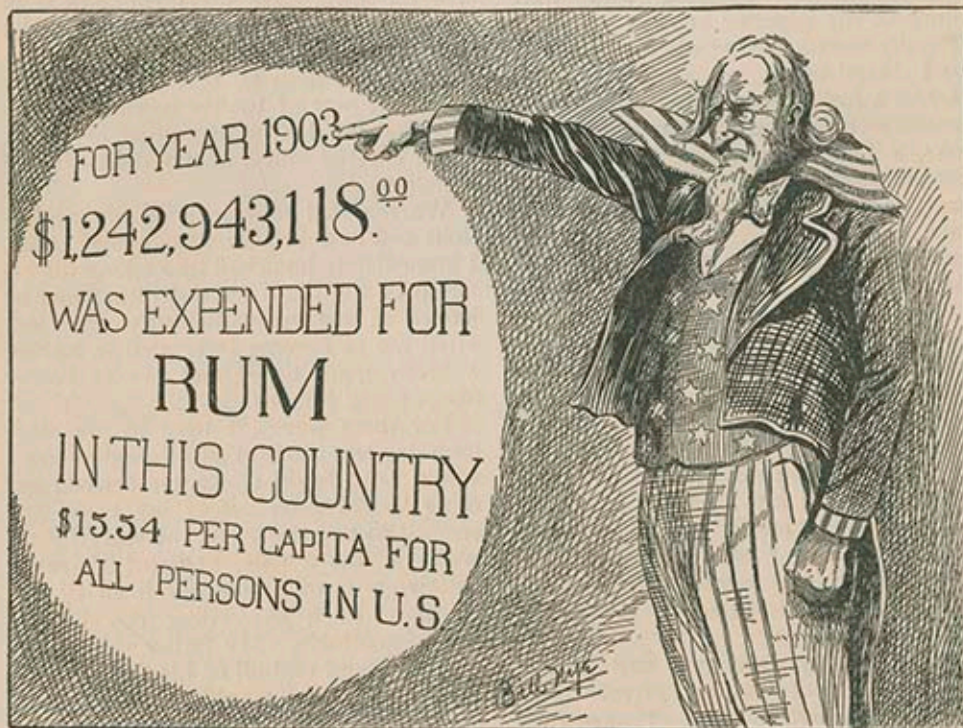
graduated in now. I was actually in love with Jack.

I, who had scorned love! I, who had dissected it and found it to be lacking! I, who had—but here I found myself crushed in Jack's arm, laughing and crying alternately like any other fool woman. How could I so forget? What would father say?

Jack decided this matter in his own masterly way, which already I was willing to acknowledge. I was to tell father I was writing a book, and in a few days we would elope and Jack would settle the rest when we returned.

I avoided meeting my father for the next few days. I could not lie to him, and I knew how he would suffer when he found out. I shut myself up all day in my sanctum, having Jack with me most of the time, until one night we fled, and the next day sent the following message to father:

"Waited for an inspiration, but it didn't come; so took Jack."



As shown by the figures in this cartoon, rum is creeping, like a serpent, into the best homes of America. It is robbing the country of its virile manhood. It is diluting the blood of the children of mighty men who brought our great nation to its present power. It is destroying the mental and moral and nervous power of the men to whom this country looks for its future safety and greatness.





The Kannuki Hold. The Object of this Hold is to Procure a Strong Grip at the Elbow Joint, Making the Arms of Opponent Practically Useless

## SUMO, THE JAPANESE METHOD OF WRESTLING

By Jihei Hashiguchi

*Wrestling is second to no other sport in the hearts of the Japanese people. From early childhood the Japanese children are encouraged in this vigorous and muscle-building exercise as part of their games. It is a national form of sport that extends to all classes of the people. I am confident that much of the remarkable vigor, brawny muscle, and staying power which we find in the average Japanese, and that is being so clearly shown in the present conflict with a powerful nation, is due, to a great extent, to the national popularity of this all-round, vigorous exercise.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

OF all the amusements to which the Japanese are attached, *sumo*, Japanese wrestling, is most popular. The degree of enthusiasm of the Japanese for *sumo* can be measured only by that of the American people for baseball, the horse race or the prize fight.

The history of *sumo* dates back twenty centuries. The earliest record of it tells that it was first introduced two thousand years ago by Nomi no Sukune, the giant, who stood more than six feet high. He was a favorite of the Mikado of his time, from whom he received warm encouragement. *Sumo*, in his time, was nothing but a "dog fight," depending for victory on muscular strength only, and, consequently, its barbarity was not second to that of prize fighting, though it was not up to that of the gladiatorial combat of ancient Rome. Nomi no Sukune is said to have kicked his opponent to death. Yet it developed and improved during twenty centuries, until to-day *sumo* has become a scientific game.

Readers, however, must not confound *sumo* with *jiu-jitsu*. While some historians aver that *sumo* was a side issue of *jiu-jitsu*, to-day the two are altogether distinct from each other in their various

features. Of *jiu-jitsu* the public is already very well informed. It now remains for me to write only about *sumo*, which, in my opinion, should appeal to the fancy of the athletic people of this country more than *jiu-jitsu*.

*Sumo* is far superior to the wrestling practiced here in the sprightliness of the feats. The principal difference between the two is that, whereas in American wrestling the combatants do not give surprises to the spectators, and, therefore, cannot keep the patience of the spectators, in the *sumo* the wrestlers give surprises very often—so often that the spectators cannot help being excited. In American wrestling the combatant may touch the floor with his hands, sit down on it, or even lie prostrate on it; while in the Japanese *sumo* the *sumo tori* is not allowed to touch the ground even with the tip of his finger; much less is he allowed to prostrate himself. So, in the former the real business commences after the combatants have gone down; while in *sumo*, as soon as the combatants—*sumo tori*—engage in *sumo*, either one or the other is in grave danger of being overthrown.

Like the baseball field, the *sumo* field





Shoving Head of Opponent Backward. A Fall by the Kannuki Hold. Armpit Hold.

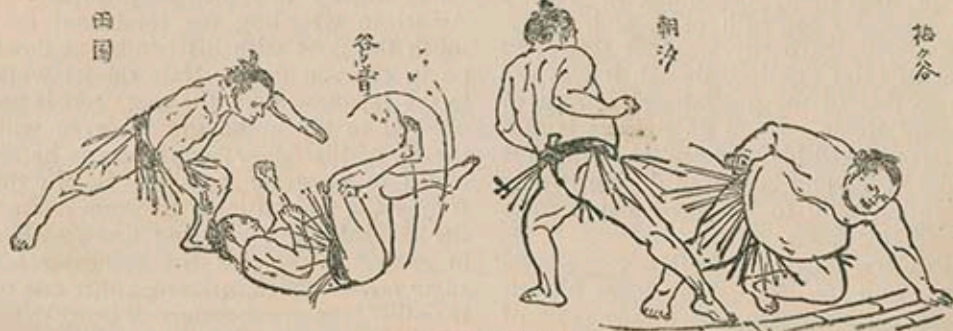
is surrounded with a board fence. It covers a space of a hundred yards square. It is covered over with a large canopy to protect the spectators from rain and sunshine. In the center of the enclosure is raised the *dohyo*, a mound of earth about two and a half feet high, square in shape, with a round wooden column at each of the four corners. These columns are about fifteen feet high. Their tops are linked with a broad parti-colored linen. The surface of the mound is slightly convex toward the center. A circle lined with rice straw bags filled with earth, is described, nearly tangent to the edge lines of the *dohyo*. On four sides of the *dohyo*, just by the middle of the edge lines, steps of straw bags filled with earth are erected for the *sumo tori* and the *gioji* (umpire) to mount the *dohyo*.

Leaving a space about ten feet wide around the *dohyo*, the field is partitioned into many four-foot squares, each square being bounded by wooden frames for the spectators' seats. Each of these seats is covered with a mat, over which a number of small cushions are placed, on which the spectators kneel. These seats rise gradually at the back, much on the same principle as do those of the baseball field.

Behind these partitions there is a space for those who cannot afford to pay for the seats, or who prefer standing to kneeling. Close to the fence the vendors of eatables have their temporary stores.

The sport of *sumo* begins usually in the spring, lasting until the end of the summer. The bouts begin at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and succeed each other until twilight.

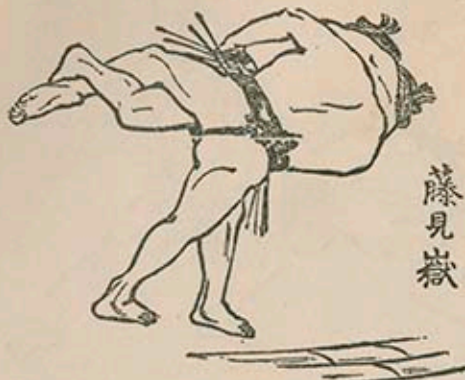
*Sumo tori* are divided into two groups. They are supposed to represent the hereditary rivals of each other. So, one group has its temporary camp at a corner on the east side of the *sumo* field, while the other has its station at a corner on the west side. An equal number of *sumo tori* are allotted to appear from each side during the afternoon. The number is usually fifteen or twenty. The minor *sumo tori* open the engagement of an afternoon, the more expert appearing later in the order of their *sumo torial* ranks, and the champions appearing at the end. The order of the ranks is established on a plan similar to that of the army. An *ozeki*, a champion, corresponds to a general, a *sekiwaki* to a colonel, a *komusubi* to a captain, and a *maegashira* to a major. Other *sumo tori* are the rank and file of



Two Clever Throws



## 山龍鬼



藤見嶽

Kawazu (Meaning Frog Hold). Throw is Accomplished by Twisting Leg, Frog-like, Around Leg of Opponent

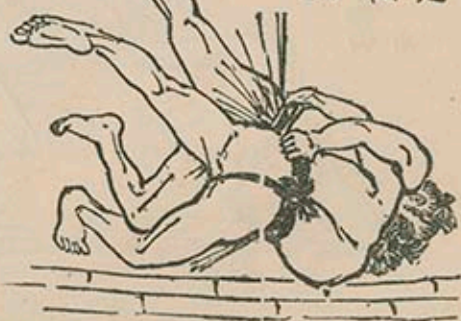
the *sumo torial* army. There are non-combatant officers. A *todori* is a chief of general staff, while a *gioji* is an umpire, who has no counterpart in the army. The latter may be compared with the supreme judge of the Hague Tribunal. There are other (petty) non-combatant officers. Each group has one *todori* and one *gioji*. Usually, the *gioji* of one group takes the umpire's place during a part of an afternoon, and the *gioji* of the other group in turn succeeds during the rest of the afternoon.

After the plans of attack have been made, the *todori* sends *sumo tori* into the field. The *sumo tori* are matched according to a principle of algebraical combination. Each *sumo tori*, however low ranked, of one group is expected to wrestle with every *sumo tori*, however high ranked, of the opposition group during the entire length of a series of engagements, which usually last two or three weeks. In the beginning of the term of this series the *sumo tori* are unequally matched as to their respective ranks, so that the contests do not present very striking shows for the spectators. But in the end the contestants are matched on equal terms, so that a *maegashira* wrestles with a *maegashira*, a *komusubi* with a *komusubi*, a *sekiwaki* with a *sekiwaki*, and an *ozeki* with an *ozeki*.

Amid the cheers of the spectators, the reconnoitring *sumo tori* march out of their respective camps, accompanied by the *gioji* and the immediate successors

of the combatants. As the illustrations show, the *sumo tori* are naked except around their loins, which are covered with *mawashi*, the aprons; while the *gioji* is clad in a toga of *kami shimo*, and carries a fan-like rod of judgment in his right hand.

After the *sumo tori* take breath for a few minutes at the east and the west sides of the mound, the *gioji* mounts the *dohyo* by the north side steps, followed by a man with "*hyoshi*," a pair of rectangular blocks of wood, which serves the purpose of a gavel. The *gioji* orders the man to clap the *hyoshi* in order to call the spectators to order. Then he addresses them, making a few remarks about the events of the day that are to happen. That done, he announces the names of the *sumo tori* who will appear in the scene, pointing with his rod now toward the east, then toward the west, according as he announces the *sumo tori* of the one or of the other side. Thus called upon, the *sumo tori* mount upon the *dohyo*. They are told by the *gioji* to pose on tip-toe, with their bodies doubled up, on the circumference of the circle, just at the point of contact of a straight line parallel to the edge lines of the *dohyo*. Then they bow to each other. Next they are marshalled toward the center, where they are told to have a look at each other for a minute or two. At a signal word from the *gioji*, the *sumo tori*, like the lightning's flash, engage in a fierce skirmish. Soon the spectators join in a tumultuous uproar. Those on the east side cheer for the *sumo tori* from the east side, and those on the

川谷  
山龍鬼

A Fall by the Kawazu Hold



west side cheer for the *sumo tori* from the west side. When either one of the *sumo tori* is placed by his opponent in a position of imminent defeat, a storm of applause on the one side, and simultaneous outcries of warnings on the other side, reverberate throughout the *sumo* field.

According to the rules of *sumo*, the moment that either one or the other of the two *sumo tori* goes down flat, or touches the ground with the tip of his finger, or steps slightly outside of the circumference of the circle, he is beaten. So, the spectators expect every moment to see the end of the contest. Usually, an event comes to its termination in ten or fifteen minutes. But, occasionally, it lasts longer. Then the *gioji*, seeing that the *sumo tori* are exhausted, separates them in order to give them a rest for a minute or two. He calls them up again into exactly the position in which they were before they were separated.

Centuries of experience have brought to the game a large number of different kinds of feats. To-day the number has reached 168. Any one of these 168 may be resorted to by the *sumo tori* as occasion demands, so that, while one *sumo tori* expects to be attacked with one kind of feat, often he is surprised by attack with another. This uncertainty as to the immediate future adds to the excitement of the spectators. And when a *sumo tori* has accomplished a remarkable feat whereby he overthrows his opponent, showers of blessed gifts fall upon the

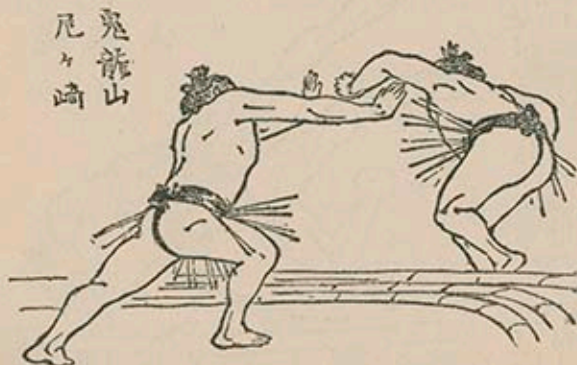


The Powerful Arm Twist Used in Throwing Opponent

*dohyo* for a few minutes from the spectators on the side to which the victorious *sumo tori* belongs. These gifts are announced in a stentorian voice, one after another, by the *gioji*.

When one series of engagements comes to its happy termination for the victorious *sumo tori*, these celebrate their victory by lining up for a procession from their camp to the *dohyo*, each man wearing a long silken *mawashi*, a shirt-like apron, on which various landscapes are embroidered. The victors make a ring along the circle of the *dohyo*, and sing songs peculiar to the *sumo tori*, while their feet trip fantastically in time with the songs.

There are to-day but three *ozeki* in all Japan. While Hitachiyama and Mumegatani are *ozeki* of long standing, Taiho, who was promoted to the highest rank a few years ago, is considered second to neither of the other two. While there are a large number of *sumo tori* in Japan, by far the best ones are found at Tokyo. The Ecoin Sumo Field in Tokyo is the center of national *sumo tori* interest. There the most interesting *sumo* combats are conducted. The enthusiastic public, especially those who did not see the *sumo* of a particular date, eagerly follow up the events of the day in the newspaper reports. The Tokyo *Asahi* of June gives a number of illustrated sketches of the *sumo* bouts that have taken place in the Ecoin Sumo Field. They are reproduced in this article.



The Powerful Hand-Push to Force Opponent Out of Limit of Ring



## ROOSEVELT'S RUNNING MATE

VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FAIRBANKS ALWAYS HAS BEEN A BELIEVER IN THE DOCTRINE OF A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY. DESCENDS FROM A STURDY AND RUGGED NEW ENGLAND STOCK

*By James C. Monaghan*

IF you go down to Dedham, ten miles outside of Boston, on the way south from the Hub, you will walk among sturdy men and women, whose forbears date back to the beginners of our New England history. Among them were the progenitors of the senior Indiana senator, Charles W. Fairbanks. It is a goodly and a godly stock. It has always held its head high—in Dedham, in Washington, in all parts of the world. In the Arabian Nights there is a tale told of a king who had long languished at the door of death and who had done all the doctors demanded in the way of taking medicines. At last a doctor came who gave him a hollow ball filled with weeds and a hollow bat filled also with weeds and told him to beat the one with the other till he was tired or till the perspiration poured from him; to do it regularly, but particularly in the morning after arising. The sultan did so and got well. As the tale goes, it

was the perspiring of the medicaments through the wood that did the work of healing. Some good New England wise woman or wise man must have given Senator

Fairbanks' folks just such a suggestion away back in the early years of the family, for the senator gives, to-day, every evidence of health and strength and manly vigor. A glance at the splendid physique of the running mate of President Roosevelt, on the Presidential ticket, reveals the man who has the happiness of doing more than Dr. Wendell Holmes held to be necessary. He not only selected his own grandfather, he has built up a magnificent manhood. Senator Fairbanks, boy and man, has always been a believer



Copyrighted by Waldon Fawcett

Senator Fairbanks, Candidate for Vice-President of the United States

in the doctrine of a sound mind in a sound body. Born of New England stock, of that staunch breed that broke the soil of New England and afterward drifted beyond the Alleghanies into what was then the West—into the Ohio country—



Charles Fairbanks began life in 1852, in Ohio. His early education was not unlike that of boys belonging to the same circles in life; it was similar to that of the boys who with him have helped to build up Ohio and Indiana.

he was wont to go to and from many a business call on foot. Even now, he is often seen swinging athletically along the avenues of Washington, putting both feet down as if he felt sure that there was nothing better in this world than a good



Copyrighted by Waldou Fawcett

Mrs. Fairbanks, Wife of Vice-Presidential Candidate

From the day he left college to the day he drafted his first political speech he was a worker. Having learned the meaning of work quite young, he was wise enough to figure out its value. Fond of walking,

walk. Morally, physically and intellectually, he belongs to the Lincoln category of men. He is tall and straight as a pine; but sturdy as an oak. Possibly one would say he has too much polish to be put in



the Lincoln class; but that is not true. While he has more polish, perhaps, than was possible to Lincoln, it is a polish that is part of the man's nature. It was never put on; it grew out. It has its roots in a mighty, strong, Lincoln-like Christian life and character. He is of the lifting kind, because he is a strong man—with strong arms, strong legs, a strong neck, a massive head, and a strong, healthy brain. An early riser, he gets the benefit of all that is best in a habit that has become proverbial for its benefits.

Abstemious in both food and drinks, fond of fruits, the senator has succeeded in doing work at fifty-two that keeps him a long way in the lead even of such young men as Senator Beveridge, his strenuous colleague from Indiana. His food, as far as most acquaintances learn—for he is too modest to talk much about it, preferring to let others do it—consists of the simplest kinds. He is fond of fruits and the strong cereals, and he uses little meat. Bathing, he believes, is one of Nature's very best aids to obtaining health when lost, and to securing it when obtained. He thinks that no man should neglect some form of physical exercise as an aid to digestion, the making of red blood and the building up of the muscles. Senator Fairbanks is a man whose physical personality would

attract attention in any gathering. The senator's face and head have an intellectual cast; almost classical is the contour of both. The broad, deep, strong, somewhat arching brow would delight the fingers of a phrenologist. The eyes are dark, deep and penetrating. There is a marble-like whiteness in the color of the senator's face that adds to the classical, intellectual cast. It is in the eyes, in strong nose and in firm chin, that one reads the real record of the intellectual battles; but it is in the whole man, revealed in the thousand little things that come from a well-lived life, that one sees the successful leader of men, the successful senator, and the candidate for the Vice-Presidency of a great nation.

No one could look at Senator Fairbanks and not carry away the conviction that he is a man who loves to put out his arms in physical exercise.

He has made it a rule to find time for the thoughtful exercise of all muscles. The result is a magnificent physique and a splendid capacity to work. While the senator has not done much on horseback during his life in Washington, he is able to hold his own with the best when out in the West. He is a great believer in this form of exercise, particularly for those who suffer because of sedentary habits.

## HOW A DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA SHOULD READ

In a prominent medical journal the following pertinent remarks were made regarding the ignorance of doctors and the illegal protection afforded them:

"If a convention of twenty of the best physicians in the world was called to determine what consumption is, they could not agree. Some would say it is hereditary; some would say from debility; others from animal germs, or vegetable germs; and various other theories would also be represented. Some would say it is contagious, and others would say not. Perhaps no four would agree as to theory and diagnosis, but poisons would be the majority treatment. Think of it. An unfortunate suffering public compelled by law to take this treatment.

"Now suppose a bad case of consumption is placed before this board of twenty of the ablest physicians in the world, they could not cure it. The patient would live longer in a log hut inhaling pine smoke and drinking fresh milk than under the treatment of this board of health. Yet if some one should cure this case, after

they had failed, instead of offering encouragement, they would ask the courts to prosecute the public benefactor to the full extent of the law.

"This is equivalent to the legislature sentencing a consumptive to death without crime and without a trial by a jury. The legislators virtually say, 'We know that Jones with his diploma can't cure you, and that Smith without a diploma has cured several cases, but we will require you to take Jones' poison and die.' It will take a court with nerve to say such legislation is unconstitutional.

"What is a diploma? It is a certificate of qualification given by a college professor, who cannot cure, to his pupil, who also cannot cure, and should read about as follows:

"To whom it may concern: I, Professor \_\_\_\_\_, hereby certify that I never cured a case of consumption in my life, and never expect to, and that I have taught this, my pupil, my whole treatment.' And after recommending him thus, it should add, 'and I trust the legislature will furnish him a job.'"



## MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

**N**OW, as the cool weather is approaching, I want my boy pupils to remember that cold, bracing air builds superior physical vigor. Don't under any circumstances toast and cuddle yourself around a hot stove. Get out into

pecially to emphasize the value of all outdoor games. Long walks in the open air build vital power and will help to make you a healthier, stronger man if regularly taken. The article in this issue that I have written on walking for my men



Our boy readers will no doubt remember seeing the photograph on left published to illustrate an exercise several months ago. The boy who posed for this photograph is employed in our office, and his physical improvement was so apparent that I thought our boy readers would like to see comparison photographs, showing the gain in development attained during three or four months.

the open air; breathe deeply; expand your chest to its fullest capacity. October is an ideal month for building physical powers. It is neither too hot nor too cold.

There is fun and increased health in the open air. Life sometimes, when the air is pure and clear and crisp, is actually intoxicating. It is a joy even to live and to breathe. And at this time of the year I desire es-

readers applies with almost equal importance to boys. Of course, a walk of fifteen or twenty miles is a little bit too much for a boy, unless he is especially strong. Five or ten miles is usually about as far as he should go; but, as a rule, fatigue comes on when he has gone far enough to derive the full benefit. And, if this warning is heeded, nothing but increased health can possibly be secured from long walks.



## BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. I am fifteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-three pounds. I would like to be much heavier by football season. What course of training would be best to increase weight? I am a little slow in athletic games. Do you think regular exercise causes it?

A. General exercise for building up your entire muscular system, together with deep breathing, should bring about the desired result. Any course of training that brings into play the entire muscular system should be satisfactory. Regular exercise should not make you slow in athletic games, but should add to your ability in every way.

Q. I would like to have your opinion on the training of schoolboys for running contests. Is it beneficial or harmful for boys under twenty-one years of age? I would also like you to tell me what you think concerning cross-country runs of three miles or so.

A. Training of schoolboys for running contests is beneficial provided this training is not too strenuous. Boys of this age are inclined to work too hard and in many cases this is more harmful than no work at all would be. Cross-country runs are beneficial provided they are not continued to exhaustion.

Q. I am sixteen years old and work in a store. Do you think a pint of peanuts and a half dozen of bananas is enough for my dinner?

A. A meal such as you mention should furnish all the nourishment desired.

Q. Will going in swimming four or five times a week, fifteen to thirty minutes each time, tend to weaken one, or have a bad effect upon one's health?

A. Swimming for the short period that you mention should be beneficial in every case.

Q. Will you kindly advise how to cure round shoulders and a habit of stooping when I walk? My occupation requires me to bend over a table while working.

A. Take the exercises recommended in this magazine for developing the arms, shoulders and chest. Acquire a habit of keeping the shoulders back when walking and standing.

Q. I am a puny, under-sized boy of fourteen, with no bad habits, but afflicted with a weak stomach. Would you advise distance running, say a mile every day?

A. To run the distance you mention for one of your strength should be rather difficult. I would advise you to start at a shorter distance. A walk of several miles a day would be beneficial, and active play with other boys would be still more beneficial.

Q. What would be a good exercise for developing the chest?

A. The breathing exercises recommended in this department recently would be very beneficial. Two meals a day for a while would perhaps also be of aid. The various exercises for developing the arms and chest should help accomplish the desired object. The exercises with a chair shown in this issue would develop the arms and chest very thoroughly.

## BOYHOOD'S TROUBLES

Now I lay me down to sleep—  
Don't want to sleep; I want to think,  
I didn't mean to spill the ink:  
I only meant to softly creep  
Under the desk and be a bear—  
'Tain't 'bout the spankin' that I care.  
'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell  
Just how it was an accident,  
An' that I never truly meant,  
An' never saw it till it fell,  
I feel a lot worse'n her;  
I'm sorry an' I said I were.  
I 'spose if I'd just cried a lot  
An' choked all up like little sister does,  
An' acted sadder than I wuz,  
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"

She'd said, "He shan't be whipped, he shan't,"  
An' kissed me, but, somehow, I can't.  
But I don't think it's fair a bit  
That when she talks and talks at you,  
An' you wait patient till she's through  
An' start to tell your side of it,  
She says, "Now, that'll do, my son;  
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.  
'F I should die before I wake—  
Maybe I ain't got any soul;  
Maybe there's only just a hole  
Where 't ought to be—there's such an ache  
Down there somewhere! She seemed to  
think  
That I just loved to spill that ink!  
—Ethel M. Kelly in *The Century*.



## DO ACTIVELY INCLINED CHILDREN NEED PHYSICAL CULTURE EXERCISES?

*It is not generally recognized that the active play of children, coupled with the zest and enjoyment they derive from it, is the best physical culture exercise a child can receive. The more natural and enjoyable an exercise is, the nearer will it come to the ideal physical culture method of developing the body. A system of exercise further than that furnished by frolicsome, active play that uses every muscle of the body is not necessary for a child.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

To the Editor:

The subject of physical culture for babies is, to my mind, a many-sided problem, and one that should be considered carefully by parents before it is practiced. It is one that should not be followed until the characteristics of the baby have been watched and his physical and mental make-up noted.

Some babies are contented and happy to lie for hours at a time in a basket, crib or carriage, simply following with their eyes whatever may be of interest to them, or perhaps amusing themselves with playthings that may be given them. They like to lie quietly in their mother's arms, listening to the songs she sings to them, or to be entertained in various ways dear to a baby's heart. Such babies need physical culture. It will benefit them because they do not get the required exercise to create and maintain health and strength. A system of carefully selected movements adapted to children of their age will result undoubtedly in great good when practiced judiciously by intelligent parents.

Other babies are the reverse of this and are, from birth, very seldom quiet while awake, but are constantly employed in keeping busy according to their own baby ideas. They kick their feet in every possible direction, they wave their arms in the air, over their heads and above them—in short, everywhere they can. They give expression to their baby coos, and—they cry—anything to keep busy. When they become older they are assiduously busy learning to creep, going through contortions of various forms, and finally their persistent action enables them to walk, which accomplishment marks the beginning of incessant motion throughout boyhood. Do such babies need physical culture? Would their little physiques not be overworked by any



Wilmer Burton Pray at Fourteen Months of Age

additional strain, even though it be an entertaining and scientifically arranged system? Would not both their muscular and nervous system be taxed beyond the point of healthy growth and development? They exercise every muscle of the body a countless number of times



every day. They are always performing some baby act that requires a comparative outlay of muscular force that may easily be under-estimated.

Between these two types are many mediums, and for them the good judgment of their parents must be relied upon to care for their mental and physical well-being.

Our baby is of the active kind. He was born April 10, 1902. His weight was  $9\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, and every organ and limb were perfectly formed. Since birth he has had an abundance of fresh air day and night, summer and winter. The first winter of his life he enjoyed no nap

from the breast, simple, nourishing food, and his natural activity and love of play have acted together toward accomplishing our object in making him a happy, strong and healthy boy.

During the winter of 1903-04, when he was less than two years old, he played in the snow in all conditions of weather. His shovel and little sled were his constant companions, even on rainy days, when he would come into the house wet to the skin, but none the worse after a rub-down and dry clothes.

Every night, after being undressed, he indulges in a half-hour's frolic before retiring. To imitate his papa he takes



At Seven Months of Age

so well as those taken in his carriage out on the porch, with the sun shining in on him and the wind blowing as only New England winter winds do blow. Every day, when possible, in addition to the outdoor naps, he was given a ride, some days with the thermometer hovering close to zero. The windows of his bed-chamber have been open every night since birth, excepting in a very few instances when they were closed in order to prevent the snow from blowing into the room.

We have furnished him with fresh air at all times and, since being weaned

deep breaths and numerous other exercises of his own accord, and then, to close the day, is given a cool sponge bath and is put to bed at about six o'clock. Nothing more is heard from him until six o'clock the next morning, when he awakes eager for another day of fun.

Being now a little over two years old, he is above the average in height and weight, has the strength of many children twice his age, and is a picture of vigorous and happy boyhood.

BURTON E. PRAY.

Roxbury, Mass.







Copyrighted by Geo. B. Laurence Co.

**Bird's-eye View of the Chicago Stockyards, Showing Pens in Which Animals Are Crowded Before Execution**

The stockyard represents the greatest danger that physicians point out in condemning meat eating. The animals are crowded and jostled together, underfed and neglected, and as it often takes a few days before they are slaughtered they suffer untold torment through thirst and hunger and close confinement. Almost every one has become ill and diseased before the slaughtering time has arrived. This diseased flesh is then shipped in cars to all parts of the country to vitiate and disease the pure blood of millions of people.

## A VALUABLE LESSON OF THE MEAT STRIKE IN CHICAGO

MEN WHO ARE OCCUPIED IN BRUTAL WORK MUST BECOME  
BRUTAL—CONTINUAL SIGHT OF BLOOD VITIATES  
HIGHEST QUALITIES IN HUMAN NATURE!

By H. E. Jones

*The article following herewith brings out strongly the depravity that is caused in men who are employed in slaughtering animals. I would draw the attention of my readers to a tremendously important fact not covered in this article, and that is that these laboring men are not alone to be blamed for their condition. They are to be pitied! The slaughter-house laborer is the product of a condition. He is the creation, the child of a corrupt and depraved flesh-eating SOCIETY! And if this child grows into a hydra-headed monster that strikes out in blind fury, overturning law and order, society must suffer the consequences. Society has demand for a man to do its dirty work! Somebody must kill, skin, make presentable and appetizing the meat which it consumes, but which it would find impossible to eat if it had to stand in the wallowing blood of the slaughter-house and witness the revolting process of treating the carcass before it is dished up at the table. The man who has become brutalized because of his depraving work must earn a living! He would willingly, no doubt, give up his miserable occupation to go out where the air is purer, where life is nobler, where the dumb creatures of our kind are left in peace—out to work in the grain-fields or in the overflowing orchards, if civilized (?) society offered him the chance!—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

STRIKES that are characterized by anarchy and lawless mob-rule are becoming rarer and rarer as education goes on. The workingman of to-day who is a union man, no matter how menial his work may be, is generally an intelligent and patriotic citizen. He knows where the great strength of his cause lies. If in the right, he knows that in back of him stands that great bulwark of American justice and fair play, PUBLIC OPINION, and which will, in the end, help him in the battle. But to win this moral

support he recognizes also that he must fight a fair fight, free from bulldozing mob-rule law and anarchy. The American people hate the cowardice that goes in armed mobs to attack unarmed and defenceless men. And the intelligent union man generally is disposed in the same way. In striking contrast, however, to this gradual elimination of mob force and brute attacks, is the recent strike of the slaughter-house men of Chicago.

In spite of police rule, individual men



were attacked daily on the streets and cruelly beaten, sometimes by sympathizers, but very often by the striking butchers themselves. Sometimes the victim was a strike breaker; often he was an innocent outsider—a harmless, law-abiding citizen. Even women and girls were threatened, molested and maltreated. People have been kicked into insensibility, beaten with sticks, stoned and even stabbed. Revolvers have been discharged in crowded districts; but, fortunately for the targets, the "killer" is more of an expert with knife than with revolver. Not content with maltreating pedestrians, the strikers assaulted strike breakers in their own homes, wrecking the houses and destroying property, and in general committing deeds that will remain a stigma on the cause of unionism that years will only remove.

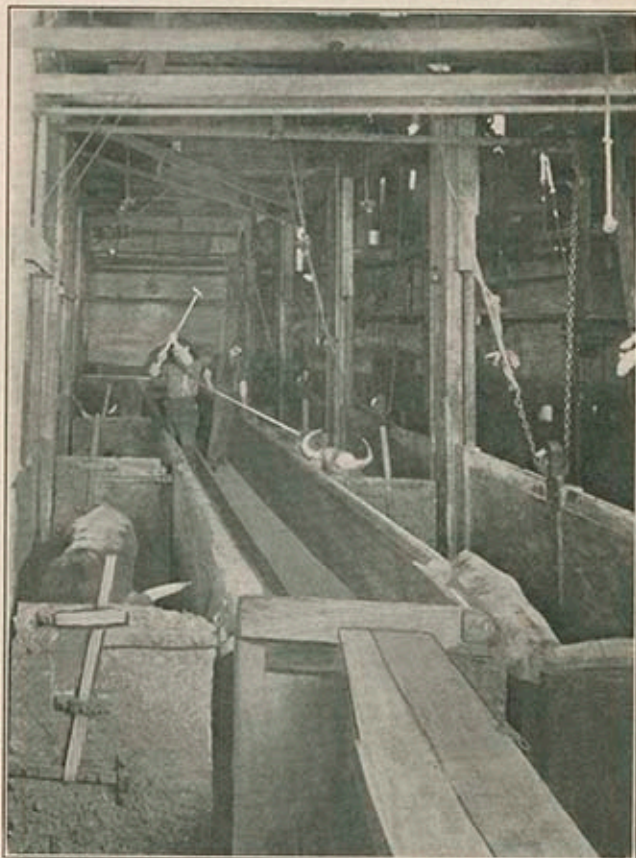
All this was done by hot-tempered men; men whose blood was full of the heat and poison of the animals they had been occupied in killing and of which they were accustomed to eat ravenously, as all butchers do. These men were hot-tempered because the poisoned blood rushed to their heads and into their eyes at the least provocation.

The life of the stockyard butcher is a

life that brutalizes every fine instinct and humane feeling which goes to make human nature beautiful. Fellow-feeling, the feeling for others, love of the good and true and the aspiration upward toward a better life are sunk in the smell of thick blood that swells the nostrils with a wild desire for murder. It is one of perpetual slaying. It is spent among the dying and dead of God's dumb, helpless animals. The killer is continuously

in an atmosphere reeking with the acrid odor of blood. His feet are slippery and wade in the clotted gore that runs plentiful over the floor of the murder institution. His hands and apron are dyed a smeary red. It is a well-known fact that the wild beast of the forest becomes frenzied at the smell or taste of blood, while domestic animals are often converted into raging, terrified, blood-thirsty beasts, when taken near a slaughterhouse. The

odor of the blood drives them mad. If this is the effect upon the brute creation, what must the influence be on civilized man? Knocking cattle in the head with a scientifically constructed instrument, no matter how expertly it may be done, is neither humane nor edifying. It is an act that makes a coward out of a brave man. And slitting the throat of a downed



**The Foul Play That Robs the Unsuspecting Living, Breathing Creature of the Life That God Gave to It—This Man is Hired to Go from Bin to Bin and to Strike the Death-Dealing Blow Upon the Forehead of the Animal**



dumb creature is by no means conducive to a high standard of gentleness and pity.

The stockyards boast of one department wherein women are never allowed. It is here that the sheep are killed. The butcher takes a sheep in his arms, there is a gleam of steel, and the sharp, cruel knife bites into the white throat of the defenceless and harmless little victim. The plaintive bleat of the dying animal, reminding one of the cry of an injured child, is heart-breaking. When a dumb animal is dying a look of entreaty comes into its eyes—a look that is never forgotten by those who witness it and that should soften the hardest heart.

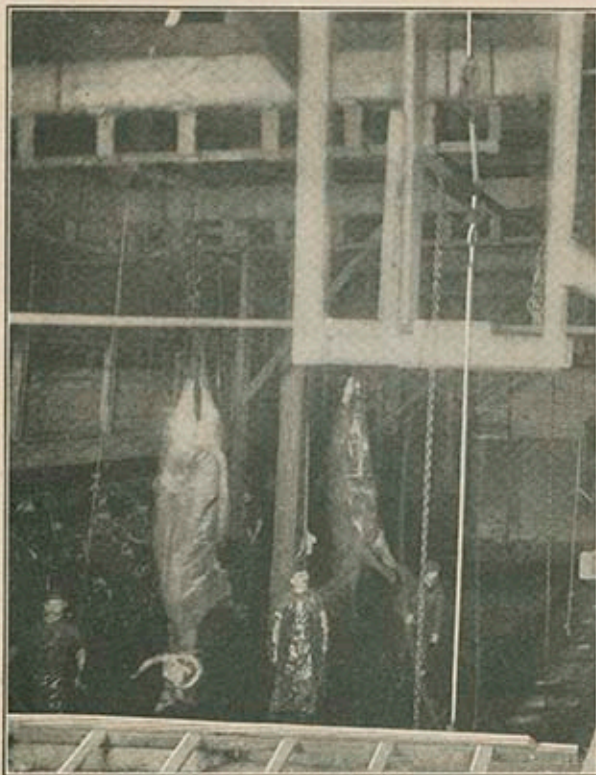
A person following the occupation of butcher gradually becomes adamant in his nature. Even in their leisure hours cruel sport is indulged in. Recently the butchers held a huge demonstration. Twenty-five thousand men, women and children, with banners waving and bands playing, marched along four miles of dusty streets out into the park. The stockyards, with their stench, were left far behind. The dusty street was forgotten in the glad, green verdure of the park. Children romped and played on the clean, sweet grass; girls and youths danced over the springy sod; matrons gossiped under the cool shade of the trees, while the men discussed the strike situation. The "Butchers' Picnic" was on. The

most interesting part of the program, from their viewpoint, was the competition in killing and dressing of beef and mutton. As one of these men put it: "The marching was great, the speechifying was O. K., but the sheep and cattle killing contests were the greatest ever."

President Michael Donnelly—the strike leader and boss butcher—distinguished himself (?) by killing, skinning and dressing a sheep in two minutes and two seconds.

The crowd cheered itself hoarse at the sight of the bloody deed and went into ecstasies over the prowess of its leader. Champion Murphy killed and dressed a steer in three minutes and forty seconds. Murphy was severely handicapped, for he had to knock both his steers down and cut their throats.

The killing contest just described was the keynote to the strike. Not because they hated their employers, not because they despised the strike



**A Picture of the Dark, Damp Room Where Society Has Men Employed to Do Its Dirty Work—Picture Shows Arms and Apron of the Killer Caked with the Dry Blood of a Thousand Murdered Animals**

breakers—for scorn of "scabs" is universal among union workingmen—did violence and brutality characterize this particular strike. It was because the physical body and the mind were so sodden with flesh and the slaying of flesh that the higher, humane instincts were blunted.

The butcher is a great meat eater. Working as he does among the odors of the blood of cattle, sheep and pigs, he ac-



quires a rapacious desire, like the vicious tiger and the hyena, for the taste of meat. The heat of the slaughter-house, with warm steaming blood spurting over everything, creates both a thirst and an unnatural appetite. The meat is desired underdone and is consumed in large quantities. The craving for drink that follows a heavy meat diet is well catered to by the saloons that are numerous and flourishing in the vicinity of the stockyards. Considering everything, the stockyard butcher is more to be pitied than blamed. Man was not primarily a carnivore. He first subsisted entirely on vegetables. Owing to the scarcity of vegetable life in some climates he deteriorated into a meat-eater. Even Leibig, whose name is stamped on so many pots of beef extract, admitted that "a nation of animal feeders possess a savage disposition. They are tormented by a very irritable temper."

This is undoubtedly true and, furthermore, the excessive meat eater becomes a sluggish mentally. His circulation, going to the brain and through the whole system, is clogged and heavy. He develops into a full-blooded brute, coarse of body and dull brained. Nearly all butchers are men possessing abnormally large and protruding abdomens, a patent feature of the disciple of the flesh-pots, and caused by the poisonous product of the meat

not passing away, but accumulating to break out into some disgusting disease.

Quick, passionate action was undoubtedly exhibited in declaring the strike. Throughout the trouble brutal intimidation, cruelty and violence followed in the path of the strikers. Woe to the suspected strike breaker who fell into the hands of the strikers. People and property suffered from furious onslaughts of

the unemployed butchers. The strikers proved to be no respecters of person or sex. Girls and women were cruelly beaten and shamefully handled. Richa Riddloff, formerly a member of the union, but then working in the label department of Armour & Co., was attacked on her way home from work. Her clothing was torn into shreds, and she was severely beaten. The police rescued her from the mob which, if not entirely made up of the strikers, was sanctioned and not prevented by the strikers who were among it. She was conveyed to her home in a patrol wagon. Another girl was badly abused by the

strikers because she refused to join them. The girl said she must either work or starve. Her father was at home, a helpless invalid, unable to do work of any kind. The taxes on the little property that the family own were almost due.

"It means losing our little all," sobbed the frightened girl the day after the attack.



**"Sticking Cattle"**  
The Clothes of the Men Employed at This Job Are Continually Soaked with Smeary Blood, and from Morning Until Night They Wade Over a Floor That is Slushed with the Gore of Slaughtered Animals



"Father worked a whole lifetime in order to pay for our home."

John Kiolo, an employee of Swift, had the entire front of his home wrecked. Every pane of glass in the windows was broken. At night the mob surrounded the house, throwing stones, sticks and decayed vegetable matter through the windows. The strikers swore that they would burn the house before they were through. All these outrages were perpetrated upon John Kiolo, simply because his sister was employed in one of the packing plants, and refused to quit work at the union's demands. Mary Delakowitch declared that her family was in a state of siege for many days, and that the house was subjected to nightly attacks. A strike-breaker named Clestine lost his way after paying a visit down town. Meeting some men, he foolishly inquired of them the way to the stockyards. They offered to direct him there, led the poor fellow to a vacant lot, and kicked and stabbed him. He was rescued by the police in a terribly battered condition.

Pickets at the stockyards assaulted six strike-breakers from Minneapolis. A crowd quickly gathered, and catching August Stelfer—the other five men escaped—knocked him down, kicked him in the face, and tore his coat and shirt into shreds, leaving him senseless on the street. Adam Jonat attempted to leave the stockyards by night. He was chased by a crowd, dragged from a street car which he had boarded, and mercilessly beaten.

Five hundred rioters attacked a train at Fortieth street, and half a dozen persons were injured. Stones and pieces of iron were hurled through the car windows, and several shots were fired. Every window in the train was broken, and one man lost an eye through an iron bar striking him. Three times have the strikers attempted to dynamite railway cars containing scabs. Fortunately, the dynamite caps placed under the car wheels made more noise than damage.

On Sunday, August 7th, the day after the butchers' picnic and killing exhibition, a crowd of strikers wrecked the house of Paul Santowski, in which a non-union worker was being lodged. Men and boys hurled missiles of all kinds through the windows, and attempted to break down the doors. Policemen charged the mob with drawn clubs, and dispersed them. This attack was directly due to the bloody fete of the previous day. Frank O'Neill, Chicago's Chief of Police, has said, temperately:

"I have learned from observation of large strikes that the men act as though temporarily insane. Policemen have been ordered to use all possible patience with them."

In contrast with O'Neill's judicious remarks is the following, taken from one

of the speeches delivered at the bloody picnic:

"When the colored slaves of the South were liberated by Lincoln it was without the thought that later they would be brought to the North to make white slaves out of loyal American citizens.



Cutting Up and Trimming the Dead Carcass to Make It Presentable as Flesh for the Table of Refined People



The freed negro is here to fill your places. He is a traitor and a murderer to do so. And yet a policeman by the name of Hunt says that to protect that class of men he will fill morgues with our members. The day is coming when we will tear the spangled and braided coat from Hunt's back, and put him where he belongs."

Here is a threat to injure an officer for daring to perform his duty in protecting working men. Of course, one should not condemn the speaker without first carefully examining the unfortunate conditions under which the speech was delivered. Both crowd and speakers had become frenzied by the sight of blood. In fact, the calamitous strike was declared in the sight and odor of blood and by flesh-eaters. The hasty judgment, quick and irritable temper, and lack of calm consideration and fair play in declaring the strike, showed the feeble mental qualities that controlled a labor trouble of such

magnitude that its solving should have been rightly in the hands of superior, clearer thinking labor men, of which the unions have many.

The question that presents itself is, would the strike have been so hastily declared, and would the outrages that will stigmatize forever other fellow workingmen on account of their cowardly bearing, have been perpetrated had these men, and the blood-thirsty, riotous sympathizers with them, not been brought up in the bloody, demoralizing environments of the stockyards, and had they learned of the purer, cleaner and less brutalizing, less blood-heating diet that is a part of the tenets of physical culture? Is it not obvious that the very nature of the men's employment and of their vicious carcass diet, with its dire and disastrous consequences, is an impressive and unanswerable argument against the use of the poisonous meat product in the diet of a civilized human being?



Resting After a Long Tramp Through Meadow and Field





Hand Wrestling in the Park

Members of the Brooklyn Physical Culture Society Indulging in the Mild, Delightful Exercise of Hand Wrestling in the Open Air—Note the Strong, Healthy, Well-Built People That Are Represented in This Group of Friends of Physical Culture

## AN IDEAL PHYSICAL CULTURE SOCIETY

FIRST AND STRONGEST OF ITS KIND TO FIGHT DISEASE AND PHYSICAL WEAKNESS, DRUGS, DRUG DOCTORS, ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO

*By G. Edwards*

COVERING almost every phase of Physical Culture, a power in the community in which it has been organized and spreading the cause of the new religion of health whenever and wherever possible, one of the finest societies of Physical Culture that has yet been organized, and representing some of the finest families in the borough, is growing with tremendous strides and creating a new condition of affairs in Brooklyn, N. Y. The Brooklyn Physical Culture Society was organized formally by Bernarr Macfadden, at the close of a lecture delivered in Brooklyn in the latter part of April, and is the first successful branch of the great national movement that it is his purpose to bring about during his lecture tour throughout all of the principal cities and towns of the country. Fired by the ringing words that characterized the lecture, and by the suggestion to organize, it was a matter of a few moments only before one hundred and twenty-five friends of Physical Culture had enrolled their names and had entered into a compact to form a strong society in

Brooklyn. This was the beginning of what is now the most flourishing and most formidable Physical Culture organization in the United States. Its prospectus, issued with an application blank attached, is a model of its kind, and follows herewith:

The Brooklyn Physical Culture Society has been organized, first, to promote sociability and better acquaintance among physical culturists and their friends in Brooklyn; and, second, to unite for the purpose of discouraging physical weakness and disease and to promote health and strength. It is the aim of the society to promote a high standard of manhood and womanhood in the community, physically as well as morally, and to this end to become a powerful factor in the health, welfare and happiness of the people.

With the rapid increase of membership and the development of the movement, the society hopes to bring about the accomplishment of the following purposes:

1. A suitable gymnasium for the accommodation of members.
2. Classes of instruction in physical culture.
3. Monthly lectures by prominent physicians and lecturers on subjects in harmony with the movement.
4. Educational literature, pamphlets and tracts on physical culture.
5. Health Department. Organized to give free advice to members and to the poor of the com-



munity regarding physical culture treatment in cases of sickness.

6. Employment Department. Organized to enlist the public spirited merchants and employers in Brooklyn in our movement. To provide positions through this bureau for those unemployed who are free from the taint of physical weakness, alcohol, tobacco or any other evil detrimental to character and to the best interests of their employers.

7. A free public library devoted to the care and improvement of the body and to physical culture in general.

8. Athletic Department. Organized to encourage clean athletics, devoid of the more or less demoralizing influences generally associated with such. To encourage healthful outdoor sports in general among the members.

9. Recreation Department. Organized to conduct summer encampments, beach parties, outings, rides and other summer amusements. Dances, entertainments, skating parties and other winter recreations will be made a feature of the social side of the society.

The fees in all instances will be moderate and will be applied in part to educate community sentiment along the lines of physical culture.

If interested, kindly fill name and address on blank space provided below and mail to secretary, when notification of meetings will be sent to you.

The Secretary and one of the early organizers of the society is Miss Carri E. S. Markwell, 493 12th Street.

The aim to make sociability an important feature has been a wise one. No society, no matter how worthy its ends, can long exist if the social side of its existence is not encouraged. A Physical Culture Society, if it offers nothing else, offers the opportunity for clean, wholesome people to come together. It offers the opportunity of meeting those who hold kindred ideals in regard to life and to how it should be lived; and the very fact that such a society represents an assemblage of strong, healthy manhood and womanhood means that every mem-

ber is moving in an atmosphere of health, and is directly influenced and contagioned with it as much as a weakling might become contagioned with disease.

The members of the Brooklyn Physical Culture Society have their shirt-waist club, their sandal club, their early morning walking club, and other splendid social features.

During the summer a shirt-waist dance was conducted every second Friday night with the greatest success. Male members

were not permitted to wear coats, and lady members made the corresponding sacrifice of not wearing corsets. On June 17, 1904, a novel raw food banquet was held.

For the guidance of other societies that may desire to conduct a Physical Culture dinner, followed by speeches, the toasts are given herewith:

A Word of Welcome

*Milan Day Barnes*

Toastmaster

*Julian P. Thomas, M. D.*

"Peace! oh! let us hear him"

Our Society: its Purpose

*President George Schubel*

"Let us erect a standard around which the good and true may repair"

Physical Training a Science

*George J. Fisher, M. D.*

"Now then, what do we find among men?"

The Religion of Health

*Bernarr Macfadden*

"Therefore, glorify God in your Body"

*Orisson Swett Marden*

Wherein Lies Success

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime"

Reminiscences of a Physician

*A. Wilbur Jackson, M. D.*

"Long, long may my heart with such memories be filled.

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled"

The Highest Aspirations of a Girl

*Mrs. Bernarr Macfadden*

"There is no true outward beauty of woman that does not bespeak inner goodness and womanliness"

The Joy of Living

*Elmer Lee, M. D.*

"Do noble things! not dream them all day"



**Geo. Schubel, One of the Organizers and the Society's First President—Illustration Shows Sandals That Are Worn by the Members of the Society**





**Jiu-Jitsu is Another Splendid Exercise That is Indulged In by the Members**

The pleasures that are enjoyed in the open air, however, are by far the finest and most enjoyable features of the society. The early morning walking club is a splendid example of this. The members rise at an early hour Sunday mornings, meet at a given place in the beautiful Prospect Park of Brooklyn, and from there begin their morning walk to Brighton Beach, close by Coney Island, where a plunge into the surf, a shower bath and rub down complete the morning's healthful exercise.

A gymnasium where both sexes can exercise and find recreation has been secured, and without a doubt this will aid in securing a large number of additional members.

A basketball team has been organized among the lady members of the club, and other teams are being organized just as rapidly as possible. When the skating season arrives this exhilarating form of pleasure and health will be one of the chief of the winter recreations.

Also during the winter season a great deal of the society's missionary work is done. Lectures are given free to the general public. Physicians and prominent Physical Culturists are secured to deliver interesting and instructive talks on Physical Culture, health, hygiene, etc. The dates of lectures, together with the subjects, are printed in the local papers of Brooklyn, and in this manner a good attendance is always secured.



**An Early Morning Walk**  
Members Rise at an Early Hour on Sunday Mornings and Take a Long Walk in the Clear, Crisp, Morning Air—Members All Wear Shirt Waists



# HUNTED DOWN

By John R. Coryell

## FICTION

*This story was begun in the January issue. I believe it will be read with fascinated interest by every reader. The plot is well laid, the characters are wholesome, and the story progresses naturally to a dramatic climax. Mr. Coryell has written, under various pseudonyms, about one hundred and fifty well-known novels. He collaborated in the revision of my story entitled, "A Strenuous Lover."—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

### CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM his place of concealment Harry watched his father and Elizabeth meet and go along the road together; and it struck him as a strange and decidedly unnatural thing that he should stand there in hiding from one with whom until now he had always had the most loving and frank relations.

A sudden discontent took possession of him. It was one thing to be at open variance with his father, but quite another to be secretly and stealthily working in opposition to him. In his resentment and determination not to be balked, he had acted as it had seemed to him he had a right to act; but now in the presence, almost, of his father, whom he so respected and loved, it seemed to him that he was playing a part unworthy of him.

He turned away and walked slowly through the woods, beset by the thought of the littleness of being there in disguise, hiding from his father. The fact that his father was striving to interfere between him and Ruth did not relieve him of the discomfort of feeling that there was something very like cowardice in the secret course he had taken.

He walked along very slowly, his head down, regardless of where he went, pondering the matter, until suddenly he made his resolve: "I will go see him. We may quarrel, but he shall respect me. I will present my side of the question, and I will listen to his side. If I can prevent a rupture, I will. I have done wrong in being secret."

Once firmly resolved, Harry acted with

the sharp decision that was characteristic of his nature. He broke from the woods to the road, and then hurried home by every short-cut known to him. He quite forgot his disguise in the stress of his feelings, until, as he was hurrying up to the house, taking a cut across the lawn, an old servant indignantly hailed him.

"Here, you! What d'you want?"

Harry turned in surprise, then remembered his disguise as he encountered the angry gaze of the old man, and laughed.

"Don't you know me, Pete? I'm Harry. Has father come home yet?"

"You Harry! Bless me! What are you doin', rigged up like that? Well, I never would 'a known you."

"Is father home yet, Pete?"

"No, sir."

"Then I'll go in and change my clothes before he gets here. If you see him when he comes, tell him I'm home."

Some words of further explanation were required by the house servant before she would admit him. Indeed, he was obliged to secure her belief in his identity by removing all his false hair.

Once in his room, he swiftly washed, and donned a suit of his ordinary clothing, and had finished his toilet when he heard the front door open to admit his father, whose firm stride he heard going to the library.

Whether or not his father knew that he was in the house, Harry could not tell, but he instantly went down and knocked at the door of the library and was told to enter.

"Father!" he said, anxiously.



"Harry!" the other responded, rising to his feet and looking inquiringly at his son.

Harry knew then that his father had been aware of his presence, but so well did his father mask his feelings that Harry could not guess with what emotion he saw him there.

"Pete told you I was here, father?" he said, by way of opening the conversation, which might have so unhappy an ending.

"I met him, and he told me. Why are you here, instead of following up the task you begged me to give you?"

"Let us sit down, father, and I will tell you. I can see that you are displeased with me, since you do not greet me with any affection, and I had expected nothing else. Still better, I know that when you have heard what I have to say you will be more than ever angry."

"Why say it, then? Why not rather go back to your task and leave these unpleasant things unsaid?"

"That may not be, father. I deprecate your anger, but believing myself justified in the course I am pursuing, I must go on. And I beg of you to hear me with the least possible prejudice, striving to see things from my point of view rather than your own."

"This is an ominous preface, Harry; but I shall try to be just. Sit down!"

Harry sat down, feeling, however, that it was much more like judge and culprit than father and son that they faced each other. He could not recall that ever before had they met in any way but the kindest, frankest spirit, and to see his father now so stern and uncompromising filled him with foreboding.

It never occurred to him to abandon his purpose, however. If his father's face was stern, Ruth's, as he recalled it, at that moment, was tender and encouraging; and he knew then, as never before, that much as he loved his father he loved Ruth infinitely more; that hard as it would be to give up his father, it would be incalculably harder to give up the girl he loved.

"Father," he said, after searching his brain in vain for a satisfactory way of opening the interview, "do you not know why I am here instead of being in New York or elsewhere doing your work?"

"I have just left Elizabeth. She told me she had seen you disguised as a tramp."

"And she told you why I wore that disguise?"

"She said you were here seeking Ruth."

"Whom you had induced to go away."

"Was it not the wise thing to do? If you are to marry Elizabeth is it not better to break at once with that child?"

"You must know now that I shall never marry Beth, father. I am sorry to grieve you, sorry to interfere with the plans you have made, but I love Ruth, and will make her my wife when she is fit for motherhood, if she will have me. And I have good reason to believe that she loves me."

Harry had expected his father to break into a storm of passionate anger at this, and was surprised to see him merely let his chin fall dejectedly on his palm, while a deep sigh escaped his lips.

"I know," Harry went on, eagerly, "that you do not believe in love, father; but I have no choice since I love Ruth."

"A foolish, idle emotion! You turn away from the noblest experiment that ever was brought to the verge of satisfactory fulfillment. How long, alas! is the world to remain blind to the crime of making so false an emotion the basis of parenthood?"

"Love is not a false emotion, father, but the truest in all the range of human emotions."

"And a fit basis for parenthood? Can love give any excuse for constituting itself the reason for the birth into the world of a human being?"

"I would not make it the basis of parenthood, father, but of that friendship which is necessary if two human beings would hope to endure the terrible test of being bound irrevocably together. There are dreamers who say that marriage is not essential to parenthood, but we know that our social system will not tolerate even the thought of such a thing. How, then, can two persons safely enter into wedlock if they have not a strong and abiding love for their shelter from the storms of so close an intimacy?"

"My answer to that is that, of the many who marry, but a few do more than pretend to such a love. Friendships be-



tween man and wife! Why, Harry, you may seek the world from end to end and count such friendships on your fingers. Ordinary marriage is slavery and legalized prostitution; and love—granting its existence—will not work any change. The ordinary marriage is but a license to lust. It was from that I would have saved you. The only legitimate purpose of marriage is procreation; and the mother should not only be the absolute mistress of her own body, but she should have the same, if not greater, rights in her children as their father. Elizabeth would have been such a mother. No man could have made such a woman the mere instrument of his will and pleasure."

"But if Ruth and I marry with such ideas of right and freedom, father?"

"How can you speak of Ruth in the same breath with Elizabeth? Elizabeth, the most magnificent specimen of her sex, fitted to be the ideal mother; and Ruth, puny, weak, emotional, uninformed."

"She will be robust and fit before she undertakes the office of motherhood."

"She can never compare with Elizabeth, can never be the mother Elizabeth can; can never equal her in any way. Elizabeth is one woman in many millions. Why you should not have fallen in love with her, since you must do so foolish a thing, I cannot understand. I have never seen a woman who so attracted me. If I were your age, and so fortunate as to have this opportunity, I would hold myself the most fortunate of men."

Harry listened in silence, but with a smile gathering on his face that he was obliged to hide by looking down. Mr. Thorne turned to some papers on his table and abstractedly rearranged them. But for the fear of hurting him, Harry would have suggested to him, as he had to Elizabeth, that he and she should find their consolation for their disappointment in marrying each other.

"But there!" Mr. Thorne said, suddenly, continuing the conversation, "I will not urge you. You have decided, as you had the right to do. I—I was wrong in interfering; Elizabeth told me so today. She showed me how I had been untrue to myself and unfair to you. I am very sorry, Harry. I ask your pardon."

This sudden change in the tone of his father shocked Harry. He had been pre-

pared for a struggle—perhaps for a rupture with his father—but to have him admit wrongdoing had never suggested itself to him.

"Father," he cried, springing to his side, "don't do that! Don't feel so strongly! Forgive me for not being more open and frank with you. I should have come to you at the first consciousness that I loved Ruth. Indeed, I think I would have done so but that love is such an insidious emotion that it has possession of one long before consciousness comes."

"And you knew how violent I would be; is it not so, Harry?" And Mr. Thorne smiled sadly.

"I knew you felt strongly, father, and I could not blame you. You were engaged in a great work, a work in which I am still vitally interested. And I am sure that Ruth and I shall be able to continue what you have begun. It is true that she is not magnificent, as Beth is, but she will improve herself and fit herself for motherhood. I promise you, as I promised Beth, that I will not marry until Ruth is fit for motherhood."

"I do not wish such a promise, Harry. I realize that you have your own life to live, and that I have no more right to try to order your life than that of any other individual. I have thought it out, Harry, and see that I was wrong in trying to make you the instrument of my experiment."

"But you will welcome Ruth? You will not turn from her and from me?"

"Surely not, Harry. I admire her for her truth and honesty, for her intellect and character; my only objection to her was her lack of robustness, her unfitness for motherhood. I longed to see Elizabeth the mother of a child of which you should be the father, because I foresaw for such a child a great career. But I have given up all thought of that now. I shall hope that Beth may find yet someone who will be a fit mate for her."

"I do not doubt that she will, father."

"You are blinded to her extraordinary excellence, or you would not say so. But tell me what you mean to do now? You will wish to find out where Ruth is, I suppose?"

"That first; and then I shall return with a new zest to the search for our enemies."

"No; I have a letter here from Mr.



Christy which has determined me to withdraw you from that task. This is what he says, and I have to admit that he is right:

"My dear Henry:

"I want to call your attention to one phase of your search for the men who were back of the destruction of your property; it is the danger Harry runs of losing his life. Consider that this trust, with its hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars, has, like the octopus to which it is so often likened, spread out its terrible tentacles until its dire influence is felt in every quarter. There is no State legislature that has not some members in its pay; both houses of Congress notoriously have members to represent its interests; when it has business at law it has judges on the bench and a long array of the best legal talent; even the clergy preach for it from the pulpit; it contributes to the campaign funds of both great political parties; destructive fires occur opportunely in its interests; even death removes dangerous opponents. If you could procure evidence that would convict any ordinary criminal it would not cause so much as a ripple on the surface of this monstrous corporation, for in the end the case would be tried before a judge who was its creature. You and I and all the world, I may say, know of the awful turpitude and corruption of this vast money-making machine; but nothing can be done against it while the laws under which it exists remain on the statute books. If Harry would strike it a deadly blow, let him enter politics, and strive to bring about a repeal of all those laws which stand between man and freedom. It is only when all men have equal opportunities that such monsters as this trust cannot exist. It is a legitimate product of our system, and the blow must be struck at the system and not at the product."

Harry could not but be struck by the magnitude of the task he had been attempting. He saw at once the hopelessness of it as he had never been able to see it before; and there was born in him then the resolve that he would enlist in the cause of freedom.

"He is right, father," he said, when his father had ceased to read.

"Yes, he is right; so abandon your

search. And now, leave me, Harry, for if we talked through the night we could come to no other conclusion. Find Ruth and bring her to me when you are ready, and I will welcome her with a whole heart. When we meet at dinner it will be as if nothing had happened to alter our lives."

"I think you are the noblest man that ever lived," Harry cried, impetuously; "and I wish that, somehow, there would come into your life the happiness you deserve."

And then, fearing to betray emotion that would displease his father, Harry hastened from the room, at once saddened by the thought of his father's grief over a shattered hope, and happy that there was no longer any obstacle interposed between him and Ruth.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

If anything could have moved Harry from his purpose it would have been the consciousness of his father's resignation to a condition which he knew was so exceedingly bitter; but believing himself right, he could not yield, even though to persist in his way meant suffering for the father he so dearly loved.

But even if he persisted, he none the less suffered himself; and because he could not rid himself of his own distress nor relieve that of his father, he went, after dinner, to see Elizabeth, hoping she might suggest some way of making his father forget for a while that his cherished plans of a lifetime had to be abandoned.

Elizabeth, dressed in bloomers, as was her wont when going out in the evening, met him at the entrance to her home. She naturally started at the sight of him in his own proper semblance, and exclaimed at it.

"You, Harry! What does this mean?"

"It means that I decided to go home and have a frank talk with father, as I should have done at first."

"And he?" she cried, in great concern. "Oh, Harry! I hope there has been nothing said that will make him unhappy. If you had only left the matter to me it would have been better."

"But your good work has already been done, Beth," he answered. "Father told



me that you had shown him how wrong he had been."

"Ah! that is not a thing for you to say, Harry," she cried, warmly. "The real wrong has been yours. You are more ungenerous than I would have believed."

"But, Beth, I don't say he was wrong; I was only repeating his words, which he said were yours. It seems to me you are suddenly very much of a partisan. For my part, I have nothing but admiration for father. He has been very kind and generous."

"You mean that he has consented to your marriage with Ruth?"

"Yes."

"But you promised me——"

"I will keep my promise, Beth. What I came here for now was to ask you if you would not come over to the house and try to cheer father up. He naturally feels very bad over this affair, and——"

"You won't yield a peg? Oh, Harry! You don't deserve such a good father. If you would only think how much he has done for you, I don't believe you would be so ready to thwart him in his cherished plan."

Harry laughed, and patted Elizabeth on the back in the old comradesly way.

"You know, Beth," he said, "you are frightfully immodest. Don't you know that you are begging me to marry you?"

"Huh! I don't see anything in that. Why shouldn't I beg you to marry me? I'd like to know if you didn't beg Ruth."

"That's different."

"Certainly, the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum. I can tell you, I wouldn't marry any man I was ashamed to ask to be my husband. The question is just one of fitness. Now, you are the most fit——"

"Stop, Beth!" laughed Harry. "I'm engaged—or about the same thing—to Ruth, and you are altogether too beautiful to be tempting me in this way."

"Nonsense! There always was a vein of levity in you, Harry. I think maybe I might have loved you if you had been as serious as your father. I like an earnest man."

"And I like an earnest girl; but I don't believe I could fall in love with one who had no sense of humor."

"Of course, that is a shot at me. Do you mean to say that this affair is a

laughing matter? I don't see it that way."

"Say, Beth! I have an idea!"

"Well, what is it?"

"This is dead serious, you know. I joked about it once before, but this is quite serious."

"I don't feel very much impressed in advance, but I'm listening."

"Why don't you propose to father? He thinks you are the finest woman that ever lived; and barring me, you think him the finest man."

"Bar you! Don't flatter yourself, Harry Thorne; I don't bar anybody. I look upon your father as the finest, truest, noblest man I ever knew. It isn't once in an age that a man lives with such high and unselfish ideals as your father has. Any girl might be proud to be his wife."

"Well, then?"

"Well, I don't mind saying that I have been thinking of it. If I thought I were good enough for him——"

"That sounds for all the world as if you were in love with him, Beth."

"Love!"

"Well, you don't hate him, do you?"

"I don't do anything so foolish as love him, I think. I respect him, admire him, revere him, maybe, but love—pshaw! The only question is, am I worthy of such a man?"

"You just now said the only question should be fitness for parenthood."

"So far as that goes," Elizabeth said, loftily, "I believe he is quite as fit as you. He may not be as strong, or as agile, but at least he has an intellectual fitness far beyond anything you could pretend to; and you know it is so."

"It seems to me, then, that father's experiment should have a better chance than ever."

"Your levity isn't respectful to him, Harry. Anyhow, he isn't an old man by any means, if he isn't a young one. He isn't fifty yet, and is as active and vigorous as any other man of thirty that I ever saw."

"Indeed, Beth, every word you say is true," said Harry, so seriously that Beth knew he was in earnest. "Father is the best man in the world, and I sincerely hope he will have the happiness which I am sure will come to him if you become his wife. I don't think disparity in age



is of any consequence when people love as you and father do."

"Don't be foolish, Harry! Your father and I have at heart the success of our experiment, and if only you would consent to give up Ruth——"

"I wish you would give me her address, Beth. I am sure you must know something about it."

"I have no idea where she is."

"Then you know how to obtain her address."

"I know what I would do if I wanted her address."

"You do?"

"Certainly I do, and so would you if this love you talk so much about had not robbed you of your wits. You used to be a great deal brighter than you are, Harry."

"You know, Beth, I always said you were very clever about some things."

"Don't try to cajole me! Have you tried the postmaster?"

"He doesn't know it."

"The farmer with whom she boarded?"

"He doesn't know it."

"Too bad! Do you remember how devoted Susie Lewis was to Ruth? Ben's sister, you know."

"Was she? I didn't know."

"Of course, there is always one girl in a school who adores her teacher."

"One boy, too, I fancy. The Lewis family seems to be susceptible. But what has that to do with Ruth's address?"

"Well, I don't suppose that Ruth cut herself off from all knowledge of what was going on here. I fancy somebody has her address. It would have to be someone who was trustworthy and faithful. Susie seems to be a very honest girl."

"You mean——?"

"I think it would be worth while seeing Susie."

"Perhaps you would go with me, Beth?"

"When? Now?"

"Why, I should like to find out as soon as possible."

"And leave your poor father alone tonight, just when he most needs sympathy and the society of his friends?"

"I think he will like it better not to have me around."

"Yes, I should think so, too. But what about having me around? I haven't done

anything to break up his life plans. Do you really think I will go with you and leave him alone? No, Harry."

"Well, I can't wait till morning, Beth. Will you mind if I leave you here? The house is only a few steps away now."

"I should say not. If I were Ruth, you might ask that question. Mind going alone? That's the sort of politeness that is founded on woman's unnecessary, not to say criminal weakness. Do you suppose the woman of the future will have to be protected every time she goes out for a walk? I'd like to see the man who would insult me a second time."

"It would be more interesting to see him do it the first time, Beth," said Harry, with a laugh. "Well, good-bye, and thank you. Tell father I may be home late."

He turned away, and was soon lost to sight. Beth walked slowly on to the Thorne home, and with slower and slower pace mounted the steps to the front door.

Elizabeth Mowbray couldn't remember any such moment of indecision in her life before. Her hand wavered fully a minute before it touched the door and lifted the old-fashioned knocker.

"Well," she murmured to herself, "at the worst he can only say no; and I shall have had the satisfaction of knowing that I had done all I could do to help in the great experiment."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Heaven bless her!" came fervently to Henry Thorne's lips when he heard the voice of Elizabeth in the hall, asking for him. "Come in here, Beth!" he cried, going to the door and opening it. "I am alone, and glad to see you. Harry has been here," he said when they were alone.

"I have just left him. I told him how he might find Ruth's address. You don't wish I had not?"

"No; that dream is over, Beth. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. But when I think of that puny child and then of you—you so magnificent——"

"She will make herself fit for motherhood; I am sure of that. And then if they really love each other——"

"Love, Beth?"

"Oh, I am not saying it is wise, you know, but there are those who believe in love, and as long as they do it is just as real to them as it is foolish to us."



"That is one way of looking at it; but I had hoped that Harry would be above such folly."

"It may be his inheritance from his mother, Mr. Thorne," said Beth, gently.

"Perhaps."

"Besides," went on Beth, "I don't see that our experiment need to be set aside just because Harry fails us."

"No? You have not some other—you don't know of any other young man his equal?"

"None. No, I was wondering if the man need be exactly his age; I mean young, you know. You see, if age was not necessary, there would be a wider range of choice."

"You have someone in your thoughts, Beth; I am sure you have."

"Why do you think so?"

"You are very much excited for you."

"You have not answered my question about age. Do you think that for the success of our experiment my husband should be necessarily as young as Harry? I have even wondered if he might not be too young. In certain experiments made at the model farm of—"

"Yes, I know about them. No, youth is not a *sine qua non*, but I have always supposed that it would be pleasanter for you—"

"Oh, as to that, I should say that if I respected and admired my husband as I do the man I have in my mind, I should be just as well, perhaps better, pleased from the sentimental point of view—if we admit such a point of view."

"You have such a man in view then, Beth?" he asked, trying hard to seem unconcerned.

"Yes. He is a man of your age."

"My age? If I had supposed—"

"If you had supposed what, sir?"

"It does not matter. Is he—is he interested in our humanitarian project? Is he one who would recognize your rights, respect your noble womanhood?"

"I—I don't know why I should be so silly about this, Mr. Thorne," said Beth.

"The—the fact is, I am taking the course which is pointed out by regard for the beautiful experiment we have lived for, by my own inclination, by—in short, sir, I came here to-night to ask you to—to be my—my husband!"

"Beth!" he cried, starting to his feet, the color leaving his face.

"I want to say that I prefer you to Harry, sir. You understand there is no question of love, but if I were to choose between you and Harry which I cared most for, I would take you. To me you are the noblest man in the world, and if I am entitled to any choice of the father of my children, I unhesitatingly turn to you."

"Beth!"

"Shall it be, sir?"

"What will your uncle say?"

"It is not what he says, but what you say. Will you have me? You know you will lose Harry one of these days, and then your house will be lonely."

He opened wide his arms, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ruth Warner, courageously clad in a suit of serviceable bloomers, was in the corn field, hoeing. The farm was her uncle's, and she had decided to find the health and strength she wanted in the open air. If she had been rich she would have gone camping and tramping; as it was, she did the only thing available. She milked cows, she worked in the garden and in the field, resting when she was too tired to work, and taking up her task again when she was rested; and getting her board for what she did.

It wasn't as much fun as Elizabeth's way of doing, but it was not devoid of pleasure, and even in the few days she had been at the work it had done her good. Her muscles were no longer sore as if she had been beaten with a club and she was certain that, if only she could hear something about Harry to renew her assurance of his love she could be perfectly happy.

"Ruth! Ruth! Hello-o-o Ruth!"

Ruth dropped her hoe and caught her breath. It sounded like Harry's voice. She looked about in a fright. She was afraid she had allowed herself to think so much about Harry that she was getting some uncanny effect from it.

"Ruth! Ruth!" came again, and as she looked toward a rise in the field she saw a straw hat, followed instantly by the face she dreamed of.

"Harry! Harry!" she screamed; and Harry went toward her in a straight line,



regardless of the corn, which was waist high.

There was no preliminary explanation; both seemed to fully understand; they flew into each other's arms. The explanation followed.

Harry had procured her address from Susie Lewis, and had come straight to her; his father had withdrawn all objection; they could be married as soon as Ruth was fit.

"And that will not be long," said Harry. "I never saw you looking so well."

"I am feeling very well, too," she said; and did precisely in her love what Elizabeth had done from pure reason—laid her head on Harry's shoulder.

Nevertheless, they were not married for two years, during which time Ruth worked at the development of her body with such steadfastness and with such good results that even Mr. Thorne was

willing to admit that she was almost fit to mate Harry.

But Mr. Thorne was disposed to take a rosy view of almost everything since Harry's small half-brother was proving himself to be that very marvel which it had been confidently expected Harry's own son would be.

Elizabeth, as calm and serene and happy, according to Harry, as the Goddess of Liberty herself, superintended the physical education of her son, and assured Harry that when Ruth had a daughter she should be brought up to be a fitting mate for him.

But Harry laughed, and said with very great emphasis: "No; any child of ours shall be brought up to love; and if any of them doubt the value of love I will point to you as a proof."

"Huh!" was always Elizabeth's answer. She refused to argue with him.

[THE END.]

## CULTIVATING A PERFECT RACE BY CONTROLLING MARRIAGE

IS it too bold an idea to advocate the perfection of the human race through the process of breeding? Thousands of dollars have been expended in breeding animals, but little, if anything, has been given to cultivate a finer, higher physical type of man. Man, through intelligent study, has been capable of breeding a perfect animal, vibrant with electric nerves and spirit, fleet, graceful and the embodiment of beauty, while he, himself, is deteriorating gradually, to become a human scarecrow, with shallow chest, creaking voice and infirm step.

The government that will receive the plaudits of the human race will be that which will establish first a Bureau of Humanculture for the developing and perfecting of the race. It would not be an impracticable thing for the government of our country to establish such a bureau. We would have to muzzle the prudes, of course, but that would not be a serious hindrance. Branch offices of this bureau could be located in every part of the country, where the virile, unmarried young men and women of our coun-

try could be examined in regard to their physical condition and a diploma awarded showing their standing in regard to physical manhood and womanhood. Persons holding such certificates and marrying in their grade should receive a bonus from the government. This method of race culture would be a strong stimulus for young men and women to so perfect their physical condition that they could "pass" the physical test and so receive the government prize.

Could there be some arrangement evolved whereby only those who attain a certain percentage in physical fitness would be allowed to marry, there would be, without doubt, a strenuous hustling among physical weaklings of both sexes to get up to the mark required by the government. With a scheme of this kind of mating in working order it would be a little less than several generations before a race of proud, God-like men and women would people the land, as healthy, strong and beautiful to look at as is the perfected race-horse that has been evolved by scientific, careful breeding.



# THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CATARRH OF THE THROAT AND NOSE

*By Bernarr Macfadden*

CATARRH might be termed a universal disease. Nearly everyone suffers from it occasionally during life, and thousands become chronic victims of the disease.

The disease is so common that ordinarily but little attention is given to it. It is rarely fatal, though it is exceedingly annoying, and often is followed by diseases that result in death. Consumption, for instance, is frequently an outcome of catarrh.

There is but little need of giving the symptoms of catarrh. Everyone is thoroughly familiar with them. Catarrh of the throat is always accompanied by hawking and spitting. These annoying symptoms are usually more noticeable a short time after arising. Catarrh of the nasal passages is indicated by the frequent necessity for clearing the nose.

## GENERAL CAUSES

Let it first of all be understood that catarrh is not a local trouble. It is constitutional. It is simply an indication of a physical condition of the entire body. It indicates an effort upon the part of the functional system to rid the blood of surplus impurities, which the depurating organs have been unable to eliminate. The organs which throw off these impurities are overworked. They are unable to eliminate the surplus. Some other method must be adopted to free the system of the poison. Inflammation appears in the mucous membrane of the nose or throat, and the functional system uses this method of throwing off mucus which contains the foul matter that could not be disposed of by the depurating organs. Catarrh is an effort upon the part of the body to cleanse itself.

If my readers will only understand this simple fact, the cure of catarrh will be comparatively easy. The only difference between chronic catarrh and the acute manifestations of the disease is that

the conditions causing chronic catarrh exist continually, while they exist but a brief period when the disease is of short duration.

Probably one of the most important causes of this trouble is eating too heartily or too fast. The want of proper mastication is, indeed, an important cause. Sufferers from chronic catarrh will find an almost immediate improvement in their condition if the quantity of food is lessened, and if what they do eat is masticated to a liquid before swallowing. Of course, any influence which will be inclined to lessen functional vigor will assist in causing a trouble of this nature, but muscular inactivity, dietetic errors and the want of a plentiful supply of pure air, not only to the lungs, but to the exterior surface of the body as well, are probably the principal causes. Activity of the skin is absolutely essential to health, and when the body is overloaded with clothing either during the day or during sleep catarrhal symptoms are always liable to be produced.

It is very commonly supposed that catarrh is caused by a damp climate. It is true that in high, dry climates, like those of Montana and Colorado, catarrh is almost unknown, yet the damp climates of the great lakes and sea coasts are not really the cause of the trouble. A damp atmosphere will not permit of such free evaporation of perspiration from the skin as will a dry climate, and with the wearing of too many clothes and no effort to keep the skin active, people in damp regions are much more liable to the disease, but this is simply because the skin does not perform its functions properly.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

It should be remembered, in treating a trouble of this nature, that the first object is to cleanse the body of impurities, to awaken the depurating organs that



they may accurately perform their functions. The skin, the lungs, the kidneys and the lower bowels are the great purifying organs of the body. A régime must be adopted that will make these organs do their best work. A diet must be adopted of such quantity and quality as will not add to the impurities already seeking an outlet. In case of an acute attack, a fast of one or two days is always beneficial. If the disease is chronic, then the diet must be limited to only that quantity which can be digested satisfactorily. Never over-eat; always thoroughly masticate every morsel of food. Chew it actually to a liquid before swallowing. Do not drink at meal times, though water sufficient to satisfy thirst between meals is always advised.

Thorough ventilation is absolutely necessary. You cannot cure catarrh unless you breathe pure air. The sensitive mucous membrane of the nose will frequently indicate the existence of impure air by swelling slightly and increasing the difficulty of breathing. The pores of the skin must be aroused to their greatest activity. A method of arousing activity of the pores suggested by Father Kneipp can be recommended in many cases. After taking your cold bath in the morning, put on your clothes, if you wear underwear, with the skin still wet, though I might add that it would be far better, perhaps, if you were to go without underclothing, as the air cannot come in contact with the skin so freely when it is worn.

Use no more clothing than is absolutely necessary for warmth, both night and day. Air baths are of special value, allowing the air to come in free contact with the skin. Many years ago I remember an occasion when I was suffering from a temporary attack of catarrh, and at that time I engaged to pose for an art class. After two or three days, in which I was required to stand almost nude for four or five hours daily, the catarrh absolutely disappeared.

The cold water bath, the dry friction bath, and every means of cleansing the skin and accelerating the action of the pores are to be advised. Vigorous exercise is always of benefit. Long walks in the open air, with deep breathing exercises, are especially recommended in curing troubles of this nature.

#### DAILY REGIME.

On retiring at night see to it that you have very free ventilation. The more nearly you can sleep out of doors the better. Remember not to cover too heavily. It is better to wake up cold and then add covering than to use too much in the beginning. Immediately upon rising take the exercises illustrated in a recent issue for building vital strength. Follow this with a dry friction bath, a description and illustration of which also was published in a recent issue. After this take a cold sponge bath, using a wet towel or sponge. If you wear underwear, put it on with the skin wet, though it is better to do without underclothing. If you wear no underclothing, dry the skin thoroughly. Eat no breakfast; take a drink of water instead.

Some time during the day take a long walk, making free use of deep breathing exercises. If once or twice a week you could gradually extend this walk to fifteen or twenty-five miles it would be to your advantage. Take your first meal between eleven and one. Masticate every morsel to a liquid. If you must eat meat do not eat too freely. Make free use of uncooked foods. Don't stuff; eat only what you can digest thoroughly. Drink no liquids at meal times. Eat your second meal five or six hours after your first, and at least three or four hours before you retire. Before retiring you might take some vigorous exercise that brings into play all the muscles of the upper part of the body. The exercises taken with a chair, as described in a recent issue, are advisable. Two or three nights a week, following this exercise, take a hot bath, using freely a high grade of castile soap.





## WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

USE AND VALUE OF NATURAL FOOD AND SOME PLAIN AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR ITS PREPARATION

By *Amelia M. Calkins*

*This is the tenth of a series of Weekly Menus which began with the January issue. Weekly menus of cooked foods entitled, "Physical Culture Menus," are appearing serially in the Beauty and Health magazine.*

*So many inquiries have been received for more detailed information of the uncooked diet that I have arranged for a series to appear monthly during this year. Some cooked foods can be added to each of the meals if desired. In fact, it would no doubt be better to use some cooked food with each meal in the beginning if not accustomed to following an uncooked diet.—BERNARR MACFADDEN*

LADY HENRY SOMERSET says: "Among the common fallacies which are accepted as truth none is greater than the belief that woman can keep house without special training, and that by virtue of her sex she is able to cook by intuition, and manage the difficult arts of domestic economy by the light of nature; and that whereas education is needed for every other art, the problems involved in the ordinary affairs of family life can be solved without instruction."

It would be equally fallacious to think that because a household had abjured the old habits in dietary, and the housekeeper no longer spent weary hours over puff pastes, various elaborate desserts and different preparations of meat, that there would be nothing left for the mistress of home to do but to make purchases of nuts and fruit. While it is claimed that a high degree of health and activity can be attained by the use alone of nuts and fruit,—and there are some who care for nothing else—two-thirds of the people who do really desire a radical change from orthodox ways of living would not be satisfied with even *all* the fruits and *all* the nuts nature has provided, but crave and demand a varied diet which includes milk, eggs, cheese, grains and vegetables, in the use of which a great deal of care, skill and judgment needs to be displayed.

It is most interesting for the head of the household to study the value of different foods and to learn in that way how desirable combinations may be made, and a world of useful information can be col-

lected by different members of the family in response to suggestions and questions. The younger members will be much interested to know that "the strongest animal, the orang outang, which fights the lion victoriously, lives only on nuts and fruits and lives from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five years, while the lion or tiger (animal flesh eaters) live from twenty to twenty-five years only." Who could fail to be interested in an account of a famous French beauty whose figure and complexion were marvelous even at eighty years of age as a result of "a diet daily of at least six oranges and as many nuts as her appetite demanded."

Much that is harmful is done from sheer ignorance, and the great army of the medical fraternity whom most people formerly delegated to do their thinking for them, are but just now making the discovery that animal meat is not so much a food as a pernicious stimulant, meats taken in excess by one not accustomed to its use producing similar effects to those of alcohol, and so greatly increasing the heart's action that while a person living on fruits, nuts, vegetables and grains gives not more than from sixty to sixty-five heart beats in a minute, the heart of an habitual meat-eater beats from seventy-five to eighty times in a minute. A difference of from 1,500 to 2,000 heart-beats in every twenty-four hours is a strain that might be saved were a better way known and habits of thought turned into other channels.

It is known to be a fact that there are 700,000,000 people in China, India and Japan, strong, active, healthy and long-



lived who eat no animal food. The Japanese are so powerful they can trot forty miles a day with heavy loads on their shoulders, their diet consisting chiefly of fruits, nuts and rice. These facts are given, not with the object of making converts for a new belief, for freedom of thought and action are the inherent possessions of every man, but they are written for the purpose of assisting broad-minded people who are turning from the old to seek newer and better ways, while they may not have had time or opportunity to extract plain common sense facts from the mass of ideas constantly crystallized into suggestion—some practical, others not so.

Lady Henry Somerset goes on to say: "To all who study the social conditions of the people it has long been apparent that much of the misery, sickness and inebriety which are common evils is owing to the dense ignorance of our English people on the art of preparing food for the family."

The menus below are given for those who are ready for them, and who will welcome suggestion from one who has made use of them for three years with most perfect satisfaction. There are those who, taking one extreme attitude, refuse milk, butter, cheese or eggs—anything that is the product of animal life. For those, nuts and fruits alone suffice; but for others, who desire a more diversified diet, the combinations are almost endless, interesting and delicious.

#### MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—COCOA, CEREAL COFFEE, BAKED APPLES and CREAM.

HICKORY NUTS or PECANS.

SECOND MEAL.—OYSTER SOUP and BROWN BREAD CROUTONS.

A most delicate way of serving oysters for those who feel they cannot leave them entirely out of their bills of fare is to select a dozen large fresh oysters and chop them in small pieces, in a chopping tray. Turn them into a saucepan with a cupful of cold water, let the water come slowly to the boiling point, then simmer for five minutes. Strain the liquid into a bowl. Season with salt, a tiny pinch of sage and a dessertspoonful of cream. Serve very hot, with toasted biscuit.

HAZELNUT CROQUETS, FRUIT BREAD,

SALTED PEANUTS. APPLE BLOSSOM SALAD of onion, apple, cabbage and lettuce.

Chop half an onion and a cupful of purple cabbage together. Chop also four apples, that have first been washed and polished, but not peeled. Do not chop too fine. Garnish salad bowl with lettuce leaves, and put on them alternately the cabbage and apple with sprinkling of salt, sugar, celery salt and paprika. Just before serving, for fear they would turn brown, cut a firm unpeeled apple circularly, then cut very thin slices, to garnish top of salad. In each slice is plainly to be seen the perfect outline of an apple blossom. Use a mayonnaise dressing.

DESSERT.—CORNMEAL MUSH and HONEY.

#### TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT SWEET CIDER.

It may not be generally known that a satisfactory and healthful breakfast drink can be had by first selecting a pure article of cider, and after it has been made hot a little sugar may be added, and is in this way much relished by those who feel the claims of habit which demands a hot drink, and yet fear the effects of coffee.

APPLES, ORANGES.

Select the largest, finest oranges. All fruit should be carefully washed before using. Cut oranges circularly and put a half at each place at the table for effect of the beauty of one of the most beautiful of fruits; a really fine orange is easily eaten with a teaspoon.

CAKES, FRUIT BREAD, HONEY, NUTS.

Those who find honey indigestible should use milk with it.

SECOND MEAL.—QUICK SOUP.

Dissolve two spoonfuls of peanut butter in a little hot water, add two spoonfuls macerated wheat, one-half a teacupful of English walnut meats, salt and celery salt, and three pints of milk. Make hot, and serve with brown bread croutons.

Side dish of grape nuts and grated cheese, with or without thick cream.

DESSERT.—GRAPE JUICE and UNCOOKED POUND CAKE.

Many lines have been written by the world's poets in praise of the grape.

It is no wonder the poet sings the praises of the fruit pre-eminent for its life-giving and health-producing quali-



ties, ranking in its quick production of red corpuscles above even the apple, and that family is indeed fortunate which at the time when the grape is thoroughly ripened puts away for generous use a goodly quantity in safely sealed bottles. Wherever there is room for a grapevine in city or country there should be care taken to promote its growth.

### WEDNESDAY.

**FIRST MEAL.**—COCOA, CEREAL COFFEE, APPLES, STUFFED DATES, OAT FLOUR, GRIDDLE CAKES and HONEY, FRUIT BREAD, POPOVERS.

**SECOND MEAL.**—BUTTERNUTS and RAISINS, CHEESE, SALAD, SPINACH, CELERY, ONIONS.

Wash the spinach very carefully and chop rather fine, but do not cook it. Add chopped celery and onion, season with salt and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

**DATE PUDDING.**—Soak three cupfuls of macerated wheat for six hours in just enough water to cover it, and for six hours longer in milk. Have chopped a pound of dates. Put in dish in which it is to be served, alternate layers of wheat and dates. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over the wheat. Finish with the dates and put over the top whipped cream and powdered sugar.

UNCOOKED FRUIT CAKE.

### THURSDAY.

**FIRST MEAL.**—PRUNE COFFEE.

Use one-half a pound best prunes. The night before you need to use the "coffee" pour over them one quart water. In the morning drain off the water, make it hot, and serve with sugar. The prunes will be ready for a pudding.

CEREALS and CREAM, FRUIT, BREAD, APPLES, NUTS, RAISINS.

**SECOND MEAL.**—BANANA and NUT SOUP.

Cut or chop bananas and nuts in small pieces. To a cupful of banana and two of nuts add two quarts of milk, butter and salt and one egg well beaten. Make it hot but not boiling and serve with trisuit.

STUFFED SWEET PEPPERS.

Sweet peppers represent many of the health-giving characteristics of onions, which are shunned by many for evident

reason, and should become a favorite article of diet. They may be put up in cans for winter use. Chop together an apple, a small onion, celery, and cabbage. Mix thoroughly with a French dressing and fill the peppers.

DESSERT.—CHERRY PUDDING.

Soak one-half a pound of evaporated cherries for thirty-six hours, changing the water after the first twelve hours. Chop them thoroughly, and put in serving dish with alternating layers of crumbled crackers or bread soaked in grape juice. Add sugar to taste and serve with or without whipped cream.

### FRIDAY.

**FIRST MEAL.**—CEREAL COFFEE, APPLES, GRAPES, SWEET CIDER, BISCUIT, NUTS.

**SECOND MEAL.**—SOUP of MALTED NUTS with milk and water, chopped pecans and a well-beaten egg.

GREEN VEGETABLE SALAD, ICE CREAM, UNCOOKED FRUIT CAKE.

### SATURDAY.

**FIRST MEAL.**—FLAXSEED COFFEE with LEMON.

We give directions for flaxseed coffee on account of its value where throat or lungs are affected by cold, as it is particularly healing and soothing in its effects. One tablespoonful flaxseed, one pint of water, one tablespoonful of sugar, juice of one large lemon. Boil the flaxseed for an hour in the water; strain it and add the lemon and sugar. The flaxseed should be carefully examined on account of the little black grains that often occur in it and injure the delicate flavor of the drink. To be served either hot or cold.

HOT BAKED APPLES, BAKED POTATOES.

DESSERT.—CABBAGE SALAD with MAYONNAISE DRESSING, UNCOOKED CUSTARD, NUTS and GRAPES.

### SUNDAY.

**FIRST MEAL.**—CEREAL COFFEE, PEARS, APPLES, GRAPES, MACERATED WHEAT and RAISINS served with cream or hot milk. FRUIT BREAD, RAW EGGS.

**SECOND MEAL.**—VEGETABLE SOUP.

Grind one-half cupful each of celery, onion, carrot, turnip or cabbage. Have



two spoonfuls ground wheat soaked in water for several hours. Dissolve one spoonful malted nuts in a little water. Add three pints milk, butter and salt and make hot when needed.

#### TOMATOES STUFFED with SWEET PEPPERS.

Tomatoes may be canned in such a way that they can be used for stuffing when markets are not available. Chop the peppers finely, adding half as much in bulk of chopped walnuts, add a small onion, juice and rind of one lemon, two spoon-

fuls of olive oil, a little sugar, salt and paprika. Stuff tomatoes and serve on lettuce leaves.

#### CORNMEAL MUSH with MAPLE SUGAR, RIPE OLIVES, ORANGE BASKETS.

From the end opposite the stem cut out sections in such a way as to form a basket with a handle. The body of the basket should be more than half the orange. Scrape out all the pulp from the inside. The edges may be scalloped. Fill the baskets with orange jelly or with raspberries or strawberries.

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S HABITS OF LIFE

"I HAVE reached a pretty advanced period of life—71 years and 4 months—without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity and bodily faculties generally in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago, and steadily adhered to, is perhaps uncertain. I rise early—at this time of the year about half-past five; in summer half an hour, or even an hour, earlier. I immediately, with very little incumbrance of clothing, begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest, and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumbbells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head.

"After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercise in the chamber, and going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work that requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies until I am called. My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or in place of hominy, brown bread, or oat meal, or wheaten grits, and in season, baked sweet apples. Tea or coffee I never touch at any time. At breakfast, I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed. After

breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged in my literary tasks, till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books.

"At the meal which is called tea, I take only a little bread and butter with fruit. In town, where I dine later, I make but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet. My drink is water.

"I never meddle with tobacco, except to quarrel with its use. That I may rise early, I, of course, go to bed early; in town as early as ten; in the country somewhat earlier. For many years I have avoided, in the evening, every kind of literary occupation which tasks the faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, for the reason that it excites the nervous system and prevents sound sleep. I abominate all drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions which it would not otherwise make. Even with my food, I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper and the like."

(A Letter to the *New York Herald of Health* written in 1871.)



## PHYSICAL CULTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

**T**HE Physical Culture Correspondence Club has been organized to permit Physical Culturists imbued with the ideals set forth in this magazine to correspond and exchange ideas.

We expect to conduct this Correspondence Club in strict conformity with the high standard set by our magazine throughout its pages.

The club membership fee is \$1.00 per year.

All members will be provided with a number.

Letters of all club members to other members, whom they have addressed by number, will be readdressed and forwarded free of charge.

Non-members can correspond with those whose personalities appear in the magazine, though ten cents will be charged for every letter forwarded.

Members who enroll immediately will be entitled, by the payment of an additional \$1.00, to an insertion of their personalities, not to exceed forty (40) words in length. The advertising rate of this magazine is \$1.00 per line. As a personality will take up at least five lines, you can thus see that members who take the opportunity will secure \$5.00 worth of space in this manner.

Make your personality brief. Your replies will be more satisfactory if you give your age, weight, height, occupation, color of hair, condition of health, whether you are fond of literature, sports, music, outdoor life, and any other information that can be expressed briefly.

### INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First seal your letter in a blank STAMPED envelope.

Put in lower left-hand corner the number of the person to whom you wish letter addressed; in upper left-hand corner put your own number.

If you are not a member of the club, use only the number of the person to whom you wish the letter forwarded.

Enclose this envelope in another envelope, and mail to Physical Culture Correspondence Club, 29 East 19th street, New York.

If you are a member of the Correspondence Club, this letter will be forwarded without charge; if not a member, enclose ten cents for forwarding charges.

The following personalities are of members of the club. Before writing a reply, carefully read instructions.

122. Young woman living in southwest; 26, height 5 feet 5 inches, brown hair, gray eyes, interested in Physical Culture and lover of the best in music and literature, desires correspondence with young men of similar tastes.

127. Young man, age 25, medium height, dark hair, strong, healthy, living at Del Monte, Cal., wishes correspondence with Physical Culture young lady who has high ideals of life; also with men and women whom I can help to become Physical Culturists.

132. Young lady stenographer, 5 feet 7 inches, light brown hair, blue eyes, fond of all outdoor sports, though master of none, desires to correspond with Physical Culturists.

136. A young man, 26, occupation pattern-maker, will be pleased to correspond with disciples of this magazine. I believe in its teachings and wish to become a so-called crank.

137. Refined young woman, 22 years of age, great believer in Physical Culture, outdoor enthusiast, interested in some of the arts, desires to correspond with Physical Culturists.

138. Professional of 35, medium size and weight, healthy and strong. Walking, outdoor games and outdoor life my delight. Correspondence desired with Physical Culture girl enthusiastic on same subject. Brunette preferred; strong, with good health, taste, refined manners and common sense.

139. Young man, 20 years, 6 feet 1 inch, blonde, student and athlete with passion for scholarship, is anxious to serve his fellowmen. Physical Culture embodies the highest possible ideals. I would appreciate association with fellow idealists.

140. Intellectual, refined business man (Middle West), bachelor, 40, 5 feet 7 inches, 155 pounds, blonde, healthy, of good appearance, interested in Physical Culture, nonsectarian, lover of music, good literature and art, would like to correspond with educated, refined, healthy woman of amiable disposition.

142. A Virginia girl, age 19, blue eyes, brown curly hair, devoted to Physical Culture, passionately fond of music, would like to correspond with young women and men similarly inclined.

143. Engineer, 26, Catholic, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 140, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of music and outdoor life, wishes to correspond with a lovable Physical Culture girl, about same age, having sunny disposition, dark hair, brown eyes and good health.

144. An American bachelor, 48, lover of books, owning large collection, and lover of nature; devoted to open window sleeping, open air life and hatless existence; disciple of Socrates; solicits correspondence with young men of athletic build and habit, fond of literature and life.

145. Physical Culturist, having seriously studied the subject of hair culture, wishes to correspond with persons interested, with view of forming Hair Culture Society, to investigate all matters relating to growth and color of hair in health and in disease.

146. Healthy young man, 21, tall, blonde, blue eyes, living in Cincinnati, would like to make the acquaintance of a simple Physical Culture girl.

150. Physical Culture girl, 23 years old, with reddish-brown hair and gray eyes. Pas-



sionately fond of nature, literature, music and cooking. Hobby pure food, vegetarian cooking and diet reform. Correspondents of either sex desired.

151. Young man, 20; blonde, 5 feet 10½ inches; 154 pounds; living near Pittsburg; "two-mealer"; office clerk, member Y. M. C. A., fond of tennis, wheeling, photography, music. Physical Culture young men and women please write. Wants to form club here.

152. Navigator; 30; 155 pounds; 5 feet 10 inches; blonde; fond of anything that develops a healthy mind and body; would appreciate congenial fellowship.

154. Chicago American, Presbyterian, brunette, 5 feet 6 inches, 143 pounds, high moral standard, genealogist, literary, no breakfast, raw food convert, no tobacco, healthy Physical Culturist, entirely alone, desires acquaintance of refined, educated, progressive blonde, 40-50; must be averse to corset wearing.

156. Young man, 30, does not use liquor or tobacco, would like to correspond with young lady, who uses the camera, and who wants to make the most of her life.

158. Ardent Physical Culturist, lover of everything natural, refined; regarded by some as eccentric, by others admired on account of radical ideas; tall, broad-shouldered, athletic and ambitious, conversant in several languages, desires to correspond with high-minded, cheerful enthusiasts along same ideas.

159. New York City gentleman, Physical Culturist, tall, shapely, 35, Gentile, free-

thinker, fond of Nature, natural food, walking, reading, dancing; amateur violinist, zitherist; conscientious, earnest; no sport or fluent talker; would meet sympathetic, modest young lady; also men.

160. Business woman, 35 years, 5 feet 6 inches, brown hair, gray eyes, interested in literature, art and music and fond of God's out-of-doors, would be glad to receive letters from those with similar tastes.

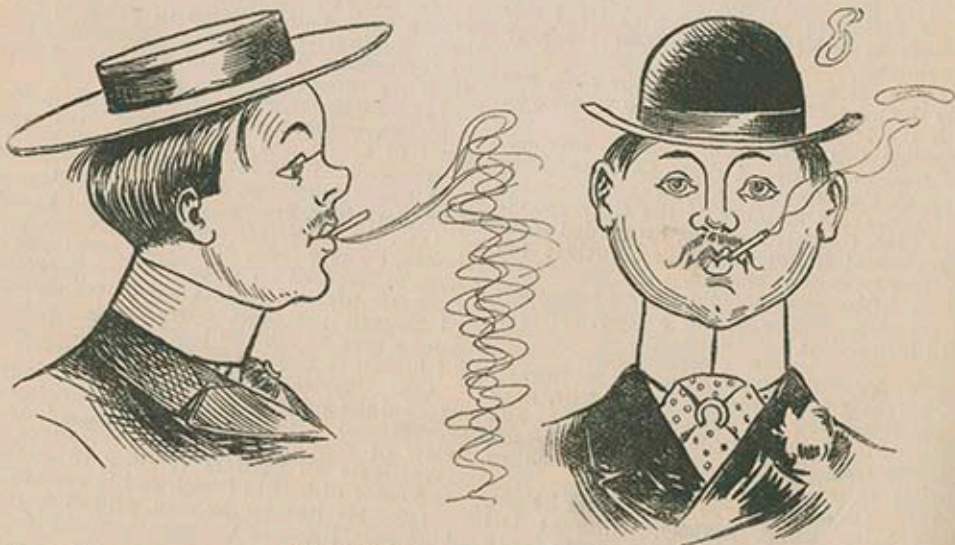
164. Young man of 22, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 140, likes music, fond of all outdoor sports, desires friendship of cheerful and enthusiastic Physical Culture girl, between 18 and 22.

165. Young man, 23; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 150 pounds; hair, medium dark; fair health; attending engineering college; fond of all recreations, especially outdoor life; desires acquaintance of Physical Culturists, especially of opposite sex, who are good-natured and cheerful.

166. Young Alaska miner; age, 29; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 168 pounds; would like to correspond with young men and women who are enthusiastic Physical Culturists.

167. Refined young lady, 23, 5 feet 8 inches, dark eyes and hair, rosy cheeks, healthy, affectionate and good disposition, desires to hear from congenial young persons of either sex; very tall men with light eyes and dark hair most admired.

175. New York City stenographer, thorough Physical Culture enthusiast; believer in vegetarian diet; would like to correspond with young men similarly inclined.



Going in For Physical Culture

"Say, Archie, I have gone in pwetty stwong for physical cultchaw, doncher know?"

"Is that so, deah boy? Er-a what do you use, dwumbbells?"

"No, I am tying my own neckties now and later on I'm going to woll my own cigawettes, doncher know."



## GREEK ATHLETES AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES

By F. M. Mackie

THE Greeks of 500 B. C., according to one of the foremost scientists of the nineteenth century, were physically, as well as mentally, far superior to the people of any modern nation. The care and training of the body in harmony with the mind was the aim of Greek education. "A sound mind in a sound body;" that was the Greek ideal, an ideal pursued alike by athlete and philosopher.

Throughout Greek literature are numerous hymns and epigrams in praise of health and beauty, showing the intense joy these people felt in physical existence, in the mere perfect exercise of the animal functions.

In an ancient ode of Simonides, the poet, having the choice of four wishes, chooses: first, health; second, beauty; third, moderate wealth, and fourth, youth among friends; and we find in Greek literature utterances like this: "I swear, by all the gods, that I would not choose the power of the (Persian) king in preference to beauty."

It is sometimes difficult for us moderns to understand the extraordinary effect produced upon the Greeks by the sight of mere physical beauty, as, for instance, when the young wrestler Autolykus entered the banquet of Xenophon, "all tongues were stricken dumb." Beautiful persons were sometimes worshipped as something half divine, and Greek women

often kept statues of Apollo or Adonis in their rooms, that they might, by looking on them, have sons as beautiful.

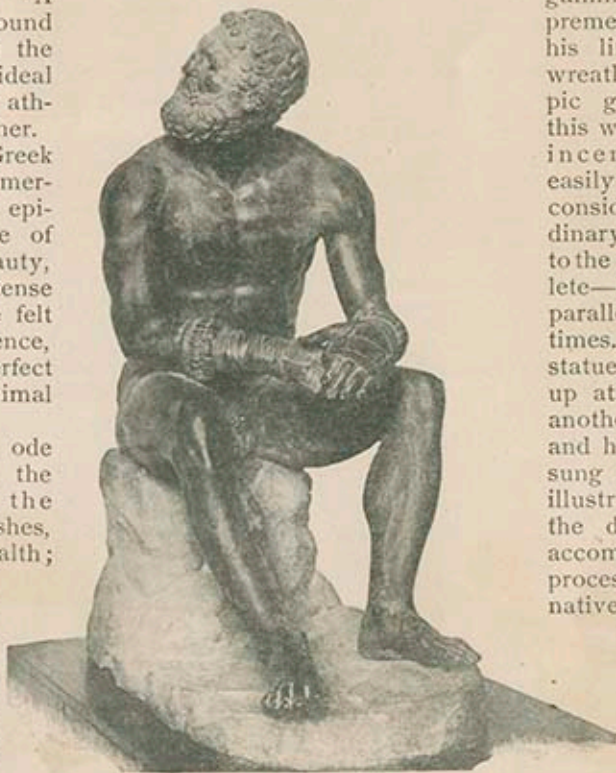
In the education of the Greek youth gymnastics were considered quite as important as mental training, and every boy probably exercised with the hope of

gaining, as the supreme triumph of his life, an olive wreath at the Olympic games. That this was a powerful incentive will be easily seen when we consider the extraordinary honors shown to the successful athlete—honors without parallel in modern times. A portrait statue of him was set up at Olympia and another at his home, and his praises were sung by the most illustrious poets of the day. He was accompanied by a procession to his native town, which

he entered in triumph like a conqueror or a god, not through the gates, but through a breach in the

walls. Athletic games in connection with religious worship were common throughout Greece; but all others pale into insignificance when compared with the great festival at Olympia in Elis, held every four years in honor of the Olympian Zeus.

"As water is among the elements, as gold is among the gifts of fortune, so are the Olympic games superior to all others," writes Pindar. In addition to



Roman Boxer—Rome



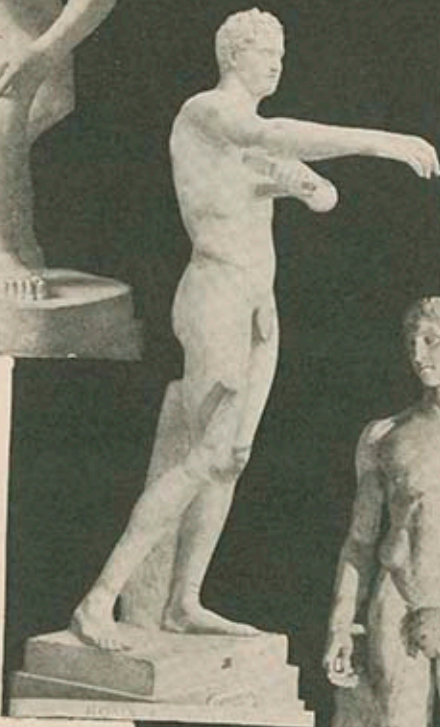


**Disc Thrower, Rome**

benefiting the arts, these games had another important effect in stimulating the youth of the country to physical exertion, thus producing a race of athletes. In later times, however, athletic exercises were carried to excess among the Greeks, and resulted in serious harm to the nation, as will be shown further on.

The origin of the Olympic games is lost in myth. According to some authorities, they were instituted by Hercules, and others claim they were held to commemorate the victory of Zeus, who wrestled on the spot with Neptune for the empire of the world.

The grove of Altis, the spot where the games were held, must have been marvelous beyond description, containing as it did many of the choicest specimens of Grecian art—temples, altars, theaters, monuments, votive



**Apexomenos**

Copy of a lost original by Lysippos

offerings, and as many as three thousand statues. But the most wonderful sight of all was the gold and ivory statue of Zeus enthroned in the temple. It was the masterpiece of the sculptor Pheidias, and the man was held unfortunate who died without having seen it, for it was one of the "seven wonders of the world."

But now to the games themselves. When all the people are assembled on the second day (for the first day was given over



**Dorophuros**

Copy of a lost original by Polycleto



to announcing the names of the athletes and sacrificing to the gods), the contests of the youths under seventeen years begins. The boys' contests were almost exactly similar to those of the men. The races were held inside the Stadium, which means a space a hundred paces long; but as the Olympic Stadium is said to have been measured by the foot of Hercules, it must have

Within the enclosure are represented the flower of the youth of Greece, and they are all to contend for crowns of wild olives, cut with a golden knife from a tree planted by Hercules.

The lists are opened by a proclamation of the heralds. "Now begins the contest that dispenses noblest prizes; time tells you to delay no longer." After they had invoked a statue of opportuni-



Wrestlers—Florence

been much longer than others, for it measures in reality 630 feet.

The Stadium itself was a terrace composed of earth, upon one side of which sat the judges clothed in purple robes, and on the opposite side stood an altar of white marble. Except the sacred priestesses of Demeter, who attended this altar, all women were forbidden to be present under pain of being thrown headlong from the Typæan rock.

ty, the athletes, who had been for ten months in training, take their places in line. The first race was known as the simple Stadium, and was but one length of the course, corresponding closely to our 220-yard dash. On account of the shortness of the course, the only quality demanded in this race was swiftness.

The next race to take place was the double Stadium, or twice the length of the course, and after that came the race



known as the "Dolechius," or long course. This race is said by some authorities to have been twelve, by others twenty times the length of the Stadium, and in addition to fleetness a great amount of endurance must have been required. It was rendered more difficult by the runners having to make their turns round pillars erected at either end of the course.

An extant epigram tells how a certain Arias of Tarsus ran so swiftly that he seemed to fly like Perseus on winged feet, and that after he quitted the barrier the dazzled beholders were unable to discern him clearly with their eyes until he arrived a victor at the goal.

The next important contest was the wrestling, which seemed to have been not unlike the wrestling of our own times. The athletes, however, appeared in the arena entirely nude, and after having been anointed with oil to make them slippery, were rubbed with fine sand.

A wrestler named Leontiscus is said not to have had sufficient skill to throw his adversaries, but by reason of his strength gained the victory from them by squeezing or breaking their fingers.

By far the most celebrated wrestler of all, however, and one of the most powerfully developed men of ancient times, was the giant Milo of Crotona, of whose prodigious strength there are many well-known anecdotes.

The tale, believed by all antiquity, of how he practiced carrying a bull on his shoulders when it was but a young calf, and continued to do so each day until at last he was able to carry the full-grown animal the length of the Stadium at Olympia, is well known to all. As another instance of his strength, he took a delicate pomegranate fruit, and without squeezing or breaking it, he held it so fast by the mere strength of his fingers that nobody was able to take it away from him.

The name of Milo became so famous at last, that on one occasion no one appeared in the lists against him, and as he was preparing to seize and claim the crown, he accidentally slipped and fell, whereupon the people shouted that the wreath should not be bestowed upon him who fell without foe:

"But rising, in the midst he stood and cried—

'Do not three falls the victory decide?  
Fortune indeed hath given me one, but who

Will undertake to throw me the other two?'"

The next trial to take place was the Pentathlon, or contest of the five games, which was held in a separate inclosure.

After the Olympic games had been held for several hundred years, the number of statues of the athletes became so great, that a law is said to have been passed, prohibiting any statue to be erected within the sacred inclosure except in the case of a Pentathlete, which would seem to indicate that the athletes devoted to this contest became more symmetrically developed than any others, and were consequently more beautiful, for it was claimed that the exercises of the Pentathlon created a certain harmony of the body.

In the exercise of leaping, height was not taken into account, and it was only necessary to jump a greater length than one's competitors. The athletes carried in their hands pieces of lead in the form of a half-circle, with holes for the fingers to pass through. This exercise was accompanied by the music of flutes.

The next trial was throwing the discus, a round disc made of polished brass or stone, without any handle or thong. Although no particular mark was aimed at, it was necessary to keep the discus within certain bounds—a space bounded by two trenches.

In hurling the javelin, the rules of the contest were similar to those which governed the disc-throwing.

After the Pentathlon came the combats of the Cestus, a form of boxing which usually resulted in bloodshed and not infrequently in death. The hands and arms of the combatants were wound with leather thongs, sometimes weighted with pieces of lead. From the extant portrait statues of athletes who indulged in this sport, it is noticeable that the ears are swollen and crushed.

A tale is told about two champions of equal strength and skill, Creugas and Damokeus who, contesting till evening without either having been subdued, agreed that each should strike the



other alternate blows on any part of the body. Creugas began and struck his opponent a blow on the head, and when it was Damokeus' turn he ordered the other to lift up his arm and struck him under the ribs with the sharp end of his fingers; but instead of again waiting his turn, he repeated the blow, which tore the entrails out and his opponent died on the spot.

The olive wreath, however, was awarded to the dead Creugas, and his enemy was driven away from the games with curses for his treachery.

The last contest, the Panacratium, may be described as a rough-and-tumble fight, and the contestants were permitted to trip, strike, box and grapple at will. Like the combat of the Cestus, it often resulted fatally and did not meet with general approval among the Greeks.

There is not enough space to include the horse and chariot races in this description, though they were by no means the least important part of the festival.

When the games were over, the victors were accompanied by a procession to the temple of Zeus, and greeted on the way with cries of "Hail Victorious!" Sacrifices were made to the gods and a banquet followed in the evening. "Happy," says Symonds, "happy was the athlete who in this supreme moment was greeted by Pindar (the poet), with his attendant chorus and musicians of the lyre and flute." We possess many of these odes of Pindar, written in praise of various athletes, and they take rank among the most beautiful lyrics in the world of literature.

"No carver of statues am I," he sings, "to fashion figures stationary on their pedestal; but come, sweet Song! on every argosy and skiff set forth from Egina to proclaim that Pythias, Lampon's son, by strength of might is victor in Nemean games, upon whose chin and cheek you see not yet the tender mother of the vine flower, summer's bloom."

One ancient writer tells us that the athletes often found it difficult to decide whether to have their deeds and names rendered immortal in the song of Pindar or to have their statues carved by Polycleto. The two most celebrated sculptors of athletes who lived in the fifth century, B. C., were Polycleto and My-

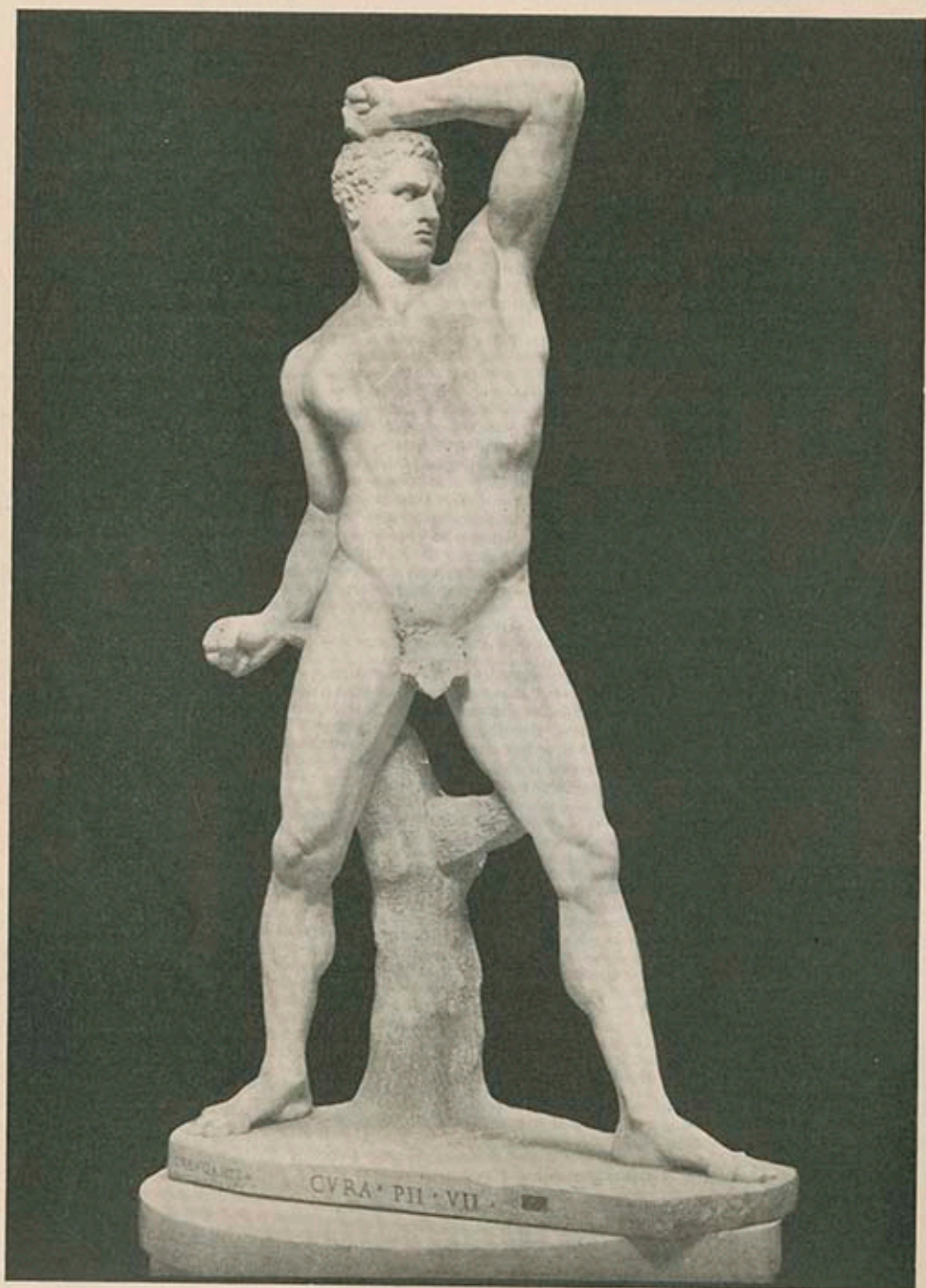
ron. Though we possess no original statues by these sculptors, we know that Myron usually represented his figures in a state of action. The well-known marble statue of the disc thrower is thought to be a copy of a celebrated work by this master. Polycleto, on the other hand, always presented his figures in a state of repose, and we possess a number of supposed copies of his works. It was Polycleto who wrote the celebrated treatise on the proportions of the male figure, establishing a model for artists, and giving the relative measurements of each member of the body. To illustrate this system, he made a statue known to antiquity as the "Kanon," or rule, and in the Museum of Naples there is a figure of an athlete, which is thought to be a replica. This figure is in the highest sense ideal; it is not the portrait of a single athlete, but a combination of parts abstracted from a number of athletic men. It is therefore unlikely that a man has ever existed with such perfect proportions.

An ancient critic tells us that while some sculptors represented men as they were, Polycleto represented men as they should be, and another authority speaks of Polycletoian figures as quadrata or squarely built. This expression is quite easy to understand as we look at the Dorophuros, which seems to the eyes of modern athletes unusually broad in proportion to the height, which is seven times the head.

Nearly two centuries later a sculptor named Lysippos changed Polycleto's system of proportions, and made his figures eight times as great as the head. We have an illustration of this tendency in a beautiful marble in the Vatican at Rome, known as the Apexomenos, or athlete scraping his arm with a stygil, an instrument used to remove sand and dust. This statue is thought to be a copy of a celebrated bronze work of Lysippos.

The two gods who presided especially over athletic exercises among the Greeks were Hermes (Mercury), and Hercules, and the statues of these deities were to be seen at every gymnasium. Hercules, as the impersonation of strength, was given a muscular development such as would have been impossible for a mortal





Boxer (Modern) Rome



to possess. Hermes, on the other hand—god of swiftness and dexterity—is always represented as a perfectly formed and beautiful youth.

The proportions of the bronze figure (Figs. 4 and 5), it would seem to me, are worthy to be accepted as the ideal of every athlete. Though tremendously muscular, the frame is in perfect symmetry, and impresses one with the idea of both swiftness and agility. The shoulders, as in all Greek statues, are very square; and the shoulder muscles stick out like epaulets. The beauty of the face is ideal.

The Greeks did not admire hard, over-developed muscles, but rather praised the slight coating of flesh which is conducive to symmetry.

It is difficult to say how a man like Sandow would have compared with the best athletes among the Greeks, but the probability is he could have more than held his own. On the other hand, there is no doubting that the Greeks were, on an average, much better proportioned than the men of any modern nation, because of the climate and the healthy lives they had led for generations.

In the days of the decline of political power in Athens, the craze for athletics seems to have been regarded as a menace to the State, and numerous writers speak with contempt of the athletes as men whose careful dieting and long hours of sleep unfitted them to bear the hardships of war.

"Of all the thousand ills that prey on Hellas," says Euripides,—

"No one is greater than the tribe of athletes,  
Slaves to the jaw and belly."

Another fragment from one of the Greek poets gives us a picture of the splendor of these trained athletes:

"Naked above, their radiant arms displaying,  
In lustihood of ruffling youth and bloom  
Of beauty bright on stalwart breasts,  
they fare;  
Their shoulders and their feet in floods  
of oil  
Are bathed like men whose homes  
abound in plenty."

It must have been a fascinating existence, the life of the young Athenian; his time given equally to cultivating the body on the Palæstra and improving the mind listening to discourses of philosophers in the Portico, or the groves of Academus. If we would gain an echo of this ideal life of the Greeks, we must turn to their sculpture and their literature.

"Fresh and fair in beauty bloom," says the poet Aristophanes, "you shall pass your days on the wrestling ground, or run races beneath the sacred olive trees, crowned with white reed, smelling of bindweed and leisure hours and the white poplar that sheds her leaves, rejoicing in the prime of spring when the plane tree whispers to the lime."

That was the life of the Greek athlete. The nation has now perished; but they have left behind them not only a treasury of teachings to govern the mind, but also a rich gift of sculptured bodily forms whose perfection we can imitate, though perhaps never quite attain.

## HOW TO GO NUTTING

Not a few are the devices of skilled nutting. How often shall we see the novice crushing the green burr with a stone—and the chestnut by the same blow—or with many pains from the sharp spines trying to open the burr by hand. The nutter who is better versed has the trick not mastered until some practice, of a peculiar quick tap of the heel—something between a blow and a cut—which at the left side-stroke lays open the nuts for the hand. The old device of jarring by a heavy stone the tree bole—especially the slim secondary trees of the deeper woods—may be trite but not its refinement of taking a somewhat smaller stone and by a series of quick taps on the trunk "snapping" the upper branches. Less known and more effective is another

plan. Its elements are a good arm, a ball of strong cord, and, attached, a half-pound stone, more or less, according to the weight of the string. The theory involves the casting of a weight over a bough of the nut tree and shaking it briskly when looped by the cord; the practice is that many a youngster who deems himself a crack thrower on the ball field will find some lessons to be learned in the precision of "looping" a chestnut branch and in the retarding power of an ascending cord tied to a projectile. Again with usage comes the art of so releasing the cord from an upper bough as to loop the bough below and, with acquired dexterity, strip half a dozen branches after a single cast.—  
OYTING.





Pyramid Section of the National Turnverein of Newark, N. J., That Carried Away the Beautiful Silver Loving Cup Offered as First Prize in the Pyramid-Building Competition Which Was a Part of the Physical Culture Exhibition at Madison Square Garden

## HUMAN PYRAMID-BUILDING

ONLY MEN WHO ARE ATHLETES OF THE MOST EXPERT CLASS AND WHO POSSESS NERVE, SKILL AND AGILITY, ADDED TO MUSCLE, CAN BECOME PROFICIENT IN THIS FASCINATING MEANS OF BODY BUILDING

*By Claude E. Holgate*

PROBABLY no nation has done more to introduce and advance the cause of physical culture, by systematic exercise, than have the Germans. It is rarely that one meets a German who is not an ardent believer in, and an enthusiastic advocate of, the methods of Father Jahn. In every large city in this country will be found a German community, and, as a natural accompaniment, one or more turnvereins, with all their various gymnastic and athletic exercises.

We present herewith some photographs of pyramids built by the Pyramid Section of the National Turnverein, of Newark, N. J. This team, under the very able instruction of Prof. John Metzger, succeeded in winning the beautiful \$150.00 silver loving cup offered as first prize in the pyramid-building competition held last winter at the Physical Culture Exhibition in Madison Square Garden, New York.

This verein was organized twenty-one years ago, and now has a membership of more than 1,400. It has a modern club house, with commodious gymnasium, bowling alleys, billiard room, and all conveniences for the recreation and pleasure of its members.

In the formation and perfection of human pyramids it is necessary that the men be all-round athletes of the most expert

class, men who have proven themselves to be proficient in the lesser branches, men with nerve added to muscle, men with skill combined with agility. It has been said appropriately that pyramid-building was the "poetry of German gymnastics." Constant practice is required in order to gain perfection in this branch of work, and the artistic arrangement of new pyramids is a study in itself. There is actually no limit to the variety of effects that can be produced through the building of these specimens of "human architecture."

The layers of men in a pyramid are called "stories." Thus pyramids are spoken of technically as being one, two, three or four stories high. A man, or number of men, crouching, or on hands and knees, is called a half story. For making the larger or more effective designs, ladders, chairs, parallel bars, horses, and other gymnasium apparatus are used. In the first story, men of the greatest strength and stability are used. It is in the upper stories that the best athletes are needed, ability in mounting and balancing being required there. For the most striking effects hand balancers are greatly in demand. These men also devote considerable time to tumbling, and develop many excellent tumblers.

Artie Aurnhammer, of the National





Some Forms of Pyramid-Building Performed at the Physical Culture Exhibition

Turnverein, stands six feet three inches high in his stocking feet, weighs 225 pounds, and is the largest man on the team. He is a splendidly developed athlete, and is known for his great strength. In a single pyramid he sustains eight men, aggregating more than 1,000 pounds in weight, and generally forms the center of all the larger pyramids. Little Gus Hepner is the smallest member, weighing seventy-two pounds, and generally occupies the top or pinnacle of the pyramids. The practice commences with what is termed "pyramid drill," which consists of the men pairing off and practicing in mounting on each other's shoulders, and finally the entire section is formed into a gigantic pyramid.

The team is composed of the following: Charles Kleiber, Edward Aurnhammer,

Wm. Weissenbach, Artie Aurnhammer, Theodore Aurnhammer, Ernest Kleiber, Jacob Barth, Michael Collin, Frank Storsberg, Claude Holgate, Frank Shipman, David Hill, Frank Trench, George Schade, Henry Charrier, Charles Storsberg, Oscar Tempensky, Gustav Hepner, Fred Baumbusch, and the instructor, John Metzger.

The work of this Pyramid Section has been the admiration of appreciative audiences every year since its organization in 1884, and its members are in great demand for entertainments and similar social gatherings. It creates and keeps alive in the older members an interest in athletics, gymnastics, physical culture, and other health-producing benefits that otherwise they would not enjoy.



There is Almost no Limit to the Variety of Effects That Can be Produced Through the Building of These Specimens of "Human Architecture"

### IT WAS GREAT FUN!

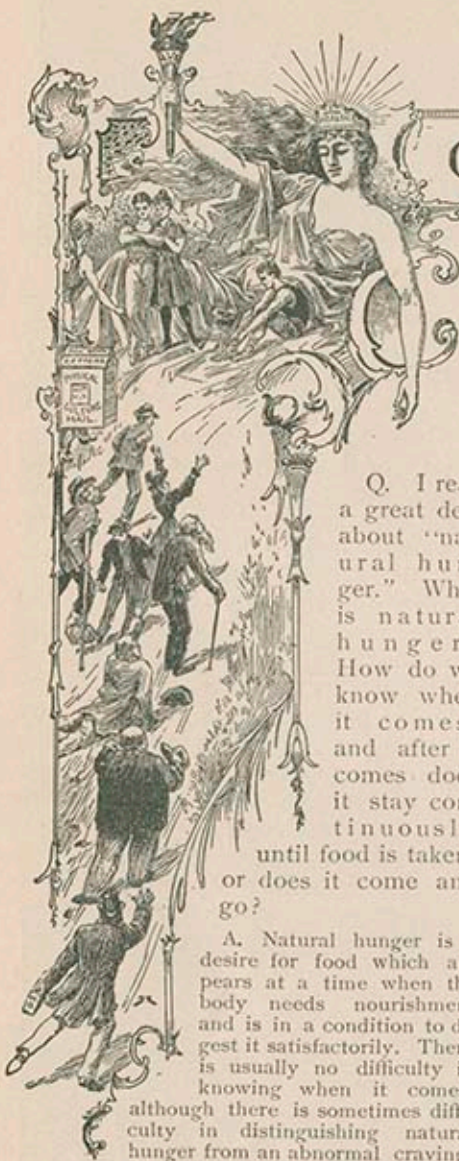
A little freedom is a dangerous thing, but it is a most luxurious one, thought young Alfred, who went to a party under instructions from his father not to walk home if it rained, but to take a cab.

It did rain, and great was the father's surprise when his son arrived home drenched to the skin.

"Why didn't you take a cab, as I told you?" asked the father, sternly.

"Oh, I did!" was the sage reply. "But when I ride with you, you always make me ride inside. This time I went on top with the driver. Say, dad, it was grand!"—*Utica Observer.*





## Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

*It is impossible for me to give detailed individual advice in the columns of the magazine. All those desiring advice for their individual needs are referred to free treatment offer in last issue of the magazine, or to our books.*

Q. I read a great deal about "natural hunger." What is natural hunger? How do we know when it comes, and after it comes does it stay continuously

until food is taken, or does it come and go?

A. Natural hunger is a desire for food which appears at a time when the body needs nourishment and is in a condition to digest it satisfactorily. There is usually no difficulty in knowing when it comes, although there is sometimes difficulty in distinguishing natural hunger from an abnormal craving. As a rule, if one satisfies a normal appetite, or what we might term natural hunger, there is a feeling of comfort and satisfaction, while otherwise there is a feeling of discomfort. A perfectly normal craving for food will continue until food is taken, though it would be well to note that a night's rest will usually take away the "edge" of your appetite. During sleep the body seems to find nourishment within itself, for you can go to bed hungry and arise in the morning with but little desire for food.

Q. I hurt the tendons of my right knee in a football game and would be glad to know your mode of treatment. Cannot bend the knee without pain.

A. Strains of the character you mention

usually require perfect rest, for a short period at least. The application of cold wet cloths will usually be found of benefit. A diatetic and general régime that will insure a supply of pure blood at all times is especially important. Rubbing and kneading can be recommended.

Q. I have been afflicted with continuous swelling and boils on my left leg for several years, together with slight numbness. Kindly advise remedy.

A. Your blood is in a bad condition, or symptoms you mention could not appear. Follow a régime that will insure a supply of pure blood at all times, and you will not be troubled in this way.

Q. Please give treatment for sprained ankle.

A. A sprained ankle may be treated in a manner very much similar to that advised for a strained tendon. However, during the severe pain, which usually follows immediately after the sprain occurs, one will find relief by immersing foot and ankle in water as hot as can be comfortably endured, continuing this treatment until the pain is somewhat eased.

Q. Should a person's flesh feel cool and slightly moist, or quite warm and dry?

A. When one, for any reason, perspires quite freely, healthy flesh will feel cool and moist. If there is no necessity for perspiration it should feel warm and dry.

Q. In flushing the bowels should warm water or cold water be used? Also what advantage does the sitz bath possess over the cold sponge bath?

A. In flushing the bowels water of the temperature of the body should be used. A cold sitz bath is better than a sponge bath for stimulating the circulation about the hips and abdomen and for accelerating the action of the lower bowels and the pores of the skin in those parts.

Q. Will you please give in the Ques-



tion Department your views on the marriage of third or fourth cousins?

A. The marriage of third or fourth cousins is not ordinarily recommended, though if the marital laws are followed in the closest detail, as outlined by nature and as interpreted in my book, entitled, "Marriage a Life-Long Honeymoon," the marriage of relatives of this distant degree should not be otherwise than satisfactory.

Q. Is there any way of breaking one's self of snoring while asleep?

A. Snoring usually indicates defective breathing. Deep breathing exercises and care to cultivate the proper method of breathing will nearly always remedy this defect. Of course, it would be well to remember that it takes some time to bring about results in a trouble of this character, since the breathing habits must be entirely changed.

Q. Why is my tongue coated when I eat no breakfast? I drink from six to eight pints of water per day, and only between meals.

A. A coated tongue, when breakfast is avoided, usually indicates that you are in the habit of eating beyond your digestive capacity. Lessen the quantity of food you eat and masticate more thoroughly, and symptoms of this character will not appear.

Q. How can a man find out whether or not he is in perfect health? Many doctors will tell you that you are not for the sake of a fee.

A. One can usually tell by his own feelings whether or not he is in fine health. If you feel vigorous, energetic, full of life and vim, if there are no eruptions of any kind upon your body, if the functional processes of every organ are performed regularly without pain or inconvenience, you can consider your health as nearly perfect as it is possible for modern civilized man to attain.

Q. Am boarding in a place where nothing but white bread is served. In such a case would you advise me to eat no bread at all?

A. Would not advise you to eat white bread if you can get any substitute. White bread may

be better than no wheat food, although an experiment described in our magazine some time ago would seem to indicate that you would be as strong, or stronger, without the bread than you would be with it. It must be admitted that if you eat other articles of food that will be inclined to keep the bowels regular, white flour will assist somewhat in nourishing the body.

Q. How can I reduce an abnormally large abdomen?

A. An abnormally large abdomen can usually be reduced by various bending exercises, which will bring into thorough activity the muscles of the abdomen. It will be well to remember, however, that usually complaints of this kind are the accompaniment of excessive eating, and but little can be accomplished unless the diet is materially reduced.

Q. Am a young man employed on the top floor of a large building. Would like to know if walking or running up the stairs the entire distance, instead of taking the elevator, would be a good exercise.

A. Walking or running up the stairs is unquestionably a beneficial exercise, although where the ventilation is poor its value is to be questioned. In exercises of this character, however, one must be careful not to continue until the muscles are exhausted.

Q. I wish to ask if the old saying is true: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night."

A. Fruit is always "golden," if it is craved by the appetite and is thoroughly enjoyed.

Q. What is the cause of stammering, and how can it be remedied?

A. Stammering can be remedied easily by a physical culture régime for strengthening the vocal cords, although a general system of physical culture for making more vigorous the entire nervous system is usually advisable.

Q. One of my shoulders is lower than the other. Kindly suggest a remedy.

A. Deep breathing, and the exercises for the muscles of the walls of the chest and the affected shoulder, should in time remedy your trouble.

#### Vaccination Made Her a Maniac

The following is copied from the *Halifax Herald*:

"Sydney, N. S., May 22, 1904.—Hattie Raymond, a bright and intelligent twenty-three-year-old girl, formerly belonging to Halifax, is at the Brookland Hospital, this city, a raving maniac, from the effects of vaccination. As far as can be learned, Miss Raymond was vaccinated under orders issued a few weeks ago by

the City Board of Health that compulsory vaccination must be enforced.

"Fear of fine or imprisonment led Miss Raymond to submit to the operation. For some four weeks she was very ill, the illness finally shattering her nervous system. She cannot be seen at the hospital, and it is understood that she is being kept under the influence of narcotics in order to induce quietness and sleep."



# Editorial Department

## WHAT WE STAND FOR IN POLITICS :

- (1) THE PARAMOUNT POLITICAL ISSUE OF TO-DAY IS MAN, NOT MONEY.
- (2) LAWS TO INSURE PURITY OF ALL FOODS.
- (3) THE ANNIHILATION OF MEDICAL FRAUDS.
- (4) COMPULSORY PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN ALL PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
- (5) THE RECOGNITION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF PHYSIOLOGY IN THE CURRICULUM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
- (6) FORBID THE SALE OF INTOXICANTS AND TOBACCO TO MINORS.
- (7) FREE SWIMMING BATHS AND OUTDOOR GYMNASIUMS IN EVERY COMMUNITY.
- (8) ABSOLUTE ELIMINATION OF ALL COMPULSORY VACCINATION.
- (9) ENCOURAGE EVERY POSSIBLE EXPERIMENT THAT ASSISTS IN DETERMINING THE BEST METHODS FOR IMPROVING THE RACE.
- (10) REWARDS FOR HONESTY AND HEAVY PENALTIES FOR GRAFTERS IN POLITICS.

**B**ISHOP POTTER is a very brave man. He deserves a vast deal of credit for his courage. There are but few clergymen who would dare to open a saloon, no matter what might be its character or what might be their opinions in reference to it. When Bishop Potter opened the New York subway saloon he undoubtedly held the opinion that he was working for the cause of Christianity. But there is not a student understanding the monumental power of alcohol for evil who could endorse his conclusion.

### *The Saloon, Insanity and Drunkenness*

The saloon of to-day is branded as an evil. It stands emphatically as a degenerating influence. It lowers and degrades the highest characteristics of man. It lowers his mental power. It lowers his physical standard. It never benefited a human being and never will.

The law of the land holds every rational human being responsible for his own crimes. We have insane asylums where those suffering from mental troubles are incarcerated. If an insane person commits a crime he is not held responsible. But every day thousands of men lose all their rational powers of reasoning through the intoxicating influence of alcohol, and they freely circulate in every community. These pitiful men with wobbling gait and wobbling minds are held responsible for their acts. In the saloon, licensed by the State to dope the minds of men, they secure the fiery liquid that quickly brings temporary insanity, and when in one of these insane moments a victim steals, murders or seriously injures a fellow man it is the State, his partner in crime, that comes forward and deals out the penalty.

Insane men are irresponsible. They know not what they do. Why should there be a difference in insanity produced by drink and similar conditions caused by other influences? But, nevertheless, the law holds you responsible in the one instance, while in the other you are not responsible.

I cannot see the difference. Insanity is insanity, whether produced by alcohol dope, overwork or other causes, and the victim cannot be held responsible for his acts.



But the law steps in and says you have no right to drink yourself into irresponsibility, that you fully realize the danger.

Then, if men have no such right, why, in heaven's name, is not the blame placed where it belongs? Why is a drunken man who commits a murder held for the crime of murder when the only crime for which he can be blamed is that of drinking himself into a state of insanity.

Insane men are irresponsible. That is a statement that no one can refute.

Intoxicated men have no right to be at large. If we must have these brothels of sin, these primary schools of crime, then let us be protected from the insanity of their patrons. Drunken men, even mildly intoxicated men, men whose brains run riot because of the presence of alcoholic poisons, should be incarcerated. They have no right to freedom, for they are irresponsible.



**V**ARIOUS methods have been devised for combating the saloon evil. The saloon is an important element in the lives of those who patronize it. It is not so much the beer and whisky and wine as it is the social features of these institutions that attract the patrons.

Why can we not have a physical culture saloon? A saloon that would be free from all the fiery drinks which dope the mind and destroy all that is best of manhood? Why would it not be possible to have a saloon with all the social and other attractive features and with the alcohol element eliminated? I am ready to experiment with such a saloon if I can receive enough encouragement from my readers to

#### *A Physical Culture Saloon*

help out in such an experiment. I believe that saloons of this character can be started in the centers of great cities, and can be made as great a success as the Physical Culture Restaurants have proved to be.

About two years ago I started a little restaurant near the Bowery in New York City for the purpose of proving how cheaply a human being could be fed. In a few months I was most wonderfully surprised by the discovery that the restaurant was being conducted at a profit. This information encouraged me to start other restaurants and on a broader scale. A company was finally incorporated, and now there are eight of these restaurants in New York City, two restaurants in Boston, two in Philadelphia, and one has just been opened in Chicago. These restaurants feed daily an average of from eight to ten thousand people. Nothing but wholesome, healthful food is served therein.

I believe that a similar success could be made with physical culture saloons. It will be impossible for me to give the time necessary for starting at once a proposition of this kind, but if there are among my readers others who will assist financially in an enterprise of this kind I shall be pleased to make an experiment with a view to starting physical culture saloons in competition with the alcohol saloon.



**S**OME time has elapsed since special attention has been given to the corset in our editorial department. This course has been followed because I believed that a rest will enable my readers to take up the subject with more interest and with more possibilities of accomplishing something in this reform which we are so emphatically advocating.



### *What the Corset Does:*

#### *Is One of the Principal Causes of Marital Mis- eries and Divorces*

- (1) It lessens and sometimes ruins the digestive power.
- (2) It restricts development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately injures and makes shapeless, flaccid and nerveless the flesh at the waist line.
- (5) Destroys the beauty lines of the body, of the limbs, arms and bust by restricting nourishment, interfering with normal circulation and thus lessening vital power, and by the continuous and unnatural support of the bust in an abnormal position.
- (6) It is absolutely, in most cases, the direct cause of weakness peculiar to women, and from which every corset wearer suffers at some time in her life.
- (7) Greatly weakens, sometimes destroys, or makes abnormal, the instinct of sex.
- (8) Produces tumors and the inflamed condition from which women so frequently turn to expensive and dangerous operations.
- (9) Causes serious displacement.
- (10) Prevents the return of the venous blood from parts below the waist line.
- (11) Weakens and sometimes kills unborn babies.
- (12) Is one of the principal causes of marital miseries and divorces.

How can the corset be one of the principal causes of marital miseries and divorces? As has been shown in previous editorials, the corset greatly weakens, and sometimes destroys, the instinct of sex. Is there any need of emphasizing the fact that the instinct of sex is the guiding star in the marital relations? Unless this instinct is delicately accurate, unless it is thoroughly normal, no marriage can possibly be happy. Excesses are bound to appear, abnormal conditions are sure to be produced, and men and women who outrage the higher laws, who are not able to guide their lives in accordance with the supreme dictates of a normal instinct, are unable to remain long in the realms of marital contentment.

Men and women marry, anticipating the happiness and health that is supposed to accompany a marital state. In a short time a canker worm begins to eat at the vital spirit of life. The wife concludes that she is misunderstood. The husband comes to a similar conclusion regarding himself. Both consider that they have been wronged, when in reality the only wrong is the manner in which they have outraged the higher instincts of life's most divine relations.

The corset has drawn in the vital organs, it has lessened and, in a great many cases, deadened their delicate acuteness. It has helped to make marital mistakes possible. It has helped to outrage instinct by partly crushing this normal guide. It is one large link in the chain of evils that frequently makes marital existence so harrowing. It has outraged womanhood and womanly instinct. It has allowed man to become the abnormal victim of these outrages, and in this manner it has become the principal cause of marital miseries and of the divorces that so frequently follow.

Moralists and theologians who talk of divorce touch only superficial causes of this evil. They talk of the necessity of more resignation, for less temper, for more consideration for the rights of each other, but the real causes they never dare discuss.

When will men and women of sufficient purity of mind, strength of character and cleanliness of conscience approach this divorce problem in a manner that will really accomplish something for the benefit of mankind?

This concludes the series of editorials devoted to the horrible evils that result from the continued use of this pernicious device, and in order that our readers may have in condensed form all the charges that we make against the corset we have reprinted in pamphlet form this series of twelve editorials, adding some illustrations especially applicable, and these pamphlets will be furnished at 10 cents each, or in quantities at a greatly reduced rate.

**T**HIS is exclusively a money age. It is also an age in which greed defeats its own ends. Professional athletic contests have become a farce. The public understands that they are always "fixed" beforehand. The contestants know who is going to win before the race begins. This rottenness is creeping gradually into every field of professional sport. It is all for money. The love of



the sport, the desire for an honorable record, is all eliminated in favor of an immediate financial reward.

### *Rottenness of Professional Sport*

Athletes whose names might have resounded through the halls of fame for centuries have sold themselves for a mess of pottage. They have killed the goose that lays

the golden eggs. They have traded honor, fame—everything that is worth anything in life—for a paltry immediate gain.

A horse race has been known to attract nearly a hundred thousand people. A meeting in which the best professional runners of this country might compete would attract, perhaps, a half a thousand people. There is the difference. A horse race is "on the square," unless tampered with by human hands, but a race between men is "crooked."

When will athletes learn that it pays in dollars and cents to be honorable? An athlete who is known as a fakir is looked upon with contempt by everyone, and usually he can barely earn a living. These dishonorable methods, that long ago destroyed the faith of the public in professional athletic events, are gradually creeping into all kinds of athletic sports. The one and only aim of athletes is to get the money, to secure the prize. The amateurs put up schemes against the better men, with a view to crowding them out of a race. The professional athletes, fighters, runners, are all after the "dough," and few, if any, of them have sufficient brains to realize that ultimately there is a hundred times more money for the athlete who keeps his record clean than there is for the fakir.

A newspaper man, who is on the "inside" of all the big sporting events, who knows personally nearly all the great fighters, candidly informed me recently that all the "big" fights were "fixed" in advance, that long before the fight the contestants knew who was to win. It may be that this statement is an exaggeration. Perhaps some of these fights are on their merits; but unquestionably there is reason for suspicion. The fighters are all after the "coin," and nearly all are scheming with a view to securing it in the easiest and quickest manner.

On many occasions I have informed prominent wrestlers that if the sport of wrestling were as free from suspicion of fake as fighting is at present wrestling matches would attract as much attention and would draw as much money as do the big fights. But wrestling is so easy to fake, and the temptation to "fix" matches seems to have been too strong for the managers and wrestlers to resist. As a result wrestling matches are tabooed. As a rule they will not draw enough to pay hall rent. Wrestlers with ability of a very superior order are compelled to seek other occupation in order to earn a living.

What a beautiful spectacle is all this! The sport of wrestling, for instance, though superior to almost any means of exercise, has been discredited and ruined simply because of professional fakirs.

May the physical culture enthusiasm that is now sweeping the country bring with it the desire for clean, honorable sport! May it eliminate the fakir and his dishonorable methods! For then there will be a chance for the constant growth of interest in all body-building sports that develop a cleaner and a superior manhood.

THE Editor's lecture tour, announcement of which was made in the September issue, will begin soon, and will occupy the greater part of October and November. It is with no small sense of pleasure that I look forward to the opportunity of meeting and talking to so many of my friends throughout the various parts of the country, and it is hoped that we will be able to form a Physical



Culture Society in each one of the cities that I visit. "In union there is strength" is an old adage, yet it remained for the men of the present day to learn more completely and thoroughly the value of organization, as evidenced by the strength of both the labor

### **The Editor's Lecture Tour**

unions and the trusts. There is no question but that with the forming of a National Physical Culture Society we will add very greatly to our strength and to our ability to spread the principles of right living among the poor, misguided, sick and suffering population of this country. Again, there is nothing like personal association, coming in contact with one's fellowmen in the same cause, in promoting a work of this character; and I feel that the coming lecture tour will be a source of lasting benefit and pleasure, not only to myself, but to all those who will continue to support and carry on the work of the societies that will be organized.

Every copy of this magazine will contain a coupon entitling each one of my readers to a free admission for a friend whom he might desire to accompany him. The following lectures will be given on the tour:

Lecture No. 1.—THE CAUSE AND CURE OF WEAKNESS.

Lecture No. 2.—IS MEDICINE THE SCIENCE OF GUESSING?

Lecture No. 3.—THE CULTIVATION OF PERFECT WOMANHOOD. (For women only.)

Lecture No. 4.—THE COMPLETE POWERS OF SUPERB MANHOOD. (For men only.)

Additional dates that have been added to the list of cities published in the September issue, also dates for St. Louis being changed, as will be noticed below:

HARTFORD, CONN.—Sunday Evening, November 27th, Parson's Theater. Lecture No. 1.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Monday Evening, November 28th, Foy Auditorium. Lecture No. 1.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Tuesday Evening, November 29th, Association Hall. Lecture No. 1.

BOSTON, MASS.—Thursday Evening, December 1st, Jordan Hall. Lecture No. 2. Friday

Afternoon, December 2nd, Jordan Hall (for women only). Lecture No. 3. Friday Evening, December 2nd, Jordan Hall (for men only).

Lecture No. 4.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Saturday Evening, November 5th, Masonic Temple. Lecture No. 1.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Tuesday Evening, November 8th, Memorial Hall, Museum of Fine Arts, 19th and Locust Sts. Lecture No. 1. Thursday

Afternoon, November 10th, Memorial Hall, Museum of Fine Arts (for women only). Lecture

No. 3. Thursday Evening, November 10th, Memorial Hall, Museum of Fine Arts (for men only). Lecture No. 4.

DETROIT, MICH.—Sunday Evening, October 2nd, Detroit Opera House. Lecture No. 1.

TORONTO, CANADA.—Monday Evening, October 3rd, Massey Hall. Lecture No. 1.

MONTREAL, CANADA.—Tuesday Evening, October 4th, Windsor Hall. Lecture No. 1.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Sunday Afternoon, October 9th, Colonial Theater. Lecture No. 1.

Sunday Evening, October 9th, Colonial Theater (for men only). Lecture No. 4.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Monday Evening, October 10th, Carnegie Music Hall. Lecture No. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Tuesday Evening, October 11th, Witherspoon Hall. Lecture No. 1.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sunday Afternoon, October 16th, Lafayette Theater. Lecture No. 1. Sun-

day Evening, October 16th, Lafayette Theater. Lecture No. 2.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Sunday Afternoon, October 30th, Auditorium, Odd Fellows Temple.

Lecture No. 1. Sunday Evening, October 30th, Auditorium, Odd Fellows Temple (for men

only). Lecture No. 4.

DAYTON, OHIO.—Monday Evening, October 31st, Y. M. C. A. Hall. Lecture No. 1.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Tuesday Evening, November 1st, Claypool Assembly Hall. Lecture

No. 1.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Wednesday Evening, November 2nd, Chicago Auditorium, Lecture No. 1.

Thursday Afternoon, November 3rd, Steinway Hall (for women only). Lecture No. 3. Thursday

Evening, November 3rd, Steinway Hall (for men only). Lecture No. 4.

### **ADMISSION COUPON.**

Present at Box Office.

**GOOD FOR ADMISSION** to Lectures No. 1 and No. 2 ONLY, and provided this coupon is accompanied by one paid admission. (Does not include reserved seat).

Not good for admission to special lectures for men only and women only

(This Coupon good only in the following cities: Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Dayton, Ohio.)



# PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 5

## ...CONTENTS...

(Copyrighted, 1904, by PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.)

	PAGE
Old-Fashioned "Three Men Back" Style of Football Play (Frontispiece).....	386
Jumping for Development of Strength, Suppleness and Increased Vitality By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	387
World's Olympic Games.....	By <i>Jewell H. Aubere</i> ..... 390
Success from Being Yourself.....	By <i>Frederic Burry</i> ..... 396
Muscle and Health for Boys.....	By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i> ..... 397
The Enchanted Flower Bed (Fiction).....	By <i>H. Arthur Powell</i> ..... 400
Development of Football in the United States.....	By <i>Walter Camp</i> ..... 403
Consumptives Stigmatized in Colorado.....	404
The Battle for Pure Foods.....	By <i>Dr. B. H. Warren</i> ..... 405
How to Develop Cast-Iron Teeth.....	By <i>C. Thompson and Jean de Chauvenet</i> ..... 409
Life of an Artist's Model.....	By <i>Clara Betz</i> ..... 413
Timely Talks on Current Topics.....	417
Horrible Effects of Vaccination.....	420
Concealed Alcohol in Proprietary Medicines.....	By <i>Mrs. Martha M. Allen</i> ..... 421
Educating the Child Mind to be Pure.....	By <i>Mrs. Grace Edwards</i> ..... 424
Are We Too Harsh in Our Criticisms of Corset Wearers?.....	426
Kangaroo Walk (Cartoon).....	427
Become Cured by Patent Medicines, But Die Soon After!.....	By <i>Emil Hendrichs</i> ..... 428
Seathing Arraignment of Primary School for Criminals.....	By <i>Rev. Robt. J. Burdette</i> ..... 432
Physical Culture in the Life of Madame Gabrielle Réjane.....	433
Religious Physical Training.....	By <i>Rev. Russell Conwell, D.D., and Beatrice Clayton</i> ..... 435
My Triumph Over Consumption.....	By <i>Georg Drütschel</i> ..... 441
The Battersea Co-Operative Community.....	By <i>Harold Emery-Jones, M.D.</i> ..... 446
How American Citizenship is Made a Mockery (Cartoon).....	By <i>Bill Nye</i> ..... 449
Weekly Menus of Uncooked Food.....	By <i>Amelia M. Calkins</i> ..... 450
How to Make Parallel Bars.....	By <i>David Hunter</i> ..... 454
A Perfect Beauty (Fiction).....	By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i> ..... 455
How the Glutton Celebrates His Thanksgiving (Cartoon).....	463
Correspondence Club.....	464
A Weighty Matter (Fiction).....	By <i>M. Kennedy</i> ..... 465
Liberal Prize Offers for Our Readers.....	468
A Three Hundred and Sixty-five Mile Walk.....	By <i>H. F. Porter</i> ..... 469
Question Department.....	By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i> ..... 471
Editorial Department.....	By <i>Bernarr Macfadden</i> ..... 473
Revolution Wrought by this Magazine	
The Curse of Prudishness	
Our School for Educating Health Directors	
The Lecture Tour	
Publisher's Department.....	478

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

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, August 11, 1899.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year, Postpaid.

With Foreign Postage, \$1.60

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,

29-33 EAST 19TH STREET,

NEW YORK, U. S. A

BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Send money by check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter. When sending check always add 10 cents for collection charges.

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

We accept no advertisements from those whose wares we cannot conscientiously recommend. Patent medicine and other "fake" remedies cannot buy space of us at any price.

We will consider it an especial favor if readers will furnish us with proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. We have refused, are still refusing, to insert advertisements which deceive and rob the unwary of money and health. If any of this kind by accident secure insertion we desire to know it as soon as possible.

Date of expiration of your subscription is printed on wrapper. Please note, and renew promptly.

THE ADVERTISING RATE IS \$160 PER PAGE PER INSERTION. HALVES AND QUARTERS PRO RATA. CARDS LESS THAN ONE QUARTER PAGE \$1 PER LINE.